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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

ANIMAL PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS.

WE print to-day the first one of a series of five American animal portraits by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. These are to be given as full page supplements, with the first issues of the months as follows:
Jan. 5 (to-day).—The GRAY WOLF.
Feb. 2.—The WHITE GOAT.
March 2.—The COYOTE.
April 6.—The ANTELOPE.
May 4.—The FOX.
The dates of the former series (of which copies can be supplied) are as follows: Sept. 8, 1892.—The Panther. Oct. 6.—The Ocelot. Nov. 3.—The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1.—The Bay Lynx.

THE MILITARY REVOLVER.

THE position of the revolver as a military arm is a very anomalous one. It is in, yet practically out of use since there is no general provision for any practice drill with it. The rifle has secured for itself a definite recognition. In the regular army the scheme for developing skill with this arm is elaborate and is working out good results. There is a systematic cultivation of the best shots from the company through the department team to the Division and Army teams. Prizes are provided, with recognition and honor for those who best master the art of marksmanship. No distinction is made between officers and men in this rivalry of skill, and the system of matches is now so well established that the whole army is rapidly becoming a company of marksmen over 25,000 strong.

All this for the rifle, and yet not a match is on the programme for the revolver. The arm is there. At West Point the cadets are given firing drill with the revolver, though much of it seems rather blank cartridge work to accustom the horses used in the cavalry drill to the sound of firearms. So with the cavalry men out on the plains. The revolver rests in the holster pocket, and it is fired off occasionally as drill for the horses; but scoring with the arm is not encouraged in the prize list, and but a meagre portion of the arm practice report is given up to a statement of the skill reached with the small singlehand weapon.

In the militia the influence of the regular arms is seen in the neglect which has been meted out to the handy little piece. The majority of the States, though having a National Guard, do not add the revolver to the bill of arms, or where it is done, there is no preparation, either in the issue of ammunition or the issuance of a programme of matches, by which that rivalry which is the very heart and soul of marksmanship is developed to practical results.

It is not even agreed among military experts just what position the revolver should occupy as a military arm. One man in gold lace will declare with emphasis that he would not have a revolver in the hand of either officer or enlisted man, no matter what arm of the service they may follow, and the officer of equal rank and experience will assert that a revolver is worth its weight in gold and that it should be brought into service wherever practicable. To every one, save infantry private, already armed with the rifle, these enthusiasts would issue the revolver and

follow up the work with a liberal supply of practice rounds.

One of the strongest objections made by those who decry the revolver bears on this question of ammunition. There is a strong temptation to use the light charges to make pretty target diagrams at short distances. until when the time comes for effective work with the real service ammunition, the shooter finds himself handicapped by the heavy charge, and the tendency of the stiffer charge to overshoot.

There is much that may be criticised in the present fashion of rifle practice in the army proper as well as in the militia force; but the arm having been issued, some sort of practice follows, and so far there is logic in the matter, but with the revolver that senseless layman notion that the skill to use a pistol or revolver comes with the purchase of it, and that such a thing as practice is entirely unnecessary, seems to run through the uniformed ranks as well. The citizen who buys a blunderbuss, and lugs it home, may sleep sounder o' nights in consequence, even though it would put him in a tremor to suggest his pulling trigger on a charge. To find men whose profession is that of arms following out the same notion is more than absurd, it is an imposition upon those who support that army, and look to it for the highest state of efficiency and security in case of need.

A CRANK ACCOUNTED FOR.

A RECENT order of the New York Police Department deprived the men of the clubs with which they were formerly armed, including the formidable night sticks, and substituted for them small batons which are required to be worn in a pocket and drawn only in extremity. This change of weapons, it is now reported, has been followed by a change for the better in the relations of police and public. The unsavory record of brutal clubbings, so common under the old order of things, has been noticeably diminished; there have been fewer affrays between policemen and citizens, and the improvement has been gained without sacrificing in any degree the efficiency of the force and without any encouragement of disorder or crime. The policeman as a man is showing himself more efficient than the policeman as a clubbing machine.

The experience is interesting and instructive because it illustrates so well a common principle governing men who have weapons put into their hands. Equip a police force with clubs, and there will always be some who will use their weapons wantonly, aggressively and brutally. With such men the mere possession and handling of a club provokes its use. So with drivers, to have a whip or gad means to belabor with it, and the rule holds with drivers of city drays, ox-teams in the woods, mule-teams on the plains, and the great army of bull-whackers the world over. The principle applies as well to the small boy with the pea-shooter, popping away at the song birds. And in certain boys of a large growth, equipped with shotgun or rifle, there is shown a like provocation to wanton killing. The billy, the whip, the pea-shooter, the shotgun, the rifle, each of these appears to bring out and stimulate in its possessor all the brutality there is in his nature.

This, we take it, is the genesis, and this is the explanation of the shooting crank who goes into the fields and blazes away at everything that flies or runs or crawls, who shoots game if there be game to shoot, but with equal avidity pots song birds, chipmunks, chipping sparrows and garter snakes. Armed only with a walking cane, this same individual might wander all day long through the fields with never a remote thought nor inclination to kill the little birds about him. It is the gun in his hand that put into his heart the killing.

Here, too, is the explanation of that freak one encounters everywhere in Florida—the fellow who shoots from the steamboat deck.

Alligators, ducks, shore birds, plume birds, all alike are prey for him, all alike are killed in pure wantonness, and all alike are abandoned where they fall, to rot. The old books of French and Spanish adventure in Florida give very full accounts of the Indians who inhabited the peninsula, but nowhere is it recorded that they killed game for the pure satisfaction of achieving its death. This is a form of savagery that has required centuries of high civilization for its development and is exhibited in its perfection only in these latter days, when we are celebrating our advancement, four hundred years after Columbus.

If such an explanation of this Florida phenomenon is

the correct one, it follows that the only way to suppress the nuisance is to take his gun away from him. Florida game laws amount absolutely to nothing. So long as tourists are permitted to bear arms on boats, they will keep up their fusillade. The one effective cure is to forbid the possession of guns on board. Every steamboat captain has the remedy in his own hands. Why may it not be put into effect?

OUR NEW HEAD.

THE departments of this journal are in that healthy condition where each several department editor is forever wrangling with all the others about space. Each one, every week, demands that fewer columns be given to his esteemed associates and more to himself. There is a never-ending, week's end to week's end, the year round, clamor by the Kennel editor for some of the space he declares to be "thrown away" on the Yacht man, and the Yacht man never tires of devising schemes, fair or foul, for appropriating some of the space over which the Trap editor stands guard with a shotgun. Every newspaper man will recognize that all this is just as it should be. It shows that the departments are alive.

When it was rumored the other day that the FOREST AND STREAM was to have a new vignette on the front cover, Mr. Lacy, who lays claim to some artistic skill with a pencil, ingeniously and blandly volunteered to draw the head; and the task was assigned to him. When Mr. Stephens heard of this, for some reason known to himself, he urged that he could probably provide a more artistic, comprehensive and appropriate head than Mr. Lacy would be likely to achieve. Then Mr. Townsend suggested that though he was not an artist himself he had some notion of what an improved FOREST AND STREAM head should be, and he and Mr. Burnham would cheerfully devote themselves to the work.

In due time the several designs were submitted. The predominating characteristic of each one was found to be an extraordinary abnegation of self by the artist, and a generous recognition of all the other departments. While no one of them has been given the coveted place on the front cover, reduced copies of all are printed to-day on other pages. They are chiefly interesting because they show so clearly the ideal FOREST AND STREAM as pictured by some of those who help to make up the journal as it is to-day.

SNAP SHOTS.

If the newly drawn title on the front cover shall prove in the printing all that is intended, news-stand purchasers will welcome the improvement. Without sacrificing any of the characteristic and familiar features of the vignette, the artist has secured increased legibility, and the name stands out in bolder relief.

This first issue of the new year is also the initial number of a new volume—the fortieth—and a journal's attainment of its fortieth volume is equivalent to a man's attainment of his fortieth year. We celebrate the occasion by providing a new and handsome outfit of type. In respect to beauty of typography, in illustrations and in text, the FOREST AND STREAM challenges a critical and discriminating comparison with any of its weekly contemporaries. We begin the year with an ambition to make these pages more than ever truly and adequately representative of the American field sportsmanship of the day—a journal of sportsmen, by sportsmen, for sportsmen.

Capt. J. W. Collins having resigned from the office of representative of the United States Fish Commission on the Government Board of Management and Control of the World's Columbian Exposition, President Harrison last week appointed Dr. Tarleton H. Bean to the place. Dr. Bean is the Assistant in charge of the Division of Fish Culture of the United States Fish Commission, and is the editor of the Sea and River Fishing columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Our first annual Amateur Photography Competition has been much more of a success than was anticipated for it, both in the number of competitors and the standard of work submitted. We shall not delay our announcement of the awards of prizes.

Dr. James A. Henshall, who is in charge of the World's Fair angling exhibit, and reports that the display will be a credit to the craft, is planning an Izaak Walton memorial.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A LITTLE DOMESTIC ARGUMENT.

A GOOD bag of game is always a desirable thing to the sportsman. Yet he knows that even this is not the most desirable thing. The pleasure of hunting cannot be reduced to an argument, but a lot of birds goes a long way toward convincing one's family and friends of its utility. After a successful hunt one is more reconciled, somehow, to having neglected his business, and seems to care less whether the world knows it or not. The great thing about hunting cannot be expressed in a formula of birds, and is independent of a good string, although it goes very well with it. Your true sportsman knows what it is. The rest never will. This has always been a favorite theory of mine, and I have preached it so often to my family that I have no doubt they are heartily sick of it.

Of late I have been quite successful, and have been given to computing the cash value of the birds brought home, and generally the balance has been on the right side as against the actual cash outlay. Of course I counted the time spent as nothing. No sportsman counts his time as anything when afield with dog and gun. The favorable balances I have used as a family argument for going again.

It used to be quite different, and when I had nothing to show up I drew largely on the pleasure of hunting *per se*. I remember one particular occasion (and this is what I started to tell) when, after a desperate day's hunt, I had killed nothing. So far as I was concerned I didn't care, but my wife liked birds and I remembered that I had been so very confident in the morning. This was not the first time it had happened, either, and my argument about birds being scarce had been used so often it was no longer formidable and, indeed, was generally anticipated.

My meek and dejected look proclaimed the result of my hunt without my announcing it, and it was very likely that the Presiding Genius of my household would engage me in conversation upon the subject of hunting—from her standpoint. She did, and this is what it was:

PRESIDING GENIUS—"Well, I suppose this ends it: I don't see how you want to go hunting when you don't get anything. That's what is so funny to me. Here you have been time after time and haven't brought home a thing—you know you said the last time you came home you'd be something-or-other if you ever went again. Now here it is again the same thing. I really am ashamed to—"

HUNTER—"My dear, you are looking at this matter from the standpoint of a woman. Any sportsman will tell you that a big bag of game is a secondary consideration. The pleasure—"

P. G.—"I know just what you are going to say. I have heard it so many times that I know it by heart: 'pleasure of hunting in itself,' 'tramp all day, bracing air,' 'renewed health—youth again.' Oh, I know it all. If you would only get something once in a while. I would be more reconciled. Others do, and I don't see why you can't; you know how fond I am of game—I just love it."

H.—"From the standpoint of a woman, you are undoubtedly correct. I never felt so weak about it myself as I do this minute; I am almost tempted to give the thing up right here and now—you see birds were scarce."

P. G.—"If they are so scarce why don't you buy some? I saw a lovely string of quail hanging up at the market this morning and I was tempted to order some; I might have known you wouldn't get any. Dear me! I know they are gone now. You said you would surely get some to-day."

H.—"I don't hunt to supply my family with meat. Talk about my buying game! It would be an insult from one not so dear to me! I would rather shoot my dog and then give my gun away. We only saw one bery; but you ought to have seen Ruby catch the scent as she was quartering a stubble field! She is a daisy, and no mistake. She roared then a quarter of a mile, I should say, and came to a beautiful point, head way up—just like her dam—looked as if she was star-gazing, you know. I flushed them, but my left barrel missed fire—you know what I have told you about those shells—and I was so taken back that I couldn't get in my other barrel. They settled in a dense thicket, and we never saw hide nor hair of them afterward. Is supper ready?"

P. G.—"It is very strange, with all the hunting traps you've got, that you can't get some cartridges that will go off. How do you expect to kill anything unless you do? Dear me! what can I do about my luncheon to-morrow?"

H.—"What luncheon?"

P. G.—"Luncheon for the girls, of course. Didn't I tell you I was going to have one for Lizzie's friend? No, I didn't, come to think about it—she is an awful swell. Here, look at this menu card I have painted. Do you see that third course?"

H.—"Yes, I see it. 'Quail on toast.' You've counted your quail before they are hatched."

P. G.—"I told Lizzie you had gone hunting expressly for that course, and she said it was lovely of you to do it for her. She said it was so much nicer to know that one's game was fresh and all right. I don't see how you can bear to look her in the face."

H.—"I shall be very busy to-morrow. There is a man coming."

P. G.—"He was here to-day, and there was a boy with a telegram looking for you. They looked all over town, heaven only knows where, to find you. Why is it that you are so ashamed of going hunting that you can't leave word where you are gone. After they had looked in every section of the town and couldn't find you, your man—that is coming to-morrow—called me up and asked me where you were."

H.—"What did you say?"

P. G.—"I said you had gone hunting."

H.—"What did he say?"

G.—"He said, 'Oh, is that so,' in such a tone and rang off. Don't you think it is about time to give up this hunting business? Here you are neglecting your office, and men chasing all around town looking for you. Just think if the banks and credit companies should find it out."

H.—"I don't care if they do. I know that hunting is a gentlemanly recreation and that it is of the greatest value to me. It is not measured in dollars and cents, and I don't suppose I can convince them of it any more than I can you by demonstration. In the nature of things, you

will never know what the pleasure is. You probably call it a weakness in me. Women, too, have their little weaknesses, I guess. You remember that little six inches of point lace you got from that traveling lady (you said she was so lady-like and refined) in exchange for a large section of my old goods and chattels that erstwhile reposed in the attic, as well as several rolls of old carpet brought up from the cellar, plus numerous old boots and shoes of various members of the family."

P. G.—"What are you talking about?"

H.—"Well, you thought it very strange that I didn't rave over that speck of lace. But it wasn't in me to do it and I couldn't. You used to get up at night to look at it by moonlight, but I couldn't see anything in it. I don't know the difference between point lace and a wire fence and probably never shall. You look at hunting through the bars of the broiler, while to me the pleasure—"

P. G.—"Tea is ready; let's talk it over afterward."

TOLD IN HEROICS.

TELL you how it was.

I hadn't been bass fishing this season. Didn't think much of prospects, rosy reports nevertheless, for the woods are full of fishers for count. My friend, J. P. H., offered me his team for the four-mile trip, partly because the horse was in danger of dyspepsia and gout from high living and little exercise, and partly because J. P. wanted to get rid of me for a day anyway. For so do sweets cloy at last. You see his office was too handy to loaf in, so I allowed him to persuade me and went.

Got to the place about 8 A. M. Had belgranites (that word shocks me every time I speak or write it) and crawfish and grasshoppers and worms and tadpoles and flies and spinners for bait. Thought I ought to corral something with all that. Daughter with me. Loves to fish, too. Natural. Usually catches more than her derivative. Hired a boat at the mill by a dam site. Dam there too, half a mile long. Went to work at upper end. Rocky bluff. Hemlocks. Lovely. Water pretty deep. Daughter began by pulling out sunfish. Nothing else for an hour. Very few of these. Then I fastened to a bass of promising proportions that immediately began to go somewhere with considerable determination for about thirty seconds, and I thought he was truly mine, when, the fastening being insecure, owing to circumstances over which I had little control, he went, and—well, you know how it feels when your hook comes back to you sudden with nothing on it. Fish must have gone and told all the others, for all the forenoon I fished up one side, down the other, up both sides, down the middle, crossed over and saluted with various tempting inducements with all the skill I could muster, but not a nibble thrilled the anxious line. By noon a goodly string of sunnies floated alongside, the product of the little lady's skill, but "nary bass nor picker-el" had sampled my refreshments. So we sampled some in the basket, and with them some nice warm creek water, began again.

Sun warm. More than that. Fish all gone to cool off. So we went still further up stream, passing the mouth of a little creek in whose shallow limps we caught with much strategy and our hands some of the loveliest polliwogs that ever wiggled. Now, don't some of you litterateurs rise up and correct me, for you'll slip up just like the rest. Pollywogs is vulgar. We caught them of all sizes clear up to where they were sprouting legs, and I felt confident that as the bass didn't want anything else, polliwogs'd fetch 'em. But they didn't. More fond hopes dispelled, dispersed, dissipated. Great big fat fellows, all stomach, hooked by the tail, went wriggling downward, or kicked on the surface, "just as natural," but not a bass responded. So I returned to hel—dobsons and worked down stream slowly, while the sun threw a few more degrees of heat into his beams and became doubly wearisome to the flesh.

Then we tied our boat to the bank and caught some more sunfish, and one eel came to us squirming and tying himself into knots that wouldn't stay tied a minute, and making me go tizzer-rizzer all over when I touched him. I like eels on the table thoroughly cooked and dead, but the touch of a slippery, slimy, twisting, squirming, crawling, writhing, clammy streak of sinuosity shrinks and shrivels me right up. Same feeling that a woman experiences when she touches a worm. I can sympathize with her.

Along about 4 o'clock I noticed a spot near the opposite shore in shadow from trees over our heads that looked cool and pleasant and tempting for fish, so we rowed over, put out the anchor and

Fished and fished and fished and fished.

And then we fished some more.

and might as well have fished up among the hemlocks, and a good deal more comfortably. Giving it up in disgust, I raised the anchor, and telling the little maiden to take an oar and keep the boat within easy casting distance of the shore we floated slowly down, while I cast a good-sized hel—dobson repeatedly with matchless skill and arm-ache until I began to tire of such foolishness, when, after a careless and despairing cast, as I was recovering, the line straightened and began moving off down stream with a steady, strong movement that spoke of large game. This is what I was going to tell you about.

Calmly waiting, with one foot advanced, the exact and opportune moment when the doughty denizen of the deep should be debating in his mind whether he desired to retain the mouthful he had or no, with the stereotyped upward and backward movement of the wrist, I struck, and struck hard, and as the cruel steel went home (opinions that the fish doesn't suffer pain to the contrary notwithstanding) the beautiful *Micropterus* dashed wildly and desperately for deep water and freedom, while the reel sung as doth the stridulous cicada when all the air quivers beneath the fierce rays of the great luminary in the long summer noon. Now with steady and powerful surge like unto the Atlantic liner breasting the seas, he piles up the water before him and compels the cession of braided silk or else the fracture of the pliant thing-of-beauty-joyforever rod, and again with mad rush he cleaves his watery domain with the speed of light, while the tense line cuts the water with a swirl like that of the sword of Richard Coeur de Lion when, with a single back-handed lick, he relieved Bobadil of Santander of his caput. The graceful and resilient rod bends to a semicircle chordeb by the gossamer-like line, seemingly all too covebby to sustain the immense pressure put upon it by the enraged and battling leviathan.

And now the frenzied bronze-backer, stung to desperation, speeds to the surface like a rushing rocket, and bursting into view projects his piscine form thrice its length above the aqueous depths, which scattered into a thousand drops, flashes and scintillates in the sunlight like unto the blinding showers of sparks thrown from the huge and glowing mass of metal beneath the terrific impact of an hundred ton hammer. Maddened, with eyes emitting fire and with quivering form he vainly endeavors to shake from his mouth the cruel barb, and failing, cleaves the water again to resume his desperate rushes for liberty.

Aha! He spies the boat, and deeming it a haven of refuge he lies him for its protection. But my good right arm and nimble rod shall avert catastrophe liable to result from the successful accomplishment of such strategy, and anon, turned from his course like meteor flash, he rushes for deep water once more, and the line smoking with friction is paid on demand while the obedient reel goes through the cicada business again. Snubbed a little, he rises to the occasion and to the circumambient, and shaking himself in speechless rage, gnashes his teeth and flashes defiance from those glittering orbs erstwhile so calm and fishy as on evenly balanced fin his bronze-green majesty whiled away the midday hours beneath the shadow of a mossy rock.

Downward he goes again with a mighty splash, his burnished sides reflecting the day god's rays in kaleidoscope of green and brown and black and bronze with every separate spine of dorsal erect, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, while spray, like that when iceberg on the precipitous shores of far Alaska, cleft from the gigantic front of the resistless glacier falls with thunderous sound into the vasty deep, envelops all around. Dauntless I stand watching the uneven fray.

See! He's off again. With strength renewed he takes the line he gave, and gathering all his force he plows the watery main with strength prodigious, making at last his boldest rush for liberty.

The combat deepens. On! ye bass
Who hunts deep water or the grass.
Mass, bronzy, all thy powers mass,
And fight with all thy strategy.

Four times he cleaves the translucent wave, four times he shakes his raging form in air, and four times falls amid the yeasty foam, weaker at each attempt, until, at length worn out in the terrific combat, he turns his quivering side to heaven and gasping floats into the handy lunch basket manipulated by the maiden, because we had left the landing net at home.

We rode peacefully thither in the gloaming, where we scaled the glorious prize, which weighed—more with the scales than without. O. O. S.

KELLUP'S BEAGLE.

ONCE in awhile of a Sunday afternoon, Kellup used to rummage through the bureau drawer in the attic where he kept the back number odds and ends of fishing tackle and things and the bag of marbles of the little boy that died, and the old leather strap with a German silver plate and Dodger's name inscribed thereon. But about the last thing to go back into the drawer was the leather strap with the silver plate and Dodger's name inscribed. At these times, Kellup always assured himself he would never own another dog, but that day last winter, down in South County on the annual hunt, Jake said: "Why don't you send me down a beagle? Get a good one 'n I'll keep him for you."

The idea struck him favorably. He kept thinking it over all the way home in the train. It seemed quite the proper thing, quite in the line of the "gentleman sport." He said nothing to Susan, but one evening when his old friend Sammy came over to smoke in the kitchen he broached it. Not that Sammy had any special information about dogs. Kellup was a little diffident about the price. He didn't feel that he ought to pay over \$5 for a dog, and he shouldn't want Susan to know it at that. He should like her to get the impression that somebody gave him the dog.

Old Sammy reassured him. Said there'd be no trouble at all. "Just let it leak out that you want a dog for five dollars and then take your pick of the beagles that come howling round." So Kellup let it leak out. After a few days he got tired watching for boys to come leading them on strings, so he wrote to a high-toned kennel and got a catalogue with prices that made him sigh. Sammy advised him to have it framed. Then he dropped remarks in the gun stores and places where sporting men do congregate, and at last he hailed Tom Healy driving by. Tom pulled up to the curbstone.

"Say, Thomas, who's got a good beagle hound? A nice one, Thomas."

"I have."

"Ah! just the man I want. What'll you take for him?"

"Take? Money won't buy him."

"Oh-h-h! Well, where can I get one, Thomas? Not a very high-priced one, you know. Just a puppy, maybe."

Tom thought a while, and then told him about an English chap named Crossley, who lived behind a tin-shop. Kellup couldn't get away during the week, but the following Sunday afternoon he put on his black suit and took the cane he had when he was married, and told Susan he was going for a little walk. At last he found the place and Crossley came to the door in his shirt-sleeves. He didn't stop for a hat, but led the way to the back yard.

"Noh, soh; you're mistaken, 'e's not a puppy, 'e's a dog; two y'r old. 'Ere Dan, Dan! Dan-n-n!"

Dan was off in a distant corner of the yard. Crossley's voice seemed to grate harshly on his ear. He lifted his head impatiently and resumed his occupation cleaning a bone.

Kellup started to go. "No," he said, "I'm afraid he's too old, he's too deaf; his coat isn't bright," and he made his way to the gate. Then Crossley called him back and opened a little padlock, and out tumbled a fat, rollicking puppy about six months old, full of grease and good nature. Kellup fell in love with him right away.

"What do you ask for him, Mr. Crossley?"

"Well, tell the truth, sir, 'e's no good. Now take 't hold dog there, 'e's wise. 'E knows a lot, and in the woods—"

"Is the pup for sale, Mr. Crossley?"

"Well, I tell you 'e don't know nothing. But Dan

there, 'e's, oh, 'e's got a sweet voice, an' a good—"

"Say! What price—do you place—on that bright

coated puppy with black and white markings?"

Crossley sighed and looked down and seemed about to discover new virtues in Dan when Kellup went on to say that he wouldn't take him as a gift. He preferred a young, untitled dog, with his future all a pleasant mystery. He said he was just that foolish. Then he repeated his question.

Crossley hung his thumbs in his vest holes and observed Kellup shrewdly, with his eyes at narrow gauge like an artist when he wants to see through his subject, and the old gentleman wished he had left the cane at home and worn his old clothes, for he wanted that dog. Then Crossley slowly opened his eyes and said distinctly—"Twenty-five dollars."

It was some time after that the errand boy at the store, in a moment of confidence said,

"Say, my brother-in-law's got some dogs."

"That so, Tommy. What kind?"

"Beelies, a beedle and four puppies."

Kellup laid down his pen and took the boy inside. He didn't want his fellow clerks to hear. He didn't care to have them know how he spent his holidays.

"What does your brother-in-law—a-hem, does he want to sell one, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir. Five dollars a piece."

So the following Sunday saw Kellup trudging toward a cottage in the suburbs on the edge of the vacant lots. There was a barn, and some hens and an express wagon. The brother-in-law was not at home, but the young wife

"PODGERS'S" MENAGERIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 23.—I see by my last FOREST AND STREAM that the minks have been put on the retired list and that the bob-tailed cat or lynx has succeeded him, and I come to the front again on this question, having had some experience with this species of catamount, and which is about as vicious and untamable a varmint as I ever had any acquaintance with.

While stationed down upon the Rio Grande at one time with two other Uncle Sam's orphans, and running a bachelor establishment, we took a fancy to collect a menagerie, consisting of two young specimens of the lynx family, a couple of raccoons, an armadillo, a bear, two deer and a Mexican leopard—the latter a little chap when we acquired him, about the size of an ordinary cat. All of these we tamed and left loose to run around the house, except the two of the lynx species. These we never could tame, and had to keep in confinement, all our efforts to get on sociable terms with them failed. They would spit and snarl, and our Mexican boy who fed them was several times badly scratched and lacerated in attempting to be familiar with them, and we had to give it up after a six months' trial.

The little leopard, on the contrary, became as tame as a house cat, and as playful. He was a beautiful little fellow, with soft fur and marked all over with black spots. He always slept on my bed, and when he had slept enough

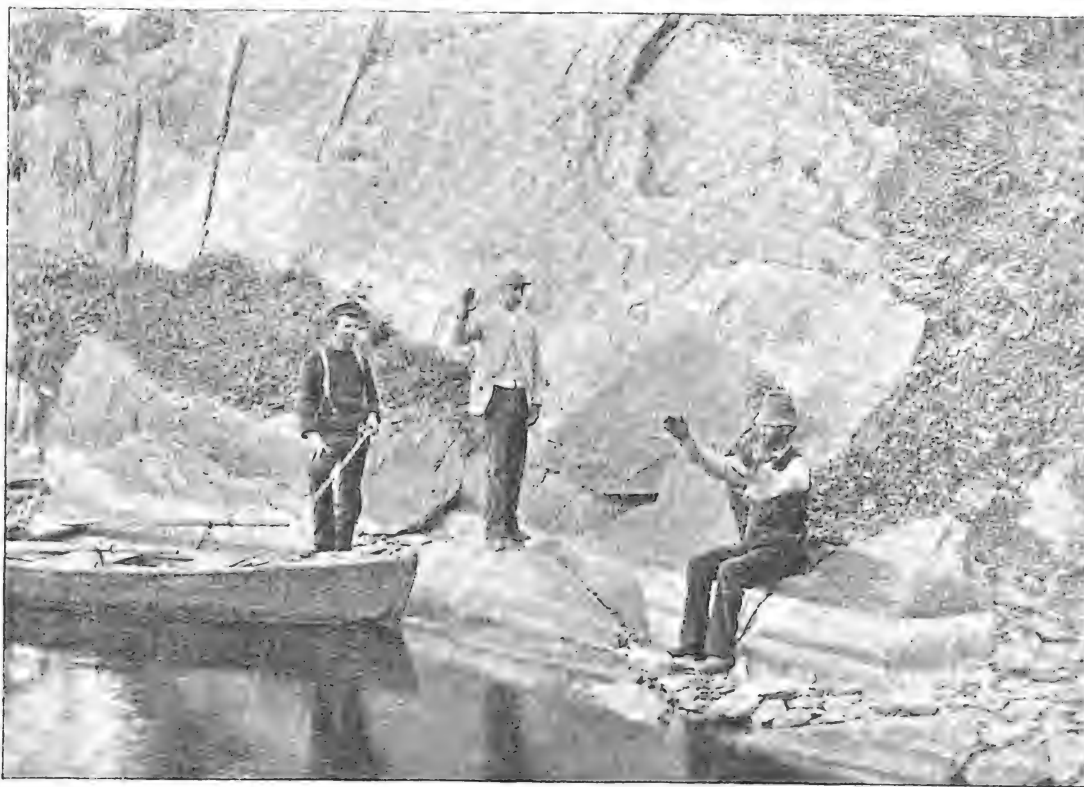
house, dragging his corrugated tail after him, which sounded like dragging a joint of stone-pipe over the floor. He was the last of the menagerie; and we left him as an heirloom to our successors.

All of which experience as set forth goes to prove that however tame and amiable nearly all so called wild animals may be in their young days, they are bound to show up their natural proclivities as they grow older, it is "agin natur" for them to remain docile beyond a certain age.

I see in this same copy of FOREST AND STREAM the story of a sea captain about the devil fish that his crew harpooned, which he described as something of a marvellous and wonderful size.

While at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and during the menagerie experience, it was our daily amusement to take the little 30-foot pilot boat and run down on the bar and harpoon one of these devil fish, and to be towed to sea often for a distance of ten miles, at such a rate of speed as to pile the water as high as the deck at the bows, it always ending in the fish returning to the point of departure. We captured dozens of them, the largest I remember measuring 26ft. across his back, and about the same in length. They are really nothing but great overgrown skates and are harmless. At the present time they prevail in unlimited numbers on the bar at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

Now fetch on your next "discussion," and two to one I can "see you" on the question, whether it be fish or



A GREENWOOD LAKE FISH STORY.

From photo by Daniel K. Young.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

gave him the key to the shed and a pan of warm mush to make friends with.

There was a whimpering within as he unlocked the door. The mother, a half-size rabbit hound with heavy dugs, got up and eyed him with dignified mien and a drooping tail, with never a wag on the end of it; but the family—three little chaps and their sister—recognized him at once as Somebody, and all tried together to fall into the pan of mush.

Kellup concluded not to push acquaintance with the dam. She looked carnivorous. Her present condition illly disguised the strong, graceful lines, supple and sinuous like a panther. She seemed a thing of prey as she raised her muzzle toward him from her bed in the straw and quivered her nostrils, so he concluded to go and judge the rest of the show outside. The first one was out of it, on account of the license—too high. The next was too small. The third went inside and sat up beside his mother on the straw and whimpered. There didn't seem to be anything the matter; appetite all right and couldn't be homesick, so Kellup concluded he was troubled about the world. He had been out and looked it over and come back disappointed. So that left the black and tan with white on the breast and between the ears. He made a good showing so long as he kept his legs well braced apart, and then collapsed. Kellup concluded his fore legs were unnecessarily heavy and his tail altogether too strong—he wagged himself all of a heap every time he felt good natured.

The result of it all was when the 7:30 train went out next morning there was a black and tan hound pup in a little crate in the baggage car and Kellup standing on the platform till his small wailings were no longer heard.

JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

And while we are speaking of heads, here is a little story we saw the other day, credited, we believe, to an English paper, *Tid Bits*:

An English lady who visited America many years ago used to tell the following story: On the voyage she was one day shocked by seeing a ship's officer knock down one of the crew who was inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retired to her cabin, and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man who had received the blow. Approaching him, she asked, with deep sympathy: "How is your head, now?" "West-and-by-nor", ma'am, was the answer.

would crawl up and wake me by purring in my ear and insist on being amused. He grew rapidly, and finally became so heavy as to be an unpleasant bed fellow, for he would persist in lying across me and his weight was oppressive. His weak points was dogs, and woe to any unsuspecting canine that came to the house; but as he grew older he began to assert himself; one day we had a disagreement, and when I attempted to discipline him, he showed fight; and although I subdued him, I did not conquer him, and got badly scratched in the fracas. However, we made it up, after a fashion, but after our pet had chawed up a valuable setter belonging to an officer visiting us, we concluded to dispense with him, and gave him away to a friend who took him to New Orleans, and we never heard anything more of Don Thomaso.

As for the cats, they were our *bêtes noires*. We could find no one to accept them, until one day a steamboat captain said if we would send them down aboard he would take them down the river and turn them loose. But how to get them there was the question. Finally the Mexican boy solved the conundrum by lassoing the largest and snaked him out of his cage. The way the rascal charged around and spit and snarled created a panic, and we got out of his way. To lead him was impossible. As it happened, the watering cart was at the door, and the driver said, "hitch him on to the tail of the cart and I reckon he will have to come along." After considerable skirmishing this was accomplished and the cart started. After hanging back a few moments the varmint made a dash forward and entangled the rope around the horse's heels. This terrified the horse, which started off at a 240-gait, kicking and snorting. The driver was thrown off, the cart demolished; and when the terrified horse finally brought up at his stable there was very little left of the other animal; he had been kicked to a jelly. As for the horse, he was ruined; whenever put into harness subsequently he would tremble and kick himself clear.

To get rid of the other cat we administered a dose of strychnine.

The coons got fat and mischievous and made forages into the neighbors' hen roosts and met their fate from shotguns. The deer grew ugly and dangerous and we gave them away.

The little armadillo alone stood the test of time. He was what Artemus Ward would have called "an amosin" little cuss." He lived under the house, where he spent the day, and at night came out and trotted around the

some other specimen of natural history. I am not out of experiences yet by a long shot. The one already quoted goes to show that you need not waste your valuable time endeavoring to tame bob-tailed cats, yelect lynxes, for you can't do it. He is the quintessence of pure cussedness (if you hear me) and the greatest disgrace to the animal kingdom—not excepting the little chap in the perfumery line.

PODGERS.

A FISH STORY.

As we strolled down to the boat house from the Greenwood Lake club house, we overheard some of the guides telling fish stories. As we had just heard a batch of them at the club house from the members, we had some curiosity to learn whether the members or their guides excelled in this, the most important requisite for a good fisherman.

"We were rowing up the arm of the lake," said Garrison, "when we saw straight ahead very rough water as if a great gale was blowing over the water there. It was right smooth where we were, so we went ahead to see what it was."

"I know," said Storms "it was the fish jumping in the water and out of it. I have seen that often."

Garrison looked somewhat abashed at having his story forestalled, but pleased to hear it verified.

"Well, that is just what it was, but what do you suppose happened to us when we reached them?"

"Why," replied Ryerson, "the boat bumped up against them fish as if it had hit a stone and you couldn't pull through them. That's what happened to me once."

Garrison was balked, but he soon recovered his second wind and this time rushed to the end of his story without giving the others a chance to interrupt him.

"Yes, sir, them fish blocked the way so that we couldn't get through."

"Will you swear to that?" asked Ryerson raising his right hand.

"Yes, sir, on a stack of Bibles. And then them fish began to jump in the boat and over the boat and on to us. And in a minute the boat was so full that she began to sink. And we had ter jump out and walk over them fish that was in the water to the shore, and there wasn't one of us that so much as wet a shoe, because we walked right on the fish you see, and every one o' them fish was a small-mouth black bass that weighed full eight pound and was as long as that."

D. K. Y.

Natural History.

THE GRAY WOLF.

THE large wolf of North America is commonly known as the timber, or gray wolf. It was formerly generally distributed throughout North America from the Arctic regions to the tropics, but has of course disappeared from all settled portions of the country.

Over the larger portion of its range this wolf is gray in color, but in Arctic regions it is white, or nearly so, while in Florida and some of the Gulf States and in British Columbia a black form exists. In Texas there are red or bay wolves.

Except in its color, the large wolf of North America (*Canis occidentalis*) is everywhere the same, but in its habits there is more or less difference, caused by the circumstances of its environment. The wolves of the north feed to a considerable extent on reindeer and caribou, those of the east on deer, while those of the south prey on deer and on the wild hogs which run at large through the pine forests and swamps. A few years ago the center of abundance of the gray wolf in America corresponded very closely with the center of abundance of the buffalo. Great bands of these gaunt and ever hungry animals accompanied the buffalo herds, killing calves or old bulls, and sometimes cutting out from the herd strong young heifers, which they had little difficulty in pulling down, if they could once separate them from the companionship of their fellows.

Notwithstanding the fact that ever since the settlement of America the wolf has been pursued with guns, traps and poison, it is certain that no blow was ever dealt this race so severe as the extinction of the buffalo. Their natural prey gone, the wolves turned their attention to the herds of the stock men, and for years now their depredations have resulted in very serious losses to raisers of horses and cattle on the northern plains. They do not attack the herds when they are alarmed and closely bunched together, but prowl about their outskirts, trying to cut off the young stock, which they can easily pull down. Sometimes a small band of wolves will round up a little bunch of cattle, which stand in a close circle, their heads outward, prepared for the attack. After circling about them for a short time, two or three of the wolves will dash at the bunch, and if they can scatter the animals it is the work of an instant only to pull down a yearling, or to kill two or three calves. We have seen two wolves thus destroy a yearling steer with no greater apparent effort than a setter dog would use in killing a cat.

Year by year the range of the wolf is growing more contracted, and it is extremely desirable that we should know where this animal is still to be found, all about its color varieties, and what we can about its habits. It is therefore earnestly hoped that such of our correspondents as are informed on these points will let us hear from them without delay. It is only a few years ago that some of the most eminent naturalists in America believed that the panther does not scream, but the discussion recently brought out in connection with the FOREST AND STREAM Supplement of the panther has definitely settled this question in the affirmative. This shows how much good can be done by the FOREST AND STREAM constituency if it will take the trouble to contribute to these columns what its members know on any subject in natural history.

LYNXES IN CAPTIVITY.

SANTA FE, N. M., DEC. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a mistake that the lynx, either the *canadensis* or *rufus*, can not be tamed, for I have tamed both varieties myself. While in Florida about three years ago I secured a very young bay lynx and soon had it as tame as any house cat, and it was really a very affectionate pet. It disliked to be left alone, and would lie on the floor beside my wife's chair and play with scraps of cloth by the hour; but if my wife left the room it would soon begin to cry and try to get out the same door to follow her. The sweet little pet was accidentally injured when it was about four months old and died from the effects.

Last May a little Mexican shepherd boy found a den with three beautiful little kittens (*Lynx canadensis*) in the mountains near this place and brought them to town to sell. He sold one of them before I saw him, but I secured the other two, and soon had them very gentle. They are quite difficult to raise, though I don't see why they should be. We fed them on fresh goat's milk for a few days, gradually working on to raw meat. They grew very rapidly but after a few weeks began to have fits, and one of them died. The other one got better and was the prettiest pet we ever had, being more gentle than the average house cat. She was very fond of lying in my wife's lap, and another favorite pastime was to climb on the bed and playfully pull our hair with her sharp claws. She always had her full liberty; and never showed any desire to leave the place, nor any signs of her wild nature. She lived on the best of terms with my numerous dogs, although she never seemed to fancy the foxhounds. Her especial favorite was a black cocker spaniel; and they were fast friends, playing together for hours at a time, the spaniel enjoying the romp as well as the lynx. I am sorry to say that last month she was taken again with fits, although she had been in the best of health for over three months, and after having two or three very severe ones she died. She was then about six months old and about twice the size of a house cat.

While stationed in Florida I tamed a full grown bay lynx, that is tamed it so I could handle and pet it, but of course could not turn it loose. I believe it was the most vicious animal when first captured that I ever saw, but in eight or ten weeks I had it so that I could put my hand in the cage and pet it, open its mouth to show its teeth to my friends, and in fact handle it very freely. It seemed quite fond of having its head scratched, and that was the first thing I was able to do with it; but after that I made rapid progress in taming it.

The Canada lynxes are quite numerous in this vicinity, but very difficult to kill without the aid of hounds. I have killed three fine specimens within the past month, my hounds having treed them for me. I have never seen a bay lynx in this part of the country but I think that there are some here, as the old hunters speak of killing two kinds of "wild cats" here.

I don't think that the ocelot is ever seen in this part of the Territory, as diligent inquiry among the old hunters

fails to draw out a description of it. I would like to learn more of them and of the country they recover. Why cannot some of our friends in southern Texas write us about their experience with the beautiful "leopard cat," as they surely are found there. There are a great many of their skins on sale here in "curiosity stores," made up in rugs with the head half mounted, and of all the cat family they must be the most beautiful. Tradition tells us that the ancient Aztecs trained them to hunt and used them to catch antelope and deer. Gen. Lew Wallace, in that beautiful Aztec tale, "The Fair God" makes his hero the possessor of one of these wonderfully trained animals. The most of the skins on sale here come from southern Texas and Old Mexico. I shall make an effort to secure some young ocelots next spring and try taming them, also some young panthers, which are quite common in the mountains in this country.

H. B. HERSEY.

DEER AND SHEEP.

COMMENTING on the statements in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM on "Vermont Deer and Sheep," Isaac Kenwell, of Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, writes:

"Deer will not kill sheep nor molest them in any way. I have spent my whole life in the woods and had great opportunity of studying the habits of deer, both in this State and the backwoods of Upper Canada. So far as deer yarding, as they always do during that part of the winter when the snow becomes very deep, they will yard all kinds together; that is, bucks, does, old and young, and live in perfect harmony. Bucks will not mate with ewes, neither will deer kill sheep. Now I can furnish any amount of evidence to substantiate the above: First, David Keller of this county is an old pioneer farmer and hunter; to my knowledge he keeps sheep. He also kept a female deer for seven years that had the liberty of his place, ran with his sheep or cattle just when and where she chose. Now during the rutting season in the fall this doe would take to the woods, sometimes for a week at a time, and on her return to the clearing she would be accompanied by a buck, and sometimes by two bucks. Now, these bucks never interfered with the sheep, even though it was in the rutting season. Keller has killed as many as five bucks that had followed the doe home during one fall. I can also give you the names of several others that have had like experiences with deer. Wm. Pashley is another farmer or pioneer of the Adirondacks. Robert Manes, of Hastings county, Ontario, Can., keeps sheep in the backwoods of Canada, where deer frequently would feed in the pasture with the sheep, and I can produce more than fifty similar illustrations where wild deer frequented the sheep pasture; but in no place or case did deer harm sheep in any way. It is something else that destroys your farmers' sheep. Surely deer will not do it.

Therefore, you can sum it up in this way: bucks will yard with bucks alone, also bucks will yard with bucks and does; bucks will not mate with sheep; bucks will not kill sheep.

I have seen deer yards that contained more than 100 deer, and found them of or including old bucks, old does, young bucks and young does; in fact, all kinds and of all sizes, living in perfect harmony.

A NEW MEXICO COLLECTION.

EDDY, New Mexico, Dec. 26.—Is there such a thing as the "cactus deer?" I met here an old frontiersman who for many years has been collecting the wild animals of New Mexico, upon which he practices, rather roughly, the art of taxidermist. His collection now embraces every wild beast known to the Territory, usually several specimens of each. Among these is what he calls the "cactus deer." In place of the antlers it has a number of protuberances grouped together in two or three clusters, which look exactly like a variety of cactus common in New Mexico and Texas. Indeed the resemblance is so striking that I had a suspicion that the old man had played a trick by deantlering the animal and fixing the vegetables on his head. In a moment, however, I perceived that the cactus-like thing was a true outgrowth from the head. He claims that it is a distinct variety of the deer whose horns are always like the cactus. Can this be so? Truly, I never heard of such a beast before, and I thought myself well read up as to beasts. I hope FOREST AND STREAM and its New Mexican correspondents will turn their lights on the subject. To me it seems nothing but a common black-tail deer which has shed its horns, and that the cactus-like things are the new horns sprouting out. But its color is darker than that of the other black-tail deer in the collection.

He has a noble elk in his collection, killed in the Gualalupe Mountains, about sixty miles west of here. It weighed 700 lbs. and stands almost as high as any horse. How this animal could get along or be at all comfortable with the prodigious antlers which he carried is what causes me to marvel. Their weight must be near a hundred pounds, for they are as stone and about as hard as the hardest. Was he proud of them or was he continually sad under the burden of the great weight? The upper surfaces of the antlers of this one are polished as smooth as glass by friction against the brush. The old man tells me they live in the deepest recesses of the mountains where the brush is almost impenetrable. How can they manage their great horns in such a place? Evidently the elk was intended for the open country, and he now seeks the mountains and brush, not that he likes them, but that he would hide. Poor fellow, he is now but a prisoner, and the days of his race in this world are nearly numbered.

"And this," said my old friend, pointing to another great beast with wild, protuberant, flaming eyes, "is the Mexican or Rocky Mountain lion." I looked and saw that it was nothing in the world but a tremendous puma, or cougar, or panther, about 8 ft. long, counting the tail. There was another beast of the same kind in the assemblage which he called a panther, but it was in no wise to be distinguished from his lion except in size. The one was a big puma and the other a puma of ordinary size, and that was absolutely the only difference. I suggested to my old friend that his "lion" was only a panther. "Oh, no," said he, "this is the female of the mountain lion. The male is much larger and has a mane on his neck. And he roars." That may be, but the panther, cougar or puma also roars when he feels like it. Put it down when you hear of the Rocky Mountain lion that it is nothing but the cougar. But the Mexican or mountain lion, as known in Texas, is quite another thing and much

more formidable. Indeed, he is a terrible beast and more to be dreaded than any other that walks on American soil. However, I choose not to discuss lions now, but may do so some other day.

My old friend Riggs is an enthusiast as to wild beasts; and that is not strange, seeing he has associated with them all his life. Yet he has not imbibed any of their ferocity. On the contrary, no cooing dove could be gentler or more lovable than he. He has a world of anecdote touching them, which it is delightful to hear him recite. Like all enthusiasts, however, he has a tendency, I think, to stretch the blanket a little. He told me some things about his friends which I do not find myself swallowing very readily; but I lay them aside for future thought. His collection is the best in New Mexico, or probably anywhere else outside of the museums. I am very partial to men who are enthusiastic over wild beasts.

Eddy is in the valley of the Pecos River. I called this river, the first time I saw it, "the betwixted river," and the more I see of it the more I think it is bewitched. It is twice as big here as it is a hundred miles below, and I suppose if I go to its head I shall find it, too, twice as big there as it is here. Over twenty years ago, when there was not a human being living on it—except murderous Apaches and Comanches—I predicted it would become the seat of a great community. The prediction is now verifying beautifully under my eyes. Wealth is pouring its abundance into the valley. The strange river is used for irrigation and the whole region is rapidly becoming a great garden, orchard and vineyard. One man here has a vineyard, of the finest European grapes, of nearly 700 acres, which, when the vines have on their summer attire, is a glory to behold. I have always called the river "my Pecos" and I'll stick to that claim. N. A. T.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE GREENSBORO SPORTSMEN.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 10.—I have had splendid sport quail shooting in Virginia and North Carolina. I shot over well trained dogs and in company with several representative Southern sportsmen, than whom none can be better companions either afield or at their own firesides. My little .16 Parker was a trifle too much of a fine thing (being full choke) for bush and thicket shooting, still I gave a fair account of myself after I settled on a load that did not smash things and gave me a little more margin.

I was invited to go on a turkey hunt at Greensboro, N. C., and was almost allured, but when I discovered that I probably would have to run a dead heat with the dogs of a mile or two, wade a few belt-high swamps, tramp, by way of rest, twenty-five or thirty miles, and, perchance, if fortune favored me, lug home a couple of 20 lb. gobblers, I discreetly refrained, as running was never my forte.

The natives of Greensboro are thoroughbreds; they hunt foxes at breakneck speed through everything, with rattling good horses under them and swift foxhounds ahead, to say nothing of very fleet and cunning foxes in the fore. They follow well bred beagles afoot, racing and tearing through and over anything that comes along, cheering on the dogs and making bunny think a pandemonium has suddenly overtaken him and usurped his tranquil and happy home. And when it comes to shooting quail, why they fire their rights and lefts with such simple yet superb regularity that they made me positively envious, and almost renounce my own dear native land. A genuine North Carolinian loves a dog right next to his wife and children if he has any; if not, then his own parents and sweetheart. So if I have any choice in the matter when the transmogrification occurs, I will apply for a pass to Greensboro, N. C., for, alive or dead, that is a sportsman's paradise. To be fully appreciated in Greensboro he should stand about 5 ft. 10 in., weigh 160 to 180 lbs., measure 42 to 44 in. around the chest, be swift as a deer, tough as a bear, have the pluck of a bull-terrier, ride like an Indian, shoot by inspiration, have the eye of an eagle, the wind of a race horse, and be a general bang up good fellow, open-hearted, hospitable and true to his colors: in other words, a man.

I could not close without mentioning that grand old dog Dash, formerly owned by Wm. Jordan, who trained him and now the pride of Mr. Gilmer. Dash is a Laverack—a dog that though years are telling on him is still fleet—quite fast enough to give any man all he can conveniently do to follow him. He is staunch, true as steel, sagacious to such a degree that to interfere with his course is proof positive of ignorance, for no living dog can have more bird sense or a more level head. Aside from this he is an all day dog—and furthermore a several consecutive day dog. In fact, after working hard for six or seven days he seemed to be just at his best. What must he have been three or four years ago? I shot over him two whole days and an afternoon and never once did he lag or show signs of distress, albeit he had worked just as hard for several days before. One had better shoot over such a perfect animal with a flintlock than over an inferior one with the finest breechloader, for after all the birds must be found to be bagged. Briers, thorns, tangled vines, nothing stops him; he launches out at early morn and keeps up a rattling pace until daylight ceases, then comes to heel, jumps in the wagon and is apparently oblivious of everything until he cheerfully responds to the "He on, Dash," on the following day. Faithful, magnificent fellow—ribbed of steel, lightning geared, of vast intelligence—how fondly I will remember the many times we lost you in those great stubble fields or intricate thickets, then to find you, staunch as a rock, quivering with a bevy or single bird nailed fast to the ground! Who would not tramp and plod on with such a leader? Docile as a lamb, yet with the true courage that never says fail.

Well, he is only a dog; but when his honest eyes shall close to open no more—when the muscular, well-knit legs shall lie stiff and cold in death—I fear must feel sorry for the man who has known him, could he contemplate him then with tearless eye or feel, indeed, that he had not lost a devoted, brave and noble friend; for such to me is Dash. But he has a kind master and a lovely mistress, and sure is he of kindest treatment; when age creeps on, and that is more than many a human being can claim, perchance because he never earned them, perhaps because he never deserved them. So, grand old dog, adieu. May time deal kindly with us all, and rest assured that no man can with impunity disparage thy noble traits in the hearing of GAUCHO.

SOME BOSTON SUCCESSES.

BOSTON, Jan. 1.—The season on Maine big game has closed, and yet the reports of the wonderful success the hunters have had continue to come in. The Dr. Bishop Christmas hunting party has proved something of a success, notwithstanding the adverse conditions of most remarkably cold weather and a crusted snow of anywhere from 10 in. to 2 ft. in depth. This snow made still-hunting rather difficult, and besides some of the party were somewhat frost-bitten. The mercury was down as low as 30 below zero part of the time. Dr. Bishop contracted a very bad cold. One of the guides is reported to have frozen one of his feet; Mr. James Brown froze his chin and Dr. Sanborn his cheeks and ears. But Dr. Bishop was up in a day or two and after the moose, one of which he followed all one day, only to find that it was a cow, and he would not destroy it. A pool was made up in the party for the man who should succeed in bringing in the first head of big game. Mr. N. C. Nash was the fortunate person, the president of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. He brought in the head of a fine caribou on Monday. Mr. Sanborn has shot a fine deer, weighing nearly 200 lbs. Mr. James Brown has also killed another deer. A number of caribou and deer were started, but the weather was too bad for remaining long on the trail, and the snow was crusted so badly as to make very difficult hunting. Five moose have been started by different members of the party, but only two were fairly seen, and these were both cows, in fine condition. They were allowed to escape. The party was to arrive in Boston on Tuesday evening.

Some of the Waltham hunters have had remarkably good success in the Maine woods the past season. Oliver Cone, a noted lover of hunting in that town, Charles Herrick and C. H. Bull returned a week or more ago from a most successful deer hunt in that State. They went to Oldtown, and then into the wilds beyond. Nine deer were the result of the hunt. One of these they used for food, and the eight they brought out to Waltham. There were four bucks and four does. The carcasses of the entire number were exhibited in McClure's store window, and attracted a good deal of attention. Mr. A. W. Thompkins, who gave me the item, says it was the finest display of game ever seen in Waltham.

Mr. H. E. Mudgett, of Auburn, Me., has the credit of bringing the largest caribou to that town recently ever seen there. It excited a great deal of curiosity when it was exhibited at Peabees & Garcelon's store. Mr. Mudgett owns a fine camp at the Penobscot headwaters, which he visits every season, and he has shot a number of caribou there. He writes me that this one, killed near his camp, on Dec. 14, beats anything he has ever seen in the line of caribou. Others he has killed, some weighing up to 350 lbs., one the same day, but this big one he declares must have weighed fully 600 lbs. at the time he was shot—a monster for a caribou. Mr. Mudgett, in the same letter, also extends a most kindly invitation to me to visit his camp with him next season; a remarkably good location for caribou. The camp is west of Mount Chase, on the shores of Shin Pond. Perhaps Mr. Mudgett would kindly include some one or two of the good readers of the FOREST AND STREAM in his invitation. To visit a camp like that, with such a successful and genial hunter as Mr. Mudgett, would be a treat worth a lifetime.

One of the greatest moose hunts of the season of 1892 seems to have not yet been reported. Dr. C. F. Rowell and D. L. Hall, both of the town of Wilton, Me., seem to have had an experience with the lordly moose of that State that is worth relating. They left that town late in November, for a hunting trip into the famous Spencer and Dead River region. Being thoroughly familiar with the woods and the method of hunting large game, they took no guides. Dr. Rowell writes me that early in the trip they found signs of big moose—signs that are recognizable only to those who are accustomed to such hunting. In a few days they had the big fellows located. Then they waited for a suitable day for the hunt. Instead of trying to capture them under unfavorable circumstances, a proceeding that would have been very likely to have resulted in a failure. A light snow soon came one night—just the day for the hunt. Dr. Rowell writes: "We left camp early in the morning, and were soon on the tracks of two large bull moose. We knew the nature of our game by the marks of their antlers on the trees. Following on, to the leeward all the time, and as still as it is possible for a hunter to move in the woods, it was not long before we caught sight of an enormous pair of antlers. These we saw before we saw the great bull to which they belong, and I at first thought that they were the roots of a great tree that had been upturned by the wind. But 'sh! sh! It moves!' It is the great king of game! He had not seen us, and we bent down to reconnoiter. We soon saw the other bull about 25 yds. ahead of the first one. Both were some 50 yds. from us. It was time for action. We leveled our rifles, both aiming just back of the foreshoulders, each hunter upon his own moose. With a preconcerted wink Hall gave the signal and we both fired. We then rushed upon our game, firing second and third shots the best we could. We quickly passed one moose in the throes of death. The other was making a trail of blood, but moving rapidly enough to give us some concern lest he should escape in a wounded condition. But he only ran some sixty rods to a thicket that he apparently did not have the force to enter. As we approached he turned and faced us, evidently with the intention of charging upon us. But our rifles were ready, though it took four more

shots to bring the great fellow down. Our game weighed, when dressed, 750 and 788 lbs. respectively. When alive we estimated them to have weighed 1,150 and 1,200 lbs. They stood 18 hands and 19 hands 3 in. high. Both had particularly fine antlers, and are claimed to be the finest specimens ever taken in that region. But here the hunt ended and the work began. It took us nine days to get the great fellows out to the settlement, with the help of four or five Canadians. The heads are being mounted by Link Daniels, of Portland, in this State. We also shot a fine buck deer and a fox, making a pretty big bag of game for a party of only two, with no guide; even for the Dead River region. Mr. Hall carried a Winchester rifle, .32-40, and I a Marlin .38-40."

The above adds two more to the already full account of moose killed in Maine during the open season of 1892. The presence of such game is remarkable, and speaks volumes for what protection has been done in that State. The hunt is also a very remarkable one, and one that shows most careful planning, leading up to a success that the hunters can never forget. I do not know the opinion of Dr. Howell and Mr. Hall, but I have talked with a number of other successful moose hunters, and they all tell me that the enthusiasm and the excitement is very great until the fatal shot has been fired and the moose lies prostrate. Then comes a reaction, followed almost invariably by the wish that it had been a nice deer, or some sort of game that it is not almost beyond the reach of human possibility to get out before it has spoiled. But many gentlemen of means, and ardent lovers of hunting, will frequently

MARSH SHOOTING.

SHOOTING wild ducks in the fresh water marshes that border the shores of many of our inland lakes is grand sport when fowl are abundant, and to the lover of nature there is a peculiar charm in pursuing them in such localities that is lacking in many of their deep-water resorts.

Scattered irregularly about, in the midst of the luscious growing mass of wild rice, blue flag, and the various growths which flourish here, are calm, still pools of open water, often fringed with patches of pond lilies of rare beauty and size. The broad, rafflike leaves tempt many a gorgeous dragon fly to alight and spread his gauzy wings in the warm, autumn sunshine. Water spiders innumerable play at "hide and seek" among the lily pads, and we may also discover the gossamer spider in the act of launching his fairy web of spun silk from the tip of a tall rice stem. These modest little fellows have successfully solved the problem of aerial navigation, and the filmy sails of their glistening "white squadron" are spread to the light air which breathes from the south, and sail in the blue sky like tiny cloudlets.

'Tis true we are after ducks, but the surroundings always add a charm to the pursuit of game, and fortunate is he who can observe and appreciate, even to a limited extent, this teeming insect life, as he cautiously pushes his light boat through the marsh in search of wild fowl.

Silently we glide along the lanes of open water, which thread their devious paths among the reeds. What's that? A guarded quack! quack! from the margin of an opening, whose still waters we see glistening just ahead betrays the presence of ducks.

Now is the time for a tenderfoot to have the "duck ague," and even to an old hand the experience is ever new, ever thrilling.

We have all along moved stealthily, no careless crashing through the reeds, no jar of paddle has disturbed the quiet. But now we must exercise the greatest caution, we must steal up to this little pool with the silence of a thought.

Where is the man who has felt the keen excitement of such a moment that will ever forget it?

As we near the spot a basking pickerel darts with a sudden rush under the lily pads. Such is our nervous tension that it seems as though we had struck a whale and a chill creeps down our spine. Hush-sh-sh! Here we are!

Now! A few vigorous strokes, deep, long, and strong, and our little craft like a racer under the lash springs forward into the open.

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr-r-rrr! Right, left, all around us, the air seems alive with ducks.

To drop the paddle, seize the gun and fire is the work of an instant.

How the echoes are flying in response to the bang! bang! of our salute, while clear and thrilling amidst the din there comes to our ears a sounding splash! splash! announcing the successful shots.

This is not luck alone, no one may blunder through the marsh and kill game. It is the quick ear, the cautious approach, the thorough "know how," coupled with perfect accord of brain, eye and finger, that instinctively presses the trigger at the right instant, that has won the prize. My word for it, that right and left, made so handsomely in this lonely marsh, will serve memory with an incident to quicken the heartbeats for many a day to come.

If we had decoys I should set them out right here, for this is evidently a favorite spot with the ducks, as those numerous floating feathers, indicative of a leisurely toilet, will testify, and in due course, when satisfied that all danger is past, they will return by twos and threes, affording fine sport. Not having decoys, our best chance will be among the reeds at the head of the marsh, where it narrows out toward the lake. There we shall be apt to see every duck that comes in, and, if fortunate, by sundown we will have added largely to our score.

Here is the place! You see we are concealed from the eyes of any incoming birds, the sun is at our back, and right before us is spread a lovely picture.

In front, directly across the marsh (here about forty yards in width), a heavily timbered ridge runs down to the lake shore, and in the full glow of changing foliage, blushing in the mellow sunlight which floods the scene, the effect is indescribable. High in air the light gondolas of the spiders are drifting, each bearing its tiny navigator, and while watching one little craft (that has become entangled through carelessly taking a lower course over the reeds) a huge shadow glides upon the water before us.

We know that something with feathers is near by, and "coming to a ready" we wait an instant, only to see an immense blue heron sail over, not ten yards away.

Well! He was surprised when he caught sight of us. It is laughable to see one of these clumsy fellows when startled. They seem to be all tangled up for a moment, head, legs and wings are going like the sails of a windmill, as they make a ludicrous effort to get away.

See that duck! Bang! Never touched him! What! By George, he's down! well! well!

Quick! mark north three blacks!

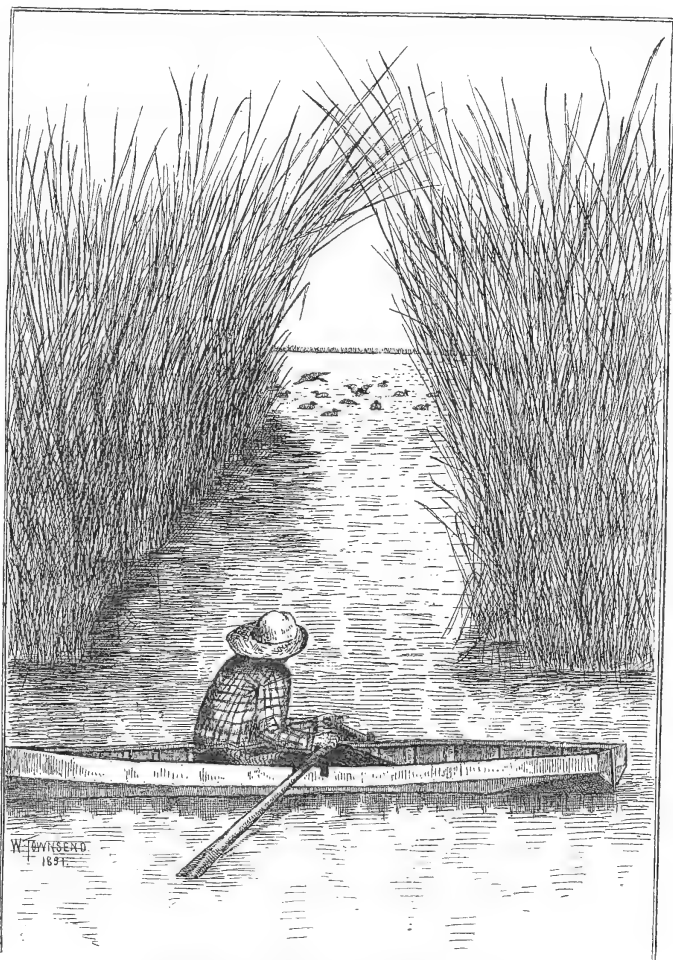
"Great Caesar!" all there? Yes! all cleaned out!

Thus we spend the afternoon, killing some, missing others, taking no note of time as the golden hours slip by, until the hooting owls in the darkening woods on either side the marsh tell us it is time to be moving out, and on our departure we can fancy their big broad wings are hovering over the scene in search of a possible cripple wherewith to regale themselves.

I wonder if they enjoy hunting as much as we do?

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, Long Island, N. Y.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XXI.

What tantalizing things a fellow does see when he's out without a gun

pay out a great deal of money and spend much time for the sake of a shot at a moose, and often they are satisfied with one.

SPECIAL.

OUT OF HIS RECKONING.

A YOUNG sportsman of Sandwich, Mass., Bowme by name, had an unexpected encounter on the beach a few days since. He was looking for other game when he came upon a fine green turtle somewhat benumbed by the cold, but resolutely headed toward Buzzard's Bay, some six miles distant, across the narrowest part of Cape Cod. The turtle weighed about 150 lbs., and as his flippers were unpierced there can be little doubt that he ran out of his course when southward bound, after spending his summer in the North Atlantic. Green turtle occasionally range as far north as the Grand Banks and return south by way of the Labrador Current; but unless they keep well off shore, Cape Cod Bay is a *cul de sac* from which they can hardly escape. Can it be possible that this waif of the southern seas hoped to burrow in the northern sands to a depth that would enable him to hibernate something after the custom of his resident cousins in these higher latitudes—the snappers and pond turtles. I never heard of such an instance, but the promptings of nature are wonderful for the preservation of her lost children. It is most likely that the poor fellow's naturally cold blood was chilled beyond further endurance by the icy waters of Massachusetts Bay and he sought the shore as a last desperate refuge. It is remarkable that he survived the cold so long. I can testify, however, that he was in good condition and made most excellent soup.

C. L. W.

CAPE COD DEER.

THERE are, it is believed, only two in this big family of forty-four States—namely, Connecticut and Rhode Island, that have succeeded in totally exterminating wild deer within their borders. It is not a matter upon which they are to be congratulated. Indeed, they ought to be ashamed of such evidence of their improvidence, but, after all, it is not easy to say how it could have been avoided. The time is now approaching, however, when it will be possible to restore and preserve the game and reforest the ranges that are their natural home.

Massachusetts has never quite exterminated her deer, though she came dangerously near doing so ten or twelve years ago. At this writing they are fairly abundant, and increasing in Barnstable county, and have recently been reported from Berkshire, at the opposite corner of the State.

All the world knows Cape Cod, at least by name, and it is of no special consequence to outsiders if its legitimate political title is Barnstable county.

As such, however, it had to be recognized when the close deer law was passed for Plymouth and Barnstable a few years ago. Plymouth was allowed to come in mainly as a matter of courtesy, for in point of fact she had few if any deer of her own, but conscientiously enumerated before shooting every luckless straggler that found its way up from the Cape. There is no reason in the world why the Plymouth woods should not be restocked simply by allowing nature to take its course, but it is far harder for the well disposed hunters of Plymouth to keep the reckless element in check than it is here on the Cape, simply because it is easier to get away with one's game. The Cape deer range is, roughly speaking, a triangle measuring about 15 miles on each side, and containing, therefore, something like 100 square miles. It embraces the townships of Sandwich, Bourne, Falmouth, Mashpee and Barnstable, most of them settled as long ago as 1650 or earlier. The old established centers of population are naturally coastwise, leaving the central area of the triangle unoccupied save by a few hamlets, scattering farmhouses and the camps of cranberry pickers. Throughout this region are ponds and lakes, some of them miles long, others no larger than duck ponds. Almost everywhere the hollows have at one time or another been sufficiently under cultivation to establish a growth of grass that affords winter grazing when nothing else is to be found. The country is broken into hill and dale, all covered with a dense growth of oak, pine and underbrush, very difficult to pass and affording abundant cover for the game.

Legislation for the preservation of the Cape Cod deer began some twenty-five years ago, and imperfect as was the protection afforded, the herd increased rapidly, until in 1885-'86 it was estimated at 1,000 head. Then came a sweeping forest fire, starting from the railroad near Sandwich, which, with what seemed little less than intelligent malignity, first surrounded and then traversed the entire district, burning for several days and reducing the unhappy deer by several hundred head. The survivors, however, have been fairly well protected and now number, according to the most trustworthy estimates, something like 300.

There is no open season, but in a land where every man is more or less a hunter, and constables are few and easy-going, it is not in reason that "wood's mutton" should not now and then find its way to privileged tables.

The state of the case is this: Here is a law, of which all good "Cape Cod folks" approve, but it cannot be enforced with the means at hand. Obviously the dozen existing constables could not efficiently patrol as many square leagues of nearly impenetrable forest, even if they were veritable human bloodhounds, and not the good-natured fellow mortals that many of them are.

The deer, therefore, must look for protection to the public at large, or rather to that portion of it who are at once fond of hunting and disposed to do the fair thing by the deer. Opposed to this faction is the reckless element, which asserts the right to shoot any wild creature that crosses its path, flies over its head or swims under its dory.

Just after the above-mentioned fire certain hunters of this class took advantage of the burned and smoldering woods to make life a burden to the hard beset remnant of the herd. Seeing that the deer would be literally exterminated if some decisive action were not taken, an informal combination was made among the well-disposed class and the constables were notified that they must act. Thus were the deer saved after a characteristic American fashion, namely, the intelligent, informal action of citizens supplementing the unavoidable shortcomings of the authorities. This successful deal seems to have given the hint for the system or no system that still affords fairly efficient protection. All the decent young men of the neighborhood are volunteer game keepers. They live on the borders of the deer range and their daily vocations take some of them along the wood roads. Many of them know the voices of all the deer dogs in the five towns. If a deer is killed the fact is almost certain to be known, and an inexorable people's court sits in judgment upon the case and decides whether or not the killing was justifiable.

I am told that not more than ten deer have been killed here this season (November and December). This certainly is not an excessive number considering the circumstances, and its moderate figure speaks well for the efficiency of the volunteer police.

Of course, the disadvantage and uncertainty of this existing state of things is recognized, and there is some talk of organization. This, however, would mean personal pledges of total abstinence from deer hunting; a sacrifice which our volunteers are by no means disposed to make. It would also mean the relegation of the whole detective business to paid officials who would sometimes be blind, sometimes inefficient and always too few in number to do their duty efficiently. The farmers, wood-cutters and the rest, who now render volunteer service would keep their woodcraft for private use, and the only question for the poacher to consider would be "Can I do it and not be found out?" That he could often do so is tolerably certain, and even if arrested and brought to trial, we all know how lenient the local courts are in cases where no clearly defined individual rights are involved.

Of course, this sort of thing is irregular and somewhat reprehensible. Our kindly considerate cousins across the water condemn the whole business as a loose American way of dealing with wilful malefactors. They stubbornly shut their eyes to the fact that population to the square mile in the United Kingdom is far denser than anywhere

in the United States, and that in spite of all their elaborate machinery of private game keepers, and a strong well organized rural constabulary poaching continues to flourish.

So long as every American has the right to bear arms and shoot wild game over every square mile of his native land it will be impossible to enforce stringent protective laws. The most that can be done is to define close and open seasons based upon the local habits of game in respect to breeding. The Cape Cod plan, while confessedly open to objection on account of its looseness and deliberate violation of law, is upon the whole the most practical solution of the problem. It is not easy for a party of hunters from the outer world to invade Barnstable county with the indispensable outfit of dogs and guns and successfully escape interference. On the other hand, it is quite the thing for residents to introduce friends from "the Continent" when there is to be a quiet local drive.

The "proof of the pudding," says *Life*, "is in the digesting," and experience seems to show that at least in this corner of New England there is enough of honorable common sense among the local farmers to enforce the State law by the simple process of breaking it under proper volunteer supervision.

It seems well nigh incredible that such a slipshod way of protecting the deer should be effective, but the testimony of the most trustworthy hunters is unanimous that it is far more so than any plan that has thus far been tried.

C. L. N.

SANDWICH, MASS., Christmas, 1892.

OUR TURKEY SHOOT AT WAMP'S.

ABOUT noon on Friday, Dec. 23, I received a postal reading: "You and your son are invited to attend a turkey shoot at my house in Mudge Holler, on Monday, Dec. 26, 1892.—INGALS WEMPEL." Now I am stuck on turkey shoots, and don't care who knows it, and it is seldom indeed that one is held in this vicinity that I don't burn powder at it. Wamp, as the boys call him, always gives a good shoot. His turkeys are large and in good condition, and he exerts himself to the utmost to make it pleasant for his guests. So I decided to be there ready and waiting when the match came off.

The turkey shoots held in this vicinity are patterned after those in vogue when I first came here, forty years ago. The range is eighty rods, guess measure, for it would be quite difficult to measure it accurately across this up hill and down dale country. And the riflemen who have used their rifles on a measured range soon discover that whoever estimated the distance was careful to guess far enough. The turkey, with from 10 to 15 ft. of strong line tied to his leg, is made fast to a stake, and has the privilege of moving about to the limit of his tether. And as the blasts of wintry wind howl across the ridge and whistle through his wattles, he is not very slow about seeking shelter in the little hollows between hummocks, where he offers so small and difficult a mark that it is not easy to pop him over.

All that is necessary is to draw blood, no matter how slightly, so long as it can be seen, and the bird is yours; that's the rule. But it takes an old turkey tender to turn back the feathers and find the place where blood has been slightly started. He is in the employ of the hotel people, and unless the shooters are having hard luck and are not getting many birds, he does not search closely.

If a turkey jumps he must examine it, but if the mark is slight and they are killing them fast, he sometimes ignores it and puts the fowl down again. If it is severely hit he throws up his cap and takes the bird off, bleeds him by cutting his throat, and ties on another. Even with the best and most honorable management, it is often found when the birds are picked that they have been hit several times.

If a shooter has reason to believe that he has hit a bird, that is not taken off for him, he claims a shot on it. Then when it is taken off and brought in, he looks it over carefully, and if he finds the mark, he is given a turkey.

A scorekeeper is appointed who calls off the names in turn, and each man must be ready to shoot when his name is called. When the match is over the shots are counted, you pay a dime for each one charged up to you, and the man who has secured the most birds in the fewest shots is boss man on that occasion.

The matches are of varying degrees of excellence or the reverse. I have in mind one I attended last winter at Cranesville. There was a good company of riflemen present, mostly from Amsterdam and several from Albany and Schenectady; they were all old turkey shooters and mostly good shots. There was no snow; and the turkey was placed on soft, grassy ground that was much higher than where the shooters were stationed. The bullets struck dead and it was impossible to locate one of them. A very tall Englishman was acting as marker; he was green at the business and very timid, so kept well screened from danger behind a high bank and could not see where any of our shots struck, but could hear the thud as they buried themselves in the soft ground. We called several times, but could not make him hear; so we ceased firing and after a while he came out. We made him understand after much shouting that we wanted to know where our balls were striking. He went up near the turkey, took a general view of the landscape all round, raised his arms as high as he could reach and shouted back, "Shoot away! we're comin' doind close till 'im." That was all the satisfaction we could get from him, and when we quit shooting that day most of us had no turkey.

On another occasion at the same place the landlord decided to have a turkey shoot during the holidays, and made all his calculations on the basis of snow, deep snow, for Christmas. So he touched up his old horse and searched the country over for white turkeys. He secured the finest lot I ever saw; they were nearly as white as snow, and if placed on a snow bank eighty rods away it would be very difficult to see them at all, and the landlord smiled a smile as he contemplated the slick little game he intended to spring on the boys. As the days passed and no snow fell he became anxious. When the appointed time was near and the ground was still bare he got frightened. Dec. 24 was a fine, warm day, and he gave up all hope. The old horse was again hitched up and he sallied forth, this time in pursuit of black turkeys. But the farmers had already marketed their fowls, with the exception of those reserved for breeders, and his quest was vain. As night approached it became a little colder and his hopes rose as the mercury went down. Before going to bed he stepped out on the front porch to take a

look at the weather, and when he saw the large circle around the moon he was so encouraged that as he trudged up to bed he said softly to himself, "I guess I'm all right yet." Christmas morning came but no snow. The landlord was in despair. A large number of riflemen gathered and he was compelled to set up the white turkeys. They made a beautiful mark on the dark ground and were knocked over right lively, while the landlord's jaw dropped disconsolately, as he realized that he had totally missed his calculation.

But enough of reminiscences. Let us go to Wamp's. Monday morning came, and, oh! how cold it was! Eight degrees below zero, the thermometer said, and I didn't doubt it. A strong west wind was blowing that threatened to nip ears or nose on the slightest exposure. But that did not prevent my going. Like the old darkey who rose early and dug his fish worms before being informed of his wife's death, I also made arrangements and had to go.

It was not very far to the "Holler," so I arrived early and found that I was the first man on deck. But the shooters soon came straggling in and I realized that greeting old friends of many turkey shoots was not the least enjoyable part of the day's amusement. When we had warmed up we went outside to see what arrangements had been made. We found everything ready, except placing the birds, and the markers were then donning overcoats, mufflers and gloves for a start, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing them on their way with a load of fine turkeys.

The shooting stand was on the east side of the woodshed, where we were partly sheltered from the wind, and a convenient open door led through a passageway into the barroom, which is a very important part of the proceedings. The landlord does not expect to get rich by the profits off the shoot direct, but he has advertised the matter judiciously and a large crowd of spectators are always on hand. They patronize the bar very liberally, and that's where the profit comes in.

The rifles used were one Ballard, two Remingtons, one Hepburn, one Marlin repeater, one Colt lightning repeater, one Winchester single shot. About half of them were fitted with elevated rear and wind-gauge front sights, and on the others the necessary elevation was secured by wedging up the rear sight; and the allowance for wind was very quickly and accurately gauged by knocking the muzzle sight to right or left by striking it with the end of a jack-knife. The scorekeeper took the names of all who intended to shoot, and when that was accomplished the turkey was ready and the trouble began.

Notwithstanding the extreme cold it was a good turkey day, and we popped them over right merrily.

The man who has an "old muzzleloader at home, b'gosh," that he says he will "bring around after dinner," that is, if he has any balls run up, and show you how to shoot, was there as usual. He was a little dubious about having the balls. But there could be no question about his having found the bar and the hot whisky. You have all met him; and when he does not turn up with his old fuzee, you know that he is either out of balls or too drunk to keep his promise.

Another fellow who usually gets there is the man with the .44 Winchester, old model and open sights. He walks up with confidence, and after squinting about a quarter way down the range, inquires: "Where is the darned old turkey, anyway? I can't see him." When he has followed with his eye the line pointed out by your index finger, and at length spies the bird, his astonishment is great. He retires gracefully, sets the old gun down in a corner and becomes an interested spectator.

When dinner time arrived we all had captured some turkey meat, and we adjourned for refreshments. After dinner when we resumed shooting, the crowd was very greatly augmented, and a new feature was added to the entertainment. Those sportsmen who think that a spice of danger gives zest to sport would have been delighted with the match at Wamp's that afternoon, for that condition was present in great "gobs," like the seasoning in an over-ripe bologna, where there is as much spice as meat. All through the afternoon's performance there was a delightful sense of uncertainty as to whether you could escape the danger from accidental discharges and manage to be alive when the scorekeeper called your name for your next shot.

Several of the regular shooters allowed others from among the spectators to take turns in shooting their guns, and it resulted it greatly increasing the danger to all.

I speak earnestly in this matter because I myself came very near furnishing business for the coroner on that occasion. And it came about in this way:

After making a shot Harry Coats cleaned and loaded his gun—a Marlin repeater—and then set it down by the shed, while he went into the barroom to warm up a little. The scorekeeper called "Pete Manifold," and Pete stepped up, took Coats's gun and looked it over. "I wonder," said he, "if Harry loaded her for me. I'll try her once, anyway, and see." He knelt down on the straw, rested the muzzle on the end of the plank and pulled the trigger. Clip went the hammer on the firing pin, and there was no explosion. "No," said he, "Harry didn't load her." And he stepped back among the crowd, threw the lever down and saw a cartridge in the chamber. "Ha!" said he, "she is loaded after all; I'll try her again." And he brought the lever back to place with a smart jerk, and must have touched the trigger at the same time, for the old gun roared out a salute and I saw a streak of fire spurt out, directly in line with my head, but a little too high. When Pete realized that the gun had gone off, he was so amazed that his jaw dropped, and he retained the gun in the same position while he stammered excuses and numerous explanations of how it happened, and while he did so, I had an opportunity to estimate the closeness of the call. The streak faded so quickly that I hardly think I had time to go inside and borrow a rule to measure the actual distance from my head, but as near as I could tell by the eye he missed me by from three to six inches.

The explanation of the difficulty as given by the owner of the gun when he came back was that his son had primed the cartridges and had not seated them deep enough, and throughout the day there were frequent misfires on that account.

Another of the men, for some reason, carried his gun inside the barroom, and was manipulating the lock while the muzzle pointed in behind the bar. The barroom was crowded at the time, but for some reason the bartender had just stepped back into another room for a moment. Suddenly there was the crash of an explosion, and

wreaths of powder smoke rose curling above the bar, spread out into a blue haze and mingled with the tobacco smoke near the ceiling. The loud talk ceased instantly, and the crowd pressed up to the bar. The landlord also came rushing in, and on the outskirts of the crowd, and peering in through open doorways stood the female help. All were apprehensive that a tragedy had been enacted. The result of the shot was plainly to be seen in a large hole torn through the floor; but the cause of the explosion could not be ascertained. It was simply an accident through carelessness, and a mere matter of luck and chance that nobody had been killed by it.

Such trifles did not damp the ardor or check the enthusiasm of the crowd in the slightest degree; they were there for a rip roaring old time and were bound to have it. At night when we quit shooting we all had several turkeys—I had five; and as we separated all agreed that barring the accidents of the day, we had enjoyed ourselves famously, and decided that "all's well that ends well."

PHIL PLAYFORD.

A BUDGET FROM BLUENOSE LAND.

THE fall of '92 will be remembered by the fraternity hereabouts as the best season for woodcock and snipe known to the present generation of shooters. Among our leading wing shots are Harry Atherton, George Hoegg, Lee Babbitt and Sergeant Walker. As the Sergeant remarks, they have bagged "slathers of snipe and a power of cock." The partridge crop was about an average yield. Never were the birds so speedy and guileful.

What has become of the "partridge" of our forefathers? What is he evolving into, anyhow? "Shoot the lowest bird on the tree, my son, and you'll get 'em all," the old man used to say. Lucky old man! Verily, "twere better to be a forefather than than a hindfather now."

Certainly, the grouse hunter in these regions who relies on wing shooting alone will not have much trouble in lugging home his birds at night. His bag will be at least as buoyant as his spirits. No doubt, upon the edges of fields or clearings where the shooting is open, or along the backwood roads, where the birds come out for gravel and sunshine early in the morning and late in the afternoon, the snap shot is often feasible. But in the dense alder swales, or upon the hardwood ridges, or along the streams where birds do most abound, "take 'em as you find 'em" is the only practical rule. An English army officer's experience here last season may be cited. He was a grand wing shot and mowed the snipe and woodcock down like grass. He scorned to shoot a partridge on the ground or in the tree. He spent four days with a friend at the Nashwaak Narrows. Out of probably two hundred birds that were flushed he gathered in just eight. The friend, not so scrupulous, bagged forty-two, and added insult to injury by being the happier man of the two.

Can any one explain by what species of jugglery it is that King Umbellus makes himself invisible to mortal eyes when he is really in plain, open sight? All my life I have tramped the woods, and I am credited with knowing a thing or two about ruffed grouse, too. But they fool me just the same as ever. In fact, I think they fool me now more than ever. And they do it dead easy every time. The longer I live the more I believe that if a partridge were to light on a telegraph pole in full view of twenty men, at least ten of those men would walk up to that pole and declare that he wasn't there. In old times when I was after grouse I used to fire at nothing but grouse. But now I fire at knots, roots, snags and even at shadows and sounds. And it pays. I find that roots will pan out on the average about 40 per cent. of grouse. Sounds are not so profitable. But shadows will yield 50 per cent. clear grouse and 20 per cent. of "joebuck."

I remember once this fall looking carefully through a big birch tree into which I thought one of the gray phantoms had flitted. It seemed to me that I was in full possession of my faculties. I examined the tree from every standpoint, and passed every knot and limb in critical review. I gave it up. As I stood filling my pipe my companion came along. Bang! and down came a feathery knot from the lowest limb. Bang again! a bunch of moss from the main trunk fluttered down. Why, it fairly rained grouse for a few seconds, and I got in out of that rain without delay. From that identical birch tree the gleeful Harry harvested there and then a beautiful bunch of four. It was over ten miles to town, but I kicked myself the whole way home. And then I went to bed.

Fool me? Why, I think the grouse about this district wouldn't care to live if they hadn't me to play with. And the ruling passion with them is just as strong in death. Soon after the first snowfall in November, I was prowling the woods as usual, when I saw a grouse on a small ash tree about 20yds. from the logging road on which I stood. It was just about dusk. I fired at him and saw him fall. Then another bird materialized on an upper branch of the tree. The second barrel fetched him and I saw him tumble to the ground. But when I reached the foot of the tree to my amazement neither of the birds were to be seen. I tramped around awhile, but not a feather could I find. Then I came back to the tree and saw where the No. 6 shot had fairly riddled the limbs on which the birds had been sitting. I was satisfied that I was alive, and also that I was awake, but as to my complete sanity I had grave doubts. Finally I stood at the foot of the tree, completely rattled. At once a muffled flutter caught my ear. Stooping down I discovered a hole in the crust less than 3in. wide and about 8in. deep. There I found my two little vagrants lying snugly together in their last, cold sleep.

The prohibition against deer-shooting expired Sept. 1. The only kill yet scored was that of Mr. Frank Risteen, who, on Nov. 15, while after grouse, stumbled upon a fine doe in the Odell Brook, within the town limits. Frank always carries a prescription for Br'er Bruin. He utilized it promptly. His gun was full-choke and the slugs flew over the most of the parish. One of them, however, shattered the spinal column of the doe and she dropped at once. Deer are drifting in gradually from Maine and the Canadas now and quite a number will doubtless be brought in this winter. An old farmer claims to have seen wolves, but this particular old farmer is an able liar on both sides of the family.

Within a dozen miles of town is Yoho Lake, and within much less than a dozen miles of Yoho Lake, if all reports be true, there is a snow-white deer. The animal was seen by four different men lately. Any quantity of men can be produced who have seen the lake. The great trouble

now is for the boys to agree on some practical plan of action. Some think the deer should be taken in alive. Others want him taken in dead. It is probable that a compromise will be reached by the deer taking in the boys.

Two of the city amateurs were made happy a few weeks ago—Alf Vanwart and Will Berry. They were up the Nashwaak road after rabbits and ran across a 300lbs. bear. The bear hadn't much luck hunting for his den, so he changed his mind and hunted Alf and Will. The latter had nothing bigger than No. 5, but they went up close to the bear and fired a volley into his skull. It proved to be a dose for an adult. The bear was restless for a spell, but by and bye he calmed down and his hide and a piece of his steak were lugged into town that evening. The bulk of Will and Alf was covered with blood and mud, but the balance was covered with glory.

Henry Braithwaite, the noted guide and trapper, has just come out from his grounds on the Dungarvon. He wants a breathing spell and, incidentally, more grub. Henry has slain two fine moose lately, one of them a monster that has been dodging him for years. The horns of this moose measured over 6ft. when the tape was passed around the prongs, and a little over 4ft. when measured straight across. Henry is very grateful that this moose should fall to him. Last summer, when he hadn't his gun along, it looked as though Henry would fall to the moose.

Braithwaite has tried all kinds of rifles, and now favors the express .50cal. with plenty of powder behind the ball. He says the .40-44 Winchester merely tickles a moose and

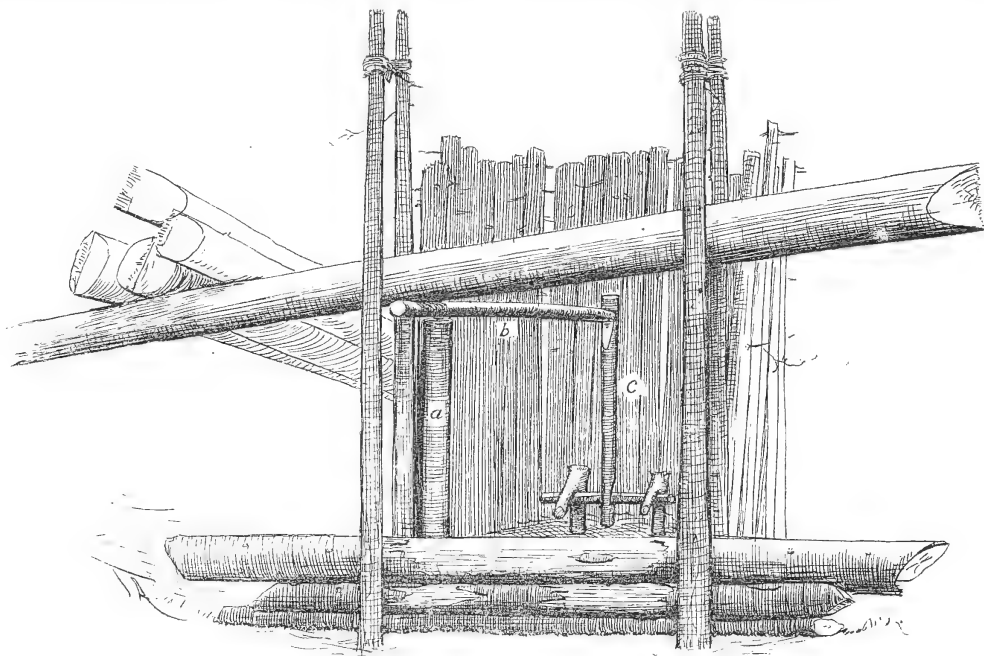


FIG. 1.—BEAR TRAP.

makes him want more. He is also opposed to magazine rifles, as they often get out of order, especially in winter. This is important for there is a marked scarcity of gunsmiths in the Dungarvon Woods, and the express and postal facilities are poor.

Joseph Selick, another famous hunter, will use nothing else but the Winchester .44 repeater. He aims for the head and says what it don't kill it will stun. In a bear argument Braithwaite's favorite doctrine is a chapter of buckshot through the lungs. Jim Connel, of the Bathurst road, a well known caribou hunter, says a single-shot Remington (old style) .35cal. is good enough for him. All of which should make us humble. Nobody knows it all.

The panther's musical powers have been discussed here as well as elsewhere. Braithwaite says the panther is a soloist of the second rank; he can't be compared with the wolverine or "Indian Devil." Chief Cabe disputes this statement. He says the "Indian Devil" is the panther or catamount. "It's a queer thing," he says, "if us Indians don't know our own devil!"

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 24.

PROWLER.

INDIANA QUAIL SHOOTING.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., Dec. 22.—The open season for quail in Indiana closed on the 20th. Birds were about as numerous as usual, but not so plenty as were expected, for there were more old birds last summer than for ten years past; but the very wet weather of the early summer spoiled many eggs. The season has been one of unusual enjoyment for the writer on account of having abundant leisure and so many days of pleasant weather. The shooting was nearly all done on a tract of ground three miles long and two miles wide, on which there were at the beginning of the season twenty-five coveys, about 500 birds in all. Three hundred of these were bagged by the writer and fifty more by various other parties. The whole tract was traversed during the last three days of the season, and careful note taken of the number of birds found at that time showed 155 strong birds still alive. If nature is kind to them till next season they will rear from twenty-five to forty broods, averaging twenty birds each.

No lands are leased for shooting purposes in this section, and probably three-fourths of the land is forbidden ground to shooters, though most of the farms are shot over by some one—some friend of the owner, the owner himself, or his boys. Few of these hunters have dogs, but they are none the less destructive, for the shooting is done while the snow is on. The birds are found in bunches, and both barrels of the gun fired into them wipes out the lot. Our law does not protect rabbits, and many of these rabbit hunters kill quail whenever they can find them. The rabbit is a nuisance, but he ought to have the same protection as quail, so there would be no excuse for carrying a gun when quail are not in season.

O. H. HAMPTON,

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK TRAPS.—I.

The trap here shown (Fig. 1) is a dead-fall for bears, as built by trappers on the Tobique River, New Brunswick, in the following manner:

Stout stakes, standing four or five feet high, are driven close together in the form of a pen about three feet wide, rather deeper, and open in front. The first pair of stakes, however, upon each side, are a foot or more taller than the others, and stand eight or nine inches apart. Two or three short logs, for a "bed-piece," eight or nine inches in diameter, are laid one above the other upon the ground, across the front of the pen, between the pairs of front stakes. Then a spruce, or fir log, about the same thickness at the butt as the "bed-piece," and over twenty feet long, is cut for a "fall." The larger end is laid lengthwise upon the bed-piece and the smaller end is, if necessary, elevated upon a log to make it level. The upper ends of each pair of front stakes are tied together with a withe to prevent spreading.

Next a stake, *a*, four or five inches thick and three feet high, is driven into the ground close beside the bed-piece at one side of the pen, inside. About eight inches from the rear wall of the pen two short stakes are driven, a foot apart, each with a fork at the upper end pointing downward and forward. Then are cut a stick, *b*, two and a half or three feet long flattened at one end; and another, *c*, three feet long, having a square notch near each end but on opposite sides of the stick. When the trap is set, the stick *b* is laid across the top of the post *a* and the fall rests upon the projecting end of the stick, which is held hori-

zontal. Upon the other end of this stick is suspended, by means of the notch, the stick *c*. The notch at the lower end of the stick *c* is caught on the under side of a square stick on a foot log that is placed horizontally under the pair of inverted forks. Thus the weight of the "fall" upon one end of the stick *b* causes, through the series of connected triggers, an upward pressure upon the forked pegs. The bait, a piece of smoked codfish, is tied close to the lower end of the stick *c* (known as a "bait-stick.") The bear enters the trap about half way and with a slight pull at the bait releases the lower end of the bait-stick, which flies upward, as the fall drops down across the animal's back. The fall is heavily loaded with logs laid upon it.

In the construction of this trap, only the oldest materials should be used. There should be, if possible, no new axe-work in the neighborhood, and the older a trap can be, consistently with strength, the better. Often the trap is all "brushed over" to conceal the nature thereof and allay suspicion.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

Protector Carr's Christmas.

STATE GAME PROTECTOR HENRY C. CARR was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain to-day by a number of his friends. Mr. Bannister making the presentation speech. The watch is a Waltham movement, full jewel, adjusted to heat, cold and position and was made particularly for the occasion. It is a stem-winder, open-face and on the inside is this inscription:

Presented to Henry C. Carr by the Central New York Game and Fish Protective Association, Dec. 25, 1892, in token for his services in protecting game and fish.

The contributors from Auburn are Jay E. Stokes, Geo. H. Nye, H. E. Hills, G. R. Peck, C. A. Bannister, J. H. Clark, G. W. Nellie, C. U. Chedell, W. Cosgrove, John D. Tripp; from Lyons, W. S. Gavitt; from Ithaca, W. H. Wilson, L. Kinney, A. B. Stamp, A. H. Fowler, C. B. Brown, H. M. Hubbard, C. M. Sharpe, Jesse Jennings, E. W. Pragne, C. J. Runsey; from Oswego, B. J. Davis; from Seneca Falls, W. T. Seymour, C. T. Silsby, Frank G. Seaman, Hammond & Hammond, W. S. Silsby, John Cuddeback, Frank Gargan and some from Union Springs. It goes without saying that Mr. Carr appreciated the kindness of his friends and values highly their recognition of his work.

Mr. Carr expressed his gratitude for the gift and his appreciation of the motive behind it. He said he was never "harnessed up" with a watch before, but had always been willing. He promised never to forget the Christmas of 1892. He also said he had received the heartiest support in the past from the association and that had been one of the pleasantest features of his official life, and he trusted the cordial relations would continue in the future and added: "I shall do my best to deserve it, you may depend upon that."—Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser, Dec. 24.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—Mr. J. F. Randall, of Alton, Ill., writes me under date of Dec. 16 a letter of great interest to shooters of this and other sections of the country. It is very gratifying to hear of the success of Mr. Randall and his friends with the Mongolian pheasants thus far, and their ultimate success would be a triumph for the whole State. Every experiment of this kind makes all game birds, imported or local, creatures of more importance, more consideration and value in the minds of the shooters who have so long held the native birds so lightly. Therefore, each experiment of the sort makes easier the framing and enforcement of proper laws for both the imported and the local birds, and so renders the cause of sportsmanship moral and practical help. Mr. Randall's letter is as follows:

It may interest you to know that through the kindness of Judge S. H. Greene and the efficient service of Mr. R. B. Hibbe of McMinville, Ore., we have secured a small consignment of Mongolian pheasants. A pair of old birds and a brood of this year's chicks were collected for us by Mr. Hibbe during the summer, with the intention of keeping them until strong enough to bear transportation. There were sixteen of them, but they are slippery things, and some of them got away just before the time of shipment. Eleven were finally crated and shipped—four cocks and seven hens—and of the eleven we received ten in fairly good condition. Considering the length of the journey we think this a very favorable record for both the shipper and the Express Co. We did not buy them just to look at, but intend to give them a good, careful trial, to see if by propagation a fine game bird cannot be added to our diminishing supply. If others are trying the same experiment we should be glad to exchange experiences.

We have the birds in confinement on our preserve about nine miles from Alton, placing them in large and high basement under a barn standing on a hillside, open to the south, bottom of basement being on a level with a rear yard fenced ten feet high and covered with wire net. As a protection against vermin we placed swinging perches hung on wires, but the birds are not inclined to "roost high," preferring to huddle in a brush pile and a pine top which are placed in the back corner. Here we intend to keep them until April, when we shall give them the chance to pick for themselves. When received they were a little battered about the heads, but are now in nice shape, feeding well and growing. They want of course plenty of fresh water, sand and gravel. Up to the present they have not proved themselves great corn birds, but take well to wheat and other small grain, and are fond of cabbage. Apples are highly spoken of as a feed, but a dollar and a half a bushel has taken all the apples out of that section, and we have only had a few windfalls, gathered in from neighboring farmers.

Our preserve is a beautiful piece of country, being in the valley of the Piasa, a delightful complex of bluff and winding valley, high prairie and low bottom, well timbered hills and in parts thickets that would fairly balk a fox or a weasel. Here one of our party owns a 340-acre piece, and we have secured the exclusive privilege of about 1,000 acres of adjoining lands up and down the valley. The neighboring farmers are all interested and give us their hearty co-operation in protecting the birds, and we hope to secure all necessary protective legislation this winter.

Our "club" is only an informal association of friends as follows: H. J. Bowman, of Alton; E. W. Bowman, Geo. K. Hopkins, J. N. Drummond and J. F. Randall, all of Alton and St. Louis. The number is small, but unanimous. We get our heads together as we ride to and from our daily business and concoct such schemes as the foregoing, and it is easy to carry them out, all pulling together.

ALTON, Ill., Dec. 16.

"Forest and Stream's" Charity.

A recent issue of "Sports and Amusements," a paper devoted to prize fighting, theatricals, bicycling and piracy, is very complimentary to FOREST AND STREAM, although a trifle careless in its methods of being complimentary. It manages to credit one half-column article, "Playing a Trout," taken from FOREST AND STREAM, but forgets the journalistic courtesy of credit on the page or so of revamped items such as the one on "Match Shooting," etc., taken from "Chicago and the West." A paragraph from the "Drivers and Twisters" of the FOREST AND STREAM trap department it prints entire without credit. In an article it prints in this same issue, headed "Rabbit Shooting," I saw something that looked familiar, and found that an entire column had been taken direct and without the slightest credit, from the *Times* of this city. This I know, because I know who wrote the article. On the whole, FOREST AND STREAM should feel much flattered by a paper which makes up the bulk of its material from the FOREST AND STREAM columns. But what is the use buying such a paper when you can buy FOREST AND STREAM a week or so earlier, and get much else beside? What, indeed, is the use of such a paper? I'm sure I don't know. It ought to succeed, for it has discovered a new and cheap method of collecting news. I imagine a man might give willingly for charity what he would spare grudgingly when taken unbeknownst from his henroost. Henroost papers may quote the words of the French beggar, who said, "But, monsieur, I cannot starve!" Talleyrand's reply, it may be remembered, was "My friend, I am willing to debate that question with you."

Halcyon Days.

The *Daily News*, of this city, in its bright "Story of the Day" for Dec. 21, has the following on "halcyon days," which may be interesting to many sporting writers who are in the habit of placing "halcyon" days in the spring, fall, or any place else in their copy where they happen to feel particularly good:

"Halcyon days was the name given by the ancients to the seven days preceding and the seven days following the 21st of December, the shortest day of the year. It was supposed that during this period, while the halcyon bird or kingfisher was breeding, the sea was calm and navigation perfectly safe. The bird was represented hatching her eggs on a floating nest on the ocean. From this old fable the phrase halcyon days came to be a synonym for a time of tranquility and peace. There are other curious legends concerning the kingfisher, one of which is that its color was changed from plain gray to blue-green and rich chestnut by flying toward the sun after its liberation from Noah's ark. Its back then took on the hues of the sky above and its breast the tints of the setting sun. In some countries the people thought the dried body of the kingfisher could avert thunderbolts and that if kept in a wardrobe it would prevent destruction by moths. Ovid tells a story about Ceyx and Alcyon, who were changed into kingfishers, or birds which bred at the winter solstice, when through the influence of Aeolus, the wind god, all gales were stilled and the sea calmed so their nests could float uninjured on the waves."

The Draining of Lake Angeline.

Last summer the editor of FOREST AND STREAM asked me to locate a rumor of a lake out in Wisconsin or Michigan which was being drained or pumped out. I could never get at the facts until the past week, when Mr. C. Norris, traveling agent of the Big Four Railroad, secured them for me through the kindness of his friend, Mr. J. H. Molloy, of the Northwestern Railway's office at Ishpeming, Mich. From this source I learn that Lake Angeline overlies a great bed of iron ore, and that one of the great

iron mining concerns of the North Peninsula determined to pump the lake over the divide and drain it to the bottom—an undertaking of a stupendous nature. The lake originally covered 153 acres and was from 10ft. to 50ft. deep, its fluid contents being estimated at 800,000,000 gallons. At this work a vast pump (a C. B. Howells centrifugal) was set in motion in July last. This pump has a 20in. suction and 22in. discharge. It has done its work so well that on Dec. 16 the lake was about pumped out, although it is spring fed. A deposit of silt on the bottom of nearly 2ft. has interfered with the work materially of late.

Naturally the heavy stream carried by this colossal pump would let a good-sized fish through the valves. The engineer in charge writes that many tons of suckers have been pumped out. These all went into Carp River, which receives the drainage. He says further, "Several tons of siskowit (lake trout) also went through the pumps, of which many were caught alive. They were not often injured by the pump, though occasionally one would come through which had had its head cut off by the fans of the pump. A great many brook trout also came through, and Mr. Norris told me of one that weighed 3½ lbs."

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

IN PENNSYLVANIA COVERS.

WYALUSING, Pa., Dec. 7.—Ruffed grouse have not been as plentiful in the vicinity of this place as during the past three or four years, and those who have made a practice of hunting this "whirlwind" of the American forests have all made lighter bags than usual. Young birds especially have been scarce, old ones being brought in mostly. Whether this is caused by the past season being unfavorable to the rearing of broods or to the depredation of foxes, coons, owls, etc., upon sitting and young grouse is a question. Foxes and coons are especially plenty, and early last summer I came upon the remains of several grouse left by some animals on the ground.

Coons are unusually plenty. This fall one man killed nine in a week, and frequently four or five have been killed before midnight by a party of two with a dog. They are hunted but little, and the same can be said of foxes.

The best bag of grouse for one day I have heard of this year was made by James Emory, of Beaver Pond, about four miles from here, and that was only seven birds. But then there is ten times the satisfaction in getting one grouse that there is in shooting a quail, so you see Emory had a pretty good time.

There are two distinct kinds of shots on grouse. The cool, deliberate fellow, who wants a choke gun and lets his bird go 20 or 30 yds. while he is aiming at it, generally pots a good many, but he needs open shooting. Then there is the nervous man, who cannot hold himself when a bird rises. He gets somewhat rattled, and if he has a short scatter gun he will down quite a few grouse, and if he follows hunting a good deal, becomes a rattling good brush shot.

Grouse shooting and quail shooting call for entirely different kinds of work. With a good dog in the open fields where quail abound, when they get up you can take cool and deliberate aim, and a fair shot can make a good bag. But most of the shooting of grouse is done in close cover, where one has to get his bird within a few yards if he gets it at all. Then is the time the lightning shot gets in his work; but, as I said before, he wants a scatter gun, as most of his birds will be downed within twenty yards. A dog that will hunt very close helps the grouse hunter.

Mr. Tucker is right in his remarks on the Milwaukee shoot. The wolves scare away most of the amateur shots that would go to tournaments for the fun of the thing. This will fit little side-show tournaments as well as big ones, and it has to be stopped or trap-shooting will decline. There are lots of fair shooters who would attend tournaments and not mind a moderate expense, but they do not propose to make contributions to the wolves.

PENN.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 20, 1892.—At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, held at Reading, Pa., August, 1892, the following resolution was offered and adopted: "That the president appoint a standing committee of seven members, of which he shall be chairman, said committee to be styled the 'committee of legislation,' and whose duty it shall be to secure needed revision of the game laws now existing, and the recognition by the State Government of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association as the proper body to have charge of the propagation and protection of all wild game birds and animals in our State."

In compliance with the above I hereby appoint as members of such committee Chas. C. Matten, Pottsville, Pa.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jas. Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia; R. E. Shearer, Carlisle, Pa.; J. H. Millsbaugh, Williamsport, Pa.; J. A. Wilson, Franklin, Pa.

The protection of the game birds and animals of our State has never been given the attention which its importance deserves. The State Association, with its perfect organization and membership of upward of a thousand sportsmen, is the only competent body to take charge of this important work. It is deemed essential that the State Legislature should, by the passage of the necessary legislation, confer upon our association the rights and power deemed necessary, and grant it similar rights, privileges and assistance as is now given to the State Fish Commission.

We believe that the next Legislature will readily grant what we ask if the matter is properly placed before them, and it is especially desired that each member of this committee shall do his utmost to secure the legislation needed. The members of all the clubs forming this association are earnestly urged to exert their influence with the representative from their district, and with all others where possible, and endeavor to create a sentiment generally in favor of game protection and propagation.

A meeting of this committee will be called by the chairman prior to the assembling of the next Legislature, and each member is earnestly requested to prepare himself with the best information he can gain as to the best methods to pursue to further our object, as success will depend entirely on the committee, backed by the associated clubs.

C. E. H. BRELSFORD, Pres.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

[From Governor Flower's Message.]

THE preservation of its forests, and thereby the protection of its water courses, has become the established policy of the State. It is a movement which is heartily approved by the people. It is of vital importance to the future of the State. The practical working out of the policy, however, is full of difficulties, and the State has taken varying attitudes as to modes of procedure. It must be confessed that the results to-day, after nearly seven years' effort to establish an Adirondack Park, are disappointing. While much good has been accomplished, there has been a lack of well-defined policy and business-like management which has prevented a full measure of success. Part of this has been due to the law and part to its administration.

Last year the Legislature passed an act which defined the limits of the proposed park and authorized sales of all State forest lands outside of those limits, and with the proceeds, the purchase of new lands within the limits. It was estimated that the State owned then about 900,000 acres, half of which was located in detached pieces around the edge of the forest and could be sold at a price per acre sufficient to buy a larger number of acres within the limits of the proposed park. This is well enough so far as it goes, provided the sales and subsequent purchases are conducted on a business-like basis. But, the trouble with this policy is that it puts the Government in the market as a buyer and seller, and opens the way to all kinds of impositions and frauds. While it must answer the temporary purpose of getting rid of lands useless for a forest preserve and acquiring other lands needed, so far as the proceeds of the sales will permit, it will not do for a permanent and exclusive State policy.

If it is the desire of the people that the State should absolutely own two or three million acres of the forest preserve the land should be acquired at once by right of eminent domain. The operation should be comprehensive and decisive, and performed in this way it would be vastly more economical in the long run than the present policy of purchase by dribbles.

If, on the other hand, the people are indifferent as to whether the ownership of the bulk of the great forest is in private persons or in the State, so long as the forest is preserved perpetually from destruction, then by a new departure the purpose of preservation can probably be accomplished without any great expenditure of public money.

It is well known that vast tracts of the Adirondack forest are now owned by individuals or by private associations, and are used mainly for purposes of recreation. These large private preserves, I venture to say, could be forever guarded against the danger of denudation by a sufficiently liberal contract between the owners and the State, and would thus serve the main purpose of the public preserve. These private owners, at present, are as much interested in the preservation of their tracts as the State could possibly be, and some of them, I know from personal assurance, would be willing to enter into an arrangement with the State, whereby, in consideration of forest protection furnished by the State and exemption from State taxation, they and their grantees would refrain forever from removing the timber, except under certain conditions imposed by the State. I feel confident that hundreds of thousands of acres could thus be practically added to the State preserve at comparatively little expense. Whatever land might be necessary to buy outright could be bought under proper safeguards. Such a policy, it seems to me, if it could be carried out, would give greater satisfaction to the people, for it would save large expense and, what is worse, great possibility of scandal.

If this suggestion should meet the approval of the Legislature, the necessary legislation to carry it into effect should be enacted without delay, for each year's devastation of forest land is making more difficult the attainment of the State's object. With such legislation I recommend the reorganization of the Forest Commission. It does not seem to me wise that this should be a permanent commission, as at present. I think that much more satisfactory results could be obtained were the commission created for a fixed time and for the definite purpose of establishing the proposed park within that time. Energy, promptness and intelligence are greatly needed. A special commission appointed for a definite purpose would bring aspiration and pride to the performance of its great mission. The commission should consist of at least five persons, nominated by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate, and should be composed of active, capable and honest men, selected for their peculiar fitness to discharge this task creditably to themselves and to the State. After such a commission has completed its labors its services should be discontinued, and the detail work of maintenance, oversight and protection of the forests should be left to trustworthy and competent officers under the direction of the Comptroller or State Engineer, or under a Commissioner of Agriculture, should such an officer be established. A Bureau of Forestry, as a part of a well organized Department of Agriculture, would be the most natural and most desirable disposition, and should accomplish much good, not merely in guarding the forest preserve, but in subserving the agricultural interests of the State.

The establishment of a great forest preserve could be made to pay all or a large part of its cost under intelligent and wise legislation and supervision. Without injury, but rather with benefit, the State could acquire considerable revenue by granting permission to fell trees above a certain diameter on State lands. Additional revenue could be obtained from leases of small parcels of land to individuals for the establishment of summer homes under proper regulations, as is provided in the existing statute.

I would also call the attention of the Legislature to needed amendments in the laws governing the cancellations of tax sales. Upon flimsy pretenses of one kind or another the State has lost nearly 100,000 acres of forest land since 1886 through these cancellations. The State having legitimately come into possession of large tracts of Adirondack land through failure on the part of the owners to pay taxes, it should not be exposed to the loss of this now valuable possession by technical defects in legislation or administration which are taken advantage of by Adirondack speculators. Not another acre of State land should thus be yielded up. The present laws are defective and should be promptly amended before there is any further loss of timbered land.

THREE DAYS IN THE BAD-LANDS.

"Where darkness found him, he lay glad at night:
There the red morning touched him with its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade."

—R. W. Emerson in "Woodnotes."

Of course Emerson was not referring to the Bad-Lands of North Dakota in these lines, for although the morning may be red oftentimes amid the buttes, the shade is not exactly described by the adjective "boundless;" but he does refer to great-hearted men—such as Stephens is—and all brother sportsmen who are worthy of the name. Then, too, Stephens was not on his hunt for "three moons"—only three days saw him in pursuit of the deer, but, as he phrased it, "Many moons, many times multiplied, could not have furnished more enjoyment."

His going was in this wise. Jack and I were sitting in my room the evening before Thanksgiving discussing various matters pertaining to earth and sea and sky, when in came Stephens with a rush, exclaiming, "I'm off for the Bad Lands to-night. Come, go along." But this neither Jack nor I could do, and we said so. "Well, I'm sorry for you fellows," he cheerfully replied, and going to the gun rack, took his .38-40 Marlin out and throwing it to his shoulder sighted at a mounted deer head on the wall, saying as he did so, "I'll lay some of those fellows low, and you two chumps will be so envious that you'll go and destroy yourselves. Where's that cleaning rod?" he continued, and I had to go and hunt it up. Jack, Stephens and I keep our guns, rods and fishing tackle in one large case, which stands in my room, and here is common meeting ground for "we three" nearly every evening when we are all in town. "Well, so long," he said, as he started for the door, "I've just got to get up and hustle to make that train."

Silence most profound reigned for a time after Stephens had gone. Every sportsman knows what our thoughts were. At length, Jack gave a big sigh and said, "It's hard to be tied down when I want to go so bad," and I agreed that it was a grievous hardship. Every time we met during the following week we talked about Stephens and wondered if he had any success. A heavy snow storm came on the second day after he left and we discussed the probability of its reaching where he was, for if it did we knew it meant no hunting for him.

The days dragged slowly along, and one morning before I was dressed in walked Stephens. One look at his face was enough. He was fairly radiant with success, good will and happiness. "I had a great time, one of the best of my life. I was on the hunting grounds for three days and I shot seven deer, one black-tail and six white-tails. I dropped every one of them dead, too. I tell you I want no better gun than my little Marlin."

It was a very enjoyable story that he told. One time he had three deer lying dead on the ground within a few rods of each other, the result of fine long range marksmanship and quick shooting. I felt almost as though I'd been there myself by the time he had finished his graphic recital, combining, as he did, the hunting of the game with description of the country, the people he met and ranches he visited. He came to the end of his story by saying, "We'll go there for a month next fall." I met Jack on the street that forenoon and told him of the hunter's return. "Come back empty handed," quoth Jack.

"Not much; he killed seven deer."

"By the great horn spoon! You are fooling!"

"No, I'm not; it's honest and straight."

"Oh, where were we that we were not in it?"

"Not there at any rate."

"I suppose that he'll aggravate us beyond endurance, now that he's come back with such proofs of being a mighty hunter."

It was a little hard on us to have Stephens look at us and grin and say, "I wish you had been along," then smile broadly as some thought of the hunt came to him, and then proceed to tell how it was thus and so, at such and such a time. There is nothing like a few days' outing for a tired man. The whole winter will be brighter and easier for Stephens on account of these three days in the Bad Lands.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, MICH.

SOUTHERN QUAIL SHOOTING.

AN unexpected change always has in it an element of intoxication to the overworked, and when a lover of good hunting is surprised to find himself starting on a shooting trip his enjoyment is complete. One week before we started one member of the party, at least, did not even suspect that he would be in either North Carolina or Virginia for many a year to come. Kind fortune started him, however, and we were in Danville, Va., dogs, guns and all, on a wet, disagreeable morning early in November last, before I fully realized the reality of the journey.

We had gone to Danville from Washington on the Richmond and Danville and there we connected the narrow gauge for Martinsville, Va. The distance from Danville to Martinsville is about forty miles and you make it in one-half day or thereabouts, at the option of the conductor of that unique branch road.

Arrived at Martinsville we procured a good dinner at the Hotel Hamilton. Of course it had the Southern hotel air of the ever-present chicken about it, but everything was well cooked and plentiful. From this point we were to travel "cross country" in a "hack," a covered spring wagon familiar to Southern travelers, to a plantation eight miles distant. The gentleman whom I had the good fortune to travel with was well acquainted in this country—Henry in Virginia, by the way—and was well known by the planter whose guests we were to be.

It was not a pleasant trip "across country" from the fact that rain followed us and it was cold and foggy. The clayey soil became covered with a pasty mud that had the faculty of flying higher and easier and sticking harder than any mud I had seen before. It was a lovely red color, but that could never make it aesthetic. The negro driver's hands were cold, as he had provided a bottle of applejack and no gloves, and he was in a hurry to reach a fire; so with a strong wagon and good horses we made good time despite the rough roads.

Up to this point of the journey my poetic ideas of the "Sunny South" had been dampened and chilled and in body also I was extremely uncomfortable on account of the cold rain and rough eight-mile drive, but once arrived

at the plantation house the welcome given to me—a stranger—was one that I never can forget, and in it I found not only more than a realization of my imagined South, but its non-artificialness warmed my spirit into a glow and my bodily cold soon passed away before the great hearth fire. But I must return to the hunting.

The remainder of the day was spent indoors in preparation for the morning. Next day dawned clear and mild, regular Indian summer weather, and we were off early.

Not but a short distance from home we had a "point" and a "rise" by a fine covey of twenty birds. We found twelve coveys that day, and during my stay of one week at this plantation, eight miles from Martinsville and four from Ridgeway, Va., we never found less than twelve coveys and many times fifteen in a day.

The country is very uneven and the short hills are steep, but it is not hard walking; so in a short time you become accustomed to them and enjoy the variety. It is a tobacco-raising country principally, but much wheat and corn also is grown, and it is upon wheat stubble that you find the coveys first, as a rule, and in these open fields you have the clean shot rivaled only by those chances offered upon the Western prairies. The birds generally fly a short distance to cover "in old fields" among "broom grass" or "brown straw," a high, rank grass, and it is from these hiding places that the hunter can kick the quail up, one at a time, but seldom interfered with by a single pine. Of course there is some thick country, but it is easier to find a new covey than to work at a disadvantage for one already flushed and driven into a thicket.

The climate in November is beautiful. But little rain and warm, mild days, like early October in New England. The birds are large and fat, and to the unskilled shot seem unusually active. The coveys rise all together and fly a short distance, lighting well scattered in a long line at right angles to the line of flight.

To return to our trip. From Ridgeway, Va., we went to Stoneville, in Rockingham county, N. C., and after spending a week there on to Pine Hall, Stokes county, N. C. At Stoneville the birds were not so plentiful as at Ridgeway or Pine Hall. Accommodations in the little town were very good.

At Pine Hall we again met old friends of my companion, and for another week we were made more than at home in the enjoyment of the hospitality and companionship of those most warm-hearted people.

Ridgeway, Stoneville and Pine Hall are all stations on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and can be reached best from New York via Roanoke, Va., by Pennsylvania Railroad and Norfolk and Western through Hagerstown, Md., where the two roads connect. A twenty-four hours' ride from New York city.

Under the circumstances narrated this locality afforded to me the place of an unusually pleasant shooting trip. Others might or might not find in it an equal satisfaction.

J.

THE MENACE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK.

FOREST AND STREAM has done a public service in bringing together in pamphlet an account of the Cooke City raid on the National Yellowstone Park, and of the consequences to the Park if it is allowed by Congress to succeed. We have described and entered protest against this scheme long since, but such matters need to be repeatedly brought to the attention of the public, and Congress needs to be repeatedly reminded of its duties in relation to them. It will be recalled that Cooke City is a small mining camp located just beyond the northeast corner of the Park, and it wants a railroad. It is claimed that the only feasible route is through this corner of the Park along the banks of the Yellowstone and East Fork rivers and Soda Butte Creek. Consequently Cooke City and other interested schemers are lobbying Congress for a grant of this right of way. Two alternate bills have been prepared and are pending in Congress—one simply granting right of way for a railroad within the Park, and the other, designed to overcome the objection to a railroad within that domain, changing the Park boundaries so as to cut off the corner to be invaded by the railroad. Both schemes are utterly objectionable.

The fact is, as FOREST AND STREAM points out, that in the first place the mineral resources of Cooke City are not rich enough to justify the Northern Pacific in building a branch to that place, as President Oakes has testified; and, in the second place, an even more feasible route for a road is to be found in direct line from Cooke City north to Stillwater on the Northern Pacific, the maximum grade of which need not be over 150ft. to the mile, whereas a grade of over 200ft., and often of 300ft., is to be found on the Northern Pacific. But there is a town called Livingston, further west on the Northern Pacific, which wants Cooke City traffic to pass its way, and the town lo boomers and miners of both places are thus demanding the Park route, and they are aided by a floating crowd of hunters and trappers and prospectors, who want the rich northeastern corner of the Park thrown open to their depredations.

Of course their demands ought not to get a foothold in Congress, but they have, for the reason that the public's case has not been as persistently represented. A change of the Park boundary least of all should be conceded. The present boundary, as FOREST AND STREAM points out, is a natural one, presenting natural barriers to poachers. Moreover, this particular corner which it is proposed to cut off contains some of the Park's greatest attractions—the petrified and fossil forests, the sublime scenery of the Soda Butte Valley, and the Park's finest game pasture, where the grass is luxuriant and snows moderate, and without which thousands of the elk and deer and antelope must be driven out. To hand only one-half of this pasture over to the population hovering about the Park would be to invite the extinction of all the game which winter there. But a railroad without a change of boundary should not be allowed in the Park on any condition, for reasons too obvious to need describing, and wholly independent of the fact that it would destroy the grandest drive to be had in the Park, and would lead to a fire which would, as Capt. Anderson, superintendent of the Park, says, "burn off the Park as black as your hat in six months."

Two such measures as these Cooke City bills ought not to be able to get a hearing on the floor of either branch of Congress. Let the hunters and town lo boomers and mine speculators, who are thus seeking the destruction of this majestic inclosure, which has been reserved to nature, be kicked out.—*Springfield Republican*.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual winter meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse, Jan. 12. Each club will be entitled to representation by nine delegates. Important matters will be considered. A full attendance is desired. Clubs and individuals in sympathy with the Association are cordially invited to unite with it. For copies of the constitution address JOHN B. SAGE, Sec'y, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Ways and Means Committee acknowledge with thanks these contributions to the Association's working fund: Mr. W. C. Browning, New York, \$10; Mr. Wm. J. Kimball, Rochester, \$25; Mr. Frank J. Amsden, Rochester \$25.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following amendments to the game law have been submitted to the Committee on Legislation of the Executive Committee of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game:

SEC. 30. Amend so as to read as follows: "Special Protectors: The Board of Commissioners, in its discretion, may, at its pleasure, appoint or remove a person recommended by any Board of Supervisors, or any incorporated society for the protection of fish and game, as special protector, who shall possess the same powers that are conferred upon State Protectors; such special protectors shall receive no compensation from the State, but they shall receive from the county wherein the work is performed, compensation for their services at the sum of \$100, exclusive of expenses in and out of the county, and the sum shall be a county charge to be audited and paid as other county charges are paid. The accounts shall be verified as similar accounts are required to be verified. They shall make similar reports to those required from State Protectors."

SEC. 41. Amend by inserting after the word "venison" the words "deer, antelope," and strike out of said section the words "or out of the State."

SEC. 44. Amend by striking out the words "eleventh," "tenth" and "September" in the second line, and inserting in place thereof the words "first," "twentieth" and "October."

SEC. 47. Amend by inserting before the word "crusting" the words "floating and jacking."

SEC. 49. Add, "and rabbits and hares shall not be hunted, shot at, killed or possessed, between the first day of January and the first day of September."

SEC. 70. After the words "south of Iona Island," amend by striking out the words "and that portion of Lake Ontario known as Great Sodus Bay."

SEC. 75. Amend by striking out the words "or out of the State," and by adding at the end of such section the words "China pheasant shall not be caught, killed, sold or possessed in the State of New York for five years."

SEC. 77. Strike out the words "and excepting in the counties of Onondaga, Wayne, Oneida, Cayuga, Wyoming, Genesee, Niagara, Monroe, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Orleans."

SEC. 102. Amend by adding the words, "Having in possession nets, or fish caught or killed in any manner or by any device, except angling, upon the shores, islands or inland fresh waters of this State, shall be sufficient evidence of the violation of this section."

SEC. 108. After the words "landlocked salmon" insert the words "pike and pickerel."

SEC. 110. Amend by inserting after the words "thirtieth of May," "except in the waters of Lake Ontario, in which black bass or Oswego bass shall not be fished for, killed or possessed between the 1st day of January and the 15th day of June."

SEC. 111. Strike out the words "eight inches" and insert in place thereof "one pound in weight or one foot in length."

SEC. 112. Strike out the words "thirtieth of May" and insert "15th day of June."

SEC. 120. Amend by inserting after the words "\$10 for each fish caught" the words "killed or possessed."

SEC. 132. Amend by adding after the words "any islands therein," "and within three months of the month of the Niagara River," and by striking out all of the words in parenthesis as follows: "The waters of Lake Ontario in the county of Jefferson, included between Blue Rock Point, in the town of Brownville, and the town line between the towns of Lyme, Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin Bay, Three Mile Bay, are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act."

SEC. 134. Amend by striking out the word "eighth" and inserting in place thereof the word "fifth" of this section.

SEC. 140. Amend by striking out the words "It shall be lawful to fish for bullheads with fyke nets in Seneca River, in Cayuga, Wayne and Seneca counties, but not in any part of said river, within fifty rods of the mouth of the Clyde."

ART. 9. Amend by inserting a section after Section 214, as follows:

SEC. 214A. "After the laying out of the grounds for private parks, and the due publication and posting of the notices provided to be published and posted in this article, and upon filing in the clerk's office of the county where the premises are situated, proof by affidavit that the foregoing provisions of this article, as to posting and publishing notices have been complied with, an order may be entered in any court of records in the county where the premises are situated, reciting the fact of such publication and posting of notices, and declaring that the premises therein described have been constituted a private park, in accordance with the provisions of this article."

A certified copy of said order may be read in evidence in any civil or criminal action or proceeding, as evidence of the facts therein recited.

SEC. 215. Amend by inserting after the words "or interfere in any way with," the words "or catch, shoot, kill or possess."

SEC. 217. Amend by inserting in the first line, after the word "article," the words "is a misdemeanor, and in addition," and by striking out after the words "damages in," the word "an," and insert in place thereof the word "the," and after the word "amount," strike out the words "not more than," and insert in place thereof the word "of," and after the word "lessee," insert the words "and penalties in the sum of \$10 for each fish so caught, killed or possessed, and \$25 for each wild bird or wild animal so caught, shot, killed and possessed."

SEC. 232. Amend by striking out in Section 232 as follows: After the word "may," in the fifth line, insert the words "prosecute for and," and after the word "penalties," in the same line, add the words "and fines;" and after the words "such person shall be entitled to" strike out the words "one-half of," and after the word "penalty" insert the words "and fines," and after the word "recovered" strike out the words "the other half to be paid to the Board of Commissioners."

SEC. 237. Amend by adding the words "No person imprisoned under an execution of the person, as herein provided, shall be admitted to the liberties of the jail."

SEC. 248. Amend by adding to the section the words "the fact of giving such evidence by an offender against a co-offender in any civil or criminal action, prosecution or proceeding shall be a bar to any civil action or criminal proceeding against such witness."

WALTER S. MACGREGOR, Chairman.

Colorado Shooting Notes.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 28.—Reports from Garfield and Mesa counties state that large numbers of deer have been killed there during the past three weeks. It is not professional hunters alone that are doing the killing, as several parties of so-called sportsmen have killed a great many, leaving them to rot, and the ranchmen are accused of killing them and feeding the major portion of the carcasses to hogs. If this is so the officials should make an example of the offenders.

Edward Kemeys, the sculptor, has returned from his hunting trip in the western part of the State. He found deer very plentiful but did not see many elk.

There is a dearth of shooting news as the season has practically closed. A few ducks and geese are killed on the river occasionally, but aside from that there is nothing.

TESEBY.

With all due reverence for the fame of Israel Putnam, was his encounter with the wolf such a heroic deed, after all? Is the wolf of America anything but a coward in the presence of man? What foundation of fact is there for the often told newspaper tales of human beings in this country devoured by wolves? Are any of these incidents well authenticated?

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

THE DOCTOR'S SCORE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—On a recent trip to North Carolina after quail and on the day preceding my return, the "boys" kindly volunteered to go out with me and help make a bag that should be the admiration and envy of my shooting friends at home. To make the success more assured it was determined to divide the party of four in two, each side to shoot against the other for numbers. It fell to the lot of the writer to be paired with Sheriff Taylor, and a truer sportsman or better shot never pulled trigger, while the other side consisted of Dr. H. and mine host Fowler, of the Central Hotel.

Now, Dr. H., aside from being the best physician in Chatham county, is by all readily recognized as the very prince of good fellows and has long been considered the best shot of that section, if judged by the number of birds he killed. The result of the day's shoot was that the Doctor's party had a few more birds at the close of the day, which seemed but natural, until the next morning, when old Aunt Brown, of ebony hue, presented the Doctor in the presence of several friends a bill for \$3.25 for her hen and thirteen chicks, with a demand for immediate payment, which the Doctor was compelled under many protestations to honor. It finally came out through the unwilling testimony of friend Fowler that the Doctor had vowed, on starting, to beat "those other fellows," and mistaking a rustling in the high sedge for the movement of a covey of quail, cut loose with both barrels with the unfortunate result stated; and as one of Aunt Brown's pickaninies was a witness to the murder most "fowl" the Doctor was unable to prove an alibi.

It is needless to state that the first costs of the good Doctor's mistake is no circumstance to what it has cost him in the effort to keep the thing quiet, but like Banquo's ghost it will not down. W. T. B.

THE PANTHER'S "HAND-SPIKE" TAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There was one sentence in the letter of "Jacobstaff," printed in the issue of Dec. 22, to which, in the interest of courageous sportsmanship and science (more especially science), I wish to again direct attention. In telling the experience of "Old Ralph," your correspondent says of the panther: "It crouched down, wearing its tail back and forth, and gave several yells, etc." I have italicized a number of words in order to attract the special attention of the reader to them. Of the part of the sentence referring to the panther's yells nothing need be said, so many courageous sportsmen have written pieces and essays in your paper to demonstrate that a panther does not scream, and have so often proved, so to speak, that all who think they have heard one scream were merely frightened out of their wits, that it would be trespassing on your space and wearing to the reader (especially wearing to the reader) to add a single word in that line of argument. What I desire to do is to prove by references to my own experience and the muscular construction of the animal that the panther never waves its tail.

This foolish notion, born of trembling fear, that a panther waves and lashes its tail, has been too long allowed to float about in books of natural history and periodical literature of like ilk. Let the rising generation of sportsmen, the youth who count it a day lost when the mail that brings FOREST AND STREAM gets stuck in the snow, be taught the truth. The panther's tail sticks straight out behind like an Adirondack hand-spike, rigid and immovable.

So firmly rooted is the popular notion about the waving of the panther's tail that no doubt many of your readers will either think that I am joking or insane, but I beg them to read on and they will see at least that I never was more in earnest than at this writing, and as for my health, I am pretty tolerable, thank ye. But of course I must needs bring proof when overturning a popular fallacy, and here it is:

During the past five years I have traveled through fifty degrees of latitude and nearly one hundred of longitude—from the frozen shores of the Arks Fiord in Greenland to Panama on the South Sea, and from the Azore Islands to the Golden Gate. I have been among the forests of the Cobequid Mountains of Nova Scotia, the crags of the Teton and the Shoshone Mountains of Wyoming, the desert wastes of Death Valley and the wilds of the Ozarks in Missouri, and yet in all that time I never saw a panther's tail wave. To the majority of those who have written you on the subject of the panther's scream this statement will be absolutely convincing on two points: First, and most important, the panther's tail does not wave. Second, and almost as important, I am a man who, like themselves, is never frightened when in a game country. My nerve is never ruffled by the wail of a loon, while my calm and deliberate gaze is never deceived into supposing that the tail of a panther waves.

Having thus placed myself among those courageous sportsmen who allow no shrinking modesty to prevent their giving their personal experiences in the interests of science, I might well rest satisfied, and I would do so but for the fact that a very large number of your readers know something more about panthers than can be learned even by following the trail of the beast and shooting it from the crotch of a big birch after the dogs have treed it. There are even readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have with a scalpel cut the muscles of the *Felis concolor* apart, have, in short, dissected it from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail. These people will say that the bones of the panther's tail are so articulated as to move readily one on the other, and that the muscles connected with these bones not only permit but are admirably adapted to make the bones move; they find there what they would call a beautiful adaptation of means to an end, i.e., the end of "lashing about."

This I freely admit, but I am still able to prove that the tail does not wave. In their dissecting did they not observe certain muscles and pipes, so to speak in the panther's throat that are known to common folks as vocal organs? They did. Did they not find a larynx—in short, did they not find there means beautifully adapted to the productions of sound—even screams and yells fit to "stop his heart a beating" as "Old Ralph" said to Jacobstaff? And yet we know that those vocal organs are never used—that is

we who never get scared know it. Q. E. D.: The muscles of a panther's tail never make its bones move—the panther never waves its tail. To those who say they have heard panthers' screams we who are brave say they were merely frightened by the owl, the loon or some other fearsome sound-producing denizen of the forest. To those who say they saw the panther wave its tail I reply: "You were scared out of your wits, boys, it was the waving of a bush, the nodding of a weed, or the trembling of your own fear-smitten eye winkers."

Oh foolish trembling timorous fear,
What sights you see! What sounds you hear!
A waving bush becomes a bear,
Whose open mouth doth raise your hair!
Of *Fulpes* you a wolf can make,
You turn a worm into a snake:
On waking from some fearsome dream,
You think you hear *Concolor* scream.
But worse than this—ye fates bewail!
You see the panther wave his tail.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, Dec. 24.

*Poetic license.

Sea and River Fishing.

CHRISTMAS GIFT RHYMES.

From John C. Sickey to J. S. Van Cleef on presenting a book containing plates of trout and bass flies, Christmas, 1892.

SOME fishermen from lack of skill
Blame poor success to flies;
And some their ill-luck to conceal
Resort to telling lies.
This book the first fault should remove,
As you'll see by its plan;
Should ill-luck yet attend you—well—
Well, you're a fisherman.

Acknowledgment by J. S. Van Cleef.
Your book and note are both received,
And clearly you imply
That fishermen will be deceived
If I will only lie.

In olden times, the years gone by,
When streams were full of fish,
I had no need to tell a lie
What'er might be the wish:
For then on every fishing bout
My creel was always filled with trout.
While now, when streams are getting dry,
My creel I rarely fill;
In vain I often cast the fly,
In vain exert my skill.
But now, alas! the day's gone by
When I could learn to tell a lie.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Man Who Tells the First Story Is Not In It.

When I wrote the article, "Leaping Salmon and Swimming Trout," in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 17 and this journal reproduced in half tone the photograph of the modest Shelving Rock Falls to accompany the article, I had not the slightest idea of what that article might lead to. I told of some little trout swimming up in the sheet of water of some little falls, and told my story rather haltingly and with doubts as to how it would be received, for on another occasion when I told of salmon jumping ten feet I was immediately jumped upon with more feet than the salmon jumped. Now, I am tempted to blush for having told such a modest little story in such a shrinking, diffident manner, and I expect that FOREST AND STREAM will regret having spent good, hard money of the Republic in reproducing that rather pretty picture of falls of the size, judging from recent information, that are suitable for a remnant counter. I can now see that I made the fatal mistake of telling my story first. Why? Because a friend has sent me a clipping from the Albany Journal, and from it I learn that fish swim over Niagara Falls, and the man who says so is "Prof. Jacques Marie Phinni, a professor of Laval University of Quebec, who has established a very remarkable observation at the base of the thundering Horse Shoe Falls on the Canadian side of the Niagara River." Prof. Phinni (that is the way the name is spelled, but I presume it is pronounced Finny), "who, by the way, is a fellow" (not of infinite jest, as the fishy pronunciation of his name might possibly lead one to suppose) "of half a dozen royal and national societies, including the National Institute of France," has made it his object to elucidate the question as to how certain fishes known to be of the salt-water species get into the upper lakes. "This has heretofore been explained on the ground of assumed subterranean currents, or the action of storms, or of birds carrying the spawn from the lower waters to the upper."

The unscientific man may suggest that the most comfortable route for the certain salt-water fishes to reach the upper lake is by way of the Welland Canal, thus avoiding the falls of Niagara, but Prof. Phinni apparently will not have it so. He admits that it is not to be supposed that fishes, even the largest of them, are endowed with power sufficient to overcome a force strong enough to crush the strongest ships and bend and twist the heaviest iron rails like straws. "Their power is rather an adaptability to elude the impact of the on-rushing water." By the aid of a powerful electric search light, fish have been seen and photographed in their approach to the base of the falls, and then, as they boldly enter the cataract itself. In making the ascent to the top the Professor calculates that the fish swim a distance three times the height of the falls.

Section 140.

This is the number of a section of the New York Fish and Game Code that in its intent opens the door to all kinds of poaching in the waters of Warren county. It is an abominable law, inasmuch as it legalizes the use of spear and gun and net to take and kill certain fishes at any time. Long ago I pointed out in this journal the injustice of such a law, and referred to Deputy Attorney Gen. Whittaker's condemnation of it, speaking as one of the codifying commissioners. Mr. Whittaker's note to Section 140 reads: "The provision in this section authorizing

the netting, etc., of suckers, etc., in Warren county was advocated to the Commission by Albert H. Thomas, and is in the interest of those opposed to protection and in favor of netting in the fresh waters. The Commission opposes this provision." At the recent meeting of the Board of supervisors of Warren county a petition addressed to the Legislature and asking for the repeal of so much of Sec. 140 as applied to Lake George was signed by all the Supervisors except the one from the town in which Mr. Thomas resided, and he was not asked to sign it for obvious reasons. I might say parenthetically that I do not think the petition should be granted until it is changed so that it asks for the release of all the waters in the county from that obnoxious spear, gun and net section. If the section is admittedly bad for Lake George then it surely is bad for the other waters in the county to which it applies, and the other waters in the county have not such powerful friends to look after the well-being of the fish in them as Lake George appears to have.

Game Protector Wm. H. Burnett procured the signatures to the petition I have mentioned, and after it was completed one of the supervisors came to him and requested that his name be removed from the paper. Asked as to the reason for his sudden change of front, the supervisor finally admitted that he still believed that the law relating to Warren county in Sec. 140 should be repealed, but he had been informed by the State game protector for the Fourth District, which embraced all of Hamilton and part of Essex county, that if he signed such a petition, the State Fish Commissioners would not grant an application for fish fry for the supervisor's town waters. This strikes me as very queer bulldozing on the part of a State game protector. Of course I do not believe that the Fish Commissioners made any such threat as was implied by the game protector. It seems rather officious at best for a game protector who does not live in the county to take such an interest in waters in which he can have no personal concern and which are outside of his official district. One would think that when the county law makers are moving to get rid of the spear, the gun and the net that threaten the extinction of their food fishes, that the officer paid by the State to preserve the fish and game would be the first to aid them to the extent of his power. I confess to a curiosity to know just where the African is located in this particular wood pile.

Is it the voice and threat of Mr. Kenwell, and the "slick work" of Mr. Thomas? Whatever it may be, a State game protector has no business whatever to attempt to check the repeal of an infamous game law that is "in the interest of those opposed to protection," and if he attempts such a thing by methods of intimidation he is an excellent man to be removed from office. I think one of the old fish commissioners did say that if pike were given a close season in Lake George he was not in favor of further plantings of trout in the same water, but that is quite a different matter from what I have stated above, and I question if the new commissioners have said anything about it one way or another.

Title in Fish.

In 1881 Mr. W. L. Hillman, of Hoboken, N. J., bought a farm in the town of Wilton, Saratoga county, by contract of Richard Robens. Mr. Hillman's father, Morgan Hillman, resided on the farm for some years. Four years ago C. T. Barrett, son-in-law of Morgan Hillman, with the consent of W. S. Hillman and his father, made an artificial pond on the farm by damming a stream which flows through it. This pond Mr. Barrett stocked with German carp. Last spring Richard Robens brought an action in the Supreme Court against both of the Hillmans, for the possession of the farm, and at the same time he brought an action against Barrett to restrain him from taking any of the fish from the pond, Robens claiming that they were part of the farm. At the trial of the case Judge Joseph Potter sustained Robens's claim. The case was appealed, and now the General Term has reversed Judge Potter's decision and gives judgment against Robens for costs. A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST:

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 31.—Mr. Carl Guinotte, of Kansas City, has made the most remarkable double shot yet on record. His dog pointed a turkey, which Mr. Guinotte killed as it rose. Turning as he was about to open his gun, he saw a fine large deer crouching in the grass nearby him on the left, and this he slew with his unused left barrel. All this happened down in the Chicoree Strip, this month, where a great many other deer and turkeys and a large number of quail were killed by Mr. Guinotte and friends. The party was composed further by Dr. Henry Messrs. Wm. Brown and John Chambers of Jacksonville, Ill., Frank Johnson of Chicago and Wm. Peters of Kansas City. They hunted at and below the "21" camp on Greener's ranch, where Mr. M. E. Allison, Mr. D. R. Streeter and some others of us had our greyhound hunt on deer in 1887. Mr. Guinotte brings up Mr. Streeter's remembrances from Kiowa town. Quail shooting was superb, and the turkeys were abundant in the black jacks. The party had a great hunt.

Mr. Fred Sheldon, of Chicago, writes me to-day the following interesting letter:

"I just drop you a line to let you know that J. Triggs, of No. 102 N. Adams street, has a box of trout (brook) on sale. Is it not illegal?"

"Yesterday a fresh buffalo hide was brought into Mr. Taylor's harness and leather goods store, on Washington street, near Fifth avenue, and had a lining put in it. It may be the one that was recently shot in the Yellowstone Park."

I cannot find in the *Book of the Game Laws* anything prohibiting the sale of trout in Illinois in the winter, more's the pity! It is easy to tell where they came from. Their capture is easy at this time through the ice of the northern lakes and streams, and the market-fishers know it very well. Many are taken from the spawning beds in October and November.

There is not time at this writing to look up the history of this buffalo hide, but next week I will try to find out about it. It may be one from the Jones herd, where an animal may have been slaughtered for holiday sale.

Angling Books.

Wednesday's *Tribune* of this city contains the following noticeable mention:

"The noted collection of books on fish, angling, etc., belonging to Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, comes to the

Newberry Library, of Chicago. There is no collection of books on this specialty in this country which will compare with it in completeness and value, and only one in England, the Dennison Library, which surpasses it. Forty years ago Mr. Clarke, an enthusiastic fisherman and lover of field sports, began to collect his library, and it has been his delight and recreation during these many years to secure all fish books, which he did not possess, in the best editions, and copies in the finest condition—the rarity and cost being no consideration with him. The books number about sixteen hundred and all have been handsomely bound in London. Dr. Poole has been in negotiation with Mr. Clarke for this library for more than three years and the trustees have consummated the purchase. Several natural history and sporting clubs and a prominent Western university have endeavored to secure it. The consideration, however, which finally prevailed with Mr. Clarke was, that, as his fishing days were over, and in the event of his death the collection might be scattered, he would place the collection in the Newberry Library, where it would be appreciated and used by scholars and specialists."

Mortality at Lincoln Park.
Two deaths occurred this week among the animals at Lincoln Park. The last of the sea lions, known as Ben Butler, banded in his cheeks, and the sacred zebu, with genuine hump, also departed in search of Nirvana, which was the only thing Chicago didn't have to offer. Nirvana is a place where a zebu don't have to hump himself the way he has to in Chicago.

Fish Talk.
Mr. W. T. Dennis, State Fish Commissioner of Indiana, begins on Feb. 1 the publication of a monthly which he will call "Fish Talk." Col. Dennis's wide experience as an angler and culturist should provide him with a fund of interesting talk.

New Things.
In sporting inventions brought to light in Chicago I have this week three things to mention. Mr. A. S. Comstock has patented an iron tent pin, three-ribbed, light, and with all possible weight cut away, yet offering all the holding power of a wooden pin at the same or less weight. This ought to be a mighty good thing. Mr. Chas. F. Johnson, of the Waltonian Mfg. Co., has patented a bass fly, with features which his experience prove to be very killing. The Natchaug Silk Co. have out a new bait-casting line, made different from those of last season, very fine and elegant and very strong. I saw the first of these that came to the city, and if it does near as well wet as it does dry it will be a darling. E. HUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

THE LEWISTON RESERVOIR.
The Lewiston Reservoir in Ohio is one of the largest artificial bodies of water in the world, and contains some 15,000 acres within its levees.

It is among the best fishing resorts of the West, and indeed of the nation. It is thoroughly well stocked with the finest of black bass and perch, and best of all is the fish pond of the people. It is State property, and the angler with his \$30 rod and the ragged urchin with pin hook and line of wrapping twine are equally entitled to monopolize its privileges.

In several places it disperses into veritable lakes that afford fine opportunity for using the trolling spoon.

There are a number of islands in the reservoir, containing from a quarter acre to 400 acres. Many of the shores of these islands, together with the north and east shores of the reservoir are low, sloping fat bottoms that furnish a feeding ground *par excellence* for the numerous woodcock that are always there in season.

The last time I visited this charming resort I had been spending a few weeks along the C., H. & D. R. R., the famous "Battlefield Route," looking up the history of the early settlement of the Miami valley, picking up an occasional relic, and here and there halting to enjoy some of the very best of quail shooting by the way.

Stopping off at Wapakonetta, I was soon borne so high upon the tide of enthusiasm of a trio of very good friends that I soon found myself busily engaged in getting ready to try the game bass. Fishing tackle was put in order, a few shells loaded for the ducks that were already beginning to come in, provisions purchased and tent outfit packed.

In a committee of the whole, it was resolved that we must get into camp that same evening; and the resolve was fully accomplished by a drive through the little village of Lake View to Lake Ridge beyond; plus the time necessary to peg down a tent and get the bedding, cooking utensils, provisions, etc., in place.

Let me introduce the trio. First comes Jake M., big-hearted and enjoying sport keenly. Martin P., a big, easy-going fellow; a great practical joker. He had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. He possessed a consuming desire to be first best, was not altogether unselfish, and cherished the idea that everybody but himself was an unsophisticated sportsman. Last of the trio comes Sam S., by far the ripest sportsman among us. Bred from his youth to use the rod and gun, he acquired a knowledge of the thousand and one little things not taught in the books, but that contributes so much toward success. He could tell at a glance the best radius in which to drop a hook, and could come nearer climbing the right stump every time to halt "bunnie" in his race before the dogs than any man I ever knew. With such companions as these it was impossible that we should not enjoy the outing whether successful or not.

As daylight approached next morning it found us getting into our craft and pushing off. We decided to go two in a boat, Jake and Martin in one, Sam and myself in the other. We were to take turns trolling and rowing, or rather pushing the boat, as we termed the exercise of propelling a boat by pushing the oars forward instead of pulling. When carefully done this enables the one trolling to stand erect, and with a long, stiff rod, and about 18 ft. of line, fish a swath 40 ft. wide in front of the boat.

As soon as we were fairly out into clear but comparatively shallow water the trolling spoons were put in. Sam said the water looked a little fishy, and we might as well fish it as we pushed on towards the deeper water of the lakes.

First strike was Sam's, and he lifted into the boat a 4 lb. rock bass. He had not loosed it from the hook until Martin followed suit with another. One or two sweeps of the rod and another, until there was a half dozen in each boat by the time we reached Mud Lake.

Now the small talk was hushed, we were in the region of black bass. And hungry bass they proved to be. Sam was first to hook a fish, a 4-pounder, that rushed straight for the boat into the waiting landing net. Now another half as large, another a mate to the first until we had five in the boat in twice as many minutes. Martin had three, but not time now to brag or exchange congratulations. The rapid biting lasted an hour, then eased off, and at half past ten ceased altogether. We rowed our boats together and counted the strings. Thirty-six on one, thirty-three on the other. They were enough; so at least it was unanimously voted by the quartette. A row of four miles brought us into camp, and an hour later four hungry men were feasting on nicely browned black bass.

It was well into the afternoon before the dishes were washed and everything put in order, so it was decided to not go out again until next day.

We all determined to try for woodcock next day, so the evening was spent in getting ready, or so much as we needed of it, and the remainder in seeing who should get the cinch.

Early on the morning of the second day we rowed over to Crane Island, where thousands of these birds come each year to rear their young.

This island has low shores, and it was not long after landing until we had found some of the coverts of the woodcock. By 10 o'clock, we had secured twenty-four birds. It was a shame to have these delicacies spoiled in cooking, so we rowed over to Indian Lake Hotel, in time to have them prepared nicely for dinner. Indian Lake, on the east side, is one of the nicest of the seven landings, where boats are kept to let; and the hotel proprietor knows how to care for the wants of sportsmen.

In the afternoon we ran over to the north side, near Sassafras Point landing, to try the ducks. They were there, but hard to approach, and we only succeeded in bagging seven birds. But we had located their feeding grounds, and next day, we were sure, we could do better.

After supper was over in camp, every empty shell was loaded, and we needed them, too, for the first three hours of daylight next day served to empty every shell. There were mallards, blue-winged teal, spoonbills and baldheads galore.

The remainder of the third day was spent on Black Lake trolling for black bass, and in the evening our team came to take us back to Wapakonetta. We were proud sportsmen. Over 100 ducks and 70 lbs. of black bass to carry back to friends in W.

This reservoir is a splendid all the year round place for sport, and, best of all, is State property, open alike to all who are willing to observe the game and fish laws of the State.

NATHANIEL R. PIPER.

SCHOHARIE CREEK SALMON.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. N. Cheney, under "Angling Notes" of the FOREST AND STREAM in Dec. 15 issue, speaks of a salmon which had wandered up to the Schoharie Creek from the Mohawk river this summer or fall. This may be true, but no one here believes it or had ever heard of it so far as I can learn. I have talked with all of our best informed and most ardent fishermen, and they all shake their heads. I have lived near and fished this stream for the past eighteen or twenty years, and know every stone and hole from its mouth to ten miles up, for I have waded and fished it hundreds of times for black bass. How a salmon or any other fish could get over the State dam at Fort Hunter during the summer I cannot imagine. To be sure there is a so called fishway there, but no one believes even a minnow ever managed to wriggle through it. Eight months out of the year it is high and dry above low water mark. Twelve months of the year it is filled with stones, gravel, corn-cobs and float wood. So far as I can learn the Fish Commissioners have cleaned it once in some eight or ten years. Once I believe the president of the Amsterdam Fish and Game Protective Association made an attempt to do it but could not do much. What rubbish he did take out some evil-minded person below kindly put back the next night, because I suppose he thought he would lose a fish or two. So knowing the above to be facts I think Mr. Cheney has been misinformed in regard to a salmon being seen or caught in this stream.

The Schoharie Creek is a natural water for bass. The water is pure and clear, filled with rocks. The gravel beds afford good spawning grounds, and the feed is abundant.

Good catches were made the past summer, and we wonder at it, for it is fished from mouth to source nearly every day during the season by scores of fishermen. If the dam at Fort Hunter was removed or a fishway properly built the fishing would be better. The dam does but little good to the Erie Canal except in the spring as a feeder. The rest of the year little water runs in because of the low water in the creek. Last spring an effort was made to stock this stream. The order was received at the State hatchery, and they wrote us that we would receive our fish later on, and would notify us when to look for them. We are looking yet. Perhaps some more favored individuals can tell what became of them. We cannot.

Will Mr. Cheney kindly inform me through FOREST AND STREAM where he got this bit of news, and by whom was this salmon taken, if taken at all?

ROBERT M. HARTLEY.

Massachusetts Association.

THE regular meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Tuesday evening, Dec. 27. President Geo. W. Wiggins in the chair. The nominating committee presented the following list of candidates for office for 1893, to be acted upon at the annual meeting to be held on Jan. 11: President, Hon. Geo. W. Wiggins; Vice-Presidents, Ivers W. Adams, Jas. F. Dwinell, Edward A. Samuels, C. J. H. Woodbury, Augustus Hemenway, John T. Stetson and Horace T. Rockwell; Treasurer, Andrew J. Lloyd; Secretary, Richard O. Harding; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr. Executive Committee—Heber Bishop, Frederick R. Shattuck, Chas. G. Gibson, Wm. F. Keith, John N. Roberts, Wm. C. Thairlwall, M. A. Morris, Rollin Jones, W. G. Kendall, Henry H. Kimball, Wm. B. Smart and Charles F. Chamberlayne. Membership Committee—Edward T. Barker, Arthur W. Robinson and Walter C. Prescott. Fund Committee—Benj. C. Clark, Edward Brooks and Walter A. Power. Messrs. Humphrey Dyer, Thomas Dickson and Philip Prager were elected members of the association.

Game Protector Barber.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has just been directed to the article "Further Concerning Hudson River Salmon," by A. N. Cheney, in your issue of Dec. 29, 1892. As I have in preparation a full and conclusive refutation of the charges brought against me, I do no more at this time than beg your readers to suspend their judgment. I promise them I shall prove that so far as A. N. Cheney's information being as he says, "most reliable," is quite the reverse. I have never read so many falsehoods packed in so small a space as in the letter he quotes from his Mechanicville correspondent, as I shall prove to all in a later communication.

CHARLES H. BARBER,
Game and Fish Protector 17th District.

Fishculture.

NEW YORK FISHCULTURE.

[From Gov. Flower's Message.]

Propagation of Fish.

AT the last legislative session I vetoed two bills establishing new fish hatcheries. A personal investigation during the summer into the work of the Commissioners of Fisheries, including visits to some of the existing hatcheries, persuaded me that only three out of the five hatcheries are located properly for the successful propagation of fish. It is unfortunate that public money has been thus misappropriated. I suggest that hereafter, when in the judgment of the Legislature new hatcheries are needed, the location of the same be left to the discretion of the Commissioners of Fisheries. They are presumably better qualified by reason of their expert knowledge to judge of the comparative merits of different localities as places for fishculture, and such a transfer of responsibility would check a tendency recently observable in the Legislature to make the creation of one new hatchery depend upon the creation of one or more others.

The Commissioners of Fisheries are continuing the stocking of lakes and streams, and with apparently good results. Their efforts should be directed mainly, however, to increasing the supply of food fish. Merely as conservators of sportsmen's interests, their official existence and powers would scarcely be justified by the tax-paying public. The scope of their responsibility and the measure of their opportunity are much wider than is prescribed by any such narrow field. There are 1,500 square miles of water within the area of our State, capable of producing an unlimited supply of fish food, thus cheapening in a large degree the cost of living to the people, creating additional employment, and adding to the State's wealth. Every stream might be made to yield largely to the food supply of the farms through which it runs, and every lake might give means of livelihood to more men and furnish cheap, palatable food to more families. Liberal stocking of Lake Ontario with whitefish, pike and lake trout, assisted by proper regulations for catches, would build up an important industry in that vicinity, profitable alike to the fishermen and to the public.

As a step in this direction I am informed that about 10,000,000 whitefish will be placed in Lake Ontario during the coming year.

I bespeak for this subject the earnest consideration of the Legislature, believing that with comparatively small expenditure great good can be accomplished.

Oyster Culture.

Inspected with great interest during the summer the oyster beds along the southern shore of Long Island Sound, The State has the opportunity here to develop an important industry, giving employment to thousands of men, enriching the people by millions of dollars, and yielding, under proper laws, considerable revenue to the State Treasury. It was in 1887 that the act to encourage oyster planting in Long Island Sound was enacted, and up to that time very little had been done in the deep-sea cultivation of oysters, the planters who supply the markets relying almost entirely upon Virginia for sea oysters for cultivation. During the last five years the industry has made such rapid progress that now conservative estimates place the value of the oysters lying on the beds of Long Island Sound at \$1,500,000 and the number of men employed in the industry at 10,000. During the past year 116,000 barrels of oysters, valued at \$580,000, were shipped to Europe from New York city.

COLORADO TROUT WATERS.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There were some inaccuracies in your note on page 516, of Dec. 15. The correct figures are here given: Mr. Kincaid, the Deputy State Fish Commissioner, went to Wellington Lake Nov. 24, and that afternoon took and impregnated more than four gallons of eggs, fully 200,000. On succeeding days he continued taking eggs until he had fully 750,000, which were successfully transported to the State hatchery near Denver. They had to be taken nine miles by private conveyance over a mountain road to the railway station; thence on the train to Denver, and then by private conveyance to the hatchery. This was done with the loss of scarcely an egg.

The Wellington Lake Co. have a hatchery at the lake, in which they have 500,000 eggs, being the full capacity of the establishment.

DENVER.

Winter Health Resorts in Montana.

WHY go to damp, chilly and malarial resorts of the South when you can find more healthful and picturesque locations in the West? And a climate delicious, healing and invigorating and entirely free from malarial poison. Where water, air, food and scenery combine in giving relief to bodily ailments. There is Hotel May at Boulder Hot Springs, heated with natural hot water, with splendid bathing privileges in water equal in many respects to the Arkansas Springs. Rates very reasonable. Boulder, Mont., is on the Great Northern Railway between Helena and Butte. White Sulphur Springs reached from Keibart, on the Great Falls branch of the Great Northern, and also noted for healing qualities. Write F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A. G. N. R'y, St. Paul, for further information.—*Adv.*

A Postal Card Will Do.

SEND a postal card containing your address to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A. G. N. R'y, St. Paul, Minn., for publications and information of interest to persons looking for new locations. Farming lands, grazing lands, timber lands, mining lands and business chances in growing towns and cities.—*Adv.*

ASHBURNER's little book on the beagle gives information in regard to breeding, rearing and training. Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents.—*Adv.*

IF YOU HAVE a friend, good and true, whom you would like to remind of *his* friend, fifty-two times in the year—once every week—why not ask us to see that a FOREST AND STREAM wrapper has his name on it, with your initials in the corner of the address label?

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 10.—Indianapolis, Ind.
Jan. 10 to 13.—South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. John B. Gadsden, Sec'y.
Jan. 25 to 28.—Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock and Kennel Association, at Akron, O. W. A. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. D. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
Sund 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
Jan. 8.—Bexar Field Trials. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brunby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas. Indianapolis, Ind.

PAWTUCKET DOG SHOW.

This interesting little dog show was brought to a successful close Friday evening, Dec. 30. It was held under the auspices of the Rhode Island Poultry Association in the skating rink. Ostensibly commencing on Dec. 27, the dogs arrived in a desultory fashion on that day, but it was not until about 10 A. M. Wednesday, Dec. 28, that the benching was in order and the bulk of the dogs on their benches. Either owing to the dilatoriness of the express companies or the exhibitors themselves several dogs made their appearance during the day, but in many cases too late for the judging, which did not commence till after 1 P. M.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows was the judge, and once started, the judging continued until after 7 P. M., and was carried through in Mr. Fellows's usually careful and conscientious style. This is the first year that the society has held their dog show under A. K. C. rules, and while glory was the only reward, and for which an entry fee of \$1 was charged, many well known exhibitors availed themselves of the opportunity of easily putting a win to the credit of their dogs and thus placing them either into the challenge class or a step nearer to the desired goal. If the proposed new rules go through next year, this task may not be so easy. It is ridiculous on the face that small shows like this should count as much in a way as at New York, Chicago or Boston.

The building was well adapted for a show, light and well ventilated. The society, of course, is essentially an association of chicken men, and though the dogs are all very well in their way, to the cocks and hens belong the spoils. The poultry exhibit was a creditable one and nicely arranged; at the far end of the hall the dogs had their days. Austin & Graves's food was well relished by the dogs, and to Cynoline fell the duty of keeping the atmosphere of the show in a healthy state.

Although the classes were as a rule represented by two or three entries, still the quality of the show on the whole was fairly good, and many of the dogs on hand can hold their own in much better company. The presence of several well known exhibitors made one feel quite at home, and the New England contingent was out in force. Among the familiar faces I saw were Messrs. Robert Leslie, Walter F. Comstock, D. E. Davis, E. S. Eames, H. D. Freeman, F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson, W. S. Clark, German Hopkins, E. H. Roberts, James L. Wells, Geo. W. Lovell, Fred Schmitt, Arthur Trickett, J. Clancy, W. Birch, D. B. Lemly, H. E. Elliott, Mr. Flynn, Jr., B. Alton Smith, Drs. H. T. Thurber and W. F. Kenney. The attendance was not very good on Wednesday, but improved during the rest of the week. Supt. Chas. H. Keyton, the only dogman among the officers of the show, a breeder of Gordons, etc., was attentive to the wants of the exhibitors, and had much to contend with in getting things properly fixed up. Pres. Hannon S. Babcock worked very hard as ring steward and stuck to his work till the last.

The club had sold the catalogue rights to somebody else, and it was money out of that somebody's pocket that the catalogues were not on hand till the day after judging. This made double work for the steward and every one else who had anything to do with getting the names of owners and dogs. Mr. Michael Flynn, Jr., busied himself during the day in getting in the ring and rendering efficient help. There were 124 entries and the awards were as follows:

MASTIFFS.—The first dog to appear as a mastiff brought a smile to the face of every one. His style was unknown to any one present, but he partook of the Leouberg as much as anything. Prize was withheld, but it was afterward learned he was entered in the wrong class; but as he did not appear again I don't know what became of him. The real mastiffs were eventually found and judged after the St. Bernards, but we will put them in their proper place. R. Lawrence Guild's Leo was the winner in dogs, repeating his victory of last year, his head is not short enough and expression rather sour, light in bone, but likely enough otherwise.

ST. BERNARDS (ROUGH).—Quite a good dog class (4) headed by the Brooklyn winner Fred Schmitt's Otos and Roland, Jr., they both looked exceedingly well, at the same time I liked John L. Graham's Kamehameha I. (late Wyoming Prince), though his name is certainly unique, but he has the best head in the class, lots of quality good legs, nice color and coat, body a bit short and tail curls over; he took third. J. Clancy's Barry vhc. or fourth, rather sharp in muzzle, good body, bone and forelegs, but straight behind and feet turn out a little. In bitches (2) Fred Schmitt's new purchase, Lady Bountiful won, she is good sized, would do with more depth of body, head not badly shaped if there was more of it, heavy black shadings, a good useful sort. J. Clancy's Daisy, second, lacks quality, is small and muzzle too sharp, coat curly. In dog pups Barry was alone and in bitches Daisy also scored without competition.

SMOOTHs.—E. H. Moore's Melrose won hands down in open dogs, carrying more flesh than when shown at Rochester. Edgar Redmond's Abe, second, while better in coat than the winner, loses to him in every other essential, moves well but bone light and muzzle as well, and not correctly shaped in quarters. In bitches (1) E. H. Moore's well known Miss Alton was alone, she shows a better coat than her brother. This completed St. Bernards, no challenge entries.

GREAT DAXES.—Two present but only one with much pretension to type. New York Pug Kennels' His Duke was alone in dogs; He won second at Brooklyn. Light in bone, snipey muzzle, skull too broad, in fact not a winner; in bitches Nora showing a good deal of quality and a nice head, second in whelp, is a nice stamp, grand quarters and thighs, head would do with more length, perhaps.

GREYHOUNDS.—Quite a neat little display, though nothing out of the average. In open dogs (2) D. M. Lemley's Imperator, very short in back, not quite good in head and loin and quarters fall away too quick, was placed first; John Sharkey's Veno, a son of the winner, light in loin, out at elbow and bad

feet, was liberally dealt with in getting c. D. B. Lemley's Idlewild and Catchfly won first and second in the bitch class (2). Idlewild is from Roger Williams' Kennels and was at Lexington last year, as a puppy; she has a good head, nice quarters and loins, is well ribbed but feet are not compact enough and she is light of bone. Catchfly is too long in loin, throws her elbows out, has a screw tail and too much stop.

POINTERS.—These came next and made a very creditable display. In challenge heavy dogs, an old friend, George W. Lovell's Pontiac, won a bloodless victory. His shortcomings are well known to all interested in the breed. Robert Leslie's Belle Randolph also took another step toward the title of champion; she was looking well, too, and her owner was just as proud as ever. In open dogs, Harry Dutton's field trial dog Duke of Kent was alone, and won. Dash A. and Nick C. were also shown in this class, but afterward the weights were divided. In bitches, George W. Lovell and Leslie K. Morse's Lilly and Tempest Queen were given equal first, though I think that the balance of merit was with the last named; she is a litter sister of Duke of Kent; her head has too much stop, but muzzle is deep and square, is well ribbed; in fact, is much better than Lilly behind the head, where the latter is light throughout. Lilly has a better head and expression, but muzzle not deep or square enough. Vesta C. was absent. In light weight dogs (2), Geo. W. Lovell's Dash A. had little difficulty in scoring over W. W. Bainbridge's Nick C., who could get no nearer to the money than vhc.; he is a bit dish-faced and light in bone, weedy. In the confusion we do not know whether Mr. Lovell's Lass of Kippen was judged or not. I could not find her afterward.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Competition was keen here and "Uncle Dick," in the confined space, had to move carefully. In challenge classes there were no dogs, but J. W. Lawson's Blue Nell, well known, had a walkover; she looked well, too. In open dogs (8) the struggle between J. L. Wells's Revery and A. J. Lewis's Prince L. was hard, with the decision finally in favor of the big dog Revery, who is rather coarse but built on workmanlike lines; he is well known, and so is Prince L., who excels him in quality, chest, coat and head. Reserve went to Fred H. Clarke's Claude, winner of All-Age at Assonet the last month; he is a bit straight behind, good bone, a short-bodied dog, rather cloddy, with a plain, blunt head; still he can go in the field. Chas. H. Goodell's Rock



"LAD OF RUSH SCORES AGAIN."

A scene in the Central Field Trials, 1892.

Noble, vhc., is light in body and needs more rib. Nantucket Kennels' Gladstoner deserved his vhc.; faulty in head—muzzle, good front, nice body, though a little faulty in loin. Dr. James E. Hiere's Albert Beau, h.c., faulty forelegs and feet, head rather coarse, throaty, good action. In bitches (3) Fred H. Clarke's Jessie Noble II., first, is a well known winner, rather plain and short in head, elbows too tucked in and would do with more rib. J. W. Lawson's Princess Novel, second, has won honorable mention before; she has good body, legs and feet, plain head, not enough stop. In puppy, dogs (1), A. J. Lewis's Fred B. had a walkover; a promising son of Prince L. F. D. Freeman's Jean, transferred from open dog class, won in bitches; she has short legs, a rather coarse head, and coat is not correct—not flat enough. A. J. Lewis's Nellie, second, has a better head, better ribbed body, but is a little wide in front, still I thought she won well.

IRISH SETTERS.—With one exception, well-known. They were headed by John J. Scanlan's Inchiquin, looking quite himself. In open dogs (2) Glendyne Kennels' Glen Jarvis, in good shape, won easily. Thos. Cullen's Elcho W., second, very rich color, but his short neck, very drooping stern and rather plain head were too much for his good bone and feet to counteract. The other two entries were absent. Glendyne Kennels scored again in bitches with the well-known Sedan, in anything but show shape, not having recovered from recent maternal duties. J. B. Blossom's Duchess was absent.

GORDON SETTERS.—The entries in these classes were quite numerous and the quality a good average. Smith Brothers' Rexmont had a walkover in challenge dogs and James B. Blossom's Heather Bee, absent at the time of judging, was allowed her challenge win afterward. In open dogs, through absence of the other three entries, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble took barren honors; he was the Toronto winner and was in beautiful show shape. Henry O'Reilly Fan but for Michael Ryan, Jr.'s Beauty R. would have had a walkover in bitches; the former leads in ribs and straightness of forelegs, is rather light in muzzle, neither have puccinells. For the special, the only one given in the show, Smith Bros' Rexmont won, being better in head and quarters than Count Noble.

COCKER SPANIELS.—A rather mixed lot. The winner in dogs (3) Dr. J. E. Hair's Donovan, has been repeatedly criticised; he beats a nice little red dog, C. G. Browning's Cherry Punch, by the well known Cherry Boy, in head and coat. The other entry was too leggy even for our Hornellsville friend. There was only one bitch, H. D. Brown's Flush, first, nice head, rather long, though, as well as body, but stands on good legs; short of coat. Bull-terriers were judged next, but taking the catalogue we come to

FOXHOUNDS.—Here Dr. Thurber had his usual innings. In dogs (3) the judge got the long-backed Elite first, Deacon second and Parson third. I liked them just the other way about. Elite is a nice fronted dog, but too long-waisted for a hound. Deacon is much better, but inclined to cloddiness, while little fault can be found with Parson behind the head, small, perhaps, but he is on the little and good principle. Dr. Thurber's well known Femur was alone in bitches.

BEAGLES.—It was a pity Mr. Jamieson's dogs did not arrive in time, as then the competition would have been more interesting; as it was, the Glenrose Kennels did most of the

winning. In 15th. open dogs Twintwo was absent in challenge class, but given her prize when she arrived, as there was no other entry. F. W. Cielfield's Deacon Tidd was judged alone at first, but F. W. Wilbur's Music was transferred and class rejected. Deacon Tidd, first, is better in head and hindparts, faulty in forelegs. Music, second, fat and heavy in front, head snipy and plain. In bitches Glenrose Kennels' Parthenia was ready for any competition, but in Vic R.'s absence had to do it alone. Under 13th., Glenrose Kennels showed and won with Paderewski, reserve at Toronto. Forest Hunter, the other entry, absent. That swift little morsel Butterfly, from the Glenrose Kennels, and which "Uncle Dick" allowed was the best he had seen that day, also had this class to herself; as usual she was a little fat, but very pretty. The other entry, Queen Racer, was absent. In puppies F. W. Cielfield showed Deacon Tidd.

COLLIES.—We were quite surprised to see such a good turnout, there being in all thirteen entries. No challenge entries. In open dogs (4) Albert V. White's Fordhook Climax won. He has a ring tail, nice head and front, coat soft. John C. Phillips' Major McDuff, second, but for his large and drooping ears I liked him best; better head and expression; short of coat. Lambert Stansfield's Scot II., v. h. c., carries his tail even, has a coarse head, but good coat, legs and body. The bitch class numbered four, the winner turning up in J. L. Lincoln's Maritana. She is coarse, fat and cloddy. Lambert Stansfield's Highland Floss has a much better head, longer and cleaner, far more quality, but is out of coat at present. B. Alton Smith's Al De Bur Daisy, reserve, is a nice clean, long head and good ears; would do with some rib; fair coat. Lambert Stansfield's Fordhook Dahlia, v. h. c., is small and a bit stumpy in body and head in keeping. In dog pups W. M. Peckham's Leo was not good enough for first and only given second; ears long and carried close; coat inclined to curl. Bitches brought out a little crowd of five, the winner being Al De Bur Daisy. Second, Al De Bur Flurry, by Christopher; good head and carriage of ears. Frank B. Hornby's Meteor, reserve, small. L. Stansfield's Rose, v. h. c., very promising; head and ears carried like a veteran. Ghent Holdsworth's Aurora, h. c., is also young, and in the woolly state, a bit coarse.

FOX-TERRIERS.—No challenge entries; open dogs (3) saw the fight, if fight it may be called, between C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Pinester and The Grove Kennels' Wilton Tripper, the former well known, and was in good fettle, while Tripper is only a pup yet but coming on nicely; he was second in puppy class at Brooklyn, a little on the by yet; F. Noble's Jack was given more than he deserved with three litters, poor head, worse front, big ears, etc. Open bitches (3). Here there was a tight run for first place between Byrne & Bowman's Blackrock Belle and Grove Kennels' Grove Lily with the verdict in favor of the latter; neither are in the front rank but the "only German's" masterly handling pulled it off; Blackrock Belle has a fair front, feet should be closer, bit long in body, ears fairly carried; Grove Lily is cobby of the cobby, bit heavy in front and ears might be carried better, and her muzzle is weak, but she can hold herself well when she likes and she did it just in time at Pawtucket. W. H. Nerr's Nettie v. h. c., weedy, snipey head, big-eared bitch, small size. Wilton Tripper won in dog pups.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Here was a motley crowd, a little bit of everything; two white dogs among them, and these were judged first, with the verdict in favor of H. M. Howe's well-known Comet II., followed by P. C. Pettit's Aristocrat. Neither are very good in front, but I thought Aristocrat had it in body; heads are about on a par. Then E. C. Spink's Boston terrier was given a first; a neat little chap. In bitches, H. M. Howe's Grove Duchess, in the absence of Lady Melville and Lowmont Kit and E. H. Chadwick's Fanny Tyrant had a walkover. In pups W. H. Nerr's Tiger, a fawn-colored dog of the bull-terrier order, was wrongfully given vhc. "for a fighting dog." Mr. Fellows's good heart got the better of his judgment here, especially as he had withheld all mention from a similar one in the open dog class; Boston terriers are bad enough, but this animal was worse.

IRISH TERRIERS.—A capital lot, some of our best, as might be expected with Mr. Comstock's kennel in the district. W. J. Comstock's Boxer IV. walked off with the challenge blue ribbon for dogs, while his Dunmurry was absent. In open dogs (4) competition was keen, W. J. Comstock's Hanover Boy eventually beating by his better front the bow-legged Brooklyn winner, Crib, now owned by Dr. Kenney. W. J. Comstock's Killaloe, vhc., good coat, body and legs, nice head and type, but small-sized. Dr. Kenney's Mickey K. shows too much black. In bitches (1), first to W. J. Comstock's Crate, who now enters the challenge class; short of coat now, just after weaning pups, but she looked well. Dr. Kenney also showed some pups—Jerry and Kathleen. They were firsts in their classes.

BULLDOGS.—Only our old friend Carisbrooke, owned by C. A. J. Smith; this dog looked fit and well.

CHESAPEAKE BAYS.—Two fair specimens shown by Nantucket Kennels; the dog Judge has a good coat but seemed leggy and long in head to the general run of these dogs. The bitch Dawn is small; both won first at Omaha as they did here. A number of Italian greyhounds were entered but had not turned up when I left, and in the miscellaneous class Mr. Chapman expected a basset to complete with a Dalmatian. The spotted one was judged but his spots ran in too much to be a good one; he got first prize, and this completed the judging. H. W. L.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received a letter dated Moscow, Dec. 10, from an acquaintance, who is an authority on the Barzoi, which partly reads as follows:

"One of our rich noblemen, young and lavish in the expenditure of money, intends to send his entire kennel of Barzois with the hunting outfit to Chicago for competition in the World's Fair. The gentleman is particularly fond of Americans and their customs, and the only thing that could at this time prevent his coming is the fear that it would not be properly appreciated by the busy Americans. He has the largest kennel of Barzois in Russia. The uniforms of his native huntsmen are richly decorated in true Russian-Caucasian style, with pure solid silver ornaments, partly inlaid with precious stones. The horses are the small durable Puzte horses, trained for the wolf hunt. With the native huntsmen and the highly characteristic details it will be a most picturesque outfit.

"The stirrups, for instance, are of solid pure silver, weighing 5lbs. Remember you will have an opportunity to consult the old native handlers of the pack on the true points of the Barzoi; you can arrange a wolf hunt on America's prairie and have lots of sport out of this. All I want you to do is to ask your friends of the doggy world, who are interested in the Barzoi to write you, as secretary of the Great Dane Club, expressing their opinion as to whether or not the idea seems laudable to them, whether the sacrifice His Highness is going to make will serve some purpose, i. e., whether American sportsmen care anything for the proposition made by him.

"He does not care what it costs, but seems to be after the honor of the thing. Can any of the dogs—if prices are reasonable and if the dogs are superior to what you Americans have seen—be sold there? We would not care to take them all back."

So far the letter. Will the Barzoi fanciers address me at 426 Produce Exchange, New York city. The secretary of the National Greyhound Club will also please let me hear from him. I only wish the great Dane people would ever get such an opportunity. A. H. HEPPNER.

New York City, Jan. 1, 1893

DOG CHAT.

New A. K. C. Regulations.

In the proposed new regulations for the guidance of any clubs wishing to hold shows under A. K. C. rules there are some good suggestions.

"Rule I. Applications for dates must be filed with the secretary of the American Kennel Club for approval by the executive committee or such sub-committee as may be empowered to grant dates. Such approval, however, shall be subject to the subsequent indorsement of the premium list as being in accordance with the requirements of the American Kennel Club.

"II. Applications for dates must be accompanied by a fee of \$10, which will be forfeited in the event of the show not being held, or failure to comply with the requirements of the American Kennel Club as set forth herein.

"III. Sec. 1. Advanced proofs of the classification should be submitted for indorsement at the earliest possible moment, in the drawing up of which the following regulations must be observed:

"Sec. 2. The show shall not extend beyond four days, and, should a Sunday be one of those days the show shall not be open to the public on that day.

"Sec. 3. Entries shall close not less than ten days prior to the first day of the show, and any club accepting any entry after date (unless postmarked on the date of closing entries) shall be subject to a fine of not less than \$10 for each entry so accepted. No alteration of the date of closing shall be allowed.

"Sec. 4. The classification shall be confined to established breeds, which may be divided by sex and otherwise as provided for in the dog show rules.

"Sec. 5. No challenge first prize shall be less than the corresponding prize in the open class for the same breed, unless such prize exceeds \$15, in which event the challenge first prize need not be over that amount.

"IV. Sec. 1. The name and credentials of the proposed veterinary surgeon must be submitted with the classification, and if satisfactory he will be licensed by the American Kennel Club to act in that capacity.

"Sec. 2. A qualified surgeon is a graduate of a recognized college entitled to confer the degree of V. S., or one who, without having a diploma, has had at least five years practical experience to fit him for the practice of his profession.

"V. Sec. 1. An additional fee of 1 per cent. on the total of cash prizes offered, including club kennel prizes, but exclusive of all special or donated prizes, shall be forwarded with the proposed premium list. If the premium list is not indorsed as being in accordance with these rules this fee will be returned.

"Sec. 2. No show can be held under the American Kennel Club rules at which the prize money is less than \$500."

The last is a necessary and wise precaution.

The next rule says that no puppy shall be shown under six months of age, or a penalty of \$10 for each puppy so exhibited will be enforced. A move in the right direction.

"VI. In addition to the exact copy of the indorsed classification, the dog show rules of the American Kennel Club, and a list of recognized shows corrected up to the date of closing entries, the premium list must give a list of the officials under whose management the show is to be held, who, with the exception of the paid employees, shall be held responsible for the payment of all prizes within sixty days of the last day of the show.

"VII. No special prize shall be offered except for dogs of established breeds, and none can be offered unless publicly announced before the regular judging has commenced.

"VIII. All prizes must be in accordance with their description in the premium list. Prizes of gold or silver must be of the purity of United States coin.

"IX. No person under sentence of suspension, disqualification or expulsion can be employed in any official capacity, or exhibit, or take a prize, or act as agent for any exhibitor.

"XI. No entry can be accepted of any dog not marked 'listed' or 'registered' on the entry form, as per dog show rule II. Subject to a fine of \$5 for each offense.

"XII. A club may act as agent for exhibitors by accepting the fee for registration or listing, but must make immediate returns thereof to the American Kennel Club. A penalty of \$10 for each day will be enforced for any delay beyond three days from the date of closing entries, in making such returns to the American Kennel Club."

That some such regulation is needed there is no doubt but the above seems rather stiff.

The arrangement of the catalogue entries must be the same as provided for in the regular rules.

"XIV. No record of wins at any of the recognized shows shall be permitted in the catalogue and it is optional with the club to give any, except in the case of any challenge entries which must be catalogued in accordance with rule XVIII. of the dog show rules."

Only A. K. C. Stud Book numbers are to be given in the catalogue and the rules as to objections and suspensions are about the same as in the regular rules.

The proposed alterations in the rules governing dog shows now in force are as follows: To Rule III, is added: "If the dog is already registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book, the Stud Book number of the dog should be given with the entry."

In Rule XIV. the last word, "discovered," is altered to "alleged." The rule as to challenge classes reads, italics denoting new matter:

"The Challenge Class shall be for all dogs having won four prizes in the open class at recognized shows. One of which must have been won at a show offering not less than \$1,750 in cash prizes. A dog having won three prizes in this class shall have the privilege of the title of champion, without further competition.

"The Open Class shall be for dogs of any age over six months which have not already qualified for the Challenge Class, and for which no Challenge Class has been provided.

"The Novice Class shall be for a breed for which a regular class has been provided, and for competition in which a dog shall not have won a first prize in an Open or Novice Class at any recognized show.

"The Puppy Class shall be for all dogs over six months and under twelve months of age, and no entry can be made for one under six months.

"The Miscellaneous Class shall be open to all dogs of established breeds for which no regular class has been provided in the premium list. Entries in this class must specify the breed of the exhibit.

The Selling Class rule is omitted.

"XVIII. In entering a dog in a Challenge Class it is necessary to specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings to entitle it to compete in such class until such time as it has won in a Challenge Class, after which one challenge win shall be sufficient."

In old Rule XXVII. the same wording is kept until the end, where, instead of "in the kennel name" the new rule reads in their names.

Changes, amendments, alterations or suggestions are invited to be sent to the secretary before the annual meeting, to be held in February next.

Brunswick Fur Club Meet.

Those sportsmen fond of fox hunting are invited to attend the fourth annual meet of the Brunswick Fur Club, which will be held at the Westminster Hotel, Westminster, Mass., commencing Jan. 16 and continuing one week. The hotel is

two and a half miles from Westminster station, on the Fitchburg Railway, and stages connect with all trains. The accommodations for hunters and hounds are excellent, and the rates very reasonable. Westminster is situated in an open, rolling country, about four miles from Mt. Wachusett, and is undoubtedly one of the best hunting regions in New England. The officers of the club will arrive at Westminster on the first day of the meet, and the election of officers for the ensuing year will occur at 8:30 P. M. of that day. Two important questions will be discussed at this meet, viz., the advisability of changing the running rules for the field trials, and the selection of trial grounds for next autumn. This is essentially a hunting meet and members are requested to invite all fox hunters in good standing to attend. Nearly all the fine prize-winning hounds of the recent field trials will be present, and some great running may be expected. Mr. J. H. Baird Auburndale, Mass., is the secretary, and from him all other information can be obtained.

Pawtucket Dog Show.

There is certainly something radically wrong in the way some of our express companies handle the dogs entrusted to their care. Complaints were long and loud at Pawtucket on this score. There was Mr. Jamieson waiting anxiously for the dogs that never came till too late for business. Mr. Blossom's dogs were also delayed. Shipped from New York Tuesday A. M., they should surely have reached Pawtucket by Wednesday morning, instead of that they arrived Wednesday night, also too late for business. This was bad enough, but their last state was even worse than the first, for, shipped on Friday night from the show, they did not reach him in New York till last Tuesday morning. This was not only exasperating to him but cruel in the extreme to the dogs, who would have had little provision made for them for such a short journey—five hours by rail.

The Grove Kennels under the new partnership made its debut at this show and "our only German" had one of his old time twinkles on when he "added up the score, second open dogs, first bitches, first puppies." As if this was not luck enough, Mr. Purroy, Mr. Hopkins's partner, on New Years eve received his appointment to a much higher posi-



MR. LACY'S NOTION OF A HEAD FOR THE OUTSIDE COVER.

tion in the fire department of New York together with increased emoluments. Chief Purroy has had charge of the station at Chambers and Center streets, considered the hardest and most important in the city, and the efficiency of his men was proved when they won the prize at the horse show for shortest time record in coupling up for a fire. But we are getting away from Pawtucket.

Mr. Babcock, the president, informed us that at Providence last year the club lost \$300 over their show, owing to the very poor attendance. They thought this year by giving no money prizes for dogs and holding the show in a manufacturing center like Pawtucket they could command the attendance of a class of people that they could not get in Providence. Another scheme of his was to let the children from the schools in free, and the first afternoon these embryo fanciers overran the building. These little chaps were expected to go home and tell their daddies the wonders they had seen and the daddy would come along with his 25 cents before the week was out. Sharp people in New England. If the club comes out at all right, a good show is to be given next year. Before we leave the subject we must draw the attention of these chicken clubs to the necessity of getting premium lists in time, and further to place them in the hands of dogmen who have and are likely to enter dogs.

The Newfoundland that unwillingly went over the Niagara Falls recently has become the cause of a peck of trouble. It seems a party of actors were viewing the falls, and when near Luna Island they saw the dog come to the water's edge to drink. It slipped and despite every effort was carried over the falls. The party rushed to the overhanging cliff and perceiving the dog buffeting the waves at the edge of the Cave of Winds, descended and succeeded in rescuing the exhausted animal. Carrying him upstairs, they found that beyond exhaustion and some deep flesh wounds the dog had sustained little damage. A physician was summoned and attended to the dog. Out of the crowd slipped a man who said he owned the dog, and as the actor, Mr. Lissner, had rescued it from almost certain death he would make him a present of it. The dog traveled with the company, and the actor taking a personal interest in the dog made arrangements with a liveryman at Warsaw, N. Y., to take care of it till its wounds were healed. Last week Mr. Lissner sent a man for his dog, but the liveryman said he did not know where it was. Then Lissner came on himself, and to him the liveryman said he knew where the dog was, but that a dog that had gone over the falls and come out alive was worth money, and he must pay \$300 before he got the dog. Lissner having received the dog from the ostensible owner thought he was justified in getting out a warrant for the arrest of the dog abductor. The man could not be found, but on Friday he returned to Warsaw, and with him the superintendents of police of Niagara Falls and Ontario and a policeman who claimed the dog was his. Then the policeman had Mr. Lissner arrested on a charge of petit larceny for taking the dog away from the falls. They took Lissner to Niagara and he was held by a justice of the peace to answer the charge. Verily, the way of the good Samaritan seems hard.

A New Kennel Club at Akron.

Yet another kennel club has been organized and 1892 kept up its record to the finish. The Akron, Ohio, people interested in dogs have formed a kennel club and consolidated with the Northern Ohio Poultry, Pet Stock and Kennel Association. They have claimed the dates Jan. 25 to 28, for their first dog show. The secretary, Mr. W. A. Cauldwell, in wishing FOREST AND STREAM a Happy New Year adds that the club has applied for admission to the A. K. C., but missed the last meeting by one day. They will show under A. K. C. rules, however, and hope at the next meeting of the A. K. C. that they will be admitted and their views allowed to

count. The continued organization of these associations in the smaller towns is bound to have an educational influence in kennel affairs that will be far reaching and of permanent value.

Some New St. Bernards.

We took a run up to Col. Ruppert's kennels last Monday, ostensibly to see the new arrivals, but really to find out how Mr. Booth was getting along with the puppy question with which he was confronted the last few weeks of the old year. We found him up to the armpits with work, legal holiday though it was. He showed us the pups first. There was Lady Gladwyn nursing a litter of five by Leister, some smooth, others rough. They are really grand, three dark colored ones being exceptionally good both in head and size, and all well marked. They are three weeks old now. She was also nursing one of Bellegarde's pups by Aristocrat, of the same age. In the next compartment were five of Miss Anna's darlings, by Alton, Jr., and one or two of them will surely turn out well if they live; these are also three weeks old. One bitch pup is simply grand in head, very deep, square and broad, and has lots of bone. Miss Anna is also fostering one of Bellegarde's. This bitch had a sorry time of it, several pups being born dead and more than ordinarily large, having to be taken from her; she was consequently entirely unfit to nurse them herself. In the next place were two of Ellen Terry's babies by Otos, very prettily marked and already sold. Mr. Booth had an anxious time with all these bitches, whelping within twenty-four hours, and the night watch was kept up for a fortnight after their birth. Then he brought out two of Bonnie Kingston's pups, by Aristocrat, only two weeks old, but all looking as if they had a good mother.

The three new ones arrived on the s. s. Gallileo, that came in last Thursday after a voyage of twenty days. That they must have had excellent care is proved by the fact that they are in splendid flesh and ready to show any time. Kingstonian Countess is a litter sister to Mrs. Smith's new dog Eboracum, by Scottish Prince—Lady Glen. She is exceptionally good in body and has a very taking head, besides standing and moving on a good set of legs. She is only 17 months

old. Kingstonian Beauty next came forward. She is by Lord Butte out of Altonella, the latter now owned by Mr. A. H. Moore. I never saw a much better built bitch, very strong in loin and quarters and deep in chest and body. She carries, if anything, a better head than Countess. The dog, Kingstonian Count, then came forward. He is 18 months old, by Scottish Prince out of Septima (first at Oldham). This is the same breeding as the would-be-great-dog Premier. Count stands nearly 34 in., has immense bone, rich color and markings, great depth of chest, and only needs time to make up into a winner. His expression is especially pleasing and intelligent. This kennel's Baroness Cardiff was bred to Marvel last Tuesday week, and Sigma, who is the standby of the kennel in the way of puppies, was also mated to this dog last Thursday. She is an excellent mother, her last litter, by Aristocrat, numbered eleven and all raised, Sigma doing her duty by seven of them. Altogether Mr. Booth and his aide-de-camp, Albert, have their hands full and won't hear of dog shows till next month's show at the Garden. The dogs we must say all looked in pink of condition, and considering the rather confined space they are kept in it must be a hard matter to do justice to so many. A new kitchen has just been built and a steam boiler erected for cooking purposes, which will ease the work considerably.

A New Shooting Club.

On Friday afternoon a meeting will be held at 19 Ann street, by several sportsmen, among whom are members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, George Jarvis and John A. Finlayson. The idea is to organize a sportsmen club for shooting and fishing, with grounds and club house about three miles from Morristown, N. J. They already have the option on a large farm and almost any amount of shooting ground can be leased in the surrounding country. There is plenty of quail, excellent woodcock shooting and good black bass and trout fishing on several streams running through and near the property. If the club is organized Mr. George Jarvis will have charge of the property and club house. A good selection. By the way, Mr. Jarvis returned last Friday from his jaunt after North Carolina quail. He reports great sport and is particularly enthusiastic over a young English setter owned by Mr. Finlayson and by his Rock Belton.

Paul Gladstone.

Mr. Joe Lewis always had a soft spot for champion Paul Gladstone, and now we learn he has purchased this noted dog from Mr. S. L. Boggs. The last time we saw "Paul" he looked almost as well as ever and seemed good for many a day yet, while his nose seems just as impressionable as ever.

Elmira Show Dates.

Mr. C. A. Bowman, secretary of the Elmira K. C., writes, "Please change dates to March 22, 23, 24 and 25, 1893. The Elmira Kennel Club have made three applications for dates, the first one last February, and have just been awarded the above, while Washington did not think of holding a show until Dec. 15."

A New Kennel Club for Chicago.

A dispatch from Mr. Waters informs us that a new kennel club was formed in Chicago Jan. 2, to be known as the Chicago Kennel Club. It is intended to hold a show in February. Several members of the Mascoutah Kennel Club are interested in the new movement. We thought Chicago could scarcely forego a show on its own hook this year.

Leicester Sold.

We understand that Mr. D. P. Foster has sold his noted St. Bernard, Leicester, to a gentleman whose name is not given and who has him at present "on trial." The Dutchess Kennels were after him.

We certainly supposed Mr. E. H. Moore imported 'Cambrian Princess,' as we remember his letter at the time leading us so to understand. However, honor to whom honor is due. Mr. C. A. Lougest, of Franklin, Mass., imported this bitch in May, 1888, and sold her to Mr. Moore shortly after. At the same time Mr. Longest brought over Gerda and sold her to Mr. Winchell, who bred his celebrated Black Prince from this bitch. He has at present in his kennels two daughters of Gerda, one, Gerda II., threw a litter last July and another on Christmas Day, both to his Ingleside Maximilian, thus breeding two fine litters in five months. His Ella, a litter sister to Gerda II., also whelped recently to the same dog.

We have received from Mr. Paul H. Gotzian, of St. Paul, Minn., an excellent photograph of the noted setter Monk of Furness. This picture is a much better one than that made in England, which did not do the dog justice at all.

The movement in kennel affairs in Detroit is already bearing fruit. Now we hear that Miss Griffin of that city is to make her debut as a St. Bernard breeder. The members of the fair sex are always welcome to the fancy, for they tend to elevate the tone of our shows and afford themselves a pleasant means of recreation as well as profit, for somehow the fair sex manage to make dog raising pay when others fail. We can name several instances. Miss Griffin has started her kennel by purchasing the good will and dogs of the Royal St. Bernard Kennels and Dudley Kennels of Detroit, consolidated both under the name of Belle Isle Kennels. Miss Griffin has also purchased several dogs from the more noted kennels. She is a lady of high intellectual and social standing as well as pecuniary ability, and her debut as a St. Bernard breeder adds one more able enthusiast to the long list of admirers of this noble dog. We wish her every success.

M. E. O. Damon writes enthusiastically about a five months' pup, Fake Corsair, by The Corsair—Jeannie Stevenson, that he has in training in North Carolina. Fake made his first point Dec. 18 and held it till birds flushed. In two hours' work during two other days he made 16 points on birds, and is particularly gratified that a puppy so young should be so precocious. His young dog, The Laggard, will run at the Southern trials, and he hopes to make Rod's Sue and Dot Rogers the belles of the year, change names, as it were. Wisely, however, he concludes his letter by remarking: "But in a trial there is many a slip." There are.

There are anxious inquiries about the Lewiston medals; it is high time they were put in the hands of the rightful owners or another show will be coming on to further compromise matters. A well known exhibitor was in our office last week asking if we knew what had become of the English Setter Club medals. When an exhibitor has to wait several months for a prize it takes the gift off the pleasure of winning it. We know that it is only requisite to call the attention of the officers of the club to the facts to have the matters properly attended to.

A quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club will be held at the Astor House, New York city, Jan. 16, 1893, at 4 P. M.

There is said to be a new scheme afloat, or about to be floated. The float will come off at Gloversville. They do say Dr. Perry can tell us something about it—if he will.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ont., did not keep his imported fox-terrier Ruby Domino very long, for now we hear he has sold him to Mr. E. K. Hart, of New York.

Another prize-winning Canadian fox-terrier has changed hands. Mr. J. W. Morden having sold his bitch Zig Zag to John Biggs, Cathcart Kennels, London, Ont.

The spectacle of Psosoi huntsmen riding down the festive wolf in silver stirrups weighing several pounds will be unique and beat the Montana statue all to pieces. There is no question that they will take. At any rate it seems an even chance that we shall see some of the Russian dogs, with native trimmings, in the Windy City next June.

We note among the new offers in our business columns the following for sale items: St. Bernards, W. M. Stuke, E. S. Brewer; setters, Oak Grove Kennels, Mrs. J. E. Dager, J. E. Dager, 24 East Twelfth street; fox-terriers, C. F. D.; beagles, W. E. Deane, W. F. Rutter, Jr.; pointers, W. H. Hyland; cockers, George Bell. The Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels offer at stud their champion Rip Rap and Exile; J. E. Dager offers the services of champion Cincinnati and Toledo Blade. The Oak Grove Kennels announce the services of their dogs.

ANOTHER GUN-SHY DOG CURED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An item in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 29, "To cure gun-shy dogs," recalls to mind my experience. I had a fine pointer pup, well home broken, but never shot over. On taking him into the field for prairie chickens, the first shot I made he left, running back an hundred yards or more. I called him to me, but at every shot he would repeat the act. I left the field and the next evening I tied the pup to my waist and taking the rifle, went into the timber, intending to fire at a target as an experiment, to see if by that means I could not accustom him to the gun. A bird sat on a bush. It very much attracted the attention of the pup. I killed the bird and ran to it. The pup was very much pleased to get hold of the bird. I did not fire again. The next evening I went into the field. A night-hawk would make frequent dashes at the dog, which interested him much. I killed the hawk and it fell near the pup. I had no trouble after that time. I have never been able to account for that timidity. He proved to be a dog of more than ordinary courage, would unhesitatingly grapple a wounded buck, having trained him to aid me in hunting and securing wounded deer. H. L.

TONAWANDA DOG SHOW.

THIS little show was held Dec. 27 to 30 at Tonawanda, N. Y., under the auspices of the Niagara Fanciers' Association. There were in all about 50 dogs, litters of puppies, etc., benched. The show was well attended. Dogs were fed on Austin's biscuits and Sanitas did the disinfecting. Mr. W. Wiener, of Buffalo, acted as superintendent. Mr. Fellows, our informant, says the people were nice, and everything was kept clean and sweet. His notes on the dogs are as follows:

ST. BERNARDS.—In rough coats first went to Mrs. Stettenbentz's Hesper's Son, in better shape than at Toronto; also all specials in non-sporting class. Smooths.—First, A. A. Helmer's Chang, good mover, bad head. Second, Kuna, a puppy.

MASTIFFS.—First, A. Amsden's Caesar, fair type, good head, nice mover. Second, M. R. Weiner's Beech Grove Jim, light and shelly, too long in head. Vhc., Greenough's Don Pedro, long head, bad open feet, weak in pastern.

GREYHOUNDS.—First, and special for best in sporting class, Manatang Kennels' Thacher, very good all round. Second, A. and H. Liffey's Nero, good type, weak pasterns.

POGS.—Two very poor ones.

BEAGLES.—Case & Nichols had two fair but large pups, apt to be too high. Doncaster and Robin Hood, first and second in open and puppy classes.

FOX-TERRIERS.—First, Patsy, bad head. Second, Kate,

also bad in head. Miss Belmont, first in puppy class, was the best in the lot.

FIELD SPANIELS.—A very fair dog won first. Don, second, bad in coat and leggy.

COLLIES.—First, Liffy, improved on Toronto puppy form. Two so-called Scotch terriers shown, but n. g.; prizes withheld.

There seems to have been no catalogue, and the show was entirely of a local nature.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The field trial season of this year has been a peculiar one in many respects, chief among which are the large number of important trials which have been held—more than were ever held before in one season—and the excellence of the managing and judging.

So far as conducting and judging the trials are concerned, considering them as a whole, they were excellent. These improvements, I think, were the result of having experienced men in charge.

That field trials are at a stage of development, wherein managers recognize the need of trained men in judging, is of itself an indication of general soundness and permanency. The evolution from the trashy theories and weak fallacies which incumbered competitions in the past was a slow one, but it is gratifying to write that it is now almost complete. It is surprising, however, that so many things opposed to common sense on the one hand, and resulting in palpable error in practice on the other hand, should have been cherished so long a time. Let an absurdity once receive the sanction of usage, and, however absurd it is, the public lets it go with the greatest reluctance.

Looking back over the lapse of time covering the evolution of field trial matters in this country, nothing is more inconprehensible than the multitude of opposing ideas which surrounded every detail of the competition. A matter so plain that it seemed self-evident would furnish a subject for columns of controversial matter wherein would be arguments most varied, opposite and irrelevant.

With all the fallacy incorporated in the theory of running, there was the added absurdity that the judges could be so hedged in, prompted and directed by rules that it would be impossible for them to be in error either intentionally or otherwise. Giving the judge a copy of such rules was supposed to make him competent and reliable. It is but fair to mention that this measure was advocated by but a small though persistent party.

There are still a few fallacies left, nevertheless. One is the time limit, a most absurd and unreasoning requirement; obstructive and injurious withal, since it delays the trials, more or less, and entails added labor and expense to owners and handlers. The Central Field Trial Club, one of the strongest supporters, at first, of the time limit, entirely eliminated that feature from its rules this year, except in the Free-For-All Stake, which is a four-hour race specially intended to be a test of endurance. The time limit, however, is being relegated to a place with the rubbish which once hampered the progress of field trials, although the Eastern, once the most progressive of clubs, still adheres to it.

Field Trial Rules.

Much could be done in the way of improving the construction of the rules. Those now in use are nearly the same throughout the country. They could be cut down nearly one-half and yet state the same thing clearer and with more precision.

For instance, the Eastern Field Trials Club and the United States Field Trials Club—and probably other clubs—have the following clause in Rule 9: "Any dog absent during the first series for more than 20 minutes after his number is called shall be disqualified from further competition."

Rule 13: "Each dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent more than 20 minutes it may be disqualified at the discretion of the judges."

Here is a matter dealt with twice in two different rules in a conflicting manner. Such is not only unskillful—it is confusing and contradictory.

There is much matter which could be cut out of the rules without the least injury to them, and much other matter which could be better stated in less space.

Under the caption "Instruction to Judges" is a group of absurdities. There are six things therein which the judges "shall" do, one they "should" not do, one they have discretionary power in doing, and five they are "requested" to do, yet they are all called "instructions." Under the head of "Definitions" the judges are gravely told what constitutes "breaking in," "breaking shot," and "chasing." Under the same head retrieving is defined as follows: "Retrieving shall not be required nor considered in any stake."

These are but a few of the careless and awkward arrangements which could be pointed out in field trial rules. It seems that some club ought to take pride enough to engender sufficient energy and industry to make its rules both sensible and accurate. Every club has talent enough in its membership to accomplish this desideratum, but they appear indifferent to the matter. Usage or the sanction of time seems to usurp the place of ordinary good sense in field trial rules. However, when it is plain to all the clubs that the public knows that these silly things exist they will probably take action and correct them.

I have had an opportunity to scan the pages of Major J. M. Taylor's book, entitled "Bench Show and Field Trial Records and Standards of Dogs in America." It is fully what its title implies. To dogmen it is invaluable. The statistics, from the public beginning of doggy affairs in 1874 up to 1892 are fully set forth. The research and labor necessary to accomplish such results must have been enormous. Had the matter been delayed a few years, it would have been impossible to have completed such a work, inasmuch as the data would not then be accessible and no one would have the personal knowledge of doggy matters and the energy to undertake such a work. There is hardly an item of public record but what can be found in this book, all so skillfully arranged in tables as to be readily available for reference. To appreciate its broad scope and thoroughness, the book must be seen. There are portraits of celebrated dogs, sketches and portraits of prominent sportsmen, standards, bench show and field trial records, etc. It is one of the works which have a permanent usefulness.

Mr. E. Thomas, Jr., 87 East Van Buren street, Chicago, informs me that his setter dog Ned was stolen recently from his store. Should any reader of FOREST AND STREAM gain a knowledge of the dog's whereabouts Mr. Thomas will be under obligations if the information is sent to him. Ned is a large orange and white dog, weight about 70 lbs., dewclaws on hindlegs, bad eyes, rough place on nose where a sore healed, 6 yrs. old, thoroughly broken, fine retriever.

The proper food for dogs is a subject which has evoked endless discussion. That some foods are proper is well known. Herewith is given an account of a food which proved fatal to a dog without a known pedigree, which is under such a circumstance (the absence of a pedigree) deemed impossible by some wise prophets. It occurred in Detroit: "Luigi Pessino is an Italian sewer digger who was compelled to invest 25 hard-earned dollars in a yellow mongrel dog much against his will, and in a manner decidedly peculiar. There were two \$5 notes, one of \$10, one of \$2 and a \$1 note. Luigi returned home and laid the pile on a table unguarded, while he and his spouse went over to the grocery a moment. They returned only to find the money gone. They finally

noticed a piece of paper stuck to the dog's teeth that looked like money, and it was proposed to kill the dog and get the precious fragments. The gilt-edge brute was taken down to the woodshed, Luigi held the creature's hindlegs, Luigi's brother swung the axe, and smash! the victim's head was as flat as a pancake. A few moments later the dog's stomach was taken out and opened, and there, sure enough, were the fragments of the missing bills. The pieces were small, but fit nicely. They were pasted together, and for day forwarded by the City Savings Bank with a history of the affair to the Sub-Treasury in New York with a request for redemption." B. WATERS.

DNEONIK OKOTNIKA—DOG BREEDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I enclose herewith an article which lately appeared in one of the Russian sporting papers and which I have translated knowing it would be interesting reading to those interested in Russian wolfhounds. I can only add that the Russian rouble, which Mr. Kareeff speaks of is equal in amount in our money to between fifty and sixty cents, according to the rate of exchange at that time. CHAS. STEDMAN HANKS.

To the Editor:

On reading in your esteemed journal the account of the sad fate that befell our psosy dogs in the field trials in America, I cannot pass the occurrence in silence, as it pains my hunter's heart too much. The Americans cannot form an idea of our dogs, as our thoroughbreds, especially the fierce ones, rarely reach them, those who are intrusted with buying them not being willing to pay their value. Mr. Rousseau and others buy dogs at 15 roubles* (and even at 6 roubles) and send whole cargoes of them to America, where from they, no doubt, realize a good profit for themselves. With us a good fierce dog cannot be had under 1,000 roubles, especially nowadays, when but very few have retained fierce thoroughbred dogs. But lately an American offered me for two bitches 300 roubles for each. No doubt I could find dogs at such a price, but I do not wish to compromise my stud; thoroughbred bitches cannot be had under 3,000 roubles. It is to be supposed that no conscientious Russian hunter will ever sell them cheaper. I intend to go to the Chicago Exhibition, and will take with me a whole Russian hunt, that is, six packs of greyhounds and ten packs of foxhounds, and I shall take with me several wolves and show how our dogs take them. If the Americans have no faith in our wolves they may present their own. Though it is against the rules of hunting to have the wolf torn by the dogs, still, if such be the desire of the Americans, I shall show this, too. Three dogs will easily strangle a young wolf; they may be thrown off several times, but in the long run the wolf will be brought to the ground.

Now, in Germany and England there have appeared societies for breeding Russian psosy dogs; in Russia too many wealthy hunters have sacrificed considerable sums of money for the establishment of such a society. The center of this society is to be Moscow or Tamboff, and in about five or six years we shall no doubt again see powerful, fierce psosy dogs and capital catchers. At present the question stands with the person, who shall be able to reside in Moscow, and shall inaugurate this undertaking. Will not some hunter present himself and undertake the business? He will immediately be joined by many psosy hunters. I have already in view a subscription amounting to ten thousand roubles. The object of the society will be the development of the qualities of the Russian psosy dog, as regards its appearance and efficiency for hunting; only two breeds will be developed, the psosy and the christopsoy. It would be a shame not to act thus, having before us the example of our neighbors. I ask those who desire to join this society to inform me thereof by letter; then if the society is established, its regulations will be settled by its members and then published for general knowledge. God allowing, we shall form a family of Russian hunters, who setting to work heart and soul, will re-establish the breed of Russian psosy dogs. The time has come; enough has been done through the medium of the press, we must now help the cause by actual work.

Begging you, dear editor, to insert this letter in your esteemed journal, for I am sure that I shall not have any adverse criticisms to the above. S. S. KAREEFF.

* A rouble is worth about sixty cents in American money.

THE WESTMINSTER JUDGES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Westminster Kennel Club has invited the following judges for the next Westminster Kennel Club show:

MISS A. H. WHITNEY, to judge St. Bernards, Newfoundland and pugs.

MR. GEO. RAPER, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, English retrievers, poodles, bull-terriers, smooth fox-terriers, Bedlington, Skye, Clydesdale, Welsh, white English, black and tan and toy terriers, toy spaniels, schipperkes and miscellaneous.

MR. G. MUSS-ARNOLD, Great Danes, dachshunds and basset hounds.

MR. WM. TALLMAN, pointers and all setters.

MR. J. P. WILLEY, Irish water, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels.

MR. HENRY JARRETT, sheepdogs.

MR. JOHN E. THAYER, bulldogs.

MR. POTTINGER DORSEY, Chesapeake Bay dogs and beagles.

MR. R. F. MAYHEW, wire-haired fox-terriers, Irish, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont and Yorkshire terriers and Italian greyhounds. JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

FIELD TRIAL RECORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very unusual for you to make an error in any of your reports, but I notice that one has crept into your "Record of Field Trials of 1892," wherein you say that Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Albert's Daisy, which won first in the New England Derby, was handled by Mr. F. C. Waterhouse. It would be a great honor to him to have this credit, for she was in superb condition and handled well; but the credit belongs to Mr. Lester A. Pearle, of Hampton Kennels, Hampton, Conn., who also handled Kit Carson, the winner of our Derby in '91, but other papers then gave some one else the credit. Mr. Pearle is, without question, the peer at least of any among handlers in New England. Please insert this in your much valued paper, and simply do justice to all. E. K. SPERRY.

GLOVERSVILLE SHOW.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Special to Forest and Stream: The show opened with several well-known exhibitors on hand, Messrs. Vender, Bell, Fellows, Schmitt, Hopkins, Rathbone, Bollin, Smith, Elliott, Fenton, Green, Tallman, Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Nickerson, Mrs. Meehan. The quality of the dogs was good, and judging commenced promptly; 146 entries; attendance was fair. H. W. L.

Business.

CHESAPEAKES SELL WELL TOO.

SUITLAND, Md.—Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: My advertisement of the Chesapeake Bay dogs proved a success, as I easily sold the pair to Mr. C. P. Horton of Bourne, Mass., for \$100. I received over twenty-five letters regarding them. A. B. SUIT.

THIS WAS A DOG, MIND YOU!

A CHICAGO dog has been distinguishing himself, recently. He is a member of the canine aristocracy that sleep on cushions in warm rooms, have baths in porcelain tubs twice a week, and live principally on tenderloin steaks. This particular dog is of the spaniel family, and has long since acquired a reputation as a perfect gentleman.

For several days past the servant under whose immediate care this dog is placed has noticed that he seemed unwilling to eat his breakfast in the house. Every morning he took his portion of meat between his jaws, walked to the door, wagged his tail, and looked appealingly into the servant's eyes. If the door was opened in response to this mute request, he disappeared immediately, and was not seen again until luncheon. If the door was not opened he placed the meat on the floor close by and sat guard over it until an opportunity for escape arrived.

The dog's mistress learned of his unaccountable conduct. She was very much interested, and engaged a detective to shadow the dog and report upon his proceedings and conduct. The detective was her brother, so his services were gratuitous. This morning he stationed himself outside the kitchen, and when the dog appeared was careful not to attract his attention. But the dog saw him, and immediately put on an air of dilettante indifference, as though he had an idea of taking a constitutional, but wasn't quite sure whether he felt well enough. So the detective pretended to be busy looking for four-leaved clovers. The dog was a trifle suspicious at first, but the detective was a good actor, and managed to deceive him completely; and presently the dog lounged away toward the gate, and then, when he thought the detective wasn't looking, sneaked out. Down the alley he trotted, a fat beefsteak in his mouth, and presently turned into a vacant shed in the next block.

When the detective arrived he found the dog sitting quietly in the corner of the shed. He seemed rather surprised and a good deal mortified, but was extremely cordial. In another corner of the shed the last piece of steak was rapidly going down the throat of another dog. This dog wasn't handsome. In fact, he was about the homeliest, dirtiest, most unkempt and generally used-up dog the detective had ever seen. There was an ugly sore on his side and his ribs were unduly prominent. But he was a dog, if he wasn't beautiful, and the other dog's charity was clearly his only support.

And this, good people, was a dog. Not a man, blessed with reason and educated in the principles of Christianity, but a plain brute. Yet, how many men, placed in a similar situation, would act the good Samaritan as he did?—Clipping sent by Podgers.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Dan Corsair, Corsair's Prince, Corsair's Foke, Corsair's Trump Corsair's Fanny, Corsair's Girl and Kitty Corsair. By Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., for white, black and tan English setters, four dogs and three bitches, by Corsair out of Jennie Stevenson. Passaic, Whim's Breeze, Whim, Jr., Whim's Fanny and Whim's Imp. By Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., for white, black and tan English setters, three dogs and two bitches, by Rod's Whim out of Vidia.

Kent's Queen. By A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1892, by Kent II. (Count Howard—Lady Westmoreland) out of Petrel II. (Don Juan—Petrel III.).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Rose—Bin Cambridge. Liberty Kennels' (Hyattville, O.) English setter bitch Rose (Don—Sport) to Wm. Fies's Bin Cambridge (Roderick—Nellie Cambridge), Dec. 21.

Pansy's Judy—Eberhart's Cashier. C. K. Farmer's (Indianapolis, Ind.) pug bitch Pansy's Judy (Toodles—Pansy) to A. G. Eberhart's Eberhart's Cashier, Dec. 15.

WHEELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Anne. Mount Vernon Kennels' (Franklin, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Anne, Nov. 29, seven (four dogs), by their Earl of Beaconsfield.

Yerda II. Mount Vernon Kennels' (Franklin, Mass.) mastiff bitch Yerda II., Dec. 25, seven (five dogs), by their Ingleside Maximilian.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Kent's Bang. Chestnut belton English setter dog, whelped Oct. 29, 1892, by Kent II. out of Petrel IV., by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to F. M. Prouty, Spencer, Mass.

Kent's Fern. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1892, by Kent II. out of Petrel IV., by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to A. H. Knowlton, Spencer, Mass.

Kent II.—Petrel IV. whelp. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1892, by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to H. P. Engel, same place.

Hawatha—Vete whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 29, 1892, by C. K. Farmer, Hartman, Mich., to Lieut. J. M. Stotsenburg, Fort Niobrara, Neb.

Hawatha—Vete whelps. Red Irish setter bitches, whelped April 4, 1892, by C. K. Farmer, Hartman, Mich., one each to S. C. Kile and W. H. Havens, both of Indianapolis, Ind.

Port Tatton. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Oct. 7, 1889, by Sir Tatton out of Forest Fern, by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to Dr. Geo. D. Kelley, same place.

Dan Corsair. White, black and tan English setter dog, by The Corsair out of Jennie Stevenson, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Frank Lyman.

Corsair's Prince and Corsair's Fanny. White, black and tan English setter dog and bitch, by The Corsair out of Jennie Stevenson, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Corsair's Girl. White, black and tan English setter bitch, by The Corsair out of Jennie Stevenson, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Chas. Kelly, New York City.

Passaic. White, black and tan English setter dog, by Rod's Whim out of Vidia, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Chas. Kelly, New York City.

Whim's Fanny. White, black and tan English setter bitch, by Rod's Whim out of Vidia, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Frank Lyman.

Whim's Breeze. White, black and tan English setter dog, by Rod's Whim out of Vidia, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to J. C. Biddle.

Rod's Whim—Vidda whelp. White, black and tan English setter bitch, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Harrington Bros.

PRESENTATIONS.

Whim's Imp. White, black and tan English setter bitch, by Rod's Whim out of Vidia, by Meadow City Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to E. K. Sherry, New Haven, Conn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

E. E. S., London, Ont.—Cannot find Lady Starr's pedigree.

F. G. S., Danneberg, Neb.—In hunting prairie chickens which is proper, for the dog or the hunter to flush the birds, after the dog has set or pointed it? Ans. It is correct for the shooter to flush the bird. Only in woodcock or other shooting where the shooter cannot flush, is it correct to have the dog flush.

E. A. C., No. Westchester, Conn.—I would like to be informed which is the correct pedigree of the noted bitch Bo Peep. You gave me her breeding about a year ago as follows: Bo Peep, by Gladstone out of Juno, by Leicester, out of Dart; Gladstone, by Llewellyn's Dan out of Petrel. A breeder gives her pedigree like this: Bo Peep, by Berguntal's Rake out of Cara Dale by Dash 3d, out of Cornelia, Rake by Dan out of Ruby. There is a mistake somewhere. Ans. The latter bitch is one bred and owned by Mr. Edgar Huidekoper, Meadville, Pa., and

is correct. The first one refers to the bitch owned by Mr. J. M. Arant, Hickory Valley, Tenn.

H. L. W., Adrian, Mich.—1. A Clumber, field or cocker spaniel would about suit your all round work. "Bird dogs" are, as a rule, taught to avoid rabbits. You can never depend on your dog if you allow that sort of work, as it breaks the dog up. 2. A cocker will. 3. The weights are not given in the standards. The setters weigh on an average from 50 to 60 lbs. Gordons are the heaviest; Irish next; then English setters. There is no hard and fast rule. Pointers are divided into heavy and light-weight classes. Heavy, dogs, 55 lbs. and over; bitches, 50 lbs. and over; light, dogs, under 55 lbs., and bitches, under 50 lbs.

A. L. B., Plymouth, Mass.—What can I do for my setter dog troubled with tapeworm? Have given him two doses of areca nut and he has passed a part of the worm, but not the whole. Ans. Areca nut is one of the best vermifuges and if you try it again, after fasting the dog twenty-four hours, you will probably get the rest of the worm. Give two half-drachm doses, one hour apart, and if there is no movement give a tablespoonful of castor oil twenty minutes after the last dose. Castor oil should also be given a day before you give the

nut, so as to prepare the bowels for its reception if the dog is at all costive. See that the nut is freshly ground or it loses its efficacy to a great extent.

J. E. O., Galesburg, Ill.—Gentlemen, will you please favor me with the pedigrees of the following beagle dogs: Duke, Beauty, Thorne, Dandy, Blossom, Maid and Jack. Ans. Blossom not registered. Beauty (A. K. C. S. B., 5,329), by Racer out of Maid II., by Lee out of Maid, by Trump out of Millie (imported). Lee, by Warrior (imported) out of Rosey. Dandy (A. K. C. S. B., 7,602), by Lee out of Venus, by Centennial out of Vesper; Lee, by Warrior out of Rosey, by Sam out of Dolly. Jack (A. K. C. S. B., 12,781), by King out of Switz, by Prince out of Daisy, by Rock Faithful out of imported Faithful; Prince by Ringwood out of Roxy, King by Pedro out of May Queen, by Ringwood out of Collette; Pedro, by Flute out of Victress. Thorne, cannot find. Duke (A. K. C. S. B., 14,534), by Mufinus out of Rarity, by Champer out of Rocket; Mufinus by Driver out of Modesty. Maid (A. K. R., 2,114), by Todd's Racer out of Todd's Sora, by Dodge's Ratlier (imported Warrior—Rowett's Rosey), out of Fenn, by Trump out of Baker's Millie; Todd's Racer by Rowett's Rallye (imported Sam—imported Millie) out of Krueger's Lill, by imported Warrior out of Rowett's Rosey.



MR. STEPHENS' NOTION OF A HEAD FOR THE OUTSIDE COVER.

Canoeing.

THOSE of our readers who have followed the cruise of the Elsa in recent numbers will find it worth while to examine the charts of the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario published in our yachting department this week.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Brooklyn C. C. has elected the following officers: Com., F. L. Dunnell; Vice-Com., M. M. Davis; Purser, W. McK. Miller; Treas., Percy F. Hogan; Pres., M. M. Davis; Trustees—M. M. Davis, Thomas G. Buddington and M. V. Brokaw.

The officers of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., and of the New York C. C. held a New Year reception on Monday in New York.

The New York C. C. has selected Saturday, June 17, as the date of its annual regatta.

Yachting.

THE cold weather of last week made fine ice on the Shrewsbury and Hudson, and also on Orange Lake, a number of scrub races being sailed. Considerable discussion and correspondence has taken place

between the clubs over the dates and arrangements for inter-club races for the various pennants and trophies, and in the meanwhile the rain of Sunday night spoiled the ice for Monday, one club celebrating the day with a pigeon march and dinner in place of a race. The present colder weather gives promise of more racing this week.

THE accident to the Umbria and the usual slow passage of the ancient Bothnia have delayed all our foreign mails until the time of going to press, but the comments of the English papers generally over the Dunraven challenge are closely in accord with the views expressed in the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE most absurd rumor yet heard in connection with the Cup races is to the effect that Col. W. F. McCarthy, of Baltimore, a "naval designer," has been requested by a syndicate of Baltimoreans to design a cutter of 100ft. l.w.l. for the trial races.

THE attention of our readers is called to the competitive design above, which for some reason which we are not able to understand was not accepted. We are confident that our yachting and canoeing readers will agree with us that it is unquestionably superior to all of the others.

LORD DUNRAVEN will have a 20-rater designed by Watson in addition to his new Valkyrie.

ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION—TABLE OF DISTANCES.

FROM STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE TO PORT ARTHUR, AT HEAD OF LAKE SUPERIOR, BY WATER.

From	To	Sections of Navigation.	Statute Miles.	
			Intermediate	Total to Straits of Belle Isle
Straits of Belle Isle	Cape Whittle	Gulf of St. Lawrence	240	240
Cape Whittle	West Point, Anticosti	do	301	441
West Point, Anticosti	Father Point	River St. Lawrence	202	643
Father Point	Rimouski	do	6	649
Rimouski	Bic	do	12	661
Bic	Isle Verte	do	39	700
Isle Verte (opp. Saguenay)	Quebec	do	126	826
Quebec	Three Rivers	do to Tide-water	74	900
Three Rivers	Montreal	do	86	986
Montreal	Lachine	Lachine Canal	8 1/2	994 1/2
Lachine	Beauharnois	Lake St. Louis	15 1/2	1,009 1/2
Beauharnois	St. Cécile	Beauharnois Canal	11 1/2	1,021
St. Cécile	Cornwall	Lake St. Louis	32 1/2	1,053 1/2
Cornwall	Dickinson's Landing	Cornwall Canal	11 1/2	1,065 1/2
Dickinson's Landing	Farran's Point	River St. Lawrence	5	1,070 1/2
Farran's Point	Upper end of Croyle's Island	Farran's Point	3 1/2	1,074
Upper end of Croyle's Island	Williamsburg or Morrisburg	River St. Lawrence	10 1/2	1,084 1/2
Williamsburg or Morrisburg	Rapide Plat	Rapide Plat Canal	4	1,088 1/2
Rapide Plat	Point Iroquois Village	River St. Lawrence	4 1/2	1,093
Point Iroquois Village	Upper end Presqu'Isle	Point Iroquois Canal	3	1,096 1/2
Presqu'Isle	Point Cardinal	Junction Canal	2 1/2	1,099 1/2
Point Cardinal	Head of Galops Rapids	Galops Canal	2	1,101 1/2
Galops Rapids	Prescott	River St. Lawrence	7 1/2	1,109
Prescott	Kingston	do	59	1,168 1/2
Kingston	Port Dalhousie	Lake Ontario	170	1,338 1/2
Port Dalhousie	Port Colborne	Welland Canal	26 1/2	1,365 1/2
Port Colborne	Amherstburg	Lake Erie	23 1/2	1,389 1/2
Amherstburg	Windsor	River Detroit	18	1,407 1/2
Windsor	Foot of St. Mary's Island	Lake St. Clair	25	1,432 1/2
Foot of St. Mary's Island	Sarnia	River St. Clair	33	1,465 1/2
Sarnia	Foot of St. Joseph's Island	Lake Huron	270	1,735 1/2
Foot of St. Joseph's Island	Foot of Sault Ste. Marie	River St. Mary	47	1,782 1/2
Sault Ste. Marie	Head of Sault Ste. Marie	Sault Ste. Marie Canal	1	1,783 1/2
Head of Sault Ste. Marie	Pointe aux Pins	River St. Mary	7	1,790 1/2
Pointe aux Pins	Port Arthur	Lake Superior	206	2,256 1/2

Port Arthur to Lake Shebandowan

Lake Shebandowan to North-West Angle

North-West Angle to Winnipeg

Pointe aux Pins to Duluth

Of the 2,256 1/2 miles from the Straits of Belle Isle to the head of Lake Superior, 71 miles are artificial navigation, and 2,185 1/2 open navigation.

Straits of Belle Isle to Liverpool, 1,942 geographical and 2,234 statute miles.

The total fall from Lake Superior to Tide-water is about 600 feet.

The steamboat voyage from Collingwood to Port Arthur is 532 miles.

*Entrance to Straits of Mackinaw and Lake Michigan.

A Fall Cruise on Lake Ontario.

If my conception of the perfect yachtsman is correct, one of the ingredients of his composition must be a love for excitement with the line drawn at the safe side of foolhardiness. On the Great Lakes the month of October is conspicuous for two things, viz., strong, and, for the most part, steady winds, and the almost universal laying up of yachts for the winter. Of course the equinoctial storms have their dangerous features, but they are so easily avoided that to those who have enjoyed the excitement of cruising on the Great Lakes, the change of its bracing heat to the more endurable feature of warming the bracing but cool air of the autumn day, it is inexplicable why these fall cruises are not more largely indulged in.

During a cruise of nearly two weeks which two members of the Rochester Yacht Club enjoyed during October last, the weather was all that the most exacting yachtsman could ask. Every day was bright and warm, and the wind, at the extreme eastern end of the lake, was such that the story of our delightful trip may lead others to emulate our example, or at least that it may be of interest to the many yachtsmen who know the places in their summer dress, allow me to give you a transcript of the log of one of the yachts.

Our boat was the Chocotaw, a Burgess 40-footer, brought up to Lake Ontario by us last spring and enrolled in the Rochester Y. C. Our party, which included a husband and wife, a young man, and a child, was the most complete, owing to the instinct of self-preservation on the part of the writer, had better be introduced to you as the Skipper, the Doctor (an unseamanly seaman), the Corporal and Yours Truly, with two seamen and the cook.

Our start was made from Charlotte about 7 A. M. on Monday, Oct. 10, with a fresh S.W. wind blowing. We had our course for Sackett's Harbor, just a hundred miles away, at the extreme eastern end of the lake. Cinderella, another boat well known on the coast, brought from salt water at the same time as Chocotaw, started about an hour later. Including three sailors her crew numbered eight. It must be understood that we intended to combine shooting with yachting, and consequently both boats were well stocked with guns, cartridges, decoys, etc. It might not occur to some that so far as bagging the waterfowl was concerned, the trip would have been just as successful if we had left all this deadly paraphernalia behind.

As the weather looked slightly threatening in the west, we decided to lay our course along the shore to Oswego. We passed Sodas, thirty-two miles distant at 10:40. The wind changed slightly to the west, and the weather cleared and came out fair and bright. So far we had been carrying lower canvas only, but the wind moderating somewhat at 12:30 when off Fair Haven, we set working topsail. At 1:30, with Oswego just in sight, set jibtop-sail, hauled in sheets and laid our course for Sackett's Harbor about forty-eight miles distant.

Dinner call from the cook was responded to with little hesitation, and this meal, like all the others we enjoyed, was attacked with an avidity that showed a total lack of fear from the dire discomforts of *mal-de-mer*. In justice to our cook (or steward as he prefers to be called), it should be explained that he was a special importation from Delmonico, having resigned his position there for the sole purpose of appeasing the locally well known gastronomical fickleness of the owners of Chocotaw.

Coming on deck to enjoy our *post-prandial* pipes, we found the wind still fresh, and that we were making eight or nine miles an hour. We were off Oswego at 2 P. M., having made the sixty miles lying between Charlotte and that port in about seven hours.

About half an hour later we noticed the smoke from a steamer that was evidently coming toward us, but as we were pursuing it was difficult to tell in what direction lay her destination. Her actions were, to say the least, peculiar; as she came nearer and when about a mile away she began whistling at intervals, and we, thinking that it was meant as a salute, dipped our colors and were holding our course in a direction which soon brought us abreast with the steamer and about one quarter of a mile distant.

Up to this time we did not notice anything peculiar beyond the uncertainty with which she was evidently steering, but just then her engine stopped and her pilot came out on deck and began waving his hat frantically in our direction. The skipper in stentorian tones gracefully responded to what we supposed a salute, but this apparently did not satisfy the crazy captain, for the louder our skipper talked the more violently shook for his hat, and though the distance was not so far but that he could have easily made himself heard, not a word did he offer in explanation of his grotesque gesticulations. Thinking that possibly he might be leaking or in some way required our assistance, we came into stays to await developments. But as nothing developed, after a few minutes of questioning on our part we determined to keep her behind. To this day the part we paid away and soon left her behind. The town is a mystery as to that man's wants remains unraveled, though it is possible that being ten miles off shore, he wished to know where he was.

Nothing else of an exciting nature occurring, we passed Stony Point, thirty miles from Oswego, at six o'clock. Here we changed our minds and determined to go into Chaumont Bay and anchor for the night, in order to be on hand for an early attack on the millions of duck that we had been assured were there awaiting our arrival, but darkness coming on and the channel being narrow we again changed our minds and headed for Sackett's Harbor, where we anchored at 7:45, having made the run of over a hundred miles in a little less than thirteen hours.

Cinderella had kept near shore and lost much of the favorable wind that we had had further out, so when off Oswego they determined to stop there for the night rather than run any risk of navigating unknown waters after dark. While John and Anton were furling and stowing sails the Doctor and Corporal went ashore to do the town, an operation which, probably, owing to their proficiency, did not take long, as they returned early overhauling with good spirits and anecdotes from the war of 1812. It is only in the last few years that the remains of an old frigate disappeared that was built (but never launched) to protect our interests from a threatened invasion from Great Britain.

The next morning, after restocking our larder with fresh milk and meats, we got a good start and with a fresh west wind headed once more for Chaumont Bay. After our early start, when the heading for the isthmus, an unexpected calmity overtook us. To this day the matter is a secret, known only to the participants and a few natives, who, actuated by a vision of salvage, assisted in our rescue.

This is how it happened. We had been told that at the extreme western end of the bay there would be the best shooting, and in addition to that, plenty of water for sailing; so trusting to the knowledge of those who should have known better, and relying upon our chart, we were proceeding up the bay with the wind on our quarter. Heaving the lead, which showed an average of three fathoms, which corresponded exactly with the chart, we kept on, unconscious of any hidden danger. We were soon enlightened, however, by a sudden jar and upheaving of our boat, and then an abrupt stop. We were hard and fast on an old sunken crib, which we subsequently discovered had been put there for the purpose of collecting the waterfowl. The event, though for a moment it was a confusion, but the serenity and untroubled countenance of our skipper soon restored our confidence, and all hands immediately went to work to take in canvas. This soon done, we proceeded to deliberate as to the best method, or any method, of getting off the rocks. We decided upon a plan, but it is safe to say that though its success may be partially due to our anchors and windlass, it is highly probable that our task was accomplished by the aid of the wind, which had which he perambulated the topped-up boom to its furthest extremity in order to throw her over on her beam ends was worthy of a Blondin. At any rate, after some eight hours' hard work, we once more were afloat, and proceeded immediately to make our escape from such a dangerous locality. While our confusion was at its height, Cinderella appeared out of the bay, having been driven there, having left Oswego early in the morning. Fortunately for our reputation she did not discover us, but steered further up into Three Mile Bay.

As we still had a couple hours of daylight, the Doctor, the Corporal and the Scribe went ashore to shoot game. But game proved to be as scarce here as elsewhere, and upon returning where we had left our dingy we discovered that before reaching the bay to get an anchorage for the night, as it was coming on to blow.

The Doctor, not relishing a long row after dark, determined he would walk up the road which ran along the side of the bay to a place opposite where the yacht had come in for the night and would get on board from there. Undaunted by the breakers that were rolling in, the remaining two started for the yacht, which day after day had been hiding from our view. Before reaching our destination nothing could be seen but that portion of the shrouds and mast illing, which was illuminated by the anchor light. When we arrived—and we arrived wet, hungry and mad—we found that they had taken supper, but had kindly left us a few delicacies. The inner man appeared, our sunny dispositions prevailed and soon all was once more harmonious. The remainder of the evening was spent in discussing our fortunate escape and in transferring the blame from our pockets into those of our rapacious Skipper in the mild and seductive game of "hearts."

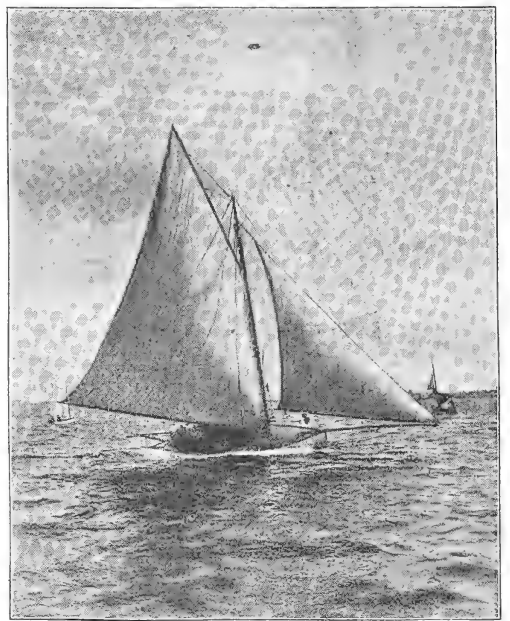
The next morning, after spending a portion of it in another fruitless search for the wary waterfowl, we anchored and stopped for the rest of that day and night at Chaumont, a flourishing little village on the R., W. & O., where by a previous arrangement the Lieutenant was

to meet us. This he did, loaded down with artillery and ammunition. After supper the Scribe and the Skipper went ashore, and while the latter gathered wood for the stove, coal becoming scarce, the former succeeded in bagging a half a dozen of plump plovers. Afterward the usual game of "hearts" was enjoyed, which, fortunately for the Doctor, stopped early. We all turned in and determined to get an early start in the morning for Henderson Bay, where Cinderella had preceded us.

We were awakened the next morning, Thursday, by the Skipper, who indulged in the daily practice of not allowing any one on board to sleep after the sun had begun to show itself through the portholes, but who also considerably lighted the lamps in the cabin in order to induce the other occupants of the boat to arise and clothe themselves, and also made that operation a safe one by imparting a little enthusiasm to the otherwise frigid atmosphere. Such a person is certainly invaluable on board, and especially so in cold weather, and it is a great mistake for a party over to leave harbor without first providing itself with one of these necessary adjuncts. Of course it is not a custom that even the most progressive book of etiquette would sanction, yet the mere act of having your bed clothes suddenly cease their usefulness, and a voice in your ear speaking through the foghorn and announcing "breakfast," is a powerful incentive to immediate wakefulness. Even the elegant Lieutenant soon got in the habit of arising punctually with the first appearance of the Skipper's long red morning gown, and as for the Corporal, he disliked to go to bed at all, through fear of not being able to wake up before the usual time for the Skipper to issue his emphatic invitation to do so.

Such was the general morning régime, with startling variations. On this morning, however, we had determined before setting out for Henderson to once more try our skill with the feathered biped, and were slightly more successful than usual, to this extent that, in addition to a few small snipe, the Corporal, the Skipper and the Lieutenant severely wounded three separate and distinct species of the genus *Anatide*. This gave them great satisfaction, as it showed progression, and we returned with sharpened appetites to breakfast, which was awaiting us. There is, by the way, a very good anchorage for yachts of moderate draft in this little bay at Chaumont. Along the eastern shore is a ledge of rock with deep water so that yachts can moor alongside of it.

The run from Chaumont to Henderson Bay was uneventful. With a strong S.W. breeze, carrying light canvas, we reached White's Bay, a



A MODERN 21-FOOTER.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

small cove opening into Henderson, and dropped alongside of Cinderella, which had been there over night. On entering Henderson Bay we passed through the channel between Six Town Point and Snake Island. In taking this route boats should keep about one-eighth of a mile from Six Town Point. There is good water under you there, while one-half mile to the north is a shoal varying from six to ten feet in depth. Boats of greater draft will find a good channel between Horse Island and Snake Island.

In the afternoon we went ashore and selected a few squirrels and a couple of fat chickens, which, together with some blue pike, made a dinner fit for a king. In the evening the owner of the chickens, Capt. White, who lives in the edge of White's Bay, came on board, and, as soon as we saw a lack of hostile intent we concluded that he had not yet missed his chickens and proceeded to make our reception to him as agreeable as beer and Canadian whisky could do, in order to have him retain an impression of our hospitality. We subsequently, in buying chickens of him and paying his price, in reality compensate him for the chickens we had borrowed.

The next day after morning through the woods and getting an idea of the surrounding territory, we again up sail and anchored at Chaumont for the night, where we had made arrangements to have our mail sent. From Chaumont we went to Cape Vincent down the St. Lawrence along Wolf Island, to Port Metcalf, and up the Canadian Channel to Kingston, making this distance, just thirty miles, in three hours, with a strong S.W. breeze. We anchored at Kingston off the Grand Trunk R.R. pier, and, as the steamer Canada was lying there, the N. Y. C. pennant, on her way East. When we left we saluted her with our gun and she dipped her colors in reply.

From Kingston we went up past the Three Brothers, when the wind left us, so we dropped anchor; but it soon coming up again strong in the west, we ran into MacDonald's Cove, alongside Cinderella, who had been a day ahead of us, sailing direct from Chaumont. In the evening we all assembled on board of Cinderella, and listened to some very exciting stories from Captain W. as to how he caught twenty-five pike that morning, each weighing 10 lbs., more or less.

Wednesday morning it was a dead beat to windward to Glenora, or as it is sometimes called, the "Lake of the Mountain." Here we stopped to receive telegrams, Cinderella meanwhile hauling us and announcing her intention of going straight to Belleville to which port she was bound. While round Captain John's Island, just off Deseronto, and holding on the wind for Telegraph Light, our expectations were fully realized by repeated puffs striking us, each one stronger than the one before it; but as we passed by the island we all suppose we had seen the last of the squall.

It is possible that John was taken unawares, through misplaced confidence in the existing bill, but at any rate, without warning a puff stronger than the others, and increasing in force as it struck the boat, put us over on our beam ends in a twinkling. This was so unexpected that it came as a rude shock to the Doctor, who at that time, with the Lieutenant, was below indulging in "nature's sweet, restorer, balmy sleep." The Lieutenant said afterward that it was the last time that he was going to sleep in the leeward berth when the Doctor was in the one to the windward of him, particularly in squally weather, for he is willing to make an affidavit that as the boat went over the Doctor described a graceful parabola, and, just grazing the top of the cabin, finally staked out a claim in the most vulnerable part of his (the Lieutenant's) anatomy and then proceeded, without apology, to traverse a longitudinal section of the said prostrate Lieutenant in his efforts to respond to the request of the Skipper to "let go the jib sheets." The Doctor, who up to this time, it is claimed,

was not fully awake after he had with due despatch let go the sheets, plunged headlong into the foaming water, which was responding acquaintance with the skylight. The jib sheet eased, she responded to her helm and we were soon sailing in our normal position.

During a season of almost continuous sailing of six months this was the first bit of wind that occasioned the necessity of haste in starting jib sheets. For a cruiser we found Chocotaw to answer every requirement, being not only speedy, but very stiff, and that, too, with a larger spread of canvas than her requirements warranted. Cinderella, meanwhile, not liking such disagreeable sailing, came to anchor at Big Island, where we followed her and spent the night.

The next day while Cinderella left for Belleville Chocotaw's crew spent the morning fishing and shooting. Besides a few pickerel and two or three ducks, the Corporal and the Lieutenant again returned with a couple of fat fowl. While the Scribe has his doubts of the veracity of the statement that the water were shot over the decoys, as the Corporal tried to make him believe, a safer course would be for him, instead of remarking upon the singular daily regularity of this particular kind of game that fell to the Corporal's inerring aim, to take his statement *cum grano salis*, and keep "mum."

In the afternoon we reached Belleville, where we found Cinderella had been since noon. The evening was spent on shore, where the Skipper introduced to the Lieutenant and the Corporal a few of the most important sights. He did this with such thoroughness that the most persuasive exhortations of which the Doctor was capable were necessary in order to get them to transfer their allegiance from the Hub. After inspecting Norah, the crack Canadian yacht which Onward, of the Rochester fleet, succeeded in beating this summer, thereby winning the Fisher's cup which Norah has held for eight years, and passing through the Lockport locks the two boats started up the bay for the Murray Canal. With a beam wind both yachts sailed through the canal, stopping just long enough to allow the bridge tender to collect toll and destroy the usefulness of a bottle of Boleman. Passing through Presque Isle Bay channel we once more were in the lake opposite Presque Isle Light and laid our course due south for Charlotte. With a fresh W.S.W. wind for the first eight miles we carried working topsail and large jibtop-sail, but the wind increasing and it looking dark in the west we shortened canvas by taking in jibtop-sail and working topsail and housing the topmast. There was now a big sea on and our lee rail was under. In fact, in the whole fifty miles to Charlotte, which we made in just six hours, our seuppers were awash.

Cinderella, with her cruising canvas and working topsail, had been leaving us, but after we had made these alterations we held her well about five miles distant, and arrived in Charlotte half an hour behind her on Friday night, having been gone just twelve days. F. S. M.

The Bouncer Type.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In October last I had the pleasure of a visit from my old friend John Herreshoff, a man who without eyes can see more than most of the designers I have met with eyes wide open and a telescope thrown in.

Many yachting and boating men seem to have their understanding of a boat's merits bounded by the weight of her keel rather than by her shape. FOREST AND STREAM has, however, of late been doing much good work and yachtsmen are gradually becoming educated. When Mr. Herreshoff was here he spent some time in examining, entirely by touch, a lot of my models.

After he was through I asked him what was the shape of the first boat El Chico below her waterline. For reply he picked up a Bouncer model, and deftly passing his fingers over it, said, "That's her shape." Now, El Chico is quite a narrow boat, while my model showed a beam of nearly half its length on waterline. And this brings me to the point in hand—namely, that two boats, the one wide, the other narrow, may be designed on the same principle, so far as lines or curves for speed, weatherliness and dryness in a seaway are concerned.

It is time that many yachting men, also that some newspapers should be better informed; they have persistently held that a wide and shallow boat cannot sail fast to windward in a seaway and a breeze, but Bouncer and Chippewa have done precisely that thing so thoroughly that narrow and sharp boats have not to be "protected" by a high tariff in the shape of a tax on sail area, concerning which I shall have something to say in the near future.

Some very neat illustrations of small cruising and racing boats have recently been published which clearly show in their lines the educational benefit gained by even a superficial study of the Bouncer principle. I allude to the fairing and symmetrical rounding of the vertical, longitudinal and diagonal lines of the boat's bottom, entrance and clearance. After firing of a good deal of theory and trying many experiments, I find that the best longitudinal curves for a boat to sail on are segments of circles. That is to say, nothing but the segment of a circle (or as near as you can get to such a curve) should be used lengthwise of such portions of a boat's body as are submerged when she is under sail. This is my reply to the hundreds of poor readers who are writing and asking me "What is the peculiar principle on which Bouncer boats are designed?" My reason for giving preference to the circular rather than the cycloidal curve is that when the first named is used the boat can never, when being hard down, get badly, or hurtfully, out of trim in a fore and aft direction. That is to say, she can "heel" or she can "square" to almost any wind yet her shape, as presented to the water she is moving, remains practically the same. This theory is not only sound, practical and scientific, but the demonstration of it is so plain and simple that in ten minutes a very fast, able boat or yacht 15ft. to 150ft. in length can be designed on a piece of paper with the use solely of a thin batten and a string (a bow, in short, and a 2ft. rule). The "proof of this pudding" lies in the fact that the Bouncer and Chippewa boats, which have been designed precisely in the manner named, and not a slow one has yet been produced. Further than this, neither of the two boats named has lost a race when a good sailing breeze was blowing.

If the editor will publish them I will take pleasure in making diagrams illustrating the simple method of designing indicated.

ROSLYN, L. I., Dec. 26, 1892. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

To Chicago by Water.

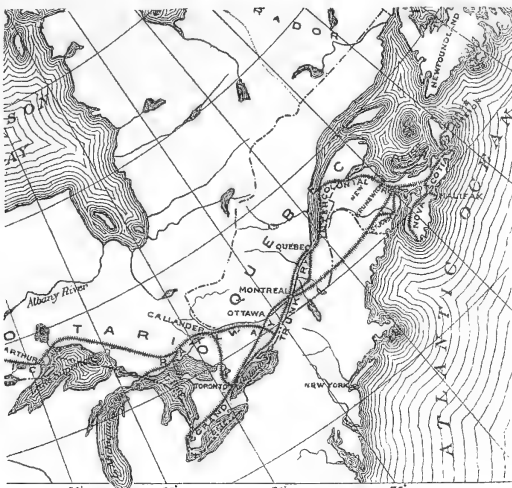
The project of visiting the World's Fair at Chicago by yacht has been discussed by many yachtsmen on the coast and along the lower lakes, and in spite of the distance and the difficulty of a part of the navigation the scheme possesses some important advantages. The trip itself will be a novel and pleasant one for all who have the time, and is much of interest to be seen on the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, and at Chicago the yachtsmen will be far better berthed aboard his own craft than in the private boarding houses or the great caravansaries ashore.

Much must depend on the facilities for safe and convenient anchorage provided in the vicinity of the Fair, but as we noted recently, this was the case with the Fair at St. Louis, and the same facilities, and most desirable facilities are promised to all visiting yachtsmen. It is also probable that the purely yachting side of the voyage will be a very important feature; the fleet of visiting yachts will make a distinct colony of yachtsmen in the harbor, with opportunities for close social intercourse for all who desire to avail themselves. Arrangements are now being made for yacht races during the summer months, and the lake is likely to be well represented. The distance is too great for the smaller yachts from the coast, and the larger ones are likely to remain about New York or Boston in attendance on the Cup defenders. The Erie Canal is available to the smaller steam and sailing yachts, but all over 100ft. long and 6 to 8 ft. draft will be forced to go by way of the St. Lawrence River and the Canadian rivers.

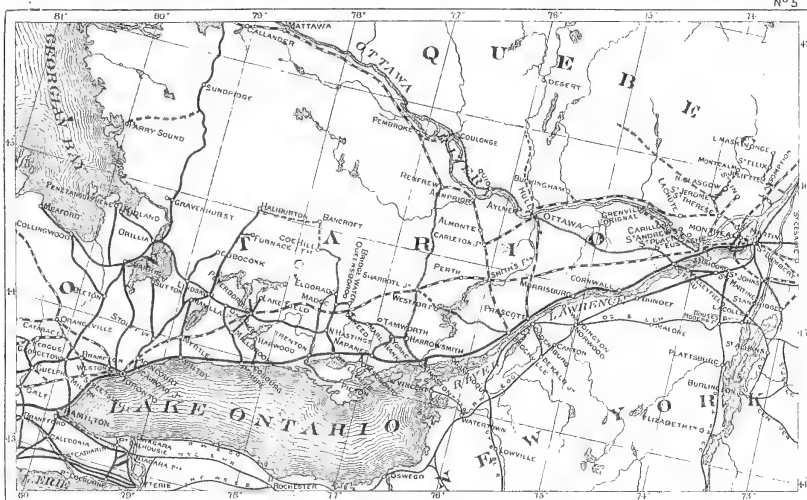
Most yachtsmen are familiar in a very general way with the main features of this route, via the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the river, and Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron and Michigan; but to all who may have the trip in contemplation the following more detailed information as to routes and distances will prove useful. We are indebted for it to a Canadian yachtsman.

Chart No. 1 shows the entire route from New York to Chicago; Nos. 2 and 3 show the main portion of the St. Lawrence River and the Lake route, and No. 4 shows the most important section of the canal navigation, that about the St. Lawrence rapids. The distances are as follows. On Nov. 3 an Order of Council was passed by the Dominion Government, on recommendation of the Minister of Railways and Canals, extending the courtesy of free passage through the Dominion canals to all pleasure craft attending the Chicago Exhibition during 1893. All bridges swing, so that there will be no obstruction in height, the only limitation being the dimensions of the locks. In the St. Lawrence canals the lock chambers are 200ft. long, 45ft. wide and 9ft. deep over the sills. On the Welland Canal the chambers are 270ft. long, 45ft. wide and 14ft. deep over the sills. When the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals is completed, which will not be for some years, the chambers will be of the same size as on the Welland Canal.

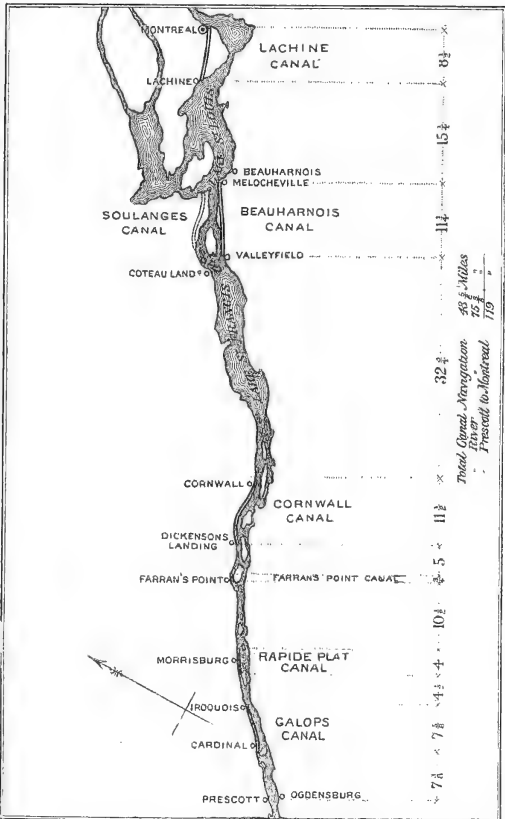
The yachtsmen of the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto, are already planning a cruise to Chicago, one party taking up each yacht of the visiting fleet, living on board while attending the Fair, and then returning by rail to Toronto, leaving the yacht in charge of a second party, and thus until each yacht is finally manned by a crew for the return trip.



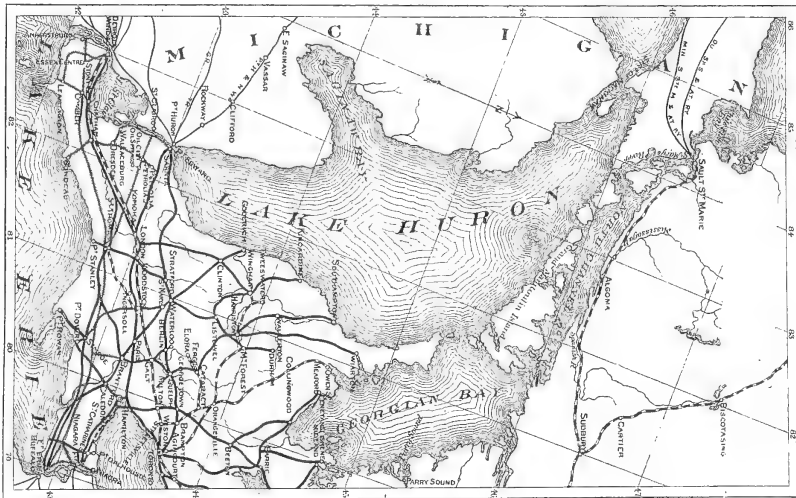
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND THE GREAT LAKES.



LAKE ONTARIO AND ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



CANALS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



LAKE HURON.

In regard to the navigation of the lakes and canals, an Eastern yachtsman writes us as follows:
Editor Forest and Stream:
Why will not some of the yachtsmen on the lakes tell us through the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the trials and tribulations that may be looked for in taking a small yacht from New York to Chicago by way of the Erie Canal or the St. Lawrence River? Many yachts have been taken through the canals in the past year or so, and their experiences would be of value to all who contemplate a similar trip. A short time after Mr. Kunhardt went South in the *Coot*, in 1885-6, I followed in her wake with a large sloop and found the information given in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the greatest value to me. The yacht clubs on the lake could tell us of the weather we would be likely to encounter, the facilities for towing and many other important items.
W. A.
We will gladly give space to any further information that will prove useful to yachtsmen.

See table on page 15.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

May, steam yacht, owned by Ninian B. Stewart, one of the finest of the new English steam yachts, has been chartered by Robert Goetz for a cruise to the Mediterranean, and in the meanwhile has been sold to an American yachtsman, and the information given in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the greatest value to me. The yacht clubs on the lake could tell us of the weather we would be likely to encounter, the facilities for towing and many other important items.
W. A.
We will gladly give space to any further information that will prove useful to yachtsmen.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 29.—Some unusually fine scores were made to-day at Rensselaerwyck range by members of the Third Brigade Rifle Association while indulging in the regular weekly practice. Major Gaus made successive scores of 111 and 112 respectively, and Mr. Gomph made the extraordinary score of 115. Shooting was at rest, 300 yds., on Standard American target. No telescope sights were employed. Following are the scores:
Rest.
Major Chas H Gaus.....12 10 12 10 10 12 11 12 12 10—111
Wm C Gomph.....10 12 12 12 9 12 12 11 11 11—112
Leonard Geiger.....12 12 9 9 9 9 7 12 12 10—101
Col Wm E Fitch.....12 11 12 12 11 12 10 12 11 12—115
Chas P Frey.....12 11 12 12 11 12 10 12 11 12—115
Wm C Gomph.....12 11 9 9 9 9 8 12 12 12—104
Off-Hand.
Col Wm E Fitch.....10 5 6 7 10 7 9 6 7 8—75
Chas P Frey.....5 8 7 7 9 8 10 9 5 7—75
Wm C Gomph.....9 5 8 5 7 6 8 9 8 8—73
Chas P Frey.....6 7 10 10 7 8 6 6 10 4—74
Wm C Gomph.....6 6 9 8 7 6 8 8 7 7—72
Col Wm E Fitch.....10 6 8 7 6 7 6 10 10 6—70
Chas P Frey.....9 9 6 10 9 6 6 10 10 9—84

The Revolver as a Military Arm.

Is or is not the revolver a military arm? It appears on the list of weapons furnished men in uniform; yet from the way in which it is treated when it comes to applying the rule that practice makes perfect one might reasonably think that no such thing as a revolver ever existed. The Army of the United States has adopted for its use the Colt .45; the Navy, too, has a modification of the same arm, yet the several departments and divisions of the Army have their regular yearly tests of marksmanship with scarce a mention of the revolver or any arrangement for a trial of the proficiency attained in its use. In 1888 General Crook, who from his frontier experience had been able to see just what a revolver can do as a weapon of offense and defense, wished to put on revolver competitions along with the official rifle scores. He was very promptly informed from the red tape home office in Washington that there was no authority for introducing any such matches into the regular meetings and that he must await authorization from the headquarters of the Army before extending any such encouragement to those who might care to perfect themselves in revolver work.
It may be that the regular army control is waiting as it waited 30 years ago for the militia force to lead off in this direction. Then it was the rifle which was the disused arm. Then the rifle, as the revolver to-day, was dealt out to the men, carried by them, drilled with, displayed on parade, but never on any account studied or practiced with as an arm of precision in firing. It would be a waste of space to give the convincing argument used by officers to show any rash inquirers that the way to become a marksman with a rifle was never but as for drilling everybody in its use, that, they assert, is a waste of time. Gen. Robbins, who, as a director of the National Rifle Association, and the head of the Department of Rifle Practice in New York State for many years, may be assumed to have studied the subject, was particularly vigorous in his denunciation of the revolver as an arm for a soldier. He was not alone in this, for it is an opinion very prevalent among those who have the direction of rifle practice that the revolver is a pesky little thing that it were better to keep in the background as far as possible.
It cannot be said in fairness that the revolver will not do good work, and at comparatively long distance, too. The Chevalier Tra D. Paine settled that question very conclusively in the course of his many years of high class marksmanship. In 1888, on the Narragansett Gun Club grounds, shooting against a March blizzard, he spent three days firing at 100 yds., using a .38cal. S. & W. army revolver. The first day the firing was at a 40in. square target on which a black band 5in. wide had been drawn horizontally. This was a test for elevation, each shot being measured vertically up or down to the center line of the band. The band might represent the breast level of a platoon of soldiers coming on shoulder to shoulder toward the firing point. In the diagram of the target made the distances for each of the 10 shots stood as follows:
First shot.....21in. Sixth shot.....39in.
Second shot.....37in. Seventh shot.....31in.
Third shot.....34in. Eighth shot.....17in.
Fourth shot.....15in. Ninth shot.....51in.
Fifth shot.....29in. Tenth shot.....2in.
Total.....344in.
This was an average of 3.44in. per shot, or a fatal fire for the approaching enemy. He fired ten targets of this sort during the day and the grand aggregate average was 4.60in. per shot.
On the second day the test was for line holding, the target now being a 40-inch square with the 5-inch black band standing vertically. This might represent a single man approaching on horse or foot; 100 shots were fired in 10 targets of 10 shots each. In the best target the shots stood as follows by individual measurement:
First shot.....4in. Sixth shot.....3in.
Second shot.....17in. Seventh shot.....2in.
Third shot.....3in. Eighth shot.....1in.
Fourth shot.....17in. Ninth shot.....38in.
Fifth shot.....3in. Tenth shot.....17in.
Total.....165in.
This target gives an average of 1.65in. per shot, or a fatal fire for the day the average was 4.398, or less than 5in. from the center line aimed at. Such firing means that the Chevalier could have kept a single enemy at bay and at this range would have dealt out a great deal of destruction.
On the third day of his test of what the revolver was really capable of doing the shooting was at the standard American target with its

possible 100 in 10 shots. In his first target the score stood 91, and for the 10 targets the total was 651 in the possible 1,000.
The Chevalier set the measure for a high grade of revolver work in this notable three days' test. It must not be said, by those who decry the revolver work that the weapon is a mere toy. Any revolver worthy of the name and likely to be adopted as a military model is fully up to the grade of work set in that three days' shooting. There is another argument urged against revolver practice as compared with rifle work. "I feel perfectly safe with a squad out at rifle practice," says an expert, though somewhat prejudiced instructor in marksmanship, "because I can keep my eye on what they are doing and how they are pointing the arms; not so with revolvers. You can never be certain whether a revolver in a man's hands and the trigger of which he may be clicking is loaded or not." If this argument is against anything it is a strong one against the lack of discipline shown in a mob of rollicking, hammer clicking, cavorting guardsmen present on a range under pretense of getting revolver practice.
"I would have my artillerymen stand by their gun and not desert it to work off their excitement banging away with a revolver," says another officer. "Again it is a matter of discipline, and the argument is that as a good soldier the artilleryman is to be deprived of a possible, and because as a bad soldier he may make what is considered an improper use of it."
Again the cavalry officer says: "I would have my men when mounted use their sabers, and when they are acting dismounted, why of course they will use rifles."
Against all these arguments are the facts that in the recent rising clouds of trouble at Buffalo and Homestead the New York and Pennsylvania militia officers went forward with revolvers privately procured in addition to the publicly provided swords. The U. S. Cavalrymen on the plains are also clever with the revolver. One rencontre between two bodies of mounted men, one with revolvers in addition to sabers and the others with carbines only, will settle the question of revolver use. The great endeavor, in small arm fighting particularly, is to have your men armed as well, or this is the question, in making a trifle better than their antagonists. The man who thinks he has an advantage fights with a confidence springing from that knowledge. This is the explanation in part of the vast sums spent in smokeless powders, in longer range guns and rifles, in magazine and breech-loader devices, etc. May not the revolver come in the same category? But to be worth carrying, practice to some measure of perfection in its use is necessary. It is already in the hands of troops enough to show its advantages when necessary, but the criticism now is against the rustful neglect which is so generally the fate of this compact little side arm. Perhaps some explanation of the present state of affairs may be found in the fact that it is much easier to become an expert, or a partial expert, with the rifle than with the revolver. This ought to make it the officer's weapon as against the rifle, which the officer is supposed to use. It is already in the hands of the commissioned days arrive. One of the most hopeful aspects of this revolver question is the formation of revolver clubs by the officers of many of the crack militia organizations. There is no neater and more satisfactory personal use of firearms than the deft manipulation of a well balanced revolver. To call it a toy is to confess ignorance of its capabilities, and while there is something inappropriate in an officer's drill on the range with a rifle for which he has no use in the making of the revolver the officer's special weapon in all arms of the service and looking for as good results from the more difficult revolver in the hands of officers as from the rifle in the hands of privates.
To gather some information on the measure to which the small side arm had worked its way into recognition, a series of queries were sent to the Adjutants-General of the several States of the Union, and a large number of responses have come in. To be the questions put were:
Are revolvers carried by either officers or men in the militia of your State?
How long have revolvers been an official small arm?
By what officers carried, non-commissioned, line or staff, and in what arm of the service?
What make is issued, caliber, size, etc.?
Under what restrictions and in what quantity is ammunition regularly issued?
Is practice required, and what are the distances and rules for same?
What facilities for practice are provided?
Are prizes offered for merit in shooting?
What records have been made?
Alabama reported by Chas. P. Jones, Adjutant-General, that the artillery and cavalry had revolvers of the regulation U. S. Army pattern in store, and new ammunition was for each company to keep 1,000 rounds in store, and new ammunition was issued only when that in store became used, unserviceable or lost. No practice was required officially, but in some instances the men got up matches and were generally good shots. No official record was taken of the scores. At the annual encampment, if facilities offered, target teams were organized. Gen. Jones says:

"The State appropriates nothing in the way of uniforms, arms or equipment. The appropriation from Congress is used to procure tents, arms and ammunition and uniforms. When troops are supplied with these it is supposed to get more ammunition and have target practice."

Arkansas, through Assistant Adjutant-General Oldham reports: "Revolvers are not used in Arkansas. All officers armed with revolvers simply. Revolvers will be used if legislative appropriation is made. An effort will be made in that direction."

Colorado sends in an approving report when the use of revolvers is mentioned. Gen. John C. Kennedy says that revolvers have been in use since the organization of the force, being issued to line and staff and non-commissioned officers, and to the Signal Corps and Cavalry when called into action. The weapon issued is the Smith & Wesson .45cal., and ammunition is issued as called for to be used in target work. The ranges fired over run from 50yds. to 100yds., and picked teams can average about 70 per cent. Gen. Kennedy closes his report with the remark:

"Our State being on the frontier, many of our men are by force of circumstances, expert rifle and horsemen. I regard rifle practice as most important in the National Guard. Give me men that know their weapon and how to use it and I will guarantee their record in the face of the enemy."

Connecticut issues weapons to the Signal Corps, to the artillery and the Governor's Horse Guards. Colt's .45cal. is the selected arm, and forty rounds per man is yearly issued for each man appearing at muster and inspection. Practice is entirely at the option of commanders of organizations, but there is no organized practice.

Delaware reports by Lieut. Col. John C. Simpson, the General Inspector of Rifle Practice in the State, since June 15, 1891, the revolver has been an official arm by all commissioned and non-commissioned officers; staff officers; also musicians, except of the cavalry arm. No ammunition is issued, since both arms and charges are provided at individual expense. No practice is directly required, but it is recommended at 25, 50 and 100 yds., and an official system and qualification with decoration is contemplated. Col. Simpson remarks on the point under discussion:

"The importance of military officers being equipped with the revolver is fully appreciated, and as time advances it is the intention of this department to restrict competitions with the rifle almost exclusively to enlisted men, reserving revolver competitions for officers."

In his directive in addition to the sword, an order, Col. Simpson goes into the question of a choice of revolver. His remark of a weapon for "a citizen's general use" will strike the average reader as peculiar, particularly when it is Delaware, and not one of the cowboy States, which is under discussion. He says:

"The attention of all officers, especially those of the line, is directed to the importance of equipping themselves with the revolver as a means of defense for protection to the sword. An order would allow little time for procuring a proper weapon, and still less for acquiring practice necessary for effective skill. In order to insure a uniform equipment an arm known as the Merwin Hulbert & Co., automatic .38 cal., 5 1/2 in. barrel revolver, is hereby authorized for the use of all officers, non-commissioned staff officers and musicians. This arm has been selected after a series of experiments, as the best adapted to the purpose for the following reasons: First, because it is effective, and suitable ammunition obtainable everywhere; second, because its moderate weight and model make it comfortable to an officer's other equipments, and thirdly, because its feature of interchangeable barrels adapts it to a guardsman's double capacity of citizen and soldier. With the long barrel the weapon is adapted to military and home defense, while with an additional short (3 1/2 in.) barrel, which is interchangeable with the longer one, the arm is quickly transformed into a pocket revolver for a citizen's general use. Those who have already provided themselves with the same model of arm in .32cal., may continue their use temporarily as to all intents and purposes in conformity with regulation. Members of the Guard wishing to equip themselves with revolvers will find it much to their advantage to communicate with this department."

"Revolvers practice should be directed toward features which are conducive to the most practical utility, and the following line of practice is advised: Standing positions at all distances; at 25yds., use of each hand in alternate scores, double action trigger pull; at 50yds., use of either hand, double action trigger pull. At 100yds., use of both hands, single action trigger pull. Target, that used for 200yds. rifle practice."

The District of Columbia responds by Adjutant-General Theo. Mosher, and the revolver is carried as prescribed in Army Regulations, except that the Light Battery is armed with revolvers in lieu of sabres. This makes the arm the Colt .45.

Adjutant-General D. Lang, of Florida, reports that no revolvers are used there by militia, but explains that "It has been so short a time since the Legislature of Florida recognized the troops as a necessary part of the machinery of the Government, that but little progress has been made in the armament of the militia."

Illinois by General Jasper N. Reece, and Indiana by General Nicholas R. Ruckle, make similar reports. No official recognition of the revolver and no arrangement for practice of any kind.

Iowa, Kansas and Kentucky each reported that there was no official recognition of the revolver.

Adjutant-General H. M. Sprague, of Maine, reports that "Revolvers have never been used in the militia."

Adjutant-General H. K. Douglas, of Maryland, reports his State as not using revolvers.

J. S. Farrar, Adjutant-General of Michigan, reports that there has never been any regulation requiring Michigan State troops or officers to carry revolvers.

Mississippi, by Adjutant-General Wm. Henry, reports that for years the revolver has been carried by Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major of Infantry, and by Sergeants, also by the Cavalry and Artillery. It is the Colt .45cal., which is adopted and 100 rounds per man per year are issued. There is no practice required, but it is allowed, though no official record is kept of scores.

General A. D. Ayling, of New Hampshire, reports no revolvers there as an official arm.

Nevada with high record for revolver work by the militiamen reports by Adjutant-General J. Ponjede, that "our small arm practice is confined to rifles."

W. S. Stryker, Adjutant-General of New Jersey says: "The officers of our National Guard and the enlisted men of Infantry Regiments do not carry revolvers; we have, however, six gun detachments, sixteen men each, and these officers and men carry a Colt's revolver .45cal." New York with nearly 13,000 men of arms when called upon has not yet put the revolver on a plane with the rifle. There is an issue of the Colt's .45cal. to the members of the Batteries, to the Signal Corps and to the troops, but no provision was then made for any practice, and the ammunition if any is burned must be provided by the men shooting, of course they do no shooting of any consequence. In the recent frontier service, the rifle, not the revolver, was the weapon which was called out for service, took along a revolver and found much comfort in the carrying of it; fortunately there was no exhibition of competency or otherwise in the handling of it.

Pennsylvania during the late emergency there had many revolvers in the hands of the officers who visited Homestead, yet it is not an official arm issued by the State, and no preparations are made for practice with it.

Little Rhode Island has Elisha Dyer as an Adjutant-General, and since 1881 has supplied the non-coms. and privates of the Signal Corps and of the First Machine Gun Battery with Colt's .45cal. revolver. The yearly supply of ammunition is 20 rounds per man, and as for practice, prizes and records there is none of them.

South Dakota issues revolvers to field officers of all arms of the service, and issued 200 rounds per man per year. The model chosen is the Colt Army .45cal. model of 1882.

In Tennessee commissioned and non-commissioned officers in all arms of the service have been permitted to carry revolvers since 1887. The U. S. A. model Colt .45 is the official arm. Ammunition is issued as required, and there is no provision for anything like proficiency practice, as Gen. Neller Anderson, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, has never issued any orders on the subject of revolvers.

T. S. Peck, Adjutant-General of Vermont, says: "The officers of the National Guard of this State have never carried revolvers, neither have the men to my knowledge, but I am confident that each officer should carry such a weapon with his side arms."

Gen. P. G. O'Brien, of Washington, reports that "Revolvers are not issued by the State to commissioned officers, and only to non-commissioned officers and privates in the cavalry arm of the service." The Smith & Wesson No. 10, .45cal., is the arm selected. Field line and staff may carry revolvers and no provision is made for practice at ranges suitable for the revolver.

Wisconsin has made use of the revolver, and Asst. Adj.-Gen. W. B. McPherson reports that the Light Battery and the company of cavalry are armed with the Army model Colt's .45cal. No regular issue of ammunition is made and there is no provision for practice or prizes to reward it.

Adj.-Gen. Frank A. Stitzer, of Wyoming, says, in explanation of the fact that the revolver has not been designated as an official arm, that, "The National Guard in this State is yet in its infancy; we have only eight infantry companies mustered into the service, some of them not yet a year old."

OUR CIVILIAN AND REGULAR ARMY.

The Civilian Army of the United States is a growing institution. Trouble of an international sort may bring a great army together again in the twinkling of an eye, or should Congress follow the Constitutional direction to provide for such a force, there might be a doubling in a day of the number of our troops. The army of the future in uniform and the possibility of an army the like of which the world has not yet seen. The official figures made up from the last returns

available at the office of the Adjutant-General of the U. S. Army make the following table:

States and Territories.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total Enlisted.	Total Commissioned.	Men available for Military Duty (unorganized).
Alabama.....	2,429	236	186	2,671	383	160,000
Arizona.....	2,286	2,286	21	14,880
Arkansas.....	2,118	2,118	292	125,000
California.....	3,323	59	870	3,954	396	139,352
Colorado.....	708	708	72	85,000
Connecticut.....	2,546	68	2,614	343	90,834
Delaware.....	128	118	246	54	38,000
Dist. of Columbia.....	251	43	35	329	146	42,000
Florida.....	528	528	908	47,705
Georgia.....	2,887	125	135	3,147	384	244,021
Idaho.....	282	282	35	10,000
Illinois.....	3,567	47	108	3,722	323	542,021
Indiana.....	1,965	23	178	2,166	178	451,075
Iowa.....	2,461	2,461	210	238,968
Kansas.....	1,656	51	1,707	152	225,000
Kentucky.....	1,109	1,109	72	285,000
Louisiana.....	1,173	192	230	1,595	101	128,430
Maine.....	1,007	1,007	85	97,503
Maryland.....	1,854	1,854	182	125,000
Massachusetts.....	4,087	217	311	4,615	375	339,691
Michigan.....	2,324	2,324	110	314,088
Minnesota.....	1,627	128	1,755	152	152,000
Mississippi.....	1,130	175	175	1,480	55	140,000
Missouri.....	1,887	1,887	154	350,000
Montana.....	485	57	57	611	58	31,050
Nebraska.....	1,143	54	60	1,257	87	113,500
Nevada.....	440	74	514	51	11,778
New Hampshire.....	879	53	68	1,000	105	34,000
New Jersey.....	3,989	3,989	396	284,800
New Mexico.....	382	382	73	50,000
New York.....	12,491	98	369	12,958	718	650,000
North Carolina.....	1,282	35	1,317	161	225,000
North Dakota.....	455	455	38	36,178
Ohio.....	4,176	60	500	4,736	374	600,000
Oregon.....	1,441	75	48	1,564	137	48,224
Pennsylvania.....	7,365	163	219	7,747	588	692,194
Rhode Island.....	1,029	93	63	1,185	142	47,000
South Carolina.....	2,917	1,260	518	4,695	369	116,000
South Dakota.....	430	430	43	60,000
Tennessee.....	1,255	38	252	1,545	146	263,000
Texas.....	2,207	115	123	2,445	213	300,000
Vermont.....	709	709	75	44,161
Virginia.....	2,103	383	200	2,686	222	229,000
Washington.....	229	111	340	55	50,000
West Virginia.....	756	756	62	90,000
Wisconsin.....	2,847	53	63	2,963	196	286,280
Wyoming.....	227	227	16	12,200
Total.....	92,203	4,554	5,224	101,981	9,311	9,700,156

U. S. ARMY.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total.
Cavalry.....	432	6,650	6,482
Artillery.....	282	3,075	3,357
Infantry.....	87	12,125	13,002
Engineers and Ordnance.....	579	3,870	3,949
Total.....	1,370	25,220	27,390

Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Dec. 24—200yds., off-hand, standard									
American target:									
R. Rudd.....	3	3	9	10	4	6	10	7 8 6—66
J. Smith.....	6	7	7	7	6	4	6	6 8—63
R. McNeil, Jr.....	7	7	9	6	4	8	6	3 7 4—61
Dr. F. A. Bachman.....	4	8	7	4	5	3	5	7 8—56
Dec. 26.									
J. Smith.....	7	5	7	4	8	5	7	8 7—66
.....	9	8	8	8	8	10	9	8 82—148
Dr. F. A. Bachman.....	4	5	4	7	10	5	8	9 7—66
.....	4	3	5	7	6	10	6	10 8—60—135
R. McNeil, Jr.....	4	8	4	7	6	10	8	6 4 8—65
.....	5	8	4	5	8	8	8	6 7—67—132
H. Sherman.....	7	3	4	7	6	3	5	8 5—52
.....	8	6	10	5	10	9	6	3 7—60—121
H. Townsend.....	5	4	9	3	5	6	4	8 3 7—51
.....	10	4	3	6	4	5	6	6 7—55—100
Dec 31—200yds., off-hand, standard American target:									
J. Smith.....	8	8	7	7	6	9	9	10 8 10—82
.....	8	5	5	8	8	6	8	8 10 74—156
Dr F. A. Bachman.....	8	9	5	9	6	7	10	7 7—77
R. Rudd.....	10	8	5	6	7	9	9	4 6 5—69
H. Sherman.....	6	8	5	7	7	8	5	6 6—60
.....	8	7	5	8	9	9	3	7 5—68—128
R. McNeil, Jr., Secretary.									

New York Revolver Shooting.

The New York Revolver and Pistol Club has determined to try an experiment in the encouragement of revolver shooting in and about New York. The announcement below will give the details of the match which the club has arranged to fix the championship of this city for the current year. It is an open to all match and ought to gather every man who loves to shoot the handy little revolver. There should be a liberal representation from the arm carriers of the police force, while the light batteries and the troop of our local militia, now armed with revolvers, might with lighter charges give a close call for leadership. The club announcement says:

Gallery revolver and pistol prize shoot of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, Henry Oehl, president, to be held at its headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks place, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26, 27 and 28, 1892, commencing at 9 P. M. each day, closing at 10 P. M. on Saturday. Open to all comers. Score tickets, five shots 50 cents, best two tickets to count. Re-entries unlimited. Only one prize obtainable by any one competitor.

Prizes—First prize, a gold medal, emblematic of the championship of New York City for 1892. Second prize, \$10. Third prize, \$7; fourth, \$5; fifth, \$4; sixth, \$3; and \$2 for the best five tickets.

New York Revolver and Pistol Club rules in govern. Any arm with length of barrel not exceeding ten inches; sights open; any pull except hair trigger; any weight; standard American target; distance, twenty yards. Committee: B. Walther, G. E. Janzter, C. B. Bishop. First-class arms and ammunition will be furnished at the gallery by the Zettler Bros. during the shoot.

The Gallery Record.

New York, Jan. 3.—The following took place Friday evening, Dec. 24th, 1892, at Zettler Bros., 219 Bowery, and is now the highest gallery record for 50 shots, 25 ring American target, 250 possible. M. Dorrier and B. Walther were the contestants. Walther's score, 126; M. Dorrier, 218. 217, 247, 248, 250—125. Mr. Dorrier also won trophy for 1892 championship at 12 St. Mark's Place, Jan. 1st, with a total of 2412, average of 241 1/5. THE EAGLE.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Jan. 12.—Open sweepstake at 50 live birds, \$50 entry, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries, with \$10 forfeit, will be received up to Jan. 10, by C. H. Townsend, 318 Broadway, New York.

Jan. 17-18.—Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club tournament, live birds and targets.

March 10.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.



MR. TOWNSEND'S NOTION OF A HEAD FOR THE OUTSIDE COVER.

Last Sunday's Newark Call publishes the following sweeping challenge from Frank P. Class, of Morristown, N. J.: "I see by the FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Smith, the father of Harry E. Smith of Newark, says he will back his son, Harry E. Smith, against me for \$250 in a trap shooting match at 100 live birds, Hurlingham rules to govern. Now, if Mr. Smith will back his son I will shoot him one, two or three times for \$250 a race, and if he will shoot three times I will give him the choice of grounds for the first. I will name the place for the second and for the third race will toss for choice of grounds. I will post a forfeit of \$75 with the Sunday Call for the three matches, but if this is not satisfactory I will shoot one match with him for \$250 a side, grounds to be chosen by winner of the toss. Yours truly, FRANK CLASS." Mr. Class is mistaken in asserting that FOREST AND STREAM says Mr. Smith, Sr., "will back his son" against him (Class) for \$250. We stated in our issue of December 22nd that "we were informed that Mr. Smith's father had expressed his willingness to make a match for 'his boy' on the above conditions," but made no positive assertion of such an offer on the part of Mr. Smith, Sr. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. Class will get a match with the young expert.

The New Jersey Shooting Club held a shoot at Claremont on Jan. 2, and five live bird events were run off. The birds were a good lot and had the aid of a brisk breeze from the west. The first match was the second shoot of the monthly series for the club's championship diamond medal. W. J. Simpson captured first honors with a clean score of 20 birds killed. F. C. Moore, who won the honors of the initial contest, took second prize with 19 killed. The other scores were: H. E. Smith 18, A. Walter 18, C. A. Pope 16, E. Childs 13, G. Smith 13. Each of the other competitors had three prizes. The scores: Second—10 birds each. Moore 10, Grouse 9, Simpson 9, Smith 9, Wilson 8. Third—25 pigeons each. Moore 24, Simpson 22, Smith 21, Fourth—10 birds each. Simpson 10, Moore 10, Smith 9. Fifth—10 pigeons each. Smith 10, Simpson 10, Pope 9, Walter 9, Moore 9, Grouse 8, Wilson 7, Childs 5.

The Reading Shooting Association has moved from the Black Bear Inn to Harry Matz's Three-Mile House at Shillington. The club has erected a commodious and well-equipped club house and shooting box on the grounds inside of the driving track, and has splendid facilities for either live bird or target shooting. The foreground is perfectly clear. The club at its recent meeting decided to hold a tournament on February 14th, 15th and 16th, the first two days at targets and the last day at live birds. This will be the second annual spring tournament of the club, and certain it is that all who enjoyed the open handed hospitality of Harry Matz and the Reading boys at their 1892 shoot will be sure to be on hand at the coming affair. The grounds are reached by the Southwestern electric cars from Ninth and Franklin or Third and Penn streets, Reading, the cars running every twenty minutes.

Last week announced in this column, and also in our list of fixtures, that on January 13th an open sweepstake at 100 live birds, \$100 entry, would take place on Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark. By request of several well-known shooters, the conditions have been changed and the contest will be at 50 live birds, \$50 entry. The division of money will be as follows: Three entries or less, one money; four to six entries, two moneys; seven to nine entries, three moneys; ten to fourteen entries, four moneys; fifteen or more entries, five moneys. Entries, which must be accompanied by \$5 forfeit, must be received up to Monday, Jan. 10, by C. H. Townsend, trap editor, FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York. It is hoped that the above change will induce a large number of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey shooters to enter.

Red Bank, N. J., Jan. 2.—The Riverside Gun Club had a shoot to-day, and several interesting events took place. A week or so ago James Cooper, Jr., and E. M. Throckmorton arranged two matches to be shot to-day, the first at 100 targets and the other at twenty-five live birds. The first match resulted in a win for Mr. Throckmorton, getting 67 to Mr. Cooper's 64. The second match was a live bird trap, rapid-fire system. The next match was at live birds, and it resulted in a tie, both killing 18. The tie is to be shot off some other day. H. C. White, E. M. Cooper and John Cooper then went in a 16-bird sweep. White and John Cooper each killed 9 and E. M. Cooper 7. The wind-up was a 5-bird sweep with the same with three entries. E. M. Cooper killed 3 and White and John Cooper 2 each.

The New Jersey Shooting Club held a live bird shoot at Claremont on Christmas, there being a fair attendance. The weather was extremely cold, with a bad wind and light. There were four events, and the records were as appended: No. 1, fifteen birds; F. G. Moore 12, N. J. Simpson 9, E. E. Blomere 7, E. S. Bond 7, R. Sunderman 3, A. P. Compton 3. No. 2, ten birds; H. E. Smith 9, Moore 8, Simpson 8, C. H. Vincent 7, C. A. Pope 7, Compton 7, A. Quail 7, Boulton 7, Sunderman 4. No. 3, fifteen birds; Moore 13, Smith 13, Compton 12, Simpson 12, Quail 12, Pope 11, Boulton 10, Vincent 9, Sunderman 7. No. 4, ten birds; Compton 9, Moore 8, Vincent 8, Pope 8, Quail 8, Smith 8, Simpson 8, Boulton 7, Sunderman 5.

Sportsmen in general and trap shooters in particular will no doubt be surprised to hear that George A. Mosher, the genial blonde who for nine years has been associated with the manufacturers of the L. C. Smith Gun, has made a change of base. On January 1st Mr. Mosher severed his connection with the Hunter Arms Company of Syracuse, N. Y., and is now a resident of New York City. Mr. Mosher is a rattling good shot and immensely popular among sportsmen, and there is no doubt he will prove a valuable acquisition to the Lefever forces. He will be seen at a number of tournaments this season, and is already well versed in the lore of the new Lefever ejector gun.

The opening tournament of 1893 will be that of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club, to take place on January 17, 18 and 19. This club always draws a big crowd of American as well as Canadian experts and amateurs, and there is reason to believe that the coming affair will be as well attended as any of the past. Last season the list of entries was so large in one of the live bird events that it necessitated a tie on two days to complete it. The star event is at 21 live birds, \$21 entry, entries for which will close on Monday, January 16. There are several other live bird events and a well arranged list of target events.

The first of a series of matches for a silver water pitcher and cup took place on the grounds of the Central Gun Club at Branchport, N. J., on December 30. The conditions were ten live birds per man, and there were nineteen entries. The birds were a splendid lot of flyers. The scores were: Elisha Price 10, Wm. Price 10, Thomas Price 10, E. W. Roid 10, Wm. Joline 9, Frank Fleyer 9, W. Barber 9, L. R. Williams 8, F. S. Ferd. Van Dyke 8, E. Francis 8, E. Taber 8, W. N. Mount 7, Ed. Price 6, Ed. Cooper 5, Harry Davis 5, J. Sexton 4, J. Terhune 4, N. Erickson 4.

South Orange, N. J., Jan. 1.—The Maplewood Gun Club held its annual supper and election of officers at the South Orange Hotel last night. These officers were elected: President, J. Warren Smith; Treasurer, T. B. Smith; Secretary, Walter G. Laidlaw; Governing Committee, Samuel D. Till

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief," but shimplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

That Handicapping and Pots.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Dec 8 issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* "Fair Play" gives his idea of how to divide the purse at tournaments, and to keep the "wolves" from getting all of the "pot." In this article he gives an example, which, so far as it goes, is all very well. The purse is \$10, ten targets, 10 shooters, two cents each for birds. One hundred birds at two cents would be \$2, leaving \$8 to be divided. He gives the shooters fifteen cents for each target broken, and adding the amount of their winnings is \$8.25, then there was only \$8 in the pot, consequently the parties giving tournament are out twenty-five cents. The example of scores he gives is remarkable, and I do not agree with him that his "example" holds good for any number of targets or shooters. Let me give him a score not altogether uncommon. At the tournament held in this place by the Riverview Gun Club on Oct. 21 (scores published in *FOREST AND STREAM* Nov. 3), in event No. 2, twenty shooters entered, ten birds, \$1.30 entrance, three cents each for targets deducted, which made purse \$20.

6 shooters scored	10 each—60 broken, at 15 cents each.....	\$9.00
3 shooters scored	9 each—27 broken, at 15 cents each.....	4.05
6 shooters scored	8 each—48 broken, at 15 cents each.....	7.30
3 shooters scored	7 each—21 broken, at 15 cents each.....	3.15
2 shooters scored	6 each—12 broken, at 15 cents each.....	1.80

This is "Fair Play's" system, and bear in mind there is only \$30 in the pot. Where does the \$5.30 come from? Low scores are not made these days, and at most shoots from 65 to 85 per cent of the targets thrown are broken, however if enough poor shooters entered to bring down the per cent. of broken targets to 50 or 60, this system would be good, but under the present system of chokeboring and skilful holding high scores predominate, considering and knowing this, I do not think gun clubs would risk running a shoot on "Fair Play's" principle. "Crutty's" plan is the same, but gives the shooters 20 cents for each target broken. If 20 cents had been paid in the contest above \$33.60 would be due the shooters, with only \$20 to pay with. Either their plan is wrong or I do not understand the system. I do not wish to be critical or antagonistic. No one can be more interested in getting the best handicap and will stop "dropping" than I. If one has to divide.

There is much to be said on both sides. To deal fairly with all ought not to be a hard problem, but it looks very much as if it were. The Paul North system of handicapping seems to be the best so far. The amateur has a better chance. No one who cannot make a clean score occasionally ought to shoot for money or anything else, and he ought not to feel hard if he does and get left, for he has taken his chances. Trap shooting is nothing more than a game. If one has the required skill (and luck with him occasionally) he stands a "show" of getting out even.

Unskilled and inexperienced persons cannot expect to win money in a shoot or in any game. It has been tried every day since the world began, but it won't work. If you want to shoot and there is no chance of winning (and if you do get in third hole you won't get but little, not enough to pay your entrance, as there are too many to divide with), my advice is, shoot for price of birds only—and you will be money in your pocket.

Dropping for places is the greatest evil and wrong in my eyes. Let some lucky shooter devise a plan to stop and overcome it, and his name will be legion.

R. M. H.

Live Birds at Reaville.

WM. BELLIS, of Ringoes, and A. L. Case, of Three Bridges, met at Reaville, N. J., on Dec. 28 in a couple of matches at live birds, under modified Furlingham rules. The day was cold and windy and the birds flew hard. Each match was at 10 live birds for \$15 a side, and the shooting was from "H. and T." traps. The scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Bellis.....	100212100-6	000111000-4	
Case.....	002121123-5	110010100-6	
Then followed a match a live bird each, for \$5 a side, between J. H. Sipler and A. S. Case:			
Sipler.....	112101-5	Case.....	100212-4
The wind up was in the form of two miss-and-out events, \$2 entry, one money:			
Van Master.....	12 1211 Hill.....	0 0	
Case.....	10 1120 Bellis.....	0 0	
Sipler.....	10 10		

Live Birds at Erb's.

RAW, damp atmosphere, the mercury showing about 28° above zero, a cold northeast wind and a white mantle of snow on the ground, while the air is filled with a thick gray haze, are not combinations the most favorable for trap shooting. The contrast between the dull gray light and the white snow is extremely trying to the eyes. The above conditions were that obtained on Dec. 29, when a goodly number of enthusiastic live bird shooters traveled up Bloomfield avenue, Newark, as far as Erb's famous "Old Stone House" grounds to take part in an all day tournament. The start was announced for 10 A. M., but it was close to 11 when any shooters appeared, and near noon before the first shot was fired. John Erb had everything in tip-top order for the sport, and there were plenty of good old birds at hand.

Among the earlier arrivals were Allen Willey, editor of the Hartford (Conn.) *Globe*, who brought along a new and untried gun, Samuel Castle, the hardy local veteran, who at over three score years of age can keep the same hot pace as that he showed twenty or more years ago; Ferd. Van Dyke, Von Lengerke & Detmold's most expert shooting representative, who brought along a combination of Franconite gun, Schulze powder and a \$10 greenback, with the remark that when the talent had secured the greenback he would stop shooting; Harry E. Smith, with a Greene gun and the famous leader of the Des-chre-shes-kazoo band, Milton F. Lindsley, celebrated also for his American wood powder. During the day there were somewhere about a hundred spectators on the ground, several prominent sportsmen being included.

It was a few minutes before 12 o'clock when the first event was called, this being an extra sweep at 5 live birds, \$2 entry, two moneys. Then came another extra event at 5 live birds, \$10 entry, with three moneys, and a third one under the same conditions as the second. The scores follow in detail:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Smith.....	20011-3	212121021-9
Willey.....	01100-2	3002120121-7
Castle.....	12111-5	111121210-10
Erb.....	10110-2	210121210-10
Van Dyke.....	20132-4	112121212-10
Hollis.....	11114-4	2120211201-8

By this time the attendance had increased and the regular programme was started, event No. 4 being at 6 birds, \$5 entry, four moneys; Nos. 5 and 6 at 10 birds each, \$10 entry, four moneys, the results:

No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Breitnall.....	1201121-5	1212121212-10
Castle.....	012121-5	011010101-7
Smith.....	010221-4	0121212121-10
Van Dyke.....	212121-6	112001111-7
Willey.....	112222-6	0121212121-10
Hollis.....	210112-5	1012121210-8
Erb.....	220212-5	112121211-10
Liddy.....	010120-3	2201210211-8
Hedden.....	101021-4	1122212120-9
Cannon.....	220002-3	010021210-6
Dutchy.....	2001211122-8	2221210211-9
Cramer.....	11110111-9	2221212120-9
Lindsley.....	22122220-9	2221212120-9

It was interesting to note that the 5 birds, \$15 entry, and that this should be followed by another event at 6 birds, \$5 entry. The falling light, however, caused the cutting of No. 6 to 10 birds per man, and when this was finished it was too dark for further sport, so the shooters reluctantly quit the score.

The shooters pronounced the shoot one of the most enjoyable they had ever attended, there not being a jot of their pleasure. Several expressed a wish for a repetition, and their wishes will probably be complied with.

It was noticeable that Ferd. Van Dyke's face took on a disappointed expression at his inability to lose the \$10 greenback mentioned early in this article. He shot in all the events, six in number, and got 44 out of 51 birds, securing a place in every event and pulling out a little ahead.

W. S. Canon was bothered on his start-in with a very light trigger pull on his right, a severe handicap for a man who has only one hand. Later he shot with Captain Cramer's gun and did much better work.

Milt. Lindsley was awfully anxious to grass his last bird in the final sweep and hit it hard with both loads. It carried the weight to the boundary, however, and fell dead as a mackerel less than a foot outside.

The combination of wood powder and *FOREST AND STREAM* won five out of nine games from the "Old Stone House" and Hartford *Globe* team, and they played on a table with a clear light.

The shooting was rather ragged on the start, but after a couple of "warmers" everybody braced up and did fair work.

Probably a couple of dozen birds had to be flushed, but on the whole they were a rattling good lot. Some were awfully fast and called for pretty work.

"Jimmy" gave satisfaction, both as referee and trap-puller. Erb's corps of assistants would be hard to equal on any ground in any country.

The usual army of "bushwhackers" formed a cordon around the grounds and jeopardized the lives of the shooters as well as travelers on Bloomfield avenue by their reckless firing.

Another all-day shoot will be held on these grounds during the latter part of January.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Cold Shooting at Pearl River.

The Excelsior Gun Club of Pearl River, N. Y., had some lively shooting on December 29 in a raw wind and a bad light. The attendance was good, there being several members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, on hand. These included Messrs. Post, Eddie Collins, J. F. Collins, P. A. Jeannet, Lenore, Lane, Apgar, Seely, James, Greiff and Hobart. The shooting was brisk, and it was not until dark that the enthusiasts could be prevailed upon to pack up their guns. The most interesting contest of the day was a team match between eight men from the Boiling Springs and Excelsior clubs, each man shooting at 25 single bluecock targets. The scores follow:

Boiling Springs.	Excelsior.
Apgar.....	11111111111111111111-24
Collins.....	11001111111111111111-15
Paul.....	01100011111111111111-11
Lenore.....	00111111111111111111-10
Greiff.....	00111111111111111111-16
Lane.....	11011111111111111111-20
Seely.....	11101111111111111111-18
James.....	11001111111111111111-18

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Post.....	1011000011-3	001111111-7	110011111-7
Apgar.....	101101111-8	011011101-7	111111101-9
Collins.....	001110010-4	111011101-6	111111110-8
Greiff.....	000100012-7	000100111-5	011001110-6
Lenore.....	000100012-7	000100111-5	011001110-6
Laue.....	011110101-7	111011101-7	011011101-6
Paul.....	000000102-3	011011101-7	011000010-4
Seely.....	010001010-3	000011111-6	111011101-8
Demarest.....	100100101-4	001101000-4	001011101-5

No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Apgar.....	111111111-9	111111111-9	011111101-7
Lenore.....	101100101-4	001101000-4	011111101-7
Collins.....	011111110-8	111111101-7	011111101-7
Greiff.....	011010011-6	011111110-8	001100101-4
Seely.....	000110100-4	011110101-6	011111101-9
Post.....	110111111-8	011111111-8	011011101-4
Paul.....	011111111-9	001100101-5	001111111-7
Demarest.....	001100101-5	110111101-7	011111110-7
Laue.....	011111110-6	110111110-6	011111111-3
Lane.....	011101100-6	001111110-6	011001101-4
Van Riper.....	000110111-6	111001111-6	111111101-9
McGinty.....	111111111-9	011111111-9	111111111-9
J. T. Collins.....	001111111-7	001111111-7	001111111-7

No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
James.....	000010001-2	111111111-9	011110001-7
Apgar.....	111111111-10	J. H. Blauvelt.....	111111110-8
Paul.....	110101111-9	J. Collins.....	010111101-6
McGinty.....	010111111-8	Van Riper.....	011111101-8
Post.....	111011111-9	C. Collins.....	111100100-5
Greiff.....	010111101-7		

Christmas Targets at Maplewood.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 27.—The Maplewood Gun Club held an open shoot here yesterday afternoon, the attendance being good despite the extremely cold weather and tricky wind. Among the shooters were R. H. Breintnall and C. M. Hedden, of Newark; R. Walters, of Woodside, and J. W. Smith, of Orange. All the events were at 10 singles, \$1 entrance. The results are appended:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Hedden.....	111111111-10	101110111-8	111111101-8
J. W. Smith.....	111111111-10	101110111-8	111111101-8
Walters.....	101111110-8	101110111-8	011011111-8
Harrington.....	100100101-5	111100101-6	100111101-6
Yeomans.....	111111111-9	111111111-10	111111111-10
V. Laidlaw.....	101101101-7	110111111-9	110110111-7
Drake.....	101111111-9	110111111-9	110110111-7
Eager.....	110101010-5	110110111-7	110110111-7

No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Hedden.....	111111101-8	110110111-9	111110111-8
Van Iderstine.....	000100101-4	111111111-9	101001100-4
J. W. Smith.....	111111111-9	111111111-10	111011111-9
Walters.....	101011110-7	111110111-8	111110111-7
Herrington.....	010110101-6	101010100-4	111011011-7
Yeomans.....	101111110-8	111111110-9	111110111-7
Drake.....	101111111-9	111111111-10	000110010-4
Gilder.....	110101010-5	111111111-10	111110111-7
Eager.....	110101011-7	111111111-7	111110111-7
Signs.....	110111111-7	111111111-7	111110111-7
Breitnall.....	110111111-7	111111111-7	111110111-7

No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Breitnall.....	111111111-10	101111111-8	000011111-5
Smith.....	101111111-9	101101010-8	111110111-7
Hedden.....	111011111-9	010110111-7	110000101-5
Drake.....	111111111-9	010110001-6	000111111-7
Yeomans.....	111111111-9	011110000-4	111110111-7
Walters.....	111111101-9	000101010-4	111110111-7
Eager.....	110101100-6	011110011-7	000010000-2
Signs.....	101111111-7	011111111-7	101110101-6
Jackson.....	101111111-7	000110011-3	001100001-3
Herrington.....	101111111-7	001100011-3	001100011-3
Laidlaw.....	101111111-7	001100011-3	001100011-3
Cider.....	101111111-7	001100011-3	001100011-3

No. 13.	No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.
Hedden.....	111111111-9	101110101-6	111110101-6
Breitnall.....	101111101-8	111110101-7	111110101-7
Walters.....	111011111-8	111110101-7	111110101-7
Gilder.....	101111111-8	111110101-7	111110101-7
Smith.....	101110101-6	111110101-7	111110101-7
Van Iderstine.....	110110101-6	111110101-7	111110101-7
Jackson.....	110110101-6	111110101-7	111110101-7
Laidlaw.....	110110101-6	111110101-7	111110101-7
Drake.....	111111111-10	111110101-7	111110101-7

The Flemington Gun Club.

THE members of the Flemington (N. J.) Gun Club held a shoot at live birds and artificial targets on Dec. 26, with the wind blowing almost a gale and the mercury only 12° above zero.

The first event was at 5 live birds, \$2 entrance; No. 2 at 4 live birds, \$2 entrance:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Larue.....	01010-2	C. Hensler.....	11111-5
Sevett.....	00110-2	Moore.....	11101-4
Chamberlain.....	00000-2	Dutch.....	10011-3
J. Hensler.....	1000-1	Hartpence.....	10011-3
Clubster.....	1000-1	Lott.....	00011-3

Club shoot at 25 bluecock targets, 3 traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Lott.....	11111111111111111111-22		
Reading.....	10111111111111111111-19		
J. Chamberlain.....	10001111111111111111-14		
Emmons.....	11111111111111111111-14		
A. Hulsizer.....	101101010000110101110-13		
Moore.....	100000101010101010101-9		
P. Leizer.....	001010000001101010000-6		
Hyde.....	00101010111111111110-9		

Sweep at 10 singles: Chamberlain 6, Hulsizer 6, Lott 8, Reading 6, W. Closson 0, Moore 0, Emmons 6, Surphen 5, E. Closson 7.

The Fulford-Elliott Series.

THE series of five matches between Elliott and Fulford are over at last, and much to the surprise of Elliott and doubtless of all Kansas City, Fulford won four out of the five matches, killing 13 birds more than did his opponent. And it must be rather galling to Elliott's pride to win only one match after being so confident of his ability to win at least three of the series. The matches, however, were tests of nerve as well as skill, and while Elliott undoubtedly possesses the latter there are many who insist that he lacks nerve when under pressure. His work in his series with Brewer, shot at Marion, certainly looked as though he lacked staying powers when closely pushed. He stated some time ago that if successful in winning a majority of the matches with Fulford he would be willing to return over the same ground and shoot against John L. Brewer in a similar series of matches. His losing his series with Fulford of course puts a stop to any arrangements for a series with Brewer, and it is as well for Elliott that it is so, as John L. Brewer, in form and shooting to win, is at least 3 birds better on 100 than is J. A. R. Elliott.

Ever since the Fulford-Elliott series of shoots were arranged there have been cries of "hippodrome," "gate money fakes," etc., from all over the country, founded solely upon the facts that the matches were to be shot in five different cities, gate money was to be charged in each place and the receipts and expenses were to be divided equally between the two principals. We confess that we do not look favorably upon the custom of shooting for gate money, but nevertheless the mere fact of charging an admission to see a match does not prove that the match is "fixed." Before the series was started we received an offer from a reputable gentleman who knew whereof he spoke, that the matches were to be fair and above board. And it is rather difficult to see where a "deal" could be worked in a series of matches wherein one man wins four out of five shoots.

Another thing that has been published broadcast is the statement that the series were "championship" matches. One paper would state "for the championship of the world," another "the American championship" and still another "the American Field championship." Every trap shooter in America knows that the *American Field* championship cup is the personal property of J. A. R. Elliott and cannot be again contested for. It is also known that the "championship of the world" if there is any such title (which is doubtful), is claimed by J. L. Brewer and also by Dr. Carver, and that in order to shoot for any such title it would first have to be won from one or both of them. As neither Fulford nor Elliott ever shot against either Brewer or Carver for the above title they could not contest against one another for the title. So far as the "championship of America" is concerned no such title exists. While Fulford and Elliott agreed to shoot for \$200 a side each match, with an additional \$300 to the man winning three out of the five matches, the space writers who have up added copy for the lay press have added all sorts of conditions.

The series of matches just ended should prove to the public that E. D. Fulford is able to hold his own, when in form, against a first-class man, despite his showing against Budd in Chicago. His average for the five matches shot with Elliott is 91½, against Elliott's 80. The scores in order as shot were:

Fulford.....	85 95 90 96 90—458	Elliott.....	85 93 93 88 85—445
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OBSERVER.

Sweepstake Shoot at Dexter Park.

he would as soon Washington Park should be chosen as not. It was explained that he would, doubtless, have the handling of the birds in any case.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
W. F. Sykes.	11212-5	01201-3	01112-4	01212-4
F. Adams.	11011-3	01100-2
W. C. Jones.	11011-3	20102-3	21111-5	11101-4	12111-5
C. C. Bennett.	21120-3	22010-3	21111-5
G. W. Cropsey.	11011-4	21212-5	11201-4	11011-4	11211-5
J. Lott.	01021-3	12011-4	02011-3	01101-3	12111-5
C. Bennett.	00112-3	22112-5	10200-2	00020-1
F. Ziegler.	01021-3	10101-3	00112-3	01022-3	00010-1
G. C. Street.	02011-3	02230-3	11111-5
.....	0102-3
D. Johnson.	10001-2	10220-3	11111-5	12101-3
G. Nostrand.	21212-5	11111-5	21110-4
C. E. Morris.	02102-3	11022-3
D. Lohman, Jr.	10022-3	00211-3	00002-1	00001-1
W. Schumacher.	11212-5	01011-3
H. Blattmacher.	11020-3
H. J. Ferrelles, Jr.	12110-4
S. Broock, Jr.	02011-3
D. Van Zile.	01102-3	22111-3

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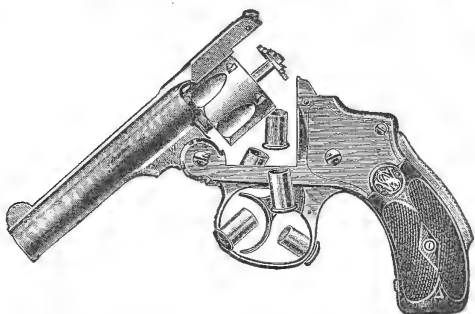
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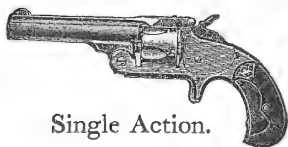
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that Afognak (or Litnik) River, is admirably adapted to salmon hatching, being near a safe harbor in a region where skilled labor is cheap, abounding with fairly good timber, and visited by salmon and trout in large numbers. Moreover, the river is not subject to great changes of level and will furnish ample supply of water by gravity.

The President, at the suggestion of the Interior Department and the Fish Commission, has by a stroke of his pen effected an object, the importance of which cannot easily be over-estimated.

FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE woods in the older parts of our country possess scarcely a trait of the primeval forest. The oldest trees have a comparatively youthful appearance, and are pigmies in girth beside the decaying stumps of their giant ancestors. They are not so shagged with moss nor so scaled with lichens. The forest floor has lost its ancient carpet of ankle-deep moss and the intricate maze of fallen trees in every stage of decay, and looks clean-swept and bare. The tangle of undergrowth is gone, many of the species which composed it having quite disappeared, as have many of the animals that flourished in the perennial shade of the old woods.

If in their season one sees and hears more birds among their lower interlaced branches, he is not likely to catch sight or sound of many of the denizens of the old wilderness. No startled deer bounds away before him nor bear shuffles awkwardly from his feast of mast at one's approach, nor does one's flesh creep at the howl of the gathering wolves or the panther's scream or the rustle of his stealthy footsteps.

But as you saunter on your devious way you may hear a rustle of quick feet in the dry leaves before you, and a sharp, insistent cry, a succession of short, high-pitched clucks running into and again out of a querulous "ker-r-r-r," all expressing warning as much as alarm. Your ears guide your eyes to the exact point from which the sounds apparently come, but if they are not keen and well trained, they fail to detach any animate form from the inanimate dun and gray of dead leaves and underbrush.

With startling suddenness out of the monotony of lifeless color in an eddying flurry of dead leaves, fanned to erratic flight by his wing-beats, the ruffed grouse bursts into view in full flight with the first strokes of his thundering pinions, and you have a brief vision of untamed nature as it was in the old days. On either side of the vanishing brown nebula the ancient mossed and lichened trunks rear themselves again, above it their lofty ramage veils the sky, beneath it lie the deep, noiseless cushion of moss, shrubs and plants that the old wood-rangers knew and the moose browsed on and the tangled trunks of fallen trees. You almost fancy that you hear the long-ago silenced voices of the woods, so vividly does this wild spirit for an instant conjure up before you a vision of the old wild world whereof he is a survival.

Acquaintance with civilized man has not tamed him, but made him the wilder. He deigns to feed upon your apple tree buds and buckwheat and woodside clover, not as a gift, but a begrudged compensation for what you have taken from him, and gives you therefor not even the thanks of familiarity, and notwithstanding his acquaintance with generations of your race he will not suffer you to come so near to him as he would your grandfather.

If, when the leaves are falling, you find him in your barnyard, garden or out-house, or on your porch, do not think he has any intention of associating with you or your plebeian poultry. You can only wonder where he found refuge from the painted shower when all his world was wooded.

If he invites your attendance at his drum solo it is only to fool you with the sight of an empty stage, for you must be as stealthy and keen-eyed as a lynx if you see his proud display of distended ruff and wide spread of barred tail and accelerated beat of wings that mimic thunder, or see even the leafy curtain of his stage flutter in the wind of his swift exit.

How the definite recognition of his motionless form evades you, so perfectly are his colors merged into those of his environment, whether it be in the flush greenness of summer, the painted hues of autumn or its later faded dun and gray, or in the whiteness of winter. Among one or the other he is but a clot of dead leaves, a knot upon a

branch, the gray stump of a sapling protruding from the snow, or covered deep in the unmarked whiteness, he bursts from it like a mine exploded at your feet, leaving you agape till he has vanished from your sight and your ears have caught the last flick of his wings against the dry branches.

In May, his mate sits on her nest, indistinguishable among the brown leaves and gray branches about herself. Later when you surprise her with her brood, how conspicuous she makes herself, fluttering and staggering along the ground, while her callow chicks, old in cunning though so lately their eyes first beheld the world, scattering in every direction like a shattered globule of quicksilver and magically disappearing where there is no apparent hiding-place.

Did they con the first lesson of safety in the dark chamber of the egg, or absorb it with the warmth of the brooding breast that gave them life?

Listen, and out of the silence which follows the noisy dispersion of the family you will hear the low sibilant voice of the mother calling her children to her or cautioning them to continued hiding, and perhaps you may see her alertly skulking among the underbrush still uttering that tender, persuasive cry, so faint that the chirp of a cricket might overbear it.

Scatter her brood when the members are half grown and almost as strong of wing as herself, and you presently hear her softly calling them and assuring them of her continued care.

With many other things that make you aware of the changing season, you note the dispersion of this wildwood family. Each member is now shifting for itself in matters of seeking food, safety, pleasure and comfort.

You will come upon one in the ferny undergrowth of the bowland woods where he is consorting with woodcock, frighten another from his feast on the fenceside elderberries, scare one in the thick shadows of the evergreens, another on the sparsely wooded steep of a rocky hillside, and later hear the drum beat of a young cock that the soft Indian summer has fooled into springtime love-making, and each has the alertness that complete self-dependence has enforced.

Still, you may come upon them gathered in social groups, yet each going his own way when flushed. Upon rare occasions you may surprise a grand convention of all the grouse of the region congregated on the sunny lee of a hillside.

It is a sight and sound to remember long, though for the moment you forget the gun in your hands, when by ones, twos and dozens the dusky forms burst away up wind, down wind, across wind, signalling their departure with volleys of intermittent and continuous thunder. Not many times in your life will you see this, yet if but once, you will be thankful that you have not outlived all the old world's wildness.

It is reported that the Maine Legislature will be asked to consider an amendment of the game law, providing for a non-resident license fee to be exacted from citizens of other States who may visit the Maine woods for shooting or fishing. This scheme may have originated with some genius who thinks he sees in it added revenue for his fellow citizens, who make a very handsome thing now out of summer and autumn tourist travel, or it may be an outcropping of a long-standing and persistent natural prejudice some folks entertain against foreigners, and its purpose prohibitory. The Commissioners are manifestly not in favor of the plan, if we may accept the statement of the first quoted paragraph of their report on page 30 as expressive of their views. Not to mention the unconstitutional aspect, there are ten good reasons to forbid the adoption of a Maine non-resident law to one plausible reason for it; and we do not believe that the proposition will ever be given serious consideration at Augusta.

THE first annual meeting of the reorganized New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will meet in Syracuse to-day. The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association is marshalling its forces for reform and progress. Tennessee sportsmen are falling into line with a sensible demand for a State law without county exceptions. The recent Minneapolis convention of commissioners and game wardens representing six States, to consider the attainment of uniform laws, was the beginning of a movement which is full of promise.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page V.

THE RESERVATION OF AFOGNAK.

THE establishment of marine preserves for the protection and increase of valuable aquatic animals has been advocated by FOREST AND STREAM ever since these aids to the existence of the walrus, sea lion, seals, sea otter and salmon were first suggested. In our numbers of April 23, April 30 and May 21, 1891, will be found discussions of the subject, both editorially and by various zoologists who are familiar with the requirements of such institutions.

In 1889 Congress directed Commissioner McDonald to investigate the habits, abundance and distribution of the Alaskan salmon and the conditions and methods of the fisheries, with the view of recommending legislation to insure the permanence of the fishing industry. Dr. Bean was placed in charge of the exploration and was accompanied by Messrs. Livingston Stone and Franklin Booth, of California, and Mr. Robert Lewis, of Washington.

During the course of the investigations Messrs. Booth and Stone were detached for a visit to Afognak, to determine the possibilities of conducting a salmon hatching establishment on that island. They were favorably impressed with the advantages of Afognak River and lake, and made reports upon the region which were utilized in the general report of the exploration and published in 1890.

At the New York meeting of the American Fisheries Society in May, 1892, was read a paper in which Mr. Stone definitely proposed the conversion of Afognak Island into a national salmon reservation. This article was published soon after by FOREST AND STREAM, from which journal it was quoted by Commissioner McDonald in his second report on the Alaskan Salmon Fisheries during the same year.

The importance of the plan became manifest to the President; and he directed the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Fisheries to investigate the subject and report upon its feasibility under the law. They found that he had the authority to make the reservation, and urged him to do so.

The President, therefore, issued a proclamation on Dec. 24, 1892, reserving for timber and fishculture purposes the island of Afognak, Alaska, and its adjacent rocks and territorial waters, including the Sea Lion rocks and Sea Otter Island. The Commissioner of Fisheries has chosen Afognak Bay and the river and lake of the same name, together with the tributaries of the river and lake and one mile of land from the shores of the river and lake, for the purposes of fishculture.

The salmon canneries on the bay will be vacated, but the natives will retain whatever fishing rights they had during the Russian occupation. It is hoped that several important marine species including the sea otter may be preserved on this reservation, and there is no doubt that the half dozen or more kinds of salmon and trout that now abound in Afognak River will be saved from extermination, and will soon increase the supplies of the surrounding region.

From the accounts of Messrs. Stone and Booth, we learn

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE PAMPAS OF ENTRE RIOS.—III.

SOME of your readers might be interested in hearing a description of an estancia, or ranch, as carried on in Entre Rios.

Many of these estancias combine the raising of cattle, horses and sheep, as did the one I had charge of. The main ranch generally consists of a cluster of four or five buildings, erected in an inclosure of strong fencing, made by planting posts close together in a ditch and sawing them off evenly about 4ft. from the ground. Sometimes a wire fence is used, but they are very little protection against cattle or horses. All of the buildings are of one story, and are built with either adobe or thatched walls and thatched roofs. The largest, which is a long building containing three rooms, is occupied by the manager. One room is used as a dining room, one as a bed room and one as a store room. Next to the main building is generally an open meat shed; next a wool house, where the wool is stored or bagged. Detached and at one side of the main house is a structure of two rooms, one used as a kitchen and one as a sleeping apartment for the men in bad weather. They sleep out of doors in good weather. There may be one or two other small structures and there is always a large oval brick oven built on a platform 3ft. from the ground. Back of the main house is a wire corral 60yds. square, and in front a small portable one made of board panels. In the large corral is put at night what is known as the house flock of sheep, and in the portable one the breeding flock of fine imported ewes and rams.

The manner of constructing the houses is as follows: Posts are planted at corners and along the sides and ends, at intervals of 3ft., the middle end posts being high and crocheted on the ends to hold the ridge pole. Canes are fastened to the posts inside and outside, about 2in. apart. The hollow wall thus formed is filled in with adobe well worked by being tramped by a herd of horses. The roof is thatched with a coarse grass called *paja*, and the walls coated outside with thin mud, and the house is finished. There is not a nail used in the construction, except perhaps in the doors and windows of the main house, which is the only one that has these luxuries. Everything is fastened with rawhide strips, which have to be well soaked in arsenic water, to make them proof against a small black beetle that destroys them in time. All the houses have dirt floors, and all except the main house, simply two openings opposite one another for doors.

The furniture is of the simplest kind, a cot, pine table, pine desk, a dresser with a few cups, plates, etc. The cooking utensils are very few, a tea kettle, two pots, two frying-pans and an assador. This latter is the most important and most used of all the utensils, and is simply a long iron rod sharp at one end; on it, all meat and game is roasted, it being run through the roast and stuck into the ground before the fire. The fire is built on the ground in the middle of the kitchen, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. The seats in the kitchen are invariably horses' skulls. A Goucher will not sit in a chair, in fact they prefer to squat on their heels rather than sit on to anything.

If the estancia has more than one flock of sheep they are put out at what are called *puestos*, which are small straw huts with a large wire fence corral attached. Each flock of sheep is carefully looked after by a shepherd on horseback. The shepherds are generally married men, and live in their *puestos* for months without seeing any one but the manager and the man who brings them a fresh horse every day. They are after their sheep from early morning until nearly night, and on their vigilance and care depends very largely the success of the estancia. Especially in lambing season do they have to pay strict attention to their flocks. We had 5,000 sheep which were divided into six flocks. Sheep do not have that strong instinct that cattle and horses have of returning to their *carenacia*, or place of their birth, or where they have been accustomed to graze for a long time, but will go and stay where they are driven. On one occasion we had a terrible drought, all the water on the place giving out except one small pond. I kept two men on guard day and night over this pond to keep the cattle and horses out of it. This was a difficult job, as the animals were all on the move for water. Our horses and cattle had all gone (except the drove of broken horses which we kept herded for use) of their own accord, to a large lake more than 30 miles off, but the sheep showed no inclination to seek water, and all the flocks had to be driven to the pond every other day. The cattle and horses nearly all returned as soon as there was an abundance of water, and we did not lose more than 175 head. The water in our pond got so bad at last that I made every preparation to move the sheep (over 5,000) to where there was water. But fortunately for us the night before we started a thunder storm passed over a strip of country about a mile wide, and rain enough fell to fill many little lagoons, and we were saved. In a week's time heavy rains had set in and arroyos that had been dry for six months were running bank full, which meant in many places 30ft. of water.

Sheep have many curious ways, and the only time they are quiet is during the middle of the day in clear hot weather from 11 to 2 o'clock. During this time they huddle close together, and only those that are unfortunate enough to be on the outside are restless. They will feed very rapidly into a cool breeze, traveling miles if not headed, and giving considerable trouble. They travel before a storm, and if it is severe they are very hard to stop. During one very bad storm just after shearing we lost over 600 sheep. I gave orders not to let them out, on the morning of the storm, which continued during that day and night and the next day. On the second day I made a tour of inspection to all the *puestos*, and found the sheep were dying in the corrals from hunger and exposure. I sent an extra man to each flock and ordered the sheep to be let out at noon. As soon as the corral gates were opened they dashed through them and out into the pampas. The men had orders not to try to stop them, but simply to check their run, and round them up at night as near home as possible. Their track from each corral could be followed by the dead and dying sheep on the ground. We skinned 600 after this storm, and we got off much better than some of our neighbors.

During the lambing time the sheep are a great deal of trouble, for many ewes will leave their lambs as soon as born. The two shepherds that are constantly with each

flock during this period watch carefully, and as soon as they see a ewe leave her lamb they lasso her, tie her out and put the lamb by her. It not infrequently happens that they do not get the right lamb, in which case the ewe rarely takes it. If this should happen the lamb is brought to the main house and nursed from a bottle. If it lives it never becomes a fine sheep, but is pot-bellied and weak, and is the first to succumb in a storm.

The sheep are counted once a week and thoroughly examined by the manager, for cases of hoof rot or maggoty sores; and if any cases are discovered they are treated at once with carbolic acid or calomel. The sores are caused by a grass called *flechillo*, which has an arrow point and twisted stalk. It works its way into the sheep and causes a small sore, the flies blow the raw spot and in a short time, if the sheep is not doctored, the sore will spread and kill the sheep.

Sheep are very rapid feeders at all times, and the reason they get over so much ground is because they are very greedy and each one is trying to work ahead of his neighbor to get better grass. On the pampas the hoofs of the sheep have to be trimmed frequently, there being no stones to wear them they grow very long and curl up like high Dutch skates, retarding the animal's progress considerably. The lambs when a week old are very playful, frequently jumping over the backs of the ewes and cutting many capers. The ewes recognize their lambs by smell, and it is interesting to watch them pick out their lambs after they have been shut up in the evening. In driving from one thousand to twelve hundred sheep, with six to eight hundred lambs, into a corral they get badly separated, and there is a tremendous bleating for a while. An old ewe will stand in one place and bleat, the lambs that are looking for their mothers will run to her. She smells each one as it comes, and if it is not the right one she butts it off and it runs to another until it finds the right one. When it finds its mother all is serene, it partakes freely of the fluid provided for its sustenance and in a few minutes they are curled up together for their night's rest.

The sheep are shorn once a year in September or October. The shearing is done by companies of men, women and children, who travel from place to place shearing all the sheep on an estancia before leaving for another. They come with their carts and tents and camp out near the main buildings. The flocks are all brought to the estancia house to be shorn and are driven, a flock at a time, into a large temporal corral. From the large one they are put in small points into a smaller one. Here each sheep is caught and by a dextrous trip thrown upon its back. Its fore and hind legs are fastened together and it is lifted on to a horseshide, where the shearer takes it. All hands shear, and each one who brings a fleece to the tyer's table gets a check that represents six cents. The most expert shearer will shear 100 sheep in a day. There are generally about forty persons in a shearing gang, most of whom can shear a sheep. At night during the shearing season it is usual to have a dance. All hands assemble in the *pateo* or front yard of the house and dance to the music of guitars until long after midnight.

The cattle on an estancia require constant attention, especially if they have been recently brought from a distance, as they are all the time working back to their *carenacia*. The corral for shutting up cattle is made very large and very strong. It is constructed by digging a deep ditch and planting high posts close together in it, and is strengthened by having poles lashed across the posts about four feet from the ground. It is only used in branding time or for the purpose of shutting up points of cattle when they are first brought on the estancia. These cattle are very easily frightened and will stampede without a moment's notice. One bright moonlight night while helping watch a very obstreperous point we had corraled, I saw them get into a terrible state of excitement. It was 2 o'clock A. M. and everything was as still as death. All at once every animal seemed to spring to its feet, and surge and jam, first against one side, then the other. The corral bent and creaked, but fortunately held, and after shouting, talking and singing to them they became quiet. At the first intimation of a stampede we all sprang into our saddles, and I with two others took our place at the bars of the corral. Just as we got there we saw a small white pig run out, which no doubt had been the cause of frightening the cattle. If they had not been corraled we would have had a wild night ride, and might not have rounded them up until we had gone many miles.

The vacaros are constantly riding out toward the boundaries of the estancia and driving back cattle that are inclined to wander too far from home. Twice a year or oftener if necessary the cattle are driven in and rounded up on what is called the *rodeo*, which is a high point of land near the cattle ranch. The cattle to be sold are cut out at this time and are counted. The rounding up is always a time of excitement, and men from near by places come in to help. When the cattle are to be branded they are driven into the corral several hundred at a time. It is at this time that the gaucho shows his dexterity with the lasso and his wonderful horsemanship. A wild and vicious young bull will be driven out of the corral and immediately start on a dead run for liberty. He will proceed but a short distance before he is brought up by a lasso tightening around his hindlegs and another over his horns. These pulling in opposite directions lay him flat out on his side. The horses are so trained that they keep up a steady strain on the lasso, compelling the bull to lie still while he is branded, his ears cut and other operations performed upon him. The gaucho who is last near him takes the lasso off his horns and quickly mounts his horse. The animal is then free to get up, and as he does so the other lasso falls off his legs. He, thoroughly infuriated, looks around for a victim, but there being no one about on foot he rushes madly off to join his companions, and meditate upon the cruel treatment he has undergone. Throwing the lasso around the hindlegs is called *piealando* and is only attempted by the most expert lassosists.

The horses used for stock purposes require very little looking after. Twice a year there would be a grand drive, and colts branded and the tails and manes of all adults cut. The fat mares, old stallions and defective horses would then be cut out, and sold to be driven down to the coast where they are killed for their hide and fat. We had at the main ranch a corral into which every morning would be driven the broken horses from which the shepherds were supplied, and the vacaros got their mounts. We generally corraled from 105 to 125 horses every morning. We had a man whose sole business was to break

horses. He would ride out among the unbroken herds, and select a young horse, which he would proceed to capture if he could. He was always mounted on a splendid and fleet animal, and would start off after the one he wanted on a dead run. He would throw his bolas when he thought the proper time had come, and if dextrously done and the horse's hindlegs were entangled in them, he would soon have the lasso over his head and his captivity insured. But if his bolas fell short of the mark, and he had to stop and pick them up there was no hope of his again capturing that horse.

The horse breaker is called a *domador* and his business is to keep the estancia supplied with (so-called) broken horses. When he captures an unbroken horse (mares never being used for work purposes) he secures it to a post with a short halter strap. The poor brute is left tied without food or water for twenty-four hours, at the end of which period the *domador* proceeds to give him his first lesson. He gets a circingle around the horse's body and a rawhide thong in his mouth in place of a bit. All this is accomplished with more or less difficulty, according to the disposition of the horse. Frequently they have to be thrown down to get the circingle around them and the thong in their mouths. When the *domador* is ready to mount he has his assistant hold the horse as best he can while he, with a dextrous vault, lands squarely on the animal's back. The assistant immediately lets go and the circus begins. Such plunging, rearing and bucking is never seen in this country. Unless the horse rears up and falls over backwards, or falls down in some way, the *domador* remains calmly seated on his back. As the plunges and corcovandos cease in a measure from exhaustion, his breaker plies his cruel *rebenque*, made with a broad lash of rawhide and a short, loaded handle, causing the horse to leap and run in all directions, generally ending in a bolt and run far away across the plain. The *domador* always succeeds in bring the horse back, but in a terribly used up condition. He is tethered out near water and where there is plenty of grass and allowed a day or two of rest, while one of his unfortunate companions is put through the same course of sprouts.

After his third or fourth lesson he is called a *redamon*, and is put with a *tropillo*, or small herd of horses. These *tropillos* are formed as follows: An old brood mare that has been partially broken or handled until she is tame is used as a collar mare, and each *redamon*, as he is handed over by the breaker is coupled to this mare with a broad rawhide collar, both of their forefeet being hobbled. He is left coupled in this way for a week and then released. He will never after this leave the mare. Generally the *tropillos* number 10 horses to each mare. In making a long journey the *tropillo* is driven ahead of the riders, and as the ridden horse gets tired he is let go and a fresh one taken. The freed horse will immediately begin to work his way back home, and when the party returns he will invariably be found by his old mare, who is left behind on such occasions. These horses will travel more than a hundred miles back to their *carenacia*.

The only food supplied the men by the estancia is meat, principally beef, as they do not care for mutton. They are very fond of young horse meat, but as it is difficult to catch this "game" do not get much of it. They take large quantities of *maté*, which is made from a shrub called *yerba* that comes from the province of Uruguay. A gourd is used to serve the *maté* in, and it is made by pouring boiling water on the *yerba*, which is packed in the gourd around a metal tube which has a perforated bulb on the end. The gourd is passed around among those assembled and each takes a suck in turn.

All hands on an estancia get up early, at least an hour before daylight, which means about 3 A. M. most of the year. A *churasco*, which is a thin slice of beef toasted before the fire, and a *maté*, are taken by each of the men. Then one of them takes the tethered horse and goes after the *tropillos* of work horses. These are driven in the corral, and each man selects a horse for himself, which he lassos and bristles and saddles. Most of the horses start off bucking, which they keep up until tired, but after they have had their buck they become quiet and tractable for the rest of the day. Each man knows what he has to do, and by sunrise all are performing their duties. At 8 to 9 o'clock those that can come in to breakfast, which consists of either a roast or stew of beef, with perhaps a little *farina* or coarse arrowroot and *maté*. In the hottest weather all hands take a siesta of two or three hours in the middle of the day. All animated nature seems to be at rest during this time, cattle, sheep, horses, birds and insects (except the fleas) take their siesta.

Oxen are used almost altogether for drawing the carts of Entre Rios. The yoke used is a bar lashed behind their horns. The carts are large lumbering affairs, not a nail or piece of metal of any kind being used in their construction. The axles are never greased and the wheels keep up an awful screeching. A caravan of five or six ox carts can be heard several miles at night. Four to eight oxen are yoked to each cart. Breaking oxen is a very exciting operation. The largest and strongest looking steer is selected for the purpose. He is cut out of the herd and driven to near the ox cart. Here he is lassoed and thrown down, and the cart pulled over him, so that when the yoke is tied to his horns the tongue will be alongside of him. At the other end of the yoke is fastened a tame old ox. As soon as the lassos are taken off the wild steer he jumps up, and, of course, plunges and tears around tremendously, but his companion holds him so he cannot run. After the ox is somewhat tired two more yokes are fastened to the end of the tongue and the wild one is compelled to go with the cart. The tame ox on the other side of the yoke keeps him from running off to one side and the lead oxen drag him along whether he wants to go or not. It takes a good many lessons to break a steer so he can be relied on.

A Deer on Conanicut Island.

NEWPORT, R. I.—In your issue of Jan. 5 the article on "Cape Cod Deer" reminded me of something quite peculiar that happened about Christmas. On Conanicut Island, which is just opposite Newport, a man on his way to the ferry saw a deer about three or four years old walking right across the road. On his approach the deer took fright and ran away. Several have been after him but no one has been able to find him. The queer part of the thing is that Conanicut is an island about three miles long and one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and how is it that he ever got there, as nobody has ever seen one there before? Maybe some of your readers could answer my question.

TRIANGLE.

KISSIMMEE, CALOOSA, OKEECHOBEE.

PERHAPS a short sketch of a trip that three of us made on the above-named rivers and lake may be of some interest to your readers who consider the lower half of Florida pestiferous, infested by insects and so inconvenient to reach that half the fun of shooting and fishing is lost in discomfort.

We started from Kissimmee, Saturday morning, March 22, on the steamer Arbuckle, after laying in the usual supply of provisions. The steamer was of very light draught, 35ft. over all and about 12ft. beam, with side wheels. The cabin, 8 by 10ft., has four bunks, which we used, while the crew of four men slept where they could. We towed two skiffs for fishing and had a lighter lashed on in front in which to carry wood, ice, etc.

The first night out we passed in the Southport Canal, which is the first of the Okeechobee Land Co.'s system. We had some difficulty getting through it, as the water is 5 or 6ft. lower than usual, owing to the dryness of the winter; here and one or two other places we had trouble, but this was the worst, for the men had to get overboard and push.

The first big-mouthed bass fishing we had was in Lake Cypress, at the outlet of the canal, in shallow, swift-running water. They bit as fast as we could take them off the hooks, and in two or three cases we caught two at a time. They seemed to bite best at artificial minnows, with gang hooks; that is, we caught more on them than on "spinnners," as the fish did not shake them out as easily. We took 25 or 30 and nearly all were from 2 to 3lbs. All the way to the Caloosa River we tried the fishing in different places, lagoons, dead rivers, "cut-offs," canals and rivers, but nowhere is so good as the outlet of a canal where the water was shallow and the current swift. Fly-fishing we only tried one day, at the end of the canal from Lake Okeechobee to Lake Heckpochee. There it was especially fine and frequently two would be taken at a cast—silver-doctors and yellow flies seemed to take their eye the best—which was very good fun on an 8oz. rod.

Mr. Geo. Mixer, a well-known sporting member of the Somerset Club, of Boston, carried off the honors that day by taking a 6½-pounder. We were very fortunate in having the water so low, as all the fish were concentrated and so we didn't have to hunt them much.

In ordinary seasons the Kissimmee River is nothing but a big "saw grass" and "lily pad" marsh, from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide, with a channel or slough running through it. To say that the channel is crooked would hardly do it justice. In the course of half an hour the boat would have headed to all points of the compass, and with the exception of the canals, I don't think we ran three minutes at a time in the same direction.

Alligators were pretty scarce and we only got seven altogether. The largest, 11ft. long, was killed by Mr. Mixer, who is an unerring rifle shot. On the Caloosa River, just above Fort Meyers on the flats, we saw eight or ten "gators" and one crocodile; but we had been previously informed by Mr. Mixer, who is an enthusiastic "gator" hunter and who has studied their habits and using grounds carefully, that we should not see any more and might as well put up our shooting irons. So when they had been cleaned and put away and we happened on this branch, not one more than 25ft. from the boat, a more disgusted individual never seen. He did not forget that unlucky piece of advice for a long time, and we constantly kept it fresh in his memory.

The scenery was fine only in one or two places before we reached the Caloosa River at Fort Thompson. The finest was in Istokpoga Creek, about five miles from the Kissimmee River, in a water oak and palmetto hammock, where the tops of the trees and vines covered in the river almost completely.

The crossing of Lake Okeechobee was not as difficult as we expected, for sometimes it is necessary to wait four or five days for the wind to moderate and sea to go down as these boats are not built for rough weather. The lake, roughly speaking, is 35x40 miles and from 10 to 15ft. deep, so when there is any sort of a wind the sea makes very quickly. We got to the lake about 8 A. M., and stopped to fish and shine a "gator," so did not start across till after twelve. There was a southeast wind blowing which freshened considerably, so that when about half way over we had to run into the saw grass to keep from being swamped. There we tied up for the night and were under way by daylight next morning with a run of about twenty miles to the entrance of the canal, which our guide missed and carried us to Observation Island, ten miles out of the way; the entrance was very easy to be missed, for the landmark was an old tin can on a pole nailed on top of a cypress tree a mile or so back in the saw grass.

Fort Thompson, at the head proper of Caloosa River, was a beautiful spot. A large prairie bordered with pine and oak trees, and a gradual slope on all sides to the lake and river, with here and there a lone oak or cypress, and covered with cattle, will describe it in detail, but the colors and light be left to the imagination. The river here is very narrow, running through lime stone rock, but has been cleaned and deepened by the Okeechobee Land Co.

We were now in an entirely different country from that which we had come through. Pine, oak and cabbage palmetto lined the banks on both sides, which were nearly perpendicular and from ten to fifteen feet high, and were one mass of shells. The Caloosa is as crooked as the Kissimmee River and much more difficult to navigate, owing to snags and stumps that fall in the bank's wash-out. However, we got along all right till we found a "snag boat" working up stream, and then it was plain sailing. We went on board to see her work and found it very interesting, although it seemed a useless expense, as hardly a dozen boats go up during a year, and as the snags were only put on the top of the bank might be easily washed back by the next freshet.

Of mosquitoes and sand flies there were a few, only one night they were bad or bothered us at all, and that was in Lake Heckpochee. Our worthy comrade complained a good deal of them, but he retired every night after supper and what few mosquitoes happened to be in the cabin were sure to find him, although he was rather small, eating little and drinking less.

Such is the outline of our trip through a practically uninhabited country. We were perfectly comfortable from the time we left Kissimmee till we reached Fort Meyers—thirteen days. The only thing we suffered for was vege-

tables and tomatoes in particular, of which our comrade was very fond and for which he searched the river banks to no purpose, they having been killed by the previous frost.

The only one thing of importance that we forgot or was rather forgotten for us was a camera, a thing that is almost necessary on a trip of that kind, and I most emphatically advise any one intending to take this trip to provide himself with one.

E. C. HAMMOND.
NEW LONDON, CONN.

ON RUSSIAN RIVER.

GEYSERVILLE, CAL., Dec. 26.—Cut off from all communication with the outside world, hemmed in by swollen streams, with the sound of rushing waters ringing in our ears, while a steady downpour comes from above, we are spending our Christmas holidays and patiently waiting for the angry waters to subside.

Every little mountain streamlet has become a raging torrent, rushing headlong over rugged rocks, down the sloping hillsides—snatching here and there a patch of earth or an overhanging shrub and carrying it rapidly downward, with which to swell the sum total of the angry flood, which is gathering its forces for the work of destruction going on down the river.

No mail has reached us since last Thursday, and the present outlook is anything but encouraging. On the wrong side of Russian River, with one of the great bridges within our reach minus a span, and the other impassable in consequence of the great volume of water pouring over its approaches, we can only look across the raging expanse and long to reach the post office on the other side. But floods, like winds, are ill that bring nobody good, and the present deluge brought us the finest Christmas dinner that has fallen to our lot for many a year. Had the Geyserville bridge held out another day that delicious Christmas turkey would have been partaken of by certain young gentlemen from the city, while we remained at home in blissful ignorance of its existence. Since the disaster had to come, the bridge had to go, and the county had to sustain a loss of many hundreds of dollars, we are very thankful that the calamity came just at the right moment.

We spent a delightful day ourselves, with no thought of the moisture outside, and our charming young hostesses betrayed no signs of disappointment as, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, they gracefully did the honors of the occasion; and whether administering to the wants of their guests in the dining room or discoursing sweet music at the piano were equally interesting. We left with feelings of thankfulness for their generosity and kindness, and with the sincere hope that the pleasures deferred may be more than realized in the near future.

The fishery question has been causing us considerable uneasiness of late, and just now it is receiving increased attention in consequence of the high water, which always brings the salmon up the streams. During the first heavy rains of the season a few fish ran up, but as usual the seiners were on hand, and straightway scooped them up and were off. For fear that there might be one or two fishes left for the people living near the river, another outfit comes along, and searching out the larger pools where a salmon would be likely to hide his devoted head, administer a dose of giant powder. Evidences of this kind of work are found along the river every season. Whom the offenders are or where they come from no one knows. It is next thing to an impossibility for the people in this locality to get even a taste of salmon.

This is the second winter that we have spent almost upon the bank of Russian River, and with one of its tributaries, a beautiful little trout stream, within a stone's throw of our own door, and yet our eager eyes have failed to behold one solitary salmon taken from these streams. It is no wonder that the fishing in nearly every stream in the State is being spoiled.

I notice that "Podgers" refers to Eel River as "too rapid a stream for seining." Fortunate Eel River! Would that we might give our streams a little extra momentum.

But we know several young men who are getting desperate, and if there is any device known to human ingenuity by which a salmon can be captured, other than with giant powder or seine, we shall hope to see it accomplished within the next few weeks; and, judging from the preparations that are being made, we will not be likely to be disappointed.

As soon as the water has run down and the river becomes clear a party of our friends are going to try salmon fishing by torchlight by way of experiment, and I am one of the favored ones invited to go along and see how it is done. I asked if any part of the entertainment would consist of sitting on the bank and watching the procession go by, but on the assurance that I am to occupy the seat of honor in the bow of the boat, where I can witness the whole proceeding, the invitation was cordially accepted and I am even growing impatient for the time to come.

We saw some wicked-looking gigs the other day, and I am not quite satisfied that I shall enjoy seeing them used, but we have not seen a salmon for a long time and I mean to venture.

Should these expeditions prove unsuccessful, my husband suggests that we try to prevail upon "Podgers" to come up and show us how it's done. If he can persuade a salmon to take a hook in the waters of the Navarro, he might be able to do the same here.

Quail shooting has been very good this season, but judging from the almost continual roar of firearms, their numbers must be rapidly decreasing. We heard one calling early yesterday morning, and we wondered if he had come out to say "Merry Christmas."

The prettiest flock I have seen this year were feeding in a stubble field near the roadside when I was passing by a few days since. I counted twenty-seven little beauties while driving past them, and I was just wicked enough to drive rapidly home and get my sportsman and his shotgun, and we had five little birds for our dinner the next day.

Doves are not plentiful, though we saw a flock of perhaps fifteen or twenty a few days since.

As we were driving along the road last Saturday, we noticed a portly-looking owl sitting on a fence-post and assuming an air of importance entirely out of the proportion to his size, and we began to look about for some tangible cause for so great a degree of pomposity. And we soon found it. But a little distance away lay the torn and mangled remains of a dove.

Two coyotes have been trapped in our vicinity recently.

These little pests of the sheep ranches hold high carnival in the foot-hills, almost nightly, and their shrill barking are plainly audible.

Ducks and geese are scarcely ever thought of in this locality, and we miss the fine shooting always to be had near Sacramento. If we chance to see a flock of geese passing over, they are sure to be a couple of miles skyward, while their well-known cry is heard only in our imagination.

The close of the present year being near at hand, we must beg FOREST AND STREAM to accept our heartfelt thanks for the entertaining and instructive reading matter furnished us during the past twelve months, as well as our most sincere wishes that it may live to enjoy many succeeding happy New Years.

MARION.

THE PARK SCHEME.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is doing a good work by antagonizing the effort of land and mining speculators to obtain permission to build a railroad through a portion of the Yellowstone National Park. * * * The old gift is on again and the same result will be obtained. Congress will not pass the bill. If a misguided majority should ever be found to sanction the scheme, the President, whoever he might be, would promptly veto it. The speculators might as well let the Yellowstone Park alone. It is a pride of the people and it will not be sacrificed even in the smallest way for the benefit of any corporation.—*Columbus (O.) Dispatch*.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet from the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., protesting against measures now pending before Congress for the construction of a railway through the National Park. * * * The greed of the West and land grabbers is insatiable. Let Cooke City find another route to civilization, we say.—*Anderson (Ind.) Herald*.

The FOREST AND STREAM is trying hard to prevent legislation that will seriously injure the beauty and future importance of the Yellowstone Park, threatened now to be cut up by railroads and surrounded by mining villages. This widely known journal calls for aid in defeating the proposed bill in Congress, and presents arguments that are worthy the attention of the legislative bodies of the country. This is the National Park, destined in years to come to be the greatest in the world. It should be the aim of all Americans citizens to make it so and the future generations will be the gainers.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Press*.

It is not necessary to dwell on the results of a change that would give poachers easy admission to the game preserve and allow locomotives, with their sparks, to run through the timber. Whoever has traveled one of the Adirondack railroads knows the havoc which railways work in the midst of the sylvan scenery. It is pointed out by FOREST AND STREAM that the animus of the attack on the Park is the desire of Livingston for a road running through Cooke City. Livingston is the point of interest of hundreds of persons who have bought lots for speculation, and want something to turn up. They are begging the government to spoil the Yellowstone Park to give them a "boom." Argument is not necessary; but vigilance is.—*Syracuse Standard*.

Natural History.

A Canada Wolf is Lean and Hungry.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your wolf of Jan. 5 is all right with the exception of its being in too good condition. I have in my time managed to kill, or rather capture, and in some cases poison a number of wolves, and without exception they all seemed in an almost starved condition. Your wolf looks as if he had been fattened on purpose to have his picture taken. Wolves are very plenty in some parts of Canada. Last fall, while taking my usual outing, my chum and I had made our camp in the Nipissing region in Ontario, say about seventy-five miles north from Matawa and about twelve miles westward from the Ottawa River. We had killed a moose, and it did seem as if all the bears and wolves from twenty miles around had collected to feast on the remains. For hours at night and away into the morning we were kept awake by the howls of the wolves. Having a bear trap with us we set it, expecting that a bear would walk in, but either our bait was at fault, or the wolves were too numerous. But instead we were lucky enough to capture two wolves, and with the exception that either from hunger or their natural condition their sides almost met, your wolf of Jan. 5 was almost a counterpart.

It would seem as if a trapper would do well in the region we were in this fall. Bears were very plenty. Nightly we could hear them as they clapped the sides of the logs in their quest for insects, and as \$10 bounty is paid for all wolves killed in the Nipissing region it would pay one to trap or poison wolves for their bounty alone, besides the pelt in season would be worth something. Shooting them is almost an impossibility. To get rid of them is the main thing. One full-grown wolf will kill more deer in a season than a sportsman will in a lifetime. I saw a year ago the remains of over forty deer that had yarded, and the wolves had made a clean sweep of the whole of them.

MEDICUS.

Double-Armored Herrings.

ANIMALS once supposed to be extinct are still being discovered in Australia, the refuge for so many ancient forms of life. The latest announcement is the fact that all the fresh water herrings observed by Mr. Ogilby in certain rivers of New South Wales are doubly armored, i. e., they have a row of scutes on the back resembling the ordinary armature on the ventral border. In the last number of the *Ann. Mag. Nat. Hist.* (Ser. 6, Vol. X., p. 413), Mr. Smith Woodward points out that this is a peculiarity exhibited by most of the extinct herrings of the latter part of the Cretaceous and the early part of the Tertiary period. They are assigned to the genus *Diplomystus*, and have been found fossil in Brazil, Wyoming, the Isle of Wight and Syria. Such herrings do not appear to have hitherto been detected in any part of the world in rocks of later date than the Oligocene, and Mr. Ogilby's discovery in the fresh waters of New South Wales is thus of great interest.—*Natural Science*, Dec. '92.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

Turkey for the Currant Jelly.

It was long past the hour for all good sportsmen to be in bed, but the bright moonlight night was so beautiful that we were loth to close our eyes to it. We were taking one last look, when Jim, our guide and companion, remarked that it was a fine night to get a turkey, if we cared to take the long walk that would be necessary. John and I had taken considerable trouble to lug a lot of currant jelly into the woods in anticipation of the numerous wild turkeys we expected to bag, and as there had been no occasion as yet to open a single can of it, we readily assented to the walk.

Jim said we were sure to get one, for he knew where some of the birds were roosting, and we started out with happy thoughts of the glorious dinner we should have on the morrow. We had walked a long while and were almost despairing, when suddenly Jim halted and pointed up to an immense tree which stood at the summit of a steep ridge to our left. Sure enough on one of its projecting limbs sat a large bird, and at sight of the sleeping beauty we forgot any scruples we might have, thought of our currant jelly and decided to commit murder then and there. John and I could not have told that dark figure silhouetted against the sky from a broken or twisted limb; but Jim's sight was infallible, so we cocked our guns, lest their click nearer by might alarm his turkeys, and started toward our victim. When within easy range we held a whispered consultation and decided to take no chances, but to fire all three together; accordingly all guns were leveled at the unfortunate bird, whose outlines were pretty distinct by this time. "One, two, three—bang!" The report of three heavily-charged guns resounded through the silent woods, and the poor sleeper, tumbling over and over from his high perch, struck the ground with a Thanksgiving Day thump that fairly made our mouths water.

John sprang forward with a triumphant shout and we saw him stop and bend over as if to seize the turkey, and then all at once he jumped back and we heard him say something which I fortunately have forgotten. With his hand over his nose and a dejected look on what little we could see of the rest of his face he came back to his astonished confederates. "Why, what's the matter, John?" "Matter! Why, hang it, man, it's a dirty old buzzard." And then we all went back home to look at the box of currant jelly. FAD.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE OZARKS.

THE hunters who roamed the Ozarks during the Civil War were generally hunters of men. Detachments of both armies raided those fastnesses in all directions, making it extremely tropical for their enemies when they were caught at a disadvantage. Besides, there were several gentlemen of renown who belonged to neither army, but who were credited with doing not a little killing, to say nothing of other devilment on private account, either as a recreation or to avenge a real or fancied grievance, being, as it were, a kind of side show to that terrible drama of blood and desolation.

The hunting parties that had the temerity to invade those regions in search of four-footed game were on dangerous ground. They imperiled their outfit and were lucky if they escaped being made game of themselves, and as a consequence deer and all other kinds of game increased rapidly. When the war was over and peace reigned between the hostiles the hunters who were first in the field reaped the benefit of the long immunity given the deer.

Among those who improved this opportunity was a person who shall be nameless in this narrative—a friend of mine in St. Louis, who had in previous years lived in one of the river counties of Missouri; in fact, was among the early settlers in that section when deer and other game was plentiful in the prairies and river bottoms. Being a man of means and leisure he had often gathered a few choice friends together after the frosts of autumn and divided his time between hunting deer and wild fowl and yachting on the river. He was a princely entertainer and an all-round good fellow in every way, and it was a coveted privilege to be one of his guests. He could ride and shoot like a Comanche and chase a deer at breakneck speed through the bottoms, over logs, through the brush and across the sloughs seemingly in imminent peril of life and limb, but seldom coming to grief.

He had a favorite hunting horse that enjoyed the sport as well as its master, and was as sure-footed as an antelope; when it sighted a deer it would follow it like a greyhound. When the deer were closely pressed by the pack they would often break cover and run across the open prairie to another belt of timber to shake off their pursuers. This was the chance my friend was waiting for. He had been known to kill two deer from his horse, one with each barrel, in a single chase on the prairie before they could get to a place of safety.

At the time our story opens he had exchanged the pastoral pleasures of plantation life for the busy haunts of men and the din and bustle of the city; but when the balmy days of autumn came and the forests were clothed in gorgeous drapery and the earth was carpeted with falling leaves, he could in imagination hear the baying of the hounds, the mellow notes of the hunter's horn, the drive and the shout of victory. Then the embers of the ruling passion would burst into flame, and a longing would come over him to breathe again the free air of heaven and join in the excitement of the chase. Once, in one of these critical moods, he met two members of a St. Louis rifle club, with whom he had a business acquaintance, in one of the gun stores in the city, where they were getting ready for a trip to the Ozarks, and they urged him to become one of the party. "Get a lay off from Blanke & Co. for a few weeks and go with us. It will bring the color to your cheeks and tone up your muscles. You look as if you were going into a decline, and when you come

back your friends won't know you." So an arrangement was quickly made and a day fixed when they would leave the city.

Well, this was "the kind of sardine" the rifleman had run up against. They knew nothing of his skill as a shot and he was too modest to blow his own horn. The rifleman could make a creditable score at a target; but they were far from being skillful deer hunters, though expecting to make up in zeal what they lacked in experience. They had yet to learn the difference between shooting at a bullseye, with sun and wind in their favor, and shooting at a deer running through the brush with the speed of the wind.

One morning of the following week the rifleman and our friend piled a half ton of camp equipage in a baggage car at the Iron Mountain Depot, not forgetting four or five deerhounds they had engaged for the occasion, and were on the way to the scene of conquest. Our friend had a fine Wilmot which had seen service in many a field and had a long list of kills in its favor.

"What are you going to do with that shotgun?" was asked by one of the riflemen. "We are not going to the Ozarks to shoot birds, we are going to hunt deer."

"Yes, I know. I am too excited to shoot a rifle with accuracy and prefer to use a gun that allows me a liberal margin for faulty aim."

The hunters left the train about twenty miles below Pilot Knob, where a friend, whose guests they were and who was to make one of the party, met them with a team of mules and a wagon. A twelve-mile drive brought them to his residence late at night, where they were warmly received. The locality agreed on for the hunt was a two-days' drive westward into the mountains, where a typical Ozarkian dwelt in peace and solitude among his native hills. He was engaged to take charge of the expedition and locate the camp. He knew all the runs and stands in that vicinity and was invaluable as a hunter and a guide. He received the visitors with open arms. "Onhitch yer team 'n' feed. Come right in, all of ye, and take supper with us, an' stay all night. Haint got many beds, but got plenty to eat."

"No, it's getting late and we think we'd better keep moving. If you will tell us where to camp, we'll drive on and fix for the night and save time and trouble."

"Why, bless yer souls, no trouble ter me. Glad ter have yer stay, but if ye won't stop no way, I'll tell ye whar ter go. Foller this yer road 'bout three mile, tell ye come ter ther forks o' ther creek, and turn up ther right hand fork 'bout two mile where the valley widens out, and ye'll find plenty o' wood 'n' water 'n' a good place to pitch yer tent; an' I'll be 'long in the mornin'."

True to his word, he was in camp the next morning for breakfast, when he was invested with full authority as master of the hunt.

With the arrival of the Ozarkian the rifle brigade had received a new and important recruit, and the lone shotgun was in a hopeless minority, and its owner submitted to considerable good-natured chaffing for coming into the mountains with a gun that he used to kill quail and snipe with on the prairies.

"What would yer do ef you seed a bear?" was asked by the Ozarkian.

"Shoot him, ef of course; and if one barrel didn't kill him I'd give him the other."

"You'd a nation sight better shin up er tree; you'll be in a heap more danger 'n the bear would."

He parried their thrusts in the same vein in which they were given, and bided his time, keeping in mind the saying that he laughs best who laughs last.

There was at that time an unaccountable prejudice against shotguns among the Ozark hunters for their supposed want of killing power. "They mout do to shoot a robin or a squirrel, but in the mountains, where you mout run on a bear, a buck, a wildcat or a painter any day, they want in the same country with a rifle." It was useless to discuss the matter.

The gun most popular with them at that time was the old-fashioned, long-barrel, full-stocked rifle, with brass or silver mountings; and these were effective weapons within their range in the hands of skillful men; and as a hunter once said to me, "they're good for any kind of game from a squirrel to a bear." These men had a just pride in their marksmanship, and not without good reason. I have seen scores made by those backwoods rifleman at their shooting matches at 100 yds. off-hand that any city rifle club might well be proud of and few could equal. But things have changed since then, for two lines of railroad have penetrated those solitudes; and the shriek of the locomotive echoes from mountain and glen; and improved firearms are now the rule rather than the exception, with the inevitable result that game of all kinds is rapidly disappearing.

A light fog hung over the valley, the earth was moist and everything was favorable for the morning hunt. In about an hour the captain had placed the men at the different stands to his liking, and the dogs were put out on the trails; but with an eye to business he reserved the best stand for himself, placing our friend on the other side of the stand within easy distance, evidently with the intention of shooting the deer before it came within range of the shotgun.

Our friend, who was as polite in camp as if he were in a lady's parlor, took in the situation at once, and asked the Captain if he might change his position. "Where do you want ter go?" was asked, "Down near the top of that fallen tree in the valley. As we are now, if the deer comes through, we are apt to cross fire and might interfere with one another. It will give you the first shot any way, and if you miss it, possibly I may take it in." "Well, in the first place I ain't a goin' ter miss it, if it comes through this yer stand he's my meat sure; an' if you can write, jes put that down in yer book. An' if I should miss it which ain't no ways ter be considered you couldn't hurt it much with that poke stalk o' yours you call a gun; you couldn't shoot through his hide. Go there ef yer want ter. It makes mighty little difference where yer stand. You mout as well staid in camp."

The hounds began to give tongue slowly at first, but soon got warmed up to the work, and a little later it was evident from their music that they were on a hot trail and were coming nearer every moment, when like a flash a big buck dashed through the stand, fairly spurning the earth with his feet. The captain fired and missed. The buck kept on his way across the valley toward our friend, who was as motionless as a statue; but when the deer got opposite to him, he threw the gun to his face and fired as quickly and with as little concern as if he were shooting

at a snipe. The buck didn't even "drop his flag," but kept on his course as if proof against powder and lead.

One of the rifleman at a stand on the other side of the valley toward which the deer was running gave a derisive chuckle that was not intended as a compliment to the shotgun. It meant, "I told you so, shotguns are no good; just wait and see me drop him."

For some cause the buck turned and ran back on his trail, exposing the other side to the man with the "poke stalk," who improved his chances by shooting the other barrel. The deer ran about 50 yds. and dropped on a "sand bleach" that had been thrown up by some previous mountain torrent, now dwindled to an inconsiderable stream, flowing with musical ripple down the valley. When they got to the deer it was lifeless and motionless, and upon examination it was found that either shot were fatal. First blood for the "poke stalk."

The rifleman didn't show much enthusiasm over our friend's victory. The Captain was especially chaffed at the result and "allowed there was a heap in luck, even in a deer hunt." He declared that his gun had hung fire.

It was the unwritten law in camp that the man who shot the first deer should sleep in the middle and hold the post of honor until some hunter made a better score; then he was to give way to a luckier man. Turkeys didn't count, but they all made room for a bear slayer. He always slept in the middle and had the softest pillow. The man who killed a bear was looked upon as a veritable Samson among his less fortunate camp mates; but as there were no bears killed on this trip our friend kept his place and for the following week the shotgun kept to the fore.

The phenomenal luck of the "poke stalk" excited lively discussion among the rifleman, and it gradually dawned upon their perception that they were being sold; but to all their railery our friend gave a quiet chuckle and held his place. The Ozarkian confidentially admitted, "He can shoot right smart, blamed ef he can't."

Toward the end of the second week the camp was in open revolt and the mutineers were in a majority. Our friend was in a state of siege. They wanted to fall on him and annihilate him in a dozen different ways. It would never do to have the report go back to the city that a man with an "elder gun" had killed the most game. They would be sure to be laughed at, and besides, it might get into the newspapers. That shotgun must be suppressed at all hazards before it killed all the deer in the Ozarks. It was as easy as to bell the cat. If they could only hoodoo it so that it would miss every shot, or secretly load it to the muzzle so that it would kick its owner over into Arkansas, they would be happy and would forgive him on condition that he wouldn't do so any more. But it was now our friend's turn to laugh, and from the double-edged remarks he fired back at them they found that they had caught a tartar, and that he could talk as well as he could shoot.

An accidental, but harmless, discharge of a rifle in camp one morning gave him an opportunity for a lecture on carelessness, which he was not slow to improve, and this was an unlooked-for chance to turn the tables on his tormentors.

And that reminds me of a similar occurrence, followed by more serious consequences, which took place during a trip to that region two years later. One of the hunters who was watching at a stand was wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun and came into camp bleeding and faint from loss of blood. The man in charge gave a long blast on a horn, which hung on the tent pole. This was the signal agreed on for an alarm or an emergency, and the boys left their stands and hurried into camp, and a horseman was sent on the run for a guide three miles from camp to pilot us out of the mountains to a surgeon. Such rude surgery as the camp could furnish was hastily called into requisition. The wounded man was tenderly placed on a pallet in one of the covered wagons and everything made ready for a long night's drive.

It had been a drizzly, wet day, and was now nearing sunset, and the downpour was increasing. It fell to my lot to be one of the party to get him in all possible haste to the nearest surgeon, forty miles distant. The night set in dark and rainy and a heavy fog had settled in the valley. Our guide, on horseback, carried a light ahead of the team that we might better see the way. And such roads—if they could be called roads: a perfect labyrinth, winding in and out among the mountains, every few miles crossing streams swollen by the recent rains, and every jar of the wagon increased the pangs of the sufferer. It was a sorry but literal getting out of the wilderness.

It was 9 o'clock the next morning before we reached our destination. Anæsthetics were given, an operation was performed, the wound dressed, and then the patient was dispatched by rail to his home in Illinois, in care of an attendant. But this is another story.

I will not tire you with the details of each day's hunt. During the three weeks they were in camp they killed twenty-four deer, and our friend with the "poke stalk" grassed fourteen of them. Skill and luck combined to give him the victory. It was a new experience to the rifleman, and they learned there is not so much difference in guns as there is in the men who handle them.

It was now time to break camp. The Ozarkian, who was well paid for the trip, waived all claims to his share of the spoils. "When er man with er shotgun beats me a-shootin' deer, it goes mightily agin ther grain."

"Partner, I feel that way myself. When I started on this trip I didn't think my record as a rifle shot would be lowered by a man with a popgun. But when I look at the deer meat hanging about the camp I think I see where that margin for faulty aim comes in. Who would have thought the genial salesman of Blanke & Co. would play us such a scurvy trick? But as he agrees to make things square by an even divide and has promised not to give us away, we won't charge it up to him, but extend the hand of fellowship and drink his health."

When they commenced packing for the return trip, they found they had overdone the thing; for the camp baggage and venison made a heavy load without any passengers, and having but one team the boys shouldered their guns and marched up the hills like little men, and then marched down again on the other side. After a two days' tramp they reached the home of their hospitable friend. There, with a good night's rest and a bountiful breakfast they rubbed the kinks out of their legs and pulled out for the railroad station with a wagonload of venison as happy as children at Christmas time.

CAMERON.

A GRIZZLY IN THE GLOAMING.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 6.—I have just read with great interest the letter of Ira Dodge in *FOREST AND STREAM* detailing his meeting with one *Ursus horribilis* Nov. 2. I think it likely I met the same gentleman a few days before Mr. Dodge did. I saw him before he saw me. Hence I am here to-night dreaming before my library fire and in its coals conjuring a shape which requires little effort to recall at the mention of his name. Hence also I have all my members with me, a fact upon which I congratulate myself after reading of those Big Piney bear's epicurean penchant for hands and legs. Mr. Dodge does not locate the scene accurately, nor does he state if he noted any brands or earmarks on him, but I judge it was the same old Ephraim doing business at the same old stand. Our party was camped at the time on the headwaters of the Piney, about seventy-five miles, I should think, from Big Piney.

Ever since our first day out I had been frequenting the known resorts of the grizzly, but he was always out when I happened in. The first morning we were in camp—or rather out, for we slept that night simply on our blankets and the clouds were our coverlet—the first morning after we left the railroad I arose early, as a man is apt to do, who measures only thirty-two around the waist, and who has pooled issues with a bed fellow who measures three feet through, and who consequently raises the blankets high enough off you for a Rocky Mountain blizzard to play all night along the north edge of your spine. I started up a canon by starlight, and before 7 that morning had killed a big bull elk, with one of the finest, smoothest and most symmetrical head of horns I ever saw—but that is another story. We were not game hogs nor skin hunters, and each man was limited to one elk head, so returning to camp I filled the magazine of my .50-110 Winchester with express cartridges, and then and there announced that I was loaded for bear. John Perry said he had not lost any grizzlies. I said I had. Dan Lockwood said so had he, but that he had seen a man in Idaho, who had convinced him that his grizzly had been found. The coroner's jury, Dan added, found the man came to his death by blanked foolishness. Consequently I called on friend *Ursus* alone.

During the next two weeks we made many camps, and ran around over some of the roughest country in the Rockies, but Perry and Wilson were the only firm who did business with bruin on a close margin. They were hunting together as usual, toiling through a dense and intensely dark tamarack thicket, in a labyrinth of dead and down timber, an ideal place for bear, when something stirred. To their disordered vision the dangerous quarry confronted them, peering over a log which it so well matched in color; and their rifles cracked as one. Crouching they looked through the smoke of the discharge for the hostile demonstration that would surely follow aught but a mortal wound. The head had rolled off the log.

Perry was the first to find voice. "Joe," said he, "that ain't a very big bear."

"No," credulously responded his side partner. "Bout the size of a porcupine. And about the shape of a porcupine. Joe, I believe your bear is a porcupine."

"My bear! Didn't you shoot?"

"Nary a shot," he asserted with that earnestness that can be assumed, but the other's finger pointed with silent scorn at the smoke curling from the rifle muzzle.

"John," said Joe, we will leave the recollection with the remains."

But the story was too good to keep and they told it on each other with the usual embellishments, from which we of course sifted the truth.

At last my turn came. I had stayed out on the mountain later than usual in the twilight that lingers so long and lovingly in those high mountain parks and meadows, long after it had grown dark in the cañons; and as I descended a certain steep and savage slope the shadows gloomed.

There had been an avalanche some years before and rocks, debris and trunks of trees were strewn thickly in disorder and among them a scattered growth of young aspens. Suddenly it seemed in the gloaming that one of the large logs before me rose and rolled over. The light was uncertain, but the creaking and crunching sound came clear and unmistakable. An aspen bush obstructed the view and I started to spring around it, pausing to throw a shell from the magazine into the barrel, when I was suddenly stricken into a death-like rigor by the apparition that at the metallic rattle of the rifle arose from among the dead logs it had been turning over in search of grubs and crickets—a great and grisly shape, whose huge bulk clad in gray was unrelieved against the back ground of dead logs, save by a high hump of silver whiteness.

Over the log he came with loud *hough!* and rearing upward on his haunch the monster stood beating the air with his great paws sharp set with scimitar talons, the incarnation of lumbering alertness.

His small piggy eyes gleamed and rolled in their red setting; his ears were erect and rigid; his square muzzle wrinkled with rage; his long straight upper lip protruded and his great bulk of a head turned in all directions in the

effort to find the source of that metallic sound so unlike aught that had ever before disturbed his mountain solitudes.

For a few steps he moved forward erect, in grotesque and horrible semblance of human posture, and then dropping on all fours went sliding along the mountain side, his gray form quickly merging into the gray shadows.

It was five minutes after he disappeared before I breathed.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

SMALL RIFLES AND BIG GAME.

I HAVE been reading with much interest what your correspondents in various parts of the country have to say about hunting rifles of different sizes and kinds. Let me give you a bit of my experience with the .22cal., 15-45 center-fire.

In 1889 I ordered a Winchester .22cal. singleshot rifle from your sometimes correspondent "Iron Ramrod." In due time it came. I have owned many rifles, but within its limitations never a better one than this. Its sighting was a marvel in accuracy. I may say here that I regard "Iron Ramrod" as far and away the most expert adjuster of rifle sights I have ever known. (This is no "puff," for I paid his extremely moderate price for his admirable work.)



A MAINE WOODSMAN—GAME WARDEN JONATHAN DARLING.

I have killed with this rifle many wild turkeys, a dozen or more wildcats and a two-year-old buck. I was out hunting turkeys in the White River bottoms of Arkansas in December, 1890. I was watching a big flock of more than fifty in a cornfield when a young buck walked out of the canebrake and stopped about 20yds. from me. I was sitting in front of—not behind—a big oak. The deer began to feed. I cocked my rifle as he shook his tail, preparatory to raising his head. He stood directly fronting me. Resting my arm on my left knee, I aimed fairly between his eyes; as the white Lyman sight covered the space just between the eyes I pulled the trigger. The hand-loaded cartridge, with 17grs. of powder behind a 45-grain bullet, rang out sharp and clear with a whiplike crack. Down went the buck. Putting in another cartridge, I ran up to the fallen buck. I touched him with my foot. He did not move, for he was dead.

On examination I found that the little bullet had traversed the entire brain. He was as dead as if I had fired a .45-90 charge at him, instead of the tiny load that did such fatal work.

One spring day in March, 1891, I was out looking up a phenomenally big gobbler that a negro had seen that morning in a cornfield half an hour before and stopped to tell me about. I soon found him. He was at the lower end of a field ten acres, or just 200 yards wide. He was certainly 125 yards away from the tent. I knew I could get no closer. So when he jumped up on a log lying in the field with his great breast toward me I cocked my rifle, and, resting it on a fence rail, prepared to shoot. The great bird evidently suspected danger, for he drew himself up to his full height, gleaming and glittering in the morning sun like an opal. There was not a breath of air to drift the bullet. It was a perfectly still spring morning and the sun was perhaps half an hour high. I silently turned up my Lyman rear sight to what I thought to be the right distance, and, holding high up on the breast, took careful aim and pulled the trigger. I was shooting the hand-loaded cartridges, which contained seventeen grains of powder. At the rifle's report he sprang six feet into the air, then with spread wings ran about fifty yards and fell forward dead. The bullet had cut the great aorta, the big vein that leads the blood from the heart, and gone out through the back. A cleaner kill I never made at any distance.

This turkey weighed 23½lbs. on an accurate pair of grocer's scales an hour after he was killed. He had a "beard" 13in. long. So much for the .22cal. rifle when properly loaded.

I find the hand-loaded cartridges 25 per cent. more accurate and nearly that difference in penetration than any I can get from the best factories.

I think the big game of the South must be larger than its kind in the North or West. I have seen two panthers that measured 9ft. from nose to the end at the tail before they were skinned, and helped to kill a bear that on a

pair of big cattle scales weighed 398lbs. The fat on him was an inch thick along the ribs. I killed a barren doe two years ago that weighed 207lbs. with the heart and liver inside, but the entrails out. She was extremely fat, as all barren does are.

These experiences have led me to think our big game South is larger than the same kind of animal in other sections. I attribute the superiority in size to the mild climate and the great abundance of desirable food the wild creatures have in the South, especially Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi. I should like to hear what others think of this.

MISSISSIPPI LOWLANDS.

HUSHPUCKANY, MISS., Dec. 27, 1892.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Death of Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—The Boston evening papers of Monday contained the death of Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar, who died at his home in Jamaica Plain on Sunday night at the age of fifty-one years. Capt. Farrar was well known to the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, as the pioneer of little steamer transportation on the Rangeley Lakes, and also through his guide books to the Rangeley and Moosehead Lake regions. He was also author of several stories, the scenes of which were laid in the backwoods of Maine. He early went to Maine and spent many seasons in hunting and prospecting about her woods and waters. It may be said, in fact, that Capt. Farrar has done more to make the Rangeley Lakes famous than any other man. He was fond of hunting, fishing and adventure, and being fond of writing he spent most of his time later in life in this employment. He built the first steamer ever on Richardson Lake, at a time when such an undertaking involved a great cost and a good deal of hardship. Later he built and run the steamers on Umbagog Lake, and still later a steamer to navigate the dead waters of the Magalloway, by which sportsmen were to reach Parmachenee Lake. He formed the Androscoggin Lake Transportation Co. The railway and hotel interests of Maine owe to Capt. Farrar a debt of gratitude, and yet in his lifetime this debt was hardly more than grudgingly acknowledged.

A Moose Medal.

Mr. Nathaniel C. Nash, the president of the Massachusetts Rifle

Association, has been dined at the Algonquin Club, in honor of his success at the Christmas hunt of the Dr. Bishop party at the Megantic Club preserves. An account of his success in bringing in two fine caribou has already been published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The dinner was given by Dr. Bishop, and Mr. Nash has been dubbed "Caribou Tom," or the "Mighty Hunter." An enormous medal had been previously engraved for the occasion, and on presenting it the host said: "We scorn to show our appreciation of our mighty hunter's skill by the deteriorated and base metal silver, whose fluctuation in value could be no criterion of our admiration. We prefer the standard recognized everywhere for what it is worth—block tin."

On the medal was also engraved: "To Caribou Tom, for proficiency in marksmanship, Dec. 26, 1892."

Mr. Nash "wore his honors meekly" and as a "true sportsman should." Among other things in his remarks he paid a handsome tribute to his guide, Leopold Gerard, admitting that without him he should not have done nearly as well.

Maine Legislation.

The subject of fish and game legislation promises to receive more than the usual amount of attention in the Maine Legislature, just convened in that State. The usual committee on fisheries and game has been divided into two, one committee on shore and salt-water fisheries, and the other on inland fisheries and game. Many changes in the fish and game laws will be proposed. A strong effort will again be made to open September for the shooting of moose, caribou and deer, and the measure will be as strongly opposed by the lumber interest, who fear the sportsmen's fires. The Franklin county people propose a measure to prevent the taking of trout at any time from the streams that flow into Rangeley Lake. The idea is that the trout from the lake go up these streams to breed, and are there destroyed by the sportsmen in great numbers, even before the little fellows are sufficiently grown to descend in the lake and become large fish. There is a pond or two, which outlet into the Rangeley Lake, and these ponds it is proposed to restrict from any fishing except with the fly. I hear that it is also likely to be proposed to enact a law assessing every sportsman who visits Maine a license fee before he can be allowed to hunt or fish in that State. With the fund thus raised it is proposed to better protect the fish and game. But I am glad to be able to state that some of the best friends of the sportsmen in Maine, and men whose opinion are much to be respected in such matters, will oppose any sort of license system.

Pickeral Fishing.

There are accounts of good pickeral fishing on the Charles at Dedham. One of the local fishermen, Oliver Smith, caught thirty-two good ones the other day through the ice. He also has a good record of some 300 caught

with rod and reel the past season. Charles Fell has lately caught eighteen in about the same location. Several Boston fishermen—I have not their names at present—have gone to the celebrated Belgrade Ponds, in Maine, for pickerel fishing. There is more of an interest manifested in pickerel fishing than usual this season, and later there must be good catches to report. Indeed the interest in sport with the line and rod is greatly on the increase. Mr. Geo. B. Appleton, of Geo. B. Appleton & Co., the well known Boston tackle dealers, tells me that one of his salesmen, Mr. Sisson, actually sold a full trout outfit the other day, the buyer desiring to be "ready for the next trout season." He bought a fine rod and other tackle.

SPECIAL.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DEER.

It was one of those clear, beautiful mornings of a Northern winter. "Old Sol" could be seen just rising through the dense forest of spruce and balsam, casting flickering shadows here and there, giving our place of encampment a cheerful and inviting look. The strong wind moaned as it rushed through the tall monarchs of the woods, bending their gigantic boughs in graceful, bow-like curves. The echoing sound of the chopper's ax as he struck his first blows, and the loud "Gee" and "Haw" of an oxen driver on a near by lumber job warned us that it was high time to rise and prepare for our hunt. Our party consisted of three—our guide Parslow, Ned Courtney and myself.

Breakfast over, we picked up our luggage and strapped it on our shoulders, unchained the hounds and were off. Our path led us through innumerable waterways and swamps covered with flygrass, which hindered our progress considerably. In crossing a treacherous spot on one of the latter we all sank to our thighs in soft mud. It was so massed that it took us nearly an hour to extricate ourselves. Our guide, in trying to free himself, dropped his rifle, which sank almost in an instant. He made desperate thrusts with his hands, till at last he succeeded in grasping the stock of the piece and bringing it to the surface covered with "enameline," as he termed it. Even a hunter's merry tongue could hardly express how comical he looked standing there begrimed from head to foot.

We had twenty miles to make, and at this rate it would take at least two days to complete our journey, so we quickened our pace, endeavoring to avoid as many swamps as possible.

Deer tracks were numerous, there was every indication that the region we were traversing was "chucked full of 'em" as Parslow said, which afterward proved to be true. The veil of night was fast closing round as we neared camp number two.

"The shades of night come slowly down,
The woods are draped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright."

Three o'clock in the morning! All were asleep but myself when the report of a rifle broke the stillness. Stumbling to my feet, and at the same time grasping my piece, I rushed to the shore of the stream and peered through the darkness. I could see nothing, but I heard in the distance the snort of an animal. Jumping noiselessly into a small canoe that lay on the bank, I pushed it off and proceeded to paddle up stream, hugging the opposite shore as close as possible. Three or four strokes brought me to the place from whence the sound came, as near as I could judge. I waited fully fifteen minutes, and was rewarded by seeing a pair of antlers and a head rising above the water. Upon seeing me the animal turned and swam toward shore. I waited until his shoulders appeared, and then fired. The ball lodged in the neck but did not instantly kill him. Shaking his head, he gave several graceful leaps—and fell dead.

I took up my paddle and was just about to propel the craft when, to my utter astonishment, two bucks and a doe jumped into the stream. Leveling my piece, I fired at the nearest one, but my hand was unsteady. The ball went far from its mark. Once more I fired, but experienced the same result. I gave up.

Paddling the canoe to the shore I got out. My companions had evidently awakened on hearing the report of my rifle, for not two minutes had elapsed when rapid shots came from their direction. I left the deer where he had fallen and returned to camp. The sight which greeted my eye was a pleasing one, for there, stretched out on the ground, lay two noble-looking bucks, each possessing a magnificent pair of antlers. On fleeing from me they had gone too near camp, and were shot by Parslow.

By the time we had finished dressing the animals it was 6 o'clock. After breakfasting we departed for home. The rapid progress we were making with the heavy load that we carried was simply wonderful. By noon we had covered three-quarters of the distance, and were just nearing Camp No. 1 when Ned fell exhausted. Hanging up the game, Parslow and I carried him into the hut and administered restoratives, which soon set him on his feet again.

The night was bitter cold, and it was all that we could do to keep from freezing. Our stock of blankets was inadequate; I had none and was obliged to resort to physical exercise to keep my blood in circulation. Ned happened to have a pocket thermometer; he looked at it—"ten degrees below zero, boys," said he. "Don't you wish you'd gone home last night!" Parslow said he could stand it if the rest could; so we remained loyal to our determination to go forward. Morning found us nearer dead than alive. We drank a cup of coffee to warm us up and were off. I took the lead and was trying to find the trail, when I discovered fresh deer tracks in the snow. I called back to the rest to wait for me. I then followed it up. It led me to a high knoll.

I stealthily approached and saw the head of a large sized buck behind a clump of brush. Stopping short I fired, but missed. The animal sprang, attacking me with his front legs. Quickly turning my body I succeeded in getting on my hands and knees, at the same time holding my head down to protect it from the sharp blows of the infuriated beast. Had it not been for the padded buckskin coat which I was lucky enough to have on, I should have been torn to pieces ere my faithful hound, hearing my cry, came to my deliverance. In an instant's time he made a spring and buried his teeth in the animal's throat. A desperate fight ensued, in which the hound came out victorious.

The deer fell, the sharp teeth of my rescuer having

severed an artery. As I approached he feebly tried to rise and show fight, but his life blood was fast ebbing away. A moment later and he fell back lifeless. He lay gracefully on his side with his long antlers resting on a great stump, at the back of which was piled a heap of hemlock bark freshly felled. What would I have given at that moment to have had a "Hawkeye" with me! What a grand picture the scene would have made!

In a few minutes my companions came on a dead run. I sat down on a log and proceeded to examine my injuries, which, although slight, were nevertheless painful. In the meantime Ned and Parslow dressed the deer (we had succeeded in disposing of the smallest one to a lumberman at \$5, the price agreed upon).

A very laughable incident occurred during the rest of our tramp. We lost the trail. The snow had blown against the trees and covered the blazed part. Our guide was leading the way when suddenly, to our amazement, we saw his legs rapidly disappearing. We ran to his assistance and pulled him out of the very same hole that but two days ago he had fallen into. We laughed heartily. Not so did the unfortunate and irritated victim.

Our course was south, but instead of going in that direction we made a complete circle, coming out on the swamp.

Two hours later found us in the village, and after making due preparation and wishing Parslow good luck and better (understanding) we departed.

Whenever I meet Parslow I greet him: "Hallo, Pars, can you give me a definition of a swamp?" He isn't in love with swamps.

TAMARACK.

BLACK DUCKS FROM A BATTERY.

THE dusky or black duck—*Anas obscura*—is as cunning and wary in his haunt among the wild oats or in the ponds, or wherever he may be found, as the fox is on the land. By carefully studying their habits and necessities thousands are shot every year along our coast notwithstanding their wariness.

Many are shot by "laying for black ducks" concealed in the shade under a bank or in a hole dug near their favorite feeding grounds. In the evening many are shot while flying up the course of the rivers to the ponds or river banks, where the wild oats are plenty. But perhaps the best time is when a snowstorm is coming on late in the fall. They leave the salt water and fly up the rivers to get the shelter of the wild oats or any other place that will protect them. They seem to be partially blinded by the snow, or rather, the snow prevents their seeing everything, as they always do, under ordinary circumstances. The shooter by lying down or hiding behind a haystack will get many good shots in a short time. One of the best places that I ever knew in the vicinity of New Haven is on the Quinnipiac River, just above "the brickyards," where there are hundreds of acres of wild oats stretching far and wide, where they feed every night. (It is also a most famous place for rail shooting in the fall).

Many black ducks are shot in the winter by the shooter covering himself with a white sheet when the snow covers the shores, and also by lying on a big cake of ice on a blanket near the channel. When the tide rises the ducks swim up the channel to feed on the roots of the sedge and to dig up with their bills the small long clams that are found along the shores.

This practice of shooting black ducks in the dead of winter should be prohibited by law. The ducks are then miserably poor and rank in flavor. The black duck is too good, in its season, to be destroyed in this way. In the fall they are fully as good, and many think better, than the tame duck or the mallard.

Alluding to the extreme wariness of the black duck I never knew of but one exception, and that was nearly thirty years ago.

At New Haven in our open harbor, contrary to their usual habits, a flock of about fifteen black ducks were to be seen feeding every day not more than thirty rods from Long Wharf, nor more than fifteen rods from where the N. Y. & N. H. R. R. depot now stands. Although men and teams were passing every few minutes on the wharf, the ducks seemed to pay no attention to it. This was early in the season.

Whether these ducks were reared near some farmhouse where they saw men and teams every day, with all the usual noises about a farmhouse, and were not disturbed, and so had more confidence and faith in mankind than they did soon afterward, is more than I can say, but it looks to me like the most probable solution of the question. They fed and played about there "with such a shocking tameness" as to attract considerable notice. And I am sorry to say (?) that I was the first one to destroy that faith.

But as all men and ducks find out sooner or later that they cannot put much faith in man, I thought it best to disabuse their minds of that idea at once, and to see its utter folly.

At this time I had a battery, the same as those used on the Chesapeake Bay. I proposed to a storekeeper on Long Wharf, and he was an old duck shooter, the bringing down to his store of my battery, and there to launch it, and he to let his man assist me and to pick up any ducks that I might shoot, which he agreed to do; but he remarked that "Their man would have no ducks to pick up," and all that. "Who ever heard of black ducks being shot on their open feeding grounds from a battery." Well, the battery was launched and towed out to the place I selected. The decoys, about a dozen of white-winged coot decoys, the nearest thing I had, were properly set.

I lay down flat on my back with my head resting on a sandbag, so that I could just look over the edge of the battery, and facing the mouth of the harbor. In less than an hour I saw the ducks coming, a half mile away. On they came, straight toward me, flying very high. I had made up my mind to shoot on the first reasonable chance. As they came it seemed as though they eyed those old coot ducks with suspicion; at any rate they could claim but slight relationship.

They flew past rather out of shooting distance, and circled around toward Long Wharf; it looked to me as though it was my only chance, so I let go, and down came one, winged. The next moment I saw John, my assistant, coming in his sharpie to pick up the first "black duck ever shot on their open feeding grounds from a battery." He had a long chase as he sailed partly on the water and partly on the mud, but he got him.

The next day I went again and had the decoys set as usual, and then lay on my back waiting for anything

that might turn up—or come down. I waited long, but no duck appeared.

Knowing it to be the habit of black ducks to fly up if they hear a gun fired anywhere within a mile, I rose to a sitting position and fired one barrel and immediately dropped back, and peering over the edge of the battery I saw the flock rise straight up, a half mile away, and fly toward the old spot.

I had but one barrel (I used a percussion gun in those days) and they came in the same way they did before, very high up and almost right over me. I pulled and down came one, dead, and struck within 30ft. of me. The wind being favorable, he drifted within reach and I secured him.

In shooting from a battery or a boat it is very desirable to be able to shoot from both the right or the left shoulder. When shooting from the right shoulder, while in a sitting position in a battery, you will find that you cannot twist around and shoot to the right; but if you can shoot also from the left shoulder you can shoot to the right quite well after some practice, by bringing up the gun quickly and aiming at some object without firing. I met with a funny incident in my first practice at shooting to the right from my left shoulder. I had selected one of my decoys that was furthest to the right, but it being awkward work at first I happened to touch the trigger and the decoy went end over end, full of shot.

B. F. ARLINGTON.

PENNSYLVANIA PROTECTION.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION, Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 5th at hand. Your kind offer to help our Association in the first united effort for game protection in our State, coming so quickly after the receipt of our circular letter, shows that the deep interest you take in the subject makes you remarkably alert to grasp opportunities to help the cause. "FOREST AND STREAM and game protection" would not be a bad campaign cry. Their interests are identical, and one cannot exist without the other. The way you attack the subject from different standpoints, and air the views of those who wish to have them aired, with occasional pungent comments, shows that you must be a "crank" on the subject, and that is what is needed in our State—a few more game protection cranks. We want it to become a "fad" to be posted on game protection and increase.

We want the feeling to become so widespread that it will be considered more of an honor to be known as a game protector than a killer of game.

We want the sentiment to become so strong that the gourmand who eats game out of season will feel as guilty as the Hebrew tempted to eat the flesh of swine, and we want FOREST AND STREAM's help to spread this feeling.

You can, from your immense store of information and knowledge of the subject, aid the lay press of our State to help intelligently, for they will quote you as a profound authority.

They are ready to help, and have already started the work. Quite a number of editors of influential papers have offered space for anything we may send them bearing on the subject, but a number of them state, while they feel the game must have protection or be annihilated, they are woefully ignorant of the methods necessary to protect it.

So we have the press of the State with us, and with them on our side it is only a matter of time to have the masses properly educated.

We thank you again for your prompt offer of assistance (and you may rest assured we will call on you).

C. E. H. BRELSFORD, Pres.

PIRTSBERG, Pa., January.—The sportsmen of this end of the State are very much interested in the Legislature which began its regular session at Harrisburg January 3. A number of bills affecting the game laws have been prepared including one from New Castle, which makes it a misdemeanor to shoot quails at all. Of course that is out of the question but all sportsmen here agree that our game laws are very bad. The most systematic effort at reformation has been undertaken by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which at its last meeting at Reading appointed a committee on legislation whose duties were defined to be to secure such changes in the laws as seemed to it advisable, and also to secure the recognition by the State government of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association as the proper body to have charge of the protection and propagation of the game birds and animals of the State. Elmer E. Shaner is the local member of the legislative committee and says the local members of the Legislature and Governor Pattison can be depended on to do whatever the State Association proposes. One of the objects is to secure an appropriation with which to attempt the propagation of game and the protection of what little we have left.

Mr. Shaner says the association wants at least as much protection and assistance for the game as is now provided for the fish. There is a fish commission of six in this State and Mr. George H. Welshons is the local member. They get honor for their salary but have something of an appropriation each year. This they expend in planting the streams and paying the expenses of the wardens, etc. The wardens, of course, direct their energies toward fish, but a few of them, such as J. W. Hague, the warden for this district, wage a desultory war on the game law violators. But he is not paid to do so. The association aims to provide the means for employing men especially to look after the game. Then the association desires to make the seasons for game more uniform. One season for pheasants, quails and rabbits is almost sure to be urged.

Mr. Hague desires to see a bill introduced enlarging the powers of the fish commission so as to give it supervision of the game as well. Then he wants to see an appropriation that will justify good reliable men in accepting the office of game and fish wardens. He thinks \$1,000 a year and the necessary expenses of pursuing and prosecuting offenders is the least sum that should be set aside for one warden. He also thinks the Legislature should empower the wardens to search the persons of suspected hunters. For instance, he would have a warden so empowered that he could go to one of the depots and overhaul any hunter his judgment dictated and ascertain by searching his pockets whether he had violated any of the game laws. Of course such a right would be rarely exercised, but in extreme cases he thinks it is necessary. But there are grave doubts whether a law granting such extraordinary

rights, without the preliminary of some sort of a search warrant, would stand a test of constitutionality. Mr. Hague's argument in favor of the enlargement of the powers of the fish commission, namely that the commission already has all the necessary official machinery and that one warden for both fish and game could do the work of two, one for game and the other for fish, undoubtedly has weight in local circles. The expense for wardens would be only half what it should be under the plan now talked of by the State Association.

One proposed amendment to the game laws which was drawn in this city the other day and is probably in the hands of a legislator by this time deals only with dates. The law stands as it is with the following changes: The season for woodcock which by the present law begins July 4, and ends Jan. 1, is changed to begin Sept. 1 and end Jan. 1; the season for squirrel which begins now Sept. 1 and ends Jan. 1, is changed to begin Oct. 1 and end Jan. 1; the season for ruffed grouse or pheasants which now begins Oct. 1 and ends Jan. 1, is changed to begin Nov. 1 and end Jan. 1. The quail season, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, is not changed, nor is the season for rabbits, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. This brings in the three kinds of small game most sought after in this State, pheasants, quails and rabbits, on the same day, Nov. 1. September is taken from the squirrel hunters because lawless hunters take advantage of the squirrel season to shoot young pheasants. October is taken from the pheasant hunters because lawless hunters take their dogs out to kill quails while ostensibly hunting only for pheasants; while many a rabbit falls at the hands of October pheasant hunters.

It will be surprising and a great disappointment to the law-abiding sportsmen—and no other kind deserve the name of sportsmen—if some change is not made. The scarcity of game last fall is a warning that something must be done. Nearly every sportsman is willing to leave the work to the State Sportsmen's Association, but grave fears are expressed that the committee is moving too slowly. There is always a rush of bills toward the close of the legislative session, and that fact is what prevented a wholesome change from being made two years ago. If the sportsmen should fail again this session we would have two more years of the present game laws, as the Legislature meets but once every two years in this State.

One enthusiastic sportsman wants a bill introduced to make it a misdemeanor to shoot any game bird except while on the wing. Everybody agrees with him as to quail, but in this part of the country the sportsman's code is construed to permit the taking of the grand old ruffed grouse any way you can get him. However, there are none too many of the magnificent game bird left in this section, and perhaps a little special legislation in his behalf would be a good idea. As to shooting quails sitting, the consensus of opinion is that the man who will do it will throw stones at his grandmother and call it sport. M.

OUR '92 NORTHERN WISCONSIN HUNT.

VAN BUREN, Ind.—We were camped on the old ground, on which and near which our old hunters, Cox and Doyle, have hunted these ten or more years, about four miles west of what is known as Beecher Lake, on the line of the Milwaukee Northern Railroad. Beecher Lake is very aptly named, as the sons of the great preacher built a log house near it, and used it for several seasons to spend their vacations and enjoy the atmosphere of the locality, it being highly favorable to those who can enjoy "nature's own breathing." Lake Superior exerts a great influence on this locality, as catarrhal, bronchial and asthmatic troubles are very beneficially affected by even a month's sojourn there in the fall months. This the writer cheerfully and truthfully asserts as his individual experience.

The party this time consisted of Carr, Wright and the writer, with the old ones, C. and D. We arrived at camp in a rain, in time for the season to open and be there when it opened. The weather continued dark, cloudy, with storms of rain or snow until Nov. 17, when it rained all the afternoon and part of the night, finishing with a wet snow of about four inches on everything the next morning. When the small pines were bent to the ground the tops were fastened by the sleet, which made the hunting very disagreeable, for it was almost impossible to get through the woods. Just imagine a tract of pine woods that had been cut over ten or twenty years ago, and grown up with young pines from one to three inches in diameter and as thick as they could stand, then loaded with sleet and snow, and what kind of hunting ground would you be on?

This drove us from camp on Thanksgiving Day, as it was very laborious, tedious and uncertain hunting under those conditions; and while we did not get so many deer as we thought we wanted while there, we are thinking now that perhaps we got as many as we deserved or were entitled to. The first deer killed was by Wright, a nice 175-pound buck, with four points.

As the river was being used to "drive" posts, ties and poles, the waters were kept so high it was impracticable to bridge same for about two weeks. After that we had our "foot log" and used it daily, as our best hunting was across the river.

Mr. Overman arrived at camp at 4 P. M. from Indiana, bringing election news. Two days later Mr. Carr had a telegram calling him home. We were sorry to part with him, as he had proved a good companion in camp, and had shot his first deer, but unfortunately he had lost this, for next day it was not to be found where he had hung it. This was the first instance of theft any of us ever heard of in Wisconsin. We can't think any hunter took it.

Mr. O. proved himself a mighty Nimrod. The first day out he almost ran over a big buck. The fourth day he shot a big one, and under peculiar circumstances. About a mile south of camp was a lake of 30 to 40 acres area, nearly round, and fully 100ft. below the general surface, with timber to the water's edge. The banks were generally at an angle of 45°. It is a beautiful sheet of water. Mr. O., passing on the west side of the lake, saw a deer in sleeping attitude down near the water's edge, and soon he had, as a good hunter would have, his .40-82. Winchester trained that way. He subsequently appeared in camp and owned up that he could not hang his buck. Help was called in by signal, and he was made happy. It was his first deer, though he had hunted in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and had killed antelope, mountain sheep and Rocky mountain lion.

On the day after our sleety snow, Mr. Cox found about two miles northwest of our camp, and about one mile north of the river, lying on the snow, and somewhat

coiled, a snake, frozen stiff. When reporting his find at night, he was mildly chaffed. The next day he had the snake with him, and it was carefully measured with a tape line, by the writer, in presence of all, and its length was 36½ in., and fully 3½ in. around its body at the largest place. How it came there, or where from, was, and is, a mystery to us; we left it hanging near our camping place. Note that the snow fell in the night and the thermometer was 32° at daylight; and it was found on the snow, with no visible depression where it lay, and as far as could be seen no possible place for it to come from. Yet there it was.

The result of this hunt was ten deer, five bucks (one of which was "a spike"), one doe and four fawns.

We had no fishing in river on account of its being used so much, and found grouse very scarce, but plenty of white hares, a few of which we shot, as well as a few porcupines and a pair of Canada grouse, all of which are duly mounted, and shot only as specimens. The birds above are very rare, and this pair were secured and mounted in good shape, and can be seen at the business room of Matt Doyle. S. F. J.

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK TRAPS.—II.

THE fisher trap (shown in Fig. 2) was sketched on the Tobique River, N. B. The one shown in the illustration (Fig. 2) is a characteristic one. A hollow spruce 2ft. in diameter had blown down, leaving a tall, ragged stump. With an axe an opening was made in the side of the stump about 3ft. from the ground. Instead of making a clean cut across the stump (as if the tree were being felled) a thin section was left standing in the middle. If this front post cannot be left in this manner, a separate stake needs to be driven instead. Inside the post there is just space for a bed piece, 2in. thick, 3in. wide and over 2ft. long, to be laid on edge across the front of the opening. Next was cut a "fall," of fir, 4in. thick and 15ft. long. The large end is shaved down to the same thickness as the "bed-piece" and laid upon the top thereof. The other end of the "fall" rests upon the ground, as the

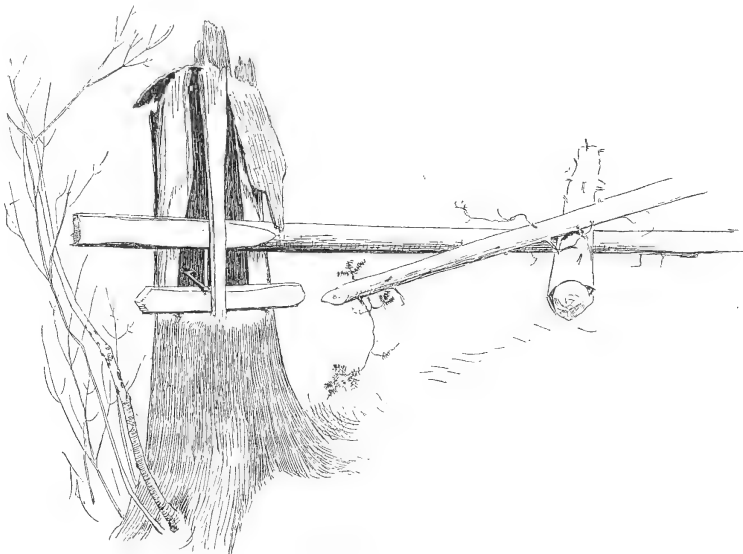


FIG. 2.—FISHER TRAP.

stump stands upon a hillside, but generally a forked stick is necessary to hold the pole in a horizontal position. The manner of the setting of not only this, but all the smaller deadfalls is with the "standard" and "bait-stick" instead of the "figure-4."

For fishers the "standard" is a stick ½ in. thick and 5 or 6in. long. The "bait-stick" is 9in. (or longer) and over ½ in. thick, whittled flat at one end, but with a fork at the other. The bait, a fowl's head, a piece of squirrel, etc., is impaled upon this fork and securely tied there with string or cedar bark. The "fall" is then raised several inches, the "bait-stick" is thrust into the interior of the stump, with the flat end resting upon the "bed-piece," the "standard" is set upright upon the flat end of the "bait-stick" and the "fall" is lowered until it rests upon the upper end of the "standard." Now the trap is set; but the "bait-stick" must be so delicately balanced that it will not spring of its own accord, yet will yield to a slight tug at the bait. These sticks are set up in the middle of the opening, close to the post. A large sheet of bark was laid across the top of the trap for a covering and poles were placed upon the "fall" to weigh it down.

Traps for black cat are built also after the manner of the sable trap, afterward described, although they are, of course, larger. TAPPAN ADNEY.

TREES AND MEN.

THE trout hog and pot-hunter may find enjoyment only in wholesale destruction carried even to the limit of extermination, and too many of this class are offensively conspicuous in wrongly named sportsmen's clubs, whose professed object is to protect and develop fish and game. These, together with a mercenary class recruited largely from the ranks of those engaged in the sale of fishing tackle, ammunition and other agents of destruction, and who delight to masquerade in the garb of sportsmen, usually capture the machinery of the sportsmen's clubs, and as a result depleted streams and empty coverts and a niggardliness that attempts nothing in the direction of restocking either.

The best element in the guild of sportsmen has long since learned that the greatest benefit and pleasure of an outing are not to be measured by the destruction wrought, nor the profit estimated by the dollars and cents which the contents of creel or bag might bring if sold in the market.

No! Despising these, which are at best but incidents in a broader and higher view, the greater pleasure and benefit that come to him who goes afield with eyes and ears open, and whose heart is not withered by avarice,

count for more than mere wanton slaughter. He whose being is so attuned.

"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones"—

He realizes that the world is but a vast schoolhouse and all are pupils. In the every-day walks of life he encounters some born with the grin of Momus, who can see only the ludicrous; some with a bent for the serious, who never smile; some who, surmounting every obstacle, ascend to the summit at a single bound, and others who never become more than drudges or drones by the wayside.

He considers how much he has to be thankful for to whom it is given to be any of these as occasion demands, and how deserving of commiseration and sympathy him who can appear but in a single role.

To the thoughtful and observing the book of nature is ever interesting and instructive, its varied leaves stored with amplitude to hold enraptured the greatest intellect, while not repelling the most callow youth. All stations and conditions bring tribute to her shrine and learn from her lessons as diverse as are her devotees. Many an interesting parallel to the every-day affairs of life are discerned in her manifold aspects, and to none do they come with more frequency, force and pleasure than to the lover of rod and gun who worthily bears the name of sportsman. True to the words of the king of English poets, he "finds tongues in trees." He saunters forth gun in hand in the delightful stillness of autumn time, and his pathway leads him along the hillside where he comes to a solitary spreading tree. It is isolated from its fellows, manfully breasting the storms that break over it, its roots striking more deeply and holding more firmly with each encounter, fulfilling its allotted destiny apart from its fellows. Type of the hermit of ancient days, thinks he, a man of fixed principles to which he was ever devoted and loyal, who lived apart from his fellows, who counted not the world's praise nor feared its censure—and on he passes to a grove of conifers.

Here he finds a brotherhood of trees in close communion—the antithesis of the one on the hillside—each in

closest relation but not encroaching upon the other, the soothing of the wind in their branches typifying the orisons of their human companions and their balsamic fragrance permeating all and wafted heavenward like the incense of good deeds ascending from the human brotherhood to the great white throne on high.

Again he sees great giant trees towering above all surroundings, like the noted ones of the world, and others unpretentious, but fruited with abundance like the most valued members of society, the unobtrusive men of good deeds.

There, to be shunned, are noxious trees whose pestilential exhalations have no redeeming quality, and they remind him only of the vagabond contingent and enemies of their kind; others stately and fair to look upon that are rotten within; trees of great height and vast proportions that challenge his attention and command the tribute of his admiration, that are snapped asunder by the whirlwind and thrown to earth, pulling down and crushing everything in their course like many a proud man who started out upon the journey of life in conscious strength and buoyant with the hope of great achievement, who attained to high and envied station, but who in a moment of madness encountered the gale of temptation and fell with an appalling crash that shook the pillars of society and brought ruin and disgrace in his path.

Again, he is surrounded by others that seem fitting companions to the dilettanti whose every thought is of the present, and who always promise themselves a golden tomorrow, but who are swept into oblivion by the winds of adversity, leaving behind not even charcoal embers as a remembrance, as does the consuming forest fire. The towering oak and clinging vine, type of conjugal love and highest earthly affection, escape not his attention nor the lesson it teaches of bearing one another's burdens.

Some he sees are like other members of the human family who have a grand destiny, while others of as great intrinsic value live and die unknown; some are great in a worldly sense, while living by their association with events of importance, and others, like the good ones of the world, are best known and appreciated when beyond its praise.

Putting forth bud and blossom they well typify youth and give promise of a great future, clothed with densest foliage of mid-summer, the days of manhood and strength in the sere and yellow leaf, the autumn time of life, when is garnered the harvest of years, and when their naked branches are assailed by the merciless winds of winter and give back but sad, pensive strains in remembrance, he has a vivid picture of cheerless and defenseless old age, desolate and forlorn, when the charms of life are but a

memory—the friends of other days cast down from the tree of life and gathered into the silent churchyard even as are the leaves by the winds of winter.

But the shadows have grown to extremest length, the day is spent, and here again is our sportsman at the stile over which he took his departure in the morning. His game bag is empty, for his gun has not done the deed of death, but who does not envy him his outing or say his day has been profitless? GEO. MCALFEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

MAINE GAME.

[From the Commissioners' Report for 1891-92.]

THE result of protection to our game has more than realized our wildest expectations, but in a proportion of the class of persons that it has drawn to our State (calling themselves sportsmen), we have been subjected to most bitter disappointment. We had thought that in making Maine a field of protected game, we should find in every man a fellow workman, sympathizer and partner with us, as lovers of field sports, interested with us in preserving respect and obedience to our game laws. We can enact no alien laws, as can the Dominion of Canada. By the laws of the United States, every citizen of each State can reside at will temporarily in each State, and enjoy equally with its own citizens all the privileges of its State laws.

All the world can come to us and enjoy during the open time of our game laws all the advantages of our fish and game, that pertain to her own born children and citizens, who have been taxed for and paid the expenses of our game laws. No green callow countryman has been more deceived by the wily, purring "bunco steerer," than have we in some of our visiting sportsmen. But we have not lost our faith in true sportsmen. We shall always rely upon them for support in sustaining our game laws. We expect that every true sportsman that visits our State will promptly report to us every infraction of our game laws, that we may send an officer to arrest and punish the offender. The money penalty for the killing of our venison is a punishment only to the offender whose money resources are restricted. We hear the dishonest, canny remarks of a wealthy offender reported to us by good authority, which, if true, should ostracize him from the companionship of all true sportsmen and gentlemen, viz.: "I kill all game that affords me a fair mark. If I am caught I promptly pay up, if not, that is the fault of the State." Complaints have been made to us by gentlemen against such persons, while they must sit quietly by and witness the cream of the hunting enjoyed by such fellows, while the true quality of "noblesse oblige" compels them to sit still and suffer in obedience to the law. It has been suggested to us by a delegation of gentlemen of Kineo that imprisonment be added to the money penalty in such, if not all cases. We have before spoken of the wonderful increase of our moose, deer and caribou. We ascribe much of this to the suppressing of deer dogging. Dogging is as destructive to deer as is netting and spearing on the spawning beds to fish. They have become wonderfully tame and have entered the pastures of the farmers. Many an old doe that has summered with her fawns in the pasture with the farmer's cows has aroused all the farmer's ire when pursued by some city counter-jumper and has applied to the commissioners for protection and redress for his pets.

The caribou and moose seem to have been driven out of their usual fastnesses by the railroad laborers and engineers and the dynamite blasting enterprises.

The moose and caribou are found all over the State and in the most unlikely places in the immediate suburbs of our larger towns. The improvement in firearms, the breechloader, the magazine gun, the cheapness of these arms must tend to the decreasing of all game. We think Maine has a good code of game laws, and if they are rigidly enforced, as they can be, we see no reason why our present game may not be continued to breed for all time, and afford a fine field for sportsmen. We have thousands of acres of land that can never be used for agricultural purposes, which is admirably adapted for the cultivation and home of the moose, deer and caribou. A crop already planted, needing no cultivation, but protection, and from which many thousand dollars can be harvested annually for the benefit of the State. Our game laws can always be enforced, provided we have a licensed class of guides. A case was reported to us a few days since by a guide who complained that his employer had broken one of the laws of the State, in shooting caribou in close time and when neither the meat or hide could be preserved, but left to rot. This led to a discussion among the more reputable class of guides. They concluded that there was a large number of men of bad character acting as guides who were aiding in destroying the game of the State, and would in time destroy the occupation of the guides, by annihilating all the game, that they respected no law, were a worthless class of men, without whom the State would be richer. It was proposed that the guides of the State organize. We think this move would be in the right direction. They should organize and be incorporated and have their own laws and admit only qualified men, after an examination. They should be guardians of the game laws and should report every infraction of the laws to the commissioners and fix their own rules of admission.

There are a large body of men hanging around our prominent places of summer resort calling themselves guides, but few men of character, rarely citizens, mostly Frenchmen from over the border, skin hunters and poachers. We arrested and tried two of them this last season for capturing a newly born moose calf, probably by killing the mother while fighting to protect her young. Their fine was paid by a Greenville man who pleaded that the men were in his employ. The calf was sold to the United States officer in charge at Togus, and now adorns the United States Park at that place in violation of the law of the State of Maine.

As Maine seems to be the only State in the Union that has enacted a regular code of game laws, and is earnestly seeking to enforce them, she has naturally attracted to her forests the sportsmen from all the States. There are varieties of hardy game from other States and climes that readily acclimate here, and can be profitably introduced. We think the jack rabbit of the Western plains would prove a valuable addition, as it feeds similarly with our own hare, and attains a considerably greater weight and is of similar habits. Our prominent sportsmen have been discussing for years

the feasibility of introducing the black cock of Europe, known as the capercaillie, to our northern or black growth forests. Its habits are similar to our ruffed grouse, commonly known as partridge. It nests similarly on the ground, is a hardy bird, has its home in the rough, cold, snowy hills of Scotland, breeds in considerable numbers in the forests of Sweden and Norway.

Our bright, intelligent Minister to Sweden has already brought this matter before the consideration of Congress and proposed that the birds be introduced and distributed at the expense of the United States. We do not think well of the scheme, as our Congress is composed of representatives from widely varied climes and not always of men who are judges of this class of interests. The capercaillie is the inhabitant of a frozen clime and buries itself in the snow to preserve its life in the snowy blizzards of winter as does our beautiful ruffed grouse. We think by the subscription of the sportsmen of Maine and Massachusetts and other of our New England States, our Minister to Sweden could purchase a few pairs of the birds and these could be bred and cared for at Rangeley and Kineo for a few years until semi-domesticated, as is the present pheasant in England, and then turned loose. As for jack rabbits, we would recommend that a few pairs be purchased and turned loose at once in our woods.

Your Commissioners respectfully represent that the salary accorded them is entirely inadequate to the time required for the performance of their duties. The minor officials employed about the Capitol receive larger emoluments. Our work is more appreciated and honored in the other States of the Union than in our own home. Our forest and streams must testify as to the fidelity and value of our work.

THE MAINE DEER SUPPLY.

BOSTON, Mass.—My good friend, Mr. E. M. Stilwell, at the head of the Fish and Game Commission of Maine, a gentleman who has labored most earnestly in that cause, hands me the following letter from a Portland gentleman of high reputation in business and social circles, also a great lover of woods and water sports. Mr. Stilwell writes me that he regards the letter as good and helpful and of value, as coming from one of the most noted sportsmen of New England. To the bottom of his letter to me, including a written permission from Mr. Smith to use his letter, if worthy, though not intended for publication. Mr. Stilwell adds that "all our success in due to the stopping of hounding and market-hunting." The letter is as follows:

WOODBORNS, ME., Nov. 30, 1892.—Hon. E. M. Stilwell: Dear Sir—I have been waiting to write and congratulate you on the general results of "Deer Farming" in Maine, as shown by the crop already gathered this year. From all accounts, there is plenty of "red corn" left for coming years. I learn from the newspapers that over 200 deer have been brought into Bangor this season. I have no figures for Portland markets, but think there has been no day for the last six weeks when venison could not be bought there. Deer have appeared in Cumberland county, and I hear of them in almost every town, and even city, in the county. I here are two or three in this City of Portland, two in Scarborough. One was shot in Portland, and two ago one of the islands in the city limits. Deer are reported to me in Gorham, Gray, Cumberland, Windham, Falmouth—towns in this county. Three were shot at Sebago Lake recently, and with all due allowance for "gunners' stories" there are more deer in this thickly settled, sparsely wooded Cumberland county than there have been at any other time during the past fifty years.

There is no State in the Union that enjoys better results or a larger return than can Maine, for its wise legislation is protecting its deer crop. I have noticed in several papers recently reports of the reappearance of the gray wolf in northern Maine. If true, they have probably been drawn in from Canada and New Brunswick by the abundance of deer, and I would suggest your considering the advisability of any other thing I want to call your attention to. I see that one of our leading growers is advertising among his canned goods "Lobster Roe." From a lasty glance at the Revised Statutes, I do not find the sale of lobster eggs prohibited. Your wardens have been doing good work here seizing short lobsters, but if they can be sold "in the egg," it is bad for the lobster.

Think of it, will you? And if you deem it of sufficient importance, incorporate your views on the matter in your forthcoming report. There is another thing I want to call your attention to. I see that one of our leading growers is advertising among his canned goods "Lobster Roe." From a lasty glance at the Revised Statutes, I do not find the sale of lobster eggs prohibited. Your wardens have been doing good work here seizing short lobsters, but if they can be sold "in the egg," it is bad for the lobster.

I dislike to discredit so high an authority as Mr. Smith, and did he not squarely state that he gets it from the papers I would not mention his wolf fears; but the FOREST AND STREAM has heard this wolf story for several seasons. Indeed I believe that a big reward has been offered for a wolf scalp taken in Maine. People up in northern Maine seem to believe that somehow the coming of the wolves is to be a result of the increase in deer, and consequently that all laws protecting the deer should be repealed. They feel this with one eye on the deer they are not allowed to destroy indiscriminately.

SPECIAL.

Market-Hunters, Indians and Deer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing from New Mexico, Dec. 18, 1892, gives this report of wholesale deer killing: "I was hunting and living in a cabin one mile from where I am writing this article just eight years ago. Charley Perry, who then occupied this ranch, and brother, who lived one mile from here, killed that winter (1884-5) over 200 deer and 4 elk, to say nothing of several bears. In the years intervening between 1884 and 1891 Indians and white men have been killing deer, bears and turkeys every fall and winter. Now, in the winter of 1891-2 Bill Lewis killed 92 deer himself. Last September a band of Lagoonia Pueblos came in here and killed many deer. They disappeared for awhile, and returned about six weeks ago. They killed in their two trips about 285 deer, to say nothing of several bear, turkeys and even squirrels. I will also mention en passant that they killed several head of domestic cattle. By what right, however, or law, they are allowed off their reservation over 200 miles in this country, committing wholesale slaughter, is beyond the ken of all here. There are many poor white men in this country who depend on the big game in the mountains for their winter meat. All the deer that were killed that I have mentioned were killed in a strip of the mountains about 12 miles long and about 10 miles wide. Unless the Indians are prevented from coming in here the glories of these hunting grounds will soon be a thing of the past."

New York Legislature.

THE Assembly committee on Fisheries and Game: Messrs. O'Connor of Kings, Avery of Schenectady, Robinson of Queens, Davidson of New York, Reilly of New York, Smith of Erie, Conkling of Warren, Higbie of Suffolk, Griffin of Delaware.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 7.—The annual report of city game warden Maurice R. Bortree to the Governor of the State is a good one. It is short, direct, not vainglorious, and it shows results. Mr. Bortree is a better worker than he ever had here before, and has done better work than he was at first thought able to do. He has made out of his office the past year the magnificent sum of \$191.40, as the figures show, and has lost far more than that out of his private business, but he has done sport and sportsmanship far more good than could be measured by that sum or by any sum far greater. Following is the text of the report, barring the legal returns, the latter being summarized:

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1, 1892.

TO THE HONORABLE JOSEPH W. FIFER, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS: DEAR SIR—In compliance with the law of the State of Illinois, I present to you this, my first annual report, as game warden for the city of Chicago, beginning with the time when I received my commission about Aug. 18, 1891, and ending Nov. 1, 1892.

In addition to the work of prosecuting offenders, I have also had cards and circulars printed containing the game laws of our State. These I have had distributed among the sportsmen and game dealers in the northern part of the State. I have also had the express companies issue notices to their agents not to accept in transport game in violation of game laws. This has had a tendency to diminish the traffic in game. Nevertheless, our markets are full of trapped quail from Kansas and other Western States; also large quantities of venison, none of which is in condition to be marketable. The wanton destruction and waste of game is evident to any one making a journey through our city and noting the great quantities exposed everywhere. I have found but few persons who are willing to assist in transporting game in violation of game laws. I have received quite a number of anonymous letters containing more or less worthless information. Nearly everybody seems to want some one else to enforce the laws. The game and birds of this State belong to the people, and they are a valuable heritage and worth saving, but are sure to be exterminated unless vigorous measures are adopted soon.

It is my opinion that our game warden law should be amended. There should be a deputy warden in every county of the State, who should be held accountable for a strict performance of duty. These deputies can be appointed by a chief warden or by the Governor. The amount of time and labor necessary to give to this work should entitle each warden to all fines imposed in cases of successful prosecution by him, and not one portion of the fines, as is now the case. I have found the school fund or any other fund. Past experience has shown that neither sportsmen nor any other class of persons can be depended upon to enforce the law. The wardens should also have power to seize illegal game on sight. The game laws should also be amended. The season for sale of all kinds of game should close in the State Jan. 1 of each year instead of Feb. 1, as it is now. There are several reasons why this should be done: in nearly all of the Western States the close season begins on Jan. 1 or before, on all kinds of game excepting duck. The winter season is at hand, when immense quantities of prairie chickens are trapped. Our market remaining open is an invitation to the market hunters and game destroyers to dispose of their game here. The sale of duck killed in Illinois should be prohibited at all times.

If these suggestions were carried into effect it would greatly lessen the game in the surrounding States, and we should cease to be looked upon as the exterminators of our game. It is my opinion that the extermination of our game is largely, if not entirely, to be charged to the market-hunters and the great market center of the United States. It seems to me proper and feasible for our State to have a game commission to see to the introduction and propagation of new game and song birds. I trust that this last suggestion will receive some attention during the next session of the Legislature.

I most cheerfully acknowledge the hearty co-operation of ex-President Abner Price and President R. B. Organ, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, for the assistance in the performance of my duties, and also to the Hon. F. S. Baird, attorney, for legal advice and help in prosecutions.

All of which is most respectfully submitted.

MAURICE R. BORTREE,
Game Warden, Chicago.

Following are the firms found selling illegal game, the amounts of same, and the legal penalties imposed: B. Aaron & Son, 131 prairie chickens, \$40; John B. Warden & Co., 2 fox squirrels, \$10; C. W. Roth, 1 deer and 4 prairie chickens, \$25; Price & Keith, 2 fox squirrels, \$10; D. R. Shirely, 1 antelope, \$10; Henry Spitz, gray squirrels, \$10; Fred Paegel & Son, 1 wild swan, \$5 (costs only); American Express Co. (carrier), 180 prairie chickens and 10 fox squirrels, legally sold by consent, netting \$71; Moses Gray & Co., 40 prairie chickens, \$125 and costs; John C. Ender, 40 prairie chickens, \$270, less costs. Total fines, \$529.58. Warden's net emoluments, \$191.40.

The letter from Mr. Randall, of Alton, Ill., published last week, will be of special interest to Mr. Bortree in his enthusiasm on the idea of new game birds. Can Mr. Randall help us out with a word to his local representative in the Legislature? It is very likely the sportsmen will this winter ask for a three years' close season on Mongolian pheasants—a measure so reasonable that it is hard to conceive how even a game dealer could object.

Apocryphal of the Toledo English pheasants, it may be remarked that the Mongolian pheasants were offered for sale on South Water street here two years ago. This bird is established in the Northwest coast country, and it may possibly be established here. That it should have had commercial value here so long ago is comment enough on the desirability of protection if it is to be given a fair chance here.

Not Very Fresh.

Last week I mentioned a story of a fresh buffalo skin said to have been brought in for mounting. This item I ran down after a long search to-day, and I find there is nothing to it. Mr. S. Taylor, at whose shop the skin was reported to have been received, said that he had seen no such skin. He had only one buffalo skin, the last left of five, which he had had for over five years. One of his workmen probably started the fresh robe story.

Elk and Buffalo in Chicago.

It is, however, a fact that quite a good-sized bunch of buffalo may be seen at the Union Stock Yards of this city, and also a band of 15 elk. The latter are for sale, and 7 out of the original 22 have been sold at \$125 to \$150 each, to different parties over the country. A friend in business at the yards tells me, in a note quite too brief, that these elk were caught in the snow last winter by a Mr. Hitt, in Brigham county, Idaho, or at least they were shipped from there. The buffalo are wintering at the yards. One tremendous bull was killed Christmas Day. The carcass weighed over a ton. The modern ignorance of buffalo is shown by the fact that the expert butchers of the yards had to shoot the old fellow four times before they killed him. There are 20 buffalo in the bunch, and they belong to the Buffalo Bill outfit, I am told. Two of the elk are broken to trot in harness at a clipping gait.

Two elk and two moose have been placed in Lincoln Park for wintering, by a fur house here, whose agent secured the animals in Manitoba. They were shipped from Winnipeg.

Off for the South.

Mr. C. E. Willard, Western representative of the Colts Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., starts on his first trip South for his firm this week, and will be gone some time. He will go out as far West as Texas, and the trip will do him good, his health having been bad for some time here.—I

have given Mr. Willard a letter to the famous market-shooter Billy Griggs, now shooting canvas on Corpus Christi Bay, with the careful instructions to the latter to see that Mr. Willard gets upset in the Gulf of Mexico where the wading is poor. I hope they will have a good time.

Messrs. C. W. Lee and J. Herbert Ware, of this city, start next week for Lake Worth, Fla., for a stay of two or three weeks. They go with the firm determination to catch and eat more fish than anybody else ever did, and are buying outfits for bodily snatching anything but an overgrown tarpon square out of the briny deep. "There will be no foolishness about this," says Mr. Ware. "We need fish to eat and got to have 'em. We can't wait to play the fish, not hungry as we are." Mr. Lee and Mr. Ware are both in a bad way, hard work having pulled them down. They go together and travel in close company, so that they can tell what time it is in the woods. It takes them both to cast a shadow, and they have to hunch up pretty close to do it then. I trust these two emaciated young men will be able to get all the fish they want to eat in Florida. I do not need to add that a principal part of each outfit is a canoe about as long as a minute and heavy as a hat box. If they slam fish around the way it is dreaded, they will ruin their canoes. They ought to be more careful, and probably will be when the keen edge of their appetite is partially dulled.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

MR. BROWN'S DEER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., January, 1893.—It was many years ago that Hosea Brown lived on the outskirts of a tract of woodland, which covered about two miles square, in western New York. Thickets of underbrush had grown up among the heavy timber, which sheltered a few deer that occasionally came in there from a much larger tract of forest land. Now, Mr. Brown had never hunted deer very much, but he was an inveterate trout fisher and bee hunter. He kept a shotgun, with which he hunted pigeons, also chipmunks around the cornfield.

It was early in October, when a damp snow had fallen during the night, that one morning Brown announced to the family that he was going out for deer. So he loaded his gun with some buckshot and started for the woods. Others, he said, had killed deer there; and his chance was as good as theirs. After traveling a roundabout course through a labyrinth of brush and snow for hours, he came suddenly on to a doe and two fawns, which jumped out of their beds from almost under his feet; and at the first or second bound one of the fawns ran against a tree with such force that it fell with a broken neck.

Have any of the FOREST AND STREAM readers ever known or heard of a similar occurrence? Brown was very much surprised, as he said, not because he had nearly walked over three deer, but because he had killed one deer, or rather it had killed itself, before he had taken the gun from his shoulder. Taking the entrails out and running a withe through the jaw was the work of a few minutes, when he was ready to haul the deer out of the woods.

The ground was tolerably level, but it was a dark day and the trees and brush were loaded down with snow, so that he could hardly see more than four rods ahead; but he rather thought that he could strike a pretty straight course for home. After hauling the deer quite a long distance, he struck a trail where another deer had been dragged along. He was somewhat surprised at this; he had heard no report of a gun; and he wondered how far that deer had been hauled. As the trail led off about his course, he determined to hurry up and perhaps overtake the hunter. So he pulled on until he thought he had traveled far enough to bring him out, when he discovered the plain trail where still another deer had been dragged in on the old trail.

This was more than he could stand. As he himself stated it, he was "knocked all into a heap." The old man had always rather prided himself on his correct judgment on courses and distances, but his judgment was at fault now, and his heretofore keen perceptive faculties were sadly muddled. The disagreeable fact began to dawn on his mind that he had been dragging that deer around on a circle for several hours. But perseverance was a prominent feature in Brown's character, so he made a break at a right angle from his present course, determined, as he said, to haul that deer out of the woods, straight or crooked. At last he did come out, but at some distance from home and at a rather late hour.

The old man was quite reserved at first about mentioning the particulars of that hunt, but he finally came out with the whole story as above related.

Mr. Brown moved from western New York to the State of Missouri some twenty years ago. I hear from him occasionally, the last time in October of '92. He had passed his one hundredth birthday about the middle of last August.

ANTLER.

How Is This?

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the recent communications in your shooting columns from your Canadian correspondent I infer that the ethics of shooting grouse from trees are determined by conditions of latitude. The practice appears to be looked upon as quite correct if you go far enough north.

Now, I would like to know about shooting ducks on the water. I am new at duck shooting; but my notion has always been that it was considered unsportsmanlike to pot your fowl resting on the surface. I see, however, that many of your contributors appear to shoot into a bunch of wildfowl when they are not on the wing. I believe that even Mr. Wilnot Townsend, whose pencil has given us those charming wildfowl drawings, has once or twice mentioned a good shot on swimming fowl. How is this?

BEGINNER.

Iowa Notes.

MATLOCK, Ia., Jan. 6.—Game in this part has been fairly plentiful the past year. Ducks were very scarce. Chickens were scarce early in the season but were plenty later on, in October and November. Quail were fairly plenty, but no large bags were made. Rabbits (jacks) are on the increase every year. The game laws are only fairly enforced, but each year there is a little improvement.

UNION MACHINE.

A SUGGESTED "TRUE TEST."

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Dec. 22 what "A Native" has to say about market-hunters and game club shooters. I do not think that as a rule you will find the wealthy shooter considered the only "true sportsman." Mr. "A Native" wants to know what others think of his plan of selling game to cover the expenses of a vacation. If I could not afford a vacation without defraying my expenses by selling the game captured, when game is getting so scarce, I would stay at home unless my health demanded an outing.

If I had spent a lot of money buying a preserve and keeping it up, and for all the accoutrements thereunto appertaining, I should consider that I had a perfect right to kill all I could kill in what to a man so situated would be a sportsmanlike manner. But from my present standpoint I should hardly feel right over a bag of 75 or more ducks in a single day, unless I had only one day in the season to hunt. A man should be looked on as no less of a sportsman because he can only afford a \$3 muzzle-loader, and crawls on his stomach through reeds and mud, and shoots his duck before it has a chance to rise. The exhilaration is probably as keen in one case as in the other.

An intimate friend of mine who is wealthy, and than whom I never had a better companion on a cruise, did not catch many trout because they would not take his flies, but he did not object to my putting on a plebeian hackle, and he ate his share of the fish.

If Mr. "Native" had the money and the preserve and the chance, would he stop before dark or until his shells had given out? Come, now, get right down and be honest. That's the test, "Would I do likewise if I were in his place?"

I only went trout fishing part of three half days the past season, and the pesky things would not look at any fly that I had to offer, so rather than go home bowed down with disappointment and to disappoint the little ones at home, who dearly love a crisp beauty that "papa caught," I used every plebeian lure that I could secure, and didn't feel hurt when, after supper, I picked up my FOREST AND STREAM and read of some man declaring that no true sportsman would use anything but a fly. I pitied him instead.

The last time I went after partridges was more than a year ago. I could not afford the time this year. I had no dog, so tramped through miles of swamp and finally drove one out and into the more open woods, where I located him on the limb of a tree. I committed murder right there, and in great haste, too, for I was afraid he might fly and I would miss him. How the wee ones at home did squeal with delight. They had his tail for a fan, his wings and other feathers for their hats, and oh, how good he did taste, what there was of him among so many, and how I wished I could only have got just one more so as to be able to take a little bigger mouthful.

Brother members of the great family of lovers of FOREST AND STREAM, have patience with our failings, if they seem to you such, but let us not sell our game. There is not enough left to go around as it is.

V. E. MONTAGUE.

We Never Heard of this Superstition.

THE Bangor (Me.) Commercial tells this in illustration of what it says is a popular superstition. The speaker is an Augusta man, and he is talking about partridges: "One flew on our premises and was captured. Then came up the question whether we should kill the bird or allow it to live. At that time there was a general superstition that if a partridge came to a house where a sick person lay and the bird was killed and the sick person ate the broth, it would effect a cure. There was a girl sick at our house and the doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Some of the family said kill the partridge and give the sick girl the broth. But the sick girl and others were for permitting the partridge to live. We were equally divided and agreed to let one of the neighbors whom we saw coming to the house decide whether the partridge should be killed or not. He said kill it, and we did, and the sick girl ate the broth and got well."

And here is another bit of superstition, noted by Prof. M. J. Elrod, in the *Bloomington Eye*: "Clavigero, in his 'History of Lower California,' relates that the first missionaries there found the peninsula overrun by them, the Indians having such a superstitious regard for them that not only were none killed, but they were not even disturbed. The Indians believed death would at once overtake the slayer of a puma. This superstitious reverence for the puma probably grew out of the knowledge early man had of the puma's friendliness for him."

Antelope Wreck an Engine.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 30.—The Great Northern passenger train which arrived from the East yesterday ran into a large herd of antelope near Black Foot, Mont. The herd numbered more than 100, of which seven were killed. The engine was disabled by the collision and another engine had to be obtained before the train could proceed.

W.

Ducks at Virginia Beach.

VIRGINIA BEACH, Jan. 5.—There are great numbers of ducks and geese coming in here every day. Many sportsmen going down every day or two to the ducking grounds. A gentleman told me yesterday on his return that one would think all the ducks and geese in the United States were there.

S. E. CRITTENDEN.

Florida Quail Shooting.

CLERMONT, Lake Co., Fla., Jan. 4.—Dec. 26 Ed. J. Lawes and myself shot 63 quail. If any one wants good quail shooting refer him to Clermont; two good shots with good dogs can easily kill 100 in a day. On the 26th it rained from 9 A. M. till dark. Duck and turkey scarce.

WALTER F. MICKLE.

Florida.

THE Brock House, whose card will be found in our hotel column, is delightfully situated on an enlargement of the St. John's River known as Lake Monroe, which affords magnificent views over a water stretch fifteen miles long and five in breadth, bounded by shores clothed with tropical vegetation. This is an especially desirable stopping point for sportsmen. The fishing is excellent, while quail, snipe, deer, and turkeys abound. The appointments of this hotel are first class in every respect.—*Id.*

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—I.

The Trip Up.

"Some sing of the bass with the glistening mail,
Or the giant tarpon with silver scale;
But the angler's joy and the artist's dream
Is the spotted trout of the mountain stream."

AFTER having made two successive trips to the North Shore I again, when the sultry days of summer came, longed for the stormy lake, where the winds howl and the speckled beauty reigns monarch in his aqueous realm. The tempestuous trip Ned and I made the previous season had no terrors for us, so on the 4th day of July we again left the "Soo" in a Mackinac well provisioned and with two half-breeds, whom we were taking for the first time, having discarded our old boatman of the former trip.

It was near meridian when we left the mouth of the "Soo" canal, it being almost an impossibility to get an earlier start, owing to the multitudinous delays the tawny-hued boatmen create for you. They are the embodiment of procrastination, and if you are not of a gentle and patient nature you will soon fret yourself into a case of aggravating fever and incipient grip. Ned swore roundly at the delay, while I stood encouragingly by. This exhibition of sturdy Saxon was not a comparison to what followed when the apology of a sail developed, as it was drawn in position, such a miserable piece of dirty patch-work. Then it was that Ned discounted a Billingsgate fish-woman in the use of objectionable adjectives. They came rolling from his tongue both fast and furious and without any regard whatever for proper classification. The sail—heaven save the mark!—was not only ragged, but really rotten, and had as many weather-stained colors as it had patches. As a design for a crazy quilt it was an eminent success assuredly, deserving a premium, but as a sail, Ned forshadowed it would send us all to "Davy Jones's locker."

The half-breeds, during Ned's indignant recital of polite literature, became as meek as kindergarten children, and by way of a truce promised to strengthen and renew the sail at the first camp. It was either abandon the trip for a day or two or onward to the "home of the trout." As I was eager to cast my maiden fly of the season I insisted on an advance. Ned, after solemn deliberation, finally weakened and gave his consent, and then the tattered old rag was thrown to the breeze, and away we went over a river of sparkling silver that murmured from cliff to crag a refrain of tinkling music.

The weather was sufficiently fine to have rejoiced the heart of a lotus eater, there being a bright, warm sun, a sky with a delicate interlacy of cloud which had settled in the east, and a breeze soft and caressing, just enough to throw little rolls of foam from the shapely bow. We had expected to take a tow with some passing steamer, but none showing up, we somewhat dreamily and lazily sat in the shade of that tattered and torn canvas and watched the white gulls as they sailed along the serrated shore, the deep recesses of the wooded land, the sunlight as it sparkled on the emerald green, and the small boats with the gleam of their white sails giving life and variety to the picture which was in calm and liquid beauty.

"Crystal waters, who can paint thee,
With thy scenery wild and grand;
It would take a magic pencil
Guided by a master hand."

Our destination for the day was Gros Cap, but at the speed we were then going we would hardly have made it, as the sun came down with such a tropic warmth as to almost allay the breeze. A suggestion was finally made to use the oars as an auxiliary, and this was promptly acted upon and our speed thereby doubled. The steady stroke of the oar, which fell with clock-like regularity, began to tell upon the swarthy boatmen; but to their credit be it said, they never whimpered nor faltered, but stuck to the arduous work like galley slaves. Notwithstanding the unfortunate incident of the unsuitable sail, I began to think, after all, that we had drawn in our selection a prize of considerable value. The twain were uncle and nephew, the uncle rejoicing in the euphonious name of Emery Bussinean and the nephew that of Peter Bussinean. Peter was the leading and younger man, and though of rather slender frame, was strong as an athlete and active as a cat. He had a very prepossessing face and was as mild-mannered a half-breed as I ever met. Not an ugly word or a scowl ever came from him and he was as obedient as a subaltern. He knew his place and kept it. Emery, the uncle, was well up in years, say 55, much heavier in frame, less active and inclined to be quite slow in execution of an order. Like Peter, he was pleasant and courteous, but predisposed to boss it over his nephew. He was, however, very timid on the water, standing much in dread of threatening weather and always inclined to close companionship with a harbor. To sum up, they were both good, and safe boatmen, and if I am ever fortunate enough to make another trip to the North Shore would be pleased to have them with me.

The intense heat finally gave evidence, by sombrous clouds gathering in the west, of a change in the weather, and soon there was a visible increase in the wind, and then a few white caps began to shake their snowy plumes and a mass of creaming sea toppled over from the bow, much to the delight of our boatmen, who were well worn with the toil at the oars.

Point aux Pines was soon reached, then the lighthouse came out in bold relief, and when we had reached it the wind had shifted and bade fair, on turning the point, to be dead ahead. We however continued our course until we had the breeze in our teeth, and then being satisfied that Gros Cap could only be reached on a tacking course, retreated and ran into a beautiful little bay radiant in crimson glow and smooth as quicksilver. Here we disembarked, and pitched our tents amid some wild grasses that were bending to the breeze, which swept over the stretch of land in our immediate front.

As we had not partaken of food since early breakfast, the boys promptly began to prepare a meal for us. Being

ravenously hungry, when it was announced as ready we sat down to it—

"And fell upon whate'er was offer'd—like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike."

This outdoor life gives the palate such a razorlike edge, that napkins and finger bowls and all the polite etcetera of a first-class *menu* are relegated to the rear. It is, however, the panacea to restore a lost appetite and make the eyes sparkle and the cheeks glow with the very essence of health.

We found on our arrival a Mackinac which had brought a time-honored angler from the classic land of Daniel Boone, and soon another with a coterie of 800 citizens, also disciples of Sir Izaak, landed to await a favorite turn in the breeze. We evidently had company, and, like all anglers, found in it our affinity, as a sort of Free Masonry always exists among the guild.

Ned advised me to put my rod together, and with light tackle and choice flies try the waters immediately in front of the lighthouse, as it was known to harbor some of the freckled fraternity that sported radiant scarlet. I acted on the advice and soon had my flies dancing on the water. It was not long before one of the infantile class rose to the lure, but it being uncommonly large for small fry, failed to impale him. Again I cast and again he rose, and again he escaped. The third trial met with the same result, and in consequence the trout and angler were as far apart as ever. I cared little for his capture, as I was on a mission for big game, and preferred he should grow to trouthead rather than sizzle just then in a larded skillet.

An hour after, as I was seated on an old log the waves had washed ashore, watching the clouds mingling their hues as they raced o'er the celestial archway, and in listening to the flute-like melody of a warbling black-cap poised on a swaying branch near by, along came the Kentucky gentleman, dressed in knee breeches and fustian short coat and vest, whipping the waters with his Leonard rod in hopes of exciting the curiosity of some wandering trout. As he reached my place of observation he stopped and conversed awhile, and then took up his pleasant tramp, and sought more earnestly than ever to induce some golden fin to arise to his fly. In about a half-hour he returned with one so small that it would require a magnifying glass to make it sufficiently large to reach the legal size. He was pleased with it, however, and had his boatmen prepare it for the table. After he had departed I found on the gravelly beach one of his flies he had whipped off with a part of his leader attached. Showing it to Ned, he declared the ardent angler knew nothing about knots, provided he had tied it, and so taking the fly over to him, took the opportunity of showing him, even at the risk of affronting, how to skillfully connect the two. The lesson was received with the same motive in which it was given, for our acquaintance from the land of bourbon was a very Chesterfield in manners.

Late in the afternoon I was luxuriating in the Mackinac, which was moored in the bay, intently watching the flight of little cloudlets and indulging in dream-like musings until my imagination led me to fancy, as I looked out upon the long sheet of shimmering water, of the Nereids, of the sounding conchs, of Tritons, of blonde, disheveled tresses, and of white bodies streaming with foam, when an unusually loud report from a discharged gun awoke me to the stern realities of life. Looking from whence the report came I saw a frightened tip-up flying frenziedly across the bay and a tall, straight, manly-looking young man emerge from the bushes, gun in hand, with a somewhat disappointed air at his failure to bag the little bird.

"Loud sounding gun that of yours," I said, as he approached.

"Not only loud, but a kicker from way back," he smilingly replied, as he raised his left hand to rub the painful shoulder as evidence of the sincerity of his remark.

This paving the way for palaver, he informed me during the conversation that he, with two others who were students at the Ann Arbor University, had just arrived in a Mackinac with two half-breeds from the "Soo," and were bound for the West Shore on both a trouting and a hunting trip, the latter of which meant much mountain toil, and big game that would assuredly fall before the prowess of these mighty nimrods. Giving him directions on inquiry as to the pathway which led around the bay, he started, with blood in his eye, in search of the feathered game, and doubtless with a hope of finding the affrighted little bird which he had so barbarously disturbed on its feeding grounds. I saw no more of the young man nor any of his party during our stay here, as they had their camp and boat some distance away, waiting, as we all were, for a propitious wind.

The stiff breeze lasted all the afternoon, and just before twilight set in, the sun broke through a rent in the broad smoke cloud that hung in the western horizon and gave us a glimpse of cheerful light and a sunset of incomparable grandeur that

"Drew the dense banks of ponderous clouds, and spread
A mantle o'er them of royal red,
Belted with purple—lined with amber—tinged
With fiery gold—and blushing purple fringed."

Twilight followed fast, the stars came out and the darkness of night fell upon us, and we then sought our blankets where we enjoyed that slumber "that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care."

The dawn disclosed the wind still in the northwest with fair prospect of another day of its continuance. Ned, the "Peep o' Day boy," was up early and supervised the breakfast, which he had ready by 6 o'clock.

After breakfast I tried the beach in front of the lighthouse again in hopes of hanging some red-coated beauty of respectable size, but all the reward was a rise from another baby trout, which I failed to capture. The hook was too large and I was too proud to exchange it for such fingerlings, and so perforce the infantile race remained unharmed and sported with playful impunity over the shining sands. I, however, informed the Kentucky angler of the rise as he came along with his rod, and although he failed to catch that particular trout he captured one much smaller some distance above, which he proudly carried to his *chef* with the air of a conqueror. I was satisfied to let him wear the laurels which he held for some time.

Abandoning trouting, I sought my old log, and there watched the sunshine as it painted the crested waves, the bound azure expanding on all sides into infinite space, and the deep radiant blue which the moving masses of swift flying clouds were now making the spat of the wind

we so earnestly prayed might change its course to our advantage. Tiring of these ethereal beauties, I sought the tent, and unstrapping my valise, at random took out a book to while away a few hours over its contents, the volume turned out to be "Lucie's Mistake," by W. Amburg. After wading through a few chapters I realized that it was a love tale, full of tender sentiment with many exquisite passages, very pleasing and picturesque, the personages clear, strong and natural, drawn by a master hand that knows human nature and human passions well.

As no trouting of any consequence was to be had here, we grew quite impatient waiting for the wind to shift to our notion, and tried everything possible to make the idle hours pass pleasantly. There being a little stream that emptied its crystal waters into the bay, I was sure there must be abundant perch near its mouth. On inquiry I ascertained that I was correct in my surmise, so securing some worms from the "Soo" party, who had a large



THE SCIENTIFIC ANGLER.
Modeled for the Angling Exhibit.

bucket full which they intended to feed to the trout further up the lake, I was ready for the venture as an auxiliary time killer. Immediately after a late dinner I started in the boat, with Emery as oarsman, for the waters where the stream rippled. Reaching what we considered a favorable spot, I commenced the angle, and after a tedious wait, hooked one about as long as my little finger, and soon another, and still another of the same size, and then the craving for perch departed.

Not wishing to return without a fin of some sort that did not require enlargement under a glass, I concluded to take the boat down to an old rotten pier about half a mile distant, and there try for some brook beauties. It was but a trip of a few minutes, and on Emery landing, this side



THE IDEAL STILL-FISHER.
Modeled for the Angling Exhibit.

of the old dock, we both got out and prepared for the onslaught, by catching a few nimble grasshoppers for bait, as my fly-book was at camp, and the trout, so Ned stated, never rose here to a fly—a statement that assuredly will not hold water. We soon had enough of the jumpers and then went to the decaying timbers, and taking position on a tottering plank on the outside, I tossed the baited hook into the rippling water with a hope that some hungry trout would endeavor to make a banquet of the impaled grasshopper. Much to my surprise I had a proposition for the delicacy, and then, with a slight twitch of the wrist, was gratified to find I had hung the feasting trout whose spangled sides glittered in the bright sunlight when I lifted him from his legal limit and that was all. After two hours steady fishing, I caught three more of about the same size, and then with the addition of two quarts of strawberries, which I purchased from the lighthouse keeper, returned to camp with the air of a conqueror, and an eager desire to call on our near neighbor, the polite Kentuckian, and talk o'er the battles in which we had been crowned with such admirable success in adolescent trophies. Ned was really not in it, as he simply posed as a director-general, bestowing praise or censure as deserved.

After supper, in which the toothsome trout and luscious berries disappeared, we enjoyed the luxury of a Regalia and the beauty of the descending sun as it sank to the horizon in a blaze of lurid light. Soon the song of the crickets were heard, and then the mosquito blew his shrill little trumpet and the sand fly began his insidious longing for blood. Ned dropped his half-lighted cigar and the poetic sentiment of the twilight at one and the same time and hastened with rapid strides for the repulsive fly-repellant with which to freely anoint his face and hands. I joined him in the laving with the loud-

smelling liquid, and when we were both through sat and defied the entire army of buzzing and boring insects and then relapsed again to the loveliness of the scene, which with the now jeweled sky was an inspiration for poet and painter.

Shortly after we had sought our beds the ground squirrels, which were quite numerous here, began to make a playground of our tent and raced o'er it to such an extent that sleep was almost impossible. Ned, who was anxious to close his eyes in slumber deep, cried out in sympathetic tones:

"Silence reigns where katydids have sung
And the pollywogs their tails do wag."

"But the nimble squirrel is evidently tireless and a stranger to a sweet siesta."

This was quite moderate for the afflicted Ned, but in about half hour after he rose to the occasion with a commanding ability that consigned the little pests to the flaming horrors of consuming fires. They evidently must have been duly impressed with the terrible anathemas, for with one accord they departed, and then sweet sleep and rosy dreams fell upon the camp.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BARNYARD HACKLE WINS.

In a town of northern New Hampshire, immediately north of the main range of the White Mountains, lived a crafty brook trout who had grown fat-sided and long-jawed through laughing at the threadbare devices of the anglers of his acquaintance. Everybody knew old Speckles and nearly everybody had given up hope of his capture. He had taken quiet lodgings under a steep bank, near a broken dam, and he seldom responded to a ring at the alley gate or a knock at the front door. It is highly probable that even the beautiful creations of "Favorite Flies" would have excited no responsive chord in his unsympathetic breast.

The world of waters is not wide enough to conceal a big, conceited trout. In this same New Hampshire town dwelt a fisherman of note—one who was not easily disconcerted by trifling failures nor cast down by severe disappointments. It so happened that this angler made up his mind to circumvent old Speckles, and regularly take him in.

What was his plan of attack? Did he cast the feathery lure with the precision of a sunbeam and the lightness of a snowflake? Did he tempt the æsthetic soul of his subject with a coachman, a professor, a scarlet-ibis, a grizzly-king, or any other fancy of a poetic nature? By no means. He knew by long experience what the crafty old fellow wanted, and that was worms. He resolved to fall in with Speckles's humor and convert him into a brown trout, or in other words "do him up brown" by means of these homely objects of a depraved taste.

Our scientific angler first ascertained that his troutship was at home and then went into hiding at a safe distance up stream. He sent down with the current a fine fat worm which reached the spot intended. The trout took no notice of it at first, but soon smelled the lure and went back to his quarters. Then he repeated this process, and finally took the worm with evident satisfaction. Several more worms were floated down and Speckles swallowed all with a broad grin of thanks for the diet of worms which had allayed his sharp hunger. The last lumbric that floated troutward was loaded with a small hook, and Speckles took it before it touched the bottom.

There was a battle, of course, but it went against the hero of many intrigues, and *S. fontinalis* alias Speckles, transferred his haunt from the overhanging rock to a suspended reel, and our friend from the White Mountains cut another big notch in his tally of victories.

A TROUT POOL.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.—I succeeded in making my escape to the hills during the heated term, and was in the habit of lounging on the shady side of things generally. One sultry afternoon my friend, philosopher and guide, to my great dismay, proposed a walk. Noticing my reluctance he promised to show me something worth seeing. I was still apathetic, but when he added, "more trout in one place than you ever saw in your life," I was on my feet in an instant.

The Shingle Brook Road is a log road, and, like the moody little stream beside it, winds along in the hollow until its origin is lost among the hills. After leaving the main road, we went through the fields for a half mile or so between tiers of heavy logs, crossing three or four times the never far straying brook, over bridges whose span was rarely more than a rod. They were of simple construction, planks laid on heavy stringers, with a log on either side to keep the plank in position.

The sun shone fiercely, but we always lay down on the bridges to watch the trout swimming under them.

"Better not delay out here," remarked my companion. "There is little water in the brook at present. If we should see any trout larger than fingerlings under these bridges it is safe to assume that they are on the tramp, working up into the woods from the larger stream in the valley."

The grass was high in the roadbed and ground hogs had made their burrows there. Pheasants dived and drummed on the rotten logs. The omnipresent chipmunk gave fresh alarms at almost every rod of our progress, and the wood birds were heard fluttering away—except the bluejays. The latter congregated and clamorously disputed our right of entry.

We reached our objective point at last, and seated ourselves on a log beside an old hemlock, which served as a buttress to stay the road from sliding into the brook. Before us was a pool some 60 ft. in diameter. Yellow birches leaned their graceful shafts from all directions to form a canopy of foliage over it. Rock bottom, shelving from a few inches to several feet in depth, the water was bubbling to the very brink; it came purling over a huge boulder wedged between the ledges.

Here were trout of all sizes, greedily enough, too. Where the water began to ripple away there was a patch of sunshine; there the insects were gathered—and how they were jumped at!

We observed a big trout lying beside a rock at the lower part of the pool. He was resting on the bottom and not moving a fin. How plump and sleek he looked! There was something forbidding in his aspect. The little fellows

never ventured near him. When the larger ones fell down with the current they glanced around and whisked off.

The old fellow was a cannibal trout. Like the man-eating tiger who never varies his diet, he had given up the ordinary diversions of trout life to become the slave of a voracious appetite.

Hundreds of sizable trout were in sight, besides multitudes of little fellows. The latter were swimming about the waterfall, and many of them discovered a passage, for they were continually appearing above and moving up the stream.

The Shingle Brook is itself a tributary of one of the best known trout streams in the county, probably owing to what at first seemed to me a singular fact that the people of the vicinity have a prejudice against eating trout during the summer months.

"Why," explained my friend, "they are full of pinworms," and to my surprise he promptly caught one from the water trough, and with his penknife readily extracted from its back a number of white thread worms, varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length, after which he returned the fish to the water apparently uninjured.

Time is busy sweeping away in our very preserve the scenes of childhood. Though the American may live and die near the site of his paternal home, not less will he seek in memory for the landscape of his youth than his neighbor between whom and his native shore stretch a thousand watery leagues.

Come hither at this season some years hence and you will probably find no flow. You may find water in the pool, but the trout will be gone. Indeed, it is plainly advertised to who ever can read nature's hand, that the pool itself must soon be a thing of the past.

The bed rock here is a soft slate. The layers shelve toward the center of the pool, and one may descend by easy steps several feet until directly under the waterfall. Nature has been excavating this hole for a long time. It is to be a sepulchre. If there be no intelligent purpose in the work, the result, at least, is intelligible enough.

What think you will be entombed in that rock grave? Plainly, the huge gneissic block over which the water is falling. The edges of the rocks between which it is wedged are slowly melting away, and every spring the torrent gives it a push forward; at last it will slip from the vise that now clamps it, and plunge to the fate that awaits. Then nature will fill the grave, smooth it over, and the pool will be no more. B. F. H.

THE MECHANICVILLE FISHWAY AFFAIR

Editor Forest and Stream:

In pursuance of my promise to reply to A. N. Cheney's charge against me in your issue of Dec. 29, I now desire to answer his article seriatim.

A. N. Cheney's statement: "My information in regard to some one who attempted to impersonate a New York Fish Commissioner * * * was of course most reliable."

I acknowledge I am the "some one," but emphatically deny that I "attempted to impersonate a New York Fish Commissioner." The arrogance of the rest of the sentence is characteristic. Since when has Mr. Cheney's information been "most reliable," so as to be a "matter of course"?

Statement of A. N. Cheney's unnamed "correspondent": "The man appeared to be under the influence of liquor."

My worst enemies will not accuse me of intemperance in drink, and I emphatically deny the cowardly insinuation. Moreover, I will give a hundred dollars to any charity FOREST AND STREAM may name if Cheney's correspondent can prove I drank any intoxicant on the day referred to, namely, June 23, 1892, or can prove I was ever under the influence of liquor.

Statement of the correspondent: "He wanted a gun or spear with which to kill it (the salmon), as he said he had been notified by the Fish Commission to get them a salmon in any way that he could and send it to them."

This is a lie and out of the whole cloth. I deny it in toto that I wanted the gun or spear or so asserted. I deny that I said I had been "notified, etc.," but assuming for the moment that I did say so, does not this admission on the part of Cheney's correspondent put him out of court as regards the "impersonation" charge? How could a member of the Fish Commission be notified by the Fish Commission to "get them a salmon?" This writer is aware that I only gave my correct status and inadvertently corroborates my version, which I will give presently.

"The watchman at the plaster mills says that the next morning about 4 o'clock the man still calling himself Barber was at the mill and asked for a spear, but the watchman had nothing to do with him, although Barber offered to watch while Wheeler went for a spear."

This is another sample of the "most reliable" information published by A. N. Cheney. I emphatically deny the statement. I was not at the mill next morning at all, but drove home the same day through a violent thunderstorm along with my wife and little nephew, who accompanied me.

"No one has been here to examine or inspect the fishway except Commissioner Barber, and he is a daisy."

It will be observed that this correspondent himself makes no charge of impersonation, but attaches the handle to my name out of his own inner consciousness. It is Mr. Cheney's statement that I "attempted to impersonate," and I need not say the charge is a serious one. I may certainly be a "daisy," to use the writer's elegant and flattering phrase, and I won't deny myself the compliment, seeing it is the only one offered, but I am not, and never said I was "Commissioner" Barber.

So much for the correspondent. I now pass on to the comments.

A. N. Cheney's comments: "He was simply an imposter masquerading as a Commissioner." That he fooled my correspondent is evident.

These are assumptions only, and are not borne out by the quoted letter from the Mechanicville correspondent.

"Whether this (Barber) is the man that appeared at Mechanicville and called himself a Fish Commissioner desired to kill a salmon illegally of course I cannot say."

This is the way A. N. Cheney shoves the responsibility for publishing "most reliable" evidence. All along he assumes the absolute truth of the Mechanicville report, and then saves his own skin with the "of course I cannot say." I am the man referred to and the charge is a lie

and doubly so because it is mixed with the very slightest grains of truth only. "A lie that is partly the truth is ever the blackest of lies."

Here is my plain and unvarnished statement of the case. On June 11, 1892, I was directed by Chief Game and Fish Protector Pond to visit the fishways in my district, viz., Mechanicville and Northumberland. On the 21st I visited Northumberland and duly reported thereon. On the 23d I visited Mechanicville. On my way down the river I had heard repeatedly that salmon were both shot and speared at the dam. I made up my mind if possible to find out. At the pulp mill and throughout my visit I distinctly stated that I was the game and fish protector, giving also my name and address. I had no reason for doing otherwise. It was at noon when the gate was shut down that I and a dozen or so of men saw a large salmon. I purposely made the remark, to no one in particular, "I would like to have that fish for the commissioners." This was a part of my perfectly legitimate plan to find out the possibility of getting it illegally and to ascertain the sentiment of the men. As I expected, it provoked an offer to get a gun to shoot the fish, which I neither accepted nor rejected; a man started off, I think, for one, and just then the whistle blew for work to recommence. And that is all there is in the charge brought with so much circumstantiality against me.

In my report to the Commissioners of this visit I said (and this is, perhaps, one of the causes for animus in this case): "In my opinion there is altogether too much dye stuff, lime and refuse running into the river at this point to be of benefit to the fish that are trying to get through the fishway, and I think it wise for you, with some member of the Commission, to visit this point at an early day. * * * The day I visited the fishway I, in the presence of ten or twelve employees of the pulp mill, saw a salmon at least 4 ft. in length." This was written a day or two later.

In conclusion, I would add a word to my assumed total unfitness to hold my position. That is a matter for my present superiors to judge of, and I certainly shall not be dictated to by A. N. Cheney or by the "late Commissioner" he quotes, as to my duties. As a piece of news acceptable to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I may, however, be allowed to state that since my assumption of office (a period of seven months) I have arrested over 80 parties for violating the laws and have convicted over 60, imposing fines amounting to more than \$700. Of the 20 or thereabouts unaccounted for, 6 were discharged, owing to intimidation of witnesses, 3 sent to jail in default of fines, 3 decamped to Vermont and 8 were discontinued on account of the irregularities of a justice. I have also 7 important cases more pending. There is not much of the "daisy" pattern in all this, I think.

CHARLES H. BARBER.

Game and Fish Protector 17th Dist.

ANGLING NOTES.

Pike Fishing Through the Ice.

UNTIL the New York fish and game law was passed last year there was a close season for pike, which cut off pike fishing through the ice. When that law was in force there was much opposition to it and considerable ill-feeling in consequence. A game protector consulted me about making an arrest, as he had evidence against two men for fishing in the Hudson, where there was no close season for pike, with tip-ups. He claimed that if two or any number of men less than thirty cut thirty holes in the ice and put thirty baited hooks and lines into the holes that they were using set lines. I advised him not to make the arrest and told him if he was placed on the stand under oath he would describe an entirely different outfit as constituting a "set line" under the law. He said I had advised him for fifteen years and for the first time I was wrong, but he did not make the arrest.

That same winter or the following spring the Supreme Court of New Hampshire decided that fishing through the ice with tip-ups was fair angling, and that any number of lines so used by men who were present to watch the tip-ups were not set lines. I cannot now refer to this decision, but presume it can be found easily by those who may be interested in it. Already this winter I have been asked more than a score of times if it was legal to catch pike through the ice in the lakes where formerly pike had a close season, and in all cases I have said yes as to one of the lakes, but another law prevents fishing through the ice in the other. The local game protector tells me that he will arrest any man found fishing through the ice for pike with more than one line, as the chief game protector of the State has decided that the use of tip-ups does not constitute angling, and a rod must be used.

I think that the chief game protector is not correctly quoted in saying a rod must be used. In Section 271 of the New York law definitions are given of the terms used, and Article 4 reads: "Angling is defined to mean taking fish with hook and line or rod held in the hand, and does not include set lines." Of course the chief game protector's decision is final, unless the courts should construe the law in a different manner, but we all know that tip-ups are not set lines in the meaning of the law, for set lines are long, strong lines with short baited lines to the number of several hundred, sometimes, attached, which are anchored out over night. If a tip-up that a man is watching is a set line, then a baited rod that the fisherman puts down in the boat from which he is fishing, while he takes a drink or eats his lunch, must also be a set line.

Schoharie Creek Salmon.

Replying to Mr. Robert Hartley's request for information regarding the salmon seen in Schoharie Creek, Judge Fitz James Fitch, of Prattsville, N. Y., reported the fish as having been seen, not caught, by Rev. Charles G. Adams, of New York city. Mr. Adams was fishing just below Devasago Falls, near the village of Prattsville, last September, and saw the salmon, a fish nearly 3 ft. long, swimming near the surface of the pool, with its dorsal fin out of water. Judge Fitch is an accomplished angler and a prudent man, and a remarkably well informed man concerning the fishes of the salmon family, and when he said that the fish seen was a salmon I had no hesitancy about accepting the statement, knowing well that he would not report the salmon without first investigating and satisfying himself of the identity of the fish.

After hearing of the fish seen by Mr. Adams, Judge Fitch "learned from an authentic source" that previous to Mr. Adams's discovery, another salmon, or the same one, was seen four or five miles further down stream

at the foot of Gilboa Falls. Judge Fitch says: "I know of no obstruction in the streams named (Schoharie Creek and Mohawk River), in time of flood, that would prevent its passage to the point where it was seen by Mr. Adams, unless it be Cohoes Falls." I had serious doubts about the fish being able to pass Cohoes Falls and the Schenectady Dam in which I knew the fishway was useless, but afterward I had a call from Judge Yates, of Schenectady, and he told me that it was not necessary for fish to try the falls or the dam, for striped bass and white perch came up in to the Mohawk through the canal locks and of course the salmon could follow that route also. A. N. CHENEY.

THE METABETCHOUAN WINNINISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What information can you give me as to winninish fly-fishing in the spring in the rivers running into Lake St. John, the Metabetchouan or the Mistassini or the Peribonca, but more particularly the Metabetchouan? I have fished the latter stream last August with splendid results, and as I will not be able to go the coming year in the fall I would, if fishing is good in the spring, go there. I fished the Metabetchouan a week or so before the party from Hudson fished it, the party that published the article in your paper. Any information you can give me will be greatly appreciated.

M. C. LUCKENBACH.

[In FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 21, Sept. 18, Sept. 25, 1890, will be found many details about winninish of the Metabetchouan. Perhaps nothing else is of greater interest to the angler than some experience of a "brother angler;" therefore we have applied to Mr. Geo. H. Dana, a member of the Saguenay Fishing Club, for information about spring fishing at the club house, foot of Alma Island on the Saguenay. Mr. Dana was on the grounds in June. On the 25th, and for about a week thereafter, the killing fly was the Cahill; this was followed by the professor. On the first day's fishing Mr. Dana's companion took 25 lbs. of winninish, and his own rod killed 20 lbs. The fly was tied on No. 6 sprout hooks. There is no reason to doubt that the same fly would prove equally effective for the northern winninish wherever found.]

Drowned by a Shellfish.

AMONG the showy shells of the Pacific coast of the United States none are better known or more widely distributed than the sea-ears or abalones, and none are more eagerly sought for by Chinese fishermen. One would scarcely anticipate danger, much less disaster, from the pursuit of an object so harmless in itself; but it is reported that a Chinaman once lost his life near Bartholomew Bay, on the coast of Lower California, while gathering abalones.

The foot of this shellfish is capable of taking a firm hold on a flat surface, and in most cases it becomes almost impossible to detach the shell without breaking it into fragments.

The unfortunate fisherman referred to was collecting the shells under a shelving rock between tides and had thrust his arm around a sharp edge, to dislodge a large one which he saw on the surface. Having no stick convenient to pry off the abalone he placed his fingers under the shell and tried to detach it by a quick motion. The abalone, however, contracted suddenly and held the fingers of the Chinaman so tightly that they could not be pulled away. The tide rose and the man was drowned. His companions returned to search for him at the next low tide and found his body still imprisoned by the powerful grasp of the abalone upon the rock.

Ice Fishing for Pickerel.

THE cold of winter has not overcome the ardor of the fishermen. From the northern counties of New Jersey and Pennsylvania come reports of fishing with the tip-up and the more unsportsmanlike axe. Even at a zero temperature holes have been cut through ice 18 in. thick on lakes of Pike county, Pa., and tons of pickerel have been caught.

Mrs. Romaine Whittaker has distinguished herself on Porter's Lake by capturing seventy-five pickerel during a forenoon, although the cold was so severe as to freeze the holes almost as fast as they were opened. Brink Pond has been a favorite fishing ground, and it is claimed that five tons of fish have been caught there during the last month of 1892.

On the ponds of Bergen county, N. J., the fishing outfit comprises an axe and a pair of skates. The perch and pickerel are found at the surface of the water under the ice and are stunned by sharp blows of the axe, after which holes are cut and the fish secured. This is doubtless exhilarating to skaters, but not worthy of the name of sport.

New York Game Law Enforcement.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 7.—The following complaints made by State Game and Fish Protector Willet Kidd have been settled:

Thomas Cuddeback paid \$100 penalty and \$40 costs for having an eel rack in the Bashers Kill, a trout stream that empties into the Neversink River.

The Romer & Tremper Steamboat Co. paid \$50 and costs for transporting a deer.

Henry Hulise paid \$100 penalty and \$16.50 costs for having an eel rack in his mill at Phillipsburgh on the Wallkill River.

Three other eel racks were removed from the Neversink River.

Russel Headley, of Newburgh, was employed as special counsel by Protector Kidd.

Iowa Lakes.

MATLOCK, Ia.—Our fish commissioner, Mr. T. J. Griggs, is a "hustler," and did good work the past summer in stocking streams and lakes with fish, mostly black bass. There is fair fishing in all the streams here, the principal fish being pickerel or pike and rock bass. Spirit Lake and Okoboji are the great fishing resorts of this part of the State; pickerel, wall-eyed pike and bass are the fish mostly caught.

UNION MACHINE.

Ideal Fishing Figures.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL sends us photographs of two figures, which he has had modeled for the Angling Exhibit of the World's Fair, one representing the "Scientific Angler" and the second the "Ideal Still-Fisher." The photographs are by Mr. J. E. Halle.

Fishculture.

LIST OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION—
(Office Sixth and B streets, S.W., Washington, D. C.)
Marshall McDonald, Commissioner.
Richard Rathbun, Assistant in charge Division of Scientific Inquiry.
Tarleton H. Bean, Assistant in charge Division of Fishculture.
Hugh M. Smith, Acting Assistant in charge Division of Fisheries.
Herbert A. Gill, Chief Clerk.
W. P. Titcomb, Disbursing Agent.
William Barnum, In charge of Publications.

State Fish Commissioners.

ALABAMA—
D. R. Hundley, Madison.
ARIZONA—
T. U. Otis, Prescott.
C. W. Stearns, Phoenix.
Walter J. Hill, Bellemont.
ARKANSAS—
Pres., H. H. Rottaken, Little Rock.
Sec., W. B. Worthen, Little Rock.
J. W. Calloway, Little Rock.
CALIFORNIA—
(Office 419 California street.)
Pres., Joseph D. Redding, San Francisco.
Sec., Ramon E. Wilson, San Francisco.
Treas., Joseph Morizio, San Francisco.
COLORADO—
Gordon Land, Room 24 Essex Building, Denver.
CONNECTICUT—
Wm. S. Downs, Birmingham.
James A. Bill, Bill Hill.
DELAWARE—
James A. Mulligan, Delaware City.
E. G. Shortlidge, Wilmington, Superintendent.
GEORGIA—
Dr. H. H. Cary, La Grange.
FLORIDA—
M. Moseley, Titusville.
ILLINOIS—
Pres., N. K. Fairbank, Chicago.
Sec., Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Quincy.
Geo. Breuning, Centralia.
INDIANA—
Col. Wm. T. Dennis, Richmond.
IOWA—
T. J. Griggs, Sprit Lake.
KANSAS—
J. B. Mason, Eureka.
MAINE—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor.
Dr. E. W. Gould, Searsport.
MARYLAND—
John S. Sudler, Manokin.
R. T. Browning, Oakland.
MASSACHUSETTS—
Edward A. Brackett, Winchester.
Edward H. Lathrop, Springfield.
Isaiah C. Young, Welfleet.
MICHIGAN—
Pres., Herschel Whitaker, Detroit.
Sec., Geo. D. Mussey, Detroit.
Treas., Wm. A. Butler, Jr., Detroit.
Hoyt Post, Detroit.
Supt., Walter D. Marks, Paris.
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Vice-Pres., W. S. Timberlake, St. Paul.
Sec., A. E. Ferris, Brainerd.
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Wm. Bird, Fairmount.
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Warden, Frank L. Stetson, Minneapolis.
MISSOURI—
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Sec., A. C. Garlich, St. Joseph.
Edward Cunningham, Jr., St. Louis.
J. L. Smith, Kansas City.
Supts., Philip Kopplin, Jr., St. Louis; Jas. W. Day, St. Joseph.
NEBRASKA—
W. L. May, Omaha.
B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha.
S. C. Burlingame, Seward.
NEVADA—
Geo. T. Mills, Carson City.
Ernest Harris, Carson City, Deputy.
NEW HAMPSHIRE—
Geo. W. Riddle, Manchester.
Elliott B. Hodge, Plymouth.
Willard H. Griffin, Henniker.
NEW JERSEY—
Robert D. Foote, Morristown.
NEW YORK—
(Office, Room 56, 81 Fulton street, New York.)
Pres., Lawrence D. Huntington, New Rochelle.
W. H. Bowman, Rochester.
A. S. Joline, Tottenville.
D. G. Hackney, Fort Plain.
Robert Hamilton, Greenwich.
Clerk, E. P. Doyle, New York.
OHIO—
Pres., C. V. Osborn, Dayton.
John H. Law, Cincinnati.
John Hofer, Bellaire.
E. D. Potter, Toledo.
Wm. R. Huntington, Cleveland.
OREGON—
F. C. Reed, Astoria.
R. C. Campbell, Astoria.
George T. Myers, Astoria.
PENNSYLVANIA—
Pres., Henry C. Ford, 1823 Vine street, Philadelphia.
Geo. H. Welshons, Pittsburg.
Sec., H. C. Demuth, Lancaster.
Treas., W. L. Powell, Harrisburg.
L. Streuber, Erie.
S. B. Stillwell, Scranton.
Supts., J. P. Creveling, Allentown; Wm. Buller, Corry.
RHODE ISLAND—
Pres., John H. Barden, Rockland.
Sec., Wm. P. Morton, Johnston.
Treas., Henry T. Root, Providence.
TENNESSEE—
W. W. McDowell, Memphis.
UTAH—
A. M. Musser, Salt Lake City.
VERMONT—
JOHN W. Titcomb, Rutland.
C. C. Warren, Waterbury.
VIRGINIA—
Dr. John T. Wilkins, Jr., Bridgetown.
WASHINGTON—
James Crawford, Vancouver.
WEST VIRGINIA—
C. S. White, Romney.

WISCONSIN—

Pres., Philo Dunning, Madison.
Sec. and Treas., C. L. Valentine, Janesville.
Mark Douglas, Melrose.
A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee.
Calvert Spensley, Mineral Point.
J. J. Hogan, La Crosse.
Supt., James Nevin, Madison.
WYOMING—
Gustave Schnitzer, Laramie.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 25 to 28.—Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock and Kennel Association, at Akron, O. W. A. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia. Pa. James Watson, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. D. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 10.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
Jan. 16.—Fourth Annual Meet Brunswick Fur Club, at Westminster, Mass. J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass. Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas. Indianapolis, Ind.



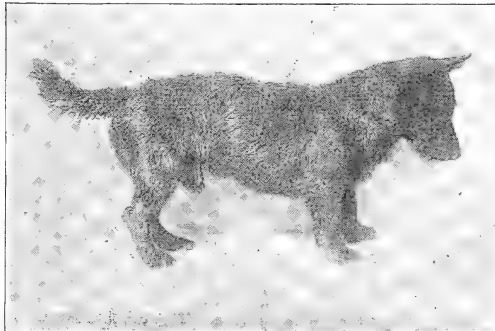
COL. ARTHUR MERRIMAN AND H. B. DURYEA.

Judges at Eastern Field Trials, 1892.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Chicago Dog Show.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 7.—I mentioned in a brief note last week that the Chicago Kennel Club was organized on Monday, Jan. 2, in this city. This club intends to hold a dog show in the first half of the month of February, there being therein dates which are unclaimed. The club will have a new departure in the premium list. The classes for the smaller breeds, which almost invariably have but two or three entries, will have small prizes, and the more popular classes, which fill well, afford a revenue to the club from entry fees.



WANKIE KENNELS' SCOTCH TERRIER KILROY.
First, Gloversville, 1893.

and are a drawing card as a public attraction, will have largely increased prizes. I have been informed by one of the officers of the club that a most attractive premium list is contemplated, one which will be so valuable as to be a surprise to show goers.

The list of officers is as follows: President, W. E. Hagans; Vice-President, J. Locke; Secretary and Treasurer, G. H. Goodrich. J. W. Munson is managing director.

Pointers will not be classified by weight, which is a most sensible departure.

It was thought by some that a dog show held as part of the winter circuit might in some manner affect the World's Fair dog show, or vice versa. The two shows could not possibly have conflicting interests. The World's Fair show stands alone by itself, so far as its interests are concerned. Moreover, Chicago is large enough to hold two good shows in one year on its own responsibility. A gentleman who is a leading and active spirit in dog show matters in this city assured me that Chicago could successfully give a successful dog show each month in the year. There is one thing certain that if a show is once arranged here it will be held.

Classifying Pointers by Weight.

The pointer, heavy or light weight, is considered as being a working dog. In practical field work pointers have no weight classification. Setters and pointers have a value according to their ability from a working standpoint.

A distinction which divides pointers into heavy and light

weight is arbitrary and artificial. It has no purpose outside of a dog show competition, and therein its mission is simply to multiply winners and increase the prize money, there commonly being, by the heavy and light weight provision in the prize list, twice as much money allotted to pointers as to setters, since there are challenge classes, open classes, etc., for each breed respectively.

It is true that there is underlying all this a pretense of improving the breed by giving the owners or breeders of large dogs a chance in the competition. It is said to be more difficult to breed a good big dog than it is to breed a good little one. The same is equally applicable to setters, if it is applicable at all to either breed. But, heavy weight or light weight, the pointer is a working dog, his work being of such a nature that no distinction founded on weight is possible, nor is it known in field work or field trial competition. Moreover, there is no more reason for the weight classification in favor of the pointer at dog shows than there is for the same in favor of English, Irish and Gordon setters. I am inclined to think that there is a great deal of fallacy in the saying, so far as it concerns pointers, that it is harder to breed a good large one than it is to breed a good small one. Even if the saying were true, is the interest of sufficient value to treat the heavy weights and light weights, in the prize money, as if they were two different breeds? There is a great deal that is artificial and superficial in the whole matter of pointer classification.

A most remarkable litter, in respect to number, is that recently whelped by Mr. Arthur Massey's bitch, which whelped seventeen puppies by O'Rourke. Mr. Massey is well known in the sportsmen's world as the famous slipper at the American Coursing Club meetings.

The announcement of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's meeting, one of which was received at this office, contains forecasts of a most pleasant nature. The *Item* punch bowl, which is to be filled with thirst assuager, named after the winner of the club's Members' Stake, and in conjunction with a supper, will make all glad. Mr. S. Murray Mitchell was the fortunate winner of the Members' Stake.

B. WATERS.

The W. K. C. Judges.

The list of judges for the W. K. C. show at New York in February is quite a strong one. Miss Whitney for St. Bernards seems to have become a settled feature, and is probably as good a selection as can be made. Mr. Raper's selection lets the club down easy on a lot of breeds for which good judges are somewhat difficult to find in this country. We always understood Mr. Muss-Arnolt was more of a pointer man than anything else, but of course we must be mistaken, as he is down for great Danes, Dachshunds and bassets. Mr. W. Tallman has undertaken a task that will test his well known abilities to the utmost, and whether it is a wise move at such a show as New York to assign such important breeds and classes with such large entries as pointers and setters to one man will be better answered after the show; pointers might well have been given to some one else and so facilitated the judging. Instead of Mr. Willey, Mr. E. M. Oldham will judge spaniels. Mr. Jarrett for sheepdogs was, probably, the best selection that could have been made, but as we go to press we learn that Mr. Raper will take these classes. Mr. John E. Thayer for bulldogs sounds just right, and as the Bulldog Club can have no excuse here on the score of Boston terriers, as they had at Boston once, it is to be hoped that a bumper entry will make some amends for the slight that the club imposed on one of its members at the show of 1891. The beagle men, so they say, will have to ransack their kennels for their biggest and most workmanlike dogs to put before Mr. Dorsey. At the same time they may find themselves mistaken, and while this well known breeder may have his penchant for the larger and coarser dog for work, when it comes to the sawdust ring he may prefer to stick to the standard. Mr. R. F. Mayhew finds himself among the hard haired division this time, with the exception of pointers, setters and St. Bernards, he will soon have run the whole gamut of the show. Altogether the list, as we remarked, is a strong one, and there should be no fear of seeing some of the blunders repeated that have been made at this show in years past.

Akron Dog Show.

We mentioned recently the formation of the kennel club in connection with the Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock Association at Akron O., and now we have the premium list of their first show, to be held Jan. 25 to 28. The prizes will be sixty per cent. of the entry fees to first and 40 per cent. to second. Mr. John Davidson will make the awards. Every breed is, in addition, well taken care of with cash specials of from \$2 to \$10, which should serve to draw a good entry. Entries close Jan. 18 with W. A. Caldwell, Akron O. Although not yet admitted to the A. K. C. they have been advised by the A. K. C. people to hold the show under their rules, and that in all probability the wins will count as they will be admitted at the February meeting. Mr. H. F. Peck will superintend the show.

The Chicago Dog Show.

The FOREST and STREAM was the first to call the attention of the public to the fact that Chicago would have a new kennel club and an extra show in February next. Referring to our advertising columns we find that the show will be held Feb. 7 to 10 in Battery D, and that \$50 cash prizes will be given for the larger dogs. The show will just fit nicely. G. H. Goodrich is the secretary and treasurer and John W. Munson managing director. Premium lists will be issued shortly. Entries close Jan. 27.

Bulldog Courtesies.

Mr. C. W. Cugle has just received a letter from Mr. Samuel J. Smith, honorary secretary English Bulldog Club, saying that Messrs. John H. Matthews, H. D. Kendall, E. A. Woodward and C. D. Cugle had been placed on the honorary membership list of that club, "in recognition of the position you hold in the American bulldog fancy, and as a token of our high appreciation of the good feeling which so happily exists between the clubs of the old country and the new."

Wolf and Setter.

According to *Stock-Keeper* an interesting litter is shortly expected in the kennels of the Duke of Newcastle, as one of his setters is due to whelp to a wolf. There appears to be no doubt as to the parentage of the coming litter and the result will be interesting, though probably it is only a case of history repeating itself.

Mr. Chas. Stedman Hanks, who is journeying leisurely toward Florida, where he will pass the winter, called upon us last Monday. Among other things he told us that the Russian wolfhound he has shown as Servanates is really Groubian, one of two dogs imported during the summer. The labels having become mixed during their transportation to this country he attempted to decide the question by calling them by name to see which was which. Mr. Hanks' Russian accent being evidently defective led each dog to suppose he was the other. The real Servanates is said to be a much better dog than the one shown at Brooklyn. Mr. Hanks has taken the necessary steps to have the names changed and the matter set right with the A. K. C.

GLOVERSVILLE DOG SHOW.

A CAPITAL little show was held in the rink at Gloversville, N. Y., Jan. 3 to 6. This was the result of the enthusiastic efforts of the good men and true who make up the association known as the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. This club was organized in 1891 as the result of a split in another association, the party of the second part forming the New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club at Albany.

Some people have an idea that dogs and chickens will not mix. This is true in the main, as we have found to our loss; further, dogmen and chicken men do not, as a rule, amalgamate very lovingly. Gloversville, however, seems to have been the exception to prove the rule. We never attended a show where the hen enthusiasts and the dog cranks mingled more freely, and many friendships were made which are sure to redound to the benefit of both feather and fur. Perhaps this good feeling arose through the efforts of President A. E. Blunck, one of the foremost breeders of game fowls in the country, which led some one to get off a little joke, remarking that "though Mr. Blunck was not a dogman, he was game and his hackle was the right color." To bring the boys together this gentleman gave a supper at the Alford House on Wednesday evening at which most of the exhibitors did full justice to the good things provided by Landlord Davis. The poultry contingent was strongly represented, the few dogmen present being completely absorbed in the crowd.

We have not space to give the names of all, but those particularly known to us were Messrs. Fred Schmitt, Ed. Rosa, George Rosa, L. W. Clute, R. M. Fenton, J. Otis Fellows, F. W. E. Clarke, German Hopkins, E. B. Elliott, W. Tallman, J. H. Drevestadt, R. T. Harrison, J. W. Miller, James W. Green, and about twenty of the feathered fraternity. Mr. E. B. Thompson was installed toastmaster, filling the position very acceptably, although he at first protested his inability. He first called upon Mr. Blunck, who spoke for the presidency, an office which he has filled for the last two years. He dwelt facetiously upon the honors and emoluments (?) of the position, all of which he has enjoyed and some of which he has settled for. In summing up, however, he found that the satisfaction derived from association with the members of the club had more than compensated for the labor involved and the money expended.

Mr. E. C. Rockenstye then spoke about the "Freaks of Poultry," which peculiar subject seemed to please immensely. Editor Ross of the *Gloversville Standard* then gave a ten minutes' discourse on things in general. As a break in the proceedings German Hopkins told us in his inimitable style about the "Lad that's Free and Easy," and was enthusiastically encored. Then Mr. Ben Thornton, not a bantam weight in the fancy by any means, told us, confidentially, "How I was Duffed," which was quite a personal affair. The toastmaster then called upon Mr. A. A. Parker to answer the question, "Is New Jersey Really in the United States?" This point was evidently settled in the affirmative, but when Mr. John H. Warner was asked to discourse on the "Asiatic Classes," he excused himself on the plea that his constitution was too weak to admit of his speaking. Subsequent events proved this to be a very frail excuse. Mr. F. W. E. Clark then spoke on "Dogs in General, and Fox-terriers in Particular," in a quiet and impressive manner. Mr. E. B. Elliott, by special request, sang "The Jubilee," and Mr. Gaylor, of Gloversville, spoke quite feelingly on the "Absurdity of Prohibition." Altogether it may be imagined that the gathering was an enjoyable one, and toward the "wee sma' hours" the early sleepers in the hotel were roused by the cheers which were heartily given for the president and the club.

Gloversville is a very interesting, bustling little town of some 16,000 inhabitants, and is given over entirely to the manufacture of gloves and the production of sole leather and kindred commodities. Incidentally Gloversville is termed "the Queen City of the Adirondacks." The surrounding country, and in fact all Fulton county abounds in historical relics. Johnstown, three miles distant, is headquarters of one of the oldest Masonic lodges in the country, its charter dating from 1766, and they still have the insignia jewels presented to them by King George III.; then there is the old fort which was built in 1735, besides many other interesting objects which lead one to suppose Oscar Wilde was not fully informed when he made his famous remark about the lack of ruins in America. Gloversville does a \$10,000,000 business in gloves and is evidently a town with a future. Some of the exhibitors spent a pleasant afternoon in going through Messrs. Quackenbush's factory, where, under the guidance of Mr. A. V. Quackenbush, they saw the sixty different processes through which the skin must proceed before it becomes the finished kid of commerce.

The weather at Gloversville was intensely cold and the building in which the show was held had been used as a storage place for skins, and until the stoves had been kept for a couple of days at fever heat the atmosphere and the flooring were chilling to a degree. The benching was of the old and primitive sort, but substantial and clean. The dogs were benched in the forepart of the building, the chickens, of which there was an excellent collection, covering the space in the rear. A good-sized ring was inclosed at one side of the hall for the dog judging. Mr. F. B. Zimmer, the secretary, was a busy man and was untiring in his efforts to make every exhibitor at home. He is the owner of some workmanlike beagles, calling his kennels the Debonair Beagle Kennels. Mr. Ray Hillabrandt was the superintendent and kept the aisles measurably clean and the dogs well bedded. The feeding was excellent, Spratts biscuits being well prepared with appetizing soup. "Sanitas" kept the hall free from offensive smells. The judging did not commence till about 11 A. M., and Mr. C. H. Mason officiated as judge, giving, with few exceptions, entire satisfaction.

The number of entries was 146; there were about 15 absentees and some duplicates. The quality of the dogs benched was noticeable in a show of this size, the beagle and fox-terrier classes being especially good, and with the St. Bernards, Scotch and Dandie Dinmont terriers, were the principal attractions. Spaniels, although few in number, were choice. Many, in fact, most of the classes had but one or two entries. The Connecticut Valley, Rockland Beagle, Iolanthe, Waukie and Hentley, Swiss Mountain, Hell Gate, Mount Zion and George Bell's, F. F. Dole's and Beverwyck were the principal kennels represented. The judging of the classes was completed by 4 P. M. and by 10 P. M. most of the numerous specials were awarded, leaving a few for the next morning's work. Many of these specials followed the regular awards, but there were a few that required careful judgment. For instance, that for best kennel in the show was a hard nut to crack, finally narrowing down to a struggle between the Scotch terriers belonging to Mr. Henry Brooks and the Iolanthe Kennels' fox-terriers; the former were a more sorry lot, but eventually the merits of Ripon Stormer and

May Storm evidently pulled the Iolanthe Kennels through a winner. The competitions for the best dog and best bitch required considerable weighing. For the best dog Mrs. Smythe's coming dog, Scottish Leader, the smooth St. Bernard, finally proved the victor, and the mastiff, Lady Coleus, despite her rather poor condition, was chosen from a lot of no mean competitors as the best bitch.

The attendance throughout was very fair and the show seemed to take well among the local people. Mr. Ed. Rosa, of Schenectady, acted efficiently as steward of the ring. Among the dogmen of the club we may mention Ed. Rosa, setters, hounds and beagles; H. C. Alvord, Gloversville; F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, beagles, etc.; Lyman W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y.; George Rosa, Schenectady, setters and beagles; and Ray Hillabrandt, of Johnstown. Mr. C. E. Rockenstye acted as general superintendent, but his sympathies were with the poultry section. The stalls were all numbered and catalogue out in good time, and on the whole it was well arranged, with few mistakes. This was the work of the president, who, among his other duties, runs a daily and a weekly paper in Johnstown.

Mastiffs had but two claimants for honors, a dog and a bitch; they were, however, good ones. The well-known Lady Coleus, in the challenge class, made her first appearance under her new ownership. Those warts on her body seem to be increasing, and she was not in as good show trim as we have seen her. King Caution, in the open dog class, has a fairly good head, a dog above the average, rather light in bone and short in body, good action. He won here last year.

In rough-coated St. Bernards the order was the same as



A. E. BLUNCK.

President, Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club.

last week at Pawtucket, the handsome Otis first, Roland, Jr. second; King Regent third, with a better chest, head, body and bone than either, was as usual put back for his faulty understandings. Kamehameha I., that queerly named dog of Mr. Graham's, was absent. There is a rule in the A. K. C. that when a dog's name is changed his former name shall also be given until he wins under his new name. *Verb sap.* The sweet-headed Florette, though short of coat, with her good coloring, head, nice type, though a bit narrow in muzzle, good chest, body and legs, had little difficulty in beating Lady Bountiful, who loses to her in front. Mrs. Nickolson won third and reserve with Mr. Zion Leila and Thora; they are both almost white, excepting in heads, and both lose to the winner in body and head. Thora is a bit slack in back; both well off for bone and move well; their owner, however, should breed out of this whitestock, too much of it is dangerous to type. Queen Kate has black markings and that won't do at all. Jess Bedivere, the pup, dips in back a bit, is open in feet, fine muzzle, but all white with exception of head and spot on rump.

The smooths came next; in dogs, Melrose, though entered, stayed at home, and this left barren honors for Scottish Leader, who was fit to battle for his life, in elegant condition, and it will take a crack-a-jack to beat him; his head is toning down wonderfully, and except when very excited, has lost much of that squariness he used to have. He quite deserved the special for best in show. In bitches, with Miss Alton absent, Debonair Hope had the class to herself; she carries a good deal of coat for a smooth, as well as too much white; she stands on good legs, but would do with more bone, but she is only 12 months old yet.

With a Greyhound Club judge up it is surprising that more greyhounds did not show up, especially as the N. G. C. offered one of their handsome medals. Only one entry, Lady Jane, and she was so ordinary that first was withheld, she is flat behind, coarse tail, with a brush like a beagle, a nice head and neck, but back of that is poor.

In deerhounds one expected to see the Hillside Kennels on hand, but the Iolanthe Kennels furnished the two entries, dog and bitch; they were both at Brooklyn. Dunsloy was in good coat, but Madge Mac was out of it, having just weaned puppies.

Although an N. G. C. medal and other specials were up for Russian wolfhounds there was no entry. The bloodhound and Newfoundland classes were also drawn blank. Then came the American foxhounds with three in open dogs. Brave's Boy, the winner, stands back on pasterns, toes not close enough, plain head, throaty, fair body but soft in coat. Punch, second, open in coat, fair head, throaty, wide in

front and faulty tail. Crook, but for the lack of tail tip was an easy winner, as he is a capitally made hound all round with an excellent head and expression, he is a Walker hound and said to be a stayer. In bitches (6), Fly, the winner, lacks bone but stands on good legs and feet, and is especially good in quarters and second thighs, she beats Daisy Nightshade, the latter's neck being short and not clean enough, skull too broad, but the rest fairly good. Fanny, third, is too short in head, and but for a little weakness behind is all right. Femur was absent. One fair pup was shown but the other's legs were all over the ring and there is no hope for him.

Pointers came next, some individual specimens good, but the majority only moderate. An old friend, Lancelot, was the challenge winner, and he looked well, too; he is not square enough in muzzle and too heavy in shoulders for the first flight. Three appeared in open dogs, the winner being Duke of Kent II., who was at Pawtucket, and whose picture showing him in another walk of life, appears in this issue. Touchstone followed, he is wide in chest, his legs and feet could be better, good ribs, loin and quarters, but his head is plain. Nick C. took e., he is too weedy to expect much more. Vesta C. won in bitches over five opponents; with a nice head, excellent ribs, quarters and hindparts, her faults are toes not close enough and ears hung a trifle wide. Countess Vernon followed close, she is a little weak in muzzle and her tail is short and coarse, but good front and well made body. Fatinitza, third, I would like better had she better pasterns and feet, a squarer muzzle and a little narrower in chest; her quarters, too, are faulty. Luna T., vhc., has a plain head among other faults, and Skylark, he., is too long-waisted and in face light throughout. The winning pup, Judge, has good bone and a fair head. Nora M., second, is too heavy in shoulders.

The English setter division was not remarkable for any display of great merit, though there were some useful animals among them. No challenge entries, but in open dogs there were four on hand. Prince L. this time got his deserts; if standard, type, well-formed head and good coat go for anything he was well ahead of the others; there is, however, something cloddy about him that impresses one with the fact that the second winner, Max Noble, though a bit leggy, would range all round him in a day's work, this one has rather a plain head, nice body, limbs and shoulders, but short of coat. Choice Bondhu, third, but for a rather domy skull, would have a good head, shows quality, good front, but quarters droop too much. Buck Bondhu, he., is not furnished yet, has a head on the Irish type rather. There were three bitches with Flossy Foreman an easy winner; good head, coat and legs. May Bondhu, second, should have more stop, though head otherwise well shaped, very good bone, though not very strong behind. Daisy Buckellew is narrow throughout, and short of coat. Choice Bondhu was the winning pup, with Nutmeg, coarse in skull, second, while Buck Bondhu came third, and Faneon, reserve, is too fine in muzzle and not quite straight in front.

There were but two Irish setters, though pretty fair ones. Mack D., the dog, is rather strong in head, broad, flat ear, and feet too flat, the rest good, color rich, and an active mover. Maud is a big, but not a badly made bitch, lacks depth of muzzle and feet should be put down straighter.

The only Gordon, Jim Jackson, should have more stop, good neck, but shoulders straight, quarters fall away too sharp, fair tan. A native setter was shown, a big black and white dog that "Billy" said had many of the attributes of the old tribe.

There was lots of quality in the spaniel department, though with the classification and Spaniel Club specials there should have been a bigger entry. Mr. Bell furnished the challenge winners with the well known King of Obos and champion I Say, though he had only his second string out. Open black dogs had only two entries. Middy was an easy winner, a trifle long in muzzle, nice skull, but too much hair on it, good cocker body and nice front. Say Boy, second, is domy in skull and muzzle not deep or square enough, good front, but bad behind, hocks weak and light in loin. The bitch class was stronger, Miss Waggles improving all the time and in rare fettle; she is a nice type throughout, a bit high in brow, but a cocker all over. Woodstock Dora loses to her in muzzle and correct length of body, also in straightness of forelegs. Woodstock Daisy is bad in front, too crooked, head a bit too long, excellent body, but not quite flat enough in coat. Queen of Spades, reserve, was rather outclassed here; too long in muzzle and body and shown fat, good legs and coat.

In any other color open dogs, Chestnut, the shadow of his Brooklyn self, was out of coat and rough; he is only just over distemper; he will look much better another time probably. In bitches a sweet little Beauty won easily; a rare little light red cocker, excellent skull, muzzle just a trifle plain, but otherwise good all round; Busy, second, is probably a good field dog, as "Uncle Dick" states, but she is leggy, light of bone, stop too sharp and coat inclined to curl.

Judge and Dawn, the two Chesapenkes, were described at Pawtucket last week.

Bulldogs had one entry in each class, and both were described at Brooklyn. Rustic Sovereign was the dog; not broken up enough in face, a bit plain and not out enough at shoulder. Maggie, the bitch, has a pretty good head, good lay back and cushion, skull would do with more volume; nicely out in front, good legs, fair body and swing, long tail.

Bull-terriers had three entries in dogs, led by Aristocrat, who somewhat easily defeated Woodcote Scamp, whose thick, round skull and cheek and poor condition of coat were against him. He is quite as good on legs as the winner, tail coarse. Crib is not of the correct color. That capital little bitch, Edgewood Wonder, is good enough for any company of her weight, but here she was alone. She might be improved in muzzle. Woodcote Scamp was the only puppy.

Dachshunds were represented by Mr. Manice's pair, Zulu II., in the challenge class, and the young dog, Don Quixote II., in the open. He was described at Brooklyn.

A very moderate Basset in Rodeur was favored with first prize. His weak forelegs, lack of depth of chest and short back are bad faults. We expect something better from the Glenrose Kennels.

Beagle classes had the best entries in the show and were a good lot. The Rambler led off in challenge class, being alone. Then champion Lon, Twinkle and Twintwo came in. Twintwo is getting cloddy while Twinkle shows age but is typical, though loaded in neck and standing too wide in front. Champion Lou won fairly all round, though the cold puckered up her hindparts worse than ever. The open dogs showed five. Chimer Don and Jubilee were found to be over-size. Rockland Boy beats Forest Hunter in loin and coat, though in head and action the latter is superior; Boy was too cold to show himself, however, while Ransack, third, got scared by the judge handling him too roughly; he is a little long in head, stands back on pasterns, fair body and coat but

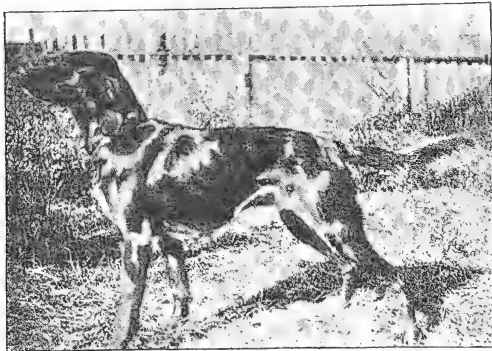
not enough brush; a promising young dog. It is hard enough to show a dog sometimes with every advantage, and a judge can not be too careful and quiet in the way he approaches and handles the dogs he judges; this is a fault of Mr. Mason's that he should remedy. The bitch class was a hummer with Emeline, shown very well, an honorable winner over Myrtle the Mouse, beating her in front, quarters and brush. Mouse has a capital body and gay action. Minnie Mite, third, has an excellent front, a little light in muzzle, nice ear and skull, capital body, needs more muscle behind; a very nice stamp; she might have changed places with the second. Vic R. and Gypsy both lose in type to the others. Ransack was the only pup.

Fox-terriers were a capital lot and so even that it made the gauging of merit a considerable task. There were no challenge dogs, but in open dogs the fight between Ripon Stormer and B. Punster was keen with the decision in favor of the former. He beats Punster in head—muzzle especially, and in quarters and hocks, Punster turning in slightly there. Joe Hooker, third, needs more swell of rib and body is rather long, good front, but is a little high in skull and is rather large sized. Mark Twain, reserve, should be stronger in muzzle, and Dusky Tray, a smart terrier, is too high in skull and to open feet is added a rather bowed front. The Iolanthe Kennels went one, two in the next class, May Storm and Ripon Regina being the winners; there is little between them; May is a bit plain behind and carries a large ear, while Regina is not straight enough in pasterns and ears not carried close enough. Regent Easter is pinched in muzzle and short. Beverwyck Moonray is well-known and Hillside Treasure while perhaps deserving his letters, is small, light of bone and short faced, soft coat. Beverwyck Boy was the only pup.

Wire-hairs showed up well. The winner, Jack Frick, beats Dandy Jack in head, but is beaten in body and coat. Carn Brea Prince is a little pigeon-toed and down in quarters, and rather coarse in head. Jess Frost, the winner in bitches, won at Brooklyn; she is a bit wide in skull, otherwise fairly good. Second went to Floss III., small and soft in coat, and should have a longer head. Roath Rags is not straight in front and is small.

In black and tans (2) Queen III. beats Lady Salisbury in front, which is too wide, is dark in head, too, and thumb marks not distinct enough.

The Wankie Kennels furnished the Scotch terriers, Kilroy beating Kilree as before. In bitches Cullbean should have



CH. RUBY GLENMORE.

Owned by Mr. E. B. Bishop, Coffeyville, Kan.

beaten Wankie Daisy; better and stronger in head, ears, body and legs, though losing in coat.

The Dandie Dimmuts were all from Mr. E. Brooks's kennel and are now all well known. King of the Heather in challenge dogs, but Heather Madge had gone to happier hunting grounds the day before, Heather Amphion in dogs and Ansty Daisy in bitches won alone in their classes; the latter was lame in the rear hindfoot.

Skye terriers had one entry, Nellie; small, short in body and soft in coat, weak in muzzle, nice ears, well carried.

Irish terriers had one in each class; Jackass, the dog is wide in skull, while Red Rags could be longer in head; still, she is a capital sort, stands on good legs, nice body and coat.

Nellie Bly, the challenge pug, is outclassed by some of those in the open division. In open dogs (3) Ivy Boy has a nice little head, plenty of wrinkle, very short, square muzzle and nice skull, legs not very good; he beats Otsego Duke in head; the latter is also leggy but carries a good curl. East Lake Sister was the only bitch; she is fat, small in eye, not right in skull, but has a fairly good shaped muzzle.

A sweet little toy won in the miscellaneous class.

Strange to say, not a collie put in an appearance, though five were entered for the Chestnut Hill Kennels. This is something that has never, we believe, happened before at a show in this country. The Collie Club had put up one of its medals, but even this did not fetch them. H. W. L.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, W. Wade's Lady Coleus.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Miller's King Cautious.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, 2d, F. Schmitt's Otis and Roland, Jr.; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennel's King Regent. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Florette; 2d, F. Schmitt's Lady Bonifant; 3d, and reserve, Mr. Sion Kennel's M. Sion Lelia and M. Sion Thora. Puppies: 1st, Mt. Sion Kennel's Jesse Bedivere.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Scottish Leader. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Miss Aton.

GREYHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Lady Jane.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Iolanthe Kennel's Dunsloy. Bitches: 1st, Iolanthe Kennel's Madge Mac.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, P. Clagstone's Standley; 2d, W. H. Sheppard's Duke. Bitches: 1st, Mr. Pogeys's Nora.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Brave's Boy; 2d, C. L. Place's Punch; 3d, Willow Brook Kennel's Crook. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Fly and Fanny; 2d, Willow Brook Kennel's Daisy Nightshade. Puppies: 1st, John Brownell's Rex.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Laurelcol.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. C. Dutton's Duke of Kent II.; 2d, W. H. Hyland's Touchstone. Com. W. W. Bainbridge's Nick C. Bitches: 1st, Willow Brook Kennel's Vestal G.; 2d, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Countess Vernon; 3d and high com., Albany Pointer Kennel's Patinza and Skylark. Very high com., Connecticut Valley Kennel's Lama T. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Connecticut Valley Kennel's The Judge and Nora M. High com., Albany Pointer Kennel's Skylark.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. J. Lewis's Prince; 2d, E. C. Smith's Max Noble; 3d and high com., J. Feulner's Buck Bondhu and Choice Bondhu. Bitches: 1st, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Flossy Foreman; 2d and 3d, J. Feulner's May F. Bondhu and Daisy Buckell. Puppies: 1st and 3d, J. Feulner's Choice Bondhu and Dick Bondhu; 2d, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Nutmeg. Reserve, Philip Daly, Jr.'s, Fanchon.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Mack D. Bitches: 1st, J. D. Van Anken's Maud.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Jim Jackson.

NATIVE SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. Lyke's Nig.

BLACK COCKER SPANIELS.—NOT OVER 25 LBS.—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Middy; 2d, J. Donovan's Say Boy. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Miss Waggle; 2d, Thomas & Dale's Woodstock Dora; 3d, J. Donovan's Woodstock Daisy.—ANY COLOR—NOT OVER 25 LBS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's King of Otto's. Bitches:

1st, G. Bell's I Say.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's Chestnut. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Beauty; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennel's Busy F.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Nantucket Kennel's Old Judge. Bitches: 1st, Nantucket Kennel's Dawn.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: Iolanthe Kennel's Rustic Sovereign. Bitches: 1st, C. E. Cox's Magpie.

BULL TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, P. C. Pettit's Aristocrat; 2d, F. F. Dale's Woodcock Scamp. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dale's Edgewood Wonder. Puppies: 1st, F. F. Dale's Woodcock Scamp.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. A. Manice's Zulu II.—OPEN—1st, E. A. Manice's Don Quixote II.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennel's Rodeur.

BEAGLE HOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: Rockland Beagle Kennel's The Rambler. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennel's Lou. Reserve Forest Beagle Kennel's Twinkle. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennel's Rockland Boy; 2d, Forest Beagle Kennel's Forest Hunter; 3d, Debonair Beagle Kennel's Ransack. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Kennel's Emeline; 2d and 3d, Debonair Kennel's Myrtle the Mouse and Minnie Mite. Reserve, Forest Beagle Kennel's Vick R. Very high com., Glenrose Beagle Kennel's Gypsy A. Puppies: 1st, Debonair Kennel's Ransack.

FOX TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Iolanthe Kennel's Ripon Stormer; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster; 3d, R. Morrison's Joe Hooker. Reserve, Kennytto Kennel's Mark Twain. Very high com., Louis Cramer's Dusky Tray. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Iolanthe Kennel's May Storm and Ripon Regina; 3d, Fred H. Cramer's Regent Easter. Reserve, Iolanthe Kennel's Miss Domino. Very high com., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Moonray. High com., Kennytto Kennel's Hillside Treasure. Puppies: 1st, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Roy.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, T. S. Bellin's Jack Frick; 2d and 3d, Iolanthe Kennel's Dandy Jack and Carn Brea Prince. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, Iolanthe Kennel's Jess Frost, Floss III. and Roath Rags.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dale's Queen III.; 2d, Iolanthe Kennel's Lady Salisbury.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Henry Brooks's Kilroy and Kilree. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Henry Brooks's Wankie Daisy and Cullbean.

DANDIE DIMMUTS.—Dogs: 1st, Heather Kennel's King of the Heather. Bitches: 1st, Heather Kennel's Madge.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Henry Brooks's Heather Amphion. Bitches: 1st, Henry Brooks's Ansty Daisy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Bitches: 1st, J. L. Hooley's Nellie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Iolanthe Kennel's Jackanapes. Bitches: 1st, Iolanthe Kennel's Red Rags.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—R. T. Harrison's Nellie Bly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Bowden's Ivy Boy; 2d, Mrs. J. Feulner's Otsego Duke. Bitches: 1st, J. Bowden's East Lake Sister.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Bitches: 1st, R. T. Harrison's Gypsy. Puppies: withheld.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Best dog, J. W. Miller's King Cautious. Best bitch, W. Wade's Lady Coleus. Best in show (2), W. Wade's Lady Coleus. Best owned by member of M. V. P. & K. Club, J. W. Miller's King Cautious.

ST. BERNARDS (ROUGH).—Best dog and best in show, Fred Schmitt's Otis. Best pair, Fred Schmitt's Otis and Roland, Jr. (Smooths). Best dog and best in show, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Scottish Leader. Best bitch, M. Conolly's Debonair Hope.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best bitch and National Greyhound Club's medal, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Lady Jane.

DEERHOUNDS.—Best dog (2), Iolanthe Kennel's Dunsloy. Best bitch and National Greyhound Club's medal for best in show, Iolanthe Kennel's Madge Mac.

GREAT DANES.—Best dog, Paul Clagstone's Standley. Best bitch, Mr. Pogeys's Nora.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Best dog and best in show, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Brave's Boy. Best bitch (2), Connecticut Valley Kennel's Fly. Best couple, same owner's Brave's Boy and Fly.

FORESTERS.—Best kennel, Connecticut Valley Kennel's. Best dog (2) and best in show, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Laurelcol. Best bitch (3) and best owned by member of club, Willow Brook Kennel's Vestal C.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best Kennel (2), John Feulner's. Best dog and best blue belton in show, Andrew J. Lewis's Prince L. Best bitch, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Flossy Foreman.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best dog, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Mack D. Best bitch and best owned by member of the club, J. D. Van Anken's Maud.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best dog, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Jim Jackson.

NATIVE SETTERS.—Best dog and best in show, Henry Syke's Nig.

SPANIELS.—Best kennel, George Bell's. Best dog and best in show, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Middy. Best bitch, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Miss Waggle. American Spaniel Club's special for best brace, Swiss Mountain Kennel's Middy and Miss Waggle.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Best dog and best in show, Nantucket Kennel's Old Judge. Best bitch, Nantucket Kennel's Dawn.

BULLDOGS.—Best dog, Iolanthe Kennel's Rustic Sovereign. Best bitch and best bulldog in show, Iolanthe Kennel's Magpie.

BULL TERRIERS.—Best dog (2), Paris C. Pettit's Aristocrat. Best bitch and best bull-terrier in the show (2), Frank F. Dale's Edgewood Wonder.

DACHSHUNDS.—Best dog and best in show, E. A. Manice's Zulu II.

BASSETS.—Best dog, Glenrose Beagle Kennel's Rodeur.

BEAGLES.—Best kennel (2), Rockland Kennel's. Best dog, Rockland Kennel's Rockland Boy. Best bitch (2), Rockland Kennel's Lou. Best dog pup, Debonair Beagle Kennel's Ransack.

FOX TERRIERS.—Best kennel (2), Iolanthe Kennel's. Best dog and best in show (2), Iolanthe Kennel's Ripon Stormer. Best bitch (2), Iolanthe Kennel's May Storm. Best bitch owned in Fulton county, Fred H. Cramer's Regent Easter. Wire Hairs.—Best Kennel, Iolanthe Kennel's. Best dog, T. S. Bellin's Jack Frick. Best bitch and best show, Iolanthe Kennel's Jess Frost.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Best bitch and best in show, Frank F. Dale's Queen III.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Best kennel (2), Henry Brooks. Best dog (2), Henry Brooks's Kilroy. Best bitch, Henry Brooks's Wankie Daisy.

DANDIE DIMMUTS.—Best dog, E. Brooks's Wankie Daisy. Best bitch, E. Brooks's Ansty Daisy. Best brace of dogs, E. Brooks's King of the Heather and Heather Amphion.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Best bitch, J. L. Hooley's Nellie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Best dog and best in show, Iolanthe Kennel's Jackanapes. Best bitch, Iolanthe Kennel's Red Rags.

PUGS.—Best dog, Jos. Bowden's Joy Boy. Best bitch, Jos. Bowden's East Lake Sister.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Best bitch and best in class, R. T. Harrison's Gypsy.

Best kennel of four, any breed, Iolanthe Kennel's smooth fox-terriers. Reserve, Henry Brooks's Scotch terriers. Best dog, any breed (2), Swiss Mountain Kennel's Scottish Leader. Best bitch, any breed (2), W. Wade's Lady Coleus. Best dog or bitch shown by member of club, J. W. Miller's King Cautious. Exhibitor showing largest number dogs (2), Connecticut Valley Kennel's. Best setter, any breed, Connecticut Valley Kennel's Mack D. Homeliest dog in the show, Geo. S. Robbins's Jack the Ripper (mongrel bull-terrier). Largest number of entries by member of the club, Debonair Beagle Kennel's. Best kennel, any breed, owned by any member of the club, Debonair Beagle Kennel's.

Bexar Field Trials.

The Bexar Field Trials will be held near Floresville, Wilson county, Texas, this week. It is expected that thirty-five members, with some forty or fifty dogs, will be present.

A few corrections are necessary in our Pawtucket report; the more or less confusion during the judging is the cause of the mistakes having been made, there being no catalogues or anything but the secretary's book to go by at that time. In cocker dogs Cherry Punch won first, and in bull-terriers Aristocrat beat Count II., carrying out our criticism. Count Noble won the special for best Gordon setter, and we certainly understood that Inchiquin was at the show.

NOTICE.

Greyhound and Foxhound Fanciers.

F. G. Stewart is no longer in my employ as superintendent and kennelman.

Hereafter, please address all communications relative to the dogs bred by me to Whit Oak Kennels, Poland, Maine, or to me, 241 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I should be pleased to hear from all parties that have been in correspondence with this man Stewart, with reference to any of the dogs in these kennels. N. Q. Pore.

—Adv.

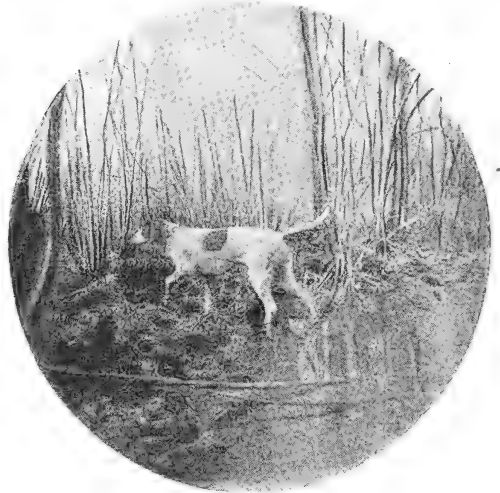
DOG CHAT.

The W. C. K. C. Show.

The building heretofore used by the Washington City Gun Club is not in a very good location, and there is more or less objection to it on this score. It is more than probable that a new hall will be secured for their next show. This is a hall over the market, situated in a central location. It has a floor about 260ft. long and 200 wide, without a pillar, and is admirably adapted for a show. The club, if they secure this building, expect a much larger entry, especially as they intend to materially increase the prize list. Mr. F. S. Webster, the secretary of the W. C. K. C., has quite a large taxidermy establishment in New York. A stroll through the various rooms is most interesting to a lover of natural history. In our stroll through the rooms we came upon a moose that had just been parted from the flesh. In life this animal stood 16½ hands high, and his head and antlers are particularly fine. Bear stories can always be stretched when in the skin, as it were, but here we saw the biggest grizzly skull that probably nine out of ten men ever saw. From muzzle to stern it measures 9ft. 8in., and across the shoulders and forelegs 11ft., and when on all fours the grizzly would have touched the bar at 4ft. 9in. The bear was killed near Port Townsend, Washington, some three years ago, and will now adorn the floor of Austin Corbin's residence. Mr. Webster has also an interesting collection of horses' hoofs that have suffered from bad shoeing. It is the intention of the government to make a display of them at the World's Fair, with the intention of showing the evils of ignorant shoeing and the remedy.

New Jersey Kennel League.

Mr. R. R. Moore, owner of Kent's Rex and other dogs, has been elected secretary in place of Mr. Christopher, who resigned. There is a movement in the club to hold a show in connection with the proposed horse show in Newark; this should go well if properly handled. It is the wish of the club to give sheepdog trials and whippet racing at the World's Fair show in June, and while in Chicago this week Mr. W. O. Ruehler, one of the executive committee, will call



MR. H. DUTTON'S DUKE OF KENT II.

Divided third, N. E. Field Trials, All-Age Stake, 1892. First, Pawtucket, 1892, and Gloversville, 1893.

On Mr. Buchanan with a view to arranging the preliminaries for such trials. If Mr. Bowden carries out his intention of bringing his working teams over, these events should prove very interesting and do a great deal of good to the collie interests among the bucolic element that is sure to patronize the Fair. It is also the intention of this club to charter a special car from Jersey City to Chicago in charge of a competent man, for the benefit of the dogs owned by members exhibiting at the World's Fair. The club has numerous irons in the fire and we trust that some of them may become heated. New Jersey is falling back in kennel affairs, and there is a fillip needed.

N. E. Field Trials Club.

The annual meeting of the New England Field Trials Club was held at the Hotel Thorndyke, in Boston, on Jan. 3. The following officers were elected: President, J. W. Hayward, Taunton, Mass.; Vice-Presidents, D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.; E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.; Edward Brooks, Milton, Mass.; A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.; Secretary, W. M. Lovering, Taunton, Mass. Treasurer, W. C. Davenport, Taunton, Mass. Board of Governors: W. A. Power, Boston, Mass.; F. W. Whitlock, Great Barrington, Mass.; G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.; E. K. Sperry, New Haven, Conn.; A. N. Sharp, Taunton, Mass.; J. L. Wells, Attleboro, Mass.; W. C. Baylies, Taunton, Mass. Resolutions were adopted expressing to the retiring president, Dr. W. A. Power, the appreciation of the club for his efforts and help in making it a successful institution. A subscription was taken up and a committee appointed to present to Dr. Power a testimonial. The following new members were elected: Hobart Ames, North Easton, Mass.; Oliver Ames 2d, North Easton, Mass.; Hollis White, Braintree, Mass.; A. Cleveland Bent, Taunton, Mass. There are at present on grounds leased by the club a number of coverts of quail, which are being regularly fed. Also a large number of quail have been contracted for, which are to be delivered in time to be let out in the early spring. Altogether the outlook is extremely good for an ample supply of birds on which to run the trials next fall.

Gloversville Show.

The operator, not the printer this time, was rather at sea with the names of the dogmen at this show, given in a dispatch last week, so we will give them again: Messrs. H. L. Kreuder, R. T. Harrison, C. H. Mason, German Hopkins, J. Otis Fellows, Ed. and George Rosa, F. W. E. Clarke, Clarence Rathbone, James W. Green, George Bell, R. W. Fenton, W. Tallman, E. B. Elliott, Fred Schmitt, F. S. Bellin, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Meecham and Mrs. Nickolson, Mr. Bender and Mr. C. A. Whitney. It is probable that the next show of the Mohawk Valley Club will be held at Utica. It will seem like old times to have a show at this city again.

Several fanciers in Montreal are trying to organize a kennel club in that city with the intention of holding a show in September next. There are lots of dogmen in Montreal, and a properly conducted show would be well patronized, no doubt.

We are indebted to Mr. W. F. Lamonby for several numbers of the monthly supplement of the Greyhound Stud Book, of which he is the keeper. As a reference for coursing

men on both sides of the water it is most useful. In them we find addresses of well-known greyhound men, the members of the National Coursing Club and the entries for the last three months of 1892, together with the winners, dividers and runners up for all stakes run during the last four months. In the October number is given a table of the winners of the Waterloo Cup, Plate and Purse since 1857. Names and addresses of judges, slippers and trainers are also given.

We should like nothing better than to join the jovial spirits who will surround the table in the Aldine's cosy library this evening (Tuesday) after a meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. The *Item* bowl will be filled and honors done to Mr. S. Murray Mitchell's Nannon, the winner of the P. K. C. Members' Stake. Though the stake was run off in seclusion there is no mistaking the open-hearted, cordial welcome to test the result.

Detroit is to have two shows this year. A small show in connection with the Michigan Poultry Breeders' Association was opened on Tuesday last. The show is held in the Auditorium, and Mr. Tom Blake, of whippet and terrier renown, will superintend. Mr. John Davidson will adjudicate upon all classes. This show has no connection with the regular one to be given by the newly formed kennel club in Detroit, which is to hold its show in March.

Mr. Geo. E. Gray, the Irish setter field trial handler, writes us that he will make Blacklands, Miss., his headquarters this winter, where he will handle dogs for next year's trials.

A dog show will be held at Indianapolis this week from Jan. 12 to 18 in connection with the Indiana Poultry Association. Mr. F. C. Wheeler, of Cincinnati, will judge all classes and Mr. J. R. Dougherty is the superintendent.

The Columbia Poultry and Pet Stock Club, of Columbia, S. C., will hold their first annual exhibition of poultry, dogs, etc., Jan 18 to 20. The exhibition will be largely local, but will be patronized by owners of the best stock in the State and will comprise some hundreds of entries, and by present indications will be a success. Mr. Loring Brown, of Bolingbroke, Ga., who has a large kennel of beagles and Scotch terriers, will judge. There are a number of fanciers down there, among them Mr. W. Lykes, whose fancy turns to pointers. Mr. John M. Daniels is the president and from him further information can be obtained.

Lady Gladwyn had six pups, three dogs and three bitches, and Bonnie Kingston four, two of each sex.

The advertisement of Ormonde, the Irish setter, now appearing in *Shooting and Fishing*, is strictly misleading. It reads: "Ormonde, a son of the great Sarsfield out of Red Bess. Same litter as champion Kildare, challenge Beau Brummell and challenge Seminole, Ormonde is thoroughly, etc., etc." Ormonde is not of the same litter as Kildare and the others; they are by Elcho Jr. out of Red Rose. Later we find that Mr. Washington has sold Ormonde to a Mr. Mayrick, Portland, Ore., who will probably run him in the Pacific Coast field trials. Comment is unnecessary.

Some time since we noted that Mr. Coleridge C. Vickery intended going in for Newfoundlanders. He was unable to give the attention to the subject he intended to while in England but advised us that Mr. J. W. G. Houghton, of St. Johns, N. B., had a kennel which he intended to bring to the front. We trust he will, and that Mr. Vickery may still follow out his intentions, for this noble breed is sadly neglected and should receive attention at the hands of some budding fancier if not an old one.

A dispatch says that everybody is sleighing at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., where there are more than 250 dog teams, to say nothing of the horses, but there are more dogs than horses. They drive them tandem and double; the dogs are of all kinds and colors and no attention seems to be paid to blood. The more mongrel a dog is the better he is liked for a sled team. They use the teams for delivering milk, for lighting street lamps and for every other purpose.

Jas. L. Keath, of Indianapolis, Ind., lost his St. Bernard Hospice by death last week.

We regret to hear that Mr. F. S. Bellin's promising young wire-hair Carlisle Glory succumbed to pneumonia last Wednesday, at Mr. Hopkins's kennels at Hempstead, L. I.

We have it on good authority that Mr. J. P. Willey will not judge spaniels at the New York show. In view of the fact that Mr. Willey, by his own desire, is not on the list of Spaniel Club judges, the choice is rather peculiar. A meeting of the executive committee of the Spaniel Club is to be held Friday evening at 6:30 at the Bartholdi Hotel, New York, to overcome this difficulty, the idea being that Mr. Willey would judge.

The poison fiend is abroad at Flatbush, L. I. Smoked pork covered with arsenic seems to be the medicine. Several valuable dogs have fallen victims, and it is supposed to be the work of some crazy person with a grievance.

Yet another black and tan terrier club has been formed, this time at Manchester, England, that is popularly known as the headquarters of the breed.

The South London Bulldog Society is trying to arrange a match between the bulldogs Dockleaf, Bedebury Lion and His Lordship, the three best bulldogs in England. The society will put up a \$25 cup for the winner, the owners to choose two judges and the society a referee. The match between Dockleaf and His Lordship will now take place, as Mr. Smith has posted \$50 with the *Stock-Keeper*, and for this these cracks will compete.

We have received the catalogue of the Oak Grove Kennels. It is only natural with such a fine array of Irish setters as the Moodus Kennel can show that the catalogue should be one in keeping with the quality of the kennel. Excellent half-tones are given of champion Kildare, Seminole, Duke Elcho, Kildare Glenmore, Alice Kent, Edna II, Norina and the views of the farm and kennels.

Our readers will find some excellent stock offered in our business columns this week. Among the new offers for sale are some well-known and well-bred trained and show pointers from the kennels of J. H. Winslow; Edgewood Kennels, gilt-edged English setters; Wm. Firth, St. Bernard and collie pups; Herbert M. Howes, his entire kennel of bull-terriers, which comprise some well-known prize winners; Meadow City Kennels, their well-known English setter Rod's Whim; Jas. M. Shaffer, five foxhounds; Fieles & Bro., trained rabbit dogs, pointers and foxhounds; Manatung Kennels, greyhound, and Henmore King at stud; Jas. Wrinkle, pointer dog; Maumee Kennels, the pointer bitch Barmad, some pups and another well-bred bitch; Scottswood Kennels, noted English setter Pembroke's Blue Grouse; Maumee Kennels, well-bred pointer pups; John T. Hyland, pointer bitch, Exchange; A. A. Mentzer, greyhound pup; J. G. F., two English setters. Wants: Geo. Young, thoroughly broken English setter. We also draw attention to Geo. Thomas's notice about handling dogs for shows.

Mr. Mercer's Russian wolfhound Orloff died last Saturday from inflammation of the lungs and bowels.

Mr. Brough, the bloodhound exhibitor, has made an enviable record this past year. Exhibiting eight times and making twenty-nine entries, he has won twenty-seven firsts, two seconds and ten specials.

Death of Heather Madge.

There are not many good Dandie Dinmonts in this country and this makes the sudden death of this well-known prize winner all the more deplorable. The first day of the Gloversville show Mr. E. Brooks's attendant was exercising his dogs in the street when a sleigh ran over Heather Madge, killing her instantly, the runner passing over her back. Mr. Brooks has our sympathy in his loss, particularly as this breaks up his team to some extent. Madge was imported by Mr. Brooks and was brought over by Mr. F. F. Dole, together with King o' the Heather in 1891.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

J. F. C. T., Crowners Hill, N. J.—I am an amateur sportsman, and am unable from lack of knowledge of such subjects hereinafter mentioned to decide for myself. 1. Should have mentioned also that there is selfish spirit predominant in my locality; old sports do not care to enlighten, and would rather send an amateur off on the wrong scent than have another added to their list. 2. The subjects I wish information on are as follows: What breed of hounds are generally speaking, the best for rabbit hunting? 3. What breed of dogs are the best for general bird gunning—rail, reed, black, quail, pheasants? 4. Do you advise teaching them to retrieve or simply stand? I can understand that when a dog "stands" pheasants or quail after being shot that they can be picked up without much trouble, but when you shoot reed, etc., it seems to me they ought to retrieve. I am told that a retrieving dog will, in time, either swallow or get "hard mouthed," and "mash" or crush them. 4. Can a dog be taught to hunt for the two classes of birds, or is it necessary to have a dog for each class? Ans.



"MAKE DAISY GET OUT OF MY CHAIR."

Amateur photograph by F. E. Hege, Salem, N. C.

1. Beagles. 2. Pointers and setters, although blackbirds and reed birds are not considered game birds or birds which a dog will hunt. 3. A dog should be taught both to stand and retrieve well. A retriever is indispensable to successful sport or profit, therefore, where one owns but one or two dogs, retrieving should be enforced. A properly trained retriever will neither swallow the birds nor mutilate them in his working life, if his handler is not so unskillful as to spoil him. 4. A dog will hunt all kinds of game birds if given an opportunity to learn their value. If worked continually on one kind of birds a dog may acquire such a fondness for that kind that he will refuse to work on other birds, or will work on them in an inferior manner.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.—Please advise ailment and treatment of my English pointer bitch, sixteen months old. About three months since noticed her vagina was swollen to twice or three times its natural size, which I treated with an injection, which seemed to decrease the size; but now I notice it is increasing, also swelling extending upward toward her rectum. Vagina has assumed the form of—as near as can express it—a pear. Her general health seems good and she suffers no inconvenience from this enlargement. Ans. Very probably a prolapse of the vagina in which case an operation will be necessary. Consult a veterinarian.

C. R., New York City.—1. The weight of evidence is so far against the idea that a mesalliance will affect a future litter if bred true afterward. 2. As soon as she comes in season, about three months from the time of whelping. 3. It is always advisable to leave a pup or two with the mother to draw the milk and prevent fever. You can facilitate matters by drawing off the milk, to some extent.

C. L. S.—Yes, most of the leading kennels furnish catalogues describing their dogs.

A Handsome Paper.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The new dress of the paper is capital. It speaks its own merits as loudly as the suggested but discarded headings do the childlike and guileless modesty of their designers. C. C.

LANCASTER, N. H.—Allow me to congratulate you upon the improved appearance of our paper as it comes to us this week. You seem to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of a sportsman's journal. I have been a subscriber for sixteen years, and have nearly a complete file from that time up. To-day I was comparing the current issue with a copy of fifteen years ago, and I was forcibly struck with the vast amount of work necessary to successfully bring the journal up to its present position. Long may the FOREST AND STREAM live and prosper and bring each week its glad tidings to all sportsmen. Rob.

CLAREMONT, South Dak.—While you promise us something better the coming year we all received our money's worth the year just past, and I never regret the money sent for your much-enjoyed paper; not only enjoyed by myself, but several others who have the privilege of looking it over. E. B. B.

130 Miles in 121 Minutes.

THE New York Central keeps actively employed snatching time records. Last week the Empire State Express left Peekskill late, and, pursuant to instructions to make up lost time, the engineer speeded the train from Peekskill to Albany, 101 miles, in 96 minutes, an average running time of over 63 miles an hour. The stretch from Hudson to Albany, 28.43 miles, was covered in 25 minutes, an average for the distance of over 68 miles an hour. The recent wonderful performances of the Empire State Express and other fast trains of the New York Central have commanded attention and applause from all parts of the globe. It is interesting to note, from published comments on this subject, how much stress is laid upon the advantages enjoyed by the New York Central, by reason of its four tracks, level and straight roadbed, and to these are attributed the results accomplished, quite as much as to the powerful motive power employed.—*Adv.*

IF YOU HAVE a friend, good and true, whom you would like to remind of his friend, fifty-two times in the year—once every week—why not ask us to see that a FOREST AND STREAM wrapper has his name on it, with your initials in the corner of the address label?

Yachting.

A VERY good example of the utter absurdity of the soaped windows and locked doors affected at times by designers is found in the case of the Coggeshall steam yacht built last winter at City Island. The builders were bound to secrecy, the one door of the shop was kept locked at all times and every possible precaution was taken to conceal the particulars of this latest wonder from prying eyes. Now, any one who wishes to study the very latest developments of naval architecture may do so at the small expense of a trip to City Island, where the yacht, which has never been launched, lies on the beach, only partially covered by light canvas. There seems to be a sort of reflex action about this excessive secrecy which acts as a veritable hoodoo against the yacht's future success, as in such noticeable instances as Thistle, McFluffy's canoe and the craft here mentioned.

From the reports in the various daily papers, the coldest blizzards of Manitoba fail to cool the blood of the ardent ice yachtsman, who, in default of sailing, keeps up the excitement by a spirited controversy over challenges. We really have not the most remote idea of the merits of the quarrel between the Orange Lake and the Shrewsbury men, but assuming that it is simply a misunderstanding between good sportsmen, as such disputes usually are, it seems a great pity that all details of challenges and dates could not be finally settled in warmer weather, so that the very few days on which ice yachting is possible might be utilized in sailing races rather than in writing letters and talking to reporters.

Among the stray rumors from the other side is one of a new cutter of large size for A. D. Clarke, a British yachtsman, owner of the 60-rater *Reverie*, designed by J. M. Soper and built by Fay & Co. The other report is that if sufficient inducement should be offered in the way of prizes the crack 40-footer *Queen Mab* will visit Chicago. Such a visit would be very acceptable to American yachtsmen, who have heard so much of the Watson centerboarder, but there is not a yacht on the coast, much less on the Lakes, that could make a good race with her. *Wasp*, 13ft. shorter on waterline and 3ft. narrower, would hardly be a satisfactory competitor, and the only modern yacht anywhere near 50ft. is *Katrina*, of 70ft. The news also comes of a 50-rater cutter of the larger class for Mr. John Clark and others of a Scotch syndicate. The new yacht will serve as a trial boat for *Valkyrie* and also as an opponent of the *Carroll* boat.

ALL speculation as to the skippers of the new yachts is set at rest by the news that Mr. Carroll has engaged Capt. Charles Barr for his yacht, *Capt. Barr* will sail the *Rogers* craft, while Gen. Paine has engaged Capt. John Barr for *Volunteer*.

WHILE Boston wants the America Cup displayed on exhibition in Faneuil Hall, Chicago professes the suggestion that the coming international races should be sailed on Lake Michigan instead of outside New York Harbor.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the city club house on Jan. 10, with Vice-Com. Stanton in the chair. The reports of the Board of Trustees, the officers and the various committees, were very complete and satisfactory, showing the successful result of the first year of the Oyster Bay scheme. The treasurer's report showed a material balance of receipts over expenses, although the latter included many items of unusual expense incurred in the experimental work at Oyster Bay, and also a cash balance on hand. Several plans were suggested by the committees for improving the various departments. A letter was read offering on behalf of Mrs. Alfred Roosevelt the sum of \$1,000 to be invested for the purchase of an annual cup, to be known as the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Prize. Messrs. Rouse and Wetmore renewed their offer of prizes similar to those of last year.

The following officers were elected: Com., Francis H. Weeks, schr. Montauk; Vice-Com., E. C. Benedict, str. Onedra; Rear-Com., Herman Clark; Secretary, J. Frederic Tams and Henry Stanton; Sec'y, Leon F. d'Oremieux; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. West Roosevelt, M. D.; Fleet Chaplain, George K. Vandewater, D. D.; Race Committee, Irving Cox, Robert W. Gibson, Walter C. Kerr, Wm. Emlen Roosevelt and Robert C. Townsend; House Committee, George Bullock, Sidney Chubb, Auguste B. Montant, Francis T. Underhill and Frederic D. Weekes; Committee on Lectures and Entertainments, President H. Butler, Lieut.-Commander Leonard Cheney, U. S. N., and Charles A. Post; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and William P. Stephens; Library Committee, James T. Horn, Henry Marquand and Edward M. Townsend, Jr.; Committee on Exhibits, Wilnot T. Cox, Wm. Gardner and W. Kintz Post; Law Committee, Sidney Chubb, Alfred Ely and Arthur D. Weekes.

An Old-Time American Yacht.

IT is a relief to turn from the everlasting discussion on the rating rule to the more genial aspect of the cruising and social attributes of yacht clubs. The possibilities of small clubs in the way of cruising have been strikingly exemplified by the ubiquitous *Minima* Club, and the London Sailing Club has now resolved to establish a branch house at Burnham-on-Crouch, where we are sure its members will be quite able to fancy themselves "out of the world." We just spoke of a "branch house," but the "house" has only been decided upon after failing to obtain the American yacht *Gypsy*, which for some years has done service as the "club house" of the Erith Y. C. This yacht is, we believe, 94ft. on the waterline and 22ft. beam, measuring about 300 tons. She was built at New York in 1853, and created some little excitement on the Solent when she arrived at Cowes in 1893. Her owner, Mr. Morse, desired to try her speed against some of our crack schooners, which happened at that time to be *Alarm*, 238 tons; *Aline*, 216 tons; *Albion*, 150 tons, and *Galatea*, 140 tons. The conditions of our matches were not, however, quite agreeable to the owner of the *Gypsy*, especially as his handsome schooner was in cruising trim. Still, he gave way to his sporting proclivities so far as to have a friendly match with the crack of the day, the "old *Alarm*" from Ryde round the Nab and back, the *Alarm* winning by 7m. only. After this the *Gypsy* accompanied the R. V. Y. C. fleet in a match to Cherbourg, and would have made a good finish had she not carried away some of her headgear when sailing a close second to the *Galatea*, which led the fleet across Channel. After this the *Gypsy* became "naturalized," and, as before said, she is now usefully employed as the floating home of the Erith Club. We dare say many of the members will regret, when they think over her days on the Solent, that they cannot still accompany Channel matches in her.—*Field.*

The Meteor Shield.

THE "Meteor Challenge Shield," presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron by His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, is of embossed silver ornamented with thalers of different periods, some of which are rare coins. The year 1888 is represented by three twenty mark pieces bearing the heads of the Emperors William the First, Frederick the Second and William the Second. The Imperial Arms are displayed in the center; the shield rests on a velvet mount with the imperial crown above, and the emperor's presentation inscription below the shield.

The condition under which the shield may be won will be made known in the course by the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The race will be open to all yachts of any rig, rating not less than 100, belonging to any European yacht club; no handicapping, time allowance according to Yacht Racing Association rules; to be sailed in cruising trim in or across the Channel, distance 80 to 100 miles; no race unless six yachts start.

The conditions will be that the shield goes to the winning yacht, which has to defend it the following year; if won three times by the same yacht it remains in the possession of the owner.

Measurement Rules.

Although all of the large American clubs have standing committees on the subject of measurement changes, there has been little action or discussion within the past year, and there is no indication of a resumption of active measures for any change of rule during the present year. While it may seem at the first glance that there is cause for congratulation over the cessation of the heated discussions and vehement arguments of three years since; a little closer investigation will show that this state of affairs arises not from the perfection of the present conditions, but merely from the fact that so long as there is no racing it matters little what the rules may be, and just now class racing is all but extinct.

For two seasons there has been no 70ft., no 40ft., and no 35 or 30ft. racing about New York or Boston, the limited amount of racing being confined to the 90ft. schooner class, the 40, 21ft., and the 25ft. corrected length class. Of these four, the schooner class is protected from extreme outbuilding by several conditions depending on its size, and there is no danger of the introduction of any greater extreme than the large sail plans to which American yachtsmen are well accustomed. In the 40ft. class the competition has been limited to two or three yachts, but one of them built this past season. The 21ft. and 25ft. classes are composed entirely of racing boats, so that the questions of seaworthiness and accommodation are hardly involved.

Until there is a general revival in the classes from 70ft. down to 30, with the building and racing of at least six to ten boats in a class, there is no special necessity for a resumption of the measurement discussion, and none is likely to occur. At the same time however the subject is one of pressing importance to all yachtsmen, and with the rapid drawing together of models and rules on both sides of the Atlantic, there is much in the recent discussions that have taken place in France and Great Britain that is of immediate interest to Americans.

The main point of the discussion on this side, the merits of the two systems of classification, by waterline length or by sailing length, or to state the question more accurately, by the employment of two distinct units for the bases of measurement and classification, or of one common unit for the two, has not appeared on the other side, the desirability for a common basis for measurement and classification being universally conceded there. An important proposition has, however, been made, to adopt the formula of the Seawanhaka rule in place of the Y. R. A., as being easier on sail. Even as they stand, the two rules have much in common, while the alleged evils of very small displacement and excessive length, complained of abroad, are felt in part here and would become more apparent should the fin-keel type become prevalent in the larger classes.

The editor of the Field has long been recognized as an authority on the history of racing rules, as well as an able exponent of the mathematical side of the subject, and we reprint from the later numbers the following extracts. In commenting on the rule proposed by Mr. Herreshoff Mr. Kemp says:

"In 1883 we proposed a very similar rule, modified as follows:

$$L \times \left(\frac{3}{100 \text{ Reg. Tons}} \right)$$

"We at the time pointed out the practical objections to using registered tonnage, as it varied, according as to whether the vessel was iron or wood built, and also upon her floor construction, and above all, upon the careless way the Board of Trade measurers arrive at registered tonnage. All these objections could be overcome by taking the outside measurements (as the New York Yacht Club did in 1871 onwards), and by employing special measurers.

"The next point is, what sort of a vessel would it tend to produce? In 1883 we pointed out, in comparing the beamy, shallow under-water bodied sloop Gracie with the deep-bodied cutter Tara, that the rule might tend to produce a shallow-bodied, beamy vessel with a big top body, due to beam and freeboard. The Gracie is of 51 registered tons and Tara 40, and consequently, if the length and sail area be equal, the Gracie will be the smaller vessel. This feature is again shown in the table which follows in the case of Creole and Queen Mab. These boats are of equal length and sail area, but Queen Mab, owing to her greater beam, and perhaps greater height of freeboard, would measure smaller than Creole. Queen Mab may be a shallower under-water bodied vessel than the Creole or Tara, but her actual bulk of body (immersed and unimmersed) is larger than either. Of course the inference is that, with a Sail rule boats of the Queen Mab type would be found to beat boats of the Tara or Creole type.

"So long as there is a tax on sail the inducement will be to cut down displacement, because displacement is taxed through the sail; but this in a rule like Mr. Herreshoff's proposed, or like we proposed in 1883, is an inducement to make the bulk of body large, because it is employed in reducing the rating; but it is plain that if sail is taxed, and indeed if it is not taxed, as little of this bulk will be put under water as possible, and the Queen Mab type must prevail.

"The question here arises, is the Queen Mab or the Tara type the best to encourage? Years ago the Americans used to argue that their yachts were the best, easiest, and driest sea boats, because they were made to sail over the water and not under it. We, on the other hand, believe that our deep-bodied, heavily ballasted vessels were the best sea boats, because they could be driven through any kind of sea. In short, looking at the prevailing weather here, we regarded the Tara and Creole as the result of natural selection, and not as the product of the sailing rule of the period. This is the question which Mr. W. G. Jameson answered in his speech at the Y. R. A. meeting last week. The Tara is 60ft. long, with a sail spread of 5,282sq. ft., and a displacement of 75 tons; the Queen Mab is 59ft. on the waterline, with a sail spread of 4,053sq. ft., and a displacement of probably less than 60 tons. Which is likely to be the better sea boat? Mr. Jameson declared in favor of Queen Mab in unmistakable terms.

"We should like to point out that the Council of the Y. R. A. indicated, by some of the questions they put to the yacht designers, that they doubted if, for any given length, making a boat (say, a 5-rater or a 40-rater, like Dacia or Queen Mab) shorter, and of greater displacement, and giving her a larger sail spread and heavier spars, would improve her seaworthiness. There is really a very great deal to ponder over in this.

	Length-Beam	Reg. Tons	Sail Area	Y. R. A. Rating	Sail	Y. R. A. Rating	Herreshoff Rating	Corrected Length
	L.W.L.							
Meteor...	85.2	30.3	101	8157	116	107	111	
Ivema....	83.5	19.0	85	8458	118	115	117	
Tara.....	66.0	11.5	40	5282	58	73	93	
Yarana...	65.4	15.0	46	3312	58	70	89	
Creole....	59.2	13.3	35	4918	49	59	83	
Queen Mab	59.2	11.0	16	4053	40	50	72	
Dragon...	45.7	11.0	16	2624	20	34	62	

At the time when the Council of the Y. R. A. were considering their report on the rating rule, the New York Yacht Club conference was engaged in considering the desirability of continuing the Seawanhaka rule. No decision has yet been arrived at by the conference, but we understand that it will present a report to the different clubs represented at the conference early in January. The general view taken of the rule is pretty much the same as that held here, that it must inevitably tend to produce a boat of small displacement compared with the circumscripting parallelipipedon, but that hitherto no harm has been done. On the whole, we think it is a matter for congratulation that the Council saved us from the awkward consequences of adopting a rule which in all probability will be abandoned in America before the end of the next season.

In 1881 the Y. R. A. adopted the 1730 rule in place of the old 94 rule, because the former was "easier on beam;" that is to say, when the beam was equal to about one-fifth the length, both rules operated alike; but if a yacht were narrower than one-fifth, less beam could be taken for any given rating than the old 94 rule allowed; on the other hand, when the beam exceeded one-fifth the length, the 1730 rule allowed greater beam. The following table gives the relative proportions for a 40-tonner:

No. of beams to length.	$\frac{B}{(L-B) \times B \times 2}$		$\frac{(L+B)^2 \times B}{1730}$	
	L	B	L	B
3	46.70	15.55	48.80	16.30
4	54.40	13.60	50.10	14.00
5	61.95	12.33	62.10	12.44
6	68.40	11.40	67.40	11.25
7	75.60	10.80	72.00	10.80

It was supposed, for instance, that under this revised tonnage rule a yacht four beams to length would have a chance of winning, and that the slight extra penalty put on beam after passing the five-beam stage would put a check on the building of very narrow yachts. But, as a matter of fact, the new rule forced the building of narrower yachts. Length was necessary at any price, and no matter how beam had to be sacrificed, increased length was absolutely essential to arrive at the top of the class. The only practical effect of adopting the 1730 rule was, therefore, to hasten the development of the very narrow yachts.

At the present time we have a similar feature in the Y. R. A. rating rule and the Seawanhaka "corrected length" rule. These two rules operate exactly the same when the square root of the sail area and the length of l.w.l. are equal; but when the square root of the sail area is less than the length, the Seawanhaka rule allows less sail than the Y. R. A. rule, and more when the square root of the sail area exceeds the length. In consequence of this peculiarity we are asked to believe that the Seawanhaka rule will check the increase of length at the expense of sail; but we may rest assured, as in the case of the 1730 rule, that the length will be had at any cost; and as sail is cut down as length is increased, so will the displacement be cut down to suit it.

Under the present rule the 5-rater Dacia has 880sq. ft. of canvas for a load waterline length of 33.83ft.; under the Seawanhaka rule she could only have 801sq. ft. of sail; or, if she stuck to the 880sq. ft. of sail, nearly 18in. (1.4ft.) would have to be sacrificed. We have not the smallest doubt that it would be better to sacrifice the sail than the length. The differences, however, under the two rules are so slight that practically they may be regarded as identical, and what is urged against one rule can with equal force be urged against the other, as a study of the following table will show:

Length on L.W.L.	Sail allowed by Y.R.A. rule.	Sail allowed by Seawanhaka rule.
	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.
5-rater.....	31.1	967
	34.0	983
	36.0	1000
40-rater.....	62.1	3892
	65.0	3992

We do not for a moment suppose that the Seawanhaka rule would prevent the 25ft. 5-rater, or 65ft. 40-rater being built. We have proof positive that a 34ft. 5-rater, with less than 1000sq. ft. sail area, is superior as an average performer to one of 28ft., with 1700sq. ft. sail area, and it is as clear as daylight that changing to the Seawanhaka rule would not give the 28ft. boat an all round chance, unless very light weather could be insured; but then, under such conditions, it would equally pay to have a 28ft. 5-rater under the Y. R. A. rule. The only real influence of the Seawanhaka rule would be to hasten somewhat the depreciation in displacement instead of checking it, unless the rule were provided with limitations of length, breadth and depth, such as we have always contended would have to be the case. But then it comes back to this again, what would be the object in preferring the rule to the existing rule? Certainly the plus (+) sign in the rule instead of the multiplying (x) sign is not a sufficient reason, even if it should be proposed to import another term into the formula.

It is as certain as fact that such things can be certain that, so long as races are sailed in average summer weather of good breezes, to obtain an increase of speed under the existing rating rule, it will pay to cut down sail, because an increase of length can be obtained, and any given displacement we know becomes easier to drive the greater the length of the figure which bounds it; and if, while the length is increased, displacement is decreased, a still greater sacrifice can be made in sail area. Thus it follows that boats must be continually out-built until the limit to which sail area and displacement can be cut down is arrived at. When the limit is reached, we shall probably have something which no more resembles the yacht of the period than an ice yacht does a Brixham trawler. The proper thing to do is to search for a rule which will render such a development impossible. One of the suggested ways of doing it is to introduce registered tonnage or displacement into the formula as a divisor. We showed last week that registered tonnage probably would not insure more under-water body than is at present given; in fact, that its tendency would be to reduce displacement and add to the size of the above water proportion of the hull. If, however, displacement (in cubic feet) is introduced into the formula, the tendency would be to increase the under-water bulk, and take just as much above water body as may be necessary for seaworthiness or accommodation. Such a rule could be formulated as follows:

$$L \times \sqrt[3]{\frac{S}{30,000}} \times \left(\frac{L \times \sqrt[3]{S}}{30,000} \right)$$

The formula looks more complicated than it really is; but, as a matter of fact, it only involves two multiplication and two division sums, as a table of roots will afford the other square and cube roots of the quantities. The table which here follows will show how the formula would operate:

Length L.W.L.	Sail area in sq. ft.	Displacement in tons	Displacement in cubic feet	Y. R. A. Rating	Proposed Rating
25	520	5.0	175	2.5	2.5
28	529	5.0	170	2.5	2.7
30	1000	6.8	238	5.0	5.0
35	855	10.0	350	5.0	5.0
36	2600	14.0	490	10.0	7.6
38	1000	10.0	350	10.0	9.0
40	1200	17.0	505	10.0	10.0
46	1260	28.0	980	20.0	19.0
50	2400	31.0	1085	20.0	20.0
60	4000	60.0	2100	40.0	38.0
65	3700	63.0	2200	40.0	40.0
66	3282	75.0	2625	58.0	56.0
85	10025	150.0	3250	128.0	125.0

The examples given are not very numerous, but they are sufficient to explain the working of such a rule. It will be seen that in the 5-rating class to increase the length (to 35ft., and retain the sail area allowed by the present Y. R. A. rule the displacement would have to be increased by three tons. This feature is shown in other ratings given in the table. The 30ft. 5-rater represents the old 30ft. 5-rater, and she would probably be beaten by the 30ft. 5-rater in whole sail breezes. The quantity of displacement set down for a 5 or 10-rater, &c., may not be actually that in vogue, but the effect of the rule is all the same shown. Of course, the objection to a rule like this is the trouble and expense of obtaining the displacement. The simplest plan would be to take off three sections by aid of a jointed link chain, which could be set to take any form of section. This could be done before the yacht was launched, and a scale made from which the displacement for any draught could be read off. If a displacement rule is ever adopted it must be in some such formula as we have shown, and if it is felt that a rule which includes displacement is necessary to achieve certain objects, we presume that the trouble and expense of working it would not be a ground for objection.

The following letter is from an English yachtsman who has taken a prominent part in all recent discussions abroad:

SOUTHAMPTON, Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the Field of yesterday that Mr. Herreshoff has been designing a formula

for corrected length in which V tonnage is used as a divisor. I therefore ask for your order to bring before your readers a modification of the Seawanhaka rule which would, I think have the same effects, and be far more easily worked in practice. I propose that corrected length should be found thus:

$$L \div \sqrt[3]{S + \frac{1}{2}B + D + F - H}$$

where L is the taxable length, S is the taxable sail area, B is the extreme beam, D is the extreme draught, F is the freeboard amidships, H is the depth of hull amidships (measured from top of floors to top of upper deck beam).

By this rule, a boat with an extravagant B would pay for it, and a boat with an extravagant H would pay for it, and a boat with a moderate B and moderate H would pay for it. The rule encourages a boat of moderate B, and moderate keel below hull. It also encourages a deep body, or more strictly it discourages a shallow body, and consequently on account of the buttock lines, it indirectly discourages long overhangs. The rule encourages a keel bottom parallel to the waterline, like Wasp's, and consequently discourages the triangular cut-away fin keels which cause boats to stall.

If you examine the rule, you will see that draft and freeboard are not really taxed, freeboard being included in depth of hull, and that portion of draft only is taxed which projects below top of floor at midship section. The "house boat" nightmare conjured up by Mr. Herreshoff's rule is outmaneuvered, and the only way to "cheat" my rule would be to build deck like the roof of a house. This can of

course be legislated against; by ruling that the curvature of deck shall not exceed one inch for every foot of extreme beam. THALASSA.

P. S.—Example:

V.....	39.60
L.....	38.05
$\frac{1}{2}B$	5.00
D.....	8.50
F.....	2.50
	64.25
H.....	7.50
	2+86.75
	11+49.37
	39.43 corrected length.

Yacht Building.

Such activity as is apparent at present in yacht building is confined to the expansion of the two large Herreshoff cutters, to steam yachts and the smaller classes. The rumors of syndicates and Cup defenders have thus far brought out nothing, it seems certain that Boston will not be represented this year in the trial races, and equally certain that unless another keel is laid very soon New York will have but one yacht in.

The City Island Piegras has completed the alterations to the hull of the old Diana, and when she is launched again as the Dagmar she will show a stem not unlike Wasp's above water, running down to a distinct jog where the new line of stem joins the old keel. The new foremast is 4ft. deck to hounds, and both masts are handsome sticks, finished with very light and neat ironwork aloft, the hounds and cheek pieces being of steel plates and angles. The crossrees are of oak, each in two halves, placed abreast, the center of the mast and an inch or two from the hounds, and the hounds are of steel, with the inner ends jogged in about an inch to steady them. Underneath each arm is an iron bracket carried by the hound band, which supports the spreader. The iron work of the hull matches the excellent plating put in when Mr. Piegras built the yacht in 1887. On the spot where Lasca, Constellation and Katrina were launched, there is now going up a building shed 48ft. wide and nearly 200ft. long, a necessary adjunct to the otherwise complete plant.

At Wood & Son's yard the old building shed has been completely rebuilt, making a commodious shop 100ft. long and 48ft. wide. It is heated by steam, the pipes serving to dry lumber, while the second story will make a large model loft. In this shop the new Gardner-Mosher steamer, 85ft. long, is now in frame and partly planked, a similar craft to the one built, but not launched, last year, which is now lying under canvas on the beach. The sides of the new yacht are vertical and nearly straight for a long distance, the midship section being nearly rectangular. The stern is of the double cone variety. The hull has steamed oak frames and double skin, the inner of yellow pine and the outer of mahogany. Owing to her shape the yacht will have a large amount of available space below, giving a good saloon aft with a ladies cabin.

In the old shop the pilot-house and joiner work of the steamer are partly complete, while down stairs is a large lifeboat for the U. S. Government, one of three to be built by the firm for exhibition at Chicago. This one is the largest yet built, about 38ft. over all and 8ft. beam, self-righting, self-bailing, and fitted with gummatel shoe and centerboard. She is diagonal built, of mahogany, with a few floors, but no complete frames. Wood & Sons have built a number of similar boats in the past, being one of the two firms in the country which do such work.

On the beach are three curious craft, Nameless, Pryxie and Nemadji, the Gardner 25-footers, the former a miniature cutter, the second a fin-keel with solid lead fin of the Solent type of three years since, and the last a more advanced fin-keel with plate fin and lead bulb, similar to Dilemma and El Comte. Taken together the trio form an instructive commentary on rapid changes of modern designing.

At Hawkins' yard the three cutters, Melusa, Huron and Wenonah, are hauled up and struck over, side by side. The former is receiving a new stem and apron, and Wenonah is also undergoing some repairs and alterations. The wrecked schooner Una is also on the beach, while the little cutter Rajah has been hauled up and housed over to receive a new deck and some changes below. When purchased last winter by Mr. H. W. Eaton she was converted into a yawl, but late last season she was sold back to Mr. W. C. Hubbard, Mr. Eaton retaining the yawl rig. The original cutter sail plan will be replaced by her present owner, while Mr. Eaton will build a new hull for the yawl rig.

At Bath, Me., the steam yacht designed by Henry J. Glow for Harry C. Baxter is now under way at B. Harrington's yard. She will be 77ft. 8in. over all, 10ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 3in. beam, and 4ft. 4in. draft, with a plumb stem. The frame is of oak, the timbers steamed, the clamps and planking will be of yellow pine, and the three bulkheads, as well as the bunkers, of steel. The engines will be triple compound, by the Portland Iron Works.

Nearly a year since Mr. Glow completed a design for H. A. Laughlin, of the firm of Jones & Laughlin, the iron founders of Pittsburgh, but the yacht was not built. The contract has just been awarded to Witherington, the yacht to be of wood, 98ft. over all, 89ft. 4in. l.w.l., 15ft. 9in. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft.

Carmita, the Foster fin-keel 40-footer, is now under way at Lawley's. She will be 70ft. over all, 40ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and nearly 12ft. draft, with 6ft. 4in. headrooms in cabin and 5ft. 8in. forward and aft. Mr. George Lawley will design a 100ft. steam yacht to be built for the firm for a New York owner, and also a 25ft. steam launch for Mr. Gerrish, of Howard College. At the yard the lead keel of the cutter Lapwing has been removed for recasting.

Jacob E. Buckhout.

It would be impossible to chronicle the development of ice yachting, the most exciting of winter pastimes, apart from the history of the man who took it from its former low plane of boy's play and placed it in the first position.

Mr. Buckhout was born in the village of Lloyd, Ulster county, N. Y., in the year 1829. From his youth he was a lover of the water, and proving too confining for his vigorous nature he followed the river as boatman and master of sailing craft plying the noble Hudson. This in turn proving too restricted a horizon he in 1850 sailed from New Bedford on a four years' whaling voyage to the South Pacific in the capacity of ship's cooper. Here began an apprenticeship which in after life guided him to his choice of a vocation. The ship's carpenter proved to be no unimportant and Buckhout soon found himself engaged in rebuilding and repairing boats as well as casks, and to the end of the voyage he filled both positions.

Returning from this cruise he opened a shop in his native village, building boats of various kinds; and at length grasping the possibilities of ice-boating from the primitive craft of the neighborhood, he designed and built the Zouave, which was a great improvement on all her predecessors.

Soon orders came pouring into the little shop and enlargement and removal to the city of Poughkeepsie became necessary. Here were built nearly all the "lightning" craft that have made his name so famous in the sporting world.

His ice yachts were not merely structures, they were artistic creations, each with a character of its own. Their strength defied the winter's gale; they fairly outstripped the wind and set it naught. Fifty or sixty splendid cup winners owe their existence to this father of ice yachting. Indeed, with the exception of a single season, his yachts have always carried the pennant of the world's championship.

In his life Mr. Buckhout was a grand Christian man. In his instincts he was an ardent sportsman. In his work he was an artist—a very Benvenuto Cellini of artisans.

May.

ALTHOUGH on his recent return from Europe Vice-Com. Morgan is reported as denying that he had purchased a steam yacht abroad, it is quite probable that the commodore's pennant of the New York Y. C. will fly from the truck of the big Scotch steam yacht May next season. This yacht is the latest and finest of a large fleet of pleasure craft built for and owned by the Scotch yachtsman Mr. Ninian B. Stewart of Wemyss Bay, Scotland, and Torquay, England. It was for him that the 40-tonner May, one of the cracks of the old 40-ton class, was designed by Mr. Watson in 1881, while a year before was built the iron steam yacht Amy, of 639 tons, from the designs of Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne. In 1884 Mr. Stewart sold the latter yacht to Mr. Morgan, who made a cruise to the East Indies in her, bringing her to America in 1885. Mr. Stewart replaced her in the same year by a second Amy, a steel vessel designed by Watson, of 812 tons and 221ft. length. This yacht was sold in 1891 to a Russian prince, being renamed Roxana, giving place to the second May, also designed by Mr. Watson, built by the Alisa Shipbuilding Co., and launched on March 28, 1891. She is a steel vessel with two masts, schooner rigged, and is 224ft. over all, 21ft. tonnage length, 203ft. 10in. l.w.l., 27ft. 10in. beam, and 17ft. 8in. hold. Her engines, by Rowan & Son, of Glasgow, are triple compound, 10in., 31in. and 51in. x 33in. She is fitted throughout with electric lights. Her photo shows a very handsome vessel. She is now under charter for three months by Mr. Colet for a Mediterranean cruise, at the expiration of which she will be taken over by her new owner.

Ice-Bound.

A WINTER REFLECTION.

If you have ever read "Yolande" you will recall that meditative Scotch student who, when asked how he could be satisfied with reaching the North Pole in his life, answered, "I have made answer that he could sit on his porch on any pleasant evening and travel at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour. Not all the fun of yachting lies in the flash and delight of the race or the seductive pleasures of longshore cruising.

Suppose we have just cleared harbor some misty morning in July; we have dropped down and put out early enough to stow our duflie before the morning breeze comes fanning in out of the south-west; softly and with many a coquettish waver, the cooling zephyr is wafted toward us, dispelling the mist of the morning and kissing into smiles the surface of the awakening lake. But its very hesitancy is a promise we know, for will it not blow the longer and steadier? And what matters it that it will be dead ahead all the day long? There is more satisfaction in wrestling a few short miles from a stubborn head wind than one can ever know who lingers in port until the weather suits his indolence and then sides with the lifted sheets.

The first elements of enjoyment in yachting, its uncertainty and the feeling that "We can wrest the power from the wind," are the predominant factors in windward work. And so voyages may lengthen out until the wages swallow up the freights, and our friends in the coasting trade are greatly displeased, yet there is no grumbling aboard our tight little ship. We'll confess, that she does waltz some on the port tack when she meets the wind, but this is the best leg, and when we have stayed and stand up to the shore she races along in a merry style.

Single-hand cruising is all very well, but there's none of the Diogenes in his tub (no offense intended; we're guilty ourselves) for us this voyage. We more resemble an emigrant vessel in miniature. There's skylarking under the mainsail's lee; boisterous laughter is heard through the companion, while in to windward is the coterie of inveterates, recounting old adventures and vying with one another in flights of imagination. The larboard and starboard watches muster four each, and the "Doctor" is driven to his wit's end to provide for so generous a ship's company.

As the breeze freshens toward mid-day every trick that we know is impressed in the service of urging our craft up to windward. Every inch of sail is once and for all put to the test. And how nobly does she respond to the summons of the helmsman! No longer with nervous haste, only to deaden her way with her own eagerness, but ever bowing and sweeping on with becoming grace and stateliness. And see! she has really done better than she promised; we weathered the clump of birches yonder on the shelving hillside, and it is ready about for another reach into the offing.

And so through the first part of the afternoon watch the wind holds steady, and the sun, who in to windward is the coterie of inveterates, that sparkling appearance that owes naught to any tint for its radiance, but only to the sun that tempers the wind from a cloudless sky. There are just enough of snowy crests to indicate the strength of the breeze. But later it becomes apparent that the wind will fade as the sun gets lower. Little progress is made now, and when the waves have subsided and the breeze quite disappeared we drop anchor a cable's length from the white beach, the coming of darkness. And when the long solemn twilight merges into night we feel the first impulse of the warm land breeze, that seems never to venture out on the broad lake except under cover of darkness. The anchor raised and sails peaked up, one watch disappears below deck, leaving us at the helm while the lookout steals a nap under the lee of the cabin trunk.

With the wind fair abeam, we leave the shore in the darkness and head for the distant point in the southwest, whither we have laid our course through the whole long sunny day, and where now gleams brighter than any star of the sky, one of the "street lamps of the ocean."

The water seems strangely smooth; the pleasant land breeze fills our upper cloths and sends her swiftly on her course, but is scarcely felt near the surface. The sails are indistinguishable in the gloom, save that the white back of the western sky is visible, and the gurgles around the bends forward and naught indicates how swiftly we are approaching the light that had seemed so distant when the wind was foul, except only the fact that she has listed one stroke under to leeward and we hear aft the low, weird hissing of the bubbles in the wake.

Then at last the light is doubled and for a moment we are slipping in spectral silence through the darkened labyrinth of the pines, rays of the lonely light. The sleepy watch blinks, rubs his eyes and then discovers that daylight is still far away. The wind is again foul on this side of the point and seems to blow only in a narrow streak along the shore. So we are at it again hammer and tongs, everything jammed close and 'boutship every five minutes. When the tall shaft of the lighthouse has faded astern we sight another light up the coast, and the wind is again foul. It swings and sometimes disappears for a brief space, so we recognize it as the lantern carried by the lonely coast patrol. Next course in we are heading directly for him. The only way to make to windward when the breeze is confined to so narrow a space is to keep on into shoal water with a hand at the board. So we hold on, waiting to hear the centerboard grate on the sandy bottom, when the lapping of the ripples on our weather bilge is heard by the cabin. As we wait we see him darkening his lantern that he may make us out. Then he lights his signal, carried for the purpose, and in a moment we see the shore and the water stand out as distinct as at noonday, but flooded in a glow of fire-red light. It is a tableau and we are the audience.

Or perhaps we are wing and wing and the wind blowing from the north. It may be so if you wish it. Some of the big fellows hold to their gaffsails, but we prize our sticks too lightly to risk them from mere bravado. The heavy craft heave to on the sea, but when we slide down an incline with our rudder half out and meet the next wave as it were going through it and the solid water curls and froths as high as the hawseholes, she brings up with deadened way, and it is then one looks to his preventer stays. So it is just all the fun we wish to show whole lower sails, and at times it seems almost too much. This is schooner weather, but look sharp for a gear, the mainboom is shorter than a cutter's, and the mast is just so much quicker if she gets the better of her helm while she surges forward after a mad reel through the foam and brings up all standing.

How clear is the atmosphere on the surface when the north wind blows! Off the starboard beam we look out through the furrows of the open lake where the dark blue of the racing billows mingles with the green of the grassy shore. The wind is again foul, but not further on is clearly outlined the naked spars of a steamer that lies more than hull down in the west. The shore on our larboard bow and even into the furthest bight of the bay shows its sandy stretches of beach and wooded ravines with a distinctness that shortens the distance by half and almost persuades us that we hear the hollow roar of the surf that fringes the reef. That smoke that hangs so nearly in our eyes, the rainbow is shorter than a cutter's, and the mast is just so much quicker if she gets the better of her helm while she surges forward after a mad reel through the foam and brings up all standing.

The north wind is the wind for climbing aweather. Blow high or blow low I hold the filler with a quiet reliance in the perfect steadiness of my breeze. Squalls and flukes come as scarce as rain from a clear sky. The sea, even seem longer and more regular, and this is all important when racing to windward. Many a time you have reluctantly put in a single reef with a southerly breeze, that would never have been put in if that stiff and unyielding wind had blown, and the confidence that is felt when the cold north wind blows, and then too its very steadiness will add many a mile to the day's run. It does not seem to feel the influence of the sun as does the south wind; it blows earlier in the morning and is later to die out at night. But with all of its good qualities, its influence on me has always been of a serious turn, half allied with sadness; it sends into my dreams the memory of the old lines that end:

"Though the harbor bar be moaning,"

Don't you like to roam over the high seas in a dense fog? Of course you don't if you do your roaming in a long, swift "smokeboat" that will be out of water every time she strikes a wave. But I refer now to our little cruiser. The room for skill in dead-reckoning, cooled with the unreasoning expectancy of seeing a great shadowy hull loom up dead ahead, give this sort of sailing a dash of adventure that enlivens a cruise and is really met with too seldom. To lay a course by compass, make allowance for set of current and leeway, and then take a race into the wind, and finally bring up about twenty miles from the point intended, as usually happens with me, is altogether too enticing to be resisted. Or perhaps we can creep up under a schooner's lee bow and scare her into going about with our horn. Then when she gathers sternway and the whole crew is manipulating the jibtopsheet, we glide into the opaque distance, followed by some choice comments from the quarter deck.

Of course, there isn't much wind as a usual thing in a fog. But I remember yet with a little thrill of interest my first experience "way back in my freshman days, when we essayed navigation in the mist. It was what we call a fog squall, driving down from northwest on a sultry day in June. At that time our allegiance was pledged to a little pocket compass that would have made a good watch charm. I mean it would make a good watch charm if it was useful for any purpose at all. The wind was fresh and with the sea that had rapidly arisen, it was impossible to get good results by holding our toy to the rail, while my first lieutenant's hand shook so as to fairly make the needle spin. But we did finally discover the narrow harbor entrance and then all hands and the cook vowed that it was awful jolly, but couldn't afford the time that day, etc.

Can anything more rejoice the cruiser's heart than when with

lightened sheets and half-laced board, the cooling breeze strikes his bonny craft fair abeam and sends her romping through the seas with a loud, tremulous, silver-laced wake! With what nicely does she pick her way among the threatening waves, seeming ever just to escape a complete submersion! I love to lie near the lee quarter, where the water boils up in foaming white and shoots out astern in line with the main boom. The sails stands rounded out in graceful curves, the weather after leach reflecting the sheen of the afternoon sun, while at the foot, where the blast hums merrily under the boom, the canvas tautens its lacing to the tension of a bow string. It is then one loves to muse on the yarns that gratified our ancestors' love of adventure. Many a tale of roving privateersman and mysterious smuggler flits across the stage, a panorama of fiction. One is almost persuaded that in the good old days their taut brigs and imposing seventy-fours did really acquire the amazing speed that appears to have been so common then, but which we moderns can equal only with the aid of coal and steam. But even these potent factors cannot put us on the same footing with the sailor of the past, for he had no cousins of the rod and reel, as have we, to overshadow all his vagaries of memory and flights of fancy with mightier works and stranger tales. And yet we do make some pretty good puns even now: not always must we yield to our first cousins of the fly-bok and snell, or, on the other hand, to our more distant and more rampant relatives who squat at the binocular through many a sandy. And he he he! we are not so bad as we finally weathered the last headland and point fair for the cove in the bight of the coast.

Coming in to the moorings after the glow in the west has disappeared may be slow and tedious, or perhaps, borne on the wings of a gale, we sweep proudly round the base of the lighthouse and lash into foam the quiet waters of our haven. Then, when her way is deadened and the water smooth, we hear the splash of the splashing water and the racing of the chain through the pipe. It's quick work with the canvas now; all down on the run, and knot the gaskets well. Seize the riding light to the forestay and we dive into the cuddy. And now while I cross the borderland of sleep to the music of the muttering storm there floats back from the dreamy past those suggestive verses:

"Hark! how the breezes that wander
Mutter their plots to the deep;
Good night till the lances of morning
Glance from the shield of the sea;
Rest till the surf shouts its warning,
And tings its gray gauntlet at thee."

MANISTER, Mich.

HERBERT L. HARLEY.

New Watson Yachts.

The Prince of Wales is to have his new first class cutter built by the Messrs. Henderson, of the Anchor Line, in their Meadowside yard, Glasgow. The cutter is to be composite and will be designed by Mr. G. L. Watson up to the latest requirements for speed and accommodations. Alongside this cutter the same firm is to build the 85ft. first class racer for Lord Dunraven, from Mr. Watson's design. She is to be composite. Both yachts are to be gone on with at once. Mr. Watson is designing a cruiser for Mr. Schuit, she is to be 55ft. on the L. V. The same designer has also commissions for a 19-rater cutter for Mr. H. E. Anderson, of Plymouth; a Windermere yacht for Mr. Sladen, and another of 20ft. for Mr. William Hunt; a 23ft. centerboard for Mr. J. B. K. Macbeth, and a 20ft. length class cutter for Mr. Hensee; Mr. J. Coats, owner of Marjorie, has commissioned Mr. Watson to design two 23ft. boats for racing, to be built by Mr. Adams, of Gourock. These boats are intended for friendly matches, but may be sailed at regular intervals. Mr. George Coats has commissioned the same designer to design another 23ft. racing boat, which will be built by Mr. Robertson, Sandbank, who will also build the centerboard of the same dimensions. Mr. Watson has also in hand a lifeboat of 43ft. for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and a beach boat for the Old Company of Beachman of Lowestoft. Mr. Watson has several steam vessels in hand, including a steam yacht of 60 tons, building by Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, for Mr. Lysaght, of Bristol; a steamer for the Irish Lights, to be built by Messrs. Workman & Clark, of Belfast; a fishery steamer for the Foyle and Bann Commissioners; and another fishery steamer for the Lancashire Sea Fisheries Board.—Field.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. A. B. Sands & Son, the yacht plumbers, of New York, advise us that they have a limited number of Capt. Howard Patterson's "Canal Guide" to the Hudson River and Erie Canal, which they will send to yachtmen upon application.

The new twin screw Somd steamer for the Norwich Line will be designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith.

A patent has just been issued to G. F. Asken, London, for an arrangement of air passages through the outer section of a propeller shaft, and along the flanges of the wheel itself, by which it is proposed to distribute a thin film of air over the entire surface of the blade. The air is taken from a windsail on deck, and led by a vertical pipe to a closed chamber surrounding the shaft coupling.

An important decision in the Alva suit was made on Jan 4 by the U. S. Supreme Court, all the points claimed by Capt. Morrison being denied. Capt. Morrison asked for a writ of prohibition on the Massachusetts court to restrain it from further proceedings in the libel filed by the Dimock, and a writ of mandamus on the New York Court to compel it to try the suit. Judge Blatchford denied both motions.

Iola, sloop, has been sold by F. H. Weeks to J. T. Ackerman through Manning's agency.

Sagamore, steam yacht, has been sold by W. F. Slater to Edgar Shepley, of Philadelphia, on the expiration of her charter to E. M. Fulton, Jr., who is now in the West Indies. The price is given as \$125,000. The yacht was built at Bath, Me., in 1888.

Capt. Harry Randall, of Southampton, England, who came to America some ten years since to command the cutter Maggie for Geo. H. Warren, and who was later in Stranger for the same owner, died of pneumonia in Boston last week at the age of 38 years, leaving a widow and three children.

Reverie, steam yacht, has been sold by S. Wilcox to Frederick G. Bourne, president of the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Trophy, steam yacht, has been sold by Thos. H. Pratt to E. H. Bennett, of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., owner of the steam yacht Countess.

Wild Duck, steam yacht, Col. John M. Forbes, sailed from New York for Nassau last week.

Oriole, ketch, lately purchased by Com. Colt from T. B. Asten, sailed from New York on Jan. 4 for Biscayne Bay, Fla., where her new owner will join her.

The Lynn Y. C. officers, 1893: Com., H. L. Parker; Vice-Com., S. L. Sanders; Clerk, F. E. Newhall; Meas., Louis Cole; Treas., W. A. Estes.

A very good race was sailed by the Shrewsbury ice yachts on Jan. 5, but on other days there has been no racing owing to calms, snow and rain. Newark yachtmen have been enjoying a little sailing on the Passaic River.

Chelsea (Mass.) Y. C. officers, 1893: Com., Fred T. Clayton; Vice-Com., C. H. Hyde; Recording Sec., Frank L. Dow; Financial Sec., L. B. Butler; Treas., S. C. Gleason.

A very sad accident occurred on the night of Jan. 3 at Telo's Pier; by which Capt. William Dand, brother of Capt. Nick Dand, of the steam yacht Stranger, lost his life. Capt. Dand, who was watchman on the Stranger, returned to the yacht after midnight with two companions. In crossing the gangplank he slipped and fell into the water, and was only rescued after a delay of half an hour. He was alive when taken from the water, but died a short time later from exposure. In his 35 years of life he had seen some exciting experiences, having been in the Confederate Navy and later in George Lordard's schooner Meteor when she was lost in the Mediterranean.

The Volunteer Sailing Club, of New Haven, Conn., held its annual meeting on Jan. 4, at its rooms, 185 Orange street. The following officers for 1893 were elected: Commodore, William A. Piburger; Vice-Commodore, J. W. E. Johnson; Secretary, Webster H. Mathis, 10 Olive street; Fleet Captain, J. H. Jooss; Measurer, Frank F. Upton. The club has had a very prosperous season during 1892. Its membership has increased and arrangements are being made to secure permanent headquarters and an anchorage for the fleet, which number twelve boats. The regatta was well held during the coming season as follows: May 30, July 4 and Labor Day.

The Volunter Y. C., of Lynn, has elected the following officers for 1893: Com., M. H. Dennis; Vice-Com., Charles H. Chapman; Captain of Fleet, F. W. Martin; Treas., W. B. Newhall; Treas., S. T. Davidson; Trustees, C. E. Breed, J. R. Newhall, O. S. Robbins, Regatta Committee, Joseph Bedell, S. F. Woodard, L. G. Austin, S. T. Downs, H. G. Hobbs. The club has 50 members.

Mr. Manning writes us that the reported sale of Smuggler is not correct. Manning's Yacht Agency is now preparing charts and part of a list of routes to Chicago, which will, when ready, be distributed free to yacht owners on request.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1893-94.
COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: J. R. Lake.
REAR-COM.: H. L. Quick.
PURSER: F. L. Dummell, B'klyn, N. Y.
EX. COM.: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: T. H. Stryker.
REAR-COM.: W. C. Witherbee.
PURSER: Chas. Stryker.
EX. COM.: C. V. Winne, W. R. Hunt-ington.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: Geo. L. Parmele.
REAR-COM.: F. A. Sears.
PURSER: F. B. Lewis, Box 89, Hartfd.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, W. U. Law-son, R. Apollonio.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: J. N. MacKendrick.
REAR-COM.: F. Minns.
PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.
EX. COM.: C. E. Archbald, J. H. Car-negie.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expense. Applicants sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address ing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Eureka, Kan.
Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Rear-Commodore—F. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. H. Crawford, S. N. Maxwell, Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Ware, G. C. Case, M. D. Smith. Applications for membership should be made to the Sec. Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

17. New York, Ann., Bensonhurst.

JULY.

1-5. Ar. Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-20. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

The Royal Canoe Club, of London, has long enjoyed a most prominent and honorable position as not merely the parent club, but as the recognized leader in the art, science and sport of canoe cruising and canoe racing. Naturally this position has carried with it many responsibilities: the reputation of the club has made it incumbent that it should keep not only abreast but ahead of the times. So far from this being the case, however, it has been long apparent that whatever the local standing and influence of the club might be, such standing and influence was purely local, and that the club has ceased to be the factor which it once was in canoeing the world over.

Up to 1880 this country was under obligations to the Royal C. C. for all that it knew about the formation of clubs and the designing and use of the decked canoe; but from that period the influence of British canoeing has steadily and rapidly declined. The great advance made in America was clearly shown in the signal defeat of the two crack canoes brought out and well sailed by Messrs. Baden-Powell and Stewart in 1886; the superiority of the light displacement model with the crew on deck over the heavily ballasted canoes with crew below being freely conceded by the visitors.

Two years later the superiority of the American craft was made still plainer by the defeat of Mr. Stewart, a very skillful sailor, in a new canoe of the general type of the American craft, but with a purely British sail plan and outfit. The increase in speed of American canoes since 1888 has been most remarkable, the boats being improved in every way from a racing standpoint; but from what we know of the latest of the Thames models and sail plans, the best of the R. C. C. canoes to-day would be no nearer to Wasp or Glenwood than Charn was to Notus, P-cowic or Eclipse.

It is true that the development of speed in America has been at the expense of other most valuable all-round qualities, and that canoeing at large has suffered as racing has been perfected; but even from this extreme point of view there has been no relative gain by the conservative policy of the R. C. C., as general canoe sailing and cruising is and long has been at a very low ebb in England. The position of the Royal C. C. is a peculiar one; so far as racing is concerned the British Canoe Association, the national body, has no influence at all, while the Royal C. C. has much the same position as the American Canoe Association has here, the greatest and most important part of the racing being under its rules. When these rules were last revised, in 1888, for a term of three years, the relations of the Butler seat to canoe sailing were vastly different from what they are to-day, and the use of this important appliance was prohibited—perhaps wisely under the circumstances. Since then, however, the great value of the sliding seat in contributing to the speed, safety and comfort of canoe sailing, whether racing or cruising, have been recognized by individual canoeists in all countries, notably in England. On the expiration of the rules last year, 1891, some minor changes were made, but the proposal to recognize the sliding seat was voted down. So much has been seen since of its advantages on English canoes that it was confidently expected that all opposition would disappear before the meeting last month, and that the members of the Royal C. C. would be placed once more in a position where international racing might be possible to them. So far from this being the case, however, the club as represented at the meeting has voted again to continue the prohibitory rules.

With the unlimited racing class which is now a necessary feature of modern canoeing there should go naturally a limited class, such as has been generally defined by the words cruising or general purpose canoe. Recognizing this fact, some of the progressive members of the R. C. C. have sought to secure the passage of a rule of this kind, but again without result.

There may have been at one time long ago a reason for the distinction which has always existed in the R. C. C. rules between first and second class, the latter being "clinch-built, with lands," or what is called lap-stroke in this country. With improved methods of building the lap-stroke has disappeared, so far as any canoes which come under racing rules are concerned, and for some years there has been an outcry against the retention of this absurd restriction which has benefited no one and manifestly injured the second class. After the action of the club over the other two amendments it follows naturally that the conservative members were sufficiently numerous to secure the retention of this historic relic in the dim hope that some day the class might be built to.

ONE of two results must follow this retrogressive action of the R. C. C.: if the club is able to retain any of its former influence over British canoeing, which is very doubtful; then that influence must act to retard the improvement of racing canoes and the development of the speed necessary to successful competition with America. If on the other hand the other British clubs permit the use of the sliding seat and refuse to follow the lead of the R. C. C., all interclub racing between them and the latter club must cease, to the injury of both parties, but especially to the R. C. C. Canoeing is not in a prosperous state in England, and it requires for its existence the stimulus derived from active racing and the intelligent co-operation of all the British clubs: failing this, the modern descendants of the Rob Roy and Nautilus are likely to have a hard strife for existence against the canoe yawl on the one hand and the open Canadian canoe on the other.

While restricting the development of the 16'30" canoe, the R. C. C. has adopted a new and better rule for the canoe yawl, the most formidable rival of the racing canoe. The result likely to follow from this very strange action on the part of a canoe club is that men will give up the canoe and take to the canoe yawl.

Royal C. C.

The annual meeting of the Royal C. C. for 1892 assumed a special importance from the facts that for the first time since its organization in 1861 the club has been called upon to elect a captain; and further, it has had to consider the question of modernizing and amending its measurement and sailing rules.

The office of commodore has always been a purely nominal and honorary one, held by the Prince of Wales since the early days of the club. The executive head of the club has been the captain, the late John MacGregor, the founder of the club and almost the originator of modern canoeing. Captain MacGregor's interest in the club and canoeing, which was always that of the cruiser and non-racer, has naturally decreased with age, and in fact for four years or more prior to his death his physical disabilities have been such as to separate him entirely from the club, the business being carried on by the subordinate officers.

The death of Captain MacGregor made it necessary to elect a new captain, and at the meeting on Nov. 21 two candidates were nominated, Mr. George Herbert, the oldest member of the club, and Mr. W. Baden Powell, also an old member and one of the most active of the racing men. A proposal was made to discuss the qualifications of the candidates, but as it was objected to, Mr. Baden Powell withdrew his name, and Mr. Herbert was declared elected. The other officers elected were: Mate, Percy Nisbet and George Webster; Purser, C. T. Wright, re-elected; Cook, F. Tuckett, re-elected; Secretary, T. G. F. Winsor, re-elected; Auditor, B. deQ. Quincy, re-elected; Committee, W. Baden Powell, A. B. Ingram, E. A. Leach, F. T. Miles, A. H. Nichol, R. deQ. Quincy, Col. Howland Roberts, E. B. Tredwell, Paul Waterlow. Honorary Committee, Dixon Kemp, Lord Kinnaird, W. J. Clayton.

After the election the following proposals for changing the rules were introduced. By Walter Stewart: "That in future in sailing races of the R. C. C. there be no restriction placed upon the use of appliances by means of which the weight of the canoeist's body may be most advantageously used to add to the sail carrying power of any canoe competing in such races."

Mr. Baden Powell introduced the following three proposals:

First—That the rule relating to canoe yawls be amended so as to embody the following clause: "For racing purposes a canoe yawl shall not exceed the present Y. R. A. rating of 0.5, found by

in accordance with Y. R. A. rules. The certificate of such rating granted by the Y. R. A. or the Thames Boat Sailing Association (same rule) shall be deemed the yawl's rating, subject to verification by the R. C. C. committee if necessary."

The waterline length shall be marked at each end, and such marks shall be above water when the yawl is lying in smooth water in complete and usual racing trim.

Second—(New class) General purpose canoe. That the following dimensions shall constitute the class, with such additional wording as may be necessary: Not over 16ft. long; not over 20in. depth, deck to bottom of keel; not over 36in. beam; not less than 27in. beam; not less than 15in. in depth, taken anywhere in middle third of length; no ballast outside except center plates; shall be fitted with two bulkheads not less than 4ft. apart, well hatchway not less than 20in. long by 15in. wide, and 2ft. 6in. of well floor in length shall be clear of centerboard case; center plates shall be housable within the canoe, and all spars shall be stowable within the canoe; no other restrictions.

Third—In the event of No. II. being withdrawn or not passed: That Rule 22, second class, be altered by striking out the words "and to be clinch-built (plank edges overlapping and forming lands)".

Mr. Stewart's proposal, which was practically to admit the Butler sliding seat in the club races, was seconded by Mr. Baden Powell and supported by some of the sailing men, including the winner of the 1892 challenge cup, but it failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority and thus did not pass. The rule for canoe-yawls was carried with but one contrary vote, but a question arose over the next proposal as to whether a bare majority or a majority of two-thirds was necessary, the result being that Nos. II. and III. were postponed to a future meeting.

This took place on Dec. 9, both proposals being defeated, leaving the rules as they have been for some years.

Aluminum and Aluminum Boats.

DANIEL J. GALANAUGH, the Philadelphia boat builder, is constructing the first eight-oared racing shell ever built from aluminum metal. It is intended for the use of the Cornell College crew and will be finished the latter part of March. Galanaugh is the first boat builder to experiment with aluminum in the construction of racing shells. His first effort was on a single-screw shell for the use of George W. Statzell, commodore of the Schuylkill Navy and ex-champion single sculler of the Schuylkill River. It is proved to be a very strong boat and some 40lbs. lighter than those constructed from any other material hitherto used. The shell was loaned to an oarsman who was entered at the Newark (N. J.) regatta, and there Charles B. Courtenay, the oarsman, saw it. He was much taken with the new style of shell and urged its adoption so strongly and so persistently that the Cornell boating authorities finally appointed a committee to go to Philadelphia and interview the maker. Galanaugh felt so positive that he could build a shell at least ten seconds faster than one constructed of either paper or cedar that he agreed to take the risk of building an eight at his own expense, and if it does not do ten seconds faster than any other shell the crew can get their money back.

The keel and gunwale are now laid in his shop on the banks of the Schuylkill. The boat will be 62ft. in length over all, 23in. beam amidships, 83in. deep amidships, 61in. deep forward, and 51in. deep aft. The shell will be composed entirely of aluminum with the exception of the washbox, which will be of wood, and the outriggers, which are to be of steel tubing, cold drawn. The shell will weigh 175lbs. all told. Ordinary paper and cedar shells weigh about 225lbs. and Waters, the famous shell builder of Troy, N. Y., claims that a 200lb. eight-oared shell is an exceedingly light one. The aluminum shell will be built in two pieces, being divided fore and aft and then joined together amidships. It is designed to carry an average weight of 175lbs. per man.

The aluminum from which the shell is being made is one-twentieth of an inch thick and weighs about seven ounces to the square foot. Galanaugh's contract calls for completion of the boat by the latter part of March, when the Cornell crew will come to Philadelphia to try the shell on the Schuylkill. If it is satisfactory Galanaugh will receive \$500.

The fact of Cornell's ordering this shell has caused considerable comment in college boating circles, and Harvard's having one as soon as possible, of iron, lead, copper, zinc, nickel, gold, and silver combined. Besides being abundant, aluminum possesses in itself qualities peculiar to no other individual metal. It is stronger than iron, while it is malleable as copper; it is as hard as silver, while it is only one-fourth the weight of that metal; it is white as polished steel, while, unlike that metal, it is unaffected by the atmosphere—that is, it does not corrode or rust. It may, well be asked, if aluminum is so plentiful, and if it possesses so many excellent qualities, why is it not more extensively used? The answer is, it is too dear. Its high price has arisen from the difficulty, which hitherto has existed, in separat-

ing the metal from its combinations as formed in nature. The ore of iron has only to be thrown into a blast furnace, along with a flux, and the metal flows; but it is otherwise with the ore of aluminum; it has hitherto declined to be treated so expeditiously. A cheap method of attaining the end in view has been the quest of chemists and metallurgists for years. This long-sought-after process has been at last discovered by a Dr. Meyer, of Berlin, by which the metal can be produced at about twopence per pound (in 1888 the price was \$1,000 per pound); the price to-day is about 4s. per pound.

The time, therefore, seems not to be far distant when aluminum will take the place of iron, copper, and brass in the construction of everything where strength, lightness and durability are essentials, and it would be hard to mention any engineering construction intended for use on land or water, and it might be added in air, where these three qualities are not a necessity.

SEBROF.
—Engineering.

The W. C. A. Winter Banquet.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 8.—It is usually supposed that a welkin is something that lives out of doors, but this is not the case. There was a fine, large welkin at the Wellington Hotel here last night, and it was made to ring, whether it wanted to or not—you know a welkin has to be made to ring, it never does it willingly—not only once, but several times. No canoe banquet is all right without a welkin, and this one was all right, because it was given by the Chicago Canoe Club to the members of the W. C. A., on the occasion of the winter meeting of the executive committee and the presence of a number of visiting canoeists.

The description of a canoe banquet is much like the description of a battle—it can be done best by a man who wasn't there. At this writing

of the proper conduct of a canoeist. A Voice: "You were away off there."

Mr. Munger called for Mr. Spencer of Bloomington. Mr. Spencer spoke briefly. Two years ago he had had to shoulder the responsibility of making a speech in place of the FOREST AND STREAM man, who was absent. Would the latter now make the speech he had had up his sleeve for two years? The chairman promised "apple opportunity" for this as soon as the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM could be obtained. His pronunciation was corrected, but he said he couldn't say apple opportunity any better than that, and he didn't believe anybody else could. If so they should have apple opportunity, all of them.

Billy Friese, aus Milwaukee, told a touching story of the love affair of a certain Corinthian sailor, and then there was a song to the effect that "There is a Tavern in Our Town," at the first burst of which the entire Dago orchestra on hand rose and fled in a body, deserting their instruments, which became spoils of war.

Mr. H. C. Crane expressed regrets for the Cincinnati brethren who could not be present at the banquet or at the summer meet, but promised to have them all there at Ballast next July.

MORE MUSIC.

Mr. A. W. Kitchin was now called on to sing about the man with the hat which had a woollen string for binding. Mr. Kitchin informed the audience that—

"There was a little man and he wasn't very rich.
And when he died he didn't leave much;
But he had a little hat with a great big brim,
All bound round with a woollen string."

The fact that the deceased gentleman had a penchant for wool in



time is brief, and any description must be curtailed. It was a plenty good banquet, and a regular canoeing time, and that covers the case perfectly.

The banquet was in the ladies' ordinary of the Wellington, and the committee of the Chicago club had done their work admirably, as well as the management of the hotel. Mr. Lee and Mr. Ware are at home in ceremonies, from a hanging bee to an installation, and Chicago had nothing to regret. The menu was good, the tables tastefully decorated, and P. F. Munger was at the front end of the assembly.

There were present as hosts the following members of the Chicago C. C.: Messrs. P. F. Munger, Dr. C. F. Matteson, J. H. Ware, C. W. Lee, L. J. Marks, D. H. Crane, A. W. Kitchin, R. P. Marks, A. J. White, H. B. Cook, J. Turrell, H. C. Waters, D. M. Lord. The guests were: Messrs. E. H. Holmes, F. B. Huntington, F. W. Dickens, Emil Hansen, Hugo Hansen, A. W. Friese, Chas. Thompson, Geo. Nash, G. B. Gage, and A. P. Chapman, Jr., all of Milwaukee; Judge Maxwell, of Cincinnati; Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, O.; Mr. H. D. Spencer, of Bloomington, Ill.; Mr. H. C. Crane, of Cincinnati; Messrs. W. H. Crawford, O. A. Woodruff and N. H. Cook, all of Dayton, O.; Messrs. B. M. Gardner and Chas. Rogers, both now of Chicago. There were also present at different times several representatives of the daily press, all of whom Mr. C. W. Lee dutifully assisted in their labors.

"Do you see that gentleman over there at the head of the table?" Mr. Lee would say to the press men, pointing to the dignified figure of Mr. L. J. Marks. "I mean the man with the long auburn whiskers. Well, that is L. J. Marks, a member of the life saving service. He saved five lives at one trip out on Lake Michigan last summer—brought 'em all in, five of 'em, off from a capsized yacht, all in his canoe. Yes, a canoe is much safer than a yacht. Yes, it is too bad about Mr. Marks (with regret in his voice) we have to bar him in all the paddling races at the summer meets. He will insist on wearing whiskers, and you know we don't allow any sails or any undue advantage, you can readily see what the result would be if we allowed him to go into a race. The wind would follow him all over. You may tell the public that stern justice is the watchword of the W. C. A. We play no favorites. Now, what are you going to have?" The results of Mr. Lee's coaching are not yet apparent in the morning papers, but the likeliest guess is that they won't have anything at all, if the press boys could use all the hospitality that was offered them.

After the hour was duly advanced Toast Master P. F. Munger made a few solemn remarks and asked Mr. R. P. Marks to continue the exercises by a brief talk on canoes. Mr. Marks said he didn't know a canoe from a summer girl. "Once he was out in a canoe over at Ballast with a girl, A Voice: 'Yes, and it was my girl, too!'" and they really knew so little about canoeing that they hugged the shore. (Cries and loud exclamations of surprise and disgust at his ignorance

decoration seemed to interest those present very much, for there was a stamping of feet in chorus, and a general exclamation in unison about the character of said string. The orchestra came back when Mr. Kitchin got to the twelfth verse. I couldn't see any difference in any of the verses.

Mr. O. A. Woodruff ("The Sliver") was called up, but said he had no ideas, except that he thought Mr. White's camera ought to be barred about this. He would call on his friend Mr. Rogers, the man with the wooden leg.

Mr. Rogers said that he found a wooden leg very useful in winter, as it never got cold, and also useful in summer canoeing, as it couldn't sink. Also, it could not be pulled. He had heard the whole crowd was pulled at Oshkosh. They couldn't have pulled him if he had been there, not on his wooden leg.

The orchestra now ventured into the door, and with some trepidation assisted in the rendition of the African aria known as "Hear Dem Bells." Mr. Harry Cook, who has only been married two weeks, was called on to tell what he knew about married life. He earnestly endeavored to elucidate some few truths as to domestic bliss, but was not equal to it, and finally burst into tears and sat down. Mr. A. J. White, a bachelor, failed also when asked to tell what he didn't know about married life. Mr. D. M. Lord, who lives in the same neighborhood as "Feather" Ware, wished to enter an indignant denial of the fact that Mr. Ware had only gained 1lb. in weight in ten years. He was satisfied Mr. Ware was picking up right along.

CANOEING A PURE SPORT.

Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Ohio, spoke clearly and handsomely for canoeing as a sport. It was the only pure sport of general practice, was strictly and unquestionably amateur and above reproach. He was interested in a bicycle manufactory, but he was sorry to say that bicycling was no longer a clean amateur sport. He loved the canoe-man, to whom a bit of hunting was of more value for a prize than any gold or silver or any convertible prize.

Mr. D. H. Crane now told a story about Charlie Lee. He said he once saw Mr. Lee measure off a place on a board, which he was making into a sliding seat, and then go to work and saw along the mark. He heard a large, round, sinful swear word fall from Mr. Lee's lips as he stood there unobserved. In short, Mr. Lee had left the rule lying on the board and had saved both the rule and board in two. He was satisfied that Mr. Lee was the boss absent-minded man.

Judge Maxwell, of Cincinnati, made a scholarly and able speech on Association matters. He was fond of Ballast Island. He was satisfied that when the angel Gabriel was skating around over Lake Erie in the early days, with his hands full of jewels, he stubbed his toe and spil-

LONDON, Dec. 6, 1892.—Editor Engineering: The following facts and figures will doubtless be interesting to many of your readers. The metal aluminum, of which the general public sees so little, is nevertheless the most abundant of all metals. Not a hill nor valley exists in the universe which does not contain it.

Those who have not made minerals and metals a special study, will be startled when told that there is ten times more of this metal in the world than there is of iron, lead, copper, zinc, nickel, gold, and silver combined. Besides being abundant, aluminum possesses in itself qualities peculiar to no other individual metal. It is stronger than iron, while it is malleable as copper; it is as hard as silver, while it is only one-fourth the weight of that metal; it is white as polished steel, while, unlike that metal, it is unaffected by the atmosphere—that is, it does not corrode or rust. It may, well be asked, if aluminum is so plentiful, and if it possesses so many excellent qualities, why is it not more extensively used? The answer is, it is too dear. Its high price has arisen from the difficulty, which hitherto has existed, in separat-

shoot at 10 live birds, one trap. Old Long Island rules, 21yds. rise, a purse of \$50, divided \$30 and \$20, took place at Martin's & Gottmartin. 1111001117—8 J Rogers. 11101010010—4
Glymes. 1000101001—4 T Rogers. 0000101001—3
annual Castle of Newark and Jean Pier of Pine Brook are matched

The following letter received from A. Smyth, secretary-treasurer of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club, will enlighten American shooters as to the methods to be employed to get their guns and ammunition across the border. "We have arranged with the Customs, authorities as to the entrance of guns of American shooters attending our tournament on Jan. 17 to 19. The way you should do, is to ship your gun from your home or the point you leave U. S. in bond, to Hart & Lyne, Custom house brokers, 22 John street, Hamilton, Ont. When you reach here, you go to them, and make a deposit of the amount of the duty, on your valuation, which should be about right; and when you are through, you return the gun to them, and they refund you the amount you left as a deposit. They then ship your gun to the point at which you entered Canada, or such other place on the border as you desire. This you will find a simple mode of handling this business, and in our shoot last January, had not the least trouble. We will be pleased to see you here, and will endeavor to make your visit pleasant."

Thus far the following clubs have entered for the Kings county (Championship) tournament of the Coney Island Athletic Club: Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, Parkway Rod and Gun Club, Crescent Gun Club, New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club, Vernon Gun Club, and Unknown Gun Club. The Glenmore and Erie Gun Clubs are also expected to enter. The first shoot will take place on Jan. 24, at West End, Coney Island. The shoots will take place on the fourth Tuesday of each month thereafter.

The Nickel and Mechanicsville Gun Clubs shot a match at Perth Amboy, N. J., on Jan. 2. Each team was comprised of ten men and five men shot each. The scores were: Nickel—O'Hara 2, J. Rea 5, C. Rea 7, Kenahan 7, Bloodgood 7, Walters 5, Applegate 5, Ardes 4, Langon 4, Wallace 5, total 47. Mechanicsville—Workley 4, Spaford 2, Roberts 4, Selver 6, Frazee 0, Flanagan 6, Hauser 1, Roberts 3, Bourland 5, Dill 4; total, 35.

Ed. Throckmorton and Ed. Cooper shot a match at 100 targets at Red Bank, N. J., on Jan. 2. Throckmorton scoring 76 to Cooper's 71. Then they shot a match at 25 live birds each, this resulting in a tie on clean scores.

Arthur W. Du Bray is in the Blue Grass State creating a boom for Parker guns.

The Brunswick Gun Club of New Brunswick, N. J., held its monthly shoot on Jan. 2, each member shooting at 20 targets for the club badge. V. S. Voorhees scored 16, J. H. H. getting 16, V. E. Rea 5, C. Rea 7, Kenahan 7, Bloodgood 7, Walters 5, Applegate 5, Ardes 4, Langon 4, Wallace 5, total 47. Mechanicsville—Workley 4, Spaford 2, Roberts 4, Selver 6, Frazee 0, Flanagan 6, Hauser 1, Roberts 3, Bourland 5, Dill 4; total, 35.

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Ed. Throckmorton and Ed. Cooper shot a match at 100 targets at Red Bank, N. J., on Jan. 2. Throckmorton scoring 76 to Cooper's 71. Then they shot a match at 25 live birds each, this resulting in a tie on clean scores.

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remaining members who were eligible to the honor seemed disinclined to serve.

At this juncture quick-witted Mr. Belden stepped into the breach and asked to be allowed to occupy the chair. Mr. Quimby had unsuccessfully attempted for some time to make him do this thing and so fell into the trap. Whereupon Mr. Belden, in his capacity of chairman, appointed Mr. Quimby to the vacant position on the committee, with the added honor of being its mouthpiece.

Secretary Squires read letters from Chas. Tatham, of Tatham & Bros.; E. R. Gilman, of the Greensboro Sportsmen's Association, and Jas. M. Green, of the Capital City Gun Club of Washington. Mr. Tatham regretted his inability to join the American Manufacturers' Association, and advocated the merging of the rival organizations. The letters from Messrs. Gilman and Green were in regard to the methods and schedules of the new association, and later other letters bearing on this subject and asking for dates were read.

The question of programme and handicap next came up for consideration, and T. H. Keller made a motion, which was carried, that a cash prize of \$50 be offered through the press for the best system of handicapping submitted, said prize to be awarded by a committee consisting of the Board of Directors. Mr. Parker made some remarks on what he considered an attractive and varied programme that should give all shooters a fair show, and later proposed some improvements in sheet iron blinds to take the place of wooden ones now in use; and also recommended a small screen inclosure about the feet of the shooter to prevent their edging away for better shots, which, in the case of quartering birds, often gave them an unfair advantage. Mr. Parker's remarks were received with favor, and the Board of Directors was instructed to vote to secure such appliances.

Messrs. Belden and Dimick now returned from a short conference with one of the heads of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, and reported that some definite action would be taken in the matter of consolidation before 3 o'clock, Jan. 11, for which day and hour a meeting of the American Manufacturers' Association was called.

The meeting then adjourned.

Anent Shooters and Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:
It is a great satisfaction to see the many articles in the FOREST AND STREAM touching upon the trap-shooting, and I expect much good may come out of a free expression of opinion by those interested in the "smashing of targets" through your widely circulated paper. It is time that those deeply interested in the future of the sport should make a break from the fetters cast around the amateurs, if the sport is to remain an open sport for all. And unless some equitable rules be made, ere long the interest will be centered only in an occasional shoot among the experts, mostly all of which will be "trade representatives," or those who shoot as a business. And when this does come, where will be the field for recruits? Certainly not among the present amateurs.

But it need not be reduced to an extreme. There are equitable grounds, such as will admit all to shoot, and will surely recruit the ranks; but to attain such results it becomes necessary to go over the records as published in the FOREST AND STREAM, note the scores of the many events, see the list of contestants and note the names; and to those familiar with certain names which appear in most of the great events, see the amounts which have been paid to them from the purses of the contestants, and then see the amounts which have been divided among the remainder, and say if 50 per cent, or even 40 per cent, is not an unfair proportion to go to first prize at the expense of the rank and file of each event, and act accordingly.

You may say that the expert will always get the most, so say I, and I know of no reason why they are not entitled to it, but I do see a good reason why they should not. The expert is a professional shooter, and his money is taken out as now divided. There are many ways which can be devised where every shooter can get the benefit of all the birds he breaks and still leave the greatest amount in the purse to the best shot. Suppose a club or other manager gives a shoot, he or they charging the usual two cents a bird to each contestant, and a dollar each to be charged for entrance, and every bird broken is credited to each shooter, and the amount of each shot is added up; then there will be missed enough to amount to thirty per cent in the hands of the manager (as shown by the record); then let the three or four best scores of the event divide that amount equally, as may be agreed upon; it will pay all according to their score, and the manager has the benefit of all that can be gathered from the misses. In this way more shooting will certainly follow, and the complaint of the expert that he is not getting his money will be settled, and if the experts who are in it for money only want to gamble beyond this, let expert wagers with expert to his heart's content among themselves.

Such an arrangement will satisfy the amateurs and the field for the expert seems broad enough to satisfy a modest ambition. Next, "set the traps right," according to some rule as to elevation and distance to be thrown, and remove all obstacles between the shooter and the target, except the target itself, and set the trap on the level with the shooter. Initiate the worthy examples of the live bird shooters—in fact have fair play all around, and as an improvement at the score, change the line of march from trap 5 to trap 1, but shoot as now from trap 1 to trap 5, for obvious reasons—most important of which is that of safety, and to avoid interference with the shooter. The shooting will be kept as now, but the man who is in the habit of loading his gun on the march, won't come poking his gun into your presence in the act of loading while you are shooting. This will be the order:

No. 1, shoot and go to rear of trap No. 5, there to stay while the others shoot.
No. 2, shoot and go to trap No. 1.
No. 3, shoot and go to trap No. 2.
No. 4, shoot and go to trap No. 3.
No. 5, shoot and go to trap No. 4.
No. 1, who was behind No. 5, goes to trap 5, etc., etc. In this way there will be more comfort at the score, for the nervous man, as every man after shooting turns his back to the next shooter, instead of rushing into his presence at a moment when the shooter is best left alone. Mr. Editor, I have not asked for any special space, but if it is of interest to merit it, shall be pleased to see this matter set before your readers, and hear the opinion of all. I do not claim full originality as to all I have set forth, but hope to aid in the agitation until much good is accomplished.
SIO BROMLEY.

Here is a Challenge.

EASTPORT, L. I., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Believing that the marked advantages of wood or more properly, nitro powder, are the property of the writer desires to publish the following challenge: He will shoot a match with anybody at 20 live birds, Hurlingham rules to govern, using black powder in both barrels—his opponent to use any brand of wood or nitro powder. As the match is essentially to determine the relative advantages of the two powders, the writer requires that, his average at live birds being only 75 per cent., he be allowed equal birds scored to place him on a footing of equality with his opponent. The above match to be on grounds mutually agreed upon, and for not less than \$100 a side.

A contributor to the New York Herald writes: "Not one grain of black powder is ever used now at any shooting contest at live birds at any shooting club where the use of the second barrel is of any use." The issuer of the above challenge will wage any sum from \$50 to \$500 on the following terms: He will shoot at 20 live birds, Hurlingham rules to govern, using black powder in both barrels—his opponent to use any brand of wood or nitro powder. As the match is essentially to determine the relative advantages of the two powders, the writer requires that, his average at live birds being only 75 per cent., he be allowed equal birds scored to place him on a footing of equality with his opponent. The above match to be on grounds mutually agreed upon, and for not less than \$100 a side.

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Individual Matches of 1892.

Below will be found a list of the individual matches at live birds (25 or more per man), reported by FOREST AND STREAM during 1892, and we feel confident in asserting that no other paper can show so complete a list:

Date.	Place.	Winner's Score.	Loser's Score.	Birds shot.
1. Harrisburg, Pa.	Ed D Fulford.	96	J L Brewer.	94
6. Burnside, Ill.	J W Dukes.	41	W P Mussey.	37
9. Newark, N. J.	G L Freche.	27	C Reinhardt.	24
13. Burnside, Ill.	L M Hamline.	19	F A Place.	18
15. Larchmont, N. Y.	E G Murphy.	71	Wm Brown.	52
20. Dexter Park, L. I.	M Fay.	23	J Pilkington.	23
21. Marion, N. J.	H E Smith.	34	C Reinhardt.	31
23. Burnside, Ill.	B Rock.	45	G Burns.	41
27. Dexter Park, L. I.	R Wood.	23	J Bennett.	21
28. Macon, N. J.	F P Class.	94	F Lumbreyer.	89

FEBRUARY.

2. Burnside, Ill.	J W Dukes.	47	C B Dicks.	37
4. Harrisburg, Pa.	J S Dustin.	24	H A Bach.	21
4. Burnside, Ill.	D C Gammon.	24	H A Bach.	19
1. Milwaukee, Wis.	Dr Carmichael.	37	C B Dicks.	32
1. Milwaukee, Wis.	Shepard.	21	Frieze.	16
16. Burnside, Ill.	F A Place.	42	Geo Burns.	35
18. Dexter Park, L. I.	F P Class.	94	F Lumbreyer.	80
20. Albany, N. Y.	W T Lord.	91	W G Parr.	74
22. Burnside, Ill.	E M Deming.	37	Jm Neff.	29

MARCH.

1. Burnside, Ill.	C W Budd.	93	E D Fulford.	81
2. Burnside, Ill.	W P Mussey.	86	T A Marshall.	83
3. Burnside, Ill.	C W Budd.	49	E D Fulford.	38
8. Paterson, N. J.	F P Class.	23	J Vermaer.	23
9. Essington, Pa.	R Sheet.	44	W Greenwood.	43
9. Essington, Pa.	P Minch.	42	J Rothaker.	35
11. Yardsville, N. J.	J E Hill.	63	M H Ruppell.	44
15. Dexter Park, L. I.	F P Class.	92	E Helgins.	73
15. Burnside, Ill.	W L Cox.	38	W P Mussey.	37
17. Burnside, Ill.	W L Cox.	89	Geo Burns.	75
24. Burnside, Ill.	Geo Burns.	43	H Bee.	28
25. Dexter Park, L. I.	E Morris.	45	W Gilman.	34
25. Dexter Park, L. I.	F Sutherland.	43	G F Kleist.	39
30. Burnside, Ill.	H Bee.	46	G Burns.	42

APRIL.

6. Richmond, Va.	W T Mitchell.	47	J L Brewer.	46
7. Woodlawn, L. I.	C E Morris.	85	C Detlesen.	84
8. Woodlawn, L. I.	C Ferguson.	92	C E Morris.	90
11. Babylon, L. I.	L Parkhurst.	47	C E Thornton.	45
11. Burnside, Ill.	J E Hagerty.	86	W P Mussey.	84
14. Newark, N. J.	A Willey.	21	C E Morris.	23
21. West End, L. I.	C Murphy.	87	C E Morris.	83
21. Pittsburgh, Pa.	J O H Deany.	35	E McWhorter.	33
22. Marion, N. J.	E D Fulford.	96	F P Class.	93
22. Dexter Park, L. I.	F Dert.	39	P Eppig.	36
25. Grinnell, Ia.	C W Budd.	88	C M Grimm.	85
27. Milford, N. J.	M H Ruppell.	32	M Fox.	30
30. Kansas City, Kan.	J A R Elliott.	46	E D Fulford.	43

MAY.

12. Paola, Kan.	W T Irwin.	88	A Etwell.	86
26. Kansas City, Kan.	F J Smith.	42	W B Bryant.	41

JUNE.

28. Woodlawn, L. I.	F P Class.	95	W T Mitchell.	95
29. Woodlawn, N. J.	F P Class.	48	W T Mitchell.	45

JULY.

2. Newark, N. J.	G L Freche.	81	C Reinhardt.	80
28. Kansas City, Kan.	A A Whipple.	41	E W Kinnam.	40
30. Kansas City, Kan.	J A R Elliott.	49	J A Bolen.	40

AUGUST.

3. Morristown, N. J.	J Riggott.	95	F P Class.	94
15. Hollywood, N. J.	A W Money.	92	Fred Hoey.	84

SEPTEMBER.

6. Burnside, Ill.	R C Stevens.	47	J T Hall.	39
20. West End, L. I.	J L Brewer.	197	C E Morris.	179

OCTOBER.

17. West End, L. I.	E H Garrison...	86	C E Morris...	82	10
17. Kansas City, Kan...	E D Fulford...	86	J A R Elliott...	85	10
19. Indianapolis, Ind....	E D Fulford...	96	J A R Elliott...	93	10
22. Pittsburgh, Pa.....	J A R Elliott...	93	E D Fulford...	90	10
24. Williamsport, Pa....	E D Fulford...	96	J A R Elliott...	89	10
	E D Fulford...	96	J A R Elliott...	89	10

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SNAP SHOTS.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, introduced a bill on Dec. 20, 1892, to extend to the North Pacific Ocean the provisions of the statutes for the protection of fur seals and other fur-bearing animals. The bill was referred to his committee, and was by him reported back to the Senate on Jan. 12, and was passed without debate after a brief explanation. "Mr. Sherman said that in view of any judgment which may be made by the tribunal of arbitration next summer in respect to the fur seal fisheries it would be necessary to authorize the President of the United States to extend the present law (which applied only to Bering Sea) to the North Pacific Ocean. That was the judgment of all who knew anything about the subject matter. The real trouble, he said, about the seal fisheries was in the North Pacific. The bill had been recommended very clearly and forcibly in the message from the President. It had been prepared by the Secretary of State, had met the approval of every member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and the necessity of its passage was obvious to everybody."

Pelagic sealing has caused greater destruction of fur seals than all other modes of capture combined, and it will soon settle the entire controversy over Bering Sea by exterminating the subject of contention. We have frequently called attention to the accepted fact that 50,000 females with their unborn young are thus secured during a season of average prosperity, and there is no room for doubt that twice as many more are killed and afterward lost. The Government cannot act too promptly for the protection of these valuable animals whose very existence is seriously threatened.

The night was atrociously cold. The elevated railroad car was as frigid as a Washington Market cold storage game vault, the passengers rapidly verging toward the condition of refrigerated game. The train had consumed an hour and seventeen minutes in going a mile and a half. Most of the unfortunate Harlem bound passengers had made their escape at the way stations and taken to the horse cars; others had climbed down the posts to the street. Only three desperate men remained. One of them broke out into swearing loud and vigorously, and then he delivered an oration to the two other captives and the train guard. "We've got a Legislature this year that won't stand this kind of business," he shouted. "It's an outrage on the public, that's what it is; hanging a man up here in the air to freeze to death. We'll pass a law to stop it; that's what we'll do. We've got a Legislature this year that'll fix things."

"What's the cause of the delay?" asked the second man, for the four hundredth time.

"Engineer let his train slide back on the down grade; it crashed into the train behind and blockaded the whole road," explained the guard.

"Humph!" said the third man, "it is not a new law we need; it's a new superintendent and an engineer with brains in his noddle." And there came a jerk and a bump and then a stand-still, to give force to his remarks.

Which little incident of railroad travel in New York in a cold snap is commended to the attention, consideration, reflection, instruction and moralizing of those good people who think that if the deer, and the quail, and the grouse, and the trout, and the bass are not protected, the panacea is to be found in a simple change of law.

The winter convention of the New York Association in Syracuse last Thursday brought together a body of earnest and enthusiastic men who constituted an assemblage admirably typical of the sportsmen of the State. The subject of most import coming before the convention was that of game law amendments. In view of the fact that the present code has been in force for so brief a period, that on the whole its working is proving satisfactory, and that the statute will be attacked by a multitude of proposed changes, coming from friends and enemies of protection, it was determined by the convention to pursue for the present the policy of hands off. A resolution was adopted urging the Legislature to forego changing the law, and to refer proposed amendments to a committee for report in 1894. This action will appeal to sober reason as the wisest that could have been taken. After long consideration by a special codification commission the Gould bill was submitted and adopted. It has imperfections, but the practical working of the law. Chief Protector Pond and the live protective societies declare, is efficient.

It will protect the game and the fish if only the Legislature will let it stand as it is. The Association may with reason ask the sportsmen of the State, whether affiliated with it or not, to indorse and support by every available influence and expedient the policy of "hands off."

We print to-day the portrait of Mr. Alex. Starbuck, whose relations of angling experiences on the North Shore of Lake Superior have constituted so pleasant a feature of our angling columns. When not off fishing, he is a resident of Cincinnati. He is a trustee of the famous Cuvier Club of that city—an institution which was established originally by a few enthusiasts as a fish and game protective association, and now owns property valued at more than \$82,000. Mr. Starbuck is an accomplished fly-fisherman and a collector of works on angling. He is possessed in generous measure of that sound and practical philosophy that accepts the good things of an angler's life as they come, and endures the ills with fortitude. He delights in mild adventure, and no less in the telling of it; he has an iridescent and scintillating aurora borealis vocabulary, and of all men, who are fishing and writing at the close of the nineteenth century, is the one who can write the most about a trout without ever once alluding to it as a trout. Mr. Starbuck enjoys a wide acquaintance and warm friendships among anglers. The companion of his North Shore excursions, known to our readers as Ned, is Mr. P. E. Roach, of Cincinnati, Third Vice-President of the Cuvier Club.

It will be remembered by those who were most interested in the writings and life of "Nessmuk" that shortly after his death a hint was given in these columns that some of his friends might be invited to contribute toward a fund to provide a stone for his grave. In his lifetime "Nessmuk" had designated a certain loved spot "under the hemlocks" as the site where he desired that his grave might be. When the proposition respecting the monument fund was broached there existed some doubt whether this selected piece of ground where the grave then was could be retained permanently for cemetery purposes, and pending the decision of that question the fund contribution was postponed. A removal has been made to the village cemetery of Wellsboro (Pa.), and there is no longer any reason why the monument may not be provided and put in place, where it will be cared for permanently. With this preliminary announcement we shall next week state definitely just what is proposed, and we trust that the undertaking will have the generous support of those who through his writings in FOREST AND STREAM learned to admire "Nessmuk" and to respect and love him.

The death of Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, has removed from public life a character of many admirable qualities. A man of recognized ability and many varied accomplishments, Mr. Kenna was to be counted among a score of Senators and Congressmen who have found in the woods and on the trout streams physical up-building, re-creation and clarifying of the intellect for taking up anew the labor of their lives. Mr. Kenna was an accomplished all-round sportsman. He loved to follow the hounds, to pursue the deer, to lure the trout, in the wild surroundings of his own West Virginia. We reproduce to-day a charming amateur photograph made by him, not long ago, of a group, including two companions and himself, while on a fishing trip on Howard's Creek, in Greenbrier county, West Virginia. And we reprint from an earlier number of FOREST AND STREAM an admirable bit of verse, which he once sent us, in praise of a favorite dog.

It has generally been understood that something was "going to be done" in Pennsylvania by the State Sportsmen's Association, but the report sent us by President Brelsford comes as a genuine surprise. The sportsmen of the State have gathered in convention, stated their views, adopted their findings, put their conclusions in the form of a bill, radical, comprehensive and bold in its character, gained the attention of the Legislature, secured the appointment of a special Legislative committee, and have done all this so expeditiously and with such spirit that the attainment of their wishes appears to be a foregone conclusion. The sportsmen of Pennsylvania may well be congratulated that their interests are in such efficient hands.

Commissioner E. M. Stilwell, for many years at the head of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, died at Bangor, last Sunday night, Jan. 15, aged 83 years. He was born in Massachusetts, but early went to Maine. Mr. Stilwell was a great lover of animal life, and of the woods and waters; he was the controlling spirit in building up Maine's fish and game protective system. Assuming the responsibilities of that work when it was of necessity in large measure tentative, he was beset with untold difficulties, and subjected to many perplexities. A man of strong convictions, and exceedingly frank in giving them expression, he won for himself and his measures bitter opposition among some classes, and among others the most cordial approbation, with heartiest confidence and support. With the people of Maine, and with the people of this country and of Canada, wherever indeed an intelligent interest in the subject has been aroused, Mr. Stilwell's name was synonymous with fish and game protection.

The findings of the committee in the FOREST AND STREAM's Amateur Photography Competition will shortly be announced. The committee consists of the following gentlemen: Mr. Edward Bierstadt, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Wilmot Townsend. Mr. Bierstadt is widely known in photography circles. Mr. Roosevelt's name is familiar as that of a public man who is also an accomplished sportsman, and Mr. Townsend has won well-deserved praise for his wild fowl drawings, which have been printed in this journal. It is an occasion of honest pride that these gentlemen have kindly consented to serve the FOREST AND STREAM and its friends by assuming this delicate task of rendering a decision where the average quality of work is so high.

"Buffalo" Jones, of Kansas, has just delivered to the Corbin game preserve in New Hampshire ten more buffalo, which, with the original stock and its increase, now make thirty-three head on Mr. Corbin's tract. Mr. Jones reports that the buffalo appear to be thriving, and if the stock shall not be affected by the moist climate he anticipates for the undertaking a most complete success. Because of their being so much in the timber and sheltered from the sun the Corbin buffalo have taken on a coat distinctively darker than that of the plains buffalo, and assimilating the hue of the woods buffalo.

The average man will be inclined to sympathize in the view expressed by a Pennsylvania correspondent last week that the proposition to give game wardens authority to search the person of suspected poachers would be going a step too far in violation of personal rights. On the other hand, the average man who reads Mr. Hague's note of a specific instance where such a search proved rich in results will probably assent to the plea that in aggravated cases personal rights may be violated without arousing a very violent storm of public indignation.

The Supervisors of counties in this State are authorized under the new game code to enact local game and fish ordinances extending protection, but none of the county laws can take effect until the first day of May next succeeding their adoption. The State code approved May 5, 1892, repealed all existing county laws. It follows that no local laws can be in effect prior to next May. As there is no State law on rabbits (hares), the January shooter may this year scour the covers, pot his birds, and innocently aver that he is rabbit hunting.

That report of the Massachusetts Association Committee on Acclimatization is a record in which every citizen of the Bay State should take pride. It deserves, too, the widest proclamation as an instance of generous, public-spirited and far seeing enterprise. Whatever shall be the ultimate success or want of success attending this enterprise, those who have suggested, supported and achieved so much already have manifested a spirit worthy the emulation of kindred societies everywhere.

Dr. James A. Henshall has resigned his position of Special Agent, in charge of the Angling Exhibit in the Government Building, at the World's Fair, in order to devote his entire time to the Angling department of the Fisheries Building for the Columbian Exposition Company.

PERHAPS those who believe that wolves are always lean and hungry never saw the wolf of the plains in buffalo days. In its winter coat, too, a lean wolf could not be readily distinguished from a fat one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—II.

The Trip Up.—II.

(Continued from page 32.)

THE dawn disclosed the pink of the coming sun, swiftly growing in glory among the snowy clouds in the east, and a favorable breeze that would race us along with delightful speed to Gros Cap. An early breakfast was soon partaken of, and then all hands busied themselves in breaking camp. Everything was quickly put aboard, and that tattered old rag of a sail was again exhibited to the beauties of nature, as if it, too, was spread for especial admiration. Ned, who is generally a paragon of patience, again stormed at the boatmen for not having repaired it. A promise that the next camp would see it in good condition satisfied us, and then the subject was dropped. As we sailed out of the bay into the river, we saw the craft of the Kentucky gentleman far in advance, with the "Soo" party, and the students a close second. We were laggards, and it looked as if we would remain so, as the distance between us increased instead of diminished. We had, however, despite the slowness of our craft, a most delightful sail and under the bluest and most transparent of skies. Here—

"Nature had known no change, felt no decay,
For untold ages in this ancient land
Her dark woods wave, her rivers hold their way.
Majestic as when first from nature's hand:
Down the dread depths, as in the dawn of Time
The raging cataracts their waters urge."

Here is a region that will ever tempt the ardent angler, for it is a place to meditate over life's fitful change, as well as enjoy the pursuit of the ever beautiful trout.

It was evident, as we progressed, that the wind was on the wane, but as we only contemplated making Gros Cap, it mattered not. Arriving there, by 9 o'clock, we were quite surprised to see the three boats that were ahead of us ashore at the small island, with the entire party dotted here and there around it. This determined us to make for Maple Bay, as eight anglers at one place was entirely too many to afford good sport. We wanted more solitude, and so sailed away. As we passed the rear of the little island, we noticed the Kentucky angler poised on the apex of a high rock playing a good-sized trout: but, alas! it escaped. He cried out to us, by way of explanation over his unfortunate loss, which seemed to fret him, that it had got away with his fly. I thought when I saw him handling the struggling trout, that it must be well hooked indeed if it did not escape, for it struck me from my point of observation that he gave him little or no play. Ned said he would wager largely that his leader became untied, for the knots that he saw in one of them were decidedly unreliable and likely to fail when the angler is striving to save an impaled fish of undue proportions.

About the time we reached Goulais Bay Point the wind had entirely died out, and the bay presented an un-rinkled surface. It was 9 miles across, and with a burning sun overhead it was no child's play to cross over with the oars. The boatmen, however, cheerfully stripped to the buff and took the blades in hand with a willing heart. They perspired freely as they swung the heavy oars, and but once or twice on the way over did they stop for a rest. Emery, as usual, kept his weather eye open and scanned the blue dome for signs of an approaching storm. He was disappointed in his observations, for the azure sky contained nothing but a few pin-feathery clouds that were without apparent motion, while the lake was as smooth as if oil had been poured over it. No indication of storm or even of a gentle breeze, and so intensely hot you'd imagine you were in the tropics. We all sighed for the shore and shade, but it was a long pull over the quiet bay and would be hours before they could be realized. As an expedient to while away the time, as well as endeavor to catch a fin or two, Ned suggested a troll, and so overboard went the glittering spoon. It, however, received but one strike after a long wait, and then as it was quite a drag on the boat, I pulled it in as a relief to the sturdy oarsmen, who were already overtasked. Time and again I told the men to rest, but Emery, casting his eyes above, was confident a storm was quietly brewing, and after a few rapid words in Chippewa to Peter, they bent to their oars with increased vigor. Finally, when within about a mile of shore they took a good rest, satisfied they were then out of all danger. A slight ripple now ran o'er the unruffled surface, and soon another and another followed, until in a short time we had a refreshing breeze, and then the little waves, bearing silvery and pearly streakings of sunshine began to form, and the old rag was once more hoisted and spread to the favoring wind. It was now about three miles to our destination, Maple Bay—and that we expected to make in an hour if the wind held. Our course was along a shore where the whole landscape was aglow with splendor; every tint and hue imaginable seemed to intermingle in that sea of color, and every jutting crag and dome and pinnacle of sullen rock flamed as though a thousand rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. We stand enthralled at the scene before us; no sound is heard, no note of bird breaks the awful stillness. We are in the region of eternal silence and solitude. Spruce and birch and balsam generously lined the wave-washed and iron-bound coast, while the lichens, mosses and ferns, which were here, there and everywhere, united in forming a picture which is like Keats's description of beauty.

"A joy forever,
For whoso'er I looked, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile."

We noticed as we sailed along that the lake was about eighteen inches lower than last year, for over the old familiar ground there was quite a change, and when we rounded into Maple Bay we found it impossible to land the boat, owing to the shallowness along the coast. The boatmen advised carrying us ashore on their backs and then take out the cargo of provisions. This they were confident would lighten the boat sufficiently to admit of dragging it to a safe harbor. We accepted the proposition, and so Peter, who was the athlete, carried us both ashore, and then the provisions were landed, a channel dug out and the boat pulled to the beach. Ned prognosticated all manner of disaster to us in case we desired to leave or return to our haven during an ordinary or extra-

ordinary blow. As coming events cast their shadows before I advised him to wait till it was favorable to fore-shadow the calamity. There being three of us for him to subside and his ill-boded prophecy shelved.

The boatmen having rowed us about fourteen miles that day we concluded to pitch our tents and remain for a few days and try our luck with the *S. fontinalis*, and also old Boreas should he think proper to ride down on us on one of his tempestuous gales. It requiring some time for "the boys" to get everything in good order about the camp, we concluded to defer the attempt at luring the scarlet-hued beauties till the following morning.

Ned, who had a penchant for overhauling tackle, took an affectionate look at his impedimenta, and on coming



MR. ALEX. STARBUCK.
Cuvier Club, Cincinnati.

to his book of flies eagerly opened it and proudly laid before me for admiration, as I thought, a few flies of his own creation, which were in his favorite color—red. It was the hue which so enthused him last season and it was to be the same this, unless he was cured of the infatuation by the preference the trout might manifest for mine. I had a very nice selection that were tied per order, and they were dandies I assure you, evidently the work of an accomplished artist. Among these were the Henshall, silver-doctor, Montreal, cow-dung, raven, spider, royal-coachman, Seth-Green, Oquossoc, white-miller, red-ibis, hackles gray, black and brown, and a few others unnecessary to mention. I had another lot tied by an Eastern house, but they were not satisfactory and, consequently, of little use.

During the trip the most taking fly I had was the Hen-



MR. P. E. ROACH ("NED").
Cuvier Club, Cincinnati.

shall, next came the silver-doctor, then the hackles. There was one, however, the name of which I am unable to give, that had two white feathers, the same in gray and a dun body, which proved a very attractive lure. Indeed, I used it frequently for my dropper. Ned highly praised my selection and, when he compared the work with his, admitted the superiority of mine, but doubted if they would prove more attractive than his own. They did, nevertheless, and he made due acknowledgment of the same before we had been a week in camp. After he had toyed sufficiently with his tackle to satisfy his desire he laid it tenderly aside and then challenged me to a rubber of cribbage, in which he came out second best.

As evening came on a faint crescent moon looked down upon us, a gentle breeze cooled our brows, the odor of the balsam diffused itself on all sides and then the vesperian hymn of the little insects warned us to hasten for the repellent they so dreaded. Being somewhat weary with the long confinement in the boat during the day, under a burning sun, we early sought our blankets and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus.

On stepping from our tent at early dawn we were at once made aware of a slight sprinkle of rain, an east wind and a lowering sky that presaged anything but clearing weather. Concluding to try for the trout, rain or shine, we got ready for the advance, but just before starting for the fishing grounds the boat containing the Ann Arbor students sailed into the bay and anchored opposite our camp. The party did not make use of the boatmen as pack horses, but plunging in waded ashore like genuine sportsmen. They could well afford to do so as they all had top boots, which insured them a dry pas-

sage. They had no sooner landed than one of the party took his rod, and wading out to a favorite rock, where we had always caught trout, commenced casting. He, however, whipped the waters in vain, for no trout rose to his fluttering fly. Some one had evidently given him a pointer on that particular rock, but he realized nothing from it, leaving, doubtless, with a sad remembrance of "what might have been."

It having ceased raining, we now took the boat and started for our old grounds where we had such unexampled sport last season. We first tried the rock where the student attempted to steal a march upon us, but our efforts were in vain. I had a Henshall for my dropper and a silver-doctor for my stretcher, but neither seemed to attract, no matter how deftly thrown and skilfully floated. Tiring of this futile attempt, we went for the reef in our immediate front, and on reaching some magnificent cover I sent my flies over a deep and darkened crevice that I would have wagered a kingdom contained one or more of the freckled beauties, but they met with no response. Lifting the lures from the waters I once more sent them circling in the air, and then dropping them with the lightness of a snow flake or feather, just as you like, over the same spot, and still the surface remained unbroken. A third and a fourth cast were as fruitless as were many more. Ned was casting in equally as promising waters and he also failed to attract. It certainly looked ominous, but we were not discouraged over the results, as the trout is of varying moods, sometimes fierce for the fly, and again lying dormant behind some convenient boulder or in crevice deep. After a full hour's steady casting over the reef we tried the shore around Maple Bay, then Maple Island, but not a rise did we receive. We were somewhat disappointed to think that our favorite grounds did not show a sign of the coveted trout. Two things we were satisfied of, viz., either the trout were not here or were not rising to the fly. We returned to camp with anything but an air of triumph, concluding, however, to remain here a day or two longer if for nothing more than to solve the problem of the whereabouts of Mr. *S. fontinalis* and the condition of his appetite.

There was a slight sprinkle of rain in the afternoon, and with promise of a stormy night it was a cheerless evening when we sat down to supper. The sky was overcast with dark ink clouds that whirled like chaff, the wind moaned sad and cold, the waves broke spitefully against the ragged rocks, and all nature seemed preparing for an insurrection. It was really a dismal outlook, and it was manifest our plans would have to be held in abeyance. You can never depend on the old icy lake or tell from which source to expect the wind, or what the coming morn will bring forth. It may be zephyr breezes or tempestuous gales, bright sunshine or chilly shade. With all this adverse prospect we kept up a brave heart and sat around the camp-fire and made merry with cheery song and animated story. Emery told a marvelous tale of an isolated lake located in the dense forest of Canada, where you could catch myriads of trout about an hour before sunset and at no other time. He was taken to it by an old Indian hunter, but didn't think he could find it again. I agreed with him as to the closing part of the recital.

After retiring there was a rumble or two of thunder, then a few flashes of lightning, and in a short time a subsidence of the elements, and then we went into the land of Nod, where

"The unchecked thought
Wanders at will upon uncharted ground,
Making no sound
In all the corridors."

The morning opened with a heavy northwest wind, a leaden sky and a very boisterous sea, which sent the towering waves o'er the shallows in our immediate front with such terrific violence as to make it impossible to leave the shore with the boat, and therefore the fishing was deferred.

The students paid us a visit during the morning, and arranged for a rubber of whist to take place as soon as they had returned from an overland trip to the mission at Goulais Bay. It was more of an undertaking than they had bargained for, as they did not return till after dinner. On the way over they shot a few seasonable birds, which on being shown to Ned, so excited his epicurean palate that he at once started Peter on the hunt for some of the same toothsome birds, while he took from his satchel a copy of "Ben Hur" and was soon lost in the absorbing pages. Having got through with "Lucy's Mistake," which she corrected at an opportune time, I waded into one of Ballantine's works, entitled "The Sandal Wood Trader," the scene of which is laid among the islands of the Pacific Ocean. We had indulged in but a page or two of our books, when the two students put in an appearance to engage in the game we had arranged for. We ascertained on the very first hand that they were exceedingly skillful players, and when the rubber was completed they had the odd game. Ned being a little chagrined over the defeat, said by way of apology for the loss of the rubber, that they outlived us, but I said in response if he had observed my signal of having four trumps when he led them, we would have been the victors. He led trumps once too often, and that completed our overthrow.

The northwester continued the entire day, though in the afternoon the large murky banks of clouds disappeared, and the witchery of a soft blue sky greeted us; but a few paces away the lake was sending forth its deep roar, as its foaming crests broke on the beach and subsided in snowy curvatures. It was really a grand and lovely sight, this angry sea in a bright sunlight, and it made the heart and senses thrill with emotional pleasure. Lord Byron rightly says that the beauties of art and nature are not to be placed on the same level, for he

"Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich."

And again to poetically embellish:

"Long indeed the mimic works of art,
But nature's works far lovelier."

The next morning opened bright and breezy with the northwester still prevailing and a sea sufficiently turbulent to prevent an indulgence in angling. As our hunters had returned the day before without a feather, they again took the gun and went in search of some seasonable game. I told them in substance, as did the Athenian mother when she sent her son to the wars, to come back with some trophies or not at all. Ned, who had abandoned the idea of casting a fly during the day, took his camp-stool

and "Ben Hur" and sought a spot in the hazy warmth of the sun, and where a sylvan songster was warbling the tuneful bars of an aria, and lost himself in the fascinating pages of the work.

About 10 o'clock that morning one of the boatmen of the college boys came over to our camp and with an exceedingly serious aspect, as if mourning the loss of some departed friend or an absence of tobacco, handed me a scroll of birch bark. I at first thought it contained a challenge for another tilt at whist, but on unrolling was agreeably surprised, as its contents were as follows:

Windy Camp requests the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day, July 19, at half after 1 o'clock.
P. S.—Bring your chairs.
R. S. V. P.

Ned received a similar invitation, which after reading we replied instanter, dispatching the tawny messenger with the following acceptance:

Maple Camp accept with pleasure your kind invitation and will be delighted to place their knees under your mahogany. Yours, &c.,
JULY 19, 1891. S. & R.
P. S.—We'll not only bring our chairs, but that which every entertainer desires, a superior appetite. S. & R.

We at once commenced preparing an elaborate toilet for the occasion, and when ready to present ourselves to the hosts of Windy Camp were as neat and trimly dressed as a bridegroom, that is, as a bridegroom would be with the wardrobe then at our command. True, we had no swallow tails, white vests, satin ties, silk stockings, or patent leathers; but we had clean flannel shirts, corduroy short coats, vests and pants, cork-soled boots, red bandannas and soft felt hats. But the chef-d'œuvre was the hair dressing. Ned chose to appear in ambrosial curls, which fell in graceful folds over his lofty forehead and adown the flannel collar of his laced shirt, while I selected the pompadour style, which Ned said gave me the appearance of a statesman from Bitter Creek. Thus toiletted we presented ourselves to the Windy Camp entertainers with a chair on our right arm and a vacancy under our vest.

Our arrival was treated with the most pleasant consideration, more like Bohemian open-heartedness than the cold formal manner which so often sits enthroned upon the brow of aspiring genius. While the menu was in preparation we had a jolly time in swapping side-splitting stories. In this Ned was champion, for his *repertoire* of amusing and droll narratives was without end. Many of his funny fancies were touched with a delicacy of dialect and phonetic shading that were decidedly provocative of hearty laughter. He was

"For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun."

Dinner was at last announced, to which we sat down with an appetite that would have done honor to an alderman. The banquet was elegantly prepared, as will be seen by the bill of particulars which was inscribed upon the native birch bark, and placed at each plate:

MENU.
POTAGE.
Julienne. Poullet.
POISSON.
Sardines à la huile.
ENTRÉE.
Haricots à la Boston.
GAME.
Rara Avis.
DESSERT.
Pâtés de Gingre Fromage Americain. Biscuits au Sel.
Cigars. Café noir.

Entertaining is really an art, and we must here state, all pleasantries aside, that these young students acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner, and when we parted from them it was with the hope that they meet us soon at our social board, but a departure from Maple Bay the next day prevented its materialization. This festive incident was the most pleasant of the trip, and will long be remembered by us.

The next morning was introduced to us in a light fog, which fortunately was soon followed by a clear sky and glittering sunshine, which painted the woods and waters in a golden glow, while the sweet song of the lake rose with a jubilant spirit, as if dreamland was floating by.

The University boys broke camp early that day and sailed at once for Bachevanaug Bay. We prepared for an angle at Grindstone Point, and while on the way stopped at the large reef, which was located about the middle of the bay and in front of our camp. We had caught many a freckled monster here on a previous occasion, and hoped we might now be rewarded with the same good luck. We kept a sharp lookout for a sight of the rocky bottom, and as soon as it showed up away went our flies in search of some red-coated knight of the reef. It was not long before Ned rose one of the patriarchs, and unfortunately being a little unduly excited, missed him.

"What a dandy!" he exclaimed.

"What a lamentable miss!" I replied.

Ned tried once more to lure the spotted veteran, and after a cast or two was greeted with a response that came with a tigerlike ferocity, and this time the skillful angler sent the cold steel into its quivering jaws. The melody of the reel rang sweetly out while the infuriated trout was speeding like a silvery arrow. The overjoyed angler was cool, patient and watchful, and as the velocity of the stricken fish faltered, the rodster slightly checked the unwinding thread, and then the bewildered beauty leaped up into the golden sunshine, scattering the pearly drops on all sides. Again he sails away in frantic circles, with a hasty trip or two to the chasms below, as if seeking some sharp-edged rock with a view of parting the line. Disappointed in this, he again dashes upward through the silver surface with a vaulting that makes as clean a somersault as an acrobat. His vigorous efforts to escape are telling on him, and his strength begins to wane. The happy angler now feels satisfied that the battle is more than half won, and thinks it high time to make the impaled fight for every inch of line he seeks to gain. The reel is slowly returning the cord, and inch by inch sulkily comes the painted reveller of the reef, determined to make an effort or two before he is ready to chant his death song. The angler knows full well the trick, and is on the *qui vive* for its introduction. Here he comes, still struggling, with a wicked gleam in his eye, and though he may reach the net within a foot or two, will assuredly play his last card. Ah! he is off with a vigorous plunge, but it is his last, for his strength is gone, his heart is broken. He is this time led to his inevitable death, and now the meshes of the net close around him, and he is tenderly lifted to the boat. What a beauty, truly a poem in crimson, purple and gold,

the loveliest fish that seeks the crystalline pool or lies poised in rocky crevice. Ned was delighted with his spangled prize, and gloated over it as if it were a pearl beyond price.

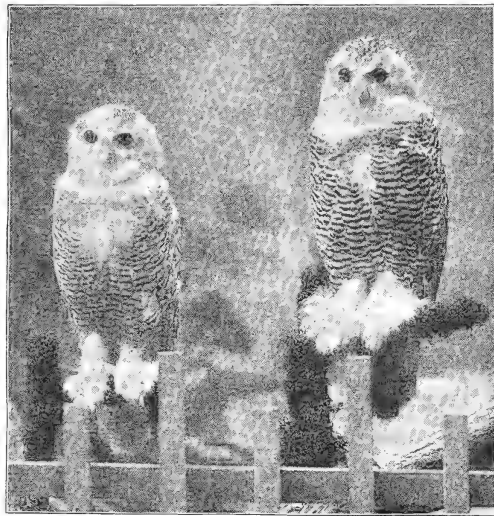
"How much did it weigh?" Full 4lbs., and that was as large a trout as we caught during the season.

I strove hard to emulate Ned, and kept my flies dropping and fluttering in the water in the most attractive places. No response came, and after having covered the entire reef, which we did in about an hour, we pulled over to the point and fished along the coast for about two miles. It was just the place for a trout to sport or feed in. The bottom was one entire series of deep crevices, shelving rocks, huge boulders and the like, and over these we whipped the waters with industrious perseverance.

Occasionally we made a change in our flies until we had offered them the choicest of our assortment, but no jeweled darling sprang from his retreat. After a while I grew tired and lolled in idleness, watching the golden, glimmering surface sparkling and flashing in sunlight, the crimsoned wood as it bowed to the gentle breeze, the yellow-winged butterflies as they sailed along the shore, the tiny dragon fly, the little blue-bodied sunbeam in its rainbow wings, and the inevitable gull as it flashed its white wings against the weather-stained rocks that shone with metallic lustre in the bright rays that beat upon them from above.

Ned finally wearied of his work and proposed lunch ashore, to which I gladly assented, as we were all tired and exceedingly hungry. The boys made us a pot of tea, which we found more exhilarating than any rank compound which comes under the head of "golden grain," or any other fancy name, which is simply imprinted as a delusion.

While we were lunching a northwest wind began to freshen, and then our astronomical Emery was all in a



SNOWY OWLS.

From a photograph by Hoff & Lasey, Fremont, Ind.

flutter, declaring it would soon blow great guns. The breeze being favorable for us we hurried not, for we felt as if we would like to see that old rotten sail torn to tatters in a gale of some kind, as the boys were so remiss in repairing it. We at last took to the boat, and then commenced the return, whipping the waters as we slowly moved along the shore. I finally had a rise from a petite trout and was glad I missed it, for to have laid it alongside of Ned's peerless beauty would have made the comparison unduly reflective. Well, to omit detail, we reached the reef, and here Ned had another rise of a large crimson and pearly spotted dandy that made his heart beat a tattoo upon his ribs. He missed, I sighed, the boatmen groaned and the wind caressed his whiskers. Alas! poor Ned, he was a perfect picture of despair, for his first rise was his last, and no matter how tempting a fly, how lightly delivered, or how skillfully fluttered, the old Roman in his robes of crimson could not again be coaxed to the surface. He was doubtless laughing in his lair as he saw the feathery deities fall and flutter above.

"Ah!" said Ned, "the conflict is o'er, the struggle is past. I have whipped and I have fluttered, and I have cast my last fly, and now I am ready for the camp," and then he slowly and sadly reeled up, content to await my verdict in regard to a retreat homeward. I was in the affirmative, and so the prow of the boat was turned to the white tents on the shore, ever in plain view. With a declining sun, which was glinting the tinkling waters and painting the fleecy clouds in royal red and fiery gold, we reached camp quite weary, though not disheartened in the pursuit of that priceless beauty of spotted carmine which the true angler travels so far and toils so hard to capture with a bit of tinsel and feather.

After we had partaken of supper Ned, who had sat in a deep brown study for a few minutes, impatiently arose and said: "I'll try how the trout rise at twilight," and so at once ordered the boat and asked me to accompany him, but being weary I declined. Off he went to the big reef where he had missed his last rise and where he doubtless expected to capture the magnificent fish which had so lamentably disappointed him. I sat on the bank in my camp chair and watched the inveterate angler as he was rowed to the reef. He was evidently bent on securing the quarry and would have parted with many a ducat if he could only return with that particular trout which had so impudently flaunted his broad tail in his face. He was, however, sadly discouraged, for after a full hour's hard and skillful work he returned, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, without a trophy. He was simply disgusted with the way trouting opens this season. "Me too."

Ned's trout that he had caught early in the morning disclosed, when cleaned, a full stomach of undigested minnows, one reason evidently why the trout were not eager for the fly.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

SNOWY OWLS.

ON Sunday, Dec. 14, 1890, while walking in the country just outside the city limits, I saw a snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*) sitting in the top of a dead tree about forty rods from the road. As this was the first live specimen of this species I had seen in twelve years' collecting I thought I would see how near I could get to it. Bringing a large tree between me and the one the owl was in, I walked up within 36 paces (as measured the next day), where I stood and viewed him through a field glass for at least ten minutes, and then turned away and left him undisturbed.

As I had never secured a snowy owl, and as this was a pure white specimen, I wanted it for my collection. Therefore, on Monday morning I started out before daylight, and tramped about that farm until half-past eight o'clock, and again in the afternoon from 3:30 until dark, but without seeing his owliship.

On Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 I was there again, and to my great surprise saw a snowy owl sitting in the top of a small tree in the field. I followed it from tree to tree until dark, but was unable to get near enough for a shot. On Saturday afternoon I started immediately after dinner and had not got to the city limits when I found my owl in the top of a small tree within twenty rods of the avenue, and for three hours crossed and recrossed three farms three times. The old saying is "Three times and out," and I began to think it would prove true in my case, and had turned my face toward home, as I had lost sight of my traveling companion. I turned through the little piece of wood where we had seen the owl on Sunday, and had passed nearly through it, when I chanced to look in the top of the tree where I had seen the first one, and in the very same place sat *Nyctea nyctea*. I got behind the same large tree and advanced to the foot of it without disturbing the owl, but as I stepped out in sight, with gun in position for use, away he went, but my BB shot overtook him when about 20ft. from the top of the tree, and down he came with a broken wing. As I came up to him he faced about but showed no fight.

I laid the gun across his body and took him by both feet, and got him home without any trouble, and then killed him with chloroform. Before I shot him I saw it was not the white specimen I saw on Sunday before.

On the following Monday a party told me there had been two owls seen at one time on the farm where I had secured my specimen, and at 3:30 P. M. I was there again, and had not been in the field five minutes when I saw a white object on a fence stake, and on looking at it through my glass saw it was another owl. I walked beside the fence and got within a long shot range before he flew. I sent one charge of BB shot after him, and not stopping him sent another, but he kept going for 40 or 50 rods when I saw him drop down, and as I came up to him he was dead. On my return I paced off the distance I had shot and found it was 42yds. from the stake to where I stood. This was not the pure white bird that I had seen at first.

On Jan. 1 I was out again, and after tramping all the forenoon without seeing anything, I turned toward home, when I saw on a fence stake another *Nyctea*, and with the glass saw that it was the white specimen. But after a three hour chase I lost him, and at no time did I get within 20 rods of it, although it was on the same farm where I got the others. This one kept entirely to the fences, while the first one kept to the few isolated trees, not once alighting on the fence.

In ending this long screed I will say that within a week I secured a red-tailed hawk and the two snowy owls.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

J. L. DAVIDSON.

ABNORMAL DEER ANTLERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM dated Jan. 5 a note by "N. A. T." from Eddy, N. M., in which he describes the antlers of what is called by an old hunter a cactus deer. These antlers, instead of being of the ordinary form of the mule deer's, appear in clusters of growths in place of the antlers, and he inquires if there be such a distinct variety or species.

There is no probability that the deer he saw is a distinct variety, but is the ordinary mule deer which I understand is the prevailing deer in the Pecos Valley, with an abnormal growth of the antlers. Probably if he had examined carefully he would have found that the deer had been castrated, which is sometimes found to be the case among wild deer from some unexplained cause.

In my own grounds I have known castration of the Virginia deer to produce an effect upon the growth of the antlers somewhat similar to that described in this case, where they grew in clusters. An example of this kind of growth is described on page 187 of the "Antelope and Deer of America," which grew on the head of a deer which I sent to the Central Park in New York in 1865, but the extraordinary growth described by your correspondent may have been owing to other causes.

What we call abnormal growths of the antlers of deer are not very uncommon. I have many specimens of these in my collection which grew on the heads of wild deer. Many specimens of female deer have been taken with antlers on them, one of which I have in my collection. These are abnormal growths which may not be ascribed to injury or any other assignable cause. The suspicion of "N. A. T." that they might have grown on a black-tail deer, as the mule deer is there called, is probably correct. If it was a full grown buck, upon examination he would have found on the outside of the hindleg below the hock the metatarsal gland four to five inches long, while on no other deer does this gland grow to more than half that length. Nor need the dark color of the specimen cast any doubt upon the subject, for there is none of our American deer more variant in color than the mule deer, ranging from white to almost black, though the latter is much rarer than the former. Indeed, ordinarily when the new coat on the mule deer first appears in the early fall it is nearly of a black color and is short, fine and soft, though usually as it grows longer it rapidly changes to a lighter color.

If there be a distinct variety of this cactus deer numerous specimens must have existed and been met with by other hunters and have been mentioned by them and talked about and heard of. A single specimen or several specimens cannot constitute a variety.

CHICAGO, JAN. 10.

JOHN DEAN CATON.

WOLVES AND THEIR WAYS.

SHANLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the query in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of 5th inst., as to whether or not our big gray wolf is a coward in the presence of man. I wish to say that I have found him so on the many occasions that I have met him on his native heath, singly or in the company of his kind. Whether or not any one of us would care to crawl into a cleft in the rock where a wolf had its den, as Gen. Putnam is said to have done, is another matter. I guess "Old Put." had the right stuff in him.

While following the life of the gentle shepherd, on the plains of Montana, a couple of years ago, I used to watch the wolves a great deal while tending the sheep, and though I usually had my good rifle in my hand, I once had the opportunity of facing a wolf empty-handed, and I don't know which was the worse scared. It happened thus. The sheep had "bunched" during the heat of the day upon one slope of a little valley, and I occupied the opposite slope, the better to see that they came to no harm, and since I knew that they would not move for hours, I was taking a bit of a doze, now and then opening my eyes wide enough to see my sheep, and then dropping off again with my face on my arms, stretched out on the hot rock. Suddenly, when I looked up, in a somewhat dazed condition, I became aware that a very large wolf was coming right at me, not 60 yards away, his red tongue lolling out, and his yellow summer coat reminding me of a hyena at first sight, coming as I did, so abruptly from the land of Nod. I actually thought it was his intention to try me a few rounds, as he did not notice the sheep, but was coming straight in my direction with murder in his eye, I thought. Being without arms, as it happened, my first impulse was to snatch up a stone and let him have it, and it was when I jumped up that he seemed to see me for the first time, and turned tail for all the world like a huge cur dog, and loped off with many a fearsome glance over his shoulder. The stone did not quite reach him, but when he saw it coming he put his tail between his legs, exactly as a dog would have done under similar circumstances, and if I could have hit him I am satisfied he would have ki-yied. I had to laugh at his comical aspect and at myself for being so rattled, but I did not leave my rifle in camp very often after that, not because I had any idea the wolves would tackle me, but because it "broke me all up" to miss so good a shot.

The probability is that this wolf had no evil design in his head, either toward the sheep or the shepherd, but happened to be headed my way, while traveling across the country on business of his own. Probably he was more startled by my sudden appearance in the way than by my projectile, or my ferocious aspect.

We often used to chase these big fellows horseback, and almost any horse will run up on to them, they are no such runners as the coyotes.

IPSARRAKA.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest Mr. Dodge's narrative of his encounter with a grizzly, which was published in your issue of Dec. 29. The only comment I have to make is the one that will perhaps occur to the casual reader, viz., that he showed unnecessary solicitude for the third bear. However, a man that has made the extraordinary record that Mr. Dodge gives would come to regard bears with as much indifference as he would a band of black-tailed deer in the cedar. I confess to a fellow feeling in the gun episode, and remember a half minute on one occasion that seemed to have covered a year of my life, in connection with a "stuck" shell that refused to meet the frantic advances of the ejector. I think it is rather too risky to go after grizzlies.

The adventure I have to relate is of quite another character, was harmless enough, but will interest your readers.

Late in the fall of 1875 I received an invitation to join three adventurous hunters who designed passing the winter in the Judith Basin, Montana, with occasional incursions into the Sioux country beyond the Musselshell. Our pastime was to poison wolves. Wolf skins brought then at the trade store at Carroll, our starting point, on the upper Missouri River, \$4 and \$5 each in cash. I cannot say what they sold for in Chicago and New York.

One day we packed our wagon with provisions, ammunition, traps, etc., and started for the Lone Butte Pass, south of Judith Basin proper.

I may remark that the Judith Basin of that day was one of the loveliest regions of the West for game and Indians. From the ridges above our camp in the Lone Butte Pass I have seen at one time elk, deer, bighorn, antelope and buffalo, and there never was better ground for approaching the several kinds of game.

One item in our bill for groceries was \$50 for crystallized strychnia, but that amount of medicine did not cut much of a figure in our load, and could have been carried in a hand bag.

The wolves in this country were of the largest size; some were of a very dark gray color, a few pure white, a number almost white or a sort of creamy white.

A year or two before the hunters had poisoned more than a thousand north of the Missouri River, but the incidents of warfare barely enabled them to visit the baits once during the winter, and pile up the frozen carcasses of the wolves. In the spring they skinned about a third of the catch; the Indians, ravens and eagles did the rest.

Arrived at the Lone Butte Pass—the season being too early to string out buffalo baits for wolves—we built a stout cabin of green logs, cached our provisions and ammunition in a hollow of the rocks and gathered in a supply of fat venison for winter use.

The mountain and river Crow Indians claimed and held the Judith Basin, but the Sioux south and north of the Yellowstone disputed their title, and large war parties from time to time served a temporary injunction on the Crows, driving them out, and making life there precarious and uncomfortable. While camped at the pass we had a notable interview with some of the leading Crow warriors who paid us a visit.

In this debatable territory we passed the winter. When freezing weather came we packed our ponies and started down the cedar ridges in the direction of the Musselshell. In such a country we did not lack for good camping grounds, for the numerous war parties had filled the country with stout pole lodges, built in the form of a "teepee," in which a fire could be built that would not attract attention 100 yds. away.

Near the mouth of Flat Willow creek we separated one day for the purpose of putting out some buffalo baits for

wolves, a process I will now describe: Crossing some narrow breaks in the rolling hills I saw a buffalo cow standing on a little flat near a prairie dog village. The point was a little difficult to approach, and I consumed some time in crawling along low ground to a point when I could get a good shot. While doing this I saw two large wolves approach the cow in feint of attack and the cow lower her head and lunge at them; I saw then that she was a little lame in one leg. The utter unconcern and contempt with which the wolves treated this movement was amusing to see. I understood their actions better a little later on. Meanwhile I had gotten a little closer. After a while the wolves left the cow and trotted around to where I was, surveyed me from a distance of about 15 or 20 yds. and returned to the cow. Crawling a little closer, and the cow standing about right, I placed a bullet from my .44 Winchester where I thought it would do the quickest execution, and the cow dropped a short distance from where she had been standing. Approaching, I discovered about 100 yds. away, all in one row, some standing, some sitting, about twenty or more large wolves.

Paying no further attention to them I proceeded quietly to dispose of the buffalo carcass in such a way as to make it most conveniently available to the use of my now attentive audience. Skinning one side of the cow, I split the carcass lengthwise and spread it out to receive the slashes of meat I cut from the back and quarters. My strychnia was in 4-oz. vials. Emptying one bottle into the hollow of the ribs, I scattered the other two over the carcass and rubbed it in by taking a chunk of meat in my hand and swabbing warm blood over the whole.

Washing the blood and poison carefully from my hands in the snow, I picked up my rifle and started for camp, leaving the wolves in about the position first described.

The next morning there was not much of the cow left, but we skinned 22 fine wolves.

L. S. KELLY.

SNAKES.

JUST previous to the shedding of the skin—and I do not dare say how long before—the snake is blind, or nearly so; the eye is covered by a whitish opaque shell, which is the old and normal covering and protection for the eye, a part of the skin, which in process of separation previous to exfoliation, gradually becomes loosened from the eye and assumes a bluish-white appearance. This at least partially obstructs the vision and I doubt not frequently makes them entirely blind. It is said that the massasauga is totally blind at this season, and people supposed to be versed in common snake lore will say that "pizen snakes air more sartain deadly when blind, particaly saugers." This popular belief may be true, for the massasauga or other venomous species is decidedly lethargic for a period before its liberation from its old husk, and during its enforced idleness it has no desire to use its poison fangs, as it does not seem to care for food. I have never met with either noxious or innocuous individuals which gave evidence of a recent meal when nearing exfoliation. Naturally the increased supply or hoarded secretion of venom would be more dangerous.

We now come to the supposed "spitting" of snakes, a subject of special interest, because it has been the subject of some discussion in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I have had a half dozen diamond rattlers shaking their caudal adornments at me at one time, and all were quite irritable, yet they never opened their jaws, and they very rarely showed the inside of their mouths unless when striking, in which act they move so quickly that the mouth is not seen to open. That the jaws do open is evident, as the fangs cannot be thrown into the erect position unless the mouth is expanded. In nearly all rattlers that I have seen confined, the only covering at the top of the cage or box was a pane of glass, and this of poor quality, making it dangerous from a possible escape. In many cases wire netting was an additional precaution, but it was outside of the glass. Many snakes when irritated will strike out savagely, but I could not learn that the glass was ever broken or an escape effected; still their noses (I judged) would go against the glass front or top with a bang that made the glass rattle. After these blows there could be seen occasionally a little moisture which did not have the tenacity of saliva, but trickled down the pane readily. Some rattlers are very irritable and do not ever seem to become accustomed to confinement and irritation, but will sound their alarm at once on any one's appearance. Others, again, remain quiet and will scarcely move for days together. Then, again, there is a marked difference in the positions occupied by the different species. The big ones of the South lie in a coil, with the head nearly in the center, and in a very lazy-appearing attitude. The members of the genus *Crotalus*, both our massasauga and the ground rattlesnake (a little rattler of the South rarely reaching twenty inches in length), seem to sprawl about in any shape. It is the Northern or banded rattler (*Crotalus durissus*) which assumes an attitude of real dignity, if not absolute beauty; and he could readily be admired did we not bear constantly in mind his dreadful power. A common position is one in which the neck and upper part of the body are projected up from the coil and a half, at an angle of 50°, with the head poised in attitude of attention, from fifteen to twenty inches in the air. One will remain, if undisturbed, in this position hours together, and often when slightly aroused the tail will vibrate while the strained rigidity continues, and the steely eye glitters in unswerving watchfulness.

When the poisonous snake strikes, as I have endeavored to show, it throws its head forward with great rapidity and, I have no doubt, with its full strength, and should it not reach the object for which it aims the force of the blow is just as great as if it were reached. Frequently a series of misses demoralizes an irritated snake to such an extent that it will utterly refuse to strike for some time. It may be that the pestered creature loses its pugnacity, knowing that its efforts are unavailing, or it may feel, and this is much more likely, in cases where it has struck the object without effect, that its supply of venom is exhausted and it is useless to continue the attack. As the head moves forward like a catapult, the jaws open and, as the object is reached, the teeth, or more properly fangs, are presented forward and downward. Now, suppose the snake strikes with its opened upper jaw at an angle of 45° and its fangs are about at right angles with the jaw, then the fangs as presented, or on entering the object, are at about 45° angle, or sinking down into the flesh at that degree. With rattlers it is all alike, so far as I can learn in regard to striking, whether a small

massasauga or large diamond, the act is the same and the wound the same, only differing in depth, varying with difference of length of fang and in height from ground, the difference resulting from reach. If this reasoning is correct, then a 4ft. rattler striking at an object a foot and a half from the ground would, if it had the power of ejecting the contents of its poison sack at will, throw the venom forward and downward at an angle of 45°, and on to the base of triangle one foot and a half in advance of a perpendicular dropped from the point where the fluid was ejected. These figures may be altered variously, and the proposition may be demonstrated by any one having enough interest in the matter to get a rattler and try the experiment.

A sauger (*C. tergenina*) that we had in confinement, upon irritation would strike at the end of a stick or any other object held in front of it; as it was caged in with a wire netting, of course its head came with force against the screen and often the poison (at least so I judged it to be) was thrown six or eight inches, and once somewhat over a foot. It was observed that after remaining undisturbed for several days or weeks, this escaping venom was in greater quantity than if the creature was pestered often, sometimes showing to the extent of several drops, whereas only the faintest evidence of moisture would be seen, or even none at all, if the snake was made to strike repeatedly. That the snake's mouth opened and fangs erected was often made evident, for, although the act was performed very quickly, it not infrequently occurred that the fangs were momentarily caught in the mesh and it took a second or two for it to recover itself, showing conclusively that the mouth had been opened widely. It also proved what I am endeavoring to demonstrate, that the fangs at time of striking present forward and downward. This massasauga was slightly over 20 in. in length and could strike as high as 5 in. from the floor on the wire netting, and it is said with all confidence that the poison was undoubtedly thrown several inches further than it would have been had the snake thus struck while resting, and possessed (suppositional) of the voluntary power to squirt, eject or spit its poison without first striking an object. In other words, the momentum acquired from the forward movement gave an additional impetus to any object leaving the mouth through any cause whatever. Many times when we hauled this snake on to the bare floor in the room and irritated it, it did strike fruitlessly, failing to reach the object aimed at; but these failures were not accompanied by an emission of venom, and therefore it seems reasonable to conclude that the ejection only occurs when the jaws come in contact with an object.

If we plagued the sauger too severely, as we often did, stirring him around on the floor with an iron poker, he would, after many fruitless darts, in which he not rarely bit himself, though without result, spread himself out quite flat, and assuming a sigmoid flexure on the floor, flop about at each poke and never attempt to bite or to escape.

It is difficult to understand what reason could be advanced for the act of spitting. The venom of snakes was supplied to them for purposes of offense and defense, and as we know that it is harmless when applied to unabraded surfaces, it is difficult to understand why these creatures should waste their stock of ammunition. The venom has even been applied to medicinal use and has been at times given in an attenuated state by the homoeopathic profession, as per their principle *similia similibus curantur*, but, although at one period advocated, I have yet to hear that a case of rattlesnake bite was ever benefitted by the treatment.

I conclude that (1) snakes cannot strike from a coil, and (2) they cannot spit if they would, for their anatomy does not admit of it, and they would not if they could, as there would be no object in wasting their ammunition.

KALANAZOO, Mich.

MORRIS GIBBS.

The Crank and the Plume Hunter.

INDIAN RIVER, Fla., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many thanks for your editorial of Jan. 5 on the crank in Florida who shoots at everything he sees and calls it sport. Happily the greater number of these gentry shoot at but fail to hit what they think they are aiming at. Still their whole course is one of wanton cruelty and not of sport in any legitimate sense of the term. The way to stop it is for the great majority of right thinkers to so impress the public mind that a force of public opinion shall be established which will force these people to a proper behavior. Meantime we are all the while urging the amendment of the Florida laws, and another year will, I think, see a great change in them for the better.

Still, after all, the "cranks" who are most responsible for the destruction of birds of plumage are the ladies, who at the North, as members of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, are mighty careful (and very properly too) that horses and dogs shall be kindly treated, and yet by the wearing of plumes offer a premium to the ragamuffins employed by the dealers for the wholesale destruction and rapid extinction of every beautiful bird in Florida.

This is done by the invasion of the rookeries in the swamps where large colonies have their nests and rear their young, and where, in consequence, the destruction is much greater and is irreparable. Hundreds of these rookeries where thousands of birds congregated every year are already broken up and destroyed, and to-day you may sail a hundred miles along the Indian River without seeing that most picturesque of all birds, the great blue heron.

Let us have a new crusade for the protection of the birds of plumage and of song.

W.

Blue Goose in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 16.—I have in my collection a goose killed at Charlestown Beach, R. I., Oct. 16, 1892, which has been examined by Mr. Newton Dexter and pronounced by him as, probably, a young blue goose. Plumage dull bluish on the head and upper parts of the body, feet lead-colored, laminae very prominent. Length 27 in., wing 15 in., bill 2 in., tarsus 2 1/2 in. This bird was alone when shot and was in very poor condition.

F. L. GLEZEN.

In Touch.

WRITES a correspondent from Stevens county, Washington: *FOREST AND STREAM* has during all these years kindly kept me in touch with the sportsmen of America, and furnished me a weekly ration of pleasure, unalloyed with anything unfit for the eyes of any woman or child!

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

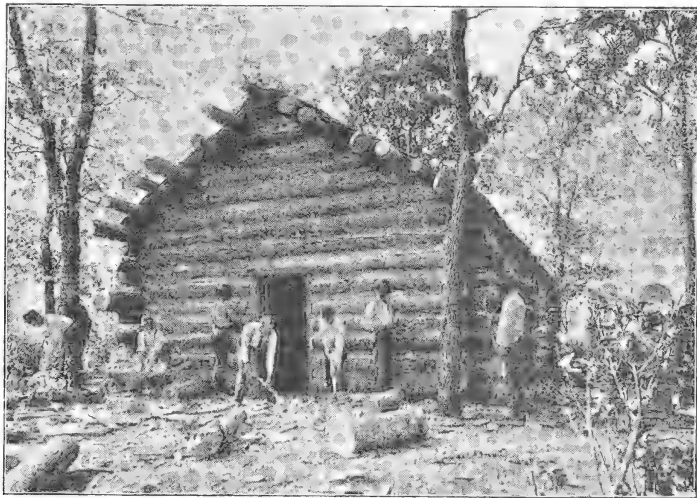
THE annual meeting and first dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club were held Wednesday, Jan. 11, at the Metropolitan Club, in Washington. The occasion was one of unusual interest from the fact that the club is to have an exhibit of a hunter's camp at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago next summer. Among the members present were Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Prof. Arnold Hague, Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, Mr. Royal Car-

game. Its members have not spared time nor trouble in advocating beneficial legislation, and opposing injurious measures, in Congress, and there is little doubt that the better feeling which now exists among big-game hunters in this country is largely due to the good influences exerted by the Boone and Crockett Club.

SOME WOODS PRANKS.

KANKAKEE, ILL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Business prevented me from taking my annual hunt with my companions last fall.

To-day one of those companions, K., an old hunter called on me to report the result of the hunt. The party killed nineteen deer, about two to the hunter. He related to me many amusing incidents of the hunt. Rarely an expedition of that kind, an expedition for amusement purely, a camp



HUNTER'S CABIN OF THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
From the "Illustrated World's Fair."

roll, Mr. Winthrop Chandler, Mr. Owen Wister, Hon. H. Cabot Lodge, Mr. W. Austin Wadsworth, Capt. Frank Edwards, of the First Cavalry, Gen. A. W. Greeley, Dr. J. West Roosevelt, Mr. Gordon-Cumming, Mr. J. Chandler, Mr. L. Nicholls, of Boston, and Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell. Among the invited guests were the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Thos. B. Reed and Hon. B. Storer and Mr. Caspar W. Whitney.

The business meeting was called to order at 6:45 in the Metropolitan Club, the president, Mr. Roosevelt, occupying the chair. In the absence of the secretary, Mr. Archibald Rogers, a temporary secretary was appointed. The first business in order was the election of officers for the ensuing year. On motion of Mr. Austin Wadsworth, seconded by Mr. Nicholls, it was voted that the temporary secretary be authorized to cast a single ballot for the club for president and for secretary. The old officers were renominated and so elected, Hon. Theo. Roosevelt, President, Mr. Archibald Rogers, Secretary.

The President outlined the work which he had done in preparing the grounds of the exhibit at Chicago, and causing to be erected a log cabin of the ordinary type. His action so far as he had gone was approved by the club. On motion it was voted that the chair appoint a committee of five to have direct charge of the exhibit, and Messrs. Austin Wadsworth, Winthrop Chandler, Wister, Deering and Grinnell were named to form this committee with full power to take such action as they may deem best. The question of a publication to be issued by the club was discussed at some length, and this matter was handed over to the committee with power to act. The meeting then adjourned.

The dinner was served at 7:30 o'clock, and was greatly enjoyed by all, the party not leaving the dining room until after 1 o'clock. The *pièce de résistance* of the meal was a saddle of elk, killed some time ago in Montana, and sent on by Mr. Elwood Hofer, who accompanied it by a saddle of mountain sheep. The dinner was quite informal, there being no set speeches. Only one health was drunk, that of the Hon. John W. Noble, whose great interest in our public preserves, whether national parks, forest reservations or marine reservations, was referred to in a few earnest remarks by Mr. Roosevelt. The Hon. Thomas B. Reed responded briefly but feelingly for Mr. Noble.

Much interest is felt by members of the Boone and Crockett Club and will be shared by other big-game hunters in the exhibit to be held at Chicago next summer. The grounds assigned to the club consist of a small island adjacent to a larger island near the grounds occupied by the Agricultural building at the fair. On these grounds, as has been said, a commodious log cabin, with a mud and stick chimney, has been erected. Camps of various types will be placed near this, with perhaps, examples of ordinary canvas tents and of Indian tipis. The cabin will be furnished in the style of an ordinary hunter's or ranchman's cabin in the West. A prairie schooner will stand not far off, riding saddles and pack saddles will be lying about, hunting implements will hang upon the walls, hides, skins and horns will be thrown upon the roof or tacked against the sides of the building. In short, an effort will be made to reproduce as nearly as possible the ordinary cabin of the western country with which all big-game hunters are so familiar. Among the arms which it is hoped to secure for exhibition are the rifles of Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone and Kit Carson. It is possible that there may be some mounted heads of large game exhibited within the building, but this is not certain. It is thought that the committee will be glad to receive for exhibition here a few articles, if they have a real historical value, but no attempt will be made to prepare anything like a complete exhibit of arms or even of historic weapons.

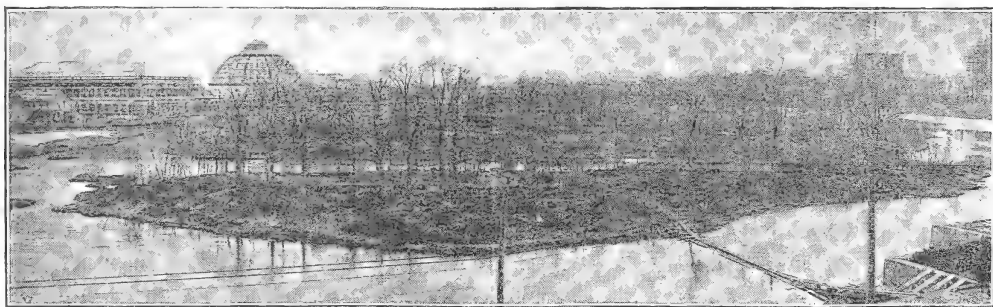
The history of the Boone and Crockett Club is not a long one, but during its existence of four years it has accomplished some very good work and has done much to impress upon many classes in the community the importance of preserving our National Parks, our forests and our

of four weeks, passes without many amusing, ludicrous incidents.

Joe, one of the party, was a "fresh hunter," not accustomed to timber, and fearing that he might become lost, not able to find the way back to camp, took Luke with him as a guide, the understanding being, Joe was to do the shooting and Luke the guiding. However, Luke had his gun with him.

While they were stealthily proceeding through the timber, a large buck sprang from his bed, looked at Joe and Luke, stretched out one hind leg, raised its flag and leisurely jumped into the brush, Joe not raising his gun. Shortly a doe sprang up and Luke dropped it, and Joe ran rapidly to it, and said: "Hello, Luke, I got my deer. Did you get yours?"

The guide part of the story recalls to my mind an anecdote, that transpired when K. was not in the hunt. We had a gentleman with us not accustomed to hunting, nor to timber. He would not venture far from camp alone, but employed a guide, a "native," to go with him. The



BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB ISLAND.
Site of the Boone and Crockett Cabin.

gentleman carried on his watch chain a very small compass, as a charm I believe.

When returning towards camp the gentleman took the charm in his hand, looked at it wisely, intending to convey the idea that he "knew some things as well as others," saying to the guide, "camp is yonder," pointing.

The native dryly replied, "I reckon that trick is kerect, case I see the tops of the tents over thar." When we were seated for dinner, the native with an expressionless countenance, said, "Gentle-men, what mought that trick be Mr. C. has hitched to his watch guard? It pints out camp kerect every time."

K. says, "L., do you remember the trick the boys played on Doc many years ago when he first commenced hunting deer?"

Doc was with others hunting deer where open glades and marshes were interspersed throughout the timber, the marshes being grown up with tall grass. Those places, especially the marshes, were a great resort for old bucks in the day time as hiding places. The boys killed a large buck in one of the marshes, and to have some fun with Doc at his own expense, he not being present, cut off the head of the buck and placed it on an ant-hill so as to appear as natural as possible of a buck resting in its bed, then they took the carcass into the timber. The stems of the grass around about the head were large but not enough of them to hide the buck's head. The wind was blowing gently, waving the grass, so that to the anxious inexperienced hunter, the head of the buck with a little imagination would appear to be steadily turning in different directions.

After dinner the boys started out with Doc. The duty of beating the different glades and marshes was duly as-

signed to the members of the party, the marsh containing the head falling to the lot of Doc. His attention was casually called to the old sign of the buck leading into the marsh, with the remark that it was possible that the buck had stopped in the marsh. Doc proceeded to beat the marsh while the boys took a good position in the timber where they could take in the whole scene. He went cautiously as he had been advised, step by step. Soon he was seen to stop, crouch, get upon his hands and knees, crawl along, then rise on one knee, take the military position, fire kneeling, and fire, look, then drop on his side, reload (we had muzzleloaders in those days), assume the same position and again fire, look at the buck which appeared undisturbed, then lie down, examine the sights of his gun to see if they had been moved (for he was a good shot). He repeated these movements until his bullets were expended, fifteen I believe, then arose to his feet, went to the buck and found that he was sold. Ah! the pranks the old hunters will frequently play off on the young hunter, yes, and on occasion on an old one.

A number of years ago one of my old companions, I will call him Bill, would occasionally hunt in the night with a head light, having one route he travelled. The boys procured for the occasion an old nail keg, bored a couple of holes in it for eyes, put a lighted candle in it, covering the top of the keg so as to hide all the light, except the eyes; and placed it in a suitable place on the route a short distance from the camp.

Such a dummy will deceive an unsuspecting old hunter, when it is set up in a suitable place. In hunting on such occasions Bill used a No. 9-gauge shotgun heavily charged. After dark he started out on his beat. The night was dark and still, air heavy, timber dense.

Soon the boom of his gun was heard, quickly followed by another shot, the shots sounding under these conditions like the firing of artillery. Bill returned with a broad grin on his face, saying, "Boys, you got me this time."

I will close by saying, gentlemen it is your turn next—
H. L.

BLACK DUCK SHOOTING.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—One day on returning from woodcock shooting just west of Allingtown, which is about two miles west of New Haven, I stopped at the foot of the hill on the Derby road near West river. Looking down the long, nearly straight stretch of the river where it flows close to the high steep bank on the west side of the meadow, I saw in the "bend" of the river, about sixty rods below, a flock of the black or dusky ducks—*Anas obscura*—apparently feeding on the wild oats that grew luxuriantly along its banks. The wild oats grew so tall all the way to the bend as to conceal the shooter by his stooping a little. When I got within about twenty rods of the bend I tied my dog to a tree, then went carefully down to the bend, and crept slowly through the wild oats, inch by inch, poking them aside with my gun, till I got near enough to rather dimly see the ducks through the oats. I waited till I got two or three of them in range, and then pulled. As they always do when startled, they seemed to spring straight up about fifteen or twenty feet and then fly straight away. I let go the other barrel and brought down two.

Without waiting to see the effect of my first shot barrel, I ran for "old Gyp," my dog. The race to the bend was made in good time. I stripped as quick as they skin an eel, and plunged into the river, where I saw but two ducks. I took them by the tips of the wings between my teeth, and swam back and threw them on the bank. I then swam back to the other side of the river, and secured one more among the oats, badly wounded. I then hunted the dog back and forth along the fringe of wild oats, clad as I

was in nature's airy bathing suit, but found none. I noticed that when Gyp came to a certain spot he was inclined to work into the meadow where the grass and bushes might hide one, but thought it best to first beat the belt of oats to the river, but could find no more. When the dog came to that particular spot, he again began to work inland. "Aha," said I, "good dog, you understand your part of the sport better than I," and let him follow his own nose. Within a few rods he found the duck concealed in a clump of low bushes, which we secured.

I carressed old Gyp in the most endearing manner, which he fully appreciated by affectionately smiling with a most approving look. He seemed to think that we were two of the best fellows in the world, and we were just then, or at any rate the happiest. I took the tips of the duck's wings, as I did before, and swam back to the other side of the river. It took much longer to put on my clothes than it did to take them off, as might be expected. By the time I got back to the wagon I should have thought that my load was heavy if it had been anything else, but it being black ducks it seemed light enough. The unexpected termination of my day's sport was very satisfactory indeed, as I always took some pride in shooting the wary black duck. These little side incidents tend to spice up a day's shooting, and are always pleasant to recall.

B. F. ARLINGTON.

A Thought Ahead for Posterity.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is as sick as a new pin in its new dress, and of a sweet smelling savor unto its readers. I sometimes wonder what this earth will do without the FOREST AND STREAM, for you people can't live forever, don't you know.
O. O. S.

PENNSYLVANIA IS AWAKE.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the meeting of the Legislative Committee of the State Sportsmen's Association, called to consider the best means to protect the game of the State, more genuine interest and enthusiasm was manifested than was anticipated. The committee expected that half a dozen enthusiasts who had the game interests at heart would get together and bewail the destruction of fur and feather that was soon to terminate their favorite sport. Instead, there was a full attendance of the committee proper, gathered from the extreme ends of the State and fairly representing each section, together with a score or more of the members of the Legislature now in session and a couple of dozen sportsmen from near-by points.

Such a gathering without any previous advertising, except the notice published in *FOREST AND STREAM* and a couple of other sportsmen's papers, was not only highly gratifying to the committee, but showed the keen interest taken in the subject up for consideration; and also that game protection is going to have plenty of advocates and friends in our State.

A brief statement by the chairman, setting forth the objects and reasons for the calling together of the committee, brought on a general discussion which led to the adoption of a resolution requesting the Legislature to pass an act creating a State Game Commission, whose duty it shall be to foster and protect our game birds and animals, to introduce new varieties and renew exhausted coverts, and to have similar rights, privileges and assistance as are now extended to the State Fish Commission.

Judging from the remarks and pledges given by members of the Legislature who were in attendance, this act will be passed.

It was acceded to by all present that there must be some directing head to which sportsmen can look for assistance in punishing violators of the game laws, and for intelligently carrying out the best methods of increasing the game supply. All changes and amendments to the game laws have, when brought before the Legislature heretofore, been referred to the Committee on Agriculture, a very important committee, having some very important matters referred to it. It is now proposed to appoint in the House of Representatives a committee on fish and game.

This is a step in the right direction, as it is presumed the Speaker will appoint members interested in the subject and capable of understanding what is needed to preserve the game. To this committee will be referred the proposed changes in the game laws, and Speaker Thompson kindly sent a communication to our meeting asking if our Association's objects would be advanced by the appointment of this committee. We unanimously agreed that they would, and passed a resolution thanking him for his suggestion and praying that the committee be appointed. So it looks as if the proper legislative machinery was well oiled and set in motion to give us anything in reason.

The next important matter taken up was the revision of the game laws. This naturally provoked a great deal of discussion. Numerous letters were read from all sections of the State, showing the great interest taken, some of them recommending radical changes and others none at all, but all breathing the one sentiment, "protection." The causes leading to the diminution of the game were carefully discussed. Bad weather, hawks, owls, foxes and other vermin received their share of attention, but the final conclusion was reached that of all these elements there was one above all others to be feared, and that was the breechloading gun. Bad breeding weather and hard winters were beyond the committee's control. Destructive animals and birds might be reduced in number by proper bounties being offered for their scalps or hides, but the breechloader was what the committee had started out to protect the game from and their action was rather radical. It being conceded that the hunter was the one to be watched it was thought he could be watched closer if he had fewer days to pursue game. The first recommendation made was to repeal all the existing game laws (not including fish) and to substitute new clauses entirely. To make a uniform day for opening and closing the season on all except a few migratory birds.

A committee of three, Representative Tabot, Caspar Dull, Esq., and the chairman, were empowered to draft these new clauses as directed by the meeting, and frame a bill to be presented at once to the Legislature.

The committee then took up each head of game separately, and after a careful consideration recommended as follows:

Deer, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, woodcock and squirrels should be killed only from the 15th day of October to the 15th day of December, included; quail from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; grass plover, Aug. 1 to Sept. 15; rail and reed birds, ducks and geese, the law to remain as it is. No hounding of deer or keeping dogs that run deer, to be allowed; snaring or trapping to be prohibited; insectivorous birds to be protected; no game of any kind allowed to be sold in the State after Jan. 1, whether killed in this or any other State, and prohibiting the shipping of game out of the State; the farmers to be protected against damage and insult by trespassers.

The committee looks for a great deal of unfavorable criticism, especially from the summer woodcock and squirrel shooters, who have their season so sharply curtailed. But they appeal to all the sportsmen in the State to stand by these dates for what is considered the best of reasons. If we are to have the bulk of our game preserved some sacrifices must be made.

It is well known that woodcock and squirrel shooters, in September especially, are strongly tempted to kill the young ruffed grouse and turkeys, and unprincipled hunters do kill them by the scores. So we ask the true sportsman to sacrifice his summer shooting for the greater good of the fall season, and we can't help but think that all the fair-minded sportsmen will uphold us in these choice of dates. If it is unlawful for a hunter to be seen in the covert or mountain before Oct. 15 it will be easier to detect and punish those killing game illegally.

The closing of the season on Dec. 15 we considered a wise move, as we rarely have any deep snows before that time, which removes the temptation for the pot-hunter to get in his work. It is a notorious fact that more quail are brought to market after heavy falls of snow than any other time in the open season.

Regarding the clause prohibiting the sale of game no matter in what State it has been killed after Jan. 1, it will

bring the game dealers down on us. We expect this, and are prepared to fight this clause through. It has been a concession to them that has been shamefully abused, and has always been a weak point in the game laws, and only by the enactment of this clause can game be properly protected from slaughter in close time.

The committee has finished the work for which they were appointed as soon as their bills are framed and properly presented to the Legislature, and we ask the different game associations and gun clubs to complete the work by urging their representatives to vote for our measures.

Start the ball at once and quit only after our bills have become law, and then see that the law is lived up to.

C. E. H. BRELSFORD, Chairman.

SOME TEXAS SHOOTING.

VELASCO, Texas, Jan. 5.—Since my last communication we have had several notable hunts. A few days ago a party composed of J. M. Moore, Dr. J. G. Boyd, Mr. J. F. Perry, and your correspondent gave the deer a round up. We stopped during the night preceding the hunt with Mr. Perry, at his beautiful home on the old Perry plantation near the banks of the Brazos River. The place is replete with historical interest, as it was the favorite rendezvous of Stephen F. Austin, one of the noted Texas pioneers, and his remains rest here beneath the shades of the live oaks in the family cemetery.

We made a fair start in the morning, Mr. Perry did the driving, while the rest of us took stands along the old road which leads through the forest. Moore rode a spirited mustang, and everybody knows that the average Texas mustang is an uncertain quantity when badly wanted, and in this case the mustang was rather above the average, as he could run faster, kick higher, buck stiffer, and look uglier than anything in the shape of horseflesh within ten counties.

When the music of the hounds commenced there was a dispute between Jack and his rider. Moore wanted to canter down the road and head off the deer, Jack suddenly remembered that he had not finished his breakfast and decided to canter back home. A dispute arose in which various threatening parrotutes was followed by Moore suddenly dismounting after the latest fashion not yet taught in the riding schools.

It did not take much time to jump a deer. Boyd stood in a narrow ravine running into the river; it was his first deer hunt although he had often studied the animal through the bars of the Central Park in New York. Presently he saw three brownish looking animals hopping along through the undergrowth toward him. He concluded they were dogs from a neighboring plantation, and not wishing to have them frighten the game away from him, he gathered up a club, and with a vigorous "Git there, you curs," let drive at them as they came within a few steps.

They got, so did the Doctor; he got up on a stump and orated, for instead of three cur dogs they were three big bucks that straightened up and did some of the tallest running you ever saw when the Doctor hurled his club. They passed close to Mr. Perry, who tumbled one of the biggest with a right and left, the dogs passed out of hearing and finally dropped the trail, which ended the hunt.

We are getting up a party to go for the wildcats along the east bank of the river a few miles north of town; they are numerous, and of late have been pretty bold in visiting the chicken roosts of the Perry plantation. They make a splendid run, almost as strong as a fox, and there is some little excitement at the capture.

Dr. Boyd is perhaps the best posted man on the ways of the feathered tribe in this section of the country, but he reports something which passed before his observation a few days ago while hunting ducks north of town. He says he was attracted toward a collection of sandhill cranes at some little distance, and after some caution succeeded in getting within easy shooting range. They were having a regular old-fashioned corn dance.

While the flock stood gravely looking on, two of the cranes would step out, and facing each other dance in the most serious and ludicrous manner imaginable. They would cut all kind of capers with their long ungainly legs, as the Doctor put it, just like the human dudes who display their agility in the ball room. When one couple became exhausted, another stepped forward to take their place, and the dance continued for hours at a time, until the Doctor was forced by the approach of night to return home; the Doctor says some of the steps practiced were original and extremely funny; he is trying to introduce them to the local dancing master.

Mr. B. W. Merrill, a noted disciple of Izaak Walton, has been here the past week. The black bass, trout and redfish are at their prime, and the weather is just cool enough to make fishing pleasant. The bass take the fly almost as daintily as the mountain trout of loving memory.

Dr. J. C. Mayfield, Rev. W. H. Browne, Mr. Will Hamilton, of Houston, Texas, and your correspondent made a trip to the Cedar Lakes, about eighteen miles south, a couple of weeks ago. The country in the vicinity of the lakes is little hunted, and I am ashamed to tell the story of our luck, as it would look like pot-hunting; but there was not a pot-hunter in the party, only we could not resist the temptation to shoot when the geese and ducks persisted in flying around us.

Boyd, Gueringer, More and Morrissey tried their luck at the ducks yesterday morning. They are pretty plenty, but we have had little cold weather here yet, and they are not as thick as I have seen them.

You can realize something of our climate when I tell you that there has not been a day this year when you could not find the farmers near town selling all kind of green vegetables on the streets.

If you want to have fun just ask Gueringer how shooting over decoys is in this country. My flesh proud friend bought a dozen handsome mallards from an Eastern dealer and a few mornings ago concluded to try them. He had first-rate sport at first, killing twenty-seven mallards in less than an hour; but not content with that he left his decoys and sought for the frisky quail in the neighboring fields. Returning, he forgot all about the decoys, and after crawling 100 yds. through the weeds, covered himself with glory by slaughtering nine of the innocent canvas sides.

Next letter I will tell you about a bear hunt on the Bernard, in which various of our deep-water port nimmers participated with various degrees of glory.

O'BRIAN.

STYLES OF CHOKES.

BERGERVILLE, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have for several years been trying to get some satisfactory information as to the relative merits of the various systems of chokeboring employed by the manufacturers of the best guns. There seems to be such a slight difference in the performance of some of these high grade guns, yet the systems of boring are entirely different. For example, take a Greener and a Lefever of about the same cost and finish. They will (supposing both guns are fully choked) put about an equal number of shot in a 30in. circle at equal distances, other things being equal, viz., powder, charge, shell used, etc.

Now, one of these two guns, the Greener, is choked in the manner adopted by many other makers, viz., by gradually reducing the size of the bore from about 4in. from the muzzle to the muzzle. The Lefever choke is a gradual taper from breech to muzzle. One must have an advantage over the other, and yet it is scarcely apparent.

I have used many guns choked on both these systems, and my experience has been that in most cases the gradual taper is better for an all-round gun, as large shot do not scatter so much as in the other system. I have an Ithaca which makes very close and pretty patterns (and it is muzzle-choked) with all sizes of shot. The closest shooting gun I ever used was a Needham gun with Greener barrels. It would scatter buckshot, however, very badly.

I once shot a broad-wing hawk at eighty-five paces with a taper-choked gun made by Forehand & Wadsworth. I may be wrong, and if so will be glad of correction, but it seems to me that a gun that is muzzle-choked throws large shot across one another, more than if choked on the taper principle.

I am certain that the recoil is less in taper-bored guns than in muzzle-choked ones. It seems to me that a charge of shot which is brought together slowly and gradually will scatter less than when suddenly bunched together at the end of the barrel; and yet as I said before it is only apparent when using coarse shot.

I hope some one who knows more than I do will take up this subject, as I am interested in it in more ways than one (no bet), but chiefly from a scientific point of view.

L. D. VON IFFLAND.

ANOTHER PANTHER INCIDENT.

PLATTEVILLE, Wis., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with amusement and interest the several communications in your paper upon the panther's scream, and have wished it was in my power to contribute a mite toward settling the much vexed question. But as I never saw but one uncaged panther, and that one did not scream in my hearing, I was unable to add any testimony as of my own knowledge to either side of the discussion. Though, if one may believe what his neighbors say respecting what they heard, my impression, based upon such evidence given at the time, would be that the particular panther in question had a good healthy voice and knew how to use it.

Your correspondent, John R. Spears, in his very amusing paper in your issue of Jan. 5, enters upon the discussion of a new type of asserted pantherian peculiarity respecting which I can testify something from my own observation.

More than forty years ago, when I was in my seventeenth year, and a new-comer in southwestern Wisconsin, I saw the panther above referred to. The same animal, or one supposed to be the same, was believed to have remained in the locality for several years, and was many times seen—and heard so it was said—and left traces of his visits to farm yards in dead animals killed and not carried off, as it was asserted, besides leaving his footprints in the snow. And although many hunting parties were organized to kill or capture him, in some of which I took part, he was never killed or captured that I heard of.

When I saw him it was under these circumstances: My father and I were hauling stone from a quarry which we had opened in a piece of prairie on our own farm, to a place about a quarter of a mile distant, where, in dense underbrush by the side of a fine spring, we were building a house. Going with the team and unloaded wagon from the house to the quarry, and just as we emerged from the underbrush upon the prairie, we caught a glimpse of the back of some animal which showed above the tops of the tall prairie grass and weeds. Curious to see what sort of an animal it was, we turned the team in the direction which he had taken and trotted off in the hope to overtake him. It was only about one-sixteenth of a mile or less from the place where we first saw him to the edge of our farm, which was then unfenced. Adjoining our land lay a piece of new "breaking," which had been broken the summer previous and left uncropped, and only as the breaking plow left it. On our side of the line there was a narrow fringe of low hazel and chokecherry bushes through which our visitor passed without stopping, and when we drove through it and reached the edge of the "breaking" there stood the pursued, some six, or perhaps, eight rods distant out upon the "breaking." Evidently, however, his curiosity as well as ours was stirred, and looking back at the occurrence now it seems to me that probably he was thinking, as he looked back at us, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" for there he stood, facing toward us, head and tail erect.

We did not go any further in that direction after we saw him standing there for three reasons, as I remember it. First, the new breaking was too rough to drive over with comfort; second, the pursued did not seem to be particularly anxious to go any further, just then, in the direction which he had been pursuing, and third, as we had no weapons it did not seem to be advisable to endeavor to compel him to do so. Besides, we had already gratified our curiosity; we had seen him. But neither of us had still the slightest idea what animal it really was, and it was two or three years later when I discovered that our visitor actually was a full-grown panther.

As I said, there he stood looking at us, and we sat on the wagon and looked at him. Neither party appeared to be frightened. The panther showed no signs of fear at any rate, and my father and I really did not know enough to be frightened. He showed no signs that we detected of any purpose to attack us, and we had no purpose to attempt to molest him. After surveying us for some seconds, probably not minutes, he began to "wave" his tail. He would swing it around with the most stately dignity, until its tip would be thrown with what seemed almost like a blow against one side, then the operation

would be repeated with similar dignity on the other side, and so on. Presently, after how long an interval I cannot say, but while we still sat there looking at him, he slowly turned away, and with stately tread pursued his original course across the "breaking," and we returned to our stone hauling.

Therefore, as I know I was not frightened, and am as certain that I saw what I have detailed as I am certain of my name, I may be counted among those who know from observation that a panther does "wave" his tail, or at least that one panther did. W. E. CARTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]
All About Skins.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 14.—Mr. J. A. Price, of Riverside, a Chicago suburb, has a magnificent buffalo robe of the old sort, which has been in his family unused for years. His father bought it in the late '60's. He has also a rare and unique thing in the skin of an albino buffalo, a genuine white buffalo, of the fabled sort. This is evidently the robe of a yearling. The color is grayish white. Mr. Price's father got it in 1871. Its history is unknown. Still, it has been in Chicago for 22 years, a singularly interesting and valuable bit of news as it is. I have been waiting for 22 years to see whether or not a valued albino contemporary published in this city was going to say anything about this skin, but have about concluded that it won't. May be it will next week now.

The finest bear skin I ever saw is the property of Mr. R. F. Bullen, of 186 Clark street, this city. It is a "silver tip" skin, though Mr. Bullen and the taxidermist thought it a grizzly. While not so large as many grizzly skins, it is the finest, in point of coat and general perfection, I ever met. Not that it is small, for indeed it is very large. We measured it 8½ feet from hind foot to nose, 7ft. 10in. from tail to nose, 6ft. 11in. from front foot to front foot across its outstretched fore legs. The head is 19 inches long, the actual skull being 15 inches as measured over the naked bones. This bear was killed late in last September, near Hahn's Peak, Colorado, and Mr. Bullen had a near call with him. He and his guide saw the bear standing up on his hind feet in a quaking asp thicket. The guide got his cartridges mixed, and his rifle was worthless. Mr. Bullen shot the bear though, with a .47-70 government cartridge. His heavy 500 grain bullet did not stop the bear, and it came on. Mr. Bullen fired three more balls at it which struck it in the body, and all but one seemed to pass through its body. This one was found, battered and flattened in the most singular way, lodged against the skin on the opposite side of the body. None of these stopped the big fellow, and he came smashing out through the thicket, walking on his hind feet till he got near the edge, where he dropped to all fours. He was then only a few yards distant, and came on, with his head low down and rolling, as if to protect his head. Mr. Cullen fired several rapid shots at his head and missed him, the bear snarling and roaring each time as if he knew what the zip of the bullet meant. His last shot fired struck the bear in the corner of the eye, and it turned him, though it was never found in the direction and probably did not do the mortal work. At this shot, however, the old fellow swerved and went back into the thicket, where he was found a few moments later quite dead, with his head stretched out on a log. Mr. Cullen says he was not scared at the time. He knew he had to shoot and couldn't get away. After it was over, he got plenty scared, as well he might. This will show that two men are better than one to kill bear. Of these two guns, one was out of order just at the time when it should have been working. The guide got a cartridge jammed, one of different caliber from the one his gun required. At any rate, after so narrow a squeak and so exciting an experience, Mr. Bullen deserves hearty congratulations. His trophy is valuable in every sense of the word.

At Periotot & Wolff's fur store I spoke of the Bullen bear skin, and ventured the remark that there were only two kinds of bears in the Rockies, the grizzly and the black. One of the firm laughed at me, and showed me, as something which he evidently considered conclusive proof, the skins of black, brown, cinnamon and silver tip bears. "These may cross," said he, "but they are distinct species." I should not wonder if he called the Bullen skin a grizzly skin.

The "Golden Beaver."

Once upon a time I wrote some articles about furs, and had occasion to interview Mr. J. F. Periotot, of this same firm. He showed me some specimens of golden beaver furs, a fur which I have always thought the most beautiful on earth. "This is the golden beaver," said he, "which we usually call the Siberian beaver, but to be frank with you, it doesn't come from Siberia at all, but is only found on a few streams of the Indian Territory. This private snap in news I duly published. Now it happened that to-day, while talking with the member of the firm who didn't believe in restricting the bear family, that this question of the golden beaver came up. "There is no such thing as a golden beaver," said this candid gentleman. "That color is all the result of bleaching." We can bleach a beaver skin to any shade of 'golden,' as I will show you. We used to call this Siberian beaver, but now everybody is on to this, and the trade secret is too common for concealment." Thus vanished alike my belief in the secret streams of the Indian nations and in the honesty of a fur man. My admiration for the wonderful honey-colored fur remains unshaken.

A Sensation in Buffalo.

But this was not all that I discovered in my wild and woolly day of prowling after skins and furs. I ran across a sensation which may cause many a man to start in his chair, in New York or Colorado. I ran across one of the slaughtered herd of the Lost Park buffalo, of Colorado, something which has torn up the press, both lay and sporting, for some time. I found the skin of one of these buffalo, found where it came from, and—more's the pity!—came within an inch of finding out the name of the man who did the killing! At least, I believe these to be facts, and will state the case just as it lay before me with the guard that obviously the words of the fur men need careful weighing.

It was at this same store of the Wolf & Periotot Fur Co., and just after the golden beaver man had explained the Siberian bleach to us, that he called our attention to

the mounted figure of a magnificent buffalo bull, in full robe, and fairly well set up.

Where does that come from?" I asked, "and how long have you had it?"

"We've had it about 6 months. It came from the north, from Montana," was the reply.

"Then it must be from Manitoba, not Montana," said I. "Did it come from the Warden Bedson herd, of Stony Mountain, or did Buffalo Jones get all of that herd?"

"Yes, that's where it came from," said the fur man. (He was very polite and this may have been the wolf, though I do not know his name).

We turned to go, when I met Mr. Periotot, whom I had met often before. I spoke to him of the big bull at the stock yards, remarking that it weighed over a ton. "Oh, that's nothing," said he, "we've got one in here that weighed 2,700 pounds."

"Where did you get him?" I asked, "as we walked back to the bull."

"He came from Colorado," said Mr. Periotot, "or rather it was smuggled into Cheyenne from Colorado. It was killed in Brown Co., Col., but you know there's a \$1000 fine for killing a buffalo in Colorado. We got this skin packed down close and tight in a store box. It was killed by a man who hunts and traps for us all the time out there, and shipped by our Cheyenne firm."

"Why, this must be one of the Lost Park herd," said I, unwisely; "you know there aren't very many buffalo left out there." Then I caught myself, and grew more careful. "Do you know who killed the big bull?" I asked, "he was in big luck to get a shot at a buffalo these days."

"I can't just think of his name," said Mr. Periotot, "but I've got it on my books. Come on back, and I'll look it up."

We had gone half way to the desk before he tumbled. "No, I guess I won't give you the name, said he, "It might get the fellow into trouble out there."

This is how I ran against one of the Lost Park herd. I

give the story for what it is worth. The conflict in the reports of the two members of the firm will be noted. Does any one, Mr. Jones or any one else, know the real story of the big full blood bull now to be seen mounted in this store? If not, did it really come from Colorado, is not this a clue better than nothing, and better than any yet held by the Colorado men who are after the brute who did the illegal and abominable act of killing one of the Lost Park herd? E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

GAME NOTES FROM THE PECOS VALLEY.

EDDY, New Mexico.—A party of Eddy sportsmen made a round-up on rabbits yesterday afternoon and in two hours shooting killed 138, 96 of which were killed with Winchester rifles of .22 and .32cal., and the others with shotguns. The score was as follows: J. E. Gluck 17, F. G. Hodsell 17, G. D. Huestis 17, W. A. Morrison 8, Ed Piontowsky 17, August Gagg 17, W. A. Whittlesey 5, A. Luckey 20, W. P. Simonds 1 and C. C. Blodgett 17. You will notice that six men tied on 17. The tie is to be shot off within a few days. Four of these shooters went out a few days ago and brought in 51 rabbits, the result of three hours' work. The reason we kill so many rabbits here is, first because there are so many, second because we can, and third because they are a pest to the fruit growers and ought to be killed. We estimate, however, that it will take about ten years to exterminate them, at this rate.

Jack rabbits do some queer things. A local sportsman was lately shooting some cottontails in a large bunch of mesquite and, after killing several, saw a jack sitting in the further edge of it, not more than 10ft. from him. He preferred to shoot the jack on the run and walked toward him to start him up. Jack simply moved around to the other side of the bunch of brush. The shooter followed him up several times and he kept walking from one place to another, at no time getting more than 6 or 8ft. away. Finally the hunter picked up a small pebble and, holding his gun in his right hand, threw it with his left. It hit Jack on the side of the nose with such force as to make a sharp report and to stagger him. He winked his left eye, clawed the injured member with his left foot, bucked, jumped and performed various gymnastic feats, for a minute or so, when he lit out across the country and a rifle ball turned him over.

A fish hawk offered an interesting bit of entertainment to the same man a few days later. The bird hovered over a shallow place in the river, for a moment, and then, dropping into the water, fastened to a catfish that was more than he could lift. He struggled with it for some minutes, the cat towing him about the river, and sometimes taking him entirely under the water. The hawk hung on until he seemed to get the best of the fight, when he struck out for the shore, using his wings as paddles, and was making fair progress. He would undoubtedly have landed his catch in a few minutes more, but a small rifle bullet also ended this struggle.

Mr. M. Gilbert, who lives thirty miles above Eddy, on the Pecos, states that some time ago he went away from home, taking his family with him. He left a couple of seines, each about 100ft. long, hanging on a fence to dry. Some prospectors came along, camped near his ranch, and seeing the seines stretched them up in the mesquite, in the shape of a V with a pocket at the angle. They then made a drive through the brush, for a distance of half a mile back and drove in several coveys of quail, capturing in all 180 birds.

Dick Rule, a local newspaper man, says he doesn't care to take a gun with him when he goes after quail in this country. That he can kill all he wants with a club. An incredulous smile on the faces of some of his auditors called out an emphatic reassertion. Dick insists that he can go to Rattlesnake Springs, twenty miles west of Eddy, and when the quail come in to water, in the morning, he can kill a basketful in half an hour. Still telling this story he is often introduced to strangers as the only club hunter in the Pecos Valley.

A local newspaper reporter recently stated that a man had brought in from the Guadalupe Mountains a carload of deer. The only error in the statement occurred by the dropping out of the word "carload." A little incident sometimes makes a big difference in the result of a hunting trip.

A big mule deer, brought in a few days ago and sold to a butcher, weighed, when dressed, 183lbs. He was killed in the Guadalupe some distance west.

Bob Welch, who lives on the Penasco, fifty miles west, brought in a wagon load of good, fat deer the day before Christmas and sold them at \$2 a carcass.

C. R. Sims and J. L. Bock, from the same neighborhood, brought in fifteen deer a day or two later, which they killed in eight days, and sold at six to eight cents a pound. G. O. SHIELDS.

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK TRAPS.—III.

Fisher Trap (Fig. 3), Tobique River, N. B.

As is well known, the fisher is often very destructive to sable and mink traps. These animals either spring the trap and eat the bait, or else devour sable that are captured. In a region where the black-cats are plentiful, it will be observed, when following a "line" of traps, that every other trap, or several consecutive traps, are built somewhat larger than the others, yet not too big to capture sable also. But it sometimes happens that the black-cat refuses

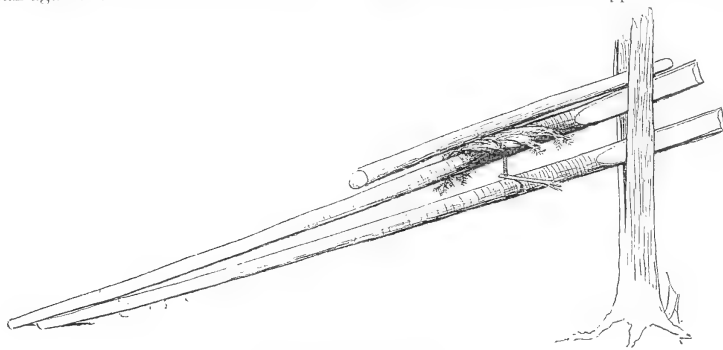


FIG. 3.—FISHER TRAP.

to enter the larger trap built for him, so whenever a suitable chance is afforded, an ingenious contrivance is built for the cunning animal, like the following, which was used on the headwaters of the Tobique River:

A spruce stump, higher than one's head, had been left standing after some gale had broken the top off. A few blows with an axe completed the work which the storm began, and the stump was split down nearly its whole length. Two spruce poles, five inches thick and fifteen feet long, had been cut, and the butts of each hewed somewhat flat. One of them was forced down into the split stump to within four feet of the ground, the small end resting upon the ground. The other pole was laid up on top of the first one. Then at a point about three feet distant from the stump, the ordinary "standard" and "bait-stick" were set up between the two poles, the "bait-stick" pointing out at right angles. Over the triggers a handful of flat fir boughs had been placed, balanced upon the upper pole, and to keep it in place a short pole was laid up on top of it, as shown in the illustration. The bait cannot be reached from the ground, and the roof of boughs prevents its being taken from overhead; so in order to get at the bait at all, it is necessary for the animal to crawl down upon the under pole. He is thus between the two poles, and when he seizes the end of the "bait-stick," the upper pole (which should be weighted) falls upon him. This is by no means a common trap. TAPPAN ADNEY.

COLORADO GAME INTERESTS.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 13.—In his annual message to the Legislature Governor Routt made the following suggestions in regard to the game laws:

It is evident from the report of the fish commissioner that an error was committed in adding the duties of game warden to his department. The protection of our fish and game from cruel and wanton destruction should be made a subject of your active interest, and legislation which will be effective in securing this result, together with a sufficient appropriation to enable those charged with the duty of enforcing the same to properly perform their duties, will earn the gratitude of our future as well as our present citizens.

In the propagation of fish our present commissioner has been rendering the State a good service, as shown by his report, and suitable provision should be made to accommodate the growing needs in this direction.

The many waters of our State seem to be well adapted to this purpose, and the immense number of fish deposited therein by the commissioner insures a bountiful supply for our sportsmen and for food purposes, if proper safeguards are provided.

In the matter of the destruction of game more stringent legislation is absolutely necessary if we would prevent its total extinction.

I would recommend that no appropriations be made for bounties upon bears or mountain lions, and that all laws upon this subject be repealed. Our present condition does not justify any expenditure of money in this direction, as no injury to our stock interests of any consequence can result from this source.

There appears to be a growing interest in game and fish protection among the most influential of our citizens, and it looks now as if something worth while in the way of a game law would be enacted by the present Assembly and that a fund will be created to properly enforce it. TESEBY.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$8).

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 16.—The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the American House, Boston, Wednesday evening, Jan. 11, President George W. Wiggin in the chair, 110 members being present. Mr. Henry J. Thayer, secretary of the Committee on Acclimatization, made the following report:

"During the year 1892 the committee has loosed alive in Massachusetts 94 prairie chickens, 146 sharp-tail grouse, 382 Rocky Mountain quail—total, 572.

"Reports concerning birds loosed in previous years have been received, and are very encouraging, being far more favorable than had been anticipated. Pinnated grouse are known to have bred in six localities, sharp-tail grouse in two places, and Rocky Mountain quail are often reported, some near the places where released, and others many miles away from where loosed, and they are thought to have materially increased. The first lot of these birds was put out in March, 1890, and they are known to have survived to the present time and to have increased in numbers.

Twelve prairie chickens have been reported as having been shot in Massachusetts the present season, also two sharp-tail grouse and five Rocky Mountain quail.

"Your committee, since its organization, Jan. 17, 1890, has brought to Massachusetts and liberated in the State alive 349 pinnated grouse, 146 sharp-tail grouse, 1,020 Bob White quail, 26 Oregon Mountain quail, 601 Rocky Mountain quail, 87 northern hares; total, 2,229 head of game.

"These have been distributed in 134 different lots and liberated in 62 different localities in such places as seemed most favorable to their preservation and increase.

"Birds contracted for, to be delivered before the coming spring, are: 500 pinnated grouse, 500 sharp-tail grouse, 120 Rocky Mountain quail.

"Telegraphic advice of the first shipment of pinnated grouse was received yesterday, Jan. 10, and other shipments will follow soon."

Officers for 1893 were elected as follows:

President—Hon. Geo. W. Wiggin.

Vice Presidents—Ivers W. Adams, Edward A. Samuels, Augustus Hemenway, Hon. James F. Dwinell, C. J. H. Woodbury, John T. Stetson, Horace T. Rockwell.

Treasurer—Andrew J. Lloyd.

Secretary—Richard O. Harding.

Librarian—John Fottler, Jr.

Executive Committee—Heber Bishop, Chas. G. Gibson, John N. Roberts, M. A. Morris, W. G. Kendall, Wm. B. Smart, Frederick R. Shattuck, Wm. F. Keith, Wm. C. Tharilwall, Rollin Jones, Henry H. Kimball, Chas. F. Chamberlayne.

Membership Committee—Edward T. Barker, Arthur W. Robinson, Walter C. Prescott.

Fund Committee—Benj. C. Clark, Edward Brooks, Walter A. Power.

Miscellaneous—Chas. H. Peckham, David M. Little, Chas. E. Howe and Henry P. Plimpton were elected members of the association.

RICHARD O. HARDING, Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME INTERESTS.

In their annual report for 1892, the Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game say:

"The laws for the protection of game are more generally observed than heretofore, and are regarded with yearly increasing favor by the people.

"The disease of last year continues among the grouse, causing a decrease in numbers. It is not to be expected to prevail another year, judging by the past history of like occurrences.

"We renew the suggestions of last year, concerning the desirability of a law providing for a bounty for the destruction of predatory vermin. The increase of these animals is large, and is not appreciated by people not given to knowledge and observation of this matter. The preserved value of farm products resulting from the destruction of such animals would, in our opinion, be many times the amount paid out in bounties.

"The desirability of the maintenance of game wardens, with sufficient funds and authority therefor, becomes more and more apparent as the years go by. Intelligent continued action for the preservation of the game is justified by each year's added experience.

Deputy Commissioner Delano reports: "All complaints of the bird laws have been promptly investigated; but, from the fact of there being one month's difference between the open season on partridge and quail, it is impossible to convict unless the parties are caught in the act. With a uniform season, the hunter would have no excuse to be in the woods with his gun and dog out of season; and, for the protection of the birds and the enforcement of the laws, better results could be attained than at present."

District Police Officer Proctor reports that owing to a defect in the law as it now stands, "the possession of a game bird is not an offence at any season of the year. I would recommend that the law be amended so as to make possession of game birds an offence during the time within which the taking or killing of the birds aforesaid is prohibited, and also a uniform season for taking or killing said birds."

Deputy Commissioner Chadwick reports: "There has been a decided improvement in the observance of the laws in relation to game. Very few complaints have been sent me, as compared with previous seasons; only two arrests have been made and those were for offering game for sale in the close season. The parties were convicted and paid their fines. With the exception of quail and woodcock, the markets have shown a decrease. Partridges have been scarce, and prices higher than in former seasons. This, in some measure, is due to the law in New Hampshire, prohibiting the transportation of partridges out of the State. The open season for shooting in New Hampshire is Sept. 1, while in Massachusetts it is the 15th. The result of this difference is two weeks' shooting in Massachusetts by parties from New Hampshire, all along the State line. Complaints of this nature have been sent me. A distance of seventy miles is quite a space for one person to properly guard, and it is extremely difficult for an officer to locate the State line when he attempts to prosecute an offender. The open season for the shooting of game birds in Massachusetts and New Hampshire should be on the same date. Early in September, half-grown gray squirrels

and rabbits were offered for sale by hunters at the low price of five cents each. September 1 is too early to shoot such game; and, with an open season of six months, it is useless to expect much increase. To be allowed to kill gray squirrels and rabbits in January and February is certainly not in the interest of those who hunt them. Three months of good shooting is better for the hunter than six months of poor shooting."

The Commissioners recommend a new law making the close season for pinnated grouse, woodcock and ruffed grouse (partridge), Jan. 1-Sept. 15; quail, Jan. 1-Oct. 15; wood or summer duck, black duck, teal, or any duck, April 15-Sept. 1; with sale and possession forbidden in close season.

SEARCHING POACHERS' POCKETS.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your assistance in getting our sportsmen interested in new laws to protect our game is proving invaluable. I am in receipt of many letters from those who want some perfect protection not only for the game but the fish as well. Also from many visitors who are eager to see success crown the labors of those who have the matter in hand. We are all likewise interested in this subject.

It was suggested by me to increase the powers of the present Fish Commission and increase it by adding to it the State Ornithologist, whose knowledge would be most valuable in more ways than one. By doing so, no objection could be urged upon the matter of costs and expenses, while it could be if an entirely new board was organized to propagate and protect the game.

My experience has proven to me that there are short periods of the year when not a single infraction of the law is made, and then when they do begin, they are all against the fish laws; and then they stop, and the violations of the game laws begin. It seems to me to go in streaks, first one, then the other.

I have no personal interest in the matter, except that I desire to see the fish and game protected, so that others who follow us in after years may enjoy the sport. I get but little shooting myself, but when I can get away I want to get some game as my reward.

Let me tell you of an instance of a man who boasted of being a sportsman and how I "called him down." One day in August several years ago two ladies came to my office and asked if I were the fish warden and said they wanted to tell me something, provided I would not mix them up in it. I gave my pledge of secrecy and they informed me that a man came on the Castle Shannon Railroad every week and brought his dog and gun along and was shooting all around the village, and they were positive he was killing quail. I had this road watched for weeks; had men stationed in the fields and woods to be able to swear that he killed quail, but not one of them could be sure it was so. I grew desperate and the killing went on. But one day a man came into my office with a rush and said the scoundrel was out again and they saw him shoot into a flock of birds, and they thought they were quail, but would not like to swear that they were. I was wild and made up my mind that I would haul that fellow in if it cost a law suit at my expense. I found the time table of the road, went to the station an hour ahead of time and waited. The longer I waited the madder I got, and when the train did come my man, his dog and gun got off and I marched up to him, called him by name, asked what luck he had that day, and he said: "I did not kill any game; I was only giving my dog practice." I knew he lied. I saw the bulging pockets of his hunting coat and as quick as a flash my hand went down in one and out I drew a half-grown quail wrapped in paper, and holding it up before his astonished eyes asked him what he called that. My search brought four half-grown and one mother quail and one half-grown rabbit. I took man, gun, dog and game before one of our magistrates, who promptly fined him \$75 and costs.

If I had not searched this fellow what further destruction would he have committed? I do not think any sportsman would hesitate to show an officer his game at any time, but a poacher or violator will. How is a warden to catch men with ferrets in bags hung inside their coats unless they can search them?

I hope that our friends will have framed a suitable bill making all game come in and go out together.

How can we stop the shipment of game from one State to another? When our close season comes our hucksters send to Chicago, to St. Louis and other points and get game, so they say, and prove by express bills, when some of the places they get game from have the same close season that we do, and then they claim they are not violating the law! I would like to furnish to the wardens of other States the names of the persons who ship game to Pittsburgh out of season, and if any of them will write to me I will gladly aid them. I hope the FOREST AND STREAM can open up a field in this direction and lend us its assistance. I will give my aid in any way I can to further the interests of our hunters and fishermen.

J. W. HAGUE, Fish Warden.

No. 96 DIAMOND STREET.

Barnegat Ducks Rest on Sunday.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time since I wrote Capt. Joe Ridgeway, of Barnegat, asking what arrangements I could make for ducking trips of two or three days' duration. I inclose his reply, which may be of interest to your readers, and at the same time would draw your attention to the second paragraph of his letter, which I think worthy of commendation.

C. C. H.

BARNEGAT, N. J., Jan. 10.—It is useless for you to come to Barnegat for duck shooting just at present, as the bay is closed with ice.

It is of no use to come for Sunday only, as no guide will go out with you on that day, for it is an unwritten law among us to give the birds one day in the week; and we think this is one reason that keeps the wild fowl with us more than in some other places where they are shot at every day.

Terms are \$2.50 per day and board and ammunition for each guide, he to furnish boats and decoys. Some very good bags of game have been made in the past two weeks by men gunning in air holes in the ice. Fifty head of geese and ducks to a man for a two days' shoot has been done by several of our local gunners, but each man in that kind of shooting has all he wants to do to look out for himself, and will not take a sportsman with him, two boats being more than he can handle in or on ice.

JOS. K. RIDGEWAY.

THAT MAINE TAX PROPOSITION.

AMONG Boston sportsmen the interest in what the Maine Legislature may do concerning fish and game is very great. The lawmakers of that State convene only once in two years, and it is felt that whatever measures may be adopted have got to be endured for a long time. The interest in Maine fish and game has been steadily growing for many years with sportsmen outside of that State as well as in it, and it is perfectly natural that Boston, the largest city in New England, as well as east of New York, should be the centre of this interest. While Boston sportsmen have no desire to dictate matters legislative, in Maine, they do feel that they have paid out a great deal of money in that State, and that legislative action there should not be made hostile to them, unless it be absolutely necessary for the better protection and preservation of the fish and game there. The most absorbing question at this time is as to whether September will be opened in Maine, for the hunting of deer. Hundreds of Boston hunters, who annually visit that State, are interested. I have met a great many of them within a couple of weeks, and all are ready to discuss the possibilities or the impossibilities of such action. Generally these sportsmen are desirous of combining both the pleasures of the gun and rod on their annual trips to Maine, but under existing laws there it cannot be done. It is believed that September might be added to the open season, without danger to the deer supply, and Boston sportsmen are generally aware that they have both the worthy game commissioners of Maine on their side in that matter. Reports from Maine suggest that the measure will again be opposed by the lumber interest, and the chances are not very favorable for its success.

Capt. Fred C. Barker, well known to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, was in Boston last week. He is very much interested in having September added to the open season for big game. In his part of the State, the Rangeley region, he finds the opinion almost universally in favor of the opening of September. He has also obtained opinions from a large number of prominent men in Oxford and Androscoggin counties, and the verdict is almost universally favorable. Failing in carrying the measure in the whole State, the three western counties of the State will ask that September be opened in these counties alone. Capt. Fred says that, notwithstanding the unusually large number of deer killed the past season, the breeding supply has not been harmed in the least. He and his men have been in the woods considerably since the open season closed, and he finds that the number of deer left is remarkably large.

Concerning the proposition of several Maine gentlemen to impose a license tax on non-residents of the State for the privilege of hunting or fishing there, considerable disgust is expressed. I have questioned a large number of gentlemen in Boston, who annually hunt or fish there, and the universal opinion is one of surprise that members of the Maine Legislature should propose such a measure, and generally it is not believed that a measure so foolish can possibly pass. Gentlemen say that it is not the amount that would probably be required, but it is the idea of such a thing! Boston sportsmen have visited Maine for years. They have paid out large sums of money on these trips, and they are willing to continue to do so. They own camps and boats there, and they are willing to meet every legal requirement to sustain these. But when it comes to a license fee, be it never so small, they are roundly opposed to it. It is not congenial to the New England idea. Indeed there is a question concerning the constitutionality of such a measure. "Impose a license tax, and we shall withdraw our interests, and go to Canada." Such is the verdict of more than one Boston hunter and fisherman who is interested in camps and cottages in Maine.

A Gentle Moose.

Boston hunters and would-be hunters have been a good deal interested of late in a live cow moose that has been on exhibition at 102 Friend street. Mr. Peter LeRoyer has at last reached Boston with his celebrated cow moose. He has exhibited it at the Maine State Fair and other fairs. At the Maine State Fair he drove his moose in harness, and "made excellent time." The animal weighs about 700 lbs. is five years old, and thoroughly tame and affectionate. It will follow its master like a dog, and is very fond of being petted by even strangers. It is anything but a beautiful animal, with its long muzzle, coarse hair, forming almost a hump at the shoulders. The nose must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. LeRoyer has taught his moose to eat hay, and to see it gather up the straws with its almost prehensile muzzle gives one a better idea of what the snout of a moose is made for than any mounted moose head—even by the most skillful taxidermist—can ever do. Its owner claims that his animal is the only living adult cow moose in captivity. It shows signs of a desire to breed every fall, and its master has tethered it several times in the woods in the vicinity of where bull moose were known to be. It has called, and several times a mate has responded and come down till it could scent the signs of domestication—Mr. LeRoyer's idea—when it has turned and fled. Mr. LeRoyer is of the opinion that there is a scarcity of bull moose in Maine and Canada. His idea is that if moose are to be sustained in Maine, the few bulls there are left must be left alone in October, the height of the breeding season. From Boston this moose is likely to go to Mr. Austin Corbin's preserve.

There will be Plenty of Ice.

Mr. Rollin Jones, of Boston, has just invited his friends to his annual pickering and cusk fishing excursion at his camp, Camp Millstone, Tuftonborough Neck, near Wolfboro, N. H. Mentioned as to be in the party are Messrs. Rollin and Westley Jones, Adrain T. Nourse, Benjamin F. Nichols, John R. Stuart, Joseph T. Meader of Boston; Orlando Brown, George V. Ladd and Sidney A. Carpenter of Haverhill, George W. Gardner of Manchester, Lester C. Shepard of Brushton, N. Y., Joseph T. Hathaway of Plymouth, Mass., Jacob Cohn of New York, Horatio L. Cate of Rochester, N. H., and Harry Jones, Samuel W. Fay, and Charles H. Gage of Wolfboro.

The weather has continued remarkably cold, as it was at time of the departure of the party on Saturday. But they go prepared for cold weather. They were to proceed in sleighs from Wolfboro to the camps. The lake is frozen solid, and even if the party do only a little fishing, the sleighing will be excellent.

SPECIAL.

The Charleston, S. C., markets are overstocked with woodcock, which have been killed in great numbers by hunters this season, and sell at a very low price.—*Evening Post.*

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

In spite of the adverse weather conditions which prevailed last week, a goodly number of delegates gathered in Syracuse Thursday morning for the winter convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. It was the first meeting of the Association since the re-organization, and in the number present, the substantial character of the assemblage and the spirit which pervaded it, the convention was all that could have been anticipated. The proceedings were marked by earnestness, enthusiasm, harmony, intelligence and good sense. They demonstrated anew, what was so abundantly made manifest at the November committee meeting, that the Association has the cordial support of those people of the State, who are sincerely interested in preserving the game and fish supply. The organization is already firmly established, and the lines of practical activity laid out for it are such as to afford ample promise that the Association will in the future merit and receive a constantly growing public support.

The convention met in the ample assembly room of the new and handsome Yates, whose proprietors, Messrs. Averill and Gregory, did much to add to the convenience and comfort of those in attendance.

The following clubs were represented by delegates:

AUBURN GUN CLUB.—Chas. A. Bannister, Geo. Peck, Geo. W. Nellis.
CENTRAL NEW YORK FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—W. S. Gavitt, Henry C. Carr, Dr. Seaman, Fred Davis, W. H. Wilson.
CLARK HAVEN GUN CLUB.—Fish Protective Association.—E. D. Crosby, John D. Babcock, Geo. R. Collins.
LYONS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Burton Hammond, Peter Knobloch, Dr. J. W. Putnam, W. S. Gavitt, H. G. Hotchkiss, Jr.
SYRACUSE INDOOR SHOOTING CLUB.—C. H. Mowry, W. A. Koehler, G. Wells Neating, W. E. Blumer, Dan. A. Pierce.
SYRACUSE RIFLE CLUB.—J. N. Knapp, C. H. Lewis, H. S. Seely, R. Robotham, C. J. Schmitt.
TROUT BROOK FISH AND GAME CLUB (McGraville).—Dr. M. R. Smith, Frank G. Seaman.
BLACK RIVER FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—W. E. Wolcott, Dr. J. V. Haberer, S. R. Fuller, G. G. Chassell, Bion H. Kent.
ONONDAGA COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—H. E. Robbins, M. Weidman, D. Walters, N. Ayres, Geo. Holloway.
NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLERS' CLUB (Lockport).—W. W. Treavan, F. K. Sweet.
FOREST LAKE CLUB (Hudson).—Granville Hills.
ROCHESTER ROD AND GUN CLUB.—H. D. McVean.
ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF ONONDAGA.—Amos Padgam, D. H. Bruce, Wm. Etverson, M. J. French, Geo. B. Wood, Walter S. MacGregor.
ONONDAGA GUN CLUB.—Augustus Martin, Paptis Thomas, John Soft, Isaac Waterman, C. J. Schmitt.
ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—Geo. H. Strough.
CHESAPEE FOOD FISH ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.—Frank J. Ainsden (Rochester).
HONEYCREE FALLS ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—Aaron Mather.
JEFFERSON COUNTY FISHING ASSOCIATION.—Tyler.
SUN DOWN FISHING CLUB.—J. S. Van Cleef (Poughkeepsie).
SYRACUSE GUN CLUB.—W. A. Hoken, W. E. Hookway, H. M. Chase, Geo. H. Mann, C. E. Becker.
ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.—Gen. D. H. Bruce.

Among others present were Chief Game and Fish Protector Pond, and Protectors Hawn and Cotton, and Special Protector Jackson.

President Charles B. Reynolds, of New York, was in the chair; Secretary, John B. Sage, of Buffalo.

The delegates had been asked to bring reports of the work of their own clubs, and the morning and afternoon sessions were largely taken up with relations of protective effort and accomplishment in the several localities represented. Our full report of this feature of the convention, however, must be deferred until next week. By far the most important subject to which attention was given was the action of the Association respecting the present law. At the committee meeting in November a Committee on Legislation had been provided to take into consideration proposed amendments of the fish and game law, and to report on them to the convention.

Game Law Amendments.

Numerous amendments of the game and fish laws had been submitted to the Committee on Legislation. Pending the report of the committee, a discussion was had as to whether the Association should recommend any changes whatever to the Legislature, or should urge for the present the retention of the law as it is.

CHIEF PROTECTOR POND said: There are a few minor changes in particular localities that would help very much. I would not favor any radical changes. The law has only been in force since the 5th of May last, and we have hardly got to understanding its workings. While you are anxious for a few changes in different localities, make as few as possible, because you will find an element at the Capitol which will fight against it. The thing to do is to head them off. I am aware from what I have heard that there will be quite an effort to have several changes that this organization would not favor. If you go there with many amendments you are going to get considerable trouble from the opposition element.

MR. HILLS.—Wouldn't it be proper for us to prepare ourselves to meet this movement? What will we do to fight this?

MR. AMSDEN.—My thoughts have been on this for a long time before coming down here. There will be considerable effort made by interested parties for selfish purposes to get this law amended. We have made a good many amendments which we would like to have made this winter, but would not it be better to waive them rather than take the chances? Mr. Hills asks how we are going to meet this movement. The law has only had a short life and has not had time enough to demonstrate what it is. This organization should recommend to the Legislature that no changes be made at all this winter. Let it rest just as it is. It is a good law in its general provisions. Ask the Legislature to appoint a committee to sit during this and the next session together with a commission and a committee from this body and consider what amendments and changes are beneficial. I think if we take such action as that, it will put us in a very good light with the Legislature. We have no selfish purposes. We want to do what is right. This is a most important matter, and what action we take will have a far-reaching effect. While the law is defective in a great many respects, there is a way for us to cover up those defects in a measure, as has been done in Wayne county, by getting the supervisors to take action.

W. E. HOOKWAY.—It has been intimated to me by people who have shot for the market and dealers in game that this winter they will try to have the shipping of game allowed. The working of the non-export law has been of the greatest benefit to the State of New York.

W. S. GAVITT.—We have met with very serious obstacles at Sodus Bay, and in trying to find some means to protect ourselves we have taken advantage of the provision that allows supervisors to make provision granting fuller protection in localities. In Cayuga county we were defeated, but the Seneca county board looked more favorably on our resolution and passed a resolution prohibiting spring shooting. In Wayne county we introduced several resolutions, one in regard to partridge shooting, which was granted. In Wayne county we introduced a resolution protecting woodcock until Sept. 1, which prevailed. We have no spring duck shooting in Wayne county. Thus far we have been instrumental in getting some of the provisions we asked for. All things considered, I agree with Mr. Amsden to leave the State law as it is. In securing local legislation it must be borne in mind by local clubs that eternal vigilance must be their motto always.

MR. SCHEMERHORN.—I have had a little experience with supervisors. I think my county was the first in the State to stop the selling of birds. Five or six years ago I got up a law stopping the selling of birds in Cortland county. As I understand it they are obliged to file their law with the county clerk in so many days afterward. They neglected to do it. I went before them the next year. This time they filed it all right, but I found that they had amended the State laws. Nine times out of ten the laws supervisors pass are worthless. I then went to Albany with Mr. Kellogg of our town, and got a law there prohibiting the sale of game.

GEN. D. H. BRUCE.—In view of what has already been said on this question this inference may be drawn: the Legislature of this State can hardly be made to infuse life into clubs organized for the protection of fish and game that have no life to begin with. That which is done in the county can only be done by live organizations. I apprehend that most of the live organizations of the State are represented here to-day. Now if any effort were to be made in the way of procuring amendments to the State game law, they must be of general application throughout the State. As has been already observed, the law in its main particulars is fairly satisfactory, although not all we can desire. There are amendments which we could suggest many of us, but which it must be most difficult to obtain.

Generally speaking the boards of supervisors of different counties have the power to pass ordinances to accomplish that which should be desired. Is it not a fact that it would be better to depend temporarily at least on the boards of supervisors to do that which we might ask the Legislature to do? If it should be said that the boards of supervisors are reluctant to comply with requests that a legal organization makes, it seems to me that that local organization lacks life enough to make its power felt in the board.

It was not many years ago, here in the county of Onondaga, where we have many public waters well filled with fish and not a little game, that the matter of protection was somewhat unpopular, but resolute men and resolute clubs determined that there should be protection. Resolute men, fearing not the pirates who would rob us of our rights, have worked together and brought about a condition here that is a reform, at the same time putting their work before the public until the people of this section have become well educated to the necessity which exists for the protection of fish and game. As illustrative of this Mr. Mowry has told you of the action of the board of supervisors. The Anglers' Club asked for an appropriation of \$500 to be placed under the discretionary charge of the District Attorney. The board has unanimously passed that resolution. It shows the effect of earnest work. It shows the effect of educating the people.

This matter of taking care of the public waters is a public question. The fish in the public waters and the game belong to the people. They don't belong to the few. It is as much the business of the boards of supervisors, of the District Attorney, of officers of the law generally, to protect the fish and game of their locality as it is to enforce any other law. You have only to bring this to the attention of the supervisors.

Properly organize in every county at least one live club to bring about the result so much desired throughout the State. It is not all in the passage of laws by the Legislature. It is in creating a public sentiment which shall not only demand those laws, but support them after they have been passed. If we build ourselves up properly the time will soon come when our committee can go to Albany and there demand of the Legislature that which is of benefit to the people and the whole people and we shall be heard. We need thorough organization throughout the State. We need men in every county of the class and character of the men who are here to-day. And when our organization shall have been carried into every county then will our association become strong, and then will the protective laws of this State be ample and sufficient.

We need, at the same time, to create public sentiment in the direction of the support of the fish and game protectors. It may be said that a better corps of protectors could not be selected. We all have faith in them, from the chief down (making one, and only one, exception). I speak unqualifiedly of the ability of the game protectors. They have to take care of sixty or more counties, and it is too much of a tax on each protector. We need more of them. We need to broaden our power, we need to broaden our protective force, as well as to broaden protective legislation. Our protectors have not the support that in right and justice they ought to have. They are doing all it is possible for them to do, but it is utterly impossible for twenty men to enforce the law throughout this State as it should be enforced. It is only a surprise to me that they accomplish as much as they do.

On this question of going to the Legislature and asking amendment I, for my part, am decidedly in favor of keeping the law as it now stands, demanding that there be no amendment that shall reduce its efficiency. It is a doubtful expediency, in my mind, to go to the Legislature asking any important changes in that act. Those changes which to many of us seem necessary, most of them the boards of supervisors have the power to make as temporary laws. It should be left to the boards to take care of them. In fact, I would propose no radical amendment until the present law has been tried to see what are the faults as well as its good points. (Applause.)

HENRY C. CARR suggested that the matter of amendments be left to the executive committee. Things might take a different turn. He himself did not think it was going to be a difficult thing to get legislation.

MR. CROSBY believed in keeping what they had. In Cortland county they were going to ask for some legislation, and he believed they were going to get it.

MR. PECK.—Mr. Carr handed me a bill for our supervisors a short time ago, curtailing spring duck shooting. Although the supervisors are good in every other respect, still, in this one respect, the matter of game protection, they don't seem to be as thoroughly educated as they might be. They rejected the bill three to one on the mistaken ground that it was properly a State measure.

MR. MOWRY.—We have an idea that our game laws are all right as they stand to-day for the protectors of the State to work under. I think there is a general feeling that the game laws had better be left practically as they are, so far as the protective interests are concerned. Our protectors are at work under them and secure convictions readily. There are some minor changes in which we are interested that will probably be brought before the meeting through the chairman of the amendment committee.

Report of the Committee on Legislation.

There was developed a well defined feeling that the wiser course for the Association to pursue this year would be to refrain from recommending any amendments whatever, but on the contrary to defend the statute so far as might prove practicable against the assaults sure to be made upon it in Albany. When the committee reported, through Mr. Van Cleef, recommending that all amendments be held over for another year, their report was adopted without further debate, as follows:

To the Association:

Your committee on legislation having carefully considered the situation and having listened to the expressions of opinion here to-day report as follows:

We would recommend that no amendments of the fish and game laws be submitted at Albany this year from this Association.

We would recommend the adoption of these resolutions as expressive of the sentiment of this convention:

"Whereas, The present fish and game laws, enacted after two years of careful deliberation, has met with general approval; and

"Whereas, The period of one year is too short a time within which to test its merits fully, although we appreciate the fact that it is defective in some particulars;

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this organization that all changes in the present law should be deferred until another year.

"Resolved, That the Legislature be and hereby is requested to appoint from its own members a commission to revise the present law, with direction to report at the next session of the Legislature; that such commission be authorized to sit at any time during the present year; and that it be requested to confer with the Commissioners of Fisheries for their advice in preparing such revision.

"Resolved, That the Legislature be and hereby is requested to refer to such commission all amendments proposed at the present session."

Respectfully submitted,

WALTER S. MACGREGOR, Syracuse, Chairman,
J. S. VAN CLEEF, Poughkeepsie,
W. S. GAVITT, Lyons,
G. M. SKINNER, Clayton (not present).

Finances.

Secretary-Treasurer Sage reported \$144 on hand. Of this amount \$60 had been contributed in response to the appeal of the Ways and Means Committee, by Mr. F. J. Amsden (\$25), Mr. W. S. Kimball (\$25) and Mr. W. C. Browning (\$10). The purpose of these contributions had been to establish a fund for use in securing promotion of the game protective purposes of the Association. On motion of Mr. Van Cleef, it was determined to invite the clubs of the State to contribute to the fund:

Resolved, That the secretary of the Association request from the several clubs to reply to the voluntary contributions to be used as a special fund for the purpose of meeting such necessary expenses as may be incurred in securing that legislation which may in the judgment of the Executive Committee be necessary for the protection of fish and game.

Annual Dues.

The amendment reported from the executive committee, respecting annual dues, was adopted, and a further provision, suggested by Mr. Van Cleef, was added, empowering the executive committee to remit dues in special cases. The article now reads:

ARTICLE VIII.—DUES.

Sec. 1. Clubs.—(a) The annual dues to the Association from each club to entitle it to representation in the annual winter and quarterly meetings shall be five dollars, payable on or before the second Thursday in January, which shall be the beginning of the fiscal year. (b) The dues from each club to entitle it to participation in the summer meeting shall be one dollar, payable on or before the date of the first day of such meeting. (c) The executive committee shall have the power to remit in its discretion the said dues in whole or in part for any year.

The Committee on Forestry presented a very comprehensive and intelligently prepared report on the subject of forestry. It was submitted by Gen. Bruce, who explained that it had been prepared chiefly by Mr. Wolcott. The full text follows.

On motion of D. J. V. Haberer, of Utica, it was voted to invite forestry organizations to ally themselves with this State Association:

Resolved, That the Association extends an invitation to all scientific organizations in the State interested in forest protection to join this body.

Reimbursement of Game Protectors.

Gen. Bruce called attention to the fact that certain of the game protectors had in the past expended their personal funds and incurred personal liabilities in the discharge of their duty beyond the provision made for such expenditures, and as the men could not bear these losses without hardship, he suggested that the State should repay to them the funds thus spent in its service. Chief Pond estimated that the total amount was under \$2,000. On motion of Gen. Bruce it was declared to be the sense of the Association that the Legislature should be requested to ascertain the amounts that may be due the game protectors beyond the provision for such expenditures, and that a bill should be passed reimbursing them for the money which shall be found equitably and justly to be due.

Other Business.

The secretary read a communication respecting a projected national sportsmen's convention in Chicago. This was referred to the executive committee, where it was laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Hookway the secretary was instructed to keep the members of the Association advised regarding the introduction of bills into the Legislature.

A committee on nominations, consisting of Messrs. Mowry, Gavitt and Van Cleef, submitted the names of Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, of New York, for President, and Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, for Vice-President, and they were elected. Mr. John B. Sage, of Buffalo, was elected by the Executive Committee Secretary-Treasurer.

Syracuse was chosen as the place for the next annual convention, Jan. 11, 1894.

Following the convention a meeting of the Executive Committee was held, in which a plan for presenting to the Legislature the views of the Association was discussed,

and the special committees on legislation and on finances were continued.

The Committee on Legislation consists of Messrs. Walter S. MacGregor (chairman), Syracuse; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; J. S. Van Cleef, Poughkeepsie; G. M. Skinner, Clayton.

The Ways and Means Committee, whose special purpose is to secure funds for the actual protective work of the Association, consists of Messrs. Frank J. Amsden (chairman), Rochester; D. H. Bruce, Syracuse, and W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay.

The reports presented by the delegates of their club work will be given in our next issue.

At the November committee meeting, Mr. W. E. Wolcott, secretary of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, had made a report on Adirondack deer; and on request of the president had prepared for the convention a fuller statement, which was listened to with close attention:

Report on Adirondack Deer.

[Presented by W. E. Wolcott, of Utica.]

A great deal of interest is taken by Adirondack deer hunters, guides and hotel men, as well as by sportsmen generally, in the operations of the existing game laws and their effect in protecting the cervine animals in our great Northern wilderness. It is generally admitted that deer have been increasing in numbers in the Adirondack region ever since the unsportsmanlike and highly-destructive mode of hunting known as "crusting" was abolished several years ago. Formerly men would go into the wilderness, when the snow was deep and there was a heavy crust, and with revolvers or clubs slaughter deer by the score while they were helpless in their yards. One old woodsman boasts of having killed 87 deer in one winter in this way. Of course, where so many were killed much of the venison was allowed to go to waste and only the hides were taken. This slaughter was permitted to continue until it became evident that the ultimate extinction of the deer must result unless it was stopped, and then it was that a law was enacted imposing a severe penalty for crusting, and this statute has since been in force. The wisdom of this law has been plainly demonstrated, as has also that of the act prohibiting killing deer at salt licks. Now the question arises as to whether or not, with the increasing tide of travel in the Adirondacks and the rapidly multiplying number of hunters, it will not be wise to enact further laws for the protection of deer.

Many sportsmen in central New York favor doing away entirely with the style of deer hunting known as floating or jacking, for the reason that when this method is most successfully carried on, which is in hot weather, the deer are not in their prime, many more does than bucks are killed, and the percentage of deer that are wounded and escape the hunter only to die of their wounds is very great. There is also quite a sentiment among our sportsmen in favor of doing away with hounding, but it is by no means as strong as that against floating. All believe the season should be shortened. Most sportsmen would be glad to see a law enacted making it illegal to kill does, providing such a law could be enforced.

It has been argued by men who have had years of experience in hunting deer, and therefore know what they are talking about, that the season for shooting should not open until Sept. 10 or later. Many would like to have the season extended so as to include fifteen days of November, for the deer are not in prime condition until late in the fall, but such persons are also in favor of abbreviating the season by opening it later.

In order to obtain definite information as to whether or not deer are increasing in numbers and with a view of obtaining other information concerning them I sent out letters of inquiry addressed to Adirondack guides and hotel men in all parts of the woods. The responses were prompt and to the point.

Of the replies received 30 favored doing away with floating or jacking for deer entirely, 5 favored floating, and 1 correspondent wrote that some guides were in favor of and others opposed to it. Thus it will be seen that the weight of the sentiment among the guides and hotel men is strongly against floating, and quite in accord with that of sportsmen who frequent that region, as far as this method of hunting is concerned.

As to the practice of running deer with dogs, more than three times as many guides and hotel men favored this style of hunting as were opposed to it. The general feeling, however, was found to be quite in favor of a short season for hounding. There seemed to be quite a diversity of opinion as to the dates when the season for deer hunting should open and close, but the majority appeared to be satisfied with the present dates. Quite a number, however, declared in favor of opening the season Sept. 1 or 15, and a dozen or more desired the season extended into or through November. The St. Lawrence county guides say they would like to be permitted to hunt deer with dogs there, if it is allowed in other counties.

The following reported deer increasing in their localities: In Herkimer county, A. D. Barber, Honnedaga Lake; J. E. S. Wilkinson, Wilmut; Charles H. Smith, Stillwater; Henry Studor, Bisby Lakes; Robert Perry, Christopher Goodsell, Eugene L. Scrafford, John L. Scrafford, Sam Dunakin, C. V. Wells, Old Forge. In St. Lawrence county, Chauncey Westcott, Donald Stewart, Cranberry Lake. In Hamilton county, C. H. Bennett, Raquette Lake; G. W. Tunnichiff, Blue Mountain Lake; David Helma, Long Lake; O. L. Howland, Rudeston; Tyler M. Merwin, Blue Mountain Lake; Theodore C. Remonda, Morehouseville. In Warren county, W. H. Roblee, North River; Henry S. Downs, Chestertown. In Lewis county, Warren Humes and Fred. Phelps, Harrisville. In Saratoga county, Thomas Salmon, of Sacandaga Valley. In Essex county, the Leland House, Schroom Lake, and Orrin Harris, of the Pyramid Lake House. In Oneida county, Byron E. Cool, Forestport, referring to the Black River county.

Deer are reported decreasing in their respective localities by Charles Fenton, of Number Four, Fulton Chain, Herkimer county, and G. W. Griffith of Prospect, the latter speaking for North and South lakes. Willard Howlin of South Russell, St. Lawrence county, reports deer not increasing there, and Jack Thomas of Cranberry Lake in the same county, thinks they are about holding their own. Charles Wagner of Morehouseville writes that deer are not increasing there.

The guides say there are a few wolves and now and then a panther in the Moos River region, and also in the Spruce Lake region, near Cranberry Lake and about the

headwaters of the Oswegatchie. Two panthers are reported between the Grass and Raquette rivers, one in Essex county and occasionally one near Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton county, and now and then one near Chestertown, Warren county, but these animals are getting very scarce and, of course, kill comparatively few deer.

Estimates as to the number of persons who now visit the different localities in the Adirondacks where there was one ten years ago, were made as follows: Old Forge, Herkimer county, 100; Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence county, 25; Long Lake, Hamilton county, 10; Rudeston, Hamilton county, 3; Wilmut, Herkimer county, 10; Sacandaga Valley, Saratoga county, 50; Bisby Lakes, Herkimer county, 10; North River, Warren county, 10; Chestertown, Warren county, 10; Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton county, 100; Essex county, 16; Harrisville, Lewis county, 50; North and South Lakes, Herkimer county, 50; Raquette Lake, Hamilton county, 10; Number Four, Fulton Chain, 12; South Russell, St. Lawrence county 10; Honnedaga Lake, Herkimer county, 10; Morehouseville, Hamilton county, 10; Stillwater, Herkimer county, an increase of 25 per cent.; Schroom Lake, Essex county, not as many.

Estimates as to the number of deer killed in various localities last season by the various methods of hunting were given as follows:

	Floating.	Hounding.	Still-hunting
Fulton Chain.....	100	125	30
Cranberry Lake.....	75 to 100	25 to 30
Long Lake.....	10 to 15	25 to 30
Rudeston.....	30 to 40	125 to 150	10 to 15
Morehouseville.....	25	40	12
Wilmut.....	6	40	10
Sacandaga Valley.....	25	30
Bisby Lakes.....	2	8	3
North River.....	30	10
Chestertown.....	25	75	5
Blue Mountain Lake.....	25	50
Pyramid Lake.....	6
Hornsville.....	10 to 12	75 to 80	20 to 25
North and South Lakes.....	14	27
Raquette Lake.....	100	10
Little Woodhull Lake.....	42
Schroom Lake.....	30
South Russell.....	100 to 150	15 to 25
Stillwater.....	8	100	20
Honnedaga Lake.....	90

From the above figures it will be seen that in the localities named from 475 to 567 deer were killed by floating, from 998 to 1,028 by hounding and from 170 to 245 by still-hunting. The totals thus show that from 1,643 to 1,840 deer were killed, and the number not reported would certainly make the aggregate over 2,000.

There are comparatively few Adirondacks hotels where venison is not included in the bill of fare before the hunting season opens, provided the proprietor has confidence that his guests will not enter complaint against him. Many persons living in the woods or on the borders believe they should be allowed to kill a deer at any time when they are out of meat and do not hesitate to do so. There has, however, been a great change for the better during the past few years in the attitude of the residents of the Adirondacks toward the game laws and I think most of them would be glad to see wise protective measures lived up to. It goes without saying, however, that no game protector who is not an experienced woodsman can do effective work in the Adirondacks.

Report on Forestry.

Your committee on forestry beg leave to report as follows:

Under the new constitution of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, adopted last June, the preservation of the forests is designated as one of the objects for which this organization exists and to which its members are pledged. The subject is one of vital moment to every citizen of the Empire State, and to those interested in the aims and purposes of this association it has a double significance.

The most important forest in the State, and one of the most important in this country, is the great Adirondack wilderness, and as this is seriously threatened on all sides at present it would seem to be proper and advisable for this association to first consider what can be done toward its preservation.

The gross area of the Adirondack wilderness region proper is approximately 5,600 square miles, or 3,588,803 acres. These lands are classified, as to character, as follows: Improved, 104,123 acres; wild meadow, 855 acres; water, 67,686; waste, 31,121; burned, 27,274; denuded, 77,027; lumbered, 1,348,587; forest, 1,932,130 acres. Most of the land is unsuitable for agricultural purposes and much of it, when deprived of its timber, is worthless.

It is an established and well-known fact that forests protect and preserve the springs and streams which they overshadow, and are, therefore, a prime factor in regulating and equalizing the water supply. Denude the rocky slopes of the Adirondacks of the timber and the scanty soil of leaf mould will speedily be washed away by the rains, leaving only the granite foundation, upon which vegetation can scarcely find a foothold. These hills and mountains once denuded cannot regain their primitive condition in centuries. The experience of older nations has demonstrated the fact that disastrous floods and freshets follow in the wake of forest destruction. The bitter lesson learned by the people of France, Italy and Asiatic countries should serve as a warning to us. In this region are the reservoirs which are the feeders and the life of our canals. Under the constitution of this State the canals are given special safeguards, Article VII., Section 6 of the constitution says: "They shall remain the property of the State and under its management forever." The proper management of the canals entails the procurement of a sufficient water supply which can only be had from Adirondack streams and lakes. The public interests in this line, therefore, require their protection. But they are not receiving it, for even now lumbering is in progress on the water sheds of the reservoirs, and hundreds of men are at work, as they have been for two years, felling timber on the headwaters of Black River. It is said that within memory the outflow of the Adirondack streams has decreased in summer from 30 to 50 per cent.

The great Adirondack wilderness is not only essential to the water supply, but it has a powerful influence upon the general climatology of the State, equalizing the amount of moisture in the atmosphere and the rainfall, modifying the severity of the winds and storms and making the temperature more uniform. Science has shown that forests are beneficial to public health, aside from climatic influences, for the air that passes through the trees is divested of poisonous gases and rendered pure and whole-

some. Thousands of devotees of rod and gun have favorite haunts in this region which they love next to their homes. As a resort for the overworked people of the cities who need rest and recreation it is deservedly popular and has no superior. As a sanitarium for consumptives our leading physicians commend it.

The dangers that threaten the magnificent forest are many and great. Years ago most of the grand old hemlocks were prostrated, deprived of their bark to supply the tanneries and left to decay on the ground. Most of the gigantic pines have long since lowered their heads and floated down stream to the sawmills. Countless thousands of spruce trees have followed the same course. Annually, in flood of springtime, every stream in the Adirondack region of sufficient volume to float a log bears downward its flotillas of soft wood logs destined to be sawed into lumber. Annually in the heat of summer forest fires rage in the partially lumbered districts, obtaining their first start in the scattered tree tops or brush heaps that follow in the wake of the wood-chopper's axe, or receiving irrepressible impetus therefrom. Annually in the snows of winter processions of teams drawing long timbers for spars and piles may be seen coming marketward over every wilderness highway. And all the year round the woodman's axe rings the death knell of the forest trees; all through the year their bodies are deposited in the mills, where their funeral music is played by the buzz and the gang saws, and in others cremated for wood acid or reduced to wood pulp. Thousands of sturdy axmen, hundreds of sawmills and scores of other mills are ravaging our beautiful forests. The soft wood has already been removed from 1,350,000 acres and the hardwood will soon follow suit if no one cries "halt."

Railroads have been laid around the wilderness, branches thrust into it from every quarter and the year just past saw the completion of a great line running through its very heart. The shriek of the modern locomotive and the rumble of Wagner car wheels are now daily heard where a short time ago the wild deer roamed in undisturbed seclusion and the cry of the great northern diver was the loudest sound that greeted the ear. The new Adirondack & St. Lawrence railroad traverses the wilderness from Remsen to Malone, a distance of 145 miles and opens this great section to markets in which all kinds of timber will find a ready sale. That a great and constantly increasing traffic in timber will result is certain and that frequent, almost daily forest fires in the dry season will occur along the line of this road seems inevitable.

The lumbering, as carried on at present, is as far removed from the teachings of scientific forestry as black from white. The evergreen trees are the first to suffer, and those 10in. through, and even down to 8, 6 and 4in., fall with the others. Land cut over in this way cannot regain its growth of soft timber in half a century. But this is not all. The thick treetops are left on the ground where they fell, and after lying one season they form food of the most inflammable nature for forest fires. Forest land which has been burned over is practically ruined, for most of the virtue of the soil itself, which is composed of leaf mould and other decaying vegetation, goes up in flame and smoke. Where the hardwood timber, the beech, birch, maple and cherry are also cut off, fire is almost certain to follow to complete the work of destruction and render the land worthless for generations. It is calculated that there are now about 1,900,000 acres of primitive wilderness, and at the present rate of cutting there are people living who will see the timber supply exhausted.

For a century or more thoughtful men have raised their voices against the wholesale and wasteful cutting of timber in this State. Perhaps the earliest recorded action by an organization along this line, was that taken by the New York Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures, in 1719, when it appointed a committee to consider the best modes of preserving and increasing the growth of wood and valuable timber "which committee recommended that the State should devote those lands not adapted to agricultural purposes to the cultivation of trees." This very wise recommendation produced no visible results, however, and nothing definite was done by the State until 1872, when a commission of State parks was appointed to inquire into the expediency of the State acquiring title to the timbered lands in the Adirondack region. This commission subsequently reported that in its opinion the protection of a great portion of that forest from wanton destruction was absolutely and immediately required. The preservation of the timber was recommended as a measure of political economy. The Legislature took no further steps in the matter, however, until 1883, when an act was passed stopping the sale of State lands in the Adirondack counties. The year following \$5,000 was appropriated to compensate experts for reporting on a system of forest preservation. In 1885 the present Forest Commission was established, as was also the State Forest Preserve, consisting of lands in the Adirondack region belonging to the State. The commission was empowered to sue for trespass, collect penalties for timber illegally cut, and guard against forest fires. This action was in the right direction, and the Commission did much good work, but something more was needed to meet the public demands. The intelligent people of the State soon came to understand that the comparatively small proportion of the Adirondack lands owned by the commonwealth was not at all sufficient to meet the public requirements, and that however willing the Commission might be its power was limited. Then came the plea for the purchase of additional lands in the Adirondacks and the establishment of a permanent State Park, which plea has since echoed and re-echoed from the North River to the St. Lawrence, from Saratoga to Niagara and Chautauqua, growing in intensity and gaining in volume year by year until it has at last attained the form of a demand that cannot be disregarded. Gov. Hill realized the import of this plea three years ago, and in a special message to the Legislature of 1890 recommended the appointment of a commission to report a plan for the creation of an Adirondack State Park. Gov. Flower appreciates the import of the demand, and in his annual message to the present Legislature recommends prompt and liberal action along this line.

The recommendation of Governor Hill was, by the Legislature, referred to the Forest Commission, which body presented an extended report favoring the establishment of an Adirondack park containing 2,307,760 acres. Then the Legislature passed an act authorizing the commission to purchase lands in the counties of the Forest

Preserve at a price not to exceed \$1.50 an acre and appropriated \$25,000 for the purchase. Last year an appropriation of \$15,714 was made for the same purpose. Of course this amount was very meagre but it was utilized in the purchase of lands in townships 14, 26 and 27 Essex county. Last winter a law was passed ostensibly establishing a State park, but the appropriation was so small that comparatively little could be accomplished. Of the 2,307,760 acres which it is proposed to include in the State park, the State owns about 512,229 acres. There are also included in the park boundaries 336,207 acres of private reserves. To purchase the land desired outright would cost \$4,000,000, but it is argued by many that the investment would be an extremely profitable one for the State.

It is claimed, and very truthfully, that with a proper system of forestry, providing for the judicious cutting and marketing of ripe timber under the direction of State officials, the expense of maintaining and protecting the Adirondack Park could be met. And more than that, a revenue sufficient to pay the annual interest of several million dollars in bonds insured. Prof. B. E. Fernow, of Washington, one of the very highest authorities on forestry matters, calculates that from 2,000,000 acres of Adirondack lands 100,000,000 cubic feet of timber could be cut annually, which, on a conservative estimate, would yield a revenue of from \$150,000 to \$750,000 a year, and even more than that, for a time. The action of the State in purchasing 115 acres land at Niagara Falls, at an expense of \$1,433,429, and establishing a State park there was heartily approved by the public, and it is believed that if equally energetic steps were taken to secure the land desired for an Adirondack park people would rejoice. Of course, the purchase cannot be made at once, as the Legislature cannot authorize the issue of more than \$1,000,000 in bonds for any one object without the sanction of a popular vote, but the Forest Commission will ask the present Legislature for an appropriation of \$750,000 to buy land within the proposed park boundaries.

It would seem to your committee, in view of all the information that can be obtained on the subject, that the most profitable plan for the State to adopt would be to issue \$1,000,000 in bonds each year for four years, if necessary, and acquire title to the land desired at the earliest date possible. Adirondack timber land has an upward tendency in value that cannot be gainsaid. Land that could have been bought ten years ago for \$1 an acre is now worth \$4 and \$5, and ten years later it will be worth twice or three times as much as it can be bought for now. The longer the purchase is delayed the greater will be the expense.

There is talk of asking the present Legislature to amend the law regarding land acquired by the State through tax sales, so as to prevent, as far as possible, the practice of sharp work in its redemption by individuals. This is a matter that certainly requires attention. It is suggested that it would be wise to authorize the president of this association to appoint a committee from each county in the State, as far as the same are represented in the organization, to urge the senators and members of the Assembly in their respective districts to use all honorable means in their power to advance measures tending to secure to the State the desired Adirondack park.

As to the matter of forests in general throughout the State there is no room to doubt that the constant drains made upon them have been such as to warrant the belief that a timber famine must necessarily follow, unless something is done to check the cutting and to replant denuded districts. The subject is one to which all good citizens should give attention and consideration. All of which is respectfully submitted.

D. H. BRUCE, { Committee.
W. E. WOLCOTT, }

Southwestern Texas.

VICTORIA, Texas, Jan. 11.—This country ought not to be forgotten by lovers of sport, especially now when the weather in the Northern States is almost too severe for out of door work. Our weather is all that can be desired for the sportsman. Clear and cool with white frosts, and sunny days, it is enough to make one glad to be alive to get out. We have a good many quail this year, and a larger supply of prairie chickens than we had last year, and on all of our swamp land snipe are abundant. I bagged twenty-one snipe in a two hours and a half hunt yesterday evening, and claim to be no fine shot either. Three young men went out last week, reached the hunting ground about 10 o'clock, and left about 4, and rested about an hour for dinner and bagged seventy-eight. We also have a fine winter for ducks and geese, but the latter are very wild and hard to kill. I have heard of no place where all sorts of shooting are secured with less travel than here.

A. B. P.

A Cold Weather Query.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 16.—I have read with much interest, in your issue of Jan. 12, an article signed by "Tamarack." I wish he would explain a little more clearly how he managed to have so much fun with his canoe and with deer in the water, and why the swamps were so soft, all at a time when the pocket thermometer was spending the night at 10° below zero. Yours in perplexity,

E. D. N.

That Michigan Venison Case.

GAME AND FISH WARDEN'S OFFICE, Charles S. Hampton, Warden, Petoskey, Mich., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In February of last year I learned that Dettenthaler, of Grand Rapids, was selling venison. I succeeded in getting positive evidence of the fact and brought suit. Finding that the evidence of the sale was conclusive, Dettenthaler made no defense upon this point, but took the ground that, following the decision of our Supreme Court in the O'Neil case, he was not violating the law in selling venison which he had legally bought during the open season. It was conceded that the venison was bought in accordance with the law, and the police judge convicted Dettenthaler and fined him \$50. The case was appealed to the Circuit Court and the Circuit judge took the case from the jury and acquitted the defendant. I have requested the prosecuting attorney to take the matter to the Supreme Court.

CHAS. S. HAMPTON.

An Excursion to Greenland.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of a letter from Capt. J. A. Farquhar, of the Canada Atlantic Steamship Line, stating that he is fitting two large steam yachts to take sportsmen to the northern

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

DEATH OF THE KENTUCKY FISH BILL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I regret very much that, at last, so old a State as Kentucky, and so clever a people as occupy and possess its territory, have found it necessary to cling to the old tradition—somewhat frontier, but leaning to established Southern ideas—of the right of every man "to do as he pleases," in the capture and destruction of fish.

After months of fight in the Legislature—a body "wonderfully and fearfully flung together"—a body that holds its existence and \$5 a day with a tenacity that commands universal disgust—a body that has been the common object of assault of every newspaper of Kentucky and the common victim of a notoriety as broad as it is undesirable—a body that is at once a mutual admiration society, and an odorous remembrance that will never fade away while the new constitution continues to revolutionize things—after, I say, months of struggle to secure some sort of protection for the last fish in the State, this remarkable Legislature has decided substantially, that fish are public enemies, to be captured, maltreated, mutilated and destroyed whenever and wherever found. It has no pity for a condition that denotes fish disappearance; it has no desire for fish propagation; it believes in a free and open field for the poacher, the seiner, the poisoner and the dynamiter.

There is no exaggeration in this statement. Having taken a personal interest in the attempt to secure a fair and just law in Kentucky for fish protection and propagation from the present Legislature, and with others of the Frankfort Fish and Game Club almost daily, while action was pending, visited the Legislature, conversed with its members, explained the reasons and necessity of the proposed legislation, and finally, after changes and concessions whittled down to the last point, realized the fact that the "most notorious" Legislature of Kentucky don't propose to pass any law on the subject—the result creates a sense of disgust beyond expression.

The first attempt to secure a just law resulted fairly enough. The Spalding Fish Bill, providing for fishways, punishing seiners, netters, poisoners, dynamiters and those who shoot fish on their spawning beds, passed the House by a decided majority. When it reached the Senate came the Lindsay episode, the hostility of that eminent jurist, because, in his opinion, to protect fish and to propagate fish produced idlers and drunkards. The bill went down under his opposition, and a modified bill was introduced by Senator George. After a struggle this bill passed the Senate.

Reaching the House, those who believed that fish had no rights that Kentuckians were bound to respect, had gathered force, consolidated efforts, and what, with lack of attendance, adroit manipulation and the indifference of some of the professed friends of fish legislation, the bill went over till after the summer recess.

The eternal Legislature, as it is called, on reassembling found little of interest in fish matters. The old fogey got in his work. The doom of the fish bill was sealed. There was a little skirmish, some desultory firing, a call of the roll, and the measure, trimmed down to the ultimate of penalties against seining and dynamiting, was laid away in its little bed six by two.

Kentucky is not ready to protect or propagate its fish industries, nor any other industry, for that matter. Its Geological Survey Department has been throttled, "cobwebs are festooning the ores and metals that denote its native wealth. The iron hand is laid hard on projected railways. Corporate co-operation in building factories and workshops is discouraged. Double taxation on the same subject matter is approved as the highest element of public economy.

In fact the only idols that endear themselves to the Kentucky heart of to-day are the "hoss," the "tobacco," the "whisky trade," the "plunder of politics" and the memory of the "good old times that are gone." The "Days of Auld Lang Syne" can be sung in Kentucky from year in and year out and reflect vividly the public life. It has little opportunity or time to study or solve the problems that interest the age that is marching on. So little does it wreck of the wheels of progress that it will probably stand the isolated, unenviable, non-represented State of the Republic at the World's Fair at Chicago.

What chance has a fish bill in such a state of affairs as this?

S.

THE reports of the Fish Commissioners of Ontario, Nevada and Pennsylvania have reached us too late for extended notice this week. They will be reviewed in a later issue. The reports from Ontario and Pennsylvania form large illustrated volumes of especial interest, the former including an account of the fishes by Prof. Wright, and the latter a report upon the same class of animals by Dr. Bean. The Pennsylvania volume contains 15 colored and 60 black plates of the fishes.



IN GREENBRIER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

MR. A. N. CHENEY. SENATOR J. E. KENNA. MR. WM. D. CLEVELAND.
From a photograph by the late Senator Kenna.

Labrador, Greenland and neighboring regions. The opportunities for getting Arctic game, i. e., bear, walrus, seal, etc., and fowl, as well as salmon and trout, are seldom presented. The expedition will leave Boston about July 10 and will en route be prepared to stop at rivers, where full time for sport will be given. Capt. Farquhar is well known to all sportsmen who have tried the coast and rivers of Newfoundland and the Labrador. I will be pleased to answer all inquiries of any who have a mind to avail themselves of Capt. Farquhar's offer.

ROWDY ROD.

Albany Game and Fish Bills.

[Special Correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bills amending the fish and game law (Chap. 488, Laws 1892) introduced into Assembly and Senate are as follows:

ASSEMBLY.

No. 37. By Mr. Guenther.—To forbid the taking of deer by jacking.
No. 38. By Mr. Guenther.—To amend Sec. 210 by inserting the words "posted" and "private territory" so as to show more clearly what lands cannot be trespassed upon.

No. 39. By Mr. Guenther.—To amend Sec. 217 to make limit of exemplary damages for trespass \$50, instead of \$25 as now.

No. 42. By Mr. Griffin.—Applies only to Delaware county: allows catching of suckers by jerk-hook or spear through the ice; and also the spearing of eels, suckers and pickerel in the Delaware River at any time.

No. 104. By Mr. Thornton.—To amend Sec. 141 so that bull-heads, catfish, etc., can be caught in Sullivan and Orange counties.

By Mr. Parkhurst.—To amend Sec. 149 so as to include Honeoye Lake among the lakes in which bull-heads, suckers, etc., may be caught through the ice.

IN THE SENATE.

No. 47. By Mr. Saxton.—To amend Sec. 104 of the game code, so that fishing for trout, salmon, etc., shall not be done through the ice in Great Sodus Bay, in Wayne county. Sections 133 and 141 are amended to correspond. The Senate Committee has reported this bill favorably. Mr. Saxton tried to have the bill advanced. Then Senator Erwin made an eloquent plea for the game code, and advised everybody to go slow in amending it.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Tonging Tomcods.

A FRIEND asked me the other day if I ever went "tonging tomcod?" Here was a puzzler to me, and perhaps it will be to some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. At first I thought that he must be guying me. But he is a great lover of hunting and fishing, and I was bound to find out his meaning. His name is Claude Tarbox, of Byfield, and he is in the grain trade at the Boston Chamber of Commerce, with A. P. Aldrich & Sons. He explains: "I went Christmas morning with my brother-in-law, J. Oren Bailey, and we tonged a bushel basketful, as cold as it was."

"But how in the world is it done?" I asked. "Why, it is simple enough," he explains, "though I never heard of its being done anywhere but down our way. About this time of the year the tomcod come up to the fresh water falls, where the streams empty into the salt water. At low tide we go after them. We have wooden tongs with crossed arms, about four feet long. Between the jaws, where the tongs come together, we have sharp brads to hold the fish. These jaws are a good deal like the jaws of a big fish; the brads taking the place of the teeth of the fish. Well, you are ready for tonging. With the tongs in hand—one hand hold of each arm—you get on to the rocks at the falls and peer down into the water. There are the tomcod. The tongs go down cautiously. One is between the jaws. Click go the wooden arms together, with a quick motion of the hands above water. The fish is caught and the brads hold him. With a swing he is deposited on the shore, and you are after another. No matter if only his tail sticks out from among the rocks, the brads will hold the fish. It is great fun. You should see my brother-in-law. He is an expert, though he has only one leg, as I have told you before. Tongs in hand, he jumps from rock to rock on one foot. His crutch is usually somewhere up on the shore then. Of all the men I have ever been hunting or fishing with he loves it the best, and not one man in a dozen, with both legs, can get around as fast as he can. He is a born sportsman. He never backs out. 'He can go where you can, or anybody else. His gun and his crutch are all he requires for a glorious day in the woods. Come down, and go tonging tomcod with us.'"

The pickerel fishermen are at it again, or will be as soon as the extremely cold weather lets up. The bait is generally ready. Mr. A. W. Tompkins, of Foster, Weeks & Co., tells of a good haul of pickerel bait from the Charles river the other day. It seems that the fishermen watch the holes where the ebb tide leaves the small tomcod confined, till the next tide. Here they dip them out with nets, and put them into proper receptacles—generally some part of a running stream, set off with wire netting—till they are wanted for bait. This time Mr. Tompkins with his friend, found a very deep hole, and they dipped and dipped till they had many thousands of little tomcod, just right for pickerel bait. The pickerel fishermen speak highly of the little tomcod. They will stand more hard usage, both in transporting and as bait, and come out alive, than almost any other form of minnow. The catch, mentioned above, will be used later, probably at the Sudbury river, where Mr. Tompkins and his friends own a hunting and fishing camp.

ANGLING NOTES.

Pike Work Down Stream.

It was not until my note making reference to the movements of pike in a stream was in type that it occurred to me that I could get some evidence on the subject right here at home. Pike were transplanted from Lake Champlain—and I mean the so-called pickerel, *Esox lucius*, not the pike-perch, which is locally known as Champlain pike—to Schroon Lake about 1845. This date may be a year or two out of the way, but an uncle of the writer was visiting Schroon Lake the year after the pike were introduced and learned of the plant from the men who made it, and he thinks it was about 1846 when he was there. Within four years from the time of planting the pike in Schroon Lake the uncle referred to was fishing in the Hudson River above Glens Falls for trout and caught 36lbs. of pike, very much to his astonishment. He told me to-day that he thinks that it was really within three years from the time the pike were planted, but to be on the safe side he finally said four years. There were no pike in the upper Hudson until they worked down from Schroon Lake, and to get to the place where the 36lbs. were caught the fish had to leave the lake, follow down Schroon River into the Hudson, a distance as the streams flow of from forty-five to fifty miles. It is not at all likely that a large number of pike were brought from Lake Champlain for the purpose of stocking Schroon Lake, and that they should not only stock the lake, but spread down stream for a distance of fifty miles in such numbers that 36lbs. were caught in one day by one man, all within four years, is rather startling evidence of the rapidity with which they breed and spread, and is the best evidence that the pike requires no close season, and spearing if shooting and netting is prohibited by law.

Pike in Glen Lake.

There are pike in Glen Lake, the home of the giant black bass of the small-mouth species, and as the lake was formerly the home of the brook trout, before the pike, and then the black bass, were introduced, I have been curious to know how the pike got into the water, but only learned the facts regarding their introduction very recently. When the pike from Schroon Lake had worked down the Schroon River to the vicinity of Warrensburgh, one Joseph Bentley, in 1851, took some of the fish and put them in an artificial pond on his farm, the outlet of which flowed into Glen Lake, and the pike soon found their way down into Long Pond, as Glen Lake was then called. If the fish did not know it, they have only to go down the outlet of Glen Lake to find themselves back in their original home, Lake Champlain.

Pickerel.

Of pickerel proper, *Esox reticulatus*, there are very few in the waters of northern New York, although the pike is universally called the pickerel. Moreau Pond, in Saratoga county, contained the true pickerel, and until a few years ago it was the only water anywhere near my home that did contain this fish. Within the past half dozen years Judge Orange Ferris showed me some pickerel that he caught in the Hudson while fishing for pike at a

place very near the pond, where my uncle first caught the pike while fishing for brook trout. That was the first information that any one had that pickerel were in the Hudson. I mean any one that could tell the difference between pike and pickerel. How the pickerel came in the river I do not know to this present day, but it is quite evident that some one brought them from Moreau Pond and put them in the stream. At first, out of five fish four would be pike, and one a pickerel; now four out of five and very often five out of five are pickerel, and the pike appears to have almost disappeared.

How Fish Spread.

Having told something of how the pike worked down the Hudson, it may be of interest to relate briefly how the black bass got up the Hudson. The building of the Erie Canal brought the black bass into the lower Hudson. From there they were taken to Saratoga Lake (Saratoga Lake furnished the bass which stocked a great part of New England), and then to Effron Lake in Saratoga county. From Effron Lake the bass got into the Sacandaga River, and so into the Hudson from Luzerne south. From Effron Lake the bass were carried to Schroon Lake, and thus stocked the Hudson and Schroon River, south to Luzerne Falls. This spread of pike, pickerel and black bass has destroyed a lot of good trout fishing water, and the introduced fish have not taken the place of the trout. The last trout that I caught in the Hudson below Luzerne weighed over 2lbs., and I caught it just 20 years ago. Long before that, and before the advent of the pike, my uncle, already mentioned, and Judge Ferris caught trout just above Glens Falls that weighed from 4lbs. to over 5lbs. each. A few big trout are yet to be caught in the upper Hudson about North Creek and North River P. O., but they are very few indeed. A. N. C.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA TROUT.

THE headwaters of the Alleghany River in McKean county, Pa., have furnished good brook trout fishing in the past and continue to furnish moderate sport at present. Last spring some fairly good catches were made. Owing to the use of dynamite as a fish destroyer, the native trout supply was about exhausted, and this necessitated the formation of an anglers' fish protective association. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," so the bad state of affairs resulted in the birth of the Port Alleghany Fishing Club, the members of which set to work to replenish and protect the streams of their vicinity.

One of their first steps was to prevent the use of dynamite in fishing. The anglers supposed they were helpless under the fish laws of the State. If they had consulted the *Book of the Game Laws* they would have found that, according to Sec. 26 of the Statutes, the use of any explosive for killing fish in the waters of the State is punishable by a fine of \$50.

To accomplish their immediate purpose, trout were secured from the State hatchery at Erie and planted in the waters in question. These are rainbow trout and seem to be doing well.

One of the best points for speckled beauties is at the foot of the Rowley Mill Dam, about two miles above Alleghany Port. The river here is about 100ft. wide, and immediately below the dam as much as 18ft. deep. Trout of a pound weight, occasionally several ounces better, are often taken. Several have been seen that are regular old fashioned "speckles." Last spring E. H. Brown, of Alleghany Port, drew in out of the wet a beauty of 1lb. 9oz.

Other members of the club are: Messrs. S. L. Young, Buckingham, Flannan and John Brown. MCKEAN.

Spring Fishing for Ouananiche.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. M. C. Luckenbach, in your issue of Jan. 12, seeks information as to spring fishing for ouananiche in the rivers running into Lake St. John, rightly presuming, I suppose, that there is no early spring fishing in the Grande Discharge. In your note at the end of Mr. L.'s letter, you speak of Mr. George H. Dana's fishing at the foot of Alma Island, in the latter part of June. That is usually ten or fifteen days after the fishing commenced there, but I do not think it is wise to expect good fishing there in the spring. I should recommend Mr. Luckenbach to try either the Ouiahouan or the Metabetchouan for early ouananiche fishing, say from about May 20 to June 10 or 15. Last year I had splendid fishing in the pretty Ouiahouan Pool, immediately above the railway bridge, on May 25 and 26. So had R. M. Stocking, of this city, Mr. Chase, banker of Waterbury, and president of the Waterbury Watch Co., and Mr. J. Wallace, of Ansonia, Conn. I briefly described this fishing in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 9 last. There is always good fishing about the same period in the mouth of the Metabetchouan, and also along the Roberval shore of Lake St. John, in front of the hotel. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fishculture.

MAINE FISHERIES.

THE Commissioners of Fisheries and Game have presented their report for 1891 and 1892. "The success of their work is best recorded by the journals of the day, the railroad superintendents, the hotel keepers and the pretty little village reports of summer visitors." Newport, Sebago, Green Lake, Belgrade and Sebec are illustrations of the combined attractions of pure air and good fishing.

Black bass have been introduced at trifling cost and have multiplied so rapidly that they no longer need protective legislation. The Kennebec has been despoiled of its salmon by the dam nuisance at Augusta, and the destructive instincts of the natives at Waterville Falls, combined with the pollution of the stream by factory and mill refuse.

"The salmon fishery of the Penobscot has been preserved the last few years almost entirely by the joint efforts of the United States and Maine Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries. The United States Commission purchases the fish at the weirs on the river where taken and conveys them to waters set apart for that purpose, where they are carefully protected until ready for spawning, when their eggs are taken and distributed to such of the States as have subscribed to the expenses of the work for home planting. We as representatives of the State's interest subscribe to the full extent of the resources that the State Legislature places in our hands. We have established small hatcheries of our own at such points as are most central and convenient for distribution. The United States Commission has lately adopted a system of feeding the young fry for a length of time, that

will prepare the young fish to protect and feed themselves. We deem this a great advance, as it increases the chances of life to the newly-born fish. One of the young fish that is fed for six or eight months before being turned into a pond or river is deemed equal to ten times the number of the newly born fish when planted and liable to be eaten by even the most worthless vermin that swims.

"The United States Commission has been very liberal to our State in gifts of salmon eggs and fry. We intend to adopt the system of feeding all our young fishes for some six or eight months in our State hatcheries before planting them just as soon as our means will admit of it. We have already introduced it in a small way at Auburn with our landlocked salmon, having fed and distributed successfully some 50,000 six months old fish."

In 1891 the Commissioners planted in the Penobscot 80,000 young salmon that had been fed at Orland for eight months. These fish when planted were from 2 to 3 in. long. They were transported about twenty miles and liberated in Grant and Burr's brooks, tributaries of the Penobscot. Some of these fish, captured three months later, had reached a length of from 4 to 6 in.

Landlocked salmon have thrived in all suitable ponds and lakes. They require wide range of water, which must be quick running and with gravelly bottom, in which to spawn. The lakes must be deep enough to afford cold retreats from summer heat, and they must be plentifully stocked with smelts, to serve as food for the salmon. The Commissioners recommend the passage of a law forbidding the capture of these salmon in stocked waters until six years after planting.

In Sebago Lake the spawning landlocked salmon are obtained, and since artificial stocking has been carried on the fish have greatly increased; many are caught by trolling in May and June along the shores.

Last spring the Commissioners commenced feeding a portion of their young salmon at East Auburn. About 50,000 were kept until six months old when they were 3 in. long. They consider one hundred of these fish of more value to stock a lake than one thousand of the young fry just beginning to feed, and propose to continue this method hereafter as far as their means will allow.

Some peculiarities of the landlocked salmon not generally understood by the angling fraternity are mentioned in the report. They resemble the sea salmon in many if not all their habits, but their home and feeding grounds are in fresh waters instead of the ocean.

"Coming into the streams to spawn at the same season of the year, and on the same grounds. Hatching at the same time, the young remaining in the streams one or two years before going back to the lake. They are identical in looks and habits and cannot be identified from each other. They are not a fish that take the fly or bait readily, even in the feeding season, often being days that not a fish can be taken, at other times taking the hook or bait greedily. There are only about two months in the year (May and June) in which they can be angled for successfully, though a fish may be taken in now and then during the summer season, but rather as an exception than a rule. They grow very rapidly during their feeding season, often attaining a growth of two pounds in one year. We have authentic information of fish being caught in ponds, stocked by us only six years that had attained a growth of eight pounds and over. In one instance (Peabody Pond) of twelve pounds. There appears to be some lakes that grow large fish, while in others with apparent the same advantages, no fish will be found of over four or five pounds. There are now quite a large number of lakes and ponds in Maine that have been stocked by us with these fish. In many of these they are quite plenty, while in others hardly a fish has been taken, but as a rule, where the waters have the requisites mentioned in the preceding page, they have been a success."

"The painstaking and careful experiments of Hon. Chas. G. Atkins, Superintendent of the United States works at Orland, has made the discovery that the sea salmon only return to the rivers to spawn once in two years. The same law applies to the landlocked salmon, and perhaps with the brook trout likewise."

STOCKING WATERS WITH SALMONIDÆ.

THE very successful establishment of Sir James Maitland is well known wherever fishculture is practiced, and its influence has been widely felt for good. Perhaps nowhere else in the world have scientific principles been more judiciously and advantageously applied to the difficult and varied problems of fish breeding, and the public has not been slow to profit by the experience of the author of the "History of Howietoun."

"The first edition" of the pamphlet on stocking "had to beg the whole question of modern fishculture; the fourth edition finds artificial stocking very generally adopted and trout farms established in many places in England and Scotland as purely commercial ventures, thriving both fish-culturally and financially."

A similar, but more extensive, growth of public sentiment in favor of artificial hatching has developed in the United States under the stimulus of vigorous Natural and State fishculture operations.

Sir James Maitland's pamphlet will be read with interest because of the many practical subjects treated, as, for example, the preferred age of spawning fish, the separation of the sexes and of sizes, the management of eggs during incubation, the cost of eggs, fry, yearlings and older fish, the care and breeding of trout in the hatchery and ponds, the transportation of eggs and fish.

The cost of eyed eggs is stated to be \$1.62 per thousand; fry at three months cost from \$3.50 to \$4.00 per thousand; yearlings from \$30 to \$45 per thousand; two-year-olds are sold at \$125 thousand.

The pamphlet contains much practical information about the construction of ponds, the water supply, the use of water plants and of natural food. Sir James finds the water-flea (*Gammarus*) the most valuable flesh colorer, since it gives a deep pink hue to the flesh of trout. Snail (*Limnaea*) are also useful. Swan mussels, in our country known as freshwater mussels or unios, are found to increase the number of water-fleas. Watercress beds at the inlet of ponds have given excellent results.

On Stocking Rivers, Streams, Lakes, Ponds and Reservoirs with Salmonidæ. By Sir James Maitland, Bart, etc. Fourth Edition. Published by J. R. Guy, Secretary, Howietoun Fishery, Stirling, N. B., 1862.

A Pennsylvania Railroad Tour to Florida.

SPACE on the first personally conducted Pennsylvania Railroad tour to Florida is being eagerly sought for. The severe old-fashioned winter and the continuous snow storm which has prevailed for the past week has been the means of forcing the chilled inhabitants of the North to seek lovers, which time will give the tourist ample opportunity to profit in health and pleasure, and admit of a thorough tour of all the interesting places in the Peninsula. Later tours to Florida will leave during the months of February and March, dates for which have been fixed for Feb. 14, 28, March 14 and 28. A neatly prepared book on Florida and its surroundings is at the disposal of all applicants by addressing the tourist agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 340 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 25 to 28.—Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock and Kennel Association, at Akron, O. W. A. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Feb. 7 to 10.—Chicago Kennel Club, Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. D. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgus, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Bramby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

Remember, Chicago entries close Jan. 27, with G. H. Goodrich, Unity Building, Chicago.

THOSE RUSSIAN HOUNDS.

[From "Hunter's Calendar and Reference Book for 1892," by L. P. Sabaneyef, Moscow.]

Borzoys.

The borzoys can be divided into four groups. First, Russian or Psosoy borzoys, with more or less long hair. Second, Asiatic, with pendant ears. Third, Hortoy, with smooth hair of even length, and fourth, the Brudastoy, with stiff tufted hair. Of the better known breeds there are nineteen, but there are many more in northern Africa and southwest Asia of widely varying characteristics, but little known and so far not fully described.

RUSSIAN BORZOYS.

1. Old psosoy or Gustopsosoy borzoy.
2. Courland borzoy.
3. Modern psosoy borzoy.
4. Chistopsosoy borzoy.

ASIATIC BORZOYS.

5. Caucasian or mountain borzoy.
6. Tazyor Turkomenian borzoy.
7. Crimean borzoy.
8. Persian borzoy.
9. Khiva borzoy.
10. Khirghiz borzoy.
11. Moldavian borzoy.
12. Arabian borzoy.
13. Soudan borzoy.

HORTOY BORZOYS.

14. English borzoy.
15. Polish borzoy.

BRUDASTOY BORZOYS (TUFTED).

16. Courland tufted borzoy.
17. Russian brudastoy borzoy.
18. Scotch deerhounds.
19. Irish wolfhounds.

RUSSIAN BORZOYS.

Old Russian psosoy, or gustopsosoy borzoy, had many varieties, but they all conformed to the following general characteristics:

Ears short and pointed; when quiet lying back on the neck and touching or crossing each other by the tips.

Ribs come down below the elbows.

Back of the males rising in a hump from the shoulders and falling again to the hips; the bitches had a straight back, though sometimes they also showed a slight hump.

Feet long, never round like the English hound.

Hair dense, soft and silky, longer than with any other breed. On the neck the hair longer and heavier, sometimes forming a muff.

Color of the type was gray and yellow, also these mixed. But the color must not be too deep, nor the same all over the dog. For instance, a yellow dog (of which the straw or maize color were preferred) must have the muzzle, throat, chest, hip edges and lower side of tail considerably lighter in color, even passing into white on the tips; the same of the gray dog. Neither must the color be too dark or deep, and it must pass into the lighter one gradually, not in sharp spots. An even dark red or ash gray color, even with lighter shadings on the edges is objected to. But the same dog can have yellow and gray mixed in its coat. In respect to special features of all the different varieties of the Russian psosoy borzoy the authorities do not differ very much, and if occasionally some one defends some particular deviation, it is mainly owing to private reasons, and though his dogs may be of pure blood and breeds, still their deviation from the established type cannot be approved. For instance, the ribs of the Russian psosoy borzoy are not barrel-shaped, as of the Caucasian and Crimean dogs, but they are longer and reach down lower; the hips are never so large as of the Caucasian and English dogs.

It seems sure that all breeds of Russian borzoys came from one common root, namely, from the crossing of the Asiatic or eastern borzoy, which penetrated into Russia some hundreds of years ago, with the northern wolflike dogs, or even perhaps with the wolf itself. This is proved by the ears and by the long hair on the neck or muff. But the Courland borzoy seems also to have added its blood to the breed and given to it the long, curly hair.

Owing to many different conditions of place, food, method of hunting, adding of new blood, etc., the breeds of the Russian borzoys are very numerous and varied, though their characteristics never pass beyond the limits of those of the parent types. That means that when the influence of the Asiatic dog is greater the Russian borzoy of the particular breed would show rounder ribs, prominent forehead, large hips, tail slightly shorter, and possessing great power. When the blood of the northern wolflike dogs predominates, the borzoy is usually gray; coat long and thick, especially so around the neck, and the temper and manners approach those of the wolf. For instance, the dog, sometimes lying down, waits for the game to approach and tries to catch it with one short, tremendous effort. This last quality has been especially developed in breeds for many generations into astounding leaps, as if they were fired from a gun. But owing to the usual tendency to excess in man, some breeds have been refined into nothing; too great a leanness and sharp back, lack of power and morbidity.

MODERN PSOVOY BORZOY.

The ancient breeds of Russian borzoys have been obliged to change and lose some of their former characteristics, owing to changes taking place in the country; as, for instance, decrease in size of woods. The short dog, unable to run long

distances, is gradually losing importance, and signs of greater endurance are being cultivated, like the barrel-shaped ribs and strong muscles. But some signs and qualities of the ancient type are still being carefully preserved. The well-known breeders, P. M. Matchevanauoff and N. P. Yermolof have crossed their dogs with the Caucasian race and have obtained dogs of rounded ribs and strong muscles, at the same time retaining the length of the ribs below the elbows, the touching of the ears behind, and possessing high speed in general with the ability to increase this to a last lightning-like effort or spurt; powers and qualities that had been considered incompatible. Of course, many foreign breeds of windhounds have been crossed with the Russian borzoys in the course of time, but of all these the Crimean and Caucasians have had the most influence and left their imprint on the race either casually or by design.

In the breeds of the modern psosoy borzoys the influence of these crossings is strong enough a variety distinct from the old borzoys, but still the general psosoy borzoy characteristics must not be lost.

Head lean and narrow, with a long and narrow forehead, feet slightly broadening to the top, a sharp ridge on top, profile nearly straight, a little raised at the brows and broken at the eyes. *A prominent forehead is a defect.* Muzzle thin and long, but kept in proportion to the skull, *i. e.*, tapering down evenly, not in broken lines. *A hooked nose, or turned up, or sunk in at the bridge are defects, as is a short or broad muzzle.* The cheek muscles are noticeable, but must not be prominent enough to prevent the head being lean. The lower jaw must not be much shorter than the upper one.

Eyes somewhat prominent, large, dark, hazel in color or black, set in a black ring. *Hanging lower lids and a huge dentate fierceness are undesirable.*

Ears thin, larger than those of the Gustopsosoy borzoy, set up high on the skull, not lying on the back of the neck, but pressed tightly to the sides or at least lying close together. A pendant ear proves the predominance of Eastern (Asiatic) blood. Very desirable is it that the ears should be mobile and partly erective, the tips hanging down to the fore.

Neck is longer and flatter sideways with the bitch, the male having a shorter and broader one. But borzoys with a markedly short and broad neck are usually not good catchers.

Chest broad (broader than any of the Gustopsosoy, but narrower than the English), but not arched so that the crest of the breastbone barely passes the line of the shoulders. Shoulders muscular and freely moving about the elbows, *i. e.* the elbows are slightly turned out. Shoulder a little slanting, so that the legs do not look stumpy.

The forelegs are quite straight, large boned, but lean, so that the tendons can be seen through the skin.

The feet are lean, and toes well compressed and narrow, and the dog must stand well on its claws, the heel barely touching the ground.

Back broad, raised to a hump in the male, more level in the female. The croup long and broad and furrowed so that a hand can go between the hip bones; level in the bitch and curved down in the male, but so as not to form a break in the line of the back, but an even curve. The backbone ought to be slightly sunken in, like a furrow. *A sharp backbone with the vertebrae standing out is defective.*

Ribs not as flat as a fish, nor too much bent, but somewhat bent in and reaching to the elbows or below; and not shortening sharply toward the belly. Barrel ribs are a sign of too much English or Courland hound blood in the breed.

Hindlegs not too straight nor too much bent, hocks well defined, but not sharp; both hindlegs standing parallel to each other, but wider apart than the forelegs. Hip bones nearing each other are objectionable. Quarters not too large, but strong and sinewy, and not at all flat. Tendons thick and elastic. Feet long and toes well gathered.

Tail lean, a little thicker than a finger, tapering to the tip, and with long, pendant hair, which sometimes reaches 7 in. in length and is straight and silky, shortening toward the tip. In repose the tail must be somewhat bent into the shape of a sickle, without any tendency sideways, and come a little below the knees. The length of tail is measured by pulling it forward and between the hindlegs of the dog and touching the back with it; the last vertebra of the tail must come on the spine of the dog.

Size, normal, for the bitch is about 26 in., and 30 in. for the male. Less than 24 and 30 in. respectively are a defect, and over 32 in. is no advantage.

Coat soft, silky and glossy; wavy in places or in large curls all over. The decorative hair, *i. e.*, on the neck, hips and tail, is considerably longer than on the back and ribs; on the head, from the ears forward, and on the fore edges of the legs, the hair must be very short, like to a mouse, smooth and glossy.

The color of the coat at present varies widely, but the best established type has a gray or yellow color, with lighter shadings. Pure gray or yellow are scarce—scarce yet is pure white—the most prized.

Admissible also are a dark muzzle and fawn back, gradually shading to the under side of the body to white or light gray. Other colors, especially black, or black spots, are not allowable, as they surely and unmistakably show English or Asiatic blood. But in general the color of psosoy borzoys must be even, not too strong.

General shape of the modern borzoy is the same nearly as of the old one. Both are about as well-coated, with a kind of muff around neck; profile and outlines of both are the same, except for the head and ears. In the old borzoy the ears are set higher on the skull and lying back on the neck made the profile of the head appear longer and more graceful; while in the modern one, though the head is as long, it is broader and the ears are not outlined; but even in this case the dog has a grace of its own by showing a proportional relation to its greater strength. This same quality is indicated by the greater width of chest, when seen from before, and thus the dog gains by a combination of breadth and strength.

NEW ENGLAND BREEDING RIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have secured from Dr. Jas. E. Hair the English setter dog Albert's Roderigo, by Roderigo out of Bonny Gladstone's Girl, and shall soon send him South to be prepared for the New England Field Trial Club All-Aged Stake, and if breeding and natural qualification go toward making a winner, he will be in the first flight sure. He is one of the best of Roderigo's get I have seen and I have seen most of those shown North, and for field work he has that dashing merry way of going that makes it a pleasure for one to see him afield. I expect soon to have him serve my dashing little bitch Nellie Hunter, which will give this get the same blood lines as the get of Antonio and the peerless Daisy Hunter, so much talked of last winter when Daisy was bred to Antonio, with the addition of the Druid-Ruby cross through Ben Hill. I will then have some Derbys to be proud of. I shall also breed him to Rose Gladstone, and by that means get a combination of Roderigo and Gladstone-Sue, which ought to prove as good now as it has in the past. I wish to say a word before closing, of the work of J. M. Taylor, of which I have just secured a copy. For the benefit of the amateur breeder of English setters it is of incalculable value, as it shows plainly what breeding has secured the best results in the past, and if one will study it carefully cannot go wrong in breeding now; and I think that the breeders of setters and pointers owe Mr. Taylor a debt. With best wishes for the continued prosperity of FOREST AND STREAM.

NEW CANAAN, Conn.

THE LORA-HEINEKEN HEAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to call your attention to your report of Lora-Heineken heat in Philadelphia trials in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 8, which gives the setter Lora the credit of finding and pointing both coveys in that heat. The heat as run was this: The bird Mr. Tucker flushed just before the dogs were cast off took a direction obliquely to that given by the judges for the handlers to hunt the brace. Lora followed the direction this bird had flown, which led her to a covey. Heineken hunted out in his proper course until signalled back over the hill to back Lora's point; she had dropped and he either pointed or backed without a word; both were steady to wing and shot. Lora followed rapidly the direction the covey took in flight. It had settled in good cover about 75 yds. from woods; the birds were seen to fly from this cover and Lora remained. There was no reason for these birds to have flushed wild; they had taken a long flight and found excellent cover before reaching the woods. The judge (Mr. Coster) ordered Heineken to remain until Lora was brought back, after which we went back and were directed to hunt out the original course. Lora cast in the direction of wagons. Heineken skirted the pines and sage and found no scent of birds at the edge of billrushes, and he followed this a few feet. Lora was whistled back and passed within a few feet of Heineken, who whirled to the right and rear and pointed, and the point was called. Lora came back to the left and was working on the footscents of the birds in bushes in front of Heineken, who was then signalled to go on and locate. He passed to the right of Lora and made a good and firm point. Lora was still moving in the bushes unseen by him. When the birds were flushed the greater number raised just in front of the dog; one flew to the rear, which Heineken's handler killed. He would not have shot had it been Lora's find or her point. It was the dog's find and his point.

Ordered on Heineken, when following swiftly the direction of the flushed bird, wheeled to a first-class point. The judge ordered the bird flushed. Heineken was steady and the judge said "All right." Now when you make such an important mistake against the dog as not to give him credit for making ends to a staunch and positive point when running fast following the direction all of the flying birds went (except the one I killed), were you not most likely to make one when there was a possibility of doubt?

I feel that Heineken should have his due, especially when he ran a good race industriously working with fair range and improved pace to the last, obediently and intelligently, without an error. While I make no objection to the decision of the judges, because they were acting under a system without rules which I agreed to, I do object to reports which argue most favorably to his opponent when her position indicated that she had flushed the cover from good cover where it had settled and stopped to wing. You failed altogether to report the fact, positive that she went in and rooted up two scattered birds in the narrow strip or turning row with wheat field on either side. Mr. Tucker saw the birds fly and I saw the bitch go in and flush them, so that whatever position she may have then occupied, she had flushed the birds.

I do not desire to detract from Lora but I think I am entitled to a fair report for my dogs, and I think you will cheerfully accord it now that your attention has been called to what I hope and believe was an inadvertency.

J. R. PURCELL.

GUN-SHY DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 29 Mr. Elting has an article on treating gunshyness in a dog. His article is all right, except in the first act, and that is wrong. Never tie a dog, for the moment you put a cord on him and confine him he thinks there is something wrong and you at once abuse any confidence the dog has in you. Gunshyness is merely this one thing and nothing else—fear—and whenever you convince your dog that the report of a gun will not hurt him he is cured of gunshyness. I have broken several that were so bad that at first report of gun they would run home. I then pay no more attention to them that day, don't try to get them out from under the house nor pet them, but feed at night as usual, and if they don't come out for it just leave it there. Then the next day take your gun and dog, go hunting, and the first cover you get into don't shoot. Keep an eye on your dog and see what he is doing. If he shows no disposition to get away from you go to where the birds flew from and sit down. Don't say a word to your dog, he will soon commence pottering round; let him nose round all he wants to. Go to your singles and do the same way. Try this and keep at it till your dog gets interested in the birds. Keep at it if it takes a week; let him chase all the birds and hares he wants to. Now, when your dog gets interested in the birds then you can shoot some; but don't fire your gun close to the dog. Let him be off one, two or three hundred yards, and a good time is when he is chasing. Then if you kill a bird, take it, sit down and play with bird, puppy or dog a half hour, get him to think your bird is a wonderful thing, and then your dog is all O. K. Old dogs that have been badly spoiled would probably require different treatment; but my article is for puppies and young dogs, on probably their first time in the field. If your puppy should not run home at first report, but comes in to you and stays at heel, act as if you were out with him the second day.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 6.

HORNET.

DIVISION IN WEIGHT OF POINTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 12, in "Points and Flushes," your eminent staff correspondent of Chicago champions the abolishment of weight classes in pointers. The new club at Chicago, which has proposed such innovation, has certainly no pointer man among the framers of the law and it seems to me, is only trying to have something new, at all hazards. While certainly not averse to any progress possible, I will rest content to await the opinion of pointer breeders and exhibitors in this matter, even though it has the weighty indorsement of Mr. Waters, and it will be plainly no!

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Jan. 13.

G. MUSS-ARNOLD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 5.—Did you ever see anything like this? On Sept. 22 my English setter bitch Lillian Russell whelped nine pups. I was away from home at the time, and when I arrived home Nov. 1, I found Kittie G., a maiden bitch, suckling six pups; and now she plays and thinks more of the pups than the mother does. When I feed her she will take the food to the pups first and then eat what is left.

J. M. BROWN.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

DOG CHAT.

Sale of Base.

The beagle men who were present at the late trials will remember the good work done by Mr. Ashburner's Base, when it was a toss up between Lee II. and the former who should win in the 15in. class. Base goes West and is practically lost to Eastern breeders, though he is a gain for the West. His late owner writes: Mr. E. H. Rummele, Jr., of Sheboygan, Wis., is the purchaser at a large figure. There were several men after this dog; the price was large, but the terms are private. Mr. Ashburner bespeaks the good will of the beagle men for the dog, which will be put at stud at once.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the N. B. C. was held at the Astor House, New York, Jan. 16, at 4:45 P. M. The old officers present were: Pres. Chapman, Vice-Pres. H. L. Kreuder and Sec'y H. V. Jamieson. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and communications by letter accepted as received. After letters from the Keystone K. C. and New England K. C. asking for specials had been read, it was voted that their requests be referred to the new officers for action. Messrs. W. A. Power and N. L. Rutter, Jr., having resigned from the club, Mr. H. L. Kreuder was appointed to communicate with these gentlemen requesting them to state their reasons for resigning. It was then voted that a committee, consisting of Messrs. J. W. Appleton and George W. Rogers, be appointed to draw up a set of resolutions acknowledging the good work of the retiring officers. On retiring from the chair Mr. F. W. Chapman made a few remarks on the welfare of the club, and then introduced the new president, Mr. H. L. Kreuder. This gentleman then took the chair, and in a few well chosen words outlined the policy of the club and its intentions. The roll call of new officers was then called, and the members present were Messrs. H. L. Kreuder, H. F. Schellhas, F. W. Chapman, A. C. Knoblauch, H. V. Jamieson, Geo. W. Rogers, G. W. Laick, J. W. Appleton, H. E. Twyford and H. W. Lacy. Discussion ensued as to the special for the Keystone show, and it was decided to give one for the best beagle in open classes. After several suggestions it was finally decided that the special at the N. E. K. C. show should be for the best pack of four. Voted that committee on incorporation be discharged, as the club having removed its headquarters to New York, it was no longer necessary to incorporate in Massachusetts. Messrs. Norman S. Pease and W. Tallman were accepted as members. It was then voted that the N. B. C. hold field trials in 1893. After some discussion Mr. Chapman moved that at the next field trials classes should be as follows: 13 in. for dogs and bitches; 13 in. and under for dogs and bitches; a Derby for beagles whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892, also champion class for first prize winners at previous trials only. This motion was lost, but the field trial committee will consider it in due course. Messrs. Kreuder, Appleton, Laick and Schellhas were nominated for delegates to the A. K. C., and Mr. H. F. Schellhas was chosen. A committee on pedigrees, consisting of Messrs. H. L. Kreuder, J. W. Appleton and H. F. Schellhas was then appointed by the chair. The meeting adjourned at 6:45 P. M. and the executive committee went into session. The members of this committee were Messrs. Kreuder, Appleton, Laick, Rogers and Lacy. The question as to what the proposed specials should consist of for the Keystone Kennel Club and N. E. K. C. shows was first taken up. Instead of cups it was decided that a piece of plate should be given not to cost more than \$25, at the Philadelphia show. The committee feeling that the N. E. K. C. show being in the center of beagledom, as it were, should have a little extra attention, so it was decided to offer a piece of plate not exceeding \$50 in value. Messrs. Kreuder and Appleton were appointed a committee to choose any suitable articles in silver as the specials for the above shows. The secretary was instructed to notify the secretaries of those clubs of the intentions of the N. B. C. Meeting adjourned about 7:30 P. M.

The World's Fair Show.

It has long been a much discussed question as to who would be chosen for the responsible position of superintendent of the greatest dog show this country will probably see for some time to come. Mr. Mortimer has been the general choice, and exhibitors should feel relieved when they find their wish come true. In Mr. John Read he will have an able assistant, for these two men stand *facile principes* as managers of shows in this country, and can probably teach the "promoters" on the other side a thing or two in this line. Now that this point is satisfactorily settled we trust that Mr. Buchanan will so arrange matters that the "red tape," so plentiful a source of annoyance in these expositions, will not interfere to frustrate the efforts of these men to give us a great show.

W. K. C. Premium List.

The years seem to come upon us with alarming frequency, and the receipt of a W. K. C. premium list marks another milestone, the twelfth in our experience of American shows. The Westminster Kennel Club is progressive, and while it does not go in for a protechnical premium list to startle the world and then subside into darkness, the steady growth in the value of prizes shows that this, our parent club, fully appreciates the advances that has been achieved in kennel affairs in America by continually increasing the value of its prizes, until with their seventeenth issue even the most greedy exhibitor should feel contented. A glance through the premium list of the show, that will take place Feb. 21 to 24, is almost bewildering in the array of regular prizes and specials, and at no other show can one judge of the interest taken by the different specialty clubs in the breeds they foster than at New York, for nearly every club has done its "proudest" this year.

For the important breeds, such as mastiffs, St. Bernards, both types, greyhounds, great Danes, pointers, all setters, collies and smooth fox-terriers, the divided challenge classes have the same as last year: \$20 and \$10. In open classes, however, \$5 has been added to the first prize; making the prizes \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Puppy classes in these breeds have \$15, \$10 and \$5; and in this is the only fault which we can find with the list. These prizes alone are equal to those given in late shows to the grown dogs, and in view of the

restricted area of the Madison Square Garden one can hardly consider it a wise or beneficial provision, especially when the novice classes, which effect almost the same purpose as puppy classes without so much danger, give the same amount of money. In bloodhounds, deerhounds, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, bulldogs, bull-terriers, dachshunds, beagles, Irish setters, black and tans, and pugs, we find \$15 and \$10 given for divided challenge classes; while Russian wolfhounds, poodles, wire-haired fox-terriers, Bedlington, Scotch, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, King Charles, Blenheim, and Japanese spaniels and Italian greyhounds have the same money, but the sexes compete together. In open classes all the breeds, with the exception of spaniels, which have \$5 more for first, get \$15, \$10 and \$5, and the more important have in addition puppy and novice classes with \$10 and \$5 prizes. Newfoundland, foxhounds and terriers, Dandies and Prince Charles spaniels have no challenge classes, but the open money, \$15, \$10 and \$5 in divided classes, is liberal enough for the support given. Those breeds where sexes compete together are English retrievers, Chesapeake Bays, Irish water spaniels, Clumbers, mouth

hope now that good weather will serve and the best dogs we have be put down in proper shape.

The New Beagle Field Trials Club.

According to Mr. F. W. Chapman, who was in New York last Monday to attend the Beagle Club meeting, the prospects for the proposed New England Beagle Trials Club are quite rosy. Several other breeders of beagles have signified their intention of lending support to the movement. A meeting will be held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Jan. 26, at 8 P. M., to take definite action in the matter and organize the club. The idea at present is to have the trials about a fortnight before the regular trials of the N. B. C. next fall, which plan is a better one than the one first proposed, as time and expense will be saved the owners in conditioning their dogs when the trials are held about the same time.

A Field Trial Club for Chicago.

It is reported in Chicago that a new field trial club will be formed in Chicago. Indications are that even the wonderful boom in field trials in 1892 will receive added strength during 1893. Field trial interest is fast becoming not merely an adjunct to the kennel world in general, but a little world of its own, affording employment for many as trainers and kennel keepers. It is very evident that several trainers now handle too many dogs to do justice to all, and new men are bound to take up what will prove a lucrative means of earning a living. Every field trial club increases the list of pointer and setter owners and the consequent demand for stock. Prospects are very rosy for kennelism in the year of 1893.

American Spaniel Club Meeting.

A very pleasant little dinner of which spaniel men and a visitor partook, was held at the Bartholdi Hotel, New York, on Friday evening last. Spaniel matters were discussed *ad infinitum*, and with the advent of coffee and cigars the affair resolved itself into an executive committee meeting of the club, in which Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, R. P. Keasby, E. M. Oldham, Jas. Watson and C. H. Mason took part. After reading the minutes and the treasurer had announced the finances of the club to be in a healthy condition, the "annual dinner" committee announced that they had received favorable terms from the Bartholdi Hotel, which they had under consideration. The committee on diplomas, which the club intends to distribute at principal shows, reported progress, showing several samples which, combined and aided by the artistic taste of the committee—the president—is sure to result in a diploma well worth winning. The question of specials for the N. E. K. C. show was referred to the secretary for further action. Mr. Wilmerding reported an offer of \$10 cash from Mr. Wm. West, to be allotted by the club, and a vote of thanks to Mr. West was passed. The most important business of the meeting, the question of life membership, was then taken up and the committee appointed, Messrs. Oldham and Keasby, gave an idea of what they thought would be right. After discussion it was adopted with few alterations and voted upon as follows: That any charter member of the American Spaniel Club may become a life member provided he is in good standing, on payment of \$10. That any member may become a life member, providing he is in good standing, on payment of \$50. That those charter members who are at present in arrears for dues may, on payment of the dues to date, become life members on payment of \$10 additional, provided such payment is made on or before May 1, 1893. The meeting then adjourned.

Death of Suffolk Riot.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, good fancier and true that he is, seems to be having most unmerited luck just now. His fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Riot, that he bought from Mr. Mortimer, had to be killed a few days ago by her owner, owing to the injuries she received in an encounter with Hillside Baroness. The latter bitch Mr. Stewart has sold to a New York gentleman.

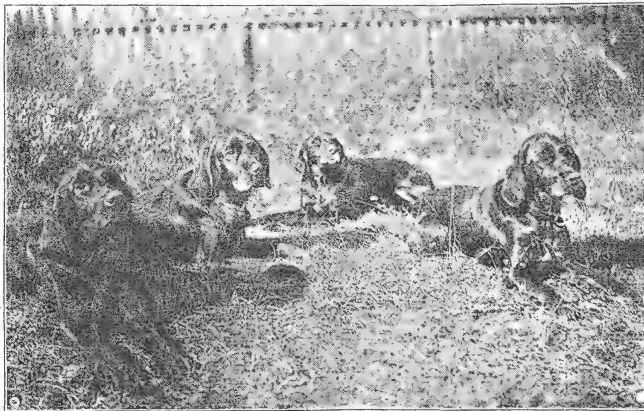
Mr. James Watson is hustling in his usual way for the Keystone Kennel Club show next month, and intends that it should be in every way superior to the first held last year. The Pointer Club has promised \$10 for best heavy-weight dog and bitch and the same for light-weights. The Collie Club gives the stud dog plate and two silver and bronze medals for specials.

The late Alton's get evidently partake of the excellent qualities of their sire, for Mr. Patterson writes us, "How does this compare with the record for litters? By Alton, Jr., ex Lady Lomond, 11, 7 dogs; by Alto-neer ex Clara Barton, 10, 7 dogs, all born Jan. 14; nicely marked and doing finely."

It's pretty cold in this country just now but a warm wave is predicted for February, starting from Canada. This is how we know: "Keep your eye on a fox-terrier pup that will be at New York. He is by Star-den's King ex Incognita (lately owned by Mr. Mortimer). A good many of the best judges here including Bell, of Toronto, think he has a 'cinch' on Mr. Thayer's \$100 'wad.' His bone is simply wonderful, not a bit timid and a good shower."

Russian Wolfhounds.

An interesting contribution to the existing literature on this much discussed breed as given in the "Hunter's Calendar and Reference Book for 1892," by L. P. Sabanayef, Moscow, will be found in another column. The standard he gives will explain and fit some of the types of the dogs that are owned at present in this country. Anything that may shed light on the proper formation of these dogs should be welcomed as a guide to the men who have to judge these dogs at our shows. The question simply resolves itself into this: Are the dogs now owned here to be classified as Psoroy Borzoy, that is, the dogs known as strictly Russian Borzoy? Color seems to have an influence in determining the purity of the breeds, and while no one wishes in any way to detract from Argoss's merits, and his general formation (we name this dog because he is the only black and tan dog in the country), we think that every evidence should be produced to show whether his type or dogs that hail from Messrs. Hanks & Hacke's kennels are the correct thing. Another show season is coming on and in all fairness and justice some understanding should be come to as to what type we are going to stand by. Is Argoss's type to lead or is Leekhoi's? There is much money invested already in these



THE GLENMORE KENNELS.

Finglas, Beau Brummell, Winnie II. and Coleraine.

and old English sheepdogs, Bassets, white English terriers, Clydesdales, Welsh and toy terriers, schipperkes and the miscellaneous, and they all get \$15, \$10 and \$5, a considerable advance on last year.

This about summarizes the whole, which compares more than favorably with the best show in England. Then the cash kennel prizes given by the W. K. C. amount to a very considerable sum in the aggregate, when mastiffs, St. Bernards (both types), great Danes, wolfhounds, pointers and all setters, collies and bulldogs have a prize of \$25; spaniels for sport, toy spaniels and pugs \$20, and bloodhounds, foxhounds, poodles, bull-terriers, dachshunds, beagles, wire-haired fox-terriers, Irish and Yorkshire terriers \$15, and Newfoundlands, black and tans, white English, Dandie, Bedlington, Scotch, Skye, Clydesdale and Welsh terriers and Italian greyhounds

sure to result in a diploma well worth winning. The question of specials for the N. E. K. C. show was referred to the secretary for further action. Mr. Wilmerding reported an offer of \$10 cash from Mr. Wm. West, to be allotted by the club, and a vote of thanks to Mr. West was passed. The most important business of the meeting, the question of life membership, was then taken up and the committee appointed, Messrs. Oldham and Keasby, gave an idea of what they thought would be right. After discussion it was adopted with few alterations and voted upon as follows: That any charter member of the American Spaniel Club may become a life member provided he is in good standing, on payment of \$10. That any member may become a life member, providing he is in good standing, on payment of \$50. That those charter members who are at present in arrears for dues may, on payment of the dues to date, become life members on payment of \$10 additional, provided such payment is made on or before May 1, 1893. The meeting then adjourned.



JUDGES AT CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS, 1892.

W. S. Bell, J. M. Tracy, N. Wallace.

get \$10. It would be impossible, as well as unnecessary, to enumerate the great number of specials given by the specialty clubs, but we may note the liberality of the Mastiff, St. Bernard, Great Dane, Collie and Bulldog clubs in this respect, whose prizes in cash and cups range all the way from \$10 to \$500. The New York Herald again shows its interest in kennel affairs by donating medals for the best in most of the breeds.

The judges we have already announced, and the FOREST AND STREAM's list last week was the only correct one published before the premium list was issued.

The railroads which will carry dogs free when accompanied by owners are Grand Trunk Railway, N. Y. C. & H. R., West Shore, N. Y. C. & W., N. Y., L. E. & W., D. L. & W., Lehigh Valley, Central R. R. of N. J., Philadelphia & Reading, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Ches. & Ohio, Michigan Central, N. Y., N. H. & H. (Erie charges one-half cent per mile between local stations); Providence and Stonington Steamship Co.

All the express companies take the dogs on the usual rates. Spratts Co. will bench and feed, as usual, and the Walker Co. will disinfect, their sawdust being used. Entries close Feb. 6 and the fee for each dog is \$5, and we must impress upon intending exhibitors the fact that they must enter early or stand a chance of being thrown out when the space is taken up. All entries must be sent to Mr. James Mortimer, the superintendent, 44 Broadway, New York. Dr. H. Clay Glover is the veterinarian, so we may be sure all sick dogs will get the go-by. In conclusion, we can only

dogs, and with the exception of Mr. Hacke's kennel, we believe that both Mr. Huntington and Mr. Hanks's kennels contain specimens of both types, Mr. Hanks having secured a couple of what he terms "cast offs" to compete with Argoss on his own form. Still Mr. Hanks, from information gained personally from Prince Galitzin and other breeders, vows strenuously that Leekhol's type is correct and will so endeavor to breed his dogs. This all leads to confusion and the sooner it is settled one way or the other the better. Why cannot the National Greyhound Club secure all the evidence possible, compare standards, and let the majority of opinion on certain points rule and arrange a standard that our judges shall follow. We know that Mr. H. W. Smith, who has had the unpleasant task of deciding, in the dark as regards correct type, between two good animals, is anxious that some steps in this direction should be taken at once, and we think that other greyhound judges are of the same mind.

Mainspring Dead.
We regret to learn that the noted field trial performer Mainspring is dead. This well known pointer died at the Charlottesville F. T. Kennels Jan. 11. He was owned by Mr. J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mainspring was bred by D. J. H. Salter, of England, and was by Mike out of Romp, by Chang out of Brackenbury's Romp; Mike by Price's Bang out of Sella. His litter sister, Hops, the dam of so many good ones when bred to King of Kent, died a few weeks ago. Mainspring won second in the All-Age Pointer Stake at Eastern Field Trials, 1884, and the next year won first, thus showing himself a consistent performer in the field. We believe his bench showing was confined to one or two appearances. He, however, sired such good field performers as R. M. Hutchings's Spring, F. R. Hitchcock's Springbok, Dr. J. G. F. Holston's Count Fauster, Mrs. G. N. Castleman's Rex and Charlottesville's Kennels' Mainstay, all of whom have records in the annals of field trials.

Conrad II. Missing.
The Hempstead Farm Kennels' sable and white collie Conrad II. strayed away or was stolen during Mr. Mortimer's absence on Thursday last, and no trace of him can be found. He is a large sized dog weighing about 50 lbs., has white forelegs, white breast and white collar, also a few white hairs on tip of tail. Any information that will lead to his recovery will be heartily appreciated by the owners.

His Chicago appointment must bring pleasure to Mr. Mortimer, but it is qualified by several untoward experiences he is having at present. His eldest son was taken suddenly and seriously ill in Hempstead village and immediately removed to the hotel, where Mr. Mortimer has had to remain with him ever since. Then Conrad II., their crack sheepdog, is missing. His many friends will join with us in our hope that the clouds will soon roll by, for this is a busy season of the year for him.

After the Beagle Club meeting, President Kreuder invited those present to partake of an informal dinner with him, and a pleasant hour was spent in discussing the viands and the merits of beagles in general.

Another good old sportsman and fancier has passed away. Mr. P. H. Jones of the *Stock-Keeper*, England, died Dec. 29, 1892. He was a most popular and well known fancier in England, for besides being a poultry and pigeon judge and breeder, he was also interested in bull dogs and pugs.

Mr. Cruft, of Cruft's Show renown, has severed his connection with Spratt's company, with whom he has been since the company bought the patent.

Mr. Everett Millais has resigned from the English Kennel Club, as he is not pleased with the way the club is conducted, averring that it is not representative of the dogmen, they having no voice in the election of officers.

Mr. Ed Booth has purchased the good young St. Bernard Wyoington Hesper from Mr. E. B. Sears. He was shown at Lewiston, Me., and created a very good impression, being especially good in head.

We are pleased to say that the youngster Carlisle Glory is not dead, but it was another of Mr. Bellin's pups by Blenton Rasper that succumbed from inflammation of the bowels.

There will be a bench show at Rockville, Ind., Jan. 25 to 30. Mr. W. P. Overman is the secretary.

Mr. Stewart's ill luck still pursues him for the other day his bitch Blenton Venom was found dead in her kennel. He has now only the good young dog My Fellow, who, true to his name, sticks to him.

We have had an opportunity to see the copy of charges brought by Mr. E. B. Elliott against Mr. H. E. Tywford, and for fear that the remarks we made recently in regard to this case may have been misconstrued, we would say that Mr. Elliott strenuously denies ever having received any communication from Mr. Tywford demanding or asking for a settlement of the account that was owing between them, before hearing of the sale of his dog.

There was a small dog show held at Des Moines, Ia., last week in connection with the Des Moines Poultry and Pet Stock Association. The show was held in the new Pitt carriage building. Mr. F. H. Perry, of Irish setter fame, is one of the executive committee of the club and also acted as judge at the show. The bench show committee was Messrs. F. O. Green, C. N. Page, Elwood Alexander, J. C. Ford and K. R. Guthrie. No cash prizes were given, but glory bedecked with ribbons was sufficient to draw a number of dogs. Our report of the show has not yet arrived. St. Bernards, Great Danes, setters, pointers, mastiffs, pugs and Yorkshires were the breeds represented. A dog called Garza was the attraction in St. Bernards. Reports of the Indianapolis and Detroit shows arrived too late for press this week.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we find that Maine State Kennels offer foxhounds for sale; James McAlcer, pointer pups; Dr. J. A. Hartman, broken pointers and setters; J. Feulner, well bred English setters; A. B. Suit, the celebrated Wild Goose pack of foxhounds; Frank Watson, pointers; Thasmo Kennels, Irish setters; W. H. Pierce, choice pointer pups. Exchange, F. Watson, pointers for breechloaders.

The Collie Club sweepstakes this year has 17 entries, making the stake worth \$85 in all.

In the Netherlands dogs used to be trained by smugglers to cross the frontier, laden with parcels of lace, at night. A quick-scented dog was always dispatched ahead of them, who, when he snelled Custom House officers about, turned back and warned the others, who lay concealed behind bushes or in ditches till all was safe. At the end of the journey the leading dog showed himself alone, nor did the others come up till a whistle was given by the consignee to show all was safe.

The St. Bernard has been playing a new role, though all in way of saving life. Two professional men of Milan, Italy, who had repaired to a frontier village to fight a duel, were prevented from doing so by an enormous St. Bernard dog which appeared on the scene just as the would-be duelists

were taking their places. Several attempts to begin operations were made, but the dog interfered each time. Finally the ridiculousness of the situation dawned upon the principals, and they shook hands and returned to Milan together. A dog of this sort should prove eminently useful to French duellists in affording them an excellent excuse to suspend hostilities.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Manitoba Field Trials.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—A meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held recently in the Clarendon Hotel, Winnipeg, Manitoba. There was a large attendance of members. The meeting was for the purpose of making arrangements for the club's field trials of the present year. There will be two stakes, a Derby and an All-Age. In respect to prizes, the club decided to offer a guaranteed purse of \$800, to be divided as follows: Derby, first prize, \$160; second prize, \$115; third prize, \$75. All-Age, first prize, \$225; second prize, \$125; third prize, \$100. Mr. William Tallman, who so ably acted as judge last year, has accepted the club's invitation to judge again at their next trials. Securing Mr. Tallman will unquestionably prove most satisfactory to competitors. His awards and management of the running last year won the confidence of all by the impartiality and skill displayed.

A more central point was selected for running the trials. Morris, being near Winnipeg, was a convenient place to hold the trials and for Winnipeg members to attend, but it was not at all convenient for members who reside in the western part of the Province and the Territories. The town of Souris has been selected at which to hold the next trials. It is more centrally located for the club's members, and is said to be easily reached from the United States and Canadian Provinces. The farmers in the vicinity of Souris have generously offered their lands for the club's trials. The lands are preserved, which will be a guarantee of an abundance of birds. The trials will be run under the spotting system. Dogs which have won first prizes in any field trial All-Age stake will be barred. Derby entries close June 1. All-Age entries close Aug. 21. The trials will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 12.

The Chicago Dog Show.

The Chicago Kennel Club is conducting the preliminary arrangements for its forthcoming show with a vigor and expedition which denote that everything will be ready on time. In the short time since the club was organized—Jan. 2, the premium list has been prepared and published, orders have been placed with Spratts Patent for the necessary outfitting and biscuits, Battery D has been secured, and the details are all in running order. Entries already are coming in, and the signs indicate a good show. The club has applied for membership in the A. K. C. The entry fee for mastiffs, Great Danes and St. Bernards is \$4; for all others, \$3. Club members will not enter dogs for competition. Dogs on which one full rate has been paid to the show will be returned free, if ownership is the same.

Mastiffs, Great Danes and St. Bernards (smooth and rough coated respectively), have in challenge classes, \$25 to first, \$15 to second. In open classes, \$50 and \$25, first and second respectively. Puppy classes, \$10 and \$5. Pointers, collies, English setters and Irish setters have \$25 in challenge classes, \$35 and \$20 in open classes, and \$10 and \$5 in puppy classes. Gordon setters have, in open class for dogs, \$35 and \$15; bitches, \$25 and \$15; puppy classes, \$10 and \$5. Other prizes for other breeds vary from \$25 to \$10 to first, and from \$10 to \$5 to second prize winners. Entries close Jan. 27. Mr. R. J. Sawyer judges St. Bernards; Mr. Harry L. Goodman judges mastiffs, Great Danes, bulldogs, bull-terriers, dachshunds, Yorkshire terriers, toys, pugs and Italian greyhounds. Mr. Roger D. Williams judges Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds. Mr. John A. Long judges collies, and Mr. John Davidson judges English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, pointers, cockers, Irish water spaniels, field spaniels, beagles, black and tan terriers, Irish terriers, fox-terriers and miscellaneous. Dr. R. J. Withers is veterinarian.

Self-Hunting Dogs.

A correspondent writes me for information in respect to what will restrain dogs from self-hunting. He says: "I have never had any trouble in keeping a single dog from straying off. When there are several dogs they can be prevented from self-hunting by letting only one loose at a time. He then is not apt to go far. But where there are a number of dogs, each, when at liberty one by one, gets but a small part of the time."

I regret to say that there is no remedy for the fault. It is impossible to keep a dog from self-hunting if he is at liberty. If there are two or more dogs the fault is greatly exaggerated. One will lead the other off, and they enjoy hunting together immensely. They will sneak off even if their master is present. They will display great cunning to accomplish their purpose. They will not display the slightest inclination to go hunting while their master is watching them. When his eye is off them for a moment they sneak behind a fence or a cover, and run swiftly to the fields or woods. Some dogs will return in two or three hours, some stay away two or three days. Dogs have a limited sign language which they readily understand so far as it applies to common acts of hunting.

I remember two setter dogs which were most enthusiastic self-hunters when they could escape together. When the opportunity was favorable and the desire to go hunting was felt, one would prick up his ears, give a few bounds, look knowingly at his companion and away they then would go to the woods. No commands would stop them after they once got started, although in every other respect they were well broken and perfectly obedient. Once away, they remained in the woods and fields from two days to a week. They would be heard of miles away, they being seen while hunting the fields. No more wretched looking dogs than these could be imagined after such a trip. Tired out, skin torn, worn down to skin and bones, it required days of rest and good feeding to restore strength and flesh. Of course, after it was plain that they were on the alert constantly for a chance to go self-hunting when together, they were never given their freedom thereafter both at the same time.

There is absolutely no practicable remedy for the fault, if the dog has his liberty. It is a fault which becomes more confirmed by opportunity and indulgence. Aside from the annoyance it occasions, it is really serious in that the self-hunter in his rambles will meet some vagrant self-hunting curs with which he will join interests. If there are any sheep in the neighborhood, the vagrant dog may lead his companion into doing dark and bloody deeds, and death to him from the shotgun, or a big bill of damages to his master may be the result. If a dog will self-hunt, it is better to restrain his liberty.

I recently had the pleasure of a visit to the charming home of Mr. L. A. Rice, owner of the Scotts Wood Kennels, at Riverside, Ill. There I saw a kennel building most expensively fitted and arranged. In it Mr. Rice had a fine lot of setters. While there I heard of a Great Dane which was purchased recently by a young gentleman who resides at Riverside, a most delightful suburban town. No royal dog like that, in whose veins flows the blood of his fathers, should be treated like an ordinary dog, therefore his tail is to be done up in chamois skin. The ordinary go-as-you-please dogman may ask what for. The tail of a Great Dane is a large vital organ. It needs protection in cold weather. Wrapping it keeps it warm and therefore there can be no cold blood in that dog, as indicated by the tail, which is said by those who are wise in such matters to be the first part

which shows variation from pure blood. The second purpose was to keep people from injury when the dog wagged his tail, and also incidentally to keep the tail from injury. These refinements show progress in the doggy world and a warm place in life for man's best friend.

Mr. Rice contemplates a trip South about the 14th inst. He will stop at Trenton, Tenn., and shoot there till the trials begin, if it is not too cold. Advices from the South tell of zero weather everywhere thereabouts. B. WATERS.
175 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO.

A TRIBUTE TO PUP.

BY THE LATE SENATOR JOHN E. KENNA.

(From *Forest and Stream* of June 17, 1880.)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following tribute to a faithful hound may not be deemed unworthy of a place in your columns. The sobriquet, "Pup" began with him, and ended with him. I never knew a better dog. His achievements were among the hills and in the woodland range along the valley of the beautiful Kanawha. Many were the foxes that surrendered to the fleetness of his foot and the unerring certainty of his nose. We have some good dogs—he was the greatest Roman of them all. A pair of his youngsters promises the early adornment of my small pack, and a strain of his blood is prized above anything our section can boast:

Hear! all ye lovers of the chase,

Who follow black, tan, pied, or red,

The best and noblest of his race.

The Prince of dogs, old "Pup" is dead!

No more will Joppling's echoes ring

His accents clear at early morn;

No more his eyes will brightness bring.

Responsive to Lan Oakes' horn;

Van Buren's voice on the hill top high.

May greet the Nimrod in the chase.

Delaney's yell from mountain high,

Give cheer and relish to the race;

From Mathew's Branch to old Stittfield,

Red fox or gray may frequent go,

With foot or ken that ne'er did yield

To man or dog, nor fast nor slow.

The old peach orchard on the hill,

May, listening, hear the opening pack;

The Laurel Hollow o'er the rill,

Resounding, give the echoes back;

Jeff, Plunder, Chowder, and the rest,

With Steptoes' shout, may mingle sounds.

While Fleet and Watkins, with a zest,

Make rapid pace with fox and hounds.

Like hurricane or cyclone driven,

By measureless, eternal wrath,

With lightning's flash, in bounty given.

To illuminate the reckless path,

The eager pack may sweep the plains.

As swift as fawns of love or light,

The fearless horseman loose the reins,

And lash his charger on to "sight."

But never over log or rail,

Will fox evade, or dog pursue,

A quicker or a colder trail,

Than, wind or storm, old "Pup" would do.

No pointer he, nor setter sly,

To steal on unsuspecting prey

But loud he raised his battle cry.

A warning, as he sought the fray,

Descended from an ancient brood.

Unflinching, bold, he stood the test;

He vindicated royal blood,

Nor found his peer among the best.

His voice was music on the air.

As he through mazes fast did wind;

His nose wrought out the hidden lair.

His feet left hills and rocks behind;

His "bottom" never knew a flag,

In mountain, thicket, heath or vale,

By deepening gorge or lofty crag.

He followed, fate-like, on the trail.

Now, all ye hunters, mark the spot.

Where lies the friend who served you well.

In chase, or out, forget him not!

He stood by you until he fell.

His life was long, his labors hard,

Mong men he never owned a foe;

He leaves a fame no blench may mar.

He's gone where all the good dogs go.

J. E. K.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Alice Leslie. By E. M. Beale, Lewisburg, Pa., for pointer bitch, whelped June 24, 1892, by champion King of Kent out of champion Belle Randolph.

Belle F. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter bitch, by Dan Gladstone out of Belle of Piedmont.

Nellie F. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter bitch, by Gath's Mark out of Mollie Belton.

Blue Bell and Piedmont. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter bitches, by Antonio out of Belle of Piedmont, Jr.

Count Antonio and Huntress. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter dog and bitch, by Antonio out of Miss Nellie Y.

King Antonio and Dixie F. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter dog and bitch, by Antonio out of Princess Joy.

Fowler's Mark II. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter dog, by Gath's Mark out of Ollie J.

Hinder Mark II. and Ouida F. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter dog and bitch, by Gath's Mark out of Ruby's Girl.

Gypsy Mark. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter bitch, by Gath's Mark out of Ollie J.

Daisy Furness and Beulah. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter bitches, by Monk of Furness out of Suspense.

Monk's Nick and Furness Maid. By Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., for English setter bitches, by Monk of Furness out of Bloom Mar.

Kennebec Valley Kennels. By R. W. Pope, Gardiner, Me.

Conat Roderic. By C. H. Mills, Baltimore, Md., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 8, 1892, by Toledo Blade out of Grace M.

Clay Stockton. By E. W. Travis, Peekskill, N. Y., for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 12, 1892, by Remont (Heather Harold—champion Belmont) out of imported Judy.

Hamilton Aber, Hamilton Foresee, Hamilton Rescue, Hamilton Resolute, Hamilton Mischief and Hamilton Exempt. By F. R. Close, Hamilton, Ont., for fox-terriers, two dogs and four bitches, whelped Oct. 17, 1892, by Suffolk Coronet (champion Result—champion Diadem) out of Bonally Belle (champion Blenton Trump—Hillside Baroness).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Fidget—Black Duke. John Allan's (Mount Forest, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Fidget (champion Black Dufferin—Myth) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Oct. 29.

Maggie R.—Black Duke. Wm. Rice's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Maggie R. (champion Bob, Jr.—Jealously) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Oct. 13.

Leady Stanley—Black Duke. H. H. Webb's (San Francisco, Cal.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Stanley (Robbin—Fretley) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Oct. 9.

Jude—Black Duke. Luckwell & Douglas's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jude (champion Doc—Smutter) to their Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Oct. 6.

Flossie P.—Black Dufferin. J. Pascoe's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flossie P. (Master Shina—Dido) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Sept. 30.

Woodland Sallie—Black Duke. Jas. Campbell's (Miles City, Mont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodland Sallie (Black Pete II.—Queen) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Nov. 24.

Victoria Nounn—Glendon. A. O. Hooley's English setter bitch Victoria Nounn (Buckeliew—Mimmetonka) to Roseroff Kennels' Glendon (Rockingham—Donna), Jan. 1.

Glady's—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart & Mack's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Glady's (Sir Loris—Phyllis II.) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Jan. 5.

Daisy Gladstone II.—Toledo Bee. Chas. Davis's (Glencoe, Can.) English setter bitch Daisy Gladstone II. (Ned Gladstone—Miss Rhoebe) to F. W. Eddy's Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee), Dec. 20.

Ruth—Kildare. J. B. McKay's (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Ruth to champion Kildare, Dec. 29.

Alice Kent—Kildare. Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Alice Kent to their champion Kildare, Dec. 16.

Rose Boronine—Kildare. Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Rose Boronine to their champion Kildare, Jan. 1.

May F.—Kildare. Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch May F. to their champion Kildare, Jan. 5.

Rosalind—Dicie Tartar. C. J. Mischler's (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Rosalind (Lythau Crack—Lythau Belle) to Leinster Kennels' Dicie Tartar, Dec. 17.

Shamrock—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Shamrock (Beverwyck Trap—Julip) to their Shelby New Forest, Dec. 22.

Leinster Babu—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Leinster Babu (Baby Jim—Hillside Rue) to their Shelby New Forest, Dec. 27.

Gipse—Dicie Tartar. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Gipse to their Dicie Tartar (champion Baby Mixer—Hillside Rue), Oct. 17.

Wilton Leah—Dicie Tartar. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Leah (Regent Vox—Royal Dart) to their Dicie Tartar (Baby Mixer—Hillside Rue), Oct. 17.

Gipse—Dicie Tartar. W. W. Garig's fox-terrier bitch Gipse (Sport—Gipse) to Leinster Kennels' Dicie Tartar, Dec. 2.

Hillside Rue—Shelby New Forest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Rue (Reckoner—Lady Mixture) to their Shelby New Forest (New Forest—Holecomb's Jill), Dec. 18.

Danson—Warren Dagsman. C. S. Hank's (West Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Danson (Domine—Daphnia) to W. L. Rutherford's Warren Dagsman (Raffle—Warren Dags), Nov. 23.

Agatha—Bourbon. C. S. Hank's (West Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Agatha (D'Orsey—Danson) to his Bourbon, Nov. 17.

Grouse II.—Bourbon. C. S. Hank's (West Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. (Rational—Oliver II.) to A. Belmont's Blanton Rasper (Venio—champion Rachel), Nov. 24.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Gipse. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Gipse, Dec. 12, five (three dogs), by their Dicie Tartar (champion Baby Mixer—Hillside Rue).

Wilton Leah. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Leah (Regent Vox—Royal Dart), Dec. 23, five (four dogs), by their Dicie Tartar.

Lady Kent. H. K. Devereux's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Lady Kent (King of Kent—Fleet), Jan. 14, eleven (seven dogs), by his Tamarack (Tam O'Shanter—Croxeth's Royal Queen).

Nan. W. H. Worth's (Chicago, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch Nan (champion Argus—Laura), Dec. 22, five (five dogs), by his Legnald H. (Leinsterstocking—Smith's Rhoda).

Kent's Flirt. H. K. Devereux's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Kent's Flirt (King of Kent—Flirt), Jan. 1, seven (four dogs), by his Tamarack (Tam O'Shanter—Croxeth's Royal Queen).

Kinzal. C. S. Hank's (West Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Kinzal, Dec. 31, ten (four dogs), by his Leechhol (Beezvee—Lobiedka).

Obruka. C. S. Hank's (West Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Obruka (Khoat—Harpadka), Dec. 30, ten (eight dogs), by his Leechhol (Beezvee—Lobiedka).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Ben W. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 25, 1899, by champion Pommerly Sec out of champion Fan M., by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to F. A. Wagner, Sea Cliff, L. I.

Peggie. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 1, 1888, by Go Bang out of Meteor's Madge, by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to A. A. Savage, Newtonville, Mass.

Gibbia. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Feb. 12, 1892, by Birt out of Juno, of H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to L. H. Cummings, Norwich, N. Y.

Clara. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 9, 1892, by champion Pommerly Sec out of Louisa H., by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to F. Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sajer. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 10, 1891, by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to J. A. Scollay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clara. White and tan beagle bitch, by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to J. A. Scollay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

King Robin. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1890, by Stubble out of Floss II., by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to A. V. Woodward, Winona, Minn.

Pilot. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1892, by Gordon Grouse out of Little L., by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to G. D. Bonbright, Wymewood, Pa.

Fennie. Fawn pug bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1892, by champion Penrice out of Mint, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Lew M. May, Tecumseh, Neb.

Monarch. Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, by Sultan out of Beulah, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Rev. William Schmitt, Muncie, Ind.

Royal Hunter—Lady Flute whelp. Beagles, whelped Aug. 18, 1892, by W. W. Pope, Gardiner, Me., a white and tan dog to H. A. Gray, same place; a black, white and tan dog to C. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., and a black, white and tan bitch to F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.

Pommerly Sec—Louisa H. whelps. Lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped June 9, 1892, by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to each of Abram Atchinson, Sing Sing, N. Y., and Drew Mullen, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Pommerly Sec—Fan N. whelps. Pointer bitches, whelped April 25, 1892, by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., a black and white to Andrew Rohr, Sing Sing, N. Y., and a liver and white to T. J. Jewell, Montgomery, Ala.

Hamilton Forceps. White, with black and tan head, fox-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 17, 1892, by Suffolk Cornet out of Bonally Belle, by F. R. Close, Hamilton, Can., to Dr. N. B. McNulty, Duluth, Minn.

Hamilton Alba. White fox-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 17, 1892, by Suffolk Cornet out of Bonally Belle, by F. R. Close, Hamilton, Can., to Geo. Reid, same place.

Toledo Blade—Grace M. whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 8, 1892, by Henry Matern, Jr., Sandusky, O., to C. H. Miller, Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. H. M., Palestine, O.—Grace M. was whelped May 1, 1887, by Startle B., by Guy H., out of Josie B.; Carp, by Sportsman out of Jessie Turner.

C. F. M., Lansingburg, N. Y.—Sarsfield, the Irish setter, is by Ch. Garrison out of Currer Bell II., by Sportsman out of Currer Bell; by Palmerston out of Rose; Snake, by Party out of Kate; Garryowen, by Palmerston out of Belle, by York out of Bellar; Palmerston by Old Shot out of Kate.

E. W. T., New York City.—(1) Write to secretary A. K. C., 44 Broadway, New York City, for registration blanks, which give full information. (2) You can fill out one of our blanks and claim the name for your dog. (3) You cannot show puppies at any show held under the A. K. C. rules, under six months old, or over twelve months. Knowledge of field work is not a requisite in bench shows. Dogs that never saw a quail may win the highest honors at bench shows.

G. H. P. S., Neoga, Fla.—Please answer following questions as to measuring mastiffs: (1) How is girth of loin taken? (2) How do you

place the tape for measuring girth of head? (3) Is girth of arm taken one inch above or below elbow? (4) Is "occupit" extreme back of skull? (5) Is girth of muzzle taken midway between eyes and tip of ears. (1) The part between the last short ribs and hip bones. (2) Round the head in front of the ears; half way between eyes and ears. (3) Below. (4) Yes, the occiput is that slight protuberance at the base of the skull, seen more distinctly in setters, bloodhounds and pointers than mastiffs. (5) Yes.

Yachting.

DEFINITE and reliable news about the new American and British yachts is almost as scarce and precious as anthracite coal in these days, but the following yachts may be considered as certainties. On this side the Carroll boat, the Rogers syndicate boat and a third for a second syndicate headed by Vice-Com. Morgan, and including Messrs. Oliver Iselin, A. Perry Belmont, August Belmont, J. M. Waterbury and others. All three of these will be built by Herreshoff, of about 85ft. l.w.l. The Carroll boat will have a centerboard, but it is not yet known whether the other two will be keel boats. The Carroll and Rogers boats will be of steel throughout, the Morgan boat probably the same.

Three boats will be built on the Clyde, one for Lord Dunraven, to race for the America Cup; one for the Prince of Wales, and one for a Scotch syndicate, headed by Mr. John Clark. The first two will be of composite construction, designed by Mr. Watson and built by Henderson & Co. The third, designed and built by Fife, will probably be of composite build. Another yacht will be built in the south, designed by Mr. Soper and built by Fay & Co., of Southampton, for Mr. A. D. Clarke. She will be of composite build. The Dunraven boat and probably the other Watson boat will be centerboard craft, like Queen Mab, but the other two are likely to be of the usual keel type. All four will be about 85ft. l.w.l., the Prince of Wales's boat possibly being longer.

Two other of the same class are talked of, one for the Emperor of Germany and another for an Austrian syndicate, to race for the Meteor Shield. The sale of Queen Mab is reported, leaving Mr. West in the field for a new boat. Mr. Payne is now at work on a new 40-rater for Admiral Montague, and Mr. Fife is turning out a boat for the same class for Mr. John Gretton, so this class will keep up its vitality next year.

Now that international racing is again to the fore, one looks for the customary rehash of old fables in country papers; the threadbare story of "Your Majesty, there is no second," is once more on its weary way from Maine to Montana, and the equally veracious story of how the old Dauntless sailed about the British Channel for weeks with a big sign board in her rigging challenging all British schooners to race, is likely soon to start out for a new land cruise. These things are the usual accompaniments of every international race, and yachtsmen pay no attention to them, but it is a matter of surprise that the great newspapers which pretend to pay serious attention to yachting should publish as true the most absurd and impossible stories. One was launched last week to the effect that the new Fife cutter would sail in trial races against the Dunraven yacht, the winner being sent to sail for the America Cup. The New York Y. C. has accepted a specific challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron on behalf of Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie, and the challengers have no power whatever to substitute another vessel.

Seaboard Yachts and the Chicago Exposition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to your correspondent asking for information regarding the route and difficulties to be met with in taking a yacht from New York to Chicago, I can perhaps give some hints and information upon the subject which may be of service to yachtsmen contemplating such a trip, from practical experience over the route to be taken from New York.

Of the two possible routes, i. e., by way of the St. Lawrence River, and via the Erie Canal to Oswego or Buffalo, the St. Lawrence route of course will only be taken by the larger yachts—over 100ft.—the canal limit of length—unless it be for the sake of a very much longer voyage, regardless of time. This article, therefore, is mainly intended for those who desire to go in the able and comfortable craft of 100ft. or under by the easiest and shortest route, and not for the larger cruisers, who can only go by the St. Lawrence.

A very comfortable and delightful trip it is, too, if one has favorable weather, but it should not be attempted with any but able, seaworthy craft, and with competent hands aboard, as the voyage from Oswego or Buffalo to Chicago is quite a long one, and the weather on the western Lakes is often liable to become very nasty on exceedingly short notice. The good harbors are not as numerous as on Long Island Sound, nor as easy of entrance; and though a salt water yachtsman myself, I have been through one or two blows on the Lakes with yachts that would "knock the socks"—so to speak—off of anything I have ever chanced to see from Cape Cod to Cape Sable. Indeed, I should not now be here if I had not been aboard a craft that were to be depended on for weather foul or fair.

For course the captain must know the way to Albany, or if they do not their sailing masters or pilots do. You may enter the canal at either Albany or Troy. On arrival at either place the yacht must be stripped of all standing rigging, length not to exceed 100ft. over all, draft 7ft. and height from waterline to top of deck house must not exceed 11ft. 3in. to go under the bridges. (I am not now positive that this is exact, though only last summer I have found it so.) The draft of steam yacht. Exact height, but I have found it so, though with a 95ft. steam yacht.

Have plenty of good wooden fenders all round, to hang vertically along the sides and long enough to reach from deck to just clear of the water. Fill coal bunkers, swing inboard small boats, and rig awnings to proper height; as you will need them in the canal if weather is hot.

While these preparations are being made on board, you must call on the canal superintendent and get a permit to enter the canal. This is merely a formality, no cost being attached. The lockstander at the river lock will ask to see this on entrance, and pass you to the weigh lock, where you must stop and get your permit or clearance to point of destination.

The clearance papers will not need to be shown after leaving the weigh lock until you reach the last lock at your destination, where they must be given up. The lock-tenders and others are not allowed to show any partiality or accept fees for courtesies shown, but I have found two or three cigars to the canal employees have an excellent effect on their amiability for which trait they are not very remarkable usually. In fact both the lockmen and the boatmen have no special love for these "gifted estate steamers" as they call yachts, but most of the canal men I have found, though rough and tough, are a pretty decent set, if you treat them right and do not assume to be too far above them. Wee bodie you though, if you try to rush into a lock past the old battered hulk of a canal boat, whose captain thinks he has the first right.

I have never taken a sailing yacht through the canal. Of course a sailing craft would have to be towed, and a single steam tug—there are many that would do at all the larger towns on the canal—would be the means. Steam is the only thing to handle a yacht with in the canal, as there are times when there is considerable backing and filling to be done, waiting at the locks, or avoiding a jam of boats.

I have, however, made ten or twelve trips through the canal with steam yachts, and it is a novel and interesting trip, but slow of course. The rate of speed is only about seven miles per hour on the average, as the suction is so great that a higher speed it throws the water over the banks, the stern drags down and steering becomes a matter of much difficulty.

In my experience with yachts through the canal I have never had an accident, and I would offer these hints if you expect to get through without damage.

Run at a speed, according to beam and draft, that you can steer easily; slow down when meeting or overtaking canal boats, especially if loaded, as a yacht of 90 or 100ft. and drawing 6ft., running at seven miles in the canal, will lower the "level" for 500ft. ahead, enough to make a loaded canal boat "yaw" and steer wildly, so that when you get ready to pass the chances are you get a thump from the canal boat that will play hob with your varnish, while her captain will astonish you with the extent and variety of his vocabulary. Keep a little nearer you the tow path than the "level" path, and in wide water the same, for though the water may in places be 200yds. wide, the channel or the dug canal is of one width.

When about to pass loaded boats, especially "double-headers"—two boats lashed together stern and bow on—slow down when within 200ft., and stop your wheel entirely when you are bow on, and don't start again until you are abreast the stern boat's waist. Keep a sharp look-out ahead for boats, and when you see one taking up the whole canal, give him a whistle for room to pass, indicating of course the side opposite his tow line, and do not run up on him until he gives way; they can stand the thumping, the yacht cannot.

Always steer between piers under bridges; some are low and have ugly bolts projecting that will play havoc with your roof. All bridges are supposed to be high enough to clear allowed height, but they are not. There is one, the railroad bridge in Schenectady, which is the lowest on the whole canal. Approach it very slowly till you are sure you will clear. Twice I have been compelled to pump forward compartment full of water to get under, after trimming at start to the regulation height.

Don't try to run after dark in the canal, unless your yacht is a small one. Better lay up at some good dock about sundown, selecting a place where passing boats—which run all night—will clear you well. See that your fenders are in good shape, having a light on the rail forward and aft on canal side, turn in early and start again at daylight.

Before you have had much experience in navigation on the Erie Canal with a yacht, you will make up your mind that neither latitude, longitude nor compass variation count for much, but that you must depend upon observation alone and have the daylight to do it.

The Erie Canal is 352 miles long from Albany to Buffalo, with 83 locks. Nineteen of the locks are in sight from Troy. At Utica, 110 miles west, you reach the 60-mile level, all clear of locks, which takes you to Syracuse, 108 miles. If you prefer to go via Oswego and Lake Ontario, you turn off at the main canal at the weigh lock in Syracuse and take the Oswego Canal, 38 miles to Oswego, when, with the exception of the Welland Ship Canal, you have open water all the way to Chicago.

If you continue in the Erie canal you have 16 more locks to Rochester, about 90 miles. At the latter place you again reach a 60 mile level from Rochester to Lockport, where are 5 locks, all close together. From Lockport to Buffalo is 31 miles and no locks after passing the 5 at Lockport.

From Buffalo you will find plenty of sea room and perhaps some of it pretty rough at that. The Government charts will give any good yachtsman all the information he needs about courses, dangers and lights; but once in the open water keep a sharp eye on the weather, watch your barometer closely and make a harbor if changes look threatening. For with my old water-thermometer for yachts at Chicago you may run into on the lakes will sometimes prove very trying to your seamanship and the stability of your craft.

At Chicago there is as yet no good anchorage except behind the Government breakwater, 6 or 7 miles from the Fair grounds. If a harbor is to be made at the Exposition I do not see how it is possible to construct one large enough to accommodate many yachts in time for the coming season. I hope they may, as I expect to go there in a 100ft. steam yacht via the Erie canal and Lakes if I have good luck, and I hope to see a large number of our Eastern yachts on hand. With a good yacht and a snug anchorage, safe from old Michigan nor-easters, a party of visitors to the Fair could stay with old Ben Bolstay, "Pity all those poor folks, Bill, 'That have to be on shore."

In my communication regarding seaboard yachts and the Chicago Exposition I mentioned the fact that there was as yet no safe harbor at the Exposition grounds and expressed doubts as to any being provided in time for the coming season. Apropos of this subject a Chicago friend sends me the Chicago Tribune of Jan. 8, in which I find an article on the harbor facilities as they are at present and as proposed. Entering Chicago from the lake there is no harbor for yachts at Chicago except behind the breakwater, at say, about foot of Vanuren street, and there is not room there for a large number even if the necessary alterations proposed are made.

Besides, this is five or six miles from the Exposition, and in such nor-easters as Lake Michigan is quite capable of, the whole lake front is a lee shore in gales from the N. to E., no yacht could lie at anchor in the open water, and the position of the breakwater and of the shoals she be quite weatherly enough to run down from the breakwater in a gale.

I have seen some of the largest vessels on the Lakes go ashore there more than once, despite all the mud hooks they could hang out, and I hope something may be done for a harbor, or there is little use of many yachts taking their chances there. I am sure one would think of entering Chicago from the lake with a yacht, and the only other place I could be would be the Calumet River, at South Chicago, where some might be taken care of.

The nearest harbor deserving the name is Kenosha, fifty-five miles north of Chicago, and it looks as if the Eastern yachtsmen will have to sail there in a Pullman car, leaving their yachts at home, so far as I see.

DORSAL FINN.

Notes from Our Readers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The glorious days of autumn are past. No more will the crimson and gold, the scarlet and yellow leaves of last year rustle in all their variegated magnificence to the morning breeze. The same trees will be there, perchance, this year, covered as of yore with leaves of glistening hues; but the old leaves, the leaves whose tinted loveliness have been the cause of our revelation each time we have climbed the hills, have gone forever.

And so it is with us, the FOREST AND STREAM is our tree. Its branches—grown larger now by the way—are kept well covered, but still we miss the "old leaves." "Nessmuk," "Wells," Mr. Kunhardt, and many others who have crossed the Great Divide can never be replaced. The cruise of the Sable Gump, the story of the spear dog, Pete, the record of "Pete" at Michigan, and the whipping out of the "agur" by the Indians, are tales which can never be forgotten. And the quail hunts described by "Wells!" His account of "Mud's" gun trade!

The determined championship by Mr. Kunhardt of cutter principles, the "Cruise of the Coot," the taunts flung at the beamy, shallow, cut-off sloops as to their performance, the story of the "spear dog" Pete, the "Coot" and his revisits this inaudible sphere and gaze on Gloriana Wasp and the abnormal fin-keels, what, I wonder, would be his emotions?

But although many are gone, many are left who have charmed us by their writings time and again, and for whose contributions we eagerly scan the pages of each issue, seldom now, alas, with success.

Waders, "Buck," "Piscis," "Orin Belknap," "Backwoods," "Bengal Sepoy," "Shikaree" and "Pious Jeems," and "Mississippi Lowlands" of the long ago?

Where are the yacht cruisers? Did Orinda swing idly at her moorings all season? The interesting log of the Elsa, so admirably recounted, should act as a stimulant. May it act as such, until in fancy we can sniff the salt sea air and hear the growling of the halard blocks, the whistle of the wind through the shrouds; hear the "whet" as she plunges into it, throwing the spray high as the bounds until involuntarily we duck our heads to avoid the shower.

Have the canoes, too, remained on their shelves? Well! well! Let us hope that some of our old friends will again take up their pens for the common cause.

ALERT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachting editor's design is unquestionably "the idea" for a head for the old reliable, to which we all refer when in any kind of doubt about official plans, center of effort, racing rules, etc. We of Lake Pontchartrain cannot understand either why the said design was not adopted, unless it was because of a kick from the gun man. (They are entitled to just a little kick on account of the style of the gun.) Would like to know why the dog man should not be boiled down about two columns and the trap man about a page for the benefit of the "luggerman," whose space could more than compensate for the loss of the others, especially with the "Argonauts," if not with the dog and gun cranks.

Yes, by all means publish one of Clapham's Bouncers and the details of the Scarecrow. Think there are about five Scarecrows on the stocks now by pupils of "Canoe and Boat Building" and the FOREST AND STREAM.

"Shake" with us on the FOREST AND STREAM's new dress; it is immense.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachting editor's notion of a head for the outside cover is very good, and ought to stand over the yachting and canoeing departments at least, if it is in the outside; it represents so many good things. But my main ask, does Mr. Stephens bring again into prominence the picture of Eddie Bingham's gun, which Mr. Hough illustrates on page 571 of your issue of Dec. 29? Can this be the "coming gun"? ROE.

LANCASTER, N. H., Jan. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachting editor's design for a head is easily ahead. Oh, give me the FOREST AND STREAM. No matter how small the forest, but give me plenty of stream.

WORCESTER, Mass.

The Dutch Boeier, Elizabeth.

Our German contemporary, *Wassersport*, in its issue of Dec. 15, reproduces the lines of the Dutch Boeier, Elizabeth, originally published in the *Forest and Stream* of March 31, 1892, giving also the sail plan, which did not appear with the lines. The drawing is to a scale of very nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the foot, for the true size of the boat; the boom



being 26ft. 3in., the gaff 12ft. 2in., and the boomkin 5ft. 5in. outboard, the mast is 39ft. 4in., deck to hounds. The jackstaff over the stern is 10ft. 6in. long, looking much like a solitary davit. The sail plan is well adapted for its special purpose, being composed of the foot, with little overhang beyond the extreme points of the hull, as the boat must work close up to the bank in the narrow canals; while its hoist is very effective when sailing between high banks. The area of the mainsail is 665sq. ft., and of the jib, 300sq. ft., the total being 965sq. ft. The mainsail has a loose foot, while the gaff is curved in a very peculiar manner.

Comments on the Challenge.

Now that we have the complete record of the negotiations between Lord Dunraven and the New York Yacht Club, we can see plainly how the land lies, and we regret to say that the prospect is altogether unsatisfactory. The negotiations between Mr. Ashbury of the Cambria and Sir Richard Sutton of the Genesee, were irritatingly tedious and confused; but they were plain sailing compared with this last attempt to challenge for the America Cup. As we said some time ago, Lord Dunraven was occupied in endeavoring to get a challenge accepted without, at the same time, covenanting that the onerous terms of the new deed of gift should be imposed on future challengers; and the New York Yacht Club was endeavoring to accept the challenge, so as to bring off a race, without tearing up this new deed. The practical result, so far, is the New York Yacht Club has won all along the line, and only accepted the challenge under the new deed. This places the Royal Yacht Squadron in a very unenviable position, and we much regret that it has got into such an entanglement. It is true that Lord Dunraven telegraphed on Dec. 12 to the New York Yacht Club that he had no "authority from the Royal Yacht Squadron" in answer to a telegram apparently requiring him to state that the terms contained in his challenge were not exceptions or additions to the new deed of gift, and also to state that the Royal Yacht Squadron would covenant to "faithfully and fully see that the conditions are fully observed by any contestant for the cup during the holding thereof."

Lord Dunraven, so far as we can see, has declined to commit the Royal Yacht Squadron to this; in fact, he could not; but it is evident that the following clause from Lord Dunraven's letter of Sept. 16 last forms the basis of the whole negotiation: "I will sail a series of matches under the rules of the new deed of gift, with the following exceptions and additions." The New York Yacht Club declined the "exceptions and additions," but they are practically repeated in the challenge of Nov. 25, although not referred to as "exceptions or additions." A reference to the telegrams will show that the New York Yacht Club wished to know if the terms of the challenge of Nov. 25 were still to be regarded as "exceptions and additions" to the new deed. We cannot see that this matter has been cleared up. We feel certain that the Royal Yacht Squadron intended that clause 3 of the challenge should be incorporated with the new deed if that deed is to be accepted by a British Yacht Club. Clause 3 of the challenge is the same as the exceptions and additions of Sept. 16, and is as follows:

"3. It is understood and agreed that, should the challenging club obtain the custody of the cup, it holds it open to a challenge under precisely similar conditions to those under which it challenged, but is not at liberty to refuse a challenge according to the terms of the deed of 1857."

Although the New York Yacht Club still declines to accept this clause as an "exception or addition" to the new deed, it is quite plain that the club, according to the manner it interprets the deed, considers that the challenger and challenged can make any terms they like; that the Royal Yacht Squadron could accept a challenge on the basis of the clause just quoted, but it must at the same time covenant to see that the onerous terms of the new deed are in the future, while holding the cup fully carried out. How the two undertakings are to be reconciled we do not know; but if clause 3 of the challenge is added to the new deed as permanent conditions, the matter is simple enough. The New York Yacht Club, however, so far as we can understand the telegrams, has not agreed to accept a challenge on the basis of an addition to the new deed but in effect says to the Royal Yacht Squadron, "Should you win the cup, you must covenant that the new deed is fully observed; but you can come to any terms you like with a challenger outside the new deed." In fact, the new deed must be accepted unconditionally, but its terms may be violated. So here we are back to where we started from; and the R. Y. S., after saying it would not accept the new deed, has been made to appear to have done so bodily. It is true that the New York Yacht Club has set the precedent of accepting a challenge on terms much less onerous than those set forth in the deed; and if this precedent remains undisputed, the terms objected to in the new deed will become a dead letter. This precedent is a wholesale admission by the New York Yacht Club that the terms were unfair, and it is to be hoped that the admission of unfairness will also become a precedent for all time.—*Field* Dec. 31.

Though Lord Dunraven's challenge has not been formally accepted by the New York Yacht Club, a large amount of dissatisfaction remains among both English and American yachtsmen, which will materially diminish the interest that would otherwise be felt in the encounter. The owner of Valkyrie has merely evaded the obnoxious "Should you win the cup, you must covenant that the new deed is fully observed" but has nowhere repudiated it, as other English yachtsmen had declared to be essential. So, too, there are dissenting members of the N. Y. Y. C. who hold that the acceptance of the challenge is *ultra vires*, and have announced their intention of submitting the matter to a legal tribunal if defeated on the water. The result of so unportsmanlike a proceeding would, at all events, be a final decision as to the legality of the "New Deed."—*Vanity Fair*.

According to telegrams received in London on Wednesday, the New York Yacht Club has resolved to accept the Valkyrie's challenge for the America Cup; but a very strong opinion prevails among English yachtsmen that Lord Dunraven, in his anxiety to challenge for the America Cup, has very much given us away; but the most surprising thing is that the premier club of England—the Royal Yacht Squadron—should have backed this challenge. It is pretty clear that the New York Yacht Club intends that the "new deed of gift" shall be accepted in its integrity, and it is well that we should rightly understand what this means.

Here follows a summary of the history of the previous deeds, continuing:

In the new deed there is, however, a "mutual agreement clause," which enables the parties concerned to arrange to cancel the cup in any way they please, and also the conditions laid down for the challenge may be altered so far as waiving the ten months' notice. The New York Club has now gone farther than this and consented to accept a challenge if the name, rig, length, and Custom House measurement of the yacht are given as enjoined in the original (1857) deed of gift, provided the club which backs the challenge agrees to take

over the new deed. The latter stipulation has since 1887 been the stumbling block in the way of a match; but Lord Dunraven thinks he has got round this stipulation by asking that the following conditions be attached to the deed:

"It is understood and agreed that, should the challenging club obtain the custody of the cup it holds it open to a challenge under precisely similar conditions to those under which it challenged, but is not at liberty to refuse a challenge according to the terms of the deed of 1857."

If this has any meaning at all it means that if the Royal Yacht Squadron obtains possession of the cup it will be bound to accept a challenge, accompanied by the name, rig, length, and Custom House measurement of the challenging yacht. How can the club import this alteration into the deed now that the vacillating "surviving donor" is dead? In the message telegraphed to Lord Dunraven not a word is said as to whether the club accepts his stipulation, and, indeed, the club must have felt that to do so would be to practically abrogate the new deed, which they contend they have no power to do now Mr. Schuyler is dead.

All yachtsmen will wish Lord Dunraven success, but at the same time they must feel that if he had kept a firmer upper lip the New York Y. C. would have been compelled to destroy the obnoxious "new deed" and revert to that of 1857, as the club is bound at any cost to bring off a match for the Cup during the run of the Chicago Exhibition.—*London Graphic*, Dec. 16.

Shoal Draft Boats.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In the number of *FOREST AND STREAM* for Jan. 5, there is an offer from Mr. Clapham to furnish diagrams showing the method of designing boats of the Bouncer type, provided your journal will publish them. I wish to ask you on behalf of myself and several friends to publish the same. Your previously published lines of small boats I have found extremely interesting, especially those of the Badger; and I shall welcome anything of the kind you may publish in future.

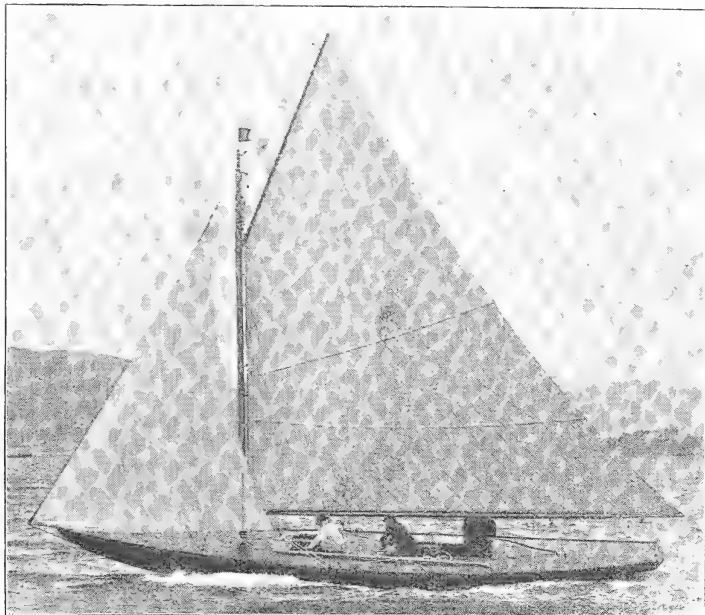
Five of the members of the Lake Geneva (Wis.) Y. C., are building this winter from their own designs, small boats ranging from 15 to 21ft. waterlines, and I am sure they would gladly welcome further contributions from Mr. Clapham.

[We have written Mr. Clapham that we will gladly publish anything relating to the boats of which he has made such a specialty. We hope that he will favor our correspondent and many other of our readers.]

The Herreshoff Fin-Keels.

THE accompanying picture shows the Herreshoff fin-keel Wenonah, built for Mr. Henry Allan, whose successful performances on the Clyde last year have created such a sensation abroad. Wenonah is 25ft. l.w.l., 600ft. sail area, making $2\frac{1}{2}$ rating. We recently published a letter from Mr. Allan testifying to the excellent qualities of Wenonah. In the last issue of the *Field* the following letter relating to another fin-keel appears:

"As the owner of El Chico, the first 'fin-keel' built by the Herreshoffs, and sister ship of Wenonah, I can thoroughly endorse all that Mr. Henry Allan says of these much-rated $2\frac{1}{2}$ -raters in your issue



MR. HENRY ALLAN'S HERRESHOFF FIN-KEEL "WENONAH."

of Dec. 2. El Chico is a splendid sea boat in all sorts of weather, and although I have never sailed her the whole summer in New York and Newport waters, I have never seen her ship solid water, and she has frequently been out when big boats have been running for shelter. Like Wenonah, she has never leaked a drop, although she was on one occasion three hours on the rocks with a fresh breeze and lump of sea. My man has lived on board throughout the summer, although he had the choice of a bed on shore. After a day's trial before taking her from the builder's I had the fin shifted 3in. aft, which practically did away with the weather helm referred to by Mr. Allan, and El Chico, like all Herreshoffs' boats, big and small, steered beautifully. She has been sailed passages of 60 and 70 miles single-handed, and is altogether the most perfect little boat imaginable. She will shortly be shipped to Halifax, N. S., the fin being unbolted in a couple of hours or so, and laid on deck.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY.

Trial Races Abroad.

WHETHER or not there be a race for the America Cup next season, it is certain that the doings of the "100-rater Dacias" will outshine all the exploits of "0.5 rater Wes Wins," and yacht racing will return to its high condition again. With the two large cutters which Messrs. Henderson & Co. have been commissioned to build, from designs by Mr. G. L. Watson, for the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Dunraven, the German Emperor will stand a poor chance with Meteor, and the Iverna will be equally out of it. This will tend in the end to make a dull issue between the contests of the two new Watson boats and a third, or a fourth, or even a fifth from Eife, Nicholson, Payne and Ridsdale, should be produced to make the contests valuable both from a scientific and spectacular point of view. The Americans are certain to build three or four boats to find the possible defender of the America Cup, and if we do not do the same we shall be at a two to one disadvantage to start with. It is no use measuring the challenger by the Prince of Wales's yacht, or by the Meteor, or Iverna. We have had plenty of experience of this sort of thing, and found that, when we have improved, say, ten minutes on a previous model, the Americans have improved something like half an hour. We had it over again last season in the 2.5 and 0.5 classes, and we shall have it over again in the 100 rating class next year, and what we want to enable us to get abreast of this disadvantage is a large number of competitive designers who have worked out the speed problem from different starting points. The Americans know this, and as their *amor patriæ* appears to be stronger than ours they set upon it; if we do not adopt the same effective method of discovering speed and weatherly qualities, it is certain we shall not win the America Cup, and equally certain that we shall lose the R. V. Y. C. gold cup, and the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups. Finally, what we want is an independent trial yacht, to test the new Valkyrie before she leaves for America. If the Valkyrie proves the victress we shall follow her exploits in American waters with confidence; if she is beaten here we shall know that it is only the yacht, and not British designing, that is staked in the challenge. Surely some gentleman will try conclusions with Valkyrie before she leaves.—*Field*, Dec. 31.

Iroquois, schr., R. E. Ellis, has left New York for Jacksonville, where her owner and his father, with Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, will join her for a Southern cruise.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler.

INTIMATELY associated with the old yacht America, the original winner of the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup in 1851, is the name of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, whose long career is as much a part of American history as that of the yacht herself. Gen. Butler was born in 1818, and after graduating took up the practice of law in Lowell, in which city he has made his home for over 50 years. He went to the front in the early days of the war, and was one of the prominent figures of the great struggle.

Over 15 years since he purchased the yacht America from the U. S. Government, and since then he has used her constantly during the season, racing at times, but mainly cruising. In his hands the historic craft has been tenderly cared for, being kept in the best condition. She has been twice altered, the old stem being replaced by a more modern one, and the keel being removed under the direction of Mr. Burgess, and replaced by a wider one, with most of the ballast outside.

The America was with the fleet on the race to Marblehead last year, holding her own with many newer yachts. It was Gen. Butler who came to Com. Gerry's aid at Marblehead when no Massachusetts State flag could be had, and who finally procured one. His death took place at Washington on Jan. 11, a blood vessel bursting after a severe attack of coughing. Mr. Paul Butler, the general's only surviving son, is no less prominent in canoeing than his father was in yachting.

St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, has under discussion the following proposed changes of sailing rules, recommended by the sailing committee:

Having taken into their consideration the nature of the application of the sailing regulations of the club under existing conditions, your committee do recommend that the following changes be made:

That Rule II., relating to measurement, be amended.

First—In the clause relating to spinnaker booms, by striking out all the words beginning with "or of the height," etc., to the end of the clause.

Second—By inserting after the clause relating to the measurement of yawls, catboats, etc., this clause: This amendment will have the effect of preventing the use of a larger spinnaker than is measured for rating.

In the 18 and 21ft. classes 80 per cent. of the topmast shall be deducted from the length of the gaff, and the remainder of the gaff added to the base line. The perpendicular is to be taken to the upper halliard block and the topmast is to be taken as the distance from the hounds to the highest point of measurement. In the case of rigs to which the above rules of measurement do not in the opinion of the sailing committee apply, sail shall be measured as follows: To the actual area of their sails, exclusive of headsail and spinnaker, shall be added the area of forward triangle, which shall be computed by measuring a base line from the end of bowsprit or spinnaker boom (whichever be the greatest) to the foremast, and a perpendicular by measuring from the deck to the highest block used for setting the spinnaker, and dividing the multiple of these measurements by 2. In such case the sail area may be computed from a properly certified sail plan filed with the measurer.

That Rule XXIII. be amended by adding to it this clause:

"No protest relating to the length of the course shall be received unless entered in writing, within two hours after the arrival of the protesting yacht as provided for in Rule XXII., accompanied by a deposit of \$10, which deposit shall be forfeited if the course upon being measured shall be found to be within 3 per cent. of being correct."

A letter from Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton giving notice of a motion amending the regulation relating to classification laid before the committee, and they recommend the adoption of the changes there brought forward, as they will bring the limits of classification in the club's larger classes into harmony with those of existing clubs.

The motion proposed by Mr. Hamilton will have the effect of making the A class comprise all boats of 30ft. c.l. and over, the next class of all boats between 25ft. and 30ft., and the third from 21ft. to 25ft.

Building.

WITH one large cutter on the stocks, another keel ready to lay and a probable order for a third, to say nothing of more than the usual number of small racers and steam yachts, the Herreshoff shop is a busy place just now. The Carroll cutter is nearly ready for launching, but the cold weather and the ice in the bay may make it desirable to keep her out of water as long as possible. The keel of the Rogers cutter, whose owners are reported to be Archibald Rogers, J. Pierpont Morgan, of the Corsair, and John E. Brooks, of the Lasca, will follow in the main slipway, and if report be true, the Herreshoffs are likely to be called upon to build still a third 85-footer.

Admission to the works is denied to every one except the workmen and the owners or those closely connected with the new boat, and no information is given out by either builders or owners; so that beyond the general type of the Carroll boat there is little definite known.

The general work of the Herreshoffs includes several steamers, the largest, for Chas. B. Hayden, of Columbus, O., is 102ft. over all, 11ft. beam, and intended for lake and inland work. She will have triple compound engines. On deck there will be a large saloon as dining room and main cabin, fitted with folding berths. Aft of this will be the galley, and beneath the latter, directly aft of the engine space, will be a very large storeroom for the steward's department. Aft of this are the ladies' cabin, three double and one single staterooms. The yacht will be of the usual Herreshoff construction, steamed oak frames and double skin.

The next steam yacht will be of similar model but 92ft. over all and 7ft. l.w.l. The galley will be in the same position, but sunk partly below deck, still leaving room for a store-room below. In both of these yachts the forecabin will be aft. A third steam yacht for R. M. Ridsdale will be 62ft. over all, 10ft. beam. Beside these is a 25ft. sloop launch for the Enterprise.

Little was heard last season of a 30ft. centerboard racer sent in July to Great South Bay for John W. Masury, but the boat proved so successful that the firm are now building another for John Gibb, for racing in the same waters. She will be similar to the famous Alpha but with a wooden board, and will have the usual South Bay summer cabin. The rig will be similar to Dilemma, with two headsails, and the boat will be built of mahogany, like that craft and El Chico. There is also a 25ft. shoal draft cat for an unknown owner, a racing boat; and two 21-footers of the Alpha type. Miss Sutton, owner of Wes Wins, has ordered a 1-rater, a fin-keel, and another has been ordered by an Austrian yachtsman. There is also a 17ft. l.w.l. centerboard racer for an unknown owner.

Gallery Scores.

RECORD of shooting made at Conlin's gallery, northwest corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway, during the month of December. Rifle shooting at 12 yds. on British target:
Dr. J. G. Knowlton, 110 bullseyes, 171 shots.
L. Boulton, 30 shots in 35s, 128, possible 140.
L. Brullon, glance shooting, 10 shots, 50 possible 70.
Major D. Crocker, 3 full scores on small target.
Major D. Crocker, 3 full scores on large target.
Edward Tipping, 3 full scores on large target.
Edward Tipping, 3 full scores on small target.
James Wilson, 1 full score on small target.
Carlton, 2 full scores on small target.
C. R. Bendig, 1 full score on large target.
W. H. Slingerland, 1 full score on large target.
Joseph Kelly, 1 full score on large target.
C. Alkan, 69, possible 70, on large target.
L. B. Rathbone 136, possible 140, 100ft., large target.
William Dalton, 68, possible 70, 100ft., large target.
William Kinghorn, 1 full score, 15s., large target.
William Kinghorn, 9 bullets possible 10 bullets.
Major Crocker, 10 consecutive 1/4 in. bullets.
Major Crocker, 10 consecutive small pipes.
Dr. C. W. Abt, of Genoe Stock Farm, California, 205 possible 210.
Dr. J. G. Knowlton, 20 shots, 20 different positions, 116, possible 140.
Theo. Irwin, 20 shots in 1m., 19 ace spots, possible 20.
William Longmud, 1 full score.
Revolver shooting at 12 yds. on 12 yd. target:
George Bird, 3 full scores.
W. E. Carlin, 2 full scores.
H. C. Faile, 1 full score, right hand.
H. C. Faile, 41 out of possible 42, left hand.
H. C. Faile, 15 pipes, 18 shots.
William Rosenbaum, 30 out of possible 42.
Revolver shooting at 12 yds. on 30 yd. target:
Dr. C. T. Adams, 3 full scores.
Dr. C. T. Adams, 5 aces, possible 6 aces.
Major D. Crocker, 1 full score.
F. G. H. Blanchard, 1 full score.
J. B. Miller, 1 full score.
Theo. Beck, 3 full scores, 35s.
Barton Willing, 7 shots at 30 yds., 46 out of possible 49.
Barton Willing, 6 shots at 30 yds., 39 out of possible 42.
L. Boulton, 1 full score at the word. J. S. CONLIN.

A Revolver Record Breaker.

The genial Barney Walther is making great preparations for his shoot for the Winaus trophy against Mr. Wm. E. Petty, the present holder. The shoot has been fixed for the evening of Feb. 4, at the range at 12 St. Mark's place. Some of Mr. Walther's many friends have made him a favorite and are offering odds on him. Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Petty had an hour's leisure and went down for a



little record making for the N. Y. Pistol Club boys. He did indeed hoist the club record a bit, and the accompanying fac simile of his target shows a 99 in the possible 100 points in 10 shots, whereas the best previous record, made by George E. Jantzer and Barney Walther, stood at 93.
Among those who witnessed the scoring of Mr. Petty were Wm. A. Jones, Wm. Rosenbaum, B. Zettler and A. G. Heintz. The shooting was done with a S. & W. .44-calibre revolver at 30 yds.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 15.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions, 30 yds., off-hand, at the standard American target. The very unusual small attendance to-day was due no doubt to the cold weather (4° below) and heavy fall of snow. This weather is unparalleled for the last 10 or 15 years for this section of the country. Notwithstanding, some very good scores were made by the "faithful few."
Gindele..... 7 10 10 10 8 9 8 10 8 7—87
8 8 7 7 9 10 9 9 10 9—86
8 8 10 7 8 9 9 7 10 10—86
*Payne..... 9 7 10 10 8 10 9 10 5 9—85
9 9 9 10 7 10 9 9 6 5—82
10 10 10 8 6 7 8 8 10 10—83
Wellinger..... 8 7 10 10 5 9 7 10 9 8—82
6 6 6 7 5 7 8 9 10 8—72
Drube..... 7 7 10 8 7 10 10 8 9 7—83
7 6 8 4 7 10 9 9 7 6—73
10 7 8 7 6 5 8 5 10 7—73
*Open sight.

New York Revolver and Pistol Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—The following scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their last regular weekly practice shoot, held on the 7th inst. at their headquarters, 12 St. Mark's place, 10 shots on standard American target, distance 30 yds., S. & W. revolvers: C. E. Jantzer 84, B. Walther 84, H. Oehl 82, F. Hecking 77, E. Walz (22 Stevens pistol) 84.
The club will give at its headquarters, Jan. 27, 28 and 29, at 8 P. M. each day, a gallery revolver and pistol prize shoot, open to all comers. Score tickets, 5 shots, 50 cents; best two tickets to count. Re-entries unlimited. Only one prize obtainable by any one competitor. Prizes, first prize, a gold medal emblematic of the championship of New York city; cash prizes, \$10 to \$3; a premium of \$2 for the best five tickets; New York Revolver and Pistol Club rules to govern; any arm with length of barrel not exceeding 10 in.; sights open; any pull except half-trigger; any weight; standard American target; distance 30 yds. Committee—B. Walther, G. E. Jantzer, C. B. Bishop.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., Jan. 14.—The following completes the weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending Jan. 14. Conditions, 4-ring target, 1/4 in. bulls, 10 shots, possible 250, strictly off-hand. At 15 yds.: A. J. Yerger..... 246 J. L. Wood..... 244 J. B. Fontaine, Jr..... 240 A. L. Gardner..... 245 W. Gilbert..... 241
Twenty-five yards, same conditions:
A. J. Yerger..... 247 J. L. Wood..... 231 W. Gilbert..... 235 E. L. Gardiner..... 241 J. B. Fontaine, Jr..... 230
WALT GILBERT, Sec'y.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its champion weekly shoot on Tuesday evening, with the following results:
H. Dorrier..... 248 B. Zettler..... 245 F. C. Ross..... 242
H. Holmes..... 247 C. G. Zettler..... 244 G. Krauss..... 241
F. Engel..... 247 R. Busse..... 242 H. Strate..... 241
Schmidt..... 245

Syracuse Rifle Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 11.—At the annual meeting of the Syracuse Rifle Club, held Jan. 10, the following officers were elected: President,

F. A. M. Ball; Vice-President, Robert Robotham; Secretary and Treasurer, W. S. Seely; Captain, Rufus E. Smith; Lieutenant, H. J. Leighton; Directors elected for three years, C. H. Lewis, W. A. Koehler and A. A. Stillman.

A. A. Stillman wins class A gold medal, for his ten highest scores, off-hand, for 1892 with an average of 367. R. E. Smith and C. D. Lathrop were tie for class B gold medal, with an average each of 75.10; but by the rules governing match, R. E. Smith wins medal. Much credit is due the officers of 1892 for their efforts toward the welfare of the club, which ends the year in a prosperous condition.

Italian Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The Italian Rifle Club held its bi-weekly shoot at Zettler's gallery, 12 St. Mark's place, with the following results, 10 shots per man, possible 250 points:
Reali..... 237 Rizzo..... 233 Zighan..... 160
Geolin..... 230 Pall..... 221 Bennett..... 160
Guida..... 223 Marzotti..... 118 Banoria..... 150
Schierano..... 230 Navoni..... 223 Bergami..... 150
Poletto..... 242 Cerelli..... 140 Tranchi..... 150

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Jan. 25.—Live bird tournament and 50-bird match, Willey vs. Gasper, on Erb's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Jan. 31.—Union Gun Club tournament, Springfield, N. J. Live birds.
Feb. 14-16.—Reading Shooting Association, second spring tournament, at Shilling's, Pa. Two days at target, third day at live birds.
Address: H. W. Matz, Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.
Feb. 14-16.—Forester Gun Club tournament, Davenport, Iowa.
Feb. 21-22.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia. Live birds and bluecock targets.
Feb. 21-23.—Oneida County Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Utica, N. Y. Live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—Live bird tournament, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 22.—Syracuse Gun Club, "jack rabbit" tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 22.—J. L. Brewer vs. E. D. Fulford, 100 live birds each, for \$100 a side.
March 10.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named), Hurlingham rules, Monaca boundary.
May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
May 22-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION desiring a better system of shooting handicap than any now known, herewith offer a prize of fifty dollars (\$50) for the best system of handicap offered it for its tournaments of 1893. Its Board of Directors to be the judges of merit. Answers must be made by Feb. 1 to G. HARRY SQUIRE, Secretary, 178 Broadway, New York City.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette publishes the following sketch of the tri-city medal winner in 1892, the medal being shot for at Teipel's Park, Covington, Ky.: "Thomas J. Hughey is known to the present shooting fraternity as plain 'Tug,' a *nom de plume* given to him for his cleverness in the many art of self-defense. He is the pupil of Kentucky's representative pigeon shot, Ben Teipel, 21 years of age, and said to be the quickest second barrel shot in this vicinity. At the start he was backed as the winner for the tri-city live pigeon medal, open to all residents of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, Ky., winning the handsome trophy in the eighth shot with an average of 92 per cent. Mr. Hughey had a strong opponent in Mr. Ralph Trimble, who succeeded in taking the trophy twice, but never in the race did he for one instant believe any entry could wrestle the trophy from him, and that then unwon. He likes strong company, and is invariably one of the first to enter a sweepstake, be it either at live or artificial birds. The beauty of his is he is no place shooter, but looks toward the landing first or thereabouts, and shooting the rest out to a finish. The late Al. Bandle remarked of him a few months previous to his death to watch out for the boy; he's got the grit back of him to make a good one. Mr. Hughey was born in the commonwealth, but has been a resident of this city for the last five years. He will be chosen by the Independent Club, of this city, to shoot against Miss Annie Oakley at 100 live pigeons."

After the conclusion of the fifty-bird race at Erb's on Jan. 12, Howard Gasper, of New York City, expressed a wish for a match with Allen Willey, winner of the above race. Mr. Gasper wished to shoot at 25 birds each, but to this Mr. Willey would not agree as he did not consider a 25-bird race any test of a man's ability. Mr. Willey proposed shooting at either 50 or 100 birds each, his preference being the latter. They finally agreed upon 50 birds per man, for a stake of \$100 a side, the shoot to take place on John Erb's grounds in Newark between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M. on Thursday, Jan. 20, rules of the grounds to govern, both men to stand at 30 yds. As an earnest each man deposited a forfeit or \$30 in the hands of the trap editor of Forest and Stream. The birds, which the agreement stipulates must be good ones, will be paid for out of the purse, this leaving \$175 for the winner. The match is to take place on the above date regardless of weather conditions. On the above day there will also be an open to all shoot at live birds on Erb's grounds, beginning at 10:30 A. M. The program will be as follows: First event, 6 birds, \$5 entry (no more than 3 moneys); 10 birds, \$10 entry; 15 birds, \$15 entry; the latter two events if more than ten entries there will be four moneys; mass and out, \$2 entry, with privilege of one re-entry if missed on the first round. Modified Hurlingham rules will govern all events. The Willey-Gasper match will probably follow the 10-bird event.

The Sipe & Sigler cup, shot for monthly at Cleveland, O., and open to all shooters of Cuyahoga county, will be shot under a handicap system during 1893, those in the third grade to be allowed 5 more birds and those in the second grade 3 more birds than those in the first grade. The shooter having been classified as follows: Expert class—W. H. Tamblin, R. Worthington, Paul North, J. A. Prechter, J. C. Upson and R. E. Sheldon. Non-expert class, first division—Forrester, Haycox, Gault, Richardson, Calhoun, Roof, Elworthy, Auld, Bailey, Wheel, Huntington, Holt, Wherry, Phare, Wightman, Flick, Cross and W. G. King. Non-expert class, second division—Allyn, Babcock, Curtis, Harris, March, Safford, F. Tamblin, K. D. Bishop, Hubbard, C. C. Hogan, Held, Byrnes, Bacon, C. H. North, Taylor, Tegelbach, J. Allen, Zapf, Reiber, Beckwith, Clossie, Crotty, McMillen, Sigler, Wallace, Sweetman, F. Hogan, Harbaugh, A. B. Jones, McCracken, Feller, Dubroy, Loomis, P. Sherman, O'Connor, Bissett, L. O. Jones, Cogswell, Henderson, J. E. Jones, Silsby, Story, H. A. Bishop, Kilby, Murray, W. Calhoun, Brockway, Wilbur, Packard, D. Fish, Trunk, I. Sherman, Hinde and Warde.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 10.—We will give a grand midwinter tournament at live birds and targets on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21, 22 and 23. This will be the greatest shooting event ever held in central New York, and will be open to the world, nobody barred! No handicaps! Live bird and target shooting each day for big guaranteed money and pro rata. Plenty of live birds, all strictly first class, and from King's fast traps; American Association rules. Bluecock targets from expert bluecock traps and kingbird targets from Crutten and Card's expert traps. Make your arrangements to attend. Arrangements are about completed for a contest at 100 live birds each between Capt. John L. Brewer and E. D. Fulford for a purse of \$200, which will be shot on Wednesday, Feb. 22. This will be a *bona fide* race to decide the question of supremacy between these shooters. Reduced rates on all railroads. Complete programmes will be mailed soon. Watch the sporting papers for full particulars. Send us the names of your shooting friends and we will mail them programmes. E. D. Fulford, C. H. Hunter, W. C. Harris, H. L. Gates, committee.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 10.—At the quarterly meeting of the West End Gun Club, Albany, held at their headquarters, 316 Washington ave., Monday evening, Jan. 9, the annual election of officers took place. Mr. George W. Dorn being re-elected President unanimously. John C. Meyer Vice-President, Henry B. Kratz Secretary, Louis J. Lyons Treasurer, William J. Reinick Captain and John B. Sanders Director for three years, vice Mr. Henry Reinick, whose term had expired. The

several committees reported the club in a flourishing condition. Arrangements have been made to hold a tournament on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22. The club which numbers sixty members, is the strongest in the Eastern New York Trapshooters' League, their equipment consisting of three sets of inanimate target traps, the latest being a set of North's electric traps and pulls, and their initial tournament of the new year will, no doubt, be carried out with their customary enthusiasm and success. G. F. D.

The Union Gun Club of Springfield N. J., at its annual meeting held at the residence of Dr. Jackson, elected the following officers: President, T. J. Jackson; vice-president, L. T. Terry; treasurer, E. D. Miller; secretary and field captain, A. A. Sickle. The club decided that during 1893 the membership of the club shall be divided into classes A, B and C, and that for the season's competition \$15 in gold shall be awarded as three prizes in each class, the prizes to be in order \$7.50, \$5 and \$2.50, for the first to third highest aggregate number of breaks in any six of the monthly shoots. The club shoots will be at 30 targets, one-half of which shall be shot under the Keystone rapid-firing system, and one-half from three traps, unknown angles. The first club shoot will take place on Tuesday, Jan. 24, shooting to begin at 10 A. M. At 11 A. M. on the same day there will be a contest at 50 Keystone targets, \$5 entrance, open to all. Membership in this club is open, and the initiation fee and year's dues are covered by the nominal sum of \$1, payable in advance.

ALTON, Ill., Jan. 7.—The famous Alton Gun Club has been reorganized and has for its motto "The protection of game and fish," the principal object being to labor for the regulation and proper observance of the game and fish laws, although shooting tournaments will be held. The membership directory includes F. W. Joesting, D. C. White, J. F. Dunne, H. M. Schwegge, E. C. Hayward, John McAdams, J. H. Booth, John McKeon, R. W. Stantes, R. F. Seely, J. E. Collins, A. W. Dobe, Jos. G. Mellung, Wm. McAdams, J. McInerney, W. A. Haskell, John W. Coppinger, H. W. Chamberlain, F. C. Riehl, Clark McAdams, Eugene Gaskins, W. Halliburton, H. B. Starr, G. A. McMillen, E. H. Lahee, M. Kremer, Fred Pieper. An attempt will be made to secure the location of the State tournament for 1893 in this city.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 5.—At a meeting of the Michigan Trapshooters League held in this city yesterday, it was decided to call a meeting of the entire league early in April for the purpose of arranging for an international tournament to be held here during the last five days in May. The following constitute the committee appointed for that purpose: John Parker of Detroit, E. E. Thresher of Kalamazoo, W. O. Wadsworth of Grand Rapids, U. W. Holt of Manchester and Samuel Howe of Battle Creek. The League has decided to hold a preliminary tournament in March. The following committee on finance and arrangements has been appointed: President Nichols, E. E. Thresher, Kalamazoo; John Parker, Detroit; Dr. O. Woodworth of Grand Rapids; W. W. Holt, Manchester; Samuel Howes, Battle Creek.

The trapshooters of St. Louis are raising money to build a club house and establish a shooting park somewhere near the city. The society will be known as the Trapshooters' Association of St. Louis, and will be incorporated with \$10,000 capital. More than 20 per cent. of the money was subscribed within forty-eight hours after the scheme was launched. The idea is to build a \$2,500 to \$3,000 club house in the north end of the city, and make it the grandest affair of the kind in the country. Necessarily it will be headquarters for trap-shooting in the West. The projectors are confident that the enterprise will be money-making one. The papers are open for signatures at Rawlings', on Pine street, St. Louis.

The Wyandott Gun Club of South Bethlehem, Pa., at their meeting on Jan. 9, changed their shooting grounds to Rittersville, a place midway between Bethlehem and Allentown. The ground covers seven acres and is inclosed with an 8 ft. board fence. There is a large club house and first class hotel adjoining. Can be reached by electric cars, which pass the grounds every ten minutes. Distance, either from Bethlehem or Allentown, two and one-half miles. Finest grounds in the State, and will be occupied by the John F. Wiler Club, of Allentown, and the Wyandott of South Bethlehem. A first class place to settle disputes by professional shooters.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Jan. 13.—At the regular annual meeting of the Peekskill Gun Club held Jan. 7, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. H. B. Wygant; Vice-President, Dr. S. H. Horton; Secretary, E. F. Hill; Treasurer, G. W. Richmond; Captain, B. C. Everingham; Directors, G. W. Richmond, H. P. Dain, J. B. Hall. The club has a membership of thirty. It is proposed to hold a monthly handicap shoot during this year, varying the conditions each month in such a manner as to cover all methods of trap-shooting, and as nearly as possible all conditions of field work. E. F. HILL.

The Unknown Gun Club of Brooklyn held its annual meeting on Jan. 7, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Henry Knebel, Sr.; Vice-President, Carston Plate; Secretary, C. Munch; Treasurer, H. Van Stader. The clubs gold medal for best average during 1892 was awarded to E. Hyde, who killed 47 out of 49 birds. D. Snipe and E. A. Vroom were close up with 46 kills each. The club decided upon the team to represent the club in Coney Island Athletic Club's tournament. The monthly shoot of the club takes place to-day at Dexter Park.

The attention of those who use nitro powders is called to the advertisement of the United States Metallic Cartridge Company, printed on another page, which gives instruction how to obtain the best results with these smokeless powders. The U. M. C. Co. are placing in each box of shells which they send out, a circular of such instructions, which are of interest to all those who shoot with either at the trap or in the field. Especial attention is called to the primers made by this company, which are adapted peculiarly to the nitro powders.

There was a large attendance of the members of the Parkway Gun Club of Brooklyn, at their annual meeting, held Jan. 10. The election of officers resulted as follows: Henry J. Bookman, President; J. Bennett, Vice-President; D. J. Cummings, Secretary; E. Helgane, Treasurer; and H. Selover, Captain. J. Bennett was presented with the first prize, a \$100 gun, for best average scores for the last year's shoots of 59 out of 60. E. Helgane made the same average, but being the donor of the gun withdrew.

At the annual meeting of the Cresscent Gun Club of Brooklyn, on Jan. 6, the following officers were elected: Walter S. Gilman, President; L. Hopkins, Vice-President; J. S. Shepard, Secretary and Treasurer; and J. Vagts, Captain. The award for last year's shooting, a hammerless gun, was presented to Walter Gilman by Vice-President Hopkins, for the best average score. It was also decided to give an extra prize for the present year, valued at \$50 and increase the membership list to twenty-five.

The New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club held its annual meeting on Dec. 31 and elected the following officers: President, Charles E. Longden; Directors, Frank Potter, G. G. Clock, Frank Carter; Secretary and Treasurer, William H. Hazel; Assistant, J. H. Gould. The report of the Treasurer shows a balance of \$139.50 in the treasury. The membership is about 45. During the past year three members have died: John D. Sackett, Edwin Russell and Augustus L. Traeger.

So Dr. Carver, the "only champion of the world," has agreed to shoot a match at 300 birds against J. L. Brewer, also "champion of the world." And many part of it is that the Doctor, who wants to shoot at nothing but first-class, cunning, driving, zigzagging, twisting, lead-carrying, death-defying pigeons, declares that he will not be at liberty to shoot the race until July, an excellent month, truly, in which to find the Doctor's pet class of birds.

A. The Rochester Rod and Gun Club has contracted for 5,000 live pigeons for use during the New York State tournament in June. The committee is considering the feasibility of holding live bird shoots each day, instead of leaving all the events for the last day. It is hoped that the club will decide to make the proposed change, which would be pleasing to all the sportsmen.

The following scores were made in a shoot between teams representing the Detroit and Windsor Gun clubs, shot at Detroit on Jan. 5, at 25 bluecocks per man: Detroit—Parker, 20, Marks, 8; Secretary and Treasurer, 22, Drew 21, Walton 16, Weise 20, Wolfe 20, Newman 18, 169. Windsor—Don 18, Allen 21, Jones 21, Ford 21, Purser 17, Chauvan 18, Harrison 13, Brown 19, Drullault 20; total 168.

John Woolington and Herman Levy will shoot a match on the Union Hill Gun Club grounds at Guttenberg, N. J., on Feb. 2, the conditions being 25 live birds each, loser to pay for fifteen dinners. On Vasher's Bay, near Charles Woolington and J. Hughes will shoot a match on the same grounds under conditions similar to the above.

The Reading Shooting Association intends to give the visitors a big time at the February tournament at Harry Matz's Three-Mile House. One of the features will be a fox chase. The foxes to be furnished by Billy Fieles, of Christiana. And speaking of Billy reminds us that the great "Fieles target" has not yet been placed before the public.

The following is a list of the new officers of the Locust Point Shooting Club, of Cleveland, O.: John Vanek, President; Frank B. Many, Secretary; George S. Paine, Treasurer; John Shuck, W. B. Andrews, George S. Paine, Frank B. Many and John Vanek, Directors. The club owns 1,200 acres of land and will purchase 100 acres more.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the West End Rod and Gun Club, of Newark, N. J.: President, Joseph Kehlenbach; Vice-President, Anthony Freund; Secretary, Louis Hemminger; Treasurer, Lawrence Spahn; Referee, Joseph Lums, Adam Freund; Captain, Eugene Astfalk; Referee, Joseph Lums.

The Forester Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., held its annual meeting on Jan. 3 and elected the following officers: Pres. C. M. Leonard; Vice Pres., J. W. Howard; Sec'y, J. F. Croy; Directors, C. M.

Georgetown, Ky., will have a big tournament in February.

as follows:

"DANIEL—I am extremely sorry to inform you that Mr. E. I. Fulford, the man who poses as "champion wing shot of the United States," who has, according to one of our shooting periodicals of recent date, an "unbounded" or "unknown," or some other unaccountable "mountain of wealth in the State of Texas," who though very mentally competent, is unfortunately afflicted with a "bad cold," a "very bad cold," or "cold," which he caught from two of your club members, the same being accepted by you in behalf of your club as per conditions named in your letter to me under date of Jan. 5, which was accepted by Mr. Fulford by long distance telephone on the morning of Jan. 6, did fail me to communicate said acceptance to you by mail or by personal visit on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 14, as the day of

shooting the match. I am at close in receipt of the following telegram (copy of which I enclose). In conclusion, I leave for the River-ton Gun Club's members much space to extract from these telegrams the sweetness evidently born of a full-grown "Foxy" of the "Hi-Lo-Jack-Bird" class—self-styled champion—and ask that they exonerate me from having had any dealings with such farce-actural yaller.

Yours respectfully,

HARRISBURG, Pa.

J. H. WORDEN.

Down at Wiedenmayer's Park.

On Jan. 12, in a blinding snowstorm and a gale, with the mercury close down to the zero mark, members of the East Side-Mutual Gun Club, of Newark, and the East Orange Gun Club, of Harrison, gathered on the Newark grounds of the former to shoot off the tie for seventh prize in the New Jersey League series. The tie was shot off by teams of 3 men each at 35 targets per man, and the result was a victory for the East Side-Mutuals by the following score:

East Orange.		East Side-Mutual.	
S Hedden010100000100001100111-11	A Hedden11101100110110000000-13
H Batenge111011000010011010101-17	Wheaton00001111110011100011-17
T Dukes11101000110111011110-18		

The rest of the day was filled in with sweepstake shooting, each of the events being at 10 targets. The results:

The events being at 10 targets. The results:				
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Schorck010101011-7	010100000-3	001011111-8	010010111-6
Hussinger110101011-8	010101011-8
Babbage011001000-6	011010101-7	010101011-7
Heinrich000000001-1	010101000-3	011100000-3	010101010-5
Schilling010101111-8	010101010-5
Wheaton1011101011-8
A Hedden1001001010-5
S Hedden110000010-4	001010010-4
Dukes1110110011-7	110111011-8	100000111-5
Pennett	000110111-6	110111011-7	1001010010-4
Perry	0100101010-4	010000001-3
Koegel	1100111111-8	1100111111-8	0101011101-7
Fischer	1110110110-6	110101110-7	010101010-6
		No. 5.	No. 6.	
Koegel010010101-5	101110000-6
Heinrich001010101-6	010100000-4
Hussinger101111111-9	0000101001-3
Schorck001011101-5
Pennett100101000-4
Fischer0010101010-4

Shooting at Morristown.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 12.—Since Frank Class took possession of the Morristown Driving Park and fitted up a shooting ground thereon, the sport of trap-shooting has taken on a great boom in this section. When the Class-Mitchell and Class-Riggott matches took place on these grounds the shooting was done on the level piece of ground inside of the track, directly opposite the grand stand. This was very inconvenient, especially in cold weather, there being no shelter at all for the shooters. Class has overcome this difficulty by moving the shooting outfit to a point directly in front of the hotel, the shooting being done from the path running along by the verandah, the traps being on the opposite side of the track. The contestants can thus remain inside the hotel sitting room while awaiting their turn to shoot.

On New Year's Day a party of prominent citizens of the town went out to the park for some sport at the traps and before nightfall a considerable number of pigeons had been trapped. The day was fairly good and the birds flew well.

The opening event was at 9 birds, handicap rises, and the next three were miss-and-out events. The scores:

	No. 1.	Tie.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Dean (25yds.)	110121222-8	0	21	110	21
Davis (27)	200111210-6		10	10	11
Harvey (25)	101210220-6				
Footo (26)	021211212-8	2	10	112	11
Randolph (25)	002010w				

No. 5 was at 5 birds, 25yds. rise, No. 6 at 10 birds, No. 7 at 5 birds, and No. 8 a miss and out.

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Dean	12211-5	022110222-7	02112-4	21120
Davis	22102-4	2310021210-7	22220-5	12122
Harvey	01001-2	0000121000-3		
Footo	21101-4	2221112221-10	02122-4	
Randolph				1110

On Jan. 9 Robert Footo and John Leonard shot an interesting race at 25 live pigeons each for \$50 a side, the birds being a fine lot of flyers. The scores:

Footo	1112110121112212111222212-24
Leonard	11222112111211211111211-23

Jan. 11 brought half a dozen local shooters to the grounds, and during the afternoon they enjoyed both live bird and target shooting. The opening shoot at a match at 20 targets each between Messrs. Cole and Day for \$25 a side. This was a close race, as shown below:

Cole.....10111101110010000-11 Day.....01101010100010001-10
Then followed a series of 10 target sweeps, \$1.50 entry, two moneys in each:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Piper	1011000001-3	0101111101-7	0100000011-3	
Hathaway	1010110110-6	1111101010-7	1011111011-8	1110001110-6
Timmons	1100001000-3	1111101010-7	1011111011-8	0100010101-4
Leonard	0001111010-5	0111010110-6	1110000111-6	1100010101-5
Van		0000010010-2	0111101100-6	0000011111-5
McGuinness				0000000001-1

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Van	101000000-2	Hathaway 1000000010-2
Timmons	1110011111-8	Piper 1000000011-3
Leonard	1100110100-5	

Final event, 4 live birds, \$5 entry, two moneys:

	Tie.		Tie.
Timmons	1110-3	Hathaway	1111-4
McGuinness	0110-2	Van	1111-4
Leonard	1111-4	0	

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

Ten members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club were present at their regular monthly shoot for the Eppig diamond badge at Woodlawn, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Jan. 11. This was the smallest attendance that has been seen for several years, partly on account of the weather and several members are down in North Carolina looking for quail. A good race took place for the medal between W. Lair, C. Plate, A. Eppig and C. Engelbrecht, who tied with seven straight. Engelbrecht won on the seventh round of the shoot-off. H. Blattmacher won the second prize and the third was divided. The scores:

Club shoot:		Shoot for Eppig badge, sweepstake, \$5 entrance:	
Dr Van Zile	0111102 5	A Eppig	1221122-7
W Lair	1211121-7	L Eppig	1111110-6
S Northbridge	0212101-5	C Engelbrecht	1111111-7
C Plate	1121121-7	H W Blattmacher	1220112-6
Capt Lynch	1010102-4	W Scheeljes	2022122-6

Shoot for Eppig badge, sweepstake, \$5 entrance:	
Dr Van Zile	10121-4
W Lair	10201-3
C Plate	10201-3
A Eppig	20202-3
L Eppig	12202-4
C Engelbrecht	22110-4
C Detlefsen	11202-4
Dr Little	11122-5

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

R. T. N., Cambridgeport, Mass.—We have no record of the powder and lead used.

CONSTANT READER.—Please let me know a good grease for hunting boots. Ans. Post's Waterproof Oil and Leather Preservative is a good dressing. See our advertising columns.

NASSAU SHOOTING.—A reader of FOREST AND STREAM wants information regarding the shooting at Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, the game found there, game laws, etc.

An English View of One American Institution.

A CELEBRATED English author recently made a short tour in the United States, and speaking of his trip from New York to Niagara Falls by "America's Greatest Railroad," he makes use of the following expressions:

"I have two ineffaceable visions before me, a river of peace, the broad waters of the Hudson, a river of tumult, the roaring cataract of Niagara. For about 170 miles the New York Central runs along the margin of the Hudson, and if the eye were never lifted higher than its level it would feast on a bouquet of colors, like a rainbow spread upon the earth." Speaking of the dining and sleeping cars, the bath and buffet and barber shop, he says: "With luxuries like these, the thousand miles to Chicago may become a day's holiday, and if the journey be made by the New York Central, it will be amid some of the most exquisite spots of this vast and beautiful country. After the Palisades come the Highlands of the Hudson. The river itself can never be forgotten. The eye cannot escape it. It fascinates. It is majesty amid the majestic; beauty among the beautiful. Memory cannot obliterate it. A word about the New York Central. It is the only line in the States having four tracks, and the only trunk line running into New York city. To make itself worthy of the unique position it has erected a magnificent terminus from which any part of the city may be reached in half an hour, and on rainy days without even wetting the sole of the foot. The fastest train in the world leaves here every morning for Niagara Falls, accomplishing 440 miles in less than eight and one-half hours, or deducting stoppages, in 425 minutes actual running time—more than a mile a minute."—*Adm.*

Business in 1893.

LATROBE, Pa., Jan. 9, 1893.—I am selling many dogs through my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. Last week I had letters from Maine to Oregon. JOHN A. HATHAWAY.

SAVE YOUR TROPHIES.

Write for Our Illustrated Catalogue
"HEADS AND HORNS."

It gives directions for preparing and preserving
Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and
Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Modern Training,
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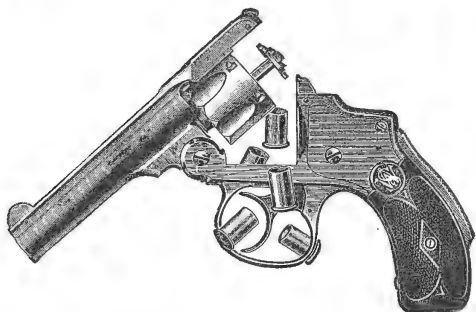
A comprehensive and practical guide to the
training, care, management and breeding of old
dogs. Cloth, 373 pages. Price \$2.50

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

SOME anglers labor under the false impression that large dealers and manufacturers charge more for their goods than the keepers of small shops. A glance at our new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List for 1892, which we will mail on receipt of 6 cents to cover postage, will show how much they are mistaken.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
Manufacturers of All Grades of Fishing Tackle,
18 Vesey Street, New York.

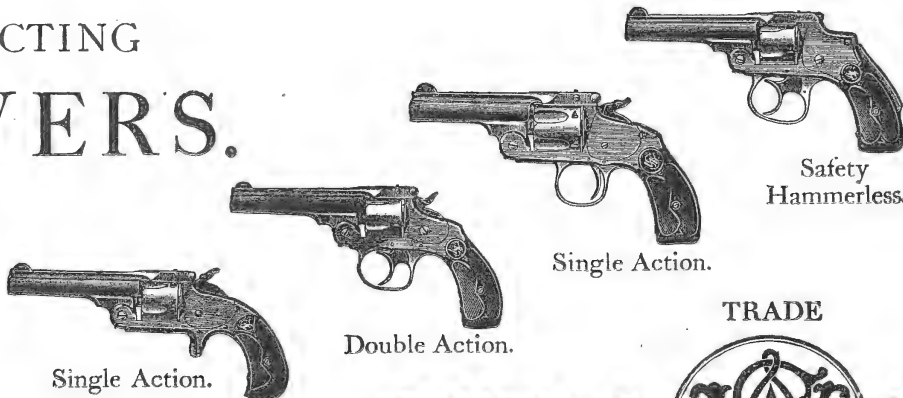
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SUPERIOR AUTOMATIC
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.

THE SKUNK.

ALWAYS and everywhere in evil repute and bad odor, hunted, trapped and killed, a pest and a fur-bearer, it is wonder not only that the skunk is not exterminated but that he is not uncommon.

With an eye to the main chance, the fur-trapper spares him when fur is not prime, but when the letter "R" has become well established in the months the cruel trap-gaps for him at his outgoing and incoming, at the door of every discovered burrow, while all the year round the farmer, sportsman and poultry-grower wage truceless war against him.

Notwithstanding this general outlawry, when you go forth of a winter morning, after a night of thaw or tempered chill, you see his authentic signature on the snow, the unmistakable diagonal rows of four footprints each, or short-spaced alternate tracks, where he has sallied out for a change from the subterranean darkness of his burrow, or from his as rayless borrowed quarters beneath the barn, to the starlight or pale gloom of midnight winter landscape.

More often are you made aware of his continued survival by another sense than sight, when his far reaching odor comes down the vernal breeze or waft of summer air, rankly overbearing all the fragrance of springing verdure, or perfume of flowers and new-mown hay, and you well know who has somewhere and somehow been forced to take most offensively the defensive.

It may be said of him that his actions speak louder than his words. Yet the voiceless creature sometimes makes known his presence by sound, and frightens the belated farm boy, whom he curiously follows with a mysterious, hollow beating of his feet upon the ground.

Patches of neatly inverted turf in a grub-infested pasture tell those who know his way that the skunk has been doing the farmer good service here, and making amends for poultry stealing, and you are inclined to regard him with more favor. But when you come upon the empty shells of a raided partridge nest, your sportsman's wrath is enkindled against him for forestalling your gun. Yet who shall say that you had a better right to the partridges than he to the eggs?

If you are so favored, you can but admire the pretty sight of the mother with her cubs basking in a sunny nook or leading them afield in single file, a black and white procession.

If by another name the rose would smell as sweet, our old acquaintance is in far better odor for change of appellation from that so suggestive of his rank offenses. What beauty of fair faces would be spoiled with scorn by a hint of the vulgar name which in unadorned truth belongs to the handsome glossy black muff and boa that keep warm those dainty fingers and swan-like neck. Yet through the furrier's art and cunning they undergo a magic transformation into something to be worn with pride, and the every-day wear of the despised outlaw becomes the prized apparel of the fair lady.

If unto this humble acquaintance is vouchsafed a life beyond his brief earthly existence, imagine him in that

unhunted, trapless paradise of uncounted eggs and callow nestlings, grinning a wide derisive smile as he beholds what fools we mortals be, so fooled by ourselves and one another.

A "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL.

As was briefly told last week, the friends of the late George W. Sears, "Nessmuk," propose to provide, by subscription, a memorial to be placed over his grave in the village cemetery of Wellsboro, Pa. The original suggestion was made in these columns shortly after "Nessmuk's" death in 1890, but the project was abandoned for the time being because of conditions which appeared to make such a course the wiser one. "Nessmuk" had designated to be his last resting place a chosen spot beneath the hemlocks in the home yard, which his hands had planted and his loving eyes had watched through their years of growth; and in accordance with the wish so often expressed in his lifetime, here he was laid to rest. The property, however, belonged to others, and it was found that the site could not be retained permanently for such a purpose. As was stated last week, a removal has now been made to the village cemetery, and there the memorial will be placed.

Among all the contributors to the FOREST AND STREAM—and what a host of sterling men and women they are—none have ever won quite the place in the affectionate regard of readers that belonged to "Nessmuk." Into his writings was put not alone the lore of the woods—Nature's secrets, revealed to such a woods hunter as he had been—but there was more than this—the philosophy and sentiment and wit and wisdom of a shrewd, observant, keen and penetrating student of human nature. A wonderful knowledge of the woodlands and of the ways of the woodland creatures was his, and a wonderful knowledge of his fellow men as well. Some one else might have written "Woodcraft" and another pen have written "Forest Runes," but the "Nessmuk" who could write them both may be found not once in a century. But it is not our purpose now to attempt to analyze the secret of "Nessmuk's" popularity, nor to detail the causes of the strong friendships that sprang up between the writer and his readers. Enough to say that such a sentiment existed; that there is kindly thought of "Nessmuk" today, and that this thought has prompted the present undertaking to provide a stone for the Wellsboro grave, which is now unmarked.

The project is not an ambitious one. A costly monument is not intended; it would not be appropriate. The purpose is to set up a stone of fitting design, having in form or chiseling some suggestion of the woodlands, perhaps; but of a simplicity in ornamentation that shall in some degree typify the character of him whose name is to be commemorated on its face.

The sum of \$200 has been fixed as the minimum amount it is desired to provide. Of this something over one-half (\$131) has already been contributed by a few of those who noted the previous announcement of the enterprise. They are:

DR. THOS. C. BRAINERD, Montreal.
DR. ROBT. T. MORRIS, New York.
DR. R. F. ROONEY, Auburn, Cal.
CAPT. L. A. BEARDSLEE, U. S. Navy.
JUDGE L. B. FRANCE, Denver.
MR. E. E. MILLARD, Ariosa, Wyoming.
GEN. D. H. BRUCE, Syracuse.
MR. F. H. THURSTON, Central Lake, Mich.
MR. E. L. STRATTON, Grand View, Tenn.
MR. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON, Ferrisburgh, Vt.
MR. G. H. BUNNELL, Auburn Four Corners, Pa.

FOREST AND STREAM.

There must be a goodly number of others, who will be grateful for the opportunity to express their estimate of Mr. Sears and their loving remembrance of him, and they are invited to join in the subscription. The FOREST AND STREAM will acknowledge by mail to each contributor the receipt of his subscription, and in these columns, as above; and it will assume the responsibility of putting the stone in place, rendering to the subscribers an accounting upon the completion of the work.

OUR best compliments to the multitude of contemporaries who have so pleasantly noted the FOREST AND STREAM's auspicious beginning of the XLth Volume.

THE Florida tourist shooting crank has as much idea of sport as a kicking mule.

SNAP SHOTS.

JOHN WALLACE, the taxidermist, who died at his home in Paterson, N. J., had a wide acquaintance among the sportsmen and naturalists of this country. For more than thirty years his little shop in North William street, first on one side of the way and then on the other, had been a favorite stopping place for the bird men of this city, who liked to keep track of the many interesting specimens which found their way there. Among the well-known scientific men who in years gone by used to drop in at Wallace's shop were Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Mr. George N. Lawrence, Prof. O. C. Marsh and Dr. Hart C. Merriam. An Englishman by birth, Mr. Wallace came to this country many years ago and at first had a hard struggle to get along. He was fond of relating the hardships that he had undergone and the economies that he had been forced to practice before he at last established a successful trade. Wallace was master of his craft and when he was interested in a special piece of work his skill was very great. He prepared many specimens for the Smithsonian Institution, as well as for the American Museum of Natural History in this city. He did a great deal of work for the showmen and was known to all of them. Mr. Wallace was a man of most kindly disposition and would go to almost any lengths to assist his friends. He was a man of great enthusiasm and took up a variety of hobbies, most of which he rode successfully. We recall very well the remarkably fine collection of birds' eggs which he had at one time gathered together, and later in life he took to raising orchids and made several large sales of them. At one time he started a museum in Paterson, but the local patronage was not sufficient to keep it going. Many of the sportsmen of this city and vicinity used to have their work done at Wallace's shop and a tremendous amount of material passed through his hands.

The death of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, will be heard with regret by all readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Lamar was the first Secretary of the Interior who manifested any especial interest in the Yellowstone National Park, and it was largely due to his efforts that this reservation has of late years received so much attention from the executive branch of our government. A student, a soldier, a legislator and a Cabinet Minister, Mr. Lamar's broad mind readily grasped the importance to the public of the preservation of the National Park. His recommendations as Secretary of the Interior dealt intelligently with this subject: he appointed a special agent of the highest character to visit and report upon it, and he frequently urged upon Congress the necessity of preserving its integrity. He was appointed Secretary of the Interior by Mr. Cleveland in 1885.

This issue is an Arctic number. Those philosophic souls who argue that the true way of enjoying Arctic exploration is to sit by a cosy fire and read of the boreal adventures of other people, will find in our columns this week an abundant store of material. Mr. W. E. Meehan, of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia *Ledger* and a member of the Peary Relief Expedition, contributes the first of three chapters descriptive of hunting in Greenland. Mr. Frederic S. Webster supplies an illustrated paper on an "Arctic Rover," the musk ox; and our well-known contributor, Mr. H. G. Dulog, writes of the exploration and hunting experience of Mr. Warburton Pike on the "Barren Grounds of Northern Canada."

Maine sportsmen and a greater multitude of sportsmen in other States are deeply interested in the selection of a commissioner to fill the place made vacant by Mr. Stilwell's death. Among the numerous candidates mentioned are Messrs. Tom Allen, of Bangor salmon pool fame; Mr. P. S. Vickery, of Augusta, well known as a sportsman specially interested in game protection, and Mr. Lewis McLellan, of Gorham. Warden Jonathan Darling's name has also been mentioned, as has that of Mr. Everett Smith, of Portland, who, however, it is said, would not seek the office.

We have reported at considerable length the proceedings of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, on the assumption that the discussion was of more than local interest. The problems confronting those who have to do with game and fish protection in New York are in large measure the problems existing everywhere; there are everywhere similar obstacles to success, and the same solutions must everywhere be found.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING IN GREENLAND.—I.

With the Peary Relief Expedition.

BY WM. E. MEEHAN (BONIFACIUS),
Member of the Expedition.

DURING the summer Greenland is a paradise for the hunter. In the valleys torn out of the tremendous blocks of solid rock by great glaciers, now extinct, thousands of reindeer roam, spending most of their time in browsing on that handsome lichen known as the reindeer moss, and such other vegetation as they may chance to find. Among the rocks and boulders polished and worn by the mighty action of moving ice, are arctic hares in countless numbers, dozens sometimes being in sight at one time. With them, but not so plentifully, are arctic foxes, smaller, but just as shy and cunning as their more showy southern relatives. The ice-dotted waters of the Arctic Sea teem with seals, walrus, white whales and narwhales, and frequently polar, or properly speaking water, bears, may be met with, lumbering over the floes of a great ice pack, themselves on hunting bent. On the water, in the air and on the rocky shores are birds—eider ducks, little auks, geese and other edible birds—in flocks of such vast size that any one of them would seemingly contain more birds than the average sportsman would meet with in a year at his usual hunting grounds. To crown all, the sport of hunting this plenitude of animal life may be had in a climate which for several months is at once a delight and a source of health.

This last statement may cause some surprise, for there is a general impression that Greenland is perpetually a place of almost unbearable cold. In the imagination of many people the warmest day in summer would be of a zero temperature. Greenland explorers are in the minds of such people fools or heroes; and the natives objects of pity, as supposed to be dragging out a miserable existence so muffled in fur garments to keep out the bitter cold as to make locomotion difficult. Others firmly believe that there is scarcely a piece of land or rock visible anywhere; that the whole country is perfectly buried deep under mountains of snow and ice.

It seems almost a pity to attempt to shatter these fancies, for it appears to dim much of the glory which has hitherto surrounded the members of the three last Philadelphia expeditions to the polar regions, and disgust future would-be explorers who think that only in great danger the path of glory lies. The truth is, nevertheless, that for nearly four months every year, namely, the greater parts of May and August, and the whole of June and July, the weather is either delightfully pleasant or almost hot, much like the May weather in the Middle States.

During that whole period it is perpetual day. The sun never sinks below the horizon, casting, except when obscured by clouds, a steady warmth upon the whole country. Under his genial rays vegetation flourishes, outcrops and moths in multitudes flutter from one pretty flower to another, while swarms of mosquitoes in swampy places attack defenseless explorers with a ferocity that would put to shame their New Jersey relatives.

It cannot be denied that the little over seven remaining months are for the most part bitter cold, and that from Nov. 8 until the middle of February there is no daylight, but the cold is described as being not as great as usually believed, or the night as dreadful or tiresome as imagined. It is true also that the whole interior of Greenland, from its southern termination to its northern limit, is buried thousands of feet deep by a vast sheet of ice, and that at frequent intervals, portions of this great frozen mass, under the name of glaciers, flow into the sea through wide, deep valleys; but the coast line itself, many valleys, and much of edges of the tablelands are almost perpetually free from snow and ice.

I came to know of these things in this wise. Early last spring it was determined by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, on account of widespread uneasiness in the public mind, to send an expedition to Greenland to the relief of Lieut. and Mrs. Peary and five companions who had been left at McCormick Bay in 77° 43' north latitude the previous summer. I was fortunate enough to be one of eight selected to form that expedition. The others were: Prof. Angelo Heilprin, leader; Henry G. Bryant, F. W. Stokes, Philadelphia; Samuel W. Entenrich, West Chester; Charles E. Hite, Burlington, N. J., taxidermist; Albert White Vorse, Boston, and Dr. Jackson M. Mills, New York, surgeon.

All save Prof. Heilprin and Mr. Stokes were enthusiastic hunters and all started on their great journey well armed. As a consequence the steamer Kite, which was chartered for the voyage, as she bore the party away from St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the afternoon of July 5, presented rather the appearance of a filibuster than that of a peaceful vessel carrying a party of intelligent gentlemen on a humane and scientific mission.

Until a few weeks before departure most of the members of this party were unknown to each other, but the close companionship which their common purpose afforded, and restricted size of the vessel rendered necessary, speedily revealed the character of each man, and each formed for the other respect and friendship, which were not only unbroken throughout the voyage, but still continue.

Nine days' steaming, three of which were vexatiously spent in a great field of ice which had floated around from the eastern shores of Greenland, brought the Kite to Godhavn, a Danish settlement on the Island of Disco. Here we took on board Daniel—faithful Daniel—who formed such an attachment for us that when six weeks later, on our return to his home, we bade him good bye, he carried out to the letter his oft-repeated threat to "much cry when ship go way."

Daniel was engaged as an interpreter, and is one of the few full-blooded Eskimos yet remaining in South Greenland. He was recommended to us by Governor Carstensen, of Godhavn, not so much for his English speaking qualities as for his great good nature, willingness to oblige, strict honesty and hunting qualities. To these Daniel himself modestly added one other, that he "much wash," which last, in view of the love of filth the Eskimos generally exhibit, was a virtue not to be despised. We found, by subsequent experience, the recommendations of the Governor, as well as the one urged by

Daniel himself, were honestly given and we became much attached to him, and he rapidly acquired under our tuition the one qualification he was deficient in—a knowledge of English.

We did not remain long at Godhavn, we had little business there, and game, beyond a few ptarmigan, scarce. As soon as possible our voyage was resumed and on the morning of July 20, stopping in the meantime a few hours at Upernivik, we arrived off Duck Islands, three small rocky bits of land not far from the dread Melville Bay. These are famous as one of the chief nesting places of the eider duck and generally visited by whalers every year.

As soon as the Kite was brought to in their vicinity, two boats were lowered and every member of the relief expedition and such of the ship's crew as could get leave tumbled in, and all armed to the teeth, were rowed to the largest of the group. When the boats touched the low, rocky shores there was not a sound to indicate that there was an eider duck within miles of the place, and only a few guillemots were swimming about in the water. We had, however, scarcely clambered over the rocks a short distance inland before a plump eider flew up from directly in front of the feet of one of the hunters. At least a dozen shotguns were discharged at the unhappy bird, which fell about 50 yds. away with a heavy thud, a shattered and useless mass of flesh, feathers and broken bones, chiefly through the fact that the shells used by the ship's crew were all loaded with buckshot.

If up to that time there had been a fear in the minds of any of us that there were no birds about, the simultaneous discharge of all our guns showed us our mistake. Scarcely had the sounds echoed back to us from the huge boulders and rocks before the air became darkened by thousands of eider ducks, which flew hither and thither with affrighted cries. Some hurried toward the safety of the sea, others to the fancied security of a small lake which occupied the center of the island.

Seeing the vantage to be gained by so doing I stationed myself at the head of the lake, and immediately after several birds flew by, took aim, and fired at them; but to my amazement and disgust, the big birds flew heavily on unharmed and quacking to the sea. My next shot, as well as several succeeding ones, yielded no better results, except occasionally to knock out a few feathers.

As I was about to give up disheartened, one of the crew came along, and noting my ill success said: "Them birds you're shootin' at are too far off."

"Too far!" I exclaimed, "not one I have fired at has been more than 20 yds. away."

"A hundred, if an inch," he replied sententiously. "This is a deceivin' country. Try agin but don't shoot till ye kin see their eyes."

I followed his advice and found the wisdom of it, for in the next hour I had as much sport as the most enthusiastic hunter could desire, and when at the expiration of that time I stopped and the remainder of the party came up, each bending under a burden of birds, I had more than two dozen plump ducks in a heap at my feet, and with the proud record of having twice killed three birds from two flocks passing at the same time, with four shots from my Winchester repeating shotgun.

We might have kept up the hunting all day and killed innumerable birds, but between 150 and 200 were deemed quite sufficient to sustain our craving for fowl through the dangerous Melville Bay, even though we might be detained therein by the ice for a week or more.

Returning on board, therefore, after a little more than an hour on shore, the Kite, which had been in the meantime slowly steaming about, took up again her journey, and a few hours later, with some trepidation we found ourselves opposite the famous Devil's Thumb, and in the apparently illimitable fields of ice of Melville Bay, with the added danger of a dense fog surrounding us.

Nevertheless, by carefully choosing his "leads" or lanes of water, which during the summer months extend in various directions through this ice, Captain Pike brought us safely out of it 52 hours to Cape York, where we met our first wild Eskimos, that strange race of men, to whom Sir John Ross gave the name of Arctic Highlanders. As the Kite made fast to the shore ice which extended perhaps half a mile out to sea, mingled with the cries of "Chimo, chimo" (welcome, welcome) of the natives, were heard sounds from the lofty cliffs which towered from three to five thousand feet above the water, and from the air. These sounds bore a striking resemblance to those made in summer time at home by multitudes of small frogs, when heard from a distance. These were caused, as we had learned during the previous day or two, by millions upon millions of "little auks," a bird about the size of a robin. We had read much in various works of Arctic travel, of the toothsome qualities of these birds, and were eager to find out for ourselves whether our palates would agree with those of previous explorers. As the birds were in such vast quantities, it was thought best in order that there might not be useless slaughter, that only two should take guns ashore, and Mr. Hite and I were detailed on the ground that we were two of the best shots in the party.

Filling our belts with shells loaded with No. 6 shot, we sallied joyfully forth, promising the others the materials for a savory feast on our return. We made our way quickly over the broken ice floes to the shore, and with infinite pains and labor clambered up the rough rocks and cliffs to a sloping piece of table land, and thence to the foot of a great mountain whose ragged peak was lost in the clouds far above. In a few moments a vast flock of little auks came flying by, so closely packed together that both Mr. Hite and I fired into it with perfect confidence that a shower of dead birds would tumble to the earth. But nothing of the kind happened. The entire flock flew screaming away, and settled in security 1,000 ft. below on the few patches of water of the otherwise frozen sea. The reports of the guns, however, frightened from their rocky perches untold numbers of flocks of the same birds, which flew about us in great sweeps, and so thick that at a short distance they resembled great and swiftly moving black clouds. Into one of these flocks with diminished confidence we again fired, each carefully sighting a bird, but to our mortification neither of us did more than kill the birds we aimed at.

By the time we had used a dozen or fifteen shells between us, with only little more than as many birds, we came to the conclusion that little auk shooting was the most difficult of any kind we had ever before attempted, and we at length had to return to the ship and bear with what cheerfulness we could the sarcastic congratulations of the others. But before we left Cape York these scof-

fers, who in turn tried their luck, were silenced, for they met with no better results than we.

Like many other things in that wonderful country of the midnight sun, we found that the trouble rested not so much in a lack of ordinary skill, but in not understanding the conditions which surrounded what was undertaken.

In regard to the little auks, in a few days, by closely studying them, we found wherein lay the difficulty. They are very erratic in flight, moving right or left, up or down, with indescribable swiftness, never holding the same position with each other more than a second or two. When we learned that, we had no further trouble. We simply let birds flying overhead alone, and contented ourselves with shooting at flocks which flew by on a level with our own heights. When we did this two or three shots would secure enough birds to give a royal feast to all hands at the next meal.

We found furthermore that however much former explorers might have drawn the long bow in the relation of their experiences, they had told nothing but the truth when lauding the delicacy and delicious flavor of the meat of the "little auk." Split and cooked with butter by the cook in his galley just before meal time, or by us in the engine room, with a shovel for a frying pan, held over the bright coals of the engine's furnaces about midnight just before going to bed, it was equally an epicurean dish: juicy, tender and toothsome, the most delightful of the many appetizing meats of Greenland.

After leaving Cape York the spirit of hunting passed away from us for a time. Even with the slow-going craft we were in it was but a two days' journey from McCormick Bay. The knowledge that we were so close to the chief objective point of our great journey drove everything else from our minds. Would we find the Peary party? If we did, would they all be alive and well? Had Mr. Peary's leg, which was broken in the upward journey the previous year, become sound again? Had he made the great journey over the vast and mysterious forbidding interior ice cap? These and many other similar queries filled us with such excitement that the gentle-eyed seals sported with impunity about the vessel's side; gulls flew overhead without having a charge of shot hurled after them, and even schools of white whales gambled in close proximity, without running the risk of carrying away in the blubber beneath their skins several ounces of rifle bullets.

At length, about ten o'clock in the evening of July 23, the Kite entered Whale Sound, and came within sight of McCormick Bay. Fifteen minutes later, across the lower face of a great iceberg, shining and sparkling in the bright sunlight, about two miles away, there appeared a black speck, which by-and-by becoming larger, we made out to be a boat, in which were several wild looking human beings, some rowing with all their strength, and others by their wildly waving arms seemed to be under the stress of great excitement. A quarter of an hour later the boat came alongside, and with unchecked tears of gladness, three of the hearty explorers, Messrs. Gibson, Cook and Verhoeff, who had braved the cold of the high arctic winter, were welcomed on board, and we learned that our expedition had not been in vain, that not a life had been lost, an undue hardship experienced, or a plan of the gallant leader, Mr. Peary, miscarried.

By midnight the Kite was safely anchored in McCormick Bay, opposite the "Red Cliff House." Mr. Peary's cozy winter quarters.

Natural History.

AN ARCTIC ROVER.

THE musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*) is considered by naturalists one of the rarest of our North American mammalia. In a climate of almost perpetual winter, within the Arctic Circle, this animal lives and thrives. In a land which has been so fascinating and so fatal to the many explorers who have sought to solve the mysteries of these desolate rocky ice-bound fields, in which no animal, it would seem, could exist, the hardy musk ox roams at will during the entire year. The ability to stand the rigors of such a climate is a striking feature of its interesting life history.

The musk ox is at present found only in the most northern parts of North America, where it ranges in small bands on the barren grounds between the sixtieth parallel and the shores of the Arctic Sea. Its southern range is gradually contracting, and it is no longer met with west of the Mackenzie River. It is found through the Parry Islands and Grinnell Land to North Greenland, reaching on the west coast as far south as Melville Bay. It was met with by all the Polar exploring expeditions, including the De Long, Hall and Greely parties. Lieut. R. E. Peary in his late Greenland journey secured several specimens of various ages and reports it comparatively abundant. The German Polar expedition of 1869-70 found it at Sabine Island on the east coast. In former times the musk ox roamed in other parts of the world. Its fossil remains, or those of an allied species, have been found in northern Siberia and the plains of Germany and France. It has also been found in the gravel beds in several parts of England, as Bromley, Bath and Freshfield, and also in the brick earth of the Thames Valley at Crayford, Kent.

In size the musk ox equals the smaller varieties of Scotch and Welsh cattle, but in structure and habits it is more like the sheep; and the combination of characteristics is well expressed by its generic name, *Ovibos*. It is gregarious in habit, going in herds of twenty or thirty head, and sometimes ninety or a hundred have been observed. The bands contain one or two full-grown bulls. Notwithstanding their short legs, they run with considerable speed. When frightened, they gather together like a flock of sheep, and follow a leader as sheep do an old ram. This habit makes the total extermination of a herd an easy task, when it is the desire of its destroyers to accomplish it. When thoroughly alarmed they easily ascend precipitous slopes, their curved, sharp-edged hoofs greatly aiding them in gaining a foothold.

The name of musk ox is given on account of the musky odor exhaled by the animal. The odor does not proceed from any special gland, as in the case of the musk deer and other animals which secrete a musky odor. The cause of this peculiar odor has not been satisfactorily explained.

According to Sir John Richardson, "When the animal is fat its flesh is well tasted and resembles that of caribou, but has a coarser grain." According to other authorities

the flesh of the bulls is highly flavored, and both bulls and cows, when lean, smell strongly of musk. This odor does not seem to be confined to either sex, or to any particular season of the year. At times the flesh of some of the animals is said to be tender and very well flavored. The carcass of a good-sized male will weigh 300 to 350 lbs. In summer they accumulate considerable fat, and during winter use up this fatty tissue. The males are considerably larger than the females. The cows calve about June 1, giving birth to one young one. The animal is also known as musk buffalo and musk sheep, both very expressive names.

The animal has a very prominent tendency to a hump. The dorsal processes of the vertebral column, as shown in the skeleton, indicate this. The dense, long and somewhat stiff bunch of hair over the shoulders plainly proves that the animal possesses a hump. All specimens which have been heretofore mounted do not show this feature of the animal. The head is large and broad. The horns in the old males are extremely broad at the base, meeting in the median line and covering the whole top of the head. They

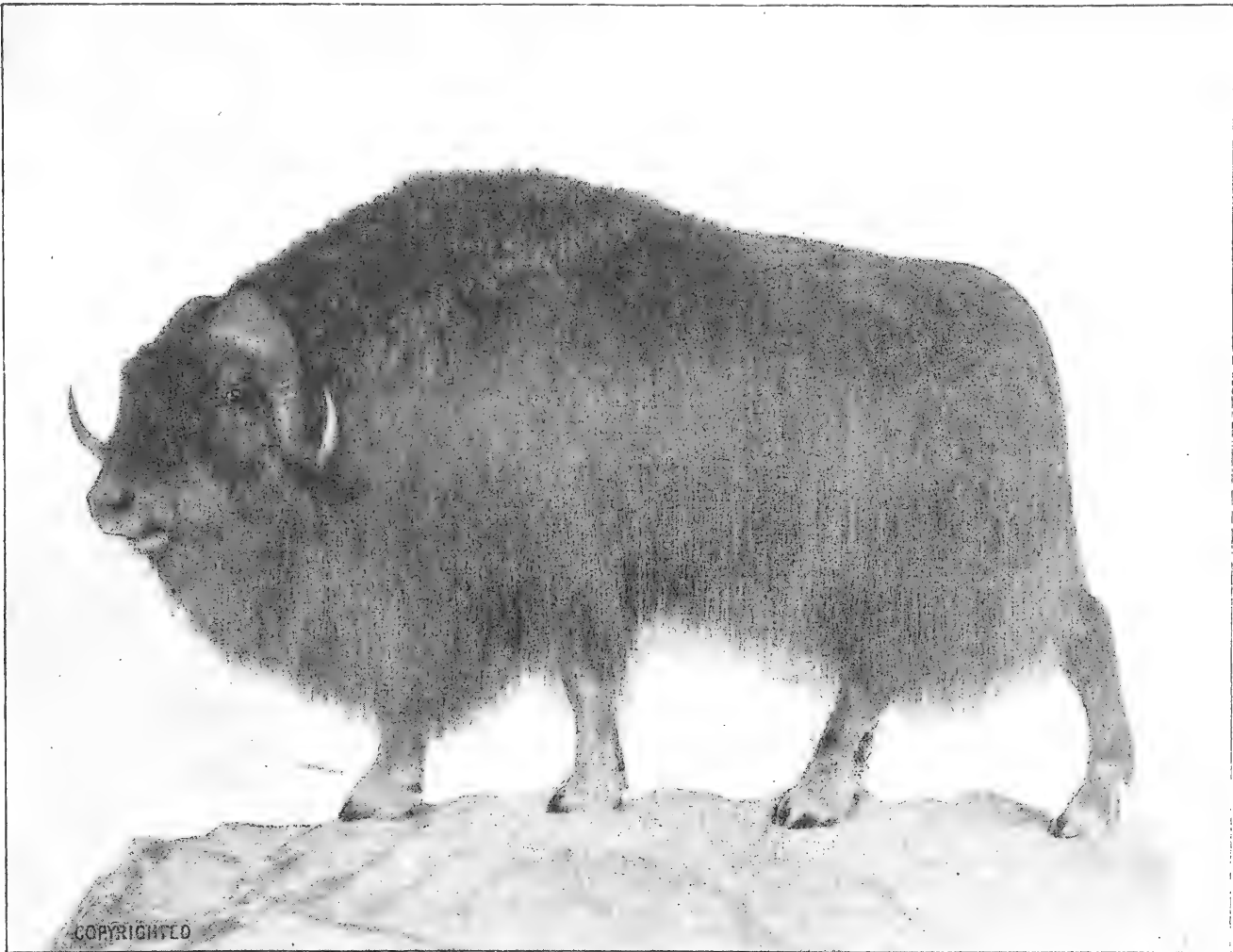
the musk ox here given represents the character of the animal. The specimen from which it is taken is the largest in this country or Europe. The skin of this specimen was obtained by E. V. Skinner, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific R. R., and placed in the hands of Messrs. Sowdon & Webster, of 14 East Forty-second street, this city, who have prepared it, as faithfully represented by the plate. Through the kindness and by the permission of Mr. Skinner we have the pleasure of placing before our readers this handsome likeness.

This specimen was skinned by natives over 1,400 miles near Fort Franklin, and was received here in fine condition. The order for it was given three years since and the specimen has been in transit most of this time. These few measurements may serve to impress the reader with the proportions of this particular specimen. The animal stands at the shoulder 4 ft. 5 in.; the length from nose to stern is 6 ft. 7 in.; height at the rump 3 ft. 10 in.; length of head from base of skull to end of nose 24 in.; length of horn from median line, following the outside curve to tip, 24 in.; width of both horns at base 12 in.; diameter of

of wolves of the Pyrenees having come down in the villages on the mountain side and attacked the stock and devoured persons, so that it may fairly be assumed that European wolves are more ferocious than those of our own country.

In the old days in the West, a man no more thought of being afraid of a wolf than of a ground squirrel. With a stick, or without one, a man could chase a pack of gray wolves as far as he could run, and as long as his wind held out. Even in the bitterest weather the wolfers never thought that there was any danger of being attacked by wolves. The only case of which I ever heard which suggested anything like this, was toward the end of a very long snowy winter, when a large white wolf one night followed a friend of mine up to his cabin door. The animal trotted along only a few steps behind the unarmed man, who confessed to feeling somewhat uneasy lest the beast should spring at him, but it made no demonstration of this kind.

Of late years more or less frequent accounts have been published in the newspapers of packs of wolves attacking



Mounted by Sowdon & Webster, New York.

MUSK OX (*Oribos moschatus*).

Copyrighted, 1891, by E. V. Skinner.

are directed, at first, slightly outward, and then suddenly downward by the side of the head, and then they turn upward with a graceful curve, and forward, ending in the same plane as the eye. The horns at the base are rough, but gradually grow smooth, from the center to the tips, which are round, glossy and black. At the base they are a dull white. The horns of the females are much smaller, and at their base the space between them is much broader in the middle of the forehead. The ears are small and are concealed in the hair. The space between the nostrils and the upper lip is covered with a short, close hair, as in goats and sheep, and has no trace of the bare "muffle" of oxen. The general color of the hair is a rich brown, shading into black. It is long, matted and rather curly at the neck and shoulders. On the back and hips the hair is long and straight, on the sides of the body exceedingly long, so long as to hang below the middle of the legs. In some specimens which we have measured the longest hairs have been 20 in. long. In the center of the back there is a patch of soiled brownish white, termed the saddle.

There is a closely matted short under wool, exceedingly soft and fine of texture and so dense that it is impervious to snow and rain. On the chest the hair is long and straight and hangs down gracefully like fringe. The tail is short and hidden in the long hair on the hips. On the legs the hair is short, stiff and without any underwool. The hoofs are much curved and larger than those of the caribou, which they resemble in shape, and the eye of a skilled hunter would be taxed to detect the difference between the tracks of the two species in the snow. The bones of the animal are very dense, those of the legs have the weight and appearance of ivory.

The food of the musk ox is similar to that of the caribou, and consists of grass at one season and lichen at another. The curved hoofs enable the animal to scrape away the deep snows which cover their scanty food. Their sense of smell is very acute. The illustration of

horns at base 9 in.; breadth of muzzle 4 in.; circumference of muzzle 14 in.; circumference of hoof of front leg 17 in.; circumference of hoof of hindleg 13 in.

There are but four other mounted specimens of the musk ox in this country. One is at Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., and three compose a group at the United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. Of these one is a male, one a female and one a two-year-old, none of them superior specimens.

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER.

THE WAYS OF WOLVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the splendid figure of the wolf presented in your issue of January 5th, and have been amused by one or two comments on it which I have seen in the FOREST AND STREAM since then. The correspondent who says that wolves are never fat, evidently never saw wolves on the buffalo range in the old times. Then they used to be very fat, as did also the coyotes, badgers and foxes.

There is one question on which I should like to hear the opinions of your readers, and about which I know nothing very definitely, although I have been familiar with gray wolves for about a quarter of a century.

Does the American wolf ever attack human beings? Up to a few years ago almost the only account of the killing of persons by wolves is the one found in Audubon and Bachman, which tells of the devouring of a slave by a pack of wolves in some one of the Southern States. This account came to the authors at second or third hand, and to my mind it is not at all convincing.

We have always been taught that the wolves of Europe commonly attack men in severe winter weather. Books of travel abound in stories of this class where packs of wolves pursue travelers in sledges and frequently one or more of the persons so pursued is sacrificed to save the lives of the others. This winter the press dispatches speak

human beings in Minnesota and North Dakota, but I have always believed, and still think, that such despatches are mere newspaper "fakes" and no more to be credited than the bear and hoop snake stories which so frequently adorn the pages of the journals to-day.

What I am in search of now is authentic testimony as to the ferocity of American wolves and their disposition when forced by hunger to attack human beings. Does any one know of a case where a man, woman or child has been attacked by gray wolves, and under what circumstances did such occurrence take place? I do not want hearsay evidence, but good convincing proof.

If such occurrences have taken place I think they ought to be put on record. I presume that it is only within the last few years, since wild game became so scarce, that anything of this kind has occurred, if it has ever occurred, which I very much doubt.

If you are willing to give space to this note in your columns it may perhaps bring out some interesting evidence.

ET. VIEJO.

California Academy of Sciences.

THE officers elected Jan. 3 for 1893 are: President, H. W. Harkness; First Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Second Vice-President, J. G. Cooper; Corresponding Secretary, T. S. Brandegee; Recording Secretary, J. R. Scupham; Treasurer, L. H. Foote; Librarian, Carlos Troyer; Director of Museum, J. Z. Davis.

Beaver Dam Horse Feed.

HERE appears to be foundation for another Kekoskee fish story. It is an advertisement in the Appleton (Wis.) Crescent:

BULLHEADS FOR SALE.

Will contract to furnish Bullheads in 1,000 bushel lots at 50 cts. a bushel, undressed, F. O. B., Beaver Dam, Wis. Fish guaranteed good quality. Address W. G., care of this office. 7646*

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

BARREN GROUNDS OF CANADA.

SOMEWHAT over a year ago, on my way to the Okanagan country, I stopped for a few days at Victoria. It was my wish, while there, to get a bearskin for a friend. The trapping of bears I had always despised as a form of sport, and the legitimate capture of the animal was, for me at least, highly unreliable, so I called on the accomplished curator of the museum to get advice about buying a skin.

Just outside, on the porch of the museum, lay a pile of hides of unusual attractions—not bear skins to be sure, but quite as desirable—with their dull, dark, wavy hair relieved by patches and shadings of soft dun color. These were hides of musk ox brought in by Mr. Pike; and heads of the same species which Mr. Pike had given to the curator were already set up and hung on the walls. A couple of weeks later reminiscences of the same enterprising sportsman met me at every turn, for I had engaged a half-breed to hunt with me who had been formerly in Mr. Pike's employ, and my guide would point out camping spots occupied on the earlier trips, and show me the big stakes driven in the grassy marsh for picketing the hunter's horse, while his master stayed on in search of woodland caribou with a defiance of rough weather and a stubborn contempt for the passage of great stretches of time which were amply illustrated in his later work. My guide knew, even then, that Mr. Pike had undergone stirring experiences in the North, but not until the issue of his book on the "Barren Ground of Northern Canada" has the full detail been accessible.*

The trip therein recited began in June, 1889, from Edmonton. The same point was reached on the return in March, 1891.

There are three main divisions to the journey. The year 1891 was consumed in trips by canoes and dog sledges from Fort Resolution on the Great Slave Lake to the upper reaches of the Coppermine River about latitude 65°.

Starting from Fort Resolution again in May, 1890, and going by canoe down the Great Fish River, Mr. Pike got as far north as Lake Beechey, about latitude 65° 30', and returned to Resolution for a second time at the end of August in that year.

The third division of these adventures, and the most exciting and dramatic, notwithstanding the more familiar nature of the country and the surroundings, embraces the unsuccessful attempt to reach Fort McLeod by ascending Peace River in the winter of 1890.

It is worth while to follow the adventurer's steps with some closeness, for the countries, the people and the fauna to which he introduces us are all unusual.

As a narrative of sport there is little that is attractive in the book. By sport I mean the exertion of skill, knowledge and strength necessary for the capture of wary game. The game in the barren grounds, when it is to be found at all, seems to be stupid to the verge of idiocy, and the monotonous and tedious slaughter can only be of interest from the point of view of the commissariat.

Nor is there much of scientific moment to be found directly stated. Valuable pictures of the habits of the animals hunted abound, but there are no estimates of the size, weight or measurements of either musk ox or caribou, except the statement that the barren ground caribou is about two-thirds the size of its woodland cousin, while we feel positively robbed of the animal stories, which the half-breed King Beaulieu told in such profusion, and which Mr. Pike seems to have looked on much as Hotspur looked on tales of the "mold warp and the ant."

The barren ground which Mr. Pike visited lies south of the Arctic circle. In no instance was that parallel reached, but the characteristics of much of the region are strikingly arctic. Nothing is lacking to make the picture complete except mountains and seaboard with resulting glaciers. The district is thickly strewn with groups and chains of lakes and seamed with rivers, along which lie the chief lines of travel. Sandstone and granite rocks are common, as well as iron stone, whatever that may mean, and on one occasion mention is made of a considerable exposure of stratified rocks. Generally speaking the land consists of stretches of rolling ground, with occasional low buttes and one or two sand ridges which extend for great distances, and are important landmarks. At times, however, a rough broken rock covers the entire visible country and makes progress very difficult. The timber line runs irregularly, according to the exposure of the locality. The pines, which are of considerable size on the Great Slave Lake, become stunted by the rigor of the climate further north and finally cease about 64° 30' of latitude, but scrub willows along the stream reach up much further, while mosses abound, and during the month or two of summer grasses and flowers sprout and bloom with rapidity and profusion.

The weather is often astonishingly severe, even as late as July, gales and storms of snow and heavy frosts frequently alternating with warm days, while Lake Mackay, 100 miles long, was still solidly frozen at the end of June.

But even this grim waste has moments of beauty, and its mysterious charm cannot be better indicated than by the words of the Indian Saltath when he asked the priest about the delights of heaven: "Is it more beautiful than the country of the musk ox in summer, when sometimes the mist blows over the lakes and sometimes the water is blue and the loons cry very often? That is beautiful, and if heaven is still more beautiful my heart will be glad and I shall be content to rest there till I am very old."

If that northern country has produced nothing but the delicate poetry of Saltath's description it is not quite a barren land.

The last part of the year 1889 was taken up by two journeys over nearly the same country; the first journey by canoe, the second by dog sledge. On Aug. 19 Mr. Pike started, accompanied by half-breeds and their wives and children to the number of more than twenty, for Fond du Lac, a point on the north shore of the Great Slave Lake.

Mr. Pike kept with him a Winchester rifle and a blanket. A little bacon was brought along and two hundred pounds of flour—supplies which were only sufficient to provide a

text for reflections on the greed of his companions. There was only enough tea and tobacco to last part of the time. There seems to have been nothing else, not even a sack of salt, not even a thermometer nor a compass.

The expedition was "heavily unprovided," but the explorer was the possessor of a capacity for endurance which went far to remedy all wants. Almost impervious to arctic cold, always ready for necessary labor, patient, or at least enduring, in the face of starvation, and able to thrive on a long course of "meat straight," whether the meat were raw or sodden, fresh or far advanced in decay, the traveler was in one sense provided with the best possible equipment.

At Fond du Lac half of the half-breed army was left behind. Eight men and two women started north in two canoes on Sept. 7. One canoe was soon abandoned, and by Sept. 13 the party had paddled and portaged up to a lake called Lac du Rocher, a distance, on the map, of some sixty miles. There they waited, eating wolverine and a few fish, until caribou were found. On Sept. 15 and 16 thirty-four caribou were killed, some of which were cached.

On the 17th Mr. Pike started, with five men, after musk ox, but soon sent back two of his attendants. On the 22d nine caribou were killed, yet on the 24th we find the party glad to drive off the ravens and feast on carcasses a month dead. On the 25th eight caribou were killed and on the 27th two musk ox were captured, after which the party turned back to rejoin the detachment left behind and await the advent of winter. Retracing their steps they killed enough caribou for immediate use on Oct. 3 and 8.

On Oct. 9 they killed twelve caribou and found their friends, already rejoicing in an abundance of meat, where they had left them at a point about half way between Fond du Lac and the northern terminus of the hunt.

This dry recital of a list of victims shows the amount of killing done under favorable circumstances, when there was no wanton destruction and when much of the meat killed was cached for future use.

It must not be understood that Mr. Pike approved of useless slaughter. He speaks with proper disgust of such unworthy deeds. But the principles on which his expedition was conducted—namely, to carry nothing and kill the requisite food—necessitated alterations of starvation and waste, while the careless nature of his companions made restraint difficult. Later on Mr. Pike fell in with a camp of Yellow Knife Indians, who had waited at a river crossing and speared a herd of over 300 caribou in the water, more than 200 of which were left to rot where they floated, without being even dragged ashore. When such things are possible the extinction of game is, at least, not improbable.

Mr. Pike remained in camp with the half-breeds for a month, until dog sledges were brought up for a winter expedition, which was really the better way of reaching the musk ox.

It was on Oct. 20, while thus waiting in camp, that the main herd of banded caribou, called by the half-breeds *la foule*, began to pass and continued streaming by southward for about six days. "All the south side of Mackay Lake," says Mr. Pike, "was alive with moving beasts, while the ice seemed to be dotted all over with black islands, and still away on the north shore, with the aid of the glasses we could see them coming like regiments on the march."

Mr. Pike's account of the habits of these animals given on page 45 is so complete that it should be quoted entire.

"The range of the barren ground caribou appears to be from the islands in the Arctic Sea to the southern part of Hudson's Bay, while the McKenzie River is the limit of their western wandering, although not many years ago they are known to have crossed the Slave River in the neighborhood of Fort Smith. In the summer time they keep to the true barren ground, but in the autumn, when their feeding grounds are covered with snow, they seek the hanging moss in the woods. From what I could gather from the Yellow Knife Indians at the east end of the Great Slave Lake, and from my own personal experience, it was late in October, immediately after the rutting season, that the great bands of caribou, commonly known as *la foule*, mass up on the edge of the woods, and start for food and shelter afforded by the stronger growth of pines further southward. A month afterward the males and females separate, the latter beginning to work their way north again as early as the end of February; they reach the edge of the woods in April, and drop their young far out toward the sea coast in June, by which time the snow is melting rapidly and the ground shows in patches. The males stay in the woods till May and never reach the coast, but meet the females on their way inland at the end of July, and from this time they stay together till the rutting season is over and it is time to seek the woods once more."

Add to these details the fact that the female caribou has horns which are annually shed like those of the male, and we have a clear idea of this interesting animal. Mr. Pike thinks that these caribou are not diminishing in numbers, but his pages give ample reason to distrust his conclusions.

It is true that few white men invade the barren ground, but the weapons of the white man, the repeating Winchester, are playing on the herds at all seasons, without regard to the necessities of the hunter; while the old-fashioned wasteful slaughter of swimming game, which has been spoken of, keeps on in full vigor; so that the future of the barren ground caribou may well be compared to that of deer in the Adirondacks. The caribou are vastly more numerous and their country more difficult of access, but the beasts are more stupid and their enemies quite as blindly determined on extermination as those of more southern *Cervide*.

Mr. Pike makes an interesting comparison between the numbers of existing caribou and those of buffalo in early times; and from the truly extraordinary extent of *la foule* as he saw it, he is inclined to think that the buffalo were not more numerous. It seems to me that Mr. Pike leaves out of account the fact that the buffalo herds never contained practically the whole race, as does *la foule*, but that, in the vast extent of territory ranged over by the buffalo until after the transcontinental railroads were built, there were several bands, any one of which could be regarded as the "main herd" of its great but distinct region. It is not now supposed that the bison emigrated annually from Manitoba to Mexico; but that perhaps the Texan bands ranged as far as the Canadian River. The herds that fed the Pawnees might have traveled hundreds

of miles north and south of the Platte, while the northern masses would cross the Missouri and return to the Belly River and the Saskatchewan.

Although many of the "tall stories" told about the swarming crowds of buffalo may be justly discredited, there is a mass of reliable evidence as to their immense range which seems to put the army of the caribou into a decided minority.

On Nov. 11, 1889, Mr. Pike started with six sleighs, twenty-four dogs and seven men to look for musk ox. The dog sledges were for the transportation of baggage. The men walked, and here, as throughout their journeys, marches were short and progress very slow.

The dogs and their ways are full of interest. There seems to be no pretense of affection or attachment between the dogs and their masters. The dogs are beaten until they pull the loads. After the camp is made, the dogs are beaten to keep them out of the kettle. The dogs, therefore, occupy their leisure by quarreling among themselves until after they get their supper. When the men go to bed the dogs break into the lodge and curl up on top of the nearest sleeper. If an attempt be made to shove or kick the dog off he promptly mistakes the man's foot for a hostile dog and chews it. When not chewing his masters or his companions the dog chews the snowshoes, sledges, gloves, deerskin lodges and other furniture. The dogs have to be watched.

Shortly after starting, the party saw an animal in the fog which was thought to be either a musk ox, a caribou or a wolf. It turned out to be a mouse, magnified by the haze.

At first the party ate the meat from the caches. Soon, however, they killed more caribou, and got to the end of all provisions before finding musk ox. The next day after their supplies gave out, however, two herds of musk ox were sighted. The dogs were let loose and held a portion of the first herd while the men killed them, some twenty in number, "without any more trouble than killing cattle in a yard."

A couple of days after 18 musk ox were killed out of the second band in a similar artistic way, and the party then turned back with their loads, reaching Fond du Lac on Dec. 10, and arriving at Fort Resolution shortly after.

Mr. Pike says of the musk ox he killed on his canoe trip: "In crossing an occasional piece of level ground he walked with a curious rolling motion, probably accounted for by the waving of the long hair on the flanks."

The young males have round, sharp horns, separated on each side of the head, like a young bull's. As the males grow older, the bases of the horns swell and grow until they meet in the middle of the head. In the summer the herds consist only of cows and calves, while the bulls are found wandering singly.

Mr. Pike stayed at Fort Resolution, hunting in the neighborhood, until May 21, 1890, when he set out for a trip down the Great Fish River, which he descended in a canoe as far down as Lake Beechey. There is nothing in this trip except the geography which calls for remark. Caribou and musk ox, half-breeds and Indians have already been well portrayed, and Mr. Pike met no Esquimaux except a boy that he took with him.

In closing this division of Mr. Pike's travels, it is needful for a full understanding of his troubles to consider the anomalous relations he had with his men. Mr. Pike is certainly not a born leader. He seems to have kept on terms of a rough comradeship with his companions, enlivened by perpetual quarrels. He says that the half-breeds were respectful in address but treacherous, and that the Indians were submissive but beggars. As side lights to these general statements it appears that when he held a consultation with the half-breeds about a musk ox hunt "the same old wrangle and abuse of each other ensued." On one occasion he states that he opposed a scheme strongly and "for once managed to get his own way," and as a crowning comment I cite the passage on page 145: "By the way, it is as well when going for a hunting expedition in the North to leave at home all the old fashioned notions of shooting etiquette. If you see a man in a good position for a shot, run up, jostle his elbow, and let your gun off; if an animal falls, swear you killed it, and claim the back-fat and tongue, no matter whether you fired or not; never admit that you are not quite sure which animal you shot at. It is only by a strict attention to these rules that a white man can get a fair division of plunder when shooting with half-breeds and Indians."

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the impropriety of these remarks. If you have engaged men to help you hunt, the men should be controlled, for the shot is yours. Either make them leave their guns, or, if you can trust them to carry guns, tell them not to shoot until you have had your chance. If this method fails it might be well to select a large, convenient stick and reason over the matter. If the men are merely companions and not subordinates, above all if you supply the ammunition for them, as Mr. Pike did, they have as much right to shoot as you, and it is at least indelicate under those circumstances to jostle the shooter or trifle with the truth for a piece of back-fat. I can only think that the passage quoted is meant to be humorous.

In one way Mr. Pike's relation of semi-equality with his men is of benefit to us. Perhaps in no other manner could we have got an account of such evident truth, such transparent fidelity, about the lives and natures of the dwellers in the barren ground. Every page has the stamp and color of the great wilderness, and we turn from the book with a sense of refreshment begot from studying a vast new region and a strange life.

Returning from the Great Fish River to Resolution at the end of August, 1890, Mr. Pike set out to ascend the Peace River to Fort McLeod.

The plan was unusual and adventurous, to go by canoe up the Peace River to Fort McLeod on a lake of the same name high in the mountains, and from there to go south by snowshoe and wagon until the Canadian Pacific Railroad should give access to the civilized world. As far as Vermillion, on the Peace River, progress was slow, but not difficult.

At this point it was necessary to engage a new crew with the exception of the faithful Murdo Mackay, who followed Mr. Pike's fortunes from Fort Resolution.

One additional man, an Englishman called John by Mr. Pike, was the only reinforcement taken on at this point, and John seems to have been of no advantage; lazy, selfish, cowardly and insubordinate, he stands out a solemn warning against engaging men rashly.

From Vermillion up the river to St. John's and Hudson's Hope, touching at various posts and settlements, Mr.

* BARREN GROUNDS OF NORTHERN CANADA. By Warburton Pike. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Price \$2.

Pike passed in about a month, although the distance on the map does not seem to exceed 300 miles.

Here Twelvefoot Davis, a man famous in the mining annals of British Columbia, was encountered, and from Davis's party Mr. Pike secured an Indian and a half-breed to complete his crew.

It was now Nov. 5 and only two hundred miles lay between Hudson's Hope and Fort McLeod. Unfortunately the party hesitated about taking advantage of the open water which still continued, and after waiting three weeks for winter to set in, finally started in a canoe.

After six days of canoe work, rendered perilous by the floating ice, the stream froze solid at the junction of the Findlay and Parsnip rivers, which unite to form the Peace River. The rest of the journey must be on foot, but not until three days had gone by was a start made to put an end to a situation that was fast becoming critical.

The march was slow and difficult. Four miles were made the first day and rather more on the three days following, for, though the men carried little, the country was densely forested and the ice on the river very rough. On the morning of the fifth day all provisions had been consumed and kettles and blankets were left behind to be picked up later by dog sleighs from McLeod, while the men pressed on light to reach their destination as soon as possible.

The party tried a cross cut over the hills, and after camping without food or blankets in the woods, were able to get a view of the valley of the Parsnip the next day and of a tributary stream which, the guides said, was McLeod's River. Two of the men had been sent on ahead to seek the foot the day before, but it was the day after when a thin column of smoke led the remainder of the party to an old cabin where the scouts were found crouched over a smouldering fire and confessing that they were lost.

This fact was speedily proved and seems to have thoroughly demoralized the faculties of the guides.

The retreat began down the stream, and at the junction of this river with the Parsnip was found a high yellow cut bank, which none of the party recognized, although two of them had passed it in their down trip but a few weeks before. This certainly was not excusable. It is true that a well-known country takes on a strange and foreign appearance after a heavy snowfall, so that familiar sites are passed unnoticed even by old woodsmen. It is also true that this cut bank may have been passed by the Indians in their canoes at nightfall or in the mists of the morning, but that all the party, after weeks of preparing and investigation, should have been ignorant of the existence of an important tributary of the Parsnip, which turned out to be the Nation River, a well-known stream, is highly remarkable.

The dreadful experiences of the rest of the retreat until Barrow's cabin was reached are told with a directness and simplicity that stamp the tale on the memory. For twenty days the party subsisted on thirty pounds of flour, of which five pounds were stolen by the Indians, one grouse, a piece of moose skin and a field mouse, and this in the dead of winter, unsheltered and poorly clad in the forests of Northern Canada.

At last on the 27th of December, 1890, they staggered into their friends' cabin gaunt skeletons, speechless from starvation, partially blind and deaf, with the skin of their hands and feet cracked and their eyes wild.

That they survived these awful trials at all is due to one man, their leader. On this occasion Mr. Pike showed the rarest qualities. Endurance that would shame an Indian, dogged courage and wonderful self-restraint.

His worthless half-breed guide stole the flour he was intrusted with from his starving companions, and Mr. Pike correctly reasoned that he must kill the culprit or overlook the theft. He gave the thief his share of the failing rations. The lazy and selfish John lagged behind always for others to break the way and do the camp work. When John fell exhausted Mr. Pike halted the party. The half-breed refused to obey. Then at last Mr. Pike took up his gun and enforced obedience and John was rescued.

The salvation of this party of unbalanced and bickering men from the horrors of that wilderness of famine is a feat which, perhaps, the stoical heroism of the grim Saxon could alone accomplish.

H. G. DULOG.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LEGISLATION.

MARSH, Chester County, Pa., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I notice a good deal of interest is displayed by your correspondents in regard to legislation in the different States.

Your editorials upon the subject, although short, are right to the point, and they seem to bring out the most prominent defects in game laws generally. In one place you mentioned that Tennessee has demanded a "State law without county exceptions." Tennessee is a sensible State, and why should not our State and others do likewise?

Although not a member of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, still I was glad to see Mr. Brelsford's views and ideas so ably expressed, and I hope, as all our sportsmen do, that the Legislature now in session will give the Association at least as much power to protect and propagate game, as has been given heretofore to the Fish Commission.

Pennsylvania has had pretty much the same laws for game in all her counties, but if as suggested by the many bills before the House, we were to have a law for every county, we would be as grandly mixed up as are the sportsmen of some of our neighboring States.

In this county (Chester) we have a bill out, which proposes closing the quail season for three years, and making it lawful to shoot rabbits in December only of each year, but that is all. The pheasant is to be banded at as usual for three months and the woodcock for six, while our squirrel may jump from limb to limb and take his chances for one third of a year.

Your Pittsburgh correspondent "M." proposes the best law that I have seen, and only by making universal laws, opening and closing them on the same days, can anything nearing to protection be accomplished.

A good State law for small game, to my mind would be, close season on woodcock Dec. 15 to Sept. 1, squirrels Oct. 1 to Sept. 1, pheasants, quail, rabbits, Dec. 15 to Nov. 1.

OCTAVIUS BULL.

Maine Winter Wildfowl.

PORTLAND, Me.—The severe winter has filled our bay with solid ice, and the little clear water is alive with eiders, coot, old squaw, black duck and whistlers. Snowy owls have been scarce so far.

C. D. S.

BIG GAME IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

AN instance of what a deer can do when wounded is furnished by the experience of Edgar Tower, of Rockport, on the 9th. When the buck was routed Edgar raked him fore and aft (or aft and fore) with his .44 Winchester. The bullet entered the left side of the rump, ranged forward through the upper abdomen, shattered two ribs and came out behind the right shoulder. Edgar used to see the flap of his tail going over the ridges now and then, but he traveled six miles before he got a bead on him again. Even then the buck had vim enough to mop the ground with Edgar before he gave in. Mr. Tower's wardrobe resembled that of a Highland chief at the close of the show.

How far does a deer jump when going at full speed? Billy Cott, of Kingsclear, fired at a doe near Tower's Lake with a smooth-bore. Three days later the Prowler crossed the trail and measured some of the jumps. The ground was covered with boulders and dead-falls, and it was a miracle that the animal hadn't broken its neck. Throwing away inches, here are six successive leaps: 13 ft., 15 ft., 14 ft., 17 ft., 18 ft., 15 ft. A short distance further on the trail struck the bank of the Gornish. The doe was evidently afraid of the glare ice and cleared the stream at a bound that measured 21 ft. Billy's jumps were not recorded. At last accounts he had stopped to "bile the kittle" somewhere south of Labrador.

W. H. Dykeman, a Jemseg blacksmith, claims to have had a close call from wolves last week. While in the woods near the Oromocto stream (so Dykeman says) he came on a couple of the brutes, and they sprang at him at once. The biggest one narrowly missed his throat (so Dykeman says), Dykeman had a revolver and sheath knife, and only after strenuous exertions (so Dykeman says) did he succeed in beating them off.

Just over the Cumberland line, in Nova Scotia, five moose were shot in the Shulee woods last week. Three were killed by Phillips, the hunter, and the other two by B. B. Barnhill and his son, a youth of thirteen years. Two of the carcasses came to friends in Saint John.

John Morrill, of Darling's Island, is very proud of some big shooting he did last Thursday. He and his boy started four deer and the lad shot one. Two hours later they sighted two more on the opposite side of a barren, fully 200 yds. away. It was impossible to work any closer owing to the open ground, so Mr. Morrill, who is an expert marksman, adjusted his sights carefully and was lucky enough to kill both of the animals in two successive shots.

The close season for moose, deer and caribou in this Province began with Jan. 15. In Nova Scotia moose can be killed until Feb. 1.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 20. PROWLER.

NATIONAL PARK NEWS.

WE are permitted to make some extracts from a private letter recently received by a gentleman of this city from Capt. George S. Anderson, 6th Cavalry, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. The account which he gives of the game seen during his short ride is most interesting and shows how valuable from one point of view our National Park is.

Captain Anderson is quoted in the Montana papers as estimating the number of elk now in the Park as not far from 40,000. Of course this is an estimate only, but it is an estimate by one who is carefully watching the Park and constantly informing himself as to its condition. Captain Anderson writes under date of Jan. 6:

"I made a little trip yesterday, an account of which may be of interest to you. I left here at 9:30 and rode around Mt. Everts via East Fork of Gardiner, the "Turkey Pen," and over the bluffs east of the main Gardiner, and got back at 3:30. Found about two feet of snow on top of the mountain pretty heavily crusted. Saw 17 elk, most of them at less than 300 yds., and but one of them showed the least alarm. Two lying down at less than 300 yds. did not arise. I saw a mule deer and fawn lying down at 75 yds. and they did not rise; four others watched me at 250 yds. without running off. Saw 13 mountain sheep, about a mile and a half from here; they were alert and watched me from a bluff 400 or 500 yds. away. Saw great numbers of antelope, surely 300 (probably 400 or 500) and got within 50 to 75 yds. of many of them. Pretty good for a short ride, isn't it?"

A Protest.

For the people of eastern Montana and America and for the welfare of our country in the preservation of the National Park from segregation for railroads or other purposes, I protest for the people. When the boundaries of our National Park were located and surveyed, and the Park set apart as a public pleasure ground by a generous Government for the use, benefit and amusement of those who wished to avail themselves of the sights amid nature's majestic wonders, why was not the Park so made and constructed by Congress that no act hereafter could disintegrate it; made to stand while our republic lasted; made as sound and solid as the constitution of the United States? If the papers tell aright there are soon to be men with money sent to Washington to get Congress to set aside a part of what now forms the National Park. For what purpose? They say a railroad to Cooke City, but if a railroad can be built from Stillwater to Cooke City for one-third of what it will cost from Gardiner to the same point, there must be another scheme afoot, for no railroad company would invest the enormous amount of money necessary to build a railroad from Gardiner to Cooke unless there were stronger inducements than the Cooke City mines.

The part of our National Park that is wanted by these few capitalists would make a colossal sheep, cattle and horse range, and shares would come high. Perhaps there is good coking coal or some rich mineral that is the aim of this most interested company to cut into our Park, we wot not of. A route from Stillwater, the Gate City, would not go into the Park in going to Cooke City, but through a level country most at the way; and besides, opening up two other mining camps in this route, Nye City and the Boulder mines, and splendid coal mines en route. It is not best for our country that a few men of means, to further their aims and schemes for personal profit, that will be a detriment to the people at large, should be allowed to succeed. The game, buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, that roam over the hills and valleys in security and that have been protected by the Government at a great cost, will be exterminated in a few weeks and their hides staked out drying in the sun, if this segregation scheme is successful. It will cause other railroads and other schemes to be planned and carried through, until a network of railroads will have blotted from existence what was once a sight seen never to be obliterated from the memory. It wants a President at the head of our Government like Andrew Jackson to veto all such proceedings and talk loud enough for the people to hear him, that the National Park must and shall be kept inviolate.—*A Son of Montana in Stillwater (Mont.) Bulletin.*

Dr. W. A. Allen, of Allendale, Montana, writes us with regard to Cooke City and the surrounding country and strongly advocating the preservation of the forests in and near the Park. He is familiar with the region, and for the past ten years has been making professional visits to Cooke City. He strongly advocates the building of a railroad up Clark's Fork, saying that from the Northern Pacific a railroad could be built up to Cooke City, via Clark's Fork, the only practicable route to-day for a road.

This would save fifty miles travel for all eastern passengers, would give a road on the east and south side of the mountains, free from snow slides and heavy snowfalls.

"I want to ask some one who has traveled up Gardiner River or who has been to the Mammoth Hot Springs, or up the East Fork of Yellowstone, how they can get a line of road up that river, where fall after fall and rapid after rapid comes tumbling down like a cloud-burst, and where the mountains extend into the river. A trestle would have to be built over the river, and a cable to draw the trains up and down. The over-zealous capitalists are trying to force seven miles off the side of the National Park, not for Cooke City, but to get at the timber, game and perhaps coal there. They want the almighty dollar. But it does not stop there, they want to take in the head of Clark's Fork so as to completely shut out any other road from the only practical route into the Park; a double header if you please. I have seen sworn statements in regard to the practicability of the route up the Gardiner and to the effect that no game inhabited the Soda Butte valley. Persons who can take such oaths must think themselves the only ones who have ever been over this country. In conclusion let me say that all true sportsmen in this country have a warm feeling for the FOREST AND STREAM, the champion of the National Park. Should this national resort be thrown open to speculators the game would soon be a thing of the past."

COLD WEATHER NOTES.

OAKDALE, N. Y., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning while on my way to a spring hole in anticipation of bagging a duck, I found the quail which I send you. He was frozen to death, the thermometer two hours before having stood at two degrees below zero. You will see at a glance that this is not one of our big, strong Long Island beauties, probably a North Carolina bird that has been laid down here with others by the members of the South Side Sportsmen's Club.

I do not think that quail will freeze to death if they can get enough to eat. I should judge by feeling of this bird that there is not anything in his crop.

It is singular that a quail will die of cold and starvation while large flocks of the happy little snowbirds will derive their subsistence from the seeds of weeds that stand out above the covering of snow. When the snow is soft and fresh one can plainly see where the little fellows have held high carnival, and danced "all hands around" while picking the seeds from these straggling bunches of weeds on the fields and meadows, where the quail have the same chance. If this snow and severe cold last a little longer I am afraid there will be some dull days next November and December.

On reaching the pond hole I bagged a very fine specimen of duck called tweezer, or ocean sheldrake. They are very scarce here and I have seen only three in my shooting experience of twenty-seven years.

ALFRED A. FRASER.

[As our correspondent remarks, the quail sent is a Southern—perhaps South Carolina—bird, and it evidently perished of starvation and cold, for it is very thin. We have always believed that quail and most other birds could endure almost any degree of cold without injury, provided they had enough to eat; in other words, that if they could keep up the internal fires they cared little for the cold. Great loss often occurs among transplanted Southern quail, if their first winter at the North is a severe one; but if this first winter is mild, they can face the second without great danger, having become acclimated, and, what is perhaps more important, accustomed to the food of the North, where to look for it and how to obtain it. The duck referred to by Mr. Fraser is perhaps the red-breasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*), which is called tweezer on the south shore of Long Island. Its other common names are given in Mr. Trumbull's admirable "Names and Portraits of Birds Interesting to Gunners." The name ocean sheldrake, however, is new to us. It is somewhat surprising to learn that this species occurs but seldom on the south shore. On the mainland north of Long Island Sound it is the commonest of the three mergansers, and we have often seen fifteen or twenty of the birds fishing on a single air hole.]

A Game Protector for Oregon.

THE Multnomah, Willamette and Citizens' Rod and Gun Clubs have approved a bill drawn up by S. H. Greene and will take steps to secure its passage by the legislature. The bill provides for the election biennially by the legislature of a game and fish protector, whose term of office shall continue until his successor is chosen and qualified. He shall devote his entire time to the duties of his office and shall receive a salary of \$1500 a year and be allowed \$500 for traveling expenses. His duty shall be to enforce the laws of the State, and the provisions supplementary thereto made by any board of county commissioners or other proper authority for the protection of game, fish and song birds. For this purpose he shall visit suspected places and gather information relative to infractions of the law; and shall have authority to direct the commencement of actions for the violations of the law where sufficient evidence exists to justify such prosecution. These actions shall be begun by the district attorney in whose county the offense occurs, but if he be too busy the fish and game protector may engage other counsel who shall be paid out of the penalties and applicable costs recovered in such case; where there is a failure to recover or a deficiency of such funds for payment, then by the county in which the suit was begun. It shall be the duty of every sheriff, deputy sheriff and constable in the State to enforce the laws and they shall be under the direction of the fish and game protector. All moneys recovered shall be paid to the treasurer of the county in which the suit was commenced; one-half over and above the amount necessary to reimburse the county for outlays shall be paid into the State treasury, and the remaining one-half to the informer. Any officer may arrest without warrant anyone caught violating the law. The game protector shall make an annual report of his operations to the governor.—*Portland Oregonian, Jan. 14.*

Georgia Woodcock.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 16.—Sportsmen here say they have never seen the time when there were so many woodcock as there are now in and around Savannah. Hear of bags of fifteen, twenty-five and forty in an afternoon's shoot, one gentleman having eighty-one to his credit in the last couple of days.

JERSEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

The Weather.

The severely cold weather has been something of an impediment to activity in out-door sports. It has been coquetting with the zero point of late, sometimes nimbly plunging down 15 or 20 degrees below zero just to show what it could do when so inclined. Yet the Chicago weather was bad in appearance only. As compared with the weather of other places, it was quite healthful and pleasant. Nevertheless, it was not a bad time to hie southward to a more genial clime, and some of the shooters hied accordingly.

Mr. E. Hough, whose interesting and instructive writings appear each week in *FOREST AND STREAM*, left Chicago last Tuesday night for the Texan coast and prairies. He had a most destructive collection of outfit—a whole lot of cartridges, two guns and a mass of other paraphernalia. I would not be surprised if he killed some ducks and quail. Such was his declared intention.

The Last of the Buffaloes.

"Buffalo" Jones, of Kansas, made a pleasant call on us on Monday. He is making arrangements here for the publication of his book on buffaloes, and wild-west life.

It occurred to me that it was exceedingly strange that the same soubriquet has been produced by different causes. "Buffalo" Bill acquired his by killing large numbers of buffaloes; "Buffalo" Jones won his by his skill and success in catching a herd of buffaloes, and "Buffalo" Tom, I have been told, acquired his by constantly wearing a buffalo overcoat. Thus the same effect was produced by catching, killing and wearing the buffalo. The buffalo may be dead, but his fame and name live on. Mr. Jones is an energetic man of brains and would make a success in any calling.

Mr. Charles Willard, the popular representative of the Colt Patent Fire Arms Co., left on Wednesday for an extensive business tour through the Southwest.

The Destruction of Birds.

From reports so far received, the cold weather has proved most destructive to quail north of the Mississippi River. Its effects will be felt more directly next fall, when the shooter is afield with dog and gun, when few birds are found and the game bag at the end of the day is light.

Farmers would be doing a good deed by placing food in such places on their farms as would be found by the weak and starving birds.

Mr. J. E. Fisher, the well-known breeder and trainer of Riverside, Ind., writes me, concerning the destruction of birds, as follows: "The quail hunting will be very poor this year in this vicinity, on account of the continued heavy snow. The snow has been on the ground ten inches deep for thirty days, and the thermometer has repeatedly registered 15° below zero. Many quail have been starved to death, and in many cases whole coveys have been frozen. The pot-hunter, game hog, foxes and hawks have a harvest. The game hog does not now have to waste ammunition to get a bag—the frozen quail will sell anywhere. The quail which are still alive are so weak that they can hardly escape from the foxes, and they are an easy prey for the hawks. I am feeding what coveys I can find. I have driven several coveys to a patch of cane where they will find food and shelter. The boys will have to hustle to find quail enough in Indiana to train on this year." His letter was dated Jan. 17.

Such destruction is sad to contemplate.

From another section of Indiana, under date of Jan. 19, a correspondent writes: "We are having 22° below zero and over twelve inches of snow. Quail are being fed by farmers. Many have frozen, whole coveys being found dead."

A correspondent writes from Tennessee under date of 19th inst., as follows: "Just had a snow storm extending from Cairo to central Mississippi. Snow fell to the depth of a foot and over at New Albany, Miss."

The latter is not encouraging for the forthcoming field trials next month. It is to be earnestly hoped that the storm was not severe enough there to destroy the quail.

B. WATERS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 17.—Mr. C. J. Jones, alias "Buffalo Jones," now of Omaha, tells me that his herd will be represented at the Fair next summer, but whether or not in connection with that of Buffalo Bill he is not at present prepared to say. Mr. Jones saw the big bull lately mounted by the Wolf & Periot Fur Co., and says he does not know where the animal came from. The firm told him they got it from Indiana, where a single specimen had for some time been kept. This, in connection with the two other accounts given by the firm in regard to this same animal, may be considered a very likely story. Mr. Jones knows of no buffalo at Cheyenne, except one owned a few years ago by a Mr. Warren, of which he has had no word for a couple of years.

Mr. Ponce de Leon Mussey, with his friends Hamline, Dicks and Reed, has returned from southern Indiana, fresh from discovering the fountain of eternal youth, which is located at West Baden, Ind. There are wild turkeys in that neighborhood in very fair quantities, if the success of the local hunters may be held as any criterion.

Mr. C. E. Irwin, of Warsaw, Ind., spent a day or so in town this past week, much of the time with Mr. M. E. Moran, who owns a half interest in the Kosciusko Kennels at Warsaw. Mr. Irwin says the snow has not yet hurt the quail around Warsaw, so far as known, though the weather is unusually severe.

Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, Ont., announces an early onslaught on Chicago, by himself, with a pointer dog under each arm.

Mr. Geo. W. La Rue, late of New York, and of the Pointer Club, has removed to Chicago, and will be here probably for a year or more at least.

I am pleased to state that Mr. R. B. Organ has had a pup given to him, which he will give to Mr. J. P. O'Brien as legal tender for the setter Mollie O'Brien, of lamented memory. Mr. Organ says this is no shepherd dog, either.

In a late article I chanced to say that I was threatened with buying a dog of my own. It is astonishing how many letters I have had since then, offering me just the dog I want. The last one comes from a trainer who has a dog which certainly is a first cousin to Olympian Jove. He only wants \$100, and considerably offers to take payments of \$10 a week, he meantime training the dog \$10 worth a week, or as the intellect of the dog will progres-

sively stand it. I am sorry I can't buy this installment dog, because I know I should love him more as he became more and more my own. Unfortunately, however, or may be fortunately, I have had a dog given to me. Later on, I may tell about this dog, which, undoubtedly, without any fooling, is the best dog that ever graced the earth with its presence. I haven't seen it yet, but I am satisfied it is the best dog ever was, barring all these other dogs, installment and otherwise.

The latest Kansas enterprise is a kangaroo ranch. At least an Australian gentleman by name of Adams, has confided to a Montreal, Can., newspaper man his intention of investigating southwestern Kansas as a field for kangaroo culture. Let the Australian kangaroo beware of the Kansas grasshopper, which is something of a hopper itself.

The thermometer has been below zero here a whole week, and field sports are mostly reminiscent or prophetic in their nature. This is the severest winter known here for years.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK TRAPS.—IV.

Sable Trap (Fig. 4), Tobique River, N. B.

DEADFALLS for sable exist in endless variety of detail, built on logs or low stumps for early fall trapping, and upon stumps 7 ft. high, cut for the purpose, in the spring when the snow is deeper. Indeed, trap after trap may be seen on some old "lines" that are set upon stumps which (when the ground is bare) stand a foot higher than a tall man's head, and as the traps are built low the depth of the snow there can be imagined.

Slabs of wood from 8 in. to 1 ft. high, sharpened like wedges, are driven into the flat top of a smooth-cut stump. It is either cut V-shaped, or like the three sides of a square. In front of the opening a post stands. By a clever way of chopping the post can be left standing as a part of the stump whenever a tree must be felled. If the post cannot be left as shown in the illustration, a sharpened stake must be driven in separate. In the trap shown in the illustration, space enough must be left between the post and the "house" for a short, somewhat three-cornered, stick about an inch thick, to be laid between them for a "bed piece." The "fall," which may vary from 8 to 15 ft. in length and from 3 to 5 in. thick, was about the average size. The big end of the "fall" was hewed to the same thickness (or less) as the "bed piece" upon which it rests. The other end was also somewhat thinned to fit into the forked tump of a sapling that grew conveniently near and served to keep the pole level. Fir boughs serve as a roof to the "house" (or a few chips may be laid upon it). The "standard" is only 3 in. long and the "bait stick" is 8 in. long. Otherwise the triggers are like those of the fisher trap, and set in the same way. A piece of trout is regarded as the best bait, though smoked herring, fresh squirrel meat or a partridge's head will be taken.

TAPPAN, ADNEY.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Ducks at Ragged Island.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—The stories of good shooting enjoyed by Boston sportsmen the past season are not yet all told. A week or two ago the *FOREST AND STREAM* had an account of the departure of Mr. Walter L. Hill for the home of the Ragged Island Club, in Curricket Sound, for a try at the ducks. Mr. Hill is engaged with the firm of John P. Squire & Co., of Boston, the millionaire pork packers. He is a great worker, but delights in a shooting or a fishing trip as often as business permits, though this may not be oftener than once or twice a year. He went this time by invitation of Mr. C. A. Woodward, the president of the Ragged Island Club. It is worthy of mention that not many individuals can enjoy the shooting at this most favored spot, and only by invitation of some member of the club, and then under restrictions such as the club sees fit to impose. The membership is small and the preserve exclusive, though one of the best in the country. President Harrison is an honorary member of the club and so is President Cleveland. President Harrison has been to the club house on a shoot the past year and President Cleveland is expected when the weather permits. But at present the Sound is worse embargoed with ice than in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Mr. Hill's trip was, fortunately, before the coldest of the weather, though he had a very cold time of it. He went from Boston to Norfolk and thence to Virginia Beach. At that point a mule team was taken and twenty miles down the beach in the cold wind was made. Once at the club house, everything in the world was done for the comfort of the guest. Mr. Hill arrived on Monday, in season to shoot on that day and the next. The rules of the club are very strict. No shooting is allowed on Sunday. Monday and Tuesday are shooting days, but Wednesday and Thursday are not. Shooting is again allowed on Friday and Saturday. The object is to give the birds a chance, and it is believed that after all fully as many birds are taken, and that too with much more ease and satisfaction. They are given a chance to rest in the bay and around the islands, and are not being frightened away every day in the week.

Mr. Hill was charmed with the shooting. He says that it was better than he had ever dreamed. The shooting is done from blinds almost altogether, and the sport is rare. He brought home a barrelful of ducks. Among the rest were twenty canvasbacks. These he distributed among his friends in the packing business, and they are all telling how they feasted. He shot redheads, two or three varieties of teal, butterballs, mallards, widgeon and black ducks. With the shooters at Ragged Island Club the black is not popular.

One day Mr. Hill, tired of sitting in the cold blind,

thought he would take a turn out around a little point of land and back, to try and get warm. He left his companion, Mr. Woodward, in the blind. He had scarcely made the turn, when he saw a magnificent flock of canvasbacks settling down among the decoys. He dropped out of sight as much as possible, expecting to hear both barrels of Mr. Woodward's gun belch out. But he did not fire. Looking up carefully he saw that gentleman gesticulating to him wildly. At first thought it looked as though his companion, desirous that Mr. Hill should have all of the fun shooting canvasbacks, was trying to draw him forward to the blind in order that he might shoot. But Mr. Hill saw that it was impossible for him to reach the blind without alarming the birds, and he shouted to Mr. Woodward to shoot. His gun did not respond, but the gentleman shouted back for him to come. He made a rush for the blind as carefully as possible, alarming the ducks of course. There was Mr. Woodward in the state of the greatest excitement. One gun was fouled so that the exploded shells could not be drawn. The other gun he had in his hands with one shell partly in, and there it stuck. Mr. Woodward was lamenting the fate that had sent them a flock of 200 beautiful canvasbacks in excellent range and both guns "unhorsed" so that they were perfectly useless. But the Yankee boy—Mr. Hill—with his jackknife soon had the shells out and the guns in working order.

So pleased was Mr. Hill with his trip it seems almost a cruel dispensation of fate that it should have a sad ending. He was called home by telegraph at the end of the first week to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, the late John P. Squire, so well known as the great pork packer of Boston. Mr. Hill has a good scheme on foot now. Mr. Woodward, whose guest he was, and who did so much for his comfort, has never fished for trout in

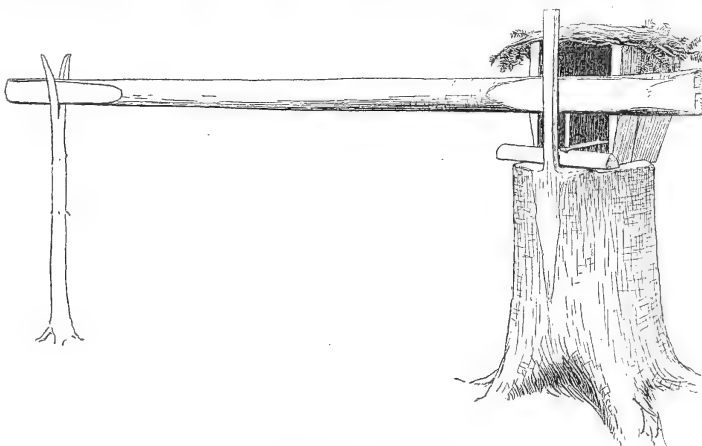


FIG. 4.—SABLE TRAP.

Maine. Next season it is Mr. Hill's plan to take Mr. Woodward down to the Maine lakes and have him catch a big trout. So doth one kindness beget another.

Winnipissogee Pickerel.

A Wolfboro, N. H. dispatch to the daily papers on Saturday says that Mr. Rollin Jones's party of Boston, Haverhill and Plymouth sportsmen, mentioned in the *FOREST AND STREAM* last week, had a fair week's sport, considering the weather. They obtained pickerel and cusk from Winnipissogee in sufficient numbers for the table at least. But putting out lines with the mercury at zero and with the holes freezing as fast as they can be cut out, is not so much of a pastime as the books would make it. Still the party has got along without freezing or accident.

The Maine License Scheme.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* treated the possibility of a license system in Maine ably the week before last, and expressed the hope that an idea so repugnant to the sportsmen of a free country would not receive serious consideration at Augusta. Such is the hope of everybody interested in hunting and fishing, not residents of the Pine Tree State; but it seems that the measure has already made some progress. The Senate has actually ordered "that the committee on Fisheries and Game inquire into the expediency of providing a license system whereby residents of other States shall pay a reasonable fee or license for the privilege of hunting and fishing in the State, the proceeds to be used in paying the salaries of the Commissioners and in protecting fish and game." How about the foolish old woman who decided to kill the goose that laid her the golden egg?

SPECIAL.

Minnesota Game.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 9.—There is a strong probability that the game laws of the State will be changed by the incoming Legislature.

No doubt some of the provisions of the present law would be benefited by a radical change, but others would not.

It is rumored that the law concerning the hunting of rabbits is to be changed, so as to make it unlawful to hunt with hounds.

All sportsmen agree that the law protecting deer and fowl should be strictly enforced; but rabbits are likely to become a pest and hunting them is beneficial to the farmers, while at the same time it furnishes sport for hunters when other game is out of season.

C. L. S.

Florida Quail.

ENTERPRISE, Fla., Jan. 14.—I noticed in the issue of Jan. 13 a card from Walter F. Mickle regarding a record of quail shooting at Clermont, Lake Co., Fla., saying himself and friend shot 63 quail in one day, and would say, as a matter of record, that we can make a better showing. Mr. F. H. Cozzens went out at this place Jan. 6 and shot 65 quail—one gun, two dogs—and a few days previous Mr. Mixer of Boston and Mr. Cozzens together, shot 67 English snipe.

M. ROGERS.

CLERMONT, Fla.—On the 9th inst. John Hooks, John Abbenger, Gene Hunt and Mr. Arnold shot 78 quail over John Abbenger's pointer.

W. F. MICKLE.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

THE report of the proceedings of the winter convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at Syracuse is concluded from last week. The entire report in circular form has been reprinted from these pages by the FOREST AND STREAM for the Association; and individuals, clubs and associations may obtain copies free of expense upon application to the secretary, Mr. John B. Sage, Buffalo. The purpose of supplying this reprint of the proceedings is to give local clubs an opportunity to make known in their respective communities the objects and character of the Association, and to awaken an interest in game and fish protection.

The delegates had been requested to bring to the convention reports on the following topics:

1. What active protective work has your club done?
2. What line of effort has been found most effective?
3. What has been your chief obstacle?
4. What is the attitude of your district attorney and other officials toward game law enforcement?
5. What can the Association do practically to help you in your efforts?

The discussion on these lines was full of interest, and demonstrated anew the usefulness of the Association as affording in its meetings opportunity for exchange of experience and suggestion.

The Adirondacks.

GEN. D. H. BRUCE—I think it must have been observed by you all that the changes which were wrought by the transformation incident to the convention, which was held about a year ago, has brought about a condition of affairs which gives every person in the State encouragement who desires to see better protection to fish, to forestry and to game. It is evident to all and to the public that unless some effective work shall be done in the direction of preserving these three important features sooner or later they must be destroyed. With all laws removed game and fish could exist but briefly. Without laws for the protection of the forest the Adirondack region would be speedily swept away. The people of the State, I believe, at least those people who are interested in the work, are looking to this Association to defend that majestic region. The interest which was exhibited by the attendance at the convention, the interest in the meeting of the executive committee, is seconded by the interest manifested here to-day. The proceedings of this convention are to be watched with great interest throughout the State.

Our special duty, as it seems to me, is to take such action as shall have force and influence upon the Legislature during its present session to the end that if we do not secure important amendments in our favor to the game laws then we shall be able to prevent such amendments as are to the detriment of the laws we desire to have advanced. We have a strong element in this State with which to contend. Already movements are being made at Albany to procure legislation of the most vicious kind. Bearing this in mind, as I said before, it seems to me it is more important to prevent bad legislation than to exercise ourselves too strongly in an effort to procure amendments to present laws.

This Association not only must let its power be felt in Albany, but it needs to extend its usefulness. It needs to adopt some plan by which a thorough organization can be effected in every county, and particularly it is necessary, it seems to me, to awaken an interest in those people whose financial interests are in the Adirondack region. It is to me, as doubtless it is to all of you, a matter of deep regret that so little interest is felt among the hotel men and the guides of the Adirondack. I have sometimes been so annoyed that I almost wished that protection were removed from the Adirondack region altogether. Recently, as a member of the Ways and Means Committee, I sent circulars to friends of mine in the Adirondacks—hotel keepers and others, asking for contributions to the Association, and yet I received no response whatever from most of them. One or two sent replies that were, to say the least, not satisfactory. They seem to take throughout the region little or no interest in the matter of preserving their game or fish or forest. One of them objected to the "city and country people." In reply I told him that if it were not for the city and country people the Adirondacks would very soon be bereft of game and fish. I speak of this in the hope that something may be done to reach these people, for the purpose of inducing them to organize and give us the effect of their influence in the effort that is being made to protect that vast region from spoliation.

I have little more to say, little of your time to take, further than to hope that in our deliberation to-day we shall keep the one object of our purposes in view, that of taking care of the present law and protecting it from assault from those who care nothing for protection beyond the feeling of their own pocketbooks. There is an element in the State of New York which would procure legislation which would permit them to buy and sell game at all times. A test law is soon to be introduced of that character.

The Henderson Harbor Fish Problem.

MR. TYLER, of Henderson, speaking for the Jefferson County Fishing Association—The subject of fish protection has occupied our attention for ten or twelve years. During the long years that we have worked to secure legislation, it has been terribly up-hill work. We have an organization in Watertown called the Jefferson County Fishing Association, of which Dr. E. H. Sizer is president. When that organization was formed we had a power that we could use. We have finally secured, in a measure, protection. By that protection we have had our fishes increased beyond calculation. It is simply wonderful how full the waters are to-day of bass where for years and years no man would attempt to cast for bass. Henderson Harbor, as Seth Green would say, is the great bass breeding ground in North America. We have had any quantity of litigation. Last March we won the last suit, and we have been successful in the courts above. The old law covered Henderson Harbor, but this new law does not; but it gives the effect of a mile limit. It is a close question where the mile limit fully breaks off. The last net pulled in Henderson was planted in the center. This was a large net, 35ft. square and 37ft. high, reaching to the bottom and 6 or 8ft. from the surface. Major Pond sent his men out and hauled that net after it had been in four or five days, even before leaders were fully shaped. It has cost our organization and individuals a great many

hundred dollars for the seizure of that net. They would get engineers to survey this territory and come before the courts and swear one way or another.

Then we had this difficulty to meet with—that they overdo in the matter of legislation. There is legislation in our waters that is unnecessary and unjust. We have farmers back twenty-five miles who say to their sons: "Well, let's hurry up and get our corn planted and go after suckers." They drive their wagons down to the lake, but they are not allowed to spear and it makes them mad all over the country, and it is almost utterly impossible to get a jury that will convict. I think that ought to be changed in justice to the people. It don't matter to me whether these fish are palatable or not. Get one of these men on the jury by accident and he is fatal to us every time. Nature provided those fish for those very people, and they ought to be allowed to get them. We have no use for them; they are a detriment to us. But we cannot tolerate netting, because when they net suckers they net other fish too.

We cannot get legislation just right—we never will, probably. I have been to Albany year after year—was down last year—and tried to shape legislation in this section. I kept up a correspondence with Gen. Sherman and tried to get the best legislation possible. We are gaining all the time. Henderson Bay is not mentioned in the game law. It should be for the reason that it is a close question where the net can be set in Henderson Bay and be a mile from either shore. It should be described as a body of water surrounded by the mainland and Six Horse Island. If that legislation had protected Henderson Bay we would have been a good many hundred dollars ahead.

There is a body of water between Borack Point, which is a point reaching across from Sackett's Harbor to Cape Vincent. Senator Mullin cut this out of the law because he had a couple of relatives down there who wanted to set their nets.

The river needs the bass bred on those grounds, and about Henderson Island, Stony Island and Little Gallou. All around these islands there are bass breeding grounds. In July you can come on those shores and see the bottom covered with bass. Our bass on Lake Ontario spawn in July. In Chamoux Bay is a point on which has been built a hotel by parties, a syndicate from New York and Watertown. They are going before the Legislature to ask to have the ground now open closed. Chamoux people and all the people living between Cape Vincent and Dexter have been fighting our organization for years. To-day the wealthiest and most influential men are for us in protection.

Then there is another injustice. I had been in correspondence and had had personal talks with Seth Green for twenty years back on this question. I know that this law that closed the season the first day of June for bass fishing is an injustice and unnecessary. The great, broad Lake Ontario to-day is full of bass in our section, and the farmers along Lake Ontario with their riparian rights reaching out into the water, are not allowed to row out and catch a mass of bass. Another trouble is that people who are used as jurors are denied the getting of a mess of fish until, as they put it, "the city people" want them. Seth Green's doctrine was that Ontario was the natural fishing place for the people of the whole State.

Forest Lake Club.

MR. G. HILLS (Hudson)—It gives me great pleasure to be present at this gathering of sportsmen from all parts of the State, and if we are here for protection let us be for that protection that protects, not only the game and fish, but the forest trees as well. You ask what has been done in the way of protection by the club that I represent. I reply to this, I can say, as a club nothing. Our club was not organized for this purpose, but its individual members are interested in the work. Through the efforts of some of its members we have had a game law passed by the Board of Supervisors at its last session which makes the closed season on partridges and woodcock from Dec. 1 to Sept. 1, on quail from Nov. 30 to Nov. 1, on rabbits and squirrels from Dec. 31 to Sept. 1, trout from Aug. 1 to May 1, and bass from Jan. 1 to June 30.

It has been said here by a gentleman that fishing for suckers should be allowed. With us sucker fishing means taking everything that comes into the net, and the brooks that furnish the most suckers in our county happen to be our best trout streams—at least, it is in the trout streams that they like to fish for suckers.

We have in Columbia county six men, that I know, and there may be others, who hunt for market and hunt all the time. There are three others living in an adjoining county who hunt in this county also, and who are shooting all the time and shipping to market. Now, with this new law just enacted by our supervisors prohibiting the shipping to market of game, I think we can do away with this. In 1891 I kept an account of partridge and woodcock killed in the county as best I could, and of the 3,500 killed, over three-fourths were sold, and you can well understand how a man can bring to market on the first day of September, 25 or 30 partridges, all killed on the first day.

Our district attorney is a young man, who, I think, will stand by us at all times, and will punish without fear of politics, if we will furnish the evidence.

As to what this association can do for us, I think they can do a great deal for all. First, by having it go forth that the annual convention of sportsmen mean protection. That a copy in brief or a number of copies of the proceedings of the meeting be sent to each club for distribution to work up the public generally in favor of better protection.

There is not a gentleman in the room at the present time who has forgotten how persistently the FOREST AND STREAM fought the summer shooting. At first they had but few sympathizers. The majority said, let us shoot in the summer and winter and at all times. All for the present but nothing for the future; but, thanks to them, they stuck at it, and aroused such a feeling against it that to-day I don't think you can find one man in twenty who would favor July or August shooting unless it is the man who wishes to furnish young partridges in July for hotel tables.

It has been said by legislators (and I must admit the truth of the statement) that sportsmen are generally selfish cranks. To a certain extent this may be so. We all ask too much for our own localities. Gentlemen, to make a success of this we must get together. There may be things that I wish, but if it is not for the general good of all I will not ask it. We shall have to give up some of our particular claims to make this a success.

I know there is a gentleman present who says, "So long as they shoot ducks and snipe on Long Island in the spring I must do it here." Gentlemen, we are not all living for the present. There is a hereafter, and unless we wake up and correct some of the evils that we have here, spring shooting among the rest, the time will soon come when there will be no ducks to shoot. One female duck shot in the spring means ten less to come back in the fall, and I am told that on the Hudson ducks were shot last spring that had eggs in them all ready to deposit. Just so with snipe. You would not think of shooting a robin or a thrush in the spring. Why a duck or snipe?

I feel that one of the things that I will be pleased to have said of this convention by my children's children would be, that "my grandfather or great-grandfather was a member of the State Association that planted the foundation for the laws that have given to us the shooting and fishing privileges that we now enjoy, and the grand old trees on Raquette, Blue Mountain and other lakes, where we can have our camps."

Later on we can talk over changes in the present law. Don't ask too much. Make such changes as you can by local laws and let us try the present law another year.

Columbia county did not like shooting grouse and woodcock Aug. 15, so we changed it to Sept. 1. We thought black bass should not be taken May 30; we changed this to June 30. We did not think it advisable to allow the hunting of rabbits until Sept. 1. We don't propose to have any one shoot young partridge and woodcock when they go for rabbits in July.

Monroe County Sportsmen's Club.

MR. FRANK J. AMSDEN—We have taken this position that a great many violations of the law are through ignorance, the people not having a knowledge of what the law is. We have taken great pains to post the people on what the law is. We have codified the law and put it on placards made of cloth and cardboard, and have had them posted all over our section. It has had great effect. Now, we have also notified all dealers in game what they are liable to if they violate the law, and we have got them on the anxious seat. They are extremely careful this fall. We have also notified the express companies what they are liable to if they offend. I have had one agent in my office to get a copy of the law and know just exactly what it was. The result has been that the dealers have been so careful that they have bought very little game from market-hunters in our locality. We think that our efforts have resulted in saving our game. The express companies will not touch any game at all unless they know it comes from outside the State. The dealers are going about in the same way. We are saving our game there at the expense of distant States.

I attended a convention of Fish Commissioners and people interested in fish at Detroit last month, where I met representatives from one-half the Western States. They are taking very advanced steps. They are really getting ahead of us. We must look out that we don't take a back seat. That convention decided to recommend to the different legislatures a very stringent law on game, and prohibiting exportation.

For the encouragement of some sections that have been in a weak state I want to tell you some of our experience in relation to Hemlock and Conesus lakes. They are beautiful waters and have been great places for fishing, but have been overfished. The pot-fishermen have depleted the waters. All were hopeless of ever seeing the fishing restored, but through the encouragement of people in our section we finally prevailed on them to organize in each of those localities. In both of those localities are organizations of cottagers and farmers—well organized, and all determined to stop illegal fishing. They are very much encouraged in that way.

I was just talking with my friend from Seneca county and the same condition exists around Cayuga Lake, Hammondsport and Bath. An organization is to be effected there next week.

My idea is that this organization with branch organizations all over the State, in harmony and unity, will accomplish great results. The local organization will affect the sentiment of the locality. That sentiment comes directly to bear on local legislation and finally in Albany, and by and by when we want work done in Albany, we can accomplish great results.

Glen Haven Game and Fish Protective Association

MR. E. D. CROSLLEY—We were organized on March 29, 1892. Our organization consists almost entirely of men who were formerly in the habit of fishing illegally. We made no initiation fee—charged them nothing. We wanted those men. We have now 105 members. We have an annual due of twenty-five cents. Seven members have paid. That is our financial standing.

I have no knowledge that any movement for protection was made there until that time. We, in organizing, sent committees to every locality and notified them that we were going to enforce the law. We aroused a formidable element against us. In Borodino they organized with fifty members to resist protection. The result is that we have forty-seven actions commenced or actions settled, among the defendants one preacher and one deacon of the church. They paid their fines like gentlemen, and to-day are looking at the matter differently. We have prosecuted about 100 men and successfully. We have been beaten in only one action, and then we happened to have some fish pirates on the jury. We have burned over 100 nets. After we had been started about four weeks I went to Borodino alone. I saw men run and hide. I saw women run and shut the door. I think they thought there was a demon coming there. About four weeks ago Protector Pond went through there. The first man he saw shook hands and said, "We are with you." The supervisor of Borodino voted in favor of raising \$500 for protection. That shows the change in sentiment in that locality.

We have several smaller organizations. I have paid my expenses everywhere. It has cost me over \$700. They burned my cottage and five boats on Otisco Lake. I have no fault to find. The sun rises and sets just the same. These smaller organizations are of the greatest importance—I know from practical experience. Truxton is a place where they fish illegally with nets. I went over there. I did not know anybody, but I had not got to the hotel before several men greeted me. "You are after us for fishing illegally," they said. "We are guilty. Last winter we fished illegally. Say how much we shall pay and we will pay." I said, "Fish no more." The result is that every man in Truxton is in favor of the law. My

idea of line of effort is to establish these little organizations everywhere you can. Get good men. Get them interested. The chief obstacle has been the determination of the fishermen.

Niagara County Anglers' Club.

F. K. SWEET—The Niagara County Anglers' Club was organized in 1876. We commenced with a membership of 11 and now number 140 active members. Our annual dues are \$2 and every member is in good standing, that is, his dues are paid. We have an annual tournament. This last summer at our tournament there were 1,100 fish caught. The day was very windy and was not as good a day for fishing as might have been. Altogether there were 219 black bass, the smallest of which was 1lb. 1oz. and the largest 4lb. 5oz. The cost of the tournament, chartering a regular train and steamer, was \$248, the balance on hand in our treasury being \$925.75.

The club is harmonious and enthusiastic in preventing illegal fishing. The club planted, in 1886, 250,000 salmon fry in Henderson Harbor. We now catch them up to 20in. in length and find them to be very fine fish. Game and Fish Protector Charles Ripson has done some noble work and our club would recommend that he be better paid, as it requires all his time and he is a man of large family. He has asked the Niagara County Club to purchase him a boat. We know he is doing good work. There are a lot of sharks at Wilson, at the mouth of Niagara River, that have to be watched between 1 o'clock and daylight. It is probably the worst spot on earth for illegal fishing, or has been, but through the aid of Mr. Ripson we have stopped the most of it. Mr. Ripson secured a net a half-mile in length and 8 or 10ft. in width about two months ago. This is the last seizure he has made.

There is one provision in regard to nets that our club is opposed to. It is the size of the bar. It is entirely too small. I have here a sample of this net that was captured. It should be at least a 2in. bar; this will catch almost anything. The legal net is 1 1/2in. There have been some 13 or 14 nets destroyed. It has been necessary for the protector to do most of his work at night. The netting is nearly broken up.

We have a very enthusiastic membership. We want to co-operate with this Association and other organizations, and to be with you in assisting in the culture of fish, the protection of game and the dissemination of right sentiment generally.

Trout Brook Fish and Game Club.

DR. M. R. SMITH—In August, 1892, we organized the Trout Brook Fish and Game Club of McGrawville. Afterward we came to the conclusion that it would strengthen us to become a member of the State organization. We have a little district there what, I suppose, is like other districts, yet it seems to me that we had more determined opposition to all law in that district than in any other place in the world. I am riding nights—my occupation is that of a physician—and I remember going over a trout stream nine nights last summer, when I saw from 1 to 15 jack-lights every night.

We sent a gentleman to represent us before the Board of Cortland county. There we met a most determined opposition, and they "sat down on" us most vigorously. They refused to appoint a special protector; said they had no right to do so. We asked them to shorten the time when trout could be caught in our streams, from the 15th of April to the 1st of July or the middle of July. They said they had no power to make any such change; that it was a State law. They opened on our streams sawmills and persisted in emptying the sawdust into the stream; and then coal ashes were emptied on the ice. We wish to know how we are to proceed with those sawmill nuisances and the garbage and privies, for privies are built out on the stream. We want to know how we are to proceed against these parties, and what steps we are to take. We have worked the best we could with the knowledge we had, and we are, of course, a very young organization and poor. We made our yearly dues to commence with 50 cents, and every man has paid his dues; we have an organization now of thirty two.

Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club.

MR. CHARLES H. MOWRY—The Indoor Shooting Club may not appear applicable to the protection of fish and game, but its members are composed of active and enthusiastic sportsmen, who desire the protection of fish and game to the fullest extent. I can only speak in a general way in relation to its work. What active protection work we have done has only been as an adjunct to other associations in this county.

Our District Attorney is apparently with us, heartily in accord with our intentions, and has signified his intention of working with us. We have recently, through hard work and active measures, secured an appropriation from our Board of Supervisors of this county of \$500 to apply for the protection of fish and game. [A delegate—"First case on record."] There is an example for other counties to follow.

Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

MR. WIEDMAN, of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club—Our club has had very little to do lately or for some years back with fish and game protection, but they are now making a better effort in both. Lately there were seventy partridges shipped into town. They were seized. They had been purchased by a grocery firm. We commenced action against them. We have another action now against the same party for the same offense. The action commenced first was settled yesterday for \$150 and costs.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga.

MR. WALTER MACGREGOR—Forty gentlemen met three years ago and organized the Anglers' Association here in Syracuse. It was to be primarily a protective association. We fixed the initiation fee at \$3. The money received was paid out in engaging detectives who would discover violators of the laws and for prosecution. We determined to punish these violators, not by criminal action, because we did not think the grand jury had been sufficiently educated, but we determined to reach their pocket-books. Our first agent was Harry Hawn, who was with us some eighteen months, and captured some 350 nets besides capturing a good many men and recovering judgments. Our Association now consists of 340 members, and there is an annual income of \$600. Every dollar of that money has been used to pay the wages of our special detective. We have driven, I think, three-quarters of the illegal fishermen of this county out of the business. We have educated the people so that they see the merits of our work. The

sympathies of the common people are with us, and that is the surest indication of the work that is being done. Since Mr. Hawn has left us, to be a State Game Protector, we have had Mr. Jackson, who has destroyed over 100 nets, besides capturing a great many men. I believe that the Anglers' Association has done more to educate the people in Onondaga county than all other influences put together.

Protection in Jefferson County.

MR. GEO. H. STROUGH—I would like to say a word with reference to Jefferson county, and incidentally do justice to one of the best protectors the State boasts of. I simply read you the work that has been done by Protector Joseph Northrup in District No. 11 during the year 1892. He seized 11 trap nets, 21 gill nets, 178 scoop nets, 42 set lines. Of the three actions commenced, one settled on payment of \$150 damages; one tried in Supreme Court resulted in a fine of \$50; one is to be tried at the next term of court.

Chemung County Sportsmen's Club.

CHEMUNG COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 11. CHAS. B. REYNOLDS, President: I would be glad to be present at your convention and regret exceedingly my inability to do so; but I have been elected District Attorney of this county, and shall be engaged in court all of this week so that it will be impossible for me to get away.

In reference to the matter of reports suggested in your circular letter, I would say, first, that our club has not pushed its work with the activity that it is expected will characterize the future, for the reason that our efforts have been directed mainly toward first securing the appointment of a game protector for this county. Strenuous efforts were made last spring when the additional wardens were appointed, but the commission saw fit to leave us out, appointing, as you know, a protector at Bath, Steuben county. We have not relaxed our efforts in that direction, and have been asking for the appointment of a special protector. The telegraph dispatches, published in our daily papers a day or two ago, announce that the commission have complied with our request and appointed DeWitt Staring, of this county, as such special protector. He is a very competent man, keenly alert to the interest of sportsmen; and we now expect to stop the open and notorious violation of the game laws which has characterized this locality for a number of years past.

The principal violations have been in illegal fishing from our trout streams, which we had stocked at much expense, both by angling and nets, also the drawing of seines in our rivers and spearing. The shooting and marketing of birds out of season. While these violations were well known in a general way it has been impossible to secure many convictions for lack of assistance in securing evidence. Two actions were prosecuted last year by the District Attorney of Steuben county for seining in our river here. The recovery of judgments in those cases has had a good effect upon the poachers here. I think this covers your inquiries marked 1, 2 and 3, and in reply to the fourth would say that while our last District Attorney was not a sportsman or particularly interested in their interests I am not filling that office and I think there will not in the future be any cause for complaint against the District Attorney's office in this county not being at the service of any complainant, and violators who are prosecuted will find that the prosecutions are conducted with sufficient vigor to secure for them in the future some of the punishment which they have escaped in the past.

I have not time to outline any suggestions for modifications of the game law. Again expressing my regret that I shall not be able to meet you I remain, very truly yours, CHAS. B. REYNOLDS.

Sec'y Chemung Co. Sportsmen's Club.

A Steuben County Association.

A MEETING was held in Bath, N. Y., last Friday, to provide a fish and game protective association for Steuben county. Mr. F. J. Ansdén, of Rochester, and Chief Protector Pond, were there; and the meeting was attended by representatives from all parts of the county. County Treasurer Z. L. Parker presided. Mr. Ansdén stated that the New York State Association, now well established on the line of protection, was desirous of a local organization in every county of the State, and that unity of action would give great strength. His remarks were well received and endorsed, and a committee of eight, including the chairman, was appointed to formulate a constitution and by-laws, and report at a subsequent meeting.

Mr. Ansdén writes us: "Steuben county has within its borders a number of streams that in early days were very fine trout streams. Sawmills and over-fishing have very much depleted them. The sawmills now have passed away and it would require merely reasonable protection and a little artificial planting to restore these streams to their original condition. Keuka Lake is also in this county and has been noted for its abundance of lake trout and bass, but for lack of proper protection and illegal fishing these fish have become very scarce. As they have diminished, the fish that were their food has correspondingly increased so that ciscoes and whitefish are very abundant, but these fish are not very good fish for angling, as they have a very tender mouth. There is no doubt that if the trout and bass had a reasonable protection they would increase and thrive on the young of the ciscoes and whitefish. A strong and vigorous local organization can bring these all about and I have confidence to believe that it will be done."

A South Carolina Woodcock Flight.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 17.—While I was in the city of Charleston, about the 10th inst., I was informed by Mr. L. W. Bicasse, a noted sportsman and dealer in sporting goods, that a very large flight of woodcock had suddenly appeared on the coast shores in the vicinity and roadsides, and even in the back yards of the city houses and public parks of Charleston. They were found in a dazed, weak and very thin condition, evidently exhausted by their long flight and want of food, having been driven from their feeding grounds further north and overtaken by the extremely cold weather and consequent frosts, which followed them onward. They were simply slaughtered by the boys and men, who shot them in hundreds on the ground. This lasted for over a week, when the birds appeared to have gained strength and to have sought their usual haunts. Sportsmen were mentioned who killed over one hundred birds in a few hours' shooting, and when I left there, on the 12th inst., I was told that bags of from ten to fifty birds were being made daily. They were then in better condition, yet they could be found on the market and bought for 50 cents the brace. Whether the continuation of the cold weather has driven them further south I cannot say, but I have been told they have been seen in the vicinity of St. Augustine, which is rather unusual. Snipe and all shore birds, as well as ducks, are plentiful. Deer and wild turkeys are also met with.

J. U. GREGORY.

Texas and Indian Territory.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—I lately returned from Texas and Indian Territory, where in company with four other rovers like myself, we enjoyed an outing of three weeks. We brought home twenty-nine turkeys, two geese, and two deer, besides prairie chickens and quail too numerous to count.

M. L. F.

An Ear-Marked Moose.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The inclosed clipping from *Shelburne, N. S. Budget*, may be of interest to *FOREST AND STREAM* readers. John Bower, the author, was my companion last summer on many a good cruise on the trout streams of Shelburne county.

Among other things he has found time to invent a fish-way, that is the best thing of the kind I have ever seen, and I am quite certain that when you see the plans, you will think so too. P. B. V.

In the spring of 1882, George Bates, his man Cyril, Daniel Bower and William A. Bower were trout fishing at Bluff Hill Lake, on the head waters of Shelburne River. One fine morning they espied a cow moose and two calves swimming across the lake. They immediately gave chase. In the excitement of the chase Dan broke one of the tholepins, and fell backward in the bottom of the boat. This detention allowed the cow to escape. But the calves were taken alive, and landed on the bank of the lake. The young bull was then marked by taking a swallow fork out of his right ear, and a lop off the left ear.

In the year of grace, 1892, Daniel Ryan, the great nimrod of Sable River, when out moose hunting, fell in with a very large moose track, and after following it for nine miles succeeded in getting a shot, and consequently bringing down one of the monarchs of the forest.

How this wily old chap escaped the unerring aim of so many rifles for so long a time is something marvelous. But the strangest part of the story is that the hunter sold the head and horns to my son Richard (and by the way the horns have a spread of 54in.), and when Mr. Ryan was unpacking the skin of the head, William A. Bower came in the store and recognized the marks on the old fellow's ears to be the same which he had put there ten years ago. Mr. Ryan informs me that if the moose had been fat he would have weighed 1,200lbs. As he was killed in October, when considerably run down, the meat weighed 800lbs. The head and horns can be seen at my store by any one who wishes to see them. JOHN BOWER.

The Ontario Moose Close Season.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your last paper is a note from a correspondent, whose name is not given, in which he says that last year he killed a moose north of Mattawa and west of Ottawa. At the distance he mentions north of Mattawa the Ottawa is called Lake Temiscamingue, and from his description he was in Ontario and in a region with parts of which I am familiar. Is not the Ontario law prohibiting the killing of moose until 1895 still in force? If so, what about your correspondent's admission? C. C.

MUSKOGA, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: For instructive and interesting reading from a sportsman's point of view, your paper is unsurpassed. I was, however, disgusted to see in a letter from "Medicus," in your issue of Jan. 12, an admission from that gentleman, that he and his friend had, last fall, while enjoying an outing in the Nipissing District, Ont., killed a moose. Now, every sportsman knows, or should know, that these animals are protected in Ontario until Nov. 1, 1895. I much regret that a game overseer did not happen to put in an appearance at the camp of "Medicus" and administer to him the full extent of the law as prescribed for violators and poachers. GAME WARDEN.

Virginia Partridges.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The birds of this State are starving or freezing, and it is necessary that we should put forward our best efforts to prevent their destruction. I have advertised to the farmers of Virginia that if they will catch, house and feed them, we would permit them to turn them loose on their own farms after March 1, and pay for them at the rate of 25 cents per pair up to one thousand pairs. I have also agreed to supply with trash wheat, merchants and railroad station agents who will take the trouble to feed coveys near their premises. To this appeal many are giving heed, and money is needed to carry out our bargain. POLK MILLER.

President Virginia Field Sports Association.

Quebec Caribou.

BERGERVILLE, Quebec, Dec. 28.—Caribou were usually plentiful on the Quebec & Lake St. John road this season, but were hard to get owing to the bad weather.

There is a double ice on the lakes and rivers, the upper portion of which gives way, and makes the hunter's snowshoe anything but a feather-weight.

The Provincial Legislature of Quebec will contest the right of the Dominion Government to prevent fishing in the winter, on all interior lakes etc., in the Province. O. VON I.

Albany Fish and Game Legislation.

[Special Correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I am unable to find any trace of the new game and fish code, your Rochester correspondent inquires about. None of the members of the Fish and Game Committee know anything of it. I shall advise you immediately if such a bill shall appear.

Ice Fishing in Conesus and Hemlock Lakes. Assemblyman Roberts has an amendment to Section 141 of the game code which adds Conesus and Hemlock lakes to the other lakes in which bullheads, etc., may be caught through the ice.

Menhaden. Assemblyman Yetman has an amendment to Section 138 striking out the words, "except menhaden;" and adding at the end of the section the words "in the months of June, July and August."

Pay for Special Protectors. Senator Parsons has an amendment to Section 30 relating to special protection, allowing each protector \$8 a day during their services, the total expense of each one not to exceed \$100. Assemblyman O'Grady has introduced this bill in the Assembly.

A Genesee Valley Association. Senator Parsons and Assemblyman O'Grady have introduced a charter for "The Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association." The incorporators are William A. Wadsworth and others. Real property to the amount of \$20,000, and personal property to the same amount, may be held.

By Mr. Hennessy—Making the open season for deer hunting from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1; for bounding deer from Sept. 1 to Oct. 15, and for trout fishing from May 1 to Sept. 1.

Manufactured A. D. 1639.

From "Concells, Clinches, Flashes and Whinzie," London 1639.

Why are tailors like woodcocks? A. Because they live by their long bills.

The Virginia Season.
SURREY COURT HOUSE, Va., Jan. 16.—With the close of the season for wild turkeys yesterday, one of the best sports has come to an end. Large numbers of turkeys were killed, and there was never known a better season for them. I know one man who killed six in one afternoon, and about sixty during the season. The deer season closed also on the 15th inst.; quite a lot were killed, but the hunters had a good deal of trouble, owing to one of the land owners killing all the dogs that ran through his place. There ought to be some law for the protection of dogs, as when a dog strikes a hot trail it is almost impossible to call him off. Quail were plentiful, but the small pines that abound in this section afford them splendid cover and they are hard to get at. Coons and squirrels are the only game for hunting we have now except ducks. The last three weeks have been the coldest that we have had here in years, the thermometer being as low as 6° and never going above 30°; snow has been on the ground all the time. What Virginia needs is a better system of game laws, and I hope that the sportsmen of the State will rise to the emergency, and when the Legislature meets in the fall try and get them altered. G. A. B.

The Currituck Season.
NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 14.—The shooting at Currituck during the past three weeks has been the finest perhaps for ten or fifteen years. Some enormous bags have been made. I went down to the Martin's Point Club the first of the year and shot ninety-one ducks and one goose the first day and sixty-five ducks and three geese the next day. The shooting since the sounds have been frozen has been principally at black ducks and mallards, which afford fine sport. Currituck Sound has been frozen now since Christmas. J. B. W.

Loaded Shells, 'Etc.
THOSE who want best rock prices on loaded shells or hunting clothing should write for catalogue to Jas. C. Merwin & Co., 1190 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.
The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—III.
The Trip Up.—III.
[Continued from page 74.]

THE morning opened with a clear sky and an east wind, and it being favorable for progress up the lake, we concluded to break camp and go to Pancake Bay in hopes of finding the *S. fontinalis* more in the humor for the fly. The dismantling commenced with rapidity immediately after breakfast, for we were exceedingly desirous of at once taking advantage of the present conditions. At 6 o'clock we were off, with a fine sailing breeze that made the water curl from the bow like molten silver. The sky was full of sunlight and the balsamic air carried healing on its wings, while shadows from the fleeting clouds painted their ceaseless changes across the landscape, reminding me of Emerson's lovely tribute to Nature so beautifully introduced in the following stanza:

"I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me."

Emery, our Signal Service boatman, now had a fine opportunity to indulge in his theory, for a few floating scuds were appearing in the west. Upon these he at once sprang as a foundation to open anew the subject of his fears; in fact, he made a battledore and shuttlecock game of it. With one hand he batted out, with apparent ease, squalls, storms, tempests, hurricanes, tornadoes and typhoons, and with the other tossed out clouds, vapors, fogs, mists and scuds until we expected every minute to see him introduce the twelve signs of the zodiac and then ring in a chapter or two on the influence of tides. He was a marvel on observation of the elements, but we at last wearied of his theme and gave him to understand that some other subject would prove more interesting, for instance, the best and most rapid method of restoring anew old, rotten and patched-up sails. This silenced him, but he continued to watch those scuds as if his very life depended upon them.

We have passed many beautiful stretches of shore and woodland that were remarkably imposing under the drapery of drowsy clouds and the sound of wavelets that crumbled upon the beach

"In tender curving lines of spray."
Beautiful Bachowanaung Bay was reached in a cloud of glory. Its hills and vales, under the glowing sun, displayed a softness, purity and magnificence of color that would have delighted the artistic soul of a Rubens.

"I gazed upon them
And the unchanging lake, and felt awhile
Unutterable joy—"

A few miles more and we are at Pancake Bay, and it being some six miles across, with the favorable wind then prevailing, we concluded to go ahead and not stop as contemplated, but endeavor to make Mamaisa Point by noon. Emery looked up at the infant scuds which had increased, and ominously shook his old head, but did not openly protest against the onward move. The scuds, he said, had never failed him, but hoped they would this time. "It will be a nine-mile stretch before we reach a harbor," he further continued, as if he desired to warn us in time, for he appeared to have staked his reputation as a weather prophet upon a coming gale. His remark, however, had no terrors for us, and the word was given to go ahead. He obeyed the order without further comment, and held the nose of the Mackinac in a straight line for the point opposite. When about half way over the breeze showed a tendency to increase as well as the scuds. Emery again spoke up and said, "If's coming," and relapsing into silence took another gaze at the little floating clouds in the west and gave another shake of his wise old head.

The breeze evidently was perceptibly stiffening, and it was not long before we were swiftly gliding with an increased speed that made the water sing a lively chorus from the bow as it ran along the sides in a radiant sparkle. Emery, naturally timid, was delighted to see his observations verifying, and I really believe would then have rejoiced at a tempest if he only thought we could safely weather it.

We reached the opposite side with the old tattered rag straining at every patch, and the mast creaking as if it too shared in the dilapidation of the canvas. Four miles more and we would be snug and safe in the harbor, though we could have landed midway at a fishing station, but as our temper was up, and Emery realizing on his faith, we determined to make it if the sail went to ribbons, and the mast to splinters. Emery was in great glee, his friendly scuds were nobly coming to his assistance, and I verily believe he exulted within his timid heart at the situation. Every moment the wind seemed to increase, and the waves, which were rolling in froth, piled up higher and higher until the spray began to fly from the cut-water and frequently into the boat. The old astronomer was undoubtedly delighted although he inwardly trembled and at last even Ned and I began to think the old hulk would have a hard time to safely ride the gale which was now upon us in frightful form; still we were hardly holding our own, although I expected momentarily to see fluttering flags instead of a sail. One mile from Mamaisa point the wind stiffened so severely that it began to be questionable whether we could safely hold out to the end. We were rowing with the rowlocks on the lee side within an inch of overflow, although Ned and I threw our entire weight to the extreme edge of the windward. Our aim was to make a landing between the island and shore at the point, and the channel being narrow and the lake low, it was questionable which of the two openings before us was the right one. Ned insisted on the inner, but Peter, who now had the helm, paid no attention whatever to his opinion. The lake was in a fearful rage and foam, and beat upon the sharp splintered rocks along the shore with a violence perfectly appalling. The scuds had not only increased in number and size, but the heads and shoulders of ponderous storm clouds of dingy color were fast forming, and threatening a fury of the lake that foretold a tempest that "leaps with delicious bound."

"Take the inner channel," nervously shouted Ned, as we were nearing it. Peter stood as stolid as if of marble, with a firm grip on the rudder handle and his keen eye looking ahead as if measuring distance, while Emery was in the bow with his hand on the sprit and a sardonic grin on his face, ready to instantly drop sail at the helmsman's command. "Take the inner channel," again shouted Ned, but Peter paid no more attention to his howling than if he were a child of tender years, and continued to hold the quivering boat to the outer.

"You will run her aground," again bellowed Ned, but Peter, still unmoved, with his thin lips set firmly, and his eyes ablaze with determination, held her to the channel he so well knew.

"Great heavens! you will sink her!" tremblingly cried Ned once more, who was now wrought up to undue excitement.

Still the confident and unruffled helmsman kept her on the straight course; and as she slid into the channel Ned's lips quivered, his cheeks paled, and he clutched frantically at the side of the boat, as if momentarily expecting a shipwreck; but she went on and soon was in placid waters, and then "Down with the sail!" rang out, and the old rag slowly descended the creaky mast and was quickly gathered in the bow. Ned's composure returning, he acknowledged his error, while the weather prophet, towering o'er us with a triumphant smile, exclaimed: "I tell you it blow. You believe me after this." We allowed his single victory, but insisted that the tattered sail be immediately repaired and a new mast secured in the woods, as Ned was positive it had cracked just before we got in, and an examination proved the statement correct. Peter and Emery were sure the sail and mast would not have stood the strain they were subjected to many minutes more. The Kentucky angler and his boatman, who had arrived a day in advance of us, were on the shore opposite—for we had landed on an island—keenly observing our dashing entrance, and were positive the patchwork of a sail would be blown to shreds before we landed. They stood ready, they averred, to come to our assistance in case of accident. The moral of all this is—don't go to sea in a tub.

We had excellent camping quarters on the island, though, despite this, our boatmen chose to sleep in one of the deserted and dirty cabins on the main shore, which was almost within a stone's throw of our quarters. Soon the tent was placed in position and everything carefully stowed under cover, and then dinner was promptly prepared, which we enjoyed with an omnivorous appetite.

Toward evening we took our rods and made a few casts from the rocks on the outside shore, but not a trout rippled the waving waters. The Kentuckian had been before us and picked up two or three at the only choice places. We had not contemplated remaining, being perfectly aware that the waters here had long ago been almost completely decimated of the trout that once were so numerous. The first favorable breeze we determined would see us on our way up the lake, where we were confident of finding all the sport we desired.

In the evening about 10 o'clock the wind came with such terrific violence, that we momentarily expected to see the tent come tumbling down upon us. On the heels of this came a pattering shower that made lively music on the fluttering canvas. The rain was assuredly in unison with the rhythmic drops of the poem:

How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter!
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh, and moan, and mutter,
From darkness until dawn.

After about two hours of a heavy rain storm it ceased, and then we passed into the realms of blissful sleep.

The morning was not at all propitious. Gray and watery clouds floated slowly above the dim horizon, and the damp air was indicative of more rain. Heedless of the threatened storm we went to the rocks on the outside, and whipped the waters with a persistency that really should have merited some reward, but nothing came of it;

so we tramped back to camp over rough and ragged rocks that made every muscle in our bodies ache. The boys in the meantime had nicely and strongly repaired the old sail, which would now, Emery stated, stand any gale.

After dinner the dark battlements which so gloomily shadowed the tender blue of the sky, suddenly broke and showered us with a heavy downpour, while the wind—a northwester—continued to blow as if it would never cease. No breaking camp that day, so we solaced ourselves with our books and a rubber or two of crib, and shortly after supper sought consolation in our blankets. The night drew her drapery around us as we courted slumber with a grand display of lurid lightning and heavy moans of thunder, to which the waters responded by violently pounding the cliffs and reefs with a roar that went rumbling along the lake and into the dense forest inland.

"A mighty wind like a leviathan,
Ploughed through the sea, and from those solitudes
Sent silence frightened."

The pale beams of the morning fell upon a rolling sea, which subsided in a short time sufficient to permit of our taking a proposed trip as far as Munaisa mines, in hopes of decoying some of the dandies that sported in robes of violet and crimson.

We did not start with high hopes, though we did with a determination to endeavor to capture a trophy or two. We flogged the waters as we went with most persevering energy, and thought with some skill, but the only reward till we reached the mines, was the inspiring of the trout which escaped from my hook, when nearly conquered, and one other rise which also unfortunately—as I missed it—fell to me, and thereby had it duly recorded as a languid strike, and therefore highly discreditably to my skill in the "art preëminent." I felt as if I were in the *consommé*, and sighed for the left hindfoot of a graveyard rabbit as a mascot. The rises I had lacked vigor, owing doubtless to the northwest wind which had been prevailing almost constantly for over two weeks. On reaching the mines we landed and lunched, and then went through the extensive works which had been idle for more than a decade, and which were still in a state of fair preservation. One and a half millions were, I learnt, spent upon the plant, which is now entirely abandoned, not even a watchman remaining to keep guard over the vast and expensive machinery and buildings. The failure to secure copper ore to a profitable extent caused the shutting down of the works.

On our return trip I had two more rises which I magnificently missed, and which satisfied me that I was not then in affinity with the peerless members of the *fontinalis* tribe.

Another day at camp ensued, owing to the prevalence of the heavy northwester, which seemed to be our old man of the sea. The boys thought this a favorable time to go to Mamaisa and lay in some tobacco, but as they were a little off in wood lore when they started, got on the wrong path and so returned, somewhat chagrined at their failure. After dinner they made another attempt to reach the place and this time they were successful. On their re-appearance they reported seeing en route a large number of partridges, which this year are more numerous than they have been for the last decade, owing to the very dry season they had just passed through.

The next morning being favorable for breaking camp, we at once embarked and sailed out on a fair breeze and a sea of sunshine, under a sky flecked with little white clouds soaring aloft like doves. As we glide under the touches of nature along this grand and picturesque shore are so constant that it is like a succession of the finest panoramas. The glimpses of little coves with glistening gravelly beaches, bold and jagged bluffs with bases of splintered rocks, jutting ridges o'er which the waves beat and the sun in radiance blazed, forests of pine and balsam with their green tops waving in the gentle breeze, receding hills

"Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,"

formed a landscape of surpassing beauty, which the grand old lake is forever presenting for your most fervent admiration.

To the credit of our celestial gazer be it said, he prophesied no tempestuous disaster, leaving the study of the heavenly bodies for the present severely alone. He was rapt in deep admiration of the renewed sail, which he had made doubly strong with new ropes and many new patches, and though it resembled a railroad map in its endless seams and curves, it had a source of beauty to him which he secretly cherished. The mast, however, was the same old crooked and cracked "stick" it always was, and this he had planned to strengthen by cutting off about a foot at the lower end where its weakness was apparent. Then, he stated, we could fight any gale, though inwardly knowing he would never get in one as long as there was a scud on which to hang a signal of danger.

About noon we arrived at our destination, Twin Sisters Island, four miles this side of Aquawa River. The Silent Sisters, there being two, are a solid mass of flint rock, divided by a narrow channel about 30ft. wide, making an excellent harbor for a small sail boat. The channel runs almost north and south, and can always be entered from one side or the other. This upheaval of rocks at random thrown has curious conformations, being decidedly irregular on their surface, with little hills, valleys, chasms, fissures, gorges and rifts greeting you on every side, while on the entire islands, which compose four or five acres, there is not a level foot of ground. It looks as if the whole face of the flinty mass is scarred, scaled, blotched and disfigured, and had been the play ground for the lightning freaks from time immemorial. In its crevices, where the soil has lodged, a few trees, bushes, shrubs and flowers have sprung into life. The trees, though, are exceedingly limited in number, there being only one solitary pine and very few balsams. Irish moss is everywhere on the rocks, while as if to add some kind of sustenance to this almost desert place, berry bushes are scattered here and there, which attract a large number of the sylvan warblers. Here, and on the main shore, but half a mile away, are splendid trouting waters. Ned, who had visited this place some four years ago, stated that he had had unalloyed sport in capturing the scarlet beauties around these islands.

Concluding to dine before having the camp put in order we so instructed the boatmen, who at once turned to with willing hands and soon had the *menu* ready and our platters filled smoking hot with the best the camp afforded.

while a pot of invigorating tea was ever at our elbows. As Byron says in "Don Juan:"

"Nothing more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold.
Thou that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."

The weather, which was delightfully pleasant when we started in the morning, had now changed into the very reverse. Broad tumultuous rain clouds, with their jagged breaks of flaming orange and crinkling gold, which ever and anon flashed out as if to remind you of the parting beauty of the morn, were piling up in heavy masses around the sun and over the azure blue. The wind also freshened as if to harmonize with the dismal picture forming, and the waves, ever ready to acknowledge their master, rose up and shook their foamy heads with unmistakable vigor. I thought this a good time to try the waters around the lee side of the island in hopes of arousing some gleaming beauty of the deep; so taking my rod, fly-book and landing net, I clambered down to the edge of a rocky cliff, and commenced sending my flies on a mission of duplicity. It was cast after cast, and flutter after flutter for fully an hour, and until I had covered all the available ground, and not a single ripple broke around my lures.

"Oh where is the angler's joy and the artist's dream,
Oh where is the spotted trout of the mountain stream?"

I sang, as I returned to camp in a somewhat disconsolate mood at my failure.

The boatmen, having finished their dinner, were hard at work as I returned from my fruitless outing, and in a fair way to soon have the camp in good shape. The provisions they had well covered with tarpaulins, and had established the cook-house and dining-tent in a little opening between two small hills, while our tent had been advantageously placed on the apex of the highest elevation, where it could make immediate acquaintance with either a hurricane or a zephyr. The boys with an eye single for their comfort, had erected their tent to our right, in a deep depression that sheltered them from unruly winds. Our settlement was somewhat scattered and on different plains. We had to go down to meals and up to our tent, while the boatmen had to go down for the provisions and up to the dining tent, and had also to go both up and down as well as over to their quarters. It was a sort of an all round settlement, with plenty of yard room front, back and sides. The tents were well anchored with heavy stones, and looked as if they would stand any ordinary blow, but if one of those howling blasts of cyclonic tendency ever did organize to attack that particular twin sister—the off sister—Ned and I were in for a lively time, as our tent was really the church spire of the island.

We made no further attempt that afternoon around the island for the iridescent tribe, as Ned was satisfied I had completely covered the ground, and that it would be love's labor lost to resort to any further beguilement.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGLING NOTES.

Prof. Phinni, Finny or Funny.

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned a newspaper clipping, sent to me by a friend, which related with great scientific detail how Prof. Phinni had discovered that fish swarm over Niagara Falls, passing from the sea to the Upper Lakes. This friend, a newspaper man, now writes me: "After I sent you the clipping from the *Journal* I had a little curiosity to find out who wrote the article, but I did not succeed. The other day I received a letter from a friend of mine in Chicago, dated at the Press Club. This friend is an innocent appearing fellow, who has done a heap of good work for the *Journal*. 'Bram,' as he was usually called, is of sanctimonious countenance and was often mistaken for one of our prominent clergymen; hence he was looked upon as the soul of veracity and it was generally thought that there was no guile in him. Now, this letter, which he wrote to me, asked if I had noticed an article in the *Journal* signed by Prof. Phinni in regard to fish climbing up Niagara Falls, and if the sportsmen's papers had made any comments thereon, and what was my opinion on the subject. I promptly replied that I had seen the article and sent it to you and you had given it a 'yazoo' in *FOREST AND STREAM*, that none of the sportsmen's paper had given it serious attention, knowing that it was an infernal lie, written by Ananias. This morning I received a card from this Chicago lamb, on which was written: 'I am deeply grieved that you should speak in such disparaging terms of Prof. Phinni, who is one of the most veracious of men, and the more especially as his name is a pseudonym of my own. If you don't believe the story I can show you the falls.'"

I am rather surprised that the article in question was not widely copied at once, but it will bob up in a year or so and go the rounds of the daily papers, as did the item about the experiment that the U. S. Fish Commission was making to remove the bones in the shad by crossing this fish with the jelly fish.

Protect Pike-Perch.

In the list of suggestions offered to the New York State Association as to the proposed changes in the fish and game law (I am aware that the Association has since postponed all action for a year), I find no reference whatever to pike-perch. At present this excellent food and game fish, a fish far superior to either the pike or the pickerel, is not protected in any of the waters of the State except in the Susquehanna and its tributaries, where it has a close season from Nov. 1 to May 30. The law says: "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any of the inland fresh waters of this State in any manner or by any device except angling, save only, etc." If pike-perch are not netted then all signs fail. Pike-perch need a close season far more than pike or pickerel; and furthermore there should be a limit to the size of pike-perch to be legally taken. It is a shame to all concerned that in the fish markets bunches of little pike-perch about as big as sardines should be exposed for sale.

In 1890 and '91 the State planted 8,500,000 pike-perch fry, but as yet no measures have been taken to protect the growing fish or to give them a close season when grown. Mr. Skinner, of the executive committee of the State

Association, writes me that Commissioner Bowman and Supt. Green visited the St. Lawrence last August and declared that the river was in need of a large planting of pike-perch, and Mr. Skinner realizes fully that the fish should have a close season. When I wrote that pike-perch need a close season far more than pike (pickerel) I had in mind that the maximum number of eggs furnished by a pike-perch is about 200,000, while the maximum number furnished by the pike is over 600,000; and for the purpose of comparison I may add that the number of eggs furnished by a black bass of 5lbs. is about 20,000. All these things should be taken into consideration when fish laws are to be framed.

The "Cold Snap" and Future Fishing.

I wonder how many fishermen realize the effect this cold weather may have on stream trout fishing in the future? On the southern border of the Adirondacks the streams were low when the cold weather came, and on all sides I hear that the water has frozen solid to the bottom in very many of the streams, and this must mean disaster to the spawning beds of the trout in the mountain brooks. The sources of the brooks being frozen, a thaw now would send the water whirling away on the surface to the larger streams. When the trout beds are dry and frozen solid the ova is worthless, and the breaking up of the thick ice may plough up beds further down, so I fear that the prospect for a large crop of trout fry next spring is not rosy; but, perhaps, it will be a good time to cross this bridge when we come to it.

Senator Kenna as an Amateur Photographer.

FOREST AND STREAM has just come, and I find in it a reproduction of one of the late Senator Kenna's photographs, and a friend asks how he took the picture which he appears in. He had just taken a photograph of his two companions and without moving the camera he put in a new plate and took his seat on the stump, and told a colored man that we had with us to take off the cap when he said "now," and to put it back when he repeated the word. This accounts for Senator Kenna's lips being slightly parted in the original photograph in the possession of the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Senator Kenna excelled as an amateur photographer, and photography was something of which he was particularly fond. In looking over his personal letters I find frequent allusion to his camera. In one he says: "I had scarcely touched the latch string on my return from Washington, before I had to be off again—this time for Jefferson county in the eastern part of the State, the scene of John Brown's insurrection, trial and execution. John Brown's body is said to be still marching on. If that be so, it is about the only thing I have not fired my camera at since I saw you."

Announcing his return to the United States Senate after a long contest he uses this allegory in conclusion: "When I started in the amateur photograph line I had not contemplated all the difficulties which sometimes beset the adventurer of the camera. I had the focus all right, and the picture in the end developed finely, but the exposure required a longer period than Fleet would want to sit on a rock or the Texas Club hold a rod without a bite. It was, seriously, a serious sort of an affair." I could fill a page with extracts from these letters, every one breathing the love of nature, but I conclude with one of a different character. Fleet Porterfield was Senator Kenna's kennel-man, huntsman and boatman; a colored man that I fully believe would have given his life for his master (on one occasion when Mr. Kenna was thrown out of his boat in running a rapid and a fall in the river, I saw Fleet dive for him before his feet were fairly below the surface), and in scores of photographs that I have Fleet is represented sitting on a rock. "I have just read your letter in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and it afforded me much pleasure, in which Fleet had his regular standard share. * * * Your article gave him a very deserved tribute. * * * Oh, the days on the Greenbrier! They will come back with pleasing recollections as long as I live!" A. N. CHENEY.

INCLOSURE OF BROOK TROUT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I should be very much obliged for some information and your opinion on the following subject: I have a small stream, about a mile in length and averaging four feet in width, which rises and runs its entire course on my own property, emptying into a large lake at the end. As I can completely protect the stream, I intend putting some four or five hundred yearling brook trout into it, in hope of getting some really good fishing in time.

First—Could these trout be put in in February, provided the stream is thoroughly open?

Second—Would a dam at the end of the stream be the best way to keep the trout from running into the lake? A strong wire netting at the mouth of the stream would surely be carried away in the spring freshets I suppose.

OWAHGENA.

[Brook trout can be successfully planted even under the ice by cutting holes for their introduction. Yearling trout are now being distributed in frozen northern streams. Rainbow trout are feeding in the aquaria in Washington, D. C., in water that is almost icy cold. Young salmon just out of the egg are found in water not many degrees above the freezing point. Wire netting at the mouth of the stream described will be swept away by floods; the only safe and practicable means of penning will be by a well-built dam. We take for granted that the stream is subject to great changes of level and has a rapid flow, otherwise it would not be a typical trout brook. An important subject in connection with the stream is the amount and kinds of fish-food it contains. If it is not supplied with insect larvae, fresh-water shrimps, harmless minnows, and suitable vegetation, it will be necessary to introduce these essentials. See *FOREST AND STREAM* catalogue of books on trout rearing.]

A New Boston Firm.

AMONG the business changes of 1893 is one in the well known Boston firm of fishing tackle and fine cutlery dealers, formerly known as Geo. B. Appleton & Co. The name has been changed to that of Appleton & Bassett, but there will be no departure from those business methods which have, in the past, achieved success and popularity for the "old stand" at No. 304 Washington street.

REARING BLACK BASS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

RICHMOND, Ky., Jan. 7.—I have an artificial pool 21×41×4ft. fed through a 1in. or 4in. pipe from our water-works lake. I built this pool last summer, just below the dam of the lake, with the view of using it as a hatchery for black bass, so I could add fresh blood to the lake each year. There are twenty-two big-mouthed black bass in the pool now, which I brought from St. Marys, O., last October; they weigh from 1½ to 2½lbs. each; they are fed on minnows, beef hearts and grain. I would be pleased if you would kindly give me the addresses of gentlemen who have had experience in hatching and raising bass, as my information on this branch of the business is very limited and I desire to write to them.

CHAS. S. POWELL.

[You will get much better results by transferring your large bass next spring to a larger body of water, perhaps to the lake of which you write. The pool is too small for a breeding pond. The bass build nests in shallow water along shore on sandy and pebbly bottom. They protect the nests and young until the fry are able to forage for themselves. A pond covering one acre would not be too large for the fish mentioned. In a Government fish pond in Washington, covering several acres, fifteen big-mouthed bass were placed last spring. The progeny of these adults numbered 50,000 and upward of 30,000 of these were reared to an average length of 4in. during the summer; the rest were lost through the cannibalism of the larger individuals of the offspring. This pond was abundantly stocked with minnows, carp and small sunfish, which served admirably as food for the bass. At Neosho, Mo., Mr. W. F. Page feeds the fish commission bass with fresh liver. In most localities minnows form the sole food of the bass. You can obtain information from Mr. Page, Neosho, Mo.; Dr. Rudolph Hessel, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.; W. J. Huddleston, Remington, O.; Hon. W. J. Green, Fayetteville, N. C.; and Col. Gilbert Moyers, Washington, D. C. You will find, however, that the common shiners, or minnows, of Kentucky will answer well for introduction into your bass waters. The young mud shad or gizzard shad will also prove suitable, and the brook silverside has served admirably wherever it has been tried. We mention these because they are common fish of your region. The growth of the large-mouth bass under favorable conditions is remarkable. At the pond in Washington several hundred of the young when only five months old measured nearly 10in. in length, the result of generous feeding. If you want to prevent cannibalism give your bass all the minnows they will eat.]

Snakes Galore.

A SMALL bottle in the exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission for the World's Fair attracted our serious attention in the early morning a few days ago. Its capacity by actual measurement is only a half pint, but its potentiality is not to be measured by its size in ounces, for it is packed full of snakes, all belonging to a single brood, although forty-one in number.

Mr. Geo. A. Seagle forwarded the bottle from Wytheville, Va., and labeled it as follows:

"This bottle contains forty-one young water moccasin snakes, which were taken from the body of the mother, killed in Black Bass Pond, at Wytheville, Va., station, Aug. 8, 1892. The mother snake was 40in. in length and 6in. in circumference."

Perhaps some reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* may be able to estimate the prospective destroying power of this family; the problem is too difficult for us. They were located in the rock bass pond, too, where the greatest mischief was possible, since this bass has a small mouth and feeds upon worms, small shells, insects and crustaceans. Had they chosen the pond containing rainbow trout matters would have turned out differently when they reached a fair size, for the rainbow can kill snakes with great ease and rapidity. Evidently the water moccasin is as "wise as a serpent," although by no means as "harmless as a dove."

B.

Fish Plentiful in North Carolina.

"C. H." has written the following letter to the *Evening Telegram*, Washington, D. C.: "I have just come on from Newberne, N. C., where I have been sojourning throughout the entire cold term. Never before have the adjacent waters been so crowded with fish, chiefly sea trout and mullet, with some red drum, and the protracted cold weather has had the effect to render them torpid. They swarm into the Neuse River and up the Trent above the city in dense masses, so that they are scooped up with baskets, dipped with nets and picked up with oyster tongs. Seines dropped over the bows of fishing boats just below the city are hauled in full of fish. The quantities marketed are numbered by the millions. The fish are large, fat and delicious."

Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* will recall Mr. Hallock's interesting account of North Carolina fishing, published Feb. 18, 1892. He referred to the capture of shad, bluefish, red drum, croakers, weakfish and mullets in December, while in January the list was increased by the addition of spots, perch, pickerel and black bass. The fresh waters are prolific and the sea yields a plentiful harvest, yet angling, according to Mr. Hallock, is a dead art in North Carolina waters, as far as the native population is concerned.

St. Augustine Fishing.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 21.—Fishing does not appear to have been enjoyed by many. Whether this is due to the weather being too chilly for the anglers to go near the water or the fish not coming to the bait, I am unable to say; but I hope soon to investigate the subject and may let you know the result.

For one accustomed to fly-fishing for salmon and trout in Canadian waters, bait-fishing has little attraction; but it may do for a *passetemps* and be a novelty in its way. No doubt the fish will prove so, for I am told when your hook is taken you never can tell, unless you know his tug at the line, whether you have a young shark or a sea trout or some other hideous or beautiful denizen of the waters fastened on until he reaches the surface.

J. U. GREGORY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Good Work on Rock River.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 18.—Mr. J. St. John Greenough, president of the Whiteside County Fish Club, sends me the following interesting letter, which I commend to the earnest attention of Dr. Bartlett and Dr. Shields, of Hannibal, who were chosen a committee on canvas and organization at the last meeting of the Illinois State Fish League. The letter reads:

"STERLING, Ill., Jan. 12.—We are reorganizing the Whiteside County Fish Club and expected to be in the League of Illinois Fish Clubs to have a representative at the annual meeting in Springfield this month, but through sickness and bad weather we did not get our membership together and dues collected in time. We will be with you full one hundred strong in a week or two. Senator V. S. Ferguson, of Whiteside, would have been our delegate, as he is in Springfield and is an ardent member of our club. Two years ago he was the means of saving the present fish law as it now is. The southern members are in favor of a repeal of all fish laws, as they want to seine. I inclose you clippings from our local paper and a Dixon local paper, to show you what we are doing to stir this thing up. This is a bad time of the year to do it, too. We had the best fishing in Rock River last fall that we have had for years. One pickerel was caught weighing 30lbs."

The clipping from the Dixon paper is as follows:

Rock River is the only rock bottom stream between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. It is the home of the black bass, and some effort has been made to make it the home of several other desirable varieties, but, if things are allowed to go on in the future as in the past, it will only be a question of time when our beautiful stream will be depleted of all game fish. The time has come to act, and to act unitedly and determinedly. Several fish clubs have been made to organize a fish club in Dixon, but while our city is the only one in the county directly on the banks of the river there are sportsmen and others in Amboy and elsewhere equally interested in the matter, and we would suggest the immediate organization of a Lee county fish club.

The Sterling paper has the following:

The Whiteside County Fish Club had one of the best attended and most enthusiastic meetings in its history last evening. The newly elected officers were installed, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The proposition to unite with the Illinois State Fish League was adopted, and that the club will have the co-operation of the State next summer in its efforts toward the preservation of the fish supply in Rock River, and the prevention of illegal seining is now an assured fact.

John Dickson, the Whiteside county fish warden, read an interesting report showing that, even hampered as it was last year by limited financial resources, the club, from September, 1891, to February, 1892, had made sixteen arrests for illegal seining, and out of these had secured fourteen convictions, nine in Whiteside and five in Henry county.

Messrs. F. D. Rosebrook, Charles Mentzer, John Hirshberg, Frank Butten, H. J. Bessler and John Dickson were appointed a committee to collect dues and solicit new membership. Undoubtedly this is the best showing protection ever had on the lovely Rock River stream. Matters in the State League are at low ebb this winter, apparently, but with the spring we hope a greater activity. The loyal clubs like the Whiteside deserve every compliment and every wish for success.

E. HOUGH.
175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN NEVADA.

THE Fish Commission was established by an act of the Legislature entitled "An Act to provide for the preservation of fish in the waters of this State," approved March 5, 1877. The eighth biennial report of the operations of the commission was sent to Governor Colcord, Dec. 31, 1892, by Fish Commissioner Geo. T. Mills.

The beneficial results derived from fifteen years of fish hatching and planting, erecting fishways, and protecting fish by means of a close season, and in other ways have become apparent. Opposition to the close season and non-export law came from large exporters of fish, and not from any other class of inhabitants. The clause requiring the introduction of screens into irrigating ditches was not adopted, but many citizens voluntarily established them and found them inexpensive and easily managed.

Commissioner Mills devotes a short but very useful chapter to a description of the methods of taking and developing the eggs of trout.

With the help of the California Commissioners, the pollution of the Truckee River by sawdust has been stopped. The mills and factories either burn the dust and shavings or convey them into bulkheads from which they cannot pass into the stream. In September, 1891, giant powder was used in the East Fork of Carson River for killing fish. Mr. Mills notified Sheriff McCormack and Peter Milich of the infraction of the law. He also advised Hon. W. P. Merrill and the editor of the *Genoa Courier*. The watchfulness of the gentleman named and the publicity given to the affair by the *Courier* checked the unlawful practice.

By means of fishways and passes in the dams, the Truckee is everywhere accessible to trout west of the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation; but in the Reservation, a dam at the mouth of the River prevents the ascent of fish. It is hoped this obstruction may be removed by Congressional action.

The report contains mention of the following sportsmen's clubs:

"The Reno Anglers' Club is composed of some of the most prominent men in Washoe county, with headquarters at State Line Mill.

"The Capitol Hunting and Fishing Club, a Carson City organization, has a membership of nearly 100 active members. This club has expended over \$1,000 in the construction of the club house, barns, stables, storerooms, etc. Their main building, located on the grounds of Hon. Theodore Winters, at Washoe Lake, is 48 by 16ft. * * * The organization consists of a president, secretary and board of control, with a competent attendant or keeper constantly in charge of the premises.

"In the membership of these clubs we find active and zealous supporters of our game laws, and it is hoped more organizations will follow in other portions of the State."

The Commissioner distributed 545,000 Eastern brook trout in 1891, chiefly in the Truckee, Carson and Humboldt rivers, and 362,800 in 1892. Landlocked salmon, obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission, have done reasonably well in Lake Tahoe. Arrangements have been made to exchange 300,000 eggs of Eastern brook trout with the California Commission for the same number of rainbow trout eggs during the season of 1893.

The fish of the salmon family now found in Nevada are described by Mr. Mills under the names rainbow trout, Eastern brook trout, Lake Tahoe trout, McCloud River trout (Dolly Varden), landlocked salmon and steelhead salmon.

The Virginia & Gold Hill Water Company granted the Commission free use of the spawning beds in their ponds and reservoirs. The railroads, with their accustomed generosity, transported fish free during distribution, and Wells, Fargo & Co. conferred many favors.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 25 to 28.—Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock and Kennel Association, at Akron, O. W. A. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Feb. 7 to 10.—Chicago Kennel Club, Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Mortimer, Sup't.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 18 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
FIELD TRIALS.
January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

Remember, Chicago entries close Jan. 27, with G. H. Goodrich, Unity Building, Chicago.

WINTER MEET OF THE BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

The fifth annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club was held at Westminster, Mass., Jan. 16 to 21, and was a complete success. The club headquarters were at the Westminster Hotel, and the proprietor did everything in his power to please his guests and succeeded admirably. The attendance throughout the week was large. Among those present were A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H.; O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; W. S. Perry, J. A. Smith, W. R. Dean, Guy Whitten, G. W. Barnes, Worcester, Mass.; W. B. Stone, L. E. Conant, C. L. Wellington, L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; H. A. Dwyelle, Kendall Green, Mass.; F. W. Eddy, West Newton, Mass.; E. W. Gill, Benj. Holden, Princeton, Mass.; F. P. Shaw, Captain E. B. Nickerson, Ed. Barron, Harvey Given, H. H. Stetson, E. M. Snow, Brunswick, Me.; A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.; Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass.; N. Q. Pope, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. D. Perry, Ed. Miller, Geo. Chaffin, C. H. Esty, Phillipston, Mass.; Geo. Holmes, Poland, Me.; A. H. Perry, East Princeton, Mass.; A. H. Cushing, Fitchburg, Mass.; R. C. Cressy, Brattleboro', Vt.; G. W. Rell, Jr., Tamaqua, Pa.; Chester A. Bigelow, Wellesley, Mass.; Henry Newell, Frank Sweet, Ashburnham, Mass.; John Hunt, Henry Brown, West Fitchburg, Mass.

The hunting was good. Foxes were found in abundance, and, though the number killed was small, yet some of the runs were as exciting and interesting as the most exacting fox hunter could desire, and will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to take part in them. The weather was extremely cold, but, aside from that, the conditions of good sport were more favorable than could have been reasonably expected in midwinter. The snow was only four or five inches deep and perfectly dry. There was no crust to cut the feet of the hounds and spoil the driving. On three days out of four devoted to hunting there was not a breath of wind, and the music of the pack could be heard for miles.

Many fine hounds were present at the meet and among them are some well-known to all fox hunters as winners in the Brunswick Fur Club field trials. Those present were: CLINKER—R. D. Perry's b. and t. dog (Avent). QUILLIE—R. D. Perry's w. b. and t. bitch (Wild Goose—Native).

CAMP—R. D. Perry's b. and w. bitch (July). TRIMMER—L. O. Dennison's blue ticked dog (Buckfield—Byron).

GYPSY—C. L. Wellington's blue bitch (English blue). HUNTER—F. W. Eddy's w. b. and t. dog (Native). RECTOR—F. W. Eddy's w. b. and t. dog (Native). ROVER—W. B. Stone's blue ticked dog (Native). DIAMOND—W. R. Dean's w. b. and t. dog (Native). SAM—A. McDonald's b. and t. dog (Native). CARL—G. W. Barnes's b. and t. dog (Native). SPORT—Henry Newell's w. b. and t. dog (Native). LOUD—Henry Newell's t. dog (Native). CLAY—N. Q. Pope's w. b. and t. dog (Goodman). FLUTE—N. Q. Pope's w. b. and t. dog (Goodman). STERN—N. Q. Pope's w. b. and t. bitch (Goodman). ZACH—N. Q. Pope's w. b. and t. dog (Goodman).

The work done by the hounds during the week was excellent. Nearly all showed that they were good starters and knew how to handle their game when once it was afoot. The pack would, no doubt, have been larger had it been generally known that there was so little snow in Westminster; but there were hounds enough present to do the work, and do it well, and no more were needed. All the pack were not in the field on any one day, but the work was so divided that fresh hounds were ready each morning; a few, however, of great endurance hunted throughout the meet.

MONDAY.

Fox hunters with their favorite hounds arrived at the club headquarters singly and in groups, at all hours of the day, and when evening fell the hotel was thronged with as enthusiastic a crowd of sportsmen as were ever gathered under one roof, while the stable echoed to the voices of the pack. The day was bitterly cold and the roaring fires of the smoking room and parlor were the center of attraction; about them hearty greetings were exchanged between old friends, strangers were cordially welcomed, and that freemasonry which always exists among sportsmen, and fox hunters in particular, made all feel at home immediately.

The interest of the day centered about the annual meeting of the club which was called to order by President Heffenger at 7:30 P. M., in the parlor of the Westminster Hotel. The room was well filled with members, and in addition to the president, the following officers were present: Master of Foxhounds, R. D. Perry; Treasurer, W. B. Stone; Executive Committee men, L. O. Dennison, H. J. Given and O. F. Joslin. The first business was the election of new members, and Fred W. Eddy, West Newton, Mass., Charles L. Wellington, Waltham, Mass., and Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., joined the club. The reports of Secretary Baird and Treasurer Stone were read and accepted. The latter report gave the pleasant information that the club is out of debt and has a handsome balance to its credit in the Brunswick Savings Bank. H. J. Given, for the committee on charter, reported progress. President Heffenger, in his annual address, spoke of the rapid growth of the club in members and influence since its organization in February '88, and of the great interest in fox hunting and foxhounds, which has been excited by the field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club. Flattering letters have been received from English sportsmen, and in other countries the lovers of the hound have not been silent, even Finland has been heard from.

The election of officers for 1893 resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen: President, A. C. Heffenger; Portsmouth, N. H.; First Vice-President, A. B. F. Kinney; Worcester, Mass.; Second Vice-President, Henry A. Stetson, Bruns-

wick, Me.; Third Vice-President, O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; Master of Foxhounds, R. D. Perry, Phillipston, Mass.; Secretary, Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass.; Treasurer, W. B. Stone, Waltham, Mass.; Executive Committee: N. Q. Pope, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; H. J. Given, Brunswick, Me.; S. Decatur, Portsmouth, N. H.

The question of changing the running rules next came before the meeting for discussion. President Heffenger was in favor of dividing the hounds entered in the trials into two packs and running these under two or three judges each on the first day. On the second day the judges should select those they wished to see run again. On the third day the hounds, which by that time would be well weeded out, should be run as one pack under all the judges. B. S. Turpin was also in favor of the spotting system, and E. W. Gill strongly supported him. N. Q. Pope suggested that the whole matter be referred to a committee, and L. O. Dennison approved the suggestion. O. F. Joslin thought that in the future no notes regarding the work of the hounds should be handed to the judges at the field trials by the members. H. J. Given supported the views of the last speaker. R. D. Perry had no doubt that the rules ought to be changed, and approved the adoption of the spotting system. The discussion was continued by Messrs. Gill, Heffenger, Dennison and McDonald, and finally the whole matter was referred to Messrs. Dennison, Perry and Turpin, with power to draw up rules for the government of the next field trials.

It was proposed that the club should join the A. K. C., and considerable discussion ensued. Many were in favor of so doing, and the question will come up for settlement at the next club meeting.

The president then called the attention of the club to the selection of suitable grounds for the fifth annual field trials. Princeton, Ossipee, Westminster and some favorable locality on Cape Cod were in turn suggested, and the selection was left to the following committee: N. Q. Pope, S. Decatur and B. S. Turpin.

A unanimous vote of thanks was given the retiring secretary, J. H. Baird, for the faithful discharge of his duties while secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club.

The president appointed N. Q. Pope, O. F. Joslin and S. Knight, Jr., as committee on membership for the year 1893. It was announced that a number of gentlemen had offered medals to be awarded at the next field trials. A. B. F. Kinney will give a medal for the hound doing the best hunting. A. C. Heffenger for the hound showing the greatest speed. O. F. Joslin for the hound doing the best trailing. Richard Seeley for the hound showing the greatest endurance. N. Q. Pope for the hound making the highest general average in all classes. The meeting adjourned at 10:30, and soon all retired so as to be ready for an early start on Tuesday.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday dawned clear, still and very cold. The thermometer registered 5° below zero in the open air and considerably below the freezing point in some of the sleeping rooms, and it was only after repeated efforts that the hunters gained sufficient courage to leave their warm beds. However, when the horn sounded at 6 o'clock all appeared at the breakfast table, and one hour later a number left the hotel for the hunting grounds attired in the thickest winter clothing, with heavy felt boots and caps pulled well down over the ears. In order to cover the country to the best advantage, the hunters divided into two parties. The first, in charge of R. D. Perry, the master of hounds, included W. R. Dean, J. A. Smith, L. E. Conant, G. W. Barnes and F. W. Eddy, and they took with them the hounds Diamond, Earland Hunter. Walking rapidly to a point just beyond the cemetery, the pack was cast off and it was not long before they began to trail. In a few minutes their fox was jumped, and led away toward the north, now and then circling and doubling in the woods and swamps. In the dry snow the pack drove slowly, but followed without any serious check to the first Gardner road, where they were at fault for some time, as the fox had cunningly run a long distance in the road before crossing. At last they were driving merrily once more, carried their game across the second Gardner road, and were heard going further and further north.

In the second party which left headquarters were L. O. Dennison, C. L. Wellington, W. B. Stone, A. McDonald and Benjamin Holden, with the hounds Trimmer, Gypsy, Rover and Sam. This division went in the opposite direction to that chosen by the first party and cast their pack off near the head of Meeting House Pond. The hounds became separated in hunting for a track, and in less than half an hour Sam had a fox up and soon after Gypsy jumped another. Meantime Trimmer and Rover were having some sport by themselves and drove a third fox across the reservoir and off to the north. A little later in the day Mr. Dennison twice saw a fox that was followed by Rover and Gypsy, but did not get a shot at it. Trimmer in the meantime was away by himself. As the day became warmer others of the club took the field and the country was well covered with hunters, but all were ignorant of the runways and so were at a disadvantage. After two or three hours' driving the hounds of both parties were far to the north of their starting point, well scattered, some thrown off altogether and others still following.

At this time as a lone huntsman stood on the crest of a hill near the school house, the youngest and one of the most enthusiastic hunters appeared. He was not more than three feet tall and, dinner pail in hand, came hastily from the halls of learning. After explaining that he was excused from school because he was sick, he exclaimed, "You come down here and I'll show you tracks, I know where they go, hurry up," and he set off down the hill at a pace that showed he had entirely recovered. Finally one of the many foxes jumped during the morning turned toward his starting point and was hemmed in by L. E. Conant, W. S. Perry and B. S. Turpin. On he came, driven by Diamond, and just as the three hunters were in a state of glorious expectation, two reports announced that J. T. Kelly, of Westminster, had shot the fox. This was the only one secured during the day and was a small vixen.

While this hunt was in progress, N. Q. Pope, with his handsome pack of Goodman hounds, had jumped a fox, which led to the south far away from any of the hunters. After dinner L. E. Conant, F. W. Eddy, W. R. Dean, W. S. Perry and G. W. Barnes made a second attempt to get a fox. Without trouble Rector, Rover and Diamond jumped their game and ran him prettily till nightfall, but no one secured the coveted chance to shoot. In the evening occurred one of the pleasantest events of the week, and the musical talent of the club won new honors, and fairly covered itself with glory. The many soloists were accompanied with piano, flute, violin and bones, the whole club gave tongue lustily in the chorus and the time passed all too quickly.

WEDNESDAY.

The sun rose as clear on Wednesday as it had on Tuesday, there was no wind and the weather was warmer—only four degrees below zero. The hunters, under the direction of the master of foxhounds, divided into two parties. One, containing L. E. Conant, H. A. Dwyelle, A. McDonald, L. O. Dennison, C. L. Wellington and W. B. Stone, with the hounds Trimmer, Gypsy and Hunter, started east from the village. Not far from the hotel the pack was cast off and soon the air was full of music. At first the hounds seemed to be all following the one fox, but soon they separated and it was seen that three foxes had been jumped and each hound had taken one. With three foxes running for their lives before three good hounds it was difficult to pick out the best place to wait. Soon A. McDonald heard Gypsy driving her game through a little valley, and started on a run for the crossing,

As he came in sight of the desired spot he saw that H. A. Dwelle, one of the veterans, already occupied it. As he was on the point of turning back a fourth fox, a stray one, jumped into the road between him and Mr. Dwelle. Reynard was too far away for the Rockland sportsman to shoot him, but he fired with the hope of turning him toward the Waltham hunter. The trick worked well. Up the road dashed the fox directly to Mr. Dwelle, who easily secured him.

Meantime Trimmer, further east, was running a fox that played in the pines for a couple of hours, circling many times around L. O. Dennison, who failed to get a shot, though he tried hard to be in the right place at the right time. Further west Rover and Gypsy had now united on one fox and their joint efforts were sending him along at a merry clip. Not far from a small pond A. McDonald fired one barrel at him at long range, and soon after L. E. Conant gave him two shots, and that excellent marksman has not yet been able to explain how he missed him. A little later in the day a local hunter fired two more shots at the same fox and how the chase ended is not known. It is fair to presume that he went into the ground, for it is certain that he was not born to be shot. Gypsy came home from this run badly torn by barbed wire.

About 11 o'clock, George Holmes and B. S. Turpin came on to this hunting ground with the hounds of the White Oak Hill Kennels, after a long and tedious tramp north of the village. The Goodmans were trailing prettily when they heard Trimmer far in the distance driving his fox; as he came nearer they left their cold trail, barked to him, and away they all went on the hot track with a ringing chorus that set the blood bounding through the veins of all who heard them. Over the open fields and into the woods they drove far to the east. A number of the hunters on the summit of the hill listened to the music rising and falling on the frosty air; the whole region was spread out at their feet and not for a moment was the pack out of hearing. As the hounds came through the valley on the next circle, the fox left the long pine swamp just out of shot from B. S. Turpin, and again took up over the hill and away once more to the east.

As the music grew fainter and fainter to those listening to the chase from the hilltop, two shots, fired by L. O. Dennison, were heard far in the distance, but still Reynard flew on. The next time he came around to the hill W. B. Stone, who had spent all day there and had not been out of hearing of driving hounds even for a moment, took a long shot at him. Badly frightened, the fox dashed up the hill and over the open fields to cover. He had now been running nearly seven hours, had been steadily driven all the time and had been shot at twice. He was both tired and frightened, and with a wonderful burst of speed, he led straight away for his burrow and was soon out of the reach of the pack. C. L. Wellington found the den, with the hounds curled up on the ground at its mouth. The drive was one of the best of the week. All the hounds did well, but special praise should be given to Steve, a Goodman, only eighteen months old, who ran steadily with the pack to the finish, though he had been in a race several hours on Tuesday and had not found his way home till 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

In the second party which left the hotel in the morning were R. D. Perry, R. C. Cressy, O. F. Joslin, W. R. Dean, W. Perry, F. W. Eddy and a number of others, with them went Clinker, Quiltie, Camp and Hunter. The hounds were cast off west of the town, and Hunter soon had a fox afoot. He drove Reynard prettily for some time, and as he came over the crest of a hill F. W. Eddy got a long shot at him, but without success. Soon after Quiltie, Clinker and Camp barked to Hunter. The great speed of this trio is well known and Hunter, who is true but slow, soon found himself in too fast company. The flyers drove beautifully at a great pace for four hours, and finally lost their fox on the town road. Neither the hounds nor their owner could find where he had left the road, though they followed it for more than a mile.

This day will be marked on the calendar of the Brunswick Fur Club with a red letter; not for the marksmanship displayed by its members, but for the fine work of the hounds, the abundance of foxes and the perfect weather for winter hunting. During the evening a telegram was received from Geo. G. Garrett, Columbus, Ga. It extended to the club the best wishes of its Georgia friends for the success of the meet. Mr. Garrett was present at the field trials last fall, and the club hope to have the pleasure of seeing him at many of its meets in the future.

THURSDAY.

At daylight snow was lazily falling and the thermometer stood at four degrees above zero; about 8 o'clock, however, the sun broke through the clouds and looked down on a perfect hunting morning, clear, cold and still. The hunters, for the first time during the meet, all started together and went to the hill where such splendid sport was enjoyed yesterday. Choosing favorable stands they waited for the hounds to begin the driving. J. O. Dennison put Trimmer in near the pond, F. W. Eddy with Rector and Rover went north of the hill, W. R. Dean and C. L. Wellington cast off Diamond and Gypsy in the long pine swamp and A. McDonald set Sam loose further west. After a long silence Trimmer was heard trailing in the distance and soon a yell told that he had jumped his fox. Rover and Rector meanwhile trailed rapidly to cover east of the hill, and soon were heard tonguing merrily as they drove their game in the distance.

Gypsy and Sam worked well together, and in a short time they too had a fox afoot. Diamond was out of luck and failed to make a start. The hunters on the hill, which fairly bristled with guns, were on the alert as soon as the first fox was jumped. But the quarry had learned a lesson on Wednesday, and had no intention of being swept from the face of the earth by the fire from the hill. The foxes led straight away for unknown fields; Gypsy and Sam drove toward Fitchburg, and those who attempted to follow and get into the line heard their ringing notes for only ten minutes, and where they went and what they did no one knows. Rover and Rector ran a bee-line toward Princeton, and Trimmer went in the same direction. When the hounds had gone out of hearing and failed to circle as expected, it became evident to those on the hill that they must hurry on, if they intended to be in the hunt. They started at once in the direction taken by the hounds, but not a note could be heard, and after listening on the hills for some time, all, with one or two exceptions, returned to headquarters for dinner.

After a hasty meal a number of the hunters who were unwilling to lose a whole day's sport, took Hunter and cast him off a short distance beyond the cemetery. He hunted a number of coverts to no purpose, but at last his grand voice rang out in full cry. The hunters quickly separated to find good stands, but before they were stationed the music ceased as quickly as it had begun.

Col. J. F. Thornton, on whose ranch the trials started, was a close attendant on horseback, and took a lively interest in the respective qualities and training of the dogs. Capt. A. A. Bogan, an ex-journalist of New Ulm, Minn., attended with his dogs and took in Texas ranch life with joy and pleasure. The Captain is not yet too old to become civilized to the mild tropics of Texas.

B. M. Chambers, of St. Louis, Mo., who has traveled the wide world over made his first visit to Texas and to the trials. He became an enthusiast in praise of our Texas climate, and will carry away some grand impressions of the Lone Star State.

W. H. Wheeler, of Hempstead, Texas, made a visit to the trials and left highly pleased.

Hermann Breusing was the only newspaper representative on the grounds.

FRIDAY.

The wind whistled and shrieked about the hotel all night, but the sun rose in a cloudless sky and the thermometer stood at ten degrees above zero. Though the temperature was higher than it had been before during the hunt, yet this strong west wind made the day the most uncomfortable of the week. But the discomfort was but a trifle compared with the fact that the gale made it impossible for the hunters to hear the hounds, unless the pack was directly to windward or very near. But the B. F. C. cannot be dismayed by unfavorable weather, and at the usual time the party left the hotel. A part of the hunters started on the Worcester road with Hunter, Trimmer, Gypsy, Sport and Loud. The hounds were put out just beyond the pond and almost immediately went out of hearing. Soon after Messrs. Eddy, Conant and Turpin saw a fox on a hillside more than a mile away. Expectations rose at once in the belief that the pack had jumped him, but, no hounds appearing, it became evident that he was a stray fox; and then the temperature seemed to fall even lower than before. Occasionally a hound could be heard far away for a moment, but no one succeeded in getting into the hunt except C. L. Wellington and W. B. Stone. They had an hour's sport with a fox driven by Gypsy, but neither got a shot, and finally Reynard made his escape over the crest of a hill, where the wind filled his tracks with snow and entirely obliterated them.

Henry Newell, who had lost the rest of the party, had a novel hunt by himself. Walking along the road he saw two foxes in a field, one following the other. There were no hounds after them and they soon disappeared in the cover. Not long after he caught sight of another fox coming directly toward him. There was no opportunity to hide, and standing perfectly still he had the satisfaction of seeing the fox come within 50 yds. Then Reynard caught sight of his foe, but did not turn quickly enough to escape a charge of shot. Though hard hit he disappeared in the brush. Mr. Newell thought him mortally wounded, and followed the track a mile or more, but failed to come up with his game. Unfortunately he had no hound to put on the track, though two of his were in the hunt. Other hunters had started in the morning with Clinker, Quiltie and Camp, and their experience was a repetition of that of the first party. A fox was started, but the hunters lost the hounds and returned early to headquarters.

This hunt ended the winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club. The prizes offered for the first fox shot, the largest number of foxes shot, and the largest fox shot, were all won by H. A. Dwelle, of Kendal Green, Mass., who killed one on Wednesday. Some of the club members had gone home on Wednesday and Thursday; a number departed on Friday and by Saturday noon Westminster had resumed its accustomed quiet.

BEXAR FIELD TRIALS.

[Special Report.]

A GATHERING of a large number of gentlemen at the depot of the San Antonio & Arkansas Pass Railway on last Sunday afternoon seemed to indicate something unusual, even to the ordinary observer, at the time of departure of the south bound train.

Among several groups the theme of conversation was pointers and setters in particular and dogs generally. They were members of the Bexar Field Trials Club and their friends bound for Floresville in Wilson county to attend the third annual trials to be held at and near the Thornton ranch near that city on Monday and Tuesday last.

The canines had been forwarded before to the battlefield, and the party, after arriving at Floresville continued their trip to the country, some six or seven miles southwest of Floresville, where quarters had been secured at the residence of Col. J. F. Thornton, Mr. Timberlake and W. A. Coughran. Messrs. A. M. Young, of Manchester, Tenn., and W. G. Pilkinton, of Pilkinton, Va., are the two gentlemen who had agreed to come and act as judges, and though they had sent word not to make any other arrangements, did not materialize after all, nor yet seemed to have thought of it of sufficient importance to wire their inability to come. They were tendered the thanks of the club for non-appearance.

Your correspondent was specially requested by the ladies not to say anything of glowing, flushing faces from the sun, indeed they would have put a full blown damask rose to shame.

Mrs. C. M. Rounds was a fine hostess and proved herself to be a first-class equestrienne in the hunt.

The two Misses Thornton made an excellent record as true American girls, keeping at close quarters, afoot, with the hunters and dogs, and outdid the "other fellows" in quick runs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Coughran, our host and hostess, and Miss Timberlake were in attendance at the first day's sport. Col. J. F. Thornton, on whose ranch the trials started, was a close attendant on horseback, and took a lively interest in the respective qualities and training of the dogs.

Capt. A. A. Bogan, an ex-journalist of New Ulm, Minn., attended with his dogs and took in Texas ranch life with joy and pleasure. The Captain is not yet too old to become civilized to the mild tropics of Texas.

B. M. Chambers, of St. Louis, Mo., who has traveled the wide world over made his first visit to Texas and to the trials. He became an enthusiast in praise of our Texas climate, and will carry away some grand impressions of the Lone Star State.

W. H. Wheeler, of Hempstead, Texas, made a visit to the trials and left highly pleased.

Hermann Breusing was the only newspaper representative on the grounds.

MONDAY.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and immediately after sunrise every one was alive and full of expectation of

coming events. There were three stakes to be run for, with entries as follows:

PUPPY STAKE.

For dogs under one year of age that have never run in any trials. Entrance \$5 to start. Retrieving not required. Rod's Deuce—West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex. Rod's Clip—West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex.

DERBY STAKE.

Open to setters and pointers not having won first in any recognized field trial be eligible to enter. Entrance \$10, \$5 to nominate and \$5 to start. Retrieving not required.

Argentine—A. J. Ross, Dallas, Tex. Rushmore—J. Leicht, Victoria, Tex. Modoc—F. F. Myles, New Orleans, La. Shell—H. W. Adams, San Antonio, Tex. Waif—Mrs. C. M. Rounds, San Antonio, Tex. Count Noble III.—A. A. Bogan, New Ulm, Minn. Lady Spot—S. Vieth, San Antonio, Tex.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

Open to setters and pointers not having won first in any recognized field trial. Entrance \$10, \$5 to nominate and \$5 to start. Retrieving required.

Jesse James—F. F. Myles, New Orleans, La. Jack the Ripper—F. F. Myles, New Orleans, La. Modoc—F. F. Myles, New Orleans, La. Barney—J. M. George, San Antonio, Tex. Daisy Hope—W. G. Bering, Valda, Tex. Manitoba Frisk—West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex. Duchess of Kent—West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex. One Loustar—J. Leicht, Victoria, Tex. Force—Edgenot Point Kennels, Victoria, Tex.

Trials to be run under Bexar Field Trials Club rules. Entrance money in each stake to be divided as follows: 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second and 15 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to be retained by the management for expenses.

Puppy Stakes.

The Puppy Stake was an innovation in field trials and never yet has been undertaken by any organization. The stake was brought in for the purpose of encouraging the breaking of puppies, and owing to the newness of the idea had but few entries. Geo. Chabot, the enthusiastic secretary of the club, had intended to enter his Tobias Twinkler, but the pup was not in proper condition for work. In consequence the run was left to Rod's Deuce and Rod's Clip, as Count was also spotted out. Deuce outranged and left Clip second. These are bright and promising pups and will make their mark in the future. They are only ten months old.

Derby.

First Series.

WAIF AND ARGENTINE.—They were cast off at 10:22 and taken up at 10:41. Run on spotting system there was hardly enough work done to determine which was best, but both showed good and efficient work. They each marked two beavies of birds.

MODOC AND LADY SPOT, the latter of your "Pedro," were the next and were cast off at 10:50 and taken up at 11:23. The first, after chasing a rabbit, showed best range and speed; after an eight-minute run pointed a covey of birds. Lady was brought back to order. Modoc again pointed, and while Lady was chasing a rabbit could not be gotten back and Judge McCartney ordered a flush.

RUSHMORE AND COUNT NOBLE III. were next in order and started at moderate speed. After running five minutes Bush found a covey, while Noble brought up the rear. Both dogs were steady. Noble went to a flush and pointed while loading. Birds flushed wild.

SHELL ran a bye. Started off at 12:10 and after running fifteen minutes was ordered up.

Second Series.

WAIF AND MODOC showed to be the best brace in the run so far, birds were plentiful, a good deal of point work was done by both dogs, and they acquitted themselves well. Modoc showed more style and bird sense after running forty minutes. Modoc was awarded first ribbon and Waif second.

Lunch had been provided by some of the lady attendants, and was served by them in first class style to about seventy-five people at George Coughran's water tank. Viands were plentiful. Hot coffee was soon made and handed out by Mrs. C. M. Rounds, assisted by Miss C. Thornton and Miss Mary Thornton. Served as it was, it was equal to the "nectar of the gods." Much like the "seven loaves and fishes," there was plenty left after everybody's appetite had been appeased.

SHELL AND ARGENTINE were the next in order; and were cast loose at 1:50 p. m. After running fifty-seven minutes there were no birds and the dogs were called back, shifting ground about two miles, and Lady Spot was added. After another thirty-five minutes run, Spot came to point, the other dogs called to back. After birds were flushed Argentine came to point, and the other dogs called to back, and Lady Spot flushed. The judges gave third prize to Argentine. Adjourned for the day.

TUESDAY.

All-Age Stake.

First Series.

BARNEY AND JESSE JAMES were first put down Tuesday morning. After very good ranging Jesse came to point. Barney ordered to back. Mr. McCartney ordered to shoot, which he did, but missed. Both dogs charged at the instant. Started again; after twenty minutes' run Jesse came to another point and Barney was ordered to back but was unwilling to do it. McCartney was ordered to shoot and kill, which he did, and Jesse retrieved very nicely. The dogs were started again and had gone but a short distance when both handlers claimed a point; the handler of Barney was a trifle ahead in claiming point, which was granted, and he was then requested to shoot and kill, but missed. The dogs were started again; Jesse was outranging Barney and went along in much better style in beating the ground more completely. The judges spotted Barney out.

JACK THE RIPPER AND DUCHESS OF KENT came next. The dogs started with lightning speed; Duchess came to point and Jack was ordered to back, which he did nicely. The handler of Duchess was ordered to shoot and kill, but missed; both dogs steady to shot. Ordered out again and running but a short distance Jack came to point and Duchess was ordered to back, but Jack had flushed his birds before dogs started to work on scattered birds, in which Duchess showed superior merit over Jack and the judges, convinced that Duchess was far superior, spotted out Jack the Ripper.

MODOC AND COUNT NOBLE III.—After 45 m. run only one bird was found by Modoc. Count Noble when ordered to back flushed the bird and chased it. The dogs were started again, and after 20 m. run no birds being found, the judges spotted both dogs out; as they saw that both had no chance whatever, though Modoc had done some good work the day before.

During this heat Manitoba Frisk was ordered to run a bye of 15 m.

Second Series.

BARNEY AND JACK THE RIPPER now came in, but after a run of 1 h., no birds were found. Jack outranged Barney; the dogs were called up and spotted out.

MANITOBA AND JESSE JAMES started at lightning speed

* There were puppy stakes at the American Field Trials Club trials, at Columbus, Ind., 1892.

and in 3m. struck a couple of beves of birds upon the same ground which the other dogs had just left, Manitoba coming to a point first, and Jesse James backed. Mr. Rounds, the handler of Manitoba was ordered to shoot and kill but missed; both dogs charged at the same time. Ordered out again they struck birds at once, at the same time. The handler of Jesse James was ordered to shoot and kill which he did, but dog refused to retrieve. It was claimed that the animal had not been taught to retrieve. Both dogs went out again with Manitoba in the lead and came to a point at once. Jesse James was ordered to back, which he did nicely. The dogs had been run for some time, when the judges called them in and an adjournment for lunch was agreed upon. Thus ending two of the finest sport days in this State. The prizes were awarded as follows:

Manitoba Frisk first; Duchess of Kent second; Jesse James third.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

BAKERSFIELD, Cal., Jan. 16.—The trials that commenced here give promise of being the best ever held on this coast. A party of twenty-two arrived here this morning from San Francisco to find nine other brother sportsmen already here from Los Angeles. Besides the large number of local enthusiasts upon the field to-day there are some forty-eight sportsmen from all over this State and Nevada, many of them accompanied by ladies.

At a meeting of the executive committee this morning it was decided to change the order of the running of the stakes, running off the Derby first, following with the All-Age and finishing with the Members' Stake.

At about 1 P. M. a party of about sixty left the Southern Hotel, which is always the rendezvous of the club, for the grounds. Among the party were the officers of the club, President, J. G. Edwards; Secretary, J. M. Kilgariff, P. D. Linville and Wm. Schreiber, of San Francisco; J. M. Bassford, of Vacaville, members of the Executive Committee, and Geo. Crocker, W. S. Kittle, M. Sperry, H. J. Kilgariff, F. J. Norris, Dr. F. W. Skaffe, A. Russell Crowell, C. W. Kyle, G. P. Hubbard, W. H. Schockley, Robert Liddle, Thos. Higgs, Henry Huber, of San Francisco; J. C. Cline; W. G. and A. P. Kerckhoff, E. B. Tufts and F. S. Schumacher, of Los Angeles; Judge Post, of Sacramento; J. W. Harper, of Suisun; L. P. Thibault, of Montana; O. H. Allison, of Elmhurst; J. B. Banning, of Wilmington; Rev. W. H. Knowlton, of San Mateo, and others.

The judges of the trials are: R. T. Vandervoort, of Pasadena, D. M. Pyle, of Bakersfield, and Wm. Dormer, of San Francisco.

The handlers are: G. T. Allender, of Watsonville; D. M. Walters, of Galt; H. M. Farmer, of North Ontario; Wm. De Motte, of Raymond, and Chas. Stundarns, of Sacramento.

The Derby.
First Series.

Of the forty-seven original entries to this stake, 18 have paid the second forfeit, against 8 last year—12 pointers, 5 English setters and 1 Gordon.

SPORTY BOY AND JOHANNA.—The first brace was put down in short, low cover, about four miles south of town, on the grounds used last year for the Members' Stake, at 1:45 P. M. Mr. Howard Black's liver and white pointer dog Sporty Boy, by Duke of Vernon—Patti Croxeth, was handled by G. F. Allender, and the California Kennels' English setter bitch Johanna, by Gladstone II.—Janet, by R. M. Dodge. Johanna soon proved to be much the best in style and pace. Both were under good control. Johanna made game first, but the spectators were a little too near, and before she could locate the bird it was flushed by the crowd. Going on a few rods further, Johanna pointed, but broke the point and a small bevy flushed. Sporty Boy, working over the same ground at the same time, did not make a semblance of a point, and finally returned to handler and refused to go out. After a short walk the judges flushed a brace, the dogs were called to the spot and the ground hunted over. Neither of the dogs could find, but the judges and handlers found several. On being removed to new ground, Sporty Boy made a semblance of making game, a small bevy flushed all around him and he dropped and crawled back to handler. Ordered up at 2:15, Johanna won the heat.

COUNTRESS NOBLE AND DOCTOR P.—H. T. Payne's English setter bitch Countess Noble, by Stanford—Lilly C., handled by owner, and Jas. E. Watson's black pointer Doctor P., handled by D. M. Walters, were put down at 2:25. Both dogs ranged out splendidly from the start. Doctor returned quite often to his handler, Countess in the meantime working independently and keeping up her hot pace. Not finding any birds the dogs were ordered up at 2:40. After driving about a mile they were again put down at 3 P. M. Countess made game immediately, roared nicely and came to a staunch point. Doctor P. circled around her in front and behind, but not making game. The handlers put up a big bevy. Moved on a few rods Countess secured two more points in rapid succession. Doctor P., when called up to back, refused to do so, but catching scent of the same birds pointed staunchly. Walters shot, and both dogs dropped to shot. Countess's points are snappy and stylish. Her style on point is superb. The dogs were ordered up at 3:15. Countess was easy winner of the heat. Her work in roading and general bird sense is of unusual quality.

TRAMP AND CARMEL.—W. W. Foote's lemon and white pointer dog Tramp, by Pat P.—Donna Blanks, handled by Walters, and Henry Huber's liver and white pointer dog Carmel, by Beppo III.—Sally Brass II., handled by Allender, were put down near a bevy recently located at 3:25. Tramp showed a trifle the best range and speed and seemed to be hunting, but neither of the dogs did anything worth mentioning. Both ran over birds and all around them. Carmel flushed a big bevy. Apparently both dogs had left their noses at home. Walters yelled point after the dogs had been down about 30m. and Tramp dropped as if shot; a bird started up about the same time and the point was allowed. The dogs were immediately ordered up and the heat given to Tramp.

BROWN BETTY AND JAVELIN.—H. M. Tonner's brown pointer bitch Brown Betty, by Bruner's Nig—Amaryllia, handled by owner, and W. H. McKittick's white, black and tan English setter dog Javelin, by Gladstone II.—Janet, handled by Dodge, were put down at 4:10. Betty pointed where bird had just left, immediately after being put down. Both dogs went to hunting merrily in high cover; Javelin started to chase a jack rabbit but answered his handler's call quickly. He ranged the best of the two at first but Tonner whistled in his bitch whenever she ranged out much. After being down some time Betty proved fully equal in range, and much the superior in style and pace to the other. Betty false pointed once or twice but gives promise of doing good work on game. She shows the work of a careful handler. This is Mr. Tonner's first appearance in our trials here and the impression given is very good. Dogs ordered up at 5 P. M. and heat undecided.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$3 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$3 value for \$3.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

DES MOINES DOG SHOW.
(Special Report.)

THE first annual dog show, given by the Des Moines Poultry and Pet Stock Association, was held Jan. 10 to 13. It was a success in every particular and will do much toward advancing kennel interests in Iowa. The show was well patronized, although the weather was the worst we have had this winter.

The State Agricultural Society and the Iowa Breeders' Association were both in session in the city, which helped to give the association a very favorable reputation throughout the State.

At the annual meeting, which was held during the show week the name of the club was changed to the "State Poultry and Kennel Club" and one-half the offices given to the dogmen; this insures the giving of a larger and better show next year. The club could not give a large show this year on account of not being able to secure proper accommodations, but as contracts have already been let for a large auditorium there will be no difficulty on that score next winter.

There were sixty-eight dogs entered, and all but one were present. The quality of the dogs in most of the classes was good, but there were some rather poor ones out as usual. The mastiffs were good and some of them showed considerable quality. The St. Bernards, though few in number, were fine specimens. Laurence Garza, owned by M. Hilger, of St. Joseph, Mo., is out of the great sire Alton, by Judith, and is a good one. Three of the four Great Danes exhibited were very typical.

There were some very handsome English setters present, two in particular that would be in the money in almost any show. In Irish there was one rattling good one that may be brought out at Chicago next month. The quality of the collies was good; so was that of some of the smaller breeds. The club did its own best thing. The dogs were fed with Spratts dog cakes and Sanitas was the disinfectant used. Mr. F. H. Perry judged all classes and gave general satisfaction. Everything passed off pleasantly and the boys are anxious for another year to roll around. The following were the awards:

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, L. D. Rood's Maximilian; 2d, F. M. Blackman's Lance II. Very high com. reserve, A. L. Moeller's Dom Pedro. Very high com., W. C. Pipino's Don. Bitches: 1st, L. D. Rood's Lady Clare. Puppies: 1st, Wm. M. Lewis's Sampse. Bitches: 1st, J. A. Colby's Donna.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. G. M. Chappell's Lion; 2d, J. C. Ford's Luce Flora. SMOOTH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, M. Hilger's Laurence Garza.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, C. F. Huttenlocher's Colonel; 2d, Alva Green's Cesar. Bitches: 1st, J. C. Ford's Lady Inca; 2d, R. H. Lyman's Lady Jane Grey.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, G. P. Jennings's Rover; 2d, J. A. Lewis's Carlo.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, W. Weatherly's Blueher.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, F. C. Lewis's Jack.

POINTERS.—OVER 50LBS.—Dogs: 1st, A. J. Zwart's Dr. Jekyll.—UNDER 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, F. C. Whitney's Lena Fly; 2d, M. Bruse's Furgent.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, N. Lichty's Zippo II.; 2d, A. J. Zwart's Sancha. Bitches: 1st, C. O. Perkins's Chic; 2d, Burnett & Perkins's Dot. Puppies: Dogs: W. Burnett's His Royal Nibs; 2d, R. B. Cottrill's Young Climax. Very high com., O. E. Pearson's Don Pedro. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Stout's Susie; 2d, J. A. Morris's Samol II.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. C. Hansen's Dan; 2d, R. B. Cottrill's Robin. Bitches: 1st, J. Mitchell's Mitchell's Nell.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, C. Knowlton's Drake.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, R. H. Lyman's Daisy; 2d, Will H. Retter's Jet Black.

COCKERS.—Dogs: 1st, O. D. Carnes's Bonnie Boy Blucher. Puppies: F. A. Allen's Keno.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, M. F. Carss's Ted Ballow.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, W. Souers's Frederick. Bitches: 1st, J. C. Ford's Lady Al De Bar; 2d, Lassie Jean. Puppies: 1st, L. L. Talbot's Bruce; 2d, Watters's Clute.

POODLES.—C. F. Handy's Flake.

BULLDOGS.—1st, F. C. Neafie's Sunlight; 2d, J. H. Harris's Grip.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Jack. Bitches: 1st, W. R. Watterman's Thurlless Girl. Puppies: Equal 1st, A. W. Fellow's Crib and Ed. Powers's John L.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. W. Hutchinson's Pukka Neb; 2d, Mr. Bailey's Rex; J. L. Thornton's Dixie. Bitches: 1st, L. V. Dunham's Judith Ellen; 2d, Mr. Bailey's Cate. Puppies: 1st, H. M. Jones's Zealand.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, C. W. Barwell's Velvet.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, J. C. Ford's Jerry. 2d, H. D. Johnson's Cate.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. C. Ford's Peek-a-Boo.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, H. H. Lyons's Hippathera; 2d, C. E. Whittier's Hal. Bitches: 1st, J. McGregor's Daisy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Mrs. F. E. Stutsman's Pomeranian dog Moffet.

INDIANAPOLIS DOG SHOW.
(Special Report.)

THE seventh annual exhibition of the Indiana Poultry Association was held at Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, Jan. 12 to 18, 1898.

A dog show has been held in connection with the Poultry Association for several years past, and has generally been well patronized, especially last year, but owing to the extreme cold weather just previous to and during the show, the poultry exhibit was not as large this year, although the quality was excellent, and there was a noticeable falling off in the number of entries in the kennel department for the same reason. Many of the entries were not present on account of the owners being afraid to wash their dogs or ship them, hence most of the dogs shown were owned in this city, although Mr. J. L. Glascock, of Fowler, Ind., E. Leon and Thos. Ambrose, of Liberty, Ind., each had dogs on exhibition.

It is safe to say that there is no city in this country where there are as many fine dogs owned in proportion to the population as in Indianapolis and their owners rightly deserve censure for not patronizing this show. The officers of the Poultry Association are anxious to make their kennel department a special feature and solicit membership from the "doggy" men of Indianapolis to whom they offer great inducements for a good dog show. Tomlinson Hall is well lighted and thoroughly heated and ventilated, and could accommodate the largest show held in the United States. A first class show under proper management held at the right time would be well patronized by the people here, and without doubt at least pay expenses.

The officers of the association are: B. F. Hill, President; A. E. Meredith, Secretary; W. L. Hagedorn, Treasurer; J. E. Dougherty, Superintendent of dog show, and too much cannot be said of the efforts of these gentlemen (all of whom with the exception of Mr. Dougherty are poultry men) to please and make their exhibitors happy.

It is all new business to the secretary, Mr. Meredith, but he attends to his duties faithfully and correctly, never being too busy to answer the many questions incident to such an office; but much of the burden is lightened by his genial wife who assists him, and in fact took sole charge of all the entries.

Mr. Dougherty was present early and late administering to the wants of his canine friends and must be highly commended for his attention and painstaking.

"Sanitas" disinfectant was effectually used in poultry and kennel departments and the cleanliness was particularly noticeable. The benching, though rough, was good, and all dogs were given ample room.

That estimable gentleman, Mr. Frank C. Wheeler, judged all classes, and his awards gave general satisfaction and he will long be remembered by all who had the pleasure of meeting him. We learned for the first time that Mr. Wheeler is a poultry crank as well, but his fancy leans to the "pugilistic" varieties.

As the entry blanks used did not provide for breeding or name of the dogs the same was unavoidably omitted in some cases.

Among the dogs worthy of special notice is A. A. Anderson's Irish setter dog Quaker Tom, which is far ahead of the average and a good specimen.

J. W. Springsteen's Newfoundland dog Pluto, imported from Lapland, is undoubtedly one of the largest and best in this country.

J. B. Heywood's mastiff dog Carlo is a good type, although tail is a little shaggy and in movement rather loggy.

Wm. Patton's great Dane bitch Jumbo has good coat, fair head, but is too short in legs; his dog puppy Major promises well, but will never make a large dog.

G. W. Stewart's English setter dog was the best English setter shown, and is a fine large dog, well feathered, with elegant carriage.

Joseph Becker's English setter bitch Queen Regent is a fine well built dog of small type.

E. R. Leach's collies Gladys and Zippie were fair specimens and would pass muster in good company.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, E. W. Bronson's Prince Caution; 2d, J. B. Heywood's Carlo. Very high com., H. E. Heine's Bruno.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—1st, P. Travers's Spruce. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Mrs. E. M. Chamber's dog and bitch.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Wm. Patton's Jumbo. Puppies: 1st, Wm. Patton's Major.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. G. Burnhart's dog. Bitches: 1st, W. G. Burnhart's bitch; 2d, Wm. Zaisen's Nellie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Stewart's dog. Bitches: 1st, J. Becker's Queen Regent; 2d, J. L. Glascock's Gay. PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Soltan's Little Bennie; 2d, B. Garver's Dick. Very high com., J. Becker's Spot. Bitches: 1st, J. Becker's Crickett Blaine; 2d, Geo. Hamilton's Ruth B. E. Very high com., E. Leon's Belle.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, Tweed. Bitches: 1st, E. R. Leach's Gladys. Puppies: 1st, E. R. Leach's Zippie.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. A. Anderson's Quaker Tom; 2d, G. L. Jones's Hoosier Jack. Very high com., M. Crosby's Boss. Bitches: 1st, A. A. Anderson's Frankie. Puppies: 1st, G. L. Jones's Gladstone.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. W. Springsteen's Pluto.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, W. W. Sutherland's Cate. Bitches: 1st, D. C. Bryan's Queenie.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, M. Ryan's Axtell.

BEAGLES.—1st, Thos. Ambrose's ——— C. K. F.

DOG SHOW AT DETROIT, MICH.
(Special Report.)

THE Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association gave their annual show in the Auditorium Jan 10 to 13, with a very large and choice entry of poultry, with dogs as an extra attraction. There were 127 entries of dogs, with all classes pretty well represented. Although the dogs were nearly all owned in Detroit or its immediate vicinity, there was some very good quality in some of the classes that will make a good showing at the show held here next March. In the St. Bernards some good ones were shown, the winner, a fine young dog owned by L. Tichenor, of Chelsea, Mich., is by Casper, and will be heard from later. In the spaniels there were 23 entries, with Bendigo and Busy in the challenge classes. The winners in open classes were above the average quality, and will be shown again.

Dr. Lansing, of Detroit, made a very pretty exhibit of Italian greyhounds.

The show was fairly well attended, considering the stormy and extremely cold weather, and every one was pleased with the exhibit. A great many were surprised to see the improvement in dogs in the last few years, and the show seemed to stir up an interest in dogs, so that I shall not be surprised to see some first class dogs owned in Detroit before long. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes, and Tom Blake superintended, and the association was well pleased with the way that the show was conducted.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Desire B. Willenhi's Romeo. Bitches: 1st and special, Tracy Bros. Belle of Detroit; 2d, Tracy Bros. Beantula. Puppies: 1st, N. W. Vannier's Matchless.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st and special, L. Tichenor's American Caesar; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Earl Douglass. Very high com., Lidgetwood Bute. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Fernwood Urania; 2d, Thos. Jones's Lady Linoud. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Dr. McCollum's Lord Bute, Jr. and Prince Royal.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—1st withheld; 2d, E. H. Donnelly's Juno.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st and special, Wolverine Kennels' Brutus and Pascha. Bitches: 1st and special and 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Young Pearl and Iris.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st withheld; 2d, P. F. Ryan's Jack.

POINTERS.—1st, E. J. Barrett's Sailor.

FOXHOUNDS.—OVER 50LBS.—Dogs: 1st, Washtenaw Kennels' Quick; 2d, A. J. Van Patten's Don M.—OVER 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, A. J. Van Patten's Tilley.—UNDER 50LBS.—Dogs: 1st and special, George Huntington's Juniper; 2d, Wm. Geneker's Bit Bang.—UNDER 50LBS.—Bitches: Wm. Predhomme's Rosy P.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Washtenaw Kennels' Kent of Washtenaw. Bitches: 1st, J. Van Patten's Bell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st and special, E. Smith's Max Noble; 2d, Washtenaw Kennels' Albert Gladstone. Very high com. and high com., H. L. Wurder's Zaldie and Spot. Bitches: 1st, E. Haug's Bell; 2d, withheld.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Albert Gladstone; 2d, Albert Breeze. Very high com., Washtenaw Quail. Bitches: 1st, E. Haug's Belle; 2d, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze.

IRISH SETTERS.—1st and special and 2d, L. Hilsendegen's Lalla Rookh and Nora.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st and special and 2d, E. Horn's Gunner and Shot.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK.—Dogs: 1st and special, G. Meller's Toledo Snap; 2d, G. J. Pepin's Grover Cleveland. Very high com., Chas. Bassett's Jack. Bitches: 1st, W. Gregory's Daisy; 2d, G. Burnell's Chloe R. Jr.—OTHER THAN BLACK.—1st, E. D. Roberts's Fritz.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK.—CHALLENGER.—Dogs: 1st and special, C. Backus's Bendigo. Bitches: 1st, G. Miller's Busy.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, A. T. Knowlson's Tom Blake; 2d, F. H. T. Barbour's Pluto, Jr. Very high com., C. Thurman's Corkstown Comet. Bitches: 1st, Blake & Herbertson's Nora; 2d, A. T. Knowlson's Maud S. H. Puppies: 1st, A. T. Knowlson's Tom Blake; 2d, F. P. Striker's Don.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—Dogs: 1st, Blake & Herbertson's Brownie B.; 2d, C. Lightner's Liver Obo. Bitches: 1st, P. Fahlman's Nora. Puppies: 1st, G. Miller's Miller's Cherry Boy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, T. C. Ouellette's Fan.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, G. D. Wilton's Joe and Pomp. Bitches: 1st, G. D. Wilton's Daisy. Puppies: 1st, G. T. Wilton's Woodlender.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st and special and 2d, Grampian Kennels' Grampian and Jerry. Bitches: 1st and 2d, E. A. Rogers's Maggie and Dollie. Puppies: 1st, Grampian Kennels' Charlie; 2d, E. A. Rogers's Scollia R.

POODLES.—Dogs: 1st, J. M. Wentz's Daisy. Bitches: 1st, F. M. Baily's Mirza Dam.

BULLDOGS.—1st, H. P. Hamilton's Climber.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st and special, Jas. Hendrick's Dick; 2d, O. M. Delam's Dick.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and special, F. T. Rork's Jerry. Bitches: 1st, Fred Richmond's Snap.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, L. R. Baldwin's Doc; 2d, J. Brydon's Toney.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Withheld.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, H. H. Hull's Dick. Bitches: 1st, Blake & Herbertson's Rose M.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Withheld.
YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Wright's Toodey; 2d, W. C. Bishop's Royal. Very high com., E. Emmens's Doc.
TOY TERRIERS.—1st, J. Wright's Pet.
PUGS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Alice Wilbur's Neddy; 2d, J. H. Herbertson's Punch. Bitches: 1st and special, Miss Bertha Wolfertz's Tutie W.
ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. R. R. Lansing's Fawn and Ginger. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. R. R. Lansing's Beauty and Nellie. Very high com., G. H. Stark's Nellie.
WHIPPETS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, N. Pepin's Tipp; 2d, Wood Campbell's Ben. Bitches: 1st, very high com. and high com., N. Pepin's Winnie, Nellie Grey and Birdie. Com., F. Shaughnessy's Gordon.
MISSCELANEOUS.—1st, Miss Bernart's Waldie; 2d, H. Farmer's Jersey.
SPECIALS.
 Best collie, Grampian Kennels' Grampian. Best exhibit of Great Danes, Wolverine Kennels. Best Irish setter, L. Hilsendegen's Lalla Rookh; Best English setter puppy, E. Haugh's Bell.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Birds in Tennessee.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Mr. H. S. Bevan, of Somerville, Tenn., writes me: "Birds are as few in numbers as black swans and I feel some misgivings about my dogs' work in consequence. I will start two in the Southern. I have left Lamar and I am very nicely fixed here."

The American Field Trial Club.

The American Field Trial Club held a meeting recently, at which they decided to give guaranteed purses amounting to \$1,200 at their next field trials.

The U. S. F. T. C.

From a correspondent, an officer of the club, I learn that the United States Field Trials Club, notwithstanding the heavy expenditure and delays last November, is in a healthy financial condition.

The Chicago Kennel Club.

This club's forthcoming bench show is promising most encouragingly. Many of the prominent handlers have signified their intention to be present with their large strings.

Classifying Pointers by Weight.

I notice the remarks of Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, on the "Division in Weight of Pointers," in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 19. I beg that he will permit me to correct him on one point which he makes, as follows: "The new club at Chicago, which has proposed such innovation, has certainly no pointer man among the framers of the law, and it seems to me, is only trying to have something new at all hazards." Mr. John W. Munson, one of the oldest and best known pointer breeders in the country, was one of the promoters of the new departure. There is one point on which I think Mr. Muss-Arnolt could make a strong case by citing evidence or producing good argument to sustain it, namely, What good reason is there for classifying pointers by weight?

Jan. 16.—My attention was called to a brief skit in a contemporary concerning *FOREST AND STREAM*'s list of field trial winners for 1892. Said contemporary said, referring to itself: "This week it publishes those for 1892." Does not that show "always ahead?" "1892?" There can be no proprietary interest in news, or usages free to all; but the journal aforementioned, with charming naivety, adds: "We observe that a contemporary in imitation of us last week published such a list, but as it necessarily had to be compiled by some one who had never done it before, it had the usual omissions and errors of the novice and imitator." To publish a list of winners a week in advance of all contemporaries is not an imitation. If a novice can publish matter a week in advance of the old-timers, the day of the novice is bright; that of the old-timer is gloomy. Moreover, it is not correct to say "in imitation of us last week," when there was nothing in last week to imitate, and when really *FOREST AND STREAM* was a week ahead of all contemporaries. "A wink," etc.
 B. WATERS.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, CAN.—The beaver has not been "flapping" his "tail" to much effect lately or you would have heard more frequently from me.

The weather the past week has caught many with young puppies and in fact immature dogs of a more advanced age, and I hear of many deaths. One man who had a fine litter of fourteen St. Bernards has lost all but five, the effects of frost bite, and this is not an isolated case by any means. It is inadvisable for bitches to whelp during our winter months, the weather being so uncertain. For the last few days it has kept below zero and has gone as low as 25 to 30 deg. below.

Mr. A. D. Stewart has had what he calls a "lightening" sale of his fox-terriers and now has left but My Fellow and two bitch puppies by Raby Domino.

The Ottawa bench show committee has filed a claim for dates with the C. K. C.—Sept. 26 to 29, 1893. This is a week later than was first decided on.

Mr. Wm. Howard, Toronto, has bought the wire-hair fox-terrier bitch Luna (imported). She is by Halifax Bugler out of Nettie and has been bred to Mr. Howard's imported Ben.

The Bowmanville St. Bernard Kennels' recently imported St. Bernard bitch Maypole has given birth to a fine litter of ten, six dogs. Maypole came over in whelp to Prince Bute, and her arrival was at the time announced in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Messrs. Geddes & Cunningham, Ottawa, are selling all their cocker spaniels, and are going in for Irish terriers. The bitch Ballymouey is now in their possession, and is now suckling a nice litter of half a dozen, of which five are "gentlemen." They also own a bitch by Valley Boxer ex Sissey, which is awaiting the attention of Jack Briggs at the Salem Kennels.

The Toronto Kennel Club is providing more solid and instructive matter for its members than any club of like nature that we know of. Papers by specialists are read at each meeting, and three or four local shows are given each year. At the last meeting an interesting paper on the Airedale, a breed of which little or nothing is known in Canada, was read by Mr. H. P. Mullens, who kindly traveled up from Cobourg to present his paper in person to the members.

A British Columbia correspondent writes me that at the bench show held in Victoria this week Mr. James Chalmers will take collies, Rev. J. Granville Christmas fox-terriers, and Mr. Oscar Jones and Rev. Mr. Christmas all other breeds. The latter gentleman has done considerable judging in England.
 H. B. DONOVAN.

Kind Words from Virginia.

In reviewing the progress of that well known sporting newspaper *FOREST AND STREAM*, we cannot but join with the public in extending our congratulations to its managers and staff in the able manner in which its reputation is being maintained. Those who are not as yet subscribers to this valuable journal should take advantage of the trustworthy correspondence to be found in its columns.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

DOG CHAT.

New York St. Bernard Kennels.

Mr. W. C. Reick returned from Europe on the fleet *Majestic*, Wednesday, Jan. 18, looking stout and well after his trip. He brought no dogs with him nor did he purchase any. Having decided to give up breeding it would be like bringing coals to Newcastle had he done so. While in England he saw Duke of Maplecroft and the notables including Lola IV., the smooth, which is said to be about the best there is over there with the possible exception of Keeper. The other day we took a run up to the New York St. Bernard Kennels, having heard so many contradictory stories about the condition the crack Sir Bedivere and his no less illustrious consort Princess Florence were in. To set at rest all doubts on this score we may say that with the exception of lack of profuse coat we never saw Sir Bedivere looking healthier or in better flesh. He is as lively as a kitten and pranced about in the snow as if he enjoyed it. His coat is coming in nicely, and the abscess from which he suffered has healed up under Dr. Sherwood's doctoring, and there is now very little mark to be seen. Sir Bedivere is certainly the St. Bernard of the age, some dogs may have more bone, or this, that and the other, but no dog on the bench to-day is such a symmetrical whole and withal so brimful of undefinable quality and dignified carriage. To see Sir Bedivere now, when out of coat, is to form the very best estimate of his superiority. That Sir Bedivere was a sick dog there is no doubt, when he came to Mr. Reick's kennel, and it is quite a feather in Harry Friend's cap that he has him already in such good fettle. Princess Florence is expected to be in whelp to Marvel again, and though she is short of coat still, she is healthy and looking quite stout and matronly. We had also our first look at Marvel. One is at once carried away by his grand head, which completely overshadows his other good parts. No wonder this dog was thought so much of on the other side, and we would advise those who would wish to gain an idea of true St. Bernard type to study this dog's head. Put his head on to Princess Florence and what an animal we should have! Mr. Reick has done the next best thing and the result is anxiously awaited. The other dogs in the kennel, with the exception of Refuge II., who has been under the weather lately, are also looking well. Mr. Reick has bought about 20 acres in Fordham and while building a house for himself will not ne-



A. E. MEREDITH.

Secretary Indiana Poultry Association, Indianapolis, Ind.

glect his canine friends. He will move to the new place in May. Mr. Reick has an idea of sending a team of St. Bernards to England this summer, and if he does will make arrangements so that the Paris and Spa (Belgium) shows can be taken in. Such a team, well put down, would create a sensation at those shows.

Valuable Dachshund Trophy.

In the W. K. C. premium list there was an important omission, which we hasten to remedy as far as possible. The conditions under which the \$250 dachshund cup, so generously donated by Mr. E. A. Manice, should have appeared. This cup is to be competed for twice annually, at the New York and Boston shows and is for the best dachshund in the show. Entries, which must be sent to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, which has charge of the competition, are \$5 each, and these fees will constitute a sweepstake which goes to the winner of the cup each time it is competed for. The cup becomes the property of the exhibitor winning it five times. It is a very handsome trophy, and should call forth the best energies of our dachshund breeders to win it. Entries close Feb. 6, with the *FOREST AND STREAM*, New York city.

Duquesne Kennel Club.

There will be a feeling of disappointment if the Duquesne Kennel Club does not hold its annual show this year. Pittsburgh is a fixture very popular among the "boys." It was decided not to hold a show this year, but having been urged to do so the club will reconsider its decision at the meeting to be held this week at the Hotel Schlosser, when officers for this year will be elected. There is a date open after the Detroit show which would come in well for them, and this is the only practicable one as the circuit is now arranged from New York show till that week, March 28 to 31.

Death of Kent of Bloomo.

Mr. A. B. Tuman, and in fact kennel interests generally on the Pacific Coast have suffered a loss in the death by poison, Jan. 13, at Bakersfield, Cal., of the pointer Kent of Bloomo. This dog is noted on the Coast as a field and bench performer, as he won first in the light-weight pointer class at the late San Francisco show. He was a son of King of Kent out of Lass of Bloomo, and a half-brother of Rip Rap, etc., and litter brother of Lady Peg. It is said Mr. Truman's dogs were tampered with at the bench show in San Francisco, and Mr. Truman thinks Kent of Bloomo's death was prompted by jealousy on the part of some enemy.

Detroit Show.

The judges for the Detroit show are Mr. John Davidson for sporting dogs and Mr. C. H. Mason for non-sporting classes. Mr. Belmont was asked to take fox-terriers. The special committee are working in good style, having already received \$400 in cash. In all the club expects to put up \$1,800, which should secure a good entry.

Connecticut Law and Dogs.

The following bill has been introduced to the law makers of Connecticut by Mr. Lounsberry, of Darien, Conn.: "Be it

enacted, that any person or persons who are the owners or keepers of any dog or dogs, who shall suffer or permit the same to run out upon any highway to the annoyance of any traveling vehicle or person by running in front or after the same, shall pay a fine of not more than seven dollars and the costs of prosecution, upon conviction, to the treasury of the town in which said conviction was obtained, or be imprisoned not more than thirty days in the county jail, or both: notice having been previously given to said owner or keeper of said dog or dogs."

The Export of Greyhounds to America.

We have forwarded a copy of the following article, which appeared in the London *Field* of Jan. 7, to the Solons at Washington who framed the peculiar customs laws now in vogue in regard to importation of dogs from abroad: "A rather peculiar *crux* has just come to light with respect to the landing of English bred greyhounds at American ports. Quite recently the keeper of the Greyhound Stud Book was requested to make out the requisite documents for three animals, about to be shipped at Liverpool for New York, the property of a gentleman in New Jersey. The shippers at this end furnished the keeper of the 'Stud Book' with the customs regulations in force in the United States, which may briefly be stated as follows: No animal taken into the States from foreign countries for breeding purposes can be admitted free of duty, unless the importer furnishes a certificate of the record and pedigree, according to a form given, showing that the greyhound is pure bred, and registered in a book of record established for that breed. Further, that both its sire and dam were similarly recorded, and that there have been four successive top crosses by recorded sires of that breed on the side of the dam. In accordance with these regulations, the preparation of the particulars required was plain sailing, seeing that the greyhounds referred to are of the most fashionable blood on both sides of their lineage, and the keeper of the 'Stud Book' certified that the dogs had been duly registered in the 'book of record established by this association (National Coursing Club) for breed of greyhounds.' Anxious, however, to be in possession of every detail of the regulations, he at once communicated with the Collector of Customs for New York, only to find that the 'Greyhound Stud Book' is not considered the 'book of record established for that breed' in the United States. On the other hand, it is stated that, 'under instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury, such dogs from Great Britain are not admitted to free entry at this port, unless recorded in the Kennel Club Stud Book.' That this discloses an anomaly of an extraordinary kind is self-evident. Firstly, the Kennel Club Stud Book merely includes greyhounds as one of the numerous classes of its operations; secondly, the Greyhound Stud Book was established over a dozen years ago by the National Coursing Club, an institution that has been in existence for nearly half a century. Again, taking last year's volumes as a criterion, the Kennel Club Stud Book contained no more than seventy-five registrations of greyhounds, some of them distinguished by pedigree unknown; whereas the Greyhound Stud Book, which naturally excludes from its pages such flotsam and jetsam, had a total of 3,002 registrations. We have not unjustly styled this an anomaly, and there cannot be any possible doubt that the common sense and commercial acumen of the United States fiscal authorities will, without loss of time, rectify an evident misunderstanding or lack of knowledge at the time of the enactment of the regulations in question. Indeed, it cannot be anything more serious than the stroke of a pen, a totally different thing to the absurd quarantine legislative laws in force in our Australasian dependencies." We trust that the Treasury Department will see fit to make this evidently needful correction and recognize the English Greyhound Stud Book as one of the most carefully compiled registers in existence.

The M. K. C. Show.

Messrs. W. S. Diffenderfer and T. C. Sheubrookes were in town last week making arrangements with Spratts Co. for benching and attending to other details regarding judges, superintendent, etc. Mr. John Read will be the latter, as he is a great favorite in the Monumental city. It is whispered that Mr. Watson is down for collies and spaniels; Mr. Muss-Arnolt for the German breeds; C. D. Cugle for bulldogs; Major Taylor some of the sporting breeds. The show will be held in a building which will afford ample space for a large show, besides having an annex 250ft. long by 60ft. wide where dogs can exercise, and in the main building is a gallery which will afford an excellent view of the show. The building is only three minutes' walk from Union station. There will be a trick dog team engaged, and it is expected the show will draw well. The premiums will also be on a more liberal scale. The brunt of the work will as usual fall on W. S. and C. D. Diffenderfer, Will Forbes, Tom Sheubrookes and W. Thompson.

Col. Rupert Buys Hepsy.

The Duchess Kennels by the purchase of the St. Bernard Hepsy from Mr. E. B. Sears will be materially strengthened. Col. Rupert is gradually getting together a collection of breeding stock that will surely have to be reckoned with, as he can put down a kennel of bitches to-day that, as the saying goes, "will take a lot of beating." It is safe to say that the price paid for Hepsy was not one-fifth of what she cost Mr. Diffenderfer. St. Bernards are getting down to their values.

Conrad II. Found.

We are glad to say that the missing collie, Conrad II., has been returned to Hempstead Farm Kennels. The dog was found at Hicksville, about four miles from the farm, last Thursday, by a man who returned the dog to the rightful owners.

Chicago Dog Show.

The Chicago Kennel Club will give cash kennel prizes of \$15 for the following classes: • Collies, English, Irish and Gordon setters, pugs, bull-terriers, greyhounds, cockers and field spaniels, fox-terriers and wolfhounds. Kennels to consist of four or more. No extra entry fee. Also two open classes for toy spaniels, one for each sex, with a single prize of \$10 in each class. Also second prizes of \$5 in each of the open classes for Irish water spaniels. Also a novice class for St. Bernards, either sex, \$10 for first and \$5 for second. In class 50, open class, Gordon setter bitches, the prize is \$35 instead of \$25.

Canadian Custom Duties.

In answer to several questions we have received lately about the Canadian Customs duty on dogs imported into the Dominion, we may as well state that under no conditions can dogs be imported into Canada free of duty. A tax of 20 per cent. is levied in every case. Special provision is, however, made during the different fall dog shows, when dogs are entered in bond, and the surveillance is pretty strict.

A Fanciers' Club for Yonkers.

There has always been a feeling that some time the bustling little town of Yonkers would fall into line and have a poultry and dog show. There are many fanciers in and around Yonkers, and with its large population of working people it should be an excellent place for a small show. This the Yonkers Fanciers' Club, which was organized last Thursday evening, evidently had in mind. A meeting was held at 138 Nepperhan avenue, Yonkers, at which the follow-

lowing fanciers were present: L. A. Van Zandt, secretary Gordon Setter Club; W. J. Young, James Blair and R. Lamb. The club was organized with the object of improving the different breeds of fancy stock, especially dogs and poultry. The officers elected are: President, E. A. Lynde; Vice-President, Charles Piggott; Secretary, Emil Garnjost, and Treasurer, George Langran, who is well known among the setter and pointer fraternity. A committee was appointed to draw up constitution and by-laws, and the next meeting will be held at the same place on Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8 P. M.

W. K. C. Specials.

Among the additional specials offered at the W. K. C. show are the following: A lady offers a Japanese bronze jar for the best Japanese spaniel dog in the show. The National Greyhound Club offers the following cups: The Westminster Kennel Club challenge cup for the best deerhound, to be won three times by one exhibitor before becoming his absolute property, at shows designated by the National Greyhound Club. The Westminster Kennel Club challenge cup for the best Russian wolfhound, same conditions as the deerhound cup. The Munroe challenge cup for the best greyhound owned by exhibitor. This cup to become the property of the individual winning it three times, at shows designated by the National Greyhound Club.

Elmira Kennel Club.

The annual meeting of the Elmira Kennel Club was held Saturday evening, Jan. 14. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Ray Tompkins; First Vice-President, Dr. H. DeV. Pratt; Second Vice-President, W. D. Dunham; Third Vice-President, C. W. Jones; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles A. Bowman; Executive Committee, P. C. Pettit, Manfred H. Davis, Prof. J. W. Roberts, Frederick A. Cheney and L. D. Little; Standing Committee, Bench Show, Ray Tompkins, Joe Christen, Clermont S. Wixom, Frederick A. Cheney and Charles A. Bowman. Their first annual show will be held in the old armory, under A. K. C. rules, March 22 to 25. The premium list will contain about 130 classes and the prize money will be \$10 and \$5 in all classes, excepting puppies. Premium lists will be ready for distribution Feb. 20.

United States Field Trials Club Meeting.

The annual meeting of the United States Field Trials Club, for the purpose of electing a board of fifteen governors and transacting such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held in New Albany, Miss., Wednesday evening, Feb. 15, at 8 o'clock.

Two St. Bernards were seized by the Customs people on board the steamship Coya, which stopped here on the way to Chili. The owner, an officer on the ship, intended to take them as a present to a friend in Chili, but the rough voyage had made them sick, and thinking they would not live through a further voyage advertised them for sale, telling the Customs officer on the dock of the circumstances, with the full understanding that he would pay the duty of 20% when the dogs were sold. He advertised them and made an arrangement with a prospective purchaser, each agreeing to pay half the custom dues. Then a meddlesome customs officer swooped down on the dogs and made the officer lead them to the Customs House, where they were held. On representing the facts of the case to Deputy Collector Phelps, he stigmatized the seizure as entirely unwarranted and ordered the dogs returned to the ship.

Messrs. S. Davis & Son, of Montreal, have donated another cup to the Canadian Fox-terrier Club, to be competed for by kennels of four or more.

During the Des Moines show a little excitement was caused by some one stealing a collie pup. A detective was put on the track of suspected parties, and there being a woman in the case a search was made of her rooms, where puppy was found under her bed, though she strongly denied that she even knew there was a dog show in town. The law attended to the woman and the man who had stolen the pup for her, and the collie was restored to its rightful owner.

The Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels have sold a brother to Rip Rap to a Mr. Little, of North Carolina, for \$250.

The English Kennel Club Field Trials will be held April 14, on Capt. Prettyman's estate, Orwell Park, Ipswich, Essex. Col. Le Gendre Starkie and Dr. J. H. Salter are the judges. The Gordon setter trials will be held on Lord Cranborne's Hatfield estate, April 5. There will be two stakes, an all-age and one for Gordons not exceeding 20 months of age. The judges are D. J. H. Salter and Mr. G. Lowe.

The medals won at the N. G. C. show, at Brooklyn, have been ordered from the silversmiths in England, and as soon as ready will be forwarded to the winners of them. As these medals are three inches in diameter, great care has to be used in striking them off, so considerable time is consumed in getting them into presentable form. Another delay was caused by the action of the customs authorities in demanding 50 per cent. duty on the medals already sent over here. The law was appealed to and decision given in favor of the N. G. C. Their money was returned and medals will now come in free of duty.

We are pleased to find that the Brunswick Fur Club has made such a good choice for secretary as Mr. Bradford S. Turpin. A thorough sportsman, in fact he spends most of his time, lucky man, in pursuit of one sport and another, shooting principally, he is also not afraid of using his pen, as the many interesting reports of the trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, beagle hunting, etc., which have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM will attest, and for this reason his election is peculiarly happy.

Mr. H. F. Peck, who was for some time manager of Mr. Logan's kennel of fox-terriers, has now gone into the broiler raising business, but still keeps an eye on the dogs. He will manage the Akron, O., show that takes place this week.

Mr. E. M. Oldham donates two \$5 specials at the Keystone Kennel Club show.

Mr. Geo. Douglas is earnest in his resolution to give up spaniel breeding for a time, as his business must be attended to. He offers some good dogs, such as champion King Pharaoh's Sister, Sallie Hamilton, etc., in our business columns this week.

Mr. Geo. Raper has sustained another severe loss, his father having died Jan. 9 at the age of 75. Mr. Tom Raper was at one time a most noted greyhound slipper, and for fourteen years slipped at the Waterloo meeting, from 1857, when it was made a sixty-four dog stake, to 1870, when he sent Sea Cove to victory. This was the year when the celebrated Master McGrath was put out in the first round by Lady Lyons. Mr. Raper was known in his day as the prince of slippers and was as well thought of for his integrity as for his ability in that direction.

Mr. A. D. Stewart has closed out his kennel of fox-terriers and will now devote himself to bulldog breeding. The kennel was disposed of as follows: Ruby Domino to Mr. E. K. Hart, Albion, N. Y.; Silver Domino to Mr. S. H. Thompson, Toronto; Silver Lover to Mr. B. H. Ross, Lindsay; Silver Belle

to Mr. Samuel Simms, Ottawa; Hillside Baroness to Mr. Albert M. Young, New York city; My Queen to Mr. J. R. F. Boyd, Hamilton; Dear Heart to Mr. Alfred Baker, Buffalo, N. Y.; Tom Boy to Mr. H. T. Gage, Detroit, Mich.; Dynamite to Mr. Alex. Dewar, Chicago, Ill.; Silver Rose to Miss Carrie Bowman, Hamilton; Silver Dolly and Silver Bee to Mr. S. S. Keller, Richfield, N. Y. Only the good young dog My Fellow remains unsold, and he will be shown at New York if not sold before that show comes on.

The St. Bernard bitch Judith is already famous as the dam of the great smooth litter by Alton, most of which are owned by Morse. Last fall she was mated with Sir Bedivere and the result is very gratifying, and their owner, Mr. G. P. Wiggin, by advertising them in our business columns, affords St. Bernard lovers an opportunity to secure specimens of this excellent cross.

The manager of the Oak Grove Kennels, Joe Lewis, always had a penchant for English setters, and, not content with the fine lot of red dogs the kennel owns, they are buying extensively in the English setter market. We note that recently they have purchased from the Blue Ridge Kennels Ouida F. and Hinda Mark II. by Gath's Mark out of Barby's Girl; Piedmont, Belle F. and Blue Belle, by Antonio out of Belle of Piedmont, Jr.; King Antonio and Dixie F. by Antonio out of Princess Joy; Nellie F. by Gath's Mark out of Mollie Belton; Fowler's Mark II. and Gypsy Mark, by Gath's Mark out of Ollie T.; Count Antonio and Huntress, by Antonio out of Miss Nellie G. From Mr. Paul Gotzian they have purchased Monk's Nun and Furness Maid, by Monk of Furness out of Bloom Nun; Daisy Furness and Beulah Furness, by Monk of Furness out of Suspense. This fine array of young bitches of both good bench and field blood should prove very useful to the kennel.

We have received a letter from Mr. Twyford on the Elliott-Twyford matter. Owing to the contradictory statements given out we prefer not to have anything further to do with the case until the official report is published in the A. K. C. Gazette.

Mrs. Eugene Clarke, so well known as the principal exhibitor of Japanese spaniels, allowed her spaniel Ootah to give a birthday reception last Thursday to her numerous friends in the cultured dog world. Among the visitors was Mr. Mer-



BOSTON TERRIER "DANDY,"
Owned by Mr. Charles F. Leland.

rell's newly imported black and tan terrier Princess Dagnair, who arrived late and created a sensation, as a Birmingham winner should. The affair was daintily arranged and quite "Jappy" in every particular.

Mr. Geo. Raper sails from England on the Aurania on Feb. 11.

The following special was omitted from the premium list of the W. K. C. show: The Westminster challenge cup, value \$500, contributed by Col. Jacob Ruppert, W. C. Reick and the Westminster Kennel Club, for the best American bred St. Bernard, sired in America, and born on or after March 1, 1890, the cup to remain the property of the Westminster Kennel Club until won three times by the same dog, competition open to all exhibitors.

Mr. Smythe, owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, has purchased a litter sister to Scottish Leader from Mr. Sydney W. Smith. The new purchase is expected to be in whelp to Young Bute, and has already had a litter by Monte Miranda. She will come out by the steamship British Prince.

It is reported that the noted trotting dog Doc was burned to a crisp in the accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad at New Brunswick on Thursday night.

The Newfoundland, or big black dog, has again proved itself a hero. In the accident on the Long Island road last Thursday in which the fireman was pinned under the debris, this dog, owned by one of the Long Island Express Co.'s employees, was the first to get to the spot, and before the shovelers could get to the body the dog had dug the snow from the fireman's face. When removed to the express office the dog stood guard over the body and at first would not allow even the doctor to approach. It would be interesting to know what the dog thought of the occurrence.

We are sorry to say that the gate receipts of the Gloversville show fell short of expectations, the club taking in only \$300, as against \$500 last year.

The Western Michigan Kennel Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Eugene Glass; Battle Creek; Secretary, William O'Byrne, Kalamazoo; Treasurer, A. T. Lakey, Kalamazoo. The election of vice-presidents and board of directors was deferred until the adjourned meeting Feb. 7, at which time it is proposed to make some changes in the constitution and by-laws.

The annual Spaniel Club meeting will be held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22, at 5 P. M. The dinner will be held at Hotel Bartholdi the same day at 8 P. M. Tickets \$3 each.

We did not have the opportunity to ask Mr. Reick what he paid for Sir Bedivere, but he told the editor of *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) that \$2,400 was the figure. This is the sum that was mentioned in several papers on this side, and is a little over a third of what the dog originally cost.

The Irish water spaniel Eileen Shaughran that, it will be

remembered, Mr. Mortimer purchased while in England and resold to Mr. George Davis, her former owner, has just whelped a splendid litter of puppies to Mike McCarthy.

A whole galley full of new advertisements this week; that shows how the FOREST AND STREAM is appreciated as an advertising medium. Among the new offers for sale are: U. R. Fishel, some well-known field trial and bench winning English setters; Woodbury Kennels, dogs of all sorts; Hermitage Kennels, mastiff puppies, sale or exchange; Dr. Foote, black and tan terriers; Geo. W. Lovell, trained pointers and setters; Geo. Douglas, noted cocker spaniels; G. P. Wiggin, St. Bernard pups; J. Hope, dogs of all sorts; C. G. Brownell, Gordon setters; C. S. McChesney, pointer bitch pups; H. H. McVeigh, broken Irish setter; J. Jeffers, foxhound pups; Swiss St. Bernard Kennels, kennel of St. Bernards; W. H. Hyland, prize winning pointer; Lyon, setter dog; Handsome Brook Kennels, trained cocker dog; S. Ramsay, Irish setter pups; J. F. Stoddard, beagles; 24 East Twelfth street, English setters. In the stud: We draw particular attention to the fine array of Great Dane stud dogs that the Cumberland Kennel Club advertises; also their pug and Italian greyhound. This is the first time Ch. Melac has been placed at public stud. We also draw attention to the Wankie Kennels' array of Scotch terrier stud dogs. Owner, offers the service of the noted Irish setter Bedford. Wants—Florida, foxhound pups; Trainer, a man to take charge of a St. Bernard; Fred P. Kirby, dogs to handle at shows.

Our reports of the Des Moines, Indianapolis and Detroit shows arrived too late for press last week. To insure insertion in the current issue we must beg our correspondents to forward all communications intended for the kennel department so that they may reach us on Tuesday at the latest. We wish to give the news with the dew on it, not when it has become dry by repetition elsewhere.

The New England Field Trial Club seems now to be firmly established, and with its new list of officers may be depended upon to enlarge the sphere of usefulness in New England field sports that the club was organized for. It was a great compliment to Mr. E. K. Sperry, the retiring secretary, that the new régime insisted that he should remain secretary, but Mr. Sperry, with that disinterestedness he is noted for, declined the honor on the score of inability to attend the meetings, feeling that a secretary nearer the base of operations would be more acceptable. The peculiar methods which obtained under the old régime precluded that publicity of the club's doings which would insure its greater prosperity, but this was not Mr. Sperry's fault, for he personally afforded us all the information that he could. Mr. Lovering has started with the same intentions and we trust now that the club will afford the sporting press every opportunity to help the good cause along by giving timely notice of matters of interest both to the club and the field trial public.

Dr. H. T. Foote seems in earnest this time in his intention in giving up the breeding and exhibiting of dogs for a time, at least. In this issue he advertises his whole kennel for sale, and as it contains a number of dogs, black and tan terriers especially, which won the principal prizes at the shows for two or three years past and contains such noted dogs as champions Broomfield Sultan and Meersbrook Maiden, this should afford a good opportunity to some one anxious to get a winning kennel ready made as it were. The bitches in the kennel are all well mated and several of them now in whelp, and the stock is of high quality.

Mr. Charles K. Farmer writes: "The prospects for the immediate organization of a kennel club in Indianapolis are very bright with such gentlemen as named below at the head of it. Mr. Harry New, proprietor of the Indianapolis Journal; Peter Travers, of the Indianapolis News; Mr. Henry Schwing, a leading grocer; Mr. A. A. Anderson, secretary and treasurer Citizens' Street Railway Co.; Mr. Joseph Becker and many others, and it is hoped a show will be held to follow Detroit."

BOSTON TERRIERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am surprised to read in your usually impartial paper rather severe criticisms on the Boston terrier—especially as you were most complimentary to the dog when the idea of starting a club originated. I only desire to see impartiality, and as there is no reason scientifically why the dog may not be bred to a certain type, this hostility of seemingly interested persons is little short of absurd. There is something in the fact that very few people know what the dog should be and are misled into thinking that any lumbering brindle dog, with evident bulldog blood, must be a Boston terrier. In order to enlighten the public as to what this terrier really is like I inclose a photograph of one of mine—one that I consider very typical. Would any one with even slight knowledge of dogs mistake the dog for a bulldog? Are not terrier characteristics prominent? I think you will have little hesitation in pronouncing the dog decidedly terrier in type. I am interested only as a fancier, and have no Boston terriers to sell, but I do wish to see fair play toward the breed and to see this senseless babble of the dog being a "mongrel" stopped. That it is a well-directed effort to form a new type between the white English terrier and the bulldog is true, but why not? Is there a single sound reason against it? I should like to know it if there is. I have been familiar with these dogs for over ten years, and my experience has shown me that to-day these dogs, intelligently mated, will produce offspring like themselves with as much certainty as the average recognized breed.

The opposition to these dogs is purely selfish and I cannot understand FOREST AND STREAM allowing itself to be influenced by such motives. What right had the Bulldog Club to refuse to exhibit where Boston terriers were shown? May I ask how it could possibly affect them? I can only say I never knew a more unsportsmanlike thing done by a club. There seems so much opposition to the dog from certain quarters that an open discussion on his merits and demerits might prove whether he is entitled to recognition or not. Any one caring to argue the matter with me I should be most delighted to try and convince him. I hope that you will see fit to print the photograph I inclose, merely in fairness to the dog.

CHARLES F. LELAND.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the letters in your paper of Jan. 5 about the Russian wolfhounds it strikes me as remarkable that these \$7.50 and even \$3 imported hounds were expected (last spring) to kill a Colorado wolf singlehanded, while in Russia it takes three \$1,500 hounds to kill a young wolf. Now, let me ask your readers who is to blame for last spring's fiasco, the poor hounds or their owners? As I hope you will keep your readers posted on the result of the Russian gentleman's offer to bring his hunting pack to this country you will oblige me by sending your paper to my address.

Y.

MONTCLAIR, COLO.

LETTERS MISLAID AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have mislaid a number of unanswered letters in reply to my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. I wish that any who have written me and not received a reply would write again, as I do not intend to leave any inquiry unanswered.

H. V. JAMIESON.

WEST DUXBURY, MASS.

MR. WASHINGTON EXPLAINS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed a comment in your paper upon my advertisement of the Irish setter dog Ormonde, which had appeared in the last few issues of *Shooting and Fishing*.

The advertisement has been printed word for word as it was written, but the change of single capital letter and the substitution of a period for a comma has changed the sense entirely. I had not read the advertisement in question more than casually and did not notice this error, which alters the meaning it was intended to convey.

The advertisement, as you state, read: "Ormonde. A son of the great Sarsfield, out of Red Bess. Same litter as Champion Kildare, Challenge, Beau Brummell and Challenge Seminole, Ormonde is thoroughly typical, etc."

It was my intention to have it read, although I may have been careless in punctuation, and I am reasonably sure that I did not use a capital "S" in the word "Same," as follows: (Please note that the words are identical, though the punctuation is different.) "Ormonde. A son of the great Sarsfield; out of Red Bess, same litter as Champion Kildare, Challenge Beau Brummell and Challenge Seminole. Ormonde is thoroughly typical, etc."

The latter expresses my exact meaning and is a fact. I have never intended to claim that Ormonde is out of the same litter as Kildare, Beau Brummell and Seminole, but that Red Bess, his dam, is of the same litter as these famous Irish setters. As you have already mentioned, I have sold Ormonde. I wish to add that his purchaser fully understands the facts as above stated.

You have remarked that comment upon your statement is unnecessary. I beg to differ with you and trust that you will publish this correction in full in an early issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. W. L. WASHINGTON.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 22.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to say through the columns of your paper in answer to many inquiries about a consolation stake for pointers born on or after Jan. 1, 1891, that have not won a first prize in any stake at any recognized field trials in America, being run by this club at its trials at New Albany, Miss., in February next, that I have no authority to order such a stake. But I will take pleasure in bringing the matter before the club at its meeting. If a sufficient number of dogs are on hand ready to start, I have no doubt of a satisfactory stake being ordered. P. T. MADISON, Secretary-Treasurer U. S. F. T. Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. W. Colchester, Conn.—It would be invidious on our part to say who has the best kennel of St. Bernards. The principal ones are advertised in our business columns.

W. C. T. Durand, Ill.—By staghound we suppose you mean the deerhound. He runs by sight as a rule and is a distinct breed. The true staghound is a large foxhound and hunts by scent.

Answers to W. F. Cleveland, O.; J. H. H. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y.; W. K. Parkersburg, W. Va.; E. W. T., New York City; J. P. Grand Crossing, Ill., and Loup, have been forwarded by mail.

H. E. R., Charleston, W. Va.—You will have to write to the secretary of the American Kennel Club for pedigree of Dashaway, as the Stud Book for 1892 containing his pedigree has not been published yet.

J. E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You must list your fox-terrier pups with the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York City, before you can exhibit at the W. K. C. show. Fee, 50 cents each dog. It is not necessary to register them. Entries close Feb. 6, with Mr. James Mortimer, 44 Broadway, New York City.

H. L. W., Adrian, Mich.—The dachshund is a game dog in a sense, but may be more properly termed a vermin killer. He is not used in the pursuit of feathered game, but occasionally specimens are found which will tree a partridge (ruffed grouse). He is a dead game dog as a rule, is principally used to go to earth for fox, badger, woodchuck, etc. He can also be used effectually in squirrel hunting. He can be taught to retrieve, but it is the exception when the dachshund will take to water. He is more generally used for rabbit hunting, and in Germany is also used for trailing wounded deer. A good dachshund should be from 8½ to 12 in. in height, the lower the better to a certain extent, and a dog 10 in. high should be 40 to 42 in. long. Weight from 17 to 20 lbs., and certainly not more than 25 lbs.

New York and Florida Special.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, commencing Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1893, Friday, Jan. 20, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday thereafter, "The New York and Florida Special" will be placed in service for the season, leaving New York at 9:30 A. M. and Brooklyn at 9:00 A. M., arriving at Jacksonville at 3:00 P. M. and St. Augustine at 4:15 P. M. the following day. This train will run via the Wilson "Short Cut" of the Atlantic Coast Line (via Fayetteville), shortening the schedule almost two hours between New York and St. Augustine as compared with last year's schedule. The train will consist of drawing-room car (containing six drawing-rooms with all conveniences), dining car, observation car, and drawing-room sleeping cars—all vestibuled. Engagements of space may be made in advance on application to Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad.—*Adv.*

If you want dry feet use Post's waterproof oil and leather preservative. CAMEYER, Sixth avenue and Twelfth street, New York.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S. S., Fremont, Nebraska.—The teeth you send are from the alligator of the South (*Alligator mississippiensis*).

S. K.—You may procure from any of the large dealers camp sleeping bags to answer purpose of "Assnuk's" Mackinac blanket bag. We do not know of any supply of his cooking utensils.

J. D. Cona, Wyo.—Kindly inform me through the columns of your paper what *Grus americana* gives as definite a description as possible. Ans. It is the whooping or white crane, a very large bird measuring 50 in. in length and 90 in. in spread of wing, and standing nearly as tall as a man. It is white in color, except the ends of the wings, which are black. The top of the head has a patch of naked red skin often warty and thinly clothed with half-like bristles. This naked skin extends back in a point on top of the head and under each eye and the feathers grow between it. Here are some measurements of the bird in addition to those already given: Wing from bend 24 in., tail 9 in., tarsus 12 in., middle toe 5 in., bill, measured along crest 6 in. The young is said to be gray, but must not be confounded with the brown or sand hill crane. Note that the naked patch on the top of head is present in all our cranes and absent in all herons, which are quite a different group.

J. S. L., Syracuse, N. Y.—The following was clipped from a local newspaper: "The Australian jungle fowl (*Meagapodius fuscatus*) makes its nest in the shape of earth mounds of prodigious size, one of which measured 15 ft. in perpendicular height and had a circumference of 150 ft." Isn't that something of a whooper? Likely the same fellow told that who said "the condor has a wing spread of 40 ft. and feathers 8 in. in circumference, etc." Ans. The record finds a place in works on natural history. The *Meagapodius* (big-footed) *fuscatus* (a mound), breeds in the shape of mounds of earth, into a conical mound, in the center of which holes are scratched to the depth of five or six feet, running down obliquely, in which the eggs are deposited and then covered up again. The eggs are hatched by the heat generated by the decomposing vegetable matter. The same mounds are used year after year, added to each season, the largest on record as having been measured was 150 ft. in circumference, the large end rising 14 ft. above the ground.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

28. Pavonia	MAY.
4. Pavonia	JUNE.
4. Larchmont	JULY.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A.	SEPTEMBER.

In the letter to the *Field*, which we republish this week, Mr. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative in the late negotiations for a race, places himself on a plane of sportsmanship and fair play very far above that of the "practical yachtsmen" whose narrow and partisan views found expression in the new deed of gift. If the necessary task of attaching to the America Cup certain supplementary limitations to meet the altered conditions of modern match sailing had been undertaken in any such broad and liberal spirit as that shown by Mr. Kersey, the yachting public would have witnessed several more contests for the Cup, and the New York Y. C. would have been spared much mortification and discredit. The letter is a strong appeal for fair play and mutual goodwill from both sides, but at the same time neither explains nor alters the present condition of affairs, and in no way removes the possible grounds for future disputes. The cold hard facts in the case are that the New York Y. C. has accepted Lord Dunraven's challenge only as under the new deed; that it considers that deed as standing intact as the only legal document governing the match; and that it has made no promise nor agreement to alter the reading, or to add any new conditions as to holding the Cup in future. So far from accepting all of Lord Dunraven's conditions, it has caused him to withdraw all allusions to the original deed, and has worded all of its communications with the greatest care, to avoid any expressions which might reflect in any way on the new deed. It is quite possible that both Lord Dunraven and Mr. Kersey understand that Clause 3 is to be embodied in the paper to be signed by the Royal Yacht Squadron in the event of a victory for Valkyrie No. 2, but we fail to find anything in the whole correspondence that will compel the New York Y. C. to such a step.

Such modifications and amendments as have been made to secure a race in 1893 are purely incidental and temporary; the new deed has not been changed, and there is nothing but public opinion to prevent the New York Y. C. from demanding of a future challenger a literal compliance with every word of the dimension clause. That certain important points have been conceded since the last race is quite true; but it is equally true that every successive contest for the Cup has been under more liberal terms than the previous one. While securing advantageous terms for himself, Lord Dunraven has done absolutely nothing to secure the rights of future challengers to fair and honest conditions.

We have not yet seen a clear and direct statement of the exact terms on which Lord Dunraven's challenge has been accepted, and we doubt very much whether any one of the five members of the Cup committee could draw up such a statement; or whether, if each of them tried it independently, the five statements would agree. Even if they did, we feel very certain that even Lord Dunraven, much less the Royal Yacht Squadron, would not for a moment assent to the views of the committee.

The simple fact is that the "blue ribbon" of the sea is still tangled up with the red tape woven about it by Com. Gerry and ex-Sec'y Bird; if Valkyrie should be defeated, the next challenger must fight the new deed just as Lord Dunraven has fought, we hope with better judgment and proportionate success. If Valkyrie should win, there will in all probability be a renewal of the long and tedious negotiations of the past six months before the Royal Yacht Squadron will sign such a paper as the lawyers of the New York Y. C. will draw up, and she is allowed to sail away with the coveted trophy.

We publish this week the fixtures thus far announced for 1893. Yacht clubs are reminded that an early selection of dates will prevent much confusion later in the season.

The severe cold of the past two weeks has brought no joy to the ice yachtsmen, as the deep snow has spoiled the ice. Long Island Sound is frozen so far out that yachtsmen walk and skate to Execution Light, and from Greenwich to Captain's Island.

It is not quite clear what the Emperor of Germany has done to deserve all the hard things said of him by the American papers. He has given for competition a challenge trophy to be sailed for annually by a fleet of not less than six yachts. While the object presumably is the encouragement of yachting in Germany, the contest can hardly be called an international one, as it will be sailed in British and French waters, and the competing yachts will be nearly all under the British flag. The natural conditions of themselves prevent any general participation by American yachts, and it is a very small matter whether or no American clubs are specifically included. Any American yachtsman who desires to compete can do so by joining a British yacht club, and as a matter of fact if he is doing much sailing in British waters he is more than likely to belong to several clubs.

If the Emperor had started in to establish another international trophy, open to the world, these very critics who now abuse him for his illiberality would have been the first to attack him for attempting to destroy the prestige of the America Cup.

Lord Dunraven and the New York Y. C.

The following letter appears in the *Field* of Jan. 14: Sir—Having represented Lord Dunraven in New York in the matter of the negotiations for the race for the America Cup this coming autumn, I have read with much interest your report of the meeting of the N. Y. Y. C. Dec. 13, and your comments thereon.

At the annual dinner of the club last winter, the chairman of the regatta committee referred to the demoralized condition of racing in the big clubs on both sides of the Atlantic, and expressed a hope that something might be done to meet the objections raised against the deed of gift of 1887, so that international racing might be resumed.

Lord Dunraven, it is well known, was equally anxious that, for the sake of sport, racing for the blue ribbon of the sea should be resuscitated, and expressed his willingness to challenge if the objectionable features of the deed of 1887 were overcome.

Both sides, generally recognized on both sides of the Atlantic that a mistake was made when framing this deed, in producing a document calculated rather to addle the brains of sea lawyers than to promote friendly rivalry and sport, and I think there is no doubt that the dimension clause, and the no time allowance clause (the latter in the event of failure of mutual agreement) are almost as strongly objected to in America as over here.

At the same time, it must be borne in mind that not many years ago we were unwise enough to bar centerboards, and that, unfortunately, a very serious error was made in the statement as to Thistle's L.W.L., when the challenge of 1886 was issued, causes which led Americans to feel that they must protect themselves, first as to the challenge; secondly, as to protection for the centerboard should they become challengers.

Both sides, therefore, desiring a race and the renewal of sport, negotiations were commenced with the view of bringing about the event under such conditions as might be mutually satisfactory.

It was perfectly well understood *ab initio* by the various members of the club, who were approached in the premises, and also by the cup committee, that, whether rightly or wrongly, the deed of 1887 was objected to here, and that no English club would challenge unless its conditions were modified or amended, and on this premise the negotiations were conducted.

Lord Dunraven, no doubt recognizing the value of many clauses to the deed of 1887, and without wishing to recapitulate them in his preliminary letter of Sept. 10, took the deed as a basis to work upon, eliminated the dimension clause, made proposals to cover exactness of design in referring to the L.W.L. as to time allowance, and so forth. The N. Y. Y. C., in a sporting spirit, practically accepted all his conditions, and in due course the formal challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron followed. Neither the formal challenge nor the acceptance thereof alludes to the deed of 1887, and it is expressly stipulated that, should Valkyrie win the cup, the Squadron holds it subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those contained in its challenge.

When Gen. Paine's original resolution, read before the club, was merely passed on to Lord Dunraven without embodying this condition, the latter at once called this "is Valkyrie over again, equally impossible, &c.," and upon this being passed on to Gen. Paine, steps were at once taken to give effect by cable to Lord Dunraven's requirement. I cannot conceive anything more fair than this. It is true that the Squadron cannot refuse a challenge according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887; but it is conceivable that any one but an absolute lunatic would challenge under the deed of 1887, giving all his dimensions, etc., when he receives a challenge from the N. Y. Y. C.

It is, of course, understood that if Valkyrie wins the cup, the document to be signed by the Squadron in accepting it will embody Clause 3 of the Squadron's challenge; and is it not true, Sir, as you remark, that the N. Y. Y. C. has set a precedent of accepting a challenge upon terms less onerous than those set forth in its deed, and is it not probable also that the terms objected to in the deed will become a dead letter? Our racing rules and conditions have not been passed by the past, and in the interest of sport there must be some give-and-take. The N. Y. Y. C. have, I think, in this instance shown their desire for sport and fair play, and, as a direct outcome of Lord Dunraven's persistency, we shall undoubtedly see this summer, on both sides of the western ocean, the finest big cutter racing that has ever been witnessed.

Many Americans think that the deed of 1887, with its mutual agreement to racing rules and conditions, is a challenge can be construed in almost any conceivable way, is less objectionable than the deed or conditions of the Royal Victoria Gold Cup, which *inter alia* compel a challenger to give his sail area (i.e., L.W.L. and rating according to the Y. R. A.); to sail inside courses in strong tidal waters, and which, for instance, obliges Mr. Royal Carroll, if he wins this year, to defend the cup in American waters according to the rules and regulations of the Y. R. A. for the time being.

Let it be understood here that there are no better sportsmen, no more hospitable hosts afloat or ashore than our American cousins, and we shall soon be able to dispense with legal documents and volumes of cable correspondence, and enjoy international racing every summer. MATT LAND KERSEY.

No. 33 St. James Place, S. W., Jan. 6.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

At a meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, at the Parker House, on Jan. 17 the following officers were elected: Com., W. P. Fowle; Vice-Com., J. P. Loud; Rear Com., D. C. Percival, Jr.; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., J. W. Dunlop. Executive Committee, John L. Sargent, Jr., W. S. Eaton, Jr., Robert C. Henderson, Henry Taggard, G. W. Mansfield, J. B. Paine, H. F. Benson, A. G. Wood, Membership Committee—Herman Parker, J. W. Hodgkins, R. H. W. Dwight, F. C. Newhall. House Committee—W. I. Field, J. B. Forsyth, Albert Poor. Board of Judges—Daniel Appleton, G. W. Mansfield, W. N. Merriam, D. H. Follett, Jr., D. W. Lane.

Iroquois, schr., arrived at Jacksonville on Jan. 17, ten days out from New York. The weather was very bad all the way, with strong head winds or bad following seas. Ella, steam yacht, of Baltimore, was also in port on Jan. 18.

Ituna, steam yacht, has been sold by Vice-Com. Morgan to August Belmont, owner of Mineola, which gives additional color to the report that Mr. Morgan has purchased the May, although this report has been contradicted this week. Ituna was designed by Watson and brought out from England last year by Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Archibald Rogers has resigned from the America Cup committee, as he is the head of the syndicate which will own one of the new yachts. Mr. Phillip Schuyler has been appointed in his place.

The 46-ft. class is largely on the sale list. Wasp, Gloriana, Harpoon, Barbara and Mineola. There is no reason why this fleet should not make good racing through the season in new hands, the best of them are so nearly equal that it would be but a matter of handling between them.

The Hudson River Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., H. F. Allen; Vice-Com., E. Langerfeld; Sec'y, A. G. Bucholz; Treas., R. V. Freeman; Meas., D. Little; Fleet Surg., Dr. William Grogan; John L. Sargent, Jr., Trustee; Joseph H. Henderson, John Kelly, T. P. Wilson, S. E. Burris, J. E. Grover, George Allen, E. Helmstadt, C. Walden and R. V. Freeman.

A very sensational report was cabled from Nice last week to the effect that John N. Luning, of the New York Y. C., had become insane aboard of his yacht Alert and had been taken to an insane asylum in Paris. The Alert arrived at Nice on Dec. 20, having left New York on Dec. 20 and spent some time in English waters. With Mr. Luning were Charles M. Donnelly, Reginald Travers and Mr. Olcott, all of New York. The story of insanity is denied by Mr. Luning's friends, but there is no doubt as to the fact of his serious illness and temporary derangement. He is now in Paris, while the yacht has sailed for New York.

Atlantic, schr., is frozen in at Bridgeport, Conn., but will start on a Southern cruise as soon as she is free. Mr. C. B. Seeley, one of her owners, has been laid up with a broken leg from a skating accident, but will accompany the yacht.

Sagamore, steam yacht, Mr. E. M. Fulton, Jr., arrived at Bermuda on Jan. 17 and was to sail in a few days for New York.

The Quantum (Class.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. S. McFaint; Vice-Com., C. H. Johnson; Treas., F. E. Balger; Sec'y, J. E. Drew; Fin. Sec., G. H. de Huif; Fleet Capt., J. N. Tewksbury; Directors, the Board of officers and Hamilton Flood, A. W. de Huif and W. E. Murrill.

The Y. C. Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., N. L. Weatherly; Vice-Com., C. E. Wilson; Sec'y, W. S. Hyde; Fin. Sec., M. L. Barnes; Treas., Geo. Hirsop, Jr.; Trustees for three years, N. L. Weatherly, J. E. Van Hagen; Meas., J. E. Van Hagen.

At the annual meeting of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Frank B. Hower; Vice-Com., A. S. Chisholm; Hon. Sec., Howard A. Baker; Treas., W. C. Cowles; Meas., Fred L. Bennett; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. P. Hussey; Dr. H. D. Mickle; Directors, H. D. Williams, L. D. Northrup, J. S. Thompson, H. M. Birge. The new club house, a handsome three-story building, will be commenced shortly, \$25,000 having been subscribed. The yacht Volante has been purchased in Boston and will be brought to the lake.

Miranda, schr., is now at South Brooklyn completing her fitting out. It is reported that Mr. Coleman will sail her out to San Francisco by way of the Suez Canal.

Restless, steam yacht, has been sold to Messrs. Sibley and Barringer of Michigan.

Rockford, Ill., has a steam yacht club.

At Monument Beach, C. C. Hanley has a shop full of new Cape cats, one for F. W. Flint, of Larchmont, owner of Nymph, 40-footer; one for W. W. Winslip, to be 30 ft. over all and 24 ft. L.W.L.; one for A. A. Beebe, of Boston; one of 20 ft. for Henry Steers of New York, and a steam launch for Mellen Bray, of Boston. The Steers boat was designed by her owner. The Winslip boat will be 30 ft. over all, of light build, double skin, with a 10 ft. bronze board.

Saunders, at Bristol, is building three cruising yachts: one for W. G. Lord, of Brooklyn, to be 30 ft. over all, 23 ft. L.W.L., 9 ft. beam, and 5 ft. draft, with lead keel of two tons. Another is for C. H. Merriam, of Providence, to be 23 ft. 6 in. over all, 20 ft. L.W.L., 9 ft. beam and 6 ft. 3 in. draft, with over 6 ft. headroom.

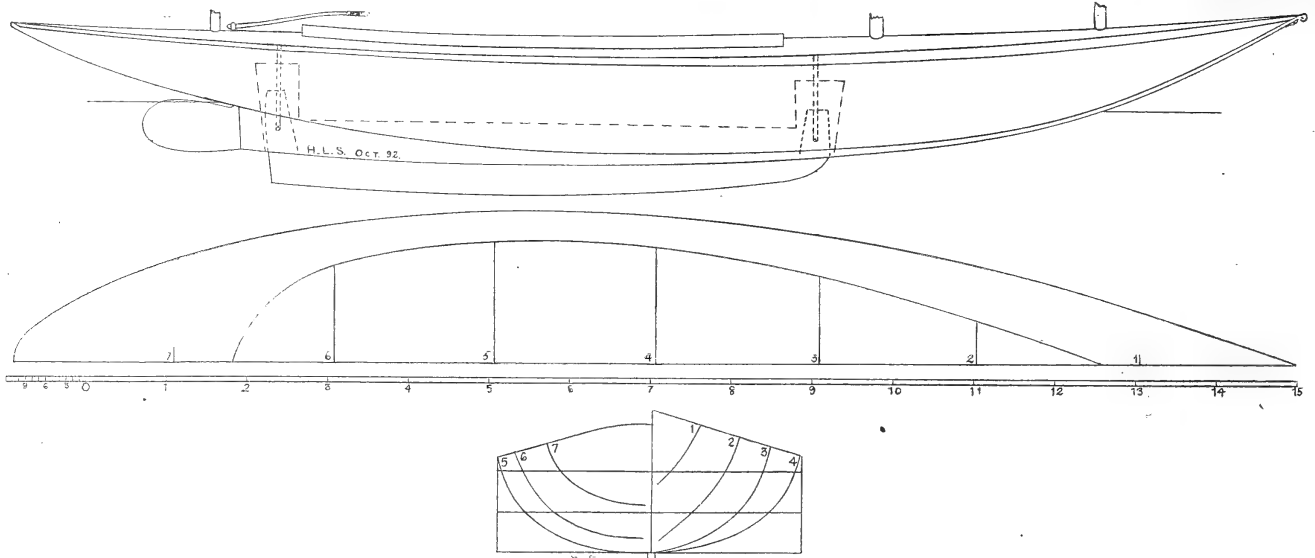
Lawley & Co. have a number of yachts of all classes under way, the largest being a composite steam yacht designed by Geo. F. Lawley. She will be 102 ft. over all, 93 ft. L.W.L., 15 ft. beam and 7 ft. draft, with triple compound engine and Almy boiler. She will be schooner rigged. The firm will build a 31 ft. fin-keel from Stewart & Binney's design. About 100 men are at work in the yard.

Shelton & Co., of Boston, will build a steam yacht of 90 ft. L.W.L., designed by L. C. Hanscom, their designer; also a 21 ft. jib and mainsail boat for W. F. Spun, and a 20 ft. catboat.

Waterhouse & Chesebrough have designed a 20 ft. L.W.L. fin-keel cruiser, to be used about Narragansett Bay. She will be 30 ft. over all, 7 ft. 6 in. beam, 5 ft. 6 in. draft, including a 3 ft. fin, and will carry a cigar of 3,000 lbs. weight. The cabin will have 5 ft. headroom; she will be rigged as a cat yawl.

Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Del., are building a steam yacht for Mr. Wm. Dupont.

This committee has no recommendations to make for changes in



"MINGO"—SPOONBILL CRUISER.

laws or rules, as it is evidently most desirable that any changes which might be required should be framed by the new committee who are to administer them. There were some doubts as to the correct meaning and reading of Rule 1, but the general provisions of the rules as they stand seem to be satisfactory.

The full accounts of the regatta committee are as follows:

PRIZE FUND.			
<i>Receipts.</i>		<i>Expenses.</i>	
Subscriptions, as per list....	\$85.00	Paid Rehm & Co. for 3 bunting flags.....	\$4.50
	\$85.00	Balance in hand for prize fund.....	80.00
			\$85.00
GENERAL EXPENDITURES.			
Printing circulars, Corlies, Macy & Co.....			\$3.50
Exchange of log, as arranged by Com. Lawson, S. Thaxter & Co.....			5.00
Sailing numbers, E. N. Little.....			15.00
Rope and wire for buoys.....			9.11
Labor at camp.....			16.50
			\$49.11

Vouchers for these items are herewith submitted.

(Signed) Respectfully submitted,

R. S. OLIVER,
E. H. BARNEY,
H. LANSING QUICK,
FORD JONES,
R. W. GIBSON, Chairman.

Regatta Committee.

REPORT OF CAMP SITE COMMITTEE—1892.

<i>Expenses.</i>		<i>Receipts.</i>	
Labor.....	\$215.57	Lumber, floors and labor.....	\$186.44
Lumber.....	132.82	Lumber and floors sold Mr.	
Hardware.....	26.28	Baber.....	60.00
	<u>\$374.67</u>	Net cost to A. C. A.....	128.23
			<u>\$374.67</u>
(Signed)		WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, Chairman.	

(Signed) WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, Chairman.

Singlehanders and Small Cruisers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the close of the racing season on White Bear Lake in October a sailor comrade who is quite handy as an amateur woodworker asked me to fix up a spoonbill within his ability as a builder for use on the river under either sails or oars. Residing in town he desired a fairly light and fast boat for occasional cruises, with or without a companion, on the Mississippi, Minnesota and lower St. Croix, on such days when the yachting contests at the lake would not demand attention. So one evening the following design was projected. Before ice interfered with aquatic sport he had completed and given it several trials. The little cruiser is 16ft. over all, 11ft. l.w.l. and 3ft. 10in. beam, carrying a main and mizzen of 125 sq. ft. with an extra mast step for a single rig.

As the deep dropping board is frequently a cause of embarrassment in river sailing, the device illustrated was adopted and, with good results. This form of board is not new to some boatmen, but its mode of suspension whereby either end, or the entire plate, can be dropped or hoisted without jamming has not to my knowledge ever been utilized by any other than the subscribing boat crank. The plate and arms are of quarter inch plate iron copper bronzed, and when dropped the upper edge lies just within the external keel, and by drawing a couple of pins the whole board can be quickly released to facilitate sundry purposes in lightening the boat. The floor is raised to the top of the shallow trunk, on either side of which are detachable floor strips to give foot room when working a spruce breeze.

Pine enters solely into the construction, except the ribs, which are of white oak, and the clamps and coaming, wrought out of elm; planking is 3/4 in. thick, rather broad strakes put on carvel build, and the deck is of 1/2 in. stuff covered with muslin laid in paint and varnish. Tight bulkheads are fitted at stations 1 and 7, being the moulds used in building. The total cost of materials used in the hull, rig and fittings, fell inside of \$15, but the estimation of value reaches a fair figure based on careful workmanship and finish as well as ability of performance.

Mingo, the present design, shows several departures from the sneak-boat type, and, in the orthodox style of moulding in which fair lines dominate, and are augmented forward by the addition of the false stern or moulded keel band which carries out the lines, giving a fine entrance.

But the original sneak-box method of construction is preserved which, while being strong, having the rigidity of a well hooped barrel, and offering no direct lines of resistance to any shock of collision, or trusting strain, is so well adapted for amateur work both in economy and facility of construction.

CATGGA.

ST. PAUL, January, 1893.

P. S. I trust both the editor and my esteemed Cobourg controversialist will not institute proceedings for any infringement on their "spoonbill" form of architecture.

With or Without.

The Herreshoff fin-keel is now generally admitted to be a sailing appliance of undoubted value, combining as it does the lowest possible center of gravity with the most effective plane of lateral resistance.

In practice it is usually a rectangular plate with a "cigar" of lead attached to its lower edge, and it is either fastened permanently to the keel or drops vertically through a low trunk; and while it is unquestionably an efficient device it becomes a source of danger when sailing on unknown waters. Now, it is for just this kind of work that the old pivoted boat or "Dutch lead line" is admirably adapted, as it will rise at once on taking ground.

The writer has sought to combine the desirable features of both board and fin-keel in the board he has devised, and the reader can decide in how far successful he has been from the accompanying drawings. The lead hangs entirely in the keel and is held there by the rods C C (Fig. 1), which screw into sockets in both ends. The board, as will be seen, is pivoted at its forward end in the lead and is worked like, and in fact is, an ordinary centerboard.

Now, let us suppose we are sailing in deep water with insufficient ballast and a puffy wind, under the very conditions that a fin-keel becomes invaluable. To obtain the keel one has only to push a pin through the middle of the board at E or rather the pin would already be in place with the board hoisted, then unscrew the rods C C when the pin, E, would take the whole weight of the board and lead, withdraw the pin and drop the board until the handle, D, rests on the top of the trunk. The lead will now hang horizontally at the bottom of the board supported at the forward end by the pivot A and at the after end by the projecting spur B, which cannot pass through the slot in the lead, and there you have your fin-keel.

Very good, you will say, but you forget the big slot which will tear up the water to the detriment of speed, as it would undoubtedly do were it not for a stout brass plate, Fig. 5, which lies on top of the lead and just fits the slots. The plate, which is slotted for the board, would drop with the board were it not for the small ears, A, Fig. 5, which bring up on the brass edge of the centerboard slot, making the bottom flush and smooth. The radial sweep of the front and rear edges of the board are alike for the purpose of filling the slot in the brass plate when lowered in order to prevent any swinging in a fore and aft direction. The sweep will cause the board to drop aft slightly as it goes down, but this is rather an advantage than otherwise, as it changes the center rather less than if it dropped vertically. Fig. 4 shows the horizontal section of the lead. In Fig. 3 the shape of the lead as shown is not arbitrary and could very well be changed, to a triangular section should it be thought that the flat top as shown would affect the scending of the boat.

I will say in conclusion that the board has not been carried beyond the drawings, which by the way are not accurate enough to work from, although they will answer to illustrate the principle. I have omitted many details in the drawings lest they might obscure the principal features of the plans.

ROBT. H. PEEBLES.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Shuh-Shuh-Gah C. C., of Winchester, Mass., the following officers were elected: Capt. Raymond Apollonio; Lieut. F. B. Moulton; Sec'y. Harry C. Holt; Purser, Roland Cutter, Member of Ex. Com. at Large, J. Murray Marshall.

The Park Island Canoeing Association held its annual meeting on Jan. 11 and elected the following officers: Pres. C. E. Booz; Vice-Pres. E. D. Anderson; Sec'y-Treas. C. Lawrence; Trustees, Fred B. Yard, J. B. Agnew, Clark Cooper, Fred W. Donnelly and J. Wallace Hoff.

The Knickerbocker C. C. has elected the following officers: Com.,

E. C. Griffin; Vice-Com., A. E. Whitman; Sec'y, J. K. Hand; Treas., J. P. O'Shea; Meas., F. C. Moore.

The Canoeists' Club, of New York, held a meeting on Jan. 18 to reorganize for the present season and elected the following officers: President, Wm. Whitlock; Vice-Pres., L. D. Palmer; Sec'y, C. V. Schuyler; Treas., F. L. Dunnell; Members of the Council, R. Peebles, F. C. Moore, Jas. O'Shea, H. C. Ward and W. S. Elliott.

The Brooklyn C. C. has selected June 10 for its annual regatta off the club house, Atlantic Basin.

The present purser of the Central Division is Mr. Chas. E. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.

Mr. W. T. Markham, 5 Wiley street, Jersey City, is the secretary-treasurer of the Crescent C. C.

The annual meeting of the Hartford C. C. was held on Jan. 17, the following officers being re-elected: Pres., Dr. Geo. L. Parmele; Com., John D. Parker; Sec'y, Frederick B. Lewis; Treas., Wm. D. Davidson. These and Geo. D. Wright comprise the executive committee. The annual dinner of the club is to take place at the Heublein on Jan. 28.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1892-93.

COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: J. R. Lake.
REAR-COM.: H. L. Quick.
PURSER: F. L. Dunnell, B'klyn, N. Y.
EX. COM.: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: T. H. Stryker.
REAR-COM.: W. C. Witherbee.
PURSER: C. E. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.
EX. COM.: C. V. Winne, W. R. Hunt, Kingston.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: Geo. L. Parmele.
REAR-COM.: F. A. Sears.
PURSER: F. B. Lewis, Box 89, Hart'd.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, W. U. Law-son, R. Apollonio.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM.: J. N. MacKendrick.
REAR-COM.: F. Minns.
PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.
EX. COM.: C. E. Archbald, J. H. Car-negie.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address ing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Eureka, Kan.
Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Rear-Commodore—F. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. H. Crawford, S. N. Maxwell.
Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Ware, G. G. Case, M. D. Smith.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Yachts and Boats.

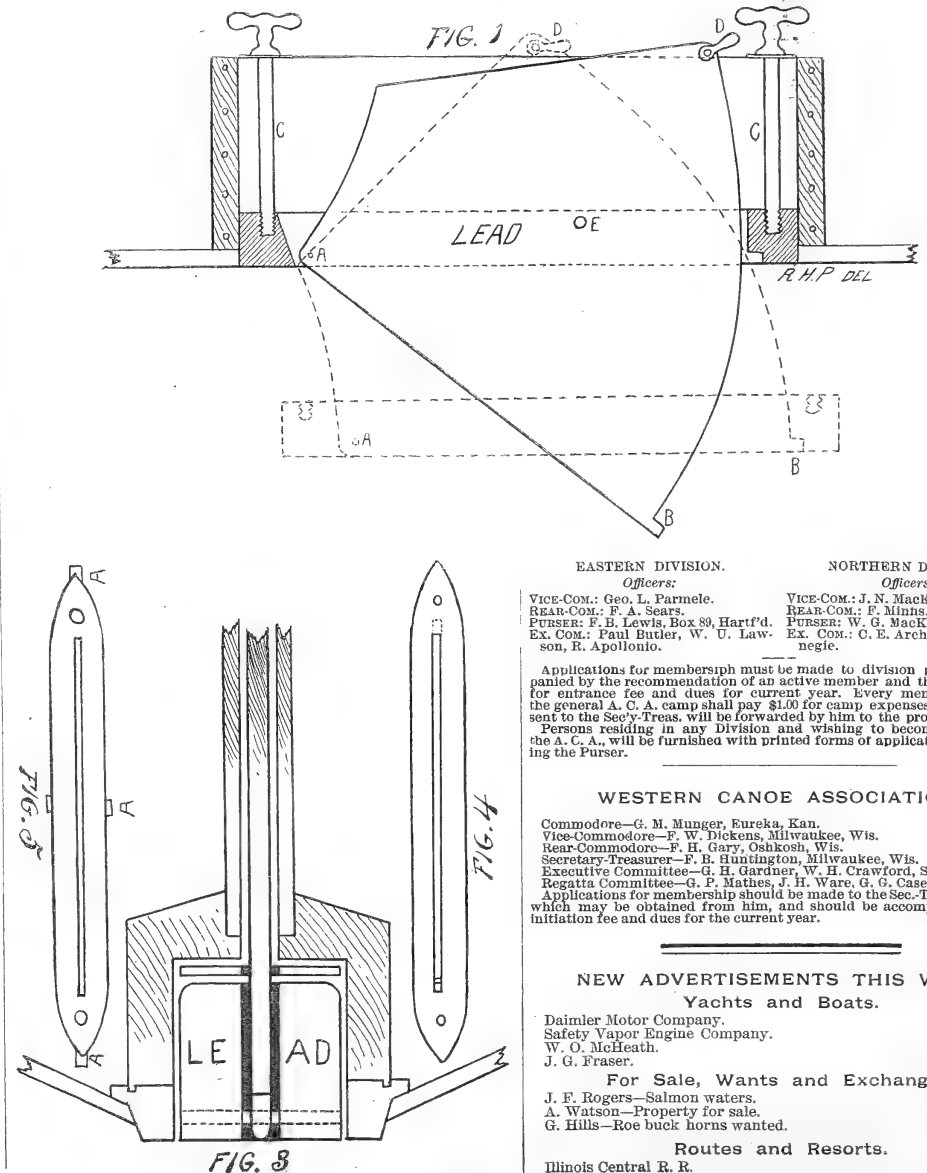
Daimler Motor Company.
Safety Vapor Engine Company.
W. O. McHeath.
J. G. Fraser.

For Sale, Wants and Exchanges.

J. F. Rogers—Salmon waters.
A. Watson—Property for sale.
G. Hills—Roe buck horns wanted.

Routes and Resorts.

Illinois Central R. R.



Rifle Range and Gallery.

Dorrlor's Fine Gallery Work.

For a number of years M. Dorrlor, the well-known expert of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York, has sustained the reputation of being the finest gallery shot in the country. Three years ago, in a 100-shot match, on the 75ft. ranges of the Our Own Club, in Newark, he made a world's record of 2,447 points on the German (4in.) ring target. This record has never been equalled. On Dec. 29, 1892, in a 50-shot match, on Zettler Brothers' ranges, 219 Bowery, with such an expert and nervy opponent as Bernard Walther, Mr. Dorrlor again established his claim to the title of champion gallery shot by scoring 1,235

New York Revolver and Pistol Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The following scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their regular weekly practice shoot Jan. 14, at their headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks place, 10 shots on standard American target, distance 20yds., S. & W. revolver:
B Walther, 44.....86 E Walz, 38.....80
H Oehl, 44.....85 F Hecking, 38.....73
G E Jantzer, 44.....82 F G Allen, 38 (Colts),.....72
G L Hoffman, 38.....80 F. HECKING, Sec.
Jan. 23.—Record scores made on the 21st:
H Oehl,.....92 G B Bishop,.....83 F Hecking,.....79
G E Jantzer,.....85 G L Hoffman,.....83 E Walz,.....83
The club will have a gallery prize shoot open to all at their headquarters, 219 Broadway, Jan. 28, 29 and 30. Any .22cal. rifle, .25-ring

strictly off-hand, 10 shots, possible 250, targets ¼in. ring, 1¼in. bull, ½in. center:

15yds.	25yds.
E L Gardener.....249	A J Yergey.....244
A J Yergey.....249	E L Gardener.....244
J L Wood.....247	J L Wood.....241
W Gilbert.....239	W Gilbert.....226
C Monday.....231	

WALTER GILBERT, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.
FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Jan. 31.—Union Gun Club tournament, Springfield, N. J. Live birds, February.—Live bird tournament on Erb's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 2.—Zwirlein's tournament, Yardville, N. J.
Feb. 9.—Newark Gun Club shoot, Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 14-16.—Reading Shooting Association, second spring tournament, at Shillington, Pa. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Address H. W. Matz, Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.
Feb. 14-16.—Forester Gun Club tournament, Davenport, Iowa.
Feb. 16.—Essex Gun Club shoot, on Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
Feb. 21-22.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia. Live birds and bluecock targets.
Feb. 21-23.—Oneida County Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Utica, N. Y. Live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—Live bird tournament, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 22.—Syracuse Gun Club, "Jack rabbit" tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 22.—J. L. Brewer vs. E. D. Fulford, 100 live birds each, for \$100 a side.
March 10.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.
May 2-4.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

It is rather curious that while shooters all over the country are crying down the practice of "dropping for holes," so few of them favor a system which will effectually do away with the practice. The only system which will do this is the "Jack Rabbit" system, and to our way of thinking, this should be the popular system. With this system any handicaps can be used. Of course the "Jack Rabbit" is not devised for the "pot-hunter," but after all the majority of this class are in receipt of salaries and expenses, and should not be considered in the arranging of a shoot. If clubs wish to add money to purses they can do so as well under the "Jack Rabbit" as any other system. The Harrisburg Shooting Association, Syracuse Gun Club and Rochester Rod and Gun Club have given this system a practical test and have pronounced strongly in its favor. Let other strong clubs arrange tournaments under this system and they will surely be assured of its value. It will not attract "pot-hunters," but what is better it will bring out the medium-paced shooters, who have been driven from the ranks by the "wolves." Ordinarily a man who shoots a 60 to 70 per cent. gait at a tournament gets nothing out of the purses, but under the "Jack Rabbit" system he is bound to get back from 60 to 70 per cent. of his money (less the cost of targets), while the man who shoots an 85 to 95 per cent. gait is getting back from 85 to 95 per cent. of his entrance money, besides coming in for a share of the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. division of the balance of the purse after broken targets are paid for. This still leaves the better shot a chance to get above his expenses, while the poorer shot is not left entirely "in the cold." The American Manufacturers' Association would do well to give this system a fair trial, combining with it Jack Parker's handicap. If this Association goes into the field with the above combination it will show its willingness to cater to all classes of shooters.

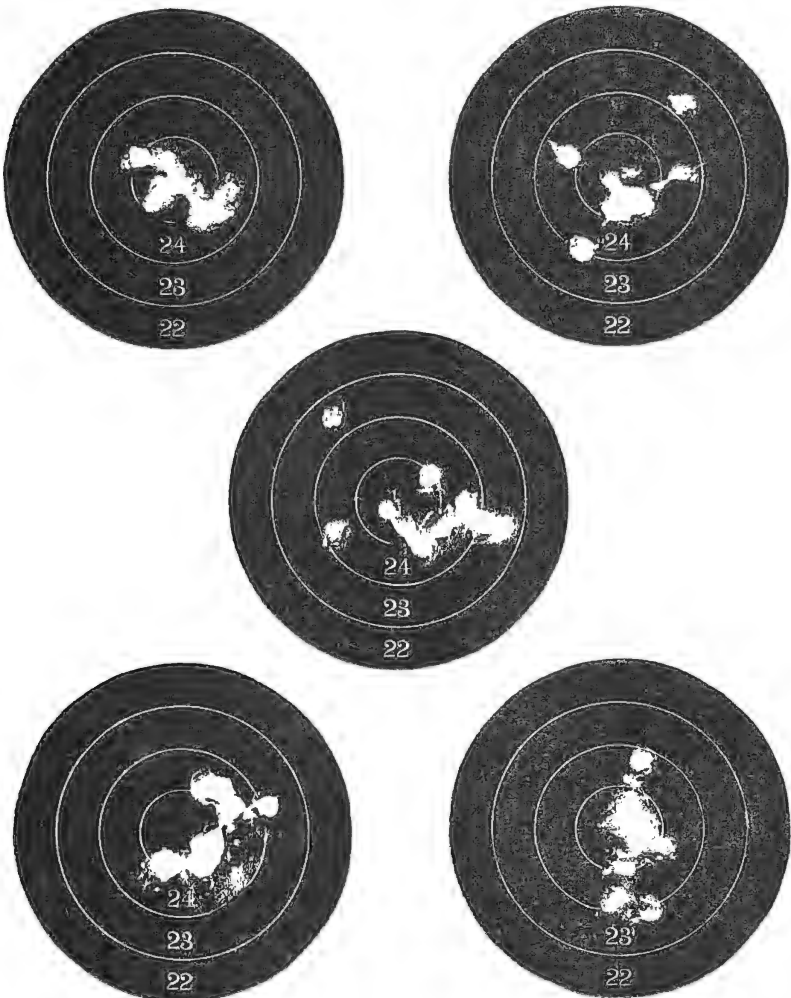
At the annual meeting of the Cleveland (O.) Gun Club, officers were elected as follows: President, C. C. Sigler; Vice-President, Dr. E. J. Cutler; Recording Secretary, S. S. Saffold; Treasurer, Fred A. Tamblin; financial secretary, F. H. Wallace. Directors were elected as follows: W. S. Harris, W. A. Babcock, Ralph Worthington. The report of the secretary showed that 37,572 targets were used during 1892. Hereafter the first shoot of each month will be at 50 singles from five traps, and the second shoot in each month will be at 30 singles and 10 pairs from three traps. Every member of the club will have a handicap, and a committee, comprising J. A. Flick, W. A. Babcock and W. H. Tamblin were appointed to arrange the handicap with the instruction to make it so that the poorer shooters of the club will have as good an opportunity to win the badges as the crack shots. The badges will be in number and the shooters will be divided into five classes. There will be a badge for each class. After the meeting a banquet was discussed, during which W. H. Tamblin was presented with the badge for the best average made in the shoots in 1892. This badge was donated by Will Huntington and is a beautiful one. Mr. Tamblin's average last year was 25 19-23. The club shoots were at 30 birds, and Mr. Tamblin's average then is very good indeed. Ralph Worthington was next best, his average being only a fraction of a bird under that made by Mr. Tamblin. The club's lease on the ground at Cedar Heights expires in June, and as the property has been sold it will not be possible to renew it. A committee has been appointed to look for new shooting grounds.

The Free Press, Detroit, Mich., says: "While the trap-shooters are preparing for an active season at artificial targets they should not overlook the fact that the Legislature is in session, and if they want to kill any live pigeons at the trap in the next two years, now is the time to act. Michigan has the same law in regard to pigeon killing that prevailed in almost every State at some time. Sections of the community would imagine that pigeon killing was a most inhuman sport and would prevail upon a Legislature to make it a misdemeanor. In nearly all the States which have been thus bothered the obnoxious law has been repealed and it devolves upon the sportsmen themselves to have the Michigan law set aside, for if they do not take any steps in this direction it is not like some of the societies that framed the law will do so. If the killing of pigeons resulted in a waste, and was merely to gratify a low-bred instinct on the part of the shooter, the law would be all right; but in England and among the fashionable clubs down East, no sport ranks higher. Then, too, there is never a pigeon shooting contest but that some neighboring hotels are ready to take the birds and serve them to the public, which does not run across morsels like well-cooked pigeons every day. The repealing of this law would revive interest in shooting and splendid tournaments could be held here with more at stake and more of the true sportsman air about them than the very low-priced target shoots now held every week or so."

Miss Annie Oakley, "Little Sure Shot," is living at Pompton, N. J. A Pompton paper is responsible for the statement that her feats of marksmanship are weaning the village children from their love of the school. And apropos, the Kansas City Journal of Jan. 12 says: "Miss Annie Oakley, the famous rifle shot, has started for a ride from New York to Chicago on a bicycle. She will give shooting exhibitions on the way." When the above item appeared, Miss Oakley was on Jersey soil. During the winter she has been keeping in practice and among other feats has mastered that of shooting at moving objects from the saddle of a safety bicycle, keeping the machine in rapid motion meanwhile. This will be one of her star feats during the World's Fair.

The Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia announces an all-day shoot at live pigeons to be held at Bridge Station, Philadelphia, on Feb. 6, beginning at 10 A. M. The main event will be at 25 pigeons, \$20 entry, the money to be divided on the basis of one money for every four men. There will also be sweepstake shooting before and after the above event. Entries for the 25 bird sweep will close with A. J. Rust, Alleghany avenue and Emerald street, Philadelphia, Feb. 3, and each entry must be accompanied with \$5 forfeit money. Mr. Rust, who is field captain of the above club, assures us that there will be plenty of good birds on hand, and expresses the hope that the New York and New Jersey shooters will attend, and take part in the fun, thus increasing the interest.

At the annual meeting of the Willamette Rod and Gun Club, of Portland, Oregon, the following officers were elected: J. S. Seed, Pres.



250 243 246 249 247
DORRLOR'S RECORD SCORE.

out of the possible 1,250 points, a record that is likely to stand for many days.
We publish herewith full-size fac-similes of Mr. Dorrlor's targets, which score respectively 243, 246, 247, 249 and 250. On Jan. 1, 1893, in a 100-shot match, on the 100ft. ranges at 12 St. Marks place, Mr. Dorrlor won the championship of New York with a total of 2,412 out of a possible 2,500 points. His targets showed, in order, 240, 245, 243, 240, 241, 240, 247, 241 and 241.
In both the above record-breaking feats Mr. Dorrlor used a .22cal. Ballard rifle, with peep and globe sights, 28in. barrel, weight 6lbs. 6oz., trigger pull 3lbs., and used the United States Cartridge Company's new .22-short ammunition.

Port Chester.

PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Saturday, Jan. 21.—200yds., off-hand, standard American target:	
V Horn.....	5 6 7 8 9 6 5 8 10 9-73
T H Bell.....	6 9 10 6 7 7 10 9 7 10-81-154
R Rudd.....	9 6 5 8 9 8 7 5 7-71
E Dunham.....	8 10 8 4 9 7 9 5 7 6-73-144
F A Bachman.....	6 6 5 8 4 5 9 5 8 10-64
T Kiernan.....	7 8 9 6 7 6 8 4 7 10-72-136
R McNeil, Jr.....	4 2 3 8 3 2 6 8 5 8-40
H Sherman.....	9 7 7 8 6 5 3 10 5 6-68-117
	7 5 4 8 10 5 7 5 3 5-59
	6 6 5 5 5 6 5 6 6-56-115
	7 5 7 5 5 5 3 6 7-54
	7 4 4 6 3 5 7 4 3 4-56-110
	8 5 5 5 5 4 4 3 4 5-41
	5 7 5 5 3 5 5 5 7 6-53-04
R. McNEIL, JR., Secretary	

Syracuse Rifle Club.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 18.—The following are scores of members of the Syracuse Rifle Club at Maple Bay to-day, distance 20yds., standard American target. Rest:
*Frazier.....12 12 11 12 12 11 12 4 11 12-109
*Leighton.....11 11 10 9 12 9 11 10 9 12-104
11 9 12 8 9 12 9 11 9 12-102
12 12 12 8 9 9 11 8 12 8-101

* Double rest and telescope.	
Off-Hand.	
Seely.....	10 10 5 10 10 7 7 9 8 8-84
	6 9 9 8 7 7 9 8 10 9-82
	8 7 10 7 9 6 10 9 5 7-81
	8 8 8 6 9 5 9 9 8 8-79
Ball.....	6 9 5 6 5 7 5 9 9 9-70
	7 5 9 5 5 5 8 8 7 8-67
	4 8 4 5 6 7 6 6 6 6-60
Lathrop.....	8 6 6 4 5 6 6 10 4 6-60
Robotham.....	5 6 6 6 2 7 8 5 10 5-60
Sec.	

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The members of the Zettler Rifle Club held their regular weekly shoot at their headquarters, 219 Bowery, on Tuesday evening, with the following results, 10 shots per man, possible 250 points:
N Dorrlor.....248 B Zettler.....242
H Holges.....247 F Strate.....239
C G Zettler.....247 F Schmidt.....230
M B Engel.....245 L Schmidt.....238
B Walther.....245 J Beltrami.....230
F C Ross.....245 J P Mielbacher.....207

target, tickets 50 cents for three shots, tickets unlimited but only one prize obtainable by one shooter, best two tickets to count. Ring target, 15 prizes, \$25 to \$1. Bulls-eye target, open to all comers, three shots 50 cents, 4in. bulls-eye, entries unlimited. For the best center shots by measurement, 10 prizes, \$10 to \$1. Shooting will commence each day at 1 o'clock P. M. and close at 12 o'clock P. M. Intermission from 6 to 7 P. M. Ring target will close Monday evening at 11 o'clock. Bulls-eye target will close Monday evening at 10 o'clock. GUS NOWAK, Sec. B. WALTHER, Pres.

Mugs vs. Chumps.

THE MUGS RIFLE CLUB vs. THE CHUMPS RIFLE CLUB, distance 25yds. Jan. 16:

Mugs Rifle Club.	
Rebhan.....	25 24 24 23 23 23 23 22 17-227
Mahlenbrock.....	24 24 24 23 23 23 23 22 30-225
Steuber.....	25 25 25 25 24 24 24 24 33-242
Boff.....	25 24 24 23 22 21 21 21 20-221
Reynolds.....	25 25 23 23 23 23 23 22 21-227
Graf.....	24 23 23 23 23 21 21 21 21-215
Stadlerman.....	23 23 23 23 21 20 20 19 18-215
Middleton.....	25 23 23 23 22 22 22 21 19-218
Heidoff.....	25 25 24 23 23 23 22 21 19-223
Piffenberger.....	25 21 21 21 21 20 20 19 15-203-2216
Chumps Rifle Club.	
Bird.....	25 25 25 24 23 22 22 22 21-230
Hansen.....	25 24 23 23 23 22 22 21 18-223
Matz.....	25 25 25 25 25 24 23 23 22-240
Braun.....	25 25 24 24 24 22 22 21 20-226
Buch.....	25 25 23 23 23 23 23 21 21-227
Smith.....	25 25 25 23 23 23 23 22 22-234
Boddy.....	25 23 22 21 19 22 24 24 22-216
Ingram.....	25 25 25 25 24 23 23 23 21-236
Meyer.....	25 24 24 23 22 21 21 20 18-215
Stevens.....	24 20 20 17 16 15 15 0 0-127-2190

Our Own vs. Hudson.

OUR OWN RIFLE CLUB vs. HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, shot on Hudson Rifle Club range, distance 25yds., first match of a series, Jan. 16.

Our Own Rifle Club.	
G Goerk.....	24 23 23 23 25 22 22 24 24 23-233
J Bauder (Capt.).....	22 24 22 25 23 25 24 24 23 25-237
C R Townsend.....	24 22 10 22 22 24 19 22 24-220
J Heber.....	16 23 22 21 19 22 24 24 22 23-216
A Donnelly.....	23 24 23 24 24 21 21 23 23 22-219
C Roh.....	22 21 23 22 23 20 25 24 23 22-224
J Coppersmith.....	25 23 23 24 24 25 25 24 24 25-241
G Weisman.....	23 25 23 23 21 24 25 22 24-235
Albert Wolf.....	15 23 19 15 21 21 24 25 19 22-183-2242
Hudson Rifle Club.	
H L Hansen.....	23 24 21 21 23 22 22 18 23 24-222
H Mahlenbrock.....	22 23 20 25 20 23 24 21 25 25-228
J Rebhan.....	24 23 25 24 23 23 23 23 25-236
A Braun, Sr.....	21 23 10 24 22 24 24 23 25 22-226
H Boddy.....	21 23 21 22 23 21 21 20 23 25-221
A Malz.....	23 23 20 30 35 22 24 23 25-228
C E Bird (Capt.).....	24 23 23 22 24 25 24 25 23-234
J Smith.....	20 22 25 24 24 20 24 21 22 13-225
E P Ingram.....	21 22 23 23 18 24 24 16 25 23-219
A Steuber.....	24 24 25 25 25 23 24 25 24 25-243-2282

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., Jan. 21.—The following completes the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club week ending Jan. 21, open air range,

dent: Judge S. H. Greene, Vice-President; G. M. Stearns, Treasurer; A. E. Guist, Secretary; J. S. Seed, Al Lambert and Frank Laise, Judiciary Committee. The reports of the retiring officers show that the club has 111 members and is in a sound condition. Judge S. H. Greene and Capt. Joe Paquet, who were appointed at the last meeting to draft and report to the club a bill for the appointment of a game warden, and to provide for the better protection of game, made their report, which received the indorsement of the club. Captain Paquet was appointed to go to Salem and lobby for the passage of the bill by the Legislature.

PORTLAND, ORE., Jan. 10. At a recent meeting of sportsmen held in this city the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club was organized, the object of the club being to protect game and fish and promote the general interests of sportsmen in this city. The constitution and by-laws of the old Multnomah Rod and Gun Club were adopted by the new club with a few changes and amendments. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: W. Chapman, President; Dr. F. Cauthorn, Vice-President; T. G. Farrell, Secretary; I. Humanson, Treasurer; Frank Thorn, Field Captain. It was decided that the club apply for membership in the Northwest Sportsmen's Association. A committee was appointed to secure permanent quarters for the club. Following is list of the charter members: H. F. Hudson, W. L. Storey, J. Seed, T. G. Farrell, D. Williams, J. H. Humanson, C. E. Cauthorn, E. W. Moore, Frank Thorn, C. L. Doty, Jas. Carragher, J. W. Keen and W. Chapman.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association held its first meeting under the new charter at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, Jan. 23. The following officers were elected: President, Charles Tatham; Vice-President, O. D. Delano; Secretary, H. A. Penrose; Treasurer, J. A. H. Dressel; Executive Committee—Charles Tatham, J. A. H. Dressel and Justus von Lengerke; Classification Committee—H. A. Penrose, Noel E. Money and Justus von Lengerke. The Board of Directors consists of Justus von Lengerke, H. A. Penrose, Noel E. Money, J. A. H. Dressel, Charles Tatham and George Sampson.

The Riverside Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., has elected the following officers: President, Charles W. Peart; First Vice-President, H. Peeters; Second Vice-President, W. Pauckner; Third Vice-President, W. H. Davenport; Secretary, W. E. Abbs; Corresponding Secretary, H. Peeters; Treasurer, B. G. Gibb; Shooting Master, John Pauckner; Assistant Shooting Master, W. Peeters; Fishing Master, J. N. Bates; Assistant Fishing Master, M. E. Perry; Directors, Charles W. Peart, H. Peeters, W. E. Abbs, B. G. Gibb, John Pauckner, W. Peeters, J. N. Bates.

The newly organized Hell Gate Gun Club held its first shoot on the Pelhamville grounds on Jan. 20, each man shooting at 10 live birds, handicap rises. The scores follow: Doenick, 28yds., 8; A. Kiechle, 25 yds., 6; H. Hanlein, 25yds., 6; A. Moeller, 25yds., 5; C. Weber, 25yds., 5; L. Miller, 25yds., 2; Col. J. H. Voss, 30yds., 6; J. Schubert, 25yds., 2; J. Linck, 25yds., 6; Ch. Rieger, 25yds., 7; J. Danneberg, 25yds., 6; E. Foerster, 25 yds., 9; G. Schaefer, 27yds., 7; S. Schaefer, 27yds., 10; F. Drostel, 28yds., 4. E. Foerster won the first-class badge and S. Schaefer that of the second class.

MATTAWAN, N. J., Jan. 19.—The annual meeting of the Midway Gun Club took place to-day, and the following officers were elected: President, John Applegate; Treasurer, James H. Bedlee; Secretary, Daniel W. Walling. The shooting which followed resulted as follows: First event, for gold club badge, 10 live birds, Hurlingham rules: E. Mulcahy and John Terhune each killed 5, and on shooting off Mulcahy won. In a 7-bird sweepstake Mulcahy won, killing 6, Frank Worrell being second with 5. The final event was a miss-and-out, which was won by Charles Muirhead.

The annual meeting of the Erie Gun Club was held on Jan. 14. The election of officers resulted as follows: Frederick Graef, President; M. Elssasser, Vice-President; Carston Plate, Treasurer; C. H. Lührsen, Secretary; D. J. Lynch, Captain. A resolution to amend the shooting rules for the year was adopted. It was decided to handicap the shooters according to classes as follows: Class A, 27 to 30yds.; Class B, 25 to 27yds.; Class C, 23 to 25yds., the best average scores of 7 shoots out of 12 to count for the winner of the prize in his class.

NORRISTOWN, PA., Jan. 21.—A grand shooting match at standard targets, rapid firing and class shooting, will be held on the Penn Gun Club grounds, Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa., on Saturday, March 18, for a first-class Parker breech-loading, double-barrel 12-gauge gun and a \$50 gold piece. Tickets 50 cents, birds free. Shoot to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. Come one and all and have a good time. Squire loaded shells for sale at the shoot. Sweepstake after the match.

At the annual meeting of the Syracuse Gun Club these officers were elected: President, H. H. McMurtry; First Vice-President, W. A. Holden; Second Vice-President, H. M. Chase; Secretary, A. C. Ginty; Treasurer, C. L. Becker; Executive Committee, George H. Mann, H. R. Becker, A. S. Spangler; Field Committee, A. S. Spangler, George H. Mann, H. R. Becker; Delegates to the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, C. L. Becker, H. M. Chase, A. C. Ginty, W. E. Hookway, W. A. Holden.

The West End Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., has decided to incorporate with a capital stock of \$3,000, of which nearly \$2,000 has already been subscribed. The club will purchase ground in a central location and erect a cosy club house. The officers are as follows: President, Henry Frahm; Vice-President, George Raible; Secretary-Treasurer, Sam Hoffman; Directors, Henry Frahm, George Raible, W. F. Sitz, Carl Thode, Sam Hoffman, Edward Emerson, J. J. Friday.

Herr Bilderbock, of Wilmington, Del., wonders how a club can afford to hold shoots under the "Jack Rabbit" system, under which you pay 10 cents for each target broken, the balance, if any, to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. among the highest three scores. Herr Bilderbock is advised that the above money comprises the "entrance money" to an event, the targets being an extra charge and not included in said entrance money.

From time to time we receive applications from various sportsmen asking for opinions as to the pattern, penetration, etc., of one powder as compared to another. For obvious reasons we must decline to give opinions, not only on the above subjects, but also as to the shooting qualities, etc., of the various makes of firearms. These queries should properly be submitted to the manufacturers of firearms and ammunition.

What has become of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, formed at Martinsburg last summer? The members of the Island City Gun Club, of Wheeling, did their share toward awakening an interest in the sport, but it is not likely that they received any support from other places. An association of this character is sadly needed in the State.

A. E. Spangler, for several years manager of the engraving department of the Hunter Arms Company, has resigned his position and is about to return to Cincinnati, his old home. Mr. Spangler is the inventor of the famous Spangler crimper and is well known to sportsmen throughout the country. He will be missed by his Syracuse friends.

The Rahway (N. J.) Gun Club held a shoot on its Milton avenue grounds on Jan. 21, each man shooting at 10 live pigeons. The scores: W. Tucker 12, W. H. Kelly 6, J. Bernhard 8, H. Blove 18, S. Crowell 10, J. Lawrence 10, W. McGrath 11, H. Mead 6, G. Wilson 9, G. Potter 7, A. Crane 1, H. Harris 10, G. Goodman 9, M. H. Acken 10, J. Mead 10, J. L. Crowell 11, Geo. Acken 10.

In its election of officers the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League was guilty of an oversight in not electing an official scorer. It is absolutely necessary that the League should have such an official, who should receive a salary for properly keeping the scores in manifold. His duties should comprise looking after sweepstakes as well as team scores.

The Union College Gun Club, of Schenectady, N. Y., held a shoot on Jan. 19. In the first event, at 10 United States targets, D. N. Tallman scored 9, B. H. Sanders 8, L. C. Baker 7, G. H. Miller 6, E. D. Lines 6, L. Meliens 5, F. Baldwin 5. Event No. 2 was at 15 targets in which Miller broke 14, Tallman 14, Meliens 11 and Lines 11.

The Lancaster (O.) Rod and Gun Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Fred Beck; Vice-President, C. B. Martin; Secretary and Treasurer, Ed P. Boyer; Captain, Wm. Cox; Directors, Fred Beck, C. B. Martin, E. P. Boyer, Wm. Cox, Chas. F. Nester, and Wm. B. McCleneghan.

The Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenix, Ariz., has been reorganized with the following officers: President, Gov. Murphy; First Vice-President, Dr. Jessup; Second Vice-President, Thomas Hine; Secretary and Treasurer, L. H. Chalmers; Scorer, E. C. Cram. The club will shoot at both live birds and targets.

The Park City Gun Club, of Bridgeport, Conn., has elected the following officers: President, William A. Thomas; Vice-President, William B. Wheeler; Secretary and Treasurer, William H. Longten; Board of Directors, William Jennings, F. W. Smith, Archie Wheeler; Captain, A. H. Deau.

The Chatham (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club has reorganized with officers as follows: President, Dr. G. W. Vedder; Vice-President, John T. Spoor; Secretary, Frank Richardson; Treasurer, S. C. Howland; Captain, Henri Billaudel; Directors, D. J. Ames, G. Vanderburgh, H. Billaudel.

The Colt hammerless shotgun is fast growing in popularity. The bores are true to measure, which obviates the necessity for loading shells with larger size wads. The workmanship and material of these guns are first-class. Their latest improvement is the concave matted rib.

A meeting of the Connecticut Shooting Association will be held at the Hotel Heublein, Hartford, on Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1898, at 2 P. M. All gun clubs in the State are requested to send at least one delegate with power to act for the club. JOEL W. WEBB, Pres.; ALLEN WILLEY, Sec.

The Forester Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., held its annual meeting on Jan. 14 and elected officers as follows: President, J. Scott Harrison; Vice-President, F. K. Hoover; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Jones. In the medal shoot at 15 birds each C. F. Holmes won with 14 kills.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association is beginning to move in the arrangement for the Pennsylvania State shoot to be held under its auspices in August. With such hustlers as "Jk. Rbt." Bradsford and J. M. Worden at the fore the arrangements are not likely to drag.

Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago, are well fixed in their gun and ammunition department, which is looked after by Rolla O. Heikes, Ed Bingham, C. W. Grubbs and M. E. Moran, all of whom are expert shots and well versed in the needs of sportsmen.

Secretaries of clubs in the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League are requested to send to Wm. R. Hobart, secretary, 59 Halsey street, Newark, N. J., a full list of their members. Only those whose names are recorded as above will be allowed to shoot on teams.

The New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will start out under favorable auspices with twelve clubs on the list. Still there are over a score of other clubs in the State which should have furthered the interests of the sport by affiliating with the League.

If sportsmen desire to secure something neat and pretty in the way of a catalogue of guns, ammunition, etc., they should send for the one issued by Von Lengerke & Anfoine, 246 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. The front page of cover is a work of art.

The second application for stock of the World's Fair Trap-Shooting Association, from the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, was signed by Paul North, who is one of the best known and most popular target shots and business men in the country. He has been



with the above company ever since its organization, and the success of the company is largely due to his systematic business methods. He is also the inventor of the North electric pull, which has become so popular with target-shooting clubs all over the country. Accompanying is a half-tone cut, which is an excellent likeness of the "ruddy-faced boy from Cleveland."

We publish an excellent half-tone cut showing the genial features of Chas. M. Hostetter, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is better known to the shooting fraternity as "Old Hoss." Mr. Hostetter has the distinctive honor of being the first one to apply for stock in the World's Fair



Trap-Shooting Association, and will undoubtedly receive share No. 1 of the Association's stock. He is one of the most expert as well as most enthusiastic sportsmen in the State of Pennsylvania, and is always ready to do his share toward promoting the interests of trap-shooting.

The Ansonia (Conn.) Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, C. M. Platt; Vice-President, C. A. Cowles; Secretary and Treasurer, E. S. Sperry; Captain, D. E. Currie; Directors, A. E. Hotchkiss, G. B. Clark, J. W. Begg.

Send along your subscriptions for the stock of the World's Fair Trap-Shooting Association. Every American sportsman should have an interest in this Association. Invest \$1, if no more, and help along the good cause.

The officers of the Windsor (Mich.) Keystone Gun Club just elected are: President, Rev. J. W. Cates; Vice-President, W. C. Donaldson; Lieutenant, J. W. Cates.

It is probable that in the near future a match may take place between teams of ten men each, representing Philadelphia, Pa., and Newark, N. J., each man to shoot at 10 or 15 live pigeons.

Enoch D. Miller says he will have a big lot of good birds for the Union Gun Club tournament at Springfield, N. J., Jan. 31. Trains will be met by hacks at the Millburn depot.

Sauuel Castle of Newark and Jean Pier of Pine Brook were to have shot a match at the latter place on Jan. 17, but Pier's backer failed to materialize and the match is probably off.

The shoot at 25 pigeons, \$20 entry, to be held at Philadelphia on Feb. 6, should attract a big crowd of entries. Here is a chance for New York and New Jersey cracks to show their skill.

We have received a fresh supply of the American Shooting Association rules published by the United States Cartridge Company, and copies will be sent on receipt of stamp.

Harry Harlowe and Al Stout, of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, are matched to shoot a team race against James White and George Miller, of the Wawaset Gun Club.

The Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League will hold a tournament at Canajoharie under the auspices of the lively Canajoharie Gun Club on May 30, Decoration Day.

The Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., of Cleveland, O., is using large quantities of the Lancaster cork gun wads. They are rapidly growing in favor with shooters.

Harry Thurman called at our office on his return from his Virginia hunting trip, but unfortunately we were in another part of the town at the time.

The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Gun Club has excellently appointed grounds near the gun factory and a target and live bird tournament is thought of.

Lewis Wirth, formerly with Hurlbert Bros., of New York, has assumed charge of the sporting goods store of E. G. Koenig, in Newark, N. J.

Henry Max, formerly with Von Lengerke & Detmold's Newark branch, is going on the road for E. K. Tryon, Jr., & Co., of Philadelphia.

Dr. J. G. Knowlton of the Oneida County (N. Y.) Sportsmen's Association was in town last week. He had just returned from a Western trip.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club should not fail to provide for daily live bird events during the New York State shoot in June.

The 100-bird match between Fulford and Brewer, to take place at Utica, Feb. 22, will attract a big number of spectators.

"The Kay" Keller went westward from Hamilton and will make an extended trip on U. S. Cartridge Company business.

The combination of American Wood Powder, L. C. Smith gun and Jack Parker was too hot for the boys at Hamilton.

Another live bird tournament will be held on Erb's Newark grounds the latter part of February.

The Perth Amboy (N. J.) Gun Club will hold a tournament on Washington's Birthday.

John A. Hartner will hold a target tournament at Bengies, Baltimore county, Md., on Feb. 22.

Altoona, Pa., will probably have a two or three days' tournament in the early summer.

The monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club will be held on Erb's grounds, on Feb. 9.

The shooters of Rochester are in love with the "Jack Rabbit" system.

Lafayette, Ind., has a new gun club with 25 members.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

New York German Gun Club.

TWENTY-TWO members of the New York German Gun Club had a fine day's trap-shooting at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Jan. 23. The weather was fine, but the bright sunlight on the snow interfered a great deal with the shooters. Only two making straight scores of 8, P. Garms, Jr., and M. Borden. The former won on the shoot off and took the club medal. It was nearly dark when the team race took place which resulted in a tie, but P. Garms, Jr.'s, team won on the shoot off miss and out. The scores:

J. Frazer	10212111-7	C. Stradtman	01003011-4
P. Garms, Sr.	11101111-7	D. Schrecke	00013011-3
P. Garms, Jr.	11321111-8	J. Carwitz	12100101-6
F. Schlecht	00122121-6	J. Goerlitz	01111101-6
F. Sauter	01101000-3	A. Schmitt	01310101-5
J. Wellbrook	11002230-5	M. Borden	11112111-8
J. Bosenecker	11001112-5	A. Busch	01110111-6
F. Huff	00121011-5	J. Steurnagel	10300120-4
H. Thurnford	00221200-6	J. Danneberg	00000121-3
H. Nobel	00021010-2	G. Schroeder	00000121-3
F. Schraeder	20000002-2	F. Ahlers	11021211-7
P. Garms, Jr.	102-2	M. Borden	200-1
Team shoot, losing side to pay:			
F. Sauter, Capt.	21-2	P. Garms, Jr., Capt.	11-2
J. Frazer	11-2	A. Schmitt	21-2
J. Wellbrook	10-1	J. Steurnagel	00-0
A. Busch	00-0	J. Schlecht	00-0
M. Borden	01-1	L. Miller	10-1
F. Huff	10-1	J. Goerlitz	21-2

Emerald Gun Club.

THE Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its first day's outing of the year at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Jan. 17. Nearly a score of members went to the traps to compete for the club medals in the two classes. Each man shot at 10 birds. Emerald Gun Club rules, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing, both barrels allowed. L. Gehring won the Class A medal with 7, and C. Maesel after being H. Thau with 5 won the Class B medal on the shoot off. The weather was fine and cold, but the reflection of the sunlight on the snow made the hitting of the light-colored birds very difficult, which resulted in some poor scores, the birds being a good fast lot. The scores:

Class A.	0211200011-6	R. Regan	2111030012-7
G. E. Grieff	01001101-5	J. H. Moore	1100110011-3
D. Klein	000023101-4	J. H. Voss	1120000102-6
E. Klein	000023101-4	J. H. Voss	0122201322-8
J. Voller	2201021001-6	N. Maesel	0112102300-6
W. Cody	1010121000-6	W. Hogan	0011012000-5
L. Schortemeier	1010121000-6	W. Hogan	1222011110-8
Dr. Leverage	1010110120-6	H. Thau	0110011110-6
E. Doenick	0201100101-5	J. Horn	1001100021-3
Dr. Hudson	0001200002-3	J. Maesel	1001100021-3
L. Gehring	0121212002-7	C. Maesel won on shoot off.	

Sweepstake shoot, 25yds., entry \$1, 3 runners:			
L. Schortemeier	1222-5	J. Colley	00000-4
E. Doenick	11110-4	H. Thau	02102-3
E. H. Voss	11112-5	W. Hogan	00010-1
R. Regan	01012-3	N. Maesel	12220-4
J. Bowen	01012-3	C. Maesel	02112-4

Young Wins the Garfield Medal.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—The third contest for the diamond in the Garfield Gun Club took place to-day, and no man can claim a "cinch" on the little stone "Cop" is in the lead by a small per cent., with three men close after him, so that interest is at fever heat to pick a winner. Below are the scores, Illinois State rules, 5 unknown King traps:

Cop.	222212222212201212-18	Flemming	0122111222210020110-14
Esman	210020012122212112-17	Paterson	1112222100000221122-15
Brown	2020100001001021211-12	Hicks	2202222122201302102-16
Baird	202202121212020210-14	A. M. Field	222101201212022100-15
W. Palmer	2210022222222221212-15	Antoine	300012102222212120-14
S. Palmer	2230102222222212130-13	Young	222221212121212121-16
Blue Bird	121212222222222121-18	O'Neil	122221222222222100-18
O'Brien	0130121121212221212-18	Campbell	0212220202010112020-13

G. H. B.

Hanover Gun Club.

Tax Hanover Gun Club is a new Long Island shooting organization, and is composed principally of members of the Hanover Club in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn. Only four of its members were present at the initial shoot at Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I., on Friday, Jan. 13. Each shot at 10 birds, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. C. M. Meyer and J. M. Meyer tied with 10 each for the best averages. The scores:

Club shoot:			
H. Starkey	032020200-4	W. R. Smith	2012010101-7
C. M. Meyer	111112122-10	J. N. Meyer	221121212-10
First match, 10 birds, for the birds:			
W. R. Smith	100011010-5	C. M. Meyer	111110111-9
Second match, 3 birds, then miss and out:			
H. Starkey	220-100	W. R. Smith	110-202

North Side Gun Club.

THE northwest gale and driving snow that blew across the Queens County Driving Park at Maspeth, L. I., on Tuesday, Jan. 10, were too much for some of the North Side Gun Club members. Only six faced the traps and the weather to shoot for the best averages for the club's gold medals at seven birds each, club handicaps, modified Hurlingham rules. Three tied with six each. In a sweepstake shoot, miss and out, Charles Meyer took the money. The scores:

J. Mecke	222201-6	J. Lührs	121001-5
L. Grass	010021-4	J. Bowen	2112220-6
C. Meyer	102021-5	J. Robinson	202212-6
Sweepstake, \$1 entry, miss and out:			
Chas. Meyer	212-1	J. Bowers	110-110
C. M. Meyer	210-1	J. Lührs	0-0

Suggestions from Pennsylvania.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question of handicap, or the equalization of trap shooters, is now being discussed in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* in view of finding a plan to prevent "dropping for place."

I have a scheme by which this practice is impossible, which protects the amateur and pays each man according to his skill. While I think it quite impossible for a club to hold a shoot and give the poor shots the most of the money, there should be some plan to give them what they earn.

I have always found that the better shots—the experts, perhaps—are the ones who come to your tournaments, and come to stay, while the management depended on the poorer class of shooters for their entries they would have a rather slim attendance.

So give the expert a chance to live and the amateur a chance to stay. For the average amateur does not expect to make anything any way and only attends "just for the fun."

But here is my plan: Give every shooter who is in first place twice the amount of entrance, all who are in second place get their entrance back, those in third place get one-half of entrance back and those in the fourth place get one-fourth of their entrance, which is about as much as fourth place usually pays. You will find that in the average tournaments, with bluebirds and expert traps, that there would be some surplus in most of the matches, and this could be carried over to the end of the day and divided into four or five moneys for the best average in each class; as there would be no "dropping" for place each man would be where he belongs.

Read the trap columns of this paper and select the scores of any large tournament and figure it up for yourself.

But some one will say, "Oh, yes; that is a good plan, but if all broke 10 straight where would the balance come from?"

So I say, figure it up for yourself and you will find enough surplus in one match to make up any deficiency in another match, and at the end of the day there will be enough for average; and I would like to see the man who would "drop to place" and make anything by so doing.

For example, take a 10-bird sweep, \$1 entrance, with 10 men entered:

Three men break 10 each, receive \$2; total.....	\$6 00
Two men break 9 each, receive \$1; total.....	2 00
Three men break 8 each, receive 50c; total.....	1 50
One man breaks 7, receives 25c; total.....	25
One man breaks 6, receives 0c; total.....	00
	\$9 75

Surplus of 25 cents, and this would amount to much more in some events.

I counted up the first 200 targets shot at by the South Side Club, of Newark, on Jan. 2, and found that with such men as Miller, Collins, Hobart, Breintnall and Van Dyke there would have been a surplus of \$27.01 and a loss of \$5.62, leaving a total surplus of \$21.39 to be divided for average money. And taking one of the shooters whose average was less than 80 per cent., found that he would make more money under this plan than under the usual way of division.

While this plan may not be quite perfect and leave a chance for improvement, I think it would do away with "place" men and protect the amateur.

W. BARRE.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR 1893.

JUDGING from present indications the season of 1893 will break all previous records for trap-shooting in New Jersey, for which the enterprising projectors of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be largely responsible. When the League was started, a year ago, many Jersey sportsmen predicted dire failure, but despite the gloomy forecasts the organization went through the season with ten clubs on its roll, and at no time were there less than seven clubs represented at the monthly tournaments. The present year opens under even more favorable auspices than the last, there being twelve clubs on the list and a prospect of two or three more entering.

The annual meeting of the League was held in the *American Field* office, in New York city, on Jan. 15, the following delegates being present: E. D. Miller, Union Gun Club, of Springfield; S. B. Tillou, Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; C. W. McPeak, Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; P. A. Jeanneret, Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford; W. R. Hobart, South Side Gun Club, of Newark. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Paul A. Jeanneret; Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Hobart; Manager, Enoch D. Miller; Governing Committee, S. B. Tillou and C. W. McPeak.

Communications were received from the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, Hackettstown Gun Club, of Hackettstown, and Newton Gun Club, of Newton, declining to enter the League. The East Orange Gun Club, of Harrison, resigned from the League. The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, Irvington Gun Club, of Irvington, and Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, were elected to membership. A communication was received from the Somerville Gun Club, of Somerville, asking for further information in regard to the working of the League.

The League by-laws were looked over and altered in some unimportant parts.

The governing committee was empowered to solicit prizes of merchandise, etc., from firms and individuals, and the arrangement of the prize list was postponed pending their report. It was decided that all awards for prizes should be computed on the aggregate number of breaks in the number of shots necessary to a qualification, the club making more than the requisite number of competitions to select its own prize. In order to qualify for prizes clubs and individuals must take part in one more than one-half of the competitions.

The drawing for the opening tournament resulted in favor of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield.

A Virginian's Opinion.

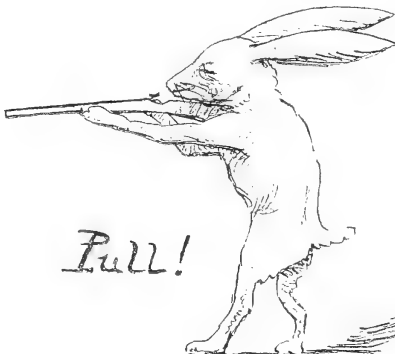
LYNCH, Jan. 17.—I noticed Mr. Crutten's article on division of purses in tournaments in your last issue and think he makes a mistake in advocating such a system, as it is virtually a system whereby you shoot for the amateur's cash, as I will try to show. It is generally conceded that the amateur's average is from 60 to 70 per cent., and the expert's from 80 to 90 per cent., and upon this basis we will figure by dividing said averages, which gives the amateur 65 per cent., and the expert 85 per cent.; hence the amateur gets back 65 per cent. of his money, which in a 10-bird race would leave him to pay 30 cents for birds and 35 cents in entrance to go to the pot, while the expert would pay 30 cents for birds and 15 cents entrance toward pot, or, in other words, Mr. Amateur would pay two and a third times as much entrance as Mr. Expert, and if the purses were divided on a basis of 50, 30 and 20 per cent., Mr. Amateur, with a two and a third more entrance, would only get one-fifth of the pot, or, in other words, he pays out 35 cents entrance and 30 cents for birds, 65 cents in all, to win one-fifth of Mr. Expert's—15 cents. Truly, this is protection for the amateur—in a horn. But, Mr. Editor, you may ask how are we to protect the amateur. Only by a judicious system of handicap and a reasonable entry, when targets can't be set up the whole purse, as under the above system. Thirty per cent. of the entrance is the price of your targets, which makes the management of our tournaments eat up both expert and amateur. The cry against dropping for holes can only be stopped by abolishing class shooting, which is an American idea, introduced

to assist in gambling, whereby you could tickle the fancy of the novice while you win his money, and it should go like all other crooked things, as trap-shooting should be put upon a basis that the best must win on their work, not necessarily the best shots, but the best scores made. Then with an equitable handicap Mr. Amateur and Mr. Expert will be about on an equal, when our tournaments will be better attended. It sounds very nice on paper to talk of shooting for the sport and a reunion of shooters and the like, but such things exist only in the imagination, as the shooters are nearly all after the almighty dollar, and were you to eliminate that and expect a turnout to shoot for fun and the pleasure of meeting one another for a jolly time you would seldom meet a dozen men at a tournament. If you wish to see them flock in countless numbers give big added money, when all have a living show, and you will see them dropping in from the most remote points ready to keep pegging away till the last target is thrown.

W. T. MITCHELL.

Harrisburg Wants the Premium.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 18.—I notice the American Manufacturers' Association offers a prize for the best handicap system submitted to them. Will you kindly ask them to forward me the \$50 through the *FOREST AND STREAM*? By a handicap I presume they mean the best method to induce large numbers of shooters to attend their tournaments. There is only one combination that will bring shooters together, one that gives the "cracks" a chance to make some "boodle" and the poor amateur a chance to save some of his from the "sharks." Now, to make rules that will govern these points is the simplest thing in the world, and why so many people are bothering themselves over the matter and lying awake at night thinking up new schemes is



something I can't fathom. All you have to do is use the North handicap partially, make all winners of first and second money shoot the next event which they enter at known traps, unknown angles. Make any one who is in a chance to win first or second, if he drops his last target either intentionally or otherwise, lose a dollar on that bird, to be deducted from his winning and go in the pot. This will make easily rattled shooters like Helkes, Budd, Miller, ad nauseam, fairly shake when they come to the last bird—and break it.

Make all your races the same number of targets. Divide by the jack rabbit system, making all entries value 10 cents a bird, penalty for missing 20 cents, cost of targets extra. Now you have got it fine—but on second thought don't fail to send the \$50 direct.

JACK RABBIT.

Coney Island.

The first shoot in the series for the possession of the Long Island Athletic Club's silver cup was held on the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, at West End, Coney Island, Tuesday. Teams of five men each, to shoot at 15 live birds each, modified Hurlingham rules, handicap on the gun. To enable the shoot to be carried out in one day, the Captain decided that each man going to the score should shoot out his five traps.

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club—D. Mounse, 28yds., 15; J. B. Voorhees, 28yds., 13; H. Balzer, 28yds., 12; H. Kromka, 28yds., 12; C. E. Morris, 30yds., 11. Total, 65.

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club—C. Plate, 28yds., 13; I. Hyde, 30yds., 13; F. Pfander, 28yds., 8; C. Detlefsen, 28yds., 13; C. W. Northridge, 28yds., 11. Total, 58.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club—C. Furgueson, Jr., 28yds., 9; D. C. Bennett, 28yds., 13; C. M. Meyer, 28yds., 11; C. Williams, 28yds., 13; G. E. Nostrand, 28yds., 12. Total, 58.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club—J. Blake, 28yds., 10; H. Bookman, 28yds., 11; E. Helgans, 28yds., 12; T. Short, 28yds., 12; J. Bennett, 30yds., 11. Total, 56.

Northside Gun Club—Chas. Meyer, 28yds., 12; C. M. Manning, 28yds., 9; J. Tiernan, 30yds., 13; G. Siemus, 28yds., 13; J. Chevalier, 28yds., 7. Total, 54.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club—W. Hartye, 28yds., 10; J. A. Eppig, 30yds., 11; J. Schliman, 28yds., 12; C. Engelbrecht, 28yds., 14; W. Levens, 28yds., 8. Total, 54.

Crescent Gun Club—J. Vagts, 28yds., 9; C. Simmons, 28yds., 10; C. Hubbell, 28yds., 12; J. W. Shepherd, 28yds., 7; A. Hopkins, 28yds., 11. Total, 49.

Vernon Rod and Gun Club—J. B. Osterhout, 28yds., 9; Dr. Little, 28yds., 10; W. H. Thompson, 28yds., 7; G. Greiff, 28yds., 14; F. A. Thompson, 28yds., 6. Total, 40.

Referee, H. Goodwin; scorer, C. Dellar.

Erie Gun Club.

The members of the Erie Gun Club adopted their new shooting rules for the season at the first shoot at Woodlawn Park on Wednesday, Jan. 18. Eleven competed for the class prizes, the best seven averages during the season to count in each class, at seven birds each, class handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. As the light was bad it was decided to divide the added club prizes for the three best classified scores. The scores:

Class A.	
C. Plate.....	1111112-7
J. Plate.....	1111112-7
Class B.	
M. Elssasser.....	1011101-5
F. Graf.....	00121-5
J. C. Schmaderke.....	211112-7
Class C.	
D. J. Lynch.....	0001002-2
C. H. Lührsen.....	0120201-4
Class D.	
H. Dohman.....	1111012-6
Class E.	
J. Marryatt.....	0101120-4
H. Jankowsky.....	1102222-6
Class F.	
H. Plate.....	1011102-5

Shooting at Rutherford.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club held a shoot on its Rutherford grounds on Jan. 21. All the events were at 10 targets each, and the results follow:

No. 4. Ely 8, Paul 8, Greiff 7, Blauvelt 6, Collins 5.	
No. 2; Apgar 9, Miller 6, Greiff 6, Ely 6, Paul 4, Collins 5.	
No. 3.	
S. Collins.....	010111111-8
Greiff.....	010111111-8
Paul.....	101110101-4
Miller.....	101110101-4
Apgar.....	111111111-10
Ely.....	101110101-8
Taylor.....	111110111-8
Lane.....	100011010-5
Chaffee.....	100011010-5
James.....	101111111-6
Lenore.....	110001011-5
Blauvelt.....	100111111-6
C. Collins.....	101110101-6
No. 4.	
Ely.....	111110111-9
Apgar.....	111111111-10
Greiff.....	110001111-7
Miller.....	110101110-7
E. Collins.....	110101110-7
Paul.....	111110101-5
Lenore.....	111110101-4
Blauvelt.....	111110101-4
Lane.....	110100101-6
Collins.....	000001011-4
Huck.....	010101110-6
Chaffee.....	100100011-5
No. 9.	
No. 10: Ely 8, E. Collins 9, Greiff 7, Paul 5, Lane 7, Lenore 1.	
No. 11: Ely 8, E. Collins 8, Paul 8, Lenore 5, Greiff 4, Blauvelt 6.	
Team race, six-men teams, 25 targets per man:	
Excelsior Gun Club.	
Taylor.....	100101010101000010101-13
J. H. Blauvelt.....	00110101010101010101-15
J. H. Blauvelt.....	0001100011101010111-17
Chaffee.....	1111000111000101010101-16
Ely.....	110101001111010101111-20-81
Boiling Springs Gun Club.	
Apgar.....	110101001110101111001-17
E. Collins.....	111111111110101010101-21
Greiff.....	11010111111010101111-23
Lenore.....	101101001101010101010-15
Lane.....	0100100000001001111110-11-87

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

FIFTEEN members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club competed in the regular monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park, L. I., for the live bird trophy, a diamond badge, and three handsome prizes for the best average of seven out of twelve shots during the year.

Mort Van Brunt was the only straight scorer with ten. Four killed nine and five killed eight, making a good showing for such bad weather.

One of the features of the shoot was the good score made by D. Lohman, Jr., a boy ten years of age; he killed seven out of ten, beat his father in the club shoot by two birds. In stature he is very small but uses good judgment with his second barrel. The score of the shoot:

W. Van Brunt.....	111111211-10
G. Nostrand.....	100121111-8
P. Hegeman.....	121301111-9
D. Bennett.....	110101101-8
A. Hegeman.....	202102011-8
D. Lohman, Jr.....	1202010102-7
D. Lohman, Sr.....	010101002-5
R. Street.....	012021112-8
J. V. P. Shields.....	0201111112-8
C. A. Sykes.....	010120221-7
C. Furgueson, Jr.....	112232302-9
A. Squires.....	110121110-8
C. Winger.....	210111112-9
W. F. Sykes.....	120202111-8
J. F. Cottier.....	120000220-4
D. Diamond.....	01101-5

Unknown Gun Club.

The members of the Unknown Gun Club did not fare much better in regard to the weather than their fellow shooters by the sea on Thursday, Jan. 12. Fifteen competed for the club's new medal and extra prizes, at 7 birds each, club handicap, modified Long Island rules. The veterans, John Akhurst, like Hyde, G. Boyd and C. Perry tied with 7 each. It was too dark to shoot off any ties so the prizes were divided. The scores:

H. Van Staden.....	1100011-5
J. Akhurst.....	1111111-7
D. Snipe.....	0112011-5
C. Muench.....	021222-6
G. Boyd.....	111212-7
I. Hyde.....	121212-7
J. Marlborough.....	0030210-3
P. May.....	0100001-2
C. Perry.....	212321-7
J. Sampson.....	1000101-3
E. A. Vroome.....	2121210-6
J. Lahden.....	0000221-3
H. Dietrich.....	0120222-5
P. Sweeney.....	0012002-3
Dr. Little.....	1101201-5

Washington Bridge.

One of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the world is the Washington Bridge. This engineering marvel of bronze, steel and stone is one of the sights of the metropolis. It spans the picturesque Harlem River and the tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad at 181st street, New York. The length of the bridge is 3,375 ft., height 133 ft. above the river. It has two steel arches, each with a span of 500 ft., supported by three stone piers and two stone abutments. The piers are 98 ft. long and 40 ft. thick, of solid concrete, faced with dressed granite. The abutments are semi-circular arches of masonry, each having a span of 60 ft. There are a 50 ft. driveway and two footways, each 15 ft. wide. It cost \$2,700,000. A photograph etching of the famous view of Washington Bridge, taken by Mr. W. H. Jackson, the noted landscape photographer of Denver, Colorado, has just been issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central. The *Journal* has received a copy. It is a splendid piece of work, the finest example of this style of art produced in recent years. It is the work of the New York Photographic Co., which fact alone is a guarantee of its excellence. A copy of this beautiful etching, 17x22 in., on fine plate paper, 24x32, can be obtained at the New York Central ticket offices, No. 413 Broadway, No. 942 Broadway, or at the Grand Central Station, New York; No. 38 Washington street, Brooklyn; or of Frank J. Wolfe, General Agent, Albany Station, Albany; W. E. Brown, City Passenger Agent, No. 127 Washington street, Syracuse; J. C. Kalbfleisch, City Passenger Agent, No. 11 East Main street, Rochester; Edson J. Weeks, General Agent, No. 1 Exchange street, Buffalo; W. B. Jerome, General Western Agent, No. 37 Clark street, Chicago; or of Carleton C. Crane, Pacific Coast Agent, No. 10 Montgomery street, San Francisco, for 50 cents; or it will be sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 75 cents in stamps or money order, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Albany Evening Journal*.—Adv.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
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SOME anglers labor under the false impression that large dealers and manufacturers charge more for their goods than the keepers of small shops. A glance at our new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List for 1892, which we will mail on receipt of 6 cents to cover postage, will show how much they are mistaken.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page V.

ANIMAL PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS.

We print to-day the second of a series of five American animal portraits by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. These are given as full page supplements, with the first issues of the months as follows:

- Jan. 5.—THE WOLF.
- Feb. 2.—THE WHITE GOAT.
- March 2.—THE COYOTE.
- April 6.—THE ANTELOPE.
- May 4.—THE FOX.

The dates of the former series (of which copies can be supplied) are as follows: Sept. 8, 1892—The Panther. Oct. 6—The Ocelot. Nov. 3—The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1—The Bay Lynx.

FEATHERS AND SNOWSTORMS.

It is generally believed that the present winter has been unusually severe on game birds, the most destructive that has been known for a long time. Intense cold, varied by frequent and heavy snowstorms, has made the obtaining of food very difficult for Bob White, the hardy little fellow who, to the average gunner, stands for a type of our feathered game. From many quarters we hear accounts of birds frozen and starved, covered by deep snows which afterward crusted so as to imprison the birds beyond hope of relief, and to confirm such accounts we have had sent to us from Long Island two or three imported quail which really had starved to death.

There can be little doubt that so far the winter has been a very hard one, and yet perhaps its dangers to the game have been exaggerated. While the cold has been bitter, and the snows deep, and food hard to find, there have been none of those much more dangerous storms, which, beginning with a heavy snow, turn into a cold rain and form an impenetrable crust over the whole country. Food was abundant last autumn, and the birds entered the winter in splendid condition. On the stubbles the crop of ragweed was luxuriant and its stems high; down in the swamps the spathes of the skunk cabbage bore heavy clusters of the fleshy berries, and the swelling buds of witch hazel and birch still offer abundant food.

While there has been suffering and some death among the quail, we do not believe that as yet it has been serious. Moreover the birds nowadays receive much more care from man than formerly. Wherever there is much shooting, some careful gunner is likely to sow buckwheat in a narrow strip along the hedgerows, and this, left standing, furnishes a food supply which will support a bevy of quail through almost the whole winter.

Whatever the loss among game birds, it is the quail that have suffered most, as they always do. Who ever heard of a ruffed grouse starved to death? He is better able to take care of himself, both as to food supply and danger from crusted snows. He does not always roost on the ground as do the quail, and often, in damp or snowy weather, while making your way homeward through the woods at evening, you may start him from among the branches of a low cedar, and if there is light enough and you are curious, you can take his back trail and see where

he has been feeding here and there until the darkness began to fall and he determined that a perch on a limb would suit him better for that night than his more usual resting-place on the ground. The grouse, too, takes more readily to the branches for food than does the quail, and keeps himself alive and fat on the buds of the apple, alder, birch and willow, when his lesser brother is still striving to pick up a hard living on the ground.

The waterfowl have had a hard time this year. Many of those slowly forced south by the freezing of streams and bays have sought the coasts of Georgia and Florida, but the black ducks are loth to go, and will stay on, half starved and constantly shot at, so long as any open water remains. We remember one season of intense cold when hundreds of black ducks congregated in a little warm spring hole, and how, on shooting two or three, they were found to be mere skeletons incased in feathers.

It is worth the while of every man who shoots to make a special effort at this season to see that the birds are supplied with food. A little time given to this work by the men who live near shooting grounds, a letter or two and a few dollars sent to farmers and shooting companions by men who live in the city, may yield next autumn an abundant return of pleasure. The example of Mr. Polk Miller, president of the Virginia Field Sports Association, is well worth following.

THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL.

THE friends and admirers of "Nessmuk" who knew him through his writings in *FOREST AND STREAM*, have undertaken to provide a monument for his grave, which is now unmarked, in the village cemetery of Wellsboro, Pa. Details of the plan were given in our last issue. All persons who may feel disposed to join in the movement and in this way to testify to their regard for "Nessmuk's" memory, are cordially invited to subscribe to the fund. The minimum amount to be provided is \$200, of which, as reported last week, \$131 was then in hand.

Subscriptions received since last Thursday have come from

YANKEE FRIEND, Lowell, Mass.
MR. ROLLIN J. TREAT, Lima, Ohio.
MR. WILLIAM POLLARD, Lawrence, Mass.

The total of the subscriptions to date is \$145.

"Piseco" sends us, printed in another column, a charming note of his first meeting with "Nessmuk" in the Adirondacks. Next week we shall print some appreciative comments on the memorial plan by others, and with them will be given a portrait of "Nessmuk."

THE WHITE GOAT.

THE Alpine antelope, which we know as the white goat, has been often described in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and in fact more has been put on record with regard to its characteristics and its ways of life in these columns than in all the other books and papers that have ever been printed. As is well known, to those who have studied it, the animal is an antelope, allied to the chamois of Europe, and closely related to one or two species of rock-inhabiting antelopes found in Asia. The only reason for calling it a goat seems to be that it lives among the rocks and has a beard, but it differs widely from the goat in its physical characteristics. Such erroneous names are constantly given in popular nomenclature, and the differences between the white goat and the domestic one are not greater than those which exist between the American and European robins or hedge hogs, or elks, or many other animals which bear like names in the two continents.

To one unacquainted with its habits the white color of the goat might seem to be a very serious disadvantage to it in exposing the animal to the attacks of its enemies. Nothing is more conspicuous than a patch of white against a summer landscape. In traveling over the prairies a bleached buffalo skull upon a distant hill will attract the eye long before a similar object of any other color. On the other hand, we know that animals which live in Arctic or snow-clad regions are protected by their color, which renders them invisible at a little distance. The ptarmigan, the snowy owl, some hares, a fox and the polar bear are examples of this, and in our own climate some weasels and some hares turn white in winter. The goat's color is protective, and it is not easily discovered on snow-clad mountains or where the snow lies through most of the year in patches and drifts.

Several years ago a map was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* giving the approximate range of this species and

showing that it occurred abundantly all through the mountains of the West as far south as Montana, Idaho and Oregon. South of these States it is not abundant, but it occurs in a few isolated localities such as Mts. Whitney and Kearsage, a peak or two in Colorado, and perhaps one or two places in Wyoming.

Stories are often heard of two species of goats found in the mountains of the Northwest, but beyond the vague account of hunters we know of no evidence to show that there are two kinds. It must however be admitted that among individual goats there is quite a difference in appearance. Usually they are quite small, not much larger than one of the largest of the domestic sheep, but every now and then monsters are killed which would weigh two or three times as much as those of the ordinary size. The goats of the main chain of the Rockies are very much more shaggy and heavily coated than those of the Coast Range, where the temperature in winter is so much milder.

As is well known, the goat usually lives very high up among rocks, above timber line in summer, but in winter, especially on the west coast, it works down nearer to the sea level. In the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, however, they seem to live about as high at one season as at another.

The goat is an animal of great strength, but of rather slow movements. It seldom runs, unless very badly frightened, and very seldom lifts its head with any appearance of alertness such as is common with deer, antelope and mountain sheep. Usually the head is carried low—below the level of the back, which seems higher than it really is on account of the long dorsal spines and the heavy roach, or mane, along the middle of the back. An examination of the bony frame work of *Mazama* shows that the bones of the legs are short and extremely stout; that the dorsal spines of the dorsal vertebra are unusually long, and that the animal is formed for strength and long continued exertion, rather than for great bursts of speed. So it is that the goat seldom attempts to escape by running, but when alarmed almost always points its nose toward the top of the mountain and climbs out of danger.

Readers who are interested in this animal can find a great deal of interesting information about it in past issues of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, especially in the volumes for 1888, 1889 and 1890.

SNAP SHOTS.

A note in "Dog Chat" tells us that a stag, a cart, a huntsman and a pack of hounds have been imported from "the other side," and they are to have carted stag hunting at a New Jersey summer resort. This is one of those ridiculous institutions of Great Britain which Americans have always contemplated with derision, and have regarded as being peculiarly foreign and un-American. Now that the carted stag is to be installed—or stabled—in the United States, the derision will break into a guffaw, if indeed the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall not interfere, as it did once with sundry caged fox hunting exploits at Newport.

Our Fishculture columns record the provision of an international fisheries commission appointed by the United States and Canada, to investigate the fisheries in waters common to the two countries, and to agree upon recommendations for legislation to control the fisheries. The representative of this country is Mr. Richard Rathbone, Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries, in charge of the Division of Scientific Inquiry; while Canada will be represented by Mr. William Wakeman. It is the purpose of the commission to make a thorough and exhaustive investigation, particularly of the fisheries of the Great Lakes. The work will probably extend over two years. Upon their reports will be based agreements between the two countries as to what legislation should be adopted, and this will then form the subject of treaties. This is a most important movement, and one which, if it shall be wisely and successfully carried out, cannot fail of securing immeasurable benefit to both countries. Aside from the apathetic attitude of the States and Provinces and their incompetent and inadequate treatment of the fishery preservation of the Great Lakes, international complications, jealousies and contrary pulling and hauling have been effectively working for the deterioration and ruin of the fisheries. The two countries should have come together decades ago to do this very thing they are now setting about; it will require decades in the future to restore the fisheries to the condition they should have been in to-day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING IN GREENLAND.—II.

With the Peary Relief Expedition.

BY WM. E. MEEHAN (BONIFACIUS),
Member of the Expedition.

On Monday morning, the second day after our arrival in McCormick Bay, a boat journey was made to Herbert Island, twenty miles away in Whale Sound. Those who participated were Mr. Gibson and Mr. Verhoeff of the Peary party, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Hill, Dr. Mills, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Entrikin of the Relief Expedition, the head fireman of the Kite, and four Eskimo hunters, who had settled about Mr. Peary's winter quarters.

It was bright and warm when they started and the exercise of rowing and of keeping the numerous pans of floating ice from crushing the frail rowboats soon brought out the perspiration quite as freely and unpleasantly as a summer's day at home. After much difficulty and some danger the party reached the island, where, fastening the boat securely to some rocks, they all sat down together to luncheon. Scarcely were they comfortably seated when one of the Eskimos, with a jerk of his thumb toward the summit of a steep hillside, uttered the one word, "*Tuctu*" (reindeer). Then without asking leave or license seized Mr. Verhoeff's gun and began stalking the animal, which was plainly visible only a few hundred yards away. Presently, when the Arctic native hunter had got near enough to hit the reindeer with a stone, he stopped, and resting the rifle on a rock took a long, careful aim and fired. At the sound of the discharge the reindeer raised its head slowly and looked about him, and then went on feeding with apparent unconcern. Evidently the rifle ball had gone wide of the mark, and the report of the gun was too much like that of a breaking iceberg to cause alarm. The Eskimo took another shot with no better success, and a third without terrifying or harming the tuctu. Before the native could try again another Eskimo who had in the meantime made free with Mr. Hill's rifle in the same manner as the first, crawled up, and being either a better marksman, or having luck with him, put a bullet behind the reindeer's left foreleg and brought him down. The calm cheek of these two untutored savages of the far North in thus appropriating the rifles and going hunting on their own account had so much of humor in it that the party stood by and watched them stalk and kill the deer without any interference, although they regretted their inaction when it came time for them to return to the ship without having seen as much as the fur of another live tuctu, and this regret was much deepened by the time they had made the long and toilsome journey back to the ship, which they reached early on Tuesday morning.

A few hours after their return, it being reasonably certain that Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup would not be back from their great journey over the great ice cap for at least a couple of weeks, Prof. Heilprin determined to make an effort to reach Humboldt Glacier. This great river of ice is believed to be the largest in the world, its discharging point in Kane Basin extending from the 79th to beyond the 80th parallel, or more than twenty miles. As this journey would take us not only into a section famous in Arctic exploration history, but into magnificent hunting grounds, where polar bears, reindeer and musk oxen are said to be plentiful, we heard the order to up anchor with great satisfaction and felt the Kite moving with us out of McCormick Bay a few hours after the decision was arrived at with much enthusiasm.

It was a glorious day. The sun shone from a cloudless sky and the green waters of the ocean were broken only by small waves, which sparkled like jewels. All about us were huge icebergs of countless and fantastic shapes, their dazzling white color, with here and there broad streaks of deep azure, forming a strong contrast to the water. On the right, close at hand, were the red cliffs of the western shores of Greenland, rising almost in sheer precipices for one, two and even three thousand feet from the sea, broken only at intervals by fiords or by deep valleys which slope upward gradually and sinuously to the great interior ice cap, which seemed to glare forbiddingly at us, and made us feel that there was small wonder that no Eskimos can be induced by any offer of reward to venture upon it, for fear lest the Korkoya, a powerful evil spirit, would eat him.

Toward evening we reached and passed Cape Alexander, said to be the handsomest piece of scenery in the whole of Greenland, entered Smith's Sound, and passed in rapid succession the winter quarters of Dr. Hayes and the abandoned settlement of the Etah Eskimos, where Dr. Kane spent much of his time during the winters of 1853-54.

When we entered Smith's Sound, with the exception of bergs there was no ice in sight, and there seemed nothing in the way of our making a quick and successful passage to the Humboldt Glacier. But exactly as 8 bells midnight were struck, as most of us were about turning into our bunks, the engines of the Kite were suddenly stopped, and a moment or two later we were nearly thrown from our feet by the vessel striking some object. The latter incident in itself would have excited scarcely a passing thought, for the Kite was almost continually striking bits of ice, but when in connection with it came a stoppage of the engines, the affair assumed a different aspect, and we rushed on deck to see what the matter was. We found out. Perhaps never was there a more desolate scene spread out before human eyes than we beheld. Overhead or nearly so blazed the midnight sun. Before us as far as our eyes could see a vast field of unbroken ice extended, binding the Greenland and the American shores, and rendering further progress impossible. Snow and ice completely buried the American shore, but the Greenland coast, free from this white covering, frowned darkly on the death-like stillness. The entrance capes of Rensselaer Bay where Kane's vessel, the *Advance*, was lost in 1854, loomed clearly up not far away. Cape Sabine, where the Greely party nearly all starved to death, was plainly visible, and the spot where the Proteus was crushed was in sight.

We were not left long to look upon this scene of desolation. Numerous sounds of barking broke the awful stillness of the sunlit night, and huge dark forms were seen swimming about in the water or lying asleep on the ice. They were walrus in vast herds. Admiration for scenery, awe at being in visible proximity to localities of famous Arctic exploits vanished, and in their place came power-

fully and masterfully the instinct of the hunter. Hastily a boat was lowered and it was speedily filled by sailors and members of the expedition, the Eskimo interpreter, Daniel, his black eyes flashing and his fat cheeks red with excitement, occupying the bow, armed with harpoon, line and bladder.

Before the boat was allowed to push off, Captain Pike made a careful survey of it, to be sure that it was well supplied with hatchets and gaffs, for it was a dangerous enterprise that was ahead. Finding things to his satisfaction, with words of caution he gave the party leave to go. Those of us who had been unable to find a place in the boat stood on the deck of the Kite and watched the frail craft with its load of precious human freight moving silently and swiftly toward a great iceberg less than a quarter of a mile away, at the base of which in a pan of ice some half dozen huge walrus lay sleeping. Presently we could see the rowers stop their work, and those who had rifles raise them and fire into the slumbering prey. Before the reports of the discharge had fairly died away, there was a great commotion among the walrus, and all save one dived into the sea with great splashes, throwing spray high into the air. The one, pierced by several bullets, lay dead upon the ice pan, and with a ringing cheer the oarsmen resumed their work, and in a few moments the animal was harpooned and the party started to tow it to the Kite, singing joyously.

But they were not allowed to proceed far uninterruptedly. Presently we saw a huge walrus thrust his ugly head and gleaming tusks above the water not more than a hundred yards from the hunters, and after giving a hideous bellow disappeared from view. Then another and another appeared until the sea on all sides of the boat seemed alive with enraged and bellowing walrus, and these made straight for the hunters. The latter had but little time to prepare for the onslaught, which was unexampled for ferocity, but they met it bravely. The oarsmen seized hatchets and gaffs, and the riflemen hastily charged their magazines. Then ensued a terrific encounter, a battle for life on the part of those in the boat, a fight for revenge on the side of the walrus. For fully ten minutes the air resounded with reports of the guns, the bellowing of the enraged animals, the cheering of the hunters and the shrill cries of Daniel. Suddenly, as by magic, the walrus disappeared, and the fight was over. With shouts of triumph the hunters resumed their way to the ship with another dead animal in tow, one of the many victims of the battle, harpooned by Daniel as it was sinking, riddled by bullets.

When these two monsters, 14ft. each in length and weighing combined perhaps more than two tons, were drawn upon the ice beside the Kite we could better see the kind of animal that had been hunted, and the better understand the peril the boat's crew had been in. Even in death the countenances of the brutes bore a horribly ferocious look, which their fierce whiskers and two long gleaming ivory tusks added materially to. But most of the members of the Peary Relief Expedition, as well as of the ship's crew, had become so habituated to danger that the battle that had but just passed became merely something to enthusiastically talk about, and a whetstone for more contests of the same character. As a result, as soon as breakfast was over, parties were made up and all day long fierce battles raged between the hunters and the walrus, in which many of the latter, probably a hundred or more, were slain and six or eight secured.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the hunters were all recalled, and then the Kite's nose was turned once more toward McCormick Bay. A stop was made at Littleton Island, and a visit paid to the abandoned Etah settlement on the shores of an adjacent bay. In this bay we had another walrus hunt with the usual accompanying battle, which in this case, while not so long, was perhaps more furious than the first one described, and which came more nearly having a disastrous ending for the hunters. In the boat with us on this hunt was Professor Heilprin armed with nothing more deadly than a Kodak. Leaving the ship we cautiously approached four huge walrus asleep on a small pan of ice, and when near enough the Professor proceeded to shoot them all with his Kodak, and then gave way for our more deadly weapons. Whether we were too greatly excited to aim straight or whether the boat rocked too much for correct marksmanship will never be known, but it is nevertheless a fact that at less than 30 yds. distant six bullets fired simultaneously failed to do more than make the ice fly in all directions and awaken the slumbering animals, who tumbled unceremoniously into the sea. A moment or two later one of them poked his head above water to see what it was that had so rudely disturbed him, and as he did so a ball from my rifle struck him fair in the neck and he sank dead to the bottom of the bay, leaving a stain of crimson on the blue waters. Then in solid phalanxes, it seemed, his companions who gathered as if by magic from far and near attacked us. Carried away by photographic enthusiasm, the Professor once more brought his Kodak into play, and as one huge beast rose a little above the waves attempted to take a picture of him, but at that instant another brute rose up beside the boat and seized with his teeth the oar the Professor had charge of, and nearly wrenched it from his grasp; at the same moment a third thrust himself up against the keel of our craft and nearly capsized it, causing the Professor's Kodak to take a beautiful photograph of the sky, and half fill the boat with water.

Each man was now fighting for dear life, each engaged with a separate animal mad for revenge. As rapidly and effectually as possible, each man discharged his piece at the attacking enemy. Then, in the midst of it all, I got into trouble. By some mischance a wrong sized cartridge had got into the magazine, and in throwing it into the rifle barrel, it stuck half way in. Here was a critical state of affairs. An enormous bull, with tusks more than a foot long, was swimming rapidly our way, and unless I was ready for him nothing could save us, for the other boys had their hands full. I tugged with might and main, and luckily, just as the brute was making the invariable short pause at the side of the boat, before attempting to throw his tusks over the gunwale, I succeeded in extracting the wrong cartridge and got a right sized one in its place, and as the animal with glaring, savage eyes, and huge red mouth extended into a ferocious bellow, was rising for his fatal attack, I held the muzzle of the rifle to his throat, and pulled the trigger. A volume of blood gushed up, and with a last roar of rage the walrus sank dying below the surface. A few minutes more finished the combat, in which, although it was estimated we had slain more than

a dozen of these mighty warriors of the north waters, we did not succeed in securing one.

Once more the Kite resumed her way southwardly, stopping here and there at important places for scientific and geographical work, so that it was not until about seven o'clock in the evening of the second day that we turned Cape Robertson, which divides the south side of McCormick Bay from Robertson Bay.

Just as we had done this Mr. Murphy, the first mate, who was in the crow's nest, a huge barrel perched on the top of the foremast as a lookout place, cried, "Polar bear on the point." Excitement ran high in an instant. Captain Rike made a rush for the bridge and signalled to stop the engines, while Mr. Dunphy and the first mate with two sailors made a break for the long boat and lowered it with all speed. Over the side of the vessel scrambled the members of the Relief Expedition, heavily armed; and Larry Hackett, the ship's steward, followed, holding a long sealing rifle, carrying an immense explosive bullet. As the boat was rowed rapidly ashore Larry, who had hunted polar bears before, gave us explicit directions how to behave, and when we landed we carried out his instructions to the letter. Separating into groups of two we cautiously approached the ridge, on the other side of which Mr. Murphy had seen the bears. Two of our party being quicker than the others reached the summit first; they were two sailors. They peered cautiously over and then as one man they uttered exclamations, and each seizing a stone hurled it at some object beyond. In less time than it takes to tell it, there were two flashes of white and two large Arctic hares went scampering up the mountain side as fast as their legs could carry them. A shout went up from all hands except Larry, who, remembering his long lecture on polar bear hunting, stood silent and glum, and bore with ill-concealed discontent the chaffing he got on the way back to the ship, and he only brightened up and allowed his countenance to resume its wonted serenity when, on reaching deck, the chaffing was transferred to Mr. Murphy, who took it good-naturedly and with the remark of, "What difference did it make; you all had a good time ashore, didn't you? You ought to thank me instead of chaffing."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A TRAMP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

HAVING taken a long tramp through the mountains of East Tennessee and of western South Carolina, we want to convince the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that it is unnecessary for them to go to Switzerland to find mountain scenery or steep ridges with which to tire their legs. My friend, Prof. Chas. Forster Smith, of Vanderbilt University, often varies the monotony of deciphering Greek inscriptions by taking tramps through the Great Smoky Mountains, and months ago began to urge me to go with him. Now, I had never "done" any mountains, but for years have been an enthusiastic angler for the black bass, king of all the fish that swim the waters, and am in consequence used to roughing it, and can walk all day without fatigue. Smith and I are light, active men, but Mr. W. E. Myer, of Carthage, Tenn., who was of our party, is built on more heroic lines, being 6ft. tall, and weighing 185lbs., not the build best adapted for taking long tramps over pathless mountains. Mr. Myer is an amateur geologist, but his chief passion is the gathering of Indian relics, and he has done some fine work for the Smithsonian Institution. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, we met in Knoxville, where we bought some provisions, canned meats and "sich like." These, with a change of under-clothing, we stowed in our haversacks (of the U. S. Army type), and strapped our gum coats on the outside. A flannel shirt, a soft hat, a coat, and a stout, broad-bottomed shoe completed the make-up of each man. A policeman gave me a familiar nod and said, "Hello, Hank! back again?" "Hello, Jack!" said I, and passed on. I am sure he took me for some tough whom he had "run in" more than once. Albert Henry, a negro preacher, our driver, was, by long odds, the best dressed and most dignified man in the party. At 5:15 we reached Wildwood, thirteen miles from Knoxville. We took our knapsacks on our backs and started for Mt. Nebo which may be on the very spot where Miss Murfree's "harnt walked Chilhowee." If so, he had some pretty stiff climbing. On the way we overtook Mr. Landon Smith, brother of one of our party, who had come on to join us. He was a welcome acquisition. In a little while we reached the Mt. Nebo Hotel, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the last decent house we were to sleep in for many miles.

After an early breakfast the next morning we finished the ascent of Chilhowee and went down into Miller's Cove to find Devil Sam Walker, to secure him as guide. We met him near his cabin, with a half-bushel of corn on his shoulder, bound for mill and the polls. Dr. Smith, who is an old acquaintance of Sam's, introduced the party and said, "Uncle Sam, we want you to guide us to Clingman's Dome." "It's 80 miles thar and 40 back; it's too fur, boys." However, he wanted to go, and little urging was needed. While Sam was making a few preparations I talked with his wife and soon learned that Sam was made of "bibulous clay." On one occasion he and a vagabond doctor who was boarding at Sam's staid drunk for seven months. Finally Mrs. Walker grew indignant, poured seven gallons of "mountain dew" out to the pigs and smashed jugs and bottles. The spree was over.

Devil Sam no doubt deserves his *soubriquet*. He is now nearly 70 years old, and in appearance reminds you of an old bear. He is profane and vulgar, but with these exceptions, is thoroughly companionable. No man is better acquainted with the Tennessee side of the Smokies than is. Needless to say that he is proud of his knowledge, and a trifle fond of posing as the "Wild Man of the Mountains." He says that a life-size picture of himself is on exhibition in Cincinnati, and that some day he is going there to see it.

On we tramped toward distant Thunder Head, Through Miller's Cove into Tuckaleeche Cove, wading Little River several times, an operation most comforting to our feet. We stopped at a cabin, bought a peck of meal, a few pounds of bacon and a coffee-pot. We ate dinner at a noble spring near a school-house, and were soon joined by the "schoolmarm" and her 65 pupils. All save the teacher were barefoot. They were typical mountaineers, but their dialect was about the same as that of people of the same rank of life in middle Tennessee valleys. And so we found it all the way. We had mountaineers for

guides, stopped at the homes of mountaineers and talked with them long and often, and I am free to say that I don't think we saw a single mountaineer who would know what is meant by the lingo that our dialect writers put in their mouths. Several of them were indignant at the way in which they have been represented. Still, we met a writer of dialect stories who was boarding in a town 50 miles away from the mountains for the purpose of writing up these people whom she had never seen and never expected to see. Nor did we find the mountaineers living on the top of such peaks as are found in the Great Smokies or on any other high peaks, as readers of fiction would expect. These mountains are uninhabited wilds and the mountaineers live in the coves and settlements at the base of the mountains.

Passing through Tuckaleeche Cove and leaving Cade's Cove on our right, we began the ascent of Thunder Head. The climb was steep and the trail rough. A shower came up and gave us a wetting. As darkness approached we entered the "slicks," where it is dark even in daylight. But we stumbled up and on. Our big man began to grow weary, and two miles from the herder's hut, where we hoped to sleep, surrendered his baggage to a less tired comrade. For one mile further he struggled on, and then lay down in the trail, declaring that he could not move another foot. We fed and cheered him, and he struggled on about 25yds. further. Then he lay down once more, and we spread one coat under him and another over him. Two of the party went on to the herder's hut to see if help could be secured, while Dr. Smith and I remained to "cheer the faint" and, if possible, "raise the fallen." A few biscuits and a good deal of encouragement brought him to his feet. Then, with my arm to support him, he toiled on to the hut—Spence's cabin. The two herders were away, but five hunters had taken possession and were asleep on a mattress in front of a blazing fire, for at this altitude a good fire is necessary. In a pot we found a wild turkey, which we would certainly have eaten had it been done. As it was, we made some bread and fried some bacon. Landon Smith and Myer lay down on the floor, Devil Sam crowded in on one corner of the mattress, and Dr. Smith and I took our rest on the bare slats of a home-made cot, our only covering being our gum coats. But we slept never so sweetly. A twenty-mile tramp through the mountains will cure the very worst case of insomnia and make its former victim chime in with Sancho Panza in singing the virtues of sleep.

Next morning we woke refreshed and ready to tramp on. But we first cooked our peck of meal, as we had many miles to make before reaching another house. We had for breakfast coffee, bacon, bread and wild turkey. Mr. Myer's feet were in bad condition. Unfortunately, he had worn a pair of new shoes and they, no doubt, were the source whence "sprung all his woes," plus blisters. But he was full of courage and, as "to return 'twere tedious as to go o'er," we pushed on. A hard pull of a mile and a quarter brought us to the summit of Thunder Head, at an elevation of more than 5,000ft. Here, for the first time, I realized the meaning of the term "the everlasting hills." For adjectives suitable to the occasion, I refer you to "In the Clouds." Chilhowee, Maryville and Knoxville were visible in the distance, while at our feet lay the little coves in which live the mountaineers who manufacture illicit whisky. Twenty miles away loomed up Clingman's Dome. And there were cattle on the "everlasting hills." The pasturage on these balds is the finest I have ever seen and cattle are brought here for many miles to graze on it. Two men build a little hut and watch the cattle, salting them every fortnight, for five months, for 13 cents per month for each animal. The two in Spence's cabin had 700 in their care. All these stock are fat. The only dangers they have to be guarded against are occasional attacks from hungry wolves and bears, which are sometimes found on the mountains.

But on we tramped toward Clingman's Dome. Soon Devil Sam said, "Here's Bone Valley, where the world is cut e'namost in two." And it did look like it. Far down the precipitous sides of the mountains lay Bone Valley. It seemed that a man might jump right down into it. Devil Sam sang the praises of the trout that swim in the creek that runs through Bone Valley, but so far as I am concerned they may sport in its placid waters forever. My rod and reel are for streams more accessible. One party of anglers did venture down once and it took them all day to get out, and then their garments had to be supplemented with leaves and sacks before they could face the eye of man. This dreary spot takes its name from the fact that 300 head of cattle which were wintering on the mountain strayed down here and perished.

The nomenclature of the Smokies is usually suggestive. Huggins' Hell takes its name from a man named Huggins who got lost here and lay all night in a laurel jungle, listening to the howling of the wolves. When he got out he said that if he owned both places, he'd rent out this valley and take hell for a summer home. Defeat Ridge and Desolation Pass are suggestive names, and I was glad that we did not have to include them in our route. It was more pleasant to look at them and listen to Sam's tales of their horrors.

Owing to Mr. Myer's lameness our pace was slow, and for several hours we were without water. Our tongues were parched and dry. Finally Sam and I drank some dirty water out of a bear wallow, and he is confident that it saved our lives. About 4 o'clock we came quite suddenly to a beautiful opening clothed with long grass; and to our joy Sam said: "This is Siler's meadow, and there's a bully spring close by." So there was, and we drank long and deep. On my next tramp I shall certainly carry a canteen. Much refreshed, we pushed on, the two lightweights in front. Finally we sat down to wait for our companions, as we were near our destination.

In a few minutes a tall, good-looking fellow, who had a Winchester in his hands, approached from the opposite direction. He was Mel McLean, one of the guides for a party from Asheville. From him we learned that the Double Spring, where we had proposed to camp, had gone dry. He asked us to come down to their camp, which was not more than 200yds. away. We went and found Messrs. George, Walter and Fred Erdman, of Asheville, N. C. These young gentlemen gave us a most hearty welcome, and their guide, Mat Massey, made our coffee and cooked our bacon for us. Not content with this, they built an addition to their balsam tent and made another huge fire for our benefit. Supper over, Devil Sam told us a long yarn about riding a steer through a hornet's

nest, and then wound up with some miraculous bear stories. Then we laid our heads on our haversacks, wrapped our gum coats about us and sought sleep. Nor was she a coy maiden. About the middle of the night I waked feeling very cold, and found that Sam had lain down directly between me and the fire. I soon rooted him out and slept comfortably for the rest of the night.

In the morning our parties separated with the understanding that we would meet that night at the nearest house on the North Carolina side of the Smokies, we to go across Clingman's Dome and Andrew's Bald, and they to take a shorter and better route. As the Erdmans had two guides they kindly gave us one of them and we bade Devil Sam Walker a kindly farewell. Had he lived fifty years sooner Sam would have been a noted scout and Indian fighter. As it is, if you wish to do the Tennessee side of the Smokies, you can not find a better guide than Sam Walker.

Leaving Sam to go home by way of Black Bill's, his chief chum, we began the descent of Clingman's Dome. Here we had four miles of as tough climbing as is possible. The grass, weeds and briars were higher than our heads and wet with dew and fog. The trail was too faint to see and fallen trees barred our way. Sometimes over, sometimes under, sometimes around, sometimes through, but at all times up, we went. In ten minutes we were wet to the skin. But at an altitude of 6,000ft. such discomforts are not considered. At the Double Chimneys we got a fine view, but when we at last reached the summit of Clingman, 6,650ft. above the level of the sea, we could see nothing save the tall timber that stood around us. What a pity that some one does not clear up the summit. We found the rod left by the surveyors to mark the pinnacle. All the way from Thunder Head to Clingman we had followed the line between the States of Tennessee and North Carolina, but we were now to tramp in North Carolina. Clingman's Dome is but 51ft. lower than Mt. Mitchell, and next to it, is the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains.

Going down Clingman we found a good trail and, after a few miles of reasonably good walking, reached Andrew's Bald, the prettiest spot we had seen. The water of a fine spring was cold enough to make our teeth chatter, and the view was grand. Landon Smith and I, who are not coffee drinkers, concluded to try to milk a cow that had a young calf. We enticed her with some salt, but she objected to being milked, and after a severe struggle and a sharp race we decided that we preferred buttermilk and gave up the attempt.

Down we went—at least 3000ft. in the next three miles, and on the banks of Nolan's Creek we ate our dinner. About this time it was discovered that this scribe and his trousters were about to part company. Mr. Smith kindly agreed to be my tailor, so I divested myself of my nether garments, and while he repaired them I cast a fly for mountain trout. Five strikes and three trout was the result of about twenty minutes of fishing. Poor little trout! They were about as large as the steel-back minnows I use for bait when fishing for bass, so I put them back and wished them many long and happy days in their native stream. No mountain trout for me! I found the rest of the party taking a bath in this ice-cold stream, but deferred mine a couple of hours.

About three o'clock we reached the house of Mr. Jenkins, where we found the Erdman party awaiting us. Massey had killed a turkey. Mrs. Jenkins cooked it and we ate it. We had buttermilk and butter as firm as if fresh from a refrigerator. Two of our party, Mr. Smith and Mr. Myer, flung their weary limbs on a bed and were soon asleep. The rest of us amused ourselves in different ways until bed-time. Eleven of us slept in one room and a glorious night's rest it was. The next morning was Sunday. Dr. Smith and I decided to push on across the Cane Back Mountain and up into the Indian Reservation, while the Erdman party and our two jaded brothers walked down to Bryson City. Here the Erdmans took the train for Asheville, while the rest of our party got horses and followed us to Yellow Hill. M. M. Massey, Bryson City, N. C., was our guide, and he is the best I have ever seen. Forty years old, 5ft. 8in. high, weighing 125lbs., strong and active, talkative but not a braggart, and thoroughly acquainted with the mountains which he passionately loves. I commend him to all who wish to tramp or to hunt. He never fails to find wild turkeys, and, *mirabile dictu*, tells the truth about his exploits. Ten miles of this tramp was tough walking. We ate dinner at a Mr. Nelson's, and got a most excellent meal for 10 cents each. Thence on to Yellow Hill and the Indians. W. D. MOONEY.

AN AMATEUR BREAKING IN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been my good fortune during the past season to gratify a long-desired wish and to make an attempt to acquire the noble art of shooting game birds on the wing with the assistance of a faithful dog. Perhaps my experience may not be wholly uninteresting to the readers of your valuable paper.

I have no stories to tell of great quantities of game brought to bag. In fact, I have made no large scores. My experience is simply that of a man who, having had previously to Oct. 1 practically no knowledge of this most fascinating sport, undertook to train a setter and incidentally himself.

My boyhood was spent on the rocky hills of northern New England. There it was my delight to shoot *Bonasa umbellus* as he sat perched bolt upright, motionless, stiff as a ramrod in the top of some pine or hemlock, whither he had been driven by the barking of the water spaniel or cur which accompanied me to "tree" the game. The water spaniel is the dog commonly used in those localities for hunting the "patridge," as he is called by the farmers. It was not often that I was gladdened by hearing the dull thud of more than three or four of these noble birds as they fell from the trees in answer to the report of my semi-hammerless in the course of an afternoon's shooting. I remember thinking that I had done very well when my score one fall ran up to forty-two ruffed grouse, eight or woodcock, as many snipe and numberless gray squirrels and hares which I cared too little about to count. Many a toilsome term of study at old Andover and afterward at college were lightened by joyous anticipations of the time when vacation would allow me to throw books aside and spend the whole livelong day (which was too short) tramping with dog and gun the hills of my native town seeking much needed rest. I prized the hours of my vacation as Pippa, the poor silk-girl of Asolo prized the

minutes of the one day in the whole year she could call her own.

I should not fail to mention also the sport which seemed to me then very enjoyable, i. e., the shooting of the great Northern hare as he circled ahead of one or two foxhounds, whose glorious music made the woods resound. It was the tuneful cry of the hounds that fascinated me, not the killing of the white-coated game. I do not know whether I would now find much pleasure in that method of hunting, but I am sure that the sound of hounds in full cry will always be to me one of the most delightful of sensations. The most elaborate interpretations of the "music of the future" to which it has been my good fortune to listen have never thrilled my nerves as has that wildwood melody.

Toward the last of my shooting in the North I began to try to kill my birds flying when I got a good open shot. I killed all the woodcock mentioned above and some snipe and ruffed grouse in that way, but a trained setter or pointer I had never seen. My attempts at wing shooting were inspired by George William Herbert's book called, I believe, "Field Sports of America." I do not refer to his sporting novels or his compilation on the subjects of fish and large game, but to that work which gives his own experience in woodcock, quail and snipe shooting in New Jersey, New York and elsewhere.

I have occasionally read copies of the FOREST AND STREAM and other journals of field sports to while away a weary hour of railroad travel, but I believe I have never known any writer to speak enthusiastically of Frank Forrester's work. Perhaps I am mistaken about the appreciation in which he is held. Possibly I have over-estimated his worth. I have not read him for years but I used to think he should be to the lover of the gun what Izaak Walton is to the angler of cultivated tastes. I grant that the piscators have a far better range of literature in which to enjoy themselves than we who are devoted to the dog and gun, but I believe that in that portion of Herbert's works to which I have alluded we have something as good as anything they can point to.

As I have said, inspired by Frank Forrester, I had just begun to try to kill my birds in a sportsmanlike way when I had to drop the gun completely. My profession called me to colleges and universities where I had no time or opportunity for shooting. For years I had not used a gun.

But this last October, on coming to the place at which I am now living, I learned to my great pleasure that I was in a fine quail country. I soon became convinced that I must have a dog. A friend, the editor of a local newspaper, a thoroughgoing sportsman and a capital shot, secured for me an untrained setter one year old. It had never been taken into the field.

I chained up my acquisition with some misgivings. He seemed a fine-looking dog, but I knew nothing about the marks of a well-bred setter. I had grave doubts about my ability to train him or to kill anything over him if he gave me an opportunity.

However, I thought I would see if he had the natural instincts, and the next afternoon I hastened with him to a field where I knew there were a bevy of quail. I had plied my friend the editor with questions on the methods of training dogs, but I had a very indefinite idea of the way that I should set about to accomplish a task that seemed so difficult. I had, however, a plan of my own invention for teaching him to retrieve if he should show bird sense.

On reaching the field a bevy was flushed before the dog had a chance to find them, and I killed one as they rose. Taking the dog up to the dead bird he quivered all over and took it into his mouth with an expression that showed unmistakably that he had never before experienced so extraordinary a sensation. I then put in operation my plan for teaching him to retrieve. It was very simple, but proved effective. Instead of hastening to take the bird away, I let him have it and walked away, calling him after me. I thought he would not like to leave the bird and so would bring it. I was not mistaken. He brought it over a high rail fence for 150yds. through the corn, when I took it from his mouth, patting him as I did so.

Following up the bevy in a ragweed patch, Scott suddenly stiffened out into as pretty a point as one could wish to see. I was delighted, for I knew then that he had the natural instincts. He remained perfectly steady while I walked up and kicked the bird out of the weeds within a foot of his nose. I killed it and made the dog follow again with the bird in his mouth. Since then he has retrieved well. Several more stands were made, and having killed another bird, I returned with them, feeling proud of the dog's first attempts.

I was a little too hasty, however, for the next time my confidence was badly shaken. I had forgotten about the danger of running rabbits. None had been found the first time, but no sooner had I entered the field on the following day than the dog went ki-y-ing like a cur till bunny disappeared in a thicket. I boxed his ears soundly, but in less than three minutes the performance was repeated. My feelings may be imagined. I gave him all the punishment I could administer. When my hand had become too tired to box his ears long, I used up all the sticks that were at hand, varying the blows with sundry applications of a heavy hunting shoe. I realized that that was hardly the ideal way to train a dog. It was breaking rather than training, but the circumstances seemed to demand strong measures. The lesson proved effective, and since that time I have had no trouble on that score. I have hunted him two or three times a week throughout the season, always preferring to let him go rather than to lose any opportunity to teach the dog his duty. I believe that I have now an animal of more than usual merit. I have become very enthusiastic on the subject of quail shooting. Already I have begun to look forward impatiently to the time in the spring when I can train my dog on snipe.

I have received a great deal of pleasure from my afternoons afield this past autumn. No small part of my enjoyment has come from seeing the dog develop as the result of my own handling. I would advise every man who intends to seek health or diversion in this form of out of door exercise to get a young dog and train it himself.

A DISCIPLE OF FRANK FORRESTER.

An Opinion After Fifteen Years.

You have now been sending me the FOREST AND STREAM for nearly fifteen years. At the beginning I ranked it among the very first in its particular sphere, and to-day I consider it far ahead of what it was then.

FORKED DEER.

Natural History.

ON THE PAMPAS OF ENTRE RIOS.—IV.

In a former letter I mentioned that ducks were plentiful in Entre Rios, but said very little about shooting them. They congregated in large flocks in any small pond that was out on the open pampas, but in the arroyos were only found in pairs. We used to construct a blind near the ponds by digging a hole about 4ft. deep, and planting high pampas grass around the edge, drawing it together at the top. We would ride out to the ponds, and get into the blinds, sending our horse away with the guacho, who would move off half a mile or so. The ducks would soon fly back to the pond, and with both barrels I could generally get three or four. After they had been shot at they would not come back to that pond for a long time, especially if there were other ponds near.

I made my reputation as a good shot soon after I went on the estancia, and took care not to lose it by taking any chances afterward. I was crossing an arroyo near the house, and saw two ducks swimming in a small hole. I told the gaucho with me that I would get my gun and return and kill both of the ducks. I did get my gun and when near the arroyo, dismounted, hobbled my horse, and crawled to the edge of the bank. The ducks were still there, but arose on seeing me, and flew rapidly up the arroyo. I let go one barrel at them, and to my utter astonishment both fell dead. This was called a great feat by the men who talked of it over their maté.

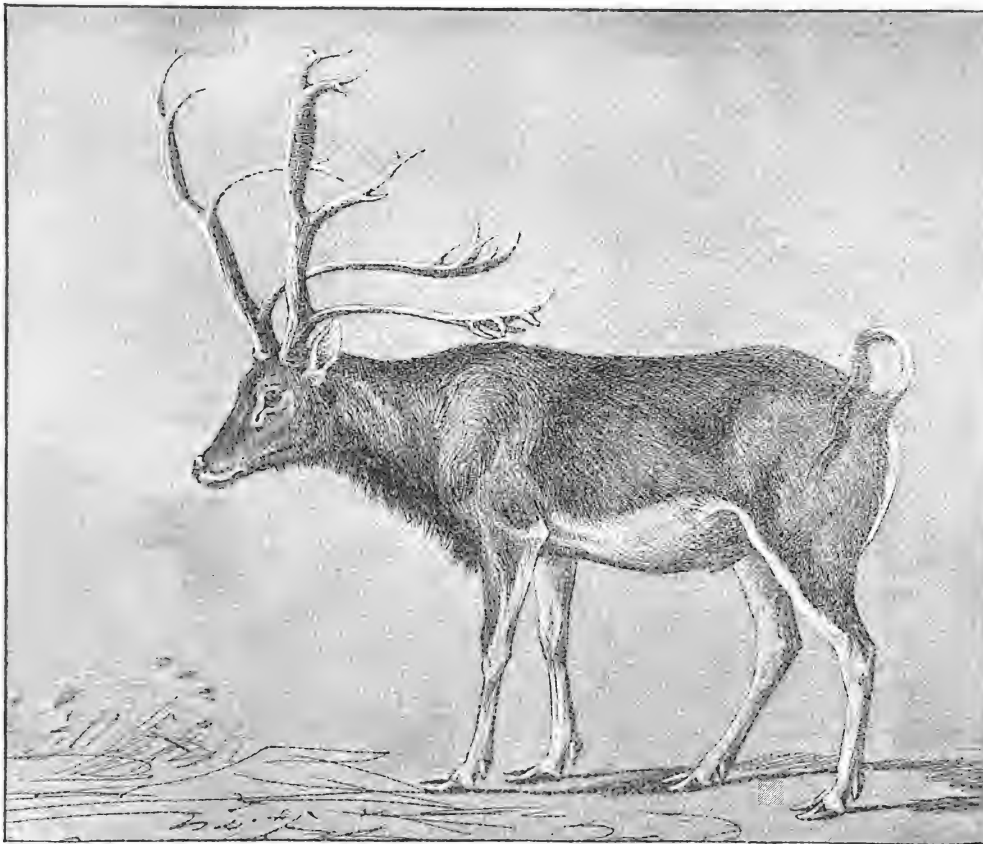
There is one very interesting bird that we sometimes saw when we visited the large ponds, or lakes, which was called the *chakar*. This bird is as large as a goose, but has much longer legs and a tuft of feathers on the top of its head. Its feathers are gray in color, but its legs and a large spot around each eye are bright red. They build their nests on mounds which they raise from the bottom in water 2 to 3ft. deep, by depositing clods and dirt which they bring from the shore. They take their name from the peculiar cry they utter when on the wing. They will start up when disturbed, and at every flap of their immense wings will cry *chakar, chakar*, the male bird in a deep bass and the female in a much higher tone. They are great soarers and will go upward and upward into the sky, their cry growing fainter and fainter until they disappear from sight. I never killed but one of these birds, as they were quite rare with us, but I heard that further south they were very plentiful. I ate the one I killed and found it very good eating, tasting like wild goose.

One of the most interesting animals we had in Entre Rios was the *vizcachas*, a small gray rodent that is common all over the Argentine Confederacy. They live in colonies of twenty to forty, and burrow a great many holes that lead down to connecting galleries which lead into the main chamber where they live. Some of the entrances to their burrows are immense, being 4 to 5ft. in diameter and several feet deep, but most of their holes are not over 8 to 10in. in diameter. The mounds of earth they throw up are raised considerably above the pampas, which keeps the water out of their holes when it rains heavily. The male *vizcachas* is larger than the female, and appears to have more curiosity, or more bravery, as they do not dart into their holes on the approach of danger as quickly as the female. They do not come out of their burrows until near sundown, at which time they congregate on their mounds and bark and frisk about. They feed at night on grass and seeds, and on bright moonlight nights travel considerable distances from their homes visiting the buildings and carrying off anything not too heavy for them in the way of straps, whips, knives and bones, which articles they pile up on their mounds, but do not seem to make any further use of them. When any small article such as described above was lost, we always went out to the *vizcachas* mounds and hunted for them, generally finding them there. On dark nights if any one wanted to know whether there were any *vizcachas* about all it was necessary to do was to make some loud noise, such as cracking a bull whip, or firing a gun, and immediately in response would be heard hundreds of little barks and cries which would seem to come from every direction, and which would be repeated several times. The gauchos are very much prejudiced against eating the flesh of a *vizcachas*, but I often ate them and found them very good. I used to shoot them, but unless they were dropped dead in their tracks they invariably managed to get into their burrows. During heavy rains we would dig ditches to lead the water into their holes to drown them out, for they are a great nuisance around a place, and eat up a great deal of grass. Small owls live with the *vizcachas*, digging out a side gallery in one of the holes, other intruders also make

use of the burrows, but all seem to live peaceably together.

About the most destructive insect in Entre Rios is the black ant, which shows an instinct amounting almost to intelligence. They have their relay of workers, one set carrying the leaves and grass to the mouth of the nest and another set carrying it down and stowing it away. They also keep an army of fighters, who swarm out, if the nest is disturbed, and soon make short work of any unfortunate beetle or other intruder who invades their nest. The paths to their nests are very plainly defined, being entirely bare of grass for quite a distance, then entering a tunnel through the grass, and finally a hole in the ground, which would extend six or eight feet before entering the nest. It was almost impossible to raise anything in a garden where they were numerous, as they would eat off the young shoots as fast as they came up.

We had a ponderous machine, which was brought from England, for destroying them in their nests. It consisted of a furnace, in which was built a fire fed with dry red peppers, tobacco stems and sulphur, the smoke from which was forced into the nest by a small pair of blacksmith's bellows. I have pumped this smoke into an ant's nest until I was tired and have seen it come out of the crevices of the earth yards away from where I started it in, which showed it had penetrated into the innermost recesses of the nest, but in a few days this same nest would seem to be as thickly populated as ever. The best way to destroy them after locating the nest is to remove the earth from above and around it without disturbing it any more than possible, then pour thirty to forty gallons of



DEER WITH BISON'S TAIL.

boiling water into the nest, breaking and working it up with the hot water into a stiff mass, which mass must be shoveled out, made into a mound and plastered on the outside with soft mud. I planted in a small garden I had cultivated several hundred seed of the Paradise tree, all of which had come up and were doing well. One morning I looked toward my grove of little pines and was surprised to see they had disappeared in the night. I found the black ants had invaded my garden and stripped the miniature trees of all their leaves and were there in hundreds carrying them off. At one time they invaded my house. If they get a good foothold in a house it is almost impossible to live in it. They infest everything, getting into all eatables, into the beds, the clothing, and crawling over the person, biting quite severely. They attacked a bag of coarse arrowroot that I had and I found they would soon rob me of all of it, so I hung it by a strap from the ceiling and thought for a time that I had circumvented them, but in a few days I noticed them carrying it off as freely as ever. They had found their way to the bag by the strap and to some small holes in the bottom, which (if they were not there before) they cut with their mandibles and from which holes several were pulling the grains and an army of them on the floor were carrying it away.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

West Virginia in Line.

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 27.—Fifty sportsmen met at the McClure House Jan. 20 and efficient steps are being taken to secure good game and fish laws. A game and fish warden is asked for, salary \$1,000 per year and 10 cents mileage on going and returning from making arrests of offenders, etc. A fund of \$250 is being raised to send two influential men to Charleston to secure the passage of these much-needed bills. The quail and pheasant law is amended, making the close season from Dec. 20 to Oct. 20, also making it unlawful for them to be shipped out of the State. I am delighted to say that the W. V. S. S. Association is booming.

J. A. PENN.

SOME WOODS NOTES AND QUERIES.

BOSTON, Jan. 21.—I haven't had time to write you of my Maine woods trip of December last, but will say that it was my seventeenth trip to the wilderness, and well nigh the most satisfactory one I ever made, and with the experience of it so fresh in my mind I am tempted to think that with a good winter camp in a good location the winter is the time for camping. If you do not believe it wait till I can tell you about it. Just now I can only beg leave to say a word or two on a few points suggested by recent issues of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and which must be taken while they are before the brethren.

Wild Animals in Maine.

First as to the Canada lynx. This animal used to be found everywhere in the Maine wilderness. Every hunter had frequent experience with it. Then there came a time of scarcity. This began about the time when I began to make an annual trip to the Maine woods. Consequently I have never seen a lynx in all my camping and tramping. But the tide is turning and the lynxes are coming in again.

My guide of last December, Mr. Mitchell, of Shirley Mills, tells me that last year a family of five were seen in his neighborhood, and all were caught before spring, two of them falling to his own lot. This year we several times saw their tracks, and it was Mr. Mitchell's intention to trap for them. He says they are the easiest to be trapped of all animals, and he felt perfectly sure of capturing the ones which made the tracks referred to. It was worth a

good deal to me to see even the tracks of a lynx. It is a peculiar track and I should now know it at a glance if ever encountered again.

Mr. Mitchell is of the firm opinion that the present abundance of deer is the reason of the return of the lynx to Maine, and that the wolf is also to come back, and for the same reason, and that both the lynx and wolf will have to be vigorously trapped and poisoned or they will again bring the deer supply to its lowest terms. He is certain that it was a wolf which howled around his camp one night last winter, though he admits that there are as yet but few in the State. This belief of Mitchell's is shared by many guides in Maine.

The ebb and flow, so to speak, of certain species of animals in the Maine woods is very interesting. Many, many years ago the caribou were plentiful, then practically disappeared from the country, so that in the boyhood of men yet in active life none were seen or thought of. Then began an influx of caribou. At first they were not hunted and were—at least in some sections—hardly considered of value for food. Finally they became known and valued as at present, but I believe that the caribou are now diminishing in the State.

I would be glad to get the opinion of Maine guides and hunters on this point.

Every one knows that deer were never so abundant as now. Once they were scarce. That was when the wolf abounded. I have heard Uncle "Vet" Abbey, of Brownville—now dead—tell when the last wolf was killed in that town. It was many years ago. I have heard another man tell of gangs of wolves over on Millinocket Lake, where I think not a wolf has been seen for many a year.

The pine marten and sable seem to alternate with the red squirrel as to periods of abundance. Only the fox seems to be everywhere and always abundant, and never more so than now. The fox and the partridge seem secure from extermination and there is a certain comfort in the thought.

The Guadalupe White Bear.

I am much interested in several recent communications from the town of Eddy in New Mexico and the region of the Pecos River generally, and especially in accounts of game from the Guadalupe Mountains. I have been on the Pecos near its mouth and near its source, but never with time to hunt or explore, though it was most tempting region.

One story about the Guadalupe range, especially interested me, for it was told me by a prominent citizen of New Mexico, a gentleman of undoubted character and of exceptional experience in all that region. It was to the effect that a remarkable variety of bear was to be found in the Guadalupe Mountains, which was so nearly white as to fairly deserve the name of a white bear. This was so extraordinary a statement that, bearing in mind the yarns that are told to a "tenderfoot," I questioned my informant very closely and more than once about the matter, and drew from him a mass of testimony which certainly seemed serious if not convincing. He said he had seen enough skins of this peculiar color—all from the Guadalupe Mountains—to establish the fact there was there to be

found a very remarkable variety, if not new species of bear.

Now, I would like to know of "N. A. T." and Gen. G. O. Shields, and H. B. Husey, and "Podgers," and any and all others who can answer for the region named, if they ever heard of the Guadalupe white bear!

The Maine Jack Rabbit Scheme.

One word more—and about the jack rabbit. I see that it is proposed to try to introduce the jack rabbit in Maine. This strikes me as both absurd and undesirable.

Aside from the question whether the jack could live under such changed conditions, of what value would he be in Maine, provided he could live there? Is he of any value to any one where he is? I do not deny that he may serve in an emergency for food, but when supplied with ordinary food I never thought of cooking one, and I have the impression that our own beautiful Northern hare, which is so abundant in Maine already, is vastly superior to the jack rabbit as the basis of a stew. If I am wrong about this will some one say so and set me right. As I write I have only to raise my eyes to see mounted on the wall of my den two heads of jack rabbits which I shot near Las Cruces, N. M. They are very interesting to me with their wonderful ears, "the most preposterous ears ever mounted on any animal," as Mark Twain says, but why do we want them in Maine?

Jan. 28.—I have just received a letter from Mr. A. T. Mitchell, of Shirley, Mo., who was my guide in the most enjoyable camping trip made last December to Big Indian Pond, in the vicinity of Shirley. I wrote you last week something about the impression on the part of many Maine guides that lynxes and wolves, once prevalent in Maine, and now for a long time almost unknown to the State, are coming in again. Mr. Mitchell writes me that since I was with him he has done his best to trap some lynxes, yet, notwithstanding, they seem to be plenty in his vicinity, gangs of ten having been seen together, he has failed to trap one yet.

He says: "They choose to catch their own living as yet, but I shall succeed in trapping them before the winter is out. I thought when you went away I would trap one and send him to you, but have had rather poor luck so far. I am learning some things of the nature of the animal. October and February are the two months to catch them. By the way, as I was going to look after one of my traps the other day I saw one crouched under some brush. I shot it, but made so many holes in his hide that I thought he would not do to set up."

"I had quite a travel last week, following a track that I thought at first was that of a bear, but concluded that it was the track of a panther. I followed him about 30 miles, but did not come up with him. I am now convinced that we have such animals here, though very scarce."

The above points seems to me to be very interesting. I was told that last winter a gang of five lynxes were seen together, and this year it seems that one of double the number has been seen. I had never heard before, in connection with this animal, of its habit of gathering and continuing in such gangs. As to the panther, many people were entirely skeptical as to its being found within the limits of Maine, yet every few years I have heard stories similar to the foregoing, and from men whose veracity and good sense I could not doubt. My old guide Billings—best of companions and most skillful in wood-lore—told me that once only had he seen panthers in Maine. That was about a lake in the Allegash region, where, from a safe distance, he saw two of these great cats gamboling upon the snow which covered the ice of a large pond. As he expressed it, he "concluded he had lost no panthers," and after watching them, wisely retired, leaving them undisturbed. That the panther was once well known in Maine is evident from the Indian word "lunxus," which is, as most commonly interpreted, "Indian devil." This is traditional all through the State. C. H. AMES.

A TOAD'S SUPPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Did you ever see a toad catch and eat his supper? That has been my good fortune; and it was a revelation. I was sitting one evening in my back yard, contentedly smoking and looking with some pride at a small garden patch, where I had spent many hours on various vines and plants that were now rewarding me by a vigorous growth. That garden was the home or resort of many toads, and we had become well acquainted with each other, although I thought them rather a stupid lot. It was comical, however, when I accidentally disturbed one among the leaves or hauled him out of the soft earth, where he was resting, to see the little fellow puff himself out to the point of bursting and roll up the whites of his eyes at me with an expression of sleepy reproach. I think they soon became accustomed to my presence, and would only take one or two hops from under my feet and then watch me with stupid gravity.

I had about finished my pipe, when I observed one of my toads coming toward me along the path that led to the garden. He was as usual quite deliberate in his movements. A hop, a long wait and then another hop. As he came near my seat he eyed me solemnly for a while, then hopped between my feet and disappeared under the chair. On turning around a few minutes later I saw him on the graveled walk leading to the front of the house. Without any object I rose and strolled after him. The sun had disappeared, but it was light enough to see even a small object at quite a distance. The toad paid no attention to me as I came up with him. Suddenly he made a leap toward the edge of the path and vanished from sight. I knew he had not reached the grass border, and I was puzzled at his strange disappearance. I took a step forward and stooped over the spot where he had landed. The mystery was solved, although I could scarce believe what I plainly saw. The toad was there, but the fat, chunky body seemed literally pasted to the walk and was scarcely discernible from it. It looked as if he might have been run over by a cart wheel, so perfectly flattened was the body. As I looked, there was a lightning change. Like a flash my toad threw himself at the grass border. I thought I saw a darting tongue, and then he leisurely hopped back to the walk—the same rotund, stupid-looking fellow I knew so well. I opened my eyes very wide and followed him closely. Again and again was that marvelous flattening process repeated, as he caught sight of objects to me utterly invisible; again and again he launched himself like an arrow into the air

or at a tuft of grass, and I do not believe that he once missed his prey. In this manner we traversed the whole length of the walk, when the toad turned and retraced his steps, or rather hops. It was now quite dark and I bade him good night. I had found out my friend of the garden. Instead of being a loggy, slow-moving animal, he was as cunning as a cat and twice as active. I am afraid he is something of a hypocrite in his daily life, but who is not more or less one? Every summer my garden is filled with toads. I treat them with profound respect. I hope my old acquaintance is among them, and I think he is. I have often noticed one sleek-looking fellow hopping after me as I move about, and it seems to me there is a twinkle in his eye I see in none of the others. Probably he is aware that he cannot humbug me again with his pretended clumsy ways. We understand each other.

FRED L. BALLARD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JAN. 16.

A REMARKABLE DEER.

AMONG the mammals made known to us in the course of the last 20 years perhaps none is more remarkable than a deer which has a tail like a bison from the park of the Emperor of China (*Elaphurus davidianus*). This species has been named by naturalists for the Rev. R. P. David the missionary and celebrated traveler, who has made known to us so many new animals from the Celestial empire.

In its conformation this deer is very different from the others of the family *Cervidae*. The head is somewhat short, the hips very heavy, and the feet very deeply split. The tail, which is much longer than in any other kind of deer terminates in a bunch of long hair, being thus like the tail of a bison. But perhaps the most remarkable character of this strange animal is the horns, which seem to be placed on its head backward. All known deer have these frontal prolongations so disposed that the antlers have their points directed forward, but in the present species this is not true, for the points of antlers are directed toward the animal's hips. If these antlers should be put in the hands of the taxidermist, he would be almost sure to direct these points forward, thus exactly reversing the natural position.

This animal is timid, excitable and fierce. A mere nothing suffices to excite it. It moves about but little in the day time, but seems much more active at night.

Until within recent years this animal was unknown to naturalists. The first ones brought to France were obtained from officers of the household of the Emperor of China by M. De Bellouet, the Minister of France to Peking, but before this pair reached the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, the Zoological Gardens of Berlin had already received some.

We do not know whence this deer comes nor of what region it is native. We only know that for centuries the species has lived in freedom in the parks of the Emperor of China, as the fallow deer lives in our European parks.

This animal is a dweller in the forests and fears neither cold nor storm. It has a rough coat, doubled in winter by a warm fur, which it sheds in spring. Its color is a dirty white, or a pale fawn. Every year in the spring, the females in the Jardin d'Acclimatation each gives birth to one young one whose growth is altogether remarkable, for, in the autumn the young, then about six months old, are almost as tall and heavy as the adults.—Abstracted from *Le Chénil*.

THE NEW MEXICO COLLECTION.

EDDY, New Mexico, Jan. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: The alleged "old frontiersman" has been stuffing your correspondent, "T. A. T." There is, of course, no such thing in existence as a "cactus deer." I heard a good deal of this silly talk about this cactus deer, while it was on exhibition here, and, of course, saw and examined it. It is simply a mule deer, killed while the horns were in the velvet, and they are not at all different, in shape, from any other mule deer's horns, in the same stage of growth. I am surprised that a man who claims to know so much as Mr. Taylor should have allowed himself to be "joshed" in this way.

The elk in this collection, which Mr. Taylor says weighed 700 lbs., never attained more than one-half of that weight. He stands less than 15 hands high, and his horns are not more than half as large as others that are found in various collections. They are not "prodigious," by any means. Mr. Taylor states their probable weight at 100 lbs. They would not weigh more than 50, at the outside.

Mr. Taylor states that the Mexican or mountain lion, as known in Texas, is a much more formidable beast than the mountain lion or cougar found in New Mexico and elsewhere, and that it is "more to be dreaded than any other animal that walks on American soil."

This statement is absurd to any one who is well informed on natural history. It is well known that the mountain lion or cougar, wherever found, is, generally speaking, a coward; that he usually sneaks away at the approach of the hunter, and there are few, if any, well authenticated cases on record where this animal has been known to fight.

Mr. Taylor further states that the collection in question is the best in New Mexico, or probably anywhere outside of the museums. There are, in this collection, some fine skins, but they are mounted in such a way as to make a man of any intelligence extremely tired. They are put up square, with a leg under each corner, and the legs look more like those of a homemade bedstead than of graceful animals like deer, elk, antelope, etc. Mr. Riggs, far from having associated with wild beasts all his life, probably never saw one alive in the woods. He is a good-natured, intelligent farmer, who came here, I think, from Missouri, two or three years ago, and so far as I know, has never killed any large game. To my certain knowledge he bought all these skins from hunters, who brought them in from the mountains and plains. He had them mounted by a man who might possibly be able to mount a horse, if he had a step-ladder handy, but who does not know any more about stuffing and setting up wild animals than I know about what electricity is made of.

I have several times referred to this collection myself, in former communications, and hoped that it would have been gotten up in such a way as to be a credit to New Mexico, but regret to say that it is not. G. O. SHIELDS.

Needs No Apologies.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—I never feel ashamed to read FOREST AND STREAM with my wife or children. It needs no apologies, which cannot be said of all our American "sporting papers."

W. J. S.

Musk Ox Specimens.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: It is surprising that Mr. Webster, since he takes the trouble to point out in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 26 that there are only four mounted specimens of the musk ox in this country (one at Harvard, three at Washington), other than the splendid one which he has lately mounted, does not remember that there is a musk ox in his own town, and not more than two miles from his shop in Forty-second street. This specimen, which was prepared by Ward, of Rochester, has been on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History for the past nine years. Mr. Webster could have seen it there in, I think, November, 1891.

It may be interesting in this connection to note that the animal in the Museum stands 4 ft. high at the shoulder (not including the length of the long hair on the back). As set up, it measures from nose to stern, in a straight line 7 ft. 9 in., or measured along the back, 8 ft. 5 in. The horn is only 9 in. in diameter at base, but is 26 in. long. While perhaps not "the largest in this country or Europe," it is probably about as large as the one figured in FOREST AND STREAM, and is a splendid specimen.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

The "Ocean Sheldrake" a Goosander.

In a note appended to Mr. Fraser's letter in last week's FOREST AND STREAM it was suggested that the rare duck which he called "tweezer" or "ocean sheldrake" might be *Mergus serrator*, which is also called "salt-water sheldrake," "sea bec-scie," "sea robin," etc. To settle the question, however, Mr. Fraser kindly sent the specimen to this office. It proves to be a fine male goosander (*Mergus americanus*). This bird we have found much less abundant in our shooting than the red-breasted merganser (*M. serrator*). Of this latter species Mr. Trumbull, whose experience along the Atlantic coast has been very wide, writes us: "I have shot it at Shinnecock Bay and Moriches (East Bay), and have personally found it pretty thoroughly, though unevenly, distributed from Quebec to Mobile, including the island of Grand Menan, where, as in many other localities, it is practically the only merganser. I have found it far more common on the sea coast than the 'tweezer,' 'weaser' (or wesser) or 'fresh-water sheldrake' (*M. americanus*)."

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Live Game in Close Time.

Judge W. P. Whitehouse, of the Maine supreme judicial court, has just rendered a decision at Calais, in Washington county, of much importance to the people of the State interested in the taking of game animals alive. The case is the one of State vs. Eben Coffern. Coffern was convicted last November before the municipal court of catching and having in possession a young deer in close time. The case was appealed to the Washington county supreme court. The decision has been much discussed, but it effectually settles the law as to the right of individuals to catch and retain game animals alive in close time. The decision says:

It is admitted that the fawn was caught by the defendant in the month of July, 1892, and kept in possession until Oct. 15, and then sold to some person in Massachusetts. Sec. 11, of Chap. 30, R. S., declares that "whoever has in his possession the carcass of any such animal, or any part thereof, between the first days of January and October shall be deemed to have hunted and killed the same contrary to law. But he shall not be precluded from producing proof in defense." This section was amended in 1891 (Chap. 35, Sec. 3) so as to read, "whoever has in his possession any such animal or part thereof, shall be deemed to have hunted, caught or killed the same contrary to law." The substitution of the word "animal" for "carcass or hide" in the first clause, and the introduction of the word "caught" in the second clause, conclusively show an intention to make the statute applicable not only to the possession of inanimate things, but to the capture of living and moving ones. This is also in harmony with the manifest purpose of the law. It was obviously designed to afford protection to the deer and prevent their extinction by giving them freedom to roam the forests, untrapped by man, during the appropriate season of each year. If construed to permit their capture in close time when more easily effected, and subsequent sale or appropriation in open time, the law would signify fail of its beneficent purpose, and be practically nullified. In the case at bar there is no suggestion in defense that the fawn was captured or temporarily held for any humane or lawful purpose. That inquiry was precluded by the final disposition of the animal. The decision of the court below was correct, and the judgment must be entered for the State.

A Maine Trophy.

Mr. Henry S. Fisher, with Harding, Whitman & Co., 78 Chauncy street, Boston, has received the mounted head of his moose from the taxidermists. Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember the account of the killing of this monster moose published in this paper some weeks since. The head is a fine one, and many of Mr. Fisher's friends, interested in sporting, have been in to see it. It ornaments his office room, and is a grand trophy. They are telling him that it is the very bull moose that was hauled out of the woods by the cow moose, first caught and harnessed by the guide, the story of which was in the FOREST AND STREAM recently.

SPECIAL.

South Carolina Quail and Snow.

MCCONNELLSVILLE, York County, S. C., Jan. 22.—Quail are quite plentiful in this vicinity; we can flush from ten to fifteen coveys in a hunt of four or five hours and not go over two or three miles from where I am located. The weather has been so cold the past ten days that field sports are at a discount. Last Wednesday ushered in a snowstorm which lasted two days. The snow is now 6 in. deep on a level with little prospect of a thaw. E. M.

Wild Life in the Yellowstone.

The telegraph line repairer of the Yellowstone Park, who got into the Hot Springs Jan. 21, reports having seen sixty-three buffalo in the Hayden Valley. On the way back to the Springs he was treed about ten miles down the road, near the Apollinaris spring, by an old mountain lion and two cubs. Lions are not often seen in the Park.

OUR BLUENOSE BUDGET.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 26.—I note that Mr. Peter Le Royer is delighting the cultured natives of Boston with his justly celebrated live cow moose. Also that Mr. LeRoy "claims that his animal is the only living adult cow moose in captivity." It is to be regretted that Mr. LeRoy should mar his missionary efforts by a claim like this. At Moncton, in this Province, there resides one Philip Selick, who has no less than two cow moose and one bull moose for his constant playmates. Mr. Selick has exhibited the former throughout the Provinces for several years, and Mr. LeRoy's moose would have to "hump itself" to be any homelier than they are. Mr. Selick had been yearning a long time for a bull moose for breeding purposes. Last winter he spent over two months in the wilds of the Renous in order to capture him, and when he emerged from the forest in the spring of the year he had the animal in tow. He floated him down the Miramichi on a raft, and landed him home safe and sound. I have written to Mr. Selick for particulars of the capture and breeding experiment, which I hope soon to supply to *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A wonderfully favorable season for the preservation of moose, deer and caribou was that which closed on the 15th inst. Scarcely any snow fell in any part of the Province until a week after New Year's, and this made the successful pursuit of big game almost impossible. It is probable that not over 100 head of moose, caribou and deer combined were killed in New Brunswick during the open season. Last week Dr. Bliss, of Amherst, and his friend, Leander Allen, had a successful cruise in the woods between Maccan and Athol. Abram Hood acted as guide. The party captured two large moose, the largest of which, when dressed, weighed 690lbs.

Nat Price, of Peniac, the veteran trapper, reports a singular absence of foxes in that region this winter. He thinks the lack of snow during November and December must have had the effect of driving them from their usual haunts. Early in the fall Mr. Price had a strange experience. He was just about starting for a look at his traps, when something thumped against the roof of his house. It sounded like the clatter of a chain, and Mr. Price had a vague conviction that his time had come. He rushed to the door, and just arrived in time to see an immense crane flying over his dooryard with what seemed to be a chain attached to its feet. Mr. Price grabbed his gun and gave chase. The crane flew around in circles and gave evidence of mental derangement. After a while he banged into Mr. Price's favorite apple tree and the chain stuck fast. Mr. Price climbed the tree and reached for the crane. Then the crane reached for Mr. Price and jabbed him with its beak. Then Mr. Price came down and reached for his gun. Then the crane came down and reached the end of his earthly troubles. Attached to his leg was an otter trap and chain that Mr. Price had set with a sliding pole in the creek up the interval.

A similar thing took place right across the river from Mr. Price's place only last week. Spafford Wade shot a large Arctic owl which he had noticed in the locality for several days before, and which had the singular habit of always lighting on the ground. When shot the owl had a mink trap clinging to his leg. The trap belonged to a lad named Goodspeed, and, not being properly secured, had been lugged off by the owl about a fortnight before he was harvested by Mr. Wade.

Speaking of owls, reminds me. A few years ago three of us floated down Cain's River, one of the wildest and least frequented fishing streams in New Brunswick, in a dugout. On the fourth day out we routed a large owl several times during the afternoon. As soon as we poled within rifle shot he would start from the bank and fly a few hundred yards down stream. At last he lit in a tall pine tree in open sight, and when we were about 100yds. away I stepped out of the canoe with a .38cal. rifle and took a standing shot. The owl flew across the river and gave signs of being wounded. When followed he rose from the ground and recrossed the river. There we routed him again and he flew up stream, lighting, as before, upon the ground. We stirred him up once more and he started for the opposite bank, but fell into the water when half-way over. We despatched him with a revolver, and that evening by the light of the camp-fire skinned him for mounting. Now the only injury the owl had sustained from the shot that I fired was the loss of one of his toes. Can any of your readers explain why such a wound should disable the owl? Was it pain, or paralysis, or was the owl simply rattled?

Some years ago a well-known naturalist in Saint John had a domesticated owl. He had also a neighbor who was a young man of strong sportive proclivities. The young man sized up the owl one dull, rainy day and he allowed that his gamecock could do up that particular owl in a period of time which he described as "the shake of a lamb's tail." The rooster was conveyed to the scene, his spurs adjusted and the arena cleared for action. The rooster walked round the owl and the owl followed him with his eyes till the interior works of his neck must have resembled those of a Waterbury watch. The rooster made a lunge at the owl, but the latter dodged the blow and countered so heavily with his larboard claw that the rooster was nearly knocked out of time. By and bye the rooster plucked up courage again and began to spar for an opening while the owl calmly unwound his Waterbury. Then there was a flash, a clash of spurs, a ripping of feathers, a loud despairing squawk and all was over. The owl had scooped in the neck of the rooster with his claw in that momentary scuffle and crushed his life out in a trice. He seemed to be saying as he gazed on the boys with his big, round eyes: "Well now, you wouldn't have thought it, would you? Strictly on the quiet, boys, I'm just a little surprised myself."

It is wonderful how quickly an owl can move when he wants to. One day in October last, while after woodcock,

I saw a large cat owl in a tree. His attention seemed to be taken up with something that was transpiring on the ground below him, and he gave no heed to my approach. His feathers were ruffled up, his neck stretched out, and he was moving his head slowly from side to side. I glanced at the spot to which his gaze was turned, and there, daintily picking his way through the crisp, dead leaves, was a handsome cock grouse. The latter had become alarmed at my approach and was quietly sneaking to cover. Every one of his jaunty little steps brought him closer to the owl. Soon he struck the edge of a little patch of sunlight and cast a backward glance at me before he ran across it. The owl silently poised himself on the branch overhead for the fatal swoop. In another second the grouse would have been safe in the shrubbery beyond, but just then the owl—Oh! he did, did he? Well, perhaps he did, but all I know is that just about the time the owl struck the sun patch a big gray rocket shot up through the treetops with a roar like a mail train, and a moment later the owl, looking very sick indeed, was back again upon the same old limb calmly unwinding his Waterbury. He seemed to be saying as he winked and blinked at the sun patch, "Well now, you wouldn't have thought it, would you? Strictly on the quiet, boys, I'm just a little surprised myself."

Charlie Gallop came into town from Hanwell the other day and announced that a big bear had gone into winter quarters near his place. He asked the boys to come out. John Risteen, Harry Atherton and George Hoegg accordingly went out. They had two express rifles, a Marlin, three sheath-knives, two hatchets and an ax. Harry wanted to take his big revolver along, but the boys were opposed to this as they wanted to give the bear a chance. When they reached Hanwell, Charlie said he couldn't just lay his hand on the bear himself, but he guessed that old Lige Whalen could. Then the boys drove over to old Lige Whalen's place. Old Lige was threshing oats, while his boys turned the tread. He said the bear he told Charlie Gallop about wasn't any particular bear of his'n, but he allowed that old Bill Powers had a chunk of a bear yarded up down somewhere handy to his place. Then the boys drove over to Bill Powers's place, and found Bill splitting wood in his dooryard. Bill said he never known such a shockin' bad season for bears. Fact was a man wouldn't be able bimely to get a bear at all if times didn't mend. Three years ago, six miles back of his place, one of his boys had seen what looked powerful like the track of a bear. He was just remarkin' to old Lige Whalen the other day. Then the boys drove home.

Frank Wright, Herman Bragdon and Asa Bragdon, of Grafton, had better luck. They located a den at South Newburg last Monday, occupied by Mrs. Bruin and two fat cubs. The boys gathered in both of the cubs at the first volley, but while this was going on old Lady Bruin was making the tallest kind of tracks through the timber. They followed her all day, but were obliged to give her up.

The skin of a black bear in very exceptional cases measures 8ft. from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. A bear of this caliber will squirm out of a dead-fall every time. The biggest hide received by any of the local dealers this season was trapped by Tom Evans, of Zionville. It length was 7ft. 6in.

Since Sept. 1, Bradford Currier, of Gagetown, claims to have trapped and shot 575 muskrats, 5 foxes, 110 ducks and 3 geese. Bradford is so reasonable in his fox and goose score that it makes a man feel shaky about disputing his record for ducks and muskrats.

PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 26.

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK TRAPS.—V.

Otter or Beaver Trap (Fig. 5).

The trap shown in the illustration was built for otter on the Tobique River, New Brunswick. Similar ones are set for beaver. Such traps as these are not baited, but built across the "slide" of an otter or road of a beaver, and are meant to be sprung as the animal passes through. Built upon the ground, they can be used only in the early winter and in the spring when the snow is going off. The otter is a shy animal and is apt to notice any disturbances in the neighborhood of its haunts, so these traps are built, whenever possible, in the early fall, so as to be old looking and weather worn when the time for trapping arrives. The diagram explains its construction. The upright stakes stand a little over 2ft. high, on opposite sides of the otter "slide." The upper ends are tied together with a withe, and a stick about an inch thick is laid across the top. A short 3in. pole serves as a "bed piece." The "fall"

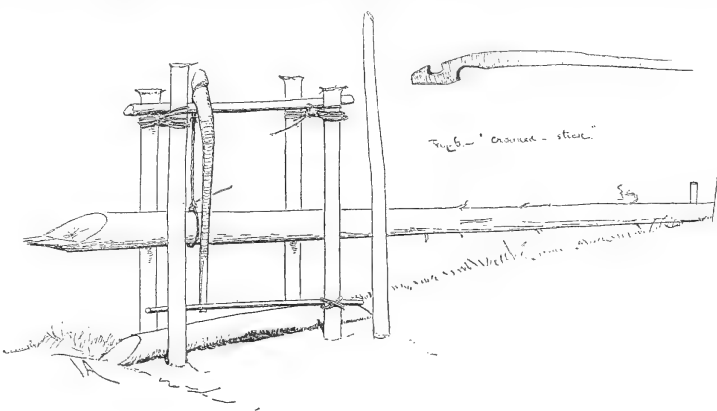


FIG. 5.—OTTER OR BEAVER TRAP.

is about 8ft. long and 2½in. thick. When ready for work it should be heavily weighted with logs. The "trigger" is a stick about ¼in. thick and 2ft. long. It is placed on top of the "bed piece," and one end is tacked to one of the upright posts, the other end being free. Another stick is cut, called a "crooked stick" (Fig. 6). It is made from the butt of a small sapling, and is about 22in. long. One end of a withe is tied around the large end of the "fall," which has been pushed in between the post above the "bed piece." The butt end of the "crooked stick" is laid across the upper cross stick, and the other end of the withe

is fastened to the projecting end, into the notch cut for it. The other end of the "crooked stick," which is made flat, is pushed downward until it points straight toward the ground. It should fall short by several inches of reaching to the "bed piece." The "fall" should now be suspended about 9in. above the "bed piece." The loose end of the "trigger" is then raised up far enough for the flat end of the "crooked stick" to catch behind it (see Fig. 5). The trap is now set. Then brush should be carefully thrown at either side of the path to insure the passage of the animal, or one or two stakes may be driven around, as shown in Fig. 5. The otter in passing through depresses the "trigger;" the "crooked stick" is released and flies upward, and the "fall" drops upon its back.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

THE USE OF ACCIDENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few weeks since mention was made in *FOREST AND STREAM* of a turkey hunter having been shot in his blind, and the item was accompanied with a well-timed editorial regarding a prevalent carelessness on the part of such hunters. It is not probable there will be an unnecessary amount of criticism in regard to carelessness in hunting that game. There have been so many accidents in hunting, especially in turkey hunting, that it is improbable the subject will become worn threadbare, the importance of the theme warranting much being written.

It is plainly the duty of the sportsman who has had observation and experience, to bring to the mind of the younger members of the sporting fraternity, yes, as a reminder also to the older members, by precepts and by illustrations drawn from observation and experience, the danger likely to result from carelessness, and through *FOREST AND STREAM* to give such experience as broad an influence as possible.

Education of the young in habits of carefulness in the use of the firearm in the open and in the covert will not end with that special teaching. It is well known to the sportsman who has arrived at middle life that there are few boys who will not listen with intense interest to the recital of sports in the field and forest and of hair-breadth escapes. Such recitals produce a profound impression on the youthful mind, as profound, perhaps, as actual observation in more mature years, remembered and profited by through the whole life when sporting and elsewhere. The narrator should take special pains to impress upon the mind of the youthful reader the result of carelessness by a vivid description of accidents, giving details. Details are powerful aids in fixing the essence of narrations in the memory. Boys like details.

The sportsman as a rule dislikes to arouse unpleasant memories, is more given to the rehearsal of pleasant scenes than to the rehearsal of scenes which harrow up the finer feelings. Our object in writing should be to educate as well as to amuse. However unpleasant such recitals may be to the writer and reader, they should be given in view of the probable benefit resulting therefrom. There can be no well grounded excuse for failing to discharge a moral duty.

Many hunters of large experience are unlettered men, and they dislike to place on paper their experience, fearing their productions may be the subject of ridicule. Such fear is groundless. A homely recital of a fact by such a hunter will be more interesting and produce a greater effect than well turned sentences and rhetorical flourishes of a man who has seen but little of the forest and field, because of the fact that it bears the impress of honesty, truth, noble intent, hiding all imperfection in composition.

I recall to mind a forcible illustration of the result of teaching the young, although not drawn from the field or forest, yet it will answer for an illustration. The parents had a daughter, who when a child was naturally inclined to dress fashionably, inclined to have very tight fitting dresses about the waist, much tighter than nature demanded for physical development. The child of course obeyed, but the parents knew that in a few years the child would be beyond their control in that respect. The father was accustomed to give the daughter instructions in studies suitable to the age of the child. He procured a text-book on physiology suitable to the age of the daughter. The text was well illustrated with cuts, among which were cuts illustrating deformity produced by tight lacing. The father heard the recitals of the child without comment on the result of tight lacing.

The result of the study was, the child became frightened to such an extent the mother had difficulty in placing dresses on the child close fitting enough to look well. The child when having its dresses fitted would cringe, saying the dresses were too tight, they hurt. That teaching held good when the child became a young lady, yes, ever afterward. As effective impressions would be made upon the minds of boys by a vivid and detailed statements of accidents in the use of the firearm.

Many of us can "look backward" and recall to mind having received injuries, or barely escaped receiving them, when, so far as we could then foresee, were exercising great prudence, caution, when, in fact, there was an element of carelessness our mind did not grasp at the time, but which was afterward apparent.

To illustrate. Many years ago, when crossing the plains with a wagon train, two companions and myself decided to take a hunt while the train was in motion. We were well-mounted and armed, because the Indians were troublesome.

I was riding between my companions. A jack rabbit sprang up in front of our ponies, ran a short distance and squatted under a sage brush. I drew my revolver, a navy; taking aim, I found the head of the pony in line of the aim and threw the muzzle of the revolver into the air, bringing the cylinder of the revolver in front of my eyes and a short distance away, as such an act would naturally place it, with finger on the trigger, the revolver being cocked. With my left, or bridle, hand I pulled the rein so as to turn the head of the pony out of the way of a shot, and in so doing my revolver was fired, the gas or fire escaping from between the barrel and cylinder striking me in my eyes. If I had been struck in the face with a sandbag or a fist I think I would not have been more shocked. For a few moments I was stunned, but when senses returned I could not see. I was blind. We returned to the train and bandaged my eyes with clothes wet with cold water. After a few days sight returned. The question is, how did the revolver come to be discharged. My theory was that when my fingers of the left hand in handling the rein clasped, the fingers of my

right hand involuntarily obeyed the will directed to my left hand, clapped and result, the revolver was fired. Some one may say you should have kept the finger from the trigger. True, as result proved, but who would have suspected that involuntary movement of the fingers of the right hand. Of course, I profited by the lesson.

Most turkey hunters, hunting with the aid of a call, resort to the blind. For me the blind is not the best position; is a dangerous one where there are a number of hunters in the same timber. I did, for several years, use the blind, but experience taught me that an open space in the timber where I could have a good range of sight, good view of an approaching turkey, is the best position.

I have called turkeys, old gobblers, up within pistol range when thus situated. Sometimes they would come slowly and at other times rapidly. Old gobblers are the shyest, as a rule, of those birds, but many times they would act stupidly. I am satisfied that the sense of smell is not one of the safeguards of that fowl. Its safeguard aside from its legs and wings is seeing and hearing. Let the hunter when calling be seated on a log or back to a tree, or other comfortable position, keeping motionless, not moving his head, and if manipulating a call with his hand, keep the movement out of sight of the turkey and the gun ready for a snap shot.

I adopted this plan many years since by reason of having been shot with a buckshot by a companion, or rather by reason of a large copper powder flask filled with powder carried in the breast pocket of my hunting coat, having been mortally wounded with a buckshot from the gun of that companion.

H. L.

THE LAST WOODCOCK OF 1892.

LOWVILLE, N. Y.—“Do you want to go for woodcock? If so go home and get ready. Will call for you in half an hour.—F.”

Just as I was stepping into the office with a busy day before me this message was given me. Did I want to go? “Will a duck swim?” Making a hasty disposition of the day’s work I was soon back at the house, and before the half hour had passed I was ready. Right on time F. drove up and we were off for what proved the last shooting of the season. I detest a day’s outing with one who is never on time. It puts me in bad shooting trim to wait beyond the appointed time.

It was a late October day, cloudy, nearly cold enough for snow, and we realized that we must improve our chances. An eight-mile drive brought us to the first ground, a thick belt of alders backed up by a dense tamarack swamp.

Nathan, my friend’s thoroughbred black and white setter, had a “wire edge” on and hated to mind, but was too well trained to make any very bad breaks. We had barely reached the alders, F. taking the inside while I kept on the outer edge, when Nate came to a point, the bird flushing wild, came my way, and a clean miss was scored; but as on the report of my gun a ruffed grouse sprang from a log I retrieved my reputation by bringing him to bag. At the same time F. captured a second one, and almost immediately Nate pointed another woodcock which F., missing with his first barrel, caught with his second, just as he was disappearing in the swamp. The birds were all neatly retrieved by Nate and we were elated with our start, having been in the brush hardly three minutes and bagging three noble birds.

Following the course taken by the first bird found, we failed to again locate him, but put up several more grouse beyond the point where he should have been, all of them giving F. long shots which failed to kill. Retracing our steps, Nate found our first woodcock which was neatly killed by F.

The brush was flooded from the recent rains, and F. found it hard walking. We were back to the place where our first bird was found, and working toward the other end of the alders, Nate soon found and pointed. F. flushed the bird, and his merry whistle, as he made for the swamp was cut short by a simultaneous report from both guns.

“Point,” called F. a minute later, and just inside the bushes, in the thickest of thickets, stood Nate. “Bad place that; ‘twill take a dandy shot for him!” I called. But the “dandy shot” was there; the bird went F.’s way, and fell a victim to his skill; a quick snap shot through the bushes as a second bird rose added one more to my score. Misses were scored on the next two found, and they disappeared in the darkness of the swamp.

Returning to our buggy we each scored a miss on a grouse. We found 7 woodcock on this ground and bagged 5; these with the 2 grouse made a good start, and it was with great complacency that we pulled out for the afternoon’s shooting place, about five miles distant.

Reaching there about noon we stabled and fed the horses in Uncle Y.’s barn. While disposing of our own lunch we discussed the prospects and chatted with Uncle Y. The old man was full of enthusiasm about three deer that were feeding in his pasture, and was very anxious that we should hunt them, but we were not loaded for deer that day.

Fifteen minutes’ walk brought us to our shooting ground, four or five acres of a species of low willows, flanked on the south by an alder bush swamp. The wind had risen and was blowing a gale; Nate had hard work to locate his birds here, and the birds were wild and flushed at incredible distances, so that misses were frequent.

The first point was on a single bird, which disappeared over in the center of the willows and could not be found. Beating back, near the place from which he flushed, Nate again came to a point, and for the next ten minutes pointed in every direction and bird after bird rose wild, six of them in all, three of whom were gathered in, two by F. and one by myself. Then followed a long hunt and no birds; the willows were beaten thoroughly, but not a point. Crossing into the alders, Nate found another bunch. F. had these all to himself, and, while the shooting was not easy, added three more to his bag. While picking my way over the remnants of an old corduroy road, a bird flushed at my feet and fell an easy victim. Two more single birds paid for the hard work in this place, then back to the willows, where F. killed what we judged to be the first bird flushed. As nearly as we could tell, fifteen birds were found on this ground and ten of them killed.

“Let’s take in that little patch of alders, it’s only a quarter of a mile and we have plenty of time before dark,” says F. Down by the edge of the creek that flows just outside of the alders began as pretty a piece of work as one ever sees. Right at the edge Nate stiffened into a point,

then slowly crept on, then stopped again. “Now we have him,” but not yet, Nate is again moving on, and two men are holding their breath in their anxiety, for what will probably be the last shot for the season, and still Nate creeps on and on, even to the end of the alders, and no bird is found. “They are there sure,” says F., “the old dog wouldn’t lie.” Nate is working back now, out nearer the fence, the wind is more in his favor, F. is in the alders, myself on the outside, and “bird” from F. proves his faith in Nate to be well founded. F. shoots and “dead bird” rewards Nate for his good work. “Birds” again, and this time I find my reward, and still Nate is pointing, and this time two birds rise, one for each of us, and there are no “misses” now, and once more “bird” from F. followed by a quick shot, and F. has killed the last bird for 1892.

We go back to Uncle Y.’s now and pockets and bags are emptied. Twenty of the brown longbills, with a ruffed grouse at each end, for our day’s outing, and not these only. Years ago, when boys, F. and I had many pleasant days with our old muzzleloaders, but for fifteen years my home had been in the West, and this was our first hunt together; an old friendship was renewed to-day, old memories awakened. It is good to leave the present, at times, and go back to the old days,

“Back to the place where you had to decide.

By this or that through your life to abide;

Back of the sorrow and back of the care,

Back to the place where the future was fair.”

From the past we may gather strength and courage for the present, and we feel as we reach home that the day has been well spent, and that while our woodcock shooting for 1892 is now like many of our other enjoyments, gone forever, yet we know that the seasons follow one another and the hope for woodcock next year is but typical of the hopes that have been kindled by our day’s outing.

EVERETT.

TWO BACHELORS’ VACATION.

CAIRO, Ill., Jan. 18.—I was eating supper at a restaurant not long ago with my friend, the Chief-with-two-Stomachs. He had ordered a light bit, merely a “New England Dinner,” his favorite dish, consisting, I believe, of corned beef and cabbage, with a few carrots, turnips, etc., thrown in—I can’t be positive about it. The Chief ate this, and when the waiter asked him what he would have for dessert he said he believed he would have ham and eggs, or soup, he didn’t much care which, as he wasn’t feeling very well. From this, one thing led to another, until finally I concluded I wasn’t feeling very well either, and we both concluded we needed a trip South, out of the wretched Northern winter. The Chief suggested that as a certain toothsome contemporary was laying stress upon a future series of articles to be published under the head of “A Bachelor’s Vacation in the South,” it might be well to see that one bachelor, and raise it one, and so keep up the record of FOREST AND STREAM for being always in the lead. This, he explained, would be possible if he and I should go South for our health and say something about the trip under the caption of “Two Bachelors’ Vacation.” To this I demurred a good deal, but he seemed to have so much faith in the idea that at last I consented. Accordingly I started South last night, and the Chief is to follow if he regains his appetite.

Where is the South?

Jackson, Tenn.—Almost anywhere in the South is good enough for a newspaper man, but how was one to know when he struck the South, that was what bothered me. I knew that in the South the affix “sir” was more common than in the North, and I had it figured out that when I struck a country where everybody said “Yes, sah,” and “No, sah,” I would be in the South. I laid a trap for the people. I would ask each certain resident the question, “What is the real line that divides the North from the South?” I sprung this on a man north of Cairo, and he said, “What’s the matter with you?” I asked a man at Cairo, and he replied, “I really couldn’t say.” South of Cairo I asked another man and he said, “Well, now, I never thought it out.” At Holly Springs I sprung it on another stranger, and he said, “Dam if I know.” So I can not tell where lies the line between North and South. I felt no jog if the car ran over it. I am inclined to believe this is a great big country, with no North and no South to it.

So far as the snow is concerned, and the winter, and the shivers, we are not yet in the sunny South. At Holly Springs there is a foot and a half of snow. The station hands have shoveled out a path over to the eating house and the banks are two or three feet high. Still it is not so cold as in Chicago. Indeed, I feel like taking off my shoes and playing in this warm snow. The despatches to-day call this extreme weather for the South. At Huntsville, Ala., they have 18 in. of snow, and at Tuscaloosa they are improvising sleighs for use in their snow, so unusual for that region. At Columbus, Ga., the snow is heavy, and at Savannah the people are wild over the novelty of a snow battle. At Columbus and Coffeeville, Miss., the snow is several inches deep, and at Pine Bluff, Ark., there is 15 in. of it. Helena, Ark., has 7 in. of snow, while at Charleston, S. C., the heaviest snowstorm of forty years is in progress. The sunny South is off color for a few days.

Yesterday I saw an unusual thing. It was above Cairo somewhere that the train started up a bevy of quail, and for some distance two or three of the bunch flew along between the fence to the train and keeping up with us. One was near the window, and instead of passing us, as I supposed a quail naturally would outspeed a railway train, it only drew ahead a little, others fell back as it slackened up to alight. As the bird was opposite the window, and almost stationary, I had a rare opportunity to note its appearance while in flight. It seemed as though the whole figure of the bird was drawn up into very convex shape, the back being “humped up,” and the wings apparently strongly curved up, as if hollow underneath and pulled in, so to speak, at the lower edge. The head was plainly visible, and the curve of the head and neck was in posture easy, confident and indescribably graceful.

Bear and Deer.

They tell me that over in Arkansas, opposite Cairo, there is a great country for bear and deer. Grenada, Miss., is another great point for big game, being on the edge of 50 miles of wilderness. A party of three hunters from New York killed five bear and a number of deer back of

this point last month. This must be a wild country, for in the New Orleans paper I note the following story of two hunters, who are at this present time lost in the swamps: “GREENWOOD, Jan. 17.—H. O. Rollins, W. B. Hoffer, B. C. Hoffer, B. C. Dunn, T. R. Lyfold and Henry Berry, all connected and prominent young business men of Grenada, started out the first of the week on a hunting and fishing expedition in canoes down the Yalabusha River to this city, and on their way down last Saturday. Rollins and Hoffer concluded to leave the rest of the crowd and go out in the overflow, and were to meet the party some fifty miles down the river. The others reached the meeting place in the afternoon, and after waiting until Sunday morning, and their friends not returning, commenced exploring the country, which was very difficult, owing to everything being overflowed. After searching in vain until Tuesday evening they proceeded to this city and telegraphed to Grenada that a relief party be sent out at once. Mr. Rollins is a young married man and a printer by trade.”

The river bottoms of the Mississippi and its tributaries all through this section are good grounds for deer, bear and turkeys, and one understanding the country methods of hunting could have good sport at this big game. Quail and other small game seem abundant. The manager of hotel at Holly Springs told me they had bought over 4,000 quail since Oct. 1, this season.

Mose, the porter on our car, is a great character. He is an ex-prize fighter, was once head bouncer at Stewart’s Twenty-second street place, in New York, has been assistant steward, and about everything else on the lakes and on Eastern boats, and also cook on many special-car hunting excursions. He has odd ideas about bear meat. “Hit so strong,” says he, “‘ut ef yo cook bah meat, ‘thout fust hangin’ it up fer a monf or so, moh’n er thousand little animals, cats ‘n painters ‘n things, sholly gwir. Come roun’ yore camp whah you cookin’! Bah meat is pow’ful sleepy stuff, too, leastways fresh bah meat. Ef pahy gemmen gwine eat fresh bah meat, jes’ afiah it done been kilt, they all sholly gwine fall ersleep, t’reckly afiah dinner, same like as ef they all colormored.”

I can’t vouch for the accuracy of Mose’s statement, as it has been some time since I have eaten fresh bear; but judging from Mose’s other stories, I would take his bear with a little salt. For instance, Mose describes a steamboat disaster which a few years ago took place at the foot of Randolph street, in Chicago. “They was more’n four hundred folks kilt,” says he, “bless yo’ habt. Yes, sah, they was men, ‘n’ legs, ‘n’ jawbones, ‘n’ things hangin’ up on the telgraf wire fer five blocks, any way yo’ could look. Yes, sah, it ceht’n’y was a awful time.” Evidently he means the Tioga disaster, in which he was really caught, but his account was far more vivid than that of any of the reporters who did the story in their faint, fact-fall way. Mose would make a good reporter, if no such a thing as a blue pencil or a hereafter were known.

Not Responsible.

The bill of fare of a certain wayside restaurant on our line has the following legend in printed and written characters: “Not responsible for hats, coats, umbrellas, apple dumplings, etc.” The last part is written in, but ought to stand as a wise warning. I can see how the soda biscuit and the apple dumpling of the Southern hotel may constitute a great natural game protection. You have to surmount the biscuit before you get at the quail. But maybe it isn’t so all the way South. And may be I am not yet South.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 19.—I believe I am South now. There is no mistaking it. The cypress swamps of Maurepas and Pontchartrain leave no doubt of it. There is no snow here, and though the people are complaining of cold, I feel like unbuttoning my vest and sporting a lawn tie.

There is a barber at the St. Charles Hotel who has shaved me in a way I never dreamed possible. No Chicago barber can shave like this. It is not pain, but luxury. Indeed, I don’t know but it would be about as good a way as any to pass a vacation, just to stay right here and be shaved every morning. I will spend the day thinking it over. If I conclude not to stay here I may go over to Galveston (it is 300 or 400 miles, but it doesn’t seem far) and get mixed up with some people who are shooting canvasback over there. Then I may come back to Opelousas and have a quail hunt, if the chief’s appetite improves so he can come on down and meet me there. I want to go to Opelousas because Opelousas is such a pretty name. I don’t see where you could find any better place than Opelousas for a vacation. It sounds like pearls and honey, or spring and Arcadie, or maybe ham and eggs.

E. HOUGH.

Effect of Crude Oil.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: St. Mary’s Reservoir if fast becoming a ducking resort of the past. The Standard Oil Company’s derricks help to scare the fowl away, while the crude oil does its deadly work with the cripples. The Standard came through that district a few years ago, placing derricks all along the shores of our then famous ducking waters, and not being satisfied with that, even stuck them up in the water, which allows a great quantity of oil to escape on the water.

I have spent fifteen seasons in a shanty-boat on this reservoir (which I believe covers 17,000 acres), consequently I keep pretty well posted as to the game in and around that vicinity. One morning while strolling along the shore for about a mile I found a great many dead ducks and was at a loss to account for their death, knowing that at least half of the cripples take wing the same season. I soon discovered it. Having walked up pretty close to a cripple it dived, but came belly up, and, after struggling for some moments, was unable to upright and was drowned. Upon examination I found the feathers to be saturated with this foreign agency, crude oil, and some had accumulated in large lumps on it during the time the cripple was unable to take wing, consequently it could not control itself upon the water.

The oil spoils the flavor of the fish, but does not affect it otherwise.

Geese rarely, if ever, stop on the reservoir any more.

F. B. MAGILL.

Florida Quail.

MELROSE, Fla.—Quail are not so plentiful here as last year, but by going five or six miles from town a couple of good guns can get a fair bag.

H. W. H.

EIDER SHOOTING ON THE MAINE COAST

BOWERY BEACH, Cape Elizabeth, Me., Jan. 16.—The continuous cold weather of the past month has caused the shooting of sea fowl to be better than for several years. Our winter shooting is almost entirely at eiders and surf duck and some very good bags are being made of the former in this vicinity. On Jan. 9 a party of six gunners of this town secured seventy at Shooting Rock, nearly all eiders, or "sea ducks or drakes," as the local gunners call them.

It is grand sport, for they are large, handsome birds, of great vitality, requiring good holding and hard hitting to stop them.

As a table bird, if well cooked, they are good eating, but few cooks know how to prepare them, so they are rarely seen in our markets, which, perhaps, accounts for their being so plenty, although they are hard to get at ordinarily, as they feed most of the time on shoal rocks miles from the land, and only when they come to the gunning rocks can many be bagged. They are shot over decoys, which they take well in places where they have fed for a few days.

I have shot a good many eiders first and last and always enjoy a morning among them, even though the thermometer ranges below zero, as is often the case. There are only two rocks in this vicinity suitable to shoot from—Watt's Ledge, off Richmond Island, and Shooting Rock, off Prout's Neck. Watt's Ledge is covered at high tide, so the tide must "serve" and the sea be smooth to shoot from it. Half ebb tide at daylight is the proper time, as, if the sea is smooth, one can stay on the rock until noon.

Sometimes shooters spend most of a night on the rock (and in the boat) in order to get it away from others. As a string of decoys holds the rock the first thing on arriving is to drop a few decoys, then land on the rock and wait for daylight, and waiting for daylight is slow, cold business.

To pass the time and keep warm, run, play tag, build stone wall, or anything to "kill time." At the first sign of dawn the dory is shoved off, the rest of the decoys set and the ice pounded off those which have been out; then ashore and hide the dory behind the rock, the guns loaded with 8s and all are ready for business.

Generally, on a cold morning, just before sunrise the first birds come in and by 9 o'clock the shooting is ended, except for a straggling flock or so, as they invariably go off to the outer shoals to feed when shot at from the rocks.

They are safe there, as there are about four fathoms of water on the top of those shoals and they will not decoy from a boat much. They never go into bays that are landlocked, differing in this respect from all other sea ducks, except, perhaps, the harlequin duck (called "lords and ladies" by the old-time gunners), which are very rare nowadays; in fact, a party from Peak's Island shot five on Green Island recently and had to hunt up the oldest gunner to find a name for them.

I have shot six or eight harlequins during the past twenty years, but have never secured one in plumage. King eiders, although rare, are more plenty here. In dressing a great many eiders and surf ducks I have never found a fish of any kind in the crops, although they are called fish-eaters. Mussels seem to be their principal food and as all shoals are covered with small mussels they do not lack for food. W. S. J.

PENNSYLVANIA SEASONS.

WASHINGTON, Pa., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association and others at Lancaster recently, it was agreed, as reported, to endeavor to secure legislation making the open season on small game, with exception of quail, from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, and on quail from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.

Following is a copy of a letter I have mailed to Mr. C. E. H. Brelsford, Harrisburg, Pa., president of the State Association, on the subject, and I desire to call the attention of the sportsmen of Pennsylvania to the matters therein contained, and ask for an expression of opinion thereon. If they agree with us in the belief that the open season should be the same on the game mentioned, we request them to use their influence to get the committees having the matter in charge to adopt that proposition, and then let them make it between such dates as the burden of evidence seems to favor. Following is the letter:

MR. C. E. H. BRELSFORD, President Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, Harrisburg, Pa.—Dear Sir: We respectfully offer the following propositions for your consideration in connection with your efforts to secure the enactment of new game laws.

That the principal small game in Pennsylvania consists of squirrels, rabbits, ruffed grouse or pheasants and quail or partridges, affording pleasure to shooters throughout the State generally, and woodcock affording sport to a few in some sections of the State.

That all of the foregoing need protection, and that in view of the scarcity of all in the greater portion of the State, only a comparatively short open season should be allowed on all.

That an open season from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 on squirrels, rabbits, grouse and quail would afford reasonable sport to all who delight in the pursuit of the same, and with such an open season such game should increase and multiply if the laws are properly enforced during the close season.

That woodcock are scarce in this State during the latter part of October, so that making the open season on the other small game commence Oct. 15 to accommodate the woodcock shooters is a mistake; and that to make an open season on woodcock earlier than on the other small game would endanger such other game, so that it will be better to sacrifice the interest of the lesser sport to the advantage of the greater and make the open season on woodcock commence on Oct. 1 also. This, of course, will be practically total protection on woodcock, but it is made necessary in order to give the other game needed protection, at least for some years.

That quail afford the greatest sport to the greatest number of sportsmen of any small game common to the State; that the true sportsman—the man who observes the game laws from principle, and who is ever ready to aid by money or otherwise in the propagation and protection of game, derives his greatest pleasure afield from the pursuit of these birds, and that making the open season on quail

commence fifteen days later than on rabbits, etc., is unfair to him, for the reason that he must remain at home while the "great majority" of "hunters" are turned loose to kill anything they can find. For, much as it may be regretted, we all know that the "woods are full" of such, who, from the first day of the open season on any game, go forth to seek and kill all they can find, without regard to game laws.

That an open season commencing on Oct. 15 is perhaps late enough for squirrels and woodcock and early for rabbits and quail; but that the interest of all demands that the open season on all commence and end at the same time, be that Oct. 15 or Nov. 1.

That game laws are one thing and their enforcement another. When not enforced they are of advantage to those who disregard them, and serve only to punish the sportsmen who obey them. So that such legislative provision as will surely secure the enforcement of laws when made is of paramount importance.

The foregoing propositions come from a quartette of sportsmen who are law-abiding and, so far as possible, law-enforcing sportsmen. We congratulate you upon the many good things proposed at your meeting at Lancaster, and make only such criticism as you will find herein indicated, and we ask for such your careful consideration. On the game herein mentioned we are for a uniform open season, whether it be from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, or whether it commences later. Our wish is that such legislation may be had as will secure the greatest good to the greatest number. Very respectfully yours,

FIREFLY.

ALBANY GAME AND FISH BILLS.

[Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, Jan. 31.—The following bills have been submitted:

Senator Floyd-Jones and Assemblyman Higbie introduced an amendment to the charter of the South Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, so that it may hold property to the amount of \$500,000.

Assemblyman Hennessy has a bill amending the game code so as to extend the close season for deer from Aug. 15 to Sept. 1. The season for possession or sale of venison is extended to the same date and possession of the same is further allowed between Sept. 1 and Nov. 15. A bounty of \$10 is allowed for each fox killed. The close season for trout is extended from April 15 to May 1.

Assemblyman Stanton proposes a new section, No. 56, reading thus: "Skunks, minks and coons shall not be hunted, trapped or killed for the purpose of obtaining the skins therefrom to be sold or offered for sale between March 1 and Nov. 1."

Assemblyman Porter's bill allows dogs without owners or unmuzzled to be killed by the owner of premises over which they are caught roaming.

Assemblyman Brown's bill amends Section 73 by adding Otsego to the counties in which quail must not be killed or possessed for five years.

Another bill by the same member amends Section 141 by adding Otsego to the counties in which bullheads, etc., may be caught through the ice by hook and line, and it allows fishing through the ice with tip-ups in that county.

Senator Floyd-Jones's bill amends Section 132 so as to rearrange certain boundaries in Jefferson county that are exempted from the prohibition except by angling.

Assemblyman Lounsbury's bill amends Section 141 so as to add Ulster to the counties in which bullheads, etc., may be caught through the ice.

ALBANY, Jan. 30.—A bill has been introduced by Assemblyman Hilton which legislates out of office the present forestry commission and provides for the appointment of five new forest commissioners for the term of five years. The commission shall complete the location of the lands within the Adirondack Park in five years. The bill also gives the forest commission authority to make contracts with owners of private preserves within the park limits, whereby the State will be able to secure these preserves forever as a part of the Adirondack Park. At the expiration of the five years for which it is to be appointed the commission shall cease to exist and its duties shall be vested in the commissioner of agriculture. It is expected that by sales of matured timber without injury to the forest and the revenue from camp leases the park will in a few years be self-sustaining and ultimately be a source of revenue to the State.

Assemblyman Kinsella has introduced a very long bill for the protection of game in Orange county.

Assemblyman Townsend has a bill relating to fishing in Jamaica Bay. It repeals the clause in the present law which forbids taking striped bass, sea bass or black fish under 6in.

Colorado Game and Vermin.

BERTHOUD, Col., Jan. 24.—Wild geese were never so plenty here as they have been this past fall. Some fine bags have been made in the wheatfields near my place. A Boulder party killed fifteen one morning. Ducks were also quite plenty. I recently returned from my sheep ranch on the Bijou, in Morgan county, Colo., where I spent some three weeks; there are many antelope in the sandhills there, but they are cute fellows and hard to get a good shot at. My son Frank killed one fine fat buck in November. But for black-tail jack rabbits, that country "takes the cake." I do believe that a good shot could kill a wagonload in two or three days. When I left, the sheep herder had about two dozen hanging up at the end of the house and we ate all we wanted; he killed them while herding the sheep. In warm weather rattlesnakes are numerous; we killed from one to half a dozen every day. There are many coyotes and gray wolves. My 11-year-old son was herding 200 Southdown ewes last November, when six big gray fellows came up and tried to get a sheep, but he had the pluck to show fight, and with his club and dog he kept them off until near enough the ranch for Frank to see him. Frank came out with the Winchester, but only succeeded in wounding one. The foreman of the D. T. Cattle Co., Warren House, roped a big fellow last fall; he chased it on horseback, threw his rope over its head while on the full run, turned his horse and dragged it to death.

A number of hunting parties have went from here to the mountains this winter, but only a few have brought home any deer. Griff Smith killed three in Estes Park. A. A. KNOTT.

A REMINISCENCE OF "NESSMUK."

CAPT. L. A. BEARDSLEE, U. S. Navy, our long-time contributor "Piseco," sending us his remittance for the memorial fund, thus recalls his first meeting with "Nessmuk":

It was at the Forge House, at foot of the Fulton Chain, in the Adirondacks. As I dismounted from the woods nag—that had brought me to the door—I did not hurry in, although I was hungry and dinner was ready, for on the stoop lay the very prettiest little boat I ever saw. I will not describe her, for who of you all would fail to recognize at sight the canoe Sairy Gamp. While I was inspecting her a little grizzly old fellow came up and kindly answered my questions about her. We introduced ourselves, and when "Nessmuk" and "Piseco" were the names announced there was an exhibition of fraternizing that astonished the natives.

That afternoon he took me with him for a spin up the lake; and I was glad for once in my life that I was somewhat bald-headed, for it reduced my anxiety about capsize. I knew that it made no difference, so far as I was concerned or the stability of the boat, whether my hair was parted in the middle or not.

In the evening he came to my room, and although for a few moments he occupied the chair I offered him he very soon, as we engaged ourselves in the pleasing amusement of comparing and overhauling gear, slid off to the floor and spent the rest of the evening sitting Jap-fashion on his heels.

I had a fancy that I was tolerably well fitted out, that is, I had no more traps ("duffle," he called them) than would cost a single carry; but he did not seem to think so. Nor did I, when he brought in his, no great task. He had a light rifle with just five bullets, and a small vial of powder.

"Why so little ammunition?" I asked.

"I've got enough," he answered, "at the most I shall not depend on my gun for my meat more than six weeks on this outing—very probably less. A venison a week will be more than I or any other man ought to kill; three will do me; and I may want a couple of extras for a bear."

"But," I said, "suppose you miss a shot?"

"When I miss I'll go without and live on crackers."

He had with him the famed little hatchet, the little sack, and a quart of fly poison—tar and oil (with which, he informed me, he bathed), and such a little tent.

That evening he took me to catch trout by moonlight, and arranged that we should camp out, for the moon was old and would be late; said he would take his tent (which I had not yet seen). When he set it up that night, well, I was very glad when he politely took to a bush outside and his blanket, leaving me what room there was, for I'm sure two of us never could have squeezed into it. We did not catch any trout, but it was a night to be remembered. The wood nymphs touched him with their charms and the store of prose and poetry with which he entertained me made of it a bit of dreamland.

Let us give him due honor.

PISECO.

GAME AND FISH PROTECTION NOTES.

New York Association.

THE FOREST AND STREAM's report of the proceedings of the annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in Syracuse, last March, has been republished in an eight-page pamphlet, and will be sent free to any address by Secretary John B. Sage, Buffalo. Clubs and associations should apply for sufficient numbers to put one into the hands of every member.

The Colorado Game Bill.

Our Denver correspondent "Teseby" sends us the following encouraging report: The Colorado Game and Fish Protective Association met in Denver, Jan. 24. The proposed game law, which was presented at the last meeting, was thoroughly discussed, and Senator Felker and Representative Roth kindly consented to look after the bill in the Assembly. It was decided to ask for an appropriation of \$12,200 for 1893 and \$13,000 for 1894 for the payment of game wardens, etc. It is probable that the bill will be passed without opposition, as representative men like Judge France, W. N. Byers, Dr. Bancroft, and many others are working hard for it. The bill fixes open seasons as follows: Pheasant, prairie chickens, mountain quail, ptarmigan, Sept. 1-Nov. 15; sage hens, Aug. 15-Nov. 15; quail, or partridge, Nov. 1-Dec. 1; ducks, geese, swans, Sept. 1-April 15; deer, elk and antelope, Aug. 1-Nov. 1 (only those with horns may be killed and for "reasonable necessity" only.) Bison or buffalo and mountain sheep protected at all times. Use of dogs for deer or elk forbidden. Sale of game—meat, hides, heads or horns—prohibited.

A Quebec Law Commission.

A deputation of sportsmen representing fish and game clubs interviewed Hon. E. J. Flynn, the Commissioner of Crown Lands, at Ottawa, last week, and presented their objection to the Augé bill. They urged that the present law be retained for this year at least. The Commissioner expressed his pleasure at meeting the members of the deputation, with whose views he was entirely in accord. He was willing to assume all responsibility for necessary legislation affecting the fish and game laws, and thought Mr. Augé's bill would not be pressed this session. He said he was going to move for the appointment of a special committee of the House to study the fish and game question, and hoped that sportsmen would appear before it and give it the benefit of their knowledge and advice. The deputation left thoroughly satisfied with the result of the interview.

An American at the Antipodes.

DARR RIVER DOWNS, Queensland, Australia, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear old FOREST AND STREAM to hand with its spicy pages of good things. How I long once more to get among the wary grouse and quail. There is nothing here but the kangaroo and emu, with the turkey bustard, all of which must be hunted either on horseback or in a trap or our American buckboard, which by the way is handy for that purpose. There is some very good duck shooting in various parts of Australia, but not where I am at present located. The turkey bustards (or plain turkeys, as they are called here) are very plentiful; and when nothing else is to be had afford fairly good sport, the only successful way to hunt them being as before stated with buckboard. J. B.

The Alton Gun Club.
ALTON, Ill., Jan. 12.—Many who remember the old Alton Gun Club will be pleased to learn of the reorganization of that merry band of local nimrods. Prof. Wm. McAdams has been chosen president of the club, with Dr. D. C. White treasurer and Mr. J. G. Melling, secretary. The new organization has a membership of twenty-seven. The club has for its motto "the protection of game and fish," and its efforts will be directed toward securing the proper regulation and observance of the game and fish laws. It is also the intention to take at least one grand camping and hunting trip per year and to hold a shooting tournament at the same appointed time. The Marais Temps Clair Gun Club, of St. Charles county, Mo., has purchased a quantity of wild rice seed to sow on the hunting grounds for the duck season.

Michigan Small Game.
HOLLAND, Mich., Jan. 28.—The game prospects for the next year are not bright for this locality. With snow 2 ft. deep on the level the quail do not stand much show. The shooting, except for rabbits, was poor the last season; the duck and snipe shooting a failure. Woodcock were more plentiful than for years. Quail not so abundant as expected, although the wet spring had a great deal to do with this. I lost my field spaniel in September, so did not get as many birds as I would otherwise. Am successfully training my Lord Graphic pointer pup by Hammond's method. Have made some fair bags over him, although he was but 6½ months old when the season opened. Could have shot more, but I paid more attention to training the dog than to making a large bag. A. G. B.

Cheat Mountain Association.
AT a meeting in Pittsburg Jan. 16, the following ticket was elected for 1893 by the Sportsman's Association of Cheat Mountain: President, W. M. Kennedy; Vice-Presidents, W. K. Shiras, D. McK. Lloyd, W. S. Edwards, Utlies Baird, Nathaniel Ewing; Secretary, Theophilus Sproull; Treasurer, D. P. Corwin; Naturalist and Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Riggs; Board of Directors (seven to elect), W. G. Brown, A. P. Tallman, C. C. Scaife, Dr. Jos. N. Dickson, S. B. Elkins, Geo. Shiras, III., H. P. Pears.

Spencer Stream Moose.
A MAINE correspondent tells us that Messrs. Henry Pierce, of Farmington, A. S. Douglass and Joe Stober, after a month (December) of hunting at the Spencer Stream, returned with three bull moose and five deer. One of the moose, shot by Mr. Pierce, was the largest ever known in that region.

Colt's Hammerless Shotgun,
which is advertised elsewhere in our columns, is one of the finest field or trap guns on the market to-day, and is unexcelled for strength, beauty of finish and shooting qualities. Great penetration and uniform pattern are insured in this gun by the manner of boring, the respective gauges being of minimum size and permitting no waste of the propelling gasses. Every shooter who is not already familiar with this gun should send his name on a postal and receive descriptive catalogue.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.
"That Reminds Me."
FOUR MILE RUN, Va.—This place is not only a much frequented resort for Washington anglers, but boasts of two club houses, the clubs being composed of well known theatrical gentlemen. Not long since while woodcock were in season, Captain Kidd, a member of one of the clubs, had several guests with him, and at the solicitation of Tom the official of the place, Captain Kidd and his friends accompanied Tom and his noted dogs on a hunt for these wary birds. Two of the guests, Mac and Pete, were not very well acquainted with field lore; Mac, however, is never at a loss to interpret what he hears, even if he does go wrong some time. Tom and his dogs went into the marsh and stationed the gunners outside; Mac and Pete being together and some distance from the others. A bird was started and Tom cried out, Mark! when down to mother earth Mac went, at the same time urging his friend Pete to do likewise. Some one fired and killed the bird. In the meantime one of the party a "knowing one," moved nearer to Mac and Pete, and Tom again called, Mark! This time both Mac and Pete without any more ado went to grass and the bird came out of the marsh directly over them, and the aforesaid "knowing one" got the shot, at the same time asking Mac why he did not shoot. "Shoot?" Mac replies, "Shoot? Why, didn't you hallow Mark! and doesn't mark mean 'Get down, I am going to shoot?'" The "knowing one" at that came near having a spasm from laughter. The whole party were called together and the story as I have told it related. But when the company of which Mac and Pete and Captain Kidd are members, are now on the road, let some one poke his head in the car door and scream Mark! Then see what will happen. SPOTTY.

Ideal Handbook Number Four.
This handbook contains much new matter of interest to shooters, as well as important changes in the price list of implements. The matter in regard to express and split bullets is of particular interest. Sportsmen sending for this catalogue should specify "No. 4" and inclose stamps to the IDEAL MFG CO., New Haven, Conn.—*Adv.*

A Lost Letter.
"THE largest catfish ever captured on the Mississippi was caught about three years ago, two miles from Cairo, by a negro fisherman," said J. G. Harvey, of Murphysboro, Ill., at the Lindell yesterday. "He was a monster, sure enough, and more resembled a whale than a catfish. The negroes had been talking for a long time about having seen a big fish in the waters. They had shot at him repeatedly and had set all kinds of trot lines to catch him without success. Finally there came a rise in the river, and when the waters receded from the swamp back of the river the fish was grounded and captured. He weighed 32 lbs., and when cut open they found in his stomach two fishhooks and a line, a tennypenny nail, a gold ring, and the most curious thing of all, a registered letter addressed to the Hon. Walter Merrivewelder, of Richmond, Va., which had been lost for two weeks, and which had given the postal authorities abundant trouble. The question was and is, how did that letter ever find its way from the postal car to the fish's mouth?"—*St. Louis Republic.*

Sea and River Fishing.
The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

WITH A FLY-ROD.
A Sentiment to Go With a Gift.
I.
ACCEPT, oh friend, this magic wand,
And as it bends above the stream,
Waved in the sunshine by thy hand,
May thy contentment be supreme!
II.
I cannot wish thee less than this,
Nor give thee what invokes thee more
Delight in life—more earthly bliss—
By rippling lake or river shore.
III.
Then use it oft—'twill bring thee peace
And pleasureance in the wild-wood ways
And bounding health—from care release,
A "douryunge aegle" and length of days.
J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

INDIAN OCEAN SHARK SHOOTING.
PROBABLY there has been less written concerning sport on the Island of Mauritius than almost any other spot on the face of the globe; but that is not because there is no sport to be had there, for this little palm-shaded, fern-clad cluster of mountains that rises abruptly out of the almost always placid bosom of the southern Indian Ocean abounds with fish and game. The soft, balmy, tropical climate is so mild and even that when a species of bird or animal is once introduced here there is little to hinder it from multiplying. The island has two of the most beautiful and complete public gardens in the world, where every known kind of plant and tree thrives, oranges, lemons and mangoes grow almost in the shade of apple, peach and pear trees, huge cocoanut palms overshadow spice trees, and every variety of fern and vine thrive in this half wild profusion as is only to be found in the tropics, where the heat is continuous and rain plentiful. The lakes in these gardens are well stocked with German carp and golden ide from the Danube, but up to the time of my visit the introduction of Salmonidæ had not been attempted. While part of the island is almost one vast sugar plantation, and nearly all the valleys are cut up into small farms, it abounds with deer and feathered game, which is always to be found in the mountains, where the country is too broken and rough for agriculture.

Just at the close of the Zulu war in South Africa, a party of five, including the writer, took a small steamer from D'Urban, Natal, to Port Louis, the principal Mauritius seaport, and at the end of a short and uneventful voyage landed on the stone quay in front of the custom house, where, after the usual inspection of health certificates and baggage, we were permitted to proceed to the Hotel Maas and enjoy a good breakfast, cooked and served in such a manner that had it not been for the dusky Malabar coast servants, we would have thought ourselves in the South of France, for although Mauritius is an English crown colony, it is as French as France herself in everything but government.

We presented our letters of introduction from the Natal government during the second day of our visit, and suddenly found the doors of the whole island open to us, for it is one of the most hospitable places on earth. The steamship agents informed us that we would be obliged to wait two weeks for the French steamer to Bombay; and we settled down to enjoy a rest, pull ourselves together and recover from the effects of an African campaign. We took long walks, delightful rides and charming little picnic cruises in the peculiar lateen sail rigged boats of the Hindoo and Malay fishermen, and climbed the mountain back of the city to inspect the signal station, which is a genuine curiosity.

The house occupied by the signal service squad is built of stone and ironed down to the top of the cliff by huge rods of steel that pass over the roof and fasten into the solid rock on either side. Near this house is a large cave or cellar that is kept provisioned and supplied with water enough to last five men a week; this is a hurricane refuge, as Mauritius is in the center of the southern hurricane belt, and is sometimes, although not frequently, visited by storms that destroy whole villages and lay waste hundreds of plantations. The signal house that formerly occupied the peak on which the present one is built was swept away during a hurricane, and the occupants were blown off the face of the cliff into the ocean—it is supposed—as no trace of them was ever found. So severe are these storms that every house on the island is prepared for them by being provisioned and having a well dug in the cellar, as the battle of the elements frequently will last for five or six days. The windows are all guarded by solid heavy wooden shutters, and when the rapidly falling weather glass and the guns of the citadel give warning, all the members of the household shut themselves up to await the storm. The citadel is an old-fashioned stone fort built on a hill near the city. It is garrisoned by a company of English artillerymen, who, when they get the signal from the mountain-top, fire a 12-pound gun as a warning; if the storm is a certainty a second gun is fired, and if the indications are that it will be very severe a third shot booms out over the quaint old city, warning all shipmasters in the harbor to put to sea or lose their insurance, as the bay affords little shelter, and vessels are frequently blown on shore and battered to pieces on the rocks.

After we had inspected all this and were beginning to wish our steamer would arrive, the harbor-master came to us one evening with a proposition that threw us into a state of wild excitement, as the event suggested was nothing less than a shark hunt in the outer harbor. We hailed the sturdy old East Indian officer as our preserver, and unanimously accepted his invitation. All the next day was spent in getting rifles and ammunition. The American Consul had a 2,000yds. Winchester and plenty

of cartridges, while I had a couple of 73 model .44cal. Winchesters but no ammunition. We got some cartridges for these at the officers' quarters, however, and with a double-barreled express, the property of the major (the harbor-master) and two Martini-Henry falling-block model military rifles that would kick you over and kick at you after you were down, as they fired a .500 bore (English) long bottle cartridge, we were ready and went on board a small tug belonging to the harbor department, and steamed out to the lightship on the evening of the day following our invitation.

Our arrival was hailed with delight by the crew of the lightship, who placed the cabin at our disposal, and we turned in early. I say we (I believe the doctor spent some time that night teaching the major our national game), and was informed that he had a pupil so apt that what few rupees he had brought out with him went ashore with the major. We slept well, and were up in time to see old Sol get out of his bed in the Indian Ocean and lick the heavy dew off our decks. After a plate of fruit, some fine fish and fresh eggs, with a cup of fragrant coffee, we got out our battery and watched the movements of a clumsy lugger that the outgoing tide and the gentle morning breeze had brought down from the city with the very odoriferous carcass of a horse, which, the major explained, was the decoy we were to shoot over. The dead horse was hoisted overboard and anchored about eighty yards below the lightship, and the lugger stood about for home.

One of the sailors went aloft and kept a lookout from the lantern cage, while we ranged ourselves along the breast-high bulwarks, rifle in hand ready for the first flight. We had not waited long when the major said: "Now, boys, don't shoot the decoys," and the doctor observed something about its being his blind; this irrelevant conversation was interrupted by a "There is one!" from the lookout; and we saw a sword-bladed fin shooting toward our bait at a ten-knot speed, cutting a ripple on the smooth surface of the water, and leaving a wake that flashed in the morning sunlight. We knew the game was there, but how to hit it? In a moment we saw another fin, and then another, until there were fully a dozen in sight. The great fish first circled around the horse as if to make sure that he could not resist their attack, when we saw one turn in the water and a portion of his white belly show above the surface as his saw-like teeth tugged at a great chunk of horseflesh. Crack went the major's express, and a bright red circle where the shark sank testified to the accuracy of his aim. The other fish did not notice the shot but attacked the horse like a pack of ravenous wolves, while we shot at every spot of shark that showed above the water, until we had converted the turquoise blue of the southern sea into a sanguinary red. While the sharks paid no attention to the shooting, they seemed infuriated with the blood, and battled around the dead horse until the water was lashed almost into a foam. They soon became so numerous that it was almost impossible to get a shot at any particular one, and we stopped firing and watched the fighting, seething, bleeding mass. The justice of the title, "Tiger of the Deep," was apparent to all now, as no more ferocious and blood-thirsty creature inhabits either land or water than the shark of the South Seas. The little tugboat that had brought us down the harbor lay alongside the lightship, tugging at her lines, throbbing and panting as if anxious to participate in the fray. When the battle was at its height the major led us to the foredeck of the little steamer, when we cast off from the larger one and were soon among the fighting leviathans, who apparently took no heed of our arrival, but continued to battle as viciously as before. We steamed around and around the horse, shooting every fish that appeared; some of them would go down when hit, while others would continue the fight. It is doubtful if a single shot killed any one of them. The crew brought up some small harpoons and fastened to three large sharks, which were towed out of the battle and hauled away up to the town to be skinned. The fish seemed to have exhausted their fury after an hour's struggle, and we steamed back to the wharf after stopping a few moments to thank the officers of the lightship for our entertainment, and to leave what cigars and glassware we had with us for their consumption.

On the way up the harbor, shark stories were in order, and many were the wonderful tales we listened to. The major told us that the sharks were so plentiful in the outer harbor that many people were eaten by them every year, while dogs and cattle were often killed in the edges of the water. Bathing in the surf is never thought of in the vicinity of the island, but may be indulged in freely in the inner harbor, as the sharks never come up there. The captain of the tug was an old South Sea navigator and told many stories of adventures with sharks that were evidently true but most marvelous.

He had seen sharks caught from the deck of a sailing vessel with a hook and line and hoisted on the deck, disemboweled and thrown back into the water, when the fish, regardless of the gaping wound, would swim around the ship and take the bait on another hook. He had seen a school of sharks fight until one was seriously wounded, when all the others would set upon the injured one like a pack of wolves. He said a shark would seize anything bright, and that for that reason food cans thrown overboard in those waters seldom reached the bottom.

The major told us of an adventure on the coast of New South Wales. While enjoying a swim in a small bay near Sydney harbor he saw a great shark swimming slowly abreast of him not over one hundred feet away; he knew that should he pause for an instant that shark would dart at and seize him, and he kept his stroke until in shallow water, when a companion, seeing his pursuer, seized an oar, and by beating the water and shouting drove the fish away. Then we were told how the Malays fight sharks in the water by diving below and ripping them open with a keen knife as they come up under their foes.

When we reached the landing, we were so pleased with our experience that we thanked the major for his efforts to make our stay on the island a pleasant one, and insisted on his accompanying us on a visit to the tomb of Paul and Virginia and an *al fresco* luncheon in the Gardens of Curpepe.

Mr. Battelle's Notion of an Exacting Citizen.
He would be a very exacting and impracticable citizen who would not be charmed with the FOREST AND STREAM in its new suit and new head. It is plain, however, that the latter, to reverse the old maxim, is obviously a new head on old shoulders, since the rejuvenated paper has all the grace and attractiveness of its former "incarnation."
J. B. BATTELLE.

WEIGHTS AND SIZES OF FISH.

"Piseco" sends us a copy of a letter written by him from Lake Pleasant in the Adirondacks and published in the FOREST AND STREAM in 1876:

In your issue of June 1 the letter on "Weight of Fish by Measurement" attracted considerable attention, and several gentlemen present volunteered, or rather promised to comply with my request to weigh and measure, that we might prove or disprove the rule. In the following table, No. 1, which was caught by Mr. Luther, of Ballston Spa, trolling, excited no little comment, as with a tremendous head he shaded off like a tadpole, and instead of weighing, as everybody said he ought to, 25lbs., he could barely trim 16lbs. A big healed wound in his jaw showed that at some previous time he had been badly hooked, and stunted. Taking No. 10 as a standard, whose length was 10in. and weight 6oz., or any other you choose, for they were all weighed and measured carefully, any of your readers fond of mathematics can work out the "triplicate ratio of their homologous sides" to suit themselves. I'm not here to "do sums," but to get clear of them.

Dimensions and weight of an average of 600lbs. of lake and brook trout taken June 1 to 7, 1876, from Piseco Lake.

No.	Brook or Lake.	Dimensions.		Weight.		Caught by, and how.
		Length, inches.	Depth, inches.	Und's'd lbs. oz.	Dress'd lbs. oz.	
1	Laker..	37	8½	16	John J. Luther, spoon.
2	Laker..	32¾	6½	11 12	Mrs. John J. Luther, gang line bait.
3	Laker..	25¼	4½	5 04	4 10	Piseco, spoon.
4	Laker..	25	5¼	6	5 00	Piseco, anchor.
5	Laker..	21½	4	2 14	H. L. Green, spoon
6	Laker..	15	3	1 00	Piseco & Co.
7	Laker..	14¾	2½	0 14	Spoon and anchor.
8	Laker..	16	3¼	1 02	1 00	M. W. Don's still-fishing for trout.
9	Laker..	12½	2½	0 09	Spoon.
10	Laker..	12¾	2	0 12	Spoon.
11	Laker..	10	0 06	Spoon.
12	Brook.	18	4½	2 1½	1 13	Piseco, spoon.
13	Brook.	17½	1 12	Piseco, rod.
14	Brook.	16½	1 06	Piseco, rod.
15	Brook.	15¾	1 01	Piseco, rod.
16	Brook.	12¾	0 11	Piseco, rod.
17	Brook.	12	0 10
18	Brook.	13½	2¼	0 14	0 12
19	Brook.	13¼	2¼	0 13
20	Brook.	10¼	2	0 06
21	Brook.	10¾	2½	0 08
22	Brook.	13	12	0 12	0 10
23	Brook.	8	1¾	0 04
24	Brook.	8½	0 3½	0 03
25	Brook.	6¾	0 02	0 1½

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is desirable at times, when a scale is not at hand, to form a close estimate of the weight of a fish. This may be done by measurement and a short calculation.

Find the extreme length and girth of the fish, then multiply the length by the square of the girth and divide by a constant number, determined by previous experiment and the result will be the weight in ounces.

If we represent the weight by W, the length by L, the girth by G, and the constant by C, the rule may be expressed by the formula:

$$W = \frac{L \times G^2}{C}$$

To obtain the constant C for a given variety it is necessary to measure and weigh a number of fish and find the value of C for each by multiplying the length by the square of the girth and dividing by the weight. The average of these results will be the value of C.

For example, if by carefully weighing and measuring at least a half dozen trout of various sizes C has been determined at, say, 45, and a fish has been caught 12½in. in length and 6½in. in girth, then the weight in ounces equals 12½ multiplied by 6½ squared, divided by 45, or 11¼oz. Expressed mathematically:

$$W = \frac{L \times G^2}{C} = \frac{12\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}}{45} = 11\frac{1}{4}\text{oz.}$$

By making note of the length, girth, and weight of a number of specimens of various fishes the constant can be figured for each and recorded with the rule in the fly or tackle book, to be employed as occasion demands.

T. H. GRANT.

RED BANE, N. J.

THE SCHOHARIE CREEK SALMON.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the salmon seen by Rev. Chas. G. Adams, of New York city, while fishing in the Schoharie Creek, near the village of Prattsville, Greene county, there is much doubt to my mind, first, as to its being a salmon. Is there not a chance of Mr. Adams being mistaken in the identity of the fish? Second, there are so many obstructions to such a fish passing from the Hudson to the Mohawk River, up over the Cohoes Falls, the Schenectady Dam. At the mouth of the Schoharie Creek is the State Dam. From here up the creek, at Mill Point and Wells-ville, are small dams. At Burtonville a large one, and at Esperance a still larger one, about 6½ft. high, with several between this point and Prattsville, how many and how large I do not know. No fishways are on the Schoharie Creek except the so-called one at Fort Hunter, over which salmon and other fish cannot pass. It was supposed that when the fishway was built at Fort Hunter pike would readily pass through it, and so up the creek, making good fishing. But such was not the case. Not a pike, I believe, has been caught above the dam since the fishway was built, showing very plainly that it is not a success by any means.

Judge Yates does not believe it necessary for fish to try the Cohoes Falls and the dam at Schenectady when they can readily come up the Erie Canal. It is a well-known fact that many small black bass and perch come down the canal from the lakes; but I have never heard the theory advanced before that they come up as well. It has always been said that our black bass came to the Mohawk River and Schoharie Creek through the canal from the western lakes. I can easily see that fish may be locked through the canal, and if Mr. Adams was correct in identifying his fish I would sooner believe this theory than the one of swimming the obstructions in the Mohawk and Schoharie.

However, I believe Mr. Adams is mistaken in his fish being a salmon.

ROBT. M. HARTLEY.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—IV.

The Trip Up.—IV.

[Continued from page 76.]

BEING so exceedingly eager the next morning to try the main shore, Ned rose unusually early and routed out the boatmen for an immediate breakfast. The boys, always willing to accommodate, hustled around quite lively and soon had the meal ready. The dawn had opened with a sultry sun, soon obscured with leaden clouds, which in a short time discharged some tinkling drops of rain, and then a suggestion of postponement for the present came from the discouraged boatmen. The proposition of adjournment was not entertained at all, but an immediate start for the main shore ordered. Our hearts were set on trout, and rain or shine would indulge in it. We all started, however, in good humor, and before reaching the grounds there were indications of a general clear-up. Ned being quite familiar with the shore suggested a commencement from a jutting point immediately opposite the islands, as the waters here and for a mile above, as stated, abound in the dandies with the "crimson stars." Arriving at the spot indicated, I made the first cast, which at once received a savage response, and which, I am sorry to relate, was cleverly missed. Immediately lifting the flies from the surface with a dogged determination to capture that snapping trout if he again sought the lakes, I sent them within a fraction of the same spot, and once more aroused the hungry fish, who this time was as dogged as I was to catch something, and am pleased to state did, but not the tid-bit he expected, which he fully realized when he went frantically racing around with the cruel steel embedded in his jaw. I had delightful play of a few minutes with the struggling trout, which resorted to every trick he was master of to rid himself of that feathery deceit, a Henshall. Displaying a truce in turning his spangled sides to the surface after a gallant battle, I carefully drew him to the boat, where Peter adroitly netted him. He was my first large trophy of the season, a three-pounder, and as symmetrical a beauty as ever poised or sprang for the dancing fly.

Ned soon aroused one, which he secured at the second rise and killed like a professional. It was a fraction smaller than mine, but handsomer in its rainbow hues. This being all we could capture here, we moved along the rugged shore under the purplish shadows of gray clouds, sending our flies into every available place we thought harbored one or more of the handsomely mottled beauties that so oft dart at the illusive fly, "as swift as the shaft from the banded bow." Reaching a granite pile of perpendicular shore line, where the cold water was trickling down its hoary face, we captured two more—one apiece—that made the reels send forth that delicious music which steepens the soul of the ardent angler in unalloyed bliss. Ned said the Wagnerian witchery of weird school of classical melody would bear no favorable comparison at all with the delightful rhythm a wild and stricken trout can interpret from a revolving reel. It is like unrolling the hidden soul of harmony. Having reached the limit of the rocks which ran into a sandy beach, and where a ribbon-like stream flows over the white sands into the great icy lake, we commenced the return fishing with as much ardor as ever. We went some distance ere we awoke another savage warrior of the mottled armor, who sprang so fiercely and greedily as to overshoot the tempting fly. It was proffered him a second time by Ned with such dainty allurements that he started this time with a true aim to rend and devour, but the manipulator of that little piece of feathery conceit astonished him to an extent that caused him to throw his entire strength into an effort to let go of that which but a moment ago he so selfishly coveted. He nevertheless held fast to the brilliant colored feast of the feathers until he was repenting in the bottom of the boat his hasty and greedy tactics. Satisfied for the present with the trout we had caught, which ran from 2 to 3lbs., we concluded to return to camp for dinner, it being near that hour, and try it again toward evening. Having somewhat worked the feather edge of our ardor off, we could now take the sport in a considerate and conservative manner, being satisfied that we were "where the trout hide," and could capture very readily more than could well be disposed of.

After dinner the sun shone out brilliantly and the opal clouds gathered around the horizon, forming a lovely framing to the dome of blue which magnificently arched a picture of rippling water, receding hills and forest primeval. Waiting for the waning hours with long shadows ere we took to boat and trout we indulged in the usual game of cards and then went deep down in our books, now revealing the development of character with a tense dramatic vividness, presenting at the same time pictures of emotional interest and matchless beauty. Ned was so really absorbed in his "Sandal Wood Trader" he had been perusing after completing "Ben Hur" that he was loath to put it down when the hour came for sport. Seeing me start for the boat with my rod when turning a page, his enthusiasm for the gentle art at once reasserted itself, and then the book, with its fascinating pages of life in the Pacific, was immediately consigned to the tent and oblivion, and snatching his rod, which had been carefully placed against a small tree that overshadowed our tent, he quickly joined me.

This time we took a different route, going along a shore that ran at right angles with the main coast into a little bay that seemed to sleep and dream, so quietly did it rest in fancied security behind a high, ragged bluff that silently and solemnly stood as a sentinel o'er its unruffled waters. It was suggestive of the place—

"Where the boy shaped his arrows and where the shy maid Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid."

On my way over I changed my stretcher, substituting a gray-hackle for the silver-doctor, while Ned followed suit with a fly of his own creation, the component parts being deep red and snowy white. It was, however, nameless, and rather than see it go courting the radiant waters so luminously arrayed and so poverty-stricken in title I suggested to apply a blue feather and call it the "red, white and blue." The fancy tickled him so amazingly he said he would modify it one-third and call it the "red and white," and so it sailed on its piratical mission under that distinctive name.

"Here we go," said Ned, on reaching the grounds, and away went the red and white to its christening with a royal-coachman for its companion. It struck the water lightly, danced awhile, and then was quickly lifted from the flashing surface, and again it went curving through

air to once more kiss and dance over the sparkling wave-lets. This sportive exercise, with a heart of deep expectancy, he kept up till he finally struck a goodly trout, which made his eyes sparkle, his nerves tingle with excitement, and his reel sweetly sing. It was a gallant battle between the twain, wherein the crafty skill of the rodster proudly triumphed over the dashing vigor and subtle strategy of the spangled rover of the reef. In the meantime my rod had been quite busy, and but a moment after Ned had slain his shapely trout I also succeeded in capturing one that overmatched his by half a pound, it weighing 2½lbs. Two more were caught at the next two successive catches, and that satisfying our aspirations for the day we returned to camp, with the lake in a golden sparkle, and the sinking sun that spread a mantle of royal purple and blushing red o'er the distant hills.

We are now having a surfeit of trout in camp and the question arises as to their cure. Emery suggests smoking them, and as we acquiesced he soon had them all cleaned and placed on some crotches five feet or thereabouts above the fire. The camp began to look like the abode of native Alaskans, which, in season, is liberally ornamented with drying fish. This was simply an introductory, for it was not long before the racks assumed a commercial appearance, so numerous were the mottled warriors dangling over clouds of smoke.

We were very tired that evening when we sought our downy beds so fragrant with balsam, and it was not long, I assure you, before we wandered into the El Dorado of golden dreams.

Ned, when he stepped from the tent in the early morn, reported a southeast wind and gentle rain, which confined us almost exclusively within the flapping canvas. This gave us considerable time for reading, as well as cards, they alternating the entire morning. Ned saw the concluding page of his "Sandal Wood Trader" during this imprisonment and then took to "Lucie's Mistake," while I waded into "Den Hur" with avidity. It clearing up some before noon we took our rods, and, calling to the boys, started for the main shore in hopes of decoying a trout or two. Succeeding to the extent of a couple we returned to camp quite satisfied with the sportive change.

In the afternoon the heavy southeast wind and a dense fog prevented us from pursuing the ever-beautiful fish, and so we remained on the island and explored its plant life. We discovered vari-colored masses of the most delicate texture, a very few ferns, cranberries which had perished from the great drought, a few juniper berries and some bushes of strawberries with the diminutive fruit as dry as dust. As to the geological formation of the island it was entirely composed of granite and trap-rock, much of which presented an exceedingly smooth surface, with here and there a few depressions formed into miniature lakes. In the muddy margin of one we saw a large bullfrog, speckled and spotted, which was croaking his doleful music as if attempting the basso notes of the weird Wagner. Ned, on spying him, said, "What a bait for a monster trout," and at once laid plans for his capture, but the dweller of that muddy marge had his larboard eye on the stealthy approach of his would-be capturer, and as he came within grasping distance winked his watchful eye as much as to say, "See you later," and then quickly sank beneath the miry muck.

On returning to camp Ned commenced overhauling his tackle with a view to repairs, while I took my rod and thrashed around the shores without as much as receiving a single rise. We concluded that evening to break camp in the morning and go to "Jackson's Cove," provided the weather and the report of the Signal Service officer were all o.k.

The dawn came in gorgeous splendor, with the golden arrows of Aurora painting the quivering surface of the lake in one broad blaze of radiant glow.

"It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with red."

Being eager for the change that morning, we all lent a willing hand after breakfast and soon had the boat ready for the trip. A light breeze kisses the lake as our bark emerges from the narrow channel into the broadened waters that are lost in light; and as the sail is flung to the zephyrs we slide along, only sensible of the balmy, caressing atmosphere and of the gentle swelling of the waves. It was delicious sailing by the picturesque shore in the pomp of purple and gold, the woods in "banners bright with every martial hue."

Ned was melodiously inspired with the dreamy waves of beauty, and though he did not exactly give the lifting airs the glorious scenes demanded, for such choruses as "Whack, for all, for addy i day, and with my rorum, kinkarum, kinkoren, whack, fol de riddle, diddle di, for addy i day," and so on, were sent in harmony with pearly couples, silver lakes, crimson woods and zephyr breezes, but for a that laughter long and loud went echoing o'er the waters to their response.

Singing, talking and dreaming in the bright sunshine, with a balsamic incense in the gentle breeze, becoming somewhat monotonous, Ned suggested for a change, as we had reached Aquawa Harbor—the islands—that the troll be put over as a decoy for some foolish fish. Acting on the advice, I dropped the polished silver into the rippling lake and then waited for a scaly denizen of the deep to toy with the rapidly revolving spoon. On reaching waters where the Mackinac trout are usually found, I had a most terrific yank at the deceit, and then a floundering fish was endeavoring to rid himself of the cruel steel; but as I kept the Mackinac—which I supposed it to be—so swiftly coming to the boat with my hand-over-hand work he found it impossible to get either the desired curve in his tail or the bend at his shoulders wherewith to attempt a shake out of the fatal spoon. I allowed him the acrobatic features when he was safely in the boat and where he got in a twinkle or two. Releasing the capering captive, I again threw the deceptive troll overboard in hopes of soon securing a companion for the initial prize.

Emery not having brought his profound prophecies to our notice for some days, now vouchsafed one which was to give him some toil, and that was an expiring breeze. It came, as he foretold, in a very brief time, and then the antediluvian canvas of patchwork was taken down and the ashen blades substituted. The lake soon became motionless and glittered like a plate of polished steel, while the sun shone from a violet sky with a warmth that made us lay aside our heavy coats. In the distance the hills rose one above another and spread out as luminous and as soft as clouds, while the great granite walls of the islands,

with their gray, weather-beaten faces, cast their shadows o'er the trackway of shimmering gold. On we go, with the swarthy boatmen dripping beads of perspiration at every dip of the oars—a track of silver in our wake and a line of sea gulls in the distance soaring along the lapping waters of the shore in hopes of a feast.

Passing the storm-beaten islands we came to a ragged piece of shore land where Ned said he had never failed to catch a "Mackinac." Hardly had the remark died upon the weathery waters before I felt the same vicious snap and struggle as before, and as quick as thought the line which I had held firmly in hand was set in motion at a 2:40 pace, and when the propitious moment came to elevate that frantic fish from his element, I lifted him with a true aim, but a force that sent him on to Peter's head, which somewhat confused his ideas, and led him to believe that it was either of dire intent or of simple awkwardness. I plastered his bruised head with an ample apology that was decidedly curative. Being satisfied with the slaughter of the scaly innocents, I discontinued the troll, and then in luxurious ease watched the slow moving masses of clouds flash out those heavenly dyes which have never been transferred to the artist's canvas, but which have been better idealized with the poet's pencil.

About noon we arrived at "Jackson's Cove," our favorite place last summer, with the boatmen wearied by the long and steady pull at the oars. After a breathing spell they went to work and pitched the tents, carefully stored the provisions, and then prepared dinner. That appetizing meal being duly dispatched we spent an hour of dreamy idleness in the shade, and then I took an icy bath on the sandy beach which ran from the shore to the island, and with an entire change of underwear, etc., felt as if I had partaken of the coveted water which Ponce de Leon ambitiously sought, but never found.

The deep water in front of the declivitous rock where I had caught several large trout last year, was a great temptation just then with the happy and healthy glow that was upon me, so taking my rod I crossed over to the place, but a few steps, and sent my flies in search of some peerless prince of the spotted robe. He was deep down under shelving rocks that ran from the gigantic boulder, and when he saw the flies dancing along the surface as if endowed with life, and doubtless thinking it a rare delicacy that would just then suit his fastidious appetite, darted out and sprang upon one with a savagery that made the water fairly boil and rapidly race into curving ripples. Alas, for the overweening confidence of that epicurean trout, he tasted not of an aesthetic morsel, but of a cold piece of barbed steel that filled him with a thousand terrors. With his eyes in anger fierce, he raced with the speed of a gazelle for the open water, and then in many desperate dashes and frantic maneuvers, including a somersault or two, endeavored to escape from the patient angler on the rock. He finally surrendered, but not before his vigor had entirely departed, for these lordly warriors of the reef are as gallant in battle as they are proud of their shapely forms and their radiant adornments. I returned with my trophy to the camp, and was astonished to ascertain that he only weighed 3lbs., for he looked near a pound heavier, and also battled as if he were.

Ned, who was enjoying the fragrance of a choice *regalia* and "Lucie's Mistake" at one and the same time, with a bottle of fly-repellant at his side—the *brulots* and mosquitoes being in abundance—challenged me for a rubber of crib. I of course accepted, and, as my mascot went back on me, lost.

Being determined to win something, if nothing more than a quivering fin, I again took my rod and net and stepped over to the spot where I had slain the three-pounder, and commenced the pleasurable work of enticement. On my third cast I made a double catch, and the twain being more than I could well net on the rounded rock, halloed for Peter, who at once came racing over the uneven granite to my assistance. They were not more than 1½lbs. each in weight, and were landed by the boatmen in a very handsome manner. This satisfying my angling propensities for the day, I again sought the shade, and deeply enjoyed the weird shadows so sharply limned in the bright sunshine, the rippling melody of the curving waves as they beat against the massive bulwarks, and the gentle zephyrs—

"Stealing through the forests
Among the leaves that palpitate forever."

After supper I insisted on Ned taking his rod and casting in the lucky waters which had afforded me such agreeable sport. Assenting, he took his rod while I accompanied him with the net as his man Friday. It was not long before he caught two very nice trout, which ran over 2lbs. each, and then discontinued the pastime, satisfied that the immediate waters would yield us more than we could well care for. Returning to camp, we applied a liberal dose of the repellent to our faces and hands, and then taking our chairs to the beach indulged in talk of the trip for the morrow.

The evening prognostications for favorable weather were not very flattering, as the clouds were deeply shaded and flying very low, indications assuredly of rain at an early period. With a smile curling around his expressive face, Ned said that we had better send for the Aerial Emery and confer with him as to the "probabilities" for the next twenty-four hours. By way of pleasantry, we called the prophet; who was a few steps away, and consulted him. He stated, after a brief survey of the cloudy sky, that "it may rain, may blow; but wait a bit, then we see sure."

"That's what I call an exceedingly cloudy observation," said Ned with mirthful glee, as the weather oracle proudly bore himself to the quarters from whence he came as if he had settled some great State question.

"An observation with a reservation," I rejoined. Humor aside, Emery was an exceedingly faithful boatman, and did everything in his power to please us; but he would ring in the changes on the weather at all times, and was ever ready, when we went on a long trip, to seriously foreshadow the arising of a storm before we reached our destination. If it was warm and the lake smooth, it was a weather-breeder; if the scuds dotted the horizon, it was a signal for a blow; if a heavy swell came rolling along, it was the advance of a gale; if the clouds changed to a sly hue, rain; if a "mare's tail" showed itself, high wind; and so on to the end of a long list of indications which sailors pin their faith to. True, many of these signs realize, but with Emery they were always realizing. We, however, put very little faith in his predictions and acted accordingly.

That evening as we all sat around the camp-fire, Peter sang for us one of his French songs, but as his voice was

too mournful, as is the case with all the half-breeds, it did not throw us into spasms of delicious ecstasy. Ned, to obliterate the sad effects of Peter's vocalism, gave us one of the rollicking airs, which highly pleased the entire audience, and therefore he had to repeat with another of the same character. His voice is exceedingly melodious, but age is fast telling on it, as it has already lost much of its vocal strength, and some of its warmth and color. The concert ending, we sought our warm and comfortable beds, and were soon wrapt in refreshing sleep.

ALEX. STARBURCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Pickeral Fishing.

THE recent remarkably cold weather, so long continued, has been too much for the pickeral fishermen in the vicinity of Boston, and they have generally staid at home. One or two cases are mentioned of parties on the Plymouth ponds, but they got cold fingers and very few fish. The trouble was that the lines would freeze solid in the holes faster than the fishermen could cut them out, if any number of lines were attempted. The Maine pickeral fishermen have also been doing but very little. Milder weather will set the boys going again, however, for the quantity of bait in store is unusually large, and it will all be used between this time and the first of April.

Sale of Cultivated Trout in Close Time.

MASSACHUSETTS trout fishermen, and in fact everybody who has an interest in trout in the Old Bay State, are interested in what the present Legislature may do in regard to the laws for trout protection. It is generally understood in the circle of fishermen that Mr. Gilbert, failing in getting his bill passed last winter to allow him to sell cultivated trout in close time, has by no manner of means given up his idea. A hearing is announced for Wednesday of this week, before the committee on Fisheries and Game at the State House, on the question of making the open season on trout in Massachusetts begin on the 15th of January. It is pretty well known that Mr. Gilbert himself is behind this measure with a good deal of force. It is also admitted by those bitterly opposed to taking away so big a slice from the protection of trout that a majority of the committee may be in favor of Mr. Gilbert and his measure and that a bill is likely to be reported. But it is devoutly hoped that a measure so decidedly bad may be smothered either in the House or the Senate; or failing there, that it will never receive the signature of the Governor. Governor Russell is himself so much of a sportsman as to fully appreciate the magnitude of harm in such a measure, and then he is a man of too much sound sense to permit almost the whole volume of protection to be removed from trout in his own State, simply to gratify one man's desire to sell trout in the winter time.

Such a measure would simply open up ice-fishing for trout from the middle of January till the ice was gone, and the few trout there are left in the streams and ponds in the State would soon be destroyed by the men and boys who cut holes in the ice and fish with live bait. Such fishing in Maine was some years ago terribly destructive of the trout supply in lakes and ponds where now there is good summer fishing with the fly; the little prevention to ice-fishing offered in that State having again restored the trout in part. Few men are better aware of this fact than Governor Russell. His name is—the Maine papers say—on a petition to the Legislature of that State, asking that all fishing, except with the fly, be prohibited by law on B. Pond, in Oxford county. He has been to that pond several times, in company with Messrs. John and Bayard Thayer, where one or both of these gentlemen have, within a year or two, built a beautiful camp. Now, it is within my recollection when ice-fishing had run the trout fishing in B. Pond down to a very low ebb. Early in the winter parties with an abundance of live bait would go and camp at the pond till they had caught enormous strings of the most beautiful trout in the world. This had its natural and only effect; trout fishing became even too poor there for the ice-fishermen. Then, later, the law against ice-fishing till the 1st of February was better enforced, and from that time till the Messrs. Thayer, with their friends, became acquainted with the pond—only three or four years ago—the trout had been gaining in size and numbers. Indeed, there is also every reason for believing that these gentlemen have not injured the trout supply of B. Pond. Under fly-fishing only it doubtless would continue to improve.

Maine Ice Fishing for Trout.

But the Maine resident fishermen are getting their lines ready, and many of the holes will be cut previous to the morning of the first day of February, when they can legally fish for trout in most of the ponds and lakes of the State. Some of the lakes and ponds, however, are protected from this ice-fishing by special legislative enactments. About the only virtue there is in this law is that it gives farmers and farmers' boys a chance to fish at a season, as they say, "When we can afford the time." Nature favors the trout to some extent in that the weather in February is not usually very favorable to fishing on the ice, and besides some of the more remote ponds are generally difficult of access by reason of the great body of snow on the ground. But if everybody in Maine could realize the actual wealth there is in her trout ponds and streams, they would at once conclude to let the trout alone in the winter season. Special legislation is, however, likely to do much in this direction the present winter. The Legislature is beset with numerous bills, and petitions for bills, asking and commanding that trout and landlocked salmon in numerous lakes and ponds, as well as streams, be protected during the winter season, and some of them be perpetually closed as trout nurseries for the larger waters below.

SPECIAL.

Col. Dickey's Plea was Nonsensical.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 19.—At the Goshen Circuit Court term Dr. Willett Kidd, game protector of this district, has just won his suit against Henry C. Brunner to recover a penalty for illegal fishing. George Pan and James Howell, residing at Highland Mills, on Sept. 21 last, went to Cromwell Lake to seine for bait fish. There they met Brunner, and while two held the seine the other thrashed the water and drove in the fish. Thirteen bass were caught and divided among the three; the largest bass weighed 3½lbs. Brunner claimed he put his bass in a bait-

can until he saw Mr. Cromwell, who told him it was illegal to take bass, and he then put them back in the lake. In presenting the case of the defendant to the jury Col. Dickey said the law was getting so rigid that one dare not go fishing unless he took numerous law books and a pair of scales; that the law would soon regulate the size of a man's bottle and compel them to wear velvetene or corduroy suits. This he said was class legislation and it should be stopped. Ex-District Attorney Heady summed up for the people. The judge charged the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, which they did, imposing the full penalty of \$100.

"JUST ONE MORE."

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—While neither admitting nor denying that fly-fishing is on general principles the most artistic and popular method for capturing fresh-water fish, yet I rise to maintain that "circumstances alter cases," and that no one lure is always the best in all waters, no matter how skillfully made or deftly handled.

On Lake Macatawa, Mich., if one wishes to fish for fun or to practice fly-casting, there is plenty of room, with no ordinance or enactment, legislative or local, in the way. But if you want fish, something for the frying-pan, or to show and brag about at the hotel, don't waste your precious time with a fly. Take a minnow, a live frog or a good-sized casting spoon hook. Then, with a good long stiff rod, a strong-line, a minnow or spoon hook, by casting close up to the rushes with either of these or with a live frog just inside (the latter will not foul as bad as either of the others) one is not likely to go home with a "water haul."

The party I am thinking about had been fishing all the afternoon, had exhausted their supply of frogs, and had fallen back on the casting hook. They had a fair string; it was time to quit, and they would have done so but for that undefined, overpowering hankering inherent in all who go a-fishing for "just one more."

It was growing dark, in fact, was so dark one could not see clearly 50ft. from the boat. B., who was standing up in the bow, heard a splashing in the water among the rushes close to the shore, and could see a slight ripple on the water. Thinking it was a big bass and just the "one more," he unwound about 6ft. of line from his reel, made a hurried calculation as to distance and spot, gave his 18ft. rod a good swing, sent the glittering fraud flying to the point, and struck as soon as his hook touched.

There was a commotion in the water, and at the same time a large water spaniel scratched up the bank, yelping and howling, *ki hy, ki hy, twarnt hi twarnt hi*, and away he went yowling and howling, running all the line from the reel, and as it had not been well tied he made off home with the whole business.

The "blood curdling," "hair lifting" scream of the panther is bad enough, but for a downright nerve-destroying, nail-starting racket that dog could have beaten any panther or pack of panthers or wolves that ever howled.

A. W.

St. Lawrence Anglers' Association.

THE Anglers Association of the St. Lawrence River is a live, active and public-spirited organization, whose members have accomplished splendid results by holding up the hands of the State Protectors and aiding and abetting them in the enforcement of the laws against netting. At the November meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Mr. G. M. Skinner, of Clayton, a member of the St. Lawrence organization, reported that a decided change in public sentiment had come to the support of the anglers. In the published report of his remarks Mr. Skinner was quoted as saying that in his district too much attention had been given to the protection of fish. This, as he himself says, is a preposterous sentiment to attribute to him and would require no correction among those who know his interest in the work of the Anglers' Association.

Fishculture.

CURIOSITIES OF TROUT SPAWNING.

WE have published from time to time notices of unusually late spawning of the brook trout. On June 23 and 30, 1892, such observations were made public in these columns by Mr. Cheney, and similar statements have appeared earlier. Seth Green found brook trout spawning at Caledonia as late as March 1. Vinal N. Edwards records the taking of ripe females in April on Cape Cod. M. Calverley, in the letters quoted below, tells of trout spawning in Moorehouse Lake, New York, in June. Col. E. B. Hodge, Fish Commissioner, had ripe female trout in the middle of July.

We have obtained permission from Dr. Goode and Mr. Calverley to publish the following letter:

BARNEGAT, N. J., Sept. 23, 1892.—Prof. G. Brown Goode: I was asking Prof. Hooper, of Brooklyn Institute, if he has ever heard of speckled trout spawning in June. He said he did not know, but told me to write to you. Some years ago I was at Moorehouse Lake, in the north part of Fulton county, N. Y. My guide told me the trout in the lake were spawning. I told him he must be mistaken. He said he would show me but we left the lake the day about June 8 or 10 I caught a speckled trout about 2½lbs. and laid it in the bottom of the boat; in a few minutes he called my attention to it and asked me what I called that, the bottom of the boat being covered with loose ripe spawn. We caught, I think, three that had ripe spawn in them, but the other fish had young spawn in them. If you know anything about trout spawning in the spring I wish you would let me know. The lake is now owned by a club in Herkimer county. * * *

WM. CALVERLEY.

Reply was made to Mr. Calverley's communication, and on Jan. 20 he wrote again to Mr. F. W. True, of the National Museum, giving him the following additional information:

BARNEGAT, N. J., Jan. 20.—Mr. F. W. True: If you want any more information in regard to this, I think I can get it for you by writing to Joseph Lane, of Moorehouseville, Herkimer county, N. Y., the guide who was with me and first told me about the trout spawning in June. Moorehouse Lake is in Fulton county, near the south line of Hamilton county, about five miles from Moorehouseville and about the same distance from Pisco Lake. I caught two or three trout with ripe spawn in them, but no ripe male fish. The first fish I caught weighed about 2½lbs., the spawn was about the size of No. 1 shot. Others have caught them. I have fished in a great many lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains in the last forty years, but it is the only case of finding spawn except in the fall, and I never heard of it before. I think it was about 1876 that I caught them.

WM. CALVERLEY.

Trout are full of surprises. Laws based upon their reproductive habits need occasional revision, in order to keep step with the variability of these habits. Rainbow trout are usually spring spawners in their native waters; but in their new home in the East they approach the brook trout in their spawning season. The U. S. Fish Commission collected many thousands of eggs of this trout at Wytheville, Va., in December, and has already 300,000 at Neosho, Mo., far in advance of the California season and equally in advance of all expectations.

MASSACHUSETTS FISHCULTURE.

WE have received from Commissioner E. A. Brackett a copy of the report of the Massachusetts Commissioners on inland fisheries and game for the year 1892. Eighty-four salmon were seen passing through the Lawrence fishway during June and July, but there was no fall run up the Merrimack, owing to the low stage of water.

Fish appeared in the fishway in the following order: Lampreys, salmon, silver eels, black bass, suckers, alewife, chubs. The largest salmon mentioned weighed 20lbs. One salmon was taken by fly-fishing below the Lawrence dam, and several between Lowell and Concord. A number of these fish were killed by some explosive six miles above Nashua, and many were reported to have been caught in weirs. The penalty of not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars for taking salmon by any means except hook and line will probably prevent illegal fishing in the future.

Alewives continue plentiful in the State; but shad have almost disappeared.

Massachusetts distributed about a half million of brook trout in the counties of Barnstable, Bristol, Plymouth, Norfolk, Essex, Suffolk, Middlesex, Worcester, Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire. A new hatchery has been established at Wilkesonville for raising brook trout, and it is already well supplied with adult fish.

Efforts are being made to protect lobsters by preventing the capture of egg-bearing individuals and of lobsters under 10½ in. long. The action of the State against the owners and crews of menhaden steamers fishing in Buzzard's Bay has already been published in this journal. Returns from weirs and gill nets show a diminution in shad, alewives, menhaden, scup, squeteage and bluefish, while mackerel and herring were taken in increased numbers.

At the conference of the New England Commissioners of fish and game, held in Boston, Nov. 16, 1892, Commissioner McDonald was present by invitation, and explained the policy and plans of the U. S. Fish Commission. He stated that he had come rather to listen than to present his views. He believed it was desirable that the State Commissioners should understand clearly the policy of the U. S. Commission, and its desire to co-operate with the State Commissions; and pointed out the need of collecting such data as would enable the Commission to supply material upon which to base rational legislation.

"The great question to-day is how to regulate the fisheries so as to afford the protection needed without harsh restraint in taking fish for market. The policy of the Commission has always been to improve and maintain a supply of fish for the market, and for this we cannot depend upon the hook and line alone—we must use the net. The question of how to regulate the net fisheries is an important one. If the natural supply fails, recourse must be made to restocking artificially, wherever it is feasible, as with shad and salmon.

"He alluded to the importance of fuller knowledge of the spawning habits of fish, and referred to the need of such information last winter, when the Lapham bill was before Congress. Considerable attention has been given by the Commission during the past summer, to the spawning habits of the menhaden. The information so far obtained points to the conclusion that they spawn all along our coast. Further investigations will be made during next year. Requests for observations on this subject have been made to all connected with the menhaden fisheries. The supply may depend upon the protection of the fish during their spawning season, the same as shad and herring."

A discussion of the Gilbert trout bill was entered upon, but this has already been fully treated in FOREST AND STREAM.

IN REPLY TO GAME PROTECTOR BARBER.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been somewhat delayed in replying to Mr. Barber's statement in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 12, but the delay was unavoidable. The statement bears the ear-marks of having been drawn by a lawyer, and a lawyer should have known that I made no charge, against Mr. Barber, as he asserts. But as Mr. Barber admits that he is the man who was at Mechanicville at the time my correspondent refers to, the matter is simplified materially, for I did not think he would ever be identified.

First, I will reply to that part of Mr. Barber's statement which refers to me personally. He desires to know how long my information has been "most reliable," so as to be "a matter of course." I suppose he means the information I furnish to FOREST AND STREAM. If so it is a period of over 17 years, during which time no one has successfully questioned any information that I have furnished to this journal. If that is arrogance, make the most of it. As to my "assumptions," my correspondent will dispose of that matter later, over his own name. My information was most reliable, as I stated it was, and my correspondent authorized me to print the letter from which I quoted, over his own name. I felt as I wrote, that an imposter had been masquerading at Mechanicville, and if the man was ever found it would be time enough to give my informant's name. Mr. Barber need give himself no concern whatever about the safety of my skin, as I am competent to take care of that myself. If he wishes to exercise himself about any part of any man's anatomy, I would advise him to guard his own official head.

Mr. Barber does not seem to understand the case at all when he says he will not be dictated to by me. When I attempt to dictate to him it will be a proper time for him to declare his sentiments on the subject. Certainly I have not attempted to dictate to him up to this time. As a State Game Protector Mr. Barber is a public servant, and as such I shall most certainly exercise my right to criticise his official actions, or lack of action. Now to the main point; but before I give the letter from Mr. Johnson, which follows, I will refer to one point which he does not mention. Mr. Barber says that his report to the Commissioners is, perhaps, one of the causes for animus—meaning that his report as to dye stuff and line running into the river from the Mechanicville paper mill. How are the paper mill people to know what he reported? Has his report been made public, and if so where can it be found? He says he visited the fishway at Northumberland and reported upon it in June, and I would very much like to know what he reported. I wrote to the New York Fish Commission in May that the fishway at Northumberland was closed—closed at a time when it should be open. In August Mr. John A. Dix, of Thomson & Dix, whose mill draws water from the dam in which the fishway is situated, told me that the fishway was still closed; filled with drift and useless, as it had been all summer, for the purpose for which it was built. This is the reply that my correspondent makes to Mr. Barber:

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1893.—Yours of the 17th received containing a request that I make a full statement covering the Barber case. I showed the statement made by Barber in FOREST AND STREAM Jan. 12 to a number of the paper mill men who saw and talked with him at the time of his visit here, about June 23. In the "dozen or so" of men that he refers to there was one blacksmith, one mason, three machinists, five millwrights and one mill owner. I am now informed that Mr. Barber stated distinctly to three or more of these men that he was a fish commissioner. The men all knew Mr. Henry Burden, one of the old fish commissioners, as he often visited the mill, and they say that they were given to understand by Barber that he had taken Mr. Burden's place. Mr. Barber was pointed out to me by one of the men who had been talking with him as "the man who had Burden's place." I talked with Mr. Barber, but he did not tell me that he was a commissioner. He simply told me what he had done in enforcing the game laws and what he was going to do at our place. He was a stranger to me, but from his appearance and actions I thought he might be one of the new game protectors and I asked him if he was Nat Barber, the new game protector of Greenwich, and he said he was. But afterward, when I heard the men tell their story, I did not believe that he had

any business here, either as a game protector or fish commissioner. I am informed that he did say in the presence of five men that he had been notified by the Fish Commissioners to get one of the salmon and send it to them. I did not hear him ask for a gun, but three or more men, one of them a constable, did hear him ask for a gun, but there was none to be had. I remember that the men, in talking the matter over at the time, said that if they could have procured a gun for him when he asked for it and he had shot a salmon they would have fired him down where the fish were, for they were convinced of one or two things—that he was either a fraud or he was trying to put up a job on somebody. I arrived at the mill before the whistle blew and know that no one was prevented from getting a gun on that account. I saw Wheeler, the watchman, this evening, and while he did not wish to talk about the matter, he admits that the man supposed to have been Barber did call upon him about 5:30 P. M. and talked to him about spearing salmon. Wheeler says Barber asked if he had a spear and tried to put up a job on him to spear a salmon.

I do not see that Mr. Barber has proven his innocence to all the charges. He may bluster and call other men liars, but that does not prove that he is not a liar himself. All the men I have mentioned will swear positively that this statement is true at any time that they are subpoenaed. A dozen men stand ready to prove that Mr. Barber's "plain and unvarnished statement" so far as it relates to what took place while among them is a lie, that does not contain a particle of truth. Barber inquired of me and of others if the fishway was all right, but I did not see him go straight to it and find out, for himself, as he often does. As a fact the fishway is filling up so no fish can pass through it. I went with Barber to show him where there should be a fishway sign board, the old one having been covered up by the contractor when the new mill was built. There has never been any dye stuff used in our mill to this date, for we do not make colored paper. So how could he see dye stuff in the water. Yours "most reliably," A. C. JOHNSON.

This letter shows conclusively that I assumed nothing, and that my correspondent bears out everything I said. According to this letter Mr. Barber assumed to be a Fish Commissioner, and also said that he was a game protector, which disposes of his reasoning in his fourth paragraph, which leaves nothing more in his reply to be disposed of. A. N. CHENEY.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 26.—The report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries states that the following basis, proposed by J. W. Foster, United States Secretary of State, for an agreement to be reached by a diplomatic exchange of notes, has been accepted by Canada, the Governments of the United States of America and of her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland:

A commission of two experts shall be appointed, one on behalf of each Government, to consider and report to their respective Governments either jointly or severally, or jointly to both Governments, in regard to matters in which they may be in accord and severally to their respective Governments with regard to matters of non-concurrence concerning the regulations, practice and restrictions proper to be adopted in concert on the following subjects:

(a) The limitation or prevention of exhaustive or destructive methods of taking fish and shellfish in the territorial and contiguous waters of the United States and her Majesty's possessions in North America respectively, and also in the waters of the open seas outside of the territorial limits of either country to which the inhabitants of the respective countries may habitually resort for the purpose of such fishing.

(b) The prevention of the polluting or obstructing of such contiguous centers to the detriment of the fisheries or of navigation.

(c) The close seasons expedient to be enforced and observed in such contiguous waters by the inhabitants of both countries as respects the taking of the several kinds of fish and shellfish.

(d) The adoption of practical methods of restocking and replenishing such contiguous territorial waters with fish and shellfish and the means by which such fish life may be there preserved and increased.

(2) The commissioners to be appointed shall meet at the City of Washington within three months of the date of the agreement and shall complete their investigation and submit their final reports thereof, to the two governments as herein provided, within two years from the date of their first meeting.

(3) The contracting governments agree to place at the services of the said commissioners all information and material pertinent to the subject of their investigation which may be of record respectively in the offices of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, and in the Department of Marine and Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, and further to place at the disposal of said commissioners acting jointly any vessel or vessels of either of said Fish Commissioners of the United States and of Canada, as may be convenient and proper to aid in the prosecution of their investigation in the contiguous or adjacent waters aforesaid.

It is further agreed that, if required by either or both of the said Commissioners, a competent employee of either or both of the said Fish Commissions of the United States and of Canada shall be detailed to assist the said Commissioners in the preparation of their report.

(4) Each Government shall defray the expenses of its Commissioner, and of such employe as may be detailed to assist him, as provided in the preceding section.

(5) The two Governments agree that, as soon as the reports of the Commissioners shall be laid before them, as aforesaid, they will consider the same and exchange views thereon, to the end of reaching, if expedient and practicable, such conventional or other understanding as may suffice to carry out the recommendation of the Commissioners by treaty or concurrent legislation on the part of the respective Governments or the Legislatures of the several States and Provinces, or both, as may be found most advisable, but nothing herein contained shall be deemed to commit either Government to the results of the investigation hereby instituted.

The Mississquoi Bay Nets.

Bearing on the above, Vermont's last experience with nets in Lake Champlain is interesting and instructive. In their last annual report the Vermont Commissioners said:

"When similar conditions and seasons prevail in neighboring States the operations of the laws for the protection of the fish and game which shall inhabit such States should be uniform. Many departures from this rule occur in the operation of the laws as between Vermont and the States and provinces contiguous thereto."

"As an illustration, the close season for black bass in Vermont ends fifteen days earlier than in New Hampshire, and the citizens of the former State can take bass from the Connecticut when it is unlawful to do the same thing from the New Hampshire side of the same waters. In fact it is a question whether it is illegal in Vermont to take bass from the Connecticut at any season, as Sec. 8373, R. S., relates to the protection of black bass "in the waters of the State," but the west bank of the Connecticut river is the east line of Vermont."

"While the above mentioned defects have been the subject of remonstrances from the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire, they are lost sight of when the condition of affairs in the waters of Lake Champlain bordering on the Dominion waters of the same lake is brought to the attention of the Commissioners by the lack of uniformity of existing laws for the protection of fish in these contiguous waters, resulting in a serious injustice to the citizens of Vermont."

"Reference is made to the Canadian custom of licensing fishermen to catch fish by the means of seines in the Dominion waters of Lake Champlain, generally known as Mississquoi Bay. While only a small portion of Lake Champlain is in Canada, the Canadian portion appears to be the spawning ground for nearly all the wall-eyed pike of the entire lake.

"While tons of these fish are taken in seines on their way to and from the spawning grounds in Dominion waters, it is not lawful to take them in any manner in Vermont waters or to have them in possession.

"With this condition of things, our laws are not sustained by public opinion, and consequently it is impossible to enforce the laws against netting in waters contiguous to Canada without great and unwarranted expense.

"The Commissioners do not intimate that the laws of Vermont for the protection of fish in Lake Champlain are defective or perfect, but that the Canadian laws should be in unison with them. Much correspondence on this subject has been carried on between the Commissioners and the Canadian authorities. Finally a full statement of the case was communicated to the Hon. John W. Foster, Department of State, Washington, D. C., and the United States Government is now considering the question with the government of Canada. The Commissioners entertain hopes that this correspondence will result in necessary measures being taken for the protection of fish in the waters contiguous to the two countries."

Commenting on the new law empowering the Commissioners to license nets in Mississquoi Bay the *Argus and Patriot* said: "The object of this move is to place the Commissioners on a basis of equality with the Minister of Fisheries in Canada. By being empowered to grant licenses to Vermonters to place their seines across the channel named, the bulk of the fish which the Canadian fishermen usually capture on the Dominion side of the bay, will be cut off, and the fishing interests thereabout would suffer heavily. Heretofore these Canadian fishermen have been such a powerful constituency that they have dictated the course of the Dominion officials, the result being that it was useless to attempt negotiations looking to prohibitive legislation on their part of the same nature as that in force in Vermont. Of course, if the business is practically ruined and the Canadians see our people taking the fish away from them they will be anxious to effect some compromise which will be equally beneficial to people on both sides of the line. If such an arrangement, as is equitable, can be made, then the Vermont Commissioners can revoke any licenses they may have given, and the situation will be just as it has been heretofore, as far as Vermonters are concerned, while the power to reissue the licenses will stand as a menace to our Canadian neighbors, that if they do not live up to their agreement then the seines will be again stretched across the entrance to the bay."

Wisconsin Rainbow Trout.

THE fish commissioners of this State have decided to plant 10,000 rainbow trout fry in the Fox River just below the lower dam in this city in February or March. The proposition to construct fishways from Lake Winnebago to Green Bay should be carried to a successful termination. This will make it possible for fish to pass from Green Bay to the lake, up or down; now they are prevented by the dams.—*Appleton (Wis.) Crescent.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 7 to 10.—Chicago Kennel Club, Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Mortimer, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 6.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 17.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 25.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Weston, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 6.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

Remember, the entries for New York show close Monday next, Feb. 6, with James Mortimer, 44 Broadway, New York.

FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Some time ago I wrote that the collie dog Finsbury Dude had been purchased by a Canadian breeder. His owners, Messrs. Saunders & Mighton, Harrison, Ont., advise me that he has arrived and is in good shape. His winnings in Europe are two firsts and two specials, Halifax; second, third and two specials, Bradford; second, Bradford Canine Association and two seconds, Amsterdam. His breeding is of the best—Edgbaston Excelsior out of Highland Annie, going back on the sire's side to champion Christopher, champion Metchley Wonder, champion Peggie II., etc., and on the dam's to champion Eclipse, champion Charlemagne and champion Carlyle.

Mr. W. P. Fraser, Toronto, received off the Allan boat this week a good little Scottish terrier dog from Mr. Ludlow.

The Bowmanville St. Bernard Kennels are sending the smooth-coated bitch Celtic Lassie, by Celtic Rector out of Countess, to Mr. J. H. Dobson, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A meeting of the committee in charge of the details in connection with the selection of dogs for the World's Fair, was held on Jan. 26; the members present being Messrs. A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; C. A. Stone and W. Brodie, Toronto, and Mr. Stewart acted as secretary. It was deemed imperative that all dogs sent to Chicago must compete at the selection to be held in Toronto next April. Messrs. Donovan and Mitchener are to act as a committee to select a building and see after all printing, and Messrs. Stone and Brodie to look after the benching and feeding. It was recommended that Mr. Stewart's expenses be paid to New York during the show, to interview Mr. Mortimer with regard to final arrangements. The C. K. C. will be asked to appoint one outside all-round judge to act in conjunction with the judging committee already appointed. The catalogue is to be in Mr. Stone's hands. H. B. DOXOVAN.

OHIO FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:
On Friday evening, Jan. 27, the O. F. T. C. held a meeting at the office of G. V. L. Mellinger. The object of meeting was to incorporate the association under the laws of the State of Ohio. The membership was opened to brother sportsmen throughout the country. Any wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity, can correspond with the secretary and receive necessary information. ARTHUR H. SMITH, Sec'y.
CANTON, Ohio.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

BAKERSFIELD, Jan. 17.—This morning, to the delight of all, broke clear, an ideal California winter morning, chilly, but giving promise of the ideal day that followed. The trials were held to-day on new ground, about a mile beyond the grounds upon which the Derby was run last year, and although seventeen miles from town the move proved a good one, as birds were found much more plentiful. No less than 600 birds were flushed by handlers, judges and spectators during the day. The recent rains had washed the alkali from the sage brush and chapparel and settled the dust, making the scent lie well. All in all everything promised good work. But, alas, for the fond hopes of man! The work of the dogs was, on the whole, poor, though a few showed up in sharp contrast by working splendidly. The ground upon which the trials were run and its surroundings are hard for your Eastern readers to imagine. Fancy, if you can, a party of seventy-five ladies and gentlemen following the dogs throughout the day in our sunny clime, those about going without their overcoats and none heavily wrapped. A level plain as far as the eye can reach covered with low brush and occasional patches of timber. To the east the mighty Sierras, with the snow-capped peaks towering above the clouds; to the west the east range nearly as lofty; to the north and south an endless plain.

Derby.

First Series.—Continued.

BROWN BETTY AND JAVELIN.—The first heat of the day was between Brown Betty and Javelin, the undecided of the previous evening. Betty found a single almost immediately after being put down and pointed staunchly. Trainer fired and killed; both dogs steady to shot. Moved on a little, Betty located and pointed a covey and worked well on the scattered birds. Javelin pointed a single and dropped to wing when the bird flushed, Betty backing. Javelin soon after pointed a jack rabbit. Betty followed with three staunch points in rapid succession on singles and small beys. Brown Betty won the heat after being down about 30m.

TOMMY TICKLER AND JIM P.—J. M. Bassford's liver and white pointer dog Tommy Tickler (Bismarck—Beulah), handled by Wm. De Motte, and Jas. E. Watson's black pointer Jim P. (Old Black Joe II.—Black Bess), handled by Walters, were put down at 10:18 on scattered birds. Tommy had a little the best range and pace. Jim was the first to locate, pointing staunchly, and Tom backed well. Walters shot and killed; Jim broke shot, but obeyed the voice of his handler instantly. Then Tom pointed fur. Jim soon after established a point, but no bird could be found. When sent on, he moved a rod or so and again drew to point. Walters flushed the bird, shot and killed; Tommy then pointed a single and De Motte shot and killed.

Jim P. was given the heat after being down 1h.

HONEST JOHN AND GEORGE P.—C. A. Haight's lemon and white pointer dog Honest John (Dick H.—Lady Max), handled by Allender, and Jas. E. Watson's black pointer dog George P. (Old Black Joe II.—Black Bess), handled by Walters, were put down immediately after lunch. George found a bevy and pointed staunchly; the birds ran. On a second point the birds flushed and he broke to wing. After receiving a sound thrashing from his handler, he shook himself and went about his business as though nothing had happened, and in less than a minute he had another point to his credit. George is the best in range and pace, and shows considerable bird sense. Honest John has neither of the above qualities, and when called up to back once rushed in ahead of the black and flushed the bird. Down 30m. George P. won.

BOOTH B. AND FRANCISCA.—L. Thibault's black pointer dog Booth B. (Old Black Joe II.—Black Bess), handled by Allender, and Wm. Schreiber's lemon and white pointer bitch Francisca (Rip Rap—Sal), handled by Chas. Studarus, were put down in the timber at about 1 o'clock after a long hunt without finding anything. Booth got two points, Francisca chasing and otherwise misbehaving herself in the mean time. Booth won after being down 54m. Like all of this strain of black pointers he is a wide ranger, fast, but not stylish, and possesses a good nose.

PAPADEROS AND VAN.—Mr. E. G. Schmidell's white and liver pointer bitch Papaderos (Duke of Vernon—Patti Croxteth), handled by Allender, and Frank Lane's Gordon setter dog Van (Dan—Jess), handled by Walters, were put down at 1:55. Van ranged fairly well and showed considerable style, hunts carefully, but seemed to be off his nose. He got a couple of points on singles, while Papaderos failed to do anything, apparently not knowing what a quail was. Van won the heat in less than the time limit (30 minutes), the pointer having practically quit.

MERCHANT OF VENICE AND MERCURY.—Wakeman and Handley's English setter dog Merchant of Venice (Monk of Furness—Knight's Belle), handled by Allender, and California Kennels' English setter dog Mercury (Dick Bondhu—Sunlit), handled by Dodge, were put down at 2:40 P. M. Mercury started in by flushing a bevy; Merchant pointed a single and Mercury a single and a small covey. Both ranged well and are merry workers, showing considerable bird sense. Mercury won. Down 1h. 3m.

Second Series.

JOHANNA AND COUNTESS NOBLE.—The first brace of the second series was put down at 3:55. Both dogs ranged splendidly, the best of the trials up to date. Countess had a little the advantage in pace and range. Both dogs quartered their ground well. Before leaving the timber Countess, who was going like a whirlwind, snaped a point as quick as lightning, and Johanna, just behind her, backed beautifully. Moved on a little, Countess pointed a small covey. Countess won. Down 35m.

TRAMP AND BROWN BETTY.—The next brace was put down at 4:30 P. M. Betty was the best in range, style, pace, bird sense and nose. Tramp did not do anything. After running 40m. Brown Betty located a single and pointed staunchly.

WEDNESDAY.

The trials were started to-day one and a half miles south of the old field trial ground, where the Members' Stake was run off in 1892, and finished on the old ground. Birds were very scarce, not more than 100 being found all day. After returning in the evening the annual meeting of the club was held at the Southern Hotel, President J. G. Edwards in the chair. The following new members were elected: C. A. Miller, Raymond, Cal.; Chas. Swisler, Placerville; C. A. Haight, San Francisco; DeF. W. Skaffe, San Francisco; P. L. Thibault, Butte, Mont.; Collin Stewart, Pasadena; Jas. E. Watson, San Francisco, and Walter J. Mathews. The following officers were elected: President, J. G. Edwards; First Vice-President, W. E. Houghton; Second Vice-President, H. T. Payne; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Kilgarriff; Executive Committee, J. Bassford, P. D. Linville, C. W. Post, W. G. Kerckhoff and Wm. Schreiber.

The first brace put down were the two black pointers

JIM P. AND BOOTH B.—Jim P. pointed a single bird and Booth B. backed. Moved on a mile or so, Jim P. pointed and Booth backed again. Jim is the best bird finder and shows the most bird sense. After running one hour Jim P. won.

GEORGE P. AND MERCURY were put down at 10:35. They are pretty equal in range, but Mercury is the most stylish, though George P. is the most stylish black pointer we have seen. The strain we have here is mostly an ungainly-looking lot. George P. was the first to establish a point. Mercury then pointed a single, and George P., when called up to back, broke the back and drawing too near flushed the birds. He then pointed a small bevy and won the heat. Down 35m.

The Gordon setter Van had a bye, but was withdrawn by his owner.

Third Series.

The first heat in the third series was won by Countess Noble by default.

JIM P. AND BROWN BETTY.—Jim P. pointed and dropped to wing as soon as put down. The birds were in pea vine cover, undoubtedly the worst cover in California for a dog to find birds in. The vines were full of birds, but neither dog could locate them, the birds flushing all around them. Jim P. pointed scent and fur several times. Brown Betty pointed a single on the edge of the vines and then pointed a jack rabbit. On moving out of the vines, Betty pointed a rabbit and Jim backed nicely. Soon after Jim pointed a couple of singles, and won the heat after being down 30m. Betty is without question the most thoroughly trained dog in the trials. She was most decidedly off her nose to-day, her work, like that of Countess Noble, not being a subject for comparison with her work of yesterday.

COUNTESS NOBLE AND GEORGE P.—Down at 11:40. Both dogs got right to work. George roaded a single but it flushed before he drew to a point. Countess is much the fastest and widest ranger but was out of form yesterday; a great many had her placed as winner. George P. did some excellent work, showing a superb nose and good judgment. George pointed a single in short sage. Moving on a few rods he pointed again and Countess backed, but no birds were found. Both quartered well but Countess seemed lazy. Both under good control with the advantage in favor of George. He secured two more points before they were ordered up at 1:18. George P. won the heat.

Finals.

JIM P. AND GEORGE P. were put down after lunch at 1:17, in short cover. No birds could be found for nearly an hour. George is the best in style, pace and range. Jim is a bit of a potterer. A small covey was found by both at the same time. Each secured a point but Jim broke to shot. After a long and rather tedious beat of an hour and a half George P. was awarded the heat and first money—\$315.

MERCURY AND COUNTESS NOBLE were put down at 3:05 to see which should run against Jim P. for second money. Mercury started in by chasing a jack rabbit. Countess pointed by sight and was handsomely backed by Mercury, who then pointed a pair in a ditch, Countess backing stylishly. When moved on Countess pointed a single and followed it by another staunch point. Both steady to shot. Just as they were called up Countess pointed again and Mercury backed at 50yds., both dogs remaining in position while a camera fiend took four shots at them. Countess won. Down 50m. She is the best of the brace in style, range and pace.

COUNTESS NOBLE AND JIM P. were put down at 4:10 for second money. Countess went to work at once but could not locate. Jim P. was pottering around picking up singles and scoring a lot of points that came near beating the little bitch. Jim hunted the bushy places and showed excellent judgment and bird sense. His nose is also of the right sort. Jim established three points to Countess's none, when she located a single and Payne shot and winged the bird. Jim, who was backing, saw the wounded bird fall and broke for it. Soon after Countess pointed a single, following it by a covey point. Then Jim scored a point on a single and Countess backed. Ordered up at 4:52, Countess Noble winning the heat and second money. Countess is superior in pace, range and style to any dog in the trials, but fell down sadly in her work to-day.

Third money was divided between Johanna, Jim P. and Doctor P. without running. Black pointers are strictly in it this year.

SUMMARY.

J. E. Watson's black pointer dog George P. (Old Black Joe II.—Black Bess) won first prize.

H. T. Payne's English setter bitch Countess Noble (Stanford—Lilly C.) won second prize.

J. E. Watson's Jim P. and Doctor P. (Old Black Joe II.—Black Bess) and California Kennels' Johanna (Gladstone II.—Janet) divided third prize.

THURSDAY.

All-Age Stake.

The entries in the All-Age Stake numbered nine against eight last year. The first few braces were put down on the old grounds, six miles from Bakersfield; the birds proved so few and far between on Thursday that the club decided to try new grounds. Friday morning they started in about eight miles from Bakersfield, near Rosedale. After running two heats the birds were found to be still among the missing and after lunch the dogs were put down on the grounds that the Derby was run on last year, sixteen miles from town, where the work proved more satisfactory. It must not be understood that birds were very scarce. A party of four could go on any of these grounds and shoot from 100 to 200 birds in a day, but with the method of running trials here a very large number of birds is required. In my estimation the trials are poorly managed in respect to hunting for birds and working the birds after they are found. The handlers and judges are both to blame. When a covey has been located, in place of working out the covey, the dogs, handlers and judges make a bee line right through the scattered birds. Consequently the birds are soon lost and new coveys must be found.

First Series.

PELHAM AND SAM K.—California Kennels' English setter dog Pelham, by Harold—Sunlit, was handled by Dodge, and W. G. Kerckhoff's English setter dog Sam K. Gladstone, by Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D., last year's Derby winner, handled by Walters, were put down on the old grounds at 8:52. Both dogs ranged very well, Sam the best in range and pace. Pelham stopped when going at a very fast pace and pointed a covey, making a very stylish point, Sam K. refused to honor it. Sam when moved on a little pointed foot scent. Pelham refused to back. Sam soon after pointed a single, Walters shot and wounded, and Sam could not find, the bird doubtless being one of our California runners. Sam then flushed a pair but dropped to wing. Pelham then roaded and pointed a covey staunchly. Sam when called up to back refused and pointed, but drew too close and the birds flushed. Pelham pointed false and Sam dropped to order of handler. Sam then pointed single and Pelham flushed; when called to back, Walters shot and killed and Sam retrieved neatly. Pelham then got a point and Dodge shot and killed. Pelham retrieved well. The dogs were ordered up at 10:30, after being down 1h. 38m. Pelham won. Pelham is under remarkable control, considering the fact that he is as deaf as a post. Sam K. drops to point.

DORA O'MORE AND CLAY.—John H. Yoell's Irish setter bitch Dora O'More, by Pat O'More—Fawn, handled by Allender, and Mr. Flood's pointer dog Clay, by Bergez's Tom—Queen Croxteth, handled by Studarus, were put down at 10:57 on new ground in high cover and pea vines. Clay ranged well and is the most stylish pointer in the trials; though blind in one eye, his pace is good and he ranges fairly well. Dora is a merry worker but does not range out much. Dora started in well, pointing a covey that flushed an instant after Allender shot and killed one, which she was not asked to retrieve. Clay roaded for quite a distance and pointed a single that flushed to the judge's horse. Moving on a few rods he pointed another single and Studarus flushed. Within a few rods Clay pointed twice to the second point and Studarus shot and killed. Both dogs steady. Ordered up at 11:30 and heat given to Clay.

OLD BLACK JOE II. AND QUEEN CROXTETH.—James E. Watson's black pointer Old Black Joe II., winner of third last year, handled by Allender, and B. N. Dow's pointer bitch Queen Croxteth, by Rush T.—Patti Croxteth, handled by Studarus, were put down on scattered birds. After a short run on open ground to test their range and speed at 11:37 Queen Croxteth ranged out the widest, but Old Joe was hunting, while Queen was running about having a great time. When brought to the birds Joe pointed a single and Queen backed. Moved on a few rods Joe pointed again and was well backed by Queen. Queen dropped to a single. Some ten minutes later one pointed and the other backed, but neither judges nor your reporter could tell which was which. After being held up for water they were again put down, but no birds could be found. They were ordered up for lunch at 12:30. After a substantial lunch and the usual ladies' day photographs, the party moved to other grounds about a mile and a half away. About twenty ladies and gentlemen on horseback joined the party just before lunch and followed the dogs for the balance of the day. The dogs were put down again at 2:04. Birds were found almost immediately. Queen pointed a single and dropped to wing; then Joe pointed running birds, but broke point and roaded them full 200 yards and drew again to a staunch point. Queen dropped to a small covey soon after. Studarus fired and missed and Queen broke to shot. Down 18m. Old Black Joe II. won the heat.

SALLY BRASS II. AND LADY FANE.—Henry Huber's pointer bitch Sally Brass II., by Graphic—Meally, handled by Allender, and George Crocker's English setter bitch Lady Fane, by Toledo Blade—Sulu C., handled by Walters, were put down at 2:52. Lady pointed foot scent and was honored by Sally. Then Lady pointed a single and Walters missed it. Then Sally pointed a single and Allender missed. Lady, then working about the same locality for some time, pointed two singles in rapid succession. Walters shot and killed and Lady retrieved well. They were ordered up after being down 46m., Lady Fane winning the heat. Lady had a little the best of it in pace and range.

Second Series.

STARLIGHT AND PELHAM.—T. J. Watson's English setter dog Starlight (Dan Gladstone—Miss Alice), handled by De Motte, was the bye dog, and was put down next with Pelham, the first brace of the second series at 3:15, in a willow patch. Pelham was the first to find, pointing staunchly. Star backed. Both very stylish in action and on point. Both dogs scored false points. Then Pelham drew again, and the judges flushed a small bevy. Pelham then pointed another single and Star backed. Dodge's gun not being cocked DeMotte shot and missed. Starlight then found a single, but Pelham would not back, crossing in front of Star. Pelham drew to point, but broke it; bird flushed by Dodge; DeMotte shot and killed. Star retrieved well. Both dogs then made game, but the birds were flushed by handlers before the dogs located them. Pelham when moved on a short distance pointed a single staunchly. Star pointed, no birds found, following this with a single, which DeMotte missed. The dogs were ordered up after being down 1h. 5m. Starlight winning the heat. Neither are extra rangers, though both are good.

FRIDAY.

OLD BLACK JOE AND CLAY were put down in brush cover near Rosedale at 9:37. A covey of birds was located by a professional hunter engaged for the purpose, and the dogs made game very quickly. The morning was very foggy, and consequently very disagreeable. The first birds found flushed wild. Joe was the first to score, pinning two singles in rapid succession. Clay when called up to back refused, and crowding in front and across Joe's nose, flushed the birds. In making a wide cast a few minutes later Clay flushed a big covey. Joe a little unsteady to wing. The birds dropped near a large clump of willows. Then Clay pointed false and Joe refused to back. After roading some distance Clay pointed and Studarus shot at the birds on the ground, killing five at one shot. Joe pointed immediately after and Clay dropped to back, birds running. Then Clay pointed, broke point, roaded and pointed again staunchly. Joe ran in wild and flushed in place of backing. Soon after Joe pointed and Allender shot and missed. In being moved on the dogs got out of the birds, as often happens at these trials. The handlers press the dogs too close; the judges press the handlers, and the crowd press the judges. In consequence, when a covey is located it is not properly worked. Joe was the next to score a point, but Clay stole the point. Studarus shot and missed. Immediately after Joe pointed again and Clay rushed in and flushed. Old Black Joe II. won the heat in 1h. 23m. Clay is very stylish, carries his head high and is full the equal of Old Black Joe II. in speed and range. At times he works splendidly, showing an excellent nose, but is young, inexperienced and unsteady.

STARLIGHT AND LADY FANE.—Put down at 11:05 to see which should run with Old Black Joe II. for first money, Lady was the first to make game, the bird flushing just as she drew to a point. After being down 20m. without finding any birds the dogs were ordered up and were not put down again until after lunch at 1:08 on the grounds used last year for the Derby, some six miles beyond Rosedale. No birds could be found for nearly a half hour, when the party were brought to a standstill by a wire fence. Judges and reporters dismounted and the balance of the heat was run out with the entire party on foot. On reaching the timber Lady Fane pointed staunchly, but no birds could be found. Starlight then pointed a single, and DeMotte shot and killed; Starlight retrieved in good style. Starlight soon after pointed another single, but Lady, when called to back, stole the point. DeMotte fired and missed. Lady then pointed, and Starlight backed three times in succession. After being down 2h. 9m. Starlight was awarded the heat. He is much the best in style, pace and range.

Third Series.

OLD BLACK JOE II. AND STARLIGHT, after running a thirty minute bye and taking a short rest, was put down with Starlight at 3:55. Starlight was the first to make game, drawing to a staunch point; Joe refused to back and ran in and flushed. Birds could not be found again for some time. Hearing considerable shooting in the distance the party moved in that direction and found a scattered covey in heavy timber. Joe pointed and Starlight backed twice in rapid succession, then Joe pointed another; Allender shot and killed; the bird dropped within a few yards from Starlight, who broke in and retrieved. Starlight then scored a couple of points, the birds being flushed by the judges. Joe then pointed a single, which Allender shot and killed, and Joe retrieved. Joe then pointed again, birds flushed by Allender. Starlight pointed a single, flushed by DeMotte. Starlight was awarded the heat and first money, \$152.50, after being down 50m.

At the adjourned annual meeting of the club this evening President J. G. Edwards in the chair, Mr. C. A. Schmiedt was elected to membership, after which the location of the trials for 1894 was discussed for over an hour. It was generally conceded that the trials had been very unsatisfactory this year on account of the scarcity of birds. As the trials have been run this year the wide ranger and the covey finder had no chance with the potterer, the element of luck showing itself too prominently in the placing of the dogs. The coveys were located by professional hunters. Had they not been the trials would have lasted another week. Mr. H. T. Payne spoke in very favorable terms of Ontario as being the most likely spot in California. The birds do not have the habit of running a half mile before flushing or lying close, as they do in the San Joaquin Valley, and the cover is much superior,

Messrs. J. N. Harper, of Suisun; D. M. Pyle, of Bakersfield, and R. T. Vandervoort, of Pasadena, were appointed as a committee of investigation, to report on the advisability of holding the next trials at that place.

SATURDAY.

This morning broke with the promise of an ideal California day. The fog cleared away during the night; a warm, light breeze sprang up with the sun and the party made an early start for the old school house grounds six miles south of town, and the move proved a good one. Plenty of birds were found, and the crowd not being so great the birds were properly worked. The scent lay well, and the dogs did the best work of the trials.

Finals

LADY FANE AND PELHAM were put down in low cover at 9:03. Lady pointed immediately. A single flushed. Lady pointed again a few rods further on and Pelham backed. Moved on, Lady pointed again. Walters shot and winged. On shooting the running bird Lady retrieved indifferently. Then Pelham a single and Lady three times. Then Lady pointed a single and Pelham honoring; he is usually an indifferent backer. The judge then ordered the handlers to move on to a certain point together. Dodge, however, paid no attention but followed his dog, who soon pointed and the bird flushed wild. Moving on again about two yards he drew to a point. When Dodge shot and killed Pelham retrieved handsomely. Lady then thought she had been doing brilliant work long enough and chased a single quail, and was having lots of fun when Walters shot her at about 90 yds. She gave a yelp, stopped chasing and got down to work again immediately. Pelham, when brought up with his opponent, did some very brilliant work. He is a great bird finder, a good ranger, and though stone deaf is very obedient. He next roared and pointed staunchly in a clump of willows and was well backed by Lady. Walters claimed the point for Lady but I cannot agree with him. Lady then pointed and Pelham backed. Walters shot and killed and Pelham broke shot slightly. Lady then pointed again and Pelham refused to back. Moved on a couple of hundred yards Pelham pointed a couple of singles and ended the closest, prettiest race of the trials. Pelham won after being down 47m.

OLD BLACK JOE II. AND PELHAM.—Joe, after running another 30-minute bye, was put down at 10:20 to run with Pelham for second money. Joe was the first to find, pointing staunchly. Pelham started in by chasing fur. Joe then pointed a couple of single birds. Moved into the timber, Joe pointed and Pelham ran in front of him and flushed. Moved on to a pea vine patch, Joe pointed again and Pelham backed. Pelham then pointed a single, flushed by Dodge. Pelham then began roading and made a very snappy point, pointing running bird; Joe made an indifferent back. The dogs were watered, and when put down again Pelham pointed a single, and Joe, when called to back, stole the point. Old Black Joe won the heat and second money, \$91.50, after being down 40m.

CLAY AND PELHAM.—Put down after lunch on new ground at 12:44. Birds were found immediately. Pelham pointed a single and then both dogs located a big covey. Clay then pointed some running birds by sight, and Studarus shot and missed, Clay a little unsteady to shot. After roading them across the open, both scored singles. Then Clay pointed unsteadily twice on singles. After watering, Clay was first down and pointed a single within a few yards of the group, before Pelham reached him. Pelham would not back, but located another bird, which he snapped at as it got up within 6in. of his nose. Pelham immediately pointed another within a few rods off the first. Clay backed, but broke back and went to hunting. Pelham moved on a few rods and pointed another, proving conclusively to all present that he had the best nose. Clay, working the same ground, could not find anything. After being down 33m. Pelham was awarded the heat and third money, \$61.

Pelham's excellent work proves by ocular demonstration that the noise made by some handlers in whistling and yelling is entirely unnecessary. Pelham was born deaf, and yet is one of the best bird finders run this year, as well as being under absolute control. When Dodge wants him to retrieve he touches his forehead lightly with the tip of his finger. All other orders are given with a motion of the hand.

The last heat was peculiarly interesting, as it was between a deaf dog and a dog blind in one eye.

SUMMARY.

T. J. Watson's English setter Starlight (Dan Gladstone—Miss Alice), first prize.

J. E. Watson's black pointer Old Black Joe II., second prize.

California Kennels' English setter Pelham (Harold—Sunlit), third prize. NAMQUOIT.

CLASSIFICATION OF POINTERS BY WEIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to apologize, through your columns, to Mr. Munson, of whose *statu quo* in pointers I am perfectly aware. I confess that it is carelessness on my part not to scrutinize the names over, but from my point of view it seemed almost impossible for any practical breeder or owner of pointers to be guilty of such a rule.

I do not doubt but that Mr. Munson has full and good reasons for his idea, and do hope that Mr. Waters (to whom my thanks are due for his correction in regard to Mr. Munson), will influence Mr. Munson to give his reasons to the pointer men and also his—Mr. Waters's—own reasons for abolishment.

It will become us to give our reasons before you have advanced yours, at least would be a queer precedence, and looks to me about like the waylaying party demanding reasons from those attacked why they should be attacked. No, no, Mr. Waters, you will define your stand yourself, as is proper, and I know you to be the man who will do it, and this is one good reason why I don't want to accept the proposition now to give reasons "why not," but want to hear your and Mr. Munson's defense of why it should be so.

In the meantime, I assert again that pointer men at large will express themselves plainly with a not at Chicago; local owners perhaps excepted. If I am wrong you will be soon able to prove it to me; but in the meantime I am very anxious to hear your views, knowing full well they will be worth reading. G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Jan. 28.

ST. BERNARD CLUB SPECIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The St. Bernard Club will offer during the coming season about forty of its handsome sterling silver medals to be competed for at the various shows. At Chicago we have offered six—one for the best St. Bernard dog, one for the best bitch, and one each for the best American-bred dog and bitch, smooth and rough.

We offer nine at New York, six at Boston, four at Philadelphia, two at Detroit, four at Pittsburgh, four at Washington and four at Baltimore.

As our specials are offered to dogs belonging to the members of the club exclusively, and as they have in a number of cases been returned to us simply for lack of competition, we take this opportunity of inviting those interested to join us. The club is doing excellent work and should have the support of every one. The initiation fee is \$10, which includes dues for the current year, and after that only \$5 per year. Application forms for membership and further particulars can be had from me. W. H. JOECKEL, JR., President.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Permanency of Dog Matters.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—In this country in the past ten years doggy matters have had a most wonderful growth in every desirable particular, such as influential ownership, general distribution over the whole country, public interest, bench and field trial competition, increased monetary value of the best specimens, large kennels devoted to the interest of the different breeds, etc.

Ten years ago, concerning dogs in this country, there were but a few specimens of some breeds, while of some others there were none. A few breeds then were practically unknown. The ownership, compared with that of the present, was limited and sectional. All this in reference to well-bred dogs of recognized breeds.

There was no dearth of dogs, considering them merely as dogs. Curs innumerable abounded and cross-bred dogs were not scarce. In fact, almost every home had its dog, the exceptional instance being when such dog resembled any other dog or anything in the earth beneath.

General ignorance as to what constituted the qualities or characteristics of the most common breeds prevailed. Large prizes given for dogs were considered then by the average good citizen as being not so much an evidence of the true value of the dogs as they were of the mental weakness of the purchaser, yet the largest price paid then would not be above ordinary now.

In the early '80s it was a most difficult matter to hold a bench show, great or small, outside of New York, Boston, Chicago or St. Louis, with any prospect of financial success, or success in attracting the attention of the public to the merits of the dogs. Even the large cities sometimes held shows which resulted in loss. Under such circumstances the premium lists were necessarily small. The local dog, whose chief merit was his master's faith in his dog's unbounded superiority, was in the majority at bench shows. The latter, however, gradually educated the public up to a knowledge of doggy matters, which reacted in favor of the dog's advancement. By sure stages of evolution from being run many times by private individuals as a monetary speculation, shows are now permanently established and held under the auspices of regular organizations composed of the best sportsmen. They are in several places a society fact.

Field trials, too, in the early '80s were in an embryo state. Their growth was slow. Their future seemed most unpromising and uncertain from many causes, not the least of which were the impediments of sectional prejudices, factional disagreements and crude rules. To these were added the scarcity of material, namely, the small number of well-bred dogs owned by men who would compete, from which to draw support for the trials. For some years it required the united forces of the East and the West to hold one good field trial.

Nevertheless, at that time every one seemed to think that doggy matters were pretty well established, besides being of large magnitude. Really, they were merely in their infancy. The importation of a single dog at an ordinary price compared to the prices of the present, was then a sensational event in the sporting world.

At the present time every breed is firmly established by ownership, monetary value, reputation, usefulness and companionship. The home of the dog in the domestic life of the people is only limited by the boundary of civilization. The growth has been rapid, constant and uniform. With the steady growth have come anxious purchasers, and values have therefore constantly increased, not always wisely. With the steady growth came a better literature. Educated writers exploded venerable fallacies, corrected the teachings which were the outcome of ignorance, refined the crudities and extended the sphere of knowledge. The works now devoted to dog diseases, field sports, descriptive matter, the different breeds and "kindred subjects" will compare favorably with the literature of any sport. If it does not excel it.

The press has been largely instrumental in developing a healthy and intelligent growth. It furnishes a medium for the views of correspondents; it teaches correct knowledge and exposes error or imposition. In all that goes to make up healthy instruction and good literature, FOREST AND STREAM will be found well in the lead in the present as in the past.

Invertebrates.

While all the different features, which have been briefly enumerated, and many more which have not been touched upon for want of space, have had a regular and permanent growth, which constantly improves, there is one feature, a disagreeable one it is, too, which remains about the same month after month and year after year; that is, the utter inefficiency of club officers, generally speaking, to deal with offenders.

However able a man may be in his private business in dealing with undesirable people in the most effective manner, as an officer of a club he generally becomes inactive, forceless or evasive. He shirks his official duties to such an extent as to avoid, even under pressure, going on record either for or against any offender, be his offense or the evidence against him what it may. Whenever there is the slightest opportunity to administer a coat of whitewash, the whitewash is triumphant. The case, if it involves a misdemeanor, is rarely pushed on its merits.

Probably the worst case of club cowardice was that which occurred at Great Bend, Kan., at the meeting in which D. C. Luse was tried for violating the club's rules, and incidentally violating all principles of fairness by entering a puppy which was over age. The guilt of the offender had already been proven before the executive committee, but in the club meeting the members were timorous and voiceless. Mr. Luse's dog was disqualified, but when it came to an issue where it was necessary to say yes or no as to the guilt of the man, the members were weak, waning and windy.

Of course, this event is greater in its pitiful weakness than any other, but modifications of it in different forms are not uncommon elsewhere.

The American Coursing Club still, in happy unconsciousness of its own disgrace, holds to a constitution, by-laws and rules which it cannot or dare not enforce when an offense is in question. It is the mere mockery of a club. As individuals, they are good men. As an organized body, they are forceless and inoperative. The whole history of the club shows it. It has been full of petty, personal wrangles. Ruffianism on the grounds by outsiders was unpunished. Protests were evaded or permitted to lie without action.

Yet this club published to the world, through its constitution, by-laws and rules, that it was an energetic, fearless body, capable of acting, protecting and governing within its powers. It had rules defining offenses and their punishment. When an offense was committed which violated their rules, every member was evasive and non-committal, either because he had no moral or physical courage, or because his selfish or sordid preference for his own personal interests outweighed his pledges as a club member or officer. A lot of country schoolboys could not be more abashed and timorous in the presence of a dreaded bully than were most of the nerveless gentlemen, club members, who attended the meeting at Great Bend last October. There were a few honorable exceptions.

Yet these same forceless characters are fearless talkers when action is not possible or when all opposition is absent. Not infrequently they publish brave letters. Remove but the two conditions of official action and the presence of the offender, and there is left the brave ranter, the garrulous fellow who will do prodigies of action when action is unnecessary or impossible, and nothing when called upon to say yes or no. The cowardice of this club as a club is probably the most contemptibly weak in the history of dog matters in this

country. Yet it is only an exaggeration of a condition which prevails in almost every club in this country. The effort is rarely directed toward settling the issue energetically and justly on its merits. The idea is to fix it up some way; to smooth it over; to avoid offending some one; in short, to whitewash.

Every reporter on a sportsman's journal knows with what confidence the public looks to him to expose and denounce anything which is not right. Very little confidence is placed in the action of club committees. It is time that a public sentiment was created in favor of clubs and club officers doing their duty fully and right.

The slipshod manner in which officers are elected by many clubs is a prolific source of inaction and incompetency. In many instances the offices are filled without any reference to the performance of the duties which they entail. Men are, in a manner, over-persuaded to accept an office, the club aiming thereby to secure the prestige and good reputation which goes with respected names. The incumbent is assured that there is no work to do; they want him because he is a good man and his name alone will be of great value to the interests of the club. Secretaries are often elected in the face of their vigorous and sincere protests. All goes well till positive and onerous action is necessary. The president then becomes dormant. The vice-presidents are silent. While they permitted their names to be used under the false pretense to the public that they were presidents in fact as well as in name, yet when the occasion arises for them to act they are silent. The principle is wrong. There is no question as to the propriety of securing officers whose names are synonymous with respectability, integrity and wealth. It should not end there, however. With all these should be aptness for the office, an interest in its welfare and a willingness to fully assume all its duties and responsibilities.

Let public opinion demand just and speedy action on the part of the clubs.

The public looks too much to the press for the action which should be a matter of course with the clubs. The press can only expose and denounce; it cannot render material individual justice. The public has the remedy in its own hands to correct this serious, growing evil. If a club is too cowardly, or its members too mercenary to put their club pledges, the public can correct the evil by refusing to support such a club.

Fits of Abstraction.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—Some of the people of Chicago, presumably some of the visitors, have made most unpleasant experiences in a canine way for some of the Chicago sportsmen. They seem to have inaugurated a systematic crusade of robbery in respect to valuable dogs. Mr. E. Thomas, the well known gun expert, has recently had two stolen. Mr. Jeffrey, who is with the sporting goods firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros., has had a valuable trained setter stolen, and there are rumors of other losses of good dogs by theft. Sportsmen will do well to keep a sharp lookout for dog thieves. If the dog is stolen the chances of recovery are very small. Shipments to other cities places stolen dogs beyond any danger of identification and recovery, and this is the course commonly pursued by the dog thieves.

The Division of Pointers by Weight.

I notice that the action of the managers of the Chicago Kennel Club in regard to pointer classification meets the disapproval of owners. It does seem hard, after all these years of double money to the pointer classes, which comes with the division by weight, that the pointers should be required to compete on even terms without any weight distinction.

The only justification advanced is that it is harder to breed a good big dog than it is to breed a good little one.

Is it so? Do the records prove it? Granting that it is, is it of sufficient importance to demand that bench show clubs shall put up double money all around the bench show circuit for this one fallacious plea?

The records will show that the really good big dogs, when it came to the special for best pointer dog in the show, held their own well.

Unfortunately, the classification by weight protects the bad big dogs as well as the good ones—dogs which in general competition would deservedly fail to win. By skillful coaching in the way of selecting easy shows, a poor big dog can reap all the benefits of the protection intended for the much-talked-of good big dog, which needs protection from competition—protection from the very principle which underlies all bench shows.

Again, the pointer is a working dog. At least, it is commonly supposed that he is. Is there such a thing as better heavy-weight work than light-weight work? Is the 250-pound bookkeeper better than the 100-pound bookkeeper because he is larger?

If the weight classification is sound why not have other classes—middle-weight, welter-weight, light-weight, bantam-weight, etc.? The money would be just so many times multiplied.

The same reasons for weight classification of pointers hold equally good with English setters, Irish setters and Gordon setters. If it is fair for one breed it is fair for the others.

I am glad to see one club which has had the nerve to explode a fallacy, although, for the reason that managers are so lacking in self-assertion, I have no idea that it will meet with general adoption at present. It will in time or else the other breeds will want equal consideration in the way of prize money, and there is no method so easy and direct as weight classification. It has the further advantage that some dogs will be able to win this week as a light-weight, next week as a heavy-weight.

This has led to the necessity of weighing the dog at any time demanded by the person in charge before the judging, and is so governed by A. K. C. ruling. The dog actually may be a heavy-weight in a light-weight class at the time of the judging, but after the weighing the actual fact is not permitted to be officially recognized. It is simply a protection to men who starve their dogs to weight and who know that one or two meals will make their dogs overweight.

Fallacies.

Speaking of fallacies, there is none more absurd than one which prevails at field trials and is held by field trial supporters, namely, that a dog in competition should have a trial on birds to determine his merits. It is often cited as proof of unfair treatment if contrary to this idea.

A dog may be so inferior as to be unable to find birds; so palpably inferior that if he found birds and worked well on them, he was so inferior to other dogs that he would not have the slightest chance.

It is time that some of the old time whims should be superceded by something which will bear analysis and argument.

Improvement in Trials.

The following is from that sterling gentleman and trainer, Capt. C. E. McMurdo, and is a most gratifying communication. The genial writer says:

"Although it is no doubt the intention and the desire of the managers and judges of field trials that the question of luck should be entirely eliminated from field trials, this never can be done till the grounds are much better preserved than they are at present.

"Sometimes good dogs are spotted out because they fail to find birds, or else got among ones that have been so frequently worried that they do not give them a fair chance of getting in any good work. Weather, too, has an immense deal to do with the form in which a dog works. Put a high class dog down with an ordinary one at a time when the scent

is bad, and other things unfavorable, and the difference between them may not be very apparent, but put the same brace down again when the scent is good, and things generally satisfactory, and the former will be sure to beat the latter handsomely. The fact is, the best performers cannot do brilliant work under unfavorable circumstances.

"I am satisfied that the plan of leaving the judges to manage the running entirely, without hampering them with rules, is the surest way of having the best dogs brought to the front; but it is unfair to blame them for making mistakes so long as they have not the means of thoroughly testing each dog. So far as I have had the opportunity of forming an opinion, I am sure that the judging is better than it was a few years ago; but still some good qualities in dogs are not sufficiently valued, and some faults are too leniently dealt with—false pointing in particular is a most aggravating fault; and a dog that is in the habit of making false points must be wanting in courage or else has been badly broken. Flushing, unless it proceeds from carelessness, bad style of hunting or want of nose, is comparatively a very small fault. As I have heard Mr. John Davidson say, 'He might get a shot over a flush, but he certainly could not do so over a false point.' The dog that never false-points, but occasionally flushes is far ahead of the one that never flushes, but very frequently false-points."

B. WATERS.

BOSTON TERRIERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The admirers of the Boston terrier seem to be imbued with the idea that they must treat the aspersions cast upon the breed as the dog itself does the impudence of the ordinary street cur. Owners of the Boston terrier claim it is no fighting dog, but a "gentleman's dog." That is all very nice and commendable, but the dog cannot defend itself, and this is all the more reason why some of the more enthusiastic owners should compare notes and strive to utterly annihilate the absurd prejudice that seems to exist against this dog. The unkind cut that the breed is a "local fad" should stir up all the cultured energies of the owners and breeders of these smart little dogs. Mr. Leland came gallantly to the rescue last week, but instead of waiting to be asked the why and wherefore he should, if he is able, tell us some facts as to the origin of the breed, where it came from, what strains there are, and whether the terrier has been produced from constant inbreeding from the original importations or not, and whether the type would stand, without being materially altered, one way or the other, a crossing with other strains. I have seen it stated that the origin of this terrier dates back some twenty-five years, when Mr. R. C. Hooper, a member of the Somerset Club, imported a dog called Judge from England. The dog weighed about 32 lbs., and from him, it is claimed, all the other strains have originated. He was the sire of Wells's Eph, who in turn begot Tom, the first screw-tail then known.

It is said the best specimens nowadays trace their pedigree back to this dog or a litter brother of his, Toby, owned by Mr. Atkinson, but a straight-tailed dog. This constant inbreeding produced a small dog 12 to 20 lbs. in weight. Then an outcross was sought in the "Perry" dog, which had been brought over from Scotland and sold to a druggist of Boston called Perry. Then there was another dog used called the "little Red dog," about 14 lbs. in weight, and he was the sire of Follis's Kate that weighed about 15 lbs. Of course the constant inbreeding with the other dogs and this new blood did much to fix the type and weight of the dogs of to-day. Now the question to me is this: can the dog of to-day stand any breeding to a pure bulldog or a pure bull-terrier and keep its type identity intact, in any of the litter resulting from such a "cross"? I do not claim to know the methods of the breeders of the present day, but I am sure it would be interesting at this point to find out what sort of dogs Judge and Tom and the Perry dog were. The suspicion is, of course, that they were bull and terriers, for if they had been bulldogs or bull-terriers they would have been designated as such one way or the other. Were they mongrels or what were they? The Boston Terrier Club has its Stud Book, and if this is any good it should solve some of the questions in regard to the methods that have been used to evolve the tight little bully terrier of to-day. Are there any pictures of those earlier dogs? If the typical specimens of to-day can be produced by a cross of judiciously selected bulldogs and bull-terriers or white English terriers at the first or the second or the third time of asking, then I think the breed is by no means a distinct one, but, on the other hand, if it cannot be so evolved, then I think the claim of the Boston terrier for recognition should be at least treated with deference if not allowed.

I have studied the picture you published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 26, and I must say that there is a preponderance, to my mind, of "bull" attributes over the terrier. There is the bull tail. The skull, stop, short square muzzle, and ear are of the bull, and the legs and shoulders partake of "refined" bull attributes. The first glance at the picture by a bulldog man would intimate to him that it was a mixed bulldog. Mr. Leland says: "My experience has shown me that to-day these dogs, intelligently mated, will produce offspring like themselves with as much certainty as the average recognized breed." Is this so, and do they never show an undue preponderance of bull or terrier in some of the litter which are destroyed by the careful breeder? Like begets like, I know, but have the breeders so set the "like" that it reproduces itself approximately every time? The answer to this question, with its different ramifications, should form interesting reading. Let the Boston terrier man come to the rescue. Where is Mr. Hughes, the secretary of the club? And where are the fifty other members who will find that an exposé of the breed is the only way to down prejudice and have the door of the A. K. C. either opened or effectually closed to their aspirations. This hanging on the fence will do no good.

J. T. P.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 28.

GUN-SHY DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of 19th inst., "Hornet" expresses the opinion that a dog "should never be tied, for the moment you put a cord on him and confine him he thinks there is something wrong, and you at once abuse any confidence the dog has in you." This has not been my experience. Of course the dog would rather be free at all times; but why should he lose confidence in his master more from being temporarily chained than for being sent from the warm parlor to his cold kennel? He cannot discriminate as regards his master's motives in either case. Of course it is not necessary to tie the dog in curing him of gun-shyness, and I would not advise it, perhaps, unless the dog was accustomed to the cord, in which case it could do no harm and might do good, for if the dog, at firing of the gun, should run away, the habit of flight might become more established, whereas if he was kept in his place by the cord and saw no harm resulting from the reports he would doubtless sooner become quiet and fearless. I think every dog should be more or less accustomed to the chain, as its use is sometimes required.

N. D. ELTING.

English Lady Sold.

Dr. H. T. Foote has sold champion English Lady, the black and tan, to Mr. J. C. Mahler, Pittsburgh, Pa. Parties are negotiating for some of the others, including Sultan and Maiden, also Monarch, and these may be shown at New York under another name. The advertisement of these dogs appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* a week since. *Verb. sup.*

DOG CHAT.

Stag Hunting at Hollywood.

Some time since we spoke of the organization of the new Monmouth County Hunt Club and the sending of Jimmie Blute to England in search of foxhounds. Last Thursday the new club purchased a farm of 160 acres near Hollywood, in Monmouth county, and a contract was given out for kennels and necessary stabling. Mr. Blute, who will be the huntsman of the new club, returned with fifteen couple of foxhounds and three trained deer—two stags and one doe—so that stag hunting will be one of the principal sports to amuse the Hollywood "resorters." The deer have been regularly hunted by the Ward Union, of Dublin, Ireland. The way the thing will be managed at first is this. The deer will be walked slowly across country for a few miles, stopping every now and then so that it can acquaint itself with the topography of the country. When brought to the place of meeting, the members of the hunt and the pack will be ready to start; the deer will be unharmed and given so many minutes' law, when the hounds will be laid on and follow by scent. The deer with its homing instinct is expected to flee to its kennel and so afford a swift and exciting run. It may or it may not, but will probably afford more fun than the inanimate animal. The country to be hunted over, we are told, is pretty still abounding in stone walls and high rail fences, many of which are five-barred, with a drain on each side. The deer is not expected to be touched by the dogs and will be protected by watchers at the kennels; but it will be safer to lead the deer several times before trusting him to the free run home, and make the surrounding farmers fully acquainted with his deer's purpose or a load of buckshot may end his career. Hollywood may be English,



"BIRDS HERE, SURE!"

Mr. J. L. Adams' Zula M., All-Age Setter Stake, Central Field Trials, 1892.

you know, but it is lacking in English traditions, which call it heresy to shoot a fox for instance. This sport is on all fours with that indulged in by the Royal Stag-hounds, about which a good deal of outcry has been made in England lately. The hounds are from the Pychley Hunt, and will be used on fox as well, three times a week. The three F's—Foxhall Keene, Fred Gebhard and Fred Hoey, who owned the fox-terrier Valet, are at the head of the club. The first hunt will be about next March.

Wash. A. Coster.

In speaking of the good time he had down South this fall, that popular sportsman, "Wash" Coster writes to a friend that though he had only two days' shooting "being so busy judging at the trials" he "had a great time. Saw many familiar faces, met a great number of old acquaintances and added many new ones thereto. I also saw a number of good dogs and more than a few—poor ones, though the owners couldn't see it. I judged in three field trial events, namely: the New England, the Eastern, and the Philadelphia field trials. I was in the saddle for over two weeks, steadily every day from eight o'clock in the morning until evening. I enjoyed two drag hunts, after the celebrated Avenet pack of hounds. The country is too poor to raise foxes, hence the great plentitude of quail, rabbits, etc. Once more in my old home, I can look back upon my southern experiences with delight, especially as I feel ten years younger, and am strong in the faith that I have gained an unlimited supply of the best of health.—Buck." We are glad our friend feels so well and we can hardly imagine how Mr. Waters could make the unkind remarks he did, about Mr. Coster's energy as a field trial judge.

Sale of Pug Sprake.

Mr. Harry L. Goodman hinted some time since that the sale of Sprake was not improbable, and at the time promised to write more fully should the sale be effected. This has now been accomplished, and Sprake returns to his former owner, Mrs. Sarah E. Davis, of Waukegan, Ill. Mrs. Davis has never been quite content since she first parted with him, for aside from his being a great show and stud dog, he was always her favorite and inseparable companion. "So long," writes Mr. Goodman, "as he remained at Auburn Park, where she could pay him frequent visits and often take him home with her for a short stay, she did not miss him so much. After his removal to Nashville, however, things were quite different, so much so that she at last induced me to sell him back to her, which I have done, but in parting with him I still retain his services at any and all times; further, we have a half-brother as well as a son of his in our kennels, so that we are not without the same blood. I consider Sprake the greatest living show dog of the day, and in my humble opinion he was never justifiably beaten by any dog. I wish his fair owner the success her pluck and money deserve."

Mrs. Davis was an exhibitor at the late Nashville show, where her Toadie and Sprake Pattie took prizes.

Southern Field Trials.

Mr. H. D. Ellis, ticket agent of the Birmingham R.R. (that runs to New Albany, Miss.), has informed Mr. P. H. Bryson that this road and the Kansas City & Memphis R.R., owners of the first named, will sell round trip tickets from any station on either road to New Albany at one fare. Tickets can be purchased from Feb. 3 and are good to Feb. 21. Mr. Ellis has made application to other lines for reduced rates but has not heard from them on the subject. He adds: "These roads are the most liberal of any I know of in their treatment of sportsmen. Those having dogs will have no trouble about rates over their lines." This will be welcome news to sportsmen visiting the trials, which are sure to be well attended.

Crack Field Dogs Sick.

We hear that Mr. Chas. Tucker's long run of good luck this year has received a check, temporary only, we trust. Dot Rogers, Rod's Sue, Maiden Mine and Lora, too, are all sick at Mr. Tucker's kennels at Middleton, Tenn., where he was preparing Mr. Lorillard's dogs for the Southern and U. S. trials this next week. It would be too bad to end such a brilliant season with sickness, and we hope that Mr. Tucker may still be able to put down these good dogs in good working order. Since writing the above we hear that Maiden Mine is dead.

A Kennel Club for Saratoga.

The list of kennel clubs is increasing every day almost. Fanciers in Saratoga have organized the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club. A meeting was held Jan. 25 and Col. Albert B. Hilton elected president. Meetings are to be held the first Tuesday in every month. Their first show will be held Jan. 10 to 13, 1894. One of the prime movers in this affair was Mr. F. W. Gaylor, manager of the Woodlawn Stock and Poultry Yards, and Mr. "Ripon Stormer" Clarke probably had a hand in it, too.

Mainspring's Death.

Capt. C. E. McMurdo in speaking of the death of Mainspring, wrote Jan. 11, some interesting facts concerning the noted dog: "Poor old Mainspring died this morning. I believe he hastened his end by over-exerting himself in attempting to go out for his usual run with the other dogs, but as it was very cold, I thought it best to keep him in and he died shortly after—game to the last! He was the property of Mr. J. T. Perkins, of Brooklyn, and was bred in England by Dr. J. H. Salter (the celebrated bench and field trial judge). His litter sister Hops also passed away a few weeks ago. I have no hesitation in saying that this brace by Mike—Romp have done more to improve the pointer breed as field trialers than any other that have been imported. They possessed the rare quality that makes dogs "go out and stay out" as one of our most popular judges describes it. They were active, wiry, high-couraged dogs, with perfect tempers and lots of bird sense. Mainspring was specially remarkable for his speed and the gracefulness of his movements. As Mr. C. B. Whitford remarked: 'It is no trouble to him to move,' and a field trial judge said to me once, 'He was the poetry of motion.' I am glad to say that between the two of them, they have left behind among their descendants a good supply of their excellent qualities, so that we may hope to reproduce other specimens equal, if not better than themselves. "We are having a regular hard winter here, I found snow on the ground on my return from Lexington, and we have had nothing but cold since."

Ohio Dogs.

Should a bill, now pending passage in the Ohio Legislature, become a law, candidates for the office of assessor will be hard to find. The bill proposes that the assessor, shall be furnished with a list of dog owners who did not pay their tax on the canines the year before, and whenever a man refuses to pay the amount due on his dog to the assessor that official is not only empowered, but will be required by law to send the canine to the happy hunting grounds at once. A most iniquitous enactment—why not try the remedy on the owners? Such a highwaymanlike order of things should certainly not exist. If the assessors can shoot no better than the average policeman, we fancy the next census will not show any marked increase in Ohio's population.

A New Book on Dogs.

Mr. Raydon Lee, the well-known kennel editor of the London *Field*, writes us that Part I, the sporting division of his new book, "Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland," will be issued early this month. It will contain nearly 600 pages and be illustrated by Arthur Wardle in good style. The letter press will be fuller and more concise than any other book of the kennel, and, of course, the whole will be fully up to date. In *British Fancier*, Jan. 13, an interesting article appeared on Mr. Raydon B. Lee, accompanied by a very inferior picture of this well-known sportsman. This week we are pleased to find that the above journal makes amends by issuing his portrait as a supplement, which is as excellent as the other was bad.

Doc.

The trotting dog Doc that was killed in the wreck at New Brunswick, N. J., last week, brief mention of which we made in our last issue, was probably as well known to the public as any dog living. The dog was a veritable gold mine to his owner, Willie Ketchum, of Brighton, Ont., who developed the dog's natural trotting gait until his speed was something phenomenal in its way, and he generally more than held his own with the trotters and ponies pitted against him at the different tracks throughout the country. He was harnessed to a pneumatic-tired sulky, and always driven by his owner, who, though nearly 20 years old, was but a boy in size. Doc won stakes, at last accounts, something like \$17,000. He had no lack of imitators, and the pointer Joe is said to be a no mean rival.

The Philadelphia Show.

Premium lists are coming in upon us fast, the Keystone and Maryland clubs now being in the mail. There is a disposition this year, and a commendable one too, to split up the judging and not depend so much on one judge. It has its good and bad features, but it is the only plan to increase our list of judges, which in the way our shows are arranged at present, makes the selection of judges, so as not to have too much sameness, a difficult one. The Philadelphia list of judges is as follows: Pointers, Jas. L. Anthony, New York; English setters, Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York; Gordon setters, H. F. Smith, Philadelphia; Irish setters, Max Wenzel, Hoboken N. J.; spaniels, A. C. Wilmerding, New York; mastiffs, great Danes, fox-terriers, Jas. Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I.; collies, E. B. Elliott, Chicago; beagles, H. W. Lacy, New York; St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders, bloodhounds, deerhounds, wolf-hounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, harriers, bulldogs, all terriers (except fox-terriers), dachshunds, toy dogs and miscellaneous, C. H. Mason, New York. Veterinary surgeon, S. J. J. Harger, Professor of Anatomy and Zootechnics, Veterinary Department, University of Pennsylvania.

This seems to be a good working list. Those who will make their debut in the ring as judges are Messrs. Anthony and Smith, both well known in their breeds. Mr. Elliott judged at the Wilmington, Del., show 'in 1891. On 1st Mr. Mason will fall the brunt of the battle. The "premium" list

quite liberal. Mastiffs and St. Bernards are treated the best, with \$10 in challenge, \$15, \$7 and \$3 in open, and \$7 and \$3 in puppy and local classes. Pointers, setters, collies and fox-terriers get \$10 for challenge and \$10, \$7 and \$3 in open, and same as the others in the other classes. Beagles, spaniels (Classification No. 2), Irish terriers and pugs have \$7 for challenge classes and \$7, \$5 and \$3 in the open. Bull-terriers get \$10, \$5 and \$3 in open classes. Russians, greyhounds and deerhounds get \$7 for challenge, sexes together, and \$10 and \$5 in open. Bulldogs and black and tans the same in challenge, but \$7 and \$3 in open, while the following breeds get \$7 and \$3 in open, without challenge classes—foxhounds, harriers and Yorkshire terriers. Those with sexes together and having \$7 and \$3 are Newfoundland, Clumbers, Irish water spaniels, Skye, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont and toy terriers and toy spaniels. Great Danes get \$10, \$5 and \$3; bloodhounds the same, without a third prize. The specialty clubs have responded well, the Mastiff, National Greyhound, Spaniel, Pointer, Beagle and Collie clubs being prominent. The St. Bernard Club also gives medals, but it is not so stated in the list. Kennel prizes of \$15 will be given in mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English and Irish setters, spaniels, fox-terriers, bull-terriers, pugs and beagles. Local classes are also given for dogs residing within the city limits not having won a cash prize at any of the A. K. C. shows. Entries close Feb. 17 with Jas. Watson, secretary, Box 770, Philadelphia, Pa. The Philadelphia Tattersall's is a building well adapted for a show, lots of room and any amount of stall room for keeping dogs between shows.

Baltimore Dog Show.

In the list of prizes we find an increase over the last show in '91. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, setters, collies and fox-terriers get the cream, challenge \$10 each, and open classes \$15, \$10 and \$5. We are pleased to see the club wastes no money on puppy classes—there are none, and for this the club deserves praise. Breeds which have \$10 for challenge classes and \$10 and \$5 in open are bulldogs, bull-terriers, beagles and pugs. Great Danes, field and cocker spaniels have sexes together in challenge with \$10, and \$10 and \$5 in open, sexes divided. Russians, foxhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, field and cocker spaniels, dachshunds and black and tans have \$10 and \$5 with no challenge classes. This we think a mistake, as there are some of these breeds which surely should have a challenge class. In all other breeds the sexes compete together and have \$10 and \$5. There are just 100 classes provided.

The judges' list is as follows: Great Danes, foxhounds (American and English), dachshunds and basset hounds, Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; bulldogs, Mr. Charles D. Cagle, Baltimore, Md.; pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. Wm. Tallman, New York; collies and spaniels (field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water), Mr. James Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.; mastiffs, bloodhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, fox-terriers (smooth and wire-haired), bull-terriers, pugs, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Prince Charles and Ruby spaniels, Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless and miscellaneous classes, Mr. Jas. Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I.; St. Bernards (rough and smooth-coated), Newfoundland, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, deerhounds, poodles, beagles, Irish terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Skye terriers, black and tan terriers, Clydesdale terriers, Yorkshire terriers and toy terriers, Mr. H. W. Lacy, New York; superintendent, Mr. John Read, of New York; veterinarian, Wm. H. Martenet, D.V.S., of Baltimore.

All these judges will have officiated before. Mr. Muss-Arnolt taking almost the same classes as at New York. The specialties are not yet announced, but kennel prizes of \$15 are given in most of the breeds. The entries close Feb. 25 with W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Central Savings Bank Building, Baltimore, Md., checks to be made payable to the treasurer, C. R. Diffenderfer. This club has so far held losing shows, and it is to be hoped that exhibitors will give them a good entry, as unless this show pays for itself this year, there will be little inducement to hold another. The entry fee is \$3. Spratts Co. will bench and feed and "Sanitas" disinfect.

A New Scottish Terrier.

While at Mr. H. Brooks's charming place last week he told us that he had caught for a crack terrier that came out at Dumfries where she won second open, first novice, and at Paisley another second in the open. She has just arrived on the s.s. Siberian at Boston. This is Princess Alexander from Mr. A. G. Dippie's kennels. She is by Whinstone out of Ashley Lady and whelped April 1st. Color black brindle. Said to have a grand head, ears and eye, perfectly straight legs, correct coat, a little on the large size being her only noticeable fault. She is in whelp to Prince Alexander. This bitch, with Cullbean, Wankie Diana and Wankie Daisy, will make a team of "Scotch lassies" that will make a stir at New York. We spent a day at these kennels last week, "but that is another story." By the way, this kennel is ready to board and condition and handle at the coming shows any dogs for those who cannot afford the time to attend to this themselves. Mr. Green, the manager, is well known as a thoroughly responsible man in this respect.

Field Trials in California.

There is a movement on foot to establish another field trial club on the Pacific coast, with an initiation fee of \$20. They propose to preserve a large tract of ground near San Francisco and stock it for field trial purposes. Should the Pacific Coast Club hold their next trials at Ontario, Cal., as seems probable, it is quite likely that there will be two trials held in that State next year.

Some time since we had occasion to refer to Mr. E. O. Damon's young setter, The Lagard, which was confidently spoken of by good judges of field form. Like Major Murren, P. H. Bryson, etc., as a coming crack. Now he is gone—Mr. Damon advising us of his death by distemper. He was of the same litter as Rod's Chaff, Rod's Sue and Dot Rogers. Only two weeks ago in a run with Maiden Mine, this dog outworked the bitch. Mr. Bryson, who is known as a thorough judge of field work, in a letter to Mr. Damon, writes: "I regret his loss, he was the best youngster I know of and one of the best I ever saw, he had fewer faults than almost any dog I ever saw trained and would have made a brilliant dog." Distemper was brought into Mr. Gilliam's kennels by Mr. Bedford's dogs, but we cannot but imagine there must have been some carelessness somewhere, and owners and trainers should be more careful in admitting to their training kennels strange dogs suffering from cold. The death of this dog is more unfortunate as he would probably have been the only representative from New England in the Southern trials. Mr. Damon has our sympathy.

We called on Dr. Perry last Saturday and had an opportunity to see his new book, in the rough. The publication now only awaits the completion of a few illustrations, and will be ready Feb. 18, and be on sale at the New York show Feb. 21. The first glance through the book will show it is just what the novice requires to guide him in dog keeping and breeding, for among other things it commences with the bitch in season, and accompanies her through all the trials of maternity and then follows the pups to doghood. The illustrations are particularly fine, there being in all about 96 pages of them. These alone will be educational to the beginner as well as some of the older hands. Take Irish terriers, for instance, on one page will be Messrs. Comstock's Dunmurry, Ed. Wiener's Brickbat, Dr. J. H. Marost's Bredenhill, and H. Benner's Stennfield Vic. In bloodhounds there will be Mr. Brough's Burgundy. In pointers E. C. Norrish's

Saddleback and J. E. L. Lloyd's Ilma are seen, Mrs. E. M. Wilkin's Skyes Silver Queen, Carlo III. and Burgundy, who fill a page. Then the Scotch terriers W. W. Stillman's Teazer and W. E. Adcock's Three are given. The fox-terrier pages will be very interesting to lovers of the breed, where Old Spice, Belgrave Joe (15 years old), Trap, Vesuvienne, Venio and Vini are all illustrated with capital pictures; America being represented by Starden's King, Beverwyck Punster and Ripon Stormer. The Irish water spaniels' page has Sam Darbey's Tiverton Victor and Henry Hepworth's Black Gypsy. In pugs, King of Diamonds, Mayor of Leeds, Lord Clover and Bonsor are seen on one page. A particularly charming picture is Mr. E. H. Adcock's great Danes Ivanhoe and Dorothy, and another page is devoted to the crack dog Hannibal. A head of the collie Wellesbourne Charley is also a fine piece of work, and a study of mastiff heads can be found in the picture of Orlando and Beaufort heads. In fact, the very best dogs on both sides of the water are represented and placed with a due appreciation of relative size, so that the learner can see for himself the different types and sizes of dogs. The head pieces are also peculiarly applicable to the chapters that follow, many of them being scenes taken from life at Dr. Perry's country home. "Ashmont" intends to bring out three volumes. "Kennel Secrets" will be the first, and will be on management principally; the next on "Diseases," and Vol. III. on "Training," and this will combine most of Mr. Waters's book. Thus "Ashmont" expects to cover the whole ground, and rest on his labors. The price of "Kennel Secrets" will be \$3; which is cheap enough.

It has been subject for comment that the National Beagle Club has not donated a special at the W. K. C. show. The N. B. C. was notified by the bench show committee a week before they held their last meeting that unless they, the W. K. C., were advised at once of the specialties they intended to give they could not be accepted. For this reason it was too late to do anything in the matter at the N. B. C. meeting held Jan. 16. We can but think, however, that there was some misunderstanding, as specials are continually being received since the premium list was published.

A few members of the Duquesne Kennel Club met at the Hotel Schlosser Jan. 20, but no business of importance was transacted. It was agreed to continue the same club officers. There will be another meeting called to decide about holding a show this year.

There seems to be no limit to the artistic endeavors of some of our breeders in getting up their catalogues. Mr. Jamieson is now preparing one which will contain ten half-tone pictures of his noted beagles. His dogs are all in good shape, not an ailing one among the twenty-five beagles now in his kennel. Recently a rather peculiar accident happened to one of his beagles. The dog seemed to have a bad cough, and developing all the signs of pneumonia was at once removed from the others. He was given all available remedies for the supposed malady and nourished with every dainty to tickle his waning appetite. He did not improve, however, and wasted to a mere shadow, and after an illness of five days went to happier hunting grounds. His kennelman insisted on having the dog opened, and the autopsy revealed a piece of a tenpenny nail about 1½ in. long lodged in the esophagus where it enters the stomach, or in medical terms, the cardiac orifice. The nail was crosswise, and having worked down, the membrane was considerably lacerated. He evidently starved to death, and the extreme irritation occasioned the violent coughing with which he was at times afflicted. Though probably no one could have saved the dog it is always well in such cases to call in the services of an experienced vet., who may at least be able to alleviate the dog's sufferings even if he did not divine the immediate cause.

Our only German is tasting the bitter these days. On Monday he lost the fox-terrier bitch Warren Sparkle while whelping to their Grove Tipster (Blentom Rasper—Blentom Verity). Two or three puppies came, then one got crossed and the effort to dislodge this one proved too much for the bitch, she dying a few minutes after; several more pups were found in her dead.

Mr. E. M. Oldham will not thank the donor of the special for the best-moving spaniel in the show. Judging the ordinary classes at New York is quite enough, without putting such a movement on foot.

Mr. Green, manager of the Waukie Kennels, and Mr. H. Brooks, the proprietor, are dabbling a little in spaniels, having purchased from Mr. Bell two spaniels by Pekoe out of Rose Palmer. They were bred by J. W. Spracklin, of Woodstock, Ont. One will go as a field, the other as a cocker in the puppy classes at New York.

First boy—Is that a good watch dog? Second boy—No. "Good bird dog?" "Nope." "Good for rabbits?" "Nope." "Knows some tricks, maybe?" "Nixie." "What is he good for?" "Nathin," only to take prizes at dog shows."—*Good News*. A pretty good fault, some people think.

We do not think that there will be a very large entry of Eastern dogs at Chicago, though, of course, some of the regular handlers, such as Ben Lewis, will take on a string. The Duchess Kennels will also, probably, be on hand and Frank F. Dole is, we hear, going out with a few crates full. Mr. W. C. Reick has donated a silver medal, valued at \$25, for the best kennel of rough-coated St. Bernards entered and owned by one exhibitor.

We should have acknowledged the receipt last week of Mr. Rathbone's photographs of "Beverwyck Samples." There are samples and samples, but to the lover of a terrier we think those that Mr. Rathbone sets up will take the "Spratts," "Giving His Feet a Rest," "Work," "A Little Scrap," "Rats" and "Is This Bone Enough?" are all scenes familiar to the terrier man, and wonderfully well done.

There was a poultry and dog show held at Lansing, Mich., Jan. 17 to 20, but although the stock exhibited was good, especially the poultry, the attendance was poor and the show was a financial failure.

Mr. D. E. Gurney, of Kansas City, Mo., owns a good cocker in Man in Black, a son of Obo II. ex Mystery, a daughter of Darkie. Mr. Gurney's dog came from Geo. Bell's kennels. By the way, the latter blossomed out as a game fowl judge at Gloversville, and was put up to decide the special for best gamecock in the show. Mr. Bell showed us a new cocker at Gloversville that he kept at the hotel. This one is Realization, and the blue ribbons our Canadian friend expects to take with it at the W. K. C., where it will make its debut, are only limited by the number of prizes it will go for.

Mr. Phil Daly's Brookside Kennel of English setters and pointers contains something like seventy dogs. Mr. Daly is becoming quite a frequent exhibitor at shows, but with, so far, indifferent success.

A "pedigreed bulldog" we are told, was matched Jan. 25, at Laramie, Wyo., to kill a full-grown wildcat. This would seem a pretty large undertaking for the dog, but the latter succeeded in sending pussy "up a tree" in three minutes. Another wildcat has been secured for another battle, but in this one the police may take a hand.

The English papers seem much amused at the tale of the

dog and wolf fight in a Texas village as related by a correspondent to the *Daily Graphic*. The wolf owner challenged any dog in the town to mortal combat, on the part of the wolf. With the usual fixings the story winds up with the ferocious bull-dog, after "tasting" the very mild wolf, slinking off and having no more to do with the fun, some mixture having been put on the wolf's coat by its astute owner. This must have occurred in a very new Texas town, if it occurred at all, which is doubtful, as the very average owner of a "business" dog in a Texas town would know his business better than to be taken in by any such "rank" fraud.

The following specials given by the Bulldog Club at New York were donated too late for the W. K. C. premium list: A silver medal, value \$10, presented by a member of the Bulldog Club for the best bulldog or bitch owned by a member of the club resident in the Middle States; a silver medal, value \$10, presented by Mr. William Mariner, of Milwaukee, Wis., for the best bulldog or bitch owned by a member of the club resident in the New England or Southern States; the Bulldog Club of England offer one of their silver medals for the second best bulldog in the show of the same sex as the winner of the grand trophy and owned by a member of the American Bulldog Club; the Bulldog Club of America offer a silver medal for best bulldog or bitch owned by an exhibitor, a non-resident of the United States. This makes 25 specials in all offered by this go-ahead specialty club.

"Segusian," in *Scottish Fancier*, is generally local in his writings or we would have more to say of him. Sometimes he gets off a tid-bit, and here is the latest: "Why is Millais like a dog that chases its tail? Because he never reaches his conclusion."

New Fox-terriers.

Mr. H. W. Smith, who it is well known, has developed a liking for fox-terriers, wires in particular, has received his Daylesford Broom from England, also a young bitch of the old Cleveland breeding and winner of two firsts at Nottingham when first shown. He has also bought the crack wire hair bitch in England. She is now in the challenge class, but we can only guess at her name. Particulars are to follow. He wanted something "wonderfully good," but the best judges said the young stock was not up to the mark, so he had to get the older one. He also bought a young dog 10 months old, winner only time shown before sailing, of three firsts, and all specials. He also went to headquarters and got from Mr. "Carlisle" Carriack a "dark" bitch, one of his breeding, and said to be a cracker. With this assortment Mr. Smith should be able to repeat some of his old-time victories when he dabbled in greyhounds. He is also after a real stunner as a stud dog, in England, and if he succeeds in getting it, we are told to look out. This is all *sub rosa* at present, but we shall be able to give full particulars in due season. There is no doubt that the wire-hairs are coming along finely, and with importations like these the public will soon be able to form an idea of what the good ones are like.

Mr. John Ferguson, late of Philadelphia, Pa., who owned the Dandie Dinmont terrier Sir Robert, has gone to England with no intention of returning. Before he went he sold Sir Robert to Mr. Ed Brooks. Thus Mr. Brooks is prepared for Geo. Raper in whatever mood the latter may be. It will be remembered that Mr. Raper last year put Sir Robert over King of the Heather at New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Mr. Brooks has also sent over to Mr. James Clarke, of Dumfries, for two brood bitches to improve his stock. Otterhounds may also be found among his team of dogs before long, as three otters have been marked near his place and Mr. Brooks's sporting instincts are aroused. Mr. Wipser, of Philadelphia, Pa., now owns Laird of the Heather, that Mr. Brooks imported this last summer, the latter having presented the Dandie to him, and Mr. Wipser is so pleased with the dog that he has become a Dandie man and wants a bitch or two now. There is an old scriptural text about casting your "bread upon the waters" that fits very applicably in some of the new breeds in this country.

We understand that in Mr. Austin Corbin's Park, in New Hampshire, the wild boars are multiplying, and to keep them down Mr. Corbin intends to have some boar hunting. To this end he has imported about a dozen young boarhounds from Germany and is anxious to have some gentlemen take part in the hunt with him, so we were told while in Boston. Wild boar hunting is pretty risky business, but it must be great sport, as each have an equal chance. Who knows but pig-sticking may become a fashionable sport in this country.

Mr. W. E. Iselin, of the Westchester County Club, has established a pack of beagles and promises to show some sport. The country round is being stocked with jack rabbits and English hares. There is said to be much impatience for the opening of the season. We don't know how jack rabbits and beagles will mix. For our own part we fancy they will keep far apart, and afford plenty of exercise for those who follow.

Among the new business in our Kennel columns we find that Meadow City Kennels offer English setter stock for sale; A. Armstrong, trained Irish setter; J. H. Lyke, Kingston Regent puppies; H. Benton, young spaniel; H. G. Thompson, pug pups; Silas Decker, Irish setters and collies; 24 East Twelfth street, English setters; Thasmo Kennels, fox-terrier pups; Rochelle Kennels, fox-terriers and Newfoundland. In the stud—Meadow City Kennels' English setters The Corsair and Rod's Chaff; Charlottesville Kennels' pointer Exile; Thasmo Kennels' fox-terrier Hillside Tarquin. New York St. Bernard Kennels want foster mothers. We also draw attention to the new publication, "Kennel Secrets," by "Ashmont," which will be issued shortly. Also the advertisement of the Keystone and Maryland kennel clubs' show. In this issue will also be found the merits of Buchanan's Soap and Wash fully set forth.

At the Somerset Club we met several of the New England Field Trial Club members and the prospects for the next trials were talked over. The trials will probably be held much earlier this year; Oct. 15 is spoken of. The idea at present is to hire one of the farmhouses on the preserve and fit up rooms where judges, members of the press and officers of the club, etc., will have quarters, and the catering be properly attended to on the hotel or club principle. Spectators and the crowd can make such arrangements as they require. This is to avoid the Town Hall nuisance and the necessity for those barges and their grasping proprietors. The stakes will be materially increased and probably pointer and setter stakes made, as at the Central trials. There seems to be a feeling that if the new Beagle Field Trial Club formed last week will agree to it, the New England Field Trial Club would like them to join issues and the trials be given by the latter club. There is a good deal in this. Better prizes, for instance, and such a move would, we think, benefit beagle interests in New England.

New England Beagle Trial Club.

The preliminary steps towards forming this club were taken on Thursday evening, June 20, at Young's Hotel. There were present Messrs. F. W. Chapman, B. S. Turpin, W. S. Clarke, H. S. Brown and the FOREST AND STREAM representative. After deciding upon the name, the constitution and by-laws were adopted, in some respects differing from those of the National Beagle Club. No permanent officers were elected, but this will be done in due season by mail.

vote at the next meeting on Fast Day. It was decided to place the initiation fee at \$2, annual dues \$3. This is scarcely sufficient, as it affords little money for the trials. The following gentlemen are down as members: J. C. Dawes, Kingston, Mass.; E. B. Hayden, Plymouth, Mass.; H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; H. H. Brown, Melrose, Mass., who was elected veterinarian to the club; W. S. Clarke, Linden, Mass.; H. V. Jamieson, Melrose, Mass.; B. S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass.; W. J. Scharf, Washington, D. C.; P. C. F. Hoffman, Rockville, Conn.; N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.; H. W. Lacy, New York; Henry Hansen, Fall River, Mass.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt., and A. Parry, Franklin, Mass. Mr. Chapman, who has been working the thing up, has had a number of letters from beagle men who will support the trials.

A meeting of the N. E. K. C. was held on Thursday evening last and the prospects for the coming show were talked over. The premiums in many of the classes will be advanced, and nearly every breed will have four prizes. The judging question will be the next to decide and there may be some new faces seen in the ring.

Little Johnny—Dogs don't need to talk, 'cause any one can understand their bark. Visitor—Can you? Little Johnny—Easy as rollin' off a log. When my dog is at the door and barks, that means he wants to get in; if he's inside the door and barks, that means he wants to get out. Visitor—Humph! Suppose he is half inside and half outside and barks, what does that mean? Little Johnny—That means that there's a bigger dog than him in our yard.—*Good News.*

For Sale—A bull-terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office.—*Advertisement in English Paper.*

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Frank B. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for blue and tan ticked English setter dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde) out of Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.).
Co. B. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for blue belton, black ears, English setter dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde) out of Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.).
Lillian B. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde) out of Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.).
Ella B. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde) out of Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.).
Ned Brown, Roland B. and Jennie B. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for black, white and tan English setters, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde) out of Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.).
Alice B. and Sallie B. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for black and white English setter bitches, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde) out of Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.).
Reginald's Boy, Rajah, Raven, Robin and Roy. By W. H. Worth, Chicago, Ill., for five black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped Dec. 29, 1892, by Reginald H. (Leatherstockings—Smith's Rhoda) out of Nan (Champion Argus—Laura).
Daisy, Nougat and Nery. By W. H. Worth, Chicago, Ill., for four black and tan Gordon setter bitches, whelped Dec. 29, 1892, by Reginald H. (Leatherstockings—Smith's Rhoda) out of Nan (Champion Argus—Laura).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Jessie—Jake. Multinomial Kennels (Portland, Ore.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Jessie (Doc—Jess) to E. O. Mase's Jake (Drake—Kate), Jan. 5.
Countess Addie—Kent II. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Countess Addie (Count Noble's Boy—Clip Rodgero) to Cohannet Kennels' Kent II. (Count Howard—Lady Westmoreland), Dec. 11.
Lalla Rookh II.—Hiawatha. C. K. Farmer's (Hartman, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Lalla Rookh II. (Paddy Sarsfield—Irene D.) to his Hiawatha (Tammany—Frances), Jan. 15.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lillian Russell. J. M. Brown's (Newport, R. I.) English setter bitch Lillian Russell (Don—Tinnie B.), Sept. 22, nine (four dogs), by E. W. Openshaw's Joe Brown (Gus Gladstone—Fairy Blonde).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Carl. Black, white and tan rabbit hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to L. C. Williams, New Britain, Conn.
Carl. Black, white and tan rabbit hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to W. P. Barker, Naples, Me.
— Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to Frank Clune, Saco, Me.
— Black, white and tan coon hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to J. L. Dexter, Edgarton, Mass.
— Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to J. S. Jeffers, Westfield, Mass.
Ranger. Black, white and tan rabbit hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to A. C. Deney, Batavia, N. Y.
— Black, white and tan foxhound, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to E. N. Cummings, Fitchburg, Mass.
Bell. Black, white and tan coon hound bitch, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to W. Barnes, Bristol, Conn.
Bell. Black, white and tan rabbit hound bitch, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to Dr. H. Allers, Harrison, N. J.
Hunter. Black, white and tan rabbit hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to J. W. Finley, Brockton, Mass.
Hunter. Black, white and tan coon hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to W. C. Capron, Chapinville, Mass.
Doyle. Black and white coon hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to F. W. Uttings, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Trailer. Black and white rabbit hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to Jas. Marra, Florence, Mass.
— Black and white rabbit hound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to W. P. Barker, Naples, Me.
— Black, white and tan foxhound dog, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to C. M. Palmer, New Britain, Conn.
— Black, white and tan coon hound, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to F. K. Denning, Lisbon, N. H.
Hinder Mark II. and Ouida F. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped June 1, 1892, by Gath's Mark out of Ruby's Girl, by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Belle F. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 5, 1892, by Dan Gladstone out of Belle of Piedmont, Jr., by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Piedmont and Blue Belle. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped May 23, 1892, by Antonio out of Belle of Piedmont, Jr., by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
King Antonio and Dixie F. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1892, by Antonio out of Princess Joy, by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Nellie F. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 17, 1891, by Gath's Mark out of Molly Belton, by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Forster's Mark II. and Gypsy Mark. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1892, by Gath's Mark out of Ollie T., by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Count Antonio and Huntress. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 2, 1892, by Antonio out of Miss Nellie Y., by Blue Ridge Kennels, Sperryville, Va., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Monk's Nun and Furness Maid. Black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped Aug. 22, 1892, by Monk of Furness out of Bloom Mur, by Paul H. Gotzian, St. Paul, Minn., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Beulah Furness and Daisy Furness. Black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped Aug. 23, 1892, by Monk of Furness out of Susan, by Paul H. Gotzian, St. Paul, Minn., to Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.
Nym Rod. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 21, 1892, by

Rowdy Rod out of Spectre, by Wm. Bryce, Jr., New York, to C. L. Wright, same place.

Jennie Z. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown out of Lillian Russell, by J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., to H. L. Hassbrook, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Ned Brown. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1892, by Joe Brown out of Lillian Russell, by J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., to R. A. Bromhead, Staatsburgh, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. W. L. Sag Harbor, L. I.—A. C. Wilmerding, 63 Broadway, New York. Watch our advertising columns.

D. M. Fatesville, Pa.—Consult our advertising columns for the foxhound kennels. In them are some of the best strains.

C. R. K. Apollo, Pa.—Can you give me the breeding of the pointer Jetsam, imported 1885? Ans. Jetsam (E. K. C. S. B. 16,345), by Sambo out of Diana.

E. W. T., New York.—What do you consider a good treatment for distemper? Ans. Keep dog warm and allow no exercise, vary the diet as much as possible, give plenty of milk and one grain of quinine three times a day.

W. S., San Francisco.—If a man raises, trains himself and runs a dog in a public field trial, like the English Foxhound trials, for moneyed consideration, is he considered a professional trainer? Ans. Certainly not. A professional trainer is generally understood to be one who trains dogs for a living or is paid by other owners to train dogs.

C. C. C., St. Anthony Park, Minn.—I have two pointers that I would like to teach what I can at home, and as I do not know how to break bird dogs will you kindly tell which of the books you advertise would give me the most practical information on training, etc.? Ans. Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking," price \$1, would probably suit your purpose, while Waters's "Modern Training" treats of the subject exhaustively; price \$2.50.

Wm. Kramer, Parkersburg, W. Va.—What can you prescribe in the case of my setter bitch whose hair is falling out. She had the mange last summer, and in places where the hair was off a new growth grew; now, the skin in these is covered with dandruff and it causes the new hair to fall out. I keep her in a warm, clean kennel and can not understand what caused the sickness. She is about in heat, can that be the cause of it? Would you advise breeding her? Ans. Do not keep in too warm a place; treatment see Ans. to J. P.

J. H. Harrison, Schuylers Lake, Otsego County, N. J.—I have an English setter pup about eleven months old; he has had chills for two days, will not eat anything, his hair is coming off very fast, his eyes are very red and skin will partly cover his eyes sometimes; his eyes have been so since he was three months old. I have doctored him for worms with area nut and with santoline, but have not got any from him; his coat looks dead, he is generally smart, but very poor at present; please tell me what you think is the matter with him and prescribe. Ans. Again treat for worms. Give the following mixture:

Ferri phosph. 3 iss
Tr. nucis vom. 3 i
Liq. arsenicalis mxxvii
Aq. ad. 3 vi

Wash the dog twice a week for a few weeks in a solution of creolin, one part of creolin to forty parts of water. Tablespoonful three times a day. Give some raw meat daily in addition to the usual diet.

C. W. F., Cleveland.—Will you kindly give me information how to treat my pointer dog for cancer in the ears? It is not the common cancer, but seems to have a sort of an eczema connected with it. The flaps of the ears and the front of face and around the eyes being affected. The lower outside opening of the ear under the earlaps is very sore, and his hearing is bad, sometimes cannot hear at all, unless I use the whistle. Appetite is good. Feed him on stale bread and very little meat and bones. Ans. Pour a little of the following lotion into the ears twice a day and to the sore places apply frequently during the day:

Liq. plumbi sub-acet. 3 iv
Liq. opii 3 ii
Aq. ad. 3 viii

Mix. Lotion. Apply as directed; also give the following powder:
Mag. sulph. 3 i
Mag. carb. 3 ii
Pot. bi-carb. 3 i
Mix and make twelve powders, give one twice a day mixed with the food.

Loup, Broken Bow, Neb.—My bitch (English setter) four years old has been bred twice, the last time in August, 1892. For the past two months she has acted like a bitch in heat and would allow any dog to cover her. Once, I am sure she has been fast. Am obliged to keep her separate from the males in my kennel. The vagina is of normal size but seems hard and slightly inflamed. Can you suggest a remedy? Ans. Sprinkle out the vagina twice daily with a solution of bi-chloride of mercury (one part of bi-chloride to 5000 parts of water). Do not use a stronger, as bi-chloride is very poisonous. If after this there is no improvement take the dog to a veterinarian and have a thorough examination of the parts made.

J. P., Grand Crossing, Ill.—Treat for worms. Give the following mixture:

Mag. sulph. 3 i
Ferri sulph. 3 i
Acid sulph. dil. 3 i
Aq. ad. 3 viii

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.
Mix the following together and well rub all over the dog every other day:

Sulphur sub. 2 lbs.
Kerosene 30 "
Oil of tar 10 "
Sperm oil 1 gal.

J. T. C.—Will you kindly inform me through your columns as to the essential points in a fox-terrier, the most reliable kennels where one may be procured, and anything else that would help to make an intelligent purchaser. Ans. You would do well to read up on the breed in Rawdon Lee's "Fox-Terrier," sold by us, \$1.50. The breeders who advertise in our columns can supply you with good dogs.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, information concerning their local waters' drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.
17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst. 10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge.
24. Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach.
JULY.
1-15. At. Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Ex-Commodore Winne has recently had made by Dominick & Haff of New York, a large and very handsome cigarette case of sterling silver lined with gold, the front bearing the following inscription: "To Wm. R. Huntington, Chairman Site Committee, American Canoe Association, 1892." With the sincerest appreciation of his efforts, which in no small degree contributed to the success of the meet, by Charles V. Winne, Commodore. Last week Messrs. Winne and Wackerhagen visited Rome, and presented the case to Mr. Huntington.

The Knickerbocker C. C. will hold another smoker on Feb. 4, at the club house, One Hundred and Fifty-second street, at 8 P. M.

Mr. Poultny Bigelow's cruise down the Danube is being in part republished in German in the *Wassersport*.

A. C. A. Membership.

Northern Division: H. E. Burstall, J. A. Gunn, C. M. Strange, A. C. Knapp.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.
28. Pavonia. JUNE.
4. Pavonia. 26. Pavonia.
JULY.
1. Seawanhaka An., Oyster Bay. Larchmont.
AUGUST.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A. SEPTEMBER.

To Florida in a Cape Catboat.

THE Cape catboat *Reine* has lately reached Florida after a long cruise, following in part the route of the *Coot* in 1885. She is 25 ft. long, and was built for Capt. Arthur Hayh, an English yachtsman who has been for some time about Boston, being a member of the South Boston Y. C. Captain Hayh has made the entire trip, from City Point, Boston, to Florida, with one companion. After rounding Cape Cod a stop was made at Osterville to repair the water tanks, and further delay followed at Vineyard Haven and Newport through bad weather. Leaving Newport with a fair wind, which only lasted about an hour before it hauled ahead with heavy rain, we had to put into Block Island harbor; and from there to New York, with the exception of half a day, we had constant head winds, and in spite of very early starts made very slow progress.

On reaching Throgg's Neck, with both head wind and tide, we were halted by a tugboat, which, after some bargaining, agreed to take us to Bay Ridge for \$7, which, when I found how far it was—about twelve miles—I did not think excessive.

We stayed in New York two weeks, lying at South Brooklyn, and left there on Thursday, Oct. 27, at midday, anchoring at Perth Amboy. Next day, with a fair tide but a head wind, we beat up the Raritan River, reaching the first lock at New Brunswick about 2 o'clock, and as I was anxious to be getting on at once, I took a team of four mules at six cents a mile to take the boat up the river.

The canal is forty-four miles long from New Brunswick to Bordentown, and we got through the first ten miles by dark. Next day we were fortunate in getting an obliging driver who, in consideration of a promise of occasional liquid refreshment, was very careful, and in starting out of the locks pulled the tow himself till we got started, and got us to Bordentown in time to be locked out that night; otherwise we should have had to remain over Sunday. I should advise any one taking a boat through the canal to have a mattress or something of the kind, as if you have to stop and get alongside the bank it is almost impossible to avoid some friction until you get headway. We left a good deal of paint in the first two locks in spite of three fenders, but after that we got on all right.

The scenery is uninteresting and Trenton is the only town you pass. We spent an hour there while the mules were fed; it seemed all mills and dust, the latter filling the boat. I went ashore, where I was charged thirty-five cents for 2½ lbs. of beefsteak and found it all right I came to the conclusion that the place had at least the advantage of being cheap.

On Sunday we started down the Delaware, of course with a strong headwind, and reached Philadelphia that night. Starting early next morning, we went on in the evening a few miles the other side of Wilmington, and next day, the wind being light, we did not reach the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal till evening.

We came through next morning, it is only thirteen miles, with three locks, and in some parts is quite pretty. It takes in some small lakes, which, judging from the number we saw fishing, are full of fish. When we got to Chesapeake City there was no wind and the tide was rising, so we waited until the tugboat came up in the evening and were towed down.

Next day we beat down, and as the weather looked very threatening, decided to make a harbor, which we did in a small creek on the east side of the bay, which forms an excellent harbor, as it is completely landlocked. Once in, a N.W. gale made it impossible to get out, even if we had wanted to, as the channel is crooked and narrow. After the gale subsided we continued our cruise without special event to Annapolis and back to Washington.

The weather was quite rough, and our best run was from the Rappahannock River to Norfolk, about fifty miles, where we arrived early in the afternoon of Nov. 12. We stayed until the 5th, when having made arrangements with the towboat people, they sent a tug for us in the afternoon and we started about 3 o'clock. It happened that this was the only boat going through that day, so we had the tug all to ourselves and it stroked us a little after dark.

It was a miserable evening and very dark. I had thought they would decide to lie over till morning, but as the storm cleared off they kept on and we reached North Landing River about 4 A. M. I should advise any one to wait and go through by day, even if it delays them a day or two. The canal is narrow, and we had to pass several rafts of lumber. It is difficult to avoid striking them.

Currents in the North River are full of snags. Probably when you are following a tow of schooners or barges, they go fast enough to take any damage, but when in North Landing River, near where the tug dropped us, we struck a sunken log which knocked a hole through one of the planks. We did not find it out until we anchored, and then as it was above the waterline, we were able to nail a piece of canvas over it. The towing is cheap, for they only charge \$2 towage and canal dues for 60 miles.

Next day we had a stroke of luck: the captain of a tugboat with a tow of barges going down the sound hailed us and said, "Thru on ahead," and he towed us along through Albemarle Sound free of charge for 90 miles. The weather was warm, but the wind was very light and it helped us along considerably. He dropped us in the evening of the day following about 8 miles from Core Sound, and as it was quite calm we got as near the land as we could and anchored for the night. About midnight a blow began to blow hard and in the morning we put in five reefs and ran behind a small point, getting our anchor down, and in time, as for about three hours we had almost a hurricane. We had to trust to our anchors, which fortunately held. We could not carry any sail and the sea got up very quickly, the wind went round several points and the land did not afford much protection. About the middle of the day the wind freed a good deal and we got into Core Sound all right.

Next day we had a fair wind through the sound. The latter is very shoal and the channel is crooked, but fairly wide and well buoyed out. We reached Beaufort Inlet, N. C., at dark, but did not go up to the town until next day. There we were detained some days for repairs. It was only half a day's job, but the first two days the workman was doing something else, and then was so slow that it took nearly a week altogether.

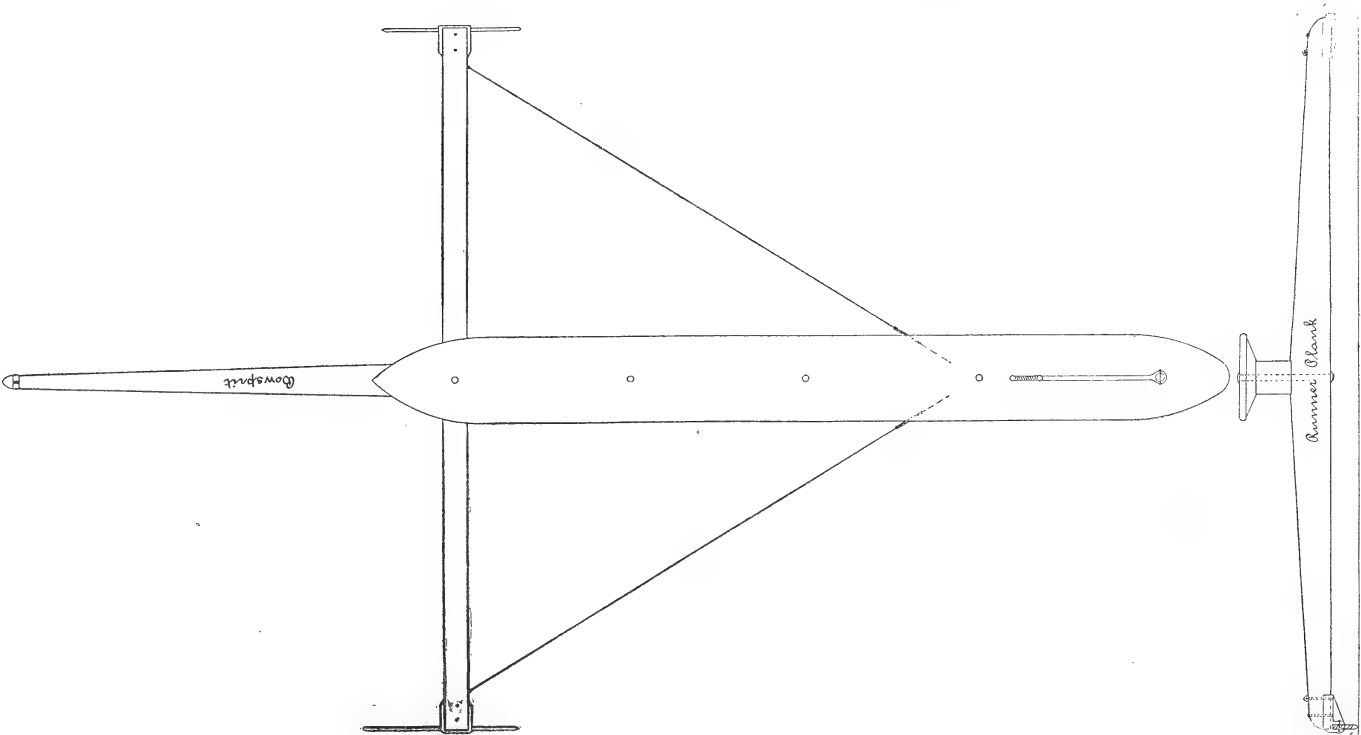
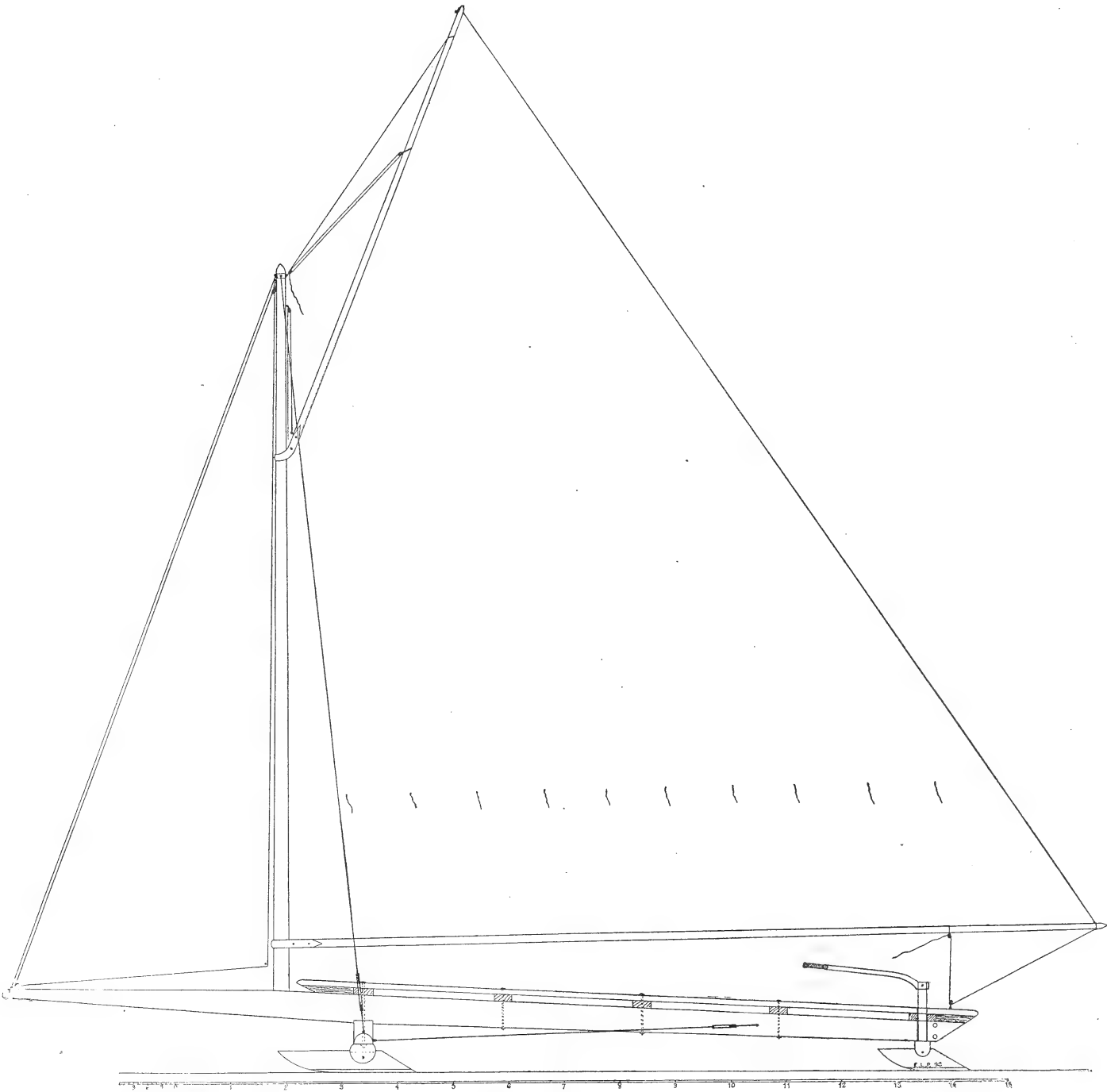
I intended to take a pilot there for Charleston and got one named Youmans, who was recommended to me and who said himself that he was really the only one who was acquainted with all the inlets. We took Boyne Sound as far as Beaufort, and he showed his knowledge of that by running us aground several times. The first time he jibed with very little sheet out and broke the boom, it took us all we could do for half an hour to get aloft, then considerably longer to patch up the broken boom again with our own poles. The second time we reached Boyne Inlet he complained of being unwell and said he was not fit to go any further, but promised to find a good pilot in Swansborough, a small place close to.

Next morning, as no one turned up and the wind was fair, we started off alone and made New Topsail Inlet that afternoon. Next day we came to Wrightsville Inlet and the day after to Corneale Inlet, which leads behind Cape Fear to Southport. We did not feel very comfortable at first, as the inlets constantly change and for them charts are no good. There being but two of us we were short-handed for sailing at night and made short time.

Between Beaufort, N. C., and Charleston there are lots of good inlets all the way, with plenty of water for light draft boats at any tide, so one can make easy runs. At Southport, N. C., we took a pilot for Charleston and he was much more satisfactory than the first. He was one of the regular pilots there, but did not propose to take us much about the coast except around home. However, he was an extra hand and was quite willing to make himself generally useful.

We left Southport in the afternoon and reached Wingham Bay next day; there we were becalmed two days. It is an out of the way place, with plenty of ducks and other game. I went out gunning in the afternoon and succeeded in shooting a wild pig, which provided us with some excellent pork. From there we proceeded to Charleston, where we remained for some days to have a boom made.

Here we met a yacht bound for Biscayne Bay, Florida, so we both waited for a good chance to go outside; when the chance came we found, on reaching the mouth of the harbor, that it was thick outside and blowing fresh inside, so we let the other go on and took inside route. It is a good deal further, but it is certainly more interesting, and we came along very well on the whole. About 10 o'clock, instead of reaching Port Royal Sound as we intended, we struck on mud flat (not on the chart), going high and dry till evening. The other boats seem to have had trouble with their pilots from Beaufort, N. C. If any members of the club sail South they had better be careful, as they are supposed to know the way out of the different inlets you may have to make; but if one has a full crew he can just as well alone. I hope now, if we do not get on many more mud flats to reach Florida in ten days. It is really longer in a small boat than one can imagine, though, of course, if there is a full crew who can relieve each other one can make much better time.

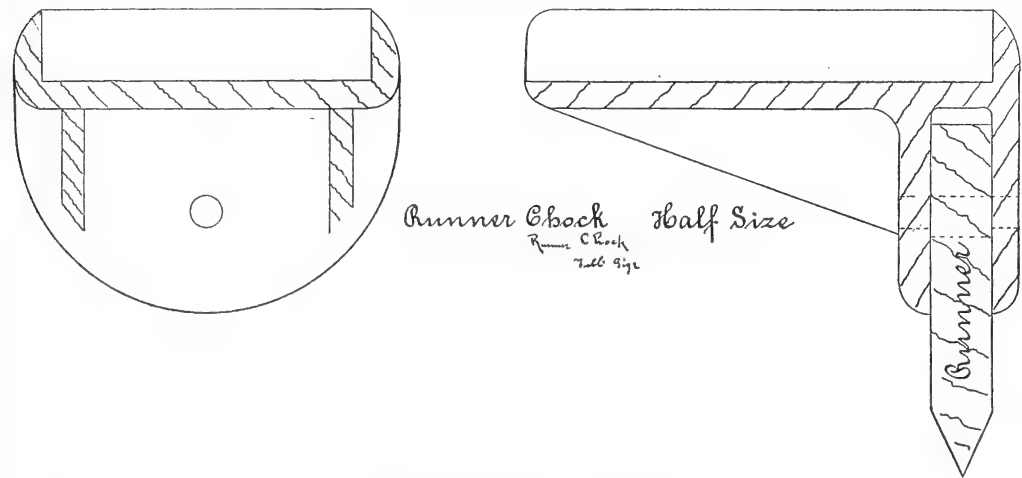


A CHEAP ICE YACHT.

TABLE III.—SPEED RECORDS OF AMERICAN YACHTS, 1892. 21-FT. CLASS.

Date.	Club.	Locality.		Distance sailed.	Course sailed.	Wind from.	Wind velocity.	Tide ran.	Tide velocity.	Sea.	Thrush.	Exile.	Romance.	Catspaw.	Sirocco.	Freak.	Geddy.	Trudpole.	Koorali.	R. D.	Caprice.	Reaper.	Kraken.	Vanessa.	Spurt.	Alpha.	Pyxie.	
May 30.	S. Boston.	South Boston.	7	T	S.S.W.	12	S.S.W.	0.25	Smooth.		4.27															4.61		
June 16.	Hull.	Hull.	7	T	S.W.	15	N.	0	Choppy.					4.77					4.69					4.54	5.01			
" 17.	Mass.	Nahant.	31.8	S.W.	S.W.	12	W.S.W.	0.30	Smooth.	3.09	3.72			3.20					3.54			3.05	3.44	3.72	3.86			
" 17.	"	"	31.8	E.	S.W.	15	W.S.W.	0.30	Smooth.	6.11	6.16			5.89			6.08					5.82	6.18	6.17	6.17			
" 17.	"	"	31.8	N.N. by N	S.W.	15	W.S.W.	0.30	Smooth.	7.12	8.05			7.14			7.58					7.29	7.61	7.68	7.68			
July 2.	Hull.	Hull.	7	T	S.W.	15	Light.	1	Smooth.					4.55					4.03					4.61	4.64			
" 4.	Cor.	Marblehead.	10	T	W.N.W.	18	E.	0	Lumpy.					5.32					5.05			5.56						
" 16.	Hull.	Hull.	7	T	W.S.W.	Fresh.	N.	0.3	Smooth.					4.85				4.78	4.83	4.82			5.15					
" 23.	"	"	6	T	S.E.	Light.	N.	0.10	Smooth.	4.06	3.99			4.15									4.04		4.17			
" 23.	Cor.	Marblehead.	10	T	S.S.E.	Light.	N.W.	0	Smooth.					4.39	4.65							4.33						
" 28.	Eastern.	"	21.6	S.E. by S.	S.E. by E	8	N.W.	0.15	Smooth.	2.35	2.32			2.55	2.26	2.97		2.40				2.79	2.08			2.36		
" 28.	"	"	21.6	W. 3/4 S.	S.E. by E	8	N.W.	0.10	Smooth.	3.18	3.40			3.43	3.09	3.12		2.93				3.03	3.15		3.21	2.75		
" 28.	"	"	21.6	N.N.E.	S.E. by E	7	N.W.	0.05	Smooth.	4.04	4.15			4.39	4.40	4.38		4.33				4.25	4.18		4.29	4.24		
" 28.	"	"	21.6	S.E. by S.	E.S.E.	6 1/2	N.W.	0	Smooth.	3.06	2.96			3.31	2.98	3.46		2.78				3.22	3.17		3.50	2.92		
" 28.	"	"	21.6	W. 3/4 S.	E.S.E.	6	E.	0	Smooth.	3.31	3.13			3.21	2.91	3.10		2.94				3.08	2.99		3.11	2.92		
" 28.	"	"	21.6	N.N.E.	E.S.E.	4	E.	0.05	Smooth.	5.15	5.02			4.91	4.65	4.63		4.64				4.91	4.94		4.39	4.41		
" 29.	Beverly.	"	21.6	S.E. by S.	S.E.	9	N.W.	0.10	Smooth.	2.74	2.61			2.59		2.95		2.44	2.14		2.16	2.03	1.67	2.70	2.32	2.81	2.53	
" 29.	"	"	21.6	W. 3/4 S.	S.E.	8	N.W.	0	Smooth.					4.82				4.46	4.48			4.68	4.66	4.78	4.90	4.46		
" 29.	"	"	21.6	N.N.E.	S.E.	8	N.W.	0	Smooth.					4.82				4.46	4.48			4.68	4.66	4.78	4.90	4.46		
Aug. 1.	Match.	"	21.6	N.N.E.	S.E.	8	N.W.	0	Smooth.					4.82				4.46	4.48			4.68	4.66	4.78	4.90	4.46		
" 1.	"	"	21.6	S.W.	N.E.	15	N.N.E.	0.15	Rough.													3.13				3.57		
" 12.	Hull.	Hull.	7	T	N.	6	N.	0.60	Rough.					5.08					4.69	4.22			6.73				6.51	
" 18.	Cor.	Marblehead.	11	T	S.E.	10	N.W.	0.10	Rough.	5.76	5.95			5.82	5.27	5.86					5.87			5.73				
" 19.	"	"	33.4	E.	S.S.E.	12	E.	0.02	Lumpy.	3.73	4.38			3.90		4.63		3.98	3.69			4.50		3.54				
" 19.	"	"	71.4	SW. by W.	N.E. by N	12	NWbN	0.05	Lumpy.	6.73	7.08			6.90		7.07		6.52	6.41			7.00		7.06				
" 20.	"	"	43.4	N.N.E.	N.N.E.	12	E.	0.05	Lumpy.					3.95				3.96	4.12			4.22		4.27				
" 20.	"	"	43.4	S.E. and S.W.	N.N.E.	12	E.	0.05	Lumpy.					6.26		6.43		6.50				6.50		6.42				
" 31.	Hull.	Nahant.	10	T	S.W.	12	S.W.	0.50	Smooth.					6.09	6.57						Asp.	5.73		6.01		6.35		
Sept. 3.	Cor.	Marblehead.	11	T	S.S.E.	14	N.W.	0.05	Fair.							5.88					3.50			3.62		3.90		
" 10.	Hull.	"	7	T	S.W.	Light.	N.	0.40	Smooth.					3.79	3.71						3.75	3.69		3.92				
" 10.	"	"	7	T	S.E.	Fair.	N.	0.50	Smooth.	3.95																		

Abbreviations.—W, windward; L, leeward; T, triangular course, generally equilateral; Q, quadrilateral course, or two sides thereof and reverse. Distances are in nautical miles; tides the same. Wind velocities in statute miles.



DETAILS OF CHOCK AND RUNNER.

A Cheap Ice Yacht.

The excitement of ice-yachting is only equalled by its uncertainty, and even such severe cold weather as that recently experienced about New York gives no guarantee of good sailing; in fact the deep snows have stopped the sailing and racing which began so early this winter. Except in specially favored localities, an ice yacht, when wanted at all, is wanted in a very great hurry, and being a cumbersome and unwieldy thing to house and care for, it is likely to suffer neglect and abuse in the long intervals of disuse. The accompanying drawing, for which we are indebted to a correspondent, shows an ice-yacht of very simple and inexpensive construction, which is very satisfactory as a sailer, and yet can be taken apart or put together in a few minutes. The boat is the seventh built by her owner, and is decidedly superior to the earlier ones.

There are many localities where a small ice-yacht of this sort kept always ready to be put together would furnish a great deal of sport, the construction being little more difficult or expensive than the many crude makeshifts which are thrown together in a hurry wherever a clear field of ice presents itself; and which, when the sailing is done with, are left to fall to pieces on the shore. The dimensions of the craft are:

Runner plank.	10ft.
Keel.	17ft. 4in.
Main plank.	12ft. 3 1/2 in.
Mast, heel to bounds.	12ft. 9 1/2 in.
Diameter at heel.	3 1/2 in.
Boom.	14ft. 9 in.
Gaff.	8ft. 8 in.
Mainmast hoist.	5ft. 7 in.
Loch.	30ft.
Jib luff.	13ft. 3 in.
Hoist.	12ft.
Foot.	4ft. 6 in.
Area.	27sq. ft.
Total area.	163sq. ft.
Total weight.	300lbs.

The keel is a stick of dry white pine 6x3in., tapered to 4x4in. at the after end; and from the mast forward chamfered and then rounded to a diameter of 2in. at the band. The runner plank is also of white pine, 4in. wide, 7in. deep at the middle and tapering to 3 1/2 in. at each end. One bolt of 1/2 in. diameter, connects it with the keel. At each end is a casting of iron with a socket on top into which the end of the plank fits, being secured by two bolts, one an eye bolt and one a plain machine bolt, 3/8 in., tapped into the casting. On top of the keel is a plank of white pine 15in. wide and 1in. thick, stiffened beneath by chocks of 1 1/2 in. The plank is bolted through the keel, as shown. The rudder stock is a composition of iron casting, or oak may be used, being cheaper. It is slotted for the runner, which is held by a 3/8 in. bolt, the hole in the runner being 1/2 in. All of the runners are of cast iron 2 1/2 in. thick and 4 1/2 in. wide the two main runners being 2ft. 6in. long and the rudder 1ft. 8in. long. The boom is 1 1/2 in. diameter and the gaff 1 1/2 in. The sails are of 6 1/2 oz. single blighted, costing \$12. The jib stay, shrouds and side stays are of 1/4 in. galvanized iron wire rope, all set up with turnbuckles and shackles. The plank will hold three persons, the weight being so distributed that there is little strain on the boat. The cost of the whole construction, including sails and rigging is under \$45, the castings for runners, chocks and rudder stock with the necessary fittings costing about \$12.

Ranee.

MESSRS. READ BROS., at Fall River, are at work on a 30ft. keel yawl for H. W. Eaton, of the Seavanhaka and Larchmont clubs, to replace the yawl Rajah, recently sold to Mr. Walter C. Hubbard. The new yacht was designed by Mr. John Hyslop, in collaboration with Mr. Eaton, to carry the same yawl rig which the latter put on Rajah last season, the end in view being a cruiser fast enough to be raced at times. As the sail plan is quite moderate, the displacement has been kept down, the model being of the semi-in type of the Southampton boats of two or three years since, and like the Gardner boat Pyxie. The dimensions are: Stem head to taffrail, 42ft., l.w.l. 30ft., beam 10ft. 3in., draft 6ft. 6in., displacement 12 tons. The accommodation will be quite extensive, including a main cabin 7ft. 6in. long, forward of which is a stateroom, separated by half bulkheads and curtains 6ft. 6in. long, with w.c. and pantry forward, and then a good forecabin.

The height under a low trunk is 6ft., with nearly 5ft. in forecabin. The cockpit is 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. The rudder will be of the balanced spade pattern. The yacht will be named Ranee, the feminine of Rajah. Messrs. Read Bros. just completed a cat sloop for A. H. Shaver, of Fall River, from their own design, 38ft. over all, 24ft. l.w., 11ft. 6in. beam, 3ft. draft, the mast being but 4ft. 6in. abaft the end of waterline. She has a cabin, with very good head room for the draft, and a roomy cockpit.

The Bouncer Type.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THERE seems to be a general misconception as to what is the Bouncer type of boat. Most of my correspondents evidently assume that a yacht designed on the Bouncer principle must of necessity have a draft of water not exceeding a few inches, while as a matter of fact the same method can be successfully used in modeling boats of any depth of draft, and the only reason why all the Bouncers have been designed to date are shoal boats is that my experience teaches me that better speed can be attained with great beam and light displacement than with a narrow wedge-like section.

The Bouncer system of designing may be defined as follows: The use only of curves approximating as nearly as possible to segments of circles for all longitudinal lines below the water's surface. If this rule is strictly adhered to it is impossible to produce a slow boat, provided the proper proportions of beam and immersed body are selected. That is to say, the deeper the immersed body the narrower it should be and vice versa. It is, however, possible to design a fast boat with both narrow beam and light displacement if outside weight be hung at the bottom of a centerboard, either fixed or movable, as shown by the performance of several flyers that have appeared within a year or two. But I have always thought that such use of outside weight is just as unfair in racing as the shifting sandbag, or the weather plank with men on it, in vogue sometimes on sharpies and canoes.

It is not my purpose here to give the best proportions of length, beam and depth, as such action on my part would be treating unfairly persons in various parts of the country who have procured models from me and are building on their lines; but I will with pleasure indicate how any one with a knack for such matter can design for himself a fast and handy boat.

The first thing is to have an implement with which circular segments can be quickly struck, and I have found nothing better for this purpose than a thin batten of straight-grained white pine with a piece of string stretched from end to end in such manner that by tautening the string a short radius is obtained, and by slacking it the radius is lengthened. The batten should be, say, 30in. long, 1/4 in. diameter at center and tapered to about 3/8 in. diameter at the ends. The way to use the batten is as follows:

First—Mark a straight base line (A) and, having decided on the length of waterline, freeboard at stem and stern, and draft of water desired, bend the batten until the curve obtained will strike the points (C) (B) and (D), then mark the curve with a pencil.

Second—Mark the straight line (E) and at center of same measure down and up to get the amount of sheer you wish. Again bend the batten to the curve (F) which gives you this sheer, and mark the curve as before.

Third—Bend the batten until the curve strikes points (D) (D); mark this line and you have the longitudinal curve of the bilge.

Having fixed these curves, and, assuming that your boat is to have vertical sides above the bilge, it is apparent that any amateur builder

can from the lines so laid down take off the shape of the boat when her breadth of beam has also been established. It being understood that the horizontal curve of the outer edge of her deck is the segment of a circle, and that she is sharp at both ends, like a canoe.

This is the simplest form of the Bouncer type. It is easy to build, yet if given plenty of beam will outlast any other kind of boat (not a Bouncer), either with or without shifting ballast. Some persons have objected to the angular bilge, but while Bouncers can be, and are, built with a round turned bilge, I have as yet been able to find no improvement in speed by the change, though the cost of construction is greatly increased. Speaking of the fact that boats designed on this principle can never get out of trim fore and aft no matter how fast you drive them, I will add that in a regatta of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, with wind blowing half a gale abeam, the Chippewa (length on waterline 24ft.) frequently had her stern somewhat below the level of the water, yet at the same time was skating right away from the 85 and 40-footers; she standing up and going, while the big fellows were rooting, laboring and carrying away their topmasts in a manner that must have been discouraging to the believers in "lead hung low, you know."

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Jan. 21.

Speed Records of American Yachts.

[Continued from Page 83.]

The accompanying table gives the speed records of the 21ft. class, those of the classes from 30ft. upward having been given last week. The 25ft. class and the records of the Lake Y. R. A. fleet will be given next week.

Yachts at Chicago.

The following letter appears in the Chicago Tribune apropos of the recent article in the Forest and Stream, a portion of which is quoted by the writer:

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Editor of the Tribune: Eastern yachtsmen have been formally invited by the World's Fair authorities to visit the Exposition next summer with their boats. The intention of many to do so and the widespread interest in the subject is evidenced by the desire for information regarding the details of the water route hither and harbor facilities on the arrival. In reply to many inquiries from its subscribers, FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 19 publishes an interesting article on the subject. As a postscript the author makes the following discouraging statement of facts: * * *

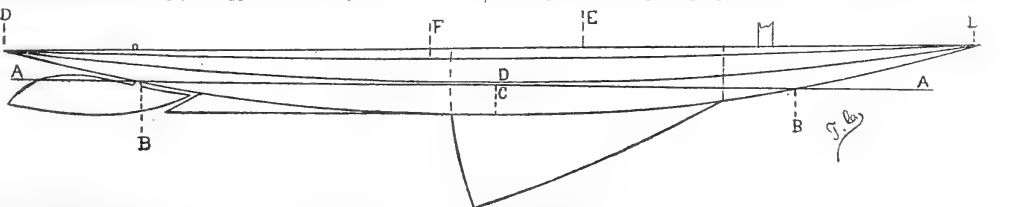
Is Chicago willing to let such information as this be circulated among so large a number of her invited guests? Must she allow it to be truly said that if yachtsmen value their boats, not to mention their own reputations, safety and comfort, they are warned not to come within fifty-five miles of her inhospitable next summer? Or will she recognize the humiliating fact that in all the twenty miles of her water front there is not one fit place for a yacht either to lie in safety or to land its passengers, and with her characteristic energy set about with vigor to provide some suitable shelter for pleasure craft and make the lake accessible for both her guests and her own citizens? C. D. IRWIN.

Greenville Y. C.

SATURDAY night, Jan. 21, was ladies' night at the Greenville Y. C. and the historic old club house on the Jersey shore of New York Bay, once the homestead of the Vreelands, and in revolutionary times a receiving station for slaves, was made to ring with merry laughter and joyous music. The old house is one of those few remaining to mark the more generous and hospitable life of better if not so wise people; a wide hall runs through, and on either side are large rooms with antique fireplaces, broad and high, four of which were filled with fires of logs that sent merry sparks flying into the night as a sort of welcome as we approached in a large old-fashioned sleigh.

The guests were entertained with dancing, interspersed with music and recitations. The daughter of the commodore, Miss Simmons, recited "Fannie McNeill's Ride." W. T. Markham, purser of the Jersey City C. C., rendered the text scene from Julius Caesar and a humorous selection entitled "The Ghost," which were both well received and applauded, and Jas. F. Lane discoursed sweet music upon the centoharp and guitar. A generous feast and more merry dancing followed, and everyone went home declaring they had had the best time of the season. May the Greenville Y. C. live long and prosper.

Conway called upon Mr. Trenholm and telling him he thought he had a purchaser, obtained an order placing the vessel at his disposal for purposes of inspection. Mr. Trenholm was greatly surprised when his Norwegian skipper called upon him on Jan. 12 and told him that as the boat had been sold he would look for other work. Mr. Trenholm told him the boat had not been sold, but the sailing master assured him she had been, for Mr. Conway, after bringing several persons to see her, had come alongside with a steam lighter on Dec. 27 and told the skipper the yacht was sold. Conway had then taken away all the pig lead ballast, the skipper said. Mr. Trenholm found Conway was not known in Charlestown, and meeting him in the street yesterday induced him to accompany him to his office at No. 11 Wall street. There he was arrested by Detectives Madden and Oates, of the Old slip police station. Conway claimed in court that the permit given to him gave him a right to dispose of the lead. He sold the metal to the New York Refining and Smelting Company for \$60 a ton.—New York Herald.



GENERAL PLAN OF BOUNCER BOATS

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Providence Cor. Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., C. H. Herrmann; Vice-Com., G. E. Winslow; Pres., C. H. Such; Sec., John M. Gammell; Treas., Albert D. White; Measurers, Paul B. Warren and Joshua Payton; Trustees, John D. Peck, James Wright and Thomas Smith; Membership Committee, Henry A. Strater, John H. Lynch and William O'Donnell.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., A. N. Holden; Vice-Com., H. Stephenson; Rear Com., Dr. Charles L. Browne; Treas., Charles Condit; Sec., O. H. Chellberg; Meas., E. P. Mowton; Fleet Surgeon, E. Ringer, M. D.; Board of Directors, E. M. Macdonald, Charles R. Smith, Jr., G. K. Rosenquist, George A. Gage and William H. Ward.

J. Beaver Webb, the well-known yacht designer, has received from Messrs. D. & J. Henderson, shipbuilders of Glasgow, a model of J. Pierpont Morgan's new steam yacht *Corsair*, that is one of the most elaborate and complete things of its kind ever made. The model is about six feet long and will be exhibited at the World's Fair. It is in a glass case and rests on a mahogany stand, elaborately carved. The model and stand weigh 1,500 pounds. The model was made from the original drawings prepared by Mr. Webb, and as much more care has been taken in details, scales, proportions, and the like as would be exercised in building a yacht. Every detail of rig was carried out from the drawings, and the iron and brass work of the yacht above the deck is as natural and perfect as on the real *Corsair* herself. To show what care was taken in detail, it may be said that Mr. Webb even sent drawings of the naphtha-launch engine to the Hendersons, with explanations, and every cog in every wheel outside the boiler, and therefore visible, is as perfect as on the launch built to the full scale. The small boats are made from the original drawings also, and the interior of the hull is as perfect as the exterior. The model is so imagined, it is evident that great pains were taken and skilled workmen employed to make the model, and in the general form of the work and harmony of design are many lessons for naval architects.—*Times*.

The Excelsior I. Y. C., of Burlington, Vt., has elected the following officers: Com., John W. Johnson; Vice-Com., John A. Benson; Sec. and Treas., T. P. Daley; Reg. Com., Charles Crosby; Oliver Dupuy, Walter O. Lane, W. B. Craven, H. J. Johnson. The club has this season built a movable club house that will serve as a judges' stand for racing purposes. The following yachts comprise the fleet, with their sail spread in square feet: Cyclone, Daley Bros., 641; Gossoon, John A. Benson, 373; Blizzard, Crosby Bros., 619; Volunteer, Crosby Bros., 350; Jack Frost, Johnson Bros., 606; Vixen, Alex. Croto, 259; Brownie, Walter O. Lane, 505; Now Then, Edgar Chitt, 350; Lulu, C. N. Laplat, 416; Calamity, Charles Chitt, 157; Gloriana, Herndon, 416; Hotshot, James Wakefield, 147; Lizzie, Stephen Lovejoy, 330.

The New York Y. C. has been robbed of about \$1,000 by a dishonest employee, Charles E. Quinn, a former bookkeeper for the club.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt sailed last week for England, partly to look after his new yacht.

The *Bath (Me.) Times* offered to contribute \$1,000 toward a syndicate defender to be designed and built by C. B. Harrington, the yacht builder of that city.

James O. Conway, a yacht broker, who says he hails from Charlestown, Mass., was held in \$1,000 bonds in the Tombs Police Court yesterday on a charge of stealing 10,300 lbs. of lead ballast from the 70-foot schooner yacht *Romance*, now lying at Wintingham's basin, South Brooklyn. The complaint was made by William Trenholm, a public accountant at No. 11 Wall street, who lives at the San Remo Hotel. Mr. Trenholm holds the vessel, he says, under a charter from Arthur L. C. McCounell, the owner.

On Jan. 17, Wm. H. Gordon and Henry Nixon, of Newport, were convicted of stealing 3,000 lbs. of ballast from Max Agassiz's yacht *Zigeuner*.

The steam yacht *Sagmore* has reached Hampton Roads after a very hard trip from Bermuda, which port she left on Jan. 4. On Jan. 5, she encountered a very severe gale, being lashed for 24 hours, finally running back to Bermuda, arriving on Jan. 9. She sailed on Jan. 15, after coaling, and again struck bad weather to Cape Hatteras, lying for two days off the Cape before making Hampton Roads, where she lost her rudder the 4th. Her captain, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Fulton, Jr., and Miss Fulton, Miss Wickham, David A. Tod, W. J. Duane and Robert Howard Russell, returned by rail to New York.

Conqueror, steam yacht, sailed on Jan. 28 for Brunswick, Ga., where Mr. Vanderbilt and a party will join her. On Jan. 26 James Murray, a seaman, was badly burned by an explosion of naphtha and was removed to the hospital. The yacht was not injured.

The question of whether or not Boston is to be represented by a boat in the trial races for the selection of a Cup defender, is still an unsettled one. The chances of a favorable answer are, however, brightening in a wholly unexpected direction, and although the facts upon which such a statement is based cannot be made public, yet there is reason for saying that Boston is as near to representation as the making of lines and a model and the procuring of estimates of cost. The boat now in mind may not be built, but the chances that she will be ordered are at least even, and the matter is likely to be decided one way or the other within a week or ten days. And the boat, if built, will not be a syndicate one, for so far as a syndicate boat is concerned, the situation is practically the same as it was three weeks ago.—*Boston Globe*.

There is no plant better fitted for building a boat in secret than the Bristol Company's boat shops, and aside from their own rights in the construction, it is a question of business prudence to keep the present construction from the outside world until such time as the details may be given with safety. In view of these facts the company has established a day watch, who patrols the front of the building and is perfectly able to protect the interests of the concern from prying eyes.—*Providence Journal*.

The new 40-rater designed by Arthur E. Payne for Admiral Montague will be named *Vendetta*.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., John A. Stetson; Vice-Com., J. W. Abbott; Rear-Com., Edin B. Roberts; Sec'y, Thos. Dean; Treas., Dudley A. Dorr; Measurers, Geo. F. Lawley, of Boston; Jefferson Borden, of Fall River; Trustees, Benjamin Dean, Thos. Manning, Eben Denton, Regatta Committee, J. P. Phinney, G. R. Howe, W. L. Dean, A. C. Fernald, W. H. Wilkinson. Membership Committee, L. S. Jordan, E. H. Tarbell, J. A. Mitchell. The report of the treasurer showed receipts of \$3,407.98, expenditures of \$3,116.13, and a balance of \$291.85. The club has recovered 85 per cent. of its deposit in the Maverick Bank, and there is \$156.90 still due.

The Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has started a navigation class under the instruction of Capt. Howard Patterson, which promises to be well attended, and to be as successful as the classes in the previous years. The weekly mess dinners of the club have been well patronized this winter, and serve to keep the members together during the dull season. The annual regatta of the club will be sailed on Saturday, July 1.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Port Chester Riflemen.

PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Saturday, Jan. 28.—200 yds., off-hand, standard American target.											
Dr F A Bachman	6	9	7	10	10	6	9	6	6	78	
J Smith	6	8	8	9	5	7	9	8	8	156	
	5	9	9	10	7	7	7	5	74		
	5	9	7	8	15	7	10	10	15	153	
	5	4	8	4	3	6	4	8	6	53	
	1	8	9	5	8	10	8	7	71	124	
F Dunham	6	9	10	6	5	5	6	6	5	67	
	7	8	7	8	7	5	6	7	5	68	135
J Hess	4	6	6	8	7	5	8	3	3	63	
	10	5	4	5	8	5	8	6	3	62	125
H Sherman	4	5	7	4	5	7	10	10	2	58	
	6	3	4	2	5	6	6	7	6	50	108
Gontchev	2	3	4	4	4	6	8	5	8	48	
	4	8	2	5	2	10	2	4	51	99	
R McNeil, Jr.	3	7	10	3	8	6	4	8	4	70	
											R. McNeil, Jr., Secretary.

New York Revolver and Pistol Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The following scores were made at the first prize shoot of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, which was held at its gallery, 12 St. Mark's place, on the 26th, 27th and 28th inst.

Conditions: 5 shots on standard American target, distance 20 yds., best two scores to count, any arm, open sights, any pull, any weight. T. E. Beck, 47 46—93 B. Walther, 46 45—91 H. Oehl, 46 46—92 G. E. Jantzer, 45 44—89 E. Walz, 46 45—91 G. L. Hoffman, 42 41—83 Mr. Beck also won the premium for the best five scores made during the shoot, which were 47, 46, 44, 44, 44.—227. F. HECKING, Sec'y.

Beideman Rifle Club.

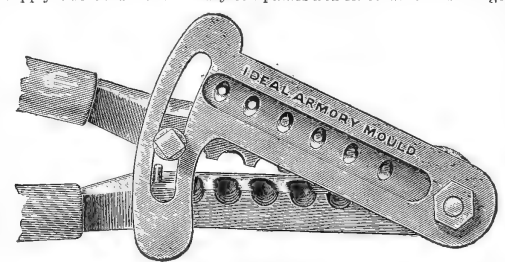
BEIDEMAN, N. J., Jan. 28.—The following completes the weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club week ending Jan. 28, conditions being 25 yds., strictly off-hand, open air range, ring targets, 1/2 in. bull, 1/2 in. centre, possible 250: A J Yerger, 246 J L Woods, 238 E L Gardiner, 240 W Gilbert, 229 WALT GILBERT, Sec'y.

A New French Revolver.

THE French Government have adopted a new revolver for the army and it is about to be issued. The bore is 8 millimeters (.313 cal.). Further details have not been made known, but the accuracy as compared with the Colt and Smith & Wesson will be well tested if the French team which are coming to Bisley this year use them.

The Ideal Armory Mold.

THE accompanying illustration is of a strong, heavy, well-made bench mold cut for six of the largest military and sporting bullets. Length of mold complete 13 in., weight about 4 lbs. It is made to supply a demand from military companies and clubs which use large



quantities of ammunition which they load themselves. It will prove to be a great economizer of both time and money, and it will be made for all calibers of grooved and round bullets (regular or special). They will not be kept in stock, but made on order only. For further information address the IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., New Haven, Conn. Ad.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

February.—Live bird tournament on Erb's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 2.—Zwirlein's tournament, Yardville, N. J.
Feb. 9.—Newark Gun Club shoot, Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 14-16.—Reading Shooting Association, second spring tournament, at Shillington, Pa. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Address H. W. Metz, Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.
Feb. 14-16.—Forester Gun Club tournament, Davenport, Iowa.
Feb. 16.—Essex Gun Club shoot, on Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
Feb. 21-23.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia. Live birds and bluecock targets.
Feb. 21-23.—Oneida County Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Utica, N. Y. Live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—Live bird tournament, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 22.—Syracuse Gun Club, "jack rabbit" tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 22.—J. L. Brewer vs. E. D. Fulford, 100 live birds each, for \$100 a side.
March 10.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.
May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

On the "Old Stone House" Grounds.

THERE was live bird shooting galore on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark last week. On Tuesday there was a four-handed race at 100 birds per man; Wednesday saw a hotly contested 400 bird match, while on Thursday there was a 50 bird race and a series of open sweeps, all of which were closely contested.

THE SHOOT ON TUESDAY

was between Frederic G. Moore, W. F. Simpson, Richard Sunderman and Harry E. Smith, the former three of the New Jersey Shooting Club and the latter of the Essex and Newark gun clubs. The race was a friendly one, shot on birds as good as have been trapped in this vicinity for a long time. The weather was favorable to the birds. Each man was to shoot at 100 birds, 20 yds. rise. Sunderman retired on the 30th round. Moore shot in splendid form, killing a total of 94 and making a straight run of 42. The scores follow:
Moore.....10222322112321212110021—23
121212222212121212121212120—23
12121212123212121212221—25
211212121212322220212122—24
Smith.....1123201123201111310111—31
222111012222121212121—24
102222112301111012121—24
012121112121210113—2121—27
Simpson.....12111120011111214111—22
11102210222010002002011—16
120112221010221212121—24
1210021230112220120111—18—73
Sunderman.....102210212222221202211202—21
122121.

The direction of flight of the birds killed were as follows:
D D to R D to L R Q L Q 1 to R to L T & C H
Moore.....6 22 19 13 6 9 2 16 7 9 0
Smith.....5 29 11 23 6 1 16 6 29 0
Simpson.....2 21 5 16 7 3 5 5 9 0
Sunderman.....0 7 5 5 1 0 1 2 3 0

The following 10 bird scores were also shot:
Smith.....120021101—7 12112111—10 222212202—9
Moore.....12111021—9 100210201—7 211222012—9
Simpson.....011100022—5

WEDNESDAY'S CONTEST

was at 100 live birds each for \$250 a side, shot from "H. & T." traps, 25 yds. rise, the principals being L. V. Tobin and H. P. Toler, both of Short Hills, N. J. Tobin allowed Toler 14 dead birds, the latter having thus to shoot at only 84 birds to Tobin's 100. The handicap was a little too heavy for Tobin, as the result shows:
L V Tobin.....2301011122221103012001—18
1201022210102212010230—17
0210111222222102222222—20
12122201212122201212121—20
1111111111111111111100221—22
0221212001220112201201—18
22212221021021021021021—20
112221212121022212021000—21—81

H P Toler.....111111111111111111111111—22
0221212001220112201201—18
22212221021021021021021—20
112221212121022212021000—21—81

THE WILLEY-GASPER MATCH

and the open sweepstakes announced for Thursday drew a big crowd of spectators to the grounds, although the shooters did not turn out as strong as was hoped for. The day was a delightful one in its mildness, the sun shining with sufficient force to keep everybody comfortable and make heavy ulsters slightly burdensome. The fun was supposed to begin at 10:30 A. M., but it was nearly noon before a shot was

fired. The early comers to the grounds had simply to sit down and wait for their more slothful brethren.

When we boarded a car to go to the "Old Stone House" as traveling companions Allen Willey and Business Manager of the Hartford (Conn.) *Globe*, the former all cocked and prepared for his first shot with Howard Gasper and the latter with the veteran Newark shot. Arriving at the hotel the first face upon which we cast our optics was that of William G. Clark, of the Red Lion Hotel, Altoona, Pa., and of Wopsononock shooting grounds fame. Mr. Clark, who looked the picture of health despite the hard weather he has encountered this season on the heights of "Wopsey," said he had been in Philadelphia on business and could not resist the temptation of running over to Newark and trying his luck with the veteran of whose fame he had often read. As a shot, either in the field or before a live bird or target trap, Mr. Clark ranks among the best, while as a hale fellow well met under any circumstances he is a hard one to beat.

After the compliments of the season had been exchanged the party repaired to the shooting house and shot a series of "Jersey" sweeps as "warmers," these being at 4 birds each, \$3 entry, two moneys. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Castle.....	1101—3	2012—3	2110—3	1101—3	1111—4
Willey.....	1211—4	0111—3	2110—3	1201—3	1222—4
Clark.....	2221—4	2102—2	1110—3	2112—4	2122—4
Hollis.....	0111—3	1112—4	1122—4	1130—3	0122—4

In the fifth event Willey's third bird struck against the fence and fell dead, while Clark's first did on the top rail.

No. 6 event was at 6 birds, \$5 entry, two moneys:

Castle.....	10121—5	Hollis.....	001011—3
Breintail.....	120121—5	Clark.....	110111—4

At this stage Mr. Gasper had appeared on the scene and it was decided to shoot off the 30-bird match. The crowd of spectators had greatly increased, among them being Neaf Apgar, of Henry C. Squires & Co.; Thomas Peacock, the old-time pigeon and target shot, of Lyons, N. Y.; Milton F. Lindsey, American Wood Powder Co.; Fred Underhill, the well-known dog fancier of Irvington, N. J.; John Cocke-fair, Bloomfield, N. J.; John Kiggott, Rockaway, N. J.; C. M. Heiden, Wm. Clacker, R. H. Brantall, Gustav L. Freche, Wm. S. Canon, Mr. Littell, Thomas Francisco, R. Walters, J. Cottrell and John Smith, of Newark; George Raynor, of Orange; Thomas W. Morley, of Paterson; Wm. S. Pierson, of Plainfield; and Capt. Wm. Cramer, of Jersey City.

It was 1:35 P. M. when the match began, Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*, being referee, O. H. Townsend, of *Forest and Stream*, and W. R. Hobart, of the *American Field*, scorers. The conditions of the match were 50 live birds per man, for a purse of \$200, winner to pay for birds. Both shot from the 30-yard mark. Willey lost the toss and was sent to the score, his first bird being a fast left-quarterer, which he grassed in elegant shape. Gasper got an incomer to the left, and a bad twister at that, which he let go beyond both charges. He killed his next two, both fast birds, then lost two, killed one and lost three, killed one and lost four more, which practically put him out of the race, as Willey up to this time had lost only one bird and was shooting in phenomenal form. His last bird was an incomer, which caught both barrels and fell within a couple of yards of the line. Lem made a dash for it, but just as he was about to seize it his feet slipped and he merely poked it with his nose, causing it to flutter over the boundary. His 25th bird also fell dead just over the line. Gasper's 4th bird was a very fast right-quarterer, fell dead as a mackerel just over the fence. On the 15th round Samuel Castle started coaching Gasper, the result being a little improvement in the latter's work. His race had been lost on the 11th round, however, as Willey finished up with 44 kills. The birds, which had been specially selected by Mr. Erb, were a cracking lot, old and strong, with plenty ability as lead-carriers. Willey's superior birds were his 1st, 6th, 9th, 11th, 14th (a corker), 17th (a do), 23d, 26th, 27th, 31st (another corker) and his 47th. Gasper's were his 2d, 30th, 31st, 33d, 41st, 42d and 50th. The score follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.											
1 2 3 3 5 3 1 2 3 3 2 4 4 1 1 1 5 1 3 1 3 1 1											
A Willey.....											
2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1											
2 3 1 3 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4											
Gasper.....											
3 2 4 3 3 3 4 2 3 1 5 3 4 2 3 5 2 3 2 3 1 1 2 2											
H Gasper.....											
0 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1											
5 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 3 1 5 5 5 2 5 4 2 3 1 5 3 2 4 2											
2 1 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 3 1 0—28											

The next event was at 10 birds, \$10 entry, four moneys. In this the ties for first and second moneys were shot off at 3 birds per man. Hollis drawing his pro rata of first. On the end of the shoot-off all had killed straight except Gasper, and the rest then divided. No. 8, the final event, was at 4 birds, \$3 entry, two moneys, the ties for first being shot off, miss and out, and divided by Castle, Walters and Peacock:

	No. 7.	Ties.	No. 8.	Ties.
Canon.....	2021102121—8	1121—4	10	
Cramer.....	121022221—9	111	2210—2	10
Breintail.....	1212010110—7
Griffin.....	1212111010—8
Morley.....	1210121111—9	212	1121—4	10
Lindsey.....	21121122—10	221	1121—4	110
Peacock.....	11212112—9	112	2121—4	122
Clark.....	2221211111—10
Castle.....	2112121212—10	122	1121—4	10
Willey.....	221212102—9	121	1121—4	112
Hollis.....	111121222—10	...	1210—3	...
Webb.....	1001—2	...
Pierson.....	2101—2	...
Walters.....	2211—4	221

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Live Birds at Pattenburg.

SEVERAL interesting events at live pigeons were shot at Pattenburg, N. J., on Jan. 19. The first event was at 3 birds each, the tie for second being shot off, miss-and-out. No. 2 was at 4 birds:

	No.	Tie.	No. 2.
Mason.....	2211	2011—3	
Millburn.....	220—2	120	2112—4
Hoffman.....	001—1	...	0100—1
Sigler.....	111—3	...	0121—3
Gans.....	220—2	...	220—2

No. 3 was at 5 live birds per man, with Messrs. Mason and Case against Stryker and Millburn; the stake being \$25 a corner:
Mason.....2010112221201111201121—21
Stryker.....111

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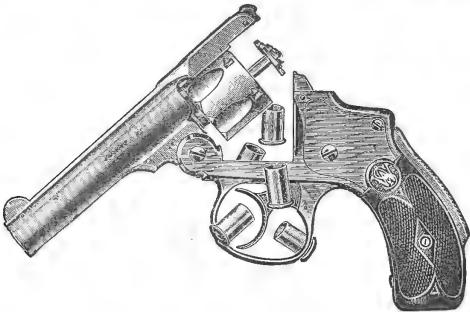
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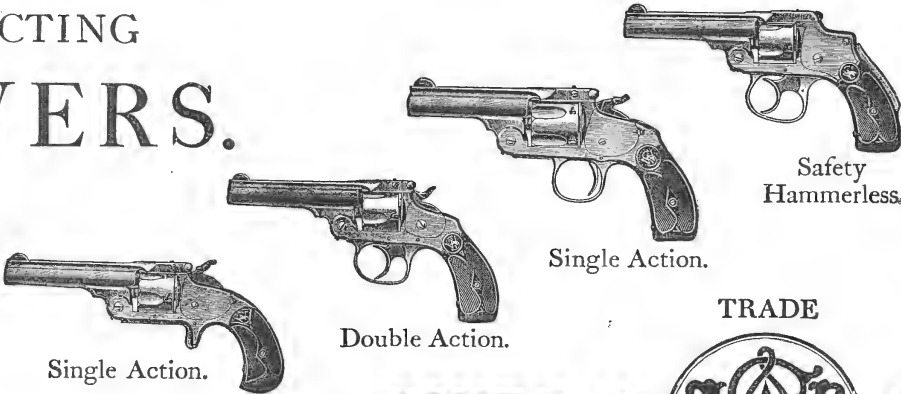
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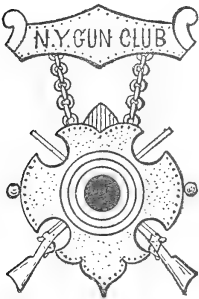
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THE BIG RIVER.

IN a wide plain at the meeting of the three waters, Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, is the beginning of the Big River. Around this plain on every side rises a rim of mountains, sometimes in sharp walls of cold gray rock, or again in gently sloping foothills, clad lower down with aspen and above with dark pine, but ending always in the same gray verdureless pinnacles. This rim seems to cut the valley off from the rest of the world, but there are openings in the walls, and to reach the real head of the mighty stream we must go further back, back to the fields of snow and ice that lie in the gorges of the main divide, back to the boiling springs and geysers of the Yellowstone Park, back to the gray lichen-covered rocks which form the crest of the continental backbone. At the head of the Gallatin, the Firehole, the Beaver Head and Trapper's Creek, the Big River starts.

Its drops trickle from the edge of snowbanks, or from the crevices of the rocks, and at first hide among the slide rock or creep away beneath the grass and moss of some Alpine ravine, but as they come together and see how many they are, they take courage and seek the light, cutting out for themselves tiny channels in the hillside, bounding down cliff faces and forcing their way among the stems of the short grasses and the bushes that grow high up on the slopes.

At first the waters of the Big River are clear as crystal and in them the trout play, while even yet deer and elk and mountain sheep plunge their slender noses into the limpid current. But as it goes further and further, leaving the pine trees and aspens, the rocks which gave it birth and the narrow valleys through which it first hurried, as its current broadens and its course becomes less swift, as it parts from the mountains and journeys out on to the plain, it loses this crystal clearness, the freshness of its youth.

Never tiring, it hurries along on its way to the southern sea, passing through many lands and by many peoples.

From the flat bottom land gray with the silvery frondage of the sage rose once the homes of the possessors of the land. Some of these homes were conical skin lodges, others larger dwellings built of poles and sod, or others still of grass and reeds. About them the children played and the women performed their daily tasks. Hither the men returned from the successful hunt or the war journey; here children were born and old people died. These walls compassed laughter and tears, joy and grief, triumph and downheartedness as do our own homes to-day. Here went on the daily life of a simple people who were contented and free.

The Blackfeet call the stream the Big River; the Cheyennes the River of Monsters; the Rees called it Life; the Pawnees and many others the Medicine water; by all it was revered and feared, to it all offered sacrifice. For beneath its muddy surface lived strange people and animals, who, if angered by neglect, could bring bad luck, and seize and pull down the swimmer who might try to cross it. Or if the presents due had not been made to it, the Underwater

People might upset the bull boat which was ferrying a family across, and all might die.

To-day no one makes presents to the Big River. The old beliefs and customs have fallen into disuse and are being forgotten. Once a master of the savage, it has become the servant of the white man, and from far above the junction of the Three Forks it pays him tribute, yielding its waters to freshen and fertilize the crops that he has sown in the ground.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES COMMISSION.

THE agreement referred to in our last issue between the Governments of the United States and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to appoint a commission of experts to consider and report upon the regulations, practice and restrictions proper to be adopted for the promotion of the fishery interests and the preservation of food fishes was completed Dec. 6, 1892.

Following out the plan of agreement the representative of the United States Government, Mr. Richard Rathbun, has invited Dr. Wakeham to begin the inquiry in Washington, in order to utilize, as far as available, the information collected by the U. S. Fish Commission through its extensive investigations, conducted for a number of years by direction of Congress.

Similar investigations have been pursued in the Dominion of Canada, with the result of massing equally valuable data for the prosecution of a scientific inquiry like the present undertaking.

The resources in men and means of the Fish Commissions of the two countries will be applied as far as practicable to the purposes of the joint commission.

The nature of the inquiries to be entered into by the Commissioners was announced in our columns. Their reports will be laid before their respective governments, and after consideration will, if practicable, be made the basis of an understanding which may lead to a treaty or concurrent legislation on the part of the governments, reinforced and given full effect by legislation of the States and Provinces concerned.

It is greatly to be desired that the various interests included in the scope of this agreement will unite upon such measures as may be shown necessary to the ends sought—the promotion of fishing industries and the preservation of food fish. We hope to see also, as one of the early results of the inquiry, an adequate account of the aquatic animals of the Dominion of Canada with suitable illustrations. There is not in existence even a complete list of the fishes of the country.

THE SEA OTTER AND THE ALEUTS.

THE Treasury Department circular in regard to the seal fisheries of Alaska provides, among other things, that the use of rifles, shotguns or other firearms by the natives in killing sea otters or the use of nets in taking them is hereby prohibited.

The effect upon the natives of the enforcement of this clause of the regulations was the subject of an address by Mr. Charles H. Townsend before the Biological Society of Washington at its last meeting.

Mr. Townsend stated that nine-tenths of the native and white population along nearly 2,000 miles of coast line are directly supported by the otter fishery. The sea otter hunters have no other trade. "White hunters," he said, "can usually take care of themselves, but it is a serious matter for all these people, so long accustomed to the ordinary clothing and staples of civilization, to be deprived of everything, and, without warning, thrown back on the almost forgotten methods of procuring food practiced by their wild ancestors; and that, also, on remote and inhospitable shores from which the abundant game of early times has vanished. Esquimaux and other mainland natives always have the resources of the great interior of Alaska to draw upon, and live in close contact with nature; but the civilized and docile Aleuts of this stormy, sea-beat archipelago live, move and have their being by hunting the sea otter.

Therefore, if the welfare of the native people of Alaska is taken into consideration, the preservation of the sea otter is a more important matter than the preservation of the fur seal, for the accomplishment of which our Government is sparing no expense. We have purchased from Russia not only the seal and sea otter fisheries, but also the native races themselves, which are worthy of consideration as well as the marine mammals."

Through the seizure of guns and outfits by the York

town last year, sixteen natives lost all they possessed and were left destitute. (Only two otters were secured on the Aleutian Islands in 1892.) The loss of his gun deprives the native of the power to get sea lions, which are essential as a source of food and clothing. Many of the families of Belkovsky and Morzhovoi are without the necessities of life unless they have become the objects of charity.

Mr. Townsend was informed that not more than 1,000 sea otters were taken in Alaska in 1891. The catch of 1892 is not yet known. A new engine of destruction of recent introduction in the otter fishery is the steam launch. By this means, in 1892, the schooner Herman secured 78, the St. Paul 51 and the Pearl 68 sea otters.

Mr. Townsend's remarks were based upon his personal experience gained during seven voyages to different parts of Alaska. He does not consider the use of guns and nets by the natives likely to cause the extermination or further reduction of the animal. It is caught in considerable numbers annually with nets about the Commander Islands; fifty-six were netted in a single night in May, 1892, just prior to the arrival of the steamer Albatross at the islands. When taken in nets the females are always spared and none are wounded or frightened away from the coast.

In order to preserve the otter and aid the impoverished natives, Mr. Townsend made the following recommendations:

- (1) "Let natives be exempted from all restrictions that may be placed on the otter fishery by Government, as their guns and nets are actual necessities in gaining a livelihood and they should be allowed free use of them.
- (2) "Reserve Sannak Island with its surrounding rocks and other sections of the otter's habitat if necessary.
- (3) "Introduce domestic cattle among all natives of the Aleutian chain of islands, or remove the natives to favorable places on the mainland."

SNAP SHOTS.

THAT is an engaging subject upon which "George Kennedy" writes this week—engaging because of its wildness. Of all the shy woods creatures whose hidden lives and mysterious ways pique our curiosity and allure to study, the shyest and most fascinating is the human being, who, withdrawing from his fellows, "goes off to hide," and, dwelling in solitude, shuns the approach of man. Since the followers of the rod and the gun are all the time journeying into such out of the way places and into the by-paths of the world, in search of other hidden and hiding creatures, our correspondent suggests they are peculiarly fitted to tell about the hermit, because to them he has revealed himself, shyly and unwillingly and tantalizingly, it may be; and we gladly second Mr. Kennedy's call for further notes on this shrinking woods dweller.

Perhaps if the proposal to introduce the pestiferous jack rabbit into Maine were sifted, it would be found that some individual, personal interest was at the bottom of it. As a matter of fact, in Maine, as in most other portions of the continent, the supply of vermin is now more generous than is desirable; and the projectors of additions to the native stock should be compelled to show cause why their schemes should not be squelched for the public good. We reproduce a photograph showing the result of one Sunday's jack rabbit drive in California. This picture of the clubs, the clubbers and the clubbed is full of suggestion and warning for those who propose the State farming of jack rabbits.

At a hearing by the Albany Committee on Game and Fish last Tuesday, it was wisely determined to defer action on bills under consideration, pending the receipt of a brief from the State Fisheries Commission and Chief Protector Pond, which will be prepared at the next meeting of the Commission on Feb. 15. We believe that President Huntington and the other members of the Commission share the views expressed by the State Association in the Syracuse convention, that the present law should be retained substantially as it is, and that provision for further protection should be left to county supervisors.

Dr. Sweeney's report on Minnesota game should have careful reading. He pictures a desperate condition of things, but that the situation is so clearly understood and that the remedy is being sought by such capable men as Dr. Sweeney and Mr. Andrus and their associates affords ample promise that the evils will be corrected.

One of the signs of the times; a growing tendency to criticise large bags of game,

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE PAMPAS OF ENTRE RIOS.—V.

AS I HAVE said before the pampas are one vast rolling sea of grass, much of it being as high as a horse's shoulders, and it is very easy to get lost on them, especially at night. During fogs, which generally occur at night, it is impossible to go away from the estancia, and if caught out in one there is nothing to do but make yourself as comfortable as possible and wait until it lifts. I as well as many others on the estancia were frequently lost, but the fact of being lost had no terrors for us, as we simply tethered out our horses, rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and slept soundly until morning.

One very hot day I went with one of my men to inspect the mojones, or boundary posts of the estancia. We knew it would not take us all day, and as we would not reach any drinking water until late in the afternoon we took two quart bottles of water, each with a little vinegar and sugar in it, this being the best beverage to take on a long journey. The sun beat down upon us with fearful force, and as we had such a distance to go we would not stop for a siesta. We drank freely from our bottles, feeling that we would soon be by a good water hole where we could drink all we wanted, and refill our bottles. It was getting quite late in the afternoon when we espied the hollow where our water hole was, and being very thirsty, and the horses really suffering for a drink, we broke into a gallop and made for it. Alas, on arriving at the brink of the pond we found nothing but mud, into which we dug holes, and tried in other ways to get enough water to drink, but it was no use, it was all dried up. We then began to realize how thirsty we were. We had to go nineteen miles to the estancia and there was not a drop of water nearer than that, that we knew of.

We immediately started for home, but had not gone far before it began to grow dark. This did not worry us, as both of us were familiar with the manner of riding in a straight line at night, and had no fear of going astray as long as stars shone. But we had scarcely gone half the distance toward home before a fog set in, and we were as completely lost as if we had been in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean without a compass. Our terrible thirst was increasing on us all the time, and our horses were nearly done up. I was apparently suffering much more than my companion, who had been accustomed from infancy to use very little water. My tongue became swollen, my throat ached, I could hardly speak, and felt as though I would go crazy if I did not find water. In sheer desperation I spurred my horse into a gallop and let him go his own way, any way to get from that terrible thirst. I motioned my companion to follow me, which he did, but in a few minutes I felt him clutch me, and call to me to stop. He said he had caught a glimpse of a light through the fog which he was sure was caused by spirits, as there was no habitation within ten miles of us. These gauchos are very superstitious and dreadfully afraid of ghosts, in which they firmly believe. I could not see any light, but insisted in riding in the direction in which he saw it. I told him I did not care whether it was an "espiritu malo" or an "espiritu santo," if it only had water to drink. This shocked him terribly, and he crossed himself devoutly, muttered a prayer, and disappeared.

As the fog lifted again I distinctly saw a gleam of light, which did look rather ghostly, and appeared to dance and flicker in the air, but I kept towards it, and soon had the satisfaction of riding up to a camp of some gauchos, who were moving, and had stopped on account of the fog. They had no water, however, except what was in their tea kettle on the fire, but they made a fresh mate, which slaked my terrible thirst, and enabled me to keep on toward home. They told me if I would follow the arroyo on which they were camped it would take me to my place, and that I would find water for myself and horse not more than two miles off. I reached home about 12 o'clock, and after copious draughts of water, and a good cup of coffee, I felt as well as ever. The gaucho who left me wandered about the pampa all night, stumbling, however, on some water, and did not show up until late the next morning.

Another time I was returning home from a long trip and was overtaken by a fog at night when I had reached quite near home. I immediately tethered out my horse, rolled myself up in my blanket and went to sleep. At daylight the next morning the fog was still very thick, but I saddled, and mounting my horse, trotted slowly along waiting for the sun to get up and dissipate the fog. Presently I heard the faint crow of a rooster, and immediately turned toward it, and following up the sound soon had the satisfaction of seeing a building loom up out of the fog. Imagine my chagrin when I found it was my own house, and that I had passed the night on the ground when my comfortable bed was within a mile of me.

One very dark night, while riding alone, I became bewildered, and was soon completely lost. Just as I was making preparations to pass the night as comfortably as possible, my nose was greeted by a very disagreeable but at the same time a very familiar odor. We had been visited by a severe storm a short time before, and had lost many sheep; these had been skinned and their carcasses hauled away from the estancia and put into a pile. I imagined that what I smelled were these dead sheep, and followed up the trail, until sure enough I came upon them, which gave me my whereabouts, and I was soon at home.

In riding up to a house in Entre Rios no man dare get off his horse without first going through the usual form of greeting, and being invited to dismount. When one rides up to the house he halts at the hitching rack, and calls out, "Ave Maria purissima" (Hail pure Mary). This he repeats until some one inside the inclosure answers, "Nacido sin pecado" (Born without sin), then invites him to get off his horse and come in. To ride up to a man's house and get off your horse without going through with this formality is a declaration that you come as an enemy, and you would be treated as such.

On one occasion when I was shepherding a flock of sheep several miles from the main house, and lived alone in a small straw hut, I was considerably startled. It was late in the night, and something very unusual for me, I was lying awake, when my dogs began to growl and growl uneasy. I told them to be quiet, and got up to investigate, thinking some one was meddling with my sheep. I took my gun and walked out toward the corral. Presently I heard voices and crouched down, bidding the dogs to

lie low. Two men rode up to my house, and one of them dismounted without the usual greeting, and walked up to the door and tried it. I kept perfectly still and heard one of them say in English, "It is too bad that we should be lost out here when I know we are not many miles from my house." I then rose up and spoke to them, and they were very much surprised to see me coming toward them with a gun. I explained to them the great risk they had run in coming up to my house and dismounting as they did without greeting, and I advised them strongly never to do so again. I found one of the men was the owner of the estancia, and I had to get up my horse and pilot him to the house.

One dark night when passing through a dense swamp of tall canes and bushes, riding in a path just wide enough for my horse, I was considerably startled by something hovering over me and shutting out what little light the stars gave me. Several times this pall seemed to come over me. I heard no noise, but could only feel as it were a dark shadow passing over my head. I was much relieved when the swamp abruptly ended, and I rode out on to the open plain. I stopped to investigate the cause of the shadow and saw it was made by an immense bird, probably an owl, sailing backward and forward over the path, and feeding on the beetles and moths I stirred up in passing.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

HUNTING IN GREENLAND.—III.

With the Peary Relief Expedition.

BY WM. E. MEEHAN (BONIFACIUS),
Member of the Expedition.

WHILE on the voyage back to McCormick Bay from Smith's Sound, we had stopped for a short time in Robertson's Bay, the northern shores of which are about fifteen miles above the former body of water. While there we had noticed numerous traces of reindeer, and we longed for more fresh venison, that killed in Herbert Island being about devoured. As there were yet several days before Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup could be expected back, permission was readily given five of us to go hither on a three days' hunt. The Kite was therefore ordered to take us there and leave us to make our way back to McCormick Bay in a rowboat when our three days had expired.

We pitched our tent on a beautiful and grassy meadow, in front of a large and picturesque valley, across which half a dozen or more ancient terminal moraines stretched at almost regular intervals like huge ramparts. The site of our camp, which we named at the expiration of our stay "Tuctu Namee," because we got no reindeer, was near an Eskimo settlement called Igloo Tahomony, the most northern human settlement at the present time on the face of the globe. One family comprised this settlement, the head of which rejoices in the name of Kiuna. He was a stuttering Eskimo, and possessed a good-looking *gunna* (wife) and three children. Before our tent was fully pitched he was on hand, not exactly to boss the job, but to finger curiously and with many *nan-nan-nays* of admiration our belongings.

With him was Kiopedo, an Eskimo Angekok or medicine man, dwelling in the settlement about "Red Cliff House," but at the time on a visit to Igloo Tahomony until such period as his wife, who had run away from him on account of ill treatment, should put in an appearance, on which occasion he promised everybody with a grin he would *senepa* (kill) her. These two worthies, Kiuna and the Angekok, attached themselves to us and our food until we took our departure, and acted as our guides over the rough valleys and hills in fruitless hunts for reindeer, each mournfully saying to the other on return at meal-time, "Tuctu namee" (no reindeer).

As soon as the tent was pitched Dr. Mills and I crossed a little stream, the icy cold waters of which we will both ever hold in execration, and made our way to a huge conical mountain not far off to shoot little auks for supper. Unlike most of the hills and mountains hereabouts, this one was free from ice and snow as far as we could see. In their place, however, was a thick covering of bright green moss from the base to the summit, save for a few spots where patches of boulders cropped out. Up this moss-covered mountain we started to clamber on all fours, for the way was so steep that we could not walk upright. I was in advance. All at once I felt the moss beneath me give way and I began slipping backward, and striking the Doctor we both slid downward with some velocity, the moss flying from under us in some quantity, until we brought up against a large boulder. Then we made a startling discovery. Underneath this bed of beautiful moss, so thick that the surface was warm and dry, was hard blue ice, many feet in thickness and of unknown area, for afterward, wherever on this mountain we made examination, we came across the same phenomenon. We were, in fact, on what geologists term a fossil glacier, once active but now buried, through climatic changes, under luxuriant vegetation. We later came upon many such glaciers, but none as interesting as this one.

By hard work we finally managed to secure a goodly number of little auks. On our way back to camp we shot our first Arctic hare. We were walking slowly along the beach when we saw something white moving a few hundred yards away on the side of a precipitous slope. Creeping closer, we discovered it to be an Arctic hare, and near-by were several others. Crawling from boulder to boulder, the Doctor stealthily approached well within range of the nearest, when he showed himself. Startled, the hare sprang away for a dozen or 15 yds. and then, rising on his hindfeet, with ears erect and forepaws hanging, he surveyed the strange intruder curiously. And standing thus, at a distance of fully 70 yds., the Doctor shot him. He was a magnificent specimen, and his hide now adorns the collection of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Ten minutes later I also secured one, and when we got back to camp we found that every man there had also one of the huge rabbits of the north. Even Daniel gloated exultingly over one he had blown the head from at 10 paces with a heavy charge of buckshot.

It soon became evident that the reindeer had migrated to other valleys, and therefore much of our time, except on the part of Daniel, was devoted to hare hunting, and we had not only no difficulty in keeping our own larder abundantly supplied with this species of game, but were enabled to take a quantity of it back with us to the Kite. I think I never saw so many hares in my life. Look where we would at any time, in the valleys and on the rocky hills about Robertson's Bay, we could see them moving about. On one occasion I counted 16 within a

comparatively restricted area, and I doubt not that there were many more within the same space hidden behind boulders.

While we indulged in this sport, Daniel employed himself in hunting white whales, which were abundant in the waters of the bay, as the hares were on the shores. In order that he might indulge in this exciting pastime, he borrowed without leave, after the manner of his northern brother Eskimos, the Angekok's kayak and harpoon, somewhat to the latter's dismay. With wonderful persistency, Daniel followed school after school, and that he did not secure one was due to the dullness of the Angekok's harpoon and not to a want of skill.

On one occasion we thought he had succeeded and we nearly went wild with excitement. He had been doggedly following a large school for an hour or more, when at last he came within striking range. Leaning well back in his frail skin bark, with one hand grasping his harpoon, poised for the blow, and the other holding his paddle so as to keep steady, Daniel made a magnificent picture. But he remained this not for long. The harpoon whizzed through the air and struck the whale fairly. In the twinkling of an eye, the huge cetacean had lashed the water into a foam, and darted away at a furious pace, dragging the kayak after until the bladder float could be thrown overboard. But the harpoon was dull, and did not penetrate far enough into the whale's body to hold, and after a short struggle the latter freed itself and with its companions disappeared from view, leaving Daniel to gather up his traps and return disconsolately to the shore, where to the chaffing he received he replied, "Yes, Daniel no good, Angekok harpoon plenty no good, much dull. Wi wale no good; hide much thick, Daniel, like American man call plenty chump."

Daniel had his revenge a few days later, however, when we returned to McCormick Bay. On this occasion he had his own hunting tackle, and when he threw his harpoon the keen barb buried itself deeply into the blubber and vainly the wounded whale sought to free itself. It made rushes, beating the water into foam, but all to no purpose, and Daniel followed it up relentlessly, pouring lead into its side with frequency and precision by means of a rifle which he had borrowed, as usual, without the knowledge of the owner, until the poor brute gave up the ghost and floated a huge white corpse on the crest of the waves. Then Daniel towed him to the ship in triumph, singing in Danish, "Kind Words Will Never Die," a song he had learned at Godhavn.

Then there was a gathering of the clans on the shore and every Eskimo revelled in the fullness of rich food for a day or two, and Daniel was looked upon as a mighty hunter by the men and with the eyes of affection by Magipso, a dusky matron, and who, for a too open exhibition of her partiality, received a severe thrashing at the hands of her jealous husband.

A few days after these incidents Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup returned from their wonderful journey over the great and mysterious ice cap, during which they planted the American flag further north on the east coast of Greenland than any other white human being had before been, and it was our good fortune to unexpectedly meet these Arctic heroes on the inland ice some miles from shore and escort them to the ship. One week later Mr. Verhoeff went on a mineral hunting expedition, from which, on his not returning on the date promised, we became alarmed and made a search, which was continued uninterruptedly for seven days and nights, and only discontinued when we found what seemed to us all indisputable evidences of his death.

During this search Mr. Entriokin killed two reindeer, the only ones slain by members of our party. Several of us were clambering up a steep valley about 11 o'clock one night, when the deer were seen not more than 500 yds. away, quietly browsing on the luxuriant moss and grass. Close as they were, however, it is possible they might have escaped notice had not one of them stepped suddenly from the shadow of a rock into the brilliant sunlight. Mr. Entriokin was the only one of the party carrying a rifle, and he therefore carefully stalked them; and when near enough shot one through the heart. The others, terrified by the death of their comrade, made a mad dash up the valley, passing close to Mr. Entriokin, concealed by a huge boulder. As they bounded by he fired at the rear one, and the ball struck a vital spot, for the animal made a convulsive leap and fell dead.

A day or two after we met Mr. Gibson, who, with a party of Eskimos, had been searching for Mr. Verhoeff in the Five Glacier Valley, where that unfortunate man had been last seen, and Mr. Gibson had a curious story to relate.

It seems that a day or two before, while alone, he heard a strange noise behind him, and turning to ascertain the cause, to his amazement he saw a huge bull reindeer following him, and from appearances the animal was in a belligerent mood. His nostrils were dilated with rage, he was stamping furiously, and at frequent intervals tearing up loose earth and stones with his huge horns. As soon as the deer saw that he was discovered he let out a bel-low, gave a final toss of stones and dirt with his horns, and lowering his head made for Mr. Gibson at a gallop.

Now, it happened that Mr. Gibson had used all his rifle cartridges but one, and this he hastily thrust into the barrel of his gun, and when the animal got within thirty or forty paces started to take aim; but unfortunately the rifle discharged itself prematurely and the ball struck the ground in front of the deer and ricocheted harmlessly to the left. It had, however, the effect of stopping the infuriated beast suddenly in his charge, and apparently feeling that the locality was dangerous he turned tail and galloped away in the direction from whence he came. His speed was greatly accelerated by the shouts of the Eskimos, who hurried up at the report of the rifle.

While engaged in the search for Mr. Verhoeff, also, a narwhal was come upon in the upper end of McCormick Bay. We had during our voyage kept a sharp lookout for this curious species of whale; but, though quite common in the Arctic waters, we had not chanced upon any until this time, and this specimen was not killed by us, or in fact by a human being at all, but by some other marine animal more active and deadly than himself. It was found on the shore by Mr. Bryant and four Eskimos where it had been washed but a few hours before, and it had been dead but a short time. It was twelve or fifteen feet long and its ivory tusk fully six feet. Its finding gave great joy to the Eskimos, who esteem the skin of the narwhal as the greatest delicacy that nature provides.

On the 24th of August, feeling assured that further

search for the missing Mr. Verhoeff was useless, and a longer stay in that region was perilous on account of the rapid approach of winter and the fast forming young ice, we took Mr. Peary's party on board, together with their effects, bade good-bye to the honest, good-natured Eskimos of North Greenland, who wept at the parting, and began our homeward journey. In time we entered once more the dangerous Melville Bay, but with none of the trepidation we had felt on the first occasion. Indeed, our progress through the icy waste of waters was altogether too great too please most of us.

For this condition of affairs Second Mate Dunphy was the cause. Within an hour after the Kite had passed Cape York, the northern abutment of Melville Bay, his sharp eyes detected polar bear tracks on the vast broken fields of mushy ice and pointed them out. As the vessel worked her way across the bay these tracks became more and more frequent, but strain our eyes as we might we could see nothing more tangible than these tracks, and we began to fear lest we should, after all, not have an opportunity of shooting one of the great animals. However, fortune was with us. On the evening of the second day in the bay, just one hour before getting through, while we were at supper, one of the sailors rushed down into our little saloon with eyes distended and shouted: "Mr. Dunphy says, sirs, bear on pan o' ice ahead, sirs."

Every man bounded to his feet as though shot, and seizing handy rifles rushed on deck, all except the Professor and Mr. Peary, who armed themselves with their harmless Kodaks. On deck we found great excitement. Capt. Pike was on the bridge issuing orders in a suppressed voice, and the men were running silently to and fro executing them. Under the direction of Mr. Dunphy we posted ourselves in the bow, rifles cocked and ready, and looked for the bear. It was not hard to see him. He was not more than 500 yds. away, sitting on his hams on a small ice floe looking curiously at the great vessel approaching him slowly and without noise. He could easily have made his escape had he taken to his heels when he first saw the Kite, but it is a characteristic of the polar, or more properly speaking, water bear, that he possesses an overpowering curiosity—in this case fatal. He sat there looking wonderingly at our approach, his long nose working up and down as though endeavoring to smell the approaching object.

At length we got so close that we could see his small twinkling eyes, and our excitement was at fever height and we impatiently awaited the word to fire. Still the bear sat apparently without fear of harm, but when within fifty or sixty feet the vessel's bow struck a sunken piece of the ice on which he was. That settled the bear's curiosity. He was suddenly aroused to a sense of danger, and dropping on all fours he started to make off. On the instant Mr. Dunphy gave the command to fire and eight rifles rang out. The animal gave a loud cry, almost human in its pathos, and fell on the ice, pierced by several balls. But such was his vitality that he scrambled to his feet and tried once more to reach the water, but with a cheer some of the boys sprang over the side of the vessel and gave chase, while others remained on deck and delivered another volley which resulted in the poor brute tumbled over, when, after throwing his head about a moment or two convulsively, and a few tremors of his limbs, he died.

It seems now almost like murder when we look back on the mean advantage we took of this innocent cub, for he was only two years old. His ghost doubtless has the satisfaction of knowing that the skin of his material body now adorns the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, where it is admired by thousands.

Half an hour after this exciting incident we came upon a hood seal, the only fierce member of the seal tribe, asleep on a floating cake of ice, and with the characteristic greediness of the hunter and naturalist, we gathered him in, his carcass for eating and his skin for scientific purposes.

These two were our last hunts in Arctic waters, fitting ending to a glorious and successful expedition, in which we not only accomplished the humane mission on which we had been sent by the Academy of Natural Sciences, but had the most splendid hunting experiences that man could want, and been to a land which few have seen, a land the most wonderful in this grand world.

In less than four weeks from the day on which we killed this water bear, the gallant but dirty little Kite carried us up the Delaware, after three months' absence from home, and we were locked once more in the embraces of our loved ones, whose joy at our safe return was the greater because of the falsity of stories of disaster to us, which some miserable scoundrel of a skipper had invented, to gain for himself a little cheap notoriety.

THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL.

AMONG the many contributors to *FOREST AND STREAM* "Nessmuk" held a unique place.

In him were combined the practical woodsman and the poet, and in his writings are found mingled the simple wisdom of the one with the sensitiveness of the other to the beauties and subtle influences of nature. These qualities extended his sympathetic audience and endeared him to widely different personalities by which he is not likely to be forgotten.

His was an example that the novice who aspires to become a sportsman in the best sense of the term may well follow.

Possessing that complete mastery of weapons and knowledge of the habits and habitation of game that enabled him to make large scores wherever any one might do so, he never abused those powers. Game that he did not need was never slain for the mere sake of killing; it was worth more to him alive than dead. He even spared the outlaws of the woods when he had no use for their hide or carcass.

Ever alert to the business of the hunter and the craft of the woodsman, he still had as quick an eye for nature's beauties, a soul sensitive to her subtle charms. As keen as a hound on the trail of game, as wise as an Indian in woodcraft, yet he had a childlike love for the humblest wild flower that bloomed beside his unmarked pathway in the primeval woods.

To the young sportsman of like tendencies he will, through his writings, become as dear as he is to us older ones, who have been privileged with closer intimacy, and in whose memories he already has an assured place.

Though no monument built by hands marks the burial-place of the body which he held in such light esteem, if it might moulder to dust where he desired, there could be no

fitter one than nature has reared for him in his beloved hemlocks, nor would he wish a costlier nor a more appropriate tribute laid upon his grave than such wild flowers as he crept forth to gather in the April sunshine of his last days.

But as this cannot be, it is eminently befitting that the admirers of "Nessmuk" should mark his final resting-place with a suitable memorial. It is not proposed to make it costly or imposing; such an one would be inappropriate to the simple life whose memory it is not so much desired to perpetuate as to memorialize our loving regard for him.

I am sure that the response to the call of *FOREST AND STREAM* will be such as might be expected from those whose love of wild nature found such apt expression in the life and words of "Nessmuk."

AWAHOOSE.

From "Tarpon" comes this note of "Nessmuk's" Florida camp ground: I took a long walk to-day. Saw several flocks of quail and one bunch of well grown turkeys. I came home past the old camp grounds of "Nessmuk," Oak Point, and the Oak and Pine. I stopped at the latter for a smoke on our old council log. There is a something about an old camp ground that attracts and repels at the same time—a pleasure in contemplation, but the pleasure is a painful one. Who has not experienced that complex feeling as they approached the spot where they had spent happy hours with congenial company? And when the one who shared those happy hours with us has gone on the long trail, then pleasure becomes pain and we are lost in a sea of regretful memories.

Genial old "Nessmuk!" As I sat on the old familiar seat what visions rose in the blue smoke from my pipe—



GEO. W. SEARS ("NESSMUK").

scene after scene, story after story; and I soon find myself confronting the fact that I too am growing old. Soon my old companions will be recalling memories of me. Well, if they will only remember me as kindly as we all remember "Nessmuk," I shall be content.

TARPON.

I have been very much interested in all of "Nessmuk's" writings, and especially his contributions to *FOREST AND STREAM*; also his "Woodcraft" and "Forest Runes." His originality and matter-of-fact descriptions won my admiration at once and always. I had a correspondence with "Nessmuk," and have several of his letters, written during the two or three last years of his life, which I keep as mementos of the most remarkable man I have had any knowledge of. The news of his death was not unexpected, as I was kept informed of his failing health by his occasional letters. His last note on a postal card ran thus:

WELLSBORO, Pa., March 10, 1890.—Friend Stratton: Your letter is before me, and should have been answered sooner; but I must write when and as I can. It is not every day I can write even my name. A constant cough, heart failure and great weakness are telling on me, and I shall probably never get a mile from home. I have not been beyond the front yard since last October. I should like to see the birds and apple blossoms once more, if it may be, but am quite resigned to what fate may have in store for me.

GEORGE W. SEARS.

I am glad to send you something toward the memorial fund.

ANTLER.

I am very much pleased to see by your paper that a memorial to "Nessmuk" is in contemplation. And why not? He was a remarkable man, of a type scarce possible outside of the United States; and we shall not see his like again. If those who have found pleasure and profit in his discourse would each contribute but a very few shillings for this memorial, it would assume marvelous proportions.

Was it not pathetic, when having mended the fire, the old woodsman surveyed the slumbering forms of the tenderfeet in his camp, and wondering if they would do as he had done, hoping the while that they would not resign the advantages of civilized life for the seductions of the forest. Yet in what walk of life could "Nessmuk" have done more to benefit his fellows than that he chose?

If I might offer a suggestion it would be that the memorial, when completed, should be placed in full view, in the busiest street of the busiest city of our land, that

"Haply, in some full of life.

Some trace of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in thorough city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew,"

of the leap of the trout, the fragrance of the freshly strewn couch of hemlock tips, and the roar of the forests on the mountain side.

KELPIE.

I noted your inquiry for those especially interested in the writings of Mr. Geo. H. Sears, "Nessmuk." You can put me down as one. The subject of a memorial to him must have frequently occupied the thoughts of many of his admirers.

L. I. FLOWER.

THE HERMIT IN HIS HOME.

WHEN I was a little boy my parents allowed me to make a long visit at the home of an old friend, a Mr. Nevin, who had two or three farms adjoining or nearly adjoining each other, about five miles from town. He lived in a commodious brick farm-house, with his unmarried children, and a married son lived up the road in a smaller house. Besides numerous outbuildings of other sorts, he had a barn that was the delight of a small boy, with its high hay mows, its mysterious "granary" that I did not know it contained until one day when they were going to mill and the men opened a door, and there, spreading back from the barn floor was a vista of bins filled with wheat, oats, rye, clover seed, and perhaps something else that I have forgotten. In the lower part of this barn there were a good many horses, one of which was named Laumix. He was a very awkward horse, but a good puller. Also a mule, named Jeff Davis. It was just after the war, and feeling ran high in that latitude, and I suppose the reason they called him that was because he could throw almost anybody who was partisan enough to try to ride him. They had a spring-house, and the spring ran into the stone trough in the spring-house by way of a stone trough outside that had been sculptured out into a basin—a wash-basin always full of clean water. And I heard Mr. Nevin say that he had washed his face and hands in that basin every morning, winter and summer, for twenty or thirty years, unless away from home. It was so cold that it was all I could do to go to it in summer. There were over 600 sheep on the various farms, divided into small flocks, known as the wethers, the old ewes, the ewes, the lambs, the scallwags and so on; each name being descriptive, even to me, except one small bunch, that seemed to be always kept in a more or less isolated place, called the rams. They had very big horns and fought nearly all the time. Their field was across a meadow from the house, and I have often heard them fighting from the front porch, after dark. As I staid on there I came to know more about them. I innocently entered their inclosure, by way of a stake and rider fence. They didn't catch me, but I knew why they were called rams after that.

On the way to the upper farm, just beyond the farm-house of a small intervening farm, but on the land of Mr. Nevin, and situated in a partial hickory clearing, was a little log cabin, daubed with mud, having one very small window, and a stick and mud chimney. There were some grape vines and an old cherry tree or so in front of it, as nearly as I can recollect, which obscured it from a very close inspection; hence the hazy impression I have of it.

It was the home of a hermit.

Here and there, in my small journeyings about the country in the many years that have elapsed since then, I have run across, or heard of, or caught a rare glimpse of one of these hermits. I believe the hermit numerous enough to have a distinct typical feature made out of him, if any one knows what that means—I don't. The many traveled and observant readers, nay, writers of *FOREST AND STREAM* must have seen him time and again. This silent being, once a boy baby, then a youth, then—a hermit. A man without a country, without a human tie, perhaps without any human attributes, or with abnormal human attributes. Perhaps without any human affection, or with too much. Perhaps a fugitive from justice, or a fugitive from injustice.

These two old men, one a man of prominence in the community, respected for his sterling qualities, not a man who watched and prayed, but a man who worked and prayed, as Dr. Eggleston says, a Jesuit; the other as I have described him, seemed to understand each other, at least to the extent that on certain set days they met at the fence in front of the cabin and a few words were exchanged of inquiry about each other's health. Then the hermit turned about into his solitude, carrying the chip basket that I cannot help feeling grateful to for standing out so finely in my memory, filled, as I had a foreknowledge of, by dear old Mrs. Nevin, with doughnuts, pies, butter and things that one of God's women knows how to remember and no one else does. These days were Thanksgiving, Christmas and the Fourth of July.

This is all I know about him. I search my memory in vain to know if he had a name, an occupation or a story.

Many of the men who are busiest in this country with the most important work, rest themselves on a Saturday night with the *FOREST AND STREAM* in their hands. Sometimes they are moved somehow to take their pens and write about what they have seen. If those men of work and thought and accomplishment would but tell us about the hermit I feel sure that we younger and less observant readers would be delighted with almost a complete literature on an almost unexploited subject.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

From the Side Not Often Heard.

We are quite accustomed to having good words spoken by sportsmen of their friends in the country who entertain them; but it is not often that the sentiments of their hosts are so happily expressed as in a note from a Searsburg, N. Y., correspondent, who writes:

Editor *Forest and Stream*: Past seasons have been made pleasant to the writer (city bred, but living in the country), by the annual visit of "the boys" from the city, who always are out for a hunt, and appreciate the efforts of their country host to entertain them, and who, if few birds are found where many were expected, accept the inevitable with a smile and some allusion to the tricks of that "king of game birds," the lordly ruffed grouse.

How pleasant to the wife, who is so afraid that the beef will not be just right, to hear the common pancakes praised to the echo. And when their stay is over, and the dull life that has been broken by their presence settles down once more, we read in the *STREAM* how "Dr. So and So and his companion had a most enjoyable time hunting on a recent trip, thanks to the efforts of mine host Y."

I think it is about time to let the boys who come to hunt with us know that the pleasure has not been all theirs.

Let us hope that the seed left over will survive the rigors of winter and bring forth an abundance of good strong flying grouse.

HECTOR.

A man in Hazleton, Pa., has just received \$75 damages for the killing of his bird dog by another man. This is a healthy sign of the times.

A TRAMP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

II.—The Indians of North Carolina.

On Aug. 7 we tramped from the foot of Clingman's Dome into what the mountaineers euphonicly call Yaller Hill, the capital of the Indian Reservation in North Carolina. As we drew near our destination we met an Indian of whom we asked the distance to Yellow Hill. "Bout two mile an' half." We thanked him and started on. Just then he asked, "Where live?" My companion replied, "Nashville." I said, "Tennessee." He took a long, steady look at our full haversacks, rough clothing and worn shoes, and with an expressive grunt ejaculated, "Too fur!" and walked away. An hour later and we had reached the Government School for the Indians.

My first question was, "How did they happen to be left here?" Several responsible parties gave me the following account: In 1838-9 the Indians in Georgia became troublesome, and it was finally decided to move them west of the Mississippi. The Indians of North Carolina were on friendly terms with the whites, who helped them to hide when Gen. Scott and his soldiers attempted to remove them. Their removal proved quite a task. As captured they were sent away in small squads prior to their final removal. An old Indian named Charley, and his family had been captured, and under the escort of a body of soldiers were being removed to the temporary headquarters just across the Tennessee line. Becoming offended at their treatment Charley and his relatives massacred several of the soldiers and made their escape. This was near the Tennessee line, between Rocky Point and Four Mile Creek. Search was made for the murderers, but to no effect. Among the Indians was a Col. Thomas, who had been reared among them, and had been virtually adopted by the chief, Yonaguski. Thomas was known as the White Chief, and his influence with the Indians was exceedingly great. He proposed to Scott that the Indians be allowed to stay and buy lands, on condition that they surrender the murderers. Such an arrangement was entered into, and Charley, his son and his son-in-law were surrendered by the Indians. Scott insisted that the Indians should punish the culprits, and they were accordingly shot to death. The Cherokees are still in their old homes in North Carolina, in Swain, Jackson, Graham and Cherokee counties. The reservation proper is known as the Qualla Boundary, and lies in Swain and Jackson counties. They have 21,000 acres in Swain and 29,000 in Jackson. In addition to this they have 20,000 or 30,000 acres in Graham and Cherokee. Most of this area is public land, owned by the Indians in common. This land cannot be sold to any one. No Indian can settle within half a mile of another. Of course this applies only to the common lands. About 800 acres in the Qualla Reservation are individual property. Occasionally squatters, whites and negroes, take out State grants and settle on the common land of the Indians. Just here arises a conflict between the State and General Governments, and the question of jurisdiction is still in doubt. These Cherokees number 1,320, and are said to be increasing in numbers. Without exception they are farmers, and good ones, too. Their places present an appearance of thrift and comfort not to be found among the whites. They raise corn and cattle. In former years they exported some tobacco.

Their exact civil status is unsettled. They are citizens of North Carolina, but are under the general supervision of the U. S. Government, which sees after their land titles, provides for the maintenance of their schools, etc. As I said, they are citizens of North Carolina, and nowhere have I seen party feeling more intense than among these Cherokees. The majority of them are Republicans.

They have a chief and a council. The chief's authority is of a vague character, and is derived from the constitution. He is elected by the males over sixteen years of age and holds office for four years. Prior to 1875 the term was for life. He convenes the council (consisting of one representative for every fifty souls) and lays before them questions concerning the general welfare. This council meets annually or when convened by the chief. The present chief, Stillwell Sounooka, is a portly, stolid-looking man. The ex-chief, John Smith, or Tsalatihu, is a tall, handsome fellow, with long, black hair, and is a Chesterfield in manners. His erect, military bearing is suggestive of his four years of service as a Confederate officer. He is also a Mason and is much interested in the order.

The Indians have four schools, three of them day schools. These latter are supported by the interest of funds belonging to the Indians and in the hands of the Commissioner of Indian Claims. The fund is the money originally intended for the transportation of the Indians to the Indian Territory and for their subsistence en route. The other is a boarding school and is supported by a direct appropriation of the General Government. Provision is made for the board, clothing and education of eighty Indians. Both sexes are represented. The curriculum comprises the ordinary public school course, and for the boys, training in farming, blacksmithing, shoemaking and carpenter's work, while the girls are taught housework in all its branches. They are also given instruction on the piano and the guitar. The boys have a brass band of seventeen pieces. Each sex does its own housework. The boys and girls sleep in houses at some distance from each other, but eat at the same house. We ate two meals with them, and can testify that their table manners are fully up to the mark attained by the average American boy or girl. In fact, they are just like other boys and girls. Some are stolid, some serious, some full of fun, some intent on their food and some full of curiosity. The fare was appetizing and abundant.

I am sorry to say just now the affairs of this, the most important school, are in a sad tangle. For several years past Mr. Spray has had charge of this school and has been superintendent of the Indians.

Many of their traditions bear a striking resemblance to the folk lore of Uncle Remus as well as the mythology of classic times. Here is their story of Br'er Terrapin and Br'er Deer. At a meeting of the animals a dispute arose as to which of all the animals was the fastest runner. All save the terrapin yielded the palm to the deer, but Br'er Terrapin challenged Br'er Deer to a race. Br'er Deer accepted and the time was set. The course was over four hills and terminated at a water-course. The one first reaching the hill was to indicate it by shouting. So, in the interval of seven days which preceded the race, Br'er Terrapin made his preparations. He stationed his wife on the first hill,

his brothers on two other hills, a friend on the last hill and his father at the goal. He and Br'er Deer started together. Away went the deer at a rapid gait, while the terrapin crawled into the bushes and hid. As the deer approached the top of the first hill the terrapin stationed there called out, "You a-runnin' mighty well, Br'er Deer, but you'll have to run faster than that to beat me." The deer pricked up his ears and ran faster than before. Soon he reached the second hill, only to hear the terrapin say, "You a-runnin' mighty well, Br'er Deer, but you'll have to run faster than that to beat me." At each hill this was repeated and each time the deer made a desperate spurt, but in vain, for as he came in sight of the water-course, there sat Br'er Terrapin and saluted him with, "Br'er Deer, you a mighty good runner, but I can't be beat."

In Indian lore the terrapin is the personification of cunning and wisdom. This is how he decided a case. There had been an old feud between Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Wolf. One day Br'er Rabbit found Br'er Wolf about to be crushed to death by a large stone which had fallen on him. Br'er Wolf begged him to help him out, but Br'er Rabbit refused, fearing that the wolf would kill him when released. The wolf solemnly assured him that he would not molest him and the rabbit pushed the stone off and released him. The wolf at once seized him and prepared to kill him. The rabbit begged for mercy, but in vain. Finally, he induced the wolf to agree to lay the case before Br'er Terrapin and to abide by his decision. Br'er Wolf stated that Br'er Rabbit had once done him an injury and that he had sworn to kill him for it. Br'er Rabbit pleaded his saving of Br'er Wolf's life. Br'er Terrapin had the circumstance of the stone repeated again and again, but said he was so dull that he couldn't understand it and asked the wolf to get in the same place again, that he might see what service Br'er Rabbit had rendered him. The wolf agreed, and when he was once more under the stone Br'er Terrapin and Br'er Rabbit walked off and left him.

So much, for the present, touching their legends. A few weeks ago an Indian was found making some pipes and gravely explained that he was "making old Injun relics." Another, on trial for stealing, declined to plead until he "had heard the evidence in the case."

We, that is Smith and I, left Yellow Hill on the morning of the 9th, bound for Whittier, a little station on the Richmond & Danville R. R., six miles from Yellow Hill. Myer decided to spend another day among the Indians and then take the train for Asheville, there to await our coming. Landon Smith rode back to Bryson City, to take the train for Texas. We two tramps forded the Lufkie and set out at a brisk pace for Whittier. Meeting a mountain lad, Smith asked him if we "followed the straight road to Whittier." "No, it's a crooked one," was the reply. Smith grinned and walked on. Our plan was to take the train to Balsam Gap and then strike into the mountains once more, devoting the last two days of our tramp to the Balsam Mountains. We reached Whittier two hours before the train did. Smith wrote, while I loafed. I met Sam Owl, a noted Indian guide, who proved less taciturn than most of his race. I also heard a mountain maiden speaking of a dress pattern which she was about to buy, say, "Doggone if that aint the one for me." On the train were Mr. and Mrs. Smathey, of Waynesville, whom we had met at Yellow Hill, and Mr. Smathey kindly mapped out for us a route for our two days in the Balsams, and also carried our surplus baggage on to Waynesville. Landon Smith and the Erdmans were on board, and to our gratification, Mr. Geo. Erdman, Princeton '93, decided to join us. At Balsam Gap we got a good dinner, and then started up Mt. Junaluska (Plott Balsam), height 6,235ft. Mr. Connor, an old gentleman of 75, was our guide. He is a firm believer in the curative properties of balsam, and says it will heal anything, from a scared conscience to a case of small-pox. He gathers it and sells it at \$2 per pin.

Nowhere on the trip had we a steeper climb than up Junaluska. It was as bad as the ascent of Clingman, but longer. The view was poor, owing to the timber, but on the divide we had a glorious prospect. Onco more we got wet, this time to the bone. A tramp of twelve miles brought us to the famous Haywood White Sulphur Springs, on the outskirts of Waynesville. As we passed the sleek, well-dressed fellows who are stopping here, we received many glances of curiosity and possibly one or two of pity. Our kind landlady gave us an excellent supper and pretended to be indifferent to our prodigious appetites. After supper we tried to secure a guide for the next day but failed. We slept soundly and got an early start the next morning. This was to be our last day, so our packs were lighter than heretofore. We took the road leading to the Caney Fork Bald and Great Divide. Three or four miles from Waynesville we met a group of men, one of whom, McClure, agreed to guide us. We found him equal to even Massey for this trip. He pointed out to us the spot where Grant Massey, Pat's brother, had a month before shot to death a mountain Paris who had invaded his home. Grant is now hiding out in the inaccessible Smokies, but, it is thought, will return to stand his trial. Half an hour later we saw the faithless wife, a pretty, buxom mountain girl, evidently careless of and indifferent to the tragedy in which she plays so prominent a part. The climb up Caney Fork was not a difficult one, but from here to the top of the Great Divide, 6,425ft. high, we had rough work, fully as bad as the ascent of Junaluska. At 1:15 we reached the highest point, after being wet to the skin once more. The clouds and fog prevented a view, so on we pushed to Luckstone Mountain.

Following the divide we were at one time in sight of four streams—Caney Fork, Tuckasee, Pigeon and Richland. Just across Pigeon River were Cold Mountain and Pisgah. An easy climb carried us up Luckstone, where we emerged into an oak grove where the Druids might have worshipped. A half mile walk through this grove led us, by a gradual ascent, to the summit of Luckstone, a circle about twenty feet in diameter. Here the fates were propitious and as the clouds lifted we had the most glorious view of the whole trip. It was a fitting close to the scene. But no man can describe such a picture. You must see it to appreciate it. Leaving Luckstone and the luscious huckleberries which abound thereon we started for Waynesville, which was only seven miles away, as we had been traveling in almost a circle. On the way in Erdman sang us his college songs and at 7 P. M. we reached Waynesville, having accomplished twenty-six miles on this, our last day. As we entered the town we passed some little girls, one of whom said: "Ain't you dirty?" I guess we were. After we reached our board-

ing house I went out into the yard and began to scrape the mud from my trousers. A bright little six-year-old came up and took a seat near me. "Mister, is you all tramps?" "Yes." "When you go to houses do they give you cold victuals?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well, you don't git as much as the others, do you?"

There were many ludicrous incidents on this tramp, and the lack of a camera deprived us of some sights we would gladly preserve. Tramping along a mountain road, we saw a young fellow and his girl sitting in the door of a smokehouse, about three rods from the cabin. There they sat, hand in hand, and the old, old story was evidently falling on willing ears. "Courting," was the comment of one of our party. "Human nature's a queer thing," said our guide. And, just here, let me say that if you ever take this tramp or one like it, be sure to secure a good guide. Otherwise, you will certainly get lost, and wander around for hours, half-starved for lack of food, and half-perished for water. Many of my friends have asked me about game in these mountains. Turkey and pheasants are plentiful, some wolves, a few bears and an occasional deer may be found. Of snakes we saw none. On the highest peaks we found thousands of blackberry bushes; the berries were plentiful, but green, but there was not a brier to be seen on any of these bushes. Why? Mica is abundant and can be picked up almost anywhere. Now, if you wish to avoid what Holmes calls the parenthesis about the mouth when you smile, and the other sign manuals by which the probate court recognizes old age, try a tramp through the mountains, covering 119 miles in six consecutive days as did Smith and I.

At Waynesville I met a judge of the Supreme Court of N. C. At Asheville the next day, after I had gotten out of my tramping clothes and into the ordinary garments of civilization, I met him once more. "It seems to me that I know you," said he. "Yes, judge, you remember my face but not my clothes." Our tramp closed at Waynesville as stated above. The next morning we went into Asheville on the train and spent a day in sight-seeing. This town is correctly termed the "Land of the Skies." It abounds in good hotels, and the view from the Battery Park is particularly fine. But I was writing of the mountains and of our tramp, so will simply close by saying that after a quick and pleasant run by rail I reached Franklin on Aug. 12, bringing with me a wonderful appetite.

W. D. MOONEY.

Natural History.

RABBITS AND FERRETS.

SOUTH MONTROSE, Pa.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I notice a personal reply in your paper to my letter about rabbits and ferrets. It was written by a gentleman of Auburn, who signs himself "Bon Ami." The word cat was a mistake, but what material difference is it whether the male eats the young or digs a hole and buries them. "Bon Ami" tells us that he (a true sportsman) with his gun and dog killed ten rabbits in one-half day. It is easy to see that if he had hunted the rest of the day there would have been twenty dead rabbits.

This gentleman notes that rabbits are scarcer than before ferrets were used. But the fact is there are ten hunters now to the occasional one of a few years ago.

A man living only two miles from "Bon Ami" told me he had killed 200 rabbits last fall, and not much of a fall for rabbits either. I say we have plenty of rabbits in Susquehanna county, and plenty of hunters, too.

I still claim that the home of the ruffed grouse in summer is in the woods on top of our hills. Any boy will tell you that the grouse come out for the berries which grow in the open places, and when disturbed make straight for the woods. They also rear their young on high and dry ground, and not till cold weather do they go down to the hemlock swamps. And even then every warm day they may be found on higher ground feeding.

I have talked with several gentlemen who say I am right. But "Bon Ami" doubted every word of my letter of Nov. 17. I have a communication from a stranger who saw "Bon Ami's" letter of Dec. 1, and I now have the liberty of sending for publication. It is as follows:

WEST HOOSICK, N. Y.—In *FOREST AND STREAM* Dec. 1 I saw some remarks signed "Bon Ami." He does not take any stock in the male rabbit's killing the young. You are right, Mr. Decker. The buck will kill every young rabbit he can find. I have had as much experience with rabbits as any man on this green earth, and know just what I am talking about, and if "Bon Ami" wants some pointers on rabbits I can give them with 40 years' experience in breeding wild and tame rabbits. Also, I had a bush of two acres fenced in and stocked with wild rabbits. I have seen the bucks hunt out the young and kill them; I had to keep the bucks in very small numbers in order to make a success in breeding. And again, if "Bon Ami" will get a pair of rabbits and breed them one year he will find two-thirds of their offspring to be females.

GRIFER HIGHT.

STILES DECKER.

A Snail on the Snow.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 3.—While my son and I were tramping in the woods last Saturday he found a small snail shell on top of the snow, which was at least 15in. deep. Wondering how it came there he stooped to pick it up, when he saw it was about 1 1/2 in. from an oblong-shaped hole, a little over 1in. in length by 3/4 in. across, and running nearly perpendicular to the ground. Digging down on one side of it he found that it extended under a dead limb lying just above the ground. There is a snail in the shell but it is dead, probably frozen to death while on the top of the snow. How did it get there? J. L. DAVISON.

An Indian's Testimony.

PEDRO, a Molalla Indian living on the Klamath Reservation, Oregon, says: "I was hunting in the mountains near Crater Lake (Oregon), when perhaps 75yds. away. I saw a cougar standing with its head well up, looking at me; I aimed at its breast and fired, the animal gave a very loud scream and sprang straight up 6 or 8ft. and fell dead. The bullet struck where I had aimed; I was not afraid when I saw the cougar but the cry scared me."

"SYLVAN," Witness.

PEDRO, his mark.

Queer Game for Hawks.

AVOCA, N. C., Feb. 1.—Yesterday in a ravine I suddenly came on a large hawk, and so startled him that he

dropped his prey. I saw it drop and the water splash when it dropped. Going a few yards further I flushed a large covey of quail. Thinking that it must be a quail I had seen drop I retraced my steps and went to the point. I carefully scanned every bunch of grass and pool for my bird. Not a feather even could I find. Looking into a little pool at about the point I had seen the bird drop, I discovered a small terrapin making slight efforts to move. Thinking that the past few sunny days had removed his torpidity I got a stick and drew it from the water. Taking it in my hand I saw blood dropping from the region of the head. Upon examination I found that the head and most of the neck had been bitten off, leaving the ragged skin hanging and bleeding. The tail and legs continued to move with the peculiar aimless movements we have all noticed in a beheaded turtle. We knowing that a turtle when caught always withdraws his head, and it is with difficulty his captor can induce him to extend his neck or exhibit his head, why should the hawk have snapped off the turtle's head and neck instead of his leg or tail that are visible and in active motion? Was it instinct or experience?

ALBEMARLE.

The Dreaming Kitten.

THE other day, when kitty lay sound asleep in the cushioned chair she uses for a bed, I put a small piece of fresh beef on the end of a toothpick and held it within half an inch of her nose. After a few seconds the muscles of the throat twitched slightly, the mouth opened, the jaws began to work and every detail of chewing and swallowing followed, after which she licked her lips, but she slept right on, and she did not awake for some time afterward.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Pine Grosbeaks.

The following letter explains itself and we hope that it may draw out responses from some of our ornithological readers:

No. 145 BRATTLE STREET, Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIR: During the early part of the present winter Cambridge, Massachusetts, was visited by an unusual number of pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*), which, after exhausting the food supply, departed very suddenly. I wish to trace, if possible, the routes which they followed and the total area covered by their migration. You can aid me in this by kindly answering the following questions:

1. Have any pine grosbeaks appeared in your neighborhood this winter? (Reports of their apparent absence will be quite as useful as records of their occurrence.)
2. When were the first seen and at what date were they most numerous? (Approximate dates will be much better than none.)
3. What was the greatest number of birds seen in one day?
4. Did they occur in large or small flocks as a rule and what was the greatest number seen in any one flock?
5. About what was the proportion of red (i.e., full-plumaged males) to the females and young (i.e., plain brown or gray birds)?
6. What was their principal food when with you?
7. If they have disappeared or materially decreased in numbers about when did this occur?

The following brief description of the pine grosbeak may enable those unacquainted with the bird to recognize it. In size a little smaller than a robin, plump, well feathered, with short, stout bill. Old males with most of the plumage rosy red. Females and young males ashy brown, with more or less yellowish suffusion or dull red on the rump and top of head. Both sexes have two conspicuous white bars on the wings. Yours truly,

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

THE BIG TURKEY.

THIRTY years have flown since when, on a visit to an elder brother in western Iowa, very soon after my arrival I was requested to take my brother's shotgun and kill the turkey which for several evenings past had been heard gobbling in the timber along the Nishnabotna River about a mile distant.

Wild turkeys were even then becoming quite scarce, though a few wary birds still remained in the timber along the streams.

I was informed that the bird usually began gobbling about an hour before sunset, and an occasional call would be heard from him until dark. No one had interfered with him, as the hunting fever never burned in the veins of my sedate brother, who, however, was very well aware that few words of urging were ever required to start a certain half-wild young enthusiast off on the wildest of wild goose chases after anything that looked like game.

I knew from experience that I had a full-sized contract on my hands, for a fine gobbler, whose former fellows had nearly or quite all fallen to the rifle of the Western hunter, was quite apt to prove able to take good care of himself, and the chance of surprising him seemed like that of "catching a weasel asleep."

However, as I had then much rather hunt than eat or sleep, I improved the early hours of the afternoon in giving the old single-barrel muzzleloader a thorough cleaning and careful loading in the manner which experience had proven best for the old fuzee, than which I question very much if a better "shooting iron" exists to-day among all the dudes of America.

It wasn't "treble-cross-bolted," nor "top snap," nor "pistol grip," nor "modified choke;" it wasn't loaded with "E. C.," nor "Schultze," nor "S. S.," nor even with Mr. Elliott's favorite "wood powder;" and no "pink edge" wads or "chilled shot" ever scoured the smooth inside of its long barrel. Yet all the same when the declining sun was but a hand breadth above the horizon, and I shouldered the old blunderbuss and started for the grove of timber in the first big bend of the river below the house, out of which now came, clear and distinct, the first subdued call of the wary old sentry, it was with the confident assurance that the big load of plain Western ammunition, deep hidden in the cavernous stomach of the old "stand-by," would give a good account of itself, and that should I succeed in catching sight of the turkey at forty or fifty yards distance it would prove a cold day, indeed, if the old gun didn't elevate the temperature for him.

There were no settlements on the river below for a number of miles, and there was no fear of interruption by others on the same quest, that greatest of all annoyances which can befall the hunter. The gun was loaded with No. 4 shot, the largest obtainable. At intervals of several minutes each came the clear call of the turkey, borne on the wings of the gentle breeze, which, fortunately for me,

proved him to be to windward. Choosing the dry bed of an old bayou which circled through the bottom land toward the river, I succeeded in gaining the edge of the grove without being seen, and here made quite a pause until repeated calls of the turkey proved that my game was at the further side of the body of timber that filled the whole bend of the crooked stream, which at this point made a great half circle beyond the timber to the edge of prairie land beyond the further bank. I could move in silence over the sandy soil, and it appeared now to be only a question of which, the game or the hunter, had the sharpest eyes. Picking my way slowly along, all eyes, all ears, with thumb on hammer and finger on trigger, I reached the further edge of the timber, only to find that the crooked river, with its steep, muddy banks and deep, sluggish current lay just beyond, while a low call from the gobbler just then announced to me the unwelcome fact that the object of my careful search was still beyond the apparently impassable stream.

But just as the unpleasant truth forced itself upon me my boyish heart leaped with exultation as I saw that right in front of me and almost in line with the last call of the gobbler, lay the stem of a gigantic cottonwood which, long ago undermined by the encroaching stream, had in its fall completely spanned the river, affording me a safe and convenient bridge.

Another low call of the turkey, fainter than any yet heard, warned me that he was becoming suspicious, though I knew that he had not yet seen, heard or scented me. This proved the last call I was to hear from him, but which gave me his direction exactly. Did a premonition of impending doom visit him as he kept vigil in his lonely thicket, warning him to silence?

Creeping out on the big cottonwood beyond the fringe of bushes lining the shore, I saw at a glance the hiding place of the wary old bird. About 40 yds. from the shore of the stream, above which on the top of the log I at length stood, grew a dense thicket of wild plum bushes about 20 yds. in length up and down the stream and about 10 yds. wide, while just beyond rose a slight elevation of prairie land, and about 10 ft. higher than that on which grew the bushes, crowned with short grass too low to conceal the turkey, and nothing above or below save a dense growth of tangled vines too low to hide him and too densely tangled for suitable cover. His hiding place was well chosen, and as I stood upon the log I pondered long upon the question of what to do next, for a glance at the ground between the log and the thicket showed the hopelessness of the task of attempting to pick my way through the tangled vines with anything like the silence necessary in approaching my watchful game, and no other avenue of approach was visible.

Finally I decided upon the only course really left for me. That was to get in perfect readiness for action, take a full breath, and with no further regard whatever for silence to run with all possible speed from the log to the opposite side of the thicket, through a partial opening near its center, and take chances on being able to get there before the fleet-footed old racer could place himself beyond range.

There was but this one thing to do; and first scanning carefully every step of my short but tangled course from the point of vantage high up on the big log, I glanced at the gun to assure myself that it was in perfect order, drew a deep breath, and with a long leap down among the tangled and rustling vines, tore my noisy way through the vegetation with racket enough for the charge of a bull buffalo. Nearing the thicket, I ducked my head and with half-closed eyes dashed through the hindering network of thorn-fringed boughs, and gaining the open slope beyond, rose up, glancing quickly from right to left in search of the absconding turkey.

Wary and cunning old rascal!

Nothing save the Nancy Hanks gait of my swift approach ever brought to my view the roast turkey dinner of the succeeding day. Squarely to the left he had turned, where only a narrow point of the higher land, projecting toward the river, remained to be crossed before placing himself beyond sight entirely. Forty yards distant, on the very crest of the point, within five jumps of safety, with neck outstretched and drooping head, and with the foot-long beard pendant from his breast sweeping the short grass in front, sped the biggest turkey I ever bagged at a pace that seemed a guarantee of safety.

There remained but the work of a moment, for seconds were priceless!

Stooping the instant the faithful old gun spoke, for a glance beneath the belching smoke cloud, I had the happiness of seeing the great bird collapse like a folding umbrella, while the long roar of the miniature cannon, followed by the Pawnee yell of the half crazy enthusiast, sounded a fitting requiem, and announced to distant friends the welcome news that the chase was done. A glorious chase it had been, too! The very tornado of my swift approach had probably confused him into those few seconds of fatal delay. And although a number of turkeys have at other times fallen to my rifle, and in fact this was the only one which I ever killed with a shotgun, still this little adventure, with its tumultuously pleasant ending, proved the most enjoyable hunt I ever knew.

And how fortunate, by the way, is the hunter, in comparison with the fisherman!

For if, in conclusion, I tell of my bird weighing 2 lbs. more than the biggest turkey of any other hunter, and of his beard measuring 3 in. longer than any other similar trophy, of course all well instructed readers of "Our Paper" will understand that (unlike the amateur fisherman who rashly volunteers the first fish story, and, in consequence, stands no show at all thereafter), I can rest calmly in the assurance that my brother hunters, guileless and innocent as Boone himself (for who ever heard of a hunter "yarning?") will make no envious clutch at my well earned laurels.

I wonder, if "O. O. S." had told us of killing the biggest tarpon on record with a hand-spike instead of the great cat of the Columbia, how long it would have been before we heard of a much larger Florida specimen having been killed with a bootjack? Sage contributor.

When he gets ready to give us one of the very best of the long list of good stories yet chronicled by the only sportsman's paper on this green earth to-day (don't blush, Mr. Editor, and please keep your blue pencil off that line, for I mean every word of it), he wisely drops the fisherman, together with the old lancewood out of sight in the bushes, and emerges triumphantly therefrom the champion pedestrian-hunter of America. I trust the hair of

his wig has since settled smoothly into place, and when next he visits the great forests of the Pacific coast to try his speed with the "big kitties," "may I be there to see."

ORIN BELKNAP.

VALLEY, Stevens County, Washington.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1 contains a communication from Mr. O. H. Hampton, in which the writer presents the theory that the cause why nitro-powders give a closer pattern than black powder is chiefly due to the fact that the gas pressure at and near the muzzle of the gun is greater from a charge of black powder than from a charge of nitro powder.

Mr. Hampton's premises are incorrect, and consequently his conclusion must be wrong. I have made extensive experiments on the line pointed out by Mr. Hampton and the results of these tests are not in accordance with the views advanced by him.

If Mr. Hampton would have fired a series of shots from a larger number of guns with both kinds of explosives he undoubtedly had arrived at a different conclusion, for as a matter of fact one gun will shoot nitro powder better than black powder, while another gun will give the best and the most effective patterns with black powder.

The distribution of the gas pressure in a gun barrel of a charge of black powder does not differ greatly from that of a charge of nitro powder.

Since Mr. Hampton evidently has not the requisite instruments for determining the question at issue at his command, I will give here the gas pressure produced by the various gunpowders in the barrel.

The gas pressures were in all instances measured first in the cartridge chamber, second 1 ft. further toward the muzzle, and third 2 ft. from the chamber. The figures thus obtained were as follows:

1. Standard charge of fine-grained black powder: Point 1—average pressure 445.4 atmospheres; point 2—138.8 atm.; point 3—47.4 atm.

2. Standard charge of coarse-grained black powder: Point 1—414.6 atm.; point 2—138.8 atm.; point 3—51.8 atm.

3. Standard charge of Schultze powder: Point 1—510.6 atm.; point 2—86.4 atm.; point 3—47.8 atm.

4. Standard charge of E. C. powder: Point 1—496.8 atm.; point 2—72.3 atm.; point 3—41.2 atm.

5. Standard charge of Walsrode smokeless powder: Point 1—482 atm.; point 2—59.2 atm.; point 3—6.8 atm.

The initial velocities were in all cases about the same.

Now if Mr. Hampton's theory would be correct the patterns of the Walsrode powder, which produces the lowest pressure near the muzzle should have been the best. This, however, has not been the case, they were not superior to those obtained from the coarse-grained black powder, although very satisfactory and unsurpassed by any explosive. The merits of a gunpowder must, to a great extent, be judged from the uniformity of the gas pressure, since evenness of pattern is governed by a regularity of the gas pressure. No nitro powder can in this respect be compared with a good quality of black powder, and the Walsrode powder shows in this regard the nearest approach to black powder among the nitro explosives. This fact, however, may be mainly due to its great indifference to try heat or the effect of moisture in the atmospheric air, less to the distribution of pressure in the gun barrel.

I cannot agree again with Mr. Hampton when he asserts or believes that the pellets fired from a chokebore barrel will cross in their flight through the air.

In order to ascertain which portion of a charge of shot would as a rule constitute the main body of the center of the killing circle, hundreds of shots were fired from chokebore and cylindrical barrels and the pellets were marked. It was found that those pellets forming the outer layers in the shell, and naturally subjected to the most friction in their passage through the barrel, would in their majority be found among the scattering shot and give the least penetration, while those pellets near or more close to the center of the charge in the shell will furnish the highest per centage of the pellets found in the middle of the shooting circle. This rule applies to both kinds of barrels.

ARMIN TENNER.

Manager of the German Shooting Association.

BERLIN, Germany.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

REVISING the game laws of Pennsylvania and making them uniform is all well enough in certain limits. But making the open season on woodcock commence in November, as some propose, isn't all well enough, unless we resolve to quit shooting such game entirely. It simply amounts to that practically. In northern Pennsylvania the woodcock are all gone by Nov. 1. Sept. 1 is the proper time for woodcock and grouse shooting to begin. Now we commence on woodcock July 4. If we surrender two months we certainly ought to have two months where we now have at least four. If we can't get this we had better oppose any change, and keep the law as it is now, and working fairly well.

Woodcock are migratory birds. They come early, breed early, and go south with the first frosts. It makes no odds how little or how much we shoot them in any one year; the same supply comes back to the same feeding grounds for the next year. They are not like native birds, which may run out by extensive killing. By all means give us at least two months for this sport. It will simply spoil this shooting by having only half a month for it. September is the best fall month, and we should by all means have that, with October and what of November may be available, and some of it is, in the southern part of the State, but not in the northern part of the State and further north.

And some reasonable provision should be made about squirrels. It will be hard to convince the old farmer and his half a dozen boys that squirrels should not be destroyed when they begin to destroy the corn.

A reasonable change may go through. But an unreasonable one will make the law less valuable than it is now.

PENN.

The American Dairymen gives elaborate directions for curing buffalo skins. A recipe for cooking moa eggs or making feather beds from great auks would be about as useful and timely and practical.

A VERACIOUS NARRATION.

"LOOKS as though the storm is about over and I guess it's going to be colder," were Charley Steele's words of salutation and prophecy when he dropped in one afternoon in autumn after a driving rain that lasted several days. The words were not hastily spoken, and their manner of utterance would not remind one of the impetuous school boy bubbling over with animal spirits and over-elated at the prospect of soon enjoying a day on the ice with his skates. No! there is nothing impetuous about Charley and his going out and coming in, his easy, swinging gait and drawing intonation, suggests that he was not born in a hurry and that he has not made war upon his inheritance.

Be the fates propitious or otherwise, his equanimity is not disturbed and his ability, patience, perseverance and untiring industry combined with droll humor and apt rejoinder, make him a prized companion for an outing. Are there any trout brooks accessible, Charley carries a mental map of the topography of the country for miles around, each rippling brook clearly defined from source to confluence as if graven on metal, and each bend and pool that furnishes home and hiding place for piscatorial beauty yields abundant tribute to his tempting lure.

Birds! Well the boys say that they don't dare mate in the spring until he gives consent and designates their nesting places.

I agreed with him that we were likely to get colder weather, and now that the leaves had been beaten from the trees, it would be a good time to take a day off and pay our respects to the birds. The suggestion proved an exact fit, and the next morning, keen and frosty, two gunners well bundled up with all necessary impedimenta, drove out to the northern covers. Buoyant at the prospect, we were at peace with ourselves and all the world, the smoke from the fragrant Havanna lending added comfort and perfuming the air for yards around.

An hour's drive lands us several miles out where a small cover fills in one corner and a swale with scrub growth the opposite where the turnpike crosses at right angles.

"Guess we had better hitch here and try this little patch. You go into the open pasture on the other side of the road and I'll take Pete and go down the road and beat the cover back to you. If a bird boils out he will come right into your face as he cuts across the corner for the swale, and you know he don't count if you don't drop him."

"All right, Charley. You put him up and he is our bird. I feel just like it this clear, frosty morning."

I am not long in my place before I hear the tinkle, tinkle of Pete's bell as he carefully quarters the narrow cover, and soon I get an occasional glimpse of Charley's head as he works his way toward me. Coming within speaking distance he says:

"I guess there ain't any birds here this morning, but somehow Pete don't seem to want to give it up. He's been challenging and trailing, but I guess it must be a rabbit that's run into the wall in front of you."

Pete meanwhile has worked up under an apple tree in a jungle of undergrowth by the stone wall on the roadside and stiffens out rigid.

"Pete has a point, Doc!"

"Whirr-r-r, bang!" and a plump grouse falls within two yards of my feet.

"Didn't I tell you, Charley, that I felt just like it! Why, I feel that it is just the easiest thing in the world to down anything that flies to-day."

We smooth the ruffled plumage and carefully fold the wings of the noble bird that but a moment ago was instinct with life and deposit it in our game pocket. We drive along to the farmhouse beyond the hill, where we receive a cordial welcome and an invitation to put our team in the barn. We are soon in the apple tree run west of the house.

"Doc, you go up around and take your stand by that big chestnut in the open up there about 200yds. I can take care of any that may be about here, but when I get into that tangled grapevine mess up there I can't shoot, and you know that they cut right across the opening to the cover beyond."

"All right, Charley, and I'll cut them down before they cut across."

Charley works the covert out faithfully and well, but starts no bird until he gets into the grapevine thicket, where Pete makes a staunch point, which Charley duly announces.

"All right here, Charley; send her along."

At command Pete flushes, and I see Mrs. Grouse making a bee line for my head. I have ample time to put my gun to my shoulder and take deliberate aim, as I might with a rifle, and when I judged the bird to be at a proper distance, pulled the trigger, feeling absolutely certain that that bird would fall dead at my feet, she was coming at such speed; but like a flash by me she went to the cover beyond, and so surprised and astounded was I that it never occurred to me to use the second charge on her!

Talk about the heights of expectation and the depths of disappointment, talk about the dead certainties of life and find yourself clinging only to the baseless fabric of a dream!

"That's our bird, too, I suppose," said Charley when he appeared all too soon upon the scene.

"Yes, our bird to get. Charley, do you suppose I could get a job from some of these farmers to pile up stones?"

"Why, what do you mean? Didn't you get that bird?"

"Get that bird? No. I think I had better break my gun over that stone wall and go home."

"Oh, come now, don't get rattled. I thought you were feeling a little too fine when we started in, but the day is before us and we will do something yet. She was coming quicker than you thought and you didn't shoot quick enough. You let her get too near and your shot went by her like a bullet. Where did she go?"

"Right on up the run."

"She is probably hid up in the scrub pine up in that alder run. You get right up to the chestnuts by that big boulder and I will soon have her going again."

I had not long to wait before I heard Charley's "mark" as she left a pine tree-top when he was just where he couldn't shoot. Just as soon as she broke cover bang! bang! went my gun and on went the bird by me up the run.

Rattled? Please don't mention it. I began to think that I hadn't lost any partridge, and it wouldn't make much difference if I didn't capture the one belonging to some one else.

Charley emerged from the cover before she was lost to

view, and seeing that I had again missed her clean, and doubtless appreciating my frame of mind, only said:

"I've marked her down in that brier patch under the sumacs up there and we'll get her now."

We soon surround her and Peter is ordered in. She is running and soon takes wing at a long distance, but both send salutation and unheeded orders to halt.

She ceases not in her flight until after reaching the dense pine woods beyond the old road to Malden, where it would be useless and unwise to pursue her.

But why recount the adventures of that day in detail? We had journeyed some miles from the team and we agreed to go back around Malden Hill in the hope that fate would be more propitious. But bird after bird Charley sent uncomplainingly over my head, to the right and to the left, until I had used nineteen shells and only had one bird to show for them, and this without a word of criticism or fault finding from him!

We reach the summit of the hill, in sight of the farmhouse, a little after midday, when Charley says: "You stand out there in the opening and I will go down this narrow strip of cover. There's usually some birds down at the lower end, where mast is plenty, and they will fly right over this open spot to the big woods. If you don't kill any of them I think we had better go home."

I was not in a talkative mood just then and answer made I none. Charley worked down through the almost impenetrable scrub growth, and when nearing the lower end up boiled three birds, and veering around they gave him no shot, and from my point of vantage on the summit I could see all as they swiftly scaled the scrub tops directly toward me. Two more shells were wasted, and crest-fallen and disheartened I started for the barn. Charley did not wait for my tardy steps and he was seated on a log near the barn in the warm sunlight eating his lunch on my arrival.

Not a word passed between us. I watered and fed the horse and sat down and ate my lunch. Pete wagged his tail in recognition for the morsel thrown to him, but to me it seemed clear that disdain was pictured on his countenance. Charley's lunch was disposed of long before I finished mine, and I could not but observe that he held the stem of his meerschaum more firmly between his teeth and sent forth greater volumes of the fragrant smoke than usual.

Luncheon ended, we proceed to hitch up the team. As Charley was tucking the blanket around Pete under the seat, he breaks the silence with the brief question:

"Going home?"

"I don't know but what we might as well, but I hate to give it up so."

"Well, perhaps luck might turn. Suppose we go on to the old red house cover. It gets dark early, but it's not far over there, and perhaps we might do something."

We are driving out of the yard now, and the horse's head is not turned homeward. We reach our destination and Charley says:

"Now, you go down by the big chestnuts by the bars and I will go up to the apple trees in the run above. If I start any birds I am bound to kill some and the rest will come right down in easy gunshot of you, and I don't want you to waste any more ammunition either. I will stay here on this knoll until I see you in your position."

On I go, carelessly carrying my gun over my shoulder, thinking of nothing but getting down to the bars. I had covered about half the distance, when out from under a scrub pine by the side of a thorn apple tree jumped five partridges so unexpectedly and the thunder of whose pinions so disconcerted me that I forgot that I had a gun, so I "didn't waste any more ammunition."

I thought I heard Charley say h-ll, but of this I would not want to affirm positively, as those who know him best would hardly believe he could commit such a breach of propriety, and besides, if woodcock whistle with their wings why may not partridge, who are more highly developed, say cuss words with theirs?

Time is too precious to be frittered away indulging in vain regrets, and so I am soon in the place assigned me under the chestnuts. Soon I hear, "Point! mark!" Bang, bang—bang, bang!

The gunners have done their work, but it is Pete's hour of triumph. Promptly and delicately he retrieves three plump birds, two of which fell to Charley's gun. We mark down the balance, and in less than 10 minutes two more are in our pockets, one to each gun. We turn and see the covey that I blundered upon, and have no difficulty in locating them in a nice open growth of chestnuts, where we can work together. Pete points a single that gives me a shot on the right when flushed. I make a nice clean kill and add the sixth bird to our score. A seventh is soon flushed that makes straight away, but falls to the report of two guns at the same instant. The day is fast going, and we make a detour toward our team, and on the way we kill another bird apiece, successfully ending a day with the biggest hole in it that it has ever been our lot to spend together.

GEORGE MCALPHEE.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Trajectory of Hunting Rifles.

INFLUENCED by the discussion in FOREST AND STREAM, I recently changed my .38-40 repeater for a .45-90 Winchester, S. S. rifle (no wonder, by the way, that game is disappearing when such arms can be sold as cheaply as at present). As I only have killed two deer with it so far and one of them was crippled, I have but little new to say on the killing power of the cartridge. The hollow-pointed ball does terrible work.

But that which surprised and impressed me was the trajectory of the cartridge. I missed two deer, each at about 200yds., because I couldn't get over my old habit of aiming high. Afterward I found, in shooting jack rabbits, that there was no perceptible difference in the Lyman sights between correct aim at 50yds. and at 200. This is a striking advantage over the .38-40 or .44-40 cartridge, though I do not remember that it has been mentioned. I may say that there is no perceptible recoil when shooting my new gun at game, though it weighs only 8½lbs. At the target one feels a slight jar.

AZTEC.

The Ontario Duck Law.

SIMCOE, Ont., Jan. 20.—We have a law here that only 300 ducks can be killed by any one individual in one season, and it works admirably, as a few persons cannot kill all the ducks in the marsh.

S. M. S.

CHICAGO AND THE-SOUTH.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

STEPHENSON'S LAKE, Gulf Coast, Texas, Jan. 24.—So far as I can see there is going to be more West than Chicago in my copy this week, and a good deal more South than West, for all of which, in view of the present state of unbridled license of the thermometer in Chicago, the West and the South in general, I am truly thankful. At present I do not know exactly where I am, but I think it must be heaven. The blue water and the blue sky meet in front of the gallery where I sit. Below me, and at the left, is an orange grove in full fruitage, the big yellow globes showing finely against the dark-green leaves. I have gathered an armful of oranges as aid to one producing copy for a newspaper so far away that one might justly question its existence. At every comma in this copy the printer man may know that the copy man took a bite of orange, and at every period the proof-reader may reflect, with jealousy in his soul, that the copy man has sent another whole orange to its last abiding-place. Probably the editor man will feel bad when he reads this, too. Probably the printer, the proof-reader and the editor are all wearing oversleeves and chest-protectors. The copy man isn't. He is in his shirt sleeves, on the outside of a house whose doors are all open, and whose fireplace only in the night time has the tiniest fire. They don't wear overshoes down here. The children are playing in the yard below me, and they are barefooted, bareheaded and happy. The copy man is happy also. He sneezeth not, neither hath any cold at all.

This, I presume, is heaven, or a grade of it. It is an out-of-door country, and nature has been very kind to her children here. In the bay in front of the house here we go out and get oysters and shrimps and flounders and crabs and many other things that are good to eat. Three of us have bagged 343 jacksnipe in three days, or rather half days, and we didn't try very hard, either. Nobody tries very hard at anything down here. You don't even have to try to be happy, but you get there just the same. If there comes up a good wind we will go out within a quarter of a mile of the house and kill 30 or 40 canvas-back ducks, and we will do that easy, too. The lake is full of wild celery, and it runs up to within 500yds. of the house. Last night I could hear the great rafts of canvas-backs feeding, tearing up the celery and splashing around in a perfect paradise for canvasbacks. The first thing we do of a morning is to go out on the gallery with a field glass and take a look at the canvasbacks. They are here in unestimated numbers, and we can see a body of them a quarter of a mile long out in the lake. There may be 100,000 of them, or perhaps twice that. They are undisturbed in fair weather, as no good shooting can then be had. In windy, rough weather only can they be worked, and not even then so well at this date as early in the winter or late fall, when they first come in from the north. Bags have been made here this season of 140 to over 200. This is beyond doubt the finest canvasback ground left in America. It is not open to the public, but is controlled by two parties of market-shooters, as I shall later explain.

It is here that Billy Griggs, the most successful, most widely traveled and best posted market-hunter in America, has been shooting the past few winter seasons. It is as a friend of Billy Griggs's that I am permitted to come here, to study the present methods of shooting the canvasback and to make some report of it for FOREST AND STREAM. This I shall do, as time offers, later on. At present the days are so full of oranges, oysters and jacksnipe that I do not find much opportunity for writing. Moreover, the post-office can only be reached when our schooner goes down to Galveston, 25 miles southwest of us, and the schooner only goes once or twice a week in its most exuberant moments, and often not oftener than half that often; so there you are. When Billy Griggs goes anywhere he doesn't tell anybody where it is, or how to find him, and I am where Billy Griggs is. We both get our mail at Galveston, when we feel like it, and we both send our mail down there, when the schooner feels like it, but you might go to Galveston and never be able to find either of us, unless you blundered on that able seaman Billy Young, the way I did, and get his fast catboat, the Wren, to transport you. If Billy Young didn't like your looks he might only take you to Smith's Point, or Morgan's Point, or Key West, or Cuba, and so you never would get here. Under these circumstances the copy man has a great advantage over the editor man, which is the only time I ever knew that to happen. The editor can't call for more copy, or less copy, or better copy. He just has to take what he can get, and he ought to be glad if he gets any, in view of the aforesaid oranges and oysters. No one can come in my office here and talk to me when I don't want to be talked to. No one can send me any mail to answer. No one can ask me to contribute to the building of a new church, or touch me for five, or ask for the loan of my dress suit. Moreover, I don't have to wear any overcoat, or any other coat, unless I want to, and when I want to go anywhere I don't have to hang on to the strap of a street car, but can get aboard the deck of a genuine Texas pony, that goes without stopping in the middle of the long blocks. I can likewise gather up shells on the seashore, and moreover, swat sand snipe and dowitches in the same locality. Or I could go two miles up the bay shore and shoot Canada geese, or on almost any decent ducking day could fire two or three hundred shots at "puzzle ducks" as they call them here (marsh ducks), on almost any of the lakes three or four miles back of the house. As for snipe, I have already said. As for canvasback, I hope yet to have much to say.

Evidently this is paradise. But did ever any one hear of one in paradise writing about paradise? By no means. When one is in paradise his most sensible act is to hold still and enjoy it, and not waste golden time in the vain effort to convey to white paper for the benefit of a cynical editor man, a shadow of the keen delights that be. I have a vague schoolboy remembrance of a Latin gentleman who said something about *Dum vivimus*. We will *dum vivimus* a while first before we do anything else. Then I will tell you about Billy Griggs, and about things more germane to sport than oranges and oysters. Meantime, I think I will eat about four oranges right away.

Lafayette, La., Jan. 31.—In an earlier communication I made mention of the fact that the sunny South was not sunny but cloudy at that time. The climate has redeemed itself, and to-day, as indeed for the past ten days, the air is soft and balmy. House heating is an unknown art in Louisiana, more thanks for it. It is perpetual spring here, and the rare days when the thermometer forgets itself are

not dreamed of in the philosophy of the inhabitants. They meet such days only with surprise, and not with preparations. Bad weather and discomfort are unpredictable in this land of ease. No country lies under the sun where man may make a living so easily as here. I do not think he lives upon the earth, by sweat of his brow, for I see no labor as we know it in the North. The population, I am half persuaded to believe, lives upon this balmy air, as does the drapery of moss upon these magnificent live oaks. Most people believe the Spanish moss is a parasite of the tree, but it is not. It is merely a dependent of the air. It lives by breathing. So does the Louisianian, I believe, and so does the Cajun I am sure. Acadia, we have read of that. It is here. I have seen Evangeline under a dozen bonnets to-day. Moreover, if we be more modern, I have seen the bridge and the bayou where Mr. Cable and Bonaventure held converse before the public knew Bonaventure or others of the Cable Cajun characters. Alas! my Cajun of to-day is turned market-hunter, is a dead shot on the wing too often, and so uneducated that a dollar and a half a dozen for quail seems wealth to him. More about the Cajun later as we shall find time.

The cold snap of the middle of this month drove the woodcock back into this country and some good shooting was had. Granted a film of ice and the cock shooters here look out. When the temperature rises, the birds move again as far north as they dare. They do not winter on a given section as do the snipe along the Gulf coast country. Yet, yesterday a native hunter had a string of over a dozen woodcock for sale, and the day before that a gentleman got a dozen and a half near here. If the shooter of this section goes shooting it is for a certainty, and not for hard work and a chance, as we do North. Therefore hard hunting is unknown, and you cannot tell, when you hear a discouraging report, whether to be discouraged from a Southern or a Northern standpoint. A sportsman here is used to so much better sport than we have in the North country that he would hardly care for shooting which to a Northern man would seem very fine. I suppose that conscientious, hard work would get me a good bag of woodcock here, but I do not want to work. I would rather just breathe. This soft and pleasant country, how hard it will be to leave it for the blizzard and the 30° below zero of which I read in the despatches of the day.

I can not tarry to speak at this place of the visit at Stephenson's Lake, on Galveston Bay, where I lay weather-bound, or held rather by the lack of weather, for three days. The bay was like glass and the 25 miles of distance might have been 1,000, for never does one go to Galveston from that point except by sailboat.

C. E. Willard, the Colts Company's Western representative, was to have met me at Stephenson's the middle of the week and, indeed, got down to Galveston on his way over, but the boatmen brought him not when we expected. The captain of the schooner told us that when Mr. Willard looked out over the bay a little sea was on and it looked as though there might be more. Mr. Willard suddenly remembered that he had business at Houston and so would not embark. I therefore missed meeting him in the South. I do not doubt he met magnificent snipe shooting at Wimberly, or near Houston. We killed, or rather the house of hunters at Stephenson's killed, nearly 1,000 snipe in the week I was there. I shot snipe three days and would not go out any more. We hunted only half the day and I found it only too easy to bag three or four dozen in that time each day.

The wind which frightened Mr. Willard away gave us the only good day for duck shooting, although it was not enough to make the canvasback work. The weather ruled calm and warm. We wished for a "norther," but I had to leave before we got it. Every day we could see the pretty picture of the vast masses of canvasbacks feeding, or rising into the air and making out into the bay to rest in the sun. The long lines of the flight would wave and dip, soar and drop, as the birds apparently in mere exuberance of spirits, sportively saluted the bay as they made their daily journey in and out. Meantime the hunters bided their time and did not disturb the lake, waiting till a storm should make the bay too rough for a resting place, and until the seeming need of daily exercise should drive the birds to scurrying trips around the shores of the lake and near the islands and cane points where the blinds are. The hunters were impatient but the birds were happy, and on the morning when I left they were pitching and tumbling about in the air, and showing us all of the wonderful possibilities of the canvasback on the wing. It was a grand picture, and one probably not to be seen anywhere else in the country in such perfection as here.

Here at Lafayette, by courtesy of Mr. B. B. Myles, of New Orleans, I met Dr. William Clegg, a resident sportsman. I only wish time were longer in this world, so that I could do some of the things Dr. Clegg proposes. For one thing, we drove out to Sunset Lodge, the shooting box of Gen. F. F. Myles, and looked at the place, whose hospitalities my friend and I were invited to accept. Gen. Myles is also of New Orleans, but spends a little time occasionally at his box here, where he formerly had kennels and kept a number of his dogs. The lodge is delightfully located about a mile and a half out of Lafayette, and to reach it you must pass through some of the quaintest scenes in the world, into a long lane of moss-draped live oaks. The door yard is a beautiful spot, impossible to reproduce in perspective, so much do the oaks, the big pecans and the fig trees stand in each other's way. The interior of the lodge is fitted up luxuriously, and contains every luxury an active or leisurely shooter could ask. Sellers, the colored servant in charge, keen with the ardor of the true servant, was fairly as anxious as his master that we should stay a week at least. I could only regret we could not spend time for a night or even a meal. The Northern man carries too much of his hurry with him. No one in the North knows anything of the pleasure of life. As comment on the Southern life and Southern hospitality, let me say that I have never met Gen. Myles at all, and only met his brother, Mr. Beverly Myles, for the first time at New Orleans, and that by accident in a measure. Yet here we were, privileged to enter into all the comforts of the cosiest shooting lodge in the world, and to kill the last bird on the grounds if we wished and were able. We do not know-how to do these things in the North.

Dr. Clegg and I, in lieu of a hunt, went over to the residence of the village priest, Père Forges, of whom Dr. Clegg is a great favorite, though of a different religion. Père Forges is of French birth, is wealthy, and is a traveled and cultured man. His hobby is flowers, and he has one of the most remarkable gardens in this country,

in all probability. All Louisiana is a vast conservatory, and the gardener can do here without glass things which the hot-house man dare not attempt. The old père has over 500 varieties of roses in his garden, and in one bed he showed us all the new varieties which came out in 1892. A new rose to him is as a new bird to the naturalist, or a new tulip to the tulip fancier of old. Here you may see every rose you ever heard of and many of which you never heard, from the Madame Carnot down to the wild Cherokee rose, which is used here for hedges, and grows so luxuriantly that the State lately passed legislation to suppress it. If Louisiana ever dies, it will be of a smothering in roses. In the good père's garden also you may see nearly every plant native to China or Japan, and he says the plants of those countries nearly all do well in Louisiana. The bamboo, the tea plant, the camelia, and many other natives of the Orient, he showed us, flourishing even as the green bay tree which grows by the little wicket. The camphor tree he also has, and by crushing the leaves you can elicit the odor of that drug. The cinchona tree also was there, and the bitter quinine taste was readily apparent in the leaf. The pepper tree was also in evidence, and many other plants, herbs and flowers of interest and beauty. Through all these we wandered till we came to a shed, where lives Jakie, the pet baboon, which Père Forges declares is the master of his establishment. To Jakie we administered a banana, in return for which he made as if to swallow one of Dr. Clegg's coat-tails. This part of the morning was worth more than a day spent shooting. After we had left I returned from some distance to make a picture of the little white church and of the great live oak, said to be the finest in the parish, which stands in front of the church, and the old priest's garden.

My friend from Chicago wires me that he has gone on up to Opelousas. There I shall meet him this evening, and we may do some shooting if we find we would rather do that than just breathe. About the shooting at Galveston I shall also have much to say later. It is becoming evident to me that the South is the shooting country *par excellence*. It is the best of what we now have left of shooting in America.

E. HOUGH.

THE MAINE JACK RABBIT SCHEME.

FORT BIDWELL, Cal., Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of Jan. 12 I read with amazement the recommendation of the Game Commissioners of Maine to introduce into that State the jack rabbit of the Western plains.

As a native of that good old State, where my first love for the gun was nurtured, and as one of the vast army of sportsmen of this great country, I rise to sound a note of warning to these estimable gentlemen, whose efficient work is known from "Maine to California and from the British Possessions to the Gulf of Mexico."

Could they see the havoc wrought by these pests in

protruding as large as robin's eggs, which is not appetizing to a sensitive stomach.

Are the good people of Maine prepared to fence their gardens, orchards and grain fields with woven wire fencing to keep this voracious brute from their vegetables, trees and cereals? If not, make thorough inquiry on the Pacific Coast before taking him to your bosom. Remember the experience of Australia with the English rabbit, our own country with the English sparrow and California with the German carp.

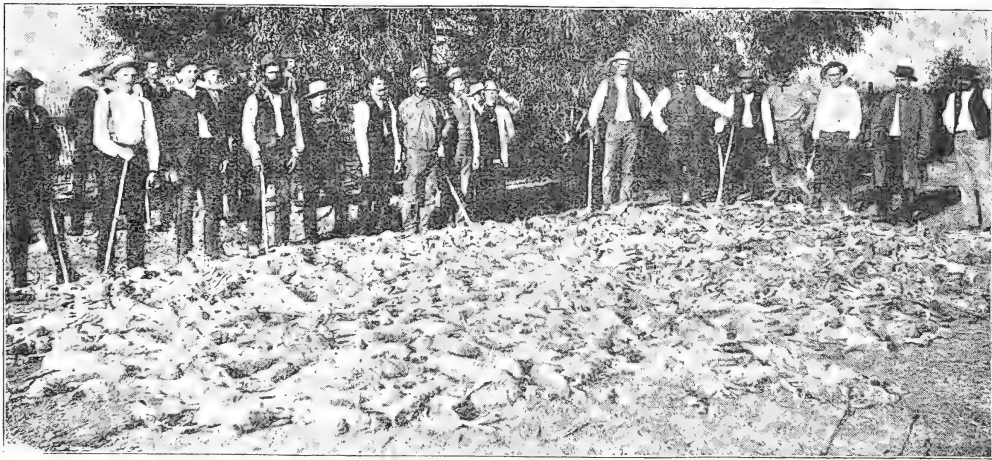
Introduce the smallpox or cholera bacillus and the spectres of the departed victims might rise up and call you blessed, for you would have ended their miseries at once, but bring in the jack rabbit and your troubles will be unending.

Let these gentlemen invest fifty cents in a photograph of a rabbit drive in Fresno, Kern or Tulare counties of this State, show it to each member of the Maine Legislature, and, my word for it, there would not be ten votes cast for such a measure.

A. C. LOWELL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Indeed this is a great country of ours. It seems destined not to be outdone by any other country on the globe. Mines of precious metals, of glittering, costly gems, of whose existence it was thought only other nations could with greatest propriety boast, have become, or soon will become, matters of ordinary interest. And New York! Some one has had the audacity, if not envy, to call it a "counterfeit wall flower" in comparison with some other European cities. Such do not stop to think that New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City are really as much one city as London divided by the Thames. Wait! What and if the bill should pass and the vote of the people be cast to consolidate those suburbs into the city of New York, won't our inquisitive neighbors across the blue sea take a squint through their telescopes and say that New York in area and population is a fair-sized village? Hold on! Haven't I digressed a little? Let's see. What was I going to talk about? Oh, yes, so it is—rabbits, jack rabbits! I was thinking about Australia. She has rabbits, a big heap of 'em. The question is, will she of *Lepus* fame escape an overflow of bile with the information that 10,000 jack rabbits were corralled and slain as the result of a single battue in California? That number lay stretched upon the leporine *Aceldama*, a photograph of which I saw several days ago, which my fellow townsman, Col. Emmons, brought with him from the Golden State. At a distance I took the photo to be a representation of an ice gorge, but on approaching it what met my astonished gaze but a sea of dead rabbits, thousands in number, covering a great area so thickly that a man could not apparently touch them in walking through them. I resolved then to send a photo of this Bunker—no, Bunny battlefield for the benefit of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, when, lo! the appalling



A JACK RABBIT ROUND-UP, NEAR BAKERSFIELD, CAL., SHOWING 1,946 RABBITS.

California they would as soon try to acclimate an army of locusts, grasshoppers or ground squirrels. Modoc county, where my home is, somewhat resembles Maine in this, that snow sometimes gets to be two or three feet deep in winter and the mercury occasionally goes down into the 20s below zero.

I have seen hundreds of acres of grain not worth the harvesting—completely ruined by these vermin.

In July or August of 1886 *FOREST AND STREAM* contained an article written by me entitled the "Modoc Rabbit Curse." I take the following quotation from it:

"Three months ago the supervisors of Modoc county offered a bounty of three cents per scalp for rabbits. At the last meeting of the board the sum of \$826.77 was allowed on this account, representing 27,559 scalps. One of the supervisors told me that about 25,000 of these were killed on a tract of land six by eight miles in extent. A Mr. Nelson brought water by ditches from the river six miles distant and reclaimed 2,000 acres of sage brush land, on which he sowed grain and alfalfa. The rabbits liked the change of diet and took the crop. Upon this representation to the board of supervisors they offered the above reward and Mr. M. hired Indians, paying them five cents per scalp and furnishing them with ammunition at one-half cost price, one installment of which, it is said, cost him upward of \$280."

It need hardly be said that this law was repealed within two months of the time that letter was written, as fears were entertained that if kept long in force it would bankrupt the county.

In this country bunnies is the Finches' pork barrel, and constant demands are made on it, but with no appreciable diminution of supply.

His eating qualities are not regarded with favor by the "Yanks" in any section of California I have visited, though some of the foreign population regard him as a delicacy. He is given to a parasite, a grub similar to those found in the backs of old and poor cattle in the springtime. I have killed them with these big bunches

word "copyrighted" stared at me from one corner of the picture; and so I dared not risk the pleasure of imparting pleasure, as I am sure it would be to those who might have seen it but for that warning protest.

More than the number I have stated have been driven in at a single hunt. From two to three hundred men enter upon the chase, some on foot and some on horseback. No firearms are used. Within the corral clubs are used to effect the massacre. A few are eaten, the most being buried or used as fertilizer. They are slain because of their destructiveness to vegetation.

WEST VIRGINIAN.

Is There a Limit?

WARNER, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: On first page of *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 26 you say: "The Florida tourist shooting crank has as much idea of sport as a kicking mule." This was good, but too brief. It will now be of interest to hear from some of the shooters (with a conscience) as to whether there is a limit to the number of birds a man may kill without forfeiting the title of "a true sportsman." Isn't the so-called "sportsman" who kills his sixty birds in a day a greater bird-destroyer than any trapper or netter of birds? J. T. P.

North Carolina Quail.

AVOCA, N. C., Feb. 1.—Although we have had the coolest weather in nearly a century, and the longest spell known, yet the quail have suffered but a very little. I have been out working some young dogs for the past few days, and find them as numerous as ever, and do not miss a bird by the cold or snow. I think during the month of February and March that as good shooting as can be found in the State will be found here. The turkeys are also numerous. We also expect a flight of woodcock soon that will last a month or more.

S. W. EVERITT.

THE MINNESOTA GAME SITUATION.

The following portion of the report of President Robert Ormsby Sweeney, Jr., of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, sets forth in illuminative light the game situation of the State, and the call for unity of action in protective legislation by Minnesota and her neighbors:

The work performed by the State game warden, Stetson, and his numerous and valued assistant special county wardens, is set forth at length in his report to the board, which is appended together with those of the county specials also. The general tenor of these reports seems to be that the enforcement of the game law is salutary, and is so recognized more than at first, and the violations are fewer than last year. In many localities none at all are reported, and the people are putting more confidence in its efficacy and beneficent results. Many of the wardens say very emphatically there is a very perceptible increase of game, owing to the law's enforcement. Others, fewer in number, I am glad to say, can see no difference; while others report game very abundant—more so than for years.

There is one uncontrovertible fact set forth by these reports coming from every part of our beautiful domain, and that is that our State of Minnesota is still wondrously endowed with a heritage of the choicest game, both small and large, so lavishly bestowed that the wealth of the world could not reproduce it were it once to vanish. Only a few years ago one might safely say, from the southern tier of counties, where the sparkling trout streams like silver ribbons thread their way across the verdure of the prairies; from the midlands, northward, where the lakes are spread to mirror the azure depths of the pure ether above us, and the rivers that rush and dash among the rocks and oak trees; and further north where the pine trees, the streams laugh, leap and tumble with their crystal affluents finally into the bosom of the great lake. In all and every stream and lake were to be found food fishes; not here and there one, but by myriads. The little brooks where leaped the speckled trout; the countless lakelets, where sport the perch, the croppie, bass, walleye pike, muskalonge and pickerel, and in the blue, cold depths of the fjord-like northern waters, the luscious Tullibee, and in the "great shining big sea water," Gitchee Gamme—Lake Superior. The giant brook trout, the herring, the cisco, the three colossal lake trouts, the wall-eye perch, the siscowett, and the whitefish and sturgeon, like the untold wealth hidden within its rocky shores, were waiting in all their glittering beauty for man's needs.

As the waters were teeming, so were the lands filled with game life. The marshes, with their wild rice and cranberries, supported innumerable aquatic birds and fowls; in the stubble, and in the wild, broad prairies where the great cranes dance and swing, were feeding grounds for others. The chickens, grouse and pheasant, whirled and drummed from one end of the State to the other; the deer, elk, caribou and moose undisputed, trampled our northland marais and forest; the mink, marten, fisher and otter peopled the banks of the forest streams. The approach and contact of civilization has greatly changed all this, yet, even to-day, far away in the quiet depths of their scented silence, the beaver is yet building his dams and constructing his houses as of old. Only a few years ago Minnesota was really a hunter's paradise. It seemed as if the game and fish would never, could never be exhausted; but civilization's mills, with their refuse and sawdust, seines, gill and trap nets, and dynamite for the fishes; breechloaders for the birds, and magazine rifles for the noble deer family, are with their relentless and deadly energy rapidly dissipating with shameful waste our heaven-given bounty.

Let us call a halt; it is time. Let us make the effort, every man of us, to save this wonderful heritage from destruction, remembering there are others to come after us, perhaps our own descendants with our very tastes and enjoyment of fishing and hunting. Let us spare something for the coming generations. We can do it, by wholesome and salutary restraints upon the killing of game and fish. First let better laws be enacted, laws for the purpose intended, and let us obey them; impartially enforce them, whenever and wherever violated; forbid selling and shipping game killed in Minnesota out of the State; forbid the selling and shipping of all fish caught in Minnesota waters out of the State, except those caught in Lake Superior. Restrict the use of dogs in hunting, for either birds or deer. This would prevent the terrible and deadly slaughter which now threatens extermination. A few years without dogs would demonstrate the value of their absence, by the greater abundance of game both large and small.

This rapid destruction and dissipation of our game and fish is the result in larger part of the demand for such luxuries from the thickly peopled countries, where all native game has long since been exterminated. The buyers and sellers, or perhaps more properly the dealers in game, direct, induce, employ, hire and pay men to locate good fishing and hunting grounds; kill and ship to their agents, in season and out of season, all and every kind of fish and game obtainable.

The game killers' methods are so pernicious and destructive that in a very short time they will have, by netting and by dynamiting, like a pestilence, killed all the fish from a large water area, then sneak off, leaving it denuded and bereft of piscine life, and even that which sustained it, to recover slowly, if ever, as best it may.

These game killers are a guild of themselves, they are "nomansland" people. They acknowledge no law, they know no mercy, their only desire is to kill something for hire. They are the thugs of the lakes, woods and prairies, and as the thugs of the Orient had to be suppressed so must the game thugs of the West retire from their unholy calling. They pay no taxes, contribute nothing to the support of the State they plunder, as a rule. They have no local interest in their habitat beyond the booty the looting of its woods, waters and prairies may afford to their insatiate greed. They pass their ill-gotten spoils from county to county and from State to State, from jurisdiction to jurisdiction, escaping through the meshes of the law's defects with impunity. To remedy these evasions and bring about a legal uniformity of times and seasons, close and open, and also as to the duties, powers and appointments of game and fish wardens; a convention of the Game and Fish Commissioners and wardens of our neighboring States most in touch with us, namely, Iowa, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota and Michigan, was called in the name of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission by Mr. W. P. Andrus, chairman of the committee on revision

of the game laws, to consult and agree if possible upon such plan of legislation as would put a wholesome control upon, and proper legal restraint upon the destructive if not exterminating traffic in game as now carried on.

The result of the call was a very enthusiastic and interesting conference of gentlemen who are the representatives of the game and fish protective interests of the two Dakotas, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, on Dec. 14 and 15, at Minneapolis, over which Hon. James J. Hogen, of Lacrosse, presided.

At this conference the draft of a game law, the result of the labors of the committee on revision, was submitted, discussed and passed upon section by section, amended and modified so as to harmonize as much as possible its effects in the different States therein interested. The measures proposed are intended to bring about uniform seasons for hunting; reciprocal arrangements toward tracing game illegally killed and shipped; mutual encouragement, help and aid in protecting the game and enforcing the laws for that purpose strictly and impartially.

Under the present regime it is possible for a "game thug" to kill for a couple of weeks in Iowa, then a week or two each in South Dakota and North Dakota, then end up with two weeks in Minnesota, giving him from a month to eight weeks killing time; as he kills only for market the slaughter is excessive, and the already visible results in some localities of extensive area, make us apprehensive of what will soon be the universal condition unless decisive action be taken to stop the exterminating onslaught upon the fish and game without delay.

The conference, as part of its work, named committees in each State to draft and lay before their respective legislatures such laws, or amendments to existing enactments, as would bring about the desired statutory protection. The conference was harmonious and in perfect accord as to the desirableness of such changes and modifications as would secure the practical uniformity and enforcement of game protection, enlarging the powers and authority of wardens, etc. And when they adjourned they did so feeling they had at least started in motion a force toward the accomplishment of great good in this direction; the effect, we hope, will be so apparent in its beneficence as to go on unhindered till the game and fish are saved. * * *

The birds of our State are hunted with the same reckless pertinacity and the quantity slain is enormous. The wastage is considerable. The deer family, like the buffalo, seems to be doomed, unless some strong protection is given them and restraint upon the hunters. Does in the milk are killed that the little fawns may be captured. Bucks and bulls are slain for their horns only and their carcasses allowed to rot by the hundreds. The wastage is even greater than in the fisheries. Such an enormous drainage upon the natural resources of restoration can have but one ending. The fisheries restoration may be and is helped by artificial propagation, but even that will reach its limit when the egg-producers are not to be had.

But with the birds and venison game there is no artificial help possible. Here nature brooks no interference. She is generous to man, but when too much is demanded she will yield nothing to importunity and withholds her bounty, and, when too late, we realize the reward of our reckless greed and folly.

When such enactments shall come before you for approval as will properly conduce toward the preservation and protection of our game and fish and their propagation, I feel that it will not be withheld.

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

Domesticating Wildcats.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—I see that Mr. H. B. Hersey comes to the front in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM in contradiction of my experience in taming the lynx or wildcat. There must be some difference in the species, and the Florida cat shows a much more amiable disposition—or possibly Mr. Hersey's success may have been the result of their being taken in hand at an earlier age than mine was. I had no means of judging of the age of mine when I obtained them—at any rate I never saw two more vicious and untamable varmints, and all my efforts to get on friendly terms with them were fruitless, but after reading Mr. Hersey's experience with the species, I tender him my title and retire from the cat field vanquished. I think their having fits was the result of feeding meat at so early an age, as it has a similar result in the case of the ordinary domestic cat.

After the success of Mr. Hersey in the cat line, if I am so unfortunate as to ever acquire another of the kind I will express it to him for its education, and with a quit claim deed to all my right, title and interest in the thing, for I still decline to take any stock in that species of natural history.

Carp and Duck.

Mr. Wilnot Townsend's little sketch of marsh shooting carries me back to precisely similar experiences in the fresh-water marshes near San Francisco. He describes just our methods and the character of the sport we enjoyed before these marshes were converted into agricultural properties—and what were not became the exclusive shooting privileges of the numerous clubs now monopolizing them. But the shooting has been greatly impaired by the idiotic introduction of the German carp into our fresh waters. Like all pestiferous things, they have thriven to an extent worthy of a better fish. They are vegetarians, and at high water roam over the marshes, consuming the natural feed of the ducks, with the result of shortening the stay of the birds, and each year the shooting is more indifferent.

There is still some good shooting for a month on the opening of the season, and some of the bags on the Suisun marshes at the outset gave 75 to the gun per day, mostly sprigtails and teal, and a few mallards; but a heavy rain storm so raised the river as completely to overflow the marshes and spread out the area of water so greatly as to destroy shooting from blinds over decoys, scattering the birds. For the last month consequently duck shooting has been poor, much to the disgust of club members, who own fine club houses on the marshes and run them at no inconsiderable expense; for it is characteristic of the California sportsman that whatever he has is of the best, be it dogs, guns, boats or club houses. The cost is never considered. And this reminds me of the cut in your same issue of the fellow who sits in the boat without a gun, and looks longingly at the flock of ducks just beyond that he

has no means of bagging. You were wise in not endeavoring to divine what he is saying to himself for being so stupid as to leave his gun at home. The language doubtless would not bear repeating. I have been there and know how it is myself.

The Doings of a Decoy Doe.

Reading Mr. Isaac Kenwell's experience as to the question of deer killing sheep (which he denies, giving personal experience on that head), and also of the tame doe that went off at times and returned with an occasional buck, serves to "remind me" of the case of the proprietor of the hotel at the Soda Springs, Shasta county, in this State, who owned a tame doe that always accompanied him in his deer hunts. When he had ensconced himself behind a log and said "Go for 'em Bet" she would start out and not return until she had picked some gay Lothario, whom she decoyed to within range of her master's rifle; and she seemed to find great satisfaction in compassing the death of the victim. The gentleman told me he had often rested his rifle across her back when firing at another deer.

As an illustration of her fondness for the sport: On one occasion, when I was at the Springs, he went indoors for his rifle. The doe was feeding in the yard at a distance. On seeing him emerge from the house with the gun, she ran toward him and began capering about as we see dogs showing their delight at the sight of a gun in their master's hand. Her greatest delight seemed to be to entice her kind to their death. So it would seem that the female deer is not unlike the human of her sex in their fondness for drawing the male animal into difficulties just for the fun of it—from which a moral can be drawn, and a warning to be careful how you fool with dears or you may get your foot in it.

Poor Bet finally met her fate at the hand of a pot-hunter, who came upon her in the woods near the house and knocked her over, much to the grief of the owner, who declared he would not have taken a \$500 bill for her; and thereafter venison was a much scarcer article on the hotel table. PODGERS.

SOME NOTABLE SHOTS.

I.

It was in the Little Missouri Bad Lands, in the western edge of North Dakota, when I, a youth of nineteen, was "riding lines" in the winter time to keep the cattle from wandering out on to the great plains to the eastward. It chanced one evening that I called on a neighboring cow camp, some miles from the humble dugout which was my abode, and for some reason went afoot, taking my rifle along. When part way home I saw a bunch of light-colored animals scudding across my path some 100 yds. ahead of me, looking, in the darkness, like big wolves; so thinking to give them a passing salute and perhaps make them run a little faster I let a .45 cal. ball go in their approximate direction, holding the rifle at my hips without the slightest idea of hitting any of them. At the flash and report the creatures disappeared into the darkness and I continued on my way, thinking no more about it until a few days later, when I happened to ride by that spot and discovered an antelope shot directly through the heart by my random shot. Unfortunately the flesh was spoiled.

II.

When the then Territory of Montana put a bounty on ground squirrels and prairie dogs in 1887, we, the floating population or "foot loose" portion of the community, embraced the opportunity of making a living by trap and rifle, and made a pretty good one, too, though we did not confine our operations to the vicinity of farms, where the pests were doing the damage, but hunted where we found our quarry thickest. Thus it happened that I camped on the Shields River, near the Crazy Mountains, and waged war against the rodents during the spring months, before the squirrel-hunters so emptied the territorial treasury that the bounty law had to be repealed. For the squirrels I had brought along a .23 cal. single shot Winchester and some 10,000 rounds of .23 short cartridges, and we had no other gun in the outfit.

Seeing some antelope one morning, I told my partner that I thought I could kill one with the little popgun if I got near enough. He doubted it. I saw that they were feeding up a long "draw," by the side of a ledge of red scoria that cropped out on the crest of the ridge, offering good places of concealment, so I started after them, made a detour so as to get ahead of them, and concealed myself in the rocks, where I thought they would pass. Sure enough, presently they came in sight, working my way, occasionally stopping to look back in the direction they supposed me to be coming. I let them feed within about 60 yds. or less, and then put one of the little bullets just where I wanted it, behind the shoulder of a nice one, thinking as I shot what nonsense it was to suppose I could hurt an antelope much with such a charge. The antelope all disappeared over a ridge together, the one I shot at going as well as the rest, and I went to the brow of the hill to see if any dropped out or acted as though wounded. I could hardly believe my eyes to see my game kicking its last, some quarter of a mile away. I found that the bullet had actually gone clean through the animal, not happening to strike a rib. This was a .23 short. Maybe my partner wasn't tickled to see fresh meat coming into camp!

May we not hear from others of your readers about their noteworthy shots? IPSARRAKA.

Ducks on Great South Bay.

WHEN the cold weather came the bay and the creeks shut up tight and all the birds left—even the black ducks, which we always expect to stay with us, no matter how cold the weather—and I guess they have gone, not to come back until spring. A hole has opened off Greene Point, about 500 acres in extent, and I was in it all Monday morning and did not get a shot. I have just looked over it from the window with a field glass, and there is only one duck in it. I have been out every day from daylight until dark, storm or shine, and have shot at only nineteen ducks, killing fifteen. That is all the birds I got this winter. When the bay shut up there was a hole kept open down the channel, near Fire Island, where all the ducks stopped. Two market gunners got at them and killed all—542 birds. A. A. F.

A COLORADO OUTRAGE.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 4.—A Chicago paper printed an article from a Kansas or Nebraska correspondent giving an account of a hunting trip in Routt county, Colorado. The hunters killed elk in large numbers, taking only the saddles, in direct violation of State laws, and amused themselves by trying to shoot deer through the ears with a .22cal. rifle.

According to the article the law was violated in several instances. The new game warden should look this fellow up. The *Republican* comments upon the proposed game law as follows:

The proposed game law, whatever its merits in some respects may be, is seriously defective in one particular. This defect consists in the permission it gives dealers to sell game out of season which may be brought from other States. This does not speak well for the sportsmanship of the men who framed the bill. To the sportsman the killing of game out of season should be objectionable, regardless of where the killing may be done. The proposed law virtually offers a premium on the killing of game in the adjoining States and Territories. To say the least, this is not generous to the communities which surround Colorado, and following the example proposed to be set them, the Legislatures of those States and Territories would be justified in offering a market for game killed unlawfully in Colorado. If game birds and animals were respecters of State lines there might be, in pure selfishness, some excuse for the provision to which we are objecting, but it could be excused on no other ground. These birds and animals do not, however, to the best of our knowledge and belief, pay any attention to or have any regard for State lines. The deer of Colorado may stray into Wyoming and the birds may fly into Kansas. We may say that it is a foolish bird which does this, but nevertheless many of them may do it and there is no protection for them in their Colorado nativity. A Kansas Populist would not hesitate on this account to kill a Colorado quail. On the contrary, he would be encouraged to do so by the fact that he could find a market for the Colorado bird in Denver or Pueblo. * * * TEESEBY.

"An Amateur's Breaking in."

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with some regret, I must acknowledge, under the caption, "An Amateur's Breaking In," and signed by "A Disciple of Frank Forester," the disciple's idea of training a dog. One would assume from the first portion of the article that the amateur was a gentleman, but I think that any one who was so thoroughly imbued with Frank Forester's principles as this writer seems to think he is, would have hesitated before he kicked a poor untrained puppy with sundry applications of a heavy hunter's boot for doing just what the thoroughly untrained puppy would naturally do. No sportsman and no gentleman in his senses ought to kick a dog under any circumstances, and when a man is so rash as to take an entirely untrained puppy into the field and after his really wonderful performances pointing and retrieving without any teaching, kick him because he runs a rabbit, why the least you can do is not to publish such a savage's writing in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Surely Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" does not advise, nor its author back up any such barbarous treatment. E. K. L.

Deer in Central New York.

UNION SPRINGS, Feb. 6.—I was in Chemung county a few days ago and was surprised to find, within five miles of the city of Elmira, three wild deer wintering there and seen almost every day; they are a buck and two does. They have plenty of forest and feed, and if they could be protected for three or five years in the counties of Broome, Tioga, Chemung, Steuben, Schuyler, Allegany and Cattaraugus, they would become quite plenty. There is plenty of timber and feed, and a long range of high hills and mountains. Some one should be interested and have a law passed this winter to protect them for five years, and try and bring them back where they were forty years ago. Trusting some action may be taken, I will leave it to some one that lives in that locality. HENRY C. CARR, Game Protector.

Kansas Live Quail.

MR. CHARLES PAYNE, of Wichita, Kan., writes that he is supplying live quail for stocking purposes, sending them to several States, among others to Oregon, where they are reported to be doing well. He has sent 350 to Shanghai, China. But as the Kansas law prohibits the trapping or snaring of quail, how is it that Mr. Payne is in the business on wholesale scale?

West Virginia Quail Frozen.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va.—I am informed that whole coveys of dead quail have been found near this city—killed by the intense cold. The anticipations of shooters are of a correspondingly low temperature just now. N. D. E.

ALBANY FISH AND GAME BILLS.

[Special Correspondence *Forest and Stream.*]
ALBANY, Feb. 7.—A bill for an appropriation of \$5,000 for a fish hatchery in Sullivan county has been introduced in both Houses of the Legislature.
A bill by Assemblyman Rice amends section 100 of the game law by striking out the prohibition against the running of saw dust into fish streams.
Senator Smith has an amendment to section 141 which includes Onondaga Lake among the other lakes in which bullheads, etc., may be caught through the ice; and it adds to the section a provision that suckers may be caught with hook and line or speared at any time in any of the waters of the State.
A bill by Assemblyman Townsend amends Section 172 so as to permit angling on any day in the year in Jamaica Bay. It also strikes out the provision relating to bass gin in length.
Assemblyman Kinsella has a long bill for the preservation of fish and game in Orange county.
Feb. 7.—Assemblyman Conkling has an amendment to Section 115 of the game law so as to add: "And no set net or eel pot shall be placed in the waters or canals of this State unless each and all of the stake poles for supporting and holding the same shall extend above the surface of the water at least high tide to a height of not less than 3 ft."
Assemblyman Kinsella proposes to amend Section 141 so that bullheads, etc., may be caught by hook and line, or by tip-ups, through the ice in Orange and Sullivan counties.
A meeting of the Assembly Fish and Game Committee was held Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 7. Among those in attendance were Commissioners Huntington and Hackney and Clerk Doyle, of the State Fish Commission, and Chas. B. Reynolds, president of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. On the suggestion of Commissioner Huntington, who said that the Fish Commissioners and Chief Protector Pond were to prepare a brief embodying their views on the several bills, Chairman O'Connor suggested that it would be wise to defer taking any immediate action, and the committee adjourned, to meet again Tuesday, Feb. 21. The views of the Commission will then be submitted.

As a Harbinger of Spring.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 4.—I have this day sent money for *FOREST AND STREAM* for another year. I have not sent before on account of my finances, but I am allowing myself this one extravagance because I feel as though I could not get along without it. I miss its pleasant face. It comes during these cold winter days as a harbinger of spring. X

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—V.

The Trip Up.—V.
[Continued from page 99.]

THE dawn did not open in rosy colors, for a mutter or two of thunder was heard, and columned clouds in sombre shade were rapidly forming and marching, while a stiff breeze was making the lake quite turbulent. There was every indication of a stormy day, which would doubtless confine us to camp. We sat down to the early meal with rather rueful countenances, but with a determination to go to Blind River, for which we had planned the evening previous, if there were a possibility of reaching it in anything but a heavy gale. Emery shook his head, saying "Bad look," and Peter said, "Heavy rain soon," but we said, "Get the boat ready as soon as possible and we will try to make the river at all hazards." That settled the problem as to the weather, and when the boys announced that all was prepared, we boarded the boat and soon were sliding along with a simmering noise of broken waters at her side. Coming to some good trouting grounds, as was indicated by the bottom, we commenced casting, and before reaching the river caught two, weighing, respectively, 2 and 1½ lbs. Arriving at the river we found it impossible to enter with our boat owing to the unusually low stage of water in the lake. Last summer we here made our prize conquest, and were therefore anxious to again ascertain if the scarlet-hued beauties still reposed in its crystal waters. The boat not being able to go up the stream Ned and the two half-breeds concluded to walk to the pool and fish it from the bushy banks. I remained as guardian of the boat, having no desire whatever to go through the dense bush for an angle where it was almost impossible to cast owing to the overhanging trees and bushes.

It was not long after they had left that storm-clouds of the most pronounced character began to arise and gather into a compact mass and surge toward us with a menacing aspect, while torn mists sprang up and whirled about like birds with immense wings. On the edge of this came a volume of heavy fog, which, as it struck the bending trees, peopled them with phantoms formed half of the imagination and half of heavy moisture. The lake now began to caper as if it, too, must add to the completeness of the picture developing at the inspiration of the storm king. Rain soon pattered, and the wind, like an onslaught of cavalry, was lifting the waves into a prominence which made them run in seas of foam, while the gulls, ever in delight at a storm, were sailing over snowy crests with inharmonious screams. Byron must have caught the inspiration of such warring elements when he wrote in his "Heaven and Earth":

Hark! hark! deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom;
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom;
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.]

Every moment I looked for the return of Ned and the boatmen, as I was positive the arising storm would hasten them; but they came not. There I sat in the stern of the boat, with my rubber buttoned tightly around me, endeavoring to solace myself as best I could with my dismal surroundings. Our boatmen, particularly the prophet of the elements, were doubtless smiling at the consummation of their forecasts. They had long been desirous that we should not at any time venture with the boat against their judgment. This being a case in point, they were therefore happy, I presume, even if they did get a good soaking as a result of the execution of my order. After waiting and watching for about an hour the unruly elements, which presented some grand cloud painting, the absent party put in an appearance without displaying a single scale for their enterprise. They were all eager now for the return, and it was fortunate indeed that the wind gave us a lee. As we struck the deep water of the lake, the roar of the waves and the moan of the forest fell in mournful notes, while the riven masses of shattered rocks and the precipitous cliffs with their stern, strong and ugly facings, rose up in the misty air like gigantic spectres. It was a grand picture in a dark shading, which only a glowing sun and azure sky could transform into one of rugged beauty, for here—

"Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hur'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and died the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er."

The distance to the camp being only a mile and a half, we sailed it in about a quarter of an hour, with a beam wind that made the water roll in froth from the outwater. We were glad when we reached the camp and were out of the dripping moisture.

Soon after dinner the wind fell and the moan of troubling waters subsided. It was again to boat, and this time we tried the east side, where three unfortunates of the scarlet tribe fell to our lures. The trout were not rising and snapping as we desired, but we were ever hopeful that good catches would soon be made, and the angler correspondingly happy. We returned in a very stiff breeze, which again indicated that Lake Superior intended to keep up her reputation for unpleasant and uncertain weather. Emery was all at sea in his official capacity relative to indications, and was now fearful of hazarding an opinion lest he be ridiculed if he failed. The old fox was growing wary.

The night closed in deep gloom, with the sea beating a requiem on the rocky coast, but the morn, as if in compensation, developed with the sun pouring its libations of gold and purple over the pinnacles of the rugged mountains and down into the cool valleys. The lake, too, rejoiced in the splendor and sang in tinkling ripples. Ned, overjoyed with all this glorious awakening of nature, which made it an ideal day for the angler, had the entire camp aroused and in preparation for a raid upon the finny tribe that wear the colors of the sunset and the rainbow.

Feeling the importance of the day, and assured that it would bring us a rich harvest of the brook beauties, I selected two of my choicest flies which had been wrought into such artistic form as would surely allure the most wary of the trout. They were a "Lord Baltimore" and a "Montreal," and did on this occasion make mourning in the realms of the *S. fontinalis*. "All aboard!" came the signal of departure, and we were in the boat without delay and headed for the east shore. We had barely gone a couple of hundred yards before Ned hung one of the dappled darlings that was over two pounds, while I had one equally heavy racing around with my "Lord Baltimore." This was simply the inauguration, and we were delighted, for it assured us that unalloyed sport which every true angler desires. When we reached the point that ran at right angles with the main shore, two more were boated, and soon after another. This satisfied us that we were now going near grounds liberally peopled with the dandies of the "gleaming stars." We were here but a short time when Ned got in trouble with a heavy-weight. He, however, obtained a victory over his crafty and stubborn foe after a gallant fight of full five minutes. It pulled the scales over the three pound notch, and so far was the blue ribbon trout of the captives. Ned, pointing to the adamantine walls just ahead that looked like the golden gems of the landscape, suggested stopping there and fishing as we had previously done.

To the glittering rocks we went, landing in a little cove that gave the boat a quiet harbor. I started with Peter as my netter, while Ned of course was paired with the astronomer, who could, read him a lesson in the celestial pathway when he wearied of catching trout. I left them on a line of continuous rock that ran a couple of hundred yards without a fracture, while I sought the shore above, which presented a confused mass of tumbled and terraced granite, requiring not only toil, but suppleness, to travel over. It was along choice waters, and therefore I heeded not the rough, uneven pathway. I saw Ned land two before I had secured a rise, but after I had crawled down a ragged-faced rock by the aid of Peter, I made a cast that brought me a double catch and a shout from my netter that caused Ned and the astronomer to place their optics upon us. I heard Ned distinctly say: "I'll be blanked if he hasn't got two." This was not all, for on my very next cast I made another double catch, and then Peter again disturbed the serenity of the sage old angler and the tawny gazer of the azure blue, with a vigorous concentrated halloo that went echoing over the water and through the forest inland.

"He's in big luck this morning," now came from Ned in response to the cheerful shout.

My fish had hardly been netted before a joyous cry came from Emery, who was down below on the edge of a rock to land a large and savage fighting *fontinalis* that Ned was actively playing. Peter and I both watched the fight for supremacy with much interest, and with the hope that the delighted angler would score a victory; but alas for sanguine expectations, the trout when about conquered got, I presume, a square bat with his tail, and departed with the fly in his scarified jaw. I imagined I could see the shade of disappointment chasing away the glowing excitement that had so illumined the unfortunate angler's bronzed features during the battle. My heart went out in full sympathy to him. He looked despairingly toward us, after he had reeled in to repair damages, and cried out in disappointing tones:

"He got away with my fly."
"Entirely too fly for you," I replied.
"One too many."

The unlucky fisherman soon had another fly on, and again went to work with an earnest will that forbode danger to the next inquisitive trout. In the meantime, I had a struggling beauty that was endeavoring to escape, but he was too well hung for that, and was soon repenting his hasty action in the net. A shout now rang out from the astronomer, and on looking, I saw a heavy trout which he had landed for Ned. We were evidently getting more fish than were necessary for our immediate use, and I began to think it about time to desist in the slaughter. Peter, however, persuaded me to walk over the rough-edged rocks to some huge blocks of stone that lay in the water but a short distance from the shore, and where he was sure numerous trout poised in the deep crevices. I went as suggested, and succeeded in a very short time in capturing two more, that were daintily painted in lurid colors.

I then declared that enough was as good as a feast, and discontinuing the sport, climbed to the summit of a hoary rock that overlooked the lake, and there in the noonday sun, that was beautifying all things with its silver shafts, listened to the lullaby of a scarcely audible surge that pattered against the base of the storm-battered walls. I was wrapped in a very elysium of delight at the scene of magnificent splendor that lay before me, and which only the infinite solitude of the hills and the lonely lake can bring. I repeated, as if in unison with the silent and glowing scene that lay unrolled around me, that lovely and emotional stanza which Charles G. Ames has made so appropriate for just such an occasion:

I stand on high
Close to the sky
Kissed by unsullied lips of light;
Fanned by soft airs
That seem like prayers
Floating to God through ether bright.

The emerald lands,
With love-clasped hands,
In smiling peace below outspread;
Around me rise
The amber skies,
A dome of glory o'er my head.

Wind-swept and bare
The fields of air
Give the winged eagles room for play;
On mightier wing
My soul doth spring
To unseen summits far away.

After enjoying my *dolce far niente* for quite a while I began to think of Ned on the Titanic rock, who was doubtless awaiting my return. Taking up my tramp over the fractured blocks strewn in pell mell confusion, after arduous climbing and jumping, I reached the well-worn path and soon joined him. He was quietly enjoying a solacing smoke and doubtless the grand and lovely surroundings. Since my departure he had caught two more

trout, and, thinking as I did, that we had an abundance, withdrew from the field of sport.

Previous to our starting for camp we took a survey of the quarry that had but recently tenanted the waters and were somewhat amazed at the size and number. They ran in weight from 1½ to 3½ lbs., and as they lay in their silken sheen with spangles bright and rainbow hues it was a sight indeed to gladden the heart of any true disciple of the guild. Ned was so delighted that he deliciously warbled—

"They showed me the marvelous flowers
And fruits of their sun-beaten lands;
They said: 'Here are vine-tangled valleys;
Forget ye the barren white sands;
For a weariness unto the spirit
The dash of the breakers must be;
So dwell ye beside our blue waters;
Forget the sad song of the sea!'"

We scarcely reached camp before the ill-boding Emery shouted out: "Wind gone to the northwest; no more fishing to-day, nor for three days." And so it proved, for in less than an hour the ponderous waves were battling the shore with a savage fury that tossed the spray in surging sheets with a wailing moan. We, however, congratulated ourselves that we had sufficient trout for at least the three days' storm foreshadowed, for it is seldom a northwester discontinues its gale in less time.

Ned at once set to work to replace the fly he had lost in the morning by a creation which would surpass anything that had come from his artistic hands, or for that matter any other. If his workmanship was only as well developed as his conceit in this delicate construction, his flies would be a marvel that would bear exhibition at the World's Fair. He was no slouch, I assure you, with the bright tinsel and feathers gay, but he was not excelsior.

The night went down in gloom; not a star twinkled nor a gleam from Luna; the heavens one universal pall, and the howling winds and the battling waves the only dirge. It was a dismal scene, in which the unruly elements alone held the sceptre.

To arise in the dawn and find your desires in regard to the weather realized is no surprise, but to find it *au contraire* is; for that morning we were greeted with a change in the course of the wind, and a dismayed countenance from the copper-colored oracle, who had found his forecast all wrong. Instead of a northwester, which rocked us to sleep by its vigorous lullaby the night previous, there was a southeaster blowing down the prophet's throat, as if to throttle him for being on the wrong side of his augury. Ned lacerated him and I bled him, in regard to his failure, until he grew as dizzy as if a prize-fighter had slugged him in a vulnerable spot. Prophetic Emery, astrollogical Emery, horoscological Emery, you are again downed, there to remain till the flying scuds—your celestial friends—come along and restore you to the throne from which you have so ruthlessly been driven in a northeaster by a blow above the belt. *Requiescat in pace.*

We had planned a trip to Sand River, some four miles east of our quarters, but as it was not like being in a rosy couch to venture just then, we lay around camp all the morning, indulging in every thing that answered as an auxiliary to the burial of time. We read till the books lost interest; played cribbage till a duel almost ensued, went out on the rocks and wagered on the height of the spray, and then came back and bounced poor Emery as a good-for-nothing Medicine Man of the weather, until finally we sat down to a meal, which, out of pure, unadulterated restlessness and a rapacious maw, we devoured like cannibals.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Governor Russell and B. Pond.

ALL the bitterness of politics must often fall even upon the lovers of the fly-rod, if perchance they happen to occupy prominent positions in the Commonwealth, and by their deeds, no matter how honest, leave the slightest chance for their motives to be misconstrued. Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, is being most severely taken to task by a Boston paper of opposite political faith for signing the petition to the Maine Legislature asking that B. Pond, in the town of Upton, in Oxford county, be closed to all fishing, except with the fly, for a series of years. The article is headed "Russell's Trust," and the Governor is recklessly and untruthfully accused of trying to "get up a corner on trout." The writer sneeringly claims that the Governor "does not desire that the sturdy Democracy of Maine shall share his trout pond," but desires "special legislation" in the case of B. Pond. Then the author of the venomous political fling makes use of these words:

"Of course, all the State of Maine knows that the Governor is very strong against special legislation here in Massachusetts on the subject of trout, for last year, in a message to the Legislature vetoing what was known as the 'Gilbert' Trout bill, he gave this as one of his reasons for that act: 'Because, in effect, if not in form, it is legislation for a special interest against the public interest and to the public injury.'"

The article most unjustly criticises the action of Governor Russell in signing the petition, which was only done as an individual, and at the request of other members of the club. The shores of B. Pond are owned by the Oxford Club, and have been for a number of years. The petition for preserving the trout in the pond originated with the club, and it is almost universally signed by the best citizens of the town of Upton. His name is on the petition with both Republicans and Democrats. The petition is spontaneous, from its signers, asking that the trout of the pond be preserved against the ravages of ice and bait fishing. The Governor has only been a member of the club since 1891, though the club was organized in 1875, and has on its list of members some of the first merchants and statesmen of Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Some of these men have passed away, but usually they have been sportsmen in the truest sense of the term. The club has had a rule for a long time specifying that only fishing with the fly shall be indulged in on B. Pond, by its members, and that every trout under one pound in weight shall be returned to the pond. A prominent member of the club, Mr. J. O. Wetherbee, of Boston, says that the club, notwithstanding its ownership, does not wish to prevent the citizens of Upton, or any other town, from participating in the fishing which the pond affords, only to limit it, to the members of the club and everybody else, to such fishing as the trout can stand without depletion;

and they believe that to be with the fly only. The club also puts upon its own members a limit of twenty trout in one day, and only asks that everybody fishing there shall exercise the same reasonable restriction. Within a year, the club, at considerable expense, has put in a large number of young trout of 6 in. in length.

Ice Fishing.

The weather is still too cold and the ice most too thick for extensive ice fishing. The pickerel fishermen in Massachusetts are doing almost nothing. In Maine, though the law permits citizens to fish for trout after first of February, but very little fishing has been done. One report mentions an attempt to cut holes through the ice where the whole length of the ice chisel, handle and all, came into use, but the water not being reached, the attempt was abandoned till warmer weather.

Maine Game Legislation.

Fish and game legislation is the most exciting theme before the present Maine Legislature. "The fanatics are all at Augusta," each with his pet scheme. I have it from good authority that but few of these "pet schemes" will ever receive the sanction of the Governor in the form of legislative enactments, if indeed they pass either house. I have it from Commissioner Stanley himself that he believes the fish and game laws of that State to be about right as they are, and that he is opposed to the ridiculous tinkering asked for by the fanatics, believing that such tinkering would only end in a jumble that it would not be in the power of any commission to enforce. Mr. Stanley would like to see the open season on large game made on Sept. 1, or at least the 15th, but he has not the least idea that such an act will be passed, owing to the opposition of the lumber interest.

Mr. Stanley looks upon the attempt to pass a law subjecting non-residents to a license of \$5 to either hunt or fish in that State, the work of fanatics, and hopes that no such bill will pass. On the other hand, the committee on fish and game has actually reported such a bill, and it is now in the Senate, and it would not surprise me in the least if it passed both houses. It is just here that the lumber interest may come in. It is pretty well understood that this lumber interest would be glad of any legislative action that would tend to "keep sportsmen out of their woods," and they are pretty likely to find this five-dollar-license measure just about the thing; hence the chances are that they may go in and support it. We shall see.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Pickerel Does Favor the Pike.

MY notes in FOREST AND STREAM about pike and pickerel having been copied by a local paper, I have had many opportunities to explain the difference between the two fish to local fishermen; and the pike-perch, locally known as Champlain pike, has also come into several discussions upon the subject of nomenclature. In northern New York a pike, *Esox lucius*, is always a pickerel, and the pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, is almost unknown, but, as I have already stated, the pickerel have, within a few years, made their appearance in the upper Hudson River. A few days ago I was doing my marketing when the marketman called my attention to some fish which he had just bought from a local fisherman who had caught them in the river. In the bunch of fish were pike and pickerel, and as I was pointing out the difference, an old man, a customer in the market, became quite interested, and when I had finished, he declared quite positively that all the fish were pickerel. Taking one of each species and putting them side by side, I again pointed out marks of dissimilarity, but the doubter was loth to give it up, and said: "Well, this fish that you call a pickerel certainly does favor that one that you call a pike."

This reminded me of a story that I never told but once, and then I was charged with doctoring it, but it is absolutely true and occurred as I will relate it. In an emergency a family that I knew required a nurse and there was no nurse to be had, but a physician said that out in the country there was a motherly old soul who had a reputation as a nurse among her neighbors and she might do at a pinch, so she was sent for and when she came to town it was probably her first appearance away from her native heath. In one of the bedrooms of the house she was called to was a framed photograph of the Madonna and child, taken from a painting by one of the old masters, and the old lady was impressed with it the moment she saw it. Putting on her glasses and adjusting them she walked up to the picture to inspect it closely, and said with much earnestness: "What a pretty baby; and how she does favor her ma!" Then she discovered the halo about the head of the Madonna, and exclaimed, "Well, now! where do you suppose she got that jockey?"

Game Protector Burnett.

A few days ago I wrote that my connection with FOREST AND STREAM as a correspondent dated back seventeen years, and before the ink was fairly dry I had a call from Wm. H. Burnett, a special State game protector, who reminded me during his stay that it was just seventeen years since he called upon me, early one morning, with his first prisoner, arrested for violating the fish laws of New York. At that time I was president of an association for the protection of fish and game; the game laws had been a dead letter and the fish poachers were supreme, until Burnett's election as town game protector was brought about and the association pledged him its support to enforce the laws. The morning referred to was the beginning of a new era in practical fish and game protection. I had been up the night before and was sleeping late, when a frightened maid rapped at my door and announced in a voice that gave evidence of fright that was almost hysterical, that there were two men covered with blood and carrying a gun at the door and wished to see me. Before I could put on enough clothes to be presentable the household was in a panic of alarm. The maid had taken the precaution to lock the front door when she saw who the visitors were, and when I saw them I did not blame her for so doing, for they certainly did look not only as if they could, but as if they had, scuttled several ships and cut a number of throats. It was Burnett and his first prisoner, caught red-handed shooting fish. The offender resisted arrest and clubbed the officer with the gun, cutting him badly; but when Burnett closed and got his hands on the man, he "wore out" the man and the gun and the earth, and when I saw

the prisoner a child could have led him. That was the beginning of a war that lasted for years.

A "bad man," one of the Bitter Creek sort, thought it would be well to settle matters once for all with Burnett, and he went to him boldly, announced that on a certain night he would spear fish at a place named, and he would shoot any man who attempted to touch his jack, spear or boat, for he had the right under the Constitution or something, to defend his own property. Burnett was on hand at the date that was billed and took the jack, spear and boat, and has them yet, I reckon, and the bad man only tore the atmosphere wide open with his tongue. Next Burnett caught the bad man with a set line and some fish on it and arrested him, and when he left court after paying his fine you could trace him by the sulphurous fumes of his conversation—and his threats. Burnett then sued him for the penalty, and after he had paid \$200 and odd, he took a front seat on the mourners' bench, and has been there ever since, and has kept mum. No one clubs Officer Burnett now, and no one threatens to do him harm unless they go off in the woods where only the trees and the rocks can hear. He has never run from anybody or anything, and his word is better than some bonds, and as good as any ever executed. Four days before his last call upon me I had sent for him and put a case in his hands, giving him the name of a man who had violated the fish law, and the names of three witnesses. His call was for the purpose of telling me that after journeying over 200 miles by highway and railway he had secured complete evidence in the case, and had that day served a Supreme Court summons on the party, who admitted his guilt for penalties of over \$500.

A. N. CHENEY.

A DAY'S BLACK BASS FISHING.

ON a clear morning in early July I found myself on the borders of a beautiful lake in northern Pennsylvania, my object being the capture of that gallant game fish, the black bass.

As I looked over its wind-ruffled surface, shining like silver under the rays of the morning sun, and at the foliage forming its background, which varied from darkest hemlock to bright birch, I thought the omens auspicious for a successful day's sport, being the more confident because the bass had been striking well during the past fortnight.

Soon I was rowing slowly along the shores, with my minnow 80ft. astern. Suddenly the rod bends and the reel sings as a bass strikes sharply; dropping the oars, I snatch the rod and a steady strain sets the hook. But not for long, for instantly, 75ft. away, he shoots into the air, his sides glistening in the sunlight, shaking his jaws savagely, and though I lower my tip, I see, with a sinking of the heart, the hook fly from his jaws. The hook is quickly rebaited and the oars resumed. Soon another strike, another leap, and this time, having made a gallant fight, he floats exhausted near the surface and is brought within reach of the landing net. Then the sport becomes splendid; eight, and also a good pickerel, are boated, and several are lost before the school moves elsewhere. Once, having lost a minnow in the water as I was netting a bass, I bend over to recover it, a hungry bass snatches it when my fingers well-nigh grasp it, throwing a shower of spray into my face as he does so.

The minutes run into hours and the sun has already passed the zenith and is sinking in the west, but I take no heed of time, nor of the hawk wheeling on graceful pinions in the clear air, nor of the green heron standing motionless upon the limb of a dead hemlock, nor of the harsh, rattling note of the kingfisher as he flies from one resting place to another or after he has broken the silvery surface of the lake in pursuit of his prey, while the glorious sport lasts. My lunch basket lies, its contents almost intact, in the stern. During these halcyon hours my whole being was wrapped in watching the bending rod and whirling reel and the gallant leaps of the bass, and feeling the quivering of the rod under the tension of the line.

One, the largest of all, was killed on a five-inch minnow that I had put on as an experiment. Five times he cleared the water, in spite of all I could do to prevent him, and each time my heart rose in my throat as I lowered my tip to meet the leap, until the renewed strain gave tidings that he was still there.

At last, my supply of shiners being exhausted, I quit, and though they were rising freely to the fly, I thought I had had enough fishing for that day. There were twenty-three bass and a good pickerel, a good score for five hours' fishing. Seven other bass were returned to their native element.

I turned my footsteps homeward from the lake as the shadows of the oaks and hemlocks were lengthening over its waters and the soft light of the dying day spread its golden radiance over the once ruffled, but now placid, surface.

EURUS.

CURIOUS CAPTURE OF MUSSELS.

United States Fish Commissioner McDonald has allowed us to publish the following interesting record of taking fresh-water mussels, or unios, on a hook:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 13, 1892.—Hon. M. McDonald, Commissioner: As a contribution to the life history of the fresh-water mussel I have the honor to submit the following:

"On the ninth instant I made collections of water plants in Little Hunting Creek, near Mount Vernon, Va., having as an assistant W. T. Lindsey, the custodian at Bryan's Point station, when a dozen mussels were caught with the rake—the same having been turned over to Mr. Harron for the aquaria.

"In discussing their habits Lindsey informed me that last summer while fishing from our wharf at Bryan's Point station with hook and line, he caught more than a dozen mussels. He said that they sucked the worm on the hook with their mouths, and were hooked when he drew them up.

"In this connection I would also mention a fact which I have not seen printed, yet am sure that it has been often observed by others, that in hauling the seine on the Potomac River great numbers of mussels are pulled ashore, their mouths being closed on the twine—the twine having fallen into the open valves. Yours respectfully, S. G. Worth, Superintendent Central Station."

Commissioner McDonald considered this hooking of the mussel as purely accidental. The mouth of the animal is very small and its food consists of diatoms and minute crustaceans. When an object like a hook, a net, or a rake comes in contact with the shell it would immediately close and thus fasten itself to the disturbing body.

TOLD ON THE WAY.

A VENERABLE but chance acquaintance and I had been coloring our cornucopia and silently watching the swift-moving, fleecy clouds drift over the full round silvery moon, but the tobacco got low, my friend thumped his pipe on his boot and asked, "Which way are you tramping in the morning?"

"Thought I would try that little stream off east of here."

"Well, if that's yer lay, I can give yer a lift if yer'll git up airy and don't object to riding on a road cart, but yer must roust out afore 8 o'clock, as I mean to start at 6 sure."

"Thanks, my dear sir, that will suit my complexion to a dot and match my walking apparatus to a charm. As for the road cart, if it is not one of my make I'll chance it."

Five minutes past 6 the next morning we were on the road. The old man was a trifle criss cross at first, the mare was a bit frisky, his briarwood a trifle stubborn. However, the sandy road soon dampened the ardor of one and a 10-pound suction drew the obstructions from the stem of the other, then the old man's face beamed; he was himself again.

"See that house over yonder jest agin that bunch of pines?"

"If you mean that one where half of the chimney top is gone, I do certainly."

"Well, the meanest man I ever heard tell on used to live there. Folks said he was so condensed mean that shingles on his roof wouldn't shed rain and his one winder let in no light. He used to go to meeting up in the village and to git rid of paying anything he'd make his folks sit in the wagon, or, if it was cold or stormy, make 'em stand up in the entry during the whole service. Never went into a pew for years. Why, blast him, he used to water the skim and sour milk he fed to his hogs."

"The man that jined farms with him on the east lost a barn and a lot of grain and feed, barn was struck by lightning and all burned up. The hull neighborhood turned out and helped him git out new timber. Raising day we all went to help. Somehow or other that air cuss was there. He ate three good meals and carried home his pockets full of grub, then the very next day put in a bill dollar and a half for his work."

"He'd a lot of bees onct. Somehow he got it into his leetle head that they didn't work hours enough, so he'd git up afore it were daylight, take a club and pound on the hives to wake 'em up and make 'em git out and git to work. He got 'em larnt arter awhile so as he didn't have to wake 'em up; then the leetle cuss weren't satisfied; darned if he didn't try to cross 'em with a lightning bug so as they'd work nights. See that air cow-path over that little rise? That leads into an old logging road and that road crosses yer stream 'bout half a mile from here. Hope you'll have good luck. Git up, Maria!" A. W.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

GRAVES MEADOW.

It is only a small green spot in the woods of southern Vermont, in the town of Stratton, lying on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains. Perhaps it is forty rods long by fifteen or twenty in width. A clear mountain stream runs through it, fringed part of the way with alders. Its name even is known to only a few hundred in that thinly settled region; but it is to a limited few a famous place. For the last half a century or more, indeed since the days of the early settlers, it has probably yielded the fishermen more trout than any other place of its size in all New England. It has peculiar natural advantages in this respect. Above it and below it for half a mile in either direction are alder swamps, so dense and tangled as to bid defiance to any but the most persistent angler. There the trout lay and breed in comparative security, and from them the little meadow is constantly stocked. In my younger days, long, long ago, it was no unusual thing to take a hundred fine trout from this place. The supply seemed inexhaustible. The next day after being thoroughly fished it would swarm with a new lot. I remember once taking forty-four from a small "hole" in half an hour. They would probably average over 7 in. in length.

Even at this day, when most of the trout streams in that vicinity are depleted by constant fishing, Graves Meadow is making a heroic effort to maintain its old reputation. Last May I took about thirty trout of legal size (6 in.) from its waters. Having during a long life enjoyed many pleasant hours in this beautiful spot, I think the least I can do is to endeavor to preserve its memory before the greedy lumbermen shall have destroyed this old landmark.

FRED L. BALLARD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JAN. 30.

BASS OF LEWISTOWN RESERVOIR.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 10.—In the issue of Jan. 5 I see an article, "The Lewistown Reservoir," by Nathaniel R. Piper. I spent seven weeks there in July and August and about a week the latter part of October and can say the same as Mr. Piper, that it is the best black bass fishing ground I have ever been at. I found that the best side of the pond to stop at was the bulkhead side (Robinson post office, Logan county, O.). Mr. Norviel, whose card I inclose, has the post office, also a store and small hotel, or rather, private houses, where there is very good accommodation. He has three minnow pools fed by a flowing well 83 feet deep of the very finest water. Minnows are 25 cents per dozen and always plenty on hand. His charges are \$1 per day board and sleeping. His boats are free of charge, also the ice that may be used. By dropping Mr. Norviel a postal he will get sportsmen free of charge from Huntsville, on the Sandusky branch of the Big Four Railroad and five and one-half miles from the bulkhead. This side of the pond is nearest to the fishing grounds. Parties wishing to camp will find a very nice place at Mr. Russell's, about one mile from the bulkhead and within fifteen minutes of the fishing grounds by row-boat. There are eight or ten guides living at the bulkhead. The charges are \$2 per day for guides, but it is not necessary to have one, although it is better, at least in the beginning. This is the headquarters for sportsmen and is as near to the railroad as any other place.

I send you to-day a photograph of a black bass that I caught there weighing 7 1/2 lbs. Four days after and before being frozen in the cake of ice it weighed 7 1/2 lbs. I sent the fish to W. H. Hughes, chief of our fire department, who in turn had it frozen and photographed. I have seen

larger fish than this one caught at this place. I caught 7 1/4 while fishing there, ranging from 4 lb. up. The best time for large bass is the latter part of August and in September, although there are large ones caught at most any time of the year.

The above I give for the information of sportsmen and will gladly give any other data they may ask for, and if any decide to visit the waters this next season they will find me there. I also inclose card of Mr. Matt Covington, who is always at Huntsville ready to take parties to the fishing grounds at 50 cents per person. PETER RENNER.

Eastern Massachusetts.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Jan. 27.—We had a good deal of sport fishing for white perch and black bass in Morse's Pond last summer. The perch were very gamy and many of them of good size. I caught several and put them alive in Lake Waban, hoping to stock the lake with them. During the summer I wanted to get one or two large snapping-turtles and set several lines attached to blocks of wood with good-sized hooks baited with fish. I caught several big turtles—one that weighed 26 lbs., one of 31 lbs. and one of 44 lbs. They are ugly fellows to handle and three or four big ones loose in a boat are liable to make things lively. A good many pickerel have been taken in Charles River this winter through the ice not more than a mile or two from Wellesley. One party took 75 lbs. in a day, while others carried home good strings. Two or three persons are trying to introduce the white perch into Charles River, and if they prove successful there will be good sport in three or four years. The white perch grows very large here, averaging 1 lb., while specimens weighing 2 1/2 lbs. or even more are not rare. S. F. DENTON.

Missouri Notes.

We learn from Mr. W. F. Page that fishing in the immediate vicinity of Neosho, Mo., has not yet opened. There was good fishing for small-mouth black bass in Current River, Carter Co., about the end of January. He was informed that the deer shooting there had been above the usual average this season.

When at San Marcos, Texas, in the early part of January, he saw a great many fine strings of large-mouth black bass, and was surprised to notice that the bass were actively engaged in making their nests. Evidently the prospects are bright for the new fish commission station which is to be established at San Marcos. Mr. Page had taken upward of 500,000 rainbow trout eggs at Neosho at the close of January.

Fishculture.

Minnesota Commission Report.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 4.—The second annual report of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission has just been presented. President Robert O. Sweeney, Sr., requests the making of better laws and enforcing the present law, by forbidding the selling and shipping of all game killed and fish caught in Minnesota. Also restrict the use of dogs in hunting and use of dynamite for catching fish in large quantities. The Game Warden reports that 30 complaints were made during the year, with 13 convictions. Notices were served upon 30 owners of dams to provide fishways, and 21 ways have been built. The Willowbrook hatchery distributed fry as follows: Brook trout 514,500, Loch Leven trout 234,000, California trout 49,000, lake trout 165,000, landlocked salmon 15,000; wall-eyed pike 15,000,000 (estimated). W. F. D.

Sowing Wild Oats.

We have been asked where the seed of water oats (*Zizania aquatica*) can be obtained for introduction into fish ponds. Mr. E. D. Sturtevant, of Bordentown, N. J., can furnish it and give directions for planting. Dr. Hessel has used it at Washington, where it grew so luxuriantly that he had to destroy it. He first soaked the seed and then sowed it in water from two to four inches deep.

Colorado Commission.

It is reported that W. R. Callicotte, Esq., of Denver, has been appointed Commissioner of Fisheries for Colorado, his term to begin April 1.

Attractive Tours to the Near South via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The advantageous season of the year and the attractive destinations fixed for the tour to the Near South on Feb. 9 make it one of the most desirable of pleasure trips. The territory traversed is the most attractive and historical portion of the Union, embracing as it does a picturesque route, the military post of Old Point Comfort, the beautiful resort of Virginia Beach, and the cities of Richmond and Washington. The rates of \$45.00 from New York and \$42.50 from Philadelphia cover railroad fare, hotel accommodations, and all necessary expenses during the entire tour of nine days spent on the tour. For an extended tour to Washington an exceptional opportunity is offered on Feb. 16. Seven days will be spent on the trip. The rates, including transportation, hotel accommodations, transfers, carriage ride, and a trip to Mt. Vernon, are very low. This tour affords ample time for thoroughly viewing and resting at the Nation's handsomest city. Further information furnished on application to Tourist Agents, 849 Broadway, New York, 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and 233 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, or Ticket Agents, Pennsylvania Railroad Company.—*Adc.*

Hundreds and Hundreds.

The New York Central's transactions are assuming large proportions. The company recently ordered 100 new locomotives. They are adding to their passenger equipment this summer 100 new sleeping cars, and now it is stated on authority that they are laying 100-pound steel rails in their superb tract. Surely "America's Greatest Railroad" is not doing anything by halves.—*Adc.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Wm. Wood, 25 West 125th street, New York, manufacturer and importer of high grade sporting, athletic, gymnastic and boating goods and supplies. A new and complete catalogue will be mailed free on application.—*Adc.*

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Mortimer, Supt. Entries close Feb. 6.

Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 17.

March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 25.

March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.

March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.

March 28 to 31.—Illinois Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.

April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.

April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE HEALTH OF DOGS AT SHOWS.

NOW that the show season is coming on it may be well to draw greater attention to the veterinary department. It is to be hoped that the different bench show committees will exercise every precaution that will insure the health of their temporary charges, not only in appointing a qualified veterinarian to examine the dogs at the entrance but to see that he is attending to his duties, and so arrange the entrance that but one dog can pass through at one time. Many dogs arrive at unreasonable hours and are benched by the watchman at all hours of the night. These dogs may be all right and they may not, and should they be diseased in any way the damage is done and it is superfluous to ask the "vet." to look the dog over in the morning. The vet. should be instructed to remain at the show entrance till 11 P. M. the night before the show opens. After that hour the watchman should be instructed that under no circumstances must he allow later comers to bench their dogs. This may work a hardship in some cases, but the benefit to the few must be sacrificed to the good of the many. Let there be no sentiment in this veterinary appointment; hold the appointee to a strict acceptance of his duties. It is not enough for a "vet." after he has examined the dogs at the door to put in appearance for an hour or two in the evening during the rest of the show to see how things are getting along. Every "vet." should be paid such a price that he can afford to be on call at any moment; also to periodically make a round of the benches and see that the health of his charges continues good. To him should also be entrusted the regulating of the ventilation so that it be equable as far as the conveniences admit. That the ventilation be not so disposed as to cause undue draughts on certain dogs totally unable to stand it, so that the careful owner has to so protect his dog's stall or cage with blankets and so forth, that effectually conceal the dogs the public pay money at the door to see.

Some dogs develop a cold or diarrhoea very quickly at shows, and a careful, conscientious "vet" will remove the animal at once from public gaze, and to a room set apart for such purposes.

In many shows in the past the "vet" has been conspicuous by his absence after the first day, and when present is unknown to any but his immediate acquaintances. He should wear a badge at all times when on duty; whatever his feelings in this respect, he owes it to his position to conform to the latter requirement, so that any exhibitor may command his services and find him without difficulty. All these suggestions may seem trivial, but their importance is the growth of past negligence of an important office. Under the new rules of the A. K. C. regarding veterinarians, the "vet" at the smallest show cannot afford to neglect them. He should also give a look to dogs that are shipped home by the club, for often dogs arrive home more by good luck than through good management. If a dog is sick when shipped to his owner, the latter should be notified by wire of the fact, and so be prepared to receive the dog at the earliest moment and attend to its wants. Any owner who loves his dog will thank a committee for this kind attention, and that club may be sure of the owner's entry another year.

Mr. Everett Millais makes a very pertinent remark in a recent letter to the London *Field*, in which he says: "Thorp-Hincks very justly remarks, regarding distemper, that he is not quite sure that it does not rest in a great measure with the dogs themselves. With this sentiment I cordially agree, for in our striving after type—a goal we can only reach by inbreeding of a peculiarly narrow character—we unfortunately lower the immunity of the dog, and produce animals of a more susceptible nature to disease than outbred animals are from the other extreme. If this is the case—and I hardly think any person in a position to judge will attempt to controvert my statement—how great, how perfect, and how systematic ought not our precautions to be in the *locale* where we bring the product of years of thought, judgment and experiment together, in order that we may influence the produce of the future? My experiments alone show that distemper is a bacterial disease, not only of the most destructive character in inbred dogs, but under the same regulations as other diseases of a like nature."

SARATOGA KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of poultry and dog fanciers, held at the Commercial Hotel on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club was organized.

A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested by those present and all felt confident that a successful show could be held here next winter.

The club will join the American Kennel Club and hold its bench show under their rules. It was decided to hold a show sometime in January, 1894. Exact dates will be announced later.

The following officers were elected: President, Col. A. B. Hilton, of New York and Saratoga Springs; Vice-Presidents, R. G. Smythe, A. Gerald Hull, Geo. L. Corliss, Allison Curtis, John E. Hodgman and Erwin A. Hall, of Saratoga Springs; A. E. Bluck, of Johnstown; Edward Rosch, of Schenectady; W. A. Fuller, of Fultonville; T. B. Zimney, of Gloversville, and C. E. Rokenstyre, of Albany; Treasurer, John J. Wandell; Secretaries, William D. Eddy, for poultry department, and Lyman W. Clute, for kennel department; Directors, Daniel Eddy, Frank Sherman, J. A. Willis, F. W. Gaylor, W. T. Rockwood and W. A. Coster, of Saratoga Springs; H. R. T. Coffin, of Glens Falls; C. A. Houck, of Albany, and James R. Draper, of Troy. Delegates to American Kennel Club, H. R. T. Coffin, of Glens Falls; Alternate, C. Rathbone, of Albany; Veterinary Surgeon, Dr. T. H. Childs.

The first Tuesday in each month, excepting July and August, were determined upon for holding the regular meetings at the Commercial Hotel. W. D. EDDY, Sec'y, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Jan. 27.

THE FANCY IN ENGLAND.

The English *Kennel Gazette*, as customary, and in pursuance of a policy that might be followed by our own *Gazette*, publishes its annual retrospect of breeds, written by different specialists. Commencing with bloodhounds, all the principal breeds are treated. Dr. Turner says that, contrary to 1891, there have been few deaths among the young bloodhound stock and that many of the new stars, such as E. Brough's Burgundy and Banner are still shining. The breed is gaining in points which go to make a good, sound, workmanlike hound, though dogs with a little more wrinkle, depth and squareness of lips might be more sought for. These give character to the head, but he deprecates any loss of hound properties to get them.

Deerhounds are, according to "Stag," contrary to this country, increasing in popularity, and breeders and exhibitors are on the increase. Pointers, says E. C. Norris, though there is nothing sensational to write of, yet the breed has fully maintained its popularity. The Rev. O'Callaghan takes rather a pessimistic view of the Irish setter and attributes detrimental results to the incompetent and all-round judges who are ready to judge anything, from a sheet anchor to a needle, and advises breeders to steer clear of all shows judged by all-round judges. There has been a falling off in type during the past year. Perhaps the day may not be far distant when America may be able to put the breed in England on its legs again with some new blood. Gordon setters, according to Mr. F. A. Manning, have been fairly represented at shows, though we find that at the Crystal Palace show no more than seventeen were shown and probably many of those came from Mr. Chapman's kennels.

"Thornbush" takes all the different breeds of sporting spaniels. He remarks that the entries at most of the shows have been short and that nothing of any moment has been brought to the front. The "Sussex" is spoken of as being stronger to-day than ever, and the cocker is also looking up a bit, while the toy cocker has gone to the wall once more, as it should do. Good and typical Chumbers are fewer in numbers than ever, and the English water spaniel is almost extinct; while Irish water spaniels do not improve in type, but are getting more like retrievers; some short of topknot, others short in feather, and many winners longer in legs than they used to be. Speaking of field spaniels, he says: "The breeders' and exhibitors' weakness—if not some of the judges—for length, which point has now almost become an absurdity, is now doing much in the direction of destroying the beautiful working symmetry of this variety of spaniel and requires checking before it is too late," and then refers to the probable spectacle of a field spaniel having to be lifted out of a ditch because of his extreme length.

About Bassets, Mr. Millais fills over three columns, in which he deplores the scarcity of young stock to come on for the present year. He thinks the dog Louis la Beau is by far the best hound dog brought out since the days of Paris.

"Nestor" agrees with "Trefoil," the writer of last year's article, in feeling that the collie has not advanced. There is still a craze after long, senseless-looking heads, though it seems that the days of the Borzoi head, as it is now called, are numbered. The bitches are said to be more responsible for the weak heads than the dogs. An ear craze has now set in and the idea is to get as small an ear as possible, set right on top of the occiput, with will lead to prick ears becoming the rule and not the exception. The ear free of feather and only slightly drooping over is against nature, and is poor protection for the ear. Further on "Nestor" remarks: "There has been, in 1892, more than in any previous year, a strong predilection on the part of the more modern judges to award prizes to dogs possessing the longest heads, narrowest skulls, smallest ears and longest coats; legs, feet, shoulders, chest, and in fact make and shape generally being either ignored, or looked upon as merely of secondary importance." And very truly, he adds, "It may be remarked here, *en passant*, that density of coat, and not length, should be aimed at, for to a working dog in snow and slush a long coat is a terrible nuisance, as any practical collie breeder well knows. True, to a show dog who is deficient in body properties, shelly in make, bad in shoulders, and with no quarters, a long coat is invaluable, like charity, covering a multitude of sins."

The popularity of the collie is not on the wane, and prices rule high for good specimens. Ormonde is hailed the crack of the year.

About bulldogs Mr. Fred Crowther, now secretary of the Bulldog Club, writes very entertainingly, and at the same time instructively, so that we think it advisable to give the bulldog men of America an opportunity to put themselves *au fait* with the changes and doings in this breed of old England.

Mr. Crowther says: "Taken as a whole, I am inclined to think that the bulldogs of the year show considerable improvement in most of the essential characteristics of the breed. Narrowness of underjaw is, however, much too prevalent to be pleasant, and I am sorry to say I cannot think of any blood likely to transmit the broad 'navy's shovel' underjaw. It behooves us to bear in mind that a bulldog's underjaw should be broad as well as turned up, for I am afraid that we are beginning to sacrifice breadth of underjaw in favor of remarkably turned up, but woefully narrow underjaw, or to be unduly carried away with a broad, but straight underjaw. There are several stud dogs who possess broad turned-up underjaws, but, alas! they do not seem to possess the property of transmitting it to their progeny. Again, good thick arched necks are none too conspicuous, although the arch is present in profusion in the narrow-necked brigade. There is a serious tendency for noses to run small, and consequently the nostrils present a very pinched appearance. The effect of wide nostrils on a bulldog's face is very grand, and is, moreover, a very ancient property. I think we ought to encourage the breeding of bulldogs with nostrils of a size which would readily admit the insertion of the finger. At the present time the nostrils of most specimens are so small and pinched that it would be a hard job to pass a toothpick. It will, of course, be readily understood that I use the finger and toothpick illustrations as indicative of what nostrils now are and what they ought to be from an appearance point of view. I mention this in case any one should suppose that there is some need to push a finger up a bulldog's nostrils. Too much attention cannot be paid to the set of the eyes. Unfortunately in many of our best specimens they are set obliquely to the stop instead of at right angles to it, as they should be.

"We have made grand improvement in ears. Not very long ago button ears were very common, but the pretty rose ear now comes out very strongly. Shortness of back is always a source of trouble to produce, and although there are plenty of long backs visible at the present time, yet I think we have shortened them a bit generally, and greater uniformity exists in that respect. In order to perpetuate short backs, I advise breeders to infuse Reeve's Crib blood into their strains. A long-backed bulldog is an abomination, so I hope special attention will be paid to endeavoring to eradicate the pre-disposition which undoubtedly exists for backs to become long. Shortness of legs, and elbows standing well away from body are properties which seldom are to be found approaching perfection, but when they do, never fail to impress the bulldog fancier. There can be no doubt that we have suffered from the 'Daddy Long Legs' type of bulldog for years past, but I am pleased to see that we are making rapid strides toward improvement in that respect. I believe that owing to the judicious combinations of strains which have been made by thoughtful breeders during the past few years, the word 'stilty' will ere long be eliminated from the bulldog reporters' vocabulary. At the same time I would urge upon breeders the advisability of breeding in

rather closely for a few generations to low-legged, out-at-shoulder bred bulldogs. By this means the reliability of producing that which one seeks to perpetuate will probably be attained.

"Opinions seem to differ very considerable as to what degree of 'out at elbows' is the correct thing. Some fanciers are to be found who aver that dogs with elbows like British Monarch, Kitty Cole, etc., etc., are cripples or deformities, while others regard Father O'Flynn, Dhurty Dublin, Orphan Lad, etc., etc., as perfection in elbows. To my way of thinking a bulldog cannot be too much out at elbows, provided his activity is not interfered with and he walks on his feet and not on his pasterns. Judging from old prints, I dare say there is some amount of truth in the assertion that our dogs of to-day are not quite so active as the very old-fashioned dogs. The answer is (1) that we do not need them to be, as the bulldog now is a 'fancy' dog, and not a bull-baiting animal; and so long as he is active enough to be a man's companion that is all that is needed. (2) The old dogs were trained for feats of endurance, whereas nowadays we have no occasion to train them for any such purpose. If we had to test their powers of endurance I have not the slightest doubt that we could bring some of the first prize dogs up to a condition fit to fight for a kingdom, because we know the 'heart' is in them." The Bulldog Club's scale of points is true to the traditional style and make of the old English dog and Mr. Crowther thinks that breeders need not fear about getting a wrong sort of dog if they can evolve such a dog as the standard calls for. Further consideration of the breeds must be left for another time.

THE BALTIMORE SHOW.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Maryland Kennel Club have completed all their arrangements for their coming show of March 7 to 10. The following specials have been received up to the time of writing, viz:

The Collie Club, for members only: Silver club medal, value \$20, for the best collie dog or bitch, in open class. Bronze club medal for the second best dog or bitch in open class.

The Bulldog Club offers for club members only: Club's silver medal, for best bulldog or bitch in the show. Club's silver medal for the best American-bred bulldog or bitch in the show.

The American Spaniel Club offers, for members only, the George H. Whitehead trophy, value \$25, for best cocker stud dog shown with two of his get, to be won four times before becoming the property of any one member; \$5 for best field spaniel; \$5 for best cocker spaniel.

The American Mastiff Club offers their silver challenge cup for the best American-bred mastiff, dog or bitch, under two years of age, open to all. An entry fee of \$5 will be required, one-half of the aggregate of the entry fees to go to the winner, the other half to the Mastiff Club to meet the expenses of the cup. Provided there are at least three in competition for this prize the name of the winner will be engraved on the cup and the owner will receive the club's diploma.

The St. Bernard Club of America offers four of their club silver medals (partial list not yet received).

The following express companies will return dogs free when full rates have been paid one way: National, Wells, Fargo & Co., American, United States, Baltimore & Ohio, Long Island, New York & Boston Despatch Co. and Adams.

We are in receipt of the following letter from Mr. William Fleming, Secretary of the Trunk Line Association, which covers the following railroads: Grand Trunk, N. Y. C. & H. R., West Shore, N. Y., O. & W., N. Y., L. E. & W., D. L. & W., Lehigh Valley, Central Road of N. J., P. & R., Pennsylvania, B. & O. and C. & O.:

"No. 143 Liberty Street, New York, Feb. 1.—W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Esq., Secretary, Baltimore, Md. Dear Sir: Your application of the 27th ultimo was duly received and the following authorized: For each ticket not more than three dogs to be carried free; care takers must present for inspection the necessary identification papers. Yours respectfully, William Fleming, Sec'y."

W. STEWART DIFFENDERFER, Sec'y.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.

SECRETARY F. G. TAYLOR, of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, tells us that "In order to insure a larger attendance at our monthly meetings and strengthen the social features of our organization, it has been decided to use a portion of the club's funds in giving, each meeting night, a nice little supper to those in attendance.

"On Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7 o'clock P. M., the first supper of the series will be given, to be immediately followed by the business meeting of the club.

"A gun committee has been appointed and it is proposed to hold semi-monthly shoots at live birds and bluebirds.

"A bench committee will consider the advisability of holding a show in the near future.

"The open field trials recently held, notwithstanding their being the first attempted, and necessitating a large outlay of labor and expense were, nevertheless, brought to a successful issue and the guarantors thereby released from all liability of being called upon to make good any deficit.

"The report of the treasurer showed the finances of the club to be in a satisfactory condition, all debts having been paid and a healthy surplus steadily accumulating.

"The ability of the club to furnish its members with the entertainment proposed, is principally due to the generosity of Mr. S. Murray Mitchell, of the Aldine Hotel, in providing it with a place of meeting free of expense."

WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We hope your many readers will be interested to know that the Washington City Kennel Club will have a bench show commencing March 14 that will be to the taste of the most fastidious and all for love.

Last year we were handicapped in having a show in an out of the way place, which, coupled with enormous outlay, made it unprofitable, but not discouraging. This year we will have to rent at heavy expense a larger hall than we really need. It doesn't suit our pockets, but our loss will be profit to the exhibitor, for such a gorgeous, magnificent place for a dog show is, probably, not to be found in America—325ft. long by 125ft. wide; in short, it covers an acre of ground. Think of it! This new hall is conveniently located, brilliantly illuminated (800 electric lights), and thoroughly ventilated and heated. Indeed, in a sanitary sense, it will be well nigh perfect. And when the curtain goes up the prologue will be, "Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will mew and dog will have his day."

BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1.

Mr. J. H. Winslow, of Philadelphia, writing of the pointers he has been advertising in *FOREST AND STREAM*, says: "I have sold to Mr. J. Guild Cook, of Baltimore the pointer bitch Claucary, liver and white, about 48lbs. weight, and to my mind the best one I ever bred. She is by Beppo out of White Fawn, she by Grafton (a full brother to Beau of Portland, winner of the Southern Derby, 1891) out of Ethel, a daughter of champion Beaufort, out of Zanetta. She has been in the hands of W. W. Gleasing for some time and said to be a good performer in the field, and it is my opinion that she is destined to be a winner on the bench."

FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Canada.—Mr. A. E. Elmer, Kingston, has lost by death the black and tan terrier Lady Don (Kaiser—Desdemona), who won first in the puppy class at Toronto last year, being placed over the Brodies' importation, The Black Earl and Mrs. Potterson's Broomfield Florence. She was also vhc. in the open class, dogs and bitches, at Kingston.

A change has occurred in the Forest Kennels by which Mr. E. J. Walsh, Oakville, becomes a member of the firm. Mr. Walsh brings in with him the English setter dog The Sultan, which Mr. Davidson awarded first to at Toronto. The Sultan, a new pointer bitch and probably one or two more will be shown at New York. The other partners in the kennel are Mr. C. A. Stone, of Toronto, and Mr. McGregor, of Chatham, the kennels being located at the latter town.

The bull bitch Luna, owned by Mr. Cecil French, Montreal, winner of first, Nottingham; third, Burton-on-Trent, etc., will make her appearance at New York show.

Mr. Fred S. Wetherall, of the Compton Kennels, Compton, England, has just returned from England and brought a long string with him. He has a good one in the wire-haired bitch Roath Rennie, by Darlington Jester, out of Wasp. Rennie is a big winner in England, having seventeen prizes to her credit, among them first Bishop Auckland, third open Fox-Terrier Club show, third open K. C. show, first Llanidoloes, etc. She came out in whelp to Mr. Hopgood's Valuer (champion Brittle—Vida), winner of sixty purses up to November last, specials and five cups, including the ten guineas at Oxford in 1890. The bitch was bred by Mrs. Berry and is now a little over 3 years old, white, with tanned ears.

Mr. Wetherall's other purchases are two Scottish terrier bitches bred by Mr. James Blair, Woodside, Aberdeen, and three Irish terrier bitches. Particulars I have not yet been able to ascertain. Mr. James Lindsay, of Montreal, has an interest in the Irish terriers and will join with Mr. Wetherall in the establishing of a strong kennel of this breed.

During Mr. Wetherall's absence in England Compton Merit (C. 2,119), the bitch he imported last year, was killed by her kennel mates, and, as "misfortunes never come singly," two of his own breeding, Compton Hazel (C. 2,036), and Compton Beauty (C. 2,035), were poisoned by some rascal. H. B. DONOVAN.

MR. MULCASTER'S RIDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to send tardy comment on the late discussion on the question of whether or not the judge, Mr. Mulcaster, rode out to the grounds in the conveyance of the press representatives at the American Coursing Club meet, held at Great Bend, Kan., last October. The comment is late, because I have already been at the pains to telegraph a correction of Dr. Cattanch's criticism of my statement, because I do not doubt the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* has entire confidence in the accuracy of the *FOREST AND STREAM* report in all such detail. It is too much trouble to say a thing twice when you know you have been right in the first saying of it. This now is my third assertion that Mr. Mulcaster rode out with the press men, as was originally stated in my report. I can not see why Dr. Cattanch or any one else should wish to "correct" a simple fact, especially since the correction brings into all the worse light those who should have attended to providing a proper conveyance for the judge. If it were in the least necessary, I could refer to Mr. Basil Hayman, the representative of the *American Field*, or to Mr. Haynie, of Lawrence, who was also doing press work. Mr. Hayman, Mr. Mulcaster and myself sat on the back seat of the surrey wagon, or rather, I sat upon Mr. Hayman and Mr. Mulcaster, who sat upon the seat. Mr. Mulcaster sat upon the left hand side of the seat as we went north. His knees being rather hard, and both he and Mr. Hayman rather uneasy after I had sat upon them for a few miles, I stood up for a part of the time. When I stood up I stood on the floor of the surrey, or surrey wagon, and held on to the collar of Mr. Haynie's coat, grasping it about an inch and a half to the right of the middle seam and not directly in the middle. Mr. Haynie sat on the front seat, to the left of the driver, as we went north. That is how I could hold on to his collar. If necessary, I can furnish a diagram of this, describe the scenery and tell how often the driver greased the wagon. It never seems to have occurred to Dr. Cattanch and all other gentlemen who may have taken Mr. Mulcaster out to the grounds that all the above might be true and they might still believe their own eyes. I will be courteous enough to express entire belief in their statements and will even go so far as to say that very possibly Mr. Mulcaster may have ridden out not only one or two mornings, but every morning, with some one who took compassion on him, instead of in a proper vehicle, properly provided for him by the proper officers. As to that I can not speak of my own knowledge and so do not presume to contradict a gentleman; but as to my original and subsequent statements to the effect that Mr. Mulcaster rode out with us on the morning when I said he did so ride out, I speak of my personal knowledge, know what I am talking about, and know it almighty well. E. HUGHES.

THE BEXAR FIELD TRIALS.

MANCHESTER, Tenn., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Jan. 20, in report of Bexar field trials your correspondent says: "Messrs. A. M. Young, of Manchester, Tenn., and W. G. Pilkington, of Pilkington, Va., are the two gentlemen who agreed to come and act as judges, and though they had sent word not to make any other arrangements, did not materialize after all, nor yet seemed to have thought it of sufficient importance to wire their inability to come. They were tendered the thanks of the club for non-appearance."

I desire to say in reply to the above that some two or three weeks before the trials were to take place I wrote to Mr. Ferlett, editor of *Texas Field*, "and also an active member of the club," and told him on account of sickness I could not attend, and asked him to inform the secretary, Mr. Chabot and also Mr. Rounds.

While I know I should have written to the secretary, I thought this would be sufficient notice. I very much regret Mr. Ferlett did not deliver my message, and I assure the gentlemen the disappointment was a very great one to me as I had looked forward to meeting Texas sportsmen with much pleasure. A. M. YOUNG.

GORDON SETTER CLUB.

YONKERS, N. Y.—The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:30 P. M. (the third night of the dog show), for the election of officers and members, and the transaction of such other business as may then come up. Members are requested to send in their annual dues, \$5, and the names of those to be proposed for membership to the secretary-treasurer.

The attendance of all officers of dog shows is drawn to the resolution of the stud book committee of the A. K. C. in December, 1891, whereby the term "black and tan setters" was abolished, and only the name "Gordon setters" to be hereafter used for such black and tan setters, as are eligible or registration in the stud book. L. A. VAN ZANDT.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Children of a Larger Growth.

OPELOUSAS, La., Feb. 3.—Wise reader, have your ever started by rail on a hunting trip, with your dogs carefully crated while en route? If not you may have been one of the multitude which have seen dogs so inclosed. It is fortunate that the dogs in this country are not all in crates at the same time, since it would reduce the whole nation of men to a uniform state of silliness for the time being, with a little spice of impertinence here and there to season the whole. It may seem strange that a dog in a crate should have such an effect on the nobler animal. Strictly speaking, he doesn't. He simply affords the opportunity for the man to demonstrate that he is a large child.

To the average good citizen the dog, be he large or small, with or without color, is a dog, in the same sense that eggs are eggs, or clams are clams. The good citizen can walk along the streets or roads all day without seeing dogs, even though they be plentiful and at large. Put any one of the multitude of dogs in a crate and the demand of the population in the immediate vicinity of the dog undergoes a change.

Imagine that you have just alighted from a train, your crate of dogs has been set on the platform of the depot and the train has gone puffing on its way, carrying with it the baggage man who manifested such tender solicitude for the welfare of the dogs, or sulky inactivity, till he secured his gratuity.

An aged gentleman, well dressed, polite in manners and with all the added respectability which white hair, a silk hat and cane can bestow, comes along and sees the crate. His countenance fades to a vacant look. He gazes earnestly at the dogs with a wistful stare. Not for the world would this polite old gentleman open your trunk to see what it contained or prod your person with his cane to see if you are alive. No; he is too polite. But he pushes his cane between the slats, stirs up the tired dogs, and never is conscious that he is impertinent and intrusive. By this time there is a crowd of men and boys three or four deep, all alike in the expression of blank curiosity and forgetfulness of good manners. One man sticks his hand through the slats and wiggles his fingers. Another gives a poor imitation of barking. Another hisses and says, "Sick 'em!" Another clucks and says, "Good dog."

You may want to take your dog out of the crate and politely ask to be permitted to do so. The affair is a miniature repetition then of a scene in the city when a man is run over by a street car. Those in the rear press forward, crane their necks to see over the heads of their fellows, and all are eager to feast their eyes on the thrilling sight of a man opening a door to let two dogs out of a box. The crowd steadfastly holds every inch of its ground.

After the dogs are loose, the crowd becomes talkative. Not one would, in your presence, criticize your clothes, your trunk, your person. No, they are too polite. They, however, cheerfully and candidly on the dogs make all kinds of comments and suggestions, according to the individual idiosyncrasies of each.

"Poor dogs, why don't you give them something to eat?"
"Are they mad?"
"What kind of dogs are they?"
"That box isn't big enough for them."

"My old dog Fido looked just like the biggest one."
"Goin' a-huntin', stranger?"
"What did that box cost?"

"Blamed if I'd pay so much as that for a box to put a dog in, but some people have more money than anything else."
"Cum all the way from Chicago! Du tell. An' jest ter hunt some partridge. I know a man in Chicago. His name is Tom Jones, an' he works in a store. Do you know him? Good fellow, Tom was. You ought to see him when you get back. He knows a heap about dogs, 'n' ken tell you all the latest notions about 'em. Allus owned one sence he was a boy."

"What breed are they?"
"So that is a bull setter, is it? They are the first I ever seen."

"What do you feed them dogs with? Look zif they'd been fed hoops 'n' staves."
And so on, and so on.

It is said that human nature is the same everywhere. It is. There is the same kindness, the same good, the same influences to do right, but a dog in a crate paralyzes it all for the time being. Yes, human nature is all alike.

This is not offered in a spirit of peevishness. It is offered as an admonition to the great army of men, who feel privileged to take all sorts of liberties with dogs in a crate, that it is quite as improper to do so as to be childishly curious about any other personal belongings. Of course there will always be left men whose gray matter settles flat on the brain pan for hours, at sight of a tall building, a circus procession or a dog in a crate.

We pity the eager curiosity of women and children. The every day sights which are common to men are many times new and novel to women and children, therefore their curiosity is more noticeable concerning every-day matters, in consequence of their inexperience. Let a Turk, or the King of the Cannibal Islands, or a famous prize fighter walk the streets, and behold man's curiosity! He follows each with prick-eared wonder.

Railroads and Dogs.

The transition from man's emotions to his pocketbook is easy. It is near the foundation of all his emotions. Anything which tends toward protecting his pocketbook is always recognized as sensible and commendable. The following may be profitable to know:

A shooting trip by rail is always expensive. After making all the estimates it can safely be multiplied by 2 to get at the actual expense. But if one travels far on the Southern Pacific R. R., the shooter who does so will find his expenses largely increased so far as dogs are concerned. In its circular the management says it will not take any dogs for transportation, but that owners can make arrangements with the train baggage men. This seems very simple, but it isn't. Station agents disclaim all responsibility. It is purely a personal matter with them whether they handle them or not and they generally do not, unless paid for it. The train baggage man in dealing with the owner is not sure but what it is necessary to turn them over to the express company unless he is well paid. If I were going on a shooting trip again I would go to some other section to avoid the annoyance and constant and unreasonable demands which have to be paid, for no other reason than that the company will not protect sportsmen in transporting their dogs. In making it a personal matter between the sportsman and the baggage man it causes endless expense, and in a manner the ill-will of other employees. As the matter is between the owner and the train baggage man, other agents do not feel like gratuitously doing work which accrues solely to the benefit of said baggage man. This was clearly exemplified at New Orleans. The baggage agent of the Southern Pacific was polite and attentive enough so far as checking a trunk was concerned, but when it came to the crate with two dogs in it; he didn't know anything about them, further than in his opinion, curiously given, that they would have to go by express. I mildly mentioned that the road advertised that arrangements for transportation of dogs could be made with train baggage men. He seemed irritated, said he had nothing to do with it. Thought the baggage man would know, but still he thought they would certainly have to go by express. He grew quickly less civil. He called the train baggage man, who said that he could take them, and would

leave the fee to my liberality. When I changed cars at Lafayette, the baggage man, before the train started and a moment after the dogs were put on by two gentlemen of dark complexions who required feeling also, sent in a messenger with the statement that he wanted to see me. I knew the statement was equivalent to a command. I went.

"Are these dogs yours," he said.

"Yes."

"Got a pass for them?"

"No."

"Want them to go by express?"

"No. Your road advertises that dogs will be taken charge of by train baggage men."

He looked sour. "I never heard of such an arrangement," he said. He said the thing which was not, for he knew it well enough.

The distance was about twenty-two miles. The ticket for the distance was sixty-five cents. I offered him fifty cents, which he took readily, his face brightened up and thereafter he was troubled no more with fears as to whether I had a pass, whether the dogs would have to go by express or whether there were any official rules governing the transportation of dogs. It is unpleasant to be held up in such a manner at the beginning of every baggage man's run.

Any sportsman contemplating a hunting trip on this road should secure a pass, and if he can not do so it would be wise to make his trip to other fields.

B. WATERS.

POINTER CLASSIFICATION.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Accidentally Mr. Waters gives some of his reasons in general in your Feb. 2 issue and the gist of it is that the present division in weight classes compels bench shows to give more money. How parsimonious and how illogical. No bench show gives more than it has to and it is perfectly regulated by the entries they get.

Otherwise, Mr. Waters advances the new idea that all setters had the same right to weight division; why, he leaves us to assume. Because he, and I, suppose, some more setter men, assumes it unfair to the setters. It may be so now, though I have failed to notice that setters do have a great difference in size and weight, except the immensely inbred Llewellyns of modern days, where one is very apt to get some very small specimens, but the general run is quite even. But how Mr. Waters will demonstrate that because the setters do not get a division this compels the cutting off of the pointer class division I fail to see.

Pointer classes have pretty nearly always, and everywhere here and in Old England, been divided—as a matter of fact and necessity—by the peculiarities of the breed; the setters have never been divided, either by weight or size, as there is no cause for it. As to the relative question between light-weight and heavy-weight pointers, in regard to field qualities, Mr. Waters lets his setter vein have a bit of freedom. I should just like to see a few pointer field trial monopolists as we have setter monopolists, and, as much as I admire the setter, I am positive it would be a toss of a copper which would come out ahead.

It is only ten years since dogs have, in reality, been taken up, as Mr. Waters correctly states; and does he really think this relative span of time is enough to settle the question between the two breeds? As yet the setter had his fad; when the turn comes it is bound to be the pointer, heavy or light, as they come in a litter.

Dog-jockeying, as I call it, between the classes should be more severely dealt with, I agree, and have to acknowledge it is done by men who would be very much insulted if you would call them sharper, and it is nothing else. But this, like many other shortcomings, will be in a short time eliminated from every honest sportsman, like shooting open on the ground, which, I see, is even done by a handler in open field trial. Perhaps California has a different code of shooting etiquette and it may be there the proper thing.

G. MUSS-ARNOLD.

ILLINDIO KENNEL CLUB.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 4.—Inclosed please find clipping which explains the organization of the Illindio Kennel Club here Feb. 2. We have applied for membership in the A. K. C. and also claimed dates, March 28, 29, 30 and 31, for our show, and you will please add them to your list. We have the best men in the city interested, and by following the Detroit show ought to have a good entry.

CHAS. K. FARMER, Secy.

"The name of the new organization is Illindio, a combination of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. The following officers were elected: President, Harry S. New; First Vice-President, A. A. Anderson; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Q. Van Hummel, Thomas Taggart, J. B. Heywood, Ed. Lilly, Harry C. Pomeroy, Gen. T. A. Morris, Indianapolis; J. A. Hulman, Terre Haute; F. C. Wheeler, Cincinnati; J. E. Dugre, Toledo; J. Hudson, Covington, Ky.; W. J. Baughn, Ridgeville, Ind.; and Robert Wishard, Dana, Ind.; Secretary, Charles K. Farmer; Assistant Secretary, Clarence Foster; Treasurer, Henry Schwing; Attorney, L. C. Walker; Veterinarian, Geo. H. Roberts, D.V.S.; Steward, Robert M. Riley; Directors, H. Van Hummel, Horace Comstock, Frank Samuels, Joseph Becker, Peter Travis, Harry Atkins, L. C. O'Brien, William Fortune, T. R. Thornburg, Albert Leiber, David Bergenthal, David Wallace, Oran Perry, T. C. Peck, W. H. Dye, Harry T. Hildebrand, Joe H. Alexander, Ben Eaton, D. P. Erwin and Joe Lilly.

"The objects of the club are to promote interest in thoroughbred dogs, give bench shows, field trials, etc. Application has been made for admission to the American Kennel Club, and a bench show will be given in Tomlinson Hall, March 28 to 31, under the rules of that organization. It will be the first really correct bench show ever held in this city, and it is expected that there will be from 500 to 600 entries of the finest dogs in the country. Encouraging letters have been received from the East, and it is believed that Cincinnati alone will send at least 150 fine dogs. The week previous the Detroit show will occur, and many of the exhibits will come here from the Michigan city. Therefore it is expected that the local show will be second to none in the country. The field trials will be held near the city, where sportsmen and others interested can easily be spectators. The club will be a benefit to the city, as it will give the thousands of sportsmen here an opportunity to come in touch with those from other portions of the country."

A medium-sized black dog furnished lots of amusement to those curious enough to walk up to the reservoir in Central Park last week. If ever there was a desire on the part of a dog to commit suicide by starvation this misguided animal furnishes a living example. By some means he succeeded in getting through the close railings and on to the ice which covered the reservoir. In spite of every inducement in the shape of appetizing food to tempt him to come ashore, the dog kept persistently in the middle of the lake and out of shot. Many attempts were made to capture the dog, but the ice not being very thick it was as much as a man's life was worth to follow him on the slippery surface. One man went through, and to add to his troubles the park policemen arrested him for breaking a city ordinance in getting over the railing. Eventually, after five days' starvation, some boys, tempted by a reward, clambered over the railings, and circling round the weakening brute finally cornered him; a boy called Ward taking him home, where at last accounts the dog was feeding all right. Of course the museum men are after the dog, and it is reported that \$500 was paid for him by one of them.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 7.—The show opened this morning with an excellent list of dogs, entries numbering 520. A number of Western exhibitors are here—Messrs. Bunn, Kimball, J. B. Lewis, Anderson, Hanson, Seidler, Merrill, Van Hummel, Siddons, Woodward, Wedekind. Davey and Gibson from Canada. Dr. Glover, Sauveur, Booth, Trickett, Jarrett, Connors, Ben Lewis with twenty-eight dogs, and Joe Lewis with a big string of Irish setters from the East. Mastiffs and St. Bernards are good, great Danes very strong, pointers and setters well represented, Irish setters especially so, collie classes also filled well. Judging nearly completed. Attendance very good. Weather fine but very cold.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Kimball's Elks; 2d, Bunn's Ormonde. Bitches: 1st, Cod; 2d, Lynn's Lady Dorothy.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Lynn's Cardinal Beaufort; 2d, Holcomb's Prince Colk. Reserve, Livine's Sraosha. Bitches: 1st, Bunn's Iford Cameo; 2d, Bunn's Matella. Reserve, Spring Forest Kennels' Melrose Portia.—PUPPIES.—Bitches: 1st, McLean's Persia; 2d, Fitzgerald's Queen Spens.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs (17): 1st, Studebaker's Maj. McKinley; 2d, Wright's Prince Victor. Reserve, Loubinger's Tiger. Bitches: 1st, Osceola Kennels' Neverzell; 2d, Altonbach's Nellie B. Reserve, White's Franklin.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Estberg's King William; 2d, Kuchler's Prince. Bitches: 1st, Dietrich's Delia; 2d, Otto's Ethel E.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Schallenberg's Aristocrat. Bitches: 1st, Moore's Lady Livingston; 2d, Ruppert's Lady Gladwyn.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, More's Altouner; 2d, Schallenberg's Saladin. Reserve, Tichenor's American Caesar. Very high com., Ruppert's Kingstonian Count. Bitches: 1st, Lewis's Io; 2d, Schallenberg's Alta Berna. Reserve, Moore's Lady Sneerwell.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Hilgert's Ashland Jumbo; 2d, Higgins's Foot. Bitches: Withheld.—NOVICE.—1st, Moore's Altouner; 2d, Sauerharing's Lord of Richmond. Reserve, Kramer's Sir Barry Bodvire.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Lewis's Victor Joseph. Bitches: 1st, Ruppert's Empress of Contoocook.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Moore's Melrose; 2d, Hilgert's Lawrence Garza. Reserve, Map Leaf Kennels' Victor. Bitches: 1st, Ruppert's Bellegrade; 2d, Schallenberg's Columbia Venus. Reserve, Lewis's Fernwood Goldie.

WOLFPOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Hacke's Seloem. Bitches: 1st, Hacke's Ormeda.

DEERHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, Paul's Alice; 2d, Veronica.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Van Hummel's Vansorrell and Vampet; 2d, Whitling's Lanchwood. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Van Hummel's Viola and Verdure Clad. Reserve, Sarvis's Lady Olivia.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: Prize withheld from Inspiration. Bitches: 1st, Davey's Lady Gay Spanker.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Dutton's Duke of Kent II.; 2d, Bidle's Glenmore. Reserve, Davey's Westminster Drake. Very high com., Connell's Rock II. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Davey's Josie Brackett and Lightfield Madge; 2d, Donough's Sal II.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Daniels's Fred Graphic; 2d, Dummee's Blaise M. Bitches: 1st, Daniels's Scotty.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Taylor's Breeze Gladstone. Bitches: 1st, Lawson's Blue Nell.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Merrill's Paul Bo; 2d, Ward's King Gladys. Reserve, Hunter's Trueblue. Bitches: 1st, Pennsylvania Kennels' Katie Noble II.; 2d, DeLong's Mishka of Elms. Reserve, Elms's Bonnie Pegmatite.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Donoghue's Monk of Furness Drake. Bitches: 1st, Donoghue's Monk of Furness Lily; 2d, Middleton's Countess Roy.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Tim (beating Beau Brummell, Price of Parsy, Kildare, Seminole, Duke Elcho, Dick Swiveller and Kildare Glenore). Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Norma.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Glenmore Kennels' Finglas; 2d, Sharpless's Barney Jr. Reserve, Carmichael's Shamrock Bruce. Bitches: 1st, Glenmore Kennels' Coleraine; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Mollie D. Reserve, Carmichael's Lady Miller. Seventeen in each class.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Carmichael's Lord Elcho, Jr.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kennore Chief. Bitches: 1st, Tompkins's Red Rose; 2d, Strand's Lottie C.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Charleroi II. (beating Merit, Truitt, The Squire and Rocky Top). Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Flurry II.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Cora II.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Toronto Wonder; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Curzon. Reserve, Seminole's Chrysolite. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Donna; 2d, Gibson's Vanity. Reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Lass.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, not marked; 2d, Turner's Laddie. Reserve, Chestnut Hill's Doctor. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Donna; 2d, Gibson's Fussie. Reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Lass.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Illwiss Kennels' Harper and Bo'swain. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Illwiss Kennels' The Graven Image and Duchess of Parma.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Illwiss Kennels' King Lud. Bitches: 1st, Illwiss Kennels' Lady Nan.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Luzzboro Kennels' Crisp; 2d, Chataqua Kennels' Sir Monte II. Reserve, Wilber's Edgewood Bendigo. Bitches: 1st, Chataqua Kennels' White Gypsy; 2d, withheld.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st and 2d, Wedekind's Taps and Zuerherst.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Oliver's Dick York. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Oliver's Minnie York and Pinky York.

TOY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Goldsmith's Calumet St. Cyr. Bitches: 1st, Goldsmith's Calumet Alice.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Sherman's Pencie; 2d, Herdlick's Chromo.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Davis's Sprake; 2d, Pryer's Bob Ivy. Mr. Seidler judged this class because exhibitors and Mr. Goodman objected.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Dixie; 2d, Schmalman's Bobby Mac. Reserve, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Midget; 2d, Davis's Sprake Patti. Reserve, Davis's Toadie. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Little Kate.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: Howard Kennels' Alvon. Bitches: 1st, Davis's Sprake Patti; 2d, Rogers's Lady Pen. Very high com., Davis's Susie Kerwin. The others will be judged by Mr. Davidson to-morrow.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel, R. H. Moore. Best four roughs, Col. Ruppert. Best rough or smooth dog, Moore's Melrose. Best smooth or rough bitch, Io. Best American bred smooth dog, Melrose. Best bitch, Empress of Contoocook. Best rough dog, Altouner. Best bitch, Io. Best kennel greyhounds, Van Hummel. Best kennel collies, Chestnut Hill.

Three rings were provided, but too small for judges to work properly. Show nicely arranged and better management than last year. Seminole Kennels have just purchased from Mr. Stretch the celebrated collie Ormskirk Goldlust, ten months old, winner of a number of first prizes. Pennbrook Hunt Club dispersed, and hounds sold by auction last Saturday. La Rue's Dance Bang hurt toe, will not run in Southern trials.

H. W. LACY.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 6.—The Derby of the Southern Field Trial Club began this morning. The weather was cloudy, rain threatening, but none fell. The judges are F. I. Stone, P. H. Bryson and Dr. M. F. Romers. There were 21 starters. Kingston, Ruby Blad, Spot Cash, Chloe, Chevalier, Paul Dombey, Lochinvar, Modoc, Sport Kent, Elgin, Lillian Russell, Lady Mignonette, Rex The King, Hope's Mint, Hamlet, Maiden Aine, Dick Fox, Ridgeview Beppo, Pink B., Direct, Gaity a bye. The work was uniform, though none of it could be called brilliant. Nearly every dog made a good showing. Mr. Lorillard's Rod's Sue and Count Anteo died recently. Wun Lung is very sick with distemper at Louisville. Ninety-nine large bevers were found to-day, all strong bitches. The first series was finished to-day.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 7.—The weather was raw and cold, a high wind blew all day; birds were in shelter and difficult to find. The work was scant in quantity and ordinary. One brace was run this forenoon under conditions so unfavorable that the judges suspended the running till afternoon. Thirteen were left in the second series, namely: Sport, Lady Margaret, Lillian Russell, Kent Elgin, Hope's Mint, Maiden Aine, Lochinvar, Paul Dombey, Modoc, Chevalier, Dick Fox, Gaity, Kingston. Five braces were run to-day. The weather is turning still colder to-night.

B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

An All-Round Team.

When George Thomas goes to England it is generally to some purpose. The team that he will put down for the Anglo-American Kennels at New York show is both varied and good. Mr. Mayhew will have no sinecure in judging Scottish terriers, for the prospects are that the greatest show America has ever seen in this breed will be forthcoming. Mr. Brooks's kennel is composed of some of the best, and to make matters worse, Mr. Thomas sailed Feb. 4, on the s.s. Georgian, of the Leyland line from Boston, with Three, purchased from Mr. W. E. Adcock. This dog was whelped in May, 1889, and is black, with brindle on legs. He is by Alister out of Coll and counts first prizes at Kennel Club shows, Glasgow Kennel, Crystal Palace, Edinburgh, among his records, and is one of the dogs illustrated in Dr. Perry's new book. Rhudman is another good one that will come over, and with Scotch Hot in open dogs, Kilston in challenge and Gypsy Yet in open bitches, the outlook is full of uncertainty for both kennels. The future of Scottish terriers in this country seems very bright just now. Another importation is Tilda II., a puppy, by Abergeldie, but will be kept at home with Norwich Mouse, who has just had a litter of puppies. Scotch Gold and Highland Roy, by Gypsy King out of Kelvin, may also be sent from this kennel.

In Irish terriers two new ones will accompany George over the salt divide: they are Pincher and Maxman, a puppy by champion Bredenhill out of Mystery II., and these with Jack Briggs, Salem Witch, Valley Boxer and Paddy Doran will comprise their team of "dare devils." A new fox-terrier, Lady Roseberry, by Ratio out of Nettle, by Ambrose Joe, will also be among the lot. They will also launch into field spaniels as well, George bringing over a bitch called Dainty, by Street Arab out of Stayley Baroness. She is just a year old. Some new bull-terriers are also coming. Prince Gulley, over 30lbs., by True Blue (who is by champion Streatham Monarch) out of the noted bitch Queen of the Dale, ex Polly, by champion Como ex Rose, is one of them. Then a bitch called Mermaid, under 30lbs., is also by True Blue ex Camelia, she by Comet—Hackness, and another dog, Grillo, for under 30lbs., completes the list of new ones.

Mr. Purbeck has not allowed his spare cash to remain idle either, for in George Thomas's charge come the greyhounds Honor Bright, Southern Beauty and Wild Rose, all of them winners. These will of course go in the open classes. Of the old lot Gem of the Season and Ornatus, now himself again, we are glad to say, and Bestwood Daisy, who has regained her dainty form after maternal duties, will appear in the challenge classes, while Lily of Gainsborough, who also has been increasing the stock of greyhounds in this country, will also have to be reckoned with, together with some puppies that have weathered the trials of distemper. Mr. Symonds has cabled for a "grand" St. Bernard bitch, served by Young Bute. This one is, however, for a new fancier, who is said to have the means (that's good news) and enthusiasm as well, to place him at the top. We cannot as yet furnish names of either bitch or owner. George will have to skip round to Judge Tallman's ring, too, for awhile, as he will have in tow some young pointers by Naso of Strasburg out of their Ruby VII. The Anglo-American Kennels will enter some 25 dogs, and there will be one tired man when the judging is all over, and that will be George Thomas.

The Toronto Kennel Club.

The Toronto Kennel Club held its regular monthly meeting on Jan. 19. After the business part of the meeting Dr. Wm. Mole, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and late of London, England, read a very interesting and instructive paper on "The Origin and Development of the Dog." Dr. Mole has lately taken up quarters in Toronto, and has been elected an honorary member of the Toronto Kennel Club. The Toronto Kennel Club wish to thank those who have so kindly contributed pictures of their dogs to help decorate the walls of their club rooms. In response to a few letters asking for photographs, and an appeal through this paper, about seventy-five pictures have been received and many promised. The promises do not seem to have been forgotten, as pictures are arriving nearly every day. The Toronto Kennel Club are anxious to have the largest and best collection of canine portraiture on this continent, and ask those who have pictures of their dogs to let the Toronto Kennel Club have copies, all pictures will be properly framed. A number of the most prominent kennels have sent some very fine pictures of their dogs.

Whippet Racing.

We have always had a good word to say for this exciting sport and it is a pleasure to hear that a club has been formed in London, England, for this purpose. With such names as the Duke of Hamilton as president and Lord Lonsdale as vice-president, to say nothing of several other titled men on the committee it cannot help but jump into popularity and at once command a following. It is expected to knock fox-terrier coursing sky high. To the untiring exertions of Mr. John A. Tatham, who was editor and owner of the defunct *Canine World*, is due the formation of the Whippet Racing Club, and he will fill the offices of secretary and handicapper, the latter a most important and difficult position. By the by, Lord Charles Innes Kerr will be the general manager. The first race, which will be a £50 handicap, will take place shortly. The New Jersey Kennel League, if they have not already too many irons in the fire, promises to give some attention to this sport at the fall fairs.

A. K. C. Accounts.

The auditing committee appointed by the A. K. C. did their best to trip Mr. Vredenburgh up in his accounts, but found everything as it should and so certified. At the same time, we hear that they drew up a suggestion to the effect that they thought there was too much power in one man's hands, the secretary's, in the matter of passing accounts rendered to the club. The committee suggested that each bill should, in addition, have the indorsement of at least two of the auditing committee. This in no way conveys any reflection on the secretary, and in fact meets with Mr. Vredenburgh's approval.

Speaking of the latter official it is intimated that at the annual meeting he will be asked to continue in the secretaryship under the present arrangement. Mr. A. D. Lewis acting in the same capacity he does at present; which plan seems to work satisfactorily, and is producing an air of dignity and reserve in Mr. Lewis, befitting the position.

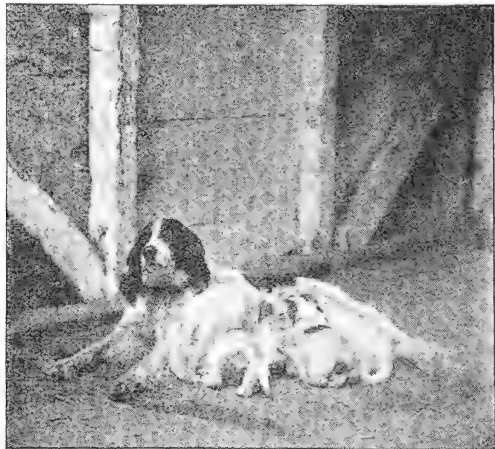
Advisory Committee Judgments.

We think the time has come when the attention of the delegates particularly and the kennel public generally should be called to the more or less star chamber proceedings of this committee. Judgments are rendered by this committee which affect the standing of different members of kenneldom. Whatever their effect may be outside of the circle in which canine affairs have their part, these decisions effectually make or mar a man in the kennel world. Thus are two or three men invested with somewhat arbitrary power. This may be unavoidable as affairs are legislated at present, and with this we have no present concern. What we wish to bring before the kennel world in America is the fact that it is the opinion of several members of dogdom with whom we have conversed on the subject that if the

A. K. C. will not publish the proceedings of their meeting in the sporting press which devotes space to kennel affairs, this body should, at least, for the benefit of its associate members, publish the full charges and correspondence connected with the cases brought before the advisory committee tribunal. The advisory committee holds a meeting and passes judgment, after due investigation, on these charges, only the findings being published in the *A. K. C. Gazette* in the January number. Do we know whether they have made just decisions or not? Their decision is to all intents and purposes final, therefore the dogmen who support the A. K. C. have a right to know how such decision was arrived at, and this should be published in the *Gazette*, the official organ conducted for that purpose. The proceedings in such matters are all published in the *English Kennel Gazette*, and this is a self-constituted body and not representative, as the American Kennel Club. Take the Elliott-Twyford case, for instance. There has been more or less interest attached to this case among dogmen, principally owing to the publicity given to the case by the principals themselves. Naturally the dogmen want to know the facts and how the committee arrived at the decision they have given in the matter. Either publish the proceedings of the advisory committee in the *Gazette* or allow the sporting press an opportunity to do so, with full access to letters, etc., which accompany charges and defense. We do not intimate in any way that this committee is unjust in its decisions, but the kennel public have a right to know whether they have done right or wrong.

Dog Show at Victoria, B. C.

Most of the prizes at this show held the last week in January were won by dogs from Seattle, Wash. First in St. Bernards was won by H. E. Stumer's Plimmonarch. In Irish setters first went to J. Collins's Nat Glencho, and this dog would have won the prize of \$100 for best dog in the show if this special had not been confined to dogs owned in Victoria six



RODREKA'S FREE FOR ALL.
From amateur photo by F. G. Taylor.

months prior to the show. Mr. R. B. Palmer's Roby won in English setters and George N. Folsom's Crib in bull-terriers. First in fox-terriers went to L. S. J. Hunt's Jennie and second to J. Collins's Psyche. Best Gordon, R. M. Palmer's Romeo.

Dogs and Cholera.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* writes: "I crossed over to Caen from Havre Oct. 25. Three days previously there had been another death at Havre which was attributed to cholera. It occurred under very curious circumstances. The victim was a lady related to one of the professors of the town. She was devotedly attached to a dog which had been suddenly seized with violent vomiting, diarrhoea and cramps. The animal died rapidly, and the carcass was in such a condition that it was not judged prudent to bury it in the garden. It was given to the scavengers and placed on board the boat which takes sludge out to sea every day. Shortly after, the lady, who had nursed the dog throughout, was seized with the same symptoms, and died at the end of three days' illness. This case has excited great interest in medical circles of Havre, and regret is expressed that the dog's symptoms were not more carefully observed. Of course, the owners of the dog were taken altogether by surprise, and suspecting no danger, had taken no precautions."

Cincinnati Kennel Club.

At the annual meeting of the Cincinnati Kennel Club, held Feb. 1, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. Herman J. Groesbeck, Pres.; P. J. Heister, Vice-Pres.; Al G. Eberhart, Sec'y; Jas. W. Utter, Treas. Also, in addition to above, as Board of Directors, John Hawkes, Geo. H. Hill and E. O. Hurd. Several new members were elected, among them the well-known judge, Frank C. Wheeler and R. I. Carter. The latter gentleman is a doggy man and also sporting editor of the *Times-Star*, and promises the liberal support of this paper when next they give a show. The giving of a bench show was talked of, but was laid over to future meeting. The club is in good shape and has paid up all its debts.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 4.—A special meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Madison Square Garden, New York city. All members are requested to be present.

GEORGE LAICK, Sec.-Treas.

Conflicting Show Dates.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 3.—The City of the Straits Kennel Club insist on holding their show the same dates awarded the Elmira Kennel Club by the A. K. C., and I wish you would please state in your next that the City of the Straits Kennel Club can not hold their show under the A. K. C. rules.

C. A. BOWMAN, Sec.

Southern California Kennel Club Show.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 30.—The Southern California Kennel Club will hold its fifth annual dog show at Los Angeles on April 19, 20, 21 and 22.

C. A. SUMNER, Sec.

Irish Setter Club Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club will be held at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, on Feb. 22, the second day of the show, in the show building, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Pet Dog Club is to give an exhibition in the Lenox

Lyceum, May 30 to June 2, and prospects are very bright for success. Spratts have been applied to for to bench the exhibition, new members are joining the club daily and it will be quite an extensive affair, with novel attractions, though it is to be devoted almost entirely to toy dogs. The members at the meeting last week were very enthusiastic over it, some members offering \$100 apiece besides valuable specials. The meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Barnum, Lexington avenue, president of the club; members present were Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. McKee, Miss Bannister, the secretary, Messrs. Fryer, Barnum, Morris and T. Farrer Rackham.

Mr. Frank Conger Baldwin, Detroit, Mich., is desirous of learning the address of Mr. Frank Robison, the owner of the Gordon setter bitch Rosa B. He has a puppy out of Rosa B. by Gunner (A. K. C. 25113), born July 1, 1892. Mr. Robison lived in Detroit at that time, but has since moved away; he thinks to Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. A. E. Elmer, of Kingston, Ont., has lost his black and tan terrier Lady Don by death that was shown round the Canadian circuit last year with some success.

Wife—Have you done all you could to recover Fido? Husband—Have I? Didn't I just tell you I had ordered a pound of sausage from every butcher in town?—*Brooklyn Life*.

Here is some dog news: According to a writer in the *New York Recorder* Judge Hilton's son Fred showed fifteen or sixteen Japanese spaniels at the last New York dog show and "each mite of doganity wore a solid silver collar, costing in the neighborhood of \$50." Well, well!

When the brutal fight between a man and a dog took place many years ago at Hanley, in England, we hoped never to hear of another such horrible exhibition. At Bridgeport, Conn., however, we hear that such a contest took place Jan. 30 between a negro and a bulldog. The negro had been victorious in several similar contests, and stripped to the waist was willing to try again in the presence of a number of "sports." The dog proved the victor this time, one is pleased to hear, lacerating the man fearfully about the head and breast.

A dispatch says that "Red" Angus, a sheriff in Jefferson county, Wyo., was recently in Cheyenne, Wyo., to purchase some dogs for his kennel. His dogs are wolfdogs, and he has been breeding them for some years. He has had killers for a long time, but now wants to get the requisite speed for the chaser. He has now three dogs, any one of which will kill a gray or black wolf in short order. He expects to produce a dog that will hunt the wolf alone as a natural enemy. His stock originates from a so-called bloodhound bitch, and his present stud dog is a cross between a mastiff and a deerhound, and bred back to strong deerhound or greyhound bitches should produce what he wants.

The Detroit show will, we are told, give \$50 in prizes for Boston terriers at their coming show. Chicago has also offered money for these dogs, but none of the Boston contingent will be represented this year, as it is hardly worth while sending so far on the off chance of the wins counting, if either the club or the breed is admitted into the A. K. C.

It is said that a farmer's foxhound, called Nimrod by the way, recently ran a fox for seventeen hours on Dutch Mountain, near Scranton, Pa., lugging along with him a trace chain and a pail bail by which he had been fastened, finally killing the fox and bringing it home. This beats everything we ever heard of in this line; but if the dog did it, it should not be difficult to believe.

Mr. John W. Munson, vice Mr. J. Locke, has been appointed managing director of the Chicago show now being held. Mr. Munson is well known to the exhibitors of the early 80s, and formerly lived in St. Louis, Mo., where he was president of the old St. Louis Kennel Club, which had a far-reaching effect on pointer breeding in the West. He removed to Chicago about two years ago, but has taken little interest in dog matters. Mr. Munson will be chiefly remembered in connection with the more or less celebrated pointer Meteor, whom he owned, and whose defeat of Beaufort at New York in 1884 furnished the "talent" with lots to talk about for months after.

Mr. F. G. Stewart, late manager of the White Oak Kennels, is now manager of Mr. Geo. Kenney's estate, "Kinnelon" Butler, Morris county, N. J. We understand Mr. Stewart is pleased with the change he has made.

Mr. N. Q. Pope informs us, unfortunately too late for our last issue, of the death from pneumonia, of the well known greyhound Highland Chief (12311). This dog was imported by Mr. Huntington, in the fall of 1888, and first shown under Mr. Watson, at Buffalo the same year, and has since had a successful show career, winning something like thirty prizes and becoming a champion in short order. He was by Courtoise out of Rechabke and in color white and blue. There was always a good deal of difference of opinion as to the merits of this dog, but all agreed that he was a very handsome greyhound. Mr. Pope still has champion Balkis, Old Stone, etc., to console him in his loss. Highland Chief was always Mrs. Pope's especial favorite, and to her our sympathies are extended.

The new beagle field trial club recently formed in Boston has for its object the improvement of beagles and basset hounds in the field. Officers are to be nominated by the club and not by executive committee. The secretary's duties are also better defined than in the by-laws of the N. B. C. We fancy after all that the idea advanced by the N. E. F. T. Club will bear investigation. The beagle members of the club would have such consideration in the arrangements and on them would devolve the making of rules for running, choosing of grounds, etc., that they would differ but little from a separate club. Of course, no trials could be held on the Assonet grounds owing to scarcity of rabbits. By combining their interests with the older club they would at once gain power, prestige and greater pecuniary benefits. Many of the present members of the N. E. F. T. Club would, no doubt, if the trials were held by their club, run a beagle or two for the fun of the thing. It would be an excuse for a few days' pretty sport. More valuable prizes than the recently formed beagle club can hope to give, for the present at least, would make the trials as important as those held by the National Beagle Club. We would like to hear the opinion of the beagle men on the subject.

The members of the Washington bench show committee are evidently very enthusiastic and the least exhibitors can do is to half fill that enormous building. Washington is sure to be crowded after the inauguration and the thrifty fancier may find it profitable to expose his wares at that time.

Mr. James Watson sends us the following notes regarding the Keystone Kennel Club show, to be held in Philadelphia, on Feb. 28 to March 3. The four St. Bernard Club silver medals are for members only, and will be given to the best American-bred rough dog, rough bitch, smooth dog and smooth bitch. Mr. G. W. Price, of the Lansdowne Kennels, donates two gold scarf pins containing a miniature likeness of old Belgrave Joe, one to the best American-bred fox-ter

New York Yacht Club.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MEASUREMENT AND CONFERENCE 1893.

Gentlemen:

Your committee on measurement and conference was somewhat delayed in the commencement of its labors by the absence from the city of some of its members through illness and other causes. Since its session began, however, it has met many times and has given much earnest thought to the subjects which have been discussed. Some of these have, really, been engaging much attention wherever yachting and yacht racing has been actively engaged in.

The extreme development of certain features in modern yachts and the introduction of new forms and features have raised the question very generally among yachtsmen, whether in the interest of yachting and to preserve the sport and pastime some recognition should not be made in the measurement rule or allowance scale of such features, where their use was intended for advantage in speed and was attended by such advantage.

In the foreground of such subjects is the modern practice of building yachts with great draught and only moderate depth of hull, or with even very shallow hulls, the hull in such case being shaped rather for the purpose of carrying a deep keel or fin—practically a long lever on which to suspend a mass of lead—than for the purpose of affording such support and accommodation as depth in the body of the vessel itself would give.

The most extreme things of this kind that have been produced up to the present time are the bulb fins. The largest of these is, perhaps, just too small to be entered upon the lists of this club. But the long lever, diminished weight and smaller midship section, which is characteristic of this kind of craft, is just as clearly and certainly characteristic of the hulls of the cutterboard or the deep keel vessel, and only different in form or degree.

With the advantages to speed established and recognized of the bulb fin vessel, fitted with an appropriate sail plan, it would appear that only such vessels could be built for successful racing, and that there is not, at the present time, in the rules of this club, or of any other club, the means of putting these vessels into any other relation to the rest of the fleet than that of an unequal advantage.

While nothing of the bulb fin kind has up to this time been entered in the lists of the club, an examination of the matter has shown your committee that in yachts recently built the keel takes up a much larger proportion of the draught than it formerly did; that designers, in competing with each other, exhibit a regard for the advantage of the deep keel with lead upon it; that successive productions of the same designer show an increase of this advantage; and that, with the liberty to use without restraint or charge a lower weight and longer level, the area of midship section has, in some instances, been cut down. In the discussion of such matters and in considering the propriety and practicability of formulating a mode of dealing with them to be submitted to this club, your committee has corresponded with some of the leading designers, and has had others present by invitation at their meetings and has discussed them, and has also heard any suggestions which they had to offer.

While your committee has been thus engaged here, it appears from the public prints, and from a formal report recently received, that in England a committee of the Yacht Racing Association has been somewhat similarly engaged.

This committee conducted its inquiries by getting, with considerable fullness, the views and suggestions of the prominent designers and yachting experts.

Some of the conspicuous and objectionable features which these gentlemen find in the modern yacht, are excessive draught, and overhang forward and aft. Midship sections which lack the compactness and strength of the older forms; sections which, "due to unrestricted beam and draft, are hollow in shape, with deep, hanging keels, and masts placed at a long way back of the lead, thus straining the vessel."

These designers, while deploring the existing tendency to small displacements and low centers of gravity, did not agree upon any plan to prevent it, and the Y. R. A., in view of the absence of any definite and well-considered propositions for changes in the rule as it affects these matters, and also having regard to the influence which restrictions might have in the development of the greatest speed relative to existing standards, decided to make no change, but to leave the rule as it now is to stand for the present.

It is of much interest to your committee to view these observations and conclusions, made, as they were, independently and without any communication between the parties concerned in these discussions, and it is remarkable that the main points taken up were about the same, and the conclusions nearly the same, thus straining the vessel, so far as related to things that have been already referred to, your committee have decided to recommend no immediate change.

There is this difference, however, that in view of the fact that at a later date the club may see fit to take some action toward putting in special relation to other yachts, racing vessels of attenuated midship sections and bulb fins, your committee have carefully examined a plan submitted by one of the designers for the application of the rule to such a vessel, and have explained in this report. To this plan of putting in check, in some degree, the development of the tendency toward great draft, small displacement, high center of buoyancy and low centers of gravity, your committee gave much attention, and saw in it a promising means of adjustment which might permit of successful racing with vessels of less extreme features than those which have been referred to, and which, in their extreme development, would, doubtless in the eyes of yachtsmen be considered undesirable, and the vessels which should have them as being unfitted for their service.

Your committee were for a long time inclined to recommend the plan which has just been referred to for adoption in the club, but in view of the fact that it would introduce a new factor into the measurement rule, would require a new and special measurement of some of the yachts, that it could not be applied to the proper level of the yachts to take part in the coming international contests, and in view also of the very important consideration that such a rule might influence a preference for a more desirable form, to the detriment of speed, relative to existing and accepted standards, your committee felt that their function would be best served by simply explaining their method and leaving it to the club for such further consideration or action as they saw fit to take. It may be the case that the next season will show it to be desirable to deal with this matter and with others, such as the forward position of mast of sloops and the foremast of schooners, also with the use of excessive overhang. In such case it would clearly be well that one change in the measurement rule should cover all such matters as would affect the formula.

As a preliminary to the explanation of the plan which has been considered for correction, it may be stated that those with whom these things have chiefly originated—the designers themselves—seem as a class to recognize the need of some corrective to be introduced. A most eminent designer here several years ago proposed that draft should be limited, evidently with the purpose of affecting the position of the ballast.

Such a restriction, however, would seem to be arbitrary and ineffective for the purpose now in view. The matter needing adjustment is not one of absolute draft, but of relation—the position of the keel and ballast to that of the hull—and a restriction put upon draft would very evidently have the effect, not so much of restricting the use of deep keels as reducing the depth of bodies of yachts and widening them as they were shoaled.

Another proposition made by an eminent designer to your committee, was that the cubic contents or Custom House measurement of the yacht should be used in the measurement formula as a divisor, so as to have the effect of reducing her measurement, and to give inducement for a large amount of bulk. The effect of this would be to count in the long ends over water, and the freeboard of the vessel, and not necessarily to cause the use of an increase in under-water body.

Another method suggested by the same eminent designer, was to use the displacement of the vessel as a divisor, and so give inducement to the use of bulk in the under-water body of the vessel, and in this way practically to make the measurement and the charge for length and area of sail less to the vessel of large under-water body than to a canoe-like form. The last named plan would, in the case of a vessel of large under-water body, have the effect of increasing the measurement, and with an effect, varying with the formula used, would make necessary both large displacement and large sail plans, and the encouragement given to displacement and the use of corresponding weight of ballast, would, proportionately, remove the necessity and inducement to extended depth for the location of that ballast, which would, however, still be without other and more direct consequence of such rule, would be carried for racing purposes as low as a regard for depth of water and the extent of surface exposed to the retarding effect of friction would permit.

In respect to the use of displacement as a factor, it may further be said that any customary method of arriving at it would require that several sections should be taken off, to be used in the calculation, and enable the calculations to be made, and the process is more tedious and troublesome than such as are usually needed for measurement for racing purposes. In the opinion of your committee the rules at present in use for measurement in this club are in principle good enough, and in practice and application new factors to modify the effect of the rules should be limited in their use and apply only to such vessels as were known or believed to possess certain extraordinary features, and which brought them within a well defined limit and made them justly subject to a discriminating charge.

In comparing the older vessels, and even those of a few years ago, with the new ones, it will be seen that, putting aside any question of relative depth and disregarding that which is properly keel, the mid-

ship section from the waterline down to its junction with the keel is, to speak generally, much the same now as it was years ago. Since, however, the advent of the lead keel, and more particularly within two or three years past, the keel has become a much more considerable part of the yacht's draft than formerly; and the largest cross section of the vessel under the waterline, inclusive of the keel, say as instanced in the class of 40ft., or of 45ft., would in the yacht of to-day occupy a much less proportion of any parallelogram, within the lines of which such midship section could be shown, than would the corresponding section, which should represent the yacht of ten years ago. Such a scrutiny as is here suggested would show probably more clearly than any other the sharp lines of discrimination between the fin and the keel boat.

An examination of some of the models in the possession of the club shows that in all vessels, extending over one or two of the built-up hulls a year, the midship section of these yachts would, if drawn within parallelograms, all of them occupy over forty per cent. of the space needed to hold them. The first Cup defender, the *Magie*, had a coefficient of fifty-three per cent., other Cup defenders in every instance nearly fifty per cent., and the last contestant, differing as she did from her antagonist in so many features and proportions, appears to have been alike in this. So far as your committee is aware, no yacht now on the club's lists has an underwater midship section which is much less than forty per cent. of its circumscribing parallelogram. Some of last year's productions are perhaps two or three per cent. below it, but the bulb fin boats, which may represent future introductions, have some of them a coefficient of only twenty per cent.

The proposition which this committee have to make in the way of a suggestion for the consideration of this club is that as a check in some degree to the tendency which has been commented upon, all vessels with a midship section immersed, which shall fall below a certain percentage of the parallelogram which would include it, shall have a certain reasonable addition made to their measurements. The precise formulation of this suggestion could be effected in a variety of ways, the simplest of which would probably be by a direct addition to the vessel's measurement, the percentage being added to the degree or percentage which her midship section falls below the standard agreed upon.

It may be said for this method that it could leave all yachts excepting those of most extreme forms untouched. That it would operate neither upon beam nor depth as such; that the deep keel yacht *Minerva* and the shallow keel yacht *Nathan* would both be alike in this, and that of 42 per cent. stand precisely alike under the rule, while it would take into account most directly and effectively and by means probably as simple as any practicable such features as it has been considered desirable to control. The effect in operation of such a rule would, of course, be restrictive, or encouraging, or negative, accordingly as the weight of the tax corresponded to the value of the feature taxed. That measure of tax would seem to be best framed, which should leave the yacht owner without necessity to build a taxed craft in order to win races and yet with opportunities to win if he did. To this end the framers of a rule could only do their best.

The next subject to which your committee gave its consideration, and to which it would now call the attention of the club, is the great difficulty of obtaining the measurement of yachts entered for club races, and the consequent losses and distress to the club, and the progress, and the impossibility of announcing the result on their termination.

Racing Rule V., page 100, section 1, disqualifies yachts which have been measured before a race; and it, having been found impracticable to enforce this rule, your committee suggests the following addition: "Unless permission in writing to enter such yacht be given in writing by the regatta committee, no yacht which has been measured must be measured within ten days of the date of such race, otherwise she shall be disqualified."

Another matter which seems to require action is that of defining the L.W.L. measurement, and your committee suggest the excision of the paragraph on this subject which begins at the foot of page 93, in Chap. XIV. of By-Laws, and the substitution of the following:

"The L.W.L. shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder post, is intersected by the surface of the water when the yacht is afloat, in racing trim, with all persons on board when the measurement is taken, amidships, provided always, that if any part of the stem or sternpost, or other part of the vessel below the L.W.L. projects beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall be taken as part of the length, and added to the length taken as stated, and pieces of any part cut out of the fair line of the stem, sternpost, or of the ridge of the counter, with the apparent purpose of shortening the L.W.L., shall not be allowed for in measurement of length. The measurer, at the time of taking his measurement, shall affix a distinctive mark at each end of the L.W.L."

The next matter to which the committee have given their attention is the rule which relates to the measurement for representation. At the time this rule was formed, and until recently, the length, as taken for the tonnage, was a clear enough definition, and susceptible of no misunderstanding; its limit aft was the after side of the sternpost, and with the vertical ports then in use in our yachts, and still common to merchant vessels, this point was usually about the same as the point where the length of the waterline and the length of the counter were, on the average, about the same thing. Vessels are now, however, being built without any sternposts, and without a change in the definition of length for tonnage, it is impossible for your measurer to make a measurement for representation in such cases that would not be open to question and objection.

It is, therefore, proposed that Chapter IV. of the By-Laws, page 89, be amended, so that the length dimension, as there defined, shall be taken from the forepart of stem to the after part of sternpost at the height of the main deck, "and substituting therefor 'length of load waterline,' which will make the end of the first paragraph read, after secretary specifying her dimensions and rig, and that she has a capacity of fifteen tons or over (old measurement), as ascertained by the following rule; and that she is a full-decked vessel, reasonable cockpit excepted. The rule to be substituted shall be the same as at present, excepting only that L.W.L. should be substituted for length as there used."

The next subject taken up for consideration by your committee was classification.

In the report made last winter by the committee which then dealt with this subject (classification), it was stated that as the result of a comparison between its own indications and the representations of other clubs, that there had been expressed, to quote the words of the last report, "a unanimous conviction that the classification, which in all cases is in this club now made by waterline lengths alone, should be made by the sailing lengths; in other words, by the length taken into account for the determination of the allowance, which length is the mean between the square root of the sail area and the length of the waterline."

In this conclusion your committee fully concurs, and indeed it has never thought otherwise. It appears to some extent arbitrary and inconsistent that two factors should be in use to determine time allowance and only one of these to determine the classification.

These conclusions quoted from the last report are indorsed by this committee, and in the explanation of the present recommendation it would further be stated that the remarks made in the last report, advantages which might be attained to by this more consistent method of classing yachts are less in sight in the case of the larger vessels, the sloops and schooners, whose racing lengths have not been so commonly built to, and which may not be in the near future. With the smaller vessels, which have been held more in favor recently for racing purposes, the advantages which have been referred to are more apparent.

Such vessels as have been built for racing purposes below 70ft. waterline could apparently be reclassified by sailing length without separating yachts that have been used to sail together, while between the 40ft. class and the 70ft. class there are at this time very few racing vessels. There are none being built, and the present may be said to be a very poor time for such a change, and the action might not be a prudent one to take at present, but in the future, if such changes which are at the present time practically little more than nominal.

For the method of classifying by sailing length, it may be said that to the owner it would give a much greater liberty in choosing the dimensions and properties of his vessel. As the class into which any vessel would fall would be determined, not by length of waterline, nor yet by sail area, but by the divided sum of factors representative of these two features, so that it would practically make sail and length interchangeable—a part of one for the part of another.

ALL IN A NUTSHELL.

It would follow that an owner, whose purpose and convenience would be met by having a vessel of somewhat greater length than others, could have that kind of yacht if content with the amount of sail which corresponded to the length, and which would keep his vessel within the limits of his class, and would not be held back also, and in rising to some length a great amount of sail—equivalent to the length given up—could be gained.

Further than this, the addition of length to a yacht to improve her speed or accommodations, would not necessarily result in her leaving the class she had previously belonged to. Whatever further advance may be made in the future in a knowledge of matters and proportions which govern the sailing of a vessel, it seems to be to be desired, and would be a most hopeful and hopeful than the enactment of such a rule as is here suggested, with the enlargement of experience and opportunities for comparison which it would give in any class where it operated.

Acting in the spirit of the foregoing remarks, your committee would now recommend that the racing rules, as shown on page 99 of the club book, in so far as they relate to the classification of sloops, cutters and

yawls, shall be amended by striking out the present classification from Nos. 1 to 7 inclusive, and by substituting the following therefor:

- Class 1.—All over 77ft. sailing length.
- Class 2.—All over 60ft. sailing length and not over 77ft.
- Class 3.—All over 50ft. sailing length and not over 60ft.
- Class 4.—All over 48ft. sailing length and not over 55ft.
- Class 5.—All of 48ft. and under.

Such a classification is really an adaptation, so arranged as to allow vessels which have been accustomed to sail together to continue to do so, and while, with scarcely an exception, they would be enabled to do this, the greater liberty which the rule would give, in proportioning sail to length of hull, might furnish the needed incentive for new vessels to be built in some of the classes, in which no new addition has for many years made its appearance.

Some examples are given to show how the proposed classification would operate, and it may be well here to state that such changes as have been proposed in this report require no remeasurement of the yachts.

PRESENT CLASSES.

- Class 1.—All over 80ft. L. W. L. length—Puritan.
- Class 2.—From 70 to 80ft. L. W. L. length—nothing.
- Class 3.—From 61ft. to 70ft. L. W. L. length—Katrina 69.34ft.; Gracie, 69.55ft.; Bedouin, 70.17ft.; Huron, 69.50ft.
- Class 4.—From 53 to 60ft. L. W. L. length—Athena, 54.20ft.; Dare, 57.14ft.; Ventura, 59.74ft.; Clara, 53.05ft.; Hildegard, 60.85ft.; Wayward, 60.50ft.
- Class 5.—From 46 to 53ft. L. W. L. length—Adelaide, 46.17ft.; Forget-Me-Not, 50.60ft.; Gullnare, 47.29ft.
- Class 6.—From 40ft. to 46ft. L. W. L. length—Uvira, 42.60ft., and the 40ft. yachts.
- Class 7.—Those of 40ft. L. W. L. length and under—Saona, 33.45ft. and the 40ft. yachts.

PROPOSED CLASSES.

- Class 1.—All over 77ft. sailing length—Puritan.
- Class 2.—From 60ft. to 77ft. sailing length—Katrina, 76.08ft.; Gracie, 74.03ft.; Bedouin, 73.11ft.; Huron, 69.44ft.
- Class 3.—From 50ft. to 60ft. sailing length—Athena, 59.08ft.; Dare, 60.08ft.; Ventura, 60.23ft.; Clara, 53.12ft.; Hildegard, 65.60ft.
- Class 4.—From 48ft. to 55ft. sailing length—Adelaide, 46.17ft.; Forget-Me-Not, 50.60ft.; Gullnare, 47.29ft., and all the 46ft. yachts.
- Class 5.—All 48ft. sailing length and under—Uvira, 47.14ft., and the 40ft. yachts.

The foregoing is respectfully submitted.

(Signed)

JOHN HYSLOP.

A. CASS CAMPFIELD.

W. B. WALTON.

HAROLD SANDERSON.

E. A. WILLARD.

JAN. 21, 1893.

New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 2, with Com. Gerry in the chair. A great deal of business was transacted, the most important being the election of officers, as follows:

Com., Edwin D. Morgan, steam yacht *May*; Vice-Com., William Butler Duncan, Jr., cutter *Huron*; Rear-Com., Ralph N. Ellis, schooner yacht *Proctor*; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Messrs., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M.D.; Regatta Committee, Charles H. Bunker, Chester G. Grinnell and Irving Grinnell. Committee on Admissions—Edward M. Brown, Frank F. Robinson, James C. Bergen, Daniel T. Worden and Robert Carter. House Committee—E. A. Houghton, Frank M. Cronise, A. B. Jones and L. Vaughan Clark. Library Committee—J. M. Woodbury, M.D., William Gardner and Sanford B. Pomeroy.

The following members were also elected: G. G. Loper, W. H. Brown, F. S. C. Cord Meyer, J. E. B. Walker, R. M. Jones, Geo. Drakely, T. M. Brumby, U. S. N., J. B. Potter, E. H. Bulger, Alfonso de Navarro, E. A. Starring, S. W. Very, U. S. N., G. C. Reid, U. S. N., J. McGowan, U. S. N., T. B. Clark, A. V. H. Ellis, J. H. Lidgerwood, R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., H. W. Harris, F. C. Penfield, F. G. Bourne, E. H. Bennett, W. L. Camps, U. S. N., A. S. Kenny, U. S. N.; Edward Benet, J. B. Metcalf, G. L. Hoyt, B. H. Jordan, Chas. McLaughlin, G. H. Lea, U. S. N., and a committee appointed to consider a change of classification of our most common and owned in this country and between 65 and 80 ft. on the load waterline.

The sum of \$8,000 was appropriated for the Regatta Committee during the year. In connection with a letter from Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll asking the club to challenge for the Royal Victoria Y. C. Cup, the main question was a committee appointed to consider the matter. August Belmont, J. F. Tans and Gouverneur Kortright to consider the matter. As the former gentleman was unable to serve, Com. Morgan has since appointed Mr. George L. Rives in his place.

The reports of the officers showed the club to be in a specially good condition as to membership and finances, the roll including a membership of 850, and a fleet of 34 sloops, cutters and sloops, 105 steam yachts and 15 miscellaneous craft, or 290 vessels in all.

The measurement committee presented a lengthy report which was not read, the time being short and the report having already been printed and sent out, but the various provisions were voted on. The one relating to the waterline length was adopted, the one relating to measurement of yachts prior to entry was referred to the regatta committee, and the one relating to the reclassification of classification of our most common and owned in this country and between 65 and 80 ft. on the load waterline was also voted on. To amend Rule V. Section 1, by adding to it "unless permission in writing to enter such yacht be given by the regatta committee, in which case the said yacht must be measured within ten days of the date of such race, otherwise she shall be disqualified."

The following important announcement was read: "The America's Cup committee of the New York Y. C. beg to announce that, for the purpose of selecting a vessel to represent the New York Y. C. in the coming contest for the America's Cup, trial races will be sailed probably early in September. These races will be sailed under the rules and time allowances of the New York Y. C., as far as applicable, but any excess of length on the load waterline over 85ft. will be counted double for time allowance. These trial races will be open to all vessels of our most common and owned in this country and between 65 and 80 ft. on the load waterline."

In their selection of the vessel best adapted in their judgment for the defense of the America's Cup, the committee reserve to themselves absolute freedom of choice, based upon all around qualities, the results of the trial races not to be considered as necessarily conclusive, and the evidence furnished by performances prior to such races to be considered or not at their discretion. Due notice will be given of the exact dates of the trial races."

The date of the annual regatta was fixed for June 15. Com. Gerry made a farewell speech on leaving the chair, and a vote of thanks for his long services to the club was passed unanimously.

Cups for the New Outters.

The New York Y. C. has received the following letter:

ESTATE OF WILLIAM ASTOR, 23 W. 26th St., New York, Feb. 2, '93. To Commodore Gerry, New York Y. C.:

DEAR SIR: I desire to present for competition two cups of the value of \$500 each, to be sailed for on Tuesday, July 25; Thursday, July 27, and the third race, if necessary, on Saturday, July 29, the race to take place off Newport, and the cups to be open to sloops of the New York Y. C. reserving to myself the right to admit any foreign yacht in our waters to compete.

The course for each race to be an equilateral triangle, each leg of which is to be ten knots, and the first leg to windward if possible. The racing rules and time allowance of the New York Y. C. to govern, except that the race must be sailed in six hours.

The conditions are as follows: The winner of the first day's race is to be considered or not at their discretion. The second and third races to be sailed on the second day, and the winner of the second day's race to be considered or not at their discretion. The winner of the first day's race, there shall be a third race between these two boats, and the winner of the third race shall take both cups. Sincerely yours,

J. J. Astor.

The "Forest and Stream" in the West.

A correspondent in the West writes us as follows: "I attribute the enthusiastic movement in the Western towns to the series of contests over the America's Cup which revolutionized matters, and to the teachings of the *FOREST AND STREAM* shown in new soil. I have rarely met a southern or western sailor, along the Great Lakes, the lesser ones and the rivers, who in 'boat talk' has not quoted its yachting and canoeing columns in support of his arguments."

The following nominations for officers of the Eastern Y. C. have been posted: Com., J. M. Forbes; Vice-Com., W. A. Gardner; Rear-Com., C. F. Adams; Sec'y, J. M. Eaton, Jr.; Treas., P. T. Jackson; Messrs., Henry Taggard. Members of the Council at Large—Augustus Hendricks and F. E. Peabody. Regatta Committee—W. S. Eaton, Jr., P. T. Jackson, A. N. Rantoul, Thomas Nelson and H. Burr. P. Committee of Admissions—R. H. Sterenson, Gordon Dexter, F. E. Peabody, C. F. Adams and William S. Eaton, Jr. House Committee—Dudley L. Pickman, Edward B. Haven, T. Watson Merrill, George P. Messervy and William S. Eaton, Jr. The election and annual meeting will be held on Feb. 14.

TABLE IV.—SPEED RECORDS OF AMERICAN YACHTS, 1892. 25-FT. CLASS.

Date.	Club.	Locality.	Distance sailed.	Course sailed.	Wind from.	Wind velocity.	Tide ran.	Tide velocity.	Sea.	Pyxie.	El Chico.	Meteor.	Docto.	Nameless.	Nemadly.	Helcia.	Trinket.	Nudy.
June 4.	Larchmont	Larchmont.....	13	Quad	E.....	Fresh.....	N. E.....	0.2	Lumpy.....	5.50	6.03							
July 2.	Sea. Cor...	Oyster Bay.....	18	T.....	S. W.....	Strong.....	S. W.....	0.5	Lumpy.....	5.43	5.58							
" 9.	"	" " 1st round, 1st leg.....	1½	N. W. by W.....	S.....	Light.....	N.....	0.75	Smooth.....	5	5.13	4.63	4.80	5			4.24	4.86
" 9.	"	" " " 2d leg.....	2¾	E. N. E.....	S.....	Light.....	N.....	0.75	Smooth.....	5.46	5.09	5.77	5.32	5.57			5.34	6.29
" 9.	"	" " " 3d leg.....	2¾	S. W.....	S.....	Light.....	N.....	0.75	Smooth.....	2.25	1.99	1.96	2.07	1.98			1.86	2.02
" 9.	"	" " 2d round, 1st leg.....	1¾	N. W. by W.....	S.....	Light.....	N.....	0.75	Smooth.....	4.92	5.13		4.82	4.94			5.16	5.10
" 9.	"	" " " 2d leg.....	2¾	E. N. E.....	S.....	Light.....	N.....	0.50	Smooth.....	5.42	5.41		5.52	5.64			5.16	5.86
" 9.	"	" " " 3d leg.....	2¾	S. W.....	S.....	Light.....	N.....	0.50	Smooth.....	3.49			3.25	3.49			3.19	3.08
Sept. 5.	"	" "	11	T.....	S. W.....	Fresh.....	N.....	0.6	Fair.....	4.28		3.73	3.93	4.14	3.80	3.97		3.68
" 24.	"	" " 1st leg.....	1½	N. W. by W.....	W.....	Light.....	S.....	0.40	Smooth.....	3.89	3.74	3.17		3.63	3.92		3.12	
" 24.	"	" " 2d leg.....	2¾	E. N. E.....	W.....	Light.....	S.....	0.40	Smooth.....	4.76	4.98	5.23		5.23	5.41		4.90	
" 24.	"	" " 3d leg.....	2¾	S. W.....	W.....	Light.....	S.....	0.40	Smooth.....	2.71	2.61	2.53		2.36	2.70		2.64	
Oct. 1.	"	" " to Captain's Id & return.	13	N. W. and S. E.....	N. W.....	Strong.....	N. E.....	0.40	Rough.....	4.87	5.08							

Addenda.—Sept. 10: Larchmont Y. C., at Larchmont, distance 13 miles, quadrilateral course, S. E. and N. E. and reverse, wind strong N. E., tide running S. W., velocity 1.0, fair sea, the record stood: Pyxie 5.93, El Chico 5.95, Nameless 5.72, Nemadly 5.87.

TABLE V.—SPEED RECORDS OF AMERICAN YACHTS, 1892. LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION FLEET.

Date.	Club.	Locality.	Distance sailed.	Course sailed.	Wind from.	Wind velocity.	Tide ran.	Tide velocity.	Sea.	Orion, schooner.	Cinderella.	Vreda.	White Wings.	Aggie.	Zelma.	Yama.	Vedetta.	Erma.	Norma.
June 18.	Roy. Can.	Toronto.....	9½	Q.....	E.....	Light.....			Smooth.....								4.99	4.82	
July 1.	Roy. Ham.	Hamilton, Queen's Cup, 1st round.....	10	T.....	W.....	Light.....			Smooth.....								4.17	4.81	
" 1.	"	" " 2d round.....	10	T.....	W.....	Light.....			Smooth.....								3.98	3.82	
" 15.	B. of Quinte	Belleville, 1st round.....	8¾	T.....	S. W.....	Mod.....			Smooth.....	5.63		5.52	5.21		5.74		5.05	4.87	4.70
" 15.	"	" " 2d round.....	8¾	T.....	S. W.....	Mod.....			Smooth.....	7.20		6.46	5.72		6.02		5.93	5.64	5.77
" 15.	"	" " 3d round.....	8¾	T.....	S. W.....	Mod.....			Smooth.....	7.78		7.23	6.71						
" 18.	Oswego....	Oswego, 1st round.....	10	W. and L.....	W.....	Fresh.....			Lumpy.....	6.10	6.56		5.05		5.84	5.85	5.11	4.83	4.59
" 18.	"	" " 2d round.....	10	W. and L.....	W.....	Mod.....			Lumpy.....						5.20	5.25	4.26	3.96	4.07
" 18.	"	" " 3d round.....	20	W. and L.....	W.....	Mod.....			Lumpy.....	5.38	5.49		4.78	4.60					
" 22.	Rochester..	Charlotte, N. Y., 1st round.....	12	T.....	S. W.....	Mod.....			Smooth.....	4.95	5.64	5.19	5.16	5	5.02		4.19	3.91	
" 22.	"	" " 2d round.....	12	T.....	S. W.....	Fresh.....			Smooth.....	4.60	6.42	6.30	4.68	4.74	4.23		3.95	4.13	
" 28.	Roy. Can.	Toronto, 1st round.....	15	T.....	S. W.....	Light.....			Smooth.....	6.61		6.51	5.73	5.98	5.75		5.50	5.31	
" 28.	"	" " 2d round.....	15	T.....	S. W.....	Mod.....			Smooth.....	7.56		6.73	5.70	6.75	6.53				
Aug. 6.	"	" "	12	W. and L.....	N. W.....	Fresh.....			Smooth.....						5.23		5.93		

* Three rounds, thirty miles.
The racing measurements of the boats are: Orion 57.90, Cinderella 57.90, Vreda 47.69, White Wings 45.74, Aggie 40.33, Zelma 39.96, Yama 39.90, Vedetta 29.91, Erma 29.75, Norma 28.95.
Abbreviations.—W, windward; L, leeward; T, triangular course, generally equilateral; Q, quadrilateral course, or two sides thereof and reverse. Distances are in nautical miles; tides the same. Wind velocities in statute miles.

The Cruise of the Cy-pres.

TWO WEEKS IN A 22-FOOT BOAT.

THE Cy-pres* is a staunch little plumb stern cruising boat, 22ft. long on the water, 25ft. on deck, with 5ft. 6in. beam, drawing 4ft. 8in. She has 4,800lbs. of iron bolted to her keel, and is practically non-capsizeable. Her cockpit is large, holding easily six people, and is self bailing. The cabin is lighted by a large skylight, which extends from the mast aft to, and is the continuation of the companionway; this arrangement gives almost as much headroom as a house, and gives very much more room on deck. She was built by Geo. Lawley & Son, of Boston, in 1889, and a better built boat of her size would be hard to find.

When she came into my possession in the spring of 1891 she was sloop rigged with double head sails, both of which were set on stays. Almost the first time I used her I was plunged into the ice cold water of Massachusetts Bay up to my waist while stopping the jib down on the bowsprit. One ducking of this kind was all that I could stand, and I immediately changed things so that I could set the jib flying, taking it clear in on deck, or stowing it below if necessary. A jib running on a stay, and stopped down on to the bowsprit when furled, is all right when sailing off and on from moorings in sheltered water, but if one is forced to anchor or moor in open water, where he is liable occasionally to have a good chop on, he will be sure to get wet sooner or later, and will find the flying jib much more convenient to handle.

I sailed the Cy-pres continually for two months, back and forth between Marblehead and Gloucester, getting used to her, and also becoming familiar with the water in the neighborhood. To take a cruise has always been my dearest dream, and now that I possessed a craft capable of taking me anywhere, I saw no reason why, in another year, my dream might not become a reality. I found that many things would have to be done to the boat, however, to make her comfortable for a long journey, and I measured her inside and out, so that I could make drawings of the changes I wished in her accommodations.

In September I laid her up at Frisbie's yard in Salem, fully determined if it could possibly be brought about, to take a cruise down the coast of Maine during the following summer. During the winter I made drawings of the alterations I wanted in her cabin, and forwarded them to Frisbie, who did the work in a very satisfactory manner. I had lockers for clothing, cooking utensils and dishes put in, fitted her out with two anchors, a 50lb. one, with 30 fathoms of ¾ galvanized chain, and a light 25lb. folding ledge, besides a large collapsible one that was already in her, which I had never had occasion to use.

The old flat bowsprit was taken out, and a round one put in with a sliding ring in it for hauling out the foot of the jib. The new bowsprit was two feet shorter than the old one, and I had the same amount cut off from the luff of the jib, as I had found that she had too much head sail, carrying a strong lee helm when there was any breeze going.

Enter back stays were rove from head of her pole mast, as I intended to carry a club topsail, and did not wish to run any chance of the masthead carrying away. This topsail I never put on her but once, as I found she had all the sail she needed and all I could handle without it.

I bought a full set of charts of the coast from Nantucket to Mt. Desert, and also all the harbor charts on a large scale, and studied them carefully during the winter in connection with the "Stebbins's Illustrated Coast Pilot." When spring came I felt that I was pretty well prepared to take the long-talked-of cruise, and was impatient for the day to come when I could sluit down my desk and speed away to the seashore.

It is an old saying that all things come to him who waits, and at last my turn for a vacation came. I made a bees' nest for Salem, Mass., and riving there about noon on July 13, and went at once to Frisbie's yard to see if the Cy-pres was ready for me. She was still on the ways, but her sails were all bent and everything was ready for launching except stowing the chain and getting the anchors on board. While this was being done I went on a shopping expedition and laid in my supplies of eatables, cooking utensils, blankets, towels, etc., having every thing delivered at the yard where she was lying, ready to be put on

board of her as soon as she was launched. As the tide would not be right till late in the afternoon I left orders to slip her off when the water was deep enough and anchor her at the end of the dock in 5ft. of water at low tide and I would come and get her next morning. I then took the train for Magnolia, seven or eight miles away, where my wife and children were spending the summer, and where I was to meet my fellow voyager F.

In the morning, Thursday, July 14, we, F. and I, took the train back to Salem, arriving there about noon. We made some purchases, had a light lunch and then went on board the yacht, where we had our hands full for some time stowing away the hundred and one things that go to make up an outfit for a cruise.

We found on checking off the bills that we had the following articles:

- 1 qt. saucepan.

1 qt. agate saucepan.

1 tin candlestick.

1 qt. paper pail.

1 tin breadpan.

1 can-opener.

3 coffee cups.

3 tumblers.

4 1pt. Mason jars.

1 salt shaker.

1 pepper shaker.

6 steel knives.

6 steel forks.

1 agate dishpan.

1 gal. oilcan.

1 tin wash basin.

1 can screw.

3 tea cups.

3 dinner plates.

6 iron teaspoons.

3 iron table spoons.

2 iron dessert spoons.

1 2qt. tin pail.

1 small tin funnel.

1 lemon-squeezer.

3 egg cups.

1 2gal. jug.

12 qts. assorted soup.

1 can pressed corned beef.

1 can boned turkey.

2 cans boned chicken.

1 can boneless ham.
- 1 can tongue.

2 boxes Epps cocoa.

1 lb. ground coffee.

2 bottles raspberry vinegar.

1 bottle lemon juice.

1 lb. sugar.

1 lb. salt.

2 cans green corn.

2 cans green peas.

2 cans succotash.

2 cans baked beans.

1 can Boston brown bread.

2 cans smoked herring.

1 pt. chow chow.

1 box Kennedy's pilot biscuit.

1 bottle Jamaica ginger.

2 cans condensed milk.

1 box black pepper.

1 box wooden toothpicks.

2 boxes damp-proof matches.

1 box canned salmon.

1 dozen lemons.

¾ dozen spring clothespins.

1 dozen lager beer.

1 gal. coal oil.

2 woolen blankets.

4 dish cloths.

6 dish towels.

2 Turkish bath towels.

4 hand towels.

1 box vanilla wafers.

The sun was hot and it was uncomfortably warm working below deck, but by 5 o'clock the last thing was put away and we were ready to up anchor and be off. There had been very little air sailing all day and we hesitated some time about starting for Magnolia, where we expected to take on the balance of our outfit, but finally decided to do so, as we could take advantage of the last of the ebb and hoped we might get more breeze when the tide turned. We drifted lazily along till we were abreast of Baker's Island, when the little breeze we'd had died out entirely, leaving us helpless on the glassy water to be carried on past the island by the slowly ebbing tide. As we lay on the deck watching one of the most gorgeous sunsets we had ever seen, we noticed heavy clouds rising in the southwest and lightning leaping from point to point. The glorious golden light of the setting sun slowly changed to inky blackness as the approaching storm moved steadily toward us.

F. took the tiller while I furled the foresail and got the anchor ready to let go at a moment's warning, lighted the lantern, setting it on the cabin floor, where it would be handy if wanted, and so shaded that the light would not shine in our faces. Oilskins were gotten out ready to put on, side lights put in their places, skylights were closed and everything made snug as possible. The tide had turned by this time and we knew that it was slowly but surely setting us in toward Little Misery or Whale's Back Reef and we were anxious to get a glimpse of something that would enable us to fix our distance from them. I went forward and strained my eyes, peering into the blackness, hoping to be able to see something of the land. Fortunately, just as we were getting a little worried about our position, a gentle breeze sprang up which increased slowly for half an hour and we

slipped rapidly along in the perfectly smooth water, heading for Eastern Point Light, knowing that this course would take us clear of everything and allow for the set of the tide, too.

As we approached Magnolia we could see lights ahead; we easily distinguished the hotel by the profuse display of electricity, and changed our own heading for it. We would have if we should reach our moorings before the storm broke, or before the hotel lights should be extinguished, for should they be turned out, we would have no mark to steer by, as we could not tell whether the other lights were on shore or were anchor lights on fishing boats, which usually lie just inside of Kettle Island. The breeze was baffling, the hours long and anxious, and we wished many times that we had staid quietly at anchor in Salem Harbor.

About midnight we got the first strong puff from the approaching storm, and at about the same time made out Egg Rock just ahead on our port bow. We could see it plainly in the lightning flashes and knowing our exact position held on to our canvas much longer than we ought to have done, steering boldly in for the anchorage on the west side of Kettle Island. The wind was rising rapidly and we flew along, passing swiftly through the fleet of fishermen lying off the nets at the plant of the island. As soon as we were clear of them we rounded up head to the wind, let our anchor go, and rattled the mainsail down, just in time to get the stops on when the squall burst on us in all its fury. It was soon over and after setting our anchor light, and paying out a little more chain, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly till long after sunrise next morning.

There is a good anchorage on the west side of Kettle Island, well sheltered from any wind, with fine holding ground, and, within easy rowing distance, there is a post-office, telegraph office, grocery, drug store and livery stable, and good water right at the landing. We got up at 6 o'clock the next morning and pulled ashore, landing at the stairs on the north side of the old steamboat dock. We took with us our two water jugs, oil-can and market basket, intending to get all filled here, as we did not know whether we would have another chance before reaching Portsmouth. We took breakfast at the Ocean-side, one of the best hotels on the whole New England coast, and as there was no breeze staid ashore till noon, visiting our friends. After dinner we went on board the yacht and spent the time till dark washing dishes, filling and trimming lamps, airing blankets and cushions, and getting a little accustomed to our cramped quarters.

We took on board here our barometer, charts, field glass, coast pilot and oil-stove, also a camera, kindly loaned us by a friend, as our own was too large for our crowded quarters. The oil stove was the ordinary round one with two tin wicks; it was a great heater and never gave us any trouble. We kept it, when not in use, in a deep pan with nearly vertical sides, and if any oil was slopped out by the pitching of the boat it was caught in this pan.

The wind continued light next morning (Sunday, July 19) and consequently we did not start until 9 o'clock. At that hour a light southerly started up and we got off, running before it, for Eastern Point. The breeze grew gradually stronger as we turned the point, and we bowled along in fine style for a half hour. In the north-west were numerous small fleecy clouds, their lower sides being straight and well defined. They rose rapidly, increasing in size as they did so till just as the foremost ones began to pass over our heads we noticed that a change of wind was coming, a white line on the water to the west of us showing plainly where the puff was coming from.

I called F. to the tiller, ran forward and quickly took in the foresail. The puffs came harder and harder, knocking us down till our lee deck was all awash; we luffed up a little each time she buried her rail, and gradually drew close in to Thatcher's Island. Seeing that we could not continue luffing much longer, as we were close into the rocks and as the boat evidently had made in a very uncomfortable manner, we let slip the jib sheet, shot her up into the wind and hove our anchor overboard. We stowed the jib below, turl'd the mainsail loosely, putting a few stops around it, and sat down in the cockpit to catch our breath.

The wind was now blowing furiously, and quite a sharp sea was getting up. The tide, running swiftly past Cape Ann, set us round broad-side to it, and we rolled about in a very uncomfortable manner. The boom thrashed and jerked so that we feared it would fetch away the traveler. We tried in vain to control it by the sheet, and finally lashed it fast to the timber heads on either quarter. We lay at anchor a while

*Pronounced see pray—a legal phrase, meaning "as near as possible, or about right."

waiting to see if the squall would not let up. The coasters came flying in from all directions to get in the lee of the land; some of them ran close up to the coast near Cape Hede and dropping all canvas. A fine steam yacht ran close to us and we envied them their ability to go where they liked regardless of wind or wave. The seas grew larger every moment, and as we lay right in the trough we rolled frightfully. The boat seemed determined to roll her rail under and swamp us if she could not pitch us out.

Seeing that the wind was likely to continue and that our position was momentarily getting more uncomfortable, we decided that the best thing we could do was to turn two reefs in the mainsail and try to make Rockport. While tying the reefs down I had a narrow escape from going overboard. I was sitting on the cockpit rail with my left arm thrown over the boom, feeling for the reef point with the other, when the boat gave a savage roll, throwing me on my chest across the boom. Back she came with a snail-like motion and pitched me clean out of the cockpit. Had my head on the boom been less firm I should most certainly have landed in the water. It shook me up in a very uncomfortable manner, and I was thoroughly impressed with the fact that it would not do to fool with that boom very much.

After getting the reefs tied down and the anchor chain hove in short, we ran the mainmast up smartly. The wind caught it broadside on, and before we could get it up we were lying on our backs, and the boat was on her side. We thought for an instant that our time had come and had the Cy-pres been less deep and heavy she surely would have gone over. We let the halliards go with a run, when she righted instantly; gathered in the bunt of the sail, stopped it loosely round the boom and sat down breathless in the cockpit, each of us wishing inwardly that we had not come, though neither would have admitted to the other that they were scared. The only expression at all bearing on the situation came from F. who said, "Well, it seems as though we were getting our cruising experience butt end first."

We waited as patiently as we could for half an hour longer, hoping the gale would blow itself out, but seeing no signs of its doing so determined to make sail again. We hoisted the mainsail more slowly this time, letting the boat swing round with her head to the wind before we got it clear up. We were on a lee of the land, and the wind was the Londoner, and I feared if we lost any time between the breaking out of the anchor and the hoisting of the foresail that we would drift helplessly down on to the latter, so determined to get a "move" on her as quickly as possible after the anchor was clear the bottom.

F. took the tiller, as he always did when getting under way, and I named the masts, rattling the chain in lively. As soon as I thought the anchor was off the bottom I ran the foresail up, belayed the halliards and sprang aft and hauled in the sheet. As her head swung off and she began to gather way I was congratulating myself that we were well out of this scrape, when, to my consternation, I felt a slight shock and saw the chain running rapidly out over the windlass. I took in the situation at a glance and let the foresail sheet run, called, "Down with the tiller, hard down," sprang forward and let the foresail halliards go, and as her head came round, took a turn with the chain round the bitts.

We took it a little more leisurely next time and I did not hoist the foresail till the anchor was chock up, and we got off without further mishap.

After rounding Cape Ann our course was dead to windward into Rockport harbor, and as there was a big sea on it was a little anxious to see how the Cy-pres would work under such short course. She behaved splendidly in the short tacks, never missing tacks once, and worked to windward in fine style. Once while going about off Straitsmouth light, just as we had put our tiller down and everything was slating about at a terrific rate, the foresail shook itself loose from the hook in the light of the sheets. The leather in the hook had become softened by the water, and it had allowed the hook to slip out of the leather. There the sheet was, exposed to the elements, separate, although the leather remained in its place. I had a hard task with the sail, trying to hold it firmly enough with one hand to pass the leather through the eye that locks the hook with the other, and do it while we were going about—over we had run on toward Avery's ledge and must go about and no mistake.

We ran into Rockport without further accident and dropped our anchor at just 10 o'clock. Glad enough we were in there, we did not enjoy the perfectly still water, after the terrible tumbling we had been subjected to for the last two or three hours. Rockport is a good harbor for a small craft in any wind, except possibly a northeaster. There is an outer and inner harbor. The outer harbor is formed by an artificial breakwater of broken stone, built out from the west side and curving round to the eastward till it leaves but a narrow opening between it and the mainland. There the water is very deep, and the harbor at low tide; the deepest place being close in toward the artificial part of the breakwater. The inner harbor is built of great granite blocks and is perfectly protected from any storm. It is nearly square with the entrance at the northeast corner. The bottom is nearly all bare at low tide and one must tie up to the pier when going in there, and carefully watch the lines as the tide goes out. On the port hand going in are stone steps all along the beach, and a hard task to get up iron rings and huge granite posts to make your lines fast to. We were surprised at the solidity and strength of these piers and the seemingly unnecessary number of round granite posts.

The entrance to the inner harbor or basin is narrow and there are usually a number of fishing schooners lying at the piers close to it, so it is not safe to get under way at any time; one must anchor outside and not expect to go in till the water is very deep, and by a small boat to see if there is room to pass. It is much better to anchor in the outer harbor at all times in a northeast blow. As there is scarcely any current when the tide ebbs and flows you can sail out under any slant of wind. Quite a number of fishermen come in here, besides coal and stone sloops, so it is best to keep well over to the west side, and out near the shore, where the water is deepest, where the water is deepest, and ride to ash shore a chain as possible, so that you will not swing out across the entrance and be in the way of incoming vessels. There are a number of sunken rocks on the west side of the harbor, but they are all above the point where the natural rock is joined by the artificial work of the breakwater.

We walked through the village calling at one or two shops to get a few things that had been forgotten, and then we had a look at the quaint old houses perched on the very edge of the rocky shore, and in some instances actually hanging over the water. Very close to the harbor we saw the ruins of what was once a splendid granite cotton mill, it was burned a few years ago and abandoned. It seemed to us that no one could hope to run such a business successfully in such an out of the way place, and we were not surprised that they were not justly abandoned.

Shortly after returning to the yacht (about 4 o'clock), a good sized Cape catboat came in, towed by the Rockport tug. As there were five men on this boat and she was a powerful looking one, we felt better satisfied with ourselves for working our way in when such a crew felt obliged to give it up and haul a tug. I have always regretted that we did not go on board of her and get their experiences of the day.

We were sitting on deck after supper when the 30 ft. cutter Saracen came in. She made a wonderfully pretty picture, bowing along under all lower sail. She had a crew of seven men on board, and as she came up to the entrance to the harbor, they took in both headsails smartly. She had a great move on her and they were obliged to leave their anchor over to snub her, and did so just in time, for, as she lost headway and came to rest, she was less than three feet from a large rock that was just under her bows. She was so close that we noticed this rock before, and getting into our tender we rowed over to it and sounded all around it, finding two and a half fathoms. The skipper of the Saracen, not liking his berth, got out a boat line, and towed up to the entrance of the inner harbor and tied up to the stone pier. Two or three small fishing schooners and one big stone sloop came in while we lay there, and we were very much interested in watching them handle such heavy loads in so small a harbor. They took in all sail while outside the breakwater and shot in under bare poles, rounding up to the end of the pier of the inner harbor, snubbing the vessel as she came broadside to the wharf. We had a wonderful exhibition of the aurora borealis in the evening. The wind died out completely as the sun went down, and the sky was wonderfully clear. The flashes of light were very brilliant, extending clear across the sky from north to south, two or three under each other, with a peculiar spiral motion different from anything we had ever seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We have received from Chas. L. Seabury & Co. a very handsome catalogue of steam yachts and launches, the book being tastefully gotten up and illustrated with exceptionally good pictures of the yachts built by the firm. They cover all sizes, from the new Embra, 154ft., now building for J. H. Hanan, down to the 30ft. open launch of the Alva, a remarkably fast and handsome boat. Though still a young concern, it has already made a reputation for the high quality of its work in all departments—hulls, engines and boilers.

The 18th annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held on Feb. 1. The following officers were elected: Com. J. Brown, Vice-Com. S. L. Kent; Rear-Com. A. Box; Sec'y, G. T. Gwilliam; Meas. F. B. Mead; Harbor Master, S. B. S. Barth; Fleet Surgeon, T. C. Stetlweag, M.D.; Trustees, C. H. Downing, C. L. Wilson, S. F. Givin, Wm. S. Stockton; Regatta Com., W. W. Hollingsworth, M.D., H. P. Lloyd, Stephen E. Haas. The officers' reports showed a very satisfactory condition.

The West Lynn Y. C., of Lynn, Mass., has elected the following officers: Com., J. W. Dalton; Vice-Com., E. E. Rich; Fleet Captain, Charles Morley; Rear-Com., E. Brown; Treasurer, C. Olin; Meas., Samuel Guilford, Jr.; Trustees—W. H. Parnell, J. P. Lumehan, George Brougham and A. W. Stevens. Financial Committee—E. F. Davis, George Brougham and Edward Rich. Regatta Committee—P. Lynch, W. J. Rooney, Edward Rich, E. F. Davis and J. D. Harris.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

The annual meeting of the New York Yacht Racing Association was held at O'Neill's on Feb. 1, bringing out a large attendance. Com. A. J. Prime, the president, occupied the chair, and on the call of the roll by Secretary Parkhill delegates from the following clubs responded: Bayswater, Brooklyn, Canarsie, Columbia, Harlem, Hudson River, Indian Harbor, Jersey City, Newark, New Jersey, Oceanic, Pavonia, Staten Island Athletic and Yonkers Corinthian yacht clubs—14.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved the secretary read his annual report, which set forth in detail the doings of the association during the past year and since its organization, and made several valuable suggestions.

The secretary was followed by the treasurer. While the latter report did not show a very large balance to the credit of the association, it still showed it to be entirely out of debt, and with a small balance in its favor.

The executive committee reported that they had admitted the following clubs to membership in the association: Greenville Y. C., of Jersey City; Bayonne Y. C., of Bayonne City, and Shrewsbury Y. C., of Red Bank, N. J., and stated that this brought the total membership of clubs in the association up to 23. They also reported that they had given the matter of the Florida disqualification some consideration, but inasmuch as all opposition had been withdrawn, the report of the regatta committee would stand. Mr. George W. Poucher's schooner Edith in consequence will take the prize in Class A.

Much discussion was provoked on the report of the special committee on club steamer and the regatta for Labor Day. A few of the officers of the Association were of the opinion that it was better in order that a sum might be raised to pay the expenses of the regatta and for prizes. The conclusion was finally reached not to depart from the present manner of conducting the regattas. The special committee was authorized to contract for a steamer.

The dinner committee reported progress, and said from present indications they fully expected 250 at the dinner, which takes place next Monday evening at 8 P. M. at O'Neill's.

After various matters of interest had been discussed the following officers were elected for the year: Pres., Com. Benjamin F. Sutton, Brooklyn Y. C.; Vice-Pres., Com. Norman L. Rowe, Pavonia Y. C.; Sec., George Parkhill, Columbia Y. C.; Treas., Robert K. McMurtry, Staten Island Athletic Club; Executive Committee, Daniel O'Reilly, Brooklyn Y. C., chairman; Edward M. Griffiths, Harlem Y. C.; Chas. Pevers, Yonkers C. Y. C.; C. E. L. Hinrichs, Canarsie Y. C., and Charles Schade, Newark Y. C.

Com. Sutton, in thanking the members for the honor, said that he hoped and saw no reason why, like the New York Y. C., this Association should not have stations both on Long Island Sound and New York Bay. Com. Rowe, the vice-president, also made some fitting remarks.

Com. Hinrichs moved that the thanks of the Association be tendered to Com. Alanson J. Prime and George K. Gartland, the outgoing president and vice-president, who had been instrumental in adding so much to the success of the Association. The motion was unanimously carried.

Com. Prime, in replying, said that it would seem rather strange for him to move from one end of the room to the other, as since the organization of the Association he had occupied a seat at the head of the table. He assured the gentlemen present that the fact of his relegation to a private berth would not lessen in the least his interest in the Association, and that he would at all times be prepared to fight its battles when necessary.

Mr. Gartland made some remarks in the same tenor, and told the new vice-president that he hoped his duties would not be as arduous as those he had just done, and that he was sure the Association would be able to give him the chance to preside at a meeting of the Association in that capacity.

After the meeting had adjourned the members, at the invitation of the new president and vice-president, sat down to a spread.

The Cup Defenders.

The Carroll boat is now ready for launching, the dredging of the slip and the lengthening of the ways being also completed, so that she can be hoisted over at any time. As soon as she is aloft the heel of the Rogers boat will be laid, and as the frames are bent and the plating ready she will go together very rapidly. The second syndicate defender will be built in the north shop, now filled with steam yachts and small racers; these will be stored elsewhere as soon as completed, leaving the ways clear for the big boat. The Paine boat is now a certainty, and Lawley will build her whether on the soaped window or on the new ways to be seen in the New York Times prints the following interview with Gen. Paine on Feb. 3:

"I shall undoubtedly build if I can be assured by the manufacturers that I can secure the steel necessary for the construction of the boat as soon as it is needed. Lawley will build the boat, and the contract will be signed as soon as I receive the assurances I desire. I shall use her for my own cruising during July and August, and then, if she should prove fast enough to stand a chance in the trial races, I shall turn her over to John and let him have charge. I shall have nothing to do with her in the trial races or in the Cup races, if she should be fortunate enough to be selected.

"In case I build I shall resign my membership in the America's Cup Committee. As to particulars about the boat, I can only say that since the Cup defense make secrecy the rule, I can only follow their example.

The list of 35ft. cutters now building is as follows:

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Sailing Master.	Builder.
R. P. Carroll	N. Herreshoff	Chas. Burr	Herreshoff Co.
Rogers Synd.	N. Herreshoff	Hank Haif	Herreshoff Co.
McN. N. Herreshoff	N. Herreshoff	Wm. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Co.
John B. Paine	John B. Paine	John Barr	Lawley & Co.
Valkyrie	Lord Dunraven	G. L. Watson	W. Cranfield
Britannia	Prince of Wales	G. L. Watson	J. Carter
Clyde Syndicate	W. Fife	J. A. Hogarth	A. & J. Inglis
A. D. Clarke	J. M. Soper	Ray & Co.

Mr. Grinnell, owner of Quickstep, has generously consented to give us the services of Capt. Hansen of Mr. Isella for the second syndicate boat, and has thus settled a very important question, as the last of competent and available skippers is running short. Capt. Hansen's reputation in Sachem first and Quickstep afterward gives every assurance of his fitness for his present position.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Specific information as to the Carroll boat and the Cup defenders for New York syndicates is as yet unobtainable at the Herreshoff works. The day watchman who was placed on duty in front of the north and south building shops about a fortnight ago still keeps up a vigilant patrol, so that any one disposed to disregard the firm's wishes about not entering the shops is likely to find a stalwart obstacle in the way. It is said, *sub rosa*, that the power of the watchman has been tested with a result most unsatisfactory to the intruder. Regarding the placing of the watchman, an act which has been strongly condemned in some quarters as an abuse of authority, the Herreshoff firm refuse to be drawn into any controversy. President John B. Herreshoff points out, however, that the use of both day and night watchmen, and the careful exclusion of visitors unless introduced by the firm, is so common in the large English yards as to excite no comment there. Of the firm's refusal to give specific information of the large boats now under way or ordered, Mr. Herreshoff said: "Our refusal to give such information is based wholly on the ground of the importance of not allowing English yachtsmen to know what we are doing in Cup defence. We believe that in such a case as this the public should be willing to wait for details until all possibility of benefiting by them on the other side has passed away."—Boston Globe.

While excavating to an unusual depth for the foundations of the new power house of the Broadway Cable Co. at 17 Front street, New York, the workmen came upon the well-preserved remains of a very old vessel beneath the foundations of the four-story brick buildings which have stood on this site for nearly two centuries. The vessel, about 30 ft. long, of ancient model and carrying three masts, was shown by the dead-eyes still along the sides. The timbers are covered with a thick black substance, which seems to have preserved them as sound and hard as when new, but the vessel must have lain in her berth for at least a century, and probably half as long again. The whole locality is made ground, the site of the first city docks and landing place of the early ships, and the remains of any vessel sunk so near the shore. It is possible that the vessel had been condemned and sunk, or that, being sunk by accident she was not removed, but utilized as a part of the filling-in when the work was first begun. A number of relics, such as British coins, a pewter mug, a cannon ball and part of a bar shot have been taken from her. The starboard side has been entirely cut away, but the port side lies under the walls of the building adjoining the excavation, and will not be disturbed.

The South Boston Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., O. F. Merrill; Vice-Com., F. Ferdinand; Rear-Com., A. White; Sec'y, H. Pope; Treas., T. Christian; Meas., S. Bertram; Fleet Surgeon, J. G. Reed; Trustees, J. F. Bertram, W. A. Haskell and C. McKenna; Regatta Com., W. Allerton, F. E. Bowker, T. F. Bruen, C. J. Chance, H. L. Stickney, B. Stone and J. V. Young.

The Riverside Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 2 at the city club house, 29 West Thirty-first street, New York, the following of-

ficers being elected: Com., G. I. Tyson; Vice-Com., F. Boltz; Rear-Com., H. F. Crosby; Sec'y, J. G. Porter; Treas., J. F. Peck; Meas., E. F. Lockwood; Regatta Com., C. T. Pierce, F. B. Jones, W. A. Huffing-ton, Menasha Club, Com., E. H. Burris, C. E. Wilson, J. A. Outwell; Trustees, E. D. Hurlbut, H. E. Doremus, W. A. Hamilton, C. T. Pierce, W. S. Bagg, A. M. Brush, G. G. Tyson, L. V. Harkess. The club will hold its annual regatta on July 8, the cruise will start on July 10, and the mid summer ball will take place on July 28. The dates for the pennant regatta and ladies' day will be decided on later.

At a meeting on Jan. 18 the council of the Yacht Racing Association decided on the following limits for crews: Not exceeding 9.5 rating, two persons; not exceeding 1 rating, three; not exceeding 2.5 rating, five; not exceeding 3 rating, six; not exceeding 10 rating, nine. In the classes over 10 rating there will be no limit to the crews. The above figures include every one on board during a race. A committee was appointed to decide on marks for the headline, which will be supplied by the Association and fixed by the owners; the regulation being that both must show clear above water with the crew on board and amidships.

Messrs. Chas. P. Willard & Co., of Chicago, have secured from the management of the World's Fair the privilege of running small steam jachts on the waters of the Fair grounds, they agreeing to pay 25 per cent. of the gross receipts to the Fair. For this service they are building 17 yachts, 12 of them 50ft. long and 6 of them 75ft. The engines will be triple compound, 4½, 7 and 12x8in., and all of the boats will be fitted with the Roberts water tube boiler. The firm has lately sent to Galveston, Texas, a despatch boat for the Government, which is also fitted with the Roberts boiler.

The steam yacht Fauvette, designed by Dixon Kemp for E. A. Perignon, the French yachtman and engineer, has since her completion last summer been fitted with a system of forced draft designed by her owner, and at the same time her feathering propeller has been replaced by a solid one of less weight. The result of these changes, as shown on a recent trial trip, was that the mean speed of 15.6 knots was attained, as compared with 14.5 knots last summer under the original system of forced draft. The yacht is 189ft. 9in. over all, 160ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 8in. beam, 12ft. 11in. draft, with engines 18, 30 and 48x32in.

The nominations of the American Y. C., whose annual meeting will be held on Feb. 14, are as follows: Com. Frank R. Lawrence, steam yacht Thyrta; Vice-Com., John H. Flagger, steam yacht Solene; Rear-Com., G. Weaver Loper, steam yacht Aveland; Secretary, Thomas L. Scovill; Treas., Geo. W. Hall; Fleet Surgeon, C. I. Pardee, M.D.; Meas., C. H. Haswell; Consulting Engineer, G. W. Magee, U.S.N. Trustees to serve three years—Clement Gould, steam yacht Adroit, and E. S. Chapin. Regatta Committee—G. W. Hall, W. S. Alley, S. W. Roach, Isaiah Paxson and J. K. Hegeman.

On Feb. 14, as the schooner Miranda was being lowered from the ways at Swan's, the backing chain of the ways parted, leaving the cradle stuck with the yacht in a little over 5ft. of water. On Feb. 4 she was hauled off without injury and towed to New London, where she will fit out before coming to New York for her final departure. She will go out to California by the way of the Suez Canal.

The Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, has elected the following officers: Com., John Pew; Vice-Com., M. A. Newell; Sec'y, F. E. Baker; Treas., W. F. Dixey; Port Captain, H. E. Pennell; Meas., H. H. Goulet; Regatta Committee, Harry J. Kelly, S. A. Graham, Charles H. Wilson; Directors, W. A. Stringer, J. H. Keefe.

The new Maxwell schooner is partly in frame at Moore's shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J., and the workmanship thus far promises a very finely finished yacht. She will be named Emerald. The ironwork is now partly completed at Winttingham's smith shop, and the yacht will be finished and fitted up at Bay Ridge.

The officers of the Carolina Y. C., of Charleston, S. C., are: Com., Wm. D. Porcher, Vice-Com., C. T. Lowndes; Sec., C. E. Prioleau; Treas., Wm. Jennings; Meas., Rutledge Holmes; Fleet Surgeon, J. L. Dawson, Jr.; Solicitor, G. M. Trenholm; Fleet Captain, Andrew Simons.

The Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels, George H. Starbuck, rendered a decision on Jan. 30 in the case of Capt. Henry Morrison, of the steam yacht Alva, reversing the action of the local inspectors at Boston, by which Capt. Morrison's license was revoked for six months.

The White Lady, Mrs. Langtry's steam yacht, reached Marseilles on Jan. 30, after a very stormy passage from Coves, during which the deck and cabins were flooded and the furniture ruined by the water. Mrs. Langtry was not on board.

The Herreshoff 16-footer Mab, owned by Com. Shaw, of the Quincey Y. C., has carried a centerplate of Tobin bronze in all her races last season, and has won the championship of her class in the Hull, Quincey and Hull Corinthian clubs.

Asp, the 21ft. fin-keel built for Mr. E. S. Hunt last season, and which excited some comment from her peculiar lines, the sections in every direction being segments of circles, has been sold and will be taken to the West.

The Gardner schooner Aleneva will next year be under the charge of Capt. Frisbee, who has for several years been in the employ of C. S. Eaton in the steam yacht Melissa and Polly.

The Cape Ann Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com. John Brenton; Vice-Com., Fred Tanton; Fleet Captain, John McLaughlin; Sec'y, F. H. Shute; Treas., F. E. Smothers.

Sheldon & Co., of Boston, will build an 18ft. fin-keel yawl for use about Boston early in the season, her owner intending to take her to New York later on.

Among the new Cape cats at Crosby's shop, Osterville, is one 28ft. over all and 24ft. l.w.l., for Frank M. Randall, vice-commander of the Pavonia Y. C.

Atlantic schooner, has been cleared from the ice at Bridgeport and towed to New York to fit out for a Southern cruise.

Bedouin, cutter, has been sold by Archibald Rogers to C. W. Wetmore, owner of Liris and Nameless.

Minerva, cutter, has been sold by Willard P. Ward to T. C. Zerega, who will use her for cruising.

Verena, cutter, has been sold by A. E. Austin, Providence, to Ogden Jones, New York.

The new Vanderbilt yacht, the successor to Alva, will be named Valiant.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1892-93.
COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. I. COTTELL, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.		CENTRAL DIVISION.	
Officers:		Officers:	
VICE-COM.: J. R. Lake.	VICE-COM.: T. H. Struyker.	REAR-COM.: W. C. Whitehead.	REAR-COM.: W. C. Whitehead.
REAR-COM.: E. H. Quirk.	REAR-COM.: E. H. Quirk.	PURSER: C. E. Wardwell, Rome, N.Y.	PURSER: C. E. Wardwell, Rome, N.Y.
PURSER: F. L. Dunning, B'klyn, N. Y.	PURSER: F. L. Dunning, B'klyn, N. Y.	EX-COM.: C. V. Winne, W. R. Hunt.	EX-COM.: C. V. Winne, W. R. Hunt.
EX-COM.: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.	EX-COM.: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.		

EASTERN DIVISION.		NORTHERN DIVISION.	
Officers:		Officers:	
VICE-COM.: Geo. L. Parmelee.	VICE-COM.: J. N. MacKendrick.	REAR-COM.: F. A. Sears.	REAR-COM.: F. A. Sears.
REAR-COM.: F. A. Sears.	REAR-COM.: F. A. Sears.	PURSER: J. H. Hart, Jr., Hartford.	PURSER: J. H. Hart, Jr., Hartford.
PURSER: J. H. Hart, Jr., Hartford.	PURSER: J. H. Hart, Jr., Hartford.	EX-COM.: Paul Butler, W. U. Law.	EX-COM.: Paul Butler, W. U. Law.
EX-COM.: Paul Butler, W. U. Law.	EX-COM.: Paul Butler, W. U. Law.	son, R. Apollonio.	son, R. Apollonio.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Eureka, Kan.
Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Rear-Commodore—F. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.
Secretary—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. H. Crawford, S. N. Maxwell, Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Ware, G. O. Case, M. D. Smith. Applications for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas. on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.
JUNE.
17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst. 10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge.
24. Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach.
JULY.
1-15. At. Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

The beautiful poem which we publish this week appeared some time since in the *Wassersport*, the German yachting and canoeing journal, but it will be new to our readers. It needs only to be known to become popular with all canoeists.

FRITZ SCHLAUKOPF'S CANOE.
"Mein Bootsmann laut laut, als ein Kerl, der am Strand
Mit stilvollem Anzug so patzig dastand,
Seine Mienen verriethen, er dünkt sich nicht klein,
Und es schien, als ob alles auf Erden wär' sein.
Jack lüchelt verschmitzt, legt ein Priemchen sich zu
Und sagt: Du hast sicher Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Herr Schlaukopf, der grosse, allwissende Mann,
Der im Sturm oder Regen im Boot sitzen kann,
Fritz Schlaukopf, der immer als Erster bekannt,
Bis er einst für die Meisterschaftspaddel genannt.
O, Fritz! da hattest du nicht triumphirt,
Da hast du die Freunde,—dich selber blamirt.

Denn er sagte: Jetzt werd' ich allein mir was bau'n.
Das alles, ob Dampfer, ob Kutter wird hau'n.
Auch die Risse, die Bauart, die werden nicht laut.
Denn mein Renner, der wird in dem Keller gebaut.
Bin Erbauer, Kapitain und die Mannschaft dazu,
Und siege dann leicht in Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Nun hämmert und hobelt er Tags und bei Nacht,
Kaum gönnt er sich Ruh', bis das Werk er vollbracht.
Die Arbeit ist riesig, ist wahrlich kein Spass,
Der Geruch auf der Werft der war fürchterlich nass.
Er liess in den Keller auch Niemand hinzu.
Geheimniss umhüllte Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Der Renntag bricht an, und die Winde die weh'n,
Wir hielten auf Fritze wohl Hundert ze Zehn,
Beklagten die Armen, die sonst noch genannt,
Und furchtbar war alles auf's Rennen gespannt.
Denn er sagt zu uns stolz: Ja wettet nur zu,
Doch kommt, nehmt vom Stapel Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Wir freuten uns riesig, und folgten vernüht,
Als ob er schon jetzt über Alle gesiegt.
Da lag es nun endlich in prachtvoller Form,
Die Linien so reizend, die Spanten enorm.
Die Flagge die sticke sein Lieb' ihm dazu,
"Kamilla"—nach ihr—hiess Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Wir hoben sie hoch auf die Schultern zu Hauf'
—Ich meine das Boot—und wir trugen sie auf,
Doch das Boot war zu gross, und die Thüre zu klein,
Wir rannten uns beinah die Köpfe noch ein;
Auch die Fenster des Kellers, sie reichten nicht zu,
Und Windstille war's—um Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Explodirt mir das Dach, reisst die Wände mir ein,
So hört man verzweiflungsvoll Schlaukopf jetzt schrein!
Er tanzte vor Wuth und er fluchte und trat,
Kein Erdbeben kam, so sehr er auch bat;
Nichts hilft ihm, nichts nützt es, was immer er thu',
Und das Rennen begann,—ohne Schlaukopf's Canoe.

Jetzt kam noch Kamilla, sie wär' fast erstiekt,
Als sie zu besänftigen, an er sich schickte.
"Pass nur auf," rief sie wild, als vor Kummer er schwieg.
"Die Elsa, die dumme, die kriegt noch den Sieg."
"Meine Liebe ist flöten—einfältige Kuh,
"Geh' mir aus den Augen mit deinem Canoe!"

Drum sag' ich jetzt immer: Wer allzu hoch denkt,
Wer Alles nach eigenem Gutdünken lenkt,
Seiner Freunde wohlmeinenden Rath noch vergisst,
Wer Alles nach eigener Elle nur misst,
Dem ruf' ich dann lächelnd für immer laut zu:
Du segelst gewiss in Fritz Schlaukopf's Canoe.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.
The annual dinner of the Hartford C. C. on Jan. 23 was a most enjoyable affair, the members of the club being present, with Messrs. Winne, Nickerson, Knappe and other invited guests. One event of the evening was the reading of the history of the club for the past year by the club historian, T. S. Cheney, with many clever hits at the various members. President Parmele, Vice-Commodore of the Eastern Division, presided.
The Hoboken C. C. will hold a smoker on Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8 P. M. at the club house, foot of Tenth street, Hoboken, N. J.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

W. C. Petty Again the Winner of the Winans Trophy—Score, 21 1-3in.
The Winans trophy was won for the fifth time on Saturday evening last, and after a well-made endeavor on the part of the popular "Barney" Walther to wrest the championship from Mr. W. E. Petty the latter scored another victory and remains in possession of the trophy. The match took place in the same gallery where so far all the winning scores have been made, that of the New York Pistol Club, at 12 St. Mark's place, this city, and from start to finish it was anybody's race, and the final string record of eighteen consecutive counting shots left the men a mere shade over an inch apart. There was a large degree of interest felt in the match, with the clubmen all on the Walther side in hopes and wishes, but with the valiant roundsman it was an expert of experts ready to call each shot the instant the trigger was pulled. Mr. Petty chose a 1in. bullseye, and, though the gallery was very clear of smoke, he found the strain on the eye very great indeed when it came to sighting shot after shot on so small a black spot. Of course, with an eye equal to the task, the smaller the bull fired at the better the chances, if the holding be up to the other conditions for scoring a close hit.
In such shooting as that for the Winans Trophy, where each shot is measured from the center of the 5in. cardboard disk, the area of the black bullseye is quite immaterial, hence all sizes of aiming spots are used, from 3in. bullseye down to a 1in. budd. Mr. Walther was content to fire at a 1½in. black center, and found it very easy to miss. The arms used were practically identical, being 8 & W. 44cal., 6in. barrels, firing special loaded ammunition, with a round ball. A lot of

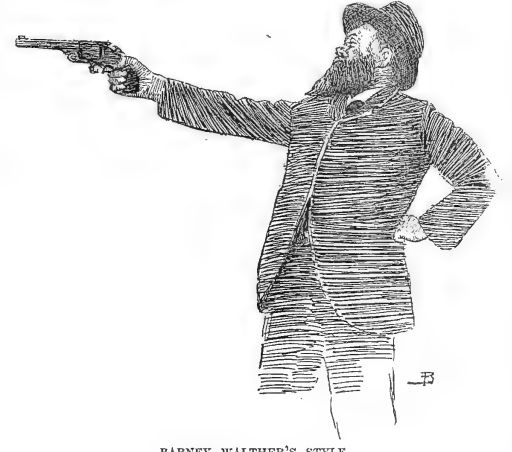
new cartridge shells used by Mr. Walther annoyed him very much by their failure to explode, the trouble evidently being in the factory primers. A toss for the lead-off was won by Mr. Petty, who sent his antagonist to the range first. Bang! went the first shot, and a glance through the glass told the shot off the disk, only a fraction of an inch, but enough to score a miss on the record. Mr. Petty stepped to the score and did precisely the same thing, landing a bullet neatly just without the measuring disk. So far what honors there were were quite equal, and the first string in each of the scores was knocked out of any value in the record. On the next shot each man got on the disk and stayed there until the twenty-eighth shot, when the sequence of misses again happened, Petty following his opponent in a wild shot.



CHAMPION PETTY'S STYLE.

This left the three interior strings of the series of five to count under the conditions for the 18 shots of record. The first counting string went to Mr. Walther with 8.02in. for his six shots against the 8.81in. made by Mr. Petty. On the next string there was another slight advantage to Mr. Walther. 7.08in. against 7.12in. for Mr. Petty. It was the third or middle string of the series which really won the match for Mr. Petty. He was then shooting very close and held down to 5.41in. in the six shots, while Mr. Walther's score rose to 9.36in.

The delicate measuring device of the Zettler gallery which has settled so many hard fought battles of marksmanship, was put at work



BARNEY WALTHER'S STYLE.

on the disks as soon as the fight was over, with President Henry Oehl and Secretary Hecking taking the readings. The figures were quickly converted into inches and decimals of an inch, and how well each shot sped for the absolute center the following shot by shot record of the match will tell:

under will con.

W. E. PETTY.				
1st string.	2d string.	3d string.	4th string.	5th string.
.....	2.27	.92	.46	.26
.37	1.84	.63	1.44	1.22
.51	1.16	.66	.57	2.41
1.77	1.17	.46	2.17
1.02	.33	2.05	.89	2.31
1.12	2.04	.69	1.65	1.83
8.81		5.41	7.12	
Record—8.81+5.41+7.12= 21.34 in.				
BERNARD WALTHER.				
1st string.	2d string.	3d string.	4th string.	5th string.
.....	.37	2.50	1.45	.60
2.30	.32	1.77	1.33	.87
.48	1.97	.85	1.03	.40
1.00	2.33	1.35	.46
2.36	1.37	.39	2.46	1.62
.54	1.66	1.50	.35	1.24
8.02		7.26	7.08	
Record—8.02+7.27+7.08= 22.36 in.				

As the referee called out upon verification of the figures that "Mr. Petty is the winner on a score of 21.34in.," there came down on the table before him another deft from a capital revolver shot. It was from Theo. Beck, of Newark, N. J., the recent winner of the New York city championship match, held under the auspices of the New York Pistol Club, and in every way a worthy match for Mr. Petty. Thus far the Trophy has been well fought for, with an average of about one inch per shot for the winner scores of the entire series of five shoots. This is pretty good shooting at that distance as revolver work generally goes, but the arm is capable of better and closer scoring, and it is for the men to bring their skill up to the level of the machine. The record of the Winans Trophy and its conditions in brief stands to date as follows:

The Trophy was formally declared to Dr. Louis Bell as first winner on June 9, 1892, with his record of 17.52in. in 18 shots.
Geo. E. Jantzer and Dr. Bell shot for it on Aug. 3 and scored 22.5in. and 26.6in. respectively.
President Henry Oehl was the next challenger, and on Oct. 15 with 16 shots scored 19.82in. against 19.11in. on 16 shots for Jantzer, Roundsman W. E. Petty on Dec. 3 put up a score of 15.31in. in 18 shots against 20.49in. for Jantzer.
The match of February, 1893 with the scores of 21.34in. for Petty against 22.36in. for Bernard Walther brings the record of the match up to date.

If the New York Pistol Club takes up the invitation sent from Boston a very interesting revolver vs. pistol match ought to be the result. The Boston Athletic Association, which has a fine range in its club house, wishes to have a team of five of the New Yorkers come on for a match with either pistols or revolvers, promising to send on a team to shoot in the New York gallery and if necessarily a tie to shoot off in some neutral gallery. It is doubtful whether the New Yorkers can arrange for the trip; but if they do it would be necessary to take along their best skill to meet Sumner Paine and the other crack shots who make their headquarters at the Boston range.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.
CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 29.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below, the conditions being 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target:

Gindele.....	9 10 9 7 9 9 8 9 8 7—85
Louis.....	7 10 9 10 10 7 9 8 10 9—89
Payne.....	9 8 7 8 10 9 9 6 9 6—81
Weinheimer.....	7 6 6 10 6 10 10 10 5—77
Willinger.....	8 5 9 6 7 9 10 6 10 5—75
Hanck.....	7 9 5 8 7 8 5 5 7 6—71
*Brumback.....	10 5 9 9 7 7 8 10 6 6—77
Simon.....	9 7 5 8 9 8 5 8 8 8—75
Stegner.....	7 7 7 7 6 7 9 9 10 6—75
Drube.....	8 8 8 7 8 7 9 10 10 5—80
Puthoff.....	8 6 7 10 7 6 7 6 10 7—74
*Military.....	6 8 9 9 8 7 4 6 4 8—69
	9 9 9 8 9 7 6 8 9 7—81
	8 8 10 9 8 9 6 6 6 10—80
	10 8 8 7 6 10 10 8 9 9—85
	7 5 7 4 5 9 6 6 10 9—88
	9 4 6 6 9 6 4 7 8 5—64
	8 9 6 5 6 5 6 4 6 8 4—62
	10 5 6 5 6 8 6 10 6 10—70
	6 8 8 7 9 8 5 4 8 5—68
	9 4 6 5 10 7 7 9 5 4—66
	6 5 6 10 10 8 4 10 5 10—74
	6 8 7 8 6 5 7 5 9 8—69
	4 6 5 7 8 7 10 6 7 9—68
	7 8 8 5 5 7 8 7 8 10—73
	8 5 4 9 9 9 9 9 9 9—79
	5 7 5 6 10 9 9 3 7 7—68
	9 8 7 10 9 8 5 6 9 4—75
	10 7 6 6 9 6 7 6 7 10—74
	6 6 8 6 7 7 10 10 7 7—73
	5 4 5 4 5 6 4 4 0 3—40
	5 4 5 6 3 7 4 7 6 3—50

The Zettler Rifle Club Shoot.
The prize shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, booked for Jan. 28, 29 and 30, was by all odds the most successful of the season. All of the principal clubs in and about New York were represented.
Among the prominent visitors were: Gen. Franz Siegl, of the late unpleasantness; John H. Brown, the inventor of the famous wire gun; Capt. W. H. Robidoux, of the Greenville Rifle Club; Capt. L. P. Hansen, of the Excelsior Rifle Club; Capt. G. A. Schmitt, of the Williamsburg Shooting Society; Capt. E. Fisher, Miller Club; Capt. Wm. Weber, German-American Association of Jersey City; Henry Strater, of the New York Schutzen Corps; Henry Zettler, President of the Empire Rifle Club; H. Rehban, Hudson Club; August Christian, Jenette Gun Club; J. Arnold, New York City Schutzen Corps; Butcher King, German-American Society of New York; Henry Holges, from Harlem, N. Y.; Gus Weigman, from Newark; Geb Krauss, the great mogul from Williamsburg. The scores of the successful shooters will be found appended:
Ring target, 3 shots per ticket, two best tickets to count, possible 150 points:
B Zahn.....74 75—149 H Zettler.....73 74—147
M B Engel.....74 75—148 I Marten.....73 73—147
H Holges.....74 74—148 L P Hansen.....73 73—146
M Dorrier.....74 74—148 H Strate.....71 74—145
R Busse.....73 75—148 L Buss.....73 73—145
B Walther.....73 74—147 L Schmitt.....71 73—144
W Rosenbaum.....73 74—147 E Fisher.....72 72—144
F O Boss.....73 74—147
Most Bullseyes—Best prize, B. Zettler; second prize, Ignatz Marten.
Best Bullseyes—B. Zahn, E. Fisher, B. Zettler, B. Walther, C. W. Horney, W. Rosenbaum, C. G. Zettler, J. Holges, L. P. Hansen.
GREENVILLE.

Miller Rifle Club.
The following scores were made by the members of the Miller Rifle Club at headquarters, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, Feb. 1:
D Miller.....240 W Rogers.....222
F Kloepping.....230 J J Devitt.....207
H Vanderheyden.....210 C Prien.....220
W Forkel.....228 L Sohl.....232
F O Boss.....239 A Pfingh.....212
F A Stadler.....217
Medal winners—First class, Miller, 240; second class, Kloepping, 230; third class, Stadler, 217.
The officers elected later in the evening were: Captain, Ernest Fischer; First Lieut., Louis Sohl; Second Lieut., Frederick Kloepping; Third Lieut., Charles Prien; Orderly Sergt., August Meyns; Sergeant at Arms, Frank Kammer; Secretary, J. H. Kruse; Treasurer, Frederick Brandt; Trustees, H. Cordts, William Meyers and Captain Fischer. The positions of financial secretary and first and second shooting masters will be filled at the next meeting. Wm. Rosenbaum and August Pfingh were elected members.
JAY H. KAY.

Rifles at Maple Bay.
SYRACUSE, Feb. 2.—The following are scores made by members of the Syracuse Rifle Club at Maple Bay range yesterday. Distance 200yds., standard American target:
Rest.
Clark.....9 6 11 11 11 11 12 11 10 12—104
Leighton.....9 11 12 11 11 9 12 11 8 9—103
* Double rest and telescope.
Off-hand.
Seely.....10 10 5 9 9 9 10 8 7 7—88
Dalley.....10 6 7 7 9 7 8 8 10 10—82
Stillman.....10 10 6 6 9 10 7 9 10—85
Lathrop.....7 9 10 6 7 9 8 6 7 7—76
Smith.....7 10 7 10 7 9 7 10 8 9—84
Lathrop.....7 9 10 6 7 9 8 6 7 7—76
Smith.....10 6 8 7 6 5 6 4 4 9—40

Port Chester Riflemen.
PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Saturday, Feb. 4.—200yds., off-hand, standard American target, 15 shots:
T H Bell.....5 9 9 9 5 7 9 8 7 5 6 8 7 9 10—113
R Rudd.....5 6 7 8 8 4 7 5 9 7 6 8 8 7 9—102
E McNeil, Jr.....5 7 0 8 7 7 6 7 6 8 5 5 7 6 10—94
E Dunham.....4 8 6 7 7 9 4 4 4 4 7 7 5 5 6—89
J Smith.....6 7 6 5 6 8 7 9 7 8 7
H Sherran.....4 4 5 7 10 6 6 4 3 6 3
H Boeger.....5 1 4 5 3 3 2 2 6 7 2 3 4 8 3—61
R. McNEIL, JR., Secretary.

Beideman Rifle Club.
BEIDEMAN, N. J., Feb. 4.—The following completes the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club week ending Feb. 4. Conditions, 25yds., ½in. ring-targets, 1½in. bullseye, ½in. center, possible 250, open air range:
A J Yergey.....226 W Giebert.....220 H Myers.....225
J L Wood.....241 Mr Bradbury.....229 A J Hayes.....224
A L Gardener.....241
WALT. GIEBERT, Secy.

Cuyahoga County Championship.
CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 4, 1893.—Beginning Saturday, March 4, and on the first Saturday of each month following until won, the shooters of Cuyahoga county will have a chance to contest for a handsome \$100 Parker gun on the grounds of the Arlington Gun Club. The above club has made arrangements with the Parker Bros. for the purchase of such a gun, and they will take special care in the selection of the gun, making it a trophy worthy of the contest. The shooting will be at 30 bluebirds per man from five expert traps, rapid fire known traps, unknown angles. Winner must win it six times to become its owner, not necessarily in succession. Handicap can be had on application.
R. J. BISSETT,

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

February.—Live bird tournament on Erb's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 14-16.—Reading Shooting Association, second spring tournament, at Shillington, Pa. Two days at targets, third day at live birds.
Address H. W. Matz, Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.
Feb. 14-16.—Forester Gun Club tournament, Davenport, Iowa.
Feb. 16.—Essex Gun Club shoot, on Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
Feb. 20.—Match shoot, T. C. Wright and Thos. Murphy, at 25 live birds, Hurlingham rules, for \$50 dollars a side, at Park Hotel grounds.
Feb. 21.—H. P. Davies Co. tournament, Toronto, Canada.
Feb. 21-23.—Atchison, Kansas, tournament. Amateurs only.
Feb. 21-22.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia. Live birds and bluecock targets.
Feb. 21-23.—Oneida County Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Utica, N. Y. Live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—Live bird tournament, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 22.—Syracuse Gun Club, "jack rabbit" tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 22.—J. L. Brewer vs. E. D. Fulford, 100 live birds each, for \$100 a side, Utica, N. Y.
Feb. 22.—Eclipse Outing Club, annual shoot at live birds, at the Pine Brook Hotel grounds.
Feb. 22.—Match shoot, Wm. Ryan vs. Chas. Anderson, at Willard Park, for \$25 a side, at 10 live birds, old Long Island rules to govern.
Feb. 22-23.—Bloomburg (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.
Feb. 28.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, team shoot, grounds of Union Gun Club, Springfield, N. J.; also open to all tournament, beginning at 9 A. M.
March 10.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.
March.—New Mexico Mutual Fish and Game Protective Association, second annual tournament.
May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.
May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 29.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y; 412 Ellinger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A club composed of trap-shooting enthusiasts has recently been organized in Woodside, N. J., under the name of the Columbia Gun Club. There are fifteen members, and these are the officers: President, Edward Shroud; Recording Secretary, Samuel Taylor; Financial Secretary, V. W. Rembe; Treasurer, Calvin Pitt. The United States Pigeon Company traps are used. The grounds are located near the Belleville reservoir. Strict rules are enforced, and shoots, open to all, at targets, will be held on all legal holidays. The club meets at 167 Sylvan avenue, Woodside, and will have its next shoot on Washington's Birthday. Communications for the club should be addressed to V. W. Rembe, Woodside Steel Works, Newark, N. J.

Shooters who go to the Reading Shooting Association tournament next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday will get a royal reception from the club members, but President Harry Matz in particular. Mr. Matz is an expert live bird and target shot and is immensely popular among Pennsylvania sportsmen. Those shooters from other places who have taken part in Reading shoots know well his lavish manner of entertaining. The Three Mile House, where the club has its headquarters, is a famous old hostelry, and accommodations for shooters and shooting cannot be surpassed. The grounds may be reached from Reading by electric cars, which run every fifteen minutes.

The annual election of officers of the Washington Heights Gun Club was held at the club's headquarters, 304 Amsterdam avenue, on Jan. 26, and the following officers were elected for the year 1908: President, H. W. Oliver; Vice-President, Matthew Cox; Secretary, J. R. Terhune; Treasurer, Alderman R. B. Saul; Captain, C. R. Terwilliger; Executive Committee: Hugh Harrison, David Wagner, M. J. Ellis, Thomas Rodgers, Eugene Seales. The regular monthly live pigeon club shoot will be held Feb. 15, at the club grounds, 170th street and Kingsbridge Road.

The match to be shot next Monday at Erb's Newark grounds, between Howland Gasper and Allen Willey, was forced upon the latter, who at first positively refused to again meet Gasper in a match. Willey is at least ten birds in a hundred better than Gasper, and even this is a high rating for Gasper. Gasper insisted, however, upon having a race on the terms finally arranged, and as Willey was a winner he was compelled to accept.

On Feb. 1 T. W. Morley, of Paterson, and Mr. Woolf, of Morristown, shot at 25 live birds each for \$25 a side, on Frank Class' Morrissey Driving Park. Woolf killed 18 to Morley's 11. In a series of 10-bird tweeps which followed the scores were: Morley 7, 7, 6, 8; Tenard 7, 8, 7, 8; Woolf 8, 9, 8, 9; Class 9, 10, 9, 9; Lyons 5, 7, 5, 7; Willison 5, 7, 5, 7.

A kingbird shoot, jack rabbit system, will be held on the Syracuse Gun Club grounds at 10 A. M. sharp, Feb. 22. Lunch on the grounds. Each shooter breaking over 60 per cent. receives 10 cents for every target broken, balance divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the three highest scores. Ties to be divided. Shells for sale on the grounds. A. E. Spangler, G. H. Mann, H. R. Becker, field committee.

At the annual meeting of Endeavor Gun Club officers were elected for the year: Dr. Z. P. Fletcher, President; F. Post, Vice-President; J. D. Polhaus, Secretary; C. W. McFeck, Treasurer; J. A. Creveling, I. McFeck, and A. R. Strader, Directors; E. Hollister, Captain. The secretary's address is 11 Cottage street, Jersey City, N. J.

The annual meeting of the Machinodous Gun Club, Moodus, Conn., was held Monday evening, Jan. 23. The election of officers was as follows: U. S. Cook, President; S. P. Clark, Vice-President; F. C. Fowler and D. J. Treat, Directors; G. P. Leckenier, Secretary and Treasurer; F. C. Fowler, Captain.

The Syracuse Gun Club was the first to claim Feb. 22 for a tournament, but since then four other claims have been made for the same. This does not matter so far as clubs long distances away are concerned, but it does look as though Utica might have avoided the date.

At the annual meeting of the Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club the following officers were elected for 1908: S. B. Dow, President; T. C. Eldridge, Vice-President; S. Van Gilder, Captain; J. C. White, Treasurer; R. Van Gilder, Secretary.

Mr. H. Bishop writes from White Haven, N. J.: "I will hold an all day target shoot at White Haven, N. J., on Friday, Feb. 10, beginning at 10 o'clock. Will insure a good time to all who will visit us."

The Bloomburg (Pa.) Gun Club will hold their second annual tournament on Feb. 22, 23 and 24. Live birds all day on the 22d, and targets the other two.

The sportsmen of West Orange, N. J., are about to form the West Orange Gun Club, which will not only practice trap shooting, but field shooting as well.

A live bird match between James Dunn and John Conlin took place at Dennis's Hotel, in Kearney, on Jan. 31, Dunn grassing 20 to Conlin's 18 out of 25.

The White Plains Gun Club will hold an all day shoot at live and clay birds on Feb. 22 on their grounds at White Plains, N. Y.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Saratoga Springs Tournament.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 2.—The Saratoga Gun Club claims the following dates for their four-day tournament, to be held May 9, 10, 11 and 12, and would further say to all interested in trap-shooting, send a postal card to W. H. Gibbs, secretary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., with your name and address, thereby avoiding the possibility of being overlooked or not on the list when we issue the programme. It will be the shoot of the season. Come, enjoy, be convinced that we are the people.

INTERSTATE M. & D. ASSOCIATION.

CERTIFICATE OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE INTERSTATE MANUFACTURERS' AND DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

"This is to certify that we, George H. Sampson, Charles Tatham and John H. Dressel, do hereby associate ourselves into a company, under and by provision of an act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey entitled "An Act Concerning Corporations," approved April seventh, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, and the several supplements thereto and acts amendatory thereof, for the purpose herein mentioned, and to that end we do by this certificate set forth: That the name which we have assumed to designate such company, and to be used in its business and dealings, is the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association."

The places of business in this State where the business of such company is to be conducted are Jersey City, in the county of Hudson, and Oakland, in the county of Bergen, and the principal part of the business of said company within this State is to be transacted at Jersey City, in the county of Hudson; and the objects for which this company is formed are, to encourage field and trap shooting throughout the United States of America and its territories, by organizing and assisting to organize clubs for that purpose, and by giving tournaments and distributing advertising matter pertaining thereto among sportsmen.

That the total amount of capital stock of said company is twenty-five hundred dollars, the number of shares into which the same is divided is fifty and the par value of each share is fifty dollars.

The power of transfer of any share of said stock by the holder thereof is limited and restricted as follows: Before such holder shall transfer the same to any person not already an authorized shareholder, he shall offer in writing the sale of the same to the board of directors of the company for the benefit of the shareholders, at a valuation to be fixed by the board of directors; such offer shall remain open for the period of thirty days, and if not accepted within that time, in writing, the holder may transfer such share to any person. The said power of transfer is also to be limited and restricted by such by-law in regard to assessments upon shareholders as may be adopted by the shareholders of the company.

The amount with which the said company will commence business is one thousand dollars, which is divided into twenty shares of the par value of fifty dollars each.

The period at which said company shall commence is the first day of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and the period at which it shall terminate is the first day of January, nineteen hundred and forty-two.

In witness whereof, we hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-third day of December, A. D., eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

GEORGE H. SAMPSON.

CHARLES TATHAM.

JOHN A. H. DRESSSEL.

By-Laws.

ARTICLE I.—Stockholders.

1. As far as possible, stockholders shall be confined to manufacturers and dealers in firearms and supplies.
2. Application for stock shall be made in writing, and for at least one share, and shall be acted upon by the executive committee at its first meeting after such application is made.

ARTICLE II.—Meetings.

1. The annual meeting of stockholders shall be held on the third Tuesday in December of each year for the election of officers and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.
2. To constitute a quorum at any meeting of stockholders there must be at least a majority of the outstanding capital stock, and each share of stock so represented shall be entitled to one vote. A majority of the votes cast shall be decisive.
3. A special meeting of the stockholders shall be called whenever the executive committee may deem one necessary.
4. Notice of each annual meeting shall be mailed to each stockholder ten days before the date of meeting, and notice of each special meeting at least five days before the meeting.
5. The president to call a special meeting at request of holders of five (5) shares of stock.

ARTICLE III.—Officers.

1. There shall be a board of seven directors, who shall be elected by the stockholders by ballot at each annual meeting, to serve for one year or until their successors are elected. A majority of the votes cast shall be necessary for election. The board shall fill its own vacancies occurring during the year of its service.
2. The board of directors shall elect from their own number the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer required by law, and shall appoint from their own number an executive committee of three.
3. The board of directors shall also appoint a manager.

ARTICLE IV.—Duties of Officers.

1. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings, to have a general supervision of the affairs of the Association.
2. The secretary shall attend to all meetings and record all votes of the company and directors, and keep minutes of their proceedings in a book provided for that purpose, preserve all records, send notices of the time and place of all meetings and prepare and publish all notices and communications ordered by the executive committee. He shall be sworn to the faithful discharge of his duty.
3. The treasurer shall collect all moneys due the Association, make all disbursements upon bills approved by the secretary and manager, report of the annual meetings, and of other matters required, the state of the funds of the Association, and the names of members who are in arrears for their assessments or dues. All checks shall be signed by the treasurer, and he shall give bonds if required to do so by the directors. He shall also sign all certificates of stock issued.

ARTICLE V.—Assessments.

1. Each shareholder may be annually assessed by the board of directors to the amount not exceeding two hundred dollars, payable in equal quarterly payments, and due without notice Jan. 1, April 1, July 1 and Oct. 1. In case such shareholder shall fail to pay such assessment within thirty days after it becomes due, the board of directors may, in their discretion, cancel any certificate held by such delinquent shareholder, and written notice of such cancellation shall be mailed to such shareholder, and thereupon he shall cease to be a shareholder in said Association and a new certificate for any share so canceled may be issued to such person as the board of directors may direct.
2. No special assessment for paying guaranteed purses or other extraordinary indebtedness shall be levied, except by two-thirds vote of the outstanding stock.

ARTICLE VI.—Privileges of Stockholders and Others.

1. Only stockholders and those licensed by the directors of the Association shall be allowed to have tents on the tournament grounds, and only such ammunition as is manufactured or dealt in by stockholders will be for sale.
2. The targets furnished by the Association must be manufactured by a stockholder of the Association.

ARTICLE VII.—Amendments.

1. These by-laws may be altered or amended by a majority vote of the stockholders present at any annual or special meeting of the Association. Such proposed amendments shall be presented in writing, signed by at least two stockholders, and notice of same shall be forwarded to each stockholder of the Association at least two weeks before the time at which same are to be acted upon.

The Powder Challenge Accepted.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I proposed to Mr. J. A. R. Elliott or anybody else a "practical" test of the killing forces of Schultze and American wood powder, because Mr. Elliott has seen fit to belittle Schultze powder, which he has, however, repeatedly failed to do, after signs of failure under American wood. He stated as a reason for writing that his silence might have been construed that wood powder was the cause of his being defeated in his first match with Mr. Fulford by a very low score, a fact which all spectators knew to be the case, and which caused Mr. Elliott to substitute Schultze for wood in the next four matches.

I was very careful to state explicitly how the test was to be made fair and impartial in every particular, and how to eliminate the elements of luck and difference in the skill of the shooters.

I wanted the test to be made and did not challenge with generalities or impossibilities for the sake of newspaper notoriety, and I asked no advantage.

Mr. Elliott was free to choose between several ways and means of comparing the actual killing forces of the two powders under exactly alike and fair conditions. Not to place Mr. Elliott at a pecuniary disadvantage, I offered him \$100 expenses to come to New York to have the test made. I offered odds and also placed my check for \$250 in the hands of the FOREST AND STREAM as a guarantee of good faith on my part.

I knew Mr. Elliott to be in the pigeon shooting business as a professional, and that my proposition was not exactly under his line. He declined my proposition, and gives a good, valid reason, namely, that his business connection heretofore would prevent him from accepting.

This is perfectly satisfactory, but he might have declined with a little better grace and not shown his ugly spirit, born no doubt of disappointment. However, we do not all see alike.

That I succeeded, in the opinion of practical, unbiased sportsmen, to devise manner and means to arrive at the exact killing forces of the two powders, is proved by the expressions of leading shooters from various parts of the country.

In reply to Mr. Lindsey's letter in the same issue of your valuable paper, I am very happy to accept his proposition as made and request Mr. Lindsey to post his check for \$500 with the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to cover my check for full amount, which is now in the same hands, and which I wish to apply for this bet.

I concede all Mr. Lindsey's mentioned conditions. The test to be played or played, both powders to be bought in the open market at four or more different places by disinterested parties or the referee, and an equal number of cartridges to be used from each lot.

The velocity tests to be made of course with measure for measure charges, as Mr. Lindsey proposes. The comparative bursting pressures of any value and were it not for the genius of Mr. E. W. S. Griffith, the world would not know any facts about the stringing of shot. However, if Mr. Lindsey has discovered something new, so be it, and I will allow him to carry out any fair experiment he may wish in this line. It will prove, however, "rainbow chasing" on Mr. Lindsey's part and never be a subject of comparison for different kinds of powders.

Additional questions as to manner of how to arrive at fair results of the comparative merits of the two powders to be left to the decision of the judges and referee.

As soon as Mr. Lindsey has deposited his \$500, I shall be willing to meet him at his own office to complete arrangements, though he makes it a point to say that he is not willing to come to mine, and I promise him that I shall not hold him to my feet. This would be a glorious country best, that an American without any scientific schooling in chemistry, etc., who of necessity must mix, make and sell small amounts, and is constantly experimenting and changing his powders in quality of product in a pot-luck style, can compete with the greatest acknowledged scientific authorities in explosive chemistry in the world, operating plants and scientific machinery, backed by unlimited capital, watched constantly by government experts, mixing 100 times as many batches and keeping their product under observation for twelve months before marketing it, although they are Englishmen.

However, the objections which might be urged against the English products on the score of American patriotism have been removed, as far as the E. C. powder is concerned, already, and the ever-increasing demand for Schultze powder will soon necessitate an American company and a new factory for Schultze also.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6. JUSTUS VON LENGERKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a cursory examination of the columns of your valuable paper for the past few weeks I notice that the all-absorbing topic seems to be the question of how it is best to classify and handicap the trap-shooters of the country. I cannot at this time refrain from inviting myself unasked to criticize the various systems advanced by these would-be handicappers. Our friend Jesse Humphrey's ideas are theoretically all right, and he is to be congratulated on his effort; but we cannot admit that they are practical. While they appear simple, they are anything but so. To work successfully on the tournament grounds, the ideas of our friends Crutty and "Jack Rabbit" Worden are worthy of serious consideration as far as the division of purses is concerned, but the idea of constantly changing shooters from one class to another as advanced by nearly all of the new handicappers causes great confusion and dissatisfaction, while the retrogressive action of being compelled to shoot the same number of shots, and the same number of times, is a system that will be modern and up to the times.

Shooters go to a tournament to shoot and not to be entertained by other sports or amusements, and if a reasonable programme be issued they will not be shot out at the end of the day and will have had ample time to partake of refreshments and indulge in friendly conversation. If a shooter is not called to the score once every fifteen minutes he becomes restless, forgets about shooting, and for amusement turns his attention to other things which may or may not take him away from the shooting grounds. Every shooter can fire from 100 to 150 shots between 9 o'clock in the morning and 5 o'clock in the afternoon without becoming over-fatigued.

Mr. Parker has been trained in the Interstate camp and many of his ideas emanate from those handicappers, and will no doubt be used by the tournament grounds. Distance to be used as the basis for handicapping, added money, portable screens, etc., are ideas that have long been talked of at headquarters.

It would be useless for me to send any system for handicapping, etc., to my friends in the American Manufacturers' Association, for although they know that I am the author of the rules for trap shooting which were adopted by the American Manufacturers' Association, they have not the slightest modification to make. The system which has been used very generally throughout the country under one name and another, and also that I claim authorship to the present system for handicapping the shooters, which, in spite of some objection, has been recognized and used in almost every State in the Union, they would brand anything coming from me as wrong, bad, impracticable on its very face, while they know that what I have heretofore published has been for the time being entirely satisfactory.

When the Keystone rapid firing system was first introduced and the amateur rule only was used there was not a trap shoot in the country who could average over 80 per cent., whereas the same men had been averaging much better than 90 per cent. shooting at unknown traps, unknown angles and different distances under the one-man-up system. It took the experts a year to become accustomed to the new system. They means were devised to handicap them so that the weaker shots would have more opportunity to cope with them, and to prevent the experts from dropping for places, forming pools, etc., they were compelled to shoot before the amateurs. Notwithstanding the fact that some of the expert shots have complained that the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association handicap is too severe, they have as a rule maintained such a high average that they have received more money than if they had shot under the amateur rules and been compelled to divide the purse with the semi-experts and the better shots among the amateurs who would have been close on their heels.

Two difficulties with the system have developed: The first is, that it has not been practicable to advance all the amateurs, who are averaging the records made at their home clubs, have averaged 80 per cent. or better to the semi-expert class; this in turn makes the semi-expert class deficient.

The second is that the trap-shooters in general want something new, simply because it will be new.

As a member of the classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, I shall submit the following system to the members of the coming season: Novelty Rule. Five traps will be used in a straight line, with three traps placed in the field 60 yds. from the score, 10 yds. apart. The outside traps to be numbered 6, 7 and 8. Unknown traps, unknown angles, different distances. Six men to a squad. Amateurs, semi-experts and experts will all shoot this rule, and the traps will be sprung by the experts.

The amateur (Class C) will stand at the 16-yard mark, the semi-expert (Class B) will stand at the 18-yard mark, and the expert (Class A) will stand at the 20-yard mark. Shooters will be classified by the Association from the records they have made at their home clubs for a period of three months previous to their application for a certificate of classification. As soon as an amateur averages 75 per cent. he will be advanced to Class B; as soon as a semi-expert averages 85 per cent. he will be advanced to Class A. Purses will probably be divided into five money, and if there is any change in this rule due notice will be given of same. It is also proposed to add 50 cents for each entry to at least two guaranteed events each day of a shoot, which money will be donated by the Association. This system will be copyrighted by the

Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, but any association or club will be at liberty to use the same providing they publish it under its proper name. All these different matters will be embodied in the general trap shooting rules issued by the association.
H. A. PENROSE, Sec. I. M. & D. A.

Utica Midwinter Tournament.

We will hold a grand midwinter tournament at live birds and targets on Feb. 21, 22 and 23 at the West Shore Shooting Grounds, two minutes' walk from the West Shore depot. The generous response received from our preliminary notice of the shoot from shooters all over the country leads us to announce positively that the leading live bird and target shooters will be present. We have a large house, well warmed, and can accommodate all the shooters who may come. Remember, no handicaps and nobody barred. This will be the only big shoot of the season where all shooters can meet on even terms. The live birds will be strictly first class Western birds, and our arrangements warrant us in guaranteeing to have all the live birds the shooters may want. All live birds from King's fast traps, American Shooting Association Rules. Bluecock targets from expert bluecock traps, and kingbirds from Cruttenberg & Card's expert traps. American Shooting Association rules to govern all target contests. The three sets of traps will be running all the time, thereby insuring the shooters all the shooting they may desire. There will be bluecock, kingbird and live birds every day.

We take great pleasure in announcing that we have arrangements completed for a race between Capt. John L. Brewer, of Bridgton, N.J., champion live bird shot of the world, and E.D. Fulford, of Utica, N.Y., at 100 live birds each for a citizens' purse of \$200, donated by the citizens of Utica. This will afford the shooters of the country an opportunity of seeing a genuine contest between these well known experts. We also desire to announce that on the 5th and 6th of the month of New York, champion lady shot of the world, will also be present and shoot an exhibition race at 50 live birds with Henry L. Gates, of Utica. This will be on Wednesday at 1 P.M. sharp. The Brewer-Fulford match will follow at 2 o'clock.

All money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., all target events rapid-firing, birds included in entrance. All ties divided. Five per cent will be deducted from each target event. This will be divided into average prizes for events from 1 to 9 inclusive, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. for best averages.

Davis Cottage Hotel is located within a short distance of the shooting grounds, where warm meals will be furnished at all hours. Special rates can be obtained at all hotels. Squires' high-grade hand-loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Our long experience in managing tournaments is a sufficient guarantee that the conduct of this shoot will be first class in every way. Remember that the shoot will take place no matter what the weather may be. Positively no outside shooting will be permitted. We shall spare no pains to make this shoot a grand success. Programmes mailed to any address on application. Send us the address of your shooting friends and we will mail them copies.

E. D. FULFORD, A. S. HUNTER, W. C. HARRIS, H. L. GATES.

The Kazoo System.

All of the trap-shooting systems which have been promulgated through Forest and Stream have shown serious defects. Why? Because it is an easy matter to make a system on paper, but to make one that will stand the practical test of usage; then it's different.

Considering that an experience second to nobody's has educated me in these matters, I will try and help you out. I will take what is good of the known systems and by combining same with features new and original thus give the shooters a system which only needs a trial to convince that it is "the way they have always sought." How shall I do this? First, combine the good features of the old five-trap, one shooter up at a time, with the fast-firing system, in order that the shooters may get quick action and not have to wait. Shooting rules as follows: Five traps, fast firing, traps pulled out according to indicator, indicator changed every five shots. This gives a shooter five unknown traps when at No. 1, four ditto when at No. 2, three ditto when at No. 3, two ditto when at No. 4, and one ditto when at No. 5, he is the pulling, then he will know his trap.

Money division, modified "jack rabbit" giving equity to all shooters, whether expert, good or bad, poor or indifferent, by crediting or charging equally for hits or misses. Handicaps are a puzzle, the North and the Parker, which rank the amateur with the expert when he chances to get into the money, are no good, because they cut the amateur's head off by penning him as an expert, and must not cut out the expert by adding yards to his firing point, and we can afford to throw him out, because when he goes to a shoot he enters in every match from start to finish. If he loses a dollar or two, he doesn't seek a secluded seat on the grand stand and watch the horses go around in waiting for a match in which there is no entry fee. We can't afford to lose him, even if he is a pirate, and how shall we handicap him. Let me tell you how to do it. Shoot in the manner above shown and handicap the expert by giving the amateur more yards. The form of shooting is difficult, very difficult, for the best of experts will make misses, lots of 'em, and the amateur, oh, dear, he'll make many more; so to equalize matters just let him use his second barrel. Result, more entries, more noise, lots of fun, all are happy and everybody satisfied.

BEN O. BUSH.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

An Old Long Island Wing Shot.

Mr. Peter Garmes, Sr., is one of the oldest members of the New York Getman Gun Club, who hold their shoots at Dexter Park during the season. He is over 70 years of age and was born in Hanover, Germany. In his younger days he used to be an expert at cross-shooting, and at the present time he is able to hold his own with some of the best trap-shooters in his club. At the closing shoot of last year he tied with H. Thorsen with a score of 8, but was defeated on the shoot-off for the club medal. He made at the last club shoot on Jan. 18 a score of 7 out of 8 from the 25yd. mark. His son, Peter Garmes, Jr., is also a member of the club and won the medal at the last shoot with a straight score of 8. Mr. Garmes, Sr., has been for a great number of years a prominent man in the produce business at Washington Market and on all possible occasions joins in any shooting expedition that he can in the vicinity with his son and club members.

"Jack Rabbit" System in Use.

On Saturday last the Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club gave a pleasant shoot at its grounds, Front and Union streets. During the afternoon a shooting match at 25 bluecocks took place between Charles Fehrenbach, "Olderback," and Harry Hartlove, of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, and Harry White, of the Waverly Gun Club, and Newton Grubb, of the Grubb's Corner Club. The former pair won by a score of 45 to 24. The individual scores were, Hartlove 24, Fehrenbach 15, White 11, Grubb 13. The sweepstakes shooting was spirited, the "Jack Rabbit" system being used for the first time in this city. The new system met with the approval of the shots who were present. The scores:

Ten birds, 50 cents entrance, 11 entries:			
Hartlove	111111111110	Grubb	0110110110-6
Wilson	11111111001-8	Goggins	1110101001-6
Springer	0110111111-8	Harris	0011011010-6
Bilderback	1011111011-8	Stout	011010110-6
Grier	1110001001-6	Ewing	101001011-6
White	101111110-6		
Ten birds, 50 cents entrance, 13 entries:			
Wilson	1111001011-7	Stout	0000110111-6
Gaughan	0110000101-3	White	001001100-4
Harris	0110101110-6	Hartlove	1100101011-6
Grubb	0100111101-6	Bilderback	1111011111-9
Steel	0100000111-4	Gregg	0000011111-5
Ewing	1001111011-7	Springer	1001101010-5
Grier	1011111111-7		
Ten birds, 50 cents entrance, 12 entries:			
Ewing	1110110111-8	Hartlove	0000100111-4
Grubb	1011011011-7	Harris	1010001101-6
Wilson	1111111010-9	Grier	1111111101-9
White	1111001001-5	Bilderback	1110010111-7
Gregg	0001110011-5	Springer	1110010111-7
Gaughan	0010100001-2	Figgins	0110100100-4
Ten birds, 60 cents entrance, 12 entries:			
Wilson	1111001111-8	Grier	0000100111-4
Grubb	1011101011-8	Hartlove	1111111111-10
Ewing	1011101000-6	White	1111100111-8
Gregg	1011111100-7	Bilderback	1011111110-8
Gaughan	1011000001-4	Stout	1111111111-10
Harris	0011001110-5	Ewing	0110110111-7

Welland Park.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 4.—Sweep at Welland Park, \$10 entrance, two moneys, 10 live birds, one bluecock trap, 21yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, Long Island rules:
Eschler: 001110010-4 Boyle: 0111111011-8
Martin: 011011101-7

Charity Shoot at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Herewith find scores of our "jack rabbit" shoot held Jan. 25 by the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. This shoot was entirely in the interest of charity, the entire proceeds being given to the poor of our city. I have given at the end of each shoot the figures showing how the money was divided according to the "jack rabbit" system, also the figures showing how it would have been divided under the 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. system. Our jack rabbit division paid 10 cents for each target broken, the surplus being divided into three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Keystone targets were used and thrown from expert traps, unknown angles, known traps.

Sweep No. 1, 15 keystones, \$1 entrance:			
Borst	12	Wolcott	12
J. Kiss	12	LeFever	12
Truesdale	14	Courtney	11
Hicks	12	Norton	13
Meyer	11	Stewart	14
First money paid \$3.40, second paid \$1.78, third paid \$1.68. Old style—First would have paid \$8.40, second \$6.30, third \$4.20, fourth \$2.10.			
Sweep No. 2, 10 bluecocks, \$1 entrance:			
Borst	8	Keller	5
Mann	10	Harper	6
J. Kiss	8	Norton	9
Truesdale	8	Stewart	8
LeFever	7	Byer	9
Courtney	5	Lane	8
First money paid \$2.90, second paid \$1.45, third paid 92 cents. Old style—First would have paid \$6.40, second \$1.20, third 53 cents, fourth \$1.60.			
Sweep No. 3, 15 birds, entrance \$1.50:			
Courtney	0110011110110-10	Borst	11011110111100-11
LeFever	1011101111111-13	Newton	11011111111110-13
Byer	1111011111111-13	Lane	0111111111111-14
Stewart	1011111111111-13	Keller	1111111011001-9
Truesdale	0110011111101-8	Harper	1111110101001-9
Riss	0110001100101-8	Mann	1111110101001-9
Hicks	1010111110100-10	Meyer	0011010101111-11
Norton	1011111111100-12	C Smith	1011111111101-13
First paid \$2.75, second paid \$1.37, third paid \$2.38. Old style—First would pay \$4.80, second would pay \$1.20, third would pay \$4.80, fourth would pay \$1.20.			
Sweep No. 4, 10 birds, entrance \$1:			
Hicks	8	Keller	6
LeFever	8	Borst	9
Courtney	8	Stewart	8
J. Kiss	9	Norton	7
Byer	8	Truesdale	8
Newton	10	Tassell	8
First paid \$2.85, second paid \$1.37, third paid 90 cents. Old style—First would pay \$3.40, second would pay \$1.20, third would pay 45 cents, fourth would pay 80 cents.			
Sweep No. 5, 15 birds, entrance \$1.50:			
Hicks	12	Meyer	12
LeFever	12	Van Ostrand	10
Byer	12	Richmond	13
Courtney	12	Keller	13
Newton	15	Borst	8
Norton	15	Harper	11
J. Kiss	11	Lane	10
First paid \$5.50, second paid \$3.50, third paid \$1.70. Old style—First would pay \$12.60, second would pay \$9.45, third would pay \$1.57, fourth would pay 78 cents.			
Sweep No. 6, 15 birds, entrance \$1.50:			
LeFever	1101111011111-13	Henry	10111100111111-12
Newton	1111011111110-13	Teanyson	1011011011111-12
Norton	1111111110111-14	Richman	0101111111110-12
Byer	1111111110110-13	C Smith	1111011011111-13
Courtney	1110101010010-9	Mann	1111101101111-13
Stewart	1111111111111-15	Lane	1011110111111-13
Borst	0100111111011-11	Harper	1011101001010-7
Riss	0100111111011-11	Lewis	01001000010-8
Meyer	1111010101111-12	Kimball	10110100110011-9
Van Ostrand	1111110110111-14	S B Stuart	00001000010000-2
Richmond	1011111111111-14		
First paid \$5.85, second paid \$2.05, third paid \$1.60. Old style—First would pay \$13.80, second would pay \$2.55, third would pay \$1.15, fourth would pay 50.			
Sweep No. 7, 20 birds, entrance \$2:			
Hicks	17	Richman	11
Van Ostrand	18	Meyer	18
LeFever	18	Richmond	19
Newton	14	Stewart	18
Norton	17	Kimball	12
Courtney	16	Lewis	14
Stewart	18	S B Stuart	13
Borst	18	S B Stuart	13
Truesdale	18	Tassell	15
Byer	14	Jones	13
*For birds only.			
First paid \$7.30, second paid \$2.90, third paid \$2.22. Old style—First would pay \$20, second would pay \$5, third would pay \$3, fourth would pay \$1.68.			
Sweep No. 8, merchandise, 15 birds, entrance 50 cents:			
Mason	6	Norton	13
LeFever	15	Jones	13
McGinty	8	Hadley	13
*Evershed	12	Richman	11
Meyer	12	Hicks	14
Courtney	10	Harper	8
Kimball	8	Stewart	14
Kimball	8	Don	13
Lewis	10	Marvel	11
S B Stuart	7	Mann	11
Newton	13	J. Kiss	11
*Winners of ties in different classes.			
Sweep No. 9, 10 birds, entrance \$1:			
McGinty	3	Newton	9
Hicks	9	Meyer	7
S B Stuart	9	Perry	7
Kimball	9	Byer	7
LeFever	9	J. Kiss	10
Courtney	7	Harper	8
Norton	10	Hadley	7
Lewis	7	Mann	8
Borst	7	Marvel	8
Tozier	6	Lane	10
Richman	7	Evershed	8
*For birds only.			
First paid \$1.86, second paid \$1.41, third paid \$1.03. Old style—First would pay \$2.80, second would pay \$2.10, third would pay 93 cents, fourth would pay 31 cents.			
Sweep No. 10, 15 birds, \$1.50 entrance:			
Norton	0111111010111-12	Richman	01111011010101-11
Van Ostrand	1111111111110-12	Tassell	01111111111100-11
Borst	1111111111110-14	Truesdale	0110111101111-12
Kimball	10101001011010-8	Stewart	11111101010110-12
McGuire	1010101110000-8	Byer	11110111111111-14
Newton	10101000111110-9	Evershed	11111111111111-14
Courtney	00111111110111-12	Lane	10101011111111-12
Tozier	00111001111111-13	Mann	11001111011111-12
LeFever	11111111111110-14	Marvel	11101010100100-10
Meyer	11101011111111-14	Hicks	11101111101011-12
Orange	01010101100111-10		
*For birds only.			
First paid \$1.98, second paid \$2.17, third paid \$1.39. Old style—First would pay \$2.28, second would pay \$4.27, third would pay 81 cents, fourth would pay \$1.42.			
Extra No. 1, 10 birds, \$1, 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent.:			
Van Ostrand	9	Byer	9
Kimball	7	Lane	6
S B Stuart	7	Tozier	7
Norton	6	Meyer	10
Jones	6	LeFever	6
McGinty	2	Courtney	6
*For birds only.			
First paid \$1.75, second paid \$2.10, third 70 cents.			

Keystone Shooting League.

FRANKFORD, Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—Inclosed find score of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, club shoot for prizes. This is the first monthly shoot the league has held since its reorganization. The prizes consist of very handsome gold badges, and are to be contested for monthly, until they have been won three successive times by one person, when they become his property. The shooters are classified and handicapped. It was beastly weather to shoot in which partly accounts for the low scores made. Wm. H. Wolstencroft at

18yds. won in class A, N. M. Bancroft at 16yds. in class B, and Elmer Ridge at 15yds. in class C:

Class A.	
A J Rust	1010111110110101111001-17
J Sumers	1011111111111111111111-23
Jas Wolstencroft	00101011111111111111-29
H L David	10110101010100011001-13
J E Hack	11011110011010100001001-25
Class B.	
A Jacks	01111010101000100010001-12
J Sumers	0101110000001010110111-13
S Richards	1001000010110011110100-13
N M Bancroft	0101001001101111010010-10
W Wilson	0100010110101100010101-13
Class C.	
E Ridge	10111011010011010100011-15
J Wolstencroft	0100100001000001010101-10
N. W. B.	

"Jack Rabbit" Shoot at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 4.—Inclosed find scores of "Jack Rabbit" shoot held by the Syracuse Gun Club yesterday. The attendance was good for a club day and everybody was pleased with the workings of the above system. We expect a big crowd on Feb. 22, at our all day tournament under this system:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	
Crutty	8 9 10 6 7 8
Courtney	10 9 12 9 10 15 9 8
Gray	9 10 10 9 10 13 10 9
Keller	8 15 10 9 14 10 8
Schemm	8 12 9 9 14 10 10
LeFever	10 10 13 10 8 13 10 10
Petrie	8 12 10 8 8
Livingston	8 7 10 5 10 10 8
Shannon	9 8 9 9 12
Mann	5 7 14 8 9 12
Walters	10 7 14 7 6 14 8
Holloway	8 8 13 9 10 13 8 8
Schug	5 4 7 6 6
Clow	7 6 13 7
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	
Roberts	8 9 10 6 7 8
Becker	6 10 8 6
Ginty	8 12 9 15 8
Lansing	9 10 8 14 10 8
Bishop	7 12 6 8
Duncan	7 8 6 7
Hermans	7 12 7 8
Montgomery	14 8 5 11
McMurry	14 8 15 10
Jones	8 6
Everingham	6 8
Budlong	7 12
Mowry	14 9 8
Alexander	9 7

Auburn Defeats Skaneateles.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 4.—I inclose a copy of score of team race between Auburn and Skaneateles clubs on Skaneateles grounds, Jan. 27, also some extra club events at same time and place. I also inclose score of Auburn Gun Club regular club shoot Feb. 1, being the third regular club shoot for 1893.

Team race: Skaneateles Gun Club vs. Auburn Gun Club; 25 singles:	
Skaneateles	
Bray	11000101111110001001-15
Bench	1011100111111011010011-17
N M Livingston	1000110101010011110111-15
H A Livingston	10101111010111010111-19
De Witt	1010100110010101010101-15
Gragory	01100001010010000101000-8
F A Sinclair	0101001010100101100100-11
Fred Sinclair	0111001010101001010101-1

Vernon Rod and Gun Club

Held its first regular monthly shoot of the year at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Jan. 31. Ten members competed for the club medal and a sweepstake of \$1 each, at 7 birds, then miss and out, A. S. A. rules, H. and T. traps. Dr. Little, the president of the club and a most enthusiastic shooter, took the medal and first money with 6. Seven tied for the second money, but owing to the birds giving out G. Greiff, R. Plister, Jr., and C. Wischerth div. Dr. Lamadrid took third money with 2. Scores follow:

	Club Shoot.	Sweep No. 1.	Sweep No. 2.
Dr Little.....	1212202-6	111011111-9	0110111001-6
F A Thompson.....	2111002-5	1110110011-7	1101111011-8
G Greiff.....	2223002-5		
C Becker.....	2202210-5		
J Schlemmer.....	122220-5		
Dr Van Zile.....	2212200-5	0011101001-5	111111111-10
R Plister, Jr.....	1121002-5	101111110-8	101111111-9
Dr Lamadrid.....	0200002-2	111101011-8	111101101-8
C Wischerth.....	1011022-5		
Dr Hazzard.....	2020012-4		
T Calket.....		010000000-1	0000010010-2

A match was shot off between C. Becker and Gus Greiff at 15 birds each, for \$10 and the birds. The latter won by the following score: Becker (28).....120201211021001-10 Greiff (30).....012220223122012-12

Penn Gun Club.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Jan. 28.—Inclosed find score of our semi-monthly shoot of the Penn Gun Club, standard Keystone targets, rapid firing system, team race. None of the boys can shoot except they shoot another club; then look out for them. Here is the score, 25 birds per man:

Geo. Kerper's Team.		J. Cassel's Team.	
R Sheerz.....	14	M Haws.....	15
Geo Kerper.....	10	A Tyson.....	14
P W Yosi.....	20	J Cassel.....	19
J Kohl.....	12	H E Saney.....	21
J R Yosi.....	19	G H Kriebel.....	16
P Billerbeck.....	15	F Gross.....	11
S R Kriebel.....	17-107	J Fry.....	14-110
		CHAS. A. WEST, Sec'y.	

Answers to Correspondents.

R. C. L.—The name is E. Malley.
T. W. W., New York.—Address the State Geological Surveys at the capitals of the several States.
O. G. L., Comstock, Mich.—The autobiographical sketch of "Nessmuk" published in his "Forest Runes" was reprinted in our issue of May 8, 1890, the number containing notice of his death. See "Nessmuk" memorial note elsewhere.
C. O. H., Springfield, Ia.—Please inform me through your paper if there is any law in Iowa to protect rabbits from being hunted by ferrets. There are parties hunting rabbits that way here, and they say it is all right, but I don't think so, although I can't find any law to protect

them. Ans. The Book of the Game Laws gives no law at all on rabbits in Iowa.

W. E. R., Reading, Pa.—Please tell me through your paper what number of shot and powder charges I should use for ducks; an arrangement for my first ducking trip this coming spring? Ans. For 10-gauge gun use 4½dbs. powder and 1½oz. No. 6 shot; for 12-gauge, 3½dbs. powder, 1½oz. No. 6 shot.

W. G. B., Boston, Mass.—Are seals known to eat wild fowl, or do they subsist wholly on fish? Ans. They subsist chiefly on fish, with the probable addition of squid and shrimp, but occasionally capture gulls and other sea birds. They are reported to swim beneath the fowl and seize them unobserved. See Dr. J. A. Allen's "History of North American Pinnipeds."

W. E. D., Portland, Oregon.—Where and how and at what cost can I procure the reports of the Fisheries Commission? Ans. For Reports and Bulletins of U. S. Fish Commission write to Marshall McDonald, Washington, D. C., or to your Representative in Congress. For State reports address the presidents of the various Fish Commissions mentioned in our issue of Jan. 12, 1893.

S. L., Union Centre.—As there seems to be some doubt in regard to the law, will you kindly advise. Is the catching of perch and pickerel with hook and line on tip-up to be used in holes cut through the ice prohibited by the present game law in the counties of Broome and Tioga, also in Susquehanna county, Pa.? Ans. For the New York law see answer to C. S. S. The Pennsylvania law forbids taking pickerel between Feb. 1 and June 1.

C. K. S.—What was the name of the author of "Woodcraft," when and where did he die, and what was the significance of the word "Nessmuk"? Ans. "Nessmuk" was a pseudonym of Geo. W. Sears, who died May 1, 1890, at his home in Wellsboro, Pa. The word is Narragansett Indian origin, and signifies "Woodduck." See this issue and preceding ones for notice of memorial fund now in progress to provide a stone for the grave of "Nessmuk."

COOKING CRAWFISH.—A correspondent wants to know how to cook crawfish. New York, New Orleans and San Francisco are the principal markets for these crustaceans. The best crawfish come to New York from Milwaukee. Montreal furnishes the smallest kind, and San Francisco has a form generally distinct from the Eastern ones. Milwaukee and Montreal crawfish are said to turn red after boiling, while those from the Potomac River do not become red. Perhaps some readers of FOREST AND STREAM will inform us of methods of cooking these animals other than by boiling.

INQUIRER, Florence, Mass.—Can you tell me who the game warden for western Massachusetts is? I send you an advertisement cut from our local paper which shows that our markets and restaurants are selling game here right along. I saw grouse, quail and jack rabbits in one of our markets to-day. Is it not against the laws of this State now to sell game? Ans. For name of warden apply to Fish and Game Commissioner E. H. Lathrop, Springfield. The birds you name may be sold in Massachusetts all the year around, according to the laws of 1891. Hare or rabbit may be sold to March 1.

MURR, Portland, Ore.—What would be the cost of 10,000 black bass fry landed at this place? Ans. We do not know any one who would undertake to fill an order for such a number of black bass, but suggest that you write Mark Samuel, 10 East Sixteenth street, New York. The U. S. Fish Commission distributed upward of 30,000 young bass recently and perhaps might be able to send you enough to stock your waters this year. Black bass are easily carried, but the number you mention would fill a car. The cost from private parties

would be about \$400 or \$500 and the transportation will be an expensive item.

C. S. S., Haverstraw, N. Y.—Will you please inform me through the columns of your valuable paper if it is against the law to fish through the ice for pickerel in Rockland county? Ans. The State law (see Game Laws in Brief) provides as follows:

Sec. 104. No fish shall be caught through the ice in any waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon, except as permitted by Sections 133 and 140 and 141. Sec. 133. The provisions of section 104 against fishing through the ice do not apply to Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Otsego Lake, Roundout Creek, below Honk Falls, the Hudson and Niagara rivers. Sec. 140. It shall be lawful at any time to fish for suckers, bullheads and pickerel with nets and fykes, to shoot and spear such fish through ice and to catch the same in any of the streams, ponds or lakes in Warren county, excepting in Schroon Lake and Long Pond or Glen Lake, and Lake George as to the use of nets, fykes and the catching of bullheads. Sec. 141. Bullheads, catfish, eels, suckers, perch, pickerel and sunfish may be caught by hook and line through the ice in Lakes Champlain, Seneca, Cayuga, Keuka, Canadatego, Skaneateles, Oneida and Oswego lakes; also in any of the waters of Chenango, Delaware and Madison counties, Fair Haven Bay and pond in Cayuga county; also all waters in Wayne county and in Seneca River. This section shall apply to catching bullheads in Chautauqua Lake.

The law also says that no fish shall be caught "in any manner or by any device except angling;" and angling is defined to mean "taking fish with hook and line or rod held in hand, and does not include set lines." The Attorney General has ruled that "tip-ups" for pickerel come under the head of "set lines." From this view others differ. The question has not been otherwise judicially passed upon.

A PRIEST, New Jersey.—1. What, if any, is the precise difference between the lake trout and the landlocked salmon? 2. How comes it that all of the efforts so far made to stock the waters of northern New Jersey with lake trout and landlocked salmon have ended in utter failure? 3. Have we a right to expect that the pike-perch will propagate his kind in a spring lake without either inlet or outlet, but deep, cool, and having a splendid gravel bottom? 4. Is minnow-casting, so much belauded by Dr. Henshall, a generally successful mode of angling for black bass in our Eastern ponds and streams? 5. Is it not a fact that in the same waters the black bass is more than a match for the pickerel of murderous mouth? I, for one, have more than a few reasons to think that he is. Ans. 1. The lake trout is related to the common red-spotted brook trout, while the landlocked salmon is scarcely different from the sea salmon. The lake trout has very small scales (nearly 200 rows along the median line of the body), and is profusely marked with round, pale spots. The landlocked salmon has about 125 rows of scales along the body and has numerous black spots. The trout has a deeply-forked tail, while the tail of the salmon is nearly truncate. The lake trout reaches a weight of 25lbs., and the landlocked salmon seldom weighs more than 5lbs. Besides these there are many other important differences between the fish. 2. Probably because the lakes are too shallow, too warm, and not provided with food suitable for these fish. 3. They will thrive best in large streams and lakes. In lakes they spawn on sand bars in depths of 4 to 8 ft.; in streams they select sandy bottoms in shallow water. Unless the lake is large and deep, it will probably not suit the pike-perch. 4. In many waters known to us it is, particularly on the Potomac, Susquehanna and Delaware, as well as in Lake Erie. At certain times other methods are more successful. 5. Yes, the black bass is more pugnacious and more powerful in action than the pickerel and most other fish of equal size.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE announcement of the award of prizes in the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition will be made next week, with the report of the committee.

FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.

THE TOAD.

DURING our summer acquaintance with him, when we see him oftenest, a valued inhabitant of our garden and a welcome twilight visitor at our threshold, we associate silence with the toad, almost as intimately as with the proverbially silent clam.

In the drouthy or too moist summer days and evenings, he never awakens our hopes or fears with shrill prophecies of rain as does his nimbler and more aspiring cousin the tree toad.

A rustle of the cucumber leaves that embower his cool retreat, the spat and shuffle of his short, awkward leaps, are the only sounds that then betoken his presence, and we listen in vain for even a smack of pleasure or audible expression of self-approval, when after a nervous, gratulatory wriggle of his hinder toes, he dips forward and with a lightning-like out-flashing of his unerring tongue he flicks into his jaws a fly or bug. He only winks contentedly to express complete satisfaction at his performance and its result.

Though summer's torrid heat cannot warm him to any voice, springtime and love make him tuneful and everyone hears the softly trilled, monotonous song jarring the mild air, but few know who is the singer. The drumming grouse is not shyer of exhibiting his performance.

From a sun-warmed pool not fifty yards away a full chorus of the rapidly-vibrant voices arises and you imagine that the performers are so absorbed with their music that you may easily draw near and observe them. But when you come to the edge of the pool you see only a half-dozen concentric circles of wavelets, widening from central points, where as many musicians have modestly withdrawn beneath the transparent curtain.

Wait, silent and motionless, and they will reappear. A brown head is thrust above the surface, and presently your last summer's familiar of the garden and doorstep, crawls slowly out upon a barren islet of cobble stone, and assured that no intruder is within the precincts sacred to the wooing of the toads, he inflates the pouch beneath his throat and tunes up his long, monotonous chant. Ere it ceases, another and another take it up, and from distant pools you hear it answered, till all the air is softly shaken as if with the clear chiming of a hundred swift-struck, tiny bells,

They ring in the returning birds, robin, sparrow, finch and meadow lark, and the first flowers, squirrel cup, arbutus, bloodroot, adder-tongue and moose-flower.

When the bobolink has come to his northern domain again and the oriole flashes through the budding elms and the first columbine droops over the gray ledges, you may still hear an occasional ringing of the toads, but a little later they have fallen into the long silence that hibernation scarcely deepens.

THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL FUND.

THE purpose and plan of the "Nessmuk" memorial fund was set forth in our issue of Jan. 26. Those friends of the late George W. Sears who knew him as a contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM, over the pen name "Nessmuk," and who were attracted to the personality revealed in those writings and in the books, "Woodcraft" and "Forest Runes," have undertaken to express their affectionate memory of him by providing a memorial for his grave in Wellsboro, Pa. All persons who may wish to join in such a tribute are cordially invited to send their subscription to the fund. The minimum sum to be raised is \$200, of which \$170 is now in hand. The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. will acknowledge subscriptions, administer the fund, assume the responsibility of putting the stone in place, and render an accounting to the contributors.

The subscriptions already received have come from widely separated points, literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and with them have come the written words which testify anew to the friendships which had grown up between "Nessmuk" and his readers.

In our issue of Feb. 2 we reported subscriptions to date of \$145. The present amount in hand is \$170. The subscription formerly credited to Mr. William Pollard should have been credited to Mr. O. Fred Neubert, Lawrence, Mass. Others whose contributions have been received since former acknowledgments were made are:

MR. G. A. ROSS, Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. H. S., North Chelmsford, Mass.
MR. J. GAYLER, New York.
MR. and MRS. W. A. W., Scranton, Pa.
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MR. and MRS. C. L. KENDALL, Tarpon Springs, Fla.
MR. G. O. SHIELDS, Eddy, New Mexico.
MESSRS. A. and E. G. KOCH, Williamsport, Pa.
"UTAH."

THE ALBANY MUDDLE.

THE bills to amend the New York game and fish code pour into the committee rooms in Albany, and the members of the committee must be more than human if they have not already been muddled by the extraordinary number and complication of these measures. Changes asked for range in importance from the prohibition of killing deer by jacking to the provision of a close season for skunks and coons. In a large share the bills are local in their application; and all of these which provide for further protection might just as well be made subjects of local enactment by county supervisors; indeed, ten or more county boards of supervisors have already adopted ordinances which cover the particular needs of their territories.

As we reported last week, the Assembly committee at a recent hearing determined to defer action on any of these multitudinous measures until they should have the views of the Fishery Commissioners. These will be presented in the form of a brief at the hearing of next Tuesday afternoon. The Commissioners have been in conference with Chief Game Protector Pond and Mr. Edward G. Whitaker, one of the members of the codification committee who prepared the code. They have carefully considered each proposed amendment and are prepared to advocate or oppose it. They have also submitted several amendments.

It is needless to point out that the committees of the Legislature will be adopting the most sensible and judicious course if they shall follow the recommendations of the commissioners and the chief protector. Those who have the actual administration of the law are the ones who of all others are cognizant of its strong and weak points; and to them we should look for counsel in amending the statutes. The Syracuse convention of the State Association recommended that no changes whatever should be made this year. That would undoubtedly be the wiser course; but there is little probability that it will be the one approved. Some amendments will be adopted. But if only those changes shall be approved which have the recommendation of the Commissioners, the code will remain practically as it is to-day. The Commissioners are known to be opposed to any radical alterations.

As for this flood of bills following the 1892 adoption of the codification, it is preposterous that the code should be thus assailed. If we are to have public respect for the game and fish laws, in the name of common sense let us retain some one law long enough for the people of the State to find out what it is

SNAP SHOTS.

Opinions may differ, and differ honestly enough, about the probable success or failure of the projected World's Fair Trap Shooters' Association. But the one thing concerning which there is not a shadow of reason for hostile criticism or apprehension is the ability of those who are promoting the scheme to put it through successfully if any body of men on earth could do it. The Chicago sportsmen, who have taken upon themselves the task, are men of business ability, good repute, liberal spirit and high sportsmanship. They have set about the work in a practical way, by organizing temporarily, for the sole purpose of facilitating the progress of the work; and in doing this they have adopted the only course open to them for facilitating the progress of the work. In short, they have acted as business men, in a businesslike manner. Unless the sportsmen of the country—whose co-operation is invited, are as a unit fools, they will recognize the action of the Chicago gentlemen as legitimate, sensible and proper. Mr. Donald and his associates might have talked and talked and talked till doomsday. Being gifted with common sense—hard horse sense—they not only talked but acted. If the project should fail, these gentlemen would at least have the satisfaction of reflecting that they had done the right thing in the right way at the right time. But the project is not likely to fail; and the probabilities are that they will have this reflection of well-doing as an added element of gratification over the complete carrying out of their plans.

SOME professional men get themselves made deacons, so that church people, seeing them on Sunday, may employ them professionally on week days. Others join secret societies, that they may by cultivating the fraternal spirit cultivate business too. Such men are deacons and fraternity members for revenue only. And some go into trap-shooting and game protection clubs and fishing associations, that they may be seen and known of their fellows, to the end that business may boom. Such men are sportsmen for revenue only.

The darkest cloud has its silver lining; in the deepest depths of adversity silver dollars may be harvested if we have but the wit to gather them in. It is said that a certain New York clergyman who was called on last autumn to pay heavy fines for killing robins, afterward lectured on the robin to two or three thousand people at fifty cents a head, and so managed to come out of the affair with a handsome margin of profit.

There is a limitless amount of empty chatter about the ahead-of-time millenium to come from a grand national sportsmen's convention at the World's Fair; but there is not a man in America who can point out any common sense practical or practicable good to be secured by such a convention except the possible individual advantage from the personal advertising which is sought by the promoters of the scheme.

A bill to prohibit Sunday fishing in Maine has been reported unfavorably from the committee. The difference between Maine and New York in this respect is that Maine fishermen fish on Sunday lawfully and New York fishermen fish on Sunday unlawfully. There is not a statute of any character on the books to-day that is more of a dead letter than the New York law forbidding fishing on the Sabbath.

And now they are dubbing as "fanatics" the Maine advocates of a non-resident license fee for shooting and fishing. The term savors of strong feeling, but perhaps it is fully justified. The penalty proposed is a \$5 fine, to be imposed on every man, woman or child who shall cross the State line to fish or shoot. As a source of revenue the Maine authorities might better pay a premium of \$5 to induce visitors to come into the State.

THERE is a screw loose somewhere. New York State imposes taxes on dogs. New York courts have repeatedly held that dogs are property. Now comes Assemblyman Porter with a bill which authorizes the killing of dogs by the owner of premises over which they may be roaming without master or muzzle. Query: If a dog is property, can that property be destroyed without due process of the law? And is it due process of the law when from a back window a shotgun belches its charge into a dog in the back yard?

The Sportsman Tourist.

JONAS ASKEM'S COON SUPPER.

It was a cold, crispy night late in November, a good many years ago, that the tavern of Jonas Askem, prominently situated on one corner of the intersection of the two main roads which passed through the center of the little village of Pine Valley, was brilliantly illuminated within, and from it came the mirthful voices and laughter of a happy party. Without, a large lamp on a high post served as a beacon to the distant traveler and lighted the broad porch that covered the entrance of the hostelry.

The sound of rattling wheels coming from up the road approached nearer and nearer, until a sprightly young team of bay horses, drawing a pretty, red-wheeled buggy, pulled up to the hitching rail. The driver jumped out and proudly assisted his companion to throw aside the robes that enveloped her and alight. Then, as she tripped up the steps without further assistance and disappeared in the doorway, he jumped back into his buggy and drove around to the rear of the tavern, where he carefully blanketed his horses under the long shed, which was already nearly filled with other teams. When he had assured himself that they were safely and comfortably cared for he returned and entered the door of the tavern to find himself in the midst of a jolly crowd of young people who had already welcomed his pretty partner, who now stood smiling sweetly in her party dress of plaid and brightly-colored ribbons. He was cordially greeted with "Hello, Hank," "How do do, Hank Bender," and as cheerily returned the salutations as he passed through the throng to lay aside his overcoat.

It was the occasion of the first dance of the season; and the cause of it was coons.

Some time before, when Hank and Silas Larkum, the noted coon hunter, had stopped at the tavern to separate after a successful night's coon hunt, Jonas had volunteered to give a coon supper and a dance, if the hunters would furnish the coons. Silas, whose love for hunting, and Hank, who liked anything in the way of a frolic, readily gave their promise, which now being fulfilled, had only to wait for Jonas to fulfill his. So now, in response to the general invitation that had been extended throughout the community, those who liked to dance and a good many who did not, but wished to meet their near and distant neighbors for a good time, assembled in numbers so large that the best room would not hold them all, and the bar-room became a general resort for the eldest and for most of the married men folks, who did not feel in gallantry bound to remain with their gentler companions while waiting for the dance to begin. The supper was to be spread at 12 o'clock, Jonas said, and he wanted everybody to "git up a good appetite 'n' enjy themselves, fer he had coons fer them 't liked 'em, 'n' sunthin' fer them 't didn't."

Jonas was attired in his best frock coat and "biled shirt," and moved around among his guests cheerily shaking their hands and wishing them a good time. Silas Larkum was there, modest and retiring. He was uncomfortable in his "store clothes" and confined himself to a corner of the bar room, where he felt more at ease among the men of his acquaintance, and could not be induced to enter the parlor in the presence of the ladies. Some one had given him a cigar, which, out of respect for the donor, he was awkwardly trying to smoke, but, after biting and chewing at it until it was more than half consumed, the wrong way, he threw it away in disgust and lit his pipe.

Through the door leading from the bar room into the hall and adjoining parlor came the joyous shouts and screaming laughter of the feminine part of the assemblage, intermingled with the coarser voices of their male companions, who were out-doing themselves in their efforts to furnish wit and make themselves agreeable to their sweethearts. At length the discordant tuning of the fiddles caused a lull in the hilarity and brought everyone to a sense of expectation. Those who were outside began to flock to the large dining room where the floor was cleared of its tables and chairs, and the fiddlers, seated in an elevated position were thumbing their strings, while a brisk young man in a low-cut vest and large green necktie busied himself about his duties as floor manager, as with an air of disdainful importance he stepped to the middle of the room and called out, "Choose yer pardners for a plain quadrille."

Hank Bender offered his arm to his blushing companion and proudly stalked to the head of the room, where they were soon joined by three other couples who formed the first set. Other sets followed the coaxing call of the floor manager, "two more couple this way; one more couple this way," until the floor was filled and the fiddlers who had been patiently waiting, drew their bows across the strings once more to assure themselves that they were in tune, and the leader, with a great flourish of his bow, struck up "Dan Tucker," accompanied by the stentorian voice of the caller, who, following the tune, gave the first command, "Honor yer pardners, every one," and each dancer courtesied according to his or her own idea of politeness, some merely nodding, others bowing nearly to the floor. The next figure, "First four forward 'n' back," set every foot shuffling as the two couples moved forward and backed to their places. "Sides the same" gave the opposite sides opportunity to display their graces, and the dance was well on its way.

The spectators who stood around the room or filled the doorways had enough to occupy their attention now in watching the movements of the dancers and listening to the homely but agreeable strains of the music and all conversation ceased. The man who handled first fiddle was soon warmed up to his work, and rasped his bow across the strings as if he had a given time to saw them in two; and the second, who seemed to use only the bass strings of his instrument, did so with half closed eyes, as if his work was more monotonous than pleasing, while both patted the floor with his foot as earnestly as if that member was alone responsible for a correct rendition of the tune, and if one were to quietly step on it the music would stop.

According to the fashion of the day, those who occupied the floor danced three "sets" before retiring, the second to quicker music than the first, and the third usually a jig or a hornpipe; so with the ending of the second set, as was announced by the sing-song "promenade all!" the onlookers, who had by this time become sufficiently interested, began to look up their partners for the next dance.

After a short rest, during which the fiddlers thumbed and tuned their strings again, and before the dancers had fully recovered their breath, the lively strains of "The Devil's Dream" straightened every back in anticipation of the hard work to come.

The figures were called so rapidly in succession now that it required lively movements to keep up with them, and by the time "sashay, all!" and "ally-man-left!" was gone through with they were all glad enough to hear "promenade, all—'t yer seats!" Then as the fiddlers ceased playing and the couples half staggered from their exertion off the floor, laughter and conversation was resumed. The second fiddler woke up and the two laid aside their instruments and crossed the floor toward the bar room as if they, more than any one else, needed something to refresh them.

Now that the dance was fairly inaugurated, the company began to seek comfortable places and social companionship. Some resorted to the parlor and others to the bar room again, where, after a word or two of approving comment, the conversation turned to different topics. Silas, who had been an interested spectator in the doorway, was in his old place again, filling his pipe for another smoke. A stout, ruddy-faced old gentleman, whose countenance beamed with good nature, notwithstanding that he occupied the exalted and dignified position of justice of the peace, moved about, condescendingly greeting one and another with a friendly word. He casually stopped with extended hand and inquired: "Well, Silas, I see you are making yourself comfortable. How be you?"

"Purty well," said Silas, taking the proffered hand without rising, and scratching a match on the side of his chair he continued, as he lighted his pipe, "How be you and your folks, Mister Banks?"

"Well, we've nothing to complain of. Most of us is here, I guess. Polly and Sarah and Mary and Jane came over with us in the democrat, David and Philip hitched up and went over the ridge after their gals and I haven't seen them since, but I guess they're around somewhere. You haven't been over our way lately, Silas?"

"Was over there day b'fore yesterday, huntin'," said Silas.

"Was you? Well, I didn't see you. Why didn't you stop and get a snack to eat? We've got some good cider in the cellar, too."

"Wal, I didn't hev time 'f I'd a thought on it. I scart up a flock o' pa'tridges just b'fore I come t' your house, 'n' I had to sheer 'round," said Silas, as if eating and drinking were of no consequence when he was hunting.

"Well, well; I don't hunt any nowadays, but I like to think how I used to enjoy it when I was a young man. You're getting pretty well along in years. How old be you, Silas?"

"Fifty-six," replied Silas.

"Dear me, there ain't much difference between us then. I'm fifty-nine, and it don't seem so long ago when we were boys and went to school together. You haven't forgotten the old log school house and the schoolmaster with his beech gad, that he could reach with from one end of the bench to the other, I guess, and the time we boys tied him fast in his chair while he was sleeping at noon hour. I wonder you never settled down and got married, Silas."

There was a merry twinkle in his questioner's eye, and Silas might have suspected that the remark was as the priming to the pump that was being worked upon him in order to learn how a certain little love affair in years long gone by had terminated, for he blew a fresh cloud of smoke, and with a cautious little chuckle returned, "Mebbe you're lookin' for a job, Squire, but ye can't make nothin' out o' me unless ye let me hev one o' your gals."

"You can have either one of them, but you'll have to fix it up yourself. Now, there's Jane, she'd make you a good housekeeper; but you'll have to get rid of your old dog if you take her." This with a merrier twinkle.

"Wal, I don't think Jane'd have me since Dan scart the cow and upset the milkin'." The remembrance of which caused him to chuckle again, in which the Squire joined heartily.

The incident referred to had happened a year before when Silas's dog, striking the trail of a fox that had passed through the barnyard only a few moments before Jane had seated herself to milk, gave tongue so sudden and startling as to cause the cow to jump, kicking over the milkpail, and Silas, who came upon the scene just in time to see the milking stool roll one way and Jane the other, was treated to an outburst of temper that made him give her a wide berth ever after.

"I guess I'll wait till Don dies, 'n' he's purty healthy yet, b'fore I speak to Jane," said Silas as a young man tapped the 'squire on the shoulder and informed him that he was wanted in the ballroom. "Why, bless me, what's up now," he exclaimed as he turned to follow the messenger to the dining-room, where he found nearly all the older folks gathered in a group, from the midst of which Jonas was explaining that "the young folks 's had their fun 'n' naow the old folks 's goin' t' hev some tew. The' can't nobody 't's less 'n fifty nor more 'n a hundred dance in this set 'ceptin' ladies, 'n we old fellers 's goin' t' show you youngsters somethin' 't ye never see before," followed by a dozen "Oh, my's!" from the older ladies and twice as many shouts of approval from the younger ones. The idea took well and those who were qualified began to look around for partners.

Jeremiah Wixon, a gray-bearded old man of sixty-five, whose feet had been constantly shifting during the progress of the dance, now straightened his bent shoulders with the remark that "The' wa'n't no better dancer 'round these parts when I was a young man," and briskly stepped across the floor and awkwardly but politely offered his arm to his better half, but Mrs. Wixon coquettishly shrank back, while her eyes and face beamed with the returning beauty of former years, as she simperingly chided her lord, "Jeremiah Wixon, ain't you ashamed o' yourself, to think 't I'd make such a show o' myself!"

"Wal, now, Mari, ye didn't use to think so when all the young fellers was runnin' after ye, cause ye was the purtiest gal 'round here, 'n' the best dancer, too, 'n' me a breakin' my neck to get in ahead of 'em," gallantly coaxed Jeremiah, and added, as he intended a further compliment: "Ye needn't be ashamed o' yerself if I ain't." Then three or four of the young ladies who were interested listeners began to coax and finally prevailed upon the good lady to get up and blushing take the arm of her partner, who led her out, accompanied by exclamations of "only to think!" and "I'll never do such a thing again; no, never!"

But Mrs. Wixon's courage was stronger when she found herself at the head of a set composed of people of about her own age, among whom were buxom Mrs. Banks and the hostess, whose ruddy faces, like her own, were glowing with excitement. After much persuasion and the loss of a good deal of time there were enough of the old-timers on the floor to justify the floor manager in giving the signal to begin.

The first fiddle was almost through with the first bar of "Pike's Peak" when the second began its monotonous accompaniment, and, luckily for the stiffened joints of the dancers, the tune was of a dolorous character, which gave them an opportunity to keep up with the figures as they were called and prepare them for what was to come, so that by the time the first and second sets were through they were all fairly limbered up, though panting with excitement. Mrs. Wixon, whose avoirdupois began to tell upon her, declared, while resting after the second set, that she could never go through the next.

"Yes ye can, Mari," encouraged Jeremiah, "ye'r better 'n' half the young folks yet."

As if they needed any warning of what was to come the floor manager announced that the next set would be "sumthin' lively," whereat Jonas shouted to the musicians, "Jist give us the best ye kin, Bill; there's nothin' too good fer us," and Bill, with a wink at the caller, declared that the best thing he knew "fer sich lively old gents was a tune 't' he used to play over 't Vanetten when folks wanted sumthin' quick 'n' devilish was 'Sich a Gittin' Up Stairs.' He hadn't played it in a good while, but 'lloed 't he c'd keep up with 'em if they 'lloed to try it."

"Let 'er come 's lively 's ye know how," shouted irrepressible Jeremiah. "We're gittin' tired o' restin'."

The fiddlers again thumbed and sawed their strings to be sure that they were in tune—did any one ever see a fiddler at a country dance who did not have to tune his fiddle at the end of every set?—and presently Bill announced himself ready.

If these old stagers ever danced to quicker time they had no leisure to think of it now. Figures were called so rapidly in succession that there was danger of a breakdown, but they bravely persisted. Jeremiah kicked off his boots and brought forth applause from the audience as he rattled off a jig in his stockinged feet. Jonas swung his partner twice around with an ease that would have been impossible at any other time, and as the music increased in quickness the rest gained strength from the excitement, and amid the cheering and clapping of hands by the onlookers, the dance ended with a promenade that exhausted every participant, and between breaths Jonas challenged his younger guests to do as well, while Jeremiah, who needed assistance as much as his partner, staggered with her to a seat, where she sat speechless and unable to use the fan that was handed to her.

"Now, then, young man," said Jeremiah as he pulled on his boots, to the one who brought them to him, "We've sot ye an example. If ye can beat it, do it." Then still weak, he rose and crossed the floor to the barroom, where he found the other graybeards still panting and proclaiming their superiority.

Jonas soon added his presence to the company, and passing from one to another of the old fellows, whispering a word to each he seemed to create a mysterious understanding between them, for as he passed out of a door at the rear end of the bar, tipping a wink to Silas as he went, he was followed so closely by those who were in the secret as to cause one young man to remark to his neighbor, "Wonder what them folks 's goin' to do now." Nor, to his satisfaction, did he solve the mystery when they returned with twinkling eyes and smacking lips soon after.

The dancing was varied, as country dances are. There had been a turn or two at "Virginy reel" and the "lan-ciers," but the latter was hardly a success, owing to the inability of the musicians to play it correctly, and it ended much like a "plain quadrille," or a "cotillion," as the floor manager was pleased to term them, though where the difference existed was better known to himself than any one else. However, it mattered little to the company, who seemed to derive as much pleasure from one as the other.

For the benefit of a half dozen or so of those who made some pretense to a higher order of calisthenics, a waltz and a schottisch was once or twice essayed, but as these barred out the rest whose knowledge extended no further than the ordinary square dance and took up the time that was thought might be better employed, there was no encouragement for repetition and the amusement continued to the end of a particularly lively hornpipe, when Jonas entered from the kitchen, bringing with him a savory odor of cooking and stood waiting to be heard.

When the time came he stepped forward, drew the lapels of his coat together and assuming as dignified a manner as he could command said: "Gentlemen and ladies, ahem, I'll hev t' ask ye ter give us the dinin' room a spell. Ye'll find plenty o' room in the parlor 'n' the bar-room, 'n' I hope ye'll enjy yerselves the best way ye kin until we're ready for ye. We're going to hev supper naow." And with a graceful bow he returned to the kitchen, while the company dispersed to other quarters, leaving a few of the elder and some of the younger ladies, who were delegated to the work to draw out the tables from the walls and cover them with their snowy white cloths, and the rattling of plates and knives and forks furnished sweeter music to the fiddlers, at least, than they had been able to supply. And so well had the host and hostess regulated their plans that it was not long until Mrs. Askem entered the parlor and announced that supper was ready, and Jonas the barroom to say, "Come, men, git yer wimin 'n' come to supper."

If the company had not before given any thought to the inner man, there was enough in the complete transformation that had been made in so short a time to remind them of it. Two long rows of linen-covered tables extended from one end of the room to the other. Before each chair, that was pushed closely up to the table, were a crossed knife and fork and a glass holding a white napkin, while promiscuously through the center stood covered tureens and holders of celery, cake and preserves, and conveniently near at one end was a large table presided over by Jonas, who stood with a long apron covering his whole front from chin to feet, attended by a bevy of young ladies in aprons ready to carry away the plates as they were filled by the host. This was the sideboard, loaded with large platters of carved meats, principally turkey, chicken and roasted coon, and as if to promote

Natural History.

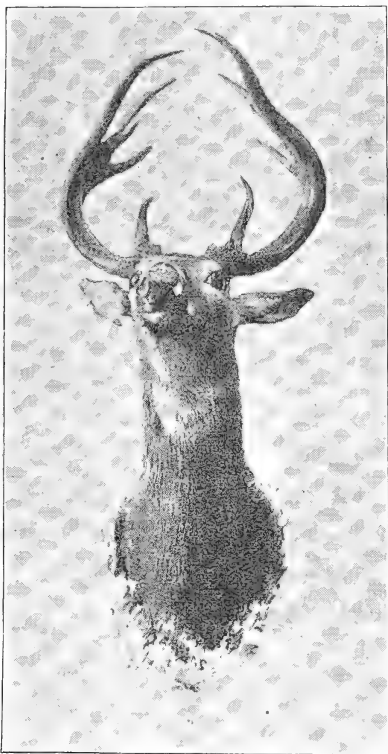
AN ADIRONDACK DEER HEAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

WHILE I was on the headwaters of the West Canada Creek, Hamilton county, N. Y., in September, 1890, my guide told me of a wonderful buck which he had seen at Deer Lake or pond, in the same county, just before the season opened. He said that when seen it was feeding in the edge of the lake, and near it stood another deer, which their party supposed to be a fawn on account of the great difference in size, but upon near approach they found the smaller one to be a full-sized deer, the difference in appearance being accounted for by the great size of the larger deer.

The horns, which were in the velvet, he described as the largest he had ever seen, and palmated. While not very positive about it, he was evidently of the opinion that it was a cross of our common deer either with the moose or caribou.

After my return to civilization I visited the gentlemen



A NOTABLE ADIRONDACK HEAD.

who composed his party and had seen the deer, but got no further information. They were both of the opinion that they had seen a caribou, though neither had ever seen one before, or, at the very least, that it was a cross. Very shortly afterward I read in the daily press of the killing of a supposed caribou at North Lake, in Herkimer county, by Mr. M. M. Mayhew, and that the head was at a taxidermist's in this city. Having no doubt but it was the same animal I went at once to see it. I was there informed that the deer weighed 325 lbs., but I could not discover that it was ever actually weighed, and I have no doubt it was "estimated." I have taken photographs of this remarkable head, which I send you herewith.

There is no doubt it is our common deer, and I have seen larger heads, but never such a pair of horns. At the widest part of the palmation a rule may be placed diagonally so as to touch the horn for ten inches, and the symmetry of the entire horns is wonderful in such an abnormal pair.

Many people here, including the taxidermist who mounted the head, called it a caribou, but such is not the fact. It is a Virginia deer with a remarkably developed pair of horns, such as occasionally occur in all of this family.

UTICA, N. Y.

EGBERT BAGG.

Vizcacha and Prairie Dog.

DENVER, CO.—In reading Mr. Edward A. Robinson's interesting article of Feb. 2 in FOREST AND STREAM, I find that he makes reference to the vizcacha. From his description they must be of the same genus as our prairie dog, so common on the plains. Aside from the thieving propensities credited to the vizcacha, their habits seem to be identical with our little rodents. The latter, however, are rarely found in the immediate vicinity of a ranch house, and this may account for their integrity.

L. B. FRANCE.

[The vizcacha (*Lagostomus trichodactylus*) is not very unlike the prairie dog, and bears much the same relation to the delicate chinchillas of South America that the prairie dog and the spermophiles of North America do to squirrels. The vizcacha, however, is much larger than the prairie dog, being nearly or quite 2 ft. long from nose to root of tail. Darwin, in his journal, says: "In the evening the vizcachas come out in numbers, and then sit quietly on their haunches. They are at such times very tame and a man on horseback passing by seems only to present an object for their grave contemplation. They do not wander far from their burrows. They run very awkwardly, and when hurrying out of danger, from their elevated tails and short front legs much resemble great rats. Their flesh when cooked is white and good, but it is seldom used." Much of this quotation would apply very well to the prairie dog.]

South Shore Notes.

THE CEDARS, Oakdale, L. I., Feb. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: We have been visited during the past week by a great many robins and tiny little yellow birds, whose cheerful notes sound so welcome, and yet so in contrast to the fearfully cold weather we have passed through and are still having. It is really wonderful how the little fellows keep alive. The yellow birds sing from tree and bush as sweetly as if it were summer time. Where can they have come from, that they have lived through such a severe winter.

There were a large number of larks here during the cold spell, but every one has disappeared. A great many have been found dead and the crows feeding on them. Could they all have died from cold and hunger, or did they leave us for what was once the Sunny South? I think they must have perished, as they were too weak to make a long flight. We miss their sweet notes, as we always had them with us all winter.

My neighbor, Mr. F. G. Bourne, of the Singer Co., is the owner of over four hundred acres of land, on which he has a kennel of St. Bernards. The dogs are fed on stale bread sent in barrels from the city. When the dogs are being fed a bevy of nineteen fine large quail come every day to the kennel to get their share of the crumbs. One day while his superintendent, Mr. McKenzie, was feeding dogs and quail a full grown possum climbed over the sides of the kennel to get a share of the feed, when he was quickly despatched by one of the big dogs. He must have been very much in need of food to enter the kennel in presence of man and dogs.

The bay here is breaking up, many large holes having formed in the ice. The gunners have been eagerly looking for the ducks to return, now that there is plenty of water, but the ducks do not show up. I think the feeding grounds further south have greater attractions for them and I don't look for much shooting until they return in the spring. A few half-starved black ducks sit off on the ice all day and at dusk wing their weary way to the spring holes at the head of some creek, where they are forced nightly to witness an exhibition of fireworks.

ALFRED A. FRASER.

The Hard Winter in Iowa.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Feb. 8.—Game in this section of Iowa is having a hard time this winter. Heavy snow fell on Dec. 7, and has lain on the ground ever since, with occasional additions to the seven or eight inches which fell on that date. Quail were plenty during the season, and everybody, from the sportsman who pursued them in legitimate manner to the game-hog pot-shooter, who "found four flocks of 'em along one hedge and got all but one quail at four shots," had good shooting. It will be many years before such quail shooting as we had this fall will be seen again in northwestern Iowa. The intense cold and difficulty of obtaining food and water has left many a fine bunch of birds under a pall of snow.

Prairie chickens have wintered well, and where safe from trappers, will come out all right. I saw over one hundred of these birds along the I. C. track, just west of this place, apparently filling their crops with gravel for "millstones." It takes a well equipped gizzard to grind Iowa corn, and the chickens have not yet learned to take theirs in liquid shape.

Rabbits are scarce from some reason or other, though there is generally an abundance of the cotton-tailed pests.

Iowa needs new game laws, some that will "hold water," and a rigorous enforcement such as is given in Illinois and Michigan. She needs it now, not twenty years hence, when a woman with a broomstick can protect all the game that will be left under the present system.

CONVIS.

A Philippine Snake.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—One of the largest snakes has been mounted at the State University. It is 25 ft. long and over 2 ft. in circumference. The snake was killed in the Philippine Islands by Profs. Worcester and Burns, of the Menage expedition. The explorers were told by the natives of a large snake in a hollow log. They closed up the ends of the log, chopped in the center, put rattans around the snake's body and pulled. Then the fun began. The snake had no idea of coming out of the log, but it was either come out or come into. After a fierce struggle the natives and explorers succeeded in getting him out of the log, and then it was nip and tuck. The snake was at last crowded into a stream of water, where the men had the advantage, and at last the snake was stretched on the bank with a rifle ball through his body. The skeleton is being mascerated, cleaned and mounted by Mr. James Hobson, of Ann Arbor, who came here for the purpose of mounting the specimens secured by the Menage expedition.

W. F. D.

Fur Seal Migration.

Mr. W. A. Wilcox writes from San Francisco that fur seals are now between Cape Mendocino and Point Reyes, the fleet not being over 100 to 200 miles from San Francisco.

The unusual occurrence of the seals in large numbers so far south at this season is supposed to be due to a protracted and uncommon cold spell and rough weather.

A large sealing fleet has been fitting out and continues to leave daily for the grounds. Most of the vessels are prepared for a nine months' voyage, and will not follow the seals north as heretofore, but will go to Japan, where the seals are taken from 125 to 250 miles from land.

Pinnated Grouse in Western Massachusetts.

Fish and Game Commissioner Lathrop, of Massachusetts, recently distributed 100 pinnated grouse or prairie chicken in the neighborhood of Springfield. They were brought from Dakota by the Massachusetts Game Association. W. W. Colburn and R. O. Morris took forty of them to Longmeadow, Hampden and Wilbraham to be set at liberty.

North Carolina Quail and Snow.

A SALISBURY, N. C., correspondent reports that in the recent snows quail have been caught by the hundreds. "I think that if the snow had remained a week longer there would not have been a bird left in the county."

confidence that there would be no lack of bounty, another table stood near containing piles of plates and other platters of uncarved turkey and coon, the latter lying lengthwise with head complete and legs turned under, much after the manner of a roasted pig, deliciously browned and garnished with parsley.

After all were seated and while the attendants were taking orders, Jonas was filling the plates with hands so trained and quick that it was all the waiters could do to take them away fast enough. Some had their preferences and others didn't care. Jeremiah Wixon said he "wanted nothin' but coon." He had all the turkey he wanted to home." Pretty Cynthia Stoll, Hank Bender's partner, would take a little of the dark meat, but, with a little shudder, "didn't want no coon." "Well, ye needn't hev any if ye don't want it," said Jonas, who overheard her, "but I tell ye it's good," dextrously slipping a piece of the animal in with the turkey, as, in fact, he had been doing with all the other orders, and as an excuse for so much dark meat put upon the plates he added to Mrs. Askem, who stood beside him, "I tell ye what, Phoebe, these turkeys 's uncommonly dark this year; wonder what they been feedin' on." And Mrs. Askem, who had observed the sleight of hand performance, fearful that some might be offended if they discovered the trick, could only say, "I d'no, I aint fed 'em nothin' but corn and buckwheat; maybe its on account o' runnin' wild so much."

"Well, wild meat 's better 'n tame meat any way," said Jonas, driving his fork into another piece of the coon which he placed beside the turkey on Mrs. Wixon's plate. But no one did take offense and many plates were refilled with as many compliments on the goodness of their contents, and before the supper was over Jonas was obliged to cut into the uncarved turkeys and coons held in reserve.

When all were sufficiently served and there were no more calls for anything from his quarter, Jonas filled plates for himself and wife, and they seated themselves in the two vacant chairs kept for them, Jonas remarking, "Ye'll hev to eat fast naow, Phoebe, fer we've got a long ways to go to ketch up."

As an indication that the company were about satisfied, they were now more daintily picking at the remains on their plates and there was more time for talking, which in the beginning was not thought of. Some one said in the hearing of Jeremiah that "he never eat coon before and if it was always as good as this he wouldn't mind havin' it every day." "Wal I guess ye wouldn't," said Jeremiah, "n' 's for me, I'd rather have it 'n' any meat 't I ever e't, unless it might be mushrat 'r possum, but the 'ain't no possum in York State 'n' ye hev to go down south 'r to Pennsylvania 'f ye want 'em, so, I guess I'll hev to be satisfied with mushrat 'n' coon."

"Did you ever eat muskrat?" inquired his neighbor across the table.

"Yes, once, 'n' I'd eat 'em agin 'f I hed the chance."

All the ladies shuddered and gave a little "ugh" as his questioner inquired when.

"Ye know old Shack 'at comes 'round here 'most every fall trappin'? Wal, two three year ago I was huskin' corn down in the field near his camp, 'n' as it was a good ways from home, I had a basket o' dinner with me. So at dinner time I went over to the old man's shanty jist for company like, 'n' found him ready to set down to his own dinner. He had a kettle full o' sumthin' 't smelt mighty good while it was cookin' 'n' he asked me to hev some. He said they was rabbits, 'n' give me a plate full, 'n' I e't it 'n' it was so good 't I e't some more. I give him a piece o' pie 'n' some cake out o' my basket 'n' we had a real sociable kind o' dinner; but somehow I thought 't his rabbits didn't taste like them 't we got 'round home, 'n' I said sumthin' 'bout it, 'n' the old feller grinned 'n' asked me to have some more, but I'd e't all I could 'n' then he told me they was mushrats. It didn't make no bad feelin' between us, only I didn't like to be tricked that way 'n' like Jonas 's been a trickin' yer all to-night, givin' ye coon meat when ye asked for turkey. I got only one thing agin ye, Jonas, 'n' that's because ye put that piece o' turkey on my plate when I didn't want nothin' but coon."

A dozen little feminine screams and a loud shout of laughter from the men folks attested the fact that Jonas's little joke was understood as he intended it should be—after the supper was over, only he wanted the satisfaction of telling it himself; but Jeremiah had thought it out so nicely that he could only sit and chuckle heartily, as one of the ladies said: "I thought there was something funny about that turkey all the time," and another added "So did I, but I didn't want to say nothin', 'n' it was pretty good after all."

"Wal, there's more of it if ye want it," said Jonas, but they all had enough, and so had Jonas, for, seeing that he was the only one who was still eating, he arose from the table, followed by the rest, and preparations were begun to clear the room again for a continuance of the dancing, for country dances never end with the finishing of supper, usually continuing till the gray of the morning, and as this was no exception, there were several hours of merriment for the company and hard work for the fiddlers to be had before the final breaking up. Only a few of the elder ones, who lived at a distance, showed any inclination to leave, and as their teams and three-seated wagons were brought around for them they were bidden a merry good-night by those who remained. So many promises were made to have "a party at aour house soon," that frequent good times were assured for the whole coming fall and winter season, but no one would promise as much as Jonas had furnished, only Jeremiah Wixon said: "When ye come to our house I'll get Old Shack to ketch ye some mushrats." J. H. B.

McKee's Rocks, Pa.

"Nessmuk."

I want to make a suggestion. How would it do to limit the amount of each subscription, make it small, so that a greater number may have an opportunity to express their love and appreciation of our dead friend? You have fixed the cost at \$200. Why not call for 200 subscribers at \$1 each? The money is no consideration, but the privilege is everything.

F.

Inclosed find draft, which please add to the "Nessmuk" subscription. I very often look over the little book "Woodcraft," and though I have no opportunities of following its teachings, it always brings back to me pleasant thoughts of the woods and lakes and I feel grateful to the kind, gentle "Nessmuk." E. E. MILLARD.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

TOLD IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—*Dear Murray:* If you had only been with me my hunting trip would have been perfect. I have been very impatient since my return for a chance to write you all about it. You know how all our lives we have had such fun talking, reading and planning about hunting, and had never a chance to enjoy the reality. Well, I just tell you, it even goes way beyond my dreams. Three hundred and fifty miles may seem a long way to go for a day's hunt, but it was more convenient for me than fifty.

I started Wednesday at 9 P. M. and reached Mammoth Springs, Ark., at 10 Tuesday. Mr. Ford gave me a letter to the president of the Mammoth Springs Bank, which I presented. The president said that his cashier was quite a hunter and knew all the ground, and that he might have Friday to go off with me. This greatly pleased me, of course, the more so as everybody was off that day and had all the dogs of the town with them, thus leaving me practically "in the soup" for Thursday, as I did not have any idea where I could find any game near the town. In company with a freind and an old codger we knocked about the woods, enjoyed the warm air, shot a couple of quail, saw three wild turkeys which I would have chased for three or four counties but the other fellows said it was no use.

Friday was the great and glorious day. At 9 o'clock the cashier and I with three dogs (rather we had two and the young village smithy who joined us an hour later brought one) jumped a local freight and went down the road eight miles to a one-house city. We walked a few steps from the station, and letting the dogs loose stood on the hillside a few moments to watch them. It was a sight that sent a thrill of pleasure through my whole being; to think that I was actually out for a hunt and to see the dogs, if possible more pleased and interested than we, trailing about in the cornfield below us. After standing a minute we started on into the corn. I took pains to be a few steps behind my companion, also to note carefully all his moves, for I had not given away the fact that I had never shot a quail or in fact even shot over a dog, for fear that I would not be considered a desirable companion. We had walked a couple of rods into the corn, when a covey of about ten birds rose and flew off in front of us, only giving a very poor shot to the cashier, which he missed. We marked them down in some very thick scrub oak, when a hawk scared them in different directions, some three settling in a cotton field. After these we scrambled, and in a few minutes the cashier said, "Here is a point," and sure enough there stood old Raven, a piece of black statuary with its head turned to one side and his eyes fixed on something on the ground near him. We soon came up and flushed the bird, which, rising on the cashier's side, obeyed the loud call of his hammerless. One quail bagged, a starter made, and now for business, for I was "on to" the way now.

On recrossing the cotton Don (a pup, but a good blooded animal) flushed a big covey, which divided, part settling in the scrub oak and part on the hillside. On the hillside the cashier got another bird, and then I got my first. Responding to my whistle old Raven came running down a wagon road, when, quick as if by air brakes, he stopped, turned his head to one side almost at right angles with his body and pointed a bird. This bird flushed and the back pocket of my hunting coat had a nest egg. By this time the south-bound passenger had come and we were joined by the young blacksmith with Snap, the oldest and best dog. A few birds were next flushed in the thick scrub oak; this was mighty hard shooting, but as the shots fortunately fell to the experienced ones, the cashier and the smithy, each bagged one.

After we had walked a short distance down the corn double reports from the cashier told that something was up. Responding to his call and listening to his instructions, we found that a covey had settled on hillside near us, and right here luck helped me by establishing for me a little reputation. Old Snap made a point. It was a sure thing. You could tell by his absolute motionlessness and by the fixedness of his gaze. As we all came up to it smithy said, "Garnsey must take this one" (it usually depended which side it flew toward who took it). I said, "Yes," but inwardly doubted whether I would or not. We put up the bird, which whirled straight away till about shooting distance and then suddenly jerked to the left (very unusual move) and was about to pass behind a tree, when I shot. The dog brought me the bird, and the cashier, who had his gun all ready for it when it should come by the tree after my shot, was pleased and surprised. So was I. It was simply and solely a lucky chance shot, but was very fortunate for me, as my companions took it more for skill, and therefore early in the day put me on the list as a shot.

By this time it was the dinner hour and our good appetite made the corn-dodger and sorgum and chicken and hot biscuits, which were ready for us at the house, taste mighty fine.

After dinner we came on a nice covey, but, making some very poor shots, did not get a bird out of it. Then we went some distance up the valley to another cornfield, out of which we got some, and from which we marked down a few that we all started for, all three walking together and the dogs behind us working in the corn. We came to a rail fence and from just the other side a covey of at least thirty quail rose and scattered off on the bank near by. At the first rise, as bad luck would have it, my left barrel failed me and the cashier and I each took the same bird. We got three out of it and could see the fun ahead. Here came the best shooting of the day. The birds had settled all along the hillside and one by one the dogs pointed them and rapidly our coats grew heavy. Smithy turned to the left and had the best of it, but we were all a little rattled and did not do first-rate work, although the fun was perfect.

Just in the midst of this we found it was ten minutes of train time, so we were obliged, though reluctantly, to stop. We reached the station just in time, and at 5:30 a tired but happy fellow walked into the hotel perfectly happy to lay off his hunting coat, heavy with part of the thirty-two quail; and to sit before the open wood fire and think the matter all over till he was called to supper.

We could have gotten any amount of cottontails, but would not shoot them on account of the dogs. They never do when the bird dogs are along, as it would make them feel that they had a right to run them. I never saw so many rabbits though; every ten minutes one would jump up from under our feet.

The pup made one of the prettiest stands of the day; he was running over a fallen tree and had his front feet on the ground and his hind feet on the tree; and there he stood and made a point. The habits of the birds and the intelligence of the dogs were all so interesting that I love to talk and think it over.

Some time we will be able to have one of these great times together. Yours affectionately,

OLD DAYS IN THE BACKWOODS.

I WAS born in Franklin county, Massachusetts, January, 1812, and in the month of May following my father and mother emigrated to Erie county, New York, and as I was too young to leave, they decided that I should be taken along. It required thirty days of hard travel with an ox team to make the journey. Perhaps the same distance could be made now in sixteen hours.

About the first of my recollections takes in the log cabin with a bark roof; and I remember my grandfather leading me out in the evening by candlelight to view a dead bear, which an old hunter had just hauled into the dooryard. The appearance of the claws, head and ears is indelibly stamped on my memory yet. The next that I can remember distinctly is of my mother feeding me bear's grease as an antidote for croup; it was hinted in after years that bear's grease was the remedy that saved me. Is it a wonder that I took to the woods early?

While I was in my fifth year my father moved a little further into the woods where some new settlers had lately come in. Here a substitute for a district school was established. At that early period the educational advantages of this portion of the State were extremely limited, schools of any description were scarcely known, and the instruction of children was mostly confined to such information as the parents were able to impart, or as might be secured by their own unaided efforts. In the little school I went to reading and spelling were taught, also the names of New York State officials. I learned that Daniel D. Tompkins was Governor; and the next term of school it was DeWitt Clinton. The third term of school ended with the winter of my seventh birthday and also ended the most of my school privileges. Later on, however, I think that I studied old Murray's Grammar the bigger part of one evening.

In the month of May, 1819, our provisions and household goods were packed into two ox wagons and we started through the woods thirty miles to the Allegany, where we arrived on the fifth day of the start. The Allegany Indian Reservation was represented by a strip of land forty miles in length, averaging a mile in width, including each side of the Allegany River, consequently following the devious course of the stream. The Cornplanter tract, a sort of individual reserve, lay also on the river a short distance below in the State of Pennsylvania.

On the banks of one of the northern tributaries, three miles from the mouth, was the place selected for a permanent home. It was then a comparative wilderness, whose primeval beauty of hills and valleys and heavy forest, with its unobstructed water courses, had suffered but little waste from the hands of men. The surface of the country was dotted here and there with occasional clearings, but in general, nature reigned in undisputed sway.

Here the Indians were living very much in the manner of their ancestors. Their wants were few and were easily and abundantly supplied. At that early day they had not come into contact with the white people very much and the curse of intemperance had not blighted their prosperity nor decimated their numbers as it did in after years. Their temporary camps that were near our dwelling I visited quite often, and was frequently loaded with venison, which I packed home with immense satisfaction.

Later in life I hunted deer for myself, and had eaten venison until I might safely say that it had been a leading factor in the making up of my bone and muscle; yet the peculiar rich flavors of those first venison stews and juicy broiled steaks were never forgotten.

It was in the beginning of the second winter of our residence here that twenty-four deer and three bears were killed near our cabin by a half dozen Indians, the result of two or three days' hunting, during a light October snow. They made a temporary camp a half-mile from our place on a small brook, near where it emptied into the main stream. The camp consisted only of a pile of hemlock boughs, which were spread at the foot of a large hemlock tree, whose limbs branched out with a slant downward instead of upward. Such camps make a good shelter against ordinary light storms of rain or snow. The morning after their three days' hunt the snow was mostly gone and the squaws and superannuated old Indians from the Reservation were passing up the trail. I knew by this that the hunt was ended, and that they were after meat. I could wait no longer, so I started along up the trail, to the camp, where I remained through the day watching the process of skinning, cutting up and packing. It appeared that they had killed all the deer and the bears not very far from camp and had dragged the entire lot into camp, whole except for the entrails, which were left in the woods. There was a medley of hoofs, heads and horns, which were promiscuously lying around the camp ground. More Indians from the river arrived during the day, and the skinning and packing went on like clock work, each making up his or her own pack, and starting back down the trail. By sundown the meat, heads, horns, hoofs and claws were gone, and a dog could not have satisfied his hunger around that camp.

At the time of which I write it was said that the Indians on the Allegany Reservation numbered 1,500, old and young, 300 of whom were adult males, mostly heads of families. Now at the lowest estimate those 300 killed fifteen deer each every year, some more, some less, amounting to 4,500 deer killed annually. It is not unlikely that twenty deer to each man would be nearer the mark. How long this had been going on no one knew. There was no perceptible decrease in the number of deer killed during the next three or four years. When the settlers began to come in the deer began to disappear, and they decreased in the same ratio to the increase of population, and the settling up of the surrounding country by the white people.

ANTLER.

A NIGHT IN PINOS ALTOS.

YES, we came near freezing to death in camp, right at our very doors, said my friend, Joe Schlosser, one evening as we were relating our experiences and adventures, at Georgetown, New Mexico.

It was near Christmas, and all of us miners wanted a taste of fresh meat, but didn't know just where to get it.

My friend, Jack, came to me about noon one day, and asked if I didn't wish to go out hunting wild turkeys with him that evening; he knew where there was a fine turkey roost, among the tall pines at the head of a branch of Shingle Cañon, in Pinos Altos Mountains, about six miles northwest from Georgetown. Shortly before sundown, we shouldered our rifles, and started up the cañon.

The altitude here being high, the air was very cold, and the surrounding mountain peaks and the higher portions of the valleys and gulches were covered with snow.

As we hastened along the cañon, stumbling over rocks and fallen tress, Jack assured me that we were destined to meet with great success, in capturing the turkeys; as the recently fallen snow would drive them all out of the surrounding mountains and cause them to seek their roosts among the pines.

Finally about dusk, we reached a heavy growth of these trees way up at the head of the gulch; and I was informed that this was "the place." We cautiously approached, craning our necks, and straining our eyes in the gathering dusk to peer up into the tall tree tops for the turkeys. We circled around and in and out for some time among the pines in search of the birds. But none were there; they had sought some other roost in the mountain, the location of which we did not know.

We had circled around under the trees so long that we discovered, on our abandoning the search to return home, that we had entirely lost our bearings, or at least Jack had. I was about to return down the cañon by the way we had come; but Jack would have it that the right way lay up the cañon to the west, instead of to the southeast, which it really did.

So in spite of my remonstrance, he started up this cañon. For a long time we followed it in the darkness and the snow, stumbling over rocks and stumps, and occasionally running into a tree, which would bring us up "standing."

After we had traveled about three or four miles in this direction, we concluded that we were on the "wrong scent;" and then turned around and trudged back to the turkey roost.

I again insisted on our taking the back track toward home, by the route over which we had come; but Jack was sure that the right direction lay up another side cañon which extended off among the mountains to the southwest. So I finally accompanied him, although not without strong protestation.

For at least three miles we kept on up this cañon, which proved rougher and more difficult to climb, if anything, than the first we had been. After we had nearly reached the end of this rough gulch, Jack came to the conclusion that we were again on the wrong trail; and so we trudged back again, as we had done before, to the turkey roost; the location of which we were becoming quite familiar with.

I made up my mind that I would let Jack do as he saw fit; for I felt quite confident that I could stand as much hard mountain climbing and cold weather as he could. Jack now thought that the only way to reach home was to "cut straight across the mountains," and "cross at right angles" every gulch and cañon we came to. I determined to let him have his own way; and so we struck out through the timber and over the mountain to the south.

A person who has never traveled over a region like this at night when the snow loosely covers every stray stick and stone, so as to make the footing the most uncertain possible, can at all appreciate the difficulties we encountered.

We traveled on in this way until we were completely exhausted and tired out.

A little after midnight we reached the top of a high and bleak mountain; and after traveling around here for a little while, came out on the brink of a great deep gulch, which yawned black and forbidding below us. Jack was sure we were on the Rio Sapillo, twenty-five miles northwest from Georgetown; and now became thoroughly discouraged and disheartened, and thought that we were "going to die." Having followed Jack's "lead" so long, I was myself now also thoroughly "turned around" and lost. We concluded that the best thing for us would be to camp here until morning. So we secured a small supply of branches and twigs from under the snow, as we had no ax with which to chop wood, and soon had a little fire blazing.

But we were unable to find a sufficient amount of "down stuff" to keep the fire going well. The night was bitter cold, and biting wind, sweeping over the Continental Divide from the northwest, struck us fair and square in our rude camp, and made it very difficult for us to keep the fire burning. It was the worst and most disagreeable night I ever experienced. While our faces and hands were scorching, our feet were freezing; and so it was with the opposite side of our bodies, which kept us continually turning, like a pancake on a griddle. This condition of things had perhaps this advantage about it, that our blood was kept in healthy circulation through our own exertions, even though the fire did not help us much.

Jack was very glum, and said but little.

After what appeared like an age to us, the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east. I chanced to glance down into the gulch below us, and there, in the dim shadow of the early morning, I saw that which of all things else in the world I had least expected to see here.

There Georgetown lay at our very feet, and here we were nearly freezing to death in camp at our very doors.

I called Jack's attention to it, who, on his part, was too surprised to utter a word.

We hastened down to town as soon as possible. Jack was for not "letting the story out," but it was too good to keep, and so it went all over town next day.

But Jack, who was a better talker than I, got out of it, and laid it all on to me, and, what was more, they all believed him. Jack said that he on purpose led me all over the mountains, "just to take the conceit out of the Dutchman."

We were greatly laughed at because of our adventure, and in fact we haven't yet heard the last regarding our "turkey hunt."

NATIONAL PARK GAME.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Jan. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: A few days ago a snowshoe scouting party returned to Fort Yellowstone from a six days' trip looking up the buffalo in Hayden Valley. The party consisted of Elmer Lindsley, Second Lieutenant Sixth Cavalry; Scout Felix Burges, and Privates Crisman and Morrison of I Troop, Sixth Cavalry. The party started from the Mammoth Hot Springs on Monday the 16th and made Norris Station the first day, 23 miles.

Elk.

They saw a large number of elk in the Swan Lake country, and a few scattered along the upper Gardiner River. They found elk wintering along the road by Obsidian Cliff, Twin Lakes and about the Geyser Basin. From Norris to the Grand Cañon, they saw elk on the Gibbon above the Virginia Cascade, and sign in several places from there to the hotel. The country about the hotel and Cañon is paved over by the large bands wintering about there. From the Cañon, the party went up Alum Creek and across country to the "Scout's Cabin" on what is known as Little Trout Creek. They found buffalo scattered all through the valley, in bands large and small, the largest band contained fifty animals. They did not see any large bands of elk. The snow not being very deep, the elk are scattered out over the country, and are not herded in the open valleys by deep snow as they were last year.

Buffalo.

From the cabin Lieut. Lindsley and one man went over Mary's Hill down Nez Percé Creek to the Lower Geyser Basin. Burges and the other man spent a whole day in the valley, hunting up bands of buffalo and counting them. Once they met with an adventure. Seeing a band of about fifty, and in the direction they wished to travel, they continued on, thinking the buffalo would get out of the way, they did go some distance down the gulch, but soon came charging back, for they had run into deep drifts, and did not want to be cornered there. Fortunately there was a small grove of trees close by, and Burges and the soldier lost no time getting up out of the way, just as the animals passed under them, running as only buffalo can, and in a way that makes it best for a man afoot to politely give way, unless he thinks he can stand a shock from a 2,000lbs. animal going at something less than a mile a minute. Burges counted twenty calves in this bunch. The buffalo ran only to a hill and then stopped. Once, while in sight of the Violet Creek section, the men saw several small bands of buffalo, all traveling over the same trail. As they passed one point Burges counted 150, it was too far to tell just how many calves there were in the whole string. He was sure only of thirty. In all he counted 275 buffalo, this in Hayden Valley alone. A number of buffalo have been seen, and are wintering on Shoshone Creek. These are seen by scouts and soldiers passing from the Upper Geyser Basin to the winter camp on Pole Cat Creek, where Captain Anderson has stationed three men to look after the southern part of the Park. The men who travel between stations strike across country in place of trying to travel the long way by trail.

Besides the buffalo mentioned above there is a large band that is known to winter in the country east of the Yellowstone River and Grand Cañon. These have not been seen as yet this season. No snowshoe parties have been in there. There is no doubt of there being at least 400 buffalo in the Park, even allowing for all those reported to have been killed along the borders. The buffalo in the Park at this time are well toward the center, and with the men stationed at Pole Cat Creek to the south, Riverside on the west, Soda Butte on the north, impassable mountains on the east, and scouting parties out very often along the border, I believe they are as well protected as possible. All the officers and men stationed in the Park take great interest in preserving these buffalo. Very few outside of the mountains know of the trouble, work, and exposure necessary to keep track of the game in the Park and watch the poachers.

Elk are wintering on Shoshone Creek with the buffalo, and along the Upper Firehole, in the hills east of the Yellowstone, and hundreds of places where snow was too deep for them last year. The scouting party returned via Norris Basin. They saw a number of foxes and other small animals along the trail. They report the snow not over two feet deep in the timber around Hayden Valley, a little deeper west of the Cañon. This makes it easy for the game to live, as no snow has fallen to speak of since before Christmas, while the old snow is settling every day. They found the snow rather hard in the open country and "shoeing" good.

Foxes and Coyotes.

Foxes are quite numerous; coyotes, two to one fox. They are very thick, especially about the Mammoth Hot Springs. I saw nine in one pack a few days ago. They were very large, fat and quite light-colored.

A Morning Ride.

About two weeks ago Captain Anderson, the superin-

tendent of the Park, road around Mt. Everts with Scout Burges. Without going out of the road, and passing through valleys where one could not see all the game, he saw seventeen elk, several mule deer, hundreds of antelope and a band of mountain sheep. Just before reaching home he saw three deer close by the transportation company's stables. Elk and deer travel all over the Hot Spring formation.

Tracks in the Snow.

In a recent snowshoe trip of three hours over the Hot Springs Terraces with Captain Scott, we saw elk and deer beds within 300yds of the old troop quarters. Game trails were everywhere, snow was pawed over where there was any grass under it. Beside the large game trails, tracks of small animals form a network of trails over the country about the springs. One can easily distinguish the tracks of rabbits, porcupine, foxes, squirrels and other small animals. Several people living at the Mammoth Hot Springs and Fort Yellowstone claim to have seen white

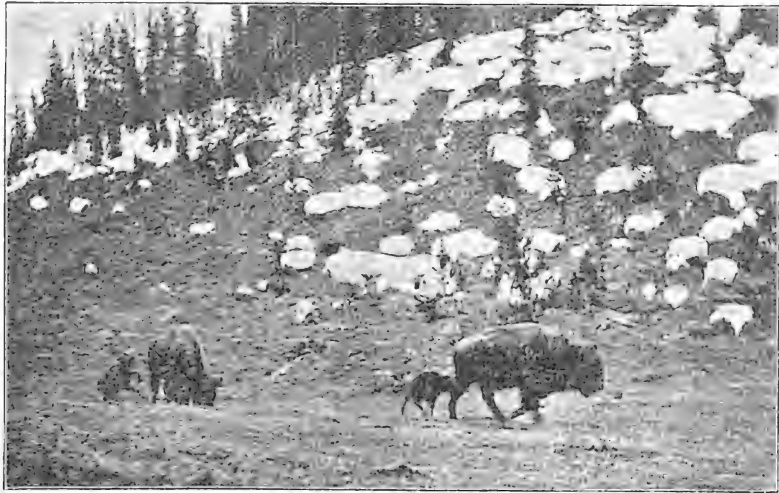


NATIONAL PARK BUFFALO.—I.

wolves. One man says he saw a pack of seven very early in the morning.

Fearless Mountain Sheep.

I was riding up through the Gardiner Cañon last Wednesday on the stage, and at a narrow place we saw five mountain sheep. Two large rams were close down by the river bank. We passed within 60ft. of them. The others were higher up, under the Eagles' Nest. As the stage was passing, a four horse freight team came down past. The sheep paid no attention to us. Later, a party walked out from Gardiner to see the sheep. They were



NATIONAL PARK BUFFALO.—II.

still feeding when the people returned to town. They are remarkably indifferent, caring nothing for the sight of men, dogs or teams.

One can ride closely by the large bands of antelope on the flat east of the Gardiner River. They watch one pretty sharp, but usually do not run off more than a short distance. One, two, or even three hundred can be seen within less than a mile and a half of the town of Gardiner.

The Line Repairer's Adventures.

Peter Nelson, "Snowshoe Pete," who has charge of the telephone lines in the Park, and who is often over the roads between stations, tells of an adventure with a mountain lion a few days ago. He says he was coming down from Norris, when, along by the Soda Spring in Willow Park, he heard an awful noise like a cat spitting. Looking to his right he saw not over ten feet away a large mountain lion and two young ones, about the size of a 30lbs. dog. The old one was spitting, growling and lashing its tail about. Pete lost no time in getting to the other side of the road and worked his way sideways along a log with his snowshoes. As they were fastened to his feet he dared not take time to loosen them, but got out his Norwegian knife, and holding on to a tree with one hand, watched the lion. She walked back and forth along

the snowshoe trail, growled, hissed, swung her tail about, walked to a tree, reached up it as far as she could, and at last, much to Pete's relief, walked off with her young out of sight into the heavy timber. Pete started on, but had only gone a short distance along the road and was watching back, when the big cat made a rush at him along the trail, getting close to his snowshoes. She then went back a little way, while Pete got to a tree, but could only use it to hold to. He says he was wanting to settle the thing there; if she was going to fight him to come on or leave him alone. She soon went off again, while Peter hastened away from such unpleasant company.

Pete tells of another adventure. While going down Alum Creek on his way to the Cañon Hotel, he started up a band of about forty buffalo. He paid no attention to them until he noticed that one was very lame; he could not use one of his front legs. The other buffalo were leaving him behind, and Pete was getting closer, when, whirling around, he started back for Pete, shaking his head and hobbling along at his best pace. Pete got out of the way by running over the deep snow on the side hills. The buffalo stopped, looked at him a while, shook his head and snorted a few times, and then turned and limped off after the others. Pete gave him time to get out of the way, and then proceeded, the buffalo going over a hill out of sight.

Three mountain lions have been killed on Bear and Crevice creeks, only a short distance north of the Park line. One of these had just killed a large blacktail buck when Mr. George Phelps came on it. The lion ran off. The deer was dressed by the man, and later the lion was shot when coming back after his meat.

Parties traveling between Cooke City and Gardiner report the East Fork Valley and country about there as full of elk. From a letter received from Jackson Hole, Wyoming (south of the Park), I learn that there is very little snow down there, that the great bands of elk are still back in the mountains, the snow not being deep enough to drive them to the lower valleys.

The past month has been very pleasant, with so many bright, warm days that the fishing has been very good in Gardiner River. Fifty-four trout is the largest number taken in one day by one man. Most of the fish are taken with flies, those anglers whose use bait use what is known as "devil scratchers" in this country.

Mr. George Gray caught in the Yellowstone, at the mouth of Gardiner River, a brook trout, the first ever taken out of Gardiner River or the Yellowstone. It was 12in. long and weighed 8½oz. The red spots were very bright. This fish must be from the plant made by the U. S. Fish Commission in the waters of the Upper Gardiner River. It must have come down over the falls of either Glenn Creek or the Middle Gardiner, and worked down through a mass of rock under which this creek is lost for 100yds., or over the Middle Gardiner Falls, which is a fall of 150ft. There is no doubt about where the fish came from except as to the particular stream. I think it came down the Middle Gardiner from the plant made at Indian or Willow Creek, ten miles from where it was captured. H.

Colorado's Needs.

WE are making strenuous efforts to get a good game and fish law through the present Legislature, the time seems to be right for it. There were a dozen members at least from the House and the Senate in attendance at the last meeting of the League, and they manifested no little interest, even taking part in the discussions and openly favoring the efforts of the League. It is quite time. Routt county, for instance, is two hundred miles long by eighty miles wide, and the finest game district in the State. It is hard to protect from both Indians and market-hunters because of its vast area. The Indians destroy the game (elk, deer and antelope) away up to the thousands, for hides alone. They do not save

half the meat. We have satisfactory evidence that meat has been shipped out by way of Wyoming, directly into Denver, by the thousand pounds. One shipment of between eight and nine thousand pounds alone, and from that down to three and four hundred pounds a month. All this in direct violation of the law, consisting mainly of saddles, the remainder of the carcass being left for coyotes and other wild beasts. The same slaughter has been maintained all over the western part of the State, from the north line to the south. The Indians come off their reservation after the game, and I presume that nothing short of taking the scalps of the geniuses in Washington, who can stop the destruction, will avail. If the Interior Department would control its agents and wards, the State could, and I believe will, cheerfully look after the market-hunters and bring them to book. F.

"Nessmuk."

We are glad to contribute our mite in memory of one whose writings had more individuality, and a deeper charm and insight in nature and man than any I ever knew. He was one of nature's truest noblemen. Let us keep his memory green; he has done a great deal of good in the world in his own peculiar way.

JULIUS THE FOX HUNTER.

A NOVEL BEAR HUNT.

In the early history of Maine, long before it was organized under independent State government, two of the early settlers, a Mr. Brown (father of George H. Brown, of the town of Mason, Me.) and a neighbor, Samuel Sawin, were out in the woods hunting after pitch pine for light-wood, which was then very generally used by the early settlers for lights instead of candles, and, discovering an old pine stub, they rapped on it with their axe to see if it was hollow. They at once got a response from the inside in the form of a scratching noise, which appeared to be working up the tree, and looking up they soon saw a bear's head protrude through the top, and in three seconds the beast emerged and came down by the run, the boys having just time to jump back when the bear struck the ground.

They had a small cur dog with them and he took after the bear. They had no gun, but, being spunky fellows, followed with all speed, giving the bear a sharp chase, and the bear, not being limbered up from his cramped position in the pine stub, could not make his normal speed, so that the boys hard pressed bruin.

After about a mile of lively contest they approached a ledge where hedge hogs had a den, into which the bear tried to crawl, with the dog at his heels and the boys close up. The hole becoming suddenly small the bear had to stop, after wedging himself in solidly. One of his legs stuck outside, which he couldn't draw in. Otherwise he was out of sight. On coming up the boys held a confab as to what was best to do. They could chop his leg off, but could not reach him in any other place, and, as they had no gun and it was growing dark and they were about two miles from home, it was out of the question to think of going for a gun.

It occurred to them that if they could only fasten him in where he was until morning they could thus dispatch him; and the carcass of a good fat bear meant something to those poor settlers who lived a great distance from any village and had no money to spend.

Whatever they should do must be done quickly. One proposed rolling a lot of rocks against the hole, and the other proposed falling a big tree against the den, but they agreed that if they stopped to do that they would not find their way out of the wood, for it was getting dark fast. At last on discovering a young birch growing near the den, which they could bend down by their united strength and heft they formed the novel idea of fastening the creature's leg to the top of the tree, making a spring pole of it. But they had no rope, so they took a silk handkerchief that one of them had and twisted it into a stout string; and tying this to the top of the tree they found it was not long enough to go round his leg near the foot. So they made a slit in his hide up and down his ankle and pulled up the main cord and tied the string to that, then started for home, as it had become quite dark. The dog knew longitude and struck a bee-line for home, which helped them out.

The next morning several of the two families went with the boys for the game and found the bear jumping about very lively, being held up by the stiff spring pole. They soon dispatched him and lugged him home. It was late in the fall, he was fat and had a beautiful coat of nice black fur on him. J. G. R.

A DOG THAT JUST BROKE HIMSELF.

THE "jest broke himself" bird dog appears to be about as numerous as the exuberant individual who didn't strike Billy Patterson. In every community you find this inoffensive creature, and a query flashed at the owner of the canine as to his training invariably elicits the information that he can down any other dog in town on birds "and he's a dog as what just broke himself, too." I ran up against, and had a very solemn experience with one of these "jest broke himself" dogs a short while ago, and since then I have carried a carefully loaded sample of small arms in my inside pocket, trusting that some time before I grow dim of vision and shaky of nerve, I may chance across the exhilarating character who advised me to go afield with Ole Bill and his "pinter" dog Gib. I had taken a run up to one of the interior cities of Michigan, thinking to brace up a bit after a hard summer's work, and as quail shooting was said to be at its best about the time I arrived there, I was naturally anxious to have a turn after the birds. My solicitous brother-in-law who, unfortunately, was not a shooting man, soon turned me over to William, who promised, on our first meeting, to show me "some shooting as was shooting, sure." And Gib—yes, Gib was mentioned, and thrice mentioned, as "the smartest pinter on quail in several counties." A short chat with William on that occasion convinced me that he was living in the past, and his present existence was measured simply by his ability to eat three square meals a day and to smoke, at very many odd intervals during that period of time, a strong briarwood pipe with an outdoor flavor.

Many large and radiant misgivings weighted my mind when, a few mornings after our first conference, I accompanied "Ole Bill" and Gib out to the dun-coated meadows in the teeth of a stiff west wind. My suspicions as to Gib's worth as a quail dog were actively excited before we reached the first field. His calm, reposeful countenance, his lumbering, lazy gait and his enervating air of suspended animation, all denoted a quality that was to be seen at its best only when undisturbed quiet, a palatable bone or two, nicely garnished with meat done to a turn, and a degree of exertion not worth mentioning were the governing conditions. But my suspicions were, in a measure, allayed by the small talk of William, who was persistently bubbling over with Gib's bird sense, stanchness and other commendable virtues.

Reaching the grounds where it was reasonable to infer that the birds were to be looked for, an unexpected call from a mottled piper directly ahead of us instantly transformed Gib, who up to this time couldn't be made to range far enough ahead to keep from under our feet, into a pretty alert chunk of a dog, and at the second whistle rising from a patch of ragweed fully a hundred yards in advance, a streak of brown dogskin lunged out in the direction of the wary whistler, followed by such an outburst of rare and resolute English from William, as is possible only when a man with a varied experience is deeply and profoundly agitated. But Gib had loosened the air brakes, as it were, and he didn't stop running until he had flushed from the ragweed patch a big bevy of quail, and had chased it quite a good eighth of a mile in the direction of Grand River.

It is perhaps needless to add that when they met, "Ole

Bill" and the "pinter" that "jest broke himself" engaged in a protracted and charmingly engrossing melee, from which Gib finally emerged with an unmistakable limp.

Our next effort was to get within gunshot of the frightened birds. William and Gib, who, by the way, once more lapsed into a semi-comatose state, swung round close to and worked up along the river, while I worked on a line parallel to but some 75yds. from them. Gib's work was limited to abbreviated casts extending straight ahead far enough just to escape the far-reaching toe of his owner's boot. Suddenly the dog shot ahead into a tangled mass of high weeds, the hoarse, earnest entreaties of William deterring him not, and an instant later birds darkened the air in every direction. I managed with my second barrel to pull down a single quail, and while retrieving it I heard sounds over the bluffs by the river that told me there were warring factions in the household of William and Gib. Regaining a point where an unobstructed view was obtainable, a whirling vision of dog-man-and-gun was unfolded, and for the time at least my wild, savage desire for vengeance was satisfied. The line of battle was again straightened out and we proceeded to beat out meadow and marsh thicket and timber, only to see quail always getting up out of range, with the "pinter" in hot pursuit. The dog that "jest broke himself" was out to show what he could do, and the opportunity was not neglected.

Our return home was not enlivened with conversation of an animated sort. Even "Ole Bill's" turkey reminiscences and the "shooten days that used to be" grew as ragged as the coat tails of a prize tramp. When we at last reached home William managed to murmur, as though the name of Gib still lingered in his affections, "Well, the old dog didn't do so bad after all, seeing it was his first day out this season." I am sorry to say my reply was not so flattering as it might have been.

An injury received that day laid me up until after the close of the Michigan quail season; so that, with a score of one quail during a stay of two months in a pretty good quail country, I think I am justified in carrying a small gun and able-bodied determination to get even with a relative who, with suppressed glee and malice aforethought, coldly put me for seven hours in the care of an idolatrous worshipper of a reeking briarwood pipe and a "jest-broke-himself" dog. M. C. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 11.—Game Warden Bortree gracefully landed on the form of Mr. Baldwin, a Fifth avenue restaurant man, shortly after the close of the selling season (Feb. 5) and captured 107 illegal quail. Mr. Baldwin now knows even more about the expense of quail on toast than do any of his customers. A North Side restaurateur has also suffered in like fashion.

Mr. C. D. Gammon, one of the well-known Chicago sportsmen, lately fell on the icy walk and broke his leg. The wicked stand on slippery places, but Charlie couldn't.

On Feb. 6 the floods broke open the fish pond of Mr. Sid Cox, County Commissioner of Bartholomew county, Ind., who lives at Columbus, Ind. The pond was ruined and 6,000 carp, some of the largest in the State, were swept into White River.

At Albuquerque, N. M., on Feb. 6, where T. J. Lewis and T. J. Martin were out target shooting, the rifle of the former was accidentally discharged and Mr. Martin was instantly killed.

At Lincoln, Neb., on Feb. 6 Lem and Orlando Lemon, 13 and 16 years old, were playing with a revolver thought to be empty. Orlando in sport snapped it at his brother. The weapon was loaded and the boy received a wound from which he died that night.

Unique Game Law Ideas.

A bill has been introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature this session proposing to "make shooting and fishing absolutely free on all lands in the State of Wisconsin." It is probably just a trifle too unconstitutional to pass, no matter how general may be the legislative hatred for the club preserve. The law of trespass is as firm in principle as any on earth. The wise legislator might as well propose to throw open the homes of Wisconsin, so that he who chose might do as he liked therein.

A Good Out-Door Club.

Calumet Heights Club, which subscribes itself as "the best outing club of the country," is out with a circular announcing improvements at the grounds of this pleasant organization and expressing a wish for a few additional members. One could do far worse than spend a summer day occasionally at this club house on the lake with its opportunities at trap-shooting and other forms of sport. The membership fee is only \$20 and the annual dues are \$15.

A Governor's Ideas.

It is reported that Gov. Altgeld, the newly elected Governor of Illinois, will abolish the Illinois State Fish Commission as a board worthless and expensive to the State. On this head the following extract from a letter written me by Mr. Geo. Kamper, a prominent and very active and successful fish warden resident at Danville, Ill., will be found of interest. Mr. Kamper says:

"The Governor has an idea that there are a number of useless boards in this State, and that the Fish Commission is one of them. I have it from the very best authority that Gov. Altgeld is seriously considering the advisability of abolishing the Commission. You will readily admit that such an act would be a serious calamity to the fish interests of Illinois, and I appeal to you for a contribution of a little of your time in an effort to convince the Governor that Illinois needs a Fish Commission and that the Commissioners should be fishermen and not mere politicians looking for a place.

"A little newspaper discussion will probably convince him of these facts. Inclosed find a clipping from one of our local papers to start the ball rolling. Can you, or will you, assist a little? Very respectfully,

GEO. KAMPER."

The clipping in question is from the Danville Daily Press, and it points out in a plain and logical way the damages and dangers which would ensue were the people of the State deprived of the services of one of the State's most useful officers. Of course FOREST AND STREAM and all its readers can only condemn a movement looking toward either an abolishment or a curtailment of the Illinois Commission. The Commission should be built up. It should have an appropriation large enough to enable it

to do practical work. Meantime, Gov. Altgeld is absent in Florida for his health, and perhaps these rumors may be unjust to him. Upon his return I shall take pleasure in an endeavor to obtain from him an expression of his intentions on this head, or rather those intentions in the matter of his recommendations, and I hope that the reply will be a denial of any thought injurious to the Illinois State Fish Commission. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

SOME NOTABLE SHOTS.

III.

MOHAWK, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent issue of the New York World contained this note: "The most memorable shot that is recorded in the annals of sport is that made by Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, or Nov. 20, 1829, at Holkham, in Norfolk, England. On that occasion the famous artist while visiting his friend, Mr. Coke, of Holkham, brought down two woodcock at one shot. The whole shooting world was paralyzed for a time by this feat, and it has been more or less of a wonder ever since. The woodcock, it is hardly necessary to say, is a very difficult bird to shoot even singly. Its flight is rapid and twisting, and it always keeps to trees and bushes, making its detection a difficult matter. So when it was announced that Chantrey had killed two at a shot he was immediately made a hero and congratulations began to pour in on him in great multitudes. The sculptor himself, much elated by his good fortune, decided to erect a monument to the fallen game, of which he should be the designer. Inscriptions were invited from the men of letters of the day, but in spite of the fact that some very celebrated writers were among the contributors none of their efforts were considered worthy of adoption. Later in life Sir Francis acknowledged that the shot was a scratch and that he saw but one bird when he aimed. The carved effigy of the woodcock which he made was a very poor work of art."

There was nothing special for "paralysis" of "the shooting world" in that. One day in last November my uncle, Seneca Duell, and myself went out for a few hours' hunt, and he shot two partridges at one shot. Both had left the ground and were some distance apart. He got them in line and shot them both dead, which is a much more difficult shot than the woodcock shot. G. H. T.

The Passamaquoddy Indian Treaty.

THERE is an interesting bill introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature and telling its own story:

Resolve relating to the Passamaquoddy Tribe of Indians of the State of Maine.

Whereas, The Indians of the Passamaquoddy tribe residing in the State of Maine, heretofore, by treaty and otherwise with the colonies and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, were secured in their ancient rights of hunting and fishing at all seasons of the year, that being their principal means of support; and

Whereas, In the act of separation it was provided that the State of Maine should assume and perform all the obligations of Massachusetts toward said Indians, and for a valuable consideration paid by Massachusetts the State of Maine agreed to obtain from said Indians a release of all claims they might have, by treaty or otherwise, against the Commonwealth; but it appears that the State of Maine has not obtained such release; and

Whereas, The Legislature in the State of Maine in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine enacted a law prohibiting hunting and fishing in certain seasons, and by decisions of the courts of Maine this law was made to apply to said Indians, thereby depriving them of their said ancient rights and principal means of support during certain months of the year; and

Whereas, Said tribe, relying upon the obligations of Massachusetts aforesaid, has petitioned the Commonwealth for assistance and relief; therefore, in order that the rights of said tribe in this regard may be properly and finally determined, be it

Resolved, That the Attorney-General be and he is hereby authorized and instructed to remove by writ of error, and try before the Supreme Court of the United States, at the expense of the Commonwealth, the case of the State of Maine against Peter Newell, a member of said tribe, now pending in the courts of Maine.

The Cold Winter in Ohio.

The Jefferson, O., Gun Club was organized Feb. 7 with Hon. A. C. White President, D. S. Downing, Vice-President; G. L. Henson, Sec. and Treas. There were fifteen members to begin with. Petitions are being circulated in the State asking that the Legislature pass a bill prohibiting the killing of quail in this State for a term of five years. The severe weather since before Christmas has been very hard on the quail. W. D. H., Jr.

J. B. H., writing from New Paris, O., and describing a "cotton-tail" hunt in the western part of the State, says: The afternoon was spent tracking and killing rabbits, in all nine nice ones, and one big coon, which, as we were over five miles from home, made a big load. On our way home we ran across a covey of quail, seven in number all frozen to death, and if the severe weather continues long the noble little bird will have a hard time getting through the winter. Game in this region is confined to quail, rabbits, a very few woodcock, squirrels and raccoons, but the farmers are so bitterly opposed to hunting, as a rule, that the highways will be about all the place left in another year for the lover of sport to hunt on.

Miss Quist's True Aim.

FLORISSANT, Col., Feb. 7.—Out in this scenic mountain region there are many crack shots, both male and female, but Miss Selma Quist, a charming and handsome belle of Florissant, just now wears the palm. She is handsome of face, slight of build, and of age just sweet sixteen.

During the past week she was visiting a friend of hers, Mrs. W. C. Vermillion—the last ranch down the Platte River before that romantic stream enters the Nellie Cañon and Blind Cañon, in the Lost Park region.

Saturday Mrs. Vermillion noticed a large wildcat prowling along the hill among the rocks above the house, and called Miss Selma to see it. While Miss Quist was watching the bobcat, he climbed a leaning bush and perched himself to watch for a stray chicken. Miss Quist went into the house, picked out a .50-110 Sharps rifle, came out, and said, "Just watch me knock him." She is so slight

and the gun so heavy, that she had to exert her utmost strength to hold the young cannon up; but she took aim off-hand, and when the gun fired Mr. Bob tumbled from the tree. Fearing he was only wounded, Miss Selma put another shell into the gun, and though it was about all she could carry, lugged it with her up the hill. When they reached the cat he was as dead as Hector, the huge ball having passed clear through his neck close to the head.

Considering the weight of the gun, the tremendous charge it carries, the smallness of the cat, the distance—over a hundred yards—and the frail arms which held the gun, this is considered a remarkable shot even here, where men kill deer 300 yds. away. But the pretty young heroine of the episode don't seem to regard it as at all wonderful.

The Steuben County Sportsmen's Club.
BATH, N. Y., Feb. 6.—The "Steuben County Sportsmen's Club" has been organized with the following officers: President, Gen. N. M. Crane, of Hornellsville; one vice-president from each town and city in the county to be appointed by the executive committee; Dr. W. H. Phillips, of Bath, Sec. and Treas.; and the following executive committee: Trevor Moore, H. O. Fairchild, Hammondsport; O. F. Marshall, Wheeler; Jas. A. Drake, Corning; C. D. Wylie, W. H. Phillips and Z. L. Parker, Bath. Application blanks for membership will soon be in circulation on the back of which will be the constitution and by-laws. One dollar is the membership fee which is required to join the club.

Standart Shooting Club.
DENVER, Col., Feb. 11.—The Standart Shooting Club held its tenth annual meeting Monday evening, Feb. 6. The following officers were elected: President, S. H. Standart; First Vice-President, Henry Saers; Second Vice-President, S. M. Perry; Secretary, L. P. Appleman; Treasurer, Edwin Quentin. The Standart is one of the oldest clubs in the State, and now has a membership of 75. It is not a trap-shooting club, but has several large lakes leased near Denver, and controls some of the best duck shooting in the State. The boys are beginning to get ready for the spring wildfowl shooting. The ducks usually get here about the last of February, but if the present mild weather holds we can expect them earlier.

ALBANY FISH AND GAME BILLS.

[Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.]
ALBANY, Feb. 14.—Senator Richardson has introduced a bill making the open season for deer hunting in Sullivan county from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1; and the open season for possession of the same, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. The bill repeals the game code wherever it conflicts with the above.
Assemblyman Foster has a bill amending Section 136 so as to forbid purse nets in the Hudson River above Poughkeepsie.
Assemblyman Higbie has an amendment to Section 164, providing that the close season for woodcock shall be from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; and for possession of the same, Feb. 1 to Oct. 1.
Assemblyman Thornton has introduced a bill amending Section 271 of the game code so that Section 5 will read: "Angling" is defined to mean taking fish with hook and line or by rods and lines (held in hand) and does not include set lines.
Assemblyman Rice proposes to amend Section 141 so that suckers may be caught by means of rake hooks, and pickered with set lines or tip-ups, in any of the waters of the State not inhabited by trout.
Assemblyman Avery has introduced nineteen amendments to the game code, the request of the Fish Commission. The numbers indicate the order of their introduction:
554 amends Section 138 so as to read: "Richmond county and New York Bay, regulations as to nets. Nets of the kind commonly used for catching fish shall not be placed, drawn or used in New York Bay, Raritan Bay, nor in any of the waters in Richmond county, except for the purpose of catching shad; nor shall any fish, except shad, be fished for or caught by any means or device except angling, except as provided by Section 145."
555 adds a new section as No. 249, reading, "The officers and directors of a corporation shall be jointly, severally and individually liable upon any and all judgments which may be recovered against said corporation for a violation of this chapter. And whenever a corporation shall violate any of the provisions of this chapter the officers thereof shall be guilty of misdemeanor and subject to the same punishment as if they had violated it individually."
556 amends Section 238 so as to read: "Recovery, how disposed of in actions by the people. The amount of fines imposed or penalties recovered and collected in all actions, settlements, compromises or proceedings heretofore or hereafter brought under the direction of a Commissioner or upon the order of the Chief Protector, the name of the people, shall be paid to the Board of Commissioners, to be disbursed by said board, as hereinafter provided. Any officer or person failing to pay over any such money recovered by him shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be removed from office, and a civil action may be brought against any such officer or person for the recovery of any such money received by him in the name of the people, under the direction of either of the Commissioners."
557 amends Section 102, relating to unlawful devices, so as to strike out the words "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed" and substituting "Nets and devices of a kind ordinarily used for catching fish shall not be placed in, drawn or used" in any of the inland waters, etc.
558 amends Section 115 so as to make the size of meshes 3/4 in. bar instead of 1 1/4 in. bar.
559 amends Section 49 so as to make the close season for black and gray squirrels from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1.
560 amends Section 145, relating to the taking of minnows for bait, by rewording at the end: "This shall not authorize the placing or use of nets, or any other device of a kind used for catching fish in streams inhabited by trout, nor the taking of trout by means of nets or other devices, except angling, in any waters."
561 amends Section 191, relating to dredging for oysters and clams, by adding: "No rakes, dredges or other devices shall be used in catching clams with spaces or opening between the teeth or prongs of less than 1 1/2 in., and no hard or round clams less than 3/4 in. in thickness shall be caught, and if caught shall be returned to the water without injury."
562 amends Section 189, relating to oyster beds, so as to prohibit the catching of clams or oysters between half an hour after sunset and half an hour before sunrise.
563 adds a new section, 121, prohibiting the catching of whitefish in November; also a new section, 122, prohibits the catching of weakfish, sea bass, blackfish or striped bass under 8 in. in length.
564 makes the close season for wildfowl from March 1 to Oct. 1.
565 amends Section 78, relating to the protection of wild birds, so that the words "possessed after the same have been killed" shall read "are dead or have been killed"; also amends Section 79, relating to the close season for meadow larks, so as to make the same substitution.
566 adds the following to Section 20, duties of protectors: "And shall have full power to execute all warrants and search warrants issued for the violation of the fish and game laws."
567 amends Section 70 so as to make the close season for wildfowl March 1 to Sept. 1, and strikes out the words at the end of the section: "And said birds may be pursued and killed from sailboats, steam launches and boats propelled by hand."
568 amends Section 24, compensating protectors, by adding at the end: "After all the expenses of recovering said fines and penalties have been paid."
569 amends Section 5 so that the regular meetings of the State Board shall be on the second Tuesday of January and July.
570 amends Section 217 so as to make a minimum penalty of \$15 "in addition to the actual damages sustained by the owner or lessee."
571 amends Section 240 so that the expenses incurred in the imposition or collection of fines or penalties shall be deducted before one-half of said fines or penalties goes to the informer.
572 amends Section 271 so as to add a new subdivision, No. 11, reading: "Inclosed lands is defined to mean lands the outlines or boundaries of which are marked by water, by a wire ditch, hedge or fence, road or highway, or partially by one or more of said means, or any visible inclosure or distinctive boundary which indicates a separation from the surrounding or contiguous territory of whatever nature."

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

INDIAN HALIBUT HOOKS.

Or the accompanying illustrations Fig. 1 is a halibut hook used by Indians of British Columbia. The hook was obtained at Victoria by Dr. T. H. Bean.
Fig. 2 is used by the Kadiak natives for the capture of halibut. The specimen was collected at St. Paul village by Dr. T. H. Bean in 1889.
Fig. 1 is made from the tough root of a spruce; the

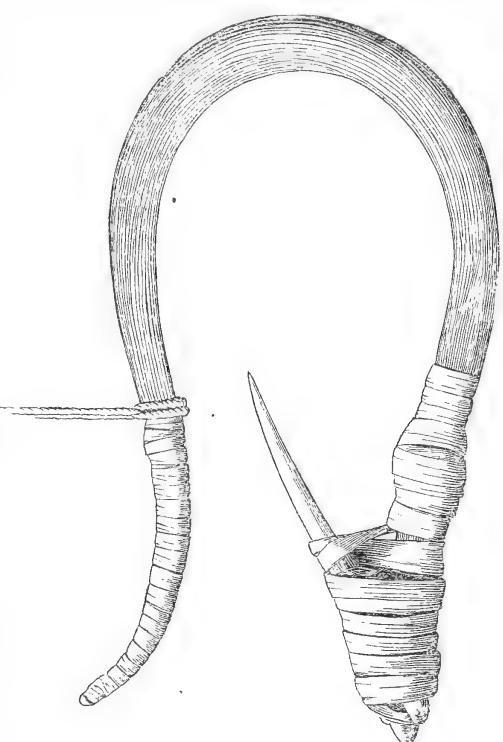


FIG. 1.

shank is somewhat elastic in order to allow the halibut to get the barb well into its mouth. The barb and head of the hook are wrapped with splints of spruce root; the barb is sometimes bone, and sometimes iron or copper.

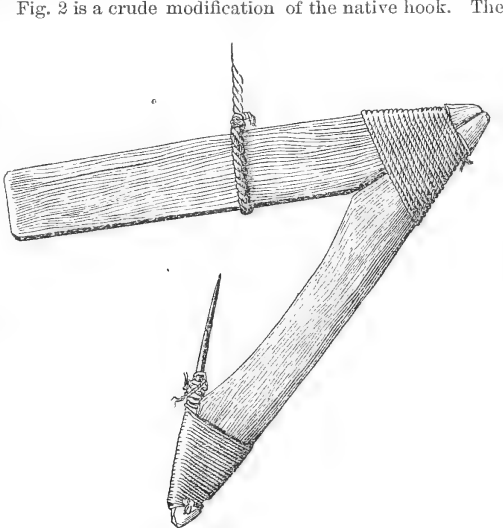


FIG. 2.

bend and shank are made of soft wood and the lashings are common cotton twine. The barb is iron. The illustration is about two-fifths natural size, while that of the Victoria hook is nearly one-half natural size. These hooks are said to be much more killing for halibut than the American hooks, for the reason that the mouth of the fish is forced wide open and drowning follows speedily.

The Lake Trout.
DALLAS, Tex.—There is a fish caught in the Great Lakes, among others Ontario, which attains the weight of 25 lbs., and which I have always heard called "salmon trout." It is very plentiful, and like the regular salmon, except, I believe, that it has no scales and the flesh is of a paler color. I have been told that there are no "salmon trout," except in salt water. Is this a fact, and the name "salmon trout" a misnomer when applied to the fish mentioned?
A. H. S.
[The salmon trout of the Great Lakes has many common names, the best known being lake trout. In Maine, New Brunswick and Canada it is called togue and tuladi. Indian names are mackinaw or namaycush. In some parts of New York the fish is known as red trout, gray trout and black salmon. The so-called trout of salt water south of Virginia is not one of the trout (or salmon) family at all, but a weakfish. The lake trout has small scales. In the report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, recently issued, you will find a color plate of this trout.]

ANGLING NOTES.

Homeric Fishing.
A FEW evenings ago, during a pause in a game of whist, Mr. F. F. Gunn, who was associated with Dr. Jordan as an instructor in the Indiana University, said to me: "Had you lived in Homeric times you would have found it better form to saw wood than to go fishing; therefore be thankful that you live now even if this game is going against you." When a man makes a statement of that kind, particularly at a time when I am a tail-ender in the game, I want proof of it—documentary evidence, so to speak, and when I asked for this proof on this occasion, I found Mr. Gunn was loaded, and had cartridges in his belt besides. He quoted from this introduction to Homer by Prof. R. C. Jebb: "In the Homeric world fish is not mentioned as a delicacy—rather it is regarded as the last resource of hunger. The similes from fishing point to the use of fish by poor people who could command no other animal food." I argued that that was because the fish were caught in a net, in all probability, and no one had arisen to proclaim that "angling is an art, and an art worth your learning." Then he took a snap shot at me from Book 4 of the Odyssey, Bryant's translation:

"Now would our stores of food have been consumed,
Now would the courage of my men have died,
Had not a goddess pitied me, and come
To my relief, by name Idothea, born
To the great Proteus, Ancient of the Deep,
For she was moved by my distress, and came
To me while I was wandering alone,
Apart from the rest. They through the isle
Roamed everywhere from place to place, and pinched
With hunger, threw the hook for fish."

That, I was forced to admit, was suspiciously like fly-casting—that throwing the hook, but as my partner and I were still behind the game, I began to question the kind of hook that was used, when he gave me his left barrel, chokebored, from Book 10:

"While yet we had our bread
And ruddy wine, my comrades spared the bees,
Moved by the love of life. But when the stores
On board our galleys were consumed, they roamed
The island in their need, and sought for prey,
And snared with barbed hooks the fish and birds—
Whatever came to hand—till they were gaunt
With famine."

That left me tottering on one leg, for the ethics of the profession would not permit me to question a fish story by a brother angling writer, particularly as he was an old-timer, and the only thing left to do was to question Homer's standing in the profession. Was Homer an authority as a sporting writer? He evidently had sporting instincts, but he seems to have been a pot-fisherman, chiefly, and I do not think he deserves to rank as a first-class angling writer, and for this reason. Prof. J. D. Quackenbos, in his "History of Ancient Literature," relates the legend that "Homer, twice warned by an oracle to beware of the young men's riddle, went ashore one day on Ios, an island of the Cyclades, and there, noticing some boys who had been fishing, asked them: 'What luck?' 'What we caught we left, what we could not catch we carried with us,' was the reply. Unable to guess the riddle, the old poet died of vexation." His asking "what luck" was evidence that the germ of angling desire had been planted, but as he could not answer such a simple riddle it was proof positive that the germ had not developed, and he was not a first-class fisherman. "What we caught we left." That is, they had caught nothing in size over the legal length, and had thrown back all the little fish for fear of being pulled by a fish and game protector for having fish under six inches in their possession. "What we could not catch we carried away with us." How simple that is, for they carried away, in their imagination, the big fish which they bragged of around the stove during the winter evenings, and wrote to the newspapers about. Hence I am forced to think that as an angling writer, measured by some modern standards, Homer was a duffer.

Frozen Streams and Spawning Beds.

A few weeks ago I mentioned the probable effect of the extreme cold weather, now fortunately broken, upon some of the spawning beds of the brook trout in northern New York, where the small streams have frozen solid to the bottom. Since that note was written I have seen the representatives of two lumber concerns who have spent two and eight weeks respectively in the Adirondacks, although in widely separated regions, and they tell me that never before have they seen the streams frozen to their beds as they are this winter, forming a solid mass of ice over which the water flows and freezes. This is not promising for a crop of trout fry from these small streams next spring. To-day I had a talk with Myron Butties, the forester of the Adirondack Club, who comes from a region between the two that I had previously heard from, and while he reports much the same state of affairs as to the ice being solid in the small streams, he takes a hopeful view of the situation, inasmuch as he thinks that comparatively few brook trout run up the streams to their source from the lakes and ponds to spawn. He gives it only as an opinion, however, that most pond trout that go into the streams to spawn, spawn near the mouths of the streams. He has promised to examine some of the spawning beds on his return to the club house and write me what he discovers. Streams that are not frozen solid are full of anchor ice that has lodged on the rapids where trout make their beds, so that altogether the spring crop of fry must suffer to a greater or less extent. Mr. Butties reports "herds" of deer. He thinks in all his experience in the woods he has never known these so plentiful, and he says that they have not suffered as has been reported, because the snow has not up to this time been deep, and they could get around easily and find plenty of food.

A. N. CHENEY.

Indiana Commission.

COL. WM. T. DENNIS has resigned and Prof. Phillip H. Kirsch, City Superintendent of Schools, Columbia City, Ind., has been appointed Commissioner of Fisheries of Indiana. Prof. Kirsch has published a number of papers on fishes and will undoubtedly prove an active and intelligent commissioner.

A FLOOD OF GOLDEN MEMORIES.

"OLD DAYS IN MAINE"—What a flood of golden memories those words have unlocked as I sit here at my desk with FOREST AND STREAM before me; for be it known, that I am one of the unfortunates "chained to business." With reports, records and books pushed to one side, I seem to live over again the care-free days of boyhood. Again I am rambling among the nut trees on the banks of the Kennebec or the Carribasset; or with fish pole made from a spruce sapling I visit the fish holes, where the trout and chubs were wont to congregate; or with the old long flint lock fowling piece I am hunting again through the woods for gray squirrels and partridges. Oh! what joys were crowded into those golden days, before the cares of life began to press upon my shoulders. The memory of them come to me from out the misty past as a pleasant dream, radiant with the haze of Indian summer and the golden tint of autumn leaves.

My first introduction to hard work was on a farm where I spent three years. But the remembrance of the work is nearly crowded out of memory by the pleasures of living alone, as it were, in the fields and woods, and on the banks of a few trout streams in the neighborhood. Even now I remember the joy I felt one rainy day, when, exploring the loft over the carriage house, I found two double-sprunged fox traps. There was no hired man on the place to set them for me; but I resolved then and there to get even with that old gray woodchuck up in the back lot, who had heretofore circumvented all my plans for his capture. Slipping away quietly with one of the traps, I commenced operations at once. Arriving at the woodchuck's hole I attempted to set the trap by putting both feet on the springs, but found that my weight did not affect them much. I next stooped down and taking hold of the jaws with both hands I tugged and pulled with all my might. No go. That woodchuck I was bound to have at all hazards. Taking the trap to the nearest fence I next procured two stakes, then laying the trap down by the side of the fence I inserted the stakes under the bottom rail, having one over each spring, then bringing the outer ends together I sat down on them. My weight on the long ends of the levers forced the springs together, then leaning forward and stretching out my arms to their full extent I was able to set the trap. Then inserting one hand between the jaw and bed piece, pressing the back of the hand down and bending up one of the fingers under the trencher to keep it in place, I eased up on the levers and had the satisfaction of seeing the trap set. The next move was to insert them in the woodchuck's hole and await events. The next morning before the rest of the family were astir I had the pleasure of stretching my first woodchuck skin on the barn door, to be followed by others, also coon and squirrel skins.

From the farm I went up to the village of Bingham, where I entered a veritable "Uncle Lisha's shop" as an apprentice. It was during my stay here that I first visited the forests and lakes of northern Maine. I can speak of but one of my many fishing excursions, one that I look back on as the red-letter day of all fishing experience. There were three of us in the party. The place was Moxie Pond, time, first part of June, 1848. My companions were Melvin Bailey and Bartlett Hollis. I do not know whether they are living now, it has been many years since I have seen either. We went in by way of Moscow to the head of the bog, guided by a map of the road drawn on a shingle by Uncle Asa Parlan, an old trapper, then 70 years old, and who, I remember, was as tall, straight and active as a man of 50. At that time he had a camp at the head of the bog, three miles from the head of the pond, where he spent the hunting and trapping season alone nine miles from the nearest settlement. The first night we slept at his camp, the next day we launched a log driver's bateau that we found covered up in a thicket of young spruces, and paddled down to the pond, running the rapids at the foot of the bog. We fished at the head of the pond the first day, with fair success, taking some fine trout, running from 1 to 2½ lbs. each.

We camped at the head of the pond the second night, a dreary, desolate place it was, too, surrounded by high granite hills, over which the fire had swept a few years before, leaving nothing but blackened stubs and fallen trees in its path. We went down the shore two miles before we could find live spruce trees from which to peel bark for the roof of our camp. The sides we filled in with brush. Our fish that we did not eat for supper we salted in a trough hewn out of a section of one of the trees we peeled for roofing the camp. When we turned in I lay on the side next the fish trough. How well I remember lying awake most of the night listening to the weird cry of the loons and the hooting of an owl, not far away. Finally, near morning I dropped asleep, only to be awakened by a bear, which was making an early breakfast of our fish. There was no more sleep for me that night.

The next day we went down to Sandy Stream, on the west side of the pond, where we found a crew of log drivers waiting for water. Some of them were fishing on the stream and were catching fine strings of trout. We camped at the mouth of the stream, where in a short time we caught fish enough for supper and breakfast. The rest of the day we spent hunting and exploring.

Early the next morning before my companions were awake I took my rod and started up the stream. Before it was fairly light I could hear the fish running up over the ripples in the stream, their back often out of the water; and a hungrier lot of trout I have never seen, often leaping out of the water after the bait. I fished up the stream three-fourths of a mile, hanging my fish up on the limbs of the trees at the different pools. At a short bend of the stream I climbed on top of a large rock, where I stood spellbound at the beautiful sight before me. A few rods above, the stream was pouring through a notch in the top of an almost perpendicular cliff of rock, some 80ft. high. Midway in its descent it dashed on a shelf of rock, and spreading out in a wide sheet fell into a deep pool at the bottom of the cliff. The morning sun, just rising over the mountain on the east side of the pond, bathed the scene in a flood of golden light, making a picture which any lover of nature could not soon forget. I was soon aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by a splash in the pool, caused by a trout in pursuit of a breakfast. In an instant the instinct of the fisherman was aroused, and letting out my line I cast my bait far up into

the pool. Scarcely had it touched the water when there was a swirl, followed by a vicious tug at the line, and soon a 4lb. trout lay on the shore below the rock on which I stood. The beauty of the scene was forgotten in the keen enjoyment of the sport I had for the next hour, when the fact somehow got into my head that I was catching more trout than I could get back to camp. Reluctantly reeling up my line I started down the stream, gathering up my fish as I went. I laid down before the camp that morning the finest string of trout it was ever my fortune to catch. There were quite a number that would weigh 3lbs. each and some even larger than that.

Still I was not satisfied, like "Kingfisher," I had left a big one in a deep hole under the roots of a tree, larger than any I had caught. I returned to the pool after breakfast for the big trout, but try as I would, I could not hook him.

We crossed the pond and fished up Alder Brook, where we caught some fine trout, but finding the stream obstructed too much with brush we returned to the boat and fished along the east shore to the head of the pond, where we arrived about noon. Finding that we had all the fish we could carry out we started for home, where we arrived at midnight, tired and happy, as successful fishermen usually are.

In after years I visited many of the most noted hunting and fishing resorts in the State, but nowhere do I remember having such fine sport as we did on the Moxie.

It is twenty-seven years since I last visited the old State, but the memory of the happy day spent in the forests and on the lakes of Maine has often been refreshed by the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM, and each year, as the fishing season comes round, there is a fever of unrest in my bones, and sometimes I almost think that I cannot die content without visiting the scenes of my boyhood again and catching one more trout. I often visit the old haunts in my dreams and hope that in the not far distant future I shall be fortunate enough to do so in person. Whether I do so or not, with Whittier I can truly say:

"Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain—
Give to me the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine."

EMIE, Pa.

O. L. G.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VI.

The Trip Up.—VI.

(Continued from page 120.)

AS THE sun climbed and the sombre shadows grew less, the wind abated, and then we went to the east shore, where we succeeded in persuading three unsuspicious *fontinalis* that our feathers were food, and so benefitted by the delusion.

"The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, wording-like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook."

As every passing hour was lulling the wind, we concluded the trip to Sand River could comfortably be made, and accordingly gave word for the advance to that grittily-named stream. The dismal aspect which had greeted us in the morning was fast fading away, for bright flashes from Phoebus were falling upon the moistened earth; the glad waters sparkled, and the loftier heights that towered like sentinels over the great lake were tinged with rosy hues, while the limitless shadows, which fell upon the slopes, caught and repeated the soft azure of the sky. The Divine Artist was rapidly painting a landscape of inexpressible beauty.

On reaching the river, we at once commenced sending our flies in the big pool of dark water at the mouth, but no monster or even adolescent trout could be coaxed to the surface, no matter what fly was presented or how skillfully thrown. The trout of the mountain stream or of the icy lake were not there to be feasted or to be fooled. We therefore ascended the purling brook, and with small flies caught about fifteen or twenty that ran from 6in. up to 8 or 10, but none that would wake the rhythm of the reel.

Returning to the mouth of this beautiful little river that comes from mountain heights in a merry ripple, we there partook of lunch, and then started for the camp. Nearing the Lizards, Ned suggested, as we had almost the entire afternoon before us, to visit them, and endeavor to secure some of the ice which had doubtless been abandoned when the fishing station was removed from here in the spring to Dog River, the object of said removal being to rest the waters for a couple of years. A wise proceeding, and one which will assuredly prove profitable in the end.

Long before we got over our sails began to flap, and it was then a resort to oars. The boys always took up the ash blades willingly, and plied them with a vigor that made the water race along the sides of the sailless craft with a musical cadence. Landing at the upper end of the island, where there is a good harbor and small pier, we fastened the boat, and then walked over a short distance to the icehouse, where we found a large quantity of the glacial blocks, which we foraged upon to the extent of a basketful. The frosty blocks being duly stowed away, we took a survey of the deserted quarters, which looked as if a raiding party had just passed through them. The island was well wooded, and abounded in rabbits of which I saw several as they ambled along the path, while green lizards, so the boatmen stated, were everywhere. Everything around indicated desertion and decay—

"Their scepters broken and their swords in rust."

The boys being of a decidedly inquisitive character went through many of the shanties, overhauling and looking into every corner and cranny, and in fact were so much taken up with their tour of inspection that we had to call them to the boat. As we left a light breeze wrinkle the glittering water, and the setting sun around it was gathering fleecy folds of roseate clouds, radiant in opal and violet, amber and crimson.

"Dipp'd in the lines of sunset, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting in their monarch-thrones,
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Hither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires."

On nearing our quarters a dandy little yacht, having on board a gay fishing party of both sexes, was seen steaming with the speed of an antelope toward the wrecked pier at the southern extremity of the island we had but

recently left. She very suddenly brought up on the rocky bottom a little this side of the delusive pier, and it took fully two hours of hard steaming and sparring to release the staunch and handsome craft. Peter foretold the accident, as he was quite familiar with the locality and condition of the pier, which had been shorn of some 30 or 40ft. of its front during a terrible northwester last fall. The onslaught of the lofty waves which attacked it was so sudden that several loaded fish-cars thereon were lost before they could be rolled to a place of safety. It takes a heavy northwester on this lake to create consternation, for it comes sweeping its entire length, and with a violence that carries destruction on its heaving plains. It is really the only wind on this great lake that I dread to encounter in a small boat.

Our foraged ice was truly a blessing, for with it our trout were kept in fine condition. It saved the boys so much trouble that they proposed another raid on the abandoned stock as soon as our present supply gave out. It was a matter for consideration, we told them, when the ice had all dissolved, as well as a serious question of commercial honor to settle with our conscience.

The evening being warm and a camp-fire not necessary for comfort, we went to the rocks in our immediate front, and there sat watching the golden stars bespangle the light waves; the drifting clouds as they kissed the crescent moon; the dark shadows as they spread like tracery along the ragged shore, and the nocturnal whippoorwills as they sought their vesperian meal in the air. Night, the sable goddess, was displaying the splendors of her royal kingdom with a generous hand.

"All was so still, so soft, on earth and air,
You scarce would start to see a spirit there,
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!"

Having drank to repletion of the beauties of the night, we sought our tent, and as we lay snugly wrapped in our blankets, inhaling the odor of the balsam, planned for the prospective trip; but as the unruly wind was an element of consideration, we had the significant, if as a prominent, factor for all the plans under discussion.

ALEX STARBUCK.

ODD DAYS WITH THE TROUT.

Trials of the Trout Fisher.

THERE is no vocation in this world wherein the truth of that homely but true old adage (there's many a slip, etc.) is often realized than in the life of the trout fisher, as is fully illustrated in the following sketch:

Freezy and I were restless again; after a week's inactivity we longed for the murmur of the brook and the music of the reel. At last the longing became unendurable, and one evening Freezy settled the matter to our mutual satisfaction. "Well, old man, all things being favorable in the morning, what do you say to a day's sport with the trout?" I did not need any urging, oh, no; so arrangements were made for an early start on the morrow. Boarding a freight train next morning we landed in Plainfield at an early hour and soon sought the banks of our old favorite, Mill Brook. The weather was not very favorable, but as we were not at the head of the weather department we made the best of it.

We started in at the meadow close to the big grape vine. Now, in rigging up, Freezy is usually first to get there, and I was yet tying on the leader when he made his first cast with the remark, "Now, sonny, I will show you how to land a big trout," and he did land a trout of about 5in. in length, which chum, with a sniff of disgust, dropped back into the stream. Leaving him at the head of the pool I worked in through the alders and came out at the side of the pool under the low spreading branches of an old maple, a good spot for a large trout, but a mighty poor place to land him. Making a short side cast down toward the debris at the extreme lower end of the pool, a trout of 4lb. weight darted out and seized the tail fly. I soon hooked him and drew him forth. There was not much science in that; I just reeled him in and lifted him around and out on the bank. Freezy soon hooked another and brought him safely to reel.

Just below I took a fine fish of 4lb. weight from under a clump of willows at a bend of the stream. I now followed chum, who had gone on down stream. Now, down at the edge of the woods I have a lucky spot, a beautiful little pool, where I am always sure of at least one good trout. I have almost come to regard this pool as my own, so attached have I become to it, and chum knows it. Stepping carefully up to the pool, there was chum with a provoking grin upon his face and two fine trout upon the grass fresh from the pool. "Never mind, old man, my turn to laugh next," said I, and indeed my turn came much sooner than expected.

We fished across the meadow, taking now and then a fair fish, and soon reached the old wall which separates the meadow and swamp. Here is a deep hole, perhaps the deepest on the stream. Freezy stopped here to try conclusions with a resident of that same pool (in fact, Freezy has an old grudge to settle with him). Quietly settling to business at a charming little eddy just below, I was soon startled by a wild whoop and a heavy splash in the stream, and springing up, saw chum's head bobbing around on the water like a huge cork. Now, you can safely bet there was some churning and splashing to reach shore, and he soon stood on *terra firma*, the most thoroughly disgusted looking sportsman I ever beheld (tableau), myself upon the grass, rolling and choking with laughter, Freezy with arms and legs widespread and water streaming from every thread. Glaring at me with a wild light in his eyes, at last his injured feelings found vent in these words: "Oh, laugh, you blarney idiot, laugh! Funny, ain't it?" "Pays you for poaching in my private pool above," said I, but really I was soon sorry for the poor fellow, for his teeth began to chatter with cold. I soon had him in undress uniform, and as I wrung the wet clothing I was entertained by a series of gymnastics indulged in by chum to bring warmth to his numbed body. Now, the fun was all on my side, as this all transpired in a cool wet wind in the rather scant costume of socks and undershirt. It seems in making a long cast he had overbalanced and taken a header into the pool, thereby scoring another failure to capture the big trout. At last we started, chum as comfortable as his wet clothes would permit, but it seems the end was not yet for poor chum. This must have been his unlucky day, for in clambering over the old wall he tripped on a mat of

grapevines, and turning a somers, lit on the back of his neck. Slowly getting up, with a dazed look, he relieved his feelings with these words: "Well, I'll be cussed; if I reach home alive to-night I shall be thankful."

Picking up his loose traps we again sought the stream and, the trout biting well, soon put Freezy in good humor again. Even now the nerves tingle and the heart beats fast as I think of the big trout I lost on that day (and here I had cause for sympathy with poor chum). A sharp bend of the stream caused a deep hole under the bank beneath the roots of a lordly old black oak. Many a great trout have I taken from this place, but the boss of the eddy, for all I know, still remains.

This day I determined to give him a thorough trial, and as luck would have it he was at home and hungry. Wrapping on a No. 2-0 Aberdeen hook and looping on some good worms, I soon had a dainty morsel which no sensible trout could resist. Letting it float down with the current, it settled in under the bank, when there was a mighty swirl of the waters, a sharp tug, and I knew I had hooked the big trout. Then there was business for the scribe. He ran off 50ft. of line in as many seconds, then, turning, he rushed directly toward me, but with my double multiplier I kept up the slack. Once he leaped clear of the water and shook himself savagely in his efforts to dislodge the hook. Well, to be brief, he soon tired, and as the right moment arrived I stepped back to draw him forth, when my heel caught in the roots of the old oak and in a twinkling I was reclining gracefully on my back and my line, with empty hook, wrapped around an overhanging branch.

Well, I gathered myself up and in righteous indignation cuss—blessed those roots, but finally consoled myself with the thought that chum was not there to see my ridiculous tumble. From a momentary glimpse of the trout as he described a parabola in the air when I went to grass, he looked as big as a very small whale. Whistling to Freezy, I soon received an answer, and, joining him, I found him on the sunny side of a large rock eating lunch.

"Well, did you get the big trout?" were his first words. "I came very near it," I replied, in a nonchalant way, thinking at the same time "May I be blessed if you ever will know just how near, chummy;" but I had made up my mind that some time in the near future I would have it out with his troutship.

We finished the lunch and went down to the swamp below the railroad, down where the big fellows live. Here I hooked and landed a trout of 1lb. 6oz., and, considering the difficulties under which I labored it is a miracle that I saved either trout or tackle. Owing to a recent rain the stream was greatly swollen in the swamp. At one place I had noticed an old, partly submerged rail lying across the stream with the ends resting securely among the alders on either bank. Halting a little below I turned and saw a large trout quietly rise just above the old rail and seize a fluttering miller that had fallen in the stream. Under the impulse of the moment I made a cast up stream. As the fly settled on the water the trout grabbed it and down he went, bringing the tip down across the rail with a snap. As the high water would not admit of my passage up the bank, my poor tip had to stand the racket. Try as I would I could do nothing with that blanketed trout; he just hung under that rail and pulled and yanked; but the trusty old lancewood stood the strain nobly, until, getting tired of it all, in spite of his objections I just reeled that trout in till his nose touched the tip, and passing the rod behind me, hauled him out upon the ferns. No danger of losing him, he was hooked clear down to the roots of his tail.

This wound up the day's sport, as it was getting dusk, so we unjoined our rods and started for the home train with a good creel of trout and in good spirits in spite of the many mishaps of the day.

E. M. BROWN.
PRESTON, CONN.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

The Maine Trouting Season of 1893.

BOSTON, Feb. 11.—There is about the usual interest being manifested in ice fishing, but the weather has been so extremely unfavorable that but little real fishing has yet been done. In the event of some warm days the sportsmen, with bait pails and ice chisels, would take to the ponds; but they are not going with the mercury below zero, while being well aware that the ice is thicker than for many years. The recent heavy rain has raised some of the ponds and lakes a foot or two, some of which were remarkably low previous to the storm. This will be favorable to the fishermen as soon as the warmer days come. The Maine papers mention only a few catches of trout. Doubtless there has been much less of fishing done in that State so far in February than is usually the case. All this is favorable to the summer fishing with rod and line. While on the question of spring and summer fishing in Maine, it may not be amiss to mention that indications point to a rather light trouting season in that State. I have met a number of sportsmen of late who usually calculate to make at least one fishing trip into Maine every year. Now they mention giving up their spring trips, at least, and "taking in" the World's Fair. This will be doubly the case, if the Maine Legislature passes the foolish license law, imposing a fee of \$5 on every sportsman who presumes to hunt or fish in that State. I hear more and more of indignation and disgust expressed at the bare idea of such a law. Dozens of sportsmen have already declared that they will not pay it. They will go to Canada or New Brunswick instead of Maine. A gentleman whom I met on Saturday, in speaking of the license matter, expressed it as "the most supreme piece of gall" he had heard of yet. He has spent several seasons in the Rangeley region. He allows that he shall pay the license, if imposed, till he can dispose of his camps. Then he will seek other water. Up to the present writing the license bill had got no further than the Senate, where it was first introduced.

Massachusetts Legislation.

Thus far fish and game legislation has made but little progress in Massachusetts; in fact, the amount of legislation asked for this season is less than usual. It is doubtful if the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association asks for much of legislation this winter. In the first place the feeling is that the committee on fisheries and game is scarcely favorable to the sportsmen, but is more likely to favor such schemes as that of Mr. Gilbert in his endeavors to have it made legal to sell trout in close season. His hearing has come off before the committee, on the question of making the open season on trout begin

on Jan. 15, but up to the present writing the committee has not reported on the matter. In the Maine Legislature but little has yet been accomplished in the way of changes in the fish and game laws. Bills have passed closing one or two ponds in Franklin county to ice-fishing. Commissioner Stanley and several other true friends of fish and game are keeping watch against changes that are likely to prove confusing or positively dangerous.

Some pressure is being brought to bear for a change in the laws, so as to make it possible for the fortunate sportsman to be able to send out, or have sent out, his moose or deer, without the trouble of being obliged to accompany it in person. Considerable feeling on the subject has been several times stirred up of late years by what hunters have termed the hardship or injustice of having their game seized by the wardens for the simple reason that the real owner or actual shooter has not been with it. A change in the law will be asked for covering this point, and I am informed that considerable money and influence from outside the State will be used to forward the change. On the other hand, Commissioner Stanley very wisely says that to change the law so as to allow the taking of game out of the State by anybody whom the sportsman might employ or designate, would simply be to open the entire State to market-hunting. All anybody who happened to kill a deer or a moose, either resident of the State or not, would have to do would be to delegate some person or corporation to take it out of the State and it could easily be landed in Quincy or Faneuil Hall markets in a few hours. The friends of game protection in Maine will fight against any change in this part of the law. The number of Maine deer landed in the Boston markets the past season has been very small, notwithstanding the remarkably great number killed. In fact almost the only Maine deer seen in these markets have been shot by the marketmen themselves or some members of their hunting parties. To make any changes in the Maine game laws that would tend to again allow of the marketing of Maine deer, the true friends of game protection would regard as a great mistake. It has already been told of in the FOREST AND STREAM that previous to the non-export game law in Maine, over 800 Maine deer were numbered at one time in the Boston markets. That such indiscriminate marketing of game may never again be allowed, is most devoutly to be hoped.

Mr. John Bartleman, who, with his mother, has made it his summer home at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, Me., for several seasons, will leave Boston for that place the first of April. He intends to be on the ground early this year. Last year he took several very large trout. His mother also has a record of a 5-pounder.

The floating hotel, John S. Danforth, has been all winter thus far in reaching her destination, New Smyrna, Fla. A special dispatch to the Maine papers the other day announced her safe arrival after a very bad passage. She arrived most too late for many guests and many excursionists this year.

Mr. R. A. Tuttle, of Boston, the well-known proprietor of Lake Point Cottage, Rangeley Lake, Me., denies the report published in the papers that he had purchased the Elmwood at Phillips, Me., once a very celebrated hotel with the Rangeley Lake fishermen. The glory of that hotel has waned. The railroad has gone through to Rangeley and the sportsmen have no occasion to stop over night at Phillips.

That Trout in Close Season Bill.

A bill, ostensibly to allow Mr. Gilbert to sell trout in the close season, has been introduced in the House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and has passed to a third reading, which really means its final passage in the House. The friends of fish protection are to oppose it in the Senate, where they hope to defeat it. Last year a bill of the same nature passed both houses, it will be remembered, but was vetoed by the Governor. Fortunately Massachusetts has the same Governor this year, and he is just as much of a sensible gentleman and as much of a sportsman as he was a year ago.

Bullheads a la Kekoskee.

THERE is great fishing at Beaver Dam, Wis. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* describes it thus: "Over a hundred men and boys are there all the time, dipping fish out of large, square holes in the ice with flat, square nets. Each time a net is lifted, which is about once in five minutes, the fisherman secures from half a peck to a bushel of the finny tribe. Ofttimes the nets are too full to lift, and have to be let down again to let some of the fish escape before it is possible to draw the net out of the water; or the owner calls for help from his nearest neighbor. The fish caught are principally bullheads, with now and then some perch, pickerel and suckers."

"The place where these fish are caught is among a lot

of springs, where the fish go for warm water. It is not every winter that fish may be thus easily captured, but only when the winter is very cold and the ice thick, the fish then flock in vast schools to these springs. It was formerly believed that they went there for air, but this idea is dispelled by the fact that in ordinary winters, other conditions being the same, when it is not so cold, no fish can be found. They are not always found at the same place, either; sometimes changing to other localities of the same nature of which there are several.

"Some fishermen, not having nets, make good catches by chopping two holes in the ice several rods apart. The holes soon fill up with bullheads and all the fisherman has to do is to scoop them out with a pitchfork. When one hole is cleaned out he goes to the other one while the first one fills up again. Sometimes the pressure from the fish below force the upper ones way out of the water on the ice. Many fishermen catch as high as fifty bushels of fish in one day, and the price they bring is from twenty to forty cents per bushel. The market is right there on the ice. Farmers come from a radius of forty miles to buy fish. Usually several farmers club together and send a man and team here for a load of fish which consists of from forty to sixty bushels. Some use double wagon boxes while others use frozen pickerel for side stakes to keep the bullheads from falling off. All day long loads of fish are seen passing through Beaver Dam. Sometimes as many as twenty loaded sleighs may be seen at one time coming off the lake on their way home. Quite an extensive business is carried on by shippers who buy the fish, dress them and ship them to the city markets where they find a ready sale at good prices; some are also sold by the basket in neighboring towns."

The Appleton *Crescent*, Feb. 8, records: "The great fish catch on Beaver Dam lake is growing greater. Three Elser brothers succeeded in catching twenty loads of bullheads in one day a few days ago with nets, which netted them \$297 for their one day's work. Many are making from \$10 to \$20 per day catching fish."

Wyoming Valley Notes.

A WILKES-BARRE, Pa., correspondent, Mr. George W. Lung, writes of the changes which have taken place in that famous angling center within the last decade:

"Wilkes-Barre has grown asphalted streets and many large buildings, and the electric cars run all about. Soon they will run from Nanticoke to Carbondale; but the growing mountains of coal culm are everywhere destroying the beauty of the valley, and, by reason of many being on fire, send into the air much noxious gas."

"Last year I spent mostly at Harvey's Lake, and although I saw fish, I was not successful in getting them into possession. Either the fish food was so abundant, or our hooks were not alluring, or something else prevented us from catching more than a few."

"About six or seven years ago Dr. Crawford and Mr. Butler put into the lake several thousand lake trout. They are often seen in the wake of steamers, and are reported as high as 3ft. long. Perhaps a dozen have been caught, one of which was 27in. long and weighed about 3½lbs. Black bass are in the lake and they too are shy of the hook."

"I was at the lake recently and made soundings, to learn the true depth of water, and found the deepest was 65ft. The usual sayings, oft repeated, of no bottom spoken mysteriously of by the old lake dwellers prompted the true measurement."

"The new railroad route to North Mountain is completed, and trains will soon run from here via Harvey's Lake to Towanda, and a link is soon to be done when trains will come from Williamsport by the same route. This will open up a vast forest retreat to city people, who may hide away where pure water and air may be enjoyed in the midst of little lakes sparkling in their pristine beauty and trout streams not yet robbed of their treasures."

River Cruises for "C. J. L."

STAUNTON, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your correspondent "C. J. L.," of Detroit, seeks information in regard to an eligible fishing and canoeing stream for a two or three weeks' outing in the spring. There are so many fine streams near him that he may well be embarrassed in his choice. Permit me to suggest a few. The great Miami River, in Ohio, will furnish him a delightful two weeks' cruise from Sidney to Hamilton or Lawrenceburg, Ind. In the Ohio, just below the mouth of the Miami, the river is swift and full of little rifts, and the Miami Valley is beautiful. The Wabash River, in Indiana, from Huntington to Terre Haute will also furnish a lovely two weeks' trip, or he may embark at Warsaw and descend the Tippecanoe to the Wabash, and thence to Terre Haute. The White River (West Fork) from Muncie to the Wabash will profitably employ from two to three weeks, as will also the East Fork of White River from Shelbyville to the Wabash. The St. Joseph River from Elkhart to Lake Michigan is also good for two weeks. The best time to cruise these Ohio or Indiana rivers is in June, as the water is better, the weather not so hot and malaria not so apt to be around. The country is beautiful and well settled with houses, and railroad stations every few miles. Good bass fishing is found in most or all of these streams also.

If "C. J. L." wants to try a little rougher water let him come East to the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Potomac, or my own favorite, the Shenandoah, upon which I cruise every year; but I doubt if his Parker B. Field canoe would stand a trip through one of these rough mountain streams.

COMMODORE.

Objects to "Rodster."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to file a protest against Brother Starbuck using the word "rodster" when he means the man using the "fishin' pole." We can stand all his highfalutin' heights of poetry (quoted), but when he expects us to swallow "rodster" it is time to kick. Had he occasion to speak of a "bullwhacker" he would doubtless, and with equal propriety, call him a "whipster," or a man using a gun a "gunster," or a small boy wielding a fish pole a "polester."

Give us a word, Brother S., with a little more American sense in it. "Rodster" is a little too "English ye know" for the digestion of a plain old

HOOSIER.

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Fishculture.

Salmon Fisheries of Alaska.

The Secretary of the Treasury has transmitted to the Senate the report of Special Agent Max Pracht upon the Alaska salmon fisheries for the season of 1892. Owing to the delay of Congress in making the necessary appropriation for the protection of those fisheries, the agent did not reach Sitka until the latter part of September, and he was unable to determine accurately how far the streams had been obstructed by barricades and other means of preventing the ascent of the spawning fish. He found numerous instances, however, in which they had been partly or entirely closed by fences, dams, fish wheels or traps, all of which were removed before the arrival of the agent.

The natives violate the law systematically, and cannot be prevented by a fine, as they are almost uniformly without property. Mr. Pracht recommends that imprisonment be made an alternative punishment for this offense.

A salmon hatchery is in operation at the establishment of Calbreath & Co. at Point Ellis, on Kuiu Island. A strict application of the law, however, will prevent the use of the dams necessary for fishcultural purposes.

The pack of salmon is reported to have been 457,969 cases of 48lbs. each in cans, besides 15,252 barrels and 4,245 half-barrels of salted whole salmon, and 35 barrels and 36 half-barrels of salted bellies. The value of the pack was \$2,064,340.

Some difficulties arose between the native fishermen and a party of fishermen from British Columbia. Complaint was made to Mr. Pracht, and he referred the dispute to the Treasury Department for action. The decision of the Solicitor of the Treasury was that aliens cannot claim and hold salmon fisheries, or control streams that carry salmon in Alaska.

"Besides, Congress has reserved to the United States the exclusive right to regulate the taking of salmon, and to prevent the destruction of salmon in Alaska."

Other fishing industries in the Territory are based upon the cod, halibut, eulachon, herring and dogfish, the aggregate value of fishery products amounting to upward of two and one-fourth million dollars.

One of the curious little fish of Alaska is the eulachon or candle fish, which is said to spawn only in glacial rivers. The flesh is so rich in fat that when dried it will burn like a piece of pitch pine; yet there is probably no better pan-fish in the Pacific waters. The fat although extracted by a process of putrefaction, is pronounced sweet and is used as a substitute for butter and in place of cod liver oil.

The New Hampshire Fish Commission.

WE have received from Col. E. B. Hodge the report of the Fish and Game Commissioners of New Hampshire for the year ending Dec. 1, 1892.

One of the Commissioners, Col. George W. Riddle, retired from the Commission in November, on account of ill-health. Col. Riddle's retirement is to be regretted. He had been on the Commission for ten years, and during this time rendered valuable service.

The drought in September and October last year did great damage to the trout streams in many parts of the State.

During the past year the Commissioners have paid special attention to the cultivation and distribution of indigenous fishes, more especially the lake trout (*S. namaycush*). East Pond, in Enfield, and Mascoma Lake have been liberally stocked with this fish. A general stocking of all waters suitable for lake trout is proposed. In regard to this matter the Commissioners say: "Such ponds should have an area of not less than five hundred acres, with sufficient depth to give a temperature at bottom of not less than 55°, with plenty of small minnows, or, what is better, fresh-water smelt for food."

River herring (alewives) are mentioned as of considerable importance, and the Commissioners hope that a fishway will soon be put up at the Exeter dam to enable these fish to ascend the river, where they would find extensive spawning grounds.

The eighteen miles of coast line of the State of New Hampshire has yielded an annual catch of 140,000lbs. of lobsters. The total catch of lobsters on the whole New England coast in 1889 is given as 30,449,603lbs., valued at \$833,736.

During the last few years the decline in the number and size of the lobsters taken has been "such as to demand prompt action by the several States," and the New Hampshire Commissioners think that "there is no valid reason why all the States interested cannot unite in such uniform laws and regulations as will have a tendency to check the decline and eventually restore the fishery to its former abundance."

The work of the Commission has steadily increased. The number of eggs taken from native fish in 1889 was 125,000, while in 1892 the number of young fish handled was 2,912,000, all native fish except 125,000.

Attention is called to the pollution of streams by saw dust and mill refuse. It is stated that many of the finest trout streams in the State are now destitute of these noble fish. Rotting masses of saw dust fill the eddies and cover the bottom of the streams, sending off poisonous gases, so that even the insect life is driven from the water. As an example of what this kind of pollution will do, the Ammonoosuc River, in the northern part of the State, is referred to. Not many years ago this was a clear, limpid stream, and well stocked with trout. Mills were built and all the saw dust and refuse were dumped into its pure waters. To-day its condition is said to be a disgrace to the State.

The same fate threatens the beautiful Pemigewasset. "Steam mills are being built with the intention of dumping all the refuse into the river, to the destruction of fish life and immense damage to the riparian owners below."

There are now seven hatcheries in New Hampshire. Three of the hatcheries handled lake trout only, the others brook trout and salmon.

At the Plymouth station 2,460 wild trout have been added to the stock of breeders. These trout, which were 5in. and upward in length, cost but \$3 per hundred delivered at the hatchery. In 1892, 1,150,000 young fry were distributed from the Plymouth station. Of this number 608,000 were brook trout; 215,000 lake trout; 15,000 golden trout (*aureolus*); 75,000 landlocked salmon; 200,000 Penobscot salmon; 25,000 rainbow trout.

From Keene station 70,000 brook trout were distributed and 50,000 lake trout.

From Colebrook station, 35,000 brook trout and 25,000 landlocked salmon.

From Sunapee station, 44,000 landlocked salmon and 125,000 brook trout, also 105,000 golden trout and 25,000 Loch Leven trout.

From the Laconia station 750,000 lake trout were distributed.

From Bristol station, 550,000 lake trout.

In reference to Sunapee Lake the Commissioners say: "Some very fine hybrids were taken at the mouth of Pike Brook and also among the aureolus on the spawning beds in the lake. The fishing in the lake this season was better than last. The number of brook trout and salmon taken showed a marked increase over previous years. The aureolus, or golden trout, in size and numbers were fully up to the average."

Attention is called to the many attractions of Squam Lake. "This beautiful sheet of water is fast coming into notice as a great summer resort. The scenery around the lake is not excelled by any other in New England. * * * To meet the demand for better fishing by the summer residents it has

been well stocked with black bass." Large plants of lake trout are also being made in this lake.

Acknowledgments are made to the various railroads for the free transportation of fishes and to the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for donation of eggs.

In the appendix to the report is published the report of State Fish and Game Detective B. P. Chadwick; statistics of the fisheries of New Hampshire, taken from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1892; report on the conference of the Fish and Game Commissioners of the New England States; report on the lobster, by S. Garman, and a list of the Fish Commissioners of the United States and Canada.

Washington Bridge.

One of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the world is the Washington Bridge. This engineering marvel of bronze, steel and stone is one of the sights of the metropolis. It spans the picturesque Harlem River and the tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad at 181st street, New York. The length of the bridge is 2,375ft., height 133.5ft. above the river. It has two steel arches, each with a span of 510ft., supported by three stone piers and two stone abutments. The piers are 98ft. long and 40ft. thick, of solid concrete, faced with dressed granite. The abutments are semi-circular arches of masonry, each having a span of 60ft. There are a 50ft. driveway and two footways, each 15ft. wide. It cost \$2,700,000. A photograph etching of the famous view of Washington Bridge, taken by Mr. W. H. Jackson, the noted landscape photographer of Denver, Colorado, has just been issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central. The Journal has received a copy. It is a splendid piece of work, the finest example of this style of art produced in recent years. It is the work of the New York Photogravure Co., which fact alone is a guarantee of its excellence. A copy of this beautiful etching, 17x22in., on fine plate paper, 24x32, can be obtained at the New York Central ticket offices, No. 413 Broadway, No. 942 Broadway, or at Grand Central Station, New York; No. 333 Washington street, Brooklyn; or of Frank J. Wolf, General Albany Station, Albany; W. E. Brown, City Passenger Agent, No. 127 Washington street, Syracuse; J. C. Kalbfleisch, City Passenger Agent, No. 11 East Main street, Rochester; Edson J. Weeks, General Agent, No. 1 Exchange street, Buffalo; W. B. Jerome, General Western Agent, No. 97 Clark street, Chicago; or of Carleton C. Crane, Pacific Coast Agent, No. 10 Montgomery street, San Francisco, for 30cents; or it will be sent free, post paid, to any address on receipt of 75 cents in stamps or money order, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Albany Evening Journal*.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. James Watson, Sec'y.
Feb. 25 to 28.—East Side Close Feb. 25.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 17.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Dillender, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 25.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
March 28 to 31.—Illinois Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Don't forget that Philadelphia entries close Feb. 17, with Jas. Watson, Philadelphia Tattersall's, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

The Derby.

NEW ALBANY, Miss.—There were 21 starters in the Derby, which was an excellent percentage of the entries. Quite a number of names are familiar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, they belonging to dogs which ran in the trials last year, and which therefore figured in the reports.

The judges were Messrs. F. I. Stone, Chattanooga; P. H. Bryson, Memphis, and Dr. M. F. Rogers, New Albany, Miss. On Sunday evening Mr. Bryson announced that Mr. J. M. Tracy, who had been engaged to act as a judge through the trials, would not be present, and that the club would leave the selection of the third judge to the handlers. The latter consulted a few moments and immediately thereafter announced that Dr. M. F. Rogers was their choice, which was a wise selection.

Birds were in abundance, and large, fine birds they were; strong, too, of wing and swift of foot. The club's care, as represented through the personal skill, attention and energy of Dr. Rogers and Capt. Bias, in planting numerous sorghum patches to provide a constant food supply for the birds, and their care in protecting the grounds from poaching, are the prime causes of the great numbers of birds which were on the field trial grounds. Dr. Rogers had caused a number of small sorghum patches, 60 or 70, I think, to be planted here and there over the club grounds. As a consequence the beaves were large, from 12 to 20 strong. Well grown birds were in each bevy, thus demonstrating what one or two energetic members can accomplish when they make the endeavor. It has demonstrated that skill and effort can make a certainty of what heretofore in field trial matters has been left almost entirely to chance.

Rabbits were in abundance and marred the competition somewhat, in that the dogs frequently pointed them and sometimes were tempted to chase. The unfavorable weather added greatly to the difficulty of the competition, the birds scattering and running from the points whenever they could safely do so.

There was a large attendance of spectators. Messrs. J. N. Seale, B. A. Parsons, J. R. Rogers, J. D. King, from Jackson, Tenn., visited New Albany in their private car. There were also Messrs. T. M. Brumby, the secretary; F. S. Ward, Oxnore, Ala.; J. Slocum, Star Island, Mich.; H. H. Mayberry and T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala.; Dr. W. G. Moore and T. G. Barstow, St. Louis; B. Bedford, Whyte Bedford, F. R. King, Lighton, Ala.; Major J. M. Taylor, M. Essig, Natchez, Mich.; Mr. Coe, Baltimore; Mr. Shriver and Mr. Mundy, and many others. About fifty horsemen were present most of the time each day of the trials.

MONDAY.

First Series.

The weather was cloudy and dark in the forenoon, with threatening signs of rain. In the midday hours the sun shone forth a short while, then the clouds again gathered, and a light, misty rain set in for a short while at nightfall.

Twenty-nine beves of birds were found during the day, all full, large beves, of big, strong birds. The numerous sorghum patches afforded abundance of food, and they also made the finding of the birds comparatively easy, their homes being in the vicinity of their food supply.

The work on the whole was uniformly good, although nothing that was really brilliant was done. Each brace ran 45 minutes.

They were drawn in the following order:

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

with
R. B. Morgan's black, white and tan bitch Ruby Blade (Toledo Blade—Zulu C.), owner, handler.

H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan dog Spot Cash (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), E. Gray, handler,

with
J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan bitch Clio (Gun—Victoria Laverack), owner, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

with
H. S. Bevan's black, white and tan dog Paul Dombey (Chance—Nettie Bevan), owner, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

with
F. F. Myles's black, white and tan dog Modoc (Dan Gladstone—Princess Joy), S. J. McCartney, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s liver and white dog Spot (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler,

with
T. T. Ashford's black and white pointer dog Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), N. E. Nesbitt, handler.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lillian Russell (Philip Gladstone—Lark), Thos. Bond, handler,

with
J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), owner, handler.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog Rex the King (Lad B.—Phyllis), Thomas Bond, handler,

with
Blue Ridge Kennels' orange and white dog Hope's Mint (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Hamlet (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

with
P. Lorillard, Jr.'s white and lemon bitch Maiden Mine (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), C. Tucker, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler,

with
Graphic Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Ridgeview Beppo (Beppo III.—Revelation), M. Short, handler.

Manchester Kennel Company's black, white and tan dog Glean's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler,

with
J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog Direct (Gun—Victoria Laverack), owner, handler.

Royal Robinson's black, white and tan bitch Gaiety (Lone Jack—Gay Rhoebe), a bye, Geo. E. Gray, handler.

KINGSTON AND RUBY BLADE started at 7:58. The latter had no work on birds before last November, Mr. Morgan informed me, therefore was comparatively inexperienced. Kingston ranged with dash and fairly good judgment, casting wide and working industriously. He found and pointed a bevy well in heavy grass. As Ruby was being brought up to back she flushed, which was partially excusable under the circumstances, although she ought to have shown a recognition of the presence of the birds. On the scattered birds Kingston in woods pointed one bird well. Ruby refused to back, went in and flushed the bird. Kingston still held his point on a remaining bird and Ruby pointed the same one. Ruby next pointed a single nicely in woods, then pressed forward and flushed it. She had good speed but her performance on birds was faulty.

CLIO AND SPOT CASH started at 8:45 in the open field. Spot made a rigid point, up wind of the bevy as it afterward proved. He roared to a point on it and was steady to shot. A detour was taken to get the wind of the scattered birds. Clio made a good point on a single, an outlying bird of a bevy. As the judges rode up they flushed the rest of the bevy. Clio pointed indifferently well, starting in the midst of a large number of scattered birds. Spot pointed scattered birds in open sedge. He showed a good nose. Clio would follow for a few seconds now and then. Both drew nicely to a point on a bird which flushed wild. Spot was the better ranger and showed better judgment. Each backed and was steady to wing and shot. Spot did not maintain his dash when working on birds.

CHEVALIER AND PAUL DOMBEY started at 9:34 and ran an excellent heat, although they did not succeed in finding many birds. They worked industriously and boldly, showing skill and good training. Chevalier made three points on single birds, Paul three points on singles and one bevy. Both roared well on a bevy which flushed wild in a cornfield. Paul went to his birds the better of the two, he carrying a high nose and locating and pointing with precision.

LOCHINVAR AND MODOC began at 10:29. There were several opportunities for good work, which the dogs neglected. Both ranged well and at good speed. Some of the work on birds was good, some poor. Modoc pointed one bevy and a single bird, and made two points to which there were no birds. Lochinvar pointed three times on birds and false pointed once. Both were steady to shot and wing.

SPORT AND KENT ELGIN began at 11:19. There was little work done on birds. Sport pointed a bevy after roading it some yards, Kent joining in the roading and in the point. Kent pointed a single bird well. Both ranged well, the pointer the better of the two.

LUNCH was eaten at Capt. Bias's place. LILLIAN RUSSELL AND LADY MARGUERITE were started at 1:23. The latter showed excellent qualities. She ranged wide, carried a high nose, and went to her birds quickly and accurately, and showed work of a high order, it, however, being marred slightly by some unsteadiness. She pointed a bevy and four singles. Lillian pointed one single. Each backed well. Lillian was disposed to tag the pointer in the first half of the heat. The pointer showed excellent capabilities. It is the best one Major Purcell has shown in many years.

REX THE KING AND HOPE'S MINT began at 2:14. The former made only a fair showing. He pointed a single bird, backed well and was industrious. Hope's Mint pointed five singles and a bevy. He ranged wide and fast and made an excellent showing.

GAIETY ran a bye heat with Clio, commencing at 2:25. She made a good showing, though her work was hardly up to field-trial form. She found and pointed a bevy of birds nicely and made one good point on a single. Clio was a running mate and her work did not count in the competition in this heat.

HAMLET AND MAIDEN MINE both ran below their form of last year. They started at 3:1. Maiden flushed one bevy and pointed two. She pointed a single well. Hamlet made a good point on a single and also made a false point. Maiden had the better speed and range.

DICK FOX AND RIDGEVIEW BEPPO started at 3:48. Beppo

ranged wide and fast, but showed over-caution in the presence of the birds, although he pointed them with courage and staunchness in the beginning of the heat. Dick worked industriously and ranged fast and wide. He pointed a woodcock and made six points on quail. Beppo made a good point on a single. He had a good range and was fast and industrious.

DIRECT AND GLEAM'S PINK began at 5. The point work on birds was inferior. Pink flushed part of a bevy. Direct flushed twice. He next pointed three times and wound up the heat and day by pointing two birds. Pink made two flushes and a good point on a single bird and once on foot-scent.

TUESDAY.

In the morning the weather was freezing cold, and there was a damp rawness in the atmosphere which added to the discomfort of being out doors. A stiff north wind blew steadily throughout the day. The birds were handled in such protecting nooks and thickets as they could find, and moved very little, nor will they stir till hunger drives them forth in search of food, if the present cold weather continues long.

But one heat was run in the forenoon. It was so unsatisfactory that the competition was discontinued till after lunch. The birds were not moving, therefore the decision to return to town was a wise one.

The work throughout the day was light in quantity and inferior in quality, as might easily be anticipated would be the case under such unfavorable weather conditions, so widely different from those of the previous day.

Second Series.

Thirteen dogs were taken into the second series, and were run in the following order:

SPORT AND LADY MARGARET were started at 9:39 and ran till 10:06, the only work on birds being an excusable flush of a bevy by Sport. The judges announced the suspension of the competition till after lunch. This decision was most welcome to all, and it was promptly acted on, all riding to town. The dogs ranged well at good speed.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND KENT ELGIN were cast off at 1:53 and ran 45m. Lillian pointed a bevy nicely in tall sedge grass and was steady to shot. Kent was not near to back. In pine woods on scattered birds, Lill going across wind, flushed a single bird. Kent flushed twice, in a measure excusable, as both handlers were rushing their dogs. Next Lill flushed a bevy of which she did not have the wind. She flushed a single, then pointed one which flushed wild; Kent at the same time standing close by, backing or pointing. Kent flushed a bird, and the heat soon thereafter ended. Both dogs were fast and ranged well. Lillian the better.

HOPE'S MINT AND MAIDEN MINE began at 2:42. Maiden located and pointed two birds nicely in open sedge, held her point for a few moments, then jumped in and flushed them, but immediately resumed a point, nothing more was found to it. Hope false pointed and next pointed a wounded bird well. Maiden pointed a rabbit. Next she false pointed. In a hollow in woods a large bevy was seen to rise and Hope was in close proximity to it, but whether he flushed it or not no one knew. He beat to and fro, following rapidly in its wake. Maiden made four good points on single birds. Hope next flushed a single. Each backed well and was steady to shot. Maiden made many points which she discovered were erroneous, but she frittered away time in so doing. Both were fast rangers. Down 49m. Neither one showed sufficient merit to remain further in the competition.

LOCHINVAR AND PAUL DOMBEY commenced at 3:35 and ran 40m. On some scattered birds of a bevy flushed by the judges Lochinvar got two points. Paul showed over caution when working on scattered birds, and also showed a preference for backing. He carried himself well and pointed or backed in dashing style. He made a bad chase on a single bird. Lochinvar pointed a single and was backed, which ended the work on birds in this heat. Each was speedy and diligent. Lochinvar was lacking in quickness in locating and pointing single birds.

MODOC AND CHEVALIER commenced at 4:24 and ran 42m. Modoc pointed some scattered birds and was backed. Some birds flushed a few yards ahead of Modoc, and McCartney ordered him on, but he held his point firmly. On being ordered on again he moved and flushed a single bird close to him in front. Chevalier was headstrong and disobedient. After beating out the ground diligently for about a half hour, both got a point on a bevy which had been located by the whistling of some of the birds in it. Sent on, Modoc pointed at the edge of the run, a few yards ahead of where he pointed the bevy. He did not have the birds located to suit him, so moved on to cross the run. In the mean time Lochinvar, nearly on the opposite side, pointed the bevy. A vent shot as the bevy rose. His gun burst the left barrel at the muzzle, blowing about 3in. off the end of it. A piece of it struck Mr. McCartney sharply on the rim of his hat, over his eyes. No injury was done to him, nor did the other pieces hit any one, which was most fortunate. On the scattered birds Modoc flushed a single, then pointed. McCartney failed to flush. He ordered the dog on. In obeying Modoc flushed the bird, which was close to him. Chevalier flushed a single, and soon thereafter the heat ended. Modoc showed positive superiority over his competitor.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning was clear and bright, with prospects of a good working day. The ground was frozen hard, but gradually thawed as the day advanced. The favorable signs disappeared in the early forenoon. Clouds overcast the sky, a raw wind set in and the conditions for good work were again unfavorable. Some fairly good work was done nevertheless. Birds were found in reasonable numbers. A late start was made, to avoid the sharp cold of the early morning.

DICK FOX AND KINGSTON started at 10:17, the latter taking the place of Gaiety, which was withdrawn on the previous day on account of sickness. Soon after starting Kingston was lost some minutes. Rabbits were so abundant that soon after Kingston was found the dogs were taken to other grounds. Dick pointed a bevy nicely in sedge. At this time Kingston was absent, he showing an intense liking for rabbit chasing, which kept him out of sight constantly. Dick ranged well, was speedy and had good judgment. Up at 10:54.

SPORT AND LADY MARGARET were the next brace, but the mules which furnished the power to haul the wagon containing Major Purcell's four dogs became gay and ran away, spilling out the two crates of dogs in a most irregular manner. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the dogs, aside from a bad fright and a severe shaking up, were uninjured. While the mules were being caught and the dogs rearranged the next brace was called.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND MAIDEN MINE commenced their heat at 11:07. Maiden false-pointed repeatedly, greatly marring her work. Lillian pointed two bevs and two single birds. Maiden pointed one single bird. Her work was very inferior. Both were reliable backers. Up at 12:17.

The party then went to lunch.

SPORT AND LADY MARGARET were started at 1:08. Sport, at the start, ranged a bit narrow compared to his previous work, but improved as the heat progressed, and was soon going in good form. He pointed two bevs and made a good point on scattered birds. Lady worked industriously, but was not under perfect control. Sport worked his ground with judgment, displaying excellent bird sense. Lady's

work was inferior to that of her first heat in every respect. Up at 1:50.

Third Series.

Eight dogs were left in, two of which had little showing in such competition.

LOCHINVAR AND MODOC were started at 2:02. Lochinvar pointed a bevy and pointed twice on scattered birds. He flushed twice and had a half interest in a flush with Modoc. The latter pointed once and flushed once. Lochinvar false pointed twice. Both showed good speed and range. Modoc the better and more regular searcher. Up at 2:30.

CHEVALIER AND DICK FOX were cast off at 2:35. Chevalier made a point on a bevy which he had not located accurately and made two points on scattered birds, and one false point. Dick made two points on singles. Chevalier lagged after him betimes. Dick being the speedier and his range was the better. Up at 3:29.

SPORT AND SPOT CASH started at 3:32. Spot Cash ranged well and showed good speed, but when birds were found he worked poorly. Sport pointed a bevy and a single bird, and flushed once excusably. Spot Cash made a false point. Both were industrious. Sport was the more intelligent worker. Both backed well and were steady to shot. Up at 3:47.

Fourth Series.

SPORT AND LILLIAN RUSSELL began at 4:03. Sport flushed part of a bevy in woods, then pointed the rest of it. On scattered birds in open sedge Sport got three points, Lillian one and a flush. Lillian pointed a bevy after first flushing two birds of it. Up at 4:17. Both ranged well and made a good showing, Sport the better.

LOCHINVAR AND CHEVALIER were started at 4:26 and ran till 5. They ranged poorly and irregularly, taking narrow casts and coming in toward their handler when they should have remained out at work. Lochinvar flushed two birds, pointed a bevy and made a false point. Chevalier made one good point on a single.

THURSDAY.

An hour's sunshine in the middle of the forenoon evolved from a dark, drizzling, unpromising morning. Gradually the sky again darkened and so remained. A stiff wind blew during the afternoon. The temperature was comfortably warm.

Birds were found in sufficient numbers, but the work done on them was inferior. They ran so fast and far that it was more than ordinarily difficult for the dogs to do good point work or roading.

SPORT AND DICK FOX began, at 8:57, the final heat for first place. Sport was first to make game. He pointed, then roaded on to locate the birds which were running swiftly through the open sedge field. Dick was permitted to join in and both pointed the bevy. On scattered birds Sport flushed twice. Sent on to find another bevy, Sport caught scent and, Dick joining in, both dogs roaded and pointed. The handlers hurried them too much. They were cast off the scent and sent on a course away from the bevy which had been seen running on the ground and was afterward flushed by a horseman. Up at 9:32. Both dogs showed good speed and range.

The judges immediately announced the winners, namely, Sport first, Dick Fox second, Lochinvar, Chevalier and Lillian Russell equal third. First prize, \$400; second prize, \$250; third prize, \$200.

Chevalier and Lochinvar had run a very inferior heat on Wednesday afternoon, and were far from equal to Lillian Russell or Modoc in the class of work done. They, however, had made a few points which were sharp and good, but they had made a number which were uncertain and faulty. In range and judgment they were inferior, one heat with another, to Modoc, and inferior to him in point work.

The All-Age Stake.

Immediately after the Derby was finished the All-Age Stake began. The judges in this stake were Dr. Rogers, Messrs. F. I. Stone and A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.

The quality of the work, considering it as a whole, was poor. Errors and faulty work were common, although, in extenuation, the bad weather conditions should be considered. The work on the first day was particularly bad.

There were 19 entries, drawn to run as follows: F. F. Myles's black, white and tan dog Jesse James (Zazoo—Dimple), S. J. McCartney, handler,

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Novelist (Rod-erigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. W. Renfro's black, white and tan dog Gleam II. (Gleam—Tuberoise), A. P. Gilliam, handler,

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Rupert (Roder-igo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s white and lemon bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler,

Blue Ridge Kennels' liver and white setter dog Bob Cooper (Roy d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white pointer dog Flock-finder III., owner, handler,

H. S. Bevan's black, white and tan dog Whyte B. (Roder-igo—Florence Gladstone), owner, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Bettye S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler,

H. M. Short's black, white and tan dog Jean (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson), owner, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler,

A. P. Gilliam's black, white and tan dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Rhett), owner, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s white and lemon bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler,

F. S. Ward's black, white and tan dog Rod Roi d'Or (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.), H. M. Short, handler.

Whyte Bedford's lemon and white bitch Zulu M. (Toledo Blade—Rhett), A. P. Gilliam, handler,

F. F. Myles's blue belton dog Jack the Ripper (Dan Gladstone—Maggie G.), S. J. McCartney, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white pointer dog Jupiter Tom Bowline—Belle C.), owner, handler,

P. H. Bryson's black, white and tan dog Tremont (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

J. R. Purcell's liver and white pointer bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swivellet—Countess Bang), a bye, owner, handler.

Lora was withdrawn when called to run, and the bye dog was run in her place. It was rumored that she had symptoms of distemper.

The spectators followed the trials with interest undiminished day after day. There were a few who were a source of

constant annoyance to judges and handlers by the inconsiderate manner in which they pressed to the front. Many times the crowd was too close on the dogs and interfered with the work simply by being in the way.

Some dogs were run unnecessarily long, and it seemed as if the trials could have been run in a shorter time, at the same time with fairness to all the competitors.

The weather was consistently bad throughout and the badness was badly mixed. Betimes it was painfully cold, or windy, or rainy, or muddy, or muggy, or damp, or many of these at the same time. The sun shone but once, then but a short time. Of course, under such conditions, the birds were more difficult to work upon.

The decisions were received with a fair degree of favor, a few being dissatisfied because they did not get more, some being dissatisfied because this few got so much, and a fair ratio being dissatisfied because they did not get anything. The man-who-will-not-come-to-the-trials-next-year was in number several. The man-who-will-not-come-to-the-trials-next-year is not a bad man at heart. He desires to make the club feel bad because it will not have any trial if he remains away. Thus they will see their mistake. But, bless you, his stern look will melt into a sweet smile by the time of the next trials. He then will run his dogs to help the club and incidentally to help himself.

The club held a kind of informal meeting on Thursday night and decided to hold the trials next year on the first Monday in February. It elected the same officers and established the same stakes for next year.

The list of officers is as follows: President, J. W. Renfro; First Vice-President, Pat Henry; Second Vice-President, W. R. Holliday; Secretary-Treasurer, T. M. Brumby.

No president or vice-president was present at the meeting. The time limit still obtains at these trials, and the same running to kill time, which is one of the peculiarities of the time limit, was witnessed. As a substitute or adjunct of brains the time limit is a failure.

First Series.

JESSE JAMES AND NOVELIST were started at 9:49. Novelist had the wider and better range, and her execution in finding and pointing was better. She found and pointed a bevy, and made a point on the scattered birds of it. Jesse pointed a bevy. He did not stay out at his work properly and pottered betimes. Up at 10:23.

GLEAM II. AND RUPELT were cast off at 11:30. Soon after starting Rupert Mr. Avent desired to withdraw him on account of his sickness, but the judges declined to admit it. Rupert had fair range and speed, but he did not remain out at his work properly. Gleam pointed and roaded running birds in sedge, doing it steadily and well. Rupert was allowed to join in the roading although he had not contributed at all to the find, and under the rules had no right to interfere. He pointed several times. Gleam, after much roading, got a good point a few yards up-wind of the bevy. On the scattered birds Rupert pointed one. Gleam roaded a swiftly running bird and pointed it. Up at 11:15.

MISS RUBY AND BOB COOPER began at 11:19. Miss Ruby's range was narrow, though she worked industriously. Bob showed good speed and range, yet his performance was of the ordinary kind. Bob pointed two bevs, a single bird and scored a retrieve. Both were steady to shot. Up at 10:04.

FLOCKFINDER AND WHYTE B. ran a common kind of heat, beginning at 11:08. Whyte pointed a bevy after having flushed an outlying bird. He made three more points, two false points and a flush. Flockfinder scored a point on a bevy, a point on a single and a retrieve. Both worked diligently. Up at 12:50. Whyte was much the better and showed better capabilities than the work done would indicate.

The party then went to lunch.

BETTYE S. AND JEAN, at 1:53, began their heat. Bettye flushed a bevy. She pointed a bird in open sedge. Jean was disobedient and headstrong, working and staying out beyond control. He flushed a bird in open sedge. He next pointed, and Bettye ran in and stopped to order when close to Jean. Sent on, some work was done on a bevy in sedge, which ended in a flush, but which dog did it I could not see. When on the scattered birds the dogs were again hidden by sedge. Some of the spectators said that Jean pointed the birds and Bettye flushed them. Up at 2:37. Jean was difficult to control. Bettye worked to the gun, and had a good range and speed.

EUGENE T. AND LADY MARGARET began at 2:44. Margaret caught scent of a bevy, took a cast to locate it, and Eugene was sent in and pointed the bevy. Eugene made four good points on the scattered birds in sedge. He was the wider and faster ranger. Lady showed speed and industry, but was not equal to Eugene. Up at 3:27.

ANTEVOLO AND ROD ROI D'OR were started at 3:31. Rod pointed, but did not quite have the bevy located. He roaded, but lost the scent and went on. Antevolo roaded and skillfully found and pointed the bevy. Each got a separate point on single birds. Antevolo made a false point. Sent on. She next was near a bevy which flushed in woods. On the scattered birds Antevolo pointed one and scored a good retrieve. Up at 4:14. Antevolo the better in every particular. She ranged well and did sharp work on birds.

ZULU M. AND JACK THE RIPPER made a poor showing in ranging and point work. They began at 4:17 and ran 45m. There were numerous opportunities, but they could not succeed in getting a point. Each flushed a bevy, and Jack flushed also a single. They beat out their ground irregularly, though they were industrious. It was a most uncanny name for a respectable dog to have.

FRIDAY.

The last day of the trials sustained the unbroken record of unpleasant weather which prevailed since Monday morning. The sky was dark with heavy clouds. The field trial party started in a light, drizzling rain which ceased soon after the running began. Toward the latter part of the forenoon a drizzling rain fell and continued more or less irregularly till a few minutes after the trials ended in the afternoon, when a cold, heavy rain fell in good earnest, and the party had a most uncomfortable five-mile ride in it over muddy roads to town. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions birds were moving and were found in fairly plentiful numbers. Had they been really scarce the trials, under such uncomfortable and obstinate weather conditions, would have been a failure. Birds were wild and ran a great deal from the dogs' points.

JUPITER AND TREMONT were started at 8:53. Neither ranged well. They beat about close in front of their handlers, Tremont slightly the better. Tremont pointed a bevy well, and afterward pointed a single bird. Jupiter pointed a single, and while roading a running bird it flushed wild. Both pointed too much on foot scent and were slow in locating single birds. Up at 9:22. Both earned a claim to a long rest.

Second Series.

Ten dogs were kept in the second series. Lady Margaret, Rod Roi d'Or, Tremont and Jupiter had not shown any competition which would indicate a possible win, and might have been retired.

BETTYE S. AND ANTEVOLO began at 9:34 and ran 27 minutes. The heat was a good one. Both dogs covered a good range and were industrious and speedy, Antevolo the better. Antevolo pointed a bevy, and made three points on scattered birds and one point to wing. Bettye made one point and one flush on singles. Each retrieved.

LADY MARGARET AND ROD ROI D'OR started at 10:07 and were ordered up at 10:36. Rod showed decided improvement on his work in his previous heat. Both beat out the ground

irregularly and with lack of judgment. Rod pointed a bevy and Lady refused to back, drew on ahead and stole the point. Lady roared about 30 yds. to a point on two birds. Rod made two points on single birds. Lady needed cautioning when the gun was fired, she not always being steady to it.

WHYTE B. AND EUGENE T. were cast off at 10:42. The latter did not work up to the form of his first heat. Both worked diligently, but failed to take advantage of many opportunities, which was due largely to too much rushing on the part of the handlers. Whyte found and pointed two bevs and a single bird, and backed well. Eugene was roading on one of the bevs found by Whyte, and he pointed just as it was flushed. He made one false point in open weeds.

NOVELIST AND TREMONT began at 11:16. Tremont pointed, then roaded down wind to a flush on the bevy. It was difficult to do a skillful piece of work under the circumstances, yet the error was made stupidly. Novelist false-pointed at the edge of woods and was backed. Tremont made a good point on a single bird and was steady to shot. Next he flushed a bird. Novelist ranged well and fast, but was wilfully headstrong and disobedient. Tremont had a narrow range.

JUPITER AND BOB COOPER were cast off at 12:21. Both flushed a bevy across wind in corn. The ground was bare. It was an excusable flush. He pointed one of the scattered birds in thick cover near a ditch, and Jupiter backed. Both were steady to shot. Up at 12 M. Bob was speedy and a wide ranger. Jupiter was slow and narrow in range.

Third Series.

Seven dogs were kept in this series. Bettie S. had shown a good competition, and was far superior to Tremont, and better than Novelist, Eugene J. and Rod Roi. Dropping her from the competition was an error of judgment.

WHYTE B. AND ANTEVOLO were started at 2:03, after lunch. Both pointed a bevy, Whyte being first to get the point. Sent on to find another bevy. Antevolo pointed a bevy and Whyte dropped to a back. It was thought from the positions of the dog that Whyte had the point and Antevolo was backing, and so the handlers thought, for Bevan flushed and shot. Both dogs were steady. Whyte next pointed three times nicely on single birds, and roaded about 60 yds. swiftly down wind to a flush on a bevy. Antevolo flushed a single and pointed once on footscut. Both were fast, wide rangers, Antevolo having in this respect somewhat the advantage. In this heat Whyte gave Antevolo a thorough beating in work on birds, but I thought her work throughout the competition was superior to any of the others. Up at 2:33. Both worked diligently and fast. The heat was a good one.

EUGENE T. AND NOVELIST began at 2:38. Novelist took a long cast and pointed a bevy in sedge. Eugene refused to back and joined in the point on the same bevy. Sent on, Novelist pointed and Eugene again refused to back. Novelist went out into the open field about forty yards and pointed. The birds were running, some of them stopped here and there, and some ran clear across the wide sedge field. Novelist drew on and the horsemen flushed two birds not far from where she pointed. The dogs drew on. Eugene pointed one in sedge and was steady to shot. Novelist was roading and her handler accidentally flushed the single. The birds were running and it was most difficult for the dogs to work on them. Novelist did some excellent roading. Eugene flushed and pointed three more singles. Novelist pointed twice on singles. She had a decided advantage in range and speed. Eugene was ordinary. Up at 3:07.

BOB COOPER AND TREMONT were started at 3:12. Tremont had fully established his claims to retirement, which he further sustained in this heat by narrow range and a heavy stride. Bob has much the speedier and wider range. Bob in a careless way flushed a bevy up wind. It was a bad piece of work. Bob pointed a rabbit; Tremont backed. Tremont pointed scattered birds; Bob backed when cautioned. Tremont flushed a single in sedge. Bob pointed a single which was hidden in a brush pile; Tremont backed. Bob pointed a single in woods and was a bit unsteady to shot. He next roaded a running bevy in a thicket. He pointed a bird just as it flushed. Tremont pointed a single, and soon afterward again pointed; nothing found. Up at 3:43.

Final Heat.

WHYTE B. AND NOVELIST were cast off at 3:52. Whyte B. thoroughly demonstrated his superiority in working on birds. The heat was an excellent one. Whyte was first to find. He pointed the bevy nicely. Sent on, he wheeled prettily to a point on a single; at the same time Novelist also pointed a single. Whyte made three more points on singles in rapid succession. The cover was heavy, high grass and bushes. Whyte flushed once. Novelist added one more point to her score. Both worked fast and industriously. Up at 4:24.

In the evening the judges announced the winners as follows: Whyte B., first; Antevolo, second; Novelist, third.

The prizes were \$300 to first, \$200 to second and \$150 to third. Major J. R. Purcell's Flockfinder III. was awarded the Pointer Club of America's special prize of \$100 for the best pointer in the trials. B. WATERS.

Winnifred.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your to-day's issue in answer to a query by "Lah's Boy" you say "Winnifred is not registered." Now, if the Winnifred in question is my rough-coated St. Bernard bitch that is a mistake. She is registered in the A. K. C. S. B., No. 27,573. Kindly correct this, if my bitch is the one in question, which I infer she is through being mentioned in connection with Roland. Also state for "Lah's Boy's" benefit, that anything he may want to know concerning Winnifred he can find out from her owner. EDGAR J. HEARLE.

383 Bleecker Street, City.

P. S.—It is not often a mistake appears in your paper, and I hope I may be mistaken about the bitch being mine, but to settle doubts please insert this. E. J. H.

[We are glad to print Mr. Hearle's letter, though we can hardly be considered to have made a mistake in stating that Winnifred was not registered, seeing that the volume containing her registration has not yet been published.]

Gordon Setters at Philadelphia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At my request the Keystone Kennel Club, of Philadelphia, has offered a kennel prize of \$15 for, and divided the challenge classes of, Gordon setters at their coming show, thus making prizes for Gordons exactly the same as for other setters and pointers. It is to be hoped that Gordon men will make a good showing by entering their dogs freely.

Members of our club will please not forget our annual meeting on Thursday evening, Feb. 23 (the third night of the show) at Madison Square Garden, New York city, at 7:30 o'clock. JAMES B. BLOSSOM.

President Gordon Setter Club of America.

We find the following in our mail on returning from Chicago. We hardly know what to make of it. Perhaps some of our "pug" readers can trace its origin and straighten the curl: "The show ring problem in pugs at present resolves itself into the following query for the Chicago and New York club committees to 'rattle' with: Does the bee line between Nashville, Tenn., and Wakegan, Ill., tap as good territory for pug entries as the air line between Lancaster, Mass., and Cincinnati, Ohio?"

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

THE Windy City has had another chance to increase its knowledge of canine lore. There is no doubt that Chicago is a good show town; the best of late years outside of New York. The show held Feb. 7 to 10 must have been a great success financially, as we were told that on Wednesday night expenses had been cleared, and with the crowds that came the two last days the exchequer must be bulging. The quality in many of the breeds was quite up to former years, while in terrier and spaniel form there was a big drop from last year. Still it was a good show, and having all the entries in one building, Battery D, made the *tout ensemble* of the show much more pleasing and better to manage. This year there was little to grumble about in this respect and the regulars were loud in their praise of the treatment they received. The aisles might have been kept cleaner and swept oftener. The rings were far too small, and if there had been two instead of three, judging would have progressed just as quickly and every one would have been better suited. The building has been much improved in appearance, new ceilings, galleries, etc., and with colored banners and flags stretched across took on quite a gala appearance.

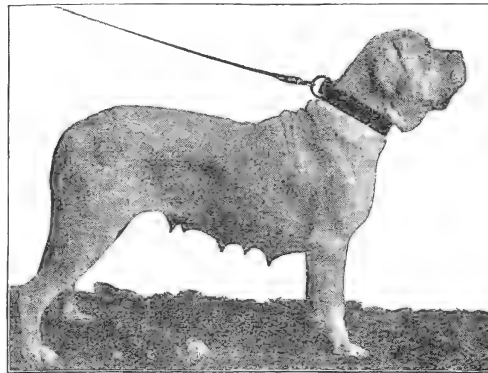
The judges were Messrs. John Davidson, John A. Long, R. J. Sawyer and Harry L. Goodman, and while there was some



MR. HARRY L. GOODMAN,
Judge of Mastiffs, etc., Chicago Show, 1893.

grumbling in the St. Bernard, collie, terrier and beagle classes, important mistakes were very few. The wretched light and small rings may have accounted for a few of the *faux pas*.

The bench show committee, Messrs. W. E. Hagans, Munson, who was managing director, G. H. Goodrich, Jos. A. Locke and M. Nathanson, sporting editor of the *Chicago Herald*, were a hard working quintet; the first four were always on hand, night and day, and I think the others will not feel displeased when I say that Mr. Locke was simply indefatigable and an invaluable man at this sort of business; he it is who works the press which in turn guides the public that make the show, in the language of the average reporter, a howling success or a dismal whine. There was some tardiness in steward work the first day, but this may have been caused by the reprehensible practice of benching the dogs of one kennel together, which leads to confusion all round. Mr. Withers



MASTIFF CAUTION'S OWN DAUGHTER.
First, Challenge Class, Chicago. Owned by Mr. C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill.

was the veterinarian, but we could see no badge that distinguished him as such, still he had not much work, as the health of the dogs seemed good.

Spratts benching was used and their biscuit furnished sustenance to the dogs.

Among the visitors we noticed were Dr. L. C. Sauveur, T. G. Davey, Meister & Jarvis, of the Jackson Kennels, John H. Naylor, W. A. Phelan, Jr., J. B. Lewis, D. L. and A. Carmichael, Chas. B. Carmichael, W. L. Connors, Joseph Wesekind, Chas. E. Bunn, B. R. Nurse, James J. Lynn, T. B. Fitzgerald, H. Raison, H. L. Harcourt, R. Gibson, E. W. Platte, N. Ellis Oliver, M. D., B. F. Lewis, A. Nickert, L. F. Whitman, Jos. Lewis, Ed. Booth, Henry Jarrett, H. C. Schanenberger, Ed. Sauerhering, H. R. Shirk, Tim Donoghue, L. Tichenor, A. F. Kramer, A. Trombling, Michael Hilgert, C. G. Birnstill, Jos. P. Otto, M. D., Anson Koehler, A. A. De Lue, Geo. T. Hawley, M. D., T. J. Conrad, J. F. Schnartman, Thos. Blake, L. Robbins, R. J. Withen, Capt. P. C. Pue, J. T. Quill, Felix Gehrman, Geo. E. Gale, Harry L. Goodman, E. A. Woodward, Mrs. S. E. Davis, Mrs. Polmeiter, Miss Hawley.

MASTIFFS (*Harry L. Goodman, Judge*).—There is no doubt that just now the West can put up a better show of this breed than the Eastern shows can boast of. There may be some better individual specimens, but the display at Chicago last week was so much better all round than anything we have had put before us at late shows that it was all the more noticeable. Elkson and Ormonde furnished the challenge dogs, and the decision that placed them as named cannot be caviled at, the former being so much better in head and body, but putting on a good deal of dewlap. In bitches two real good ones came forward, Caution's Own Daughter and Lady Dorothy, both well known, the former we never saw in better flesh, and barring a few spots on head and legs was in good coat. Lady Dorothy also looked well, but loses in head and body and size. The open dog class was made up of

eleven with one absentee, and a very much improved dog, in Cardinal Beaufort, gained the verdict; his head has filled out and he has become strong behind; he is a little light in middle piece yet, and feet and pasterns are not quite as they should be, still he just won over Prince Cola, that we spoke so well of last year, and whom we were pleased to see the judge give credit for his good all-round make-up if he is a "ginger" dog. His head has improved and is very much on the C. O. D. order; has good legs but shortness in body and lack of size are his faults, but for quality and expression I think he beats Beaufort.

Sraosha, reserve, was the winning puppy last year, and is just a fair dog with good bone and some character. Melrose Caution, vhc., is leggy, feet flat and open, but his head is well formed if it is a bit long, and his ribs and chest are well developed. Alarm, vhc., is spoiled in head by a too pronounced stop, more than average good ear, ribs have not swelled enough and he should not be so straight in stifle. The judge was generous in h.c. cards, giving four; Jumbo is too long-faced and straight behind—faults enough to enumerate—while Webster Judge is not straight enough in forelegs, and lacks depth of chest, his head commends him to notice, being just fairly good. Monte is a red dog, with a plain head and ears not carried close or forward enough. Nero was the best of this division, excellent front, good body and moves well; his head is too boundy, however, and big in ear. The c. dog, Jerry, also carries his ears wide and is fiddle-headed and light in bone. In giving these tail-end-mention cards it is all very well to let the disappointed exhibitor down easy, but some regard should be taken of their relative value and grade their merits accordingly, giving the same value to these cards as the money prizes convey. In bitches (6) Ilford Cameo and Matella, both hailing from Mr. Brunn's kennel, were placed as named. The winner is a nice fronted one, having a better muzzle than Matella; she would do with more substance, and her pasterns and hocks are not quite as they should be; Matella is dark in head, but of good shape, with a nice ear, throws her elbows out a little, is small, but with a well formed body. Ethel, h.c., loses so much in head to the others that while she might have had another letter still she was in her proper place. Melrose Portia, reserve, while she is good in body and legs, her feet are open and flat; head nicely shaped, but lacking in character. The other two got all they deserved with c. cards, being light in bone, and Jumbo is pinched in muzzle and straight behind. In bitch puppies first went to Persia, who stood on good legs, is of nice size and quality, but head would be better had she more stop. Queen Spara's ears are set on too high and her head is too long; she was lucky.

GREAT DANES (*Harry L. Goodman, Judge*).—The Windy City always comes out strong in this breed, at least in point of numbers, while their owners form a distinct part of the show, which in this one was called the "Deutsche Strasse," and the echoes of the Fatherland were very pronounced. There were lots of dogs, but outside of a half dozen there was little quality; and many of them are of the heavy type, not gay or "terrier" enough in action and build. Inspirator and Melac were the only challenge entries, and though they looked at each other askance, their rivalry was quiescent for the time being. At New York, however, to Mr. Arnolt will fall the duty of deciding between them. The dog classes brought out so many that it seemed to be all tails (fourteen of them) and prick-ears, and how the judge managed to do so well is a mystery. Major McKinley showed he was still "in it" by getting first. His good, strong, lengthy, well-made head was set on a well-arched neck; a bit trophy, good bone, and better in loin than second winner; nice, jaunty carriage, although he turns one foot out. Prince Victor is too flat in loin, is a trifle dish-faced, and skull is too broad; his legs are good, though he might be stronger in pasterns, and his hocks when moving are not wide enough apart; he is a light brindle. Tiger, reserve, seemed a nice sort, but we did not think enough of him to disturb him, as he did indeed look "Dangerous." Three vhc. cards were given. Caesar is much too throaty and flat sided, but stands on strong legs and feet. Melac II. is a sort of duplicate of his dad, same color and sort of head, not so good in legs or body, though. Anderson's Sandor, though light in muzzle, is a nicely-turned dog and better all round than the others of his division. Prinz, h.c., turns his feet out and his hocks in, for which he is out of order; he is also not arched enough in loin. Uncas has a plain head, flat loin and feet, but good, straight forelegs. Siegfried, a black dog, hardly deserved his letter. There were eleven in the bitch class, and both Mr. Hagans and the Cumberland Kennel Club had some nice ones benched, but for exhibition only. That fine quality bitch Neverzell was an easy winner again. She turns her toes in slightly, but is a well made bitch all round, nice, clean cut head and neck and well formed body. Turning her toes in a little spoils her; otherwise good action. Nellie B., second, shows some quality, but is a little slack behind the shoulder and light in pasterns; head would be good with just a little more stop, and she is somewhat narrow in front. Fraulien, reserve, is too short in muzzle and also snipy and throaty—a dark brindle standing on good legs and feet. Flora, vhc., has a straight, plain face, but stands on good legs, but her condition could be improved. Spot, h.c., a harlequin with a nice, long, clean head, well turned body and good straight forelegs, would do with more bone, but I liked her as well as the second winner and much better than the other. Nellie A. is a plain sort of black with faulty pins, while Columbian Cordova did not deserve a mention. King William, the winning dog puppy, is a very promising youngster of 10 mos., splendid bone, well shaped head and good action, and will do to watch. Delia, the winning bitch, is a well-grown 6 mos. pup of good parts. The others did not interest me much. Maj. McKinley won the cup.

ST. BERNARDS (*R. J. Sawyer, Judge*).—The West is coming up fast in this breed, and the show here, while it did not contain many of the cracks, showed very plainly that some of the young stock from both sides of the Alleghenies will have to be reckoned with. Mr. Sawyer also was handicapped by having so small a ring. A judge cannot well decide on the merits of such big dogs when packed together like sardines, but he did his best to make room and quickly got rid of the weeds. Mr. Sawyer judged well in most instances, but seemed to go more for bone and size than quality. Now that he is fairly confident in the ring it would be worth his while to take a run East and see some of the well-known cracks. In rough challenge dogs, champion Aristocrat, in nice condition, was alone. He still lacks the sort of coat we first remember him having. In bitches two good ones appeared, the Lady Livingston and Gladwyn, with the verdict in the former's favor, beating in head, size, and length of body and a little in expression. The winner is scarcely so good in foreleg as she used to be.

The open dog class was a hummer and difficult to judge, as well it might be with 21 dogs in the ring. After the ruck fled out, and they were plain to spot, Altoner, Mr. Moore's new dog, and Saladin were soon put together, the issue finally lay between these two, and it did not take long to decide that Altoner was a very good all-round little dog and took the ribbon; he is about twenty months old, with a capital head, showing lots of quality, and where he fails is in body, rib principally, as he is very good in loin and quarters, he will take some beating, as his legs and action are noticeable in this day of crooked legs. Saladin loses in head, loin, quarters and bone, and is also beaten in front, but he has a darker orange colored coat in his favor. Reserve went to American Caesar, a big loafish looking dog, a son of Casper, very large, great bone, washy color in body, dark head and houndy in shape, but plenty of depth. For type and quality he should have given way to Kingstonian Count,

whose head shows much more of the latter, but is too long, though of good depth and massive; his feet spread a little but he has a good body and chest, hardly wide enough, perhaps, good height, bone and rich color. His fault lies in hindparts, though the legs are well-shaped, he turns the hindfeet out so the hocks almost touch; this may be due to the dewclaw, which should be removed and the dog "turned out to grass" for a time; he is only about twenty months old and might get better there. Lord of Richmond, vhc., has a rather sour expression, small eye, is a little flat-sided, but makes up for this in good bone and legs. Ben Maida, vhc., is growing into a nice dog, though too straight in stifle and plain in muzzle to hope for higher honors; his feet turn out a little, too, and his head should be shorter. Wyoming Hesper has not improved on his Lewiston form, out of coat and faulty fore and aft; his head is the best part, but will look considerably better when shown in shape. Mr. Booth has not had him long and received him in very poor condition. Santo, he., is also short of coat, his good legs and body deserved the card. The Colonel, also he., lacks type, has plenty of bone and substance, but his muzzle very snipy. Skamyl has a plain, common head and might well have been left out. Tenny's bone and forelegs are his best parts, no type nor quality; and Draco H. should also have been left alone, he scarcely has a stop and is snipy.

The bitch class (16) was better on the whole than the dog division. Here a new one to us came out, Mr. Lewis's Io, and she won well in body, bone, chest, action and everything barring head, where she does not show sufficient quality, has a Victor Joseph muzzle but fairly good skull; her ears are also not, as a rule, unless very excited, carried close to cheek; her coat and color are good, too, but when shown she was very tangled and rough, but later in the show she became much improved in this respect. Alta Berna, second, is another that luckily possesses good all round action, though feet turn out just a little; strong loin and quarters, not enough swell of rib but good depth of body and a well-shaped head, though muzzle is not deep or square enough, nice ears, excellent carriage of stern, and if she had a proper blaze would run the winner. Reserve went to Lady Snearwell, whose lowness of leg and Roman nose are somewhat against her, but in body, depth of muzzle and massiveness throughout and condition she can beat either of the other two. Sadie, vhc., has not stop enough and is also narrow in head; body, bone and legs are her best parts. Baroness Streatham, in the same division, is a short-bodied bitch; she dips behind the shoulder a little, head narrow and long, good legs with plenty of bone. Kingstorian Beauty has lost coat and bloom since we saw her last, but her good front and hind-quarters, pleasing expression and good head, which might be a little broader in skull, nice ears, should have put her over those just mentioned. Kingstorian Countess is not broad enough in skull and should be deeper in muzzle, but shows lots of quality; forelegs and feet good, excellent loin and quarters, and when she is developed will be better in ribs probably, nice chest, coat needs work on it, but all round I like her better than any of the vhc. El Or, he., is houndy-headed, and Rina I could not find. Shall have more to say on this score later. The c. dogs did not deserve recognition; most of them too long-headed and snipy. A houndy, snipy-headed St. Bernard is an abomination as a show dog.

The puppies were poor with the exception of Ashland Jumbo, whose splendid skull makes his poor muzzle poorer by comparison, he is a bit straight in stifle, too, otherwise his legs are good and carries lots of bone. In the novice class Altoner had an easy win over Lord of Richmond in a sort of patrician and plebeian comparison.

SMOOTH-COATS.—Old champion Victor Joseph was alone in challenge dogs. Besides holding on well to this earth, being now nearly nine years old, he has done his share toward improving the stock of the country. He was well shown. In bitches, Empress of Contoocook, more maternally than ever, did not find Miss Alton ready to meet her, and so won a bloodless victory. Nine dogs turned up in the open class and the winner was not far to find, and this was Melrose, who has come back to form again and looking as well as ever; his litter, brother, Lawrence Garza (what a litter that was to be sure, one meets one nearly everywhere somehow, and they are all good) is not so big as Melrose but of same type; he is not so deep nor massive in head as his brother and his ears are not so well hung; he would do with rib and toes open a bit. Victor Jack, reserve, had he a blaze and better markings, would take some beating, as he is a good upstanding dog, plenty of bone, good action, needs a little more flesh and swell of rib. Ben L., vhc., carries his tail high, is narrow in chest, in fact, narrow all through, plain head, not stop enough, but fairly deep and carries too much coat for a smooth. St. Michael, he., is plain in muzzle and expression, ears don't hang well, lacks quality, feet open and turn out, good body, and legs well off for bone. Liberty St. Joe, c., was probably turned down because of one side of head not being marked, his muzzle is pinched, but he has lots of body substance and good legs. Type must be upheld at any cost.

In bitches (5) Belegarde, who generally makes a pretty picture of herself on the bench, is well known, but it is a pity she tries to excel a pug in carriage of tail; but this is forgotten when you look at her from the front. Columbia Venus, second, should have more stop, and breadth and depth in head and her ears do not hang close, nice body, and though a bit straight behind she moves well. Fernwood Goldy, the winner last year, is too long and flat-faced, light in bone and carries too much coat; she got all she deserved. Reine, vhc., has a bad head and did not deserve her card, though she is a big bitch with good bone and legs, has an almost black head. Sabah, also vhc., has a long, flat, houndy head, is light in head and has too much coat round loin and quarters; at most a c. card would have done for these. In this class were entered two litters of puppies, one five months old, the other just two months. This should be stopped. E. H. Moore won the first prize for best kennel of four, while Col. Ruppert took Mr. Keick's silver medal for best four roughs. The St. Bernard Club medals were won as follows: Best smooth or rough dog, Melrose; ditto best bitch, Io, and here, I think, there was room for a difference of opinion. I cannot come up with Lady Livingston in head and quality; in forelegs only is the latter beaten by the other, while Empress of Contoocook is probably beaten in size, bone and carriage of stern, still her shape of head, quality and expression far exceeds the other. It was close, all points considered, but in the condition they were put down, there should have been little doubt in the matter, as far as Lady Livingston is concerned. Melrose won the medal for best smooth American-bred dog, and Altoner that for best rough dog, same conditions; Empress of Contoocook best smooth bitch, and Io best rough bitch, all these for American-bred.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (Roger D. Williams, Judge).—There were six entries of these in two classes, but Mr. Hanks's dogs did not show up, and Mr. P. H. Hacke having Zloceem and Armeda took both prizes. The former is well known and was well shown, and so was Armeda, of whom we wrote at Brooklyn show, when she took second.

DEERHOUNDS (Roger D. Williams, Judge).—Only two pups shown, Alice and Veronica. The former makes up in bone, substance and coat what she loses in head and ears, Veronica being longer in head than the winner, but not so strong in "pushers."

GREYHOUNDS (Roger D. Williams, Judge).—Mr. Williams is well known as a competent and painstaking judge, and the way he gets down to his work, literally getting on his knees to it and taking his coat off, is quite refreshing to look at, though at times a bit tedious, as I don't think our Kentucky friend misses a hair in the examination of each dog. This judge has a correct idea of the importance and value of commended cards, and is chary of spreading them round, too

chary for exhibitors, probably, as there was a little grumbling. There were no challenge entries. In open dogs (10) Dr. Van Hummel showed Van's Peter, that won the Great Bend Derby in '91. He is a capital made dog, taking much after his sire, Brabazon, in appearance and color; good bone, powerful loin and quarters, nicely ribbed up, with fairly good swell; strong, short loin, stands over a good deal of ground, but still could be a little more bent in stifles, good skull, but muzzle should be stronger before the eye, and has a little too much stop; ears well carried and neck clean and long, set on good sloping shoulders; well arched close toes. Touchwood, second, I don't like so well behind, falls away in quarters too quick and does not cover the ground the other does, neither is he so good in shoulders, but is better let down in hocks. Van's O'Rell, vhc., is also a little light before the eye, and toes should be closer and would do with more rib. I don't quite like his hocks, but spread of quarters good and well clothed, with muscle right down to second thighs; good bone and strong loin. King Dick is large-sized, straight in shoulders, big ears and open feet, but otherwise a powerful hound and would be just the dog for big game, as he fears nothing. Don C. is just a fair sort. In bitches, though there were twelve shown, many of them were very faulty in construction—straight stifles, weak hocks and other grave faults in



MR. ROGER D. WILLIAMS,
Judge of Greyhounds, etc., Chicago Show, 1893.

this breed. The Nashville winner, Viola, proved the winner, and, if she had a better head and cleaner shoulders, would be hard to beat; as it is she beat no mean competitor in her kennel mate, Verdure Clad, who is also faulty in shoulders, but has splendid ribs and loin, good depth and breadth, and is also very good behind, well muscled; her head is also faulty, but she runs the winner very close. Lady Olivia, vhc., is well known; she loses in arch of loin, faulty in stifles and not strong enough in muzzle. Innocence lacks bone, is small, but shows lots of quality and has a rare spread of quarters for size. These were all the cards given. Dr. Van Hummel won the kennel prize.



SAINT BROOM, LATE DAYLESFORD BROOM.
Owned by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.

POINTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The difference in weight classification did not seem to make much difference in this breed, for the classes were all well filled, and the quality quite on a par with former years. In challenge dogs Inspiration was under the weather and prize was withheld. In bitches two good ones came forward, the winner proving to be Lady Gay Spanker, who excels her rival, Revelation, in muzzle, shoulders, ribs, loin and set on of stern. In the open dog class the winner, after much sorting and scrambling in the small ring, turned up in Duke of Kent II., who seems to hold a straight flush just at present. He was well put down and shown by Joe Lewis. Another well known winner in Glamorgan came next; he loses to the winner in muzzle; feet, which are flat and open, and hardly moves as well behind as he should do; his body and quarters are, however, good. Westminster Drake, reserve, has developed a temper, and was not shown in full London bloom; his head is getting plainer; other parts good. Among the vhc. lot we found Rock II., well known and properly shown; Bruce D. I could not find, nor Boxer in the same lot. Devonshire Don, he., is coarse, also straight behind, and is too weak before the eye, otherwise he is fairly well formed. Pluto V. stands on good running gear, but has a coarse head, plain in expression, but outline good; he is a black dog, with hardly a true enough front. Count Grover, he., stands with forefeet too close, and falls away too sharp in quarters, and should be better ribbed. Tip Top's broad skull and faulty carriage of ears, too high, and heavy shoulders put him back, though he has plenty of bone and substance.

The bitch class also contained more than the ring could comfortably accommodate. It was a difficult class to judge, as there was a good deal of quality to the fore. Mr. Davey's

capital bitch, Josie Bracket, is hard to beat, and though a little throaty and hind quarters not just the thing, or, more properly speaking, set on of stern not quite right, still she is a well-formed bitch and will find herself well up in any competition. Sall II. loses to her in head, front and body. The reserve, Ightfield Madge, has been repeatedly described. Her excellent rib development cannot be passed over, but she is plain in muzzle and her back is rather straight. Rose Le Hessen, vhc., has bad feet, a short head, but good outline, if it had a little more stop, nicely sprung in ribs, and deserved her letters. Buffalo Belle is a sort of blue belton pointer, shot all over, no solid markings. She needs more stop and is not correct in muzzle, while her ears are big and faultily carried; stands back on pasterns; good, straight bone and plenty of spring of ribs. Dutcher was another of the absent ones when we came round. Clancarty, also vhc., although not deep or square enough in muzzle, stands on good legs, possesses good ribs, but her tail is too short and thick. Fan Wildwood, he., was lucky, as she is light of bone, leggy, in fact, shelly all through. Rosy P. stands wide in front and faulty behind, but boasts some head quality. The winning dog pup had been sent home before we got to it, but there was little in the class to demand much attention. Blaize M., second, throws her elbows out in action and is a little too long in body. Scotty, Mr. Daniels's bitch, was also absent. Mr. T. G. Davey won the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—There was scarcely the entry in this breed that we expected to see, but perhaps the clashing of the field trials was in part the cause of this. Mr. Davidson was very much handicapped here by the small ring. In challenge dogs Breeze Gladstone was alone and added another to his long string of firsts. That sweet piece of dog flesh, Blue Nell, also had the corresponding class to herself; she is getting throaty but she was in admirable show condition. Eleven appeared in the open dog class, and the field trial winner, Paul Bo, captured the judge's eye for first place; in muzzle he is not deep or square enough, skull, eye and ear good, forelegs straight with plenty of bone, but he stands a little back on pasterns; he has plenty of heart room, good loin and quarters, but is a little faulty in hind parts, too straight and flat from back up; that he is a good one in the field every one knows, and the structural faults noted do not interfere with his gait, which is always a fast one. King Gladys, second, I would like better were he straighter in front, but he is a good, strongly made dog with a more than average good head; he is a trifle straight behind and shoulders might be cleaner. True Blue, reserve, is wide in front, head well shaped, but is one of those that turn their thighs out and hocks in, which is not the correct mode. In the vhc. lot Pembroke's Blue Don loses to a good one in skull, too round and full, feet should be wider apart and he should be better let down behind; he was in nice coat and feather. Dad Wilson's Boy is well known; looks good when standing but throws elbows out in motion and hocks travel too close; his head is well shaped. Max Noble is rather flat-sided, plain behind, stifle not bent enough and his head is faulty, but his forelegs and feet are good. Benzine is well known. Roger Gladstone, he., has capital legs and feet, is fairly well ribbed, a little plain in muzzle and not enough stop. Druid Hill deserved his letters and a bit more.

In bitches (10) the issue lay between Kate Noble II. and Nushka of Elms, and though the latter's muzzle is weak and long and she was out of coat, still her body and legs sufficed to put her over Nushka, who is very small but well formed, would do with more rib and a stronger muzzle; don't like her action, but floor was slippery and one can hardly judge of this. Reserve went to Bonnie Pegmatite, faulty in muzzle and front; Gay Zell, vhc., has a big, coarse head, plenty of substance and good outline. The others do not call for particular mention. Monk of Furness Drake, the puppy winner, is a well grown youngster, somewhat long-waisted, has a well shaped, long, clean head, if stop were better defined; he should develop into a fair dog. His sister, Monk of Furness Lill, winning the bitch puppy prize too, made the happy looking Tim Donoghue happier still. She is small but better made all round than her brother, and the way she was trained to show her maiden graces in the ring was wonderful to behold. The other showed little quality.

IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—This was one of the grandest classes of the show, both in numbers and quality. The judge's patience here ceased to be a virtue, for with seven challenging dogs in the ring and the very bad light, Mr. Davidson had his work cut out in this serious work. Eventually Seminole Kennels' old champion Tim scored again, and the biggest challenge class yet brought together tramped out of the ring. They were all in good shape, the rival kennels being out for blood. In bitches Norna again caught the judge's eye with champion Laura B. and Rose Sarsfield in the ring. This bears out Mr. Tallman's decision at Brooklyn. The dog class proved the last straw for Mr. Davidson, and he refused to go further unless the ring was enlarged, so the partitions were taken down and this allowed everyone some elbow room. It took some time to pick the winner, and Finglas proved his worth in this respect. He is a little strong in head but well shaped, quarters fall away too suddenly, but for bone, color, rib and action he is hard to beat. Blarney, Jr., second, beats Shamrock Bruce in head and hind parts. Montauk, Jr., vhc., I thought hardly treated, and seemed to be well up with second in head, legs, fullness of rib and color. Duke of Kildare, vhc., is a little round in skull, good bone and legs, well ribbed, excellent quarters, a good mover and carries his stern well. Tim's Dandy, one of Seminole's new purchases, well deserved his letters, while Young Tim I thought hardly treated with only a c.; he was reserve at Brooklyn. Spot'em has a rather coarse head and straight stifles. St. Elmo is light in loin, not enough rib, and toes are not close enough. Bunch was shown thin and out of shape, his plain head is also against him. Mark A. droops too much in quarters to be a good one, and should have more bend of stifle.

The bitch class was equally strong, with fifteen entries to fore. The nicely fashioned bitch Coleraine shows any amount of quality and her head, though it might be stronger in muzzle, is typical, she is capital in legs and body. Second went to Oak Grove's Mollie D., who is faulty in muzzle and skull is a little too broad, but in other parts she is a nicely turned bitch, a bit heavy, good color. Lady Miller took reserve; she has a plain short muzzle, but back of head she has plenty of substance and is a well made bitch, of good color. Lady Horst, from same kennel, has a rather good head, but should be better developed in ribs. Nellie M., vhc., was second here last year. Delphine, vhc., has a rather good head, muzzle could be deeper, well made in hind-parts, good legs, feet and quarters. Claremont Heather must have been overlooked to get an h.c.; she beats some of the others in head, front and color. Kate, he., is a good bitch, plain in muzzle and not stop enough.

A fair pup in Sir Elcho, Jr., won in dogs, while Red Rose, a little fine in muzzle, but otherwise the rightsort, took care of the bitches. The benching of these Irish setters was very confusing, hardly a number being in its proper place, this being on account of kennels benching together. Seminole Kennels were on top this time in best kennel.

GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—These made a good showing. In a class of nine Heather Lad, there being no challenge class, was placed over Ivanhoe, who has long had such an innings. The winner is a little full in skull, throaty, good tan, body needs better rib development; in this and in quarters and hindparts, especially legs, he loses to Ivanhoe. He is short in neck, and leg tan is a little mealy. Leo B. came reserve, followed by Highland Kent, who is a bit out at elbows, and stifles are too straight. Buck is rather flat-backed, but his rich tan, shape of head, etc., cannot be

denied. Gunner is faulty in muzzle and stop, and his legs are not above suspicion. A lightly made dog in Bob B. was he, so was Fitz, whose snipy muzzle and heavy shoulder are things not to be desired. Duchess of Waverly still scored in the bitch class over Fly M., whose nice typical head is enhanced by her rich tan markings; but, as in many of these dogs, the tan on legs lacks the correct markings, and the tan is mealy; she has a well made body and excellent legs. Yola, reserve, is light in muzzle; Princess Louise is also deficient in this respect, but I fancy her legs and body carry her ahead of Yola. Highland Mona is another not up to standard in head properties, but standing on good legs; but Nellie D. does not deserve two letters; she is a poor weed, snipy, and far too dark in markings. Louis S. was the winning dog pup, little long cast, shows lots of quality, rather weak in middle piece yet, but he has lots of other good points. Yola was the winning bitch. The kennel prize went to Dr. Dixon.

SPANIELS (John Davidson, Judge).—We have seen much better classes than those at Chicago, both in numbers and quality. The Irish water spaniels were poor. The winner, Trouble, has a soft, woolly coat, no semblance of a topknot, wool all over, fat, coarse tail; a big, coarse beast; no good. Second went to a small one, but with more pretension to type and color, but snipy-muzzled, woolly in coat, little or no curl, and indifferent front. Nora O'Donoghue, the winning bitch, was the best of the three; she has fair curl and stands on good legs and feet; she is well known. In field dogs (2) Newton Abbott Torso was easily the best; good length, straight front, bit plain in muzzle, shown in nice condition as to coat, but would have done with more flesh to hide a rather light middle piece. Smith's Gyp is leggy and curly coated. Dorothy was the only bitch; little short for a field, but well formed, with a fairly straight foreleg. Cocker spaniels had four in the dog class, and the Omaha winner, Bendigo, proved the winner over Donovan. He has the better head, but loses in front to the other; gains again, however, in body, ribs and coat. Pickpania, reserve, is small, too high in skull, feet turn out a bit, and is light in body. Lady Dufferin proved the winner over Norah H. in bitches (6). Her muzzle is not deep enough and skull too domed; should be better ribbed, and her forelegs are not of the best; a little long in body, but nice coat. Norah turns one elbow out, is throaty and rather fat-sided. I liked Duchess of Spades for this place; she is pretty good, barring muzzle, but this is better than the winner's, and she is much better in front and head generally and quite her equal in body. Gypsey is too short in muzzle and fat.

COLLIES (John A. Long, Judge).—Collies always seem to turn out in force at the Windy City, and Mr. Long again met with good support. There were no Christophers or Wellsbourne Charlies this time, but The Squire, Maney Trefoil, Charleroi II. and Flurry II. are not to be sneezed at anywhere. In challenge dogs (6) Charleroi II. won; he was in nice coat and carries his age well. As stated last week St. Louis will now be his home. The Squire looked well, but he is ageing fast and should be retired. Maney Trefoil, reserve, was in fair coat, in fact, it would be called good in any other dog, but we always expect to see a few more hairs on him. Roslyn Dolly seemed in good form. In bitches champion Flurry II. made another appearance, and really holds her age wonderfully, and wears a good coat. Cora II., her opponent, should not feel put out in losing to one of the best bitches America has seen.

The open dog class brought out eighteen, which made it a matter of surprise that the judge got out of it so well. By careful handling and being put down in full bloom Toronto Wonder repeated his Brooklyn victory; his trill is something surprising these later days, nothing has been seen on the bench like it since the days of Dublin Scot, Scotilla and Maney Trefoil's earlier career. This probably carried away the judge, for I think, all things considered, Curzon should have had the place; he has much better forelegs than winner, nice clean head of good length, the modern tip ear, pretty fair undercoat, short of top, fair body, travels a little close behind, a handsome light sable and white that will do better yet when in good coat. Chrysolite, reserve, loses in front to second, is short of undercoat but nicely made up; Argyle Sandy and Mac were winners at Nashville and deserved their letters; Fletcher, he, has a nice head with sweet expression, little flat-sided and light in loin, good coat and frill, nice carriage of ears and stern. Psycho has a plain head and is not correct in front. Christie I thought harshly dealt with, as, barring a rather big, coarse head, he is a capitally made dog with a good long coat of proper texture, so seldom seen out nowadays. Wellesbourne Duke has a coarse and short head, faulty in quarters and did not deserve to be ahead of some others in this class.

Ten turned up in the bitch class, and a new youngster, Donna, from Mr. Jarrett's "factory" took the blue ribbon. She is the daughter of Roslyn Dolly, to memory dear. She has a fairly long head, good carriage of ears, well turned body that needs a little filling out, nice coat and shows plenty of quality. Second went to Vanity, and this was scarcely right, as her head is short and thick, ears droop, coat short, but dense. Crissy came in for reserve and should have been ahead of the others; better head and type. Heatherwig is too high in brow and soft in coat. Chesterford Lass has not a good carriage of ear and it is too big; a plain self-colored bitch with fair length of coat but soft, good bone. Bertha II. was in nice shape. In puppy dogs (4) Yule, a prick-eared dog, nice legs, body and coat, won over Laddie, better in ears, but loses otherwise. Doctor, reserve, is not up to form, has a wall eye, but shows a good coat and lots of quality. Donna beat Fussie in bitch pups (3). The latter is a snipy little thing with good coat and legs.

BULLDOGS (Harry L. Goodman, Judge).—This gave the Illwix Kennels an opportunity to show what they could do. Harper and Bo'swain in challenge dogs, and Harper won in body. The aptly named Graven Image looked in rare form, beating Duchess of Parma in forelegs, chop, skull and body, but Duchess has better ears. King Lud and Lady Nan were the open classes entries; both were in good shape. Owing to a confusion of numbers at Nashville, the names of King Lud and Bo'swain got transposed; the criticism there given should be just reversed.

BULL-TERRIERS (Harry L. Goodman, Judge).—Not such an entry as last year, either as regards quality or numbers; no challenge class provided. In open dogs (5) the winner proved the smartly made dog Crisp, a little thick in skull and cheeky, stands on good legs, nice eye and ear; he is a son of Dufferin. Sir Monte II. is large in eye, not straight in front, cheeky, fair body and bone. Edgewood Bendigo is too much cut out before the eye, cheeky, too, and has two fawn marks on neck. July, vhc., is thick and round in skull. Only two bitches; White Gypsey awarded first; she shows a good deal of wrinkle, is heavy in shoulder and wide. Second prize withheld. One Boston terrier was shown, N. F. C.

DACHSHUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Taps Zur Horst and Tips Zur Horst, whatever that may mean, the specimens shown, were not up to form, short backs, not crook or chest enough, short heads and ears; both on the terrier type and in color chocolate and tan.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—There was nothing really very startling in these classes. There were no challenge entries. In open dogs (5) Joe has gone to pieces and should have given place to both Doctor and Hawkeye; he has a fair head, but he is so out at elbow and light and weak in loin he should have had about vhc.; his coat is good. Doctor, second, though a little open in feet, has much better front, body and action; his head is the worst part, too long. Hawkeye has a fair front, and the best head in the class, a little light in quarters, tail carried wrong, a little weak in pasterns and hocks turn in a bit. Romp is wide in chest, good legs and coat, good body, muzzle plain and long. King

Trix is a low-set harrier, with a head that would balance an American foxhound. Snow proved the winner in bitches (4) and she is not in the first row, but in better shape than at Nanuet; her plain, long head and faulty front are against her in good company. Betty R., second, is better in front and has a shorter, better shaped head, though a little too full in eye, nice in feet and better all round and more typical bitch than the winner. Doty R. has a nice sweet expression, though her head is a little fine in muzzle, body long and light. Queen Gypsey is too long throughout and light and shelly. Janet G. won in puppies.

FOX-TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—No challenge entries. The open classes, while well filled, did not contain much quality; in fact, they were, with the exception of two or three, a common lot. My Fellow showed most terrier, and though getting thick and heavy in shoulder and neck, won nicely from Blemton Stipend, whose light body, flat ribs and round, full skull, soft coat and indifferent carriage of ears should have been fatal to his chances. Rexford Spot, too, has a plain, common head, no character, not straight in front, good body, but he would have been good enough for him. Glendon Spark, had he been in better shape, should have been second. Dixie Tartar's head is short, feet open and coat soft, and was not well shown. Willow Grove is leggy and full in brow, good eye and muzzle, nice ear and body, and could have been reserve, at least. Dick Turpin, vhc., is too prominent in optic, but has a nice long head, but big in ear and loaded in shoulder. Paddy is wide in front and too much stop. Eight bitches came forward and the Nashville second, Venus II. properly won here. Flurry second has a poor front, is weak in muzzle and dips behind the shoulder. Fly is a capital-legged youngster by Ruby Signal, a bit coarse and short-headed, docked too close, but a pretty fair terrier, and but for head could have been second nicely. Silhouette, vhc., is too narrow throughout, good straight front, but head is very faulty. Patty is poor in general character and type. Dusky Midge is too wide in front. Mr. Gibson showed a fairly good pup in Belvoir Dan. With age ought to do no other prize or two. Fly-Fly won in bitches. The wires hardly need mention. George E. won in dogs; too thick in head, fair coat. The others do not amount to much.

IRISH TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Only two shown, and there was little difficulty in placing Galtees, well-known, ahead of the other big coarse dog.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (Harry L. Goodman, Judge).—Only one in the dog class, Dick York, nice coat and well shown; and Minnie York had no trouble in beating her daughter, Pinky York, who loses in coat and color to the other, but who was better in the latter respect than Bo-Peep, vhc.

TOY SPANIELS (Harry L. Goodman, Judge).—Two good ones shown and class divided, Calumet St. Cyr in dogs, and his dam Calumet Alice in bitches, were the winners. The dog is a good bodied one with a capital head, short-faced. The black and tan terrier judged by Mr. Davidson was a runt; first was withheld, and second might also have been kept back. Some fair little toy terriers were shown, but call for no special mention, the bitch prizes being rightly withheld from parti-colored dogs.

PUGS (Harry L. Goodman, Judge).—These came out pretty strong, and with Sprake and Bob Ivy in the challenge class there was some little excitement. Mr. Lewis objected to the appointed judge taking in this class, owing to his opinion given the week before regarding Sprake, and Mr. Lacy was asked to officiate, but declined, as Mr. Goodman was the appointed judge and was in the ring, and both accepted the position of judge and wrote what he did with a full knowledge of the consequences, and he should have judged willy-nilly. Mr. Goodman himself did not wish to judge the dogs, and Mr. Sidler finally was prevailed upon to adjudicate, and he did the proper thing by putting Sprake over Bob Ivy, although the former was shown too fat and the latter just right. Mr. Goodman then judged the open classes, putting that cocky little chap Seminoe Dixie rightly first. Bobbie Mac though black in head is nicely formed; rather big ear. Duke Howard, well known, was reserve. Lord Fauntleroy, third last year, was vhc.; he is faulty in muzzle and skull, has not volume enough. The others call for no particular mention. In bitches the well-known Seminoe Midget took premier honors, second going to Sprake's Patti, who was at Nashville, reserve to Toadie, who again showed too much evidence of a liking for the feed pan. Little Kate's chief point is her jet black toe nails, so seldom met with nowadays. In puppy dogs Al Von was alone, and Sprake's Patti winning in bitches accounts for the quality of the others. Mrt. S. E. Davis took the kennel prize.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (John Davidson, Judge).—Berri, the poodle, won in that breed, and Sir Stafford, the Skye, also had a class to himself, while Jack Shepard, the blood hound, won again, and equal second was given to a poor Maltese and Nancy Hanks, a broken-haired whippet. There were a lot of small foxhounds of American type shown, which should have been put into a separate class. H. W. L.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, E. L. Kimball's Elksdon; 2d, Chas. E. Bunn's Orinodon. Bitches: 1st, C. E. Bunn's Caution's Own Daughter; 2d, J. J. Lynn's Lady Dorothy. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. J. Lynn's Cardina Beaufort; 2d, G. E. Holcomb's Prince Cola. Reserve, A. L. Lewis's Strasha. Very high com., G. R. Hawley's Melrose Caution and Miss G. H. Hawley's Alarm. High com., L. Rosengarten's Jumbo; A. J. Geis's Webster Judge; E. F. Sharp's Mace; G. F. Maurer's Nero. Com., W. H. Sullivan's Jerry. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. E. Bunn's Iford Cameo and Mattella. Res., Spring Forest Kennels' Melrose Portia. High com., B. F. Lewis's Ethel. Com., B. R. Morse's Morse's Juno; C. C. McLean's Media. PUPPIES—Bitches: 1st, C. C. McLean's Persia; 2d, T. Fitzgerald's Queen Spearo. High com., T. Kennedy's Queen K.

GREAT DANES.—Challenge entries Imperator and Melac not for competition. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Studebaker's Maj. McKinley; 2d, H. E. Wright's Prince Victor. Reserve, G. Leininger's Tiger. Very high com., J. G. Week's Caesar; C. Schinkoth's Melac II.; F. S. Anderson's Anderson's Sander. High com., O. Seeger's Prinz and Uncas. Com., H. H. Heimerdinger's Siegfried. Bitches: 1st, Osceola Kennels' Nevezell; 2d, J. Altonbach's Nellie B. Reserve, C. E. Wright's Franklin. Very high com., Anderson's Florio. High com., A. Jurgens's Florio; J. Grosse's Spot; J. Hoefel's Nellie A.; Miss M. F. Reis's Columbian Cordova and H. Raisson's Victoria. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Estberg's King William; 2d, A. Kochler's Prince. High com., F. Stark's Bismark. Bitches: 1st, J. Dietrich's Delia; 2d, J. P. Otto's Ethel E.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Schallenberg's Ch. Aristocrat. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston; 2d, Col. Jacob Ruppert's Lady Gladys. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Altonet; 2d, A. C. Schallenberg's Saladin. Reserve, Tichenor's American Caesar. Very high com., E. Sauerhering's Lord of Richmond, M. Hilgert's Ben Maida. Col. J. Ruppert's Kingstonian Count. High com., W. C. Ten Eyck's Tenny. A. Rishel's Skamyl, P. A. Folsom's Santo, L. L. Hiatt's The Colonel, E. Booth's Wyoming Hesper. Com., A. C. Hantsch Jr.'s Draco H. A. F. Sauer's Nero S. M. A. Harber's Rexford Carmel. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Lewis's Lady A. C. Schallenberg's Alta Berna. Reserve, E. H. Moore's Lady Sneerwell. Very high com., J. Maloney's Sadie and Baroness Streatham. High com., Miss Bryan's Rina, Col. J. Ruppert's Kingstonian Beauty and Kingstonian Countess, and W. D. Van Blarcom, Jr.'s El Oro. Com., E. Sauerhering's Mascot Vine, J. C. Cooney's Vera, and Mrs. Schneider's Nellie. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, M. Hilgert's Ashland King; 2d, Mrs. P. Higgins's Paddy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, withheld. Very high com., L. W. Grosskopf's Lulu. NOVICE—1st, E. H. Moore's Altonet; 2d, E. Sauerhering's Lord of Richmond. Reserve, A. F. Kramer's Sir Barry Bedivere. Very high com., J. C. Cooney's Vera. High com., W. C. Ten Eyck's Tenny.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Lewis's Ch. Victor Joseph. Bitches: 1st, Col. J. Ruppert's Empress of Concoctook. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose; 2d, M. Hilgert's Lawrence Garza. Reserve, Maple Leaf Kennels' Victor Jack. Very high com., J. B. Lewis's Ben L. High com., C. G. Brundt's St. Michael. Com., Liberty Kennels' Liberty St. Joe. Bitches: 1st, Col. J. Ruppert's Bellegarde; 2d, A. C. Schallenberg's Columbia Venus. Reserve, J. B. Lewis's Fernwood Goldy. Very high com., O. Baur's Sabah and Liberty Kennels' Reline.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Paul H. Hacke's Zlozem. Bitches: 1st, Paul H. Hacke's Ormeda.

DEERHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st and 2d, E. V. Paul's Alice and Veronica.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and very high com., Dr. Van Hummel's Van's Peter and Van's O'Rell; 2d, Nelson P. Whiting's Touchwood. Com., Shervood's Kara. DOGS: 1st and 2d, Dr. Van Hummel's Viola and Verdure Clad. Very high com., Charles W. Sarvis's Lady Olivia. Com., Nelson P. Whiting's Innocence.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, withheld. Bitches: 1st, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker. Reserve, George W. LaRue's Revelation. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Harry Dutton's Duke of Kent II.; 2d, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. Reserve, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake. Very high com., J. Dunfee's Bruce D. Chas. E. Connell's Rock II. and Dr. John R. J. Dunfee's Boxer. High com., J. Dunfee's Mark S. Dorchester Maps's Devonshire Don, W. H. Sullivan's Pluto V. and Dr. John R. Daniels's Count Grovner. Com., Chas. C. Wiedling's Tip Top. Bitches: 1st and reserve, T. G. Davey's Josie Brackett and Ichtfield Midge; 2d, Tim Donoghue's Sal II. Very high com., Abdallah Kennels' Rose le Hesse, B. H. Olson's Buffalo Belle, J. H. Winslow's Clancarty and Dr. John R. Daniels's Dutcher. High com., David Larson's Fan Wildwood and W. P. Predhomme's Rosie. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Dr. John R. Daniels's Fred Graphic; 2d, J. Dunfee's Blaise. Reserve, Emil W. Estberg's Deacon. Very high com., E. S. Bisby's Too Flip. High com., J. Dunfee's Sailor, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Dr. John R. Daniels's Scotty.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Lawson's Blue Nell. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. Merrill's Paul Bo; 2d, L. T. Ward's King Gladys. Reserve, E. S. Hunter's True Blue. Very high com., G. Gales's Penumbra Blue Don, L. H. Seminoe's Rosie, W. C. Boy's Boy, C. Dan Noble and C. Downing's Benzine. High com., Tim Donoghue's Roger Gladstone and C. Murphy's Druid Hill. Bitches: 1st, Pennsylvania Kennels' Katie Noble II.; 2d, H. W. DeLong's Nushka of Elms. Reserve, J. Holm's Bonnie Pegmatite. Very high com., R. C. Rinearson's Gay Zell. High com., Maple Leaf Kennels' Juanetta. Com., P. Doerr's Glad Tidings. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, T. Donoghue's Monk of Furness Drake. Bitches: 1st, T. Donoghue's Monk of Furness Lull; 2d, M. Middleton's Countess Roy.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminoe Kennels' Tim; Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Norma. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Glenmore Kennels' Finglas; 2d, T. Sharpless's Blarney, Jr. Reserve, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Shamrock Bruce. Very high com., P. Gehrmann's Spotnet, Kildare Kennels' Duke of Kildare and Seminoe Kennels' Montauk, Jr. High com., N. W. Brooks's Mark A., J. A. Cunningham, Jr.'s Bunch, J. Coulson's St. Elmo and Seminoe Kennels' Tim. Dog: 1st, C. D. & A. Carmichael's Mardo II. High com., Seminoe Kennels' Duden and Seminoe Kennels' Young Tim. Bitches: 1st, Glenmore Kennels' Coleraine; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Mollie D. Reserve, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Lady Miller. Very high com., D. L. & A. Carmichael's Lady Horst, F. A. Miller's Nellie M. and Seminoe Kennels' Delphine. High com., P. C. Pell's Buffalo Rose, H. Schubert's Annie H. H. Seminoe Kennels' Claremont Heather and Oak Grove Kennels' Tim. Com., D. L. & A. Carmichael's Vashit and Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Lord Elcho, Jr.; 2d, Seminoe Kennels' Kenmore Chief. Very high com., J. Stroud's Conaire. High com., G. F. Maurer's Elcho G. Bitches: 1st, J. Tompkins's Red Rose; 2d, Mrs. J. Stroud's Lottie C. Very high com., G. F. Maurer's Jennie G. High com., P. D. Savin's Nellie S.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad; 2d and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Very high com., Highland Kennels' Hilderly Kent, W. H. Widdington's Hark, E. H. Guiner. High com., Mrs. F. S. Flint's Bob B. W. C. Grier's Fritz. Com., A. Sandford's Reserve. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d, G. Meister's Fly M. Reserve, C. W. Sarvis's Yola. Very high com., Mrs. F. S. Flint's Bessie. Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise. High com., R. H. Donnelly's Nellie D., Highland Kennels' Highland Mona. Com., Highland Kennels' Highland Carmelina. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. W. Sarvis's Yola; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Bitches: 1st, C. W. Sarvis's Yola; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Duchess.

IRISH WILLY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, G. F. Fink's Trouble; 2d, T. W. Mills's Willy Reilly. Bitches: 1st, T. W. Mills's Nora O'Donohoe.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, T. Donoghue's Newton Abbott Torso; 2d, J. Smith's Smith's Gyp. Bitches: 1st, J. Smith's Dorothy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Bendigo and Pickpania; 2d, Dr. J. E. Hair's Donovan. Very high com., H. L. Harcourt's Arnold's Dan. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin and Norah H. Very high com., Sea Moss Kennels' Duchess of Spades. High com., A. L. Storm's Hipsley.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Charleroi II. Reserve, Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Maney Trefoil. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Charleroi II. Reserve, Seminoe Kennels' Cora II. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill's Toronto Wonder; 2d, Seminoe Kennels' Curzon. Reserve, Seminoe Kennels' Chrysolite. Very high com., R. S. Mott's Argyle Sandy and Argyle Mae. High com., Mrs. M. J. Robbins's Wellsbourne Duke; R. Gibson's Fletcher; Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Psycho and G. Thompson's Shep. Com., S. C. Stanton's Donald III. and R. Gibson's Hello. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Curzon; 2d, R. Gibson's Victoria. Reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterfield Lass and Seminoe Kennels' Crissy. Very high com., Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Heatherwig. High com. and com., Seminoe Kennels' Bertha II. and Primrose II. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, R. Gibson's Yule; 2d, W. Turner's Laddie. Reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Doctor. Very high com., Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Max. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Donna; 2d, R. Gibson's Fussie. Reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterfield Lass.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Illwix Kennels' Harper and Bo'swain. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Illwix Kennels' Graven Image and Duchess of Parma. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Illwix Kennels' King Lud. Bitches: 1st, Illwix Kennels' Lady Nan.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Luzburo Kennels' Crisp; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Sir Monte II. Reserve, A. J. Wilber, Jr.'s Edgewood Bendigo. Very high com., E. Townsend's July. Bitches: 1st, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gypsy; 2d, withheld.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st and 2d, J. Wedekind's Taps Zur Horst and Tips Zur Horst.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st and very high com., G. D. Welton's Joe and Pomp; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Doctor. Reserve, W. G. Harding's Hawkeye. High com., W. J. Glover's King Triz. Bitches: 1st, Middleton Kennels' Snow; 2d and very high com., R. C. Rinearson's Betty R. and Doty R. High com., W. J. Glover's Queen Gipsy.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow; 2d, Kempton Park Kennels' Blemton Stipend. Reserve, F. F. Everhart's George. Very high com., G. Phirsing's Dick Turpin, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Sparak. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. W. Potter's Fly Fly. Biddle's Willow Grove. High com., J. P. Corrin's Paddy. Com., W. Buckner's Mack. Bitches: 1st, R. E. Fishburn's Venus II.; 2d, W. H. Sullivan's Flirt. Reserve, Mrs. W. Potter's Fly Fly. Very high com., L. A. Biddle's Silhouette. High com., C. Foster's Dusky Midge and T. Harrison's Patty. Com., A. C. Dunlop's Dunlop's Queen. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and high com., R. Gibson's Belvoir Van and Belvoir Torment; 2d, Highland Kennels' Spots. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. W. Potter's Fly Fly. WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st, G. P. Everhart's George E.; 2d, Mrs. W. Potter's Spider. Very high com., C. Clark's Pincher. PUPPIES: 1st, Mrs. W. Potter's Lull.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. O'Connor's Galtees; 2d, M. W. Hughes's Foxy Larry.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. N. E. Oliver's Dick York. Bitches: 1st, Dr. N. E. Oliver's imported Minnie York; 2d, Mrs. N. E. Oliver's Pinkey York. Very high com., J. Becker's Bo Peep.

TOY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet St. Cyr. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7 LBS.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Middleton's Ben.

TOY TERRIERS OTHER THAN YORKSHIRES.—UNDER 7 LBS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. B. W. Sherman's Pixie; 2d, A. Herdlicka's Chromo. Bitches: Prizes withheld.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Miss S. E. Davis's Sprake; 2d, Dr. M. H. Coyer's Bob Ivy. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Seminoe Kennels' Seminoe Dixie; 2d, J. P. Schallenberg's Bobbie. Reserve, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard. Very high com., H. Nieman's Lord Fattle-roy. High com., A. Trapp's Tom Thumb, Jr. and R. C. Rinearson's Ace. Com., H. Henning's Roy. Bitches: 1st and very high com., Seminoe Kennels' Midget and Little Kate; 2d, and reserve, Miss S. E. Davis's Sprake Patti and Toadie. High com., J. L. Galland's Primrose. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Howard Kennels' Alvon. Bitches: 1st and very high com., Mrs. E. Davis's Sprake Patti and Susie Kerwin; 2d, A. Rogers's Lady Pen. Com., M. Middleton's Pug.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri and C. A. Shin's Sir Stafford; equal 2d, M. Bushnell's Cubas and Jersey Cocker Kennels' Nancy Hanks.

Mr. C. Barrows, in writing to us about a setter of his that had been stolen, says that there seems to be a regularly organized system of stealing dogs going on at Providence, and that the thieves usually succeed in covering up their tracks. In this case, however, Mr. Barrows has been more lucky, as later advices state that the reward he offered was sufficient to insure his dog's return.

DOG CHAT.

W. K. C. Show Entries for 1893.

Mastiffs.....	50	Dachshunds.....	21
St. Bernards.....	149	Beagles.....	55
Bloodhounds.....	8	Fox-terriers, smooth.....	108
Great Danes.....	45	Fox-terriers, wire-haired.....	28
Newfoundlands.....	14	Irish terriers.....	38
Russian wolfhounds.....	19	Black and tan terriers.....	12
Deerhounds.....	16	White English terriers.....	5
Greyhounds.....	28	Dandie Dimmont terriers.....	7
Foxhounds.....	18	Scottish terriers.....	15
Harriers.....	2	Bedlington terriers.....	6
English retrievers.....	2	Skye terriers.....	14
Chesapeake Bay dogs.....	5	Glydesdale terriers.....	1
Pointers.....	112	Welsh terriers.....	4
Irish setters.....	112	Yorkshire terriers.....	18
Gordon setters.....	64	Toy terriers.....	9
Irish water spaniels.....	54	Pugs.....	24
Flemish spaniels.....	2	Toy spaniels.....	38
Cocker spaniels.....	26	Italian greyhounds.....	10
Rough collies.....	62	Schipperkes.....	3
Smooth collies.....	97	Miscellaneous.....	10
Bobtails.....	1	Total.....	1492
Poodles.....	30	Duplicate entries.....	173
Bulldogs.....	58	Actual number of dogs.....	1319
Bull-terriers.....	50		
Basset hounds.....	1		

The number of dogs entered shows an advance over 1892 in nearly every breed. Pointers have 55 more and English setters about 33, while Irish setters fall off 10, but Gordons gain 18. Bulldogs take a jump of 16; greyhounds fall off a few, but Russian wolfhounds advance a dozen; beagles also jump from 39 to 59. Fox-terriers also gain 20, Scottish terriers take a big jump from 4 to 15 and the Irishmen gain 13. Toy spaniels, however, fall off 9 points. St. Bernards gain 19 and mastiffs 17. Mr. Raper and Mr. Tallman will have a sorry time of it and the numbers of important classes they have to judge is almost too much a task for one man, especially at a show like New York. Mr. Raper will have over 500 dogs, while Mr. Tallman will have 370 where competition is sure to be keen. We hope that the W. K. C. committee will again provide large lettered cards for those handling dogs in the ring so that the public can form some idea of who is who and tell which dogs win without trouble.

Washington Dog Show.

The Washington Kennel Club's premium list is in the mail. The show will be held in North Liberty Hall, and as the hall is 375x123 long there is ample room for any amount of dogs, is heated by steam and lighted by 1,000 electric lights, roof of glass and well ventilated. The judges are: Major J. M. Taylor, New York, for pointers, setters, foxhounds, beagles and Chesapeake Bay dogs; Henry Jarrett, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa., for collies; James Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I., all other classes. This is a good list. Mr. Jarrett's *debut* in the ring as a judge should meet with every approbation from his fellow collie breeders and signified by giving him a record entry. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, setters, collies and smooth fox-terriers are given \$12 and \$8 in challenge classes, and \$12 and \$8 in open, while puppies and novices get \$8 and \$3. The other breeds get a basis of \$10 and \$8 in challenge classes, and \$10, \$5 and \$3 in open, the terriers getting \$8 and \$3. Where puppy classes are given \$5 and \$3 will be the prizes. Entries close March 6, with the secretary, 1237 Pennsylvania avenue, Northwest, Washington, D. C. The fee is \$3.

Philadelphia Show.

This is the last opportunity we shall have to remind exhibitors that the last day for entering at the Keystone Kennel Club show of Philadelphia is Friday of this week. We are requested to announce the following additions to the premium list: Another challenge class for Gordon setters and a kennel prize of \$15 for the best four; a kennel prize of \$15 for the best four, deerhounds, greyhounds or Russian wolfhounds; two classes for Italian greyhounds and one for poodles. Attention is also called to the show regulation providing for division by sex where but one class is provided, when there are seven entries.

Chicago Show.

There was much surmise among exhibitors present as to whether wins would count and the club be admitted to the A. K. C. The men who seem to compose the C. K. C. appear to be the workers of the older club, and from what we hear the business methods of the Mascoutah Club are not very commendable. The club seems so rich that members pay no dues and no one seems to know how they stand, except that bills are all paid. The new club will conduct things differently. The C. K. C. had little time to organize and less to get ready for a show. Their premium list was hardly so well arranged as it might have been. The money should have been more equally divided and more challenge classes made in the smaller breeds. This will be remedied another year. The club will claim the date Feb. 6 for their 1894 show.

Scottish Terriers.

Mr. W. P. Fraser has purchased for Mr. H. J. Ludlow the Scottish terrier bitch by Kildee out of Nettleswood Nettle. She is said to be good, and will probably be seen at New York. Mr. Fraser has also a good young dog coming, by Kilroy out of Grey, by Ashley Roger out of Fury. Grey he has sold to E. H. Newcomb, of New York.

Club Meetings at W. K. C. Show.

Paste this in your hat.

- Bull Dog Club—Feb. 21 at 8 P. M.
- Irish Setter Club—Feb. 22 at 3 P. M.
- National Beagle Club—Feb. 22 at 2 P. M.
- Pet Dog Club—Feb. 23 in the afternoon.
- Spaniel Club—Feb. 23 at 5 P. M.
- English Setter Club—Feb. 23 at 11 A. M.
- Gordon Setter Club—Feb. 23 at 7:30 P. M.
- American Kennel Club—Feb. 23 at 1 P. M.
- National Greyhound Club—Feb. 23 at 8 P. M.

New Skye.

Mr. C. Smith, of St. Stephen, N. B., will show his new importation, the Skye terrier Barnaby Rudge, at New York. Many have had a shot at Sir Stafford; perhaps it will remain for Barnaby to lower his colors. Who can say?

Associate Members' Officers.

The votes of the associate members for officers for 1893 were opened at the A. K. C. office Feb. 6, and resulted as follows: President, James L. Anthony; Vice-President, W. J. Bryson, of Chicago; Secretary, A. C. Wilmerding; Delegate, Dr. H. T. Foote.

Illindio K. C.

At a meeting of the Illindio Kennel Club, Feb. 9, it was decided to hold a show and claim dates March 28 to 31. This club should be admitted without hesitation, as it opens up a new country. Chas. K. Farmer, Indianapolis, Ind., is the secretary.

More St. Bernards Coming.

The well known St. Bernard bitches Dinorah Suisse, Survivor and Belline II, have been purchased by an American breeder,

and are now on their way over in the Bostonian. They are of the Guide blood; Survivor is of the famous Saus Pour litter. Dinorah Suisse is the dam of the crack St. Augustine and Arosa. Such an importation will be invaluable to the breed over here.

New Collies.

As reported by wire last week Dr. Sauveur's new purchase is Ormskirk Gold Dust and the price paid was \$2,500. He is by Edghastoun Marvel, out of Torryfane Belle, and at Liverpool won four firsts and four specials, including the 50-guinea challenge trophy. Along with him will come an untied bitch, Ormskirk Princess, by Ormskirk Chieftain.

Cincinnati K. C.

The Cincinnati Kennel Club has paid up all its indebtedness and has been reorganized with the following officers: President, Groesbeck; Vice-President, P. J. Heister; Secretary, Al Eberhart; Treasurer, C. W. Otter. Directors: Geo. W. Hill, J. W. Hard, John C. Hawkes. It is the intention of the club to give a show in the near future.

With over 1,300 dogs to pass on and examine, Dr. Glover's task will be no sinecure at the New York show. Dr. Glover is one of the few "vets" who really does attend to his duties at a dog show, in every sense, and New York show is about the only show where the arrangements for examining dogs are, as we remarked last week, what they should all be. Our remarks on this subject have been indorsed by several, and it is high time that the A. K. C. brought its attention to bear on this subject, and investigate this matter at shows for itself, and discipline where necessary.

Messrs. Justus Goebel and John C. Hawkes, of Cincinnati, have joined forces and named their kennel, "The Westminster Kennels," but as this may conflict with the W. K. C. the prefix may not be allowed by A. K. C. Collies will be the specialty, and in addition to Sir Walter Scott and Grange Nell others will be imported.

Mr. Pybus Sellen is to report bulldogs for *British Fancier* at the World's Fair show.

Lieutenant Peary's Eskimo dogs at the Central Park are objects of great attraction.

The Continental Kennel Club will hold its annual bench show April 11 to 14.

The Maryland Kennel Club have added the following classes, which were left out of their premium list by mistake: Welsh terriers, class \$2½, open class, dogs or bitches, prizes \$10 or \$5. Bedlington terriers, class \$3½, open class, dogs or bitches, prizes \$10 and \$5. Scottish terriers, class \$5½, open class, dogs or bitches, prizes \$10 and \$5. The St. Bernard Club medals are to be competed for by members only and are offered, one each, to the best American bred smooth dog, smooth bitch, rough dog and rough bitch. The American English Mastiff Club have offered two additional \$100 silver cups, one for best mastiff dog and one for best bitch, the property of a member of the Mastiff Club. Mr. P. Henry O'Bannon, of the Blue Ridge English Setter Kennel, has offered a handsome special prize, the particulars of which will be given next week.

At a meeting of the bench show committee, held Feb. 13, it was decided to offer a kennel prize of \$10 for the best kennel of four Russian wolfhounds (Borzoi) entered and owned by one exhibitor or kennel; also to add the following classes, viz.: Cocker spaniels (any color, not over 28lbs.), Class 51½, challenge class, bitches, prize \$10. Cocker spaniels (any other color, not over 28lbs.), Class 54½, open class, bitches, prizes \$10 and \$5.

The setter bitch Zula M., lately portrayed in *FOREST AND STREAM*, is owned by Mr. Whyte Bedford, Lake Cormorant, Miss., and not by Mr. Adams, as stated.

Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford will hold their annual sale of fox-terriers at the Horse Exchange, Friday, Feb. 24, at 3 P. M. About 63 dogs are on the catalogue.

It is rumored that Mr. W. S. Clark will judge beagles at Boston. If this is true this judge should have a great entry, especially from the New England contingent.

Mr. Jamieson's beagle Lady Lee has been bred to Mr. Kreuder's Frank Forest, Feb. 5, and as this bitch is the dam of Butterfly, Forest Hunter, Maud, etc., who was sired by a full brother to Frank Forest, this nick should perhaps do better still.

The Baltimore show people say that all signs point to a larger local entry than ever before, and many of the larger kennels have promised support.

Marvel has proved himself as sure a sire in this country as he did in England. Last Saturday Princess Florence whelped two splendid puppies which he sired. Unfortunately both died on the same day. Princess Wang, owned by Jacob Lutz, of New York, whelped seven Marvel puppies, five dogs, all healthy and strong. Mr. Lutz has another bitch, Princess Helene, in whelp to Marvel, due Feb. 26. Col. Jacob Ruppert's Baroness Cardiff, dam of Sir Hereward and Young Bute, shows unmistakable signs of her visits to Marvel, and some little cracks are expected on the 22d. The owner of Marvel has wisely limited his dog's services, but still there is every likelihood of his doing the breed good service over here. We are sorry to hear of Princess Florence's puppies dying, her stock is valuable.

Anent the Mud Slinging Trust: Stephen A. Douglass, the "Little Giant," put it just pat, when in response to an indecent assault on his character, he said: "What no gentleman would say no gentleman need answer."

Mr. W. E. Hagans will represent the Mascoutah Club at the annual A. K. C. meeting, and also the interests of the new C. K. C. He will also show his great Dane Imperator.

The A. K. C. advisory committee at a meeting held Feb. 7 decided to reopen the case of Elliott vs. Twyford, and the secretary was instructed to notify both parties.

Mr. G. W. Price, of Philadelphia, Pa., has spared no expense or pains in getting up a very pretty scarfpin, two of which will be given as specials at the Philadelphia show. A very neat picture of Belgrave Joe, the famous fox-terrier, is set under thick glass in a gold setting. Such little articles are very acceptable as specials, and we are pleased to see the divergence from the beaten track of medals, cups, etc.

There were altogether too many litters of puppies shown at Chicago. Puppies 2mos. old are bad enough, but when bitches with litters a few weeks and days old are exhibited there is no earthly excuse for the cruelty and abomination. There were lots of St. Bernard pups exhibited that should have been at home. There were also a lot of fox-terrier, cocker and pug litters that would have been better elsewhere.

Mr. J. B. Lewis was all wrapped up in his St. Bernard Io, after she won over the cracks, so the boys put up a little fun at his expense. A telegram purporting to come from New

York was handed to him, which read: "I claim Io at catalogue price; New York draft follows." We believe, but are not certain, that Mr. Reick's name was attached. Catalogue price was \$2,500 and Mr. Lewis was in a fever heat of anxiety that he would lose the bitch. After considerable chaffing and suggestions of putting the bitch up at auction the jokers took compassion on him and relieved him of his suspense.

The name of the St. Bernard bitch that Mr. Symonds cabled to England for is Lady Taylor. She has been served by Young Bute, and is for a Western gentleman. George Thomas sailed Feb. 5 and is due about the 15th.

Mr. C. E. Bunn, the mastiff man, had not a very pleasant journey to the show. At Bureau Junction, 140 miles from Chicago, he found that the train he was to connect with was snowed fast 250 miles west and he would have to wait for it ten hours on a wayside sort of a depot. This did not suit at all, with the thermometer playing dangerously near the teens below zero, so through influence on the road he secured an engine and caboose and managed to get to Chicago in good time for the opening of the show. It takes a good deal to stop some of our hustling exhibitors.

There were a number of sales at Chicago. Mr. Richard Gibson sold his winning fox-terrier Belvoir Van to Mr. Siddons, who seemed almost prouder of it than the collies he had in charge.

Mr. Jarrett will need a book-keeper to straighten out his accounts. First of all, Mr. Long, the collie judge, claimed his Charleroi II. not altogether to the owner's pleasure, as this leaves him with little to get away from his Christopher and Wellesbourne Charlie blood, and he intended breeding three of his bitches to him. Mr. Jarrett has an idea that he will start a race of black and whites, and to that end bought Mrs. Rand's Topsy, by Maney Trefoil out of Smoky, and she will be bred to Hempstead Zulu of the same color. His debutante Donna, by Wellesbourne Charlie out of Roslyn Dolly, was also disposed of to advantage, but the Chestnut Hill man has two more up his sleeve that are better, still she is a good one. He also sold the reserve puppy Dector.

Dr. Sauveur presented the pug Little Kate to Mr. Goodrich, and she is all the more valuable, being in whelp to Seminole Dixie. Mr. Davey, who was in great form, and did really as Mr. Hough said, came to town with a dog under each arm, presented a fox-terrier to Mr. J. W. Munson. Mr. Davey will show at New York, and is further intent on running some dogs next year at the English spring trials.

Leander Tichenor was busy selling dogs too, his St. Bernard American Caesar, by Casper, was disposed of at a good price to a Chicago gentleman. He also sold two puppies. Mr. Starr was also busy among the dogs as a visitor and purchased Victor Jack, by Victor Joseph, from Maple Leaf Kennels as a companion to his children. Mr. Starr owned champion Mac, the deerhound, that was poisoned last winter. Personally, his fancy runs to the rough terrier division and he is on the lookout for a good Dandie.

In conversation with Mr. R. Gibson, the well-known partner of Mr. McEwen, we learned he had a birthday during the show, and we fancy that Mr. Gibson can discount any living fancier in the length of time he has owned a fox-terrier. This well-known fox-terrier man was born under the shadow of Beaver Castle, the Duke of Rutland's seat, in Leicestershire, and 53 years ago last Friday "Old Goosey," the huntsman of the Duke of Rutland's hounds, came to his father's farm and presented "the boy" with one of his cherished strain of Belvoir fox-terriers. Lill by name, a white bitch that our Canadian friend says could win on the bench today; well-carried ears and beautiful front. This first gave Mr. Gibson the fox-terrier fever and he has always had it in different degrees to the present date.

We draw special attention to the notices of the Maryland and Washington Kennel Club shows in our business columns. Among the new ads. are the Chestnut Hill collies, and Mr. Smith's wire-hairs at stud.

United States Field Trials.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 13.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Setter Derby began this morning. Judges—Col. A. G. Sloo, P. H. Bryson and C. M. Stephenson. The weather was cloudy, but most favorable for good work. As a whole the competition was good, some of the work excellent. There were thirteen starters, fourteen less than were entered to start last November, the postponement thus made a serious falling off. The starters were Glean's Pink, Cecil H., Nancy Foreman, Hope's Mint, Direct, Lillian Russell, Rex, Kingston, Dixie's Rod, Lochinvar, Sport, Dan Burgess and Dick Fox, a bye. Seven were kept in the second series; Cecil H. and Hope's Mint were held in reserve. Lillian outworked Glean's Pink on birds and showed better judgment in ranging, although Pink was industrious and made a good showing. Kingston showed better point work and skill in finding birds than Dixie's Rod, which had fallen off greatly from the form shown in his first heat. Sport and Dick Fox ran a good heat, the former better in judgment and clean point work. Lochinvar made a stronger competition than Cecil H., the latter falling off in range in the latter part of the heat. Six were kept in the third series. Lillian found and pointed birds better than Kingston. Dixie's Rod narrowed his range in the heat with Dick Fox and was outworked on birds. Birds were found in plentiful numbers. The trials are progressing finely. B. WATERS.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 14.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The weather to-day was dark and cloudy with indications of a heavy rainstorm, but a light drizzling rain was all that fell, and that for but a short time. Lochinvar and Sport made a good showing, the former finding and pointing the most birds. In the afternoon the final heat was run between Lillian and Lochinvar, the former thoroughly outworking the latter. The judges awarded first to Lillian, second to Lochinvar and the third to Sport. The All-Age Pointer Stake has thirteen entries, namely, Swind, Maniton, Lad of Rush, Belle, Sensation, Ben A., Rex, Heineken, Ightfield Upton, Paxico, Ridgeview Beppo, Bounce, Franklin and Jupiter a bye. Eight were kept in the second series, Lad, Maniton, Ben A., Beppo, Rex, Paxico, Jupiter and Bounce. Two heats were run in the second series and the day ended. Ben A. and Lad of Rush are making a strong competition for first. All-Age Setter Stake has eleven starters, Bob Cooper, Dan Noble, Gossip, Jean, Bettie S., Natalie II., Little Miss, Novelist, Dave W., Eugene T., Zula M. a bye. B. WATERS.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

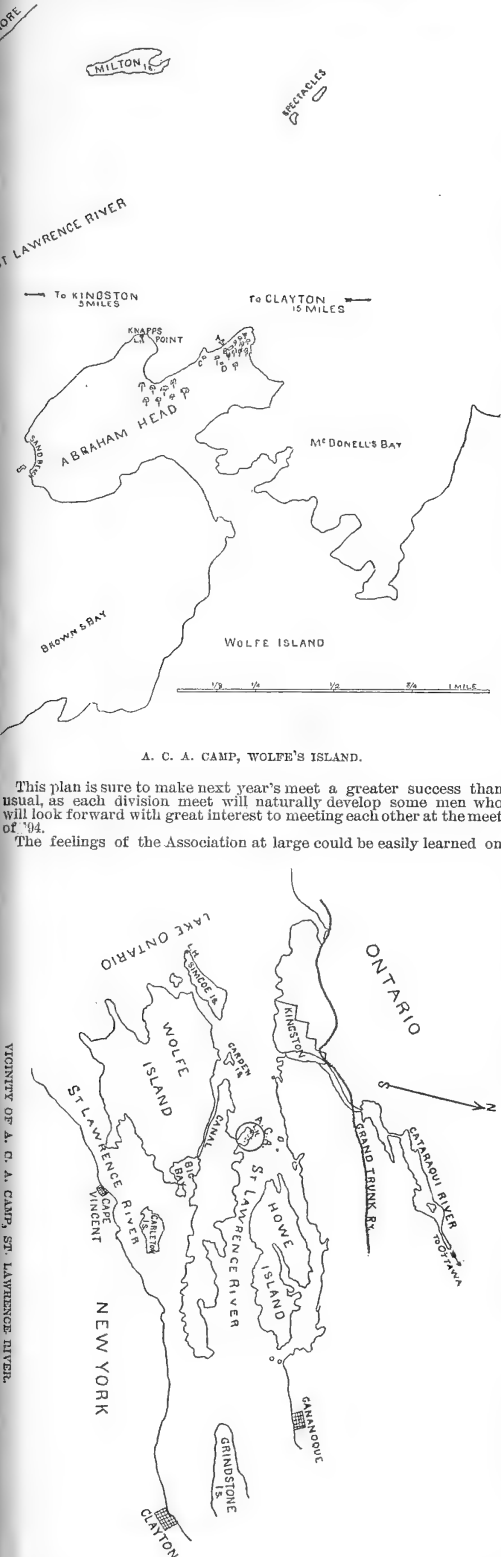
A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the *FOREST AND STREAM* one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the *FOREST AND STREAM* during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

As it was now about low tide we began to work on our anchor,

The A. C. A. Meet of 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I fear that the Chicago Exposition will interfere greatly with the attendance and success of the general A. C. A. meet this year, few men having more than two weeks' vacation, and as most of us are determined to go to the Exhibition during our holidays, I would suggest that the A. C. A. help our Canadian friends out of the difficulty by giving the Northern Division the general meet for next year, if they will agree to hold only a division meet this year. The new officers might hold over if necessary; in other words, not to have any general meet this year, but to have one next year in Canadian waters.



This plan is sure to make next year's meet a greater success than usual, as each division meet will naturally develop some men who will look forward with great interest to meeting each other at the meet of '94.
The feelings of the Association at large could be easily learned on

the subject by the Division Pursers sending each club a letter asking what the feelings of the members of the club regarding the idea were. From what I have heard among the Atlantic Division members, I fear there are very few of them who can spare the time to go both to the Chicago Exposition and the general A. C. A. meet; so I trust that some action will be taken in the matter immediately.

A. C. A. Membership.
The following has applied for membership in the Northern Division: E. O. S. Strange, Kingston, Can.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Port Chester Riflemen.

PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Saturday, Feb. 11.—200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

V Horn	6	6	7	7	9	8	10	9	8	75
R Rudd	7	9	8	9	5	10	10	5	5	77-155
F Kiernan	8	8	6	10	10	5	9	4	8	76
F A Bachman	10	6	8	9	6	8	4	9	5	78-149
J Hess	5	4	9	7	7	8	10	7	10	73
D Dunham	8	10	4	7	6	9	5	4	6	74-121
H Bell	7	5	4	7	6	9	5	4	6	67
McNeill, Jr.	5	10	6	4	9	6	6	4	9	5-60
S Miner	8	9	10	1	6	5	4	3	2	8-54
D McCarthy	7	5	4	1	5	4	3	7	2	49
G Gurlach	4	5	3	9	4	3	5	2	6	39
J Smith	6	4	5	6	7	6	7	6	7	6

R. McNeill, Jr., Secretary.

Cincinnati Rifle Shots.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 12.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below, the conditions being 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target:

Glendale	85	86	85	Drube	79	79	71
Louis	81	72	70	Simon	82	73	73
Weinheimer	74	72	68	Steger	76	84	74
Payne	57	77	79	Hopkins	68	70	71
Copeland	73	73	71	Hauck	48	62	61
Wellinger	83	76	78	Puthoff	48	50	39

*Military.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., Feb. 11.—The following complete the weekly score of the Beideman Rifle Club of week ending Feb. 11, conditions 25yds., open air range, targets 1/4 ring, 1/2 bull, 1/2 in center, possible 250, struck by off-hand:

H Mehard	246	E L Gardiner	241
A J Yerger	246	J C Wurflin	234
J L Wood	242	W Gilbert	232

Washington's Birthday Team Tournament.
ON Washington's Birthday the Zettler Rifle Club will hold a team tournament for teams of five men, open to all rifle clubs in New York city, Long Island and New Jersey. The Zettler Club will offer four trophies for the four winning teams as well as an extra prize for the highest individual score. In the tournament last year there were fourteen teams entered, and the coming shoot promises to be still more successful than the last. Any club desiring to enter teams is requested to send in its entries to No. 219 Bowery, New York.

New York Rifle and Pistol Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The following scores were made by the members of the New York Rifle and Pistol Club, at their last regular weekly practice shoot held on the 4th inst. at their gallery, No. 12 St. Marks place, 10 shots on Standard American target at 20yds., S. & W. revolver:

G L Hoffman	38	C B Bishop	44	82
W Walther	44	P Heeking	35	73
G E Jautzer	44	E Walz	33	82
H Oehl	44			83

F. HECKING, Sec.

Trap-Shooting.
All ties divided unless otherwise reported.
FIXTURES.
If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

February.—Live bird tournament on Erb's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 20.—Match shoot, T. C. Wright and Thos. Murphy, at 25 live birds, Hurlingham rules, for \$50 dollars a side, at Park Hotel grounds.
Feb. 21.—H. P. Davies Co. tournament, Toronto, Canada.
Feb. 21-22.—Atchison, Kansas, tournament. Amateurs only.
Feb. 21-22.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia. Live birds and bluerock targets.
Feb. 21-23.—Onida County Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Utica, N. Y. Live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—Live bird tournament, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Feb. 22.—Syracuse Gun Club, "Jack rabbit" tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 23.—J. L. Brewer vs. E. D. Fulford, 100 live birds each, for \$100 a side, Utica, N. Y.
Feb. 22.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y. Liberal purse for highest aggregate scores. H. A. Kraiz, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Eclipse Outing Club, annual shoot at live birds, at the Pine Brook Hotel grounds.
Feb. 22.—Match shoot, Wm. Ryan vs. Chas. Anderson, at Willard Park, for \$25 a side, at 10 live birds, old Long Island rules to govern.
Feb. 22-23.—Bloombsburg (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.
Feb. 23.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, team shoot, grounds of Union Gun Club, Springfield, N. J.; also open to all tournament, beginning at 9 A. M.
March 10.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.
March.—New Mexico Mutual Fish and Game Protective Association, second annual tournament.
May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.
May 9-12.—Saragota Spring tournament.
May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May.—Saragota (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.
The Hartford, Conn., Fox Club has killed fifteen foxes since October. David Crary is president, Jos. G. Lane secretary and treasurer, and Geo. L. Deming master of hounds. Mr. Lane has a pack of five fine reynard chasers. J. C. Capen leads the club this year with four brushes to his credit and Supt. Goodrich of the New York and Hartford Transportation Co. comes next with three. Chief of Police Woodbridge has killed two, and the other members one or less each. The club is a prosperous and successful one, and thinks it can hold its own with the Worcester Fur Co. on any other club in New England. They expect to have several more pelts to adorn the back room of Joe Lane's store before the trout season opens.

The first of a series of five matches between the Union Gun Club of Springfield and the Boiling Springs Gun Club of Rutherford was shot on the Union Grounds on Feb. 7 each club being represented by seven men who shot at 25 targets each. The result. Union—Breintall 24, 23; total 131. Boiling Springs—Love 13, Paul 23, G. Collins 16, E. Collins 19, George 22, James 11, Griff 21; total 125. Following the team shoot were several open sweepstakes 10-target shoots, which resulted as follows: Breintall, 7, 10, 8; Van Dyke, 9, 10, 10, 8; George, 7; Griff, 9, 8, 10; E. Collins, 8; Miller, 8; James, 7.
H. H. Bates, of New Haven, who lost his hand in the Maine woods last fall while on his annual hunting trip, is doing well, and says he shall yet shoot again at the trap. Henry is one of the most popular shooters in Connecticut, and every devotee of the trap will be very glad to see him again in his old form, even if he has to support his gun with an artificial hand.
The Highland Gun Club, of Des Moines, Iowa, will hold its tournament on Feb. 21, 22 and 23. There will be two live bird events each day. On the first and third days in three target and one live bird events, the costs of pigeons and targets will be deducted from the purse, and the balance will be divided among the contestants, each receiving an equal amount for each bird killed or target broken.
The Glen Echo Gun Club will hold its initial tournament under the "Jack Rabbit" system at Glen Echo, Md., five miles from Washington, D. C. The grounds are reached by Tenallytown cars from Glen Echo Junction. Cars run every fifteen minutes. Geo. S. Atwater is captain of the club and manager of the grounds.
Next week's shoot at Utica will prove a great attraction for trapshooters. The programme is carefully arranged and every body shoots on an equality. The principal attractions will be the match between Annie Oakley ("Little Sure Shot") and Henry L. Gates, each to shoot at 50 live pigeons, and the shoot at 100 pigeons between J. L. Brewer and E. D. Fulford. These shoots will take place on the second day, Feb. 22.

"Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield, and Frank Class, of Morristown shot a match at 50 live pigeons each for \$10 a side on Feb. 8, at Morristown. The result was a tie on 41 kills each, Class losing his last three birds. The boundary was 50yds. and the birds good. In a 4 bird sweepstakes, miss and out, J. L. Smith 4, 7, Aggar 4, 2; Smith 2, 6; Foster 3, 1, Cushman 1, 0; Leonard 3, 1; Riggott 4, 5.
J. H. Mercer, W. H. Snyder and W. B. Allen announce a live bird

and target tournament for Feb. 22, 23 and 24. On the first day the events will be at 4 live birds, \$3; 5 birds, \$4; 6 birds, \$5; 7 birds, \$6; 8 birds, \$7; 9 birds, \$8; 10 birds, \$9, and 5 birds, \$4 entry. On the second and third days the events will be at 10, 15 and 20 targets each.
The return match between teams of ten men each from the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, will take place at Rutherford, N. J., on Wednesday, March 8, starting at 1 P. M. Each man will shoot 25 targets. There will be a series of open sweeps from 10 A. M.

Enoch D. Miller sends us word that on Wednesday, March 15, he will hold an open sweep at 25 live birds, \$30 entry, five moneys, entries limited to twenty. The shoot will take place on the grounds of the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J.
W. R. Hobart has been in Hartford this week exhibiting the blue-rock target and electric pull. He gave an exhibition Monday, and the trap shots seemed to think that he had something far ahead of anything they had thus far seen.

The Wilmington Rod and Gun Club will deserve credit if they adopt the "Jack Rabbit" system for their spring tournament. The system is bound to come to the front, and the sooner the better.
A bill will be introduced before the Connecticut Legislature to legalize the shooting of sparrows. It is not thought prudent to ask for a pigeon law at the present time.
The Gasper-Willey match at 50 live birds each for \$250 a side has been postponed until Feb. 28.

The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., will hold their second monthly club shoot on Tuesday, Feb. 21, beginning at 1 P. M.
Ben O. Bush says the present "Jack Rabbit" system originated in Colorado, where it was called the "Rocky Mountain Jack Pot."
It is expected that twelve teams will take part in the opening shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, at Springfield, N. J., on Feb. 28.

Frank Class has live bird and target shoots on his Morristown grounds every Wednesday afternoon.
The New Haven Club gives a tournament on the 23d of February. Some time late in March there will be an open sweepstakes at 25 live birds, \$20 entry, on John Erb's Newark grounds.
Wm. J. Pierson wants to shoot another match against Howland Gasper. C. H. Townsend.

The Gasper vs. Pierson Match.

ON the occasion of the Willey-Gasper match at Erb's on Jan. 26, Wm. J. Pierson, of Plainfield, N. J., expressed a desire to meet Gasper in a match at 50 live pigeons each, for a stake of \$50 a side, each man to stand at 25yds., Pierson to allow Gasper two dead birds in addition to what he might kill, loser to pay for all the birds. To the above conditions Gasper agreed, and the match was scheduled for Thursday, Feb. 9. At noon on that day a good-sized party of sportsmen were on the "Old Stone House Grounds," and by the time the match was called there were over a hundred spectators on hand. The day was fairly pleasant up to 2:30 P. M., when it grew cold and raw.
The birds used in the race were a rattling good lot. John Erb was referee and Wm. R. Hobart scorer. Samuel Castle, the Newark Gun Club man, handled Gasper. On the first half Pierson had killed 21 to Gasper's 19. On the next round Pierson's nerve gave way, and on the 47th round he was shot out. The score:

Pierson	202201221122212212022120-21	12-33
Gasper	10102101112100111101	12-33
	1012222101201201211111-19	
	021211222212102010222-18-37	

The above day was also the Newark Gun Club's regular date, and there were eleven entries in the club shoot at 10 birds, \$5 entry, three moneys. No. 2 was at 5 birds, \$5 entry, two moneys:

No. 1.	No. 2.	Ties.
Cullon	1001001213-6	22202-4
Lindsey	11222200-5	12120-4
Raynor	020001002-4	1121201
Griffin	101011101-7	10122-4
Van Dyke	212120122-9	11222021211
P. Jay	121212121-10	
Erb	0201110202-6	
Castle	221021212-9	11111-5
D. Terry	1111111011-9	
Hockley	200212121-8	11111-5
Pierson	2002111221-8	12201-4
Gasper		12102-4

No. 3, miss and out:
Lindsey 21120 | Cullon | 20 || Pierson | 0 | Gasper | 11211 |
| Hollis | 12110 | Griffin | 120 |

Matches, 5 birds, \$5 up:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Pierson	12001-3
Lindsey	20222-2

Watson's Park.

URNSIDE, Ill., Feb. 3.—The following is the score made here to-day by the Chicago Shooting Club for club medal at live birds under new Illinois State rules. First, miss and out:

Geo Kleinman	1	A W Reeves	3
Ed Bingham	1	L M Hamline	3
R B Wadsworth	2	M J Eich	3
R Heikes	3	A D Cairncross	3
A E Thomas	4		

Wadsworth vs. Anson, 10 birds, \$10 a side:
Wadsworth 02200202-3 | Anson | 121122202-9 || Freeze out, \$2 entry, two matches | | | |
Bingham	0	2 Reeves	2
Kleinman	3	3 Thomas	1
Wadsworth	1	4 Thomas	1
Heikes	8	1	

Ties of 3 in first and 4 in second divided.
Feb. 3.—The following is the score made here to-day by the South Chicago Gun Club for club medals, 20 live pigeons each, new Illinois State rules:

L Willard	2212110212202211220-17	J Watson	1221120222212100020-14
P Miller	0222220001010101122-12	A Reeves	121112001021111210-16
F Willard	2210201200100222012-12	E Reeves	0100222012101002000-9

Target medal, same day, 30 each: J. P. Watson 21 and medal, L. C. Willard 6, P. Miller 16, F. E. Willard 9, John Watson 13, A. W. Reeves 12, E. I. Reeves 15.
Feb. 10.—Live bird sweepstakes, four sweeps of 10 birds each, \$5 entrance to each, two moneys, 60 at 40 per cent., new Illinois rules:

Bingham	10	9	10	7	Thomas	10	2	3	4
Anson	6	8	9	10	Beck	6	8	6	
Eastman	8	8	5	10	Forthington	6	8	8	
Heikes	10	10	10	10					

RAVELINGG.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

THERE was a good attendance at the Parkway Rod and Gun Club's second monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Wednesday, Feb. 8. Twenty-two competed for the club medal and the best averages of the year. E. Helgans and P. Kunzweiler tied with 7 each, and on the shoot-off for the medal the former won. Six tied with 6 each, the next best scores. The scores were:

D Monsees	1100222-5	E Steinhousser	1202000-3
E Helgans	1222211-7	J Lind	1111111-7
A Boty	2001021-4	F Kunzweiler	000202-2
J Blake	2222001-5	H Bramwell	110101-4
J Bennett	0012121-5	M Ellis	021202-5
A Andrews	0011110-4	H Selover	1220011-5
L Miller	1222101-6	C Rein	122202-6
G Wisel	102112-3	C Wadlin	020001-2
A Brower	1010112-5	C M Meyer	2101202-5
H Bookman	0121112-4	J Bennett	0012122-5
F Goodale	1110111-6	H LeMaire	1110112-6

Unknown Gun Club.

IT was rumored that there was a split in the Unknown Gun Club, one of the oldest shooting organizations on Long Island, but they managed to have the largest attendance at Dexter Park on Thursday, Feb. 8, than any other club shooting during the week. Twenty-three members competed at 7 birds each, H. & T. traps, modified Long Island rules:

J Bord	0221120-5	I Hyde	1001010-3
W Rankin	0002020-2	C Plate	1111111-7
J Jerry	0212000-3	Dr Little	001201-4
J Loden	1100102-3	D Soden	110202-5
F Malbrough	1302000-3	D Lynch	110202-5
W Dietrich	1020000-2	F Skidmore	1012012-5
J Akhurst	2110101-5	E A Vroom	1220012-5
J Flynn	2222220-6	L Schumacher	122011-4
H Van Staden	0122101-6	C Munch	211202-5
N Dietrich	2201200-4	J Bohling	121112-7
V Chichester	22121-7	F A Thompson	1100010-3
J Doyle	100001-3		

Hurlingham Rules.
 RULES of the Hurlingham Gun Club and the Gun Club (London
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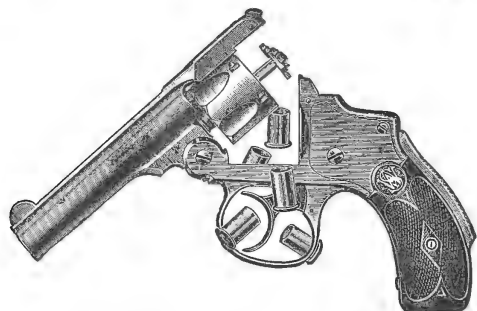
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SOME anglers labor under the false impression that

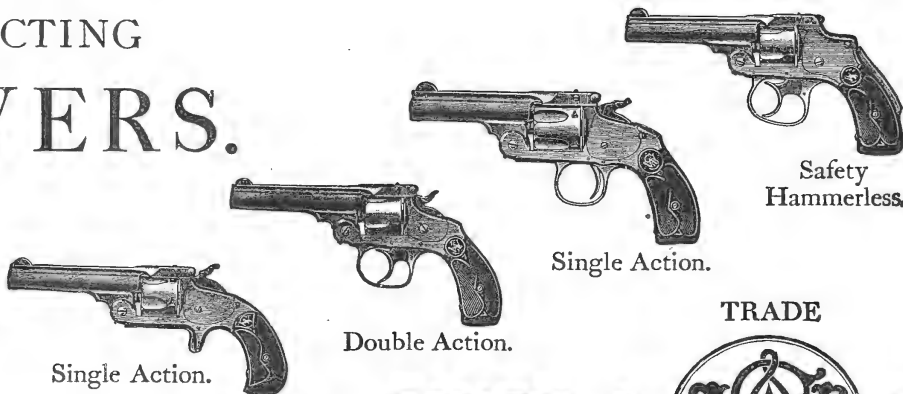
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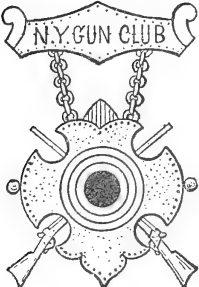
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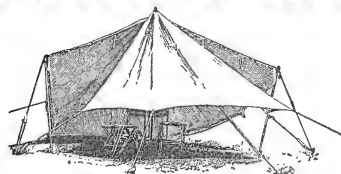
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1893.

VOL. XL—No. 8.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page V.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARDS.

Owing to circumstances which have prevented a meeting of the Committee we are obliged to defer their report to our next issue.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY NICOLL AND DELMONICO.

AN esteemed correspondent, who is a well-known clergyman of this city, writes:

It seems an utter farce to have to send direct to Newburgh for infractions of the law by provision sellers of New York. There ought to be some one to look after these things in the city. All such an officer would have to do would be to provide himself with the prices of butcher stores, meat markets, etc., and in every one of these he would find game offered for sale at a regular price out of season. It is very little use in enforcing laws in the country, when there is a regular margin of profit offered to those who break them in the town.

While this picture of illicit traffic in game in New York city is overdrawn, there is no denying that the sale is extensively carried on during the close season. The business is for the most part conducted, not openly and defiantly, but discreetly, circumspectly, covertly, evasively and secretly.

The failure of the machinery intended to suppress the traffic may not be accounted for by the remote residence of the District Game Protector, Dr. Willett Kidd, of Newburgh. Dr. Kidd is an efficient, able, alert and active official. The futility of his efforts in this city is due to the fact that after he has done his duty, has secured his evidence, has provided his witnesses, served his complaints and brought his case to District Attorney DeLancey Nicoll, that functionary and his assistant functionaries take turns in putting him off with promises and balking him with silly excuses. It is simple enough and easy enough, and expeditious enough to go out and secure ample evidence that fashionable and so-called "high-toned" restaurants are illegally serving quail and partridge and woodcock, now, to-day, this very Thursday. But with such a case made out by the protector and laid before the District Attorney, heaven only knows when he would try it, if ever. The chances are that it would be smothered, as Mr. Nicoll's office has smothered the notorious Delmonico woodcock case. Protector Kidd has been kept trotting back and forth from Newburgh to New York for months and years, in shamefully fruitless endeavors to bring to punishment this Fifth avenue server of woodcock out of season. He could have done his duty no more faithfully had he lived in town.

The miscarriage of justice in such an instance as this specific Delmonico woodcock case lies not in the remoteness of the residence of the protector; it is to be found in the inaction, born of shiftlessness or incompetency, or unwillingness on the part of District Attorney Nicoll to try the case. As has been said before in these columns, the evidence is good. The District Attorney is at no disadvantage because of the protector's residence. Mr. Nicoll could not have better evidence, not even if in the course of his dining at Delmonico's he himself, with his own eyes, had there seen unlawful woodcock served to guests at neighboring tables—or at his own. Such evidence in this city is open to all. But, unfortunately, the evidence is useless, so long as the District Attorney, whose sworn duty it is to execute the law, refuses to make use of it. We repeat, and it cannot be reiterated too often nor too plainly, that in their defiance of the game laws the New York restaurant keepers are encouraged and emboldened by the record of the District Attorney's office with respect to Delmonico's. The parties responsible for this are the District Attorney, DeLancey Nicoll, himself, and the various assistants to whom the mis-conduct of the suit has been delegated.

At last accounts Assistant District Attorney Townsend had the papers in the pigeon-holes of his official desk. If Mr. Townsend had conducted a case for a private client as he has this one of the public his client would have thrown him overboard in righteous disgust months ago.

We think that the time has come to give a bit of the inside workings of this Delmonico case, as we shall next week; and it will be a revelation to some good people who do not know the ways of the dingy building in City Hall Park, but who fondly imagine that it is because we have no resident protector that our game laws are not enforced.

Our correspondent refers to the futility of attempting to enforce the game laws in the country so long as a reward is offered for their violation in town. This is true.

It is true not only with respect to the particular game killed for city consumption, but in a broader and far more important sense with respect to the demoralizing effect had upon the rural community. For there are not wanting those, who, in the unequal execution of these statutes find plausible ground for denouncing them as laws made for the poor and defenseless, not for the rich and powerful. What answer can be made to that when your grouse snarer who captures the game is jailed, and your city caterers who buy and serve the game go free?

It was the recognition of this aspect of the case that prompted the action of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in the November meeting of its Executive Committee when it adopted this resolution:

Whereas, It is a well-known fact that the District Attorney of the city of New York has for two years failed to call the noted "Delmonico woodcock case" to trial, though supplied with unquestioned evidence of guilt, such delay being unnecessary and detrimental to the efforts which are being made for an enforcement of the game laws; therefore,

Resolved, That this committee calls upon the Hon. DeLancey Nicoll to forthwith bring such case to trial, and thereby show a willingness if not a desire to enforce the game laws as he would enforce other laws, thereby discharging a duty which he owes to the State.

THE AQUARIUM AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE construction of a new pump at the rubber factory at College Point, Long Island, marks another step in the preparations for the fish exhibit to be made at Chicago by the U. S. Fish Commission. We have sketched the collection of painted fish casts which the Commission will show in the Government Building, and will now outline the assemblage of living fish and other aquatic life in the aquarium wing of the Fisheries Building.

The aquarium proper is a circular structure 125ft. in diameter. It was fitted up by the Exposition authorities at their own expense and turned over to the Fish Commission for the purpose of making its aquarial display. Tanks of various sizes, made of cement, slate, glass and iron, fill all the available exhibition space of this building. Some of them are large enough to accommodate the biggest fish that can be transported alive.

Nearly one-third of the tank capacity will be devoted to the salt-water animals and plants. The storage reservoir for salt water, located under the main Fisheries Building, is 46ft. 9in. long, 18ft. 8in. wide, and 8½ft. deep. Near the roof of the same building there is a salt water pressure tank, 30ft. 3in. around the middle and 5ft. deep.

The rubber pumps for the circulation of salt water are also under the main Fisheries Building. They will be run by electricity. All parts of the pumps and all the pipes and connections which come in contact with the salt water are either made of hard rubber or are rubber-lined, in order to prevent the pollution of the sea water by products of corrosion, which would be formed if metallic circulating apparatus were used. About 60,000 gallons of water will be required for the marine display.

A very much larger quantity of fresh water will be in circulation. It will be delivered under hydrant pressure, filtered and conveyed through fine jets in a highly aerated condition into the aquaria. The fresh water aquaria vary in size; none of them are small, and one approximates 40ft. in length.

The aquarium is in charge of Prof. S. A. Forbes, the well-known director of the State Laboratory of Natural History at Champaign, Ill. When he took possession of the building he found the pipes of the fresh water system practically wrecked by freezing in December, while several valves in the salt water apparatus were bursted in the same way. Owing to the delay caused by these accidents it is scarcely probable that the sea water can be circulated before March 10.

Preliminary arrangements have been made for the interior decoration of the building and for the introduction of rock, gravel, etc., into the tanks. Collectors are now in Florida and Alabama accumulating water plants for use in the fresh water aquaria, and additional plants will be forwarded from the fish ponds in Washington and other Eastern stations. Marine plants and other decorative material are being brought together at Wood's Holl, Mass. Later in the season additional supplies will be obtained from various bays farther south by the steamer Fish Hawk.

Fish and other aquatic animals of the Mississippi Valley will be collected chiefly by Dr. S. P. Bartlett, with Quincy, Ill., as a center. He can furnish the paddle-fish, sturgeon, dogfish, many kinds of catfish, buffalo, suckers

gizzard shad, fresh water drum, crappies, basses, sun-fishes, gar-pikes, toothed herring, pike, pickerel and numerous other species.

Mr. J. J. Stranahan is called upon to ship the lake cat-fishes, suckers, rock bass, white bass, black bass, blob, pike perch, sauger, eel-pout, sunfishes, minnows and the curious water dog.

There will be also many kinds of fresh-water fishes from Washington and vicinity, whitefish and grayling from the Great Lake region, masacalange from New York, sticklebacks from Cape Cod, and a great variety of marine fishes and other animals from Cape Cod, the Chesapeake, Beaufort and localities on the Gulf of Mexico. A wonderfully fine effect is to be expected from the display of living anemones, which are now thriving in the Fish Commission building in Washington. Commissioner McDonald has personally determined the conditions of success with these beautiful animals, and will make the anemone grottoes an especially fine feature of the exhibit. In the same way he has satisfied himself by experiments just what can be done to the best advantage in the aquarium at Chicago.

As soon as the tanks are ready for the installation of their contents the cars of the Commission will move from various collecting points to Chicago. Additional aquarium experts will be detailed for duty in Chicago, and in a comparatively short time visitors to the Exposition may look upon a very striking and effective assemblage of inhabitants of the ocean, the lakes and the streams. The marine display is to include the important food and game fishes of typical localities, besides many species conspicuous either by reason of their gorgeous colors, or their grotesque forms, or their singular habits.

WILL SPEAKER CRISP BE DECEIVED?

THE speculators who are constantly striving to wrest from the people their rights in the Yellowstone National Park, stick at nothing to accomplish their bad ends.

The Segregation bill which is now before the House has passed the Senate. If it should pass the House, only the President's signature would be required to make the measure law, and if it once becomes law the northeastern corner of the Park will be thrown open to prospectors and skin hunters. The timber will be burned off, and the game destroyed over a large section of country which is by far the best winter range in the Park for deer, elk, buffalo and mountain sheep. One of the most attractive regions in the Yellowstone country will be turned into a howling desert, absolutely without life.

While the best class of Montana's citizens are earnest for the Park's protection, a certain class of speculators there desire to have this corner thrown open, even though it means the ruin of the Park, and to bring this about they have hired a lobby, which is hard at work in Washington to-day.

To attain the results so eagerly sought for, this lobby has not hesitated to attempt to bunco the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives. The trick which they have used ought, when exposed, to mean the death of the Segregation bill, if not at the hands of the House of Representatives, at least when it comes before the President.

Last week a telegram was sent from Washington to a man in Helena, Mont., which reads as follows:

Have Gov. Hauser and other Democrats wire Speaker Crisp that it is important for the Democracy of Montana that the Segregation bill be passed in the House Monday under suspension. If this pressure is brought to bear Crisp will pass the bill.

(Signed)

P. J. BARR.

In other words, Speaker Crisp, a reputable gentleman, was to be imposed upon and used as a tool by these wretched speculators, the bill was to be passed by trick and device, and it was expected that the President of the United States would approve by his signature a measure, whose passage has been obtained by fraud, and whose sole purpose is to enrich a little gang of speculators at the expense of the whole public.

It is not necessary for us to explain how we learned of the desperate game that this lobby was playing, nor what measures have been taken to prevent its success. It is enough to say that the facts became known to us, and being known and made public, the fraud intended to be perpetrated on Congress, and on the people represented by Congress, is not likely to be carried out. Even if the bill should pass the House of Representatives, the President may be relied on to stamp with his disapproval the confidence game which the lobby has played.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE PAMPAS OF ENTRE RIOS.—VI.

In the sixties Gen. Urquiza brought with him from somewhere in the South, a band of Indians called Christoes, or Christ's Indians, so called because they were supposed to have embraced Christianity, and become devout Catholics, but a more villainous, thieving band of cut-throats it would be hard to find. They always kept up their tribal relations, some leaving the main band for a while and working on the estancias, but always returning to their tribe sooner or later. At times thirty or more of them would start off on a kind of a raid, visiting an estancia, and hanging around as long as they could get anything to eat. At these times they would commit many thefts before returning to Flores, their rendezvous, and several times committed murders. One afternoon they met an old man who traveled around the camp in an ox cart selling bread, and thinking he had money, they murdered him. The poor old fellow had been at my house in the morning, and at that time had a dollar and a half, and probably had not more than two dollars when killed. I had an adventure with them myself that made me very nervous for a time. I had been into the town of Concepcion for three hundred Bolivian dollars which we required to pay for shearing our sheep. I took with me a trusty man and a horse with saddle-bags. On our return, and when within five miles of home, I said to Benancio that we must make a detour to the right so as to leave the pulqueria well to our left for fear the Christoes might be there. This we did, and after riding slowly along for a couple of miles we reached a high swell in the pampas, and to our dismay rode right into the midst of the very band we were trying to avoid. As soon as I saw them I spurred up the horses and passed through them as rapidly as possible, not however without having to respond to their slang phrases of greeting. One more inquisitive than the rest asked me what I had in my saddle-bags, trying at the same time to strike them with his whip. I told him they were nails, and gave the horse a pull so that his blow fell upon his rump, which caused him to prance and try to get away. This was fortunate for me, for I let him run a little, just keeping alongside, and apparently making great efforts to stop him. I was very uneasy in my mind after this meeting, for I feared they suspected I had money and might make an attempt to get it. They stopped and seemed to be having a pow-wow as we rode rapidly towards home. That night Benancio and my dogs slept in the house with me, and I had my gun and revolver where I could lay my hands on them. As an additional precaution, I put a strong pole across the room from the door to the window, both of which opened in. The night passed quietly, and the next morning I carried the money to a pulqueria, the owner of which had a safe, and acted as banker for the estancieros of the neighborhood, and I took particular pains to let every one know that I had carried the money away. These Christoes were great drunkards, and one that I had as a vaquero I discharged on that account and drove him away one night. He was so drunk that he could just sit on his horse and that was all. The next morning I went very early before daylight to an outlying puesto to count the sheep, and as I neared the place I saw some dark object in the sheep corral moving around the wire fence. I found it was the drunken Christo I had discharged the night before. His horse had broken his way into the corral through the wire fence, and had been traveling around inside all night. When the horse would stop the fellow would spur him, and he thought he was traveling across the pampa. I met with quite an exciting adventure one day while visiting one of the estancias of Gen. Urquiza. This place was managed by Nico Coronel, one of Urquiza's most trusted followers, and an officer in his army. There had been a grand round-up of the cattle, and branding and sealing was going on. I rode down to the corral, dismounted from my horse and climbed up on the cross-pole of the corral, where I could see all that was going on without being in the way. The little five-year-old boy of Coronel saw me there and trotted down and stood under me looking through the cracks of the corral. A particularly large and fierce bull had just been handled and was standing swaying himself from side to side in a perfect rage and looking for a victim. I will say here that these South American cattle will rarely attack a man on horseback, especially if he has a lasso or strap to swing around his head, but if approached on foot they are very dangerous, and will gore and trample you without a moment's warning. This bull, not seeing any victim in the corral, jumped the bar, and soon as outside saw the child and made for him. I reached down and lifted the little fellow up into my arms, and at the same time his father, knowing his danger, had also jumped his horse over the bar and rushed toward him. The bull then turned on Coronel and made a vicious thrust at him. I saw Coronel throw up his leg, and thought he had been gored, but the next instant saw him leap from his horse and stab the bull to the heart before he could recede for another charge. The horse was terribly gored just behind the foreleg, and died in a little while. This all happened in a few moments, and the result was a dead horse, a dead bull, and a badly scared boy. Coronel called for another horse, and in a short time was back in the corral working away as if nothing had happened. For my part, I did not get over the excitement for quite a while. Attending cattle is dangerous business, and many men get hurt while so engaged. They frequently meet with bad falls while running the cattle, from their horses getting into vicacha holes. Sometimes they are gored by infuriated animals that turn upon them. The lasso is apt to get foul, and many terrible hurts are caused in this way. I attended one of my men who had his foot nearly cut off at the ankle joint by the lasso taking a turn around his leg. It resulted in his losing his leg above the knee. The manager of an estancia has to act as physician and surgeon to man and beast, and he is frequently called on as arbitrator in quarrels about marks of cattle and other questions. The prevailing religion of Entre Rios is Roman Catholic, but there are no churches outside of the large towns, and religious duties are very much neglected.

Gen. Urquiza, who I mentioned as governor, was a very wealthy and independent man, frequently defying the home government, and having a great hold on the affections of the people of his province. He lived in a beautiful hacienda called Flores, where he had fine garden

filled with rare flowers, fruits and trees. As giving some idea of the vast number of sheep he owned, his secretary told me in 1863 that the reports of sealing of lambs that had come in gave the number as 300,000. In 1870 he was assassinated by several of his army officers, foremost among whom was Nico Coronel, with whom I was well acquainted, he being the man whose child I saved from the bull. They went to Flores and gained admission through the treachery of the guards and shot the old man and his daughter Lola, who defended her father when all of his troops had deserted him. The great drawback to the progress of the Argentine Confederacy is the number of attempted revolutions and rebellions they are constantly having first in one province and then in another. I see by the newspaper accounts that one is now going on in Corrientes. During my sojourn there were two, both of which put me to great inconvenience and loss from the stealing of my horses and killing cattle. The last rebellion was in 1864, and I was not only stripped of my horses, but my men also. I was left with an old sore-backed horse that it was the height of cruelty to use, one old lame man, four women and myself to look after 15,000 head of stock. I just let the cattle and horses go, and turned all my energies upon the sheep. Terrible storms sweep over the pampas called pamperos. They came from the southwest, and are most always preceded by a dust storm which can be seen coming for miles. When the storm breaks it is almost impossible to stand against it. The wind blows about fifty to sixty miles an hour, and the rain falls in torrents. The temperature becomes rapidly lower and the cold is chilling and penetrating. These pamperos frequently do immense damage to the shipping in the roads at Buenos Ayres. It is to resist the force of these storms that all the buildings in Entre Rios are made one story high. In conclusion, I will say that I went to South America with my health much impaired and weighing 115lbs, and after a life there of nearly five years, I returned with muscles of iron and a constitution that seemed able to bear anything and weighing 175lbs.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

BALTIMORE, JANUARY.

A DESERT HOME.

AMONG the books that charmed my boyish fancy was one known as "The Desert Home." It was by Captain Mayne Reid, an author, perhaps, unknown to the present generation of small boys, but whom I shall always remember as one of the most delightful of writers of boys' stories. His books were often exciting, but scattered all through the adventures in which they abounded were bits of information, especially on woodcraft and natural history, which were very instructive. I know now, as I did not when I first read them, that his statements on this latter subject were accurate, for he had drawn them from the best authorities of his time; and his books, though perhaps they did deal too much in Indian fights, though his villains were perhaps too vile and his heroes possibly too perfect, were yet wholesome in tone and good reading for young people. The lesson taught by them was always a good one.

"The Desert Home," to my mind, was one of the most delightful of his books. In a general way, its plan was not unlike that of the "Swiss Family Robinson." Like that book, it dealt with the adventures of a family who were separated by misfortune from the rest of the world, but while the Swiss family were cast away at sea and at last found themselves on a desert island, the adventures detailed in the "Desert Home" took place on the plains of the far West. The story, as I remember it, was something like this:

In the early days of the California excitement a family whose fortune had somehow suffered shipwreck, started with an emigrant train to cross the plains on their way to the land of gold. They were well provided with the necessities for such a journey, and the father and mother were people of intelligence, culture and perseverance. For a time all went well with the travelers, but by and by misfortunes began to overtake them, and one accident or another delayed them. They fell behind the train with which they were traveling, were unable to overtake it, and at last lost it entirely; then they got off the trail and lost themselves. Through want of water their draught animals began to die, and they themselves to suffer. Still they pushed on, heading always toward the West, toward the mountains where water might be found. By this time their provisions had begun to run low. Game was scarce and they began to suffer from hunger. Their progress was very slow, for their animals were now reduced to an ox and a horse which were unequally yoked to their single wagon. They began to despair, but still they pushed on, scorched and blinded by the fierce rays of the summer sun and parched by the sand-laden wind which, like the hot breath of some great furnace, blew unceasingly in their faces. Day after day the little company pushed on, day after day the cries of the children for water and food grew fainter, the countenance of the mother more drawn and haggard, that of the father more gaunt and hollow-eyed. Their animals, perishing with thirst, could hardly draw their wagon; death stared them in the face.

Suddenly one day, after they had given up all hope, there opened up at their feet a glimpse of what seemed another world. They had been traveling over the level, bare, waterless plain, when suddenly they saw beneath them a beautiful green valley. Through meadows rich with luxuriant grass, and dotted here and there with clumps of tall cotton woods, flowed a broad stream of living water. Scattered over these meadows, and sometimes half hidden by groups of willows, were feeding buffalo, elk and deer. There, almost within their reach, was food in plenty, and what they longed for so much more than food, water. The scene gave them renewed life; even the horse and the ox seemed to gain vigor, and stepped forward with a brisker motion. A way was soon found down the steep slope, and in a few hours they had gained the bank of the stream. Here, their immediate wants satisfied, the elders stretched their weary limbs on the ground in the grateful shade of the tall trees, the little ones, their past sufferings forgotten, romped merrily in the grass, while the animals at a little distance, browsed contentedly knee deep in the luxuriant herbage. For some days they remained in this happy valley, intending after they had laid in a stock of provisions and their animals had become strong again to continue their journey to California. This intention they never carried out. While they were camped here their ox was killed by a panther, which left them only a single animal—the horse.

After much consideration they determined to remain at least over the winter in this lonely valley, and here was established their desert home.

All this is but the prologue to the main story, that of their life in this oasis. They built houses and barns, made gardens, planting them with seeds which they had brought with them for use in California, tilled fields, sown with corn and wheat, transplanted and cultivated bushes and trees of wild fruits. They captured and tamed wild horses of the plains from the herds that visited the valley to drink at the stream; they caught and domesticated buffalo calves, which gave them steers for plowing, cows to furnish milk and butter. Gradually, too, they accumulated small herds of elk, of deer and of antelope, which fed contentedly in the wide pastures that they had fenced, and on which they could draw for food in case of need. Wild turkeys, wild grouse, and wild geese and ducks were in due time added to their list of pets, so that before they had lived many years in the valley they were abundantly provided with domestic animals, all of them drawn from the wild creatures native to the soil.

In this primitive, but comfortable home, far from the haunts of man, this little family lived for many years. The children, strong, healthy and innocent, grew up to manhood and womanhood, knowing no society save their own and with no more knowledge of the great world than could be drawn from the few books that they possessed, and from the recollections of their father and mother.

Some years ago I was traveling through the roughest mountains of the extreme Northwest. I was alone, riding one horse, and with my slender camp equipage packed upon another. For many days I had journeyed in solitude, making my way by as straight a course as possible toward the point I desired to reach. Sometimes the trail led through the dense forest, where the trees and underbrush stood so close that the horses could with difficulty force their way among them. Sometimes a narrow game trail led along the steepest mountain sides, again a rough *chevaux de frise* of piled up down timber turned me back, or I would journey over level flats yellow with ripened grass, where, here and there, the cinnamon pines raised their stately red columns toward the sky.

Day after day I traveled onward, my two horses being my only companions. At rare intervals I saw a grouse or a snowshoe rabbit. Once I saw two deer, and on one occasion a stately big-horn stood on a pinnacle of rock above the trail and looked curiously down at me as I passed beneath him. One day, after I had been traveling in this way for nearly a month, during which I had seen no human face, I rode out on a bare bench of the mountain which overlooked a river valley. There, on the banks of the stream, I saw, to my astonishment, a cluster of low log buildings. Near them a garden and cultivated fields, and beyond long lines of fence inclosing ample pastures, in which grazed horses and cattle. From the central building rose a curling line of blue smoke, showing that the house was inhabited, and through the fields I could see long, straight lines of bright green, which showed where irrigating ditches ran.

The sight caused me great surprise, for I had heard of no settlements in that part of the country. Riding down the long hill toward the houses, I soon began to see evidences that this settlement had been made many years ago. Deep trails were worn in the hillside where cattle and horses passed up and down between the rich bunch grass pasturage on the hills and the water in the valley below. When I reached the bank of the stream I made my camp, and then led my horses up to the house to ask permission to turn them into one of the fields, where they would be readily found in the morning. This was my ostensible reason for going to the house. My real one was to have an excuse for speaking with the settlers and learning something about them. As I rounded the corner of the house, looking for the door which I must knock for entrance, I came suddenly upon a group of small children of all sizes and ages, from a boy of twelve down to the tiniest of flaxen-haired toddlers. At my appearance they ceased their various occupations for an instant, staring at me in wild-eyed wonder, and then like a flock of startled birds scattered, and in a moment were lost to sight. There remained before me only one of the children, a sturdy, bright-faced boy, seemingly the oldest of the group, whose large black eyes met mine frankly and boldly, and lying on the step before the door, a great gray wolf, which, as the children disappeared, sat up on its haunches, yawned lazily, displaying two alarming rows of white teeth, and then, noticing a stranger, grinned threateningly at me. I explained to the lad my errand, and he went into the house and presently appeared at the door with his mother. To her I preferred my request for pasturage, which was at once granted. Late in the day I was invited to partake of the afternoon meal at the house, and after supper I heard the story of this settlement. This story reminded me of the book which I have referred to in the early part of this letter—"The Desert Home."

In the year 1860 the owner of this ranch, who, for the purposes of this narrative, we will call Mr. Morrison, came into these mountains as a prospector. His search for gold was only moderately successful, and he built a cabin, brought his wife here, and here she has lived for twenty-five years without having been during all this time a mile from the house.

Here eleven children had been born and reared, taught how to read and write by their sweet-faced mother; had grown up leading a free, natural, open-air life, which insured to them perfect health and strength. Their companions were the wild creatures of the mountains and the streams. They had captured wolf puppies which they had reared and tamed; domesticated deer fed near the house, and often walked into the open door begging for a piece of bread; in a little pond near the house, formed by the widening of an irrigating ditch, a tame beaver was at work, and when I came in sight disappeared under the water with a resounding slap of his tail, but soon came up again, and having cautiously reconnoitered with only his nose above water, and observed that I was in company with a familiar friend, he lost all fear and crawled out on the bank to be petted. On the waters of this pool floated a number of mallard ducks and green-winged teal, as careless of our presence and as free from fear as any barnyard fowls could be. On the ground in front of the house hopped a tame magpie, which now gave utterance to the familiar twittering call of his species, or again spoke with the utmost distinctness the names of two or three of the children. Sometimes standing on a tall fence pole, but now and then making swift dashes down into the grass to seize

some insect detected by his quick eye, was a little sparrow hawk, whose tameness surprised me, until one of the boys whistled to the bird, and it flew down to him, and after circling once or twice about his head, alighted on his shoulder. A less attractive pet was a great horned owl, which, having been recently captured, was still on the defensive, and made hostile demonstrations whenever any one approached him, ruffling his feathers, rolling his great eyes about, and snapping his bill in a manner quite alarming. All these, and a hundred other pets quite as curious and interesting, but which in the course of time had died either by accident or of old age, had been captured and reared by the children, whose fondness for, and interest in, these wild creatures was very great.

The father of this family is an energetic and successful man. His farm produces a living for his family, and his horses and cattle yield him profit. He has almost at his door a gold mine which he works in a small way, and which pays him moderate return, and half a mile from the house is a coal mine which in time, after the country has been settled up, can hardly fail to prove very valuable. A day was very pleasantly passed at this ranch, and I greatly enjoyed meeting this charming family. Then I had to pack my horse and resume my journey, leaving with regret this modern "Desert Home."

EL VIEJO.

Natural History.

MUSK OX SPECIMENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The comments of your correspondent, Mr. Tappan Adney, in your issue of Jan. 26, in an article on the musk ox of the week previous, are likely to mislead your readers and reflect upon the accuracy of the statements therein, it is necessary to explain the reason for the unintended omission. It was unfortunate that we did not refer to the specimen of the musk ox in the American Museum of Natural History to which he so kindly calls our attention. The omission was due to our not knowing of its existence so close at hand. That we could not have seen the specimen is quite true. That we did not know of a specimen being "not more than two miles from our shop" is also quite true. We shall lose no time in hunting up the specimen. We are indebted to our correspondent for several items of interest. His information as to the measurements of this particular specimen, in which he is so interested, are very valuable. It is also important to know by whom and when the specimen was mounted.

There is one item in our correspondent's comments that is slightly cloudy, to wit, why he refers to the month of November of the particular year of 1891 as a most favorable time when we might have seen this specimen.

We regret exceedingly that we could not, under the circumstances, have included this sixth specimen in the article, and thus do justice to the specimen and to the American Museum of Natural History, of which we are all so justly proud, and have the data of specimens accurate.

It is interesting to know the specimen in the Museum stands at the shoulder ("not including the long hair") 4ft. and has a length of 7ft. 3in. The specimen figured in the *FOREST AND STREAM* would measure somewhat more than this, if it were not for the fact that the body as well as the head of our specimen is turned from a central line very much to one side, thus making the total measurement much less in length. It would be very interesting if our correspondent would give the size of the hoof of the specimen in the Museum of Natural History. This feature of the animal would very likely prove or disprove the validity of our claim as to the specimen which was prepared by us being the largest at present in this country. It is a well-known fact that the general size of an animal's hoof indicates the size of the animal much more accurately than the bulk of his horns or antlers, and we shall stand by our assertion that this specimen is the largest until some other more convincing proof is given than that recorded by our correspondent in his comments. If he shall do this we will gladly step aside and yield the palm to the greatest.

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER.

The Pine Grosbeak.

BETHEL, Maine.—In your issue of Feb. 9, a well known naturalist, Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., makes inquiries regarding the pine grosbeak. I have been much interested in that bird for many years, and have observed its habits here, in the northern part of Oxford county, Maine. They make their appearance every year in the month of October—sometimes in large flocks and at other times in small squads—a few pairs, and often one or two pairs are seen. They remain with us during the winter and leave us as spring approaches. They feed on the buds of trees, seeming to prefer the poplar to all others. They are very fond of apples, flying from tree to tree in our orchards in search of some remaining apples left on the trees. For the past three weeks a few pairs have lived in the village of Bethel, occasionally alighting in our streets in front of the stores, picking up the waste of fruit etc., accumulated there. They seem to be very tame, and can be approached within a few yards.

Their markings are of various hues—slate-brown tinged with green, yellow, red in almost every shade, the old males being quite brilliant with scarlet on their backs, with always a white feather in the wing.

I have never seen them in the deep forest, miles away from human habitation, although my occupation as a trapper and hunter for more than forty years has given me the opportunity. They seem to love the open country with occasional woods. Where they breed is a mystery to me, as they do not summer in this part of Maine. From the 20th of December last past to the 20th of last month, was the coldest weather known in Maine for years, the mercury never appearing above zero during that time, even at noon, and often being 20 to 26 below in Bethel, yet these birds have been frequently seen. I think they change places frequently, moving from place to place, perhaps in search of food.

J. G. RICH.

Newspaper Unnatural History.

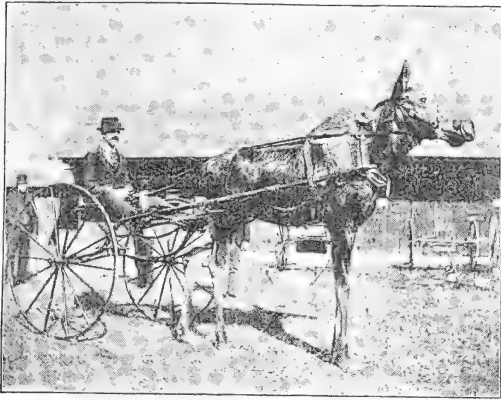
[From Harper's Weekly.]

WHEN the boa constrictor fixes his glittering eye on the

canary bird, the canary bird becomes exceedingly restless, and flutters and tries to get away. But it does not succeed. It cannot escape the boa constrictor's fascinations, and in spite of all its shuddering struggles, it stays where it was and gets swallowed up. * * * The canary has wings, to be sure, but once the boa constrictor's eye is on it, it cannot fly away. It cries out and flutters and struggles, but in the end the serpent makes a meal of it, and smiles and wipes his mouth.

ANOTHER MOOSE IN HARNESS.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 4.—I noticed in the columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* an account of a cow moose which was being driven at a fair in Maine; the note also said that this was the only individual to be found under similar conditions. I inclose you a picture of a cow moose, which was one of a team exhibited at the Trenton Fair



MOOSE IN HARNESS.

From an amateur photograph by A. H. Phillips.

last September by Mr. L. H. Fitzgerald, of Winnipeg. The mate was a two year old bull, with apparently abnormally-shaped antlers, otherwise a well-developed specimen. Both these were very gentle and easily managed, either single or double.

Mr. Fitzgerald also exhibited a team of elk (a picture of which I inclose) under the same conditions; both of them were fine specimens, though of course they were not so much of a rarity. These animals were procured in the section of country just northwest of Winnipeg. A. H. P.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

A BEAR'S FREAK.

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island.—One day more and we must turn homeward. For ten days we two "sportsmen," with a guide and his helper, had been camped on the shores of a beautiful little lake among the Canadian mountains near the Maine boundary. We had killed a fine caribou soon after our arrival, and our larder being amply supplied, we had taken life easy, enjoying the woods, now bright in the glory of their autumn coloring, the mountains rising in gentle slopes about us, the clear pure air, and the sense of freedom. But now we wanted some wild meat to take home, and arranged that the guide and myself should hunt on the morrow.

The cold fog of morning lay heavy on our little lake as our guide paddled me across at early dawn. For two miles I followed a logging road, then turned off for a mile to a little pond where I had found our first caribou. Quiet it lay in the forest bed, with not a ripple on its surface nor a sign of life on its shores. I looked along the margin for fresh tracks, but seeing none, turned back, retracing my steps slowly, thinking where I should go next, when across the pond a spot of white caught my eye. It moved, and soon I could plainly see a small caribou walking away from me. Quickly as possible I placed myself behind a point of rocks out of sight of the animal. Then I hurried to the point, and crouching low, worked my way over the rocks and looked along the shore. The little caribou, a yearling, was about 200 yds. away, and fifty yards nearer was a much larger one, a full-grown cow. The cow was feeding and walking slowly almost directly away from me. On one knee, with rifle cocked and ready, I waited, hoping she would turn so as to give me a quartering shot, and she did turn just enough to give me a narrow view of her side and neck. Then I fired. The 45cal., hollow-pointed ball struck the hind leg about six inches above the gambrel joint. The animal seemed crazed by the shock, falling partly down and jumping in and out of the water till I could fire again, putting a ball through her neck, when she fell dead in about eight inches of water. I was not able to move her from the place where she fell, so I went to work taking off the skin and dressing out the meat, standing in the water.

Before I had been long at this work I heard some animal make two jumps in the bushes about three rods from me. Quickly I secreted myself behind a tree with rifle ready, thinking a bull was following the tracks of the cow and might show himself. Again all was still, and I resumed my work. Just a little noise occasionally came from the bushes, a slight rustling of the leaves or the breaking of a little stick. I removed the skin with the head attached, and as it was too heavy to carry, placed it over a big log at the water's edge. Then with my skinning knife I separated one ham to carry to camp, and placed the rest of the meat beside the skin. Back to camp I went, and before noon our guide and his helper started to bring in the skin and as much meat as they could carry.

They returned loaded with meat, but could not find the skin. It had disappeared, the meat by its side being undisturbed. The men thought they had misunderstood me,

and that I started with the hide and had left it somewhere on the way because it was too heavy.

There were fresh bear tracks near the meat, but they supposed these were made before the caribou was killed.

We had no time to investigate this mystery, as we must make fifteen miles over a bad trail the next day. This was in the fall of 1892.

Our guide recently writes that he went back to the place where the hide was lost, and by hairs on the roots and bushes was able to follow where the hair had been dragged till he found the bones of the skull and pieces of skin with quantities of hair where a bear had torn up the skin.

The bear must have been watching for me and waiting for me to leave so that he could help himself, and it was him I heard in the bushes. But why did he take the skin and leave those fine caribou steaks? Strange, was it not?

F. T.

INCIDENTS IN MY HUNTING LIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Looking over some old diaries, I come across things which may be of some interest to your readers, and for my part I would be glad if some one would explain two or three of them.

In July 1888, while fishing a small trout stream in the Eastern Townships, not far from Shelbrooke, I saw some rather peculiar things happen. I was carrying a .22 rifle with me, and had given it to one of my companions while I crossed the stream on some rather slippery rocks. I had just reached the other side when I heard something rustling in the leaves near my companion. He heard it at the same time, and seeing a movement in a heap of brush, fired the rifle at it. When we got to the brush heap, we found, much to our regret, that he had shot a hen grouse. I said, "Of course it can't be helped, but never shoot till you see your game." My other companion was sitting on the ground and gave the unwitting law-breaker no quarter. He felt it, too, but said nothing. Just then his accuser got up, and there beneath his seat was a poor little chick, crushed flat. "Now," said D., who had shot the grouse, "talk about murdering game out of season; Jack has not got courage enough to face a full grown grouse, but sits unmercifully on the poor chick and smothered it before it can fly."

"Well," I said, "he deserves some credit for his attempt at incubation, but he was rather too previous."

In the same year and month I was in the woods near Quebec, and found a very peculiar nest with two young and one egg in it. I saw a black-eyed cuckoo fly out of a bush near me and shot it, as I wanted to study the bird, and to have convincing proof that this bird was a native of our woods. It then struck me that there might be a nest in the bush out of which it flew. There was, as I have stated. Now can any one explain these statements:

I. The birds were young "cuckoos," as nearly as I could judge, and the egg was nearly hatched.

II. The bird was a female, and flew only a short distance from the nest.

III. Birds generally lay eggs in the morning, and it was then 3.10 P.M. And, though the bird might have been laying at the time I disturbed it (had it been morning), it was scarcely likely to be doing so at that time of day.

IV. Both the young birds and the egg were quite warm, so the bird was probably sitting on the nest when disturbed.

I have always understood that the "cuckoo" laid its eggs in other birds' nests, and have even found eggs of other birds thrown out of the nest when they, by their number, prevented the cuckoo from depositing its own. I fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable space, and will therefore defer my other anecdotes to a later date.

L. D. VON IFFLAND.

A SCRIMMAGE IN THE CORN.

OTTAWA, Kan., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I promised to write you of our wolf hunt as soon as I could obtain information. Well, the fact is we have had three appointments during the winter, a round-up of coyotes on paper. The appointments were all kept—boys, men, tin horns and dogs were on the ground; even the coyotes were on time and did not disappoint their company, except in not allowing themselves to be caught. At one of the hunts it was claimed nine were seen, though it is more than likely that there were three which were seen three times. There was always some open place through which all escaped. The only successful round-up that I have heard of in this vicinity was taken part in by Henry G., a German farmer, his wife and dog and one coyote, and was not advertised—in fact, was quite an impromptu affair, occurring shortly after midnight one moonlight night in the early part of winter. I give the farmer's version:

"My wife she vake me up. She say, 'Henry, Henry, vake up. The tog after someting.' I shump out of bed, pull on my boots—not vait for pants—and take my shotgun and two shells and run out. Dere was my tog—hair all turned de wrong vay. I say, 'Sick em Tige,' and he runs to chicken house and dere was a coyote, and dey fight avay troo der cornfield—corn all out off. Pretty quick my tog he gets tired und coyote start off. Too far, but I shoots anyway und cripples his hindleg; den my tog fight him some more und I try for load my gun, but de shell too big, so I call to my wife, 'Bring me some shells quick.' Und I not likes to see my tog all chawed up so I runs up mit him, und der coyote lets go Tige und shumps at me. I swing my gun round und hit him like tunder mit der gun, und hit him so hard I break off der butt of my gun. Then Tige fight him some more again und den my vife comes running troo der corn-stocks—falls down some times—but brings me der shells, und I have the gun barrels und locks all right so I loads again, und der coyote gets avay from Tige und I gets a good shot at his side, und fills him full of shot and he goes dead, und den my vife und me goes back to bed, but no go sleep for long time."

I suppose not—would you? What a picture this would have made.

F. B.

A Factor in Man Making.

"AZTEC" writes from Mexico: "Of course I like your new clothes, hat and all. I have been sending the paper to a nephew in Missouri, and my sister, who has just come from there, says it is an important factor in rapidly making a man of him."

CALIBERS AND CARTRIDGES.

OTTAWA, Kansas, Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read the various articles in your valuable paper on the sporting rifle, and it seems that both the large and small calibers have good advocates, but it appears to me that the problem has not yet been solved. Thirty to forty years ago I used a sporting rifle a great deal. Then it was the muzzleloader—the old-fashioned, long-barrel Kentucky rifle—usually of uniform twist, loaded with powder and a well patched round ball, and for the range it was capable of, no more accurate arm has ever been invented. People in those days were not rich, and a single gun was made to answer almost all purposes, simply varying the charge of powder. In this way rifles of quite small bore were often successfully used for quite large game. A rifle taking a 40z. round ball was frequently made use of to kill squirrels and grouse, and for shooting the hogs and beavers in the fall butchering, by using a small charge of powder, while for target a larger charge was used, and a still larger charge was used for deer and wild turkeys. Later, the arm was made smaller and handsomer and with a gain twist, and after the deer were gone very small bores were used. The modern breechloader has been a great improvement, and yet its users have been somewhat handicapped by being compelled to use the same charge, or nearly so, for all kinds of game. Lately some of the manufacturers are making rifles that will use two or even three different sized cartridges—this is a step in the right direction, but I believe can be still bettered by taking in the cartridge maker as well. I may not be right, but it seems to me that a breechloader to be first class should be chambered for but one size cartridge or shell, but why not make the same shell answer for different sized loads as is done in the shotgun. A small charge of black powder with a round ball for short range and small game. I suppose a wad could be used if it was necessary to fill up the shell. A larger charge with a conical bullet for medium range, while the same shell with some good smokeless powder and conical bullet—split if need be—would answer for large game at long range. Some arrangement of this kind would make the modern breechloader a much more valuable arm than it now is, and for most purposes would not need to be either very large bored or heavy—a .28 or .40 caliber of 7½lbs. weight would be ample, if strongly made. It might be that the sharp twist of the modern rifle might not do so well for the quick burning powder, but here a gain twist would answer. If I remember right the new military rifle of Germany and some other countries use the sharp twist but, I believe, case their bullets. Now I have no doubt this may all have been thought over by the manufacturers, but I have not noticed their idea in print. I do not see why the users of the shotgun should have so many advantages over the rifle shooter in using the same weapon for so many different charges, smokeless powder, etc., all with the same sized shell. W.

NO POETRY IN THIS SOUL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed in your paper from time to time, expressions "true sportsman," "game hog" and "butcher" and vainly tried to ascertain just what they mean. So far I have only been able to find that the "true sportsman" is the one who, when he can not get away for a day or a week to do some killing himself, devotes his spare moments, they must necessarily be many, judging from the length and number of his articles, to stigmatizing his more fortunate fellows as "game hogs," "game butchers" and other fitting titles, and severely arraigning the "farmer" and his "hired hand" and insisting that they kill all the game, especially quail.

The brush piles, fence corners, huddled quail and farmer are vividly painted by a master hand as the fore ground of a picture in which the deep snow serves to fill in the general surroundings.

Armed with his traditional "musket" or "cheap breech-loader" he is accused of slaughtering the "brown beauties" by the dozen, but does he? How many of your readers know for a certainty, who has unimpeachable evidence of the fact?

I have in mind one of these much trodden upon farmers, who, during the recent heavy snow and terribly cold weather, took his ax into the woods, cut small pine trees and piled them, together with brush and logs along the fences for the quail to find shelter from the cold, and fed them every day it lasted. He not only did this on his own farm, but going to others told them what he had done and assisted two of his neighbors to do something for the birds. He hunts, owns a dog, and shoots a W. Richards gun which he claims he paid \$25 for seven years ago, and which, when I saw it last fall, was so loose that he was compelled to put paper under the fore-end to make it tight enough to use. He hunts almost every day of the open season, invites his best friends to come early and often and killed over 200 quail last season. Whether he killed them all on the wing or not I cannot say, but I am certain that, during the six days I hunted with him, he killed them all fairly and also killed 11 out of 13 shots one day and 10 straight the next, while I killed 7 in the two.

Is he a true "sportsman" or a "game hog"?

Who has the better right to kill the game, and why should he be styled a "game hog" and "butcher" for doing so?

Two or three fair shooters and a good dog kill more game in one day than all the farmers, hired hands and farm boys in the whole season, don't you agree with me? and that too, whether they be called "true sportsmen," "game hogs" or "butchers."

Will some of our true sportsmen arise and inform us what they have done, and are doing this winter, to protect the birds? As a general rule they are figuring on where to go next season for good shooting.

Some of your correspondents try to impress the idea upon us that they do not invest \$75 or \$100 in a dog and a like amount or more in a gun for the purpose of hunting game to kill it, but do so for the "thrilling sensation" which a booming pheasant or buzzing quail is supposed to impart. My thrill has always been greatest when, as the gun spoke, I could see the bird falling. These gentlemen I would like to ask, why the expense of gun and dog, why not do your "hunting without a gun?"

My observations have been that men do not go afield simply to muse on the beauties of nature, or to lose themselves in silent contemplation of the wonders worked by an unseen hand, but do so with the "low impulse" and "savage desire" to kill something.

Will the brothers of the gun please rise, one at a time, and truthfully state to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the predominating impulses that controlled them at the beginning of their hunting career.

How very seldom we hear of men going for the second time to a country in which, no matter how grand, beautiful or sublime the scenery, they found no game to speak of.

I for one, and there are probably others, am free to confess that while I enjoy a few days or a week in the woods as well as any one, I do not try to delude myself with the belief that I am doing so for my health or the pleasure of being near to nature, as a first and prime reason.

Be candid, folks, and say you go hunting because you wish to kill something. KUSKUSKI.

P. S. I am not a farmer, although I may write like one. ALLEGHENY, Pa., Feb. 14.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION AGAIN.

IN your issue of Feb. 9 Mr. Armin Tenner gives the results of some very interesting experiments made to determine the gas pressure of different powders at different places along the gun barrel, and the effect of same on the pattern and penetration of the charge of shot. Although the deductions Mr. Tenner draws from his experiments are different from the theories advanced by me, I am no less interested in them for the facts, and facts only were what I was searching for, and I trust that that is just what Mr. Tenner was after too.

It appears from the sum of Mr. Tenner's tests that the results from black and nitro powders were practically the same except that one gun did better with black and another with nitro powder. Suppose we consider only the guns that made the closest pattern with nitro powder: how does Mr. Tenner account for the closer pattern? Is it not an answer to say it is the way the gun is bored, for we use the same barrel and get different results from the two powders, which shows there must be a different action between the two powders. Just what this difference is and how it produces the difference in the shot pattern is what I want to know and is what I would be glad to hear Mr. Tenner explain. I would also be glad to have Mr. Tenner explain how it is possible for the initial velocities of all his charges to be about the same, when the pressure of the Walsrode powder was less at all three of the tested points, than either of the other nitro powders, and the average pressure of the Schultze powder was about 50 per cent. greater than the Walsrode.

Mr. Tenner says: "The merits of a gunpowder must, to a great extent, be judged from the uniformity of the gas pressure, since evenness of pattern is governed by a regularity of gas pressure." It is not clear to me whether he means regularity of pressure and evenness of pattern, comparing one charge with another, or whether he means that a uniform pressure from breech to muzzle will spread the charge more evenly than if the pressure was irregular. If he means the latter I am unable to see how anything but initial velocity and pressure at the muzzle should affect the shot in any way. In other words it could make no difference at what point in the barrel the initial velocity was obtained. I did not advocate the theory that the pellets from a chokebored gun cross each other, as Mr. Tenner infers, but only asked if it was supposed they crossed. I put a piece of stiff paper in a shell, dividing it in equal sections, and put No. 6 shot on one side of the paper and No. 8 on the other. The paper was then withdrawn and the shot covered with cardboard wad and crimped in the usual way. The target showed both sizes of shot all over it. If they did not cross, how did they get all over the target? That they were found all over the target is accounted for by their interference in crossing, so that some of them did not cross.

Mr. Tenner says that the pellets next to the sides of the barrel are the ones that scatter the widest and show least penetration. Now, as all the charge leaves the gun at the same speed, why should not the outer pellets continue to fly as fast as the others? I think they do, and that the uneven penetration is caused by the rear pellets pressing against the forward ones and imparting part of their force to them. I think if Mr. Tenner will try some charges loaded so they will give a high pressure at the muzzle, he will find more unevenness of penetration than when the muzzle pressure is a low one, unless the muzzle pressure be so low that friction causes the outer pellets to lag before they get out of the barrel.

I hope Mr. Tenner will continue his experiments and favor us with full reports. O. H. HAMPTON.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN FLORIDA.

READING an article in the *Times-Union* last week about the splendid quail shooting at Enterprise, Fla., I was fired by a spirit of emulation and a desire to enroll my name among the noted nimrods of to-day. Why should I not bag sixty-five quail in one day or even more and even equal or excel the now famous record made by Mr. F. H. Cozzens when wearied; but triumphant withal he counted out the day's bag upon the Brock House counter under the admiring gaze of the assembled guests. I asked myself why if Mr. Cozzens got sixty-five and Mr. Cory sixty-three quail in a day, why should I not do likewise, and musing thus I then and there decided I would make the attempt; so I hired me to a ticket office and the next day found me gun in hand, at Enterprise. At first I was afraid I might be too late for the cream of the shooting, as I could not but think that where so much hunting was indulged in, game must perforce eventually become scarce, but my mind was at once put at ease on that score. "You see" remarked F. M. Rogers, the genial proprietor of the Brock House, "the extent of country is so great that the same grounds may be hunted over day after day with no apparent diminution in the quantity of game killed, and a large portion of our best hunting grounds has not had a gun over it this season." With this lie on his lips and looking seventeen ways at once to see that everything was done properly for the comfort of his guests, Mr. Rogers left me with a hasty apology to greet some people who at that moment entered the hotel office.

The following morning at daybreak I was up and dressed and found a substantial breakfast awaiting me in the dining room. Everything had been arranged for me, and I found a horse and wagon at the door containing a man who was to act the dual role of driver and guide, and a large and good-looking but somewhat thin bird dog. A drive of a few miles took us to the "flat woods" (why they call them flat woods I could not imagine at first. The man told me there were Florida jays out there,

too; but I did not see any, and did not grasp his meaning at the time). Hardly had the dog, which rejoiced in the peculiar name of Violin, been let out of the wagon when he came to a stiff point in some thick grass about 50yds. from us. "Them's quail," remarked the guide, so I climbed down and walked toward the supposed covey; but before I could get within fair shooting distance Violin concluded I was near enough and sprang merrily into the middle of a fine covey of birds. I fired both barrels at once in my hurry, and by supreme good luck one of the birds fell and was immediately pounced upon by Violin, and eaten before I could get near enough to interfere. He then came running to me wagging his tail so happily that I had not the heart to administer the chastisement which I felt his action warranted. My driver told me that breaking shot was an old trick with Violin, and that one gentleman who had used him tried to break him of the habit by tying a rope around his waist and attaching the other end to Violin's collar. This scheme had worked well on quail, but one day while shooting snipe Violin made his usual spring forward; the man's feet had got tangled up somehow, so that he fell on his nose in the water and buried his gun out of sight in the mud.

Ten minutes later Violin made another point and flushed the birds before I could get to him, although I ran as fast as I could. This time three of the birds lighted in the trees and I killed them one after the other without any trouble. When the first one fell to the ground Violin reached him before I did, although I made a tremendous spurt, and he only beat me by a neck. I tried to take the quail from him and between us we tore it all to pieces. I gave Violin the fragments and did not beat him, as I made up my mind the poor dog must be hungry. He got the next bird also, and as I could not see another bird anywhere where we moved on. I made a silent vow that I would have the next bird I killed or die, so when Violin pointed again I sprang from the wagon and by a magnificent burst of speed succeeded in getting within about 20yds. of him before he made his spring. I killed a bird, and throwing down my gun ran for my life. Violet beat me as usual, but in his haste overran the bird, and the next instant I threw myself at full length upon the quail and covered it with my coat, while Violin bounded about me barking in a delirium of happiness and excitement. Hardly had I deposited my game safely in the wagon when Violin made another point. This time it proved to be a rabbit and away he raced it over the hill. We waited for nearly an hour, whistling and shouting, but as the dog did not return to us I drove back to the Brock House, having made up my mind that, under the circumstances I had killed enough quail for that day. At the hotel we found Violin. The dog seemed very glad to see me, and wagged his tail as though he considered his leaving us and coming home a most stupendous joke. What my opinion was I kept carefully to myself. That night my quail was added to the pile of game exhibited on the Brock House counter, but by special request my name and score did not appear in the "game book."

The game exhibit that evening was really splendid. Quail, snipe and various small game in numbers, while in the center was a 9 and 10lbs. bass which had been caught with others that day by ex-Alderman Kiernan of New York. F. T. H.

FERRETS AND RABBITS.

AUBURN, Susquehanna Co., Pa., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would ask, at the risk of becoming tiresome, space in your columns to reply briefly to Mr. Decker's communication of Feb. 9.

He refers to me, in parenthesis, as a true sportsman. He never laid claim to so honorable a title. But if he means one who has respect for the laws of the commonwealth even though they may conflict with individual interest, who is satisfied with an occasional bag of game taken in a legitimate and sportsmanlike manner, and who derives as much pleasure from observing and studying the habits and peculiarities of game as from the act of killing them I plead guilty to the charge.

Mr. Decker's mathematics are correct when he says that if, after killing ten rabbits, I had killed ten more there would have been twenty dead rabbits. But no such thing occurred. It might have easily been done. I think I know when I have killed enough, and slaughter is no sport by any means. I have never killed fifty rabbits in an entire season, yet I have killed enough.

Some one has undoubtedly imposed upon Mr. Decker with stories of his preserves. I have made inquiries of the dealers who handle the game killed hereabouts, and have interviewed the party named as bringing in the most rabbits, and he claims less than fifty. He has a first class dog, is a good shot, and was out nearly every day of the open season.

In writing of the habitat of the ruffed grouse, I do not from theory, but from observation in the covers. One of the many nests I have found and the flocks of young chicks I have surprised, not one was on a ridge or in heavy timber. I can at present locate three old nests in single piece of bottom land, where the cover straggled along both sides of a stream. Two of the nests are of recent date and still contain shells. Can Mr. Decker do well "in the woods on top of our hills"? When deer hunting on Dutch Mountains, I have tramped day after day over the ridges of heavy timber without starting a single grouse. At the same time I could go into the numerous old choppings found there and find birds plenty. I have not "talked with several gentlemen" to know whether I am right. I simply express my honest convictions, arrived at from observations extending over a period of twenty years. I would quote from one authority in support of my observations. A. H. Bogardus, author of "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting": "A well watered timber country, with plenty of thick underbrush among the rifts and gullies, is the place to look for them as a common rule, though they are also found in the great woods and heavy-timbered bottom lands."

Mr. Decker complains that I doubt his assertions. I claim the right to call in question unsupported assertions coming from one who advocates an utter disregard for law of the commonwealth made for the good of all when it seems to conflict with his individual interest.

A petition is being circulated asking the Legislature to amend the present law as to make it easy to suppress the use of ferrets.

Mr. Decker, in one of his advertising circulars, says "The ferret is a splendid animal for hunting rats and rabbits. It is their nature, like the weasel, to hunt and

kill." Surely a splendid animal with which to flood the country for the preservation of rabbits.

I am in receipt of a personal letter from Mr. Decker thanking me for the publicity given him, stating that it has been worth more to him than a paid advertisement in *FOREST AND STREAM*, thereby verifying my conjecture that advertising was his object in provoking the discussion and not a better understanding of the habits of game and its preservation. BON AMI.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Feed the Birds.

Mr. A. B. Gill, of Surry Court House, Va., writes me under date of Jan. 25 as follows:

"There seems to be a plenty of deer down here. The season closed on the 15th inst. I saw a herd of five a few days since. The extreme cold weather caused our birds to suffer, but the most of the farmers strewed grain around in clean places, so that they saved some from starvation."

The action of the farmers of Mr. Gill's section should be emulated by farmers and others all over the country as far as possible. This winter has been a horrible one, even in the Far South, and the birds are suffering badly. Many a bevy has frozen outright, and many another is weak and feeble to the last degree. All over Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Ohio the loss among the quail will be extreme. This is the worse in places where sleet or ice has formed so that the birds are prevented from getting at their feed. Let the charitable ones who have the chance throw down a little brush and straw, and put out some wheat screenings or other feed, so that the plucky little fellows can have a fair chance at least in their fight with the unkind elements. Their fight is hard enough, even when the elements are kind.

Spring Shooting.

Horicon Marsh is the greatest argument I know of in favor of the abolishment of spring shooting. Some of us may like to shoot in the spring, but no matter what we may believe or try to believe about it, this argument lies open and unanswerable. There are thousands of ducks every fall on Horicon Marsh, where spring shooting is not permitted. Nowhere else in this State, which has other marshes once equally good, is this the case where spring shooting has been practiced. It is plain as two and two make four.

When I was at Galveston, Tex., last month, I shot with Billy Griggs, whose home is at Browning, Ill., who follows the flight of wildfowl from Dakota to the Gulf, who was the first man to shoot in the once great New Madrid marsh, and whose opinions on wildfowl matters are worth more than those of any man now shooting for the market. I wish that every man I ever shot with had been as gentlemanly as Billy Griggs, and as considerate of game. I will just say that much in the matter of market-hunters and "gentleman" shooters. Griggs told me that there was no evasion of the fact that the ducks were growing scarcer every year, north, south, and at points between. He told me also that in his opinion a general stopping of spring shooting would make the wildfowl again abundant. He spoke with unqualified disgust of the useless slaughter he had seen among the weak and worthless ducks flying north in the icy days of early spring. His opinion is the second best argument I know of for abolishing spring shooting. These two arguments are enough to cause any fair man to do some serious thinking.

A Wisconsin Game Bill.

Among the divers game bills introduced in the Wisconsin Legislature this winter is one which has passed its second reading and reach the committee on fish and game and which it is hoped will eventually become a law. In nearly all its features it is excellent, and it is moreover simple and clear in its wording. This bill abolishes spring shooting of all game birds absolutely and make the uniform open season on all game birds extend from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. It provides an open season of thirty days, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, on deer, forbids dogging and night-hunting, and forbids rabbit-hunting with dogs in the deer season. It forbids the export of game and forbids the sale of any kind of game, no matter where killed, during the close season. Trespass on posted grounds it makes a misdemeanor. It forbids all netting or trapping of game, forbids sneak boxes, swivels and night-shooting of wild fowl. Moreover, it gives the wardens police powers and instructs "any officer of the law" to arrest, "at any time," when a violation of it is suspected. This law would be a good one for Illinois, though it is thirty days early on quail. I would rather see Oct. 1 the opening date for all birds in both States, but it seems to me that a liberal give or take might be allowable if so might be reached a law identical for the two States.

An Illinois Bill.

The Chicago *Evening Post* of Feb. 14 contained in its telegraphic news from the State capital an article showing a cheerful ignorance of almost everything in connection with the subject treated. It seems that the Illinois River market-fishermen want everything abolished but themselves. The gist of the article is below, and it is so full of self-evident, rotten foolishness that sportsmen will not need comment on it. It says:

An effort will be made in the present Legislature to abolish the office of State fish and game warden and secure an abridgment of the game laws. To-morrow Senator Barnes, of Lacon, will introduce a bill abolishing the wardenship and amending the statutes regarding the protection of game so that they will not be so severe on the woodsmen of Illinois, who depend largely upon the fruits of their hunting expeditions for food. The movement began to-day when Senator Barnes introduced in the Senate a petition signed by numerous citizens of Putnam county complaining bitterly of the hardships imposed by the game warden and the laws under which he acts.

The signers of the petition declare that while the fashionable rod and gun clubs can at certain periods of the year wantonly destroy all the fish and game they can reach without interference of the law, the poor men, as they call themselves, are punished for taking a fish or two out of season if it is only for food purposes. The petition denounces the better members of the finny tribe. Members of the aristocratic petition says they are "bloated" anglers and organizations throughout the State have caught loads of valuable fish just for sport and left them to rot on the banks of the streams. Of all the spawn placed in the waters of Illinois by the Fish Commission, the petition claims, only the German carp remain, and the German carp, the signers declare, are not so good as the native buffalo fish which they have

caught for the last forty years, but which is now protected by the game laws during most of the year. The natives of Putnam declare that the game warden and his German carp should be taken away, and the good old times and customs restored.

In connection with the recent report that Gov. Altgelt intended to abolish the State Fish Commission, this is pleasant reading. It is so absurd, however, that it can cause small trouble. In the first place, there isn't any such officer as "State Fish and Game Warden" in Illinois, and then again there isn't any "woodsmen" who depends on his hunting expeditions for food. But there are a lot of irresponsible river men who live the laziest way they can, and who don't care how much, how often, or how publicly they violate the common truth, or how ridiculous they make themselves before the world. This bill will never pass. It's too funny.

The president and several members of the executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will appear before the legislative committee on Fish and Game at Springfield, next Thursday, the day of the committee session having been postponed. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

Pennsylvania Game Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been interested in the several articles appearing in the *FOREST AND STREAM* the past few weeks concerning the proposed change in our game laws, and I am in full accord with "Penn," whose letter was printed in your issue of the 9th inst. The open season should begin Sept. 1 on woodcock, and not later than Oct. 1 on grouse. If this will not meet the approval of the sportsmen of the southern portion of our State, and the present law must be changed, then divide the State, having the season open for the northern portion on the above date.

I shall earnestly oppose any move to make any portion of October a close season, and I hope the sportsmen of northern Pennsylvania will write their members of our State Legislature, setting forth their views and asking their co-operation in the matter.

The season is much too short now for the lover of dog and gun, who goes into field and cover not for the large bag, but for the pleasure and good health it brings.

I inclose my mite for the "Nessmuk" memorial fund.

MOREAU.

Connecticut Sportsmen, Attention.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 18.—The Committee on Agriculture has set next Friday (Feb. 24) afternoon as a special for the consideration of the various measures now pending for the amendment of the game laws. One measure prohibits shooting ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock for three years. Another measure prohibits shooting these birds in December. The sportsmen of this State should be at Room 50, Capitol, Hartford, Conn., Friday, Feb. 24, at 1 P. M.

A. C. COLLINS,
President Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ICE-FISHING AT PUT-IN BAY.

FISHING through the ice with hook and line is becoming quite an industry in the archipelago at the upper end of Lake Erie, which embraces the Bass Islands. In the main it is pursued for profit, but there are quite a number who are pleased to call themselves anglers who take keen delight in seeing a 15-pound pike-perch come up through 30ft. of *aqua pura*, almost as clear as the proverbial spring, and who fish for sport as persistently as do the market fishermen; and the writer pleads guilty to the soft impeachment that in the absence of better sport, and to while away dull care in this isolated solitude, he finds much enjoyment in holding his two lines, working them gently with the hope that the next fish will make things hum when brought into the shanty.

He has two fish houses, the Black Prince, which is roomy, so that two or three can fish comfortably, while they are kept warm by a small coal stove, the floor being placed on the runners and boards to slip down to fill the space at the ends; and the "three-ounce shanty," as the fishermen call it—although it weighs 52lbs., including floor, runners and end boards—the Arctic Queen. It is 3x34ft. and 6ft. high. The frame is of 1-inch pine, covered with common factory cloth, to which was applied two coats of ironclad paint. Two can fish in it, but it is intended for only one, and is warmed by a common kerosene lamp.

As no fishes which are really classed as "game" in the strict sense—although the truly royal pike-perch should be—are caught through the ice, the angler cannot justly object even if twenty to thirty barrels of fish a day are shipped from this immediate vicinity, all caught with hook and line.

It is no uncommon thing to count one hundred fish houses from one point of view. They are all on runners, and warmed by small stoves or gasoline burners, generally large enough for two or three persons—though generally the market fishermen fishes alone—and some are so commodious that the fishermen sleep and cook in them, going ashore only to dispose of their catch and procure provisions, coal and bait.

The fishes caught are pike-perch (*Stizostedion vitreum*), sauger or sand pike (*Stizostedion canadense*), fresh-water herring (*Coregonus artedii*), yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*) and lawyer or ling (*Lota maculosa*). All except the herring are caught near the bottom in 30ft. of water; the bottom for hundreds of square miles, aside from reefs and shoals, only varying a few inches in this part of the lake.

The bait used is the ordinary small lake minnow, which is generally strung on the hook as one would an angle worm, which is not the best way, unless the fish are biting very freely, the writer always having had better success by keeping the minnows alive and hooking them lightly through the lips.

The main catch consists of saugers and yellow perch, both of which will average nearly a pound apiece, and the take runs from a few to several hundred a day per man. Comparatively few pike-perch are taken, and the large ones are rare. If a fisherman catches two or three

which will weigh from 5 to 10lbs. each he is well satisfied, for he gets about 10 cents a pound for these, while the saugers bring him 5 cents and the perch but 2 cents, while the market for the lawyer or ling, the only fresh water representative of the codfish family, and an excellent fish, owing to some of those unaccountable prejudices of the human animal, is of slow sale at low prices.

The market fisherman often goes five or six miles to reach his grounds, moving his house from time to time as the fishes change their feeding grounds. He generally goes on foot, drawing his hand sled; sometimes in sleigh loads, paying a nicker for the ride each way; more frequently on an ice boat, which covers the distance with fair wind and good ice at the rate of a mile a minute, or on skates, assisted by a three-cornered sail, which he manipulates with much dexterity.

Now I know your readers will laugh, but I have never enjoyed more sport fishing—and I have whipped streams for brook trout in nearly every State that claims them, and angled for black bass and mascalonge in nearly as many—than in "angling" for that grand little salmonoid, the herring, through the ice, with a half-ounce rod 18in. long, a line of the same length and a small pearl shirt button for a "fly." "Pot-fishing," did you say, "with no skill required?" Well, hardly! It requires much skill and a fine touch just at the right time, to the fraction of a second, to be a successful herring angler.

You sit in your shanty peering down into the blue depths for something when all at once along comes a school of lake minnows close to the ice and going as if to catch a train. Now get out your rod and be quick, for in a moment the water under your shanty is alive with herring, which, magnified by the water and ice, and your eyes, look as large as whitfish. You drop them a button, land, or rather shanty, one, place a hook just forward of his big dorsal and let him down as a decoy. The water as far as you can see is soon alive with herring, they are up in the hole in the ice so that their fins often appear above the water. Now be careful about noise. You have a suitable box, with a piece of old carpeting in the bottom so as to deaden the sound, to drop your fish into; keep your feet still and pray that no ice boat will come within a mile of you. The button goes in and out of many a herring's mouth before you "catch on" and get the exact touch that brings success.

There, you hook a big one in the lip and let him drop into the hole and then grab for him, and your more experienced companion gets off some words to be found in the good book, but not always applicable, and you, seeing the school gone, ponder on the uncertainty of things mundane and the idiocy of a fellow who cannot so far control his emotions as to obey orders and wish for a machine that will kick the first person singular, and that your heart would not pound your ribs so when, "There they are again!" and you go at it anew, very likely to repeat your former experience. But you finally become an expert, and you say that all depends on where we are and what our previous education has been when it comes to the definition of the word sport.

You can now fish herring through the ice successfully. Your decoy keeps your school until you have captured the last biter, and the others will stay about until another school comes along, and so the fun goes on.

It has happened that one man in the bay in this place has caught half a ton of herring in a day.

The herring never came in quantities until the latter part of February or early part of March, and then they are caught only in the bays, and never in the open lake.

A herring of about 1/2 lb. weight, caught through the ice, has much the taste of a brook trout, and is nearly as fine in flavor. Let us not forget that he is a salmonoid and cousin to the trout; let us remember that he is despised by the more fortunate of mankind, only because he is so abundant that he is a cheap food for those less favored; in short, let us dispel all our foolish prejudices about fishes and eat those which are palatable and wholesome and reject the rest. The fresh-water sheephead, whose scientific name ought to kill him, *Haplodonotus grunniens*, and the sturgeon (*Acipenser rubicundus*), are both now valuable fishes, while a few years ago they were used only for oil, and thousands of tons of them were thrown out on the beaches of the lakes to rot and pollute both air and water.

In conclusion, if any reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* would like to try his hand at winter fishing, we extend to him a most cordial invitation to come and partake of our rugged hospitality. He will find the market-fishermen as kind-hearted and as generous a lot of men as he ever met, who will do all they can, even to sharing their shanties and take, and if need be their bed and board—and a drop of snake-bite cure—to make his stay a pleasant milestone on his pilgrimage through life.

With some ice yacht experience, running a mile a minute, Put-in-Bay has the finest and fastest fleet of ice yachts in the world, barring of course only the Hudson River, and running more than one mile with only two runners on the ice, the windward one not touching it for miles at a stretch, we stake our reputation for truth and veracity (we have just read "Lorna Doone") that he will agree that all the winter sport for the ardent angler is not confined to tarpon and the glades of the beautiful but miasmatic South. Come and see us. FLY-FISHER.

The Mechanicville Case.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Again please allow me to reply to Messrs. Cheney and Johnson asking the points demanding answers serially. Mr. Cheney says "the statement (my former letter) bears the earmarks of having been drawn by a lawyer." I assure the gentleman that such is not a fact. I drew the statement, and am not a lawyer, therefore he is wrong again. Why? It takes no legal training to reply to Mr. Cheney. He states that during seventeen years "no one has successfully questioned any information that he has furnished *FOREST AND STREAM*." I will admit that few successfully question him and I am proud of being one of the few. Mr. Cheney says that the fishway at Thomson and Dix Hill is filled with driftwood. Who fills it with driftwood? A reply to this question may be made public later, if he does not know. Of course this subject, however, is by way of parenthesis. I assure Mr. Cheney, I am abundantly able to take care of myself, consequently will safely guard my official head.

I now come to "most reliable A. C. Johnson." Of course the men will endeavor to agree with him, and they will, and I am willing to give him one better not worse than the average. I am glad he concedes that he did not misrepresent myself to him; that settles the main question. It looks suspicious that the employee he refers to will "swear positively" that the statement he makes is true, but on a cross examination they might be found wanting. I now repeat that my statement published in *FOREST AND STREAM* (edition of Jan. 12) is the only true one, and the case so far, therefore, is at a deadlock. I am willing to give him one better. I use the word "chemical" and "chemical refuse," not "dye stuff." He may make all he can of that concession. In conclusion will say, I have no time or inclination to split hairs with either Mr. Cheney or Mr. Johnson through *FOREST AND STREAM*.

CHARLES H. BARNER,
Game and Fish Protector, 17th District.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VII.

The Trip Up.—VII.

(Continued from page 140.)

The east wind, bright sun and gentle breezes were the introductory openings of the dawn, and the trip to Grand River was decided upon as the most promising. Long before we were up we heard our boatmen in converse with some party aboard a passing sailboat. It was, the boys informed us at breakfast, Mr. John Schilling, a Hudson Bay agent stationed at Aguawa, who was returning with his party from a visit to Michipicoten. He had just engaged with the company for three years' more service and was considered one of the best officials of the half-breeds employed. He is the one we spoke of in our last letter on the "North Shore" as having the three handsome daughters, who are so much admired, particularly by the young bucks of the Chippewa tribe. Peter, who was a widower, was very elaborate in speaking of their charms, and it looked to me as if he would like to lay siege to the heart of the tall beauty of the raven tresses and sparkling eyes, who—

"Looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew."

Breakfast over we started for Grand River, of which we had heard so many marvelous tales of the trout therein, and therefore were exceedingly anxious to make the investigation on our own account. On ascending the sinuous stream we found one thing to be a fact, and that was a party of half-breeds from Michipicoten has been there the day before and gleaned the river near the mouth of nearly the entire finny tribe that had previously dwelt there in fancied security. We saw their rude forest poles on the shore and the embers of their smouldering fires. They had doubtless left early in the morning.

After going up as far as we could with the boat, we landed and then took a tramp through the thick bushes for the first rapids. I was in the lead, but getting my line badly tangled in the overlapping bushes was compelled to stop and release it, and while doing so Ned and the boatmen went by me with a rush as if they were bent on catching everything at the pool before I got there. The haste was unnecessary, for Ned caught only one lilliputian trout, which had doubtless strayed from its mother's watchful eye, while I did no better, when I put in an appearance, for my trophy was an exact *fac-simile* of his. We went up a pace further, as much to see the sparkling stream as it came cheerily along with its melody of ripple over the rocky shallows as aught else. A light tumbling fall or two, a stretch of murmuring rapids, a pool yonder, another there, and all glowing under the tints of the sun with weird touch of foliaged shadows and the carol of some woodland warbler, completed the pretty little landscape of a flowing river that

"Came tumbling from the height,
And struggling into ocean as it might.
Its boundless crystal frolic'd in the ray,
And gushed from cliff to crag with saltless spray."

We lingered a while along this lovely stream, which had given us such poor returns for our toil, and endeavored by way of compensation to revel in its sylvan fascinations until we felt the account balanced. Ned was not so much taken up with its poetic beauty as with the daintily winged butterflies which fluttered from flower to flower. They were silver, purple, roseate, lustrous-eyed creatures of woodland waters and blossoming forests, and just the thing to nestle in the flowing curls of a peerless beauty.

Noon saw us still idling our time along this mellifluous stream, when some one feeling the lack of nourishment, suggested a move to the boat and lunch. The word went along the line of pale-faces and half-breeds, and then the speed was accelerated, and poetry took its flight to make room for the hungry nature, which dominates in man and beast. We took the river route, and when we could not get along dry shod, plunged in the cold waters and waded like genuine troutmen—that is, Ned and the boatmen did, for I made a pack horse of Peter, who carried me on his back when necessary. The lake being the only resource for trout of respectable size, we tried it after lunch with great expectations, as everything was very favorable for the angle.

I had a silver-doctor for my dropper and a brown-hackle for my stretcher, and when I came to the first inviting ground where I thought some hungry trout lay poised, I let them sail to the water with as light a hand as I could and then fluttered and danced them along in hopes of a response. This I repeated fully a dozen times before attracting attention, and then in the next cast an arrowy gleam and a wicked splash came, and ever alert, the twitch went out from wrist, and a red-coated dandy made the reel sing the tune of delight. He was a fighter and a strategist of the first water, and held me to a gallant fight which was long in doubt. After he had completed his repertoire of tricks, I thought it high time for an unconditional surrender, and commenced coiling in line around the silver spool until he was immediately under the net, and then Peter encircled him with the meshed twine and lifted the pride of the icy lake into the boat. He was a full four-pounder, glowing in richly tinted colors that would rival the skill of the painter. Ned, who was quite ambitious for a share in the lovely spoils, began to grow a little uneasy, and wondered after all if his flies—the careful handiwork of hours—had no attraction for the painted fins. He persevered, however, and soon a broad glow illumined his bronzed countenance as an old patriarch in faded spots made for one of his choice lures. He struck in good time, and the second grand battle of the day was on. Every desperate rush and plunge of that wily old trout was skillfully met by the active rodst. Ned was a patient waiter, and let the stricken fish have all the braided line he wanted, but when he came to vaulting and somersaulting he, for a moment, felt a little trepidation, and then was again the merry manipulator of rod and reel. Finally, after a gallant struggle, he killed the fish by a simple adherence to the artistic rules which govern every gill-edge angler who prizes one fish so captured to a hundred in the greedy tactics of the pot-hunter. One is an art and an honor, the other maladroitness and a degradation.

The waters were now going over we had never before fished, and they looked as if they were a fine habitation for the radiant trout. The shore line was composed of high bluff banks, and notwithstanding their almost perpendicularity, a small forest of balsam, spruce, etc.,

had sprung from the clefts. The walls, like mighty buttresses, ran up hundreds of feet, and with the bright sun gleaming upon them and the shadows that lingered around, it was a grand and impressive picture which nature had finished in her own way. In looking at this towering pile, tipped and edged with gold under a declining sun, the music of the good old abbot's evening meditation, in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," floats into our memory:

"Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall.
Evening shadows are display'd.
"Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
"Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
"Darker, darker, and more wan
In my breast the shadows fall,
Upward steals the light of man
As the sunshine from the wall.
"From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher."

In my meditative mood, as I gazed at this towering and massive grandeur, I had lost sight of the gentle art, but was recalled to it when I heard a terrific splash that fell around one of Ned's seductive flies. It came from another hungry warrior that had lain for years under the shade and shimmer of the creviced cliffs and flinty rocks, and who doubtless in this isolated place had never before been made acquainted with the duplicity of the angler. He had now an emphatic introduction, and was striving with frantic fury to solve the mystery of the little braided thread that held him so fast and was so rapidly causing him the loss of so much vital force. To think that such a tiny thing should bring him all this worry, when, if he could only get a square strike at it with his broad tail, or even a wild dash or two with an unrevolving reel, it would assuredly separate and he again be a free rover in the great lake. He tried both methods, but the rodst. above was always ready to foil him. He finally grew desperate, and raced and jumped and cavorted around at random; but do what he would that slender thread clung to him with a tenacity that was driving him to destruction. The angler, who now felt the quarry secure, had a glow of supreme delight radiating his rugged face. He was richer than a barbarian king, for happiness was his. The freckled warrior of the rocky bluff had now made his last struggle, and went into the net as slain by a crafty angler with a braided thread and whiplike willow. He was a shade over 4lbs., and was not weighed in his own scales, as some wit puts it, as a check to elaboration of the avoidupous.

We fished along these tinted masses of declivitous and scarified rocks till we had lain in state two more of the daintily-hued dwellers of the aqueous realms, and then reeled up, and started with an increased speed for the camp.

Ned for the past few days has been annoyed with a bruised leg, which he severely hurt by endeavoring to fracture some granite with it. It proved too hard for him, and as a consequence the leg suffered.

A sailboat, with a party of anglers, is seen to enter Sand River just as we arrive at camp. I don't think they will remain long if they intend to angle there, for they will catch nothing but a limited amount of very small trout.

The sun that evening sank in a rift of leaden clouds, while it rose the next morning with anything but unclouded joy upon its rounded face. A cold east wind came along with it, that gave the waters an ugly and foreboding look, while the waves had an unpleasant moan suggestive of ugly weather.

The prevailing wind giving us a fair lee on the east side in the adjacent waters, we concluded, despite the dismal aspect, to try our fortunes there. It was cast, cast, cast, from the time of departure till we reached the jutting point, and only one little trout was raised to the surface. Turning into the bay the waters improved, and soon one of 2lbs. paid forfeit of his life in endeavoring to investigate the character of my silver-doctor. Ned had a rise immediately after, which he impaled, but which got off with its first break for liberty. Of course he was a "big fellow," as those are the ones that generally disappear from your hook. Arriving at the Titanic rock we had fished before, we got ashore and commenced an industrious search with our feathery conceit for the radiantly dotted and brilliantly-dyed *fontinalis* of the genus *Salvelinus*. I made a few casts and then left Ned monarch of the giant rock, as I preferred the ragged shore further down the bay. I caught one within sight of him that was a good 2-pounder, and a moment after I saw Ned busily engaged with another of the tribe. It swiftly dashed some 50yds., and then leaped high in air, shaking the beaded spray from its golden sides, and, on striking the water, desperately breaking away with the fly as a souvenir of the event. I listened to hear the angler's loud lament, and it soon welled forth, and I think all the fly-makers in Christendom, good, bad and indifferent, came in for a questionable blessing that was in language lurid and highly emphatic. This was the second trout that had played him the same daring trick, but the fault was altogether his, as he was using some old flies he had had for years, and which, of course, were impaired just where the shank of the hook ended. The fish was of noble size, for I saw his lordly proportions as he vaulted from his element and escaped. The loss of that particular trout was Ned's theme the remainder of the day, with some echoes of the same the day following.

My path by the shore was over a tumbled mass of huge and scraggy rocks, which required sure footing, or, as a failure, a slide into the lake. Having my rubbers on I was quite secure along the route, and every foot of water that I could reach found my flies dancing o'er its surface. The trout were not rising savagely nor abundantly, and the result was a limited score. I killed two along here that were a shade over 2lbs. and then, as it was near meridian, hurried to Ned and the boat. He had secured

the same number, though he stated it took very hard work to entice them. Back to dinner we went, it not being over 15 miles to camp. The weather still had a bad look and the wind was shifting around to the west, which would give us, if it breezed heavily, a pretty rough sea in the bay. Our prophet, who had not ventured an opinion about the elements for the past two days, now stated that there would be no fishing that afternoon and that the big combers would be rolling in with an appalling violence ere nightfall. We accepted his report in good faith, being inclined that way ourselves.

After dinner Ned scanned the horizon, which displayed dark and dingy clouds slowly breaking and drifting along, while vapory masses were forming, as if to soon shower the earth. Despite the ominous signs, Ned was for another trip to the bay, which I was confident would be of short duration. We all, however, good-naturedly boarded the boat and were soon breasting through the little white caps, that were just beginning to show their snowy feathers.

Our flies were in constant work as we progressed, but nothing disturbed them but the foaming spray as it spitefully broke. Once more on the famous rock where Ned lost that noble fish, and again went the flies in the teeth of a head wind. It was difficult casting, and as I had never been taught that art of whipping against such a wind, I compromised by sending them out at right angles. This was a decided improvement and so I adhered to it. I saw at once that the fishing was to be a failure as the sea was beating the shore heavily and with a force that would militate against the sport. I at last succeeded in catching a herring that weighed near a pound, and which fought fiercer than any trout of that size I had ever caught. It seemed the little fellow would never strike his colors, and when Peter netted him he was still full of fight. The silver-scaled and slender fish of bones innumerable, was returned to the waters that he might relate his visit to another element, and then I returned with my beachman to Ned and asked him if he had had enough of fruitless casting. He answered in the affirmative, and declared the "living rainbows" were not to be tricked that afternoon by any artfully arranged feathers. We head for our quarters at once and over a sea decidedly lumpy. On the way Ned complained of great pain from his bruised and inflamed limb, and declared that he must remain in camp for a few days and give it complete rest. I had advised this course several times, but his inveterate love of trout-ing would not permit it, nor did I think his assertion of remaining in camp of any weight whatsoever. When I started for the quarry he would undoubtedly follow, that I would wager.

The next morning was a royal one; a cloudless sky, west wind, bright warm sun, and a clear, exhilarating atmosphere were the elemental greetings. The effulgent summer has at last practically come upon the great lake. It is here with its "fanning breezes," its snowy clouds and its light mists; it is here with its drowsy smell of flowers, its white sweet clover and its stately golden rod; it is here with its hum of bees, its carol of birds and its locusts' tune; it is here with its rustling trees, its grateful shade and its symphony of peace; it is here with "its air sweeter than wine," its morning brightness and its sunset shadows. All nature proclaims it with its mellow trumpet from a thousand hills, in the valleys and in the seas—

"From bright'ning fields of ether, fair disclos'd
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth,
He comes, attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes on his way."

Having had much delightful sport of late, we are not so eager for the knights of the reeds in their sunset colors as when we first sought them. The silken edge has been somewhat frayed, but still the pleasure of coaxing, impaling and killing these finny scions of royalty remains, and will so continue to the end. We now go upon our raids with a luxuriant ease and nonchalance, but give more attention to the aesthetics of the gentle art than formerly. To my surprise, Ned has ceased his architecture of flies and is now using some of those daintily-constructed conceits with which I presented him, and which every trout with an eye for the beautiful struggles to possess.

With such a glorious morn it was impossible to withstand the temptation of seeking the finny breed, and therefore the word went out to embark and once more seek the home of the iridescent beauties that

"In the waters wildest play
Lie in wait for floating prey."

We went to the west side of the camp and fished as high up as Blind River, succeeding in catching only three—two of which weighed 3lbs. each—and in missing two magnificent rises, which we thought a severe reflection on our accomplishments as anglers.

Trout as a table attraction is now beginning to pall upon the appetite and such delicacies as we have in store are being drawn upon to tickle our fastidious palates, as

"The same state viands serv'd up o'er and o'er
The stomach nauseate."

After dinner there was the low lullaby of a scarcely audible surge, a bright sun and a sky with its noonday blue, all foretelling of an unruffled surface for the lake and indolent trout, that the very *chef-d'œuvre* of a lure could not attract. Of course, with such conditions angling was out of the question, so we lay around camp, like veritable lotus eaters, and whiled away the afternoon with our books and cards, and a defensive attitude toward the mosquitoes, sand flies, etc., which the warm weather had brought around us in dense clouds.

Toward evening a half-breed with his family, who were passing in a canoe, stopped at the camp to chat with the boys. He stated to them that the party of fishermen he had seen entering Sand River a day or two ago had a drag net, and the probability is the pot-hunters used it. It may be as well to state while on the subject that as we crossed Pan Cay Bay going up we saw a half-breed putting down gill nets for trout without as much as an attempt at concealment. Of course where there is such lax administration of laws on this lake there is no fear. This, too, when there was a deputy official belonging to the Fisheries Department employed, so our boatmen informed us, at the very fishing station where these illegal trout are generally purchased. I have written heretofore on this subject, but it received no attention, and I suppose it never will until some efficient supervisor has charge of it. I is shameful, very; but I don't propose to weary

myself any more about it; but some day, and ere long, the important question will arise, "What has become of the trout?" Ask the State Commissioner of Fisheries; he can solve the conundrum, if he is sincere, but it will not be to the credit of his administration, I assure you.

As Ned's wife and his rosy-cheeked children at the "Soo" floated in sweet visions before him he began to look homeward. He could imagine, as he gazed into the dying embers of the camp-fire, his hearthstone with the elfin romps around it, the kitten in its playful gambols or asleep on the rug, his old arm chair in its accustomed corner, and his dear old pipe ready to send forth its soothing incense. He spoke not of these images, but his sigh and heaving bosom, as he traced these delightful home-pictures, were more impressive than language.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

I suggested a return, with stoppages at Twin Sisters' Islands for a week's sport, and also a few days at Gros Cap. He acquiesced, and the next morn was set for our departure, and with this I will close this series of papers, with a promise to give, in a short time, the details of the return trip, which was not only full of eventful incidents, but of some glorious battles with the ever beautiful trout, which we found in great abundance.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI.

THE MEGANTIC CLUB DINNER.

THE sixth annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Club was held at the Hoffman House, New York, last Tuesday evening. The club is largely a Boston institution and previous dinners have been given there. On this occasion, then, of the first reunion in this city, the New York members were animated by a generous emulation and an ambition to make the annual gathering as enjoyable as those which had preceded it. Chairman Frederick L. Gilbert and the other members of the committee of arrangements have abundant reason to be gratified with their success. The dinner was attended by about 100 members and guests from Boston, New York and elsewhere and was most happily conducted throughout.

The banquet hall was richly decorated with trophies of the chase. The collection, especially rich in American pieces, and representing all the great hunting grounds of the world, was notable for variety and beauty. The arrangement was intrusted to Mr. Frederic S. Webster, of the firm of Sowdon & Webster, to whose artistic skill was due the effectiveness of the display. Among the trophies were mounted heads of moose, elk, buffalo, pronghorn antelope, mountain sheep and mountain goat; horns of black-tail deer, white-tail deer, koodoo and gemsbok; handsomely mounted specimens of the short-eared owl and the snowy owl, white pigeons, Japanese rollers and peacocks; cases of California quail and of tropical birds; game panels of green and copper pheasants, ruffed grouse and Virginia quail; skins of black bear and brown bear, Himalayan tiger, African lion and leopard; skins of buffalo, musk ox, cheetah, wolverine and gray, red and white foxes; rugs of wolf and ocelot skins, and numerous other specimens, in all making up a display aggregating \$7,000 in value, and prompting to hunters' yarns and tales of forest and cover.

Much regret was expressed at the enforced absence of President Heber Bishop, who was to have presided, but was detained by illness in his family. His place was filled by Mr. Frederick L. Gilbert gracefully and acceptably.

Members present were: Abbott H. Rollin, C. L. Roos, W. S. Burnaby, W. R. McLaughlin, Thos. W. Bryant, L. H. Mullen, R. M. Stelle, Geo. C. Merriam, W. C. Bower, W. P. Stevens, J. A. Beall, Frederick L. Brown, H. W. Sanborn, Mr. Schweizer, John W. Mason, Thos. Darlington, Robt. F. Tilney, J. M. Stewart, J. A. Exton, P. W. Barber, A. Ettlinger, J. Voorhis, J. J. Mayhew, A. W. Kelley, J. F. Andrews, Chas. H. Peckham, L. Dana Chapman, A. W. Robinson, Master Harry M. Peckham, C. Cottier, Jr., W. H. Williams, C. A. Keene, E. R. Graves, H. A. Carr, Joseph E. Brown, J. H. Lake, E. H. Barnes, J. Porter, L. B. Palmer, A. V. Nolin, W. I. Brower, J. O. Woodruff, C. H. Harvard, A. W. Gleason, Wm. B. Smith, Chas. B. Peet, Robt. C. Alexander, S. Asham, Jr., Geo. E. Coney, W. B. Faxon, J. N. W. Cutter, Dr. E. W. Tiffany, Mr. Vondevore, R. N. Seyms, Geo. H. Burt, R. F. Way, J. H. Bidwell, J. E. Woodruff, W. K. McClure, E. D. Honken, Alfred Hopperath, H. O. Wilbur, C. L. Davis, Henry Pratt, Mr. Campbell, Charles Kilham.

The guests of the evening were: Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, president of the New York Association for the Protection of Game; Hon. Warren Higley, president of the Adirondack League Club; Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, late of the New York Fish Commission; Dr. F. R. Sturgis, president of the Quaspeake Club; Mr. Henry P. Wells, of the Parmahenee Club; Mr. F. S. Webster; and Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds of the FOREST AND STREAM. Letters of regret were read from Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and from Gov. Russell, who wrote:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, Executive Department, Boston, Feb. 18.—Dr. Heber Bishop, President Megantic Fish and Game Club. My Dear Doctor: I thank you very much for the kind invitation of your club to attend its banquet in New York, on the evening of Feb. 21. Important and peremptory engagements here will prevent my being with you; otherwise I should be glad to enjoy your hospitality and to meet the members of your club. Please express to them my appreciation of their courteous invitation, and my sincere regret that I cannot be with them. With best wishes for the continued prosperity of your club, and for a pleasant evening to all, I am, Very truly yours, WM. E. RUSSELL.

Speaking for Dr. Bishop, who was to have responded to the toast "Our Club," Mr. Gilbert presented some highly interesting statistics, setting forth the magnitude of the Megantic domain, its wealth of fish and game, and the improvements made for the comfort of members. During the past season there were taken from club waters more than 8,000 trout, of which the registers show, 3,200 were killed, and the remaining 4,800 were returned to the water. Deer killed, 35; caribou, 6; moose, 4. No record was kept of black bass and ducks. The improvements during the year have included the building of a piazza on three sides of the club house, provision of bath rooms, water works, sewerage, etc.; new camps have been built on Spider River at the head of navigation and at Arnold Bog, the best in the preserve; a new boat house has been built at the club house; the camps at Big Island have been repaired, and new trails have been cut—all this at

an outlay of about \$2,400. Forty-three new members have been added. The preserve covers 160,000 acre, or 250 square miles, and has 28 lakes and ponds, with 6 rivers. There are 31 club houses and camps. The running expenses were about \$4,000; assets (report of last May), \$15,933, and liabilities, \$2,358; present surplus (in valuation of camps, club houses, etc., and cash \$4,100), \$13,577. Improvements proposed for this year will include fish hatcheries at Spider River, Chain of Ponds and Seven Ponds.

Responding for the "Protection of Game," President Roosevelt, of the New York (City) Association, reviewed the history of that organization and its work in this city, and contrasted the game and fish supply of fifty years ago with that of the present. Hon. Warren Higley, of the Adirondack League Club, in discussing the "Relation of Protective Game Clubs to Forestry," related the financial success which has rewarded the League's system of scientific forestry in the Adirondacks. Spruce timber on the League's preserve is cut without impairing the forest; a large income is derived from this source while the woods remain practically in their primeval condition; and the League, in demonstrating the practicability of forest preservation with forest revenue, is pointing the way to the solution of the great forestry problem in America.

Speaking on "Fishculture" Hon. Eugene G. Blackford



PRESIDENT HEBER BISHOP

extolled the United States as the leader in fishcultural progress; we have better methods here than anywhere else, and successfully propagate more species. Commissioners come from all parts of the world to America to learn our methods. Among the achievements in this line Mr. Blackford instanced the stocking of Pacific waters with striped bass and shad. "In your Megantic waters do not attempt to introduce foreign fish; choose the native stock; breed the trout indigenous to Megantic waters. Don't try brown trout; they will grow to be monsters, but they devour the speckled trout, and you will wish yourselves rid of them. Trout culture is now almost an exact science; its successful prosecution may be assured by securing the services of experienced men. The time has come when State enterprise should be directed to propagating food fish, and the breeding of trout should be left to individuals and such clubs as the Megantic."

Dr. F. R. Sturgis gave a graphic portrayal of field and stream incidents of "A Sportsman's Vacation," and made an eloquent plea for moderation in the taking of fish and game. Mr. Andrew W. Gleason added to the gaiety of the occasion by relating in a humorous vein the hardships and misadventures afforded by the club's 250 square miles of wilderness, and Mr. William De Vere gave a number of humorous recitations which kept the company in a perpetual good humor.

The incident of the evening was the presentation of a complete angler's outfit—Leonard rod, line, fly-book and landing net—and with it a check for a substantial sum to ex-Treasurer Frederick L. Brown. The gift came from the directors and was a testimonial of regard and of appreciation of Mr. Brown's services to the club. Speaking for the directors Mr. Chas. Kilham said in happy phrase:

We have with us this evening a member who for five years served you as treasurer and director, during which time he received no remuneration for his services, yet devoted a large portion of his time to the corporation's interests. At a critical period, too, in our history, he, with others, came to its support by subscribing to bonds that it was deemed advisable to issue, to enable us to build a club house and make other needed improvements. In figuring on the needed quorum for a business meeting, one could always count on the presence of our worthy ex-treasurer; earnest and faithful ever, he was sure to be on hand, and no labor was counted too arduous where the corporation's interest was concerned. In his accounting to the directors as treasurer he was exact to a cent, and always had a balance sheet in his vest pocket, as well as any needed figures at his command. Those who were members of the board during his term of office will remember how earnestly and constantly he advocated conservatism in the administration of affairs, and was always striving to keep the balance on the right side. Of the healthy condition of the treasury at the time he resigned his office you were all informed by the last annual report. It is needless to say universal regret was felt by the board when it was learned that other duties so demanded his time as to necessitate his tendering his resignation.

In behalf of present and past members of this corporation, I tender you, Mr. Brown, this Leonard rod and tackle as a slight token of their esteem for you as a man and friend, and may you derive much pleasure from their use.

I find here also from the same hands, a bit of paper that I warrant you is as good as gold, which metal we regard as a fit emblem of your sterling integrity. Please accept this also as a further token.

The directors, too, feel that as a corporation they should recognize your long and faithful service; your dues will therefore be remitted for the present year and at the annual meeting they will recommend the incorporation of a by-law whereby we may extend the courtesy of life membership, and you may feel assured that your name will be first on the list, if the wish of the present and past boards is recognized.

And now, brother, when wending your way to some promising pool or stream, give the Megantic boys a thought, and believe that long after trout or salmon cease to rise for you, your memory will be held in the esteem of those who are proud to honor you to-night.

In accepting the testimonial, Mr. Brown said he would always cherish it as a token of the kind feeling of his fellow members, whose confidence so uniformly accorded him during his official service, had been the highest reward he could have asked.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

The Gilbert Trout Bill.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—What is known as the Gilbert Trout Bill is the all-absorbing topic of discussion among rod and line sportsmen in this part of the country. It seems that this bill met with a hitch the other day in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and came to a halt there. Through some technicality or flaw it did not pass the House, but was referred back to the committee. There was to be another hearing on the bill on Tuesday of this week. The bill now is hardly all that Mr. Gilbert asked for originally, since it proposes to make the open season on trout in the Bay State begin on Feb. 1 instead of Jan. 15, as at first proposed. But the very idea of opening all of the trout waters of the State on Feb. 1, instead of April 1, as now, has greatly alarmed the lovers of trout all over the State, and now that there is a general awakening, the measure is to be thoroughly fought in the Senate, even if it again gets by the committee. It is well understood that the only desire of Mr. Gilbert is to sell his cultivated trout in the close season, and failing to obtain this right last winter, through a bill specially prepared for his own interests, he is trying to accomplish his purpose through a general law, though such a law would lead to the destruction of all the wild trout in the State.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association met on Friday evening, and after passing resolutions condemning the Gilbert trout bill, the resolutions to be forwarded to the Senate, where it is proposed to fight the bill, a committee was appointed to take the matter in hand, and to attend the hearing. A protest something like the following was also drafted, and is being thoroughly circulated and numerously signed.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled:

We do most earnestly and emphatically protest against the passage of the new "Gilbert Trout Bill" opening the close season on Feb. 1 instead of April 1 as a measure which, for the private profit of a single individual, will exterminate our wild trout, nullify State expenditures and be an opening wedge for the abolition of all protection on fish and game.

Good work has been done with this remonstrance. It was circulated at the Chamber of Commerce on Saturday, as well as in the tackle stores and in the shops and stores of many of the friends of the trout in Boston. At the Chamber of Commerce the petition was numerously signed; even men not interested in fishing signed when the enormity of the new Gilbert Trout Bill was explained to them. By Saturday evening there were more than 1,000 names on the protest, with still more to come forward.

The Old Colony Club, of which Actor Joseph Jefferson is president and Mr. Charles F. Chamberlayne secretary, is also circulating a remonstrance exactly like the above. A circular letter accompanying the remonstrance reads as follows:

Boston, Mass., Feb. 15.—Dear Sir: Are you aware that a bill, completely and disastrously reversing the settled policy of the State by opening the close season for trout on Feb. 1 instead of April 1, is in its final stages in our House of Representatives? If not, such is the fact. Mr. Walter L. Gilbert desires, for his private profit, to sell trout in this period at once to write to your representative and Senator, and persuade others to do so. It is also hoped that you will recognize the fact that efficient work is necessarily expensive, especially when done in a short time, and that any contribution you may remit to our secretary will be of value in forwarding the work.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OLD COLONY CLUB,
Charles F. Chamberlayne, Sec'y.

Now that sportsmen are being aroused, there are great hopes that the bill may be defeated in the Senate, where the fight is to be made.

Gov. Cleaves of Maine seems to have thoroughly grasped the situation in his State, so far as special fish and game legislation is concerned. When some half a dozen special bills affecting trout fishing in as many ponds were presented to him the other day for his signature, he made a study of the matter and found that the bills already passed and before him were only a part of some 20 or 30 already before the Legislature of the same nature. He immediately sent a communication to the Legislature respecting this mass of bills and suggesting that a law be passed referring them all to the Fish and Game Commissioners, as well as all future petitions asking for special legislation of this kind. His recommendation has been very promptly acted upon in both branches of the Legislature, and a measure providing that when 10 or more persons, residing on or near a pond or stream, and interested in preserving the fish in the same, shall petition the Commissioners, they shall grant a hearing and take the matter under advisement. If the Commissioners deem proper they may provide special restrictions affecting the taking of fish in the waters mentioned, and these restrictions shall be equally binding with the general fish laws of the State, and shall be enforced the same as the general laws. Should this measure pass, and it is in a very fair way to do so, it will do away with a mass of special legislation in Maine, affecting the inland waters, that was fast tending to get her fish laws into such a muddle that their enforcement would have been impossible.

Great is the ingenuity of the Maine hunter or buyer of game who desires to ship his venison out of the State illegally and into the Boston market. A good friend of the FOREST AND STREAM was shown a very pretty little dodge the other day. In the stall of a well known dealer in game he saw what seemed to be the carcass of a young bear, very neatly done up in cloths, and just received from Maine. There were the paws of a genuine bear, sticking out of the cloths, but alas, for the honesty of the good sons of Maine! The paws were very nicely fitted on to the carcass of a deer. Following the false bear meat came a letter requesting that the paws be returned. They would answer for further shipments, though the letter did not state as much. Fortunately for the deer in Maine, where it is now close season, the paws have fallen into the hands of an honest Boston game dealer, who does not care to do that sort of business, and though bear's paws may not be very plenty in the game shipper's neighborhood, the paws that have been used to cause the Maine game wardens to pause, will pause here in Boston. SPECIAL.

The Massachusetts Association.

HON. GEO. W. WIGGIN occupied the chair at the meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective As-

ociation, held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Friday evening, Feb. 17.

The Association unanimously voted to oppose the bill now in the Legislature to change the opening of the season on trout from April 1 to Feb. 1, and adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That it is the belief of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association that the proposed law to open the fishing season for trout on the first day of February would, if passed, prove extremely injurious to the interests of the people of this Commonwealth, and that it is our further belief that the season should not be opened any earlier than is now provided by law.

Mr. Benj. C. Clark, chairman fund committee, reported a total fund deposited of \$1,636.51. It was voted to favor the bill for opening the season on black bass June 15.

The Association voted to co-operate with the Old Colony Club in their efforts in the Legislature.

Messrs. Edward E. Allen, Edward H. Best, Dr. G. L. Marshall, Frank W. Whitcher, Chas. Vose and Lewis C. Marshall were elected members of the Association.

RICHARD O. HARDING, Sec'y.

A Card to Massachusetts Clubs.

The Old Colony Club would be very glad to receive at the earliest possible moment the names of all persons or organizations for the protection of fish and game in Massachusetts who would be willing to assist in the work of procuring signatures in remonstrance against the Gilbert Trout Bill opening the close season for trout Feb. 1 instead of April 1, as at present provided.

CHARLES F. CHAMBERLAYNE, Sec'y.

60 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON.

BAIT-CASTING FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note what Mr. A. N. Cheney has to say in your issue of Feb. 9 in regard to "pickerel favoring pike," but I cannot for the life of me see how any person can mistake one for the other, much less a "local fisherman." I am not familiar with the pickerel or pike of northern New York, but there is certainly as great a difference between the pickerel and pike of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa as there is between a dogfish and a bear.

"Eurus" very graphically describes a day's black bass fishing in the same issue. "Eurus" certainly must have struck pretty good water if he hooked thirty black bass and a good pickerel in five hours. We of the World's Fair city see no such fishing, especially nowadays, but if I did find such ground I should hardly spend the time in trolling.

I would like to inquire if "Eurus" has ever tried taking the bass by bait-casting. I think he has not or he certainly would never go back to trolling. In my time I have tried nearly all the methods of taking bass (except spearing, shooting and netting), and, frankly, I can get more keen satisfaction and enjoyment out of one bass taken by bait-casting than I can out of twenty taken while trolling. I would advise "Eurus" to try it, and I believe, from the spicy manner in which he writes, that he is a true sportsman, and I will guarantee that when he has got his hand well in he will never go back to trolling.

In bait-casting, as in all other methods of fishing, much depends on the nature of the body of water and not a little on the fish. The greater majority of Chicago fishermen I find are bait-casters, and many of them are very expert at it, too. I also observe that 99 out of every 100 do their casting from a boat. Where the water will admit of wading, is in my estimation the only way to bait-cast. In some of our lakes and rivers, of course, wading is out of the question, and the sportsman must take to the boat if he would fish, but the greater majority of the lakes in the neighborhood of Chicago offer excellent facilities for wading. Silver Lake, Wis., Channel, Maria, Catherine, Long, Crooked and Round lakes, Ill., all offer excellent opportunities for wading. Of all these lakes perhaps Silver Lake has the best shore for wading. The bottom is firm and the water shallow for at least 100 feet from shore. Reeds, perch and pickerel weed are plentiful on all the shores.

A good pair of hip boots (or wading pants of oilskin if you prefer), a frog bag and a creel or bass bag of oilcloth and the pole that you prefer completes the outfit. You have no leaky boat to bail or sponge out, no oars to float away quietly while you are fighting your fish, and no heavy boat to row home after a day's sport. And this is not all. Those of your readers who, like myself, happen to reside in Chicago, or any other large city for that matter, can readily tell you of the difficulties often presented in securing a boat at all on many of the lakes adjacent to large cities. It is always "first come first served," and the hindmost fellow or the comer on the late train often finds himself without the means of transportation on water when he gets there. This is particularly true on many of the lakes on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railway. To estimate it roughly, I should say that this road carries from 800 to 1,200 fishermen to the lakes of Lake county and southern Wisconsin every Saturday afternoon, rain or shine. These 800 to 1,200 persons must find accommodations and boats on about twelve lakes, and very often many of them are sadly disappointed in both respects. I have seen one small farmhouse having but eight sleeping rooms and only four boats besieged by thirty hungry fishermen who came fifty-six miles by rail for the privilege of sleeping (some of them) in a barn and going to "third" table to dine. Those who knew the country best and were acquainted with "mine host" succeeded in getting a boat, but the larger majority amused themselves by waiting until some one got tired before they succeeded in casting a line at all. The man who goes prepared to wade, however, is independent of all these annoyances, and he generally succeeds in bagging a goodly number of bass.

The man who is prepared for wading seldom meets with the hundred and one annoyances that the "man in the boat" is subject to. If he snags hard and fast in a good plump reed he does not have to back water or dive down for the obstreperous hook. He has no oars to lose, no jolly companion to run amuck with his line by slapping an oar on it just at the critical moment when he is landing his "lordship," or "catch a crab" while you are standing up for a long cast with your back toward him. Next to seeing a fine four-pounder shake himself lose fifty feet to windward is the sensation one feels while lying face

downward in a moist boat with both arms in the water midway between the elbow and shoulder, the result of a "boon companion" "catching a crab" while your back was turned. I assure you, gentle reader, I have been there, and know the sensation.

Now, friend "Eurus," take my advice, purchase a pair of hip boots, get your wife, sweetheart or sister to make you a good long frog bag with a strong puckering string, a bass bag one foot wide by three long, made of oilcloth or duck with a strap for the waist or shoulder, long enough to allow the bag to rest in the water, and then go you and try a hand at bait-casting from off shore. Select a lake such as you have described, and I warrant your experience will be such that you will not be averse to repeating it as often as circumstances will permit. Should you prefer to use shiners as a bait, a tight closing bait can of the gauze variety may be substituted for the frog bag, although in our western country the frog bag is the favorite casting-bait in most localities. Circumstances, however, alter cases, and in fact in some of our western lakes the bass strike more readily at a four-inch perch than they will at the most tempting frog or shiner. At some future time I will relate my experience in this regard, which has been somewhat ludicrous. A BAIT-CASTER.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.

An Early Fishing Spoon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been claimed that Mr. Henry R. Carnes, of Rochester, N. Y., is "the inventor of the fishing spoon about forty years ago." Mr. Carnes may be the inventor of the spoon, but if so it must ante-date forty years back, for it is nearly fifty years ago since I saw my brother, Dr. James Davison, of Theresa, N. Y., use a fishing spoon, which he made from the bowl of a solid silver tablespoon by soldering a Limerick hook on the point of the bowl and by turning three-eighths of an inch of the shank nearly at right angles toward the shallow of the bowl. Through the shank was a wire with washer between upset end and shank, on which the spoon revolved. On the other end of the wire was a swivel to which the line was fastened. This spoon was rather a crude affair when compared with one of W. D. Chapman's trolling baits of to-day, which are also manufactured at Theresa, but it served its purpose by taking many a mascalonge from Indian River, until one day an old "mossback" pitched himself on to it and broke the line, and probably was the only mascalonge in his day that was the possessor of a solid silver spoon.

J. L. DAVISON.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals.

For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 17.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 25.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowznan, Sec'y.
March 28 to 31.—Illinois Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Summer, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Don't forget that Baltimore entries close Feb. 25, with W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Central Savings Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

THE UNITED STATES F. T. C.'S TRIALS.

THE postponed trials of the United States Field Trials Club commenced on Feb. 13, at New Albany, Miss.

One stake, the Pointer Derby, was run at the place fixed for the trial, Elizabethtown, Ky., in November last, and the circumstances of scarcity of birds at that place and the bad weather and other objections which obtained at Columbus, Ind., to which place the club transferred owners, dogs and handlers by special train to there compete, were all fully chronicled in FOREST AND STREAM at that time, and are doubtless still fresh in the memory of the readers.

The postponement injured the trials. Indeed, no one expected that it would be otherwise. The postponement and change to grounds in another section of country more or less upset the plans of owners and handlers. The trial last year had become a fixture in a series of trials, all the details of which were considered by owners and handlers, not only in relation to the club itself, but in relation to the regular order in which they would fit in similar events. In short, the trial as a November fixture was a part of the field trial circuit, and many of the entries were made with a view to competition, one trial after another, throughout the circuit. To thus take the trial bodily out of a carefully arranged circuit was to break up the web of a multitude of plans of owners and handlers. Some of them could attend at Elizabethtown, but not at New Albany.

The club could not add to its support from such patronage as it could command in the South. The entries were closed. The club therefore could not readjust to meet the emergency.

The trials were injured, but not ruined. There was a good trial held. There was quite as much competition as could be finished readily in one week, which is as long as any field trial should last. The club is too powerful and popular to feel other than transient effects from the set-back and hardships of last November. Hard work and liberal expenditure have not been spared to fully carry out the club's promises.

While on the subject of hard work it is but just to mention that the accurate and prompt manner in which the affairs of the United States Field Trials Club progress is an important part of its strength. The systematic arrangement of the infinity of business detail does not come by chance. To Mr. P. T. Madison, the secretary-treasurer, belongs the praise due to merit. He does not have to apologize at a club meet-

ing for forgetting his books, for he does not forget them. He does not read the minutes of the last meeting out of some newspaper, for he has them on record himself. His correspondence is kept up in a businesslike way. Those who have any money claims, prize money or debts are paid promptly. It is one of the instances where all the business details are arranged so nicely that it seems easy. But it is not. Both knowledge and hard work are necessary; \$2,600 in purses.

The grounds of the Southern Field Trials Club were used. They are mostly open, with a strip of woodland here and there, and are several thousand acres in extent. The search for beavies was almost exclusively in the open fields, a large part of the scattered bird work was also in the open, the rest being woods.

A dance and supper was held on Wednesday night in honor of the field trial party. The judges were Col. A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind.; P. H. Bryson, Memphis, and B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.

The weather was about as unpleasant as it could well be. The judging was on the whole good, the absolute competitions being the unsatisfactory places.

The club held a meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 15. The usual formalities of reading the minutes of the previous meeting were observed.

A clause in Rule 9 was changed to read as follows: "Any dog absent for more than twenty minutes after his number is called may be disqualified from competition."

Rule 12 was expunged, it being practically a repetition of part of Rule 9.

The rule was so amended as to leave all kinds of unsteadiness to the discretion of the judge, the following clause being expunged: "The second chase, however, loses any further opportunity of competition in the stake."

The following new rule was adopted: "Rule 12. Any handler who is objectionable to the Board of Governors from any cause whatever shall be excluded. Entrance money in all cases of this kind shall be refunded."

The club recognizes winnings in the Eastern Field Trials Club, Central Field Trials Club, Southern Field Trials Club and the Philadelphia Kennel Club.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$1,084.50. Out of this was to be deducted the running expenses of the trial.

The Board of Governors are: Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago; Paul H. Gotzian, St. Paul; Hon. J. E. Guinotte, Kansas City, Mo.; J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind.; Wm. M. Kerr, Indianapolis, Ind.; Col. A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind.; H. Hulman, Jr., Terre Haute, Ind.; H. J. Smith, Louisville, Ky.; Norvin T. Harris, St. Matthews, Ky.; C. G. Stoddard, Dayton, O.; J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn.; B. Waters, Chicago; R. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Child, Philadelphia, and P. T. Madison, Indianapolis.

The club meeting then adjourned. The Board of Governors immediately thereafter held a meeting.

Following is the list of officers elected: Dr. N. Rowe, President; C. G. Stoddard, Vice-President; H. Hulman, Jr., Second Vice-President, and P. T. Madison, Secretary-Treasurer.

The club will hold two trials, one at Bicknell, Ind., Nov. 6, and one south of the Ohio River, in January, February or March. Mr. Madison was empowered to select grounds and make arrangements for conducting the spring trials south of the Ohio River. The president and secretary were appointed a committee to fix the date of the spring trials.

The stakes are the same as last year, excepting that in each stake the absolute winner gets \$100.

Dr. M. F. Rogers asked for a hearing, and explained the advantages which could be secured in transportation, grounds, etc., at New Albany. He also gave a description of his efforts to stock the Southern Club's grounds with the Mongolian pheasant.

The entries were arranged as follows: Derby (Bicknell) first payment, May 1; second payment, Aug. 1; to start Derby (South), first payment, July 1; second payment, Oct. 1. All-Age stakes (Bicknell), entries close Oct. 1. Other All-Age stake entries close Nov. 1. The entrance in Derby are \$10 first payment, \$10 second payment and \$10 additional to start. All-Age, \$10 to nominate, \$20 additional to start. There will be nearly \$5,000 in prizes in the two trials. For each setter Derby there will be \$1,300. For each All-Age stake \$1,100.

The Board of Governors met again on Friday after lunch. The president and secretary were appointed a committee to select judges. A vote of thanks was passed to the American Field Trial Club and to the Southern Field Trial Club respectively for courtesies extended to the club.

The energy and enterprise of this club in arranging for a fall and winter meeting should commend it to the most cordial support of field trial men. The soundness, liberality and energy of this club are not equalled by any other.

The Derby.

For pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1891. Each breed to run separately.

THE SETTER STAKE.

The postponement of the club's trials was most unfortunate, so far as this stake, in respect to the number of entries, was concerned. The circumstances which caused the postponement were all mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM in the report of the trial and its postponement at the time of the occurrence in November last. The starters then numbered twenty-seven.

Inasmuch as the stake could not be run satisfactorily on the date first advertised, the final payments were returned to the respective owners. The stake was opened again and remained so till the evening of Feb. 12. But thirteen starters filled. A falling off in the number of starters was naturally expected. In the time intervening between November and February some dogs would on further trial prove unequal for the competition which they were sure to meet if started, others were run in the fall and winter trials, and their abilities in competition were thus fully determined, while a few others have died. The club lost none of its popularity with owners or handlers, and indeed there is no reason why it should be otherwise, since the postponement was brought about by force of circumstances. No club is more popular, competent or honorable than the United States Field Trials Club.

The dogs were drawn as follows: Manchester Kennel Company's black, white and tan dog Gleam's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

J. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog Cecil H. (Dr. MacLin—Cossette), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan bitch Nancy Foreman (Dan Foreman—Hope's Lucille), owner, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' lemon and white setter dog Hope's Mint (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), D. E. Rose, handler.

J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan dog Direct (Gun—Victoria Laverack), owner, handler.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lillian Russell (Philip Gladstone—Lou K.), Thomas Bond, handler.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog Rex the King (Laddie Browder—Phyllis), Thomas Bond, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

W. G. Peter's & J. E. Guinotte's dog Dixie's Rod (Rod—erigo—Dashing Dixie), A. J. Gleason, handler.

with
Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Manchester Kennel Company's black, white and tan dog Sport (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler,

J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog Dan Burgess (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess), G. A. McLin, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), a bye, D. E. Rose, handler.

MONDAY.

The weather was comfortably warm. A gentle wind blew most of the time. The heavy clouds which overcast the sky once showed signs of breaking away, but only for a few moments, when it resumed its solid dark color for the remainder of the day. Birds were found in plentiful numbers. The work done was mixed, as commonly happens in a Derby, yet as a whole it was fairly good.

First Series.

GLEAM'S PINK AND CECIL H. began at 8:11 and ran an inferior heat. They ranged badly, though they showed speed, and their work on birds was very faulty. Pink opened the work by drawing prettily to a point, and Cecil backed well and promptly. A sparrow was all which could be produced to the point. Next, Cecil pointed and was well backed; nothing found. Sent on, Cecil again false pointed. He next pointed a woodcock. After some ranging Pink pointed a bevy nicely, and Cecil, 30yds. away, dropped to a back. Each made a point on the scattered birds. Pink was steady to caution. Up at 8:50. Cecil appeared a bit too high in flesh and was heavy in his stride. He came in unnecessarily at times to get orders from his handler. Pink was more regular in speed, and was a wider ranger. Each backed promptly and well. The handlers managed their dogs skillfully and quietly.

NANCY FOREMAN AND HOPE'S MINT were cast off at 8:45. The heat was inferior and full of errors. Mint drew steadily to a flush on a single bird in open sedge. Nancy potted on the footscent and frittered away time and effort repeatedly. She flushed twice up wind in the open, the dogs being among a bevy of scattered birds feeding in open sedge. There were numerous favorable opportunities to point, but though the dogs were among the birds they failed to point and the birds were flushed here and there by the horsemen. After a half hour of the heat had been run, Mint potted betimes. He false pointed in a thicket in a hollow. Both pointed a bevy. Mint was lost during some minutes. When found, the dogs were again sent on, and soon Mint found and pointed a bevy. Mint had narrowed his range in the last part of the heat while Nancy had widened hers a little, though not covering much ground. Both were steady to shot.

DIRECT AND LILLIAN RUSSELL started at 9:58. Lill pointed a rabbit and next roaded nicely to a point on a bevy. She made a good point on a single near the edge of woods, and Direct backed when cautioned. He showed some jealousy. He flushed a bird. Lill pointed a rabbit. Up at 10:33. Lillian was the wider and faster ranger. She exhibited better judgment and a better knowledge of the work. Direct ranged close and beat out his ground without any plan or system. Both were steady to shot. Direct is young comparatively, and will improve.

REX THE KING AND KINGSTON, at 10:40, started. Nothing was found to Kingston's first point. Sent on. He soon took a cast to the opposite side of some timber and pointed a bevy nicely. Each secured a good point on a single, and Rex next made a flush. Next, both made game but failed to find. Up at 11:31. Kingston was faster and ranged better. Rex tagged betimes and his casts were irregular. The heat as a whole was ordinary.

DIXIE'S ROD AND LOCHINVAR were cast off at 11:49. Lochinvar was first to find; he pointed a bevy nicely in a plum thicket. Rod flushed a single. Sent on, Lochinvar pointed a bevy in wet ground. He next made a point; nothing found. Rod flushed a single bird. Next both pointed scattered birds at the same time. Lochinvar again pointed and there was nothing. Up at 12:28. Both were fast, wide rangers; Rod the wider, but faulty in point work. Both were steady to shot and wing.

DICK FOX during the heat ran a bye. Mr. Stephenson took charge of his running. Gossip was a running mate. Dick pointed a bevy and made two backs. He ranged well.

SPORT AND DAN BURGESS began at 12:30. Sport showed decided superiority. He pointed two bevies and two singles. Dan backed well. Sport showed a knowledge of intelligent searching and he ranged well at fair speed. Both were steady to shot and wing. Dan ranged irregularly. Up at 1.

Lunch was eaten at Capt. Bias's place. After lunch the judges announced the names of the dogs which were left in the next series.

Second Series.

Seven were left in, with two, Cecil H. and Hope's Mint, ordered to be held in reserve to be ready if wanted.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND GLEAM'S PINK were ordered on at 2:09. Pink made a good find and point on a bevy, and Lill soon squared matters by pointing a bevy herself. Sent on, Pink found and pointed another bevy. Lill got two points on scattered birds. Both were steady to shot and wing. Both worked industriously. Lill was the better.

DIXIE'S ROD AND KINGSTON were started at 2:46. Both began roading. Rod roaded a bird which flushed wild. Rod pointed a bird. Next he flushed one. Mr. Gleason objected to Mr. Avent's calling to Kingston, he claiming that such interfered with his dog. Kingston flushed a bird. Up at 3:03. Rod had settled down to a narrow range, while Kingston was ranging well, but was hard to handle.

DICK FOX AND SPORT started at 3:10. Sport soon picked up a point on two birds in sedge and plum thicket. A bevy which flushed wild was marked down in woods. At the edge of woods both pointed singles. Sport flushed a bird. Dick made a point which proved worthless. Sport made game and pointed twice. The birds were flying very close and Gilliam failed to flush them. Next, Sport pointed a bird, and nearly snapped it as it flushed close in front of him. Next he pointed a single, was a trifle unsteady to wing, and Dick backed. Up at 3:33. Sport had the better of the heat.

CECIL H. AND LOCHINVAR commenced their heat at 3:36. Cecil pointed and there was nothing. Lochinvar soon made a similar point. Sent on. Next, Cecil flushed two outlying birds of a bevy, and then pointed the bevy, which soon flushed wild. On the scattered birds, in heavy sedge, Cecil pointed a single. Next, Lochinvar pointed one. Up at 4:06. Cecil ran better in the fore part of the heat than in his previous heat. In the latter part of the heat he contracted his range. Lochinvar maintained good speed and industry. Up at 4:08.

Third Series.

LILL AND KINGSTON at 4:21 began their heat. Lill pointed a bevy in very thin, open cover. The birds were huddled close together in a bunch on the ground. Lill made two good points on single birds and an excusable flush down wind close to her handler. Kingston made a point on scattered birds, and next he made a false point. Lill next found and pointed a bevy well in scrub oaks, and afterward she pointed a single. Up at 4:45, with the heat decidedly in Lill's favor.

DICK FOX AND DIXIE'S ROD began at 4:47. Rod had hardly shown merit enough to continue in the running after his second heat. He flushed some birds in open sedge. Next he false pointed. Dick pointed a woodcock. He sprang at it as

it flushed and barely missed a capture. Some birds were flushed and marked down, but the effort to get some work on them was unsuccessful. Dick showed a disposition to pother now and then. Up at 5:29, with the heat largely in Dick's favor.

TUESDAY.

The weather was not unfavorable for good work, although it was unpleasant. A mild wind blew from the south. The sky was completely hidden by dark clouds. A sprinkling of rain fell during an hour, more or less, in the forenoon. Birds were in ample quantities. They did not run much from the dogs' points, therefore they were easier for the dogs to work on than they were in the trials of the previous week.

LOCHINVAR AND SPORT were started at 8:59. Lochinvar in this heat did nearly all the finding and pointing. He roaded to a point on a bevy in open sedge. Sport pointed a single bird; Lochinvar flushed one, and he stood listlessly to the flush, when more birds flushed all around him. It was a poor piece of work. He next pointed a single, then moved around and pointed it from the opposite side. Sent on, he next pointed a bevy. He, when sent on, potted some and showed over-caution. He pointed a bird, next he flushed one and stood to wing. The rest of the bevy flushed wild. Sport at that time was lost. Lochinvar pointed a single in open sedge. Up at 9:52. Lochinvar had the advantage in this heat most decidedly in bird work, but Sport's work throughout the trial was better and of a higher class. He beat out his ground with better judgment at all times. Lochinvar was hard to handle.

The All-Age Pointer Stake was next taken up. The Derby running was postponed till afternoon.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND LOCHINVAR were started at 3:06 in the afternoon, and their heat proved to be the final one of the stake. A detour was made to get the wind of some scattered birds which had been marked down in sedge. Lochinvar pointed a single, and Lillian going across wind flushed it. Lochinvar next pointed a single, and soon afterward flushed one down wind, and was a bit unsteady. Lillian pointed nicely a bevy in woods, and Lochinvar brought up to back pointed the same bevy. Lill made three good points on scattered birds and Lochinvar one. Each backed well and was steady to shot. Lill outworked her competitor most decisively, she showing better judgment, greater quickness in locating and pointing, and much better obedience to orders. Up at 3:36.

The judges consulted a few moments and announced the winners. Lillian Russell won first, Lochinvar won second and Sport won third.

The prizes were \$250 to first, \$200 to second and \$150 to third. Absolute winner \$200.

While Lochinvar did some good work in his heat with Sport, he hardly deserved a place over him, inasmuch as that heat was his best in the whole stake, while Sport did his poorest. Sport excelled him in judgment in beating out his ground, ranged with greater skill and did a more uniform grade of work, of a higher order than Lochinvar's, considering the work throughout the stake. Lochinvar was far more difficult to control within proper limits. In the opinion of your reporter, Sport had made a better competition and had shown himself a higher class worker than Lochinvar, and should have been second, with Lochinvar a fair third.

The All-Age Stake.

For pointers and setters which have never won first in an all-age stake in any recognized field trial in America, each breed to run separately.

THE POINTER STAKE.

This stake made an excellent showing in the number of starters. There were thirteen, drawn to run as follows:

J. N. Neely's lemon and white dog Swind (Dan—Fanny), G. R. Howse, handler.

J. W. Munson's black and white dog Manitou (Luck of the Goat—Clary), W. B. Stafford, handler.

J. L. Adam's liver and white dog Lad of Rush (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler,

M. C. Wiles's liver and white bitch Belle Sensation (Frank—Nellie Girl), G. R. Howse, handler.

Dr. D. W. Randall's black and white dog Ben A. (Stoddard—Jet II.), Ed. Garr, handler,

G. A. Castleman's liver and white dog Rex (Mainspring—Dell), W. B. Stafford, handler.

Drake-Sefton Kennels' liver and white dog Ightfield Upton (Ightfield Upton—Polly Peacham), Dr. Otto Moebes, handler,

Maj. J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog Heinikin (Flockfinder—Iron), owner, handler.

A. J. Gleason's (agent) liver and white dog Paxico (Ossian—Nellie E.), A. J. Gleason, handler,

The Graphic Kennels' liver and white dog Ridgeview Beppo (Beppo III.—Revelation), H. M. Short, handler.

G. W. Amory's liver and white dog Bounce (Bob—Sal), T. H. Poindexter, handler,

J. L. Adams's liver and white dog Franklin (Robin Adair—Blossom), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

Maj. J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog Jupiter (Tom Bowline—Belle C.), owner, handler; a bye.

The pointers made a most commendable competition as a whole compared with the work in other pointer stakes of the past season and the work of past years. There was a decided gain in range and speed. The work as a whole was from very ordinary to first-rate. There was a gain also in the quickness and accuracy in locating and pointing birds. In fact, there was very little of the tiresome pothering and loafing which has so often marred the work of pointers in field trial competitions of the past.

The club arranged for similar pointer stakes in future events, thus giving the pointers opportunity for competition which they do not enjoy elsewhere in the West.

First Series.

Birds were found in plentiful numbers for the purpose of a competition.

SWIND AND MANITOU were started at 9:57. Swind pointed a bevy in heavy sedge. On scattered birds, Manitou made three sharp, clear points and was steady to shot and wing. Swind came in to his handler unnecessarily for orders. Both ranged fairly well. Up at 10:27. Manitou tagged Swind sometimes. Both were industrious.

LAD OF RUSH AND BELLE SENSATION were cast off at 10:37. The latter had been in Mr. Howse's charge since the day before only, and he had not handled her any; therefore, as would be anticipated, she made a poor competition. On scattered birds marked down in the open, Belle flushed twice. At the side of a creek in woods, Lad pointed staunchly. Belle stole the point, drew on across the narrow creek and flushed the bevy in a thicket. Up at 11:02. Lad ranged wide and fast, and beat out the ground with good judgment. He had improved greatly on his form shown in the fall and winter trials.

BEN A. AND REX began at 11:09. The dogs had not well straightened out for ranging when Ben pointed a bevy nicely in the open sedge. Rex made a good point on two birds and Ben flushed a single. Thereafter each got two points on single birds, and Rex one false point. Both were steady to

shot and wing. Ben was the wider and better ranger, and was sharper and more accurate in pointing. Up at 11:30.

HEINIKIN AND IGTHTFIELD UPTON began at 11:47 and ran 35 minutes. An innovation was introduced in this heat in the embellishments of handling, the purposes of which I have been unable to divine. Before the heat began Major Purcell fastened his handkerchief to a stick, thus making a kind of flag, which he carried aloft with grave decorum throughout the heat. It is not a reasonable supposition that it was a device to gain the confidence of the birds by approaching them with the emblem of peace, the flag of truce. But whether it was that, or a sun shade or a wind-indicator, or whether it was in the wind for an airing, it nevertheless waved aloft throughout the heat. Upton was not well, he having a bloody diarrhoea. Upton pointed just as the bevy flushed, some said, some said he flushed it. I did not see it myself. On the single birds Upton made two points on singles, a point on a bevy, which Heinikin, going down wind flushed, and a false point. Heinikin made a point on a single and a flush on one. Both were steady to shot. Both were narrow rangers. Upton had a decided advantage in work on birds. Up at 12:22.

PAXICO AND RIDGEVIEW BEPPO began at 12:27 and ran 27 minutes. Paxico pointed nicely two birds, but marred his good work by wilfully flushing them. He then roaded to the middle of the bevy and flushed a single. A number of opportunities were favorable for points, but were lost. Sent on, Beppo in woods pointed a bevy. Both dogs were steady to shot and backed well. Their range was good.

FRANKLIN AND BOUNCE were started at 2:11 and ran till 3:03. Neither one ranged wide. Their speed was about alike. Franklin pointed a bevy at the edge of woods, then roaded about 40yds. up wind and flushed. Bounce pointed a single nicely. He next pointed a bevy and soon thereafter got a point on scattered birds. Franklin pointed a single. He next pointed, then moved on, roading. A bevy flushed near him.

JUPITER ran a bye alone at the same time the heat between Franklin and Bounce was run. He started slow but gradually improved as the heat progressed, though he at no time ranged wide. He made a point on a bevy and three points on singles, though two of them were on the opposite side of woods and could not be clearly seen by judge or reporter. On the footscent of one bird he pointed and flushed the bird.

This completed the first series.

The final heat in the Setter Derby was next run.

Second Series.

Eight dogs were kept in this series, one-half of which could have been left out without any harm being done.

LAD OF RUSH AND MANITOU began at 3:54 and ran 20m. Lad first pointed a single. Next he pointed a bevy and Manitou, 40yds. away, pointed prettily. Lad was speedier, a wider ranger, and superior in point work.

BEN A. AND RIDGEVIEW BEPPO began at 4:17 and ran twenty-three minutes. Ben pointed a bevy in sedge in woods. Sent on, he next pointed a bevy in open sedge. On the scattered birds, each pointed a single well. Short killed and Beppo retrieved.

This ended the day's work. At night a heavy rain storm set in.

WEDNESDAY.

The weather was too rainy for any attempt at field trial work, therefore there was none.

THURSDAY.

The same leaden sky, the same signs of rain, more mud, water and dampness, and drizzling rain betimes made up the day till 4 in the afternoon, when a heavy thunderstorm set in and stopped the running. The miles of mud and water to town were traveled most of the way in the rain storm, it ceasing shortly before the party reached town. That honored member of every well-ordered town, the oldest inhabitant, shakes his head and says in *res adjudicata* tones that there never was any weather like it since some other time. Birds were found in sufficient quantities. The dogs as a whole displayed a very ordinary lot of ability. Lad of Rush and Ben A. were the only ones which worked with any approach to good working form.

REX AND PAXICO were started at 10. Rex pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. In the open field Rex pointed and Paxico backed. Nothing found. Mr. Gleason at this juncture asked that the running be suspended for a moment while he asked for information. He objected to false points, as they engaged his dog's attention and prevented him from hunting, and he cited a case which occurred last year in which he said his dog made 36 backs in one heat. No one seemed to have any conjuring power in respect to false points, and the heat was resumed. Next Rex pointed a bevy in woods, and Paxico coming in from the front, flushed a single bird, which flushed the whole bevy. The heat could have very properly have ended here, as Paxico had done nothing at any time to show a chance for a place. Sent on, Paxico pointed a single. Rex next made a point and soon thereafter he made a flush. Pax flushed a bird and roaded next to a flush on a single in open sedge. Up at 10:41. Both ranged poorly and the work on birds was lacking in sharpness, accuracy and spirit. The heat was a poor one, Rex, however, much the better of the two. Each backed well and was steady to shot and wing.

BOUNCE AND IGTHTFIELD UPTON began an indifferent heat at 10:47 in woods. Bounce pointed a bevy on a side hill in woods and Jupiter backed unsteadily. Sent on, Jupiter flushed a bevy in woods. He was found on point on top of a hill. A single bird flew from his direction. Bounce went by him and flushed a single a few yards away, then pointed scattered birds. Up at 11:04. The heat was a poor one.

Third Series.

Six dogs were kept in this series.

LAD OF RUSH AND BEN A. were cast off at 11:30, and the heat proved a good one, both displaying a superiority over all their competitors. Ben nicely pointed a bevy, or part of one, in sedge, while Lad at the same time on a side hill in open sedge pointed a bevy. Both were steady to wing. Ben pointed in woods; nothing found. Ben roaded to a flush on a single in open sedge. Next, in woods, he pointed and two birds flushed wild from the point. Lad at the same time pointed, moved on, roading and flushed the bird. Ben made three good points in succession on single birds. Lad pointed in open sedge by a wire fence and nothing was found. Up at 12:07. Lad was the wider ranger and his speed was a bit more uniformly sustained. He showed good bevy work. Ben, however, showed much greater sharpness and knowledge of work on scattered birds and was equally good on bevies. The heat was a good one. Both were steady and worked well to the gun.

BEPPO AND REX were started at 12:13. Rex nicely pointed a single bird in open sedge. Beppo pointed a bevy in open sedge; Rex backed, caught scent and pointed. Rex pointed a single bird. A few yards further on the dogs had stopped at the end of a pathway among some birds, but the horses ahead of the reporters cut off the view. It looked as if each had a point. Up at 12:50. Neither ranged well, though Rex sustained his the better. This ended the running till after lunch.

BOUNCE AND IGTHTFIELD UPTON ran from 2 to 3. At the end of the heat Bounce roaded to a point on a bevy down wind and Upton, on top of hill, pointed footscent or backed. Neither ranged well, and were only moderately fair in speed.

The judges then announced the winners: Lad of Rush first, Ben A. second, Ridgeview Beppo, Rex and Bounce divided third. The prizes are \$200 to first, \$175 to second, \$125 to third. The absolute winner of All-Age Stake \$200 additional.

THE SETTER STAKE.

This stake was begun immediately after the judges announced their decision in the preceding stake.

The manner of running it was somewhat novel, as in three series but three dogs were dropped out, still the winners were placed quite well. There was a good number of sportsmen in attendance.

Some ladies graced the trials by their presence each day when the weather was pleasant enough for them to venture out.

Following is the order of drawing:

Blue Ridge Kennels' liver and white dog Bob Cooper (Roderigo—Miss Nellie Y.), D. E. Rose, handler, with

Ad. J. Klofanda's black, white and tan dog Dan Noble (Gladstone's Boy—Fannie M.), T. H. Poindexter, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Gossip (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont), D. E. Rose, handler, with

Philip M. Essig's black, white and tan dog Jean (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson), H. M. Short, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Bettye S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler, with

Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch Natalie II. (King Noble—Natalie), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Dr. J. N. Maclin's and T. H. Poindexter's black, white and tan bitch Little Miss (Vanguard—Rhett), T. H. Poindexter, handler, with

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Novelist (Woodhill Bruce—Novelty), J. M. Avent, handler.

Gen. W. B. Shattuck's black, white and tan dog Dave W. (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.), G. R. House, handler, with

A. P. Gilliam's black, white and tan dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), owner, handler.

Whyte Bedford's lemon and white bitch Zulu M. (Toledo Blade—), A. P. Gilliam, handler, a bye.

First Series.

BOB COOPER AND DAN NOBLE started at 3:10. Dan pointed a single bird, and Bob coming in flushed it. Bob pointed a bird in a fallen treecrop. Bob was lost for a while, and when found he was pointing a bevy in the open. As Rose walked toward Bob, he flushed a bevy which passed over the bevy Bob was pointing and flushed it, and both bevies flew away together. Dan false pointed in high sedge. Both ranged and hunted well. Bob was a bit wider in range and faster in speed. Up at 3:32.

ZULU M. ran a bye at the time of the preceding heat. She started at 3:11. Her range and speed were good, yet she came in to her handler unnecessarily at times to get orders. She pointed as a bird of a bevy flushed in heavy sedge. She held her point and the rest of the bevy flushed to wing of the first bird. In briars, she pointed scattered birds. Sent on, she soon found and pointed another bevy on a sidehill in sedge. On the scattered birds, she made two points and two flushes in heavy grass. Up at 3:59.

GOSSIP AND JEAN started at 3:55 and ran about ten minutes, when a heavy thunder storm began, and the work was declared ended for the day.

FRIDAY.

It can be said, in favor of this day that it did not rain. However, a terrific thunder storm and steady rainfall thereafter during the night made the grounds heavy, the low places wet, and the streams in a state of overflow. The dark solid mass of cloud gradually broke, the sun shone through the breaks in the clouds betimes, and a stiff wind blew from the north, gradually growing colder till at nightfall it was uncomfortably cool. Birds were somewhat harder to find, and also were difficult to point, owing to their restlessness and running from the dogs' points. The work of dogs, on such days as the birds run swiftly from the dogs or their points, always appears inferior. No sharp, accurate work can be done on a running bird.

GOSSIP AND JEAN started at 8:21 and were run 37m. Gossip pointed a bevy. Both roamed on the scattered birds in woods and made a number of points on footscut. A few good points were made on the running birds. Gossip showed hesitation and pointed too much. She ended her bird work by a good point on a single. Jean outworked her in range and speed.

BETTYE S. AND NATALIE II. were cast off at 9:01. On the scattered birds of a bevy flushed by one of the handlers, each made a good point on single birds. Bettye retrieved a bird killed by Nesbitt. Natalie made a false point. Bettye made a good point on a single. Natalie was dropped nearby because she could not see Bettye through the sedge, and a single flushed close to her when sent on. In woods, Bettye pointed, moved on, roading. Natalie joined in it and both pointed the scattered birds. Natalie made a point on two birds in woods. Bettye was quicker and sharper in bird work. Up at 9:54.

LITTLE MISS AND NOVELIST were cast off at 10:02, and ran forty-four minutes. A bevy flushed from near Novelist, but it was not seen whether she flushed it or not. On the scattered birds, Miss pointed to a flush on a single. Novelist pointed and Miss backed. The birds were in open sedge, an easy place for pointing, yet both dogs showed poor work on them. Novelist roaded to a flush on a single, and then the rest of the birds flushed wild. The horses flushed bird after bird which the dogs had passed. Sent on, Miss pointed a bevy in open sedge near the edge of woods. Poindexter shot. At the same time Novelist, some distance away, pointed, but at the report of the gun she moved on and birds were afterward flushed when she pointed. The next bevy was found by Novelist near the edge of woods. Miss flushed a bird. Both ranged well and were fast, but the work on birds was inferior. Up at 10:46.

The judges announced that the creek would be crossed before the running was resumed. On the way, Col. Sloo, while riding along the sharp top of an embankment built along a creekside to keep the water within its banks, had what might have been a serious fall. The top of a small tree lay on the path, thus forcing the rider to turn his horse off the top of the bank on to the side of it. It was steep and wet. When Col. Sloo's mule stepped off the top of the ridge to the side he slipped sideways to the bottom, a distance of 6 or 7 ft., then rider and horse fell over sideways flat into a foot or more of water. While the cold water was most unpleasant, it was fortunate it was there, for had it been bare ground a broken leg or worse might have resulted. Col. Sloo wisely returned to town for dry clothing, the other two judges going on alone till lunch.

DAVE WARD AND EUGENE T. began at 11:29. They ran 35m. In a plum thicket Eugene pointed a bevy. Dave pointed the scattered birds and was backed, after which Dave made a good point on a single bird. In open sedge Dave caught scent of a bevy, when Eugene, coming in from the opposite direction, pointed the bevy. On the scattered birds Dave pointed twice. Eugene pointed on two birds and flushed a single. Dave made a difficult piece of roading down wind in woods on a single bird, which he excusably flushed. Dave showed excellent bird sense in all his work, ranged wide and fast and did good point work.

Second Series.

BOB COOPER AND ZULU M. were started at 12:10. Bob took

a wide cast and false-pointed. Zulu pointed a bevy, and next pointed a woodcock. At this time the dogs were separated. Bob pointed a bevy on wet ground in sedge. Zulu pointed one of the singles and Bob flushed one. Next Bob pointed a bevy and each got a point on singles.

The dogs were all kept in the second series, which practically left matters as in the beginning. It would have been better to have run some of the heats longer and sifted out some of the dogs. It is hardly a skillful way to run an entire stake twice in the beginning.

Final Heat of the Derby.

LAD OF RUSH AND LILLIAN RUSSELL started at 2:00 to contest for the Derby absolute victory. Lad was keen to go and he ranged wide and fast. He opened the work with a good point on a bevy, and was steady to shot and wing. On the scattered birds Lill made two points, one of which was on a wounded bird, made one flush up wind and two down wind. The handlers were rushing their dogs. Each dog made a point to which nothing was found. Lad pointed a bevy of which he did not have the wind direct. The birds were running. Lad lost the scent, took a cast the wrong way and lost the birds. He made an awkward job of it but no doubt would have pointed the birds again if given more time. He had been on the point quite a while before starting on to locate. Lad flushed a bird in open. Lill pointed; nothing found. Lill pointed a bevy and Lad backed. On scattered birds in heavy sedge Lad pointed a single and Lill backed. The dogs were then hurried on in high grass and made flush after flush, and what the dogs did not flush the handlers did. It was poor work. Lad at last pointed, then roaded to a flush. Next each flushed a single. On scattered birds of another bevy marked down in sedge, Lill made a point and a flush. The judges ordered the dogs up at 3:21, consulted a few minutes and sent the dogs on. Lill flushed twice. Lad pointed a bird and jumped at it as it flushed. Lill in sedge pointed a single. Up at 3:42. Lad was much the wider ranger. He remained out at his work, carried his head better on birds, and beat his ground with better judgment. Lill was speedy but she did not range with the judgment of Lad, nor did she remain out at her work so well as Lad. The work of both was quite faulty, yet it was, taken in its entirety, in Lad's favor. Lill won the heat and was thereby absolute winner of the Derby.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

JEAN AND BETTYE S. ran a most unsatisfactory heat, beginning at 3:48—unsatisfactory because a large part of the work was done out of sight of the judges. Jean pointed a bevy. Next he pointed as the bevy flushed. The handlers worked their dogs on scattered birds across a small creek which the judges could not cross. Point after point was called, but the dense cover prevented a view of it. After a while the dogs got where a point for each could be seen. Jean worked well to gun and whistle. Up at 4:08. Each had good speed and range.

GOSSIP ran a bye at the same time as the above was run. NATALIE II. AND NOVELIST started at 4:11. Novelist pointed a bevy in sedge in woods. Next she made a point and nothing was found. Natalie pointed, Novelist backed. Both then roaded on; Novelist got to bevy first and pointed. The bevy flushed wild. Up at 4:45. The dogs were ordered up. Nesbitt discovered her at the same time on point and flushed the bird. Both were industrious and ranged well. Up at 4:45.

SATURDAY.

A delightfully pleasant day, the first one during the trials, improved the working conditions of the competition, yet birds were not moving far from cover. The grounds were soft and, in the low places, muddy and wet.

After the first heat had been run Col. Sloo felt too ill to judge further, he therefore retired for the day. The wetting and exposure incident to the accident of the day before produced the unpleasant results. It is gratifying that his illness was not serious. At night he was much better.

The board of governors met and invited Mr. P. T. Madison to judge in Col. Sloo's place, which invitation he kindly accepted.

DAN NOBLE AND DAVE W. began at 8:23. They ran 27 minutes. Dan pointed, then moved on and drew about, then false-pointed. At this time the dogs were separated. Dave was found pointing a single bird. He moved on and pointed a single. The birds were spread about feeding. Dave pointed the bevy. A single bird of it flushed, then the rest flushed wild. Each pointed a separate bird and was steady to shot. Dave was the better ranger and better worker on birds. The heat was ordinary.

LITTLE MISS AND EUGENE T. started at 8:59. Up at 9:30. Miss pointed a rabbit. Eugene false pointed. Miss ran across wind into a bevy in open sedge and flushed it. She dropped instantly. Eugene pointed the birds in high sedge. Miss pointed, moved on and flushed a bird. Eugene made the better showing of the two.

GOSSIP ran a bye. It was said she pointed three bevies and two single birds.

Third Series.

Six dogs were first taken into this series, and soon after commencing the running of it the judges took in three more, Natalie, Dave W. and Gossip.

BOB COOPER AND JEAN were cast off at 9:32. Jean pointed prettily a bevy in open sedge. When the bevy flushed, one of the birds flew over Jean and he started to chase, but stopped promptly to order. Bob at the same time had made a point to which nothing was found. Jean next roaded in the open sedge, carrying a high nose. He was following accurately the trail of a bevy. Bob passed close to him, but did not recognize the scent, and at last flushed the bevy. It was a bad error. Up at 10:45. Jean was much the better performer.

ZULU M. AND BETTYE S. began at 11:26. Up at 12:14. The dogs were often separated. Bettye pointed a bevy in a plum thicket. Zulu going up wind flushed a single and Bettye pointed one. Bettye was better in range, speed and point work.

NOVELIST AND EUGENE T. began at 12:20. They ran 34m. Novelist pointed close to a bevy in open sedge. Next, she roaded down wind to a point on a bevy. At the same time from the opposite direction, Eugene was roading up wind on it. He next pointed scattered birds, he then 200 yds. away. Then he roaded twice up wind to two flushes. Novelist pointed; nothing found. Soon afterward, she again pointed and nothing was found, but the horses flushed a bird a few yards down wind of where she pointed. She was the better ranger and the more skillful performer on birds.

The party then went to lunch. GOSSIP AND DAVE W. began at 1:51 and were ordered up at 2:07. A bevy was seen to come from open sedge and Dave was suspiciously near when it flushed. He flushed three times birds in woods. Gossip pointed twice and flushed once. Gossip's work was the better of the two. Dave appeared to be off his nose.

Natalie ran a bye.

Final Heat of the All-Age Stake.

BETTYE S. AND NOVELIST ran together 5m., apparently to comply with the rules requiring the first and second prize winners to run together. They started at 3:09. Both ranged well. No birds were found.

The judges then announced the winners. First, Novelist; second, Bettye S., and third divided between Eugene T. and Zulu M.

NOVELIST AND LAD OF RUSH began at 3:18 one of the most interesting heats, if not the most interesting, of the trials. It was one of the heats also in which the judges held the dis-

tinguished position of being alone in their official views as set forth by their decision. After carefully considering wherein the short-haired dog was inferior to the long-haired dog in this competition, I am still unable to comprehend the grounds of the decision. The heat began with a good bevy point by Lad in sedge near the edge of woods, Novelist at the time being absent, as she was many other times in the heat. The scattered birds were followed. Lad pointed a single. He was then held up till Novelist was found, on the hypothesis, the judge said, that Novelist might be on a point. It did not occur to them that she also might be hunting for birds, that it was her own fault if she did not work to the gun, that Lad was not in the competition to play to her convenience, and that he had a right to keep on working on birds he had found. Why one dog which was doing something in sight should be held up on the assumption that his competitor, which was out of sight was also doing something of the same kind can only be explained on the ground that the rudiments of the competition were not understood. Mr. Avent claimed at the time that there was no competition. However, Novelist was seen on the other side of the woods roaming cheerfully and it was then announced that there was a competition. Had Novelist found a bevy and pointed while Lad was held up, what would it be then? Novelist made two points on singles. She next pointed and nothing was found. She next pointed a single. She false pointed next and next flushed a bevy in sedge. In open sedge, and in the same sedge under the same conditions, Lad pointed a bevy, Novelist flushed twice and pointed twice on singles, next she pointed scattered birds. Lad got two good points on singles, one in open sedge, one in woods. Novelist pointed a bird. Lad pointed; nothing found. Novelist, going up wind, flushed a single. Lad pointed a bevy. The handlers and dogs were now brought together, they having been widely separated on account of Novelist's willfulness in selecting her own course and the necessity thus occasioned of her handler following her. Lad pointed a lark. Next, he pointed a rabbit. Next, going across wind, he flushed a bevy. Novelist pointed a bird in open sedge. At the same time Lad pointed. His handler did not beat out far enough ahead; he sent Lad on and the latter unhesitatingly flushed two birds. Next, he made a point to which nothing was found. The weak place in his work was within five minutes of the end. Up at 4:32. The judges held a consultation of some minutes duration. It seemed as if they did not arrive at a decision with unanimous certainty, but this was only judging from appearances. Lad was the better ranger in that he worked his ground out well, took as wide a range as the character of the ground required and worked voluntarily to the gun. He backed well, pointed with quickness and certainty, and did more work on birds than his competitor. Novelist was headstrong, broke away several times from the course, thus causing wide separation of the handlers, and her class of work was inferior to Lad's, although she did some good work on single birds. The decision was not well received.

This ended the trials.

B. WATERS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The American Field Trial Club.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 13.—In fitting about through the hunting grounds of the South, I failed to receive my mail promptly, which will explain the lateness in sending this report of the American Field Trial Club's meeting. In a letter, dated Feb. 5, from the secretary, Mr. W. J. Beck, I learn the following:

The club elected Mr. A. B. Reeves, President; Mr. U. R. Fishel, Vice-President, and Mr. W. J. Beck, Secretary.

The club for the next trials guarantee purses aggregating \$1,200, divided as follows: \$150 to first, \$100 to second and \$50 to third; alike in both All-Age and Derby.

The separate stake for Irish setters is eliminated. There will be separate stakes for setters and pointers.

The trials will be held in Indiana.

The time limit and instructions to judges were cut out of the running rules, thus the judges are left free to go in any direction or run the competition without the oppressive feeling that is necessary to refer to the instructions to judges to see what constitutes a point, flush, break-shot, etc. As Mr. Beck says: "Everything is theirs when the dogs are turned into the pasture."

The membership fee was raised to \$10. The entrance fee is \$25, \$5 to nominate, \$10 second forfeit and \$10 to start.

A vote of thanks to Messrs. Robinson, Freeman and Thompson, judges at the club's trials, was passed.

It was voted that the secretary correspond with myself in respect to whether I would join him in looking for grounds at Carlisle, Ind. It will afford me genuine pleasure to comply with the club's wishes in the matter and I appreciate the honor which the club, through its secretary, has conferred on me by the invitation.

The Weight Classification of Pointers.

I have read Mr. Muss-Arnolt's reply to me on the weight classification of pointers. I am glad that he presented the subject from the defensive point of view. I am so busy at present that I must defer answering his arguments till a later time, but I will promise to answer them fully.

The name of the Manchester-Wartrace Kennels has been changed to the Manchester Kennel Company. The address is Manchester, Tenn.

At the U. S. F. T. Club's trials Mr. J. W. Shriver sold the setter dog Direct to Mr. J. L. Adams, the owner of the celebrated pointer Lad of Rush.

The Manchester Kennel Company sold the setter dog Sport, a winner in both the Southern and U. S., to Mr. P. L. Atherton, Louisville, Ky.

Fox Hunting and Drags.

Some most interesting sport was furnished by Mr. J. M. Avent on several evenings after the field trial work for the day was ended. His hounds were the medium. One live fox which was captured and turned loose was murdered expeditiously. The drag hunts were most enjoyable, and were particularly so when Mr. D. E. Rose laid the drag course, for he always sustained his reputation as a swift rider, and he laid out the course skillfully when he undertook it. About the best run was on Wednesday evening. Every one rode as if fleeing from the wrath to come. One rider took a cropper in sedge grass. The horses came in with heaving sides and plenty of perspiration. The fields were wet and heavy. The owners of the horses sent word to whom it may concern that they did not care thereafter to let horses to those who rode after the 'ounds. It is strange how fussy some men are. After carrying a heavy man over wet fields all day following the field trials, it is a mere nothing for a Mississippi horse, in the pink of condition produced by plenty of corn fodder and sleeping in the open air, to run in the mud across country, up hill and down, three miles to town. The price per horse is \$1 per day. No horses ever earned a dollar more copiously.

B. WATERS.

The Philadelphia & Reading Road will carry three dogs free when accompanied by owner or care-taker to Philadelphia for the Keystone show, and the same privilege is extended to those desiring to exhibit at Baltimore the week after. Identification forms will have to be shown as usual.

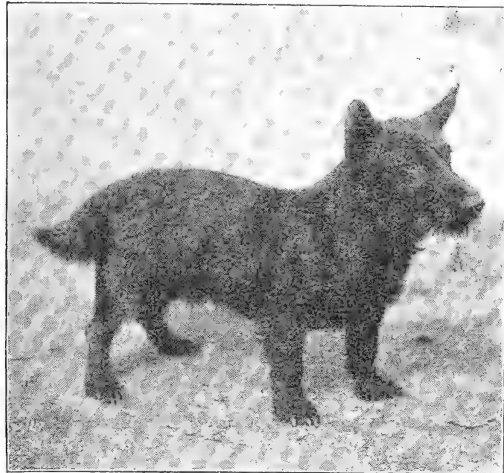
AMERICAN KENNELS.—V.

Wankie Kennels.

ONE could find no better illustration of the advance of kennel interests in America than the possibility of writing up a kennel of Scotch terriers. A few years since this breed had to take its chances among the variety division and their appearances on the bench at all were few and far between. The year 1893, however, will see some of the keenest competition in this breed, and as a natural consequence increased attention will be drawn around these shaggy little customers.

"Whom to know is but to love."

So their owners say. Several exhibitors have had a shy at the breed in a desultory manner of late years, but Mr. John H. Naylor, of Chi-



SCOTCH TERRIER KILROY.

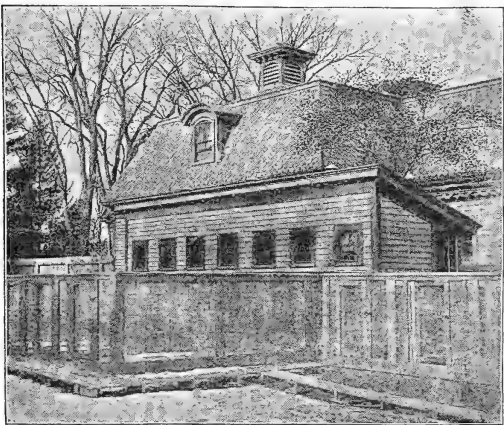
Owned by Mr. Henry Brooks, West Medford, Mass.

cago, is probably the oldest exhibitor, and to him due credit must be given for their introduction at our shows. "Scotch" Baillie brought over one or two, such as Meadowthorpe Donald. Then Mr. Symonds began to dabble in a little of everything, which included some "Diehards"; but until Mr. Henry Brooks started his kennel no serious attempt had been made to show a kennel of both sexes.

Recognizing the growing interest in "Scottie," FOREST AND STREAM determined to help the good cause along by visiting Mr. Henry Brooks's fine collection at West Medford, Mass. Some people may think it an easy matter to find this place, but like the gentleman in the classical song, "You've got to know it first." I tried three different stations, in all of which I was told I would find a train for West Medford, but each time found that the real place was two streets further on. It does not take long to reach West Medford when once started on the Boston & Maine Railroad, and a short walk brought me to the kennels.

After cautiously prowling round for a few minutes on the lookout for some human being, and with that feeling of uncertainty as to whether there might be a stray "Diehard" roaming around ready for a morning nip, I encountered the person sought. A hearty shake from Mr. Green, the manager, and I was soon introduced to Mr. Brooks, who, not feeling quite himself, had to remain indoors.

We did not waste any time, but walking straight to the kennels we were met by a chorus that might have included "ye banks and bonnie braes" for what I know. I was at once struck by the neatness of everything around the kennels, and perhaps before enumerating the inmates of the kennels I had better describe the latter. The illustration



WANKIE KENNELS NO. II.

West Medford, Mass.

will convey some idea of the neat-looking buildings of which there are two devoted to the dogs. One is apt to associate the housing of a Scotch terrier with a barrel in some corner of a cowshed or under the hayrick, but however they are housed in their native Highlands, at Mr. Brooks's place their kennel is a comparative palace, and well calculated to impress the "emigrants" with the possibilities of this glorious country. In one building there are seven kennel compartments, 5ft. 6in. x 4ft. 6in., the sides of which are in matched pine and oil finished. In one corner is a collapsible kennel bed tipped with brass sheathing. The bed can be folded against the wall when not required. The kennel windows face the south and each kennel opens into a passageway and is fitted with double doors whose fancy hinges and brass door knobs do much to enhance their appearance. The system of ventilation is very good and worked by cords from the passage. At the end of the passage a door leads into a large yard which may be used for exercising purposes. A closet in the passageway provides room for the collars and chains, etc. Each window in the kennel is covered by fine mosquito wire, so that in summer no flies or mosquitoes can break in and cause annoyance. A small door leads from the kennel to the yards, which are 14ft. x 4ft. 6in., and inclosed by fine galvanized square mesh wire which adds greatly to the appearance of the fencing, and even the snipiest-nosed

terrier cannot get his nose through. It is tacked on solid finished wood framework about 5ft. 6in. high.

In these yards an excellent plan has been pursued. About 2ft. of the earth was taken out and then filled in with rough gravel, which thus affords perfect drainage and dries the yards up quickly. When we were there, extending from the kennel building, were several solid wooden frames covering about half the kennel yards; these are always kept there in rough weather. In summer they give place to an awning. This is a description of kennel No. II., and passing on to kennel No. I., a few feet away, we found the arrangement of kennels very similar, but as this is the breeding kennel the compartments are 6 x 5. In the hallway is a handsome hot-water radiator, which regulates the heat in the kennels. Under each kennel-bench runs a hot-water pipe to a small radiator set on the floor in the middle of the kennel, which warms that individual kennel. By taking the bottom of the kennel bed up the straw for the young litter may be set directly on the hot-water pipe, affording the puppies warmth even if the mother should leave them in the coldest weather. This arrangement will probably bring a smile to the face of the average Scottish terrier breeder and we think that in time it will be found better to accustom the breed to more hardy treatment. Coats will get soft, and in this changeable climate pneumonia and the various "itis" diseases will get in their fine work, if these pups are coddled too much. Large windows face the south; in fact, we never entered kennels where the light and airy appearance a kennel, and especially one devoted to puppies, should have, has been so well attended to. In summer the little door leading to the kennel yards is made of the stiff, square mesh wire, but covered with mosquito wire, so that while down plenty of air can come in, but no objectionable insects. In one corner of the hallway is an ornamental sink and tap for casual washing purposes, and at the end is a closet, where stands the expansion boiler to regulate the heat in the hot-water pipes. On the walls, in neat array, are hung the chains and collars. I forgot to say that at the foot of each door is a tap, whereby the heat in each kennel can be regulated. Everything about the kennels was as neat as a new pin and very solid in arrangement and appearance.

Perhaps in the present interesting status of the breed in America it would not be out of place here to say something about the origin of the Scottish terrier before reviewing the dogs. This, at first glance, may seem superfluous, for perhaps there is no name so commonly used by the dear American public to designate the nondescript than Scotch terrier. Nearly every terrier with rough hair on it comes under that cognomen with the general run of undogly educated folks.

Although the Scotch terrier is undoubtedly an old breed in its native Highlands, still, even in England and at English



MR. JAMES E. GREEN.

Manager Wankie Kennels.

shows, the past decade only has witnessed its advent into the English catalogue as a breed sufficiently known to find place among the regular classes. Mr. James B. Morrison, in "The Book of the Dog," finds reason to believe that it was the original terrier of Scotland from the fact that the hard, short coat could not have been produced from the Skye or any other long-haired variety without the aid of a smooth dog, and there was no smooth dog known in the Highlands except the Blue Paul, bred at Kirkintilloch, and which is almost extinct. Speaking of the antiquity of the Scotch terrier this writer says that they were known and better known than they are to-day at a time when we were indebted to the ballad singers for rescuing our own history from oblivion. From the old crofters and keepers we learn that these terriers were found in considerable numbers all over the islands and mainland in the northwest of Scotland in the beginning of the present century. One has but to glance at the pictures here given to see that this terrier is peculiarly adapted to the work for which he was bred, in unearthing such vermin as the fox, badger, otter, wildcat, etc. Such animals in their native cairns and rocky strongholds are not the most delicate subjects to tackle, but the Scotch terrier, with his unerring nose and indomitable pluck proves equal to the occasion. Striking the scent he will follow it up to the lair with spirit and working in on his belly, or side, if need be, nature having provided for this by giving the terrier a flat side but deep chest, it is not long before the owner hears the sounds of the conflict within. Of course in such a combat the nature of the ground and the weight and size of the vermin often makes the conflict an unequal one and "Scottie" sometimes pays for his termerity with his life, being either overcome by the enemy, or in his excitement and eagerness going so far into the earth or cairns that it is impossible to get back again. This gameness and never-say-die quality has given him the soubriquet of "Diehard."

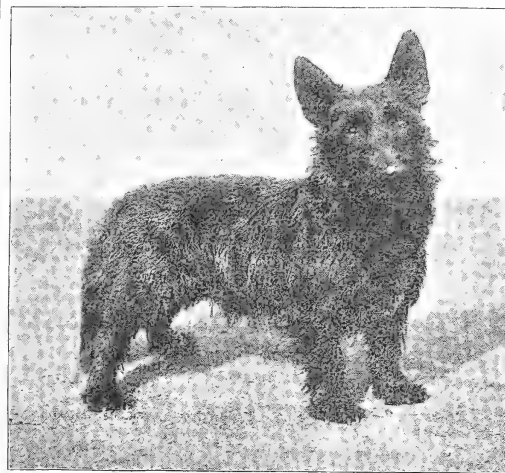
As a rule the terrier man will have a pack of three or four and if the game is heavy he will be made to bolt and will pass in his cheeks through the help of those on the outside. Whether on duty or off the Scotch terrier is always a gay, vigorous companion, full of life and vivacity, and the slightest attention from his owner receives most demonstrative acknowledgment. Though, with all his ferocity when in front of the enemy, he is naturally a mild-tempered dog and not at all quarrelsome, though, when occasion demands, his strength of jaw and hard coat enable him to give a good account of himself to whatever dog is foolish enough to meddle with him. One of his chief charms as a companion will be found in his being a good follower, seldom losing his master's heel, however crowded the thoroughfare may be. The ears contribute much to the smart appearance of this terrier, the prick ear being more generally met with nowadays. A semi-erect ear is allowable, but a drop ear, however, is not to be considered. To further explain the build and make-up of the "Diehard" it would not be out of place to give the standard, but the pictures must suffice this time.

The first dog to make his bow was Kilroy, and he showed

his contempt for modern kennels and water pipes by indulging in a real good roll in the snow. It is not my object to criticize these dogs; that has been done in regular reports. In form, hard coat and general make-up he beats Kilree, who came out next. Kilroy (25,089) was whelped June 2, 1890, and his sire is the celebrated Ch. Kildee and dam Bitterweed. Kilroy is the winner of twelve firsts, five specials and the 30 guinea challenge cup twice in England, first and special Boston, Toronto and Brooklyn, 1892, and first and special Gloversville, 1893.

Another good one is Kilree (26,242), whelped July 12, 1890, also by Ch. Kildee, out of Zembra, and is winner of six firsts, four specials and the 30 guinea cup once in England. Having to meet his more favored kennel mate his record here is composed of seconds at the above shows, omitting Boston.

Kilbar (22,573) soon joined the others and it was amusing



SCOTCH TERRIER KILREE.

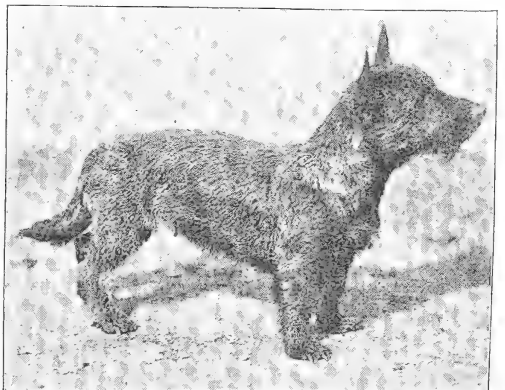
Owned by Mr. Henry Brooks, West Medford, Mass.

to see their perfect amiability toward each other; at least, until one or two of the dames made their appearance, when the talk seemed to savor more of duels, and not *à la Française* either. Kilbar is a brindle and loses to the other in head, bone and straightness of front. Then Mr. Green turned out a clever looking little nine-months bitch pup, Wankie Diana, a capital made one that will obtain recognition in the ring without doubt; good long head, bone and plenty of style; she is by Kildee ex Thistle-down, which was imported last fall by Mr. Brooks and was heavy in whelp at Brooklyn show.

Wankie Ted, a brother of Diana, made his bow wow, but he is not as strong behind as his sister and is smaller throughout. Wankie Daisy then joined the crowd; she was out of coat, but in great spirits, not having recovered from her exhilaration in defeating her superior kennel mate Culblean at Gloversville show last month. She is by Rambler out of Rosebud and was whelped Aug. 6, 1890. Her other win in this country was second at Brooklyn 1892.

A good, strongly-made bitch in Zembra, not shown here yet, then came out. She is the dam of Kilree and seemingly a rare brood bitch, and her list of prizes in England, which includes six firsts, four specials and the 15 guinea challenge cup, proves that our estimate of her was deserved. She looks a little matronly now, having just had a litter by Kilroy, all which, unfortunately, died.

One or two others had to be fastened up and then the crack Culblean darted out. She looks better than at Gloversville and by New York show will be probably all right. She is by Ch. Kildee out of Ula and was whelped March 10, 1891. Her winnings include three firsts, one second and two thirds, and two specials in England, first and special Toronto and same Brooklyn 1892, and second Gloversville



SCOTCH TERRIER CULBLEAN.

Owned by Mr. Henry Brooks, West Medford, Mass.

1893, when she was second to Wankie Daisy. This bitch is particularly strong in head, almost, if not quite, the equal of Kilroy in this respect.

Going to the next lot of yards a capital little, or I should say big, four-months-old bitch pup by Kilroy out of Daisy, with all the carriage of an old 'un, tried to make friends with everything at once; her ears are well-carried, good bone and head particularly long and strong looking. Two inferior "Japs," boarders I think, were in the next kennel. A litter of four by Kilroy out of Brenhilda, whelped Sept. 25, 1892, next attracted notice. They do not compare in size to the other two spoken of above, though a little bitch promises well, and Kilroy II., of the same lot, has a head just like his dad, on smaller lines, of course, and with his bone and evident quality will make a hummer if lucky. Thistle-down was then turned out; she is by Ch. Alister out of Hegthistle and is winner of three firsts and five seconds in England. Brenhilda was the favored one up at the house and with Kilbar was the first show terriers Mr. Brooks possessed. She was whelped May 4, 1887, and is by Ch. Dundee out of Glengogo.

This with a large-sized racy looking Boston terrier or business bitch with a litter of them cuddling up to the water pipe, completed the lot of dogs. By the way, thinking so much of the terriers we lost sight of two spaniels that Messrs

POINTERS—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (under 5105s.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Duke; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Duke (5015s.); 1st, G. W. Davey's Lady Gay; Spanker; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Queen Fan—*Dogs* (under 5105s.): 1st and com. Chas. Heath's Arthur and Ben; 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Ridgeview Donald; 3d, A. G. Hooley's Ridgeview Faust; 4th, Chas. Connell's Rock II. Very high com. reserve, 1st, Ridgeview's Ridgeview Donald; 2d, G. W. Davey's Duke; 3d, W. L. White's Duke; 4th, H. Hyland's Touchstone and G. W. Lovell's Dash *A Bitches* (under 5015s.): 1st, Chas. Heath's Patti; 2d, W. W. White's Graceful II; 3d, Geo. Jarvis's Lass of Kent; 4th, G. W. La Rue's Dame Bang. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Miss Eunor, W. C. Root's Bloomie II, W. C. Root's Bloomie I and Jingle Belle. High com., G. W. Lovell's Will Lully, P. Daly, Jr.'s Elkwood Kate. Com., W. II. Hyland's Flora R.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st withheld; 2d, Mrs. Edward A. Manico's Bet. DACHSHUND.—**CHALLENGE**—**Dogs:** 1st and 2d, E. A. Manico's Windsor Roter and Zulu II. **Bitches:** 1st, E. A. Manico's Janice; 2d, Opey; 3d, E. A. Manico's Jay; 4th, Ben Quikote II.; 5d, Hempstead Farm's Tack. **Very high com.,** Dr. H. Von Duering's Goy and H. B. Kane's Ko Ko. **High com.,** C. H. Lautner's Teck. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, E. A. Manico's Jargonelle and Jane Shore; 3d, M. J. Asche's Pollywog. **High com.,** D. G. Fearing's Pantalette.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—**Dogs:** 1st, Dr. J. B. Harvie's Roscoe; 2d and 3d, John Marshall's Prince Hal and Prince George. **Reserve,** Dr. C. A. Longest's Mount Vernon Bull. **Very high com.,** F. W. Chesbrough's Sallor Lad. **High com.,** Mrs. F. Schuber's Nero and H. T. Foote's Sam. **Com.,** Dr. O. W. Morris's Frank. **Bitches:** 1st, John Marshall's Troy Lass II.; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Lady Patch; 3d, Marshall & Kidd's New York Lass. **Reserve,** Mrs. R. Braive's Brunette. **Very high com.,** H. T. Foote's Jezebel.

POINTERS.—**Puppies.**—**Dogs:** 1st, L. W. White's Odd Fellow; 2d, J. T. Hyland's Ossington's Boy; 3d, Joseph Hanck's Hauck's Lad. **Very high com.,** reserve, G. W. Lovell's Duke of Pontiac. **Very high com.,** W. H. Hyland's Top Gallant. **High com. and com.,** Toon & Symonds's Anticipation and Expectation. **Bitches:** 1st, L. W. White's Lady Grace; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Beppo's Gem; 3d, W. H. Hyland's Fancy Fan. **Very high com.,** reserve, Rineado Kennels' Beauty. **Very high com. and com.,** E. S. Cave's Isabella and Magpie. **High com.,** Edward Richter's Lady Beauty.

POINTERS.—**Novice.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Rineado Pointer Kennels' Ridgerview Panie; 2d, F. E. Lewis's Hyland of Naso; 3d, Chas. L. Wright's Signal W. **Very high com.,** reserve, F. K. Pidgeon's Graphic VI. **Very high com.,** I. O. Converse's Bar Harbor Sam. **Chas. Heath's Ben and Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid.** **High com.,** J. E. Orr's Brooklyn Shot and Toon & Symonds's Anticipation. **Bitches:** 1st, L. W. White's Quicote II.; 2d, G. W. La Rue's Bang; 3d, Rineado Pointer Kennels' Broom II. **Very high com.,** W. H. Hyland's Queen Nell; P. Daly, Jr.'s Elkwood Kate and Ellen Kent, Mrs. H. W. Smith's Sister Rap and C. P. Wilcox's Dottie O. **Com.,** A. N. Binkerd's Molton Bee and P. Daly, Jr.'s Spinaway IV.

POINTERS.—**Field Trial Class.**—(**Dogs and bitches** which have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada).—1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen and Woolton Game; 3d, L. W. White's Graceful II. **Very high com.,** reserve, Harry Dutton's Duke of Kent II. **Very high com.,** Wm. Ledyard's Tempest; G. W. La Rue's Dame Bang and Hempstead Farm Kennels' Sandford Druid.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, J. C. Nichol's Dennis and Marguerite.

FIELD SPANIELS.—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, A. E. Foster's Beverley Negus; 2d, Rowland P. Keasbey's Beau. **Bitches:** 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Bridford Ruby. **OPEN.**—**Black.**—**Dogs:** 1st, A. E. Foster's Judex; 2d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Warwick; 3d and reserve, R. H. Eggleston's Echo and Compton Brigand; 4th, Miss L. B. Wainwright's Beau Baron. **Very high com.,** Owahanga Kennels' Sorry Jake and John Staeb's Boy. **Bitches:** 1st, E. H. Eggleston's Ace of Spades; 2d, A. E. Foster's Dame Trot; 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Rosedale Bess; 4th, Brooks & Green's Kelpie. **LIVER.**—**OPEN.**—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Queen; 2d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's The Shrew; 3d, Mrs. R. De Arcus's Diana. **Very high com.,** Benjamin Jacobs's Daisy. **ANY OTHER COLOR THAN BLACK OR LIVER.**—**OPEN.**—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Newton Abbott Farmer. **ANY COLOR.**—**Puppies.**—1st, R. H. Eggleston's Fashion; 2d, Owahanga Kennels' Sorry Jake; 3d, Brooks & Green's Kelpie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Fascination; 2d and Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket and Brant. **Bitches:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Troublesome; 2d, C. T. Sackett's Novel. **BLACK.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Res. Mountain Kennels' Middy; 2d, W. G. McClellan's Black Prince; 3d, H. B. Field's Brantford Jet, Jr. **Reserve,** Dr. J. E. Hair's Donovan. **Very high com.,** C. T. Sackett's Prince W. and Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpania. **High com.,** Palmer & Kennedy's Jay Kay. **Bitches:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Realization; 2d, Brooks & Green's Tess; 3d and 4th, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggle and Miss Chip. **Reserve,** Dole & Thomas's Woodstock Dora. **Very high com.,** Palmer & Kennedy's Raven Bell and Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Elrit. **High com.,** Palmer & Kennedy's Doris and A. C. Wilmerding and Dr. F. W. Kittell's Hornet. **Com.,** Jersey Cocker Kennels' Norah H. and Lady Dufferin. **ANY OTHER COLOR.**—**OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Rollo; 2d, R. S. & F. M. Gowans's Redfellow; 3d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Great Scott. **Bitches:** 1st, W. Musket's Cherry Blossom; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Riding Hood; 3d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Mary Queen of Scots. **Reserve,** Wm. P. Hancock's Little Beauty. **Com.,** J. A. Spracklin's Victoria and Louise. **Puppies:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Realization; 2d, Brooks & Green's Tess; 3d, Palmer & Kennedy's Ida. **Reserve,** Swiss Mountain Kennels' Jack of Clubs. **Very high com.,** S. F. Taylor's Tuesday. **High com.,** Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpania. **Com.,** J. A. Spracklin's Marquis.

COLLIES.—**ROUGH.**—**Dogs:** 1st, J. P. Morgan's Roslyn Wilkes; 2d, J. Livingston's Ormskirr Shep. **Bitches:** 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Metchley Surprise. **OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st and 3d, Hempstead Farm's Woodmaester Trefoil and Hempstead Zulu; 2d and reserve, J. P. Morgan's Roderick Dhont and Cragston Roderick Dhu; 4th, Seminoles Kennels' Carzon. **Very high com. and com.,** McGee & Gibson's Auburn and Christie. **High com.,** E. Huidekoper's Sir Walter Saunders & Mighton's Finsbury Duke and W. A. Burpee & Co.'s Fordhook Eclipse. **Bitches:** 1st and 4th, F. R. Carswell's Nancy Lee and Lady Fidget; 2d, L. Staunfield's Highland Floss; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Ormskirr Susie. **Reserve and very high com.,** J. P. Morgan's Highland Mary and Ormskirr Dollie. **High com.,** J. P. Morgan's Cragston Queen and McGee & Gibson's Helen Douglas. **Com.,** E. Huidekoper's Rhoda. **PUPPIES.**—**Dogs:** 1st and 3d, J. P. Morgan's Elizabeth Roderick Dhu and Cragston Roderick Dhu. **Reserve,** McGee & Gibson's Mayor. **High com.,** D. S. B. Cannon's Dandy and R. P. Forshaw's Hermit. **Bitches:** 1st, F. R. Carswell's Nancy Lee; 2d and 3d, J. P. Morgan's Highland Mary and Mary of Argyle. **Reserve,** F. Bourne's Deepdale Madge. **Very high com.,** R. E. Todd's Sweetheart and J. Watson's Charm. **Com.,** Fairview Farm's Dorothy M. and E. Huidekoper's Rhoda.

COLLIES.—**ROUGH.**—**Novice.**—**Dogs:** 1st and 3d, J. P. Morgan's Blizzard, Roderick Dhont and Cragston Roderick Dhu. **Reserve,** J. Yewdall's Scottish Lass. **High com.,** McGee & Gibson's Scots' Lass. **High com.,** W. A. Burpee & Co.'s Fordhook Eclipse. **High com.,** J. O. Burne's Ben O. E. Huidekoper's Sir Walter and R. P. Forshaw's Scotland's Pride. **Bitches:** 1st, F. R. Carswell's Nancy Lee; 2d, J. P. Morgan's Highland Mary; 3d, F. Bourne's Deepdale Madge. **Reserve,** J. P. Morgan's Mary of Argyle. **Very high com.,** R. E. Todd's Sweetheart and J. P. Morgan's Cragston Queen. **High com.,** J. Watson's Charm. **Com.,** E. Huidekoper's Rhoda.

COLLIES.—**SMOOTH.**—1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Maid and Blue Light; 3d, F. R. Carswell's Farina.

OLD ENGLISH SHEPHERD DOGS.—**BOTTLES.**—1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Bob.

POODLES.—**CHALLENGE.**—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, E. M. Morris's Teedle. **OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, W. H. Hitchcock's Lion; 2d, C. Priem's Plo; 3d, H. G. Trevor's Milo. **Reserve,** F. Beierlin's Duke. **Very high com.,** Mrs. R. I. Carter's Black Jack. **High com.,** Miss Manice's Pion Pion and Mrs. W. G. Brokaw's Koko. **Com.,** Chas. Priem's Tell II. and H. G. Trevor's Napoleon. **Bitches:** 1st, H. G. Trevor's Chloe; 2d, Mrs. A. S. Terry's Lady Marquise; 3d, Mrs. G. A. Freeman's J. F. Frou Frou. **Reserve,** C. Priem's Flora. **Very high com.,** Mrs. W. A. Haines's Zephyr. **High com.,** H. G. Trevor's Diah. **ANY OTHER COLOR.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Miss M. Pomeroy's Pierrot; 2d, L. D. Westervelt's Leo W. **3d, very high com. and high com.,** H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Pool-bah, Bellone and Ida.

BEAGLES.—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Somerset Kennels' Storm; 2d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Roy K. **Bitches:** 1st, Somerset Kennels' Belle of Woodbrooke; 2d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lou. **Reserve,** Forest Beagle Kennels' Twintwo. **Very high com.,** G. D. Welton's June M. **OVER 13in.**—**OPEN.**—1st, 3d and very high com., reserve, Somerset Kennels' Whalebone, Millard and Jupiter; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Docter. **Very high com.,** Walldingfield Kennels' Pulboro Crafty. **Geo. Lachet's Trial II.** **W. G. Harding's Hawk Eye.** **High com.,** F. W. Beck's Halcroft. **G. D. Welton's Joe.** **Com.,** Pine Grove Kennels' Pater. **G. Muss-Arnolt's Chantier.** **Bitches:** 1st and com., Rockland Beagle Kennels' Emeline and Fanny Racer; 2d, Somerset Kennels' Charm; 3d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Prudence. **Very high com.,** reserve, Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R. **High com.,** Walldingfield Kennels' Lufra. **13in. and UNDER.**—**OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Funt Hunter; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Paterinski; 3d, F. H. Bolton's Young Royal. **Very high com.,** reserve, J. B. Lozier's Cry Baby. **Bitches:** 1st, G. Muss-Arnolt's Bina; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Fanny Reed; 3d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Zillah. **Puppies:** 1st, J. B. Lozier's Cry Baby; 2d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Norah K. **Reserve,** Somerset Kennels' Naomi. **Very high com.,** G. Muss-Arnolt's Chantier.

BEAGLES (Field Trial Class for Dogs and Bitches that have been placed at any Public Field Trial in the United States or Canada).—1st and 2d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Frank Forrest and Lou; 3d and very high com., Somerset Kennels' Charm and Millard. **Reserve,** Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A.

FOX-TERRIERS.—**SMOOTH.**—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Victor II.; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Rattle. **Bitches:**

1st, J. E. Thayer's Dona. **OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, J. E. Thayer's Starden's King; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Stormer; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tip Top; 4th, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Rasper. **Very high com.,** C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Layman, H. A. Harris's Raby Pallis, W. C. & A. S. Cushman's Vandal. **High com.,** A. D. Stewart's My Fellow, L. B. Banks's Blenton Ratter, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Vanguard. **Com.,** L. B. Banks's Valens. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Miss Dollar; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dorothy; extra 4th, Toon & Symond's Lady Roselery. **Very high com.,** Iolanthe Kennels' Ripou Regina and L. & W. Rutherford's Dusky II. **High com.,** Iolanthe Kennels' Maystorm and Miss Domino, and Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cambridge Girl. **Com.,** C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Fuss. **PUPPIES.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Stickler; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Layman; 3d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Pitcher. **Very high com.,** The Grove Kennels' Wilton Tripper. **Bitches:** 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Regina; 2d, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Vindex; 3d and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Serena and Hillside Pepper. **Very high com.,** Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cambridge Girl. **High com.,** J. E. Thayer's Hillside Sybil, Bowman & Byrne's Raby Nattle and L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Risky.

PUGS.—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier. **Bitches:** 1st, R. T. Harrison's Nellie Bly. **OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Seminoles Dixie; 2d, W. N. Haversick's Vaddles II.; 3d and reserve, J. Bowden's Little Fritz and Ivy Boy. **Very high com.,** Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar. **High com.,** Mrs. M. Wicheimann's Grift W. and G. Bell's Tip Top. **Com.,** J. Christen's Beauty. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sara Bernhardt and Mabel E.; 3d, J. Bowden's East Lake Sister. **Com.,** J. Christen's Tootsey. **Puppies:** 1st, J. Bowden's Midget Harry; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Cashier's Daughter. **Reserve,** M. E. Bannister's Jane. **Very high com.,** high com., and com., R. Schreyer's Toto, Tony II. and Punch.

FOX-TERRIERS.—**SMOOTH.**—**NOVICE.**—**Dogs:** 1st and 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tip Top and Warren Layman; 2d and high com., Blenton Kennels' Blenton Vanguard and Blenton Stickler. **Reserve,** J. E. Thayer's Hillside Pitcher. **Very high com.,** C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Roly. **Com.,** H. C. Graet's Snook Surprise and Woodale Kennels' Woodale Driver. **Bitches:** 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dorothy; 2d, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Vindex; 3d and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Serena and Hillside Pepper. **Very high com.,** Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cambridge Girl and C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Myrtle. **High com.,** L. A. Biddle's Silhouette, Bowman & Byrne's Raby Nell and J. E. Williams's Woodbine II. **Com.,** C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Zarina.

FOX-TERRIERS.—**WIRE-HAIRED.**—**CHALLENGE.**—1st, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Toby. **OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, H. W. Smith's Saint Broom; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Oakleigh Bruiser; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Billy. **Reserve,** T. S. Bellin's Jack Trick. **High com.,** Iolanthe Kennels' Sandy Jack and H. W. Smith's Saint Brittle. **Bitches:** 1st and reserve, H. W. Smith's Sister Pattern and Sister Mop. **Very high com.,** G. L. Carnochan's Cairnmuir Belle. **Puppies:** 1st, H. W. Smith's Saint Brittle; 2d, R. Lyon's Tense; 3e, A. M. Young's Brittle Brat.

IRISH TERRIERS.—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, W. J. Comstock's Boxer IV; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. **Bitches:** 1st, W. J. Comstock's Dumurry.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—**CHALLENGE.**—**Dogs:** 1st, G. F. Taylor's Breeze (Glenstone); 2d, Rockingham Kennels' Count Howard. **Bitches:** 1st, Rockingham Kennels' Princess Beatrice; 2d, W. B. Wells's Cambria. **OPEN.**—**Dogs:** 1st, J. Brett's Real English; 2d and 3d, Roscroft Kennels' Sheldon and Glendon; 4th, Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio. **Reserve,** W. B. Wells's Matane. **Very high com.,** F. E. Lewis's Sam C. E. O. Damon's The Corsair, Rockingham Kennels' Rockingham, Jr., J. L. Wells's Reverdy, Forest Kennels' The Sultan, Victoria Kennels' The Earl and Prince Ben. **High com.,** Bronx Valley Kennels' Pride of the Bronx, F. M. Smith's Joker. **Com.,** Bronx Valley Kennels' Bronx Valley Dick. **Bitches:** 1st, J. Brett's Myra II.; 2d, G. F. Taylor's Katie Noble II. **High com.,** Roscroft Kennels' Doretta, W. B. Brush's Eastern Queen, Philip Daly, Jr.'s Virginia Rockingham, W. B. Wells's Daphne. **PUPPIES.**—**Dogs:** 1st, Bronx Valley Kennels' Deceir; 2d and 3d, H. Pape's Critic and Cactus. **Reserve,** W. S. Boody's Druid's Dick. **Very high com.,** L. H. Alberts, Jr. & C. T. Alberts's Alberts's Druid, J. Brett's Robin Goch.

The W. K. C. Dinner.

THE annual dinner to judges, exhibitors and press took place at Delmonico's on Tuesday night at 7:30 P. M. Nearly all those whose names are given as present at the dog show partook of the good things provided. Mr. Tom Terry sat at the head of the table, with Mr. Buchanan, Commissioner of Agriculture at the World's Fair, on his left, and Mr. W. C. Reick on his right. When cigars were lighted, Dr. Rowe proposed the health of the Westminster Kennel Club and Mr. Terry responded, and then called upon Mr. Buchanan for his views on the World's Fair show.

Mr. Buchanan reviewed briefly the progress made in the arrangements of the Exposition and the progress made in the mechanical construction, and the condition of affairs at the present time. Notwithstanding the impediments to the work this winter—the heavy snow, severe cold, etc.—the buildings were nearly finished. Five thousand men were employed each day. No work of similar magnitude had ever been undertaken before. Forty-three foreign nations will participate. Many exhibits were now in Chicago and on the ocean en route.

Speaking directly of kennel interests, the management at first doubted the value of the dog show as a feature of the exposition. Much assistance was given by the A. K. C. and related bodies. The challenge class was disapproved and all dogs will compete in the open class. The zeal, skill and fidelity with which Mr. Mortimer will superintend the show were earnestly mentioned. He thanked the A. K. C. for the kindness shown in the past.

Toasts to Mr. Buchanan and the World's Fair, and Messrs. Sherwood, Cleather and Vredenburg were given. Mr. Vredenburg, in response to calls for a speech, said that the A. K. C. must be very grateful to Mr. Buchanan for the kindly way in which he met the wishes of the A. K. C. When he first met Mr. Buchanan, he thought that the World's Fair and Mr. Buchanan would never agree. At a later meeting all differences disappeared. The plan of Mr. Buchanan, in respect to classes, was a sweepstake. He thought the plan would meet the views of exhibitors. The World's Fair deferred more to the A. K. C. than to any other body representing the interests of live stock. It was due to the World's Fair that each specialty club do something to make it more valuable.

Mr. Anthony, Dr. Rowe and Mr. Reick made brief speeches. Dr. J. Frank Perry, in response to calls from every one, spoke briefly, and ended with a toast which contained a very pretty sentiment. "Here's to our humble friends. When we climb the golden stair, may we find them awaiting us."

Gordon Setters at Shows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A letter to me from Mr. Stelmets, president of the Washington City Kennel Club, dated Feb. 13, says: "I assure you that it was not the intention of our committee to slight Gordons in any way, but the error made in the premium list will be corrected by giving a separate challenge class for Gordon setter dogs and bitches."

This should call out a good exhibit. Gordons are less numerous than English or Irish setters and are necessarily shown in smaller classes; but I cannot see the wisdom of inviting a small exhibit by cutting down the inducements to show them. I take it that shows are intended to call out all breeds of dogs. If any managers chose to have an incomplete exhibition and leave out the handsomest of all dogs, I doubt their wisdom. But the New York show does not take that view, and in consequence, gets fifty-four Gordon entries against sixty-four Irish.

For one, will not exhibit any dog in any show where Gordons are not put upon precisely the same basis as other setters; and I own some good Irish setters, too, some of which may be shown soon. JAMES B. BLOSSOM, President Gordon Setter Club of America.

New York, Feb. 15.

Type and Working Spaniels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In nine cases out of ten the man who argues against fashionable type is under the suspicion of interested motives either he is praising the type of his own dogs in general, or was before the dispute as to type came up. But in this case I got the bitch Busy F. not as the kind that wins, but as the kind that ought to.

At the last Rochester show I saw a very handsome black and tan cocker bitch, one of the real old sort. I gave her first prize, and at once opened correspondence with her owner about buying her. He would not sell until the season was closed (and right here I wish to remark that last season the bitch had 392 birds killed over her). I was mad when I heard she was sold. It seems my friend Mr. Wade heard about this working spaniel. Of course, some one will say he does not know a good spaniel; but, all the same, he was a charter member of the Spaniel Club. The bitch was entered at Gloversville in our kennel name, and I was surprised to receive her by express, with card on collar, "Xmas to 'Uncle Dick' from his Nevev." Did I feel glad? You bet; and I feel good still, notwithstanding the remarks made about her. To read the comments one would think she had legs like a crane; that her hocks were turned the wrong way like a modern mastiff or St. Bernard; that her muzzle was like a woodcock and her eyes like gooseberries. But that all amounts to nothing, for I know that she is the true and most desirable type for the field, and any one who ever uses that type is convinced that it is just what the fancy wants.

A beagle and cocker are both required to do hard work; in fact, to be goers and stayers. Why don't the breeders for fancy shorten the beagle's leg about four inches, so his brisket will touch the ground the same as the modern cocker? The best beagle in America stands just under 13in., my cocker bitch is just under 14in., but forearm girths 1½in. more than the beagle, and they say the cocker is light in bone.

I have bred, trained and worked cockers for thirty-five years; in that time I learned a few things. Big bone means a big head, and a big-headed cocker is positively no good. You must keep the type of field and cocker spaniels distinct. I can prove that in the whole of America there are not twenty-five true cockers, *i. e.*, bred from cockers for five generations. I have as much Obo blood in my kennel as any one, but I know it is not cocker blood by any means, but just field spaniel, bred from field spaniels, and when they are bred down to 22lbs. and just a bit cobby (that is, only in the last year or so), then they are cockers, but the shape of the head is just the same.

I do not know about field spaniels in England, but I have owned the best that came to America. I never knew one that was worth a cent afield. Benedict, one of the first and best imported, could not be trained. Capt. McMurdo tried it, so did I, but the dog never had any hunting sense. The first bitch he was bred to was Madcap, a real old-style cocker. One of the produce was Wilmerding's champion Black Prince; he is a worker, but no one will ever believe that he got his hunting instinct from his sire; and you will find it so all down the line the further you get from the field spaniel; or, in other words, the smaller and more aristocratic you get the heads the better they are for the field. The field spaniel can be compared to the plow horse, while the cocker is like a thoroughbred racer. No one ever saw a cocker, a horse or a man with a big head that could go and stay.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 4.

For Detroit Dog Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to announce to intending exhibitors at the coming Detroit show that the management of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway have kindly consented to carry all dogs free in baggage car when accompanied by owners or caretakers.

This offer is from Chicago to Detroit on main line or any branches of the Grand Trunk connecting therewith. And should it become necessary a special car for carrying dogs will start from Chicago Sunday night, March 19. Exhibitors on any branch roads can arrange to connect with such main line and have their exhibits transferred to the special baggage car.

Now, gentlemen, I hope the action of the Grand Trunk in this matter will be appreciated not only by exhibitors at Detroit, but by dogmen at large. This offer by the Grand Trunk is certainly very liberal, and the only way exhibitors or their friends can reciprocate would be by giving such roads as the Grand Trunk, who assist exhibitors, and in this way further the interests of bench shows and help to make a success, the preference of travel over other roads when such can possibly be done. Such concessions like this should not be forgotten by all friends of dogs and dog shows. I am not at all interested in the Grand Trunk more than other roads. Nor do I receive any annual pass. But I do think that whenever a chance presents itself said road should have preference over others less liberal in their actions toward transportation of dogs.

It would be well for intending exhibitors at Detroit to notify the secretary as soon as possible what exhibits will be going over the Grand Trunk road and branches, in order that he may advise me in time in regard to the special baggage car, as it will be unnecessary to start one if there are not sufficient to occupy the same. JOHN H. NAYLOR.

MOUNT FOREST, Ill.

The Handler Knows Why.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The remarks by "Cynic" on field trials are quite interesting reading, and the greater part of them are literally true. But I do not believe that that every handler "knows" in his own mind just how he was beaten in "competition." I, for one, have got the least remark to make as to the spotting out of my bitch Ruby Blade in the late Southern trials, and knowing her as I do, I think none the less of her for the showing she made, as she has had less than three weeks' actual work on game. I also wish to add that the Southern trials, as long as they conduct their meetings as they have so far, are deserving the patronage and support of all lovers of the setter and pointer. They play no favorites; the best dog wins, as he should always. R. B. MORGAN.

MEDINA, Tenn.

Boston Terrier Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the B. T. C.: President, Dr. W. A. Powers; Vice-President, R. Weiner; Secretary, George H. Huse; Treasurer, W. C. Hook; Executive Committee (in addition to above), J. W. Newman, Dr. J. S. Saunders.

Will you kindly make correction in next issue to premium list of City of Straits Kennel Club? The specials offered by the B. T. C. are open to competition, and not restricted to the members of the club, as stated in their list.

G. H. HUSE, Secy.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 16.

J. L. Batchelor's dog circus at Chicago was really good and very amusing. Many of the tricks were new. Jumbo, the somersault dog, does his backward twist over the back of one of the poodles, another waltzes to the "music" played by "Grover Cleveland" on a miniature piano. The poodle is a staunch Democrat and knows his business.

DOG CHAT.

Detroit Dog Show.

The premium list of the above show to be held March 21 to 24 has been received. Its compilation shows care and a practical knowledge of the wants of exhibitors. Cash, and plenty of it, is the keystone on which the new club will build their entry. Such a list appeals to every exhibitor. Mastiffs and St. Bernards get the best treatment, \$10 challenge prizes and \$15, \$10 and \$5 in the open divisions. Great Danes, pointers, setters and collies get \$10 in each challenge class and \$10 in open. Great Danes are also divided by color. The rest get challenge prizes of \$10 and open \$10 and \$5, while spaniels are provided with classification No. 1, which also carries with it \$20 of that specialty club's money for specials. There are in all 111 classes provided and we are pleased to remark that puppy classes are conspicuously absent. The club offers \$10 kennel prizes in many of the breeds. Seven pages of the premium list are taken up with a list of the specials, which are peculiarly attractive, ranging as they do, in cash, from \$10 to \$5 for nearly every breed. In fox-terriers in addition there is a \$100 cup given for four or more, to be won twice in succession by the same exhibitor at the Detroit show. Great Danes get \$45 special money. St. Bernards also get a silver cup and plenty of money and the Mastiff Club is doing much better this year, putting up their \$150 challenge cup for best American bred dog or bitch, entry for this to be made by March 7, entry for \$5, one-half of which goes to winner of cup, the other to the club. The usual arrangements have been made with the express companies. The show will be held in the Detroit Auditorium. Entry fee is \$3 and entries close March 7 with Guy D. Welton, 56 Cadillac square, Detroit, Mich. All dogs coming from Canada must be consigned to E. B. Welton, Detroit, for bonding through customs. As announced before, John Davidson will judge all sporting classes, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, foxhounds, deerhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies, dachshunds and beagles, and Chas. H. Mason great Danes, mastiffs, St. Bernard, greyhounds, poodles, bulldogs, pugs, terriers, toys, spaniels, whippets, miscellaneous. Mr. Tom Blake will superintend, and to his knowledge of dog affairs is due such a good premium list.

Washington Dog Show.

Mr. WEBSTER writes us that the following express companies will carry all dogs without extra charge from the Washington City Kennel Club show, to be held March 14, 15, 16 and 17, when going over their lines to their original shipping point, which were forwarded charges prepaid one way, and certificates are furnished showing that they are being returned by their original owner from the exhibition: Adams, United States, American, Wells, Fargo & Company, National and Long Island.

Arrangements have been made with the several railroad companies mentioned below to carry three dogs free for each ticket, at owner's risk, when accompanied by owner or care-taker, who presents for inspection the necessary identification papers. The Trunk Line Association have issued instructions to all the members of the association to this effect and which are included as follows: N. Y. C. & H. R. Grand Trunk, West Shore, N. Y., O. & W., N. Y., L. E. & W. D. L. & W., Lehigh Valley, Central R. of New Jersey, P. & R., Pennsylvania, B. & O., and C. & O.

The Michigan Central R. R. will carry one dog free for each passenger. If exhibitor should have crated one or more dogs not exceeding 25 lbs. weight no charge will be made, but beyond this amount extra freight will be required. There are a number of other roads yet to report and as soon as possible information will be given. Every thing is moving on finely and great interest is manifested by exhibitors, many leading kennels of important breeds having made application for entry blanks and entries are already coming in. The bench show committee is doing every thing to make exhibitors comfortable and happy and feel greatly encouraged, and have every reason to believe that they will have double the number of entries before received. The special prizes list is increasing rapidly and will soon be published. It will be attractive and embrace many valuable prizes.

Uniform Field Trial Rules.

One of our most respected field trial judges writes the following letter, which seems very much to the point and should receive attention at the hands of field trial men. As it is in the form of a private letter we do not care to give the writer's name without permission: "I am in receipt of several letters relating to field trial rules from clubs wishing to make changes, etc. The thoughts suggest itself to me, why would it not be a good plan to let some person, or a number familiar with the requirements, to form a set of running rules and publish them for criticism, and then when completed to satisfy the majority let all the clubs adopt them and have a uniform set of rules. I can see no reason why they should not be uniform, and let owners, handlers and all persons interested be familiar with them. The interest in field trials is growing and clubs becoming more numerous, and as all trials are run practically the same, and on quail, it would seem to be the best plan."

New St. Bernards.

Mr. Walbridge, owner of the Contocook Kennels, is the St. Bernard breeder who imported the smooth St. Bernards Survivor, Dinorah Suisse and Belline from Mr. Betterton's kennels. The importation is an important one to the smooth division of the "Holy breed," and as the Keeper and Guide blood predominates in these animals, perhaps Mr. Walbridge will succeed in producing another Empress of Contocook. The dogs arrived in good condition on the Bostonian, but will probably not be shown till Boston. Survivor is a litter brother to Watch, and Dinorah is a sister of champion Keeper, and has already produced a dog, St. Augustine, that is considered about the best in England.

Los Angeles Show.

At a meeting of the Southern California Kennel Club, held Tuesday, Feb. 7, the following were appointed as a committee for the coming bench show of dogs: J. F. Holbrook, President; S. K. Benchley, Treasurer; C. A. Sumner, Secretary; J. H. Kiefer, T. S. Casey, J. C. Cline, F. W. Ingalls, T. S. Walker, J. W. Mitchell, A. P. Robinson, W. Llewellyn and E. Templer Allen, with Tony Bright as general Superintendent. All members are requested to do their utmost in procuring special prizes for the show. The dates for the show are April 19 to 23 and the present prospects are very favorable for a successful exhibition.

Benching at New York.

For the instruction of secretaries of dog shows, etc., and as affording a record of the actual dogs benched and the number in each breed, we publish the order to Spratts Co. for the New York show benching, with size of benches for the different breeds:

Large 40 in.—Mastiffs 42, St. Bernards 145, Great Danes 43, deerhounds 19, bloodhounds 7, Newfoundland 14, Russian wolfhounds 19, unclassified (miscellaneous) 2; total 285.

Small 30 in.—Greyhounds 28, foxhounds 18, pointers 120, setters 190, Chesapeake Bay 5, collies 75, bob-tailed sheep 1, retrievers 2, harriers 3; total 441.

Small 20 in.—Field spaniels 25, Clumber spaniels —, Irish

water spaniels 2, poodles 30, bulldogs 48, bull-terriers 46, whippets 1, unclassified (miscellaneous) 2; total 154.

Small 20 in.—Cocker spaniels 50, basset hounds 1, dachshunds 21, beagles 47, fox-terriers 107, Irish terriers 38, Welsh terriers 5, Dandie Dinmont terriers 7, Bedlington terriers 6, Skye terriers 14, black and tan terriers 12, white English terriers 5, unclassified (miscellaneous) 3, Scottish terriers 15; total 331.

Cage dogs.—Yorkshire and toy terriers 27, King Charles spaniels, pugs, etc., 73, miscellaneous toys 5; total 104.

Grand total, 1318.

In a conversation with Mr. Rackham he informed us that the coming Philadelphia poultry show called for 1,200 ordinary poultry pens, 200 bantam pens and 646 for pigeons.

P. K. C. Members Enjoy Themselves.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club gave the initial supper of the series to the members on Tuesday last at the Aldine Hotel. Mr. S. Murray Mitchell, the genial proprietor of the Aldine, who is as well the treasurer of the club, has placed a pleasantly located room at the service of the members in which to hold their meetings and entertainments. In this room, decorated with the club's art collection, the table was spread, and at 7 o'clock the members sat down to what was named in the secretary's notice a "nice little supper," but which turned out to be a veritable banquet, as the appended menu will show. Twenty covers were laid and a jolly party participated. The meeting broke up at 11 P. M. The idea of spending the money for the members' entertainment instead of for rent was voted a happy one. These pleasant reunions are henceforth a fixture of the club, and are a most agreeable manner of bringing dog men together. The Philadelphia Kennel Club has long been noted for the geniality and good fellowship of its members. We have a standing invitation to participate and hope to be present at the next supper. The menu of Tuesday's entertainment is as follows:

Beef broth à l'Anglaise.	Blue Points.	Rockfish Hollandaise.
Fillet of beef aux truffes.	Pot natural.	String beans.
Wine.	Roasted potatoes.	Champagne.
Sweet bread paté.	Punch Lalla Rookh.	
Roquefort and Neufchatel cheese.	Roasted grouse.	
Fruit.	Celery salad.	
Aldine Hotel, Feb. 14.	Assorted cake.	Vanilla ice cream.
		Coffee.

This social idea seems to be becoming more general, and is certainly the best and most enjoyable way of getting members to attend meetings and take active interest in the club.

Spaniel Club Dinner Menu.

The spaniel men get a good deal of amusement and jollity out of their club and pursue a policy that binds the members together fraternally. The club dinner will be on as we go to press, but as a special favor we are enabled to give one side of the menu card, which is excellently gotten up, and will appeal directly both to the stomach and the risibles of these jolly good "fellows."

Hotel Bartholdi.

"HAIL FELLOWS (J. OTIS), WELL MET!"		Feb. 22, 1898.
EIN COCK (ER)TAIL.		
(AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB SPECIAL).		
OYSTERS	BLUE POINT (ER)S	SHERRY
SOUP	NOODLE, DOODLE AND POODLE. (Who's in it?)	AND EGG (LESTON).
	CELERY, from the West (Wm.)	
	OLIVES.	
(From the branch always held out by our cousin—the Club across the Water.)		
FISH	DOG FISH ON TOAST (Mason's style—make no bones of it).	
ENTREES	CALVES' BRAINS à LA BOWWOW.	BORDEAUX.
	BETHUNE POTATOES. Spinach.	"A good wine needs
	Havana Cabbage, cream sauce.	no Bush (Geo. H.)"
	(Very new—from Morris (E. H.) County).	
	PUNCH (Roman—the noblest of them all. Brewed by Kirk).	
	CIGARETTES, Old(ham) Judge.	
ROAST	SADDLE OF DEERHOUND done up Brown(ing).	
SALAD	LETTUCE (Collared by Kitchel at Perth Amboy).	
SWEETS	ICE CREAM (Hollow Bricks, à la Keasbey).	
	ASSORTED CAKES (V. H. C. H. C. and C, the kind Bell and Willey never take).	
CHEESE	OLD ENGLISH (Filled with active members).	
	SPRATTS BISCUIT (Doggone good).	
FRUITS	PLUMS AND OTHER THINGS. (Fostered at Tuxedo).	
	CAFE (Black—the kind that wins).	
	CIGARS (Watson's "Long and Low.")	LIQUEURS
	PRAYERS: by WILMERDING.	(A la Rende, who will a tail unfold).
	MUSIC:	
	"Where, oh where is my little dog gone?"	

Beagle Champion Lonely.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder intends to surprise some of us this spring. He has, we understand, purchased the celebrated beagle bitch champion Lonely, having cabled for her Feb. 9. She is considered one of the very best, if not the best, in England. She was whelped July 13, 1896, and is by Careful out of Lovely. Her wins have been made at the best shows in England. It will be remembered that FOREST AND STREAM published a picture of this bitch some time since. Mr. Kreuder does not look upon his high office in the Beagle Club as a sinecure, but intends to uphold his position with a strong kennel.

Mr. Kreuder's beagle bitch champion Lonely arrived on the Aurania in charge of Mr. Elliott and will be seen out at Philadelphia next week perhaps.

Bulldogs.

Mr. John E. Thayer was asked to judge bulldogs at New York, but declined, thinking seriously that he would import a pair. Mr. Thayer's re-entry into the bulldog fancy would lend a still further fillip to the breed. Mr. Woodward told us at Chicago that he was busily engaged in getting up a diploma which will be given to every mentioned bulldog in the New York show as a sort of souvenir. This is a happy idea and might be extended to other shows as well.

New Bull-Terriers.

Mr. H. A. Harris has changed the name of his kennel to Cedar Brook Farm Kennels. He is importing the bull-terriers, Prince Gully, by True Blue ex Polly by champion Como, and Mermaid, by True Blue out of Camelia. Both are under a year old and said to be very good. A fox-terrier bitch is also coming and is also an animal of merit, but we cannot as yet give particulars of her. It will, therefore, be seen that Mr. Harris is still "in it" and will show his Ruby Pallissy at New York this week.

Important Importations.

Dr. James E. Hair and Mr. Bulled are importing quite a number of good dogs. In pointers Devonshire Sancho, winner of third at Birmingham when 11 months old; Devonshire Fan, second open class Birmingham and first Cruft's show, 1892, second Birmingham two years in succession. The Devonshire Pearl is the other pointer, and she won first Bir-

mingham 1891, and is by Nero out of Devonshire Fan. Roy of Colehill, the English setter, is also coming. He won first prize only time he was shown. These were shipped on the Italy Feb. 8, but have not yet arrived. Devonshire John and two others will come over for the World's Fair.

Accident to Cæsar Hansa.

The Hempstead Farm Kennels sustained a sad disappointment, for the time being at any rate, in the accident that befell their great Dane Cæsar Hansa, on the Aurania, coming over in Mr. Raper's charge. The voyage was very stormy, and in some way this poor dog's thigh was broken. The leg will be set, but probably his show career may be cut short. This dog won first at Berlin, and is said to be a very handsome animal.

A number of the dogs were delayed by snowstorms in coming to the W. K. C. show. Perhaps Joe Lewis had the roughest experience. Starting no less than four different times on Monday to drive to the station with his load, he got tangled up in a snowdrift each time and was forced to return. Out of one snowdrift it took two teams of oxen to drag the wagon, a stone wall having also to be pulled down. He finally started at 3:30 A. M. Tuesday morning and this time succeeded in reaching the station, arriving at the Garden after hours. Mr. E. H. Moore's train also got stuck in a drift for three hours, but as his dogs are St. Bernards the incident seemed peculiarly appropriate.

The owners of good dogs at Grand Rapids, Mich., are tired of having dogs stolen and shipped away, so they are forming an association for the purpose of capturing dog thieves and seeing that they suffer the penalties. Mr. C. H. Annin is one of the prime movers in the organization.

Rochester, N. Y., has, or rather had, a clergyman, a Rev. Mr. Perry, who resigned his pastorate on account of dog shows held by members of his flock in the church. In speaking of the matter he said that the dog shows held in his church "worked in direct opposition to the highest aim of Christianity and I could not work harmoniously in such surroundings." Reminded him of the Tower of Babel probably.

Mr. Mahler, of Pittsburgh, in addition to buying the black and tan English Lady, has purchased Iroquois from England.

Another letter comes saying: "Do you suppose we will ever receive medals from the Lewiston show? Have never received mine." The A. K. C. should attend to this matter.

Mr. B. S. Turpin is just home from a week's fox-hunting at Popple Cam, Phillipston, with Mr. R. D. Perry. He has an ideal hunter's home. The floors and walls are covered with trophies he has shot himself—grizzlys and black bear, deer, mountain goats and sheep, etc., etc. In the kennels are twelve fine hounds of many celebrated strains. Mr. Turpin reports having a good time.

"As a matter of news," we may say that Mr. George Raper will report the New York show for *British Fancier*, and Mr. R. F. Mayhev will do the same for the *English Field*. No helpers need apply.

Mr. Usher, owner of the Manatang Kennels, wishes us to state that some letters forwarded to him while away from home in answer to an advertisement in our business columns have not reached him, and those who have not received answers will now know the reason why.

Mr. G. Bell, of Toronto, sent his black cocker bitch Realization with E. Barde Elliott, on Jan. 8 last, to England to be bred to Mr. Farrow's crack cocker dog Ben Obo, and also to compete in Cruft's great dog show. Mr. G. Bell received a cable Feb. 9 stating that his cocker bitch Realization had captured two equal thirds, and of course our Canadian friend feels jubilant, as Realization, being a puppy, could not compete in the regular classes for cockers, but had to take pot luck with puppies of all spaniel breeds. This Mr. Bell was not aware of when he sent his bitch, but he is none the less pleased. Mr. Geo. H. Bush bred Realization and she is half sister to Fascination. She will return with Mr. Elliott in time for New York. Mr. Bell will show about thirteen at New York.

Mr. L. A. Julian, of New York, has imported the Irish terrier Castlemartyr Con from the Earl of Shannon's kennels. Two Irish setters also came on the same vessel, City of New York.

Mr. Geo. Bell corrects us in the matter of pedigree of the cocker Man in Black, owned by Mr. Gurney, of Kansas City, Mo. This dog is by King of Obos out of Snow II., and not as stated before.

Boston is to have a banner show this year. The local people will be catered for in the way of local classes and specials for those not having won a prize before. This is a good move, as many of the prizes are gobbled up by the "expert" kennels, so that the local exhibitor feels it almost a hopeless matter to exhibit with any prospect of getting the highest honors. We will just make a little forecast of the Boston list of judges, to see how near we hit it: Mastiffs, Arthur Trickett; St. Bernards, perhaps Mr. James Green, probably Mr. Mason; sporting classes, such as pointers and setters, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. Mason spaniels and pretty nearly everything else.

Cruft's great show has come and gone once more and was the greatest ever held. We are crowing here in New York over the W. K. C. entry of nearly 1,500, but what should we think of 3,000, the figure that Mr. "Barnum" Cruft's venture reached this year. This means a benching of 2,000 dogs. In this lot an entry of 400 fox-terriers was a decent sized show in itself. *Stock-Keeper* is gradually grabbing up all the doggy literature on the other side in the way of periodicals. The *Fox-terrier Chronicle* will now be issued from 169 Fleet street, and will appear in improved form.

Mr. Baguley, according to *British Fancier*, has sold the wire-hair Daylesford Bush to go to Canada. Wire-hairs seem to be living up on both sides the bridge.

A Gully the Great bull-terrier, Lord Gully, has just been sold in England for \$500. Mr. Dole owns the sire, Gully the Great.

Spratts Co. is unfortunate with its Chicago benching. Last year some of it was delayed en route and ever so much bother ensued. This year, although started off a week or two ahead of time, the cars got snowed in somewhere and were seemingly left by the railroad people to thaw out in the spring some time. Mr. Erbmann had to get an engine and go on an exploring expedition, finally finding the car and hauling it to Chicago, where they arrived just in time to get the dogs benched. On the return journey there was another delay, and when finally heard of, somewhere beyond the Suspension Bridge in Canada, it was only to find the charred remains, the whole business having been burnt up. This means a loss to Spratts of about \$2,500, but will not affect their benching for other shows, as they are amply provided to meet any such emergency.

This year, instead of having to pay for a box in Madison

Square Garden, the W. K. C. management very kindly allowed every kennel paper space gratis for their displays. This little attention was very kindly commented upon by those most interested.

Mr. Hanks will give a \$100 cup at Boston show for best four Russian wolfhounds.

Judges at Elmira will be Messrs. H. L. Kreuder, beagles and foxhounds, and J. Otis Fellows for all other breeds.

Mr. F. W. Chapman sold his beagle bitch Fanny Reed, second in open bitches, 13in. and under, for \$100.

The catalogue of the New York show excelled, this year, every effort hitherto made in that direction. It is embellished by pictures of noted dogs, and the cover is striking and very pleasing in color.

Mr. F. C. Phoebus, the well known beagleman, purchased, on Tuesday, the Somerset Kennels from Mr. G. B. Post. The kennel contains about thirty beagles, fifteen collies, two pointers and two setters. Mr. Phoebus has long been the manager of this kennel, and we are sure his many friends will join us in wishing him every success.

Mr. Watson tells us that Philadelphia will have about 480 entries. Following right after New York, there should have been a larger entry than this.

Col. L. Victor Brughman, of Maryland, who was in attendance at the New York show, purchased a pair of foxhounds from Dr. Thurbur's prize winning hounds at the show.

Get Your Dogs in Order.
If you'll read Polk Miller's advertisement in another column, he'll tell you how to keep off disease at "Bench Shows" and prepare them for "showing up" well.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28. Pavonia.

30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay.

30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay.

JUNE.

4. Pavonia.

15. New York, An., New York.

17. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap.

26. Pavonia.

— Atlantic, An., New York.

— Marine & Field, An., New York

— Corinthian, An., New York.

JULY.

1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch.

4. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay.

14. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.

4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.

8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.

10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.

15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham.

23. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers.

25-27-28. New York, Astor Cup.

Newport.

AUGUST.

— New York, Cruise.

5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham.

14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.

26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.

4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.

4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.

THE launch of the Carroll boat Navahoe was followed by the laying of the keel of the first syndicate defender, the Morgan-Iselin boat. Lawley is at work on the Paine boat, but the final completion of the Boston syndicate is not yet announced. Sufficient money has been pledged to assure the construction of the yacht, but more is needed to cover the heavy cost of running in such a class. This amount is likely to be forthcoming; if not it will be a reproach to the many wealthy and spirited yachtsmen of the East that the upholding of local interests is for the third time left to one individual.

ALL difficulties in the way of a challenge from Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll for the Royal Victoria Y. C. cup have probably been removed by the action of the New York Y. C. at a special meeting on Feb. 20, when the report of the special committee on the matter was accepted and the club decided to indorse the challenge. It is almost certain that the holders of the cup will meet Mr. Carroll in the same sportsmanlike spirit which he has shown and will make terms which will be fair to the challenging yacht.

COMMODORE MORGAN, who was not present at the annual meeting, met with a most enthusiastic reception on Monday night when he took the chair for the first time, the cheers of the members stirring the dust on the highest tier of models.

GEN. PAINE'S connection with one of the Cup defenders has led to his resignation from the Cup Committee, and Commodore Morgan has appointed in his place Mr. J. Frederick Tams, an old member of the club who has served with credit on the Cup Committee of 1881 and others of more recent date.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

TARPON SPRINGS, FLA.

THE Tarpon Springs Y. C. was organized on Nov. 15, 1892, by a number of Northern yachtsmen who spend the winter in Florida, the officers being: Com., James P. Phinney; Vice-Com., Jacob S. Disston; Rear Com., G. E. Noblitt; Sec. and Treas., Leandro T. Safford; Fleet Capt. and Meas., E. N. Knapp; Reg. Com., James P. Phinney, Chairman, Jacob S. Disston, G. E. Noblitt, E. N. Knapp and R. W. Clemson; Mem. Com., Leandro T. Safford, Chairman, G. E. Noblitt and W. A. M. Richey. The club has a fleet of small sailing boats and very exciting races are held every week. The winning boat thus far, Imp, was built by Lawley & Son for Com. Phinney and is 15ft. over all, 14ft. l.w.l., with a silk sail of 193 sq. ft.

The first regatta was sailed Jan. 14, six boats taking part, each skipper trying to win the silk flag given by Com. Phinney, the boat winning to hold it until beaten. The regatta was sailed in a bayou one and one-half miles from the Gulf of Mexico, the regular course being about three miles, with three turns. Imp soon went to the front and won, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp, Com. Phinney.....	2 32 25	3 17 25	45 00
Lucy B., Capt. Noblitt.....	2 31 40	3 20 40	49 00
Dennis, Capt. Disston.....	2 33 10	3 25 45	52 35
Topsy, Capt. Clemson.....	3 29 40	3 39 40	50 00
Lucy B., Capt. Reed.....	2 31 15	3 23 10	50 55
Lizzie, Capt. Topfitt.....	2 31 15	3 29 15	57 50

On Jan. 21 the second weekly regatta was sailed over the regular course. As there was a good fair breeze the boats went over the course twice. Imp was delayed some ten minutes replacing her centerboard, that had dropped out and had to be fished out of the mud. Many skippers would have pulled out of the race, but the Commodore always sails over the course, and has won many races by never giving up a race until he is beaten. Capt. Disston sailed the Dennis with good judgment and won the flag for the first time, and now talks of changing his boat's name from Dennis to Dispatch.

	Start.	1st round.	Time.	2d round.	Elapsed.
Dennis.....	2 03 32	3 02 38	53 51	3 42 31	1 32 29
Topsy.....	2 10 19	3 05 19	55 00	3 48 45	1 33 27
Lucy B.....	2 02 30	3 04 41	55 11	3 46 32	1 37 02
Imp.....	2 10 47	3 09 35	58 48	3 49 55	1 39 08
Tacony.....	2 10 31	3 09 22	58 51	3 55 50	1 45 19

The regatta of Feb. 4 was sailed in a brisk N.E. breeze, the starters being Imp, Com. Phinney; Topsy, Capt. Clemson; Tacony, Dr. Tom Reed; Safford, Capt. Safford. As Mr. Disston was not feeling well his

sailing master, Capt. Cook, an old skipper from Naushon Island, went in the Tacony to give Dr. Reed pointers and handle a job that he had rigged on and used reaching and running.

At 2 o'clock P. M. a large part of the townspeople were on hand to see the poor little Imp beaten, and all were asking what sail will the Commodore carry to-day. That question was soon settled for the Imp came to the starting line with the big silk sail on. A huge smile spreads over Capt. Cook's face as he tells Dr. Reed that Clemson's Topsy is the only boat they have to fear. One lady, who had often won on the Imp, asked an old shellback friend of the Commodore to advise him to reef. "Wait an' see," says the old man.

Off they go, Tacony, closely followed by Topsy; then Imp comes over the line, looking for a favorable chance to pass the leaders. Around the first point and all are off for the first turning stake before the wind with the foam boiling around the bows. Here comes a hard puff, which strikes Imp on the end of the boom, and jibes the sail like lightning, but a quick pull on the sheet prevents the sail goosewinging. This performance was repeated five times in going 500 yds., yet for all that Imp is right side up and gaining on the leaders.

All make a neat jibe around the first stake and trim flat down for a dead beat to the next mark, no one praying for wind. Clemson's new boat was going splendidly and Dick was sailing her well.

When the Commodore takes the first stake the Commodore takes a heavy pull on the sheet and tells his shipmate that Imp must go in first boat or go under. The devil on Imp's sail lights his cigar with the end of his tail and looks on with a smile on his black mug. Capt. Cook now puts in half a plug of Navy and spurs Dr. Reed up to do his best, but it is no use, for Imp rounds the last point with a safe lead and again wins the flag, proving she can carry sail in a blow.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp.....	2 20 32	3 04 50	33 28
Tacony.....	2 25 25	3 05 30	40 05
Topsy.....	2 26 08	3 07 05	41 57
Safford.....	2 27 20	3 19 45	52 25

Capt. Kendall was out in King Fisher to assist if needed. On Feb. 11 the regular Saturday regatta was started with a light southerly wind blowing. Lucy B., with her old schooner rig on, started ahead, Imp bringing up the rear, the long battle making the silk sail sit firmly. Around the first turn they go, then harden the sheets for a dead beat to the first stake. Disston had Capt. Cook to tend sheet and give pointers, and hoped his favorite sail would bring the Dennis to the windward stake first and win the flag again; a vain hope, as all he gained going to windward was lost running off. Lucy B. caught her favorite puff and came in second, Imp winning the champion flag again:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp.....	2 11 18	3 39 19	1 28 01
Lucy B.....	2 09 10	3 40 25	1 31 15
Dennis.....	2 09 46	3 41 45	1 31 59
Topsy.....	2 10 22	3 43 41	1 33 19

American Model Y. C. Trophy.

A COMMITTEE of the American Model Y. C., Messrs. Geo. W. Townly, Herbert Fisher and F. Nichols, has prepared the following rules to govern the American Model Y. C. trophy, just established by the club:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Article I. A trophy to be open to all recognized model yacht clubs of the United States.

Article II. The trophy must be sailed for on July 4 of each year when challenged for.

Article III., Sec. 1. All challenges must be received by the secretary of the club holding the trophy sixty days before said date, as per Article II. Sec. 2. Such challenge must be accompanied by a voucher as to the existence of the challenging club, this not being necessary if having previously challenged for trophy.

Article IV. In case no challenge be received as per Article III., Sec. 1, the holder of the trophy shall not be subject to challenge until the following year.

Article V., Sec. 1. In case of disbandment of any club holding trophy the said trophy is to revert to the donors, subject to challenge, as per Article III., Sec. 1. Sec. 2. In case of disbandment of donors and having said trophy in possession the trophy shall be placed in care of some yachting journal to be perpetuated.

Article VI. Any club holding the trophy shall be disbanded after the donors have ceased to exist shall place the trophy as per Article V., Sec. 2.

Only one yacht shall represent a challenging club. Owners only must sail their yachts in all races for trophy.

Length—Yachts shall not be less than 35in. or exceed 45in. on l.w.l. Time Allowance—Time allowance shall be as follows: The larger yacht shall allow the smaller yacht time, in which the square root of actual sail area, plus the length of yacht on l.w.l. divided by two, this result to be corrected length, it to be taxed at the rate of ten seconds per inch over a mile course.

Objections—If any objection be made as to the sailing of any yacht in a race, such objection must be made to the regatta committee as soon as the race is finished or otherwise it will not be recognized.

Limit of Time—Limit of time for making a race over a mile course shall be fifty minutes.

Course—All races shall be sailed over a triangular course of one-half mile, going over the course twice, making in all one mile. If it is not practicable to obtain such a course, a course to windward and return of same distance shall be in order. The mark buoys in this case are not to be less than one-quarter of a mile nor exceed one-half a mile apart.

Order of Starting—All yachts shall be started a reasonable distance in rear of starting line and cross said line by the aid of their sails only.

Buoys—The setting of stakes or buoys and the direction in which all yachts shall sail around said marks shall be left to the discretion of the regatta committee. They must notify all contestants before the start is made.

Starting—There shall be a preparatory signal given and shortly after that the signal for starting shall be given.

Time Limit—A limit of two minutes shall be allowed for yachts to cross the starting line after the first yacht has crossed.

Time—The time of each yacht is to be taken as she crosses the line within the time limit. The time of all yachts that cross after the time limit shall be taken as having started at the expiration of the limit.

Fouling—Should any two or more yachts foul during a race such race must be sailed over again unless in the opinion of the regatta committee the yachts did not stand a fair chance to win the race.

Dead Heats—Should any two or more yachts reach the finish line foul of each other in advance of all others, it shall be considered a dead heat for those yachts, and they only shall sail over again, provided either are winners under the rules.

Right of Way—Yachts on port tack must give way to those on starboard tack. Also yachts on a wind must tack to avoid those down the wind. (This for obvious reasons.)

Pushing or Towing—When yachts are sailing a race no person or persons shall be allowed to push or tow any such yachts, either when sailing a leg, going about or down the wind, and if any person push or tow said yachts, such yachts shall be ruled out of the race.

Numbers—Numbers supplied by the regatta committee must be fastened to the fore and aft ends of the mainsail, and of sufficient size to be seen plainly 100 ft. distant.

Referee—The decision of the referee shall be final.

Navahoe.

The close secrecy which has attended the building of the Carroll cutter at Bristol was not in the least relaxed on the occasion of her launch, which took place on Saturday last. The statement had been circulated during the week that the launch would take place on Monday morning, but in spite of it and of the heavy snowstorm which prevailed on Saturday the representatives of several daily papers were on hand. The doors of the shops were closely guarded as usual, since the yacht has been begun, but as the jurisdiction of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company does not extend over the high seas of Narragansett Bay, the ubiquitous photographer and reporter was early aloft in boats, and several views of the yacht were obtained as she left the ways and laid aloft afterward.

Mr. Carroll had of course been notified, and had come from New York to Providence on Friday night with his father, Hon John Lee Carroll, his sister, Miss Helen Carroll, who was to christen the yacht, and Mr. Philip Schuyler, uncle of Mrs. Carroll. The party, and also Captain Charles Barr, were to take the first train from Providence to Warren, leaving at 7:45, but on account of the heavy snow the train did not start, and they were detained at Providence until 9 A. M. When they reached the junction at Warren at 9:45, there was no locomotive to take the Bristol car over the four mile branch, and sleighs were obtained to avoid further delay.

Meanwhile the yacht had been held until the tide was on the ebb and it was evident that if not launched at once there might be a delay of some days, so at 9:10 the shores were tripped and the yacht slid rapidly into the water without the formality of a christening. There were present beside Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, who as usual superintended the launch, only a few of the Herreshoff family, and Mr. Gouverneur Kortright. The following description is given by Mr. W. E. Robinson, of the Boston Globe:

"Now that the boat is afloat a little description of her is in order. The dimensions given are not warranted as correct, but they approximate closely enough to the true dimensions to show something of what the boat really is.

"Her principal dimensions are 190ft. over all, 84ft. waterline, 23ft. beam and 13ft. 7in. draught. In model she is an improved Wasp, with rather more displacement in proportion to her size, and less depth of keel. She has the same long overhangs as the 46-footer, the same low quarters and full body both forward and aft, and the same abundance of hollows in the water lines. Her midship section is, however, somewhat larger, and the floor has more dead rise, while at the same time the bow is a bit sharper.

"In fact both in midship section and lines the boat is rather a return to the Dilemma model as being still the fastest the firm have in mind. "The sternpost has only a normal rake perhaps 30°. The keel from the heel of the sternpost to the forefoot is about 45ft. long, and the slot for the centerboard is placed well forward in it. The keel is widest in the centre, being about 3ft. in width there, and tapers away to about a third of that at each end. The lead ballast can, therefore, be stored inside at the lowest possible point and to the best advantage.

"The line of the stern takes an easy sweep from the forefoot to the waterline and thence curves upward in an equally easy sweep until it meets the line of the deck. The effect is that of a long bow, but in reality every foot of that forward overhang is of value when the boat is in a seaway.

"The run is a duplicate of that of the Wasp, but the stern is elliptical instead of square and the extreme end is much thinner. A look at the midship section shows that its line comes straight up from the bottom of the keel for the first 4 or 5 ft., and then makes a slight turn at the garboard into the floor. The floor has a good deal of dead rise and it straight up to the turn of the bilge. This turn is an easy one and finishes in the straight topside common to about all the Herreshoff boats.

"The beam at the waterline is about 2ft. less than the extreme beam, and the effect of the midship section is that of power as well as ease. The sheer of the boat is a very good one, and its effect is heightened by the gradual tapering of the rail from a foot or more at the bow to nothing at the steepest part of the stern.

"Taking the boat as a whole it may be said that she shows power and speed in every line. She is a clean and clever model, right in line with the other Herreshoff productions, and will prove a hard nut for any other 84-footer to crack.

"Her construction is of the best and the plating is very smooth and even. She will be handsomely finished inside and out much more of a cruiser, so far as interior fittings are concerned, than probably any others of her class on this side of the water. The carved work for the cabin is very elaborate and was made by specially skilled workmen in New York.

"The boat's centreboard will be of steel, not over 14in. in thickness, and will not be as large as the wooden board of the Volunteer, which was 30ft. long. It will not be raised by hydraulic power, but by an improved windlass. The writer does not make a weight, but it is evident that it does not play so important a part in the boat's stability as would a hollow board of greater thickness loaded with lead.

"The spars for the boat are on the dock at Bristol, and The Globe has their lengths in its possession, but does not make them public on the ground that the sail area and not the dimensions and general form of the boat is the most important thing, and that since international racing is in vogue, yachtsmen and the public generally should let a most natural curiosity rest for the sake of victory.

"The Herreshoffs have to all appearances turned out a boat for Mr. Carroll which will be fast and able, and swing aloft a bigger area of canvas than even the famous Volunteer."

Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.

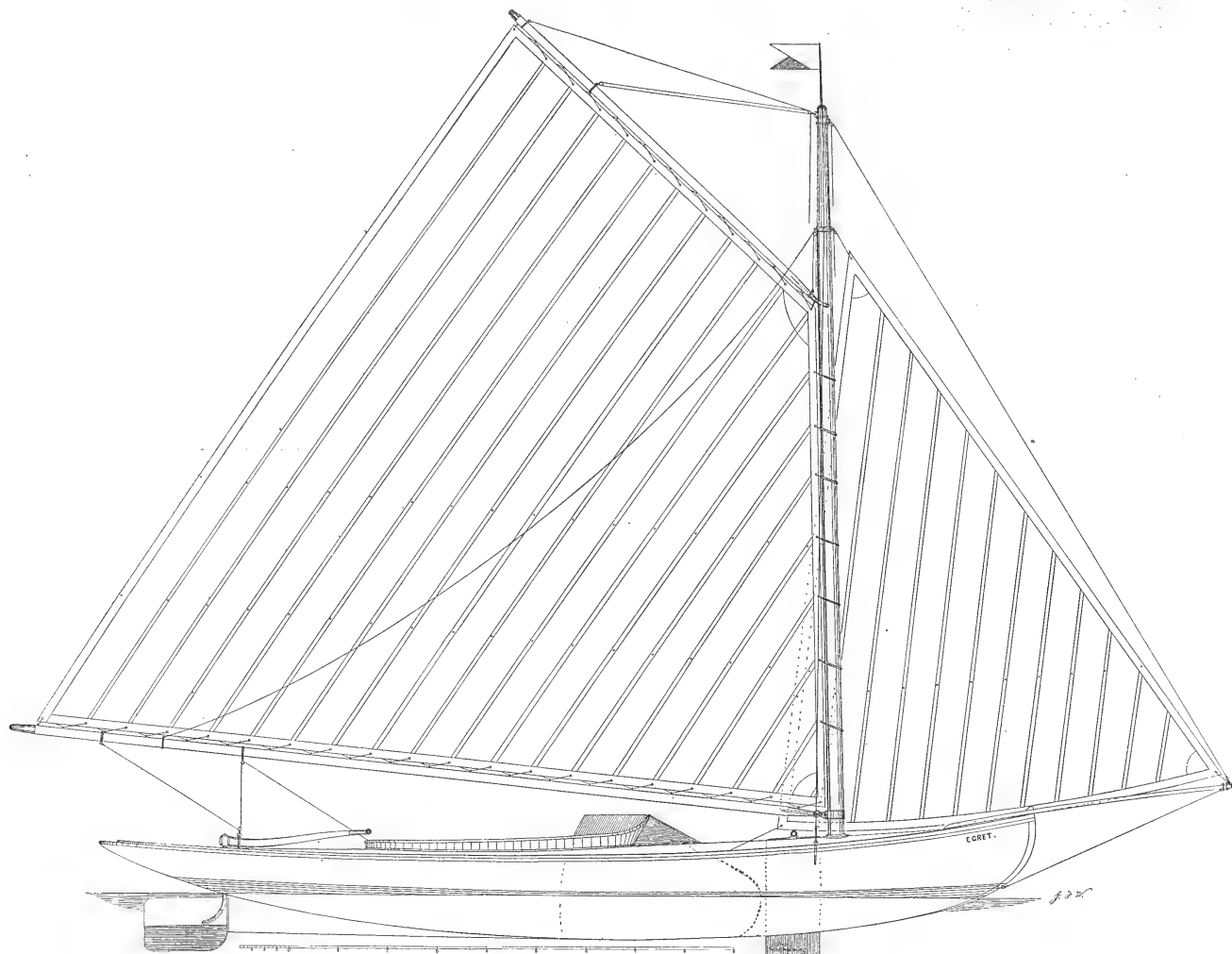
THE Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, with which was amalgamated last summer the Corinthian Navy, has now an active membership of 100 and is working to make the most of what promises to be a prosperous season for all yacht clubs. Efforts are being made to secure a permanent station and house on the Sound so as to bring the members more closely together. Three regattas will be held, and probably more. The officers of the fleet elected at the annual meeting this month are: Com., Dr. Frank S. Grant; Vice-Com., T. T. Taber; Sec., C. Chamberlain; Treas., J. A. Stow; Executive Committee, F. S. Grant, T. T. Taber, C. Chamberlain, J. A. Stow, W. P. Stephens, Oswald Sanderson, Harold S. Forward; Committee on Admissions, Charles A. W. Sleigh, Theodore Regatta, Jr., W. C. Burt; Regatta Committee, C. M. Connelly, chairman; F. B. Jones, S. A. Cooper; Measurer, John Hyslop.

A New 80ft. Schooner.

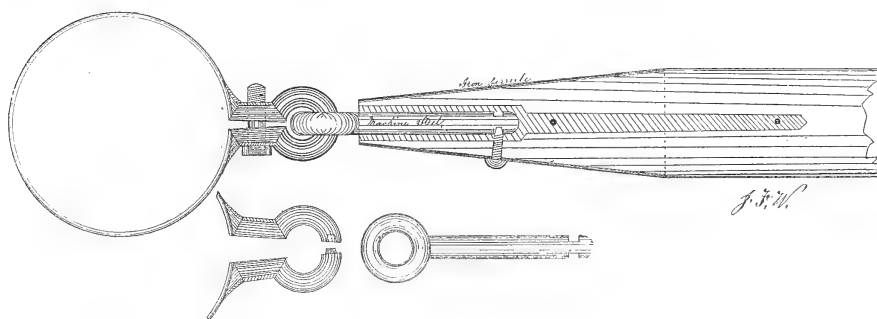
THE addition of a second steel schooner to the 80ft. class promises to make it a dangerous rival for the 90ft., with Marguerite and Ironquels, the Maxwell boat, and still another. The latest is now building by Harlan & Hollingsworth from the designs of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the owner being ex-Com. G. H. B. Hill, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. She will be of the general type of Ironquels, but deeper, 10ft. over all, 21ft. fin. beam, 10ft. draft, with a centerboard and a large sail plan, though intended for the usual summer work of mixed cruising and racing.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

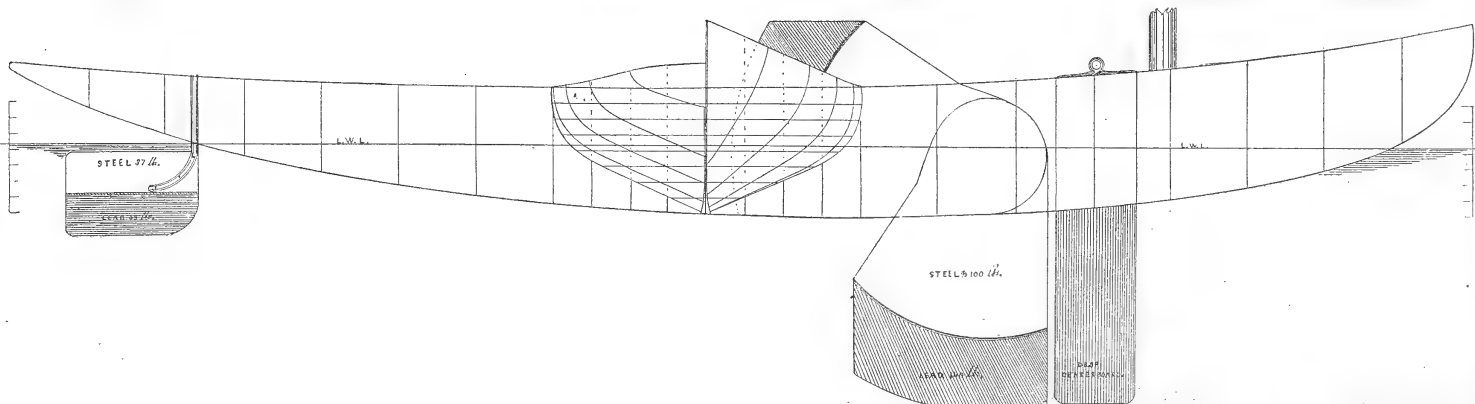
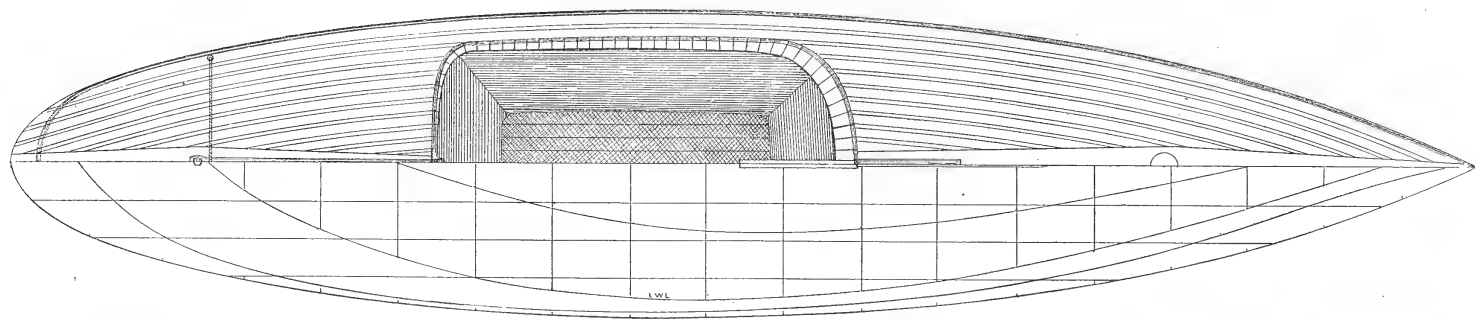
In an interesting article on "Yachting Prospects," the *National Observer* of Jan. 28 discusses the chances of Valkyrie against the other 85-footers building, and alludes to the erroneous statements which have been circulated that the best of the quartette will be chosen to cross the Atlantic and compete for the America cup, should Valkyrie be beaten at home. Of course nothing of the kind could possibly be done. The club which is now with a perfect right to challenge her could be substituted. An owner might decline to follow up a challenge, but even that would be an unsatisfactory contingency, and lay the challenger open to taunts of pusillanimity, if nothing worse; but the idea that the challenger could name one vessel and run another is a proposition too absurd to express in words. The Britannia, the new Revere, and the Glasgow vessels will try the Valkyrie and find out her worth. The club which is now with a perfect right to challenge her could be substituted. 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SAIL PLAN OF EGRET.



DETAILS OF GOOSENECK, EGRET, $\frac{1}{8}$ FULL SIZE.



SINGLEHANDER EGRET. DESIGNED BY H. K. WICKSTEED, ESQ., FOR DR. J. F. WRIGHT, 1891.

A company has recently been organized in London under the title of the World's Water Show and Maritime Exhibition Co., for the purpose of giving an exhibition of everything connected with boating, water sports and the sea. The Arena, formerly used for the London exhibition of the Wild West Show, has been secured and remodelled; a large

Notes from Delaware.

Reading Shooting Association Tournament.

The second "spring" tournament of the Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association, held on Feb. 14, 15 and 16, was an enjoyable and successful affair throughout. The new grounds of the association, situated within the hamlet track at H. C. W. Matz's Three Mile Horse, at Shillington, about four miles from Reading, are well adapted for the purpose and had been placed in splendid condition for this shoot, but the heavy snow and rain of Monday and Monday night transformed it into a quagmire, and Harry Matz was obliged to use several loads of lumber in improvising walks and platforms.

The weather Tuesday, the opening day, was delightfully mild and the attendance was so large that the grounds were the scene of a grand display. The following were the winners: Harry Matz, E. D. Miller, G. E. Greiff, Greener N. Angar, Parker E. D. Miller, Wilkes Barre W. K. Park, American Wood Powder Lindsey, Recoll Pad W. T. Tredway, David Brothers, W. S. Garvin, W. S. Hothersall, of Philadelphia; H. E. Buckwalter, Royer's Fork; Howard Gasper, New York city; Trego from Manheim; Johnson from Royer's Fork; Rehrig from Williamsport; Giechter from Little Kill; S. G. Spots from Birdsboro.

Everybody was in a good humor and in condition for shooting, the result being that close to 5,000 targets were thrown. There were ten events on the regular programme, targets costing 3 cents each, of which 1/2 cent per target was paid as average money; 25 per cent. to highest average, 25 per cent. to next best and 25 per cent. to third best and 25 per cent. to the shooter having the lowest average in all regular events. First average was won by Harry Matz, 94.28 per cent., Neaf Angar got second on 93.57 per cent. and H. E. Buckwalter got third on 92.14 per cent. The scores of the day will be found below:

The First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 singles, \$1 entry:					
Matz.....	1010110110-6	Courtney.....	100111111-8		
E D Miller.....	101111111-10	Cooper.....	101111111-10		
Trego.....	101111111-10	Johnson.....	101011111-7		
Landis.....	101111111-10	Howard.....	101111111-10		
David.....	011101111-8	Tredway.....	101101111-8		
Evans.....	101101111-7	McMurchy.....	101111111-9		
Clark.....	101111111-9	Henry.....	101111111-10		
Sullivan.....	101111111-9	Shaeber.....	101111111-9		
Cleaver.....	101111111-9	Beyer.....	101111111-10		

No. 2, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry:					
Matz.....	1010111111-13	Cooper.....	101111111010-10		
Trego.....	1010111111-13	Cleaver.....	10110000110-10		
Landis.....	101111111001-13	Buckwalter.....	101011111001-12		
David.....	101111111010-11	Shaeber.....	10110111111-14		
Howard.....	101111111111-14	Mills.....	101010100000-6		
McMurchy.....	101111111011-14	Thomas.....	100111111111-12		
Courtney.....	101010110111-11	Hothersall.....	100101111111-13		
Sullivan.....	101111111011-13	Beyer.....	101111111111-13		
Johnson.....	101111111011-13	W. Wolstencroft.....	101111111111-15		
Coldren.....	101011010010-10	Angar.....	101111111011-15		
Tredway.....	101111111011-14	Willard.....	101101111111-13		
Henry.....	101101111111-13	J. Wolstencroft.....	101111111111-14		
Clark.....	101101111111-10	Greiff.....	101111111111-13		

No. 3, 20 singles, \$1 entry:					
E D Miller.....	101011111-9	Buckwalter.....	101111111-10		
Trego.....	101111111-9	Shaeber.....	101111111-10		
Landis.....	101111111-9	Matz.....	011010101-6		
David.....	101111111-9	W. Wolstencroft.....	101011111-7		
Howard.....	101111111-9	Henry.....	101000111-6		
Courtney.....	101000111-7	Hothersall.....	101111111-10		
Sullivan.....	101111111-9	Angar.....	101111111-10		
Greiff.....	101111111-10	Ritter.....	101101111-9		
Park.....	101101111-9	Mills.....	101101111-10		
Coldren.....	101101111-8	Cooper.....	101111111-10		
Evans.....	101111111-8	J. Wolstencroft.....	101111111-10		
Tredway.....	101111111-8	Willard.....	101101111-8		
Thomas.....	101101111-8	Beyer.....	101111111-9		

No. 4, 20 singles, \$2 entry:					
E D Miller.....	101111111101-18	Willard.....	101111111101-18		
Trego.....	10110011111111-16	Greiff.....	10110111111111-17		
Landis.....	10110111111111-15	J. Wolstencroft.....	10111111111111-19		
David.....	01111111111111-17	Thomas.....	10110111111111-14		
Howard.....	10111111111111-19	Coldren.....	10111111111111-17		
McMurchy.....	10111111111111-19	Matz.....	01111111111111-18		
Courtney.....	01011111111111-15	Shaeber.....	10111111111111-17		
Sullivan.....	10111111111111-18	Buckwalter.....	10111111111111-19		
Johnson.....	10111111111111-18	Angar.....	10111111111111-18		
Coldren.....	10111111111111-18	Mills.....	00001111111111-19		
Tredway.....	10111111111111-19	Cooper.....	01111111111111-19		

No. 5, 10 singles, \$1 entry:					
Miller.....	10111111111-9	Clark.....	10111111111-9		
Trego.....	01101111111-8	Henry.....	01111111111-7		
Landis.....	10111111111-9	Matz.....	011100111-7		
David.....	10111111111-8	Thomas.....	10111111111-10		
Howard.....	10111111111-9	J. Wolstencroft.....	10111111111-10		
McMurchy.....	10111111111-10	Willard.....	10111111111-10		
Courtney.....	10110111111-9	Angar.....	10101111111-9		
Sullivan.....	10111111111-10	Shaeber.....	10101111111-8		
Johnson.....	10111111111-10	Coldren.....	10110111111-9		
Evans.....	01111111111-8	Buckwalter.....	011011111-7		
Greiff.....	10111111111-10	Mills.....	1011010010-6		
Hothersall.....	10111111111-10	Cooper.....	10111111111-10		

No. 6, 15 singles, \$1.50 entrance:					
Miller.....	101011111111-13	Tredway.....	101001111111-11		
Trego.....	101011111111-10	Greiff.....	101111111111-13		
Landis.....	101111111111-14	J. Wolstencroft.....	101110010111-12		
David.....	101011111111-10	Lindsey.....	101100101101-10		
Howard.....	101011111111-12	Buckwalter.....	101100111111-13		
McMurchy.....	010111111111-9	Hothersall.....	101111111111-13		
Courtney.....	101011111111-13	Mills.....	101111111111-10		
Sullivan.....	101111111111-13	Gasper.....	100010100001-6		
Johnson.....	101111111111-13	Green.....	011011111111-12		
Coldren.....	101011111111-14	Coldren.....	101011111111-14		
Evans.....	101111111111-10	Evans.....	101101111111-10		
Angar.....	101111111111-13	Cleaver.....	011011111111-10		
Thomas.....	1010100001-9	Cooper.....	101011111111-11		
Willard.....	101111111111-12	Shaeber.....	101011111111-11		

No. 7, 25 singles, \$3 entry:					
David 19, Howard 25, McMurchy 24, Courtney 22, Sullivan 23, W. Wolstencroft 22, Angar 25, J. Wolstencroft 22, Greiff 22, Clark 22, Henry 23, Hothersall 21, Thomas 24, Coldren 22, Shaeber 22, Willard 23, Buckwalter 22, Cooper 22, Matz 19.					

No. 8, 10 singles, \$1 entry:					
Howard 10, McMurchy 10, Courtney 7, Sullivan 7, W. Wolstencroft 7, Gasper 6, Evans 8, Ritter 5, Mills 4, Green 9, J. Wolstencroft 7, Angar 19, Clark 7, Hothersall 8, Henry 7, Beyer 9, Lindsey 7, Thomas 7, Buckwalter 9, Coldren 10, Matz 10, Greiff 9, Bowman 9, Clayton 9, Shaeber 9, Cleaver 8, Cooper 7, Willard 7, Tredway 9.					

No. 9, 15 singles, \$1.50:					
Miller 15, Trego 14, Sullivan 14, Sullivan 10, W. Wolstencroft 15, Hothersall 14, Evans 13, Lindsey 14, Angar 14, J. Wolstencroft 12, Henry 13, Thomas 15, Coldren 13, Matz 13, Buckwalter 14, Green 10, Greiff 14, Shaeber 14, Willard 11, Clayton 12, Tredway 14, Cleaver 13, Cooper 13, Gasper 10, Clark 14.					

No. 10, 10 singles, \$1 entry:					
Miller 9, Trego 9, Landis 10, Hobart 7, Howard 10, McMurchy 10, Courtney 9, Sullivan 8, W. Wolstencroft 9, Greiff 10, Green 7, J. W. Hainly 9, Bowman 8, Hothersall 9, Henry 10, Beyer 10, Evans 10, Angar 8, David 8, J. Wolstencroft 7, Matz 6, Clark 9, Coldren 1, Thomas 9, Mills 6, Ritter 8, Shaeber 10, Cooper 7, Clayton 8, Gasper 8, Cleaver 8, Willard 9.					

On Wednesday the sun shone all day but there was a dampness in the atmosphere that made it uncomfortable to stand about unless well bundled up. There was quite an accession to the ranks, among the new comers being Wm. H. and Jas. Wolstencroft of Frankford, R. T. Clayton of Tamaqua, Wm. G. Clark of Altoona, Sullivan of Harrisburg, Cleaver of Camden, Del., Dr. Bell of Altoona, W. J. Ives of Norfolk, Va.; McMullan, Mahan, Clark, Pa.; and Thomas of Cleveland, O. The averages for the day were won as follows: First, Howard, 94.28 per cent.; second, McMurchy, 94.28 per cent.; third, Cooper, 90.71 per cent.; lowest, David, 73.57 per cent.

The Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 singles, \$1 entry:					
Henry.....	000110011-5	Howard.....	101111111-10		
Landis.....	011111111-9	Matz.....	101011111-8		
David.....	011111111-9	Ritter.....	101000111-8		
Trego.....	101011111-8	Shaeber.....	101101111-7		
Schmeck.....	101111111-8	Beyer.....	011011111-6		
Courtney.....	011110010-6	McMurchy.....	101111111-9		
Angar.....	101111111-10	Melot.....	101111111-10		
Gasper.....	100101111-7	Coldren.....	101111111-9		
Terry.....	101011111-7	Sheesley.....	101110111-9		
Evans.....	101011111-7	Marquet.....	101111111-9		
Greiff.....	101011111-9	Johnson.....	101011111-7		
McMurchy.....	101011111-9				
No. 2, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry:					
Henry.....	100110001000-11	Angar.....	101111111011-14		
Landis.....	101111111111-14	Courtney.....	101101111111-13		
David.....	101101111111-13	Shaeber.....	101111111111-14		

Trego.....	101111111111-15	Gasper.....	101111111111-13		
Greiff.....	101111111111-14	Schmeck.....	011111111111-12		
McMurchy.....	101111111111-14	Matz.....	011111111111-14		
Howard.....	101111111111-15	Johnson.....	010101111111-10		
Buckwalter.....	101111111111-15	Coldren.....	010111111111-10		
Melot.....	101111111111-11	Sheesley.....	101110111111-13		
Terry.....	101101111111-13	Marquet.....	101110111111-13		
Evans.....	101111111111-14				
No. 3, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:					
Henry.....	000110001-5	Schmeck.....	101001111-7		
Landis.....	101011111-9	Johnson.....	011110011-7		
David.....	101001111-7	Terry.....	101001111-7		
Trego.....	101111111-9	Evans.....	101111111-10		
Greiff.....	010111111-7	Angar.....	101111111-9		
McMurchy.....	101111111-10	Courtney.....	100111111-8		
Howard.....	101111111-10	Ritter.....	101101111-8		
Buckwalter.....	101111111-10	Sheesley.....	101011111-9		
Melot.....	011101010-5	Coldren.....	101110111-8		
Shaeber.....	101001111-7	Marquet.....	101111111-9		
Beyer.....	101011111-7	Matz.....	101111111-10		

No. 4, 20 singles, \$2 entrance:					
Henry.....	0101101010110101-12	Johnson.....	1011111111011111-18		
Landis.....	1011111111111111-35	Evans.....	1011111111111111-18		
David.....	1011111111111111-35	Angar.....	1010111111111111-17		
Trego.....	1011010111111111-18	Courtney.....	1010111111111111-17		
Greiff.....	1011111111111111-19	Gasper.....	0111101111111111-14		
M. McMurchy.....	1011111111111111-19	Matz.....	1011011111111111-15		
Howard.....	1011011111111111-17	Marquet.....	1011111111111111-18		
Buckwalter.....	1011100111111111-17	Coldren.....	1011111111111111-19		
Melot.....	1010011111111111-17	Sheesley.....	0011111111111111-14		
Shaeber.....	1011011000111111-15	Thomas.....	1011111111111111-10		
Schmeck.....	1011111111111111-16	Giechter.....	1011111111111111-13		
Terry.....	1011111111111111-14				

No. 5, 10 singles, \$1 entry:					
Trego.....	1011001111-8	Angar.....	1011111111-10		
Landis.....	101111111-8	Schmeck.....	011110111-8		
David.....	101111111-8	Tredway.....	101111111-10		
Matz.....	101010111-8	Evans.....	101111111-9		
Greiff.....	101111111-9	E D Miller.....	101111111-10		
McMurchy.....	101111111-8	Courtney.....	101101111-9		
Henry.....	101101111-8	Thomas.....	101111111-9		
Howard.....	101111111-10	Giechter.....	101111111-9		
Buckwalter.....	101111111-9	Johnson.....	101111111-9		
Melot.....	101111111-9	Sheesley.....	101111111-9		
Shaeber.....	101000111-6	Marquet.....	101111111-9		
Gasper.....	101111111-9	Ritter.....	101101111-9		
Johnson.....	010111111-8				

Buckwalter	01111111111111-12	Geheer	11011111111111-12
Melot	10111111111111-12	Coldren	10111111111111-13
Shaeber	10111111111111-12	Terry	01100001111111-6
Johnson	01011111111111-8	Marquet	10111111111111-14
No. 6, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry:			
Johnson	01101111111111-13	Courtney	0111111111111110-12
Landis	1111111110111111-14	Apgar	1111010111111011-13
David	0110111111111111-12	Lindsley	0101011110110111-12
Trego	1010110101111111-11	Sheesley	1110101111111111-12
Greiff	1011100111111111-12	Tredway	0111101111111111-12
McMurchy	1011111111111111-14	Neely	1011111111111111-12
Henry	0001101111111111-8		
Howard	1011101111111111-12		
Buckwalter	1011111111111111-12		
Melot	1011111111111111-12		

Forester Winter Annual.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Feb. 16.—The annual winter tournament of the Forester Gun Club of this city, held Feb. 14, 15 and 16, was fairly attended. The weather on the first day was very disagreeable, as it rained most all day. The last two days it was clear and cold, with a stiff wind to help the birds and targets along. The live birds were a fine lot and in the double bird shooting were very difficult to kill in a 50yd. boundary. Among the shooters in attendance were Messrs. R. O. Helges, Chicago; Wm. Harbaugh, R. O. White and Barr, Geneseo, Ill.; G. W. Rexroat, Virginia, Ill.; W. B. Leffingwell, Clinton, Ia.; Thos. Laffin, Milan, Ill.; H. J. Wilson and Shadboldt, Emmetsburg, Ia.; Wm. Meyers, St. Joseph, Mo.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; Gilman, Davis, Racster, Fish, Bodenstein, Hofer, Samuelson, Harms, Schmidt, Grant, Brannagan, Lewis, Rushman, Borches and Swift, of Davenport. The office work was done by Mr. Kerker in first class style. The special matches, Gilman and Davis vs. Esterly and Shadd, Gilman and Racster vs. Esterly and Shadd—were very exciting and close, Esterly and Shadd winning two out of the three. Following are the scores.

C. W. Budd.

First Day.

Ten singles, entrance \$1: Budd 8, Shadd 8, Esterly 9, Harbaugh 8, White 7, Kemper 8, Rex 7, Barr 7, Laffin 8, Myers 6, Gilman 5, Davis 8. No. 2, 7 single live birds, entrance \$7: Esterly.....1123112-6 Myers.....0121122-6 Shadd.....1210111-6 Harbaugh.....1201100-4 Kemper.....1210111-6 Davis.....0002000-1 Gilman.....1111110-5 Helges.....2112221-7 Budd.....2111111-7 Rex.....1122111-7 Barr.....1112301-6 Laffin.....2111111-7 White.....1110101-4 Schmidt.....0001100-3

No. 3, 6 pair targets, entrance \$1.50: Esterly 6, Budd 11, Barr 9, Gilman 8, Shadd 8, Helges 9, White 8, Davis 5, Harbaugh 7, Rex 9, Schmidt 7, Myers 6. No. 4, 6 single live birds, entrance \$6: Esterly.....101202-4 Shadd.....100121-4 Budd.....1232121-6 Gilman.....1212111-6 Harbaugh.....100001-2 Hofer.....21011-5 Barr.....011000-2 Kemper.....212010-4 Helges.....122220-3 Rex.....121101-5 Meyers.....121000-3 Scott.....121101-5

No. 5, 15 single targets, \$1.50: Esterly 13, Shadd 11, White 14, Harbaugh 12, Rex 13, Budd 15, Hofer 12, Bodenstein 13, Kemper 11, Schmidt 15, Helges 15, Barr 9. No. 6, 8 single live birds, \$8: Gilman.....1101211-7 Budd.....1212120-7 Scott.....1102120-6 Davis.....1230110-5 Rex.....2011211-7 Hofer.....1112111-8 Harbaugh.....1121112-8 Helges.....000110-3 Esterly.....2212110-7 Helges.....1111021-6 Laffin.....1110121-6 Shadd.....1112021-6 Schmidt.....1012110-6 Myers.....1112021-6

Extra No. 1, 10 targets, entrance \$1: Davis 5, Esterly 6, Kemper 8, Rex 9, Harbaugh 6, Greswold 5, White 9, Shadd 8, Bodenstein 9, Barr 5, Schmidt 8, Helges 10, Budd 10, Gilman 4, Hofer 9. Extra No. 2, 7 single live birds, \$6: Gilman.....1200120-4 Harbaugh.....1200121-5 Esterly.....1011121-6 Bodenstein.....1210010-4 Davis.....0111121-6 Scott.....1210010-4 Hofer.....1202221-6 Myers.....1211117-7 Schmidt.....1202221-6 Budd.....1221212-7 Shadd.....1101121-5 Hofer.....110211-6 Rex.....1121221-7 Barr.....2112121-6 Laffin.....110101-5

Extra No. 3, 9 singles, entrance \$1.50: Budd 12, Helges 15, Rex 14, White 11, Harbaugh 10, Shadd 12, Hofer 13, Esterly 11. Extra No. 4, 10 targets, unknown angles, \$1: Helges 9, Harbaugh 5, Rex 10, Budd 8, Esterly 2, White 7, Shadd 10, Bodenstein 9. Extra No. 5, 6 live birds, \$5: Esterly.....111111-6 Myers.....222011-5 Shadd.....100212-4 Gilman.....121211-5 Budd.....112212-5 Rex.....121211-6 Hofer.....111000-3 Scott.....111002-4 Barr.....21210-5

Second Day.

No. 8, 7 single live birds, \$7: Budd.....111212-7 Bodenstein.....1101122-6 Harbaugh.....0110221-5 Myers.....2221010-5 Shadd.....120110-5 Hofer.....121111-7 Rex.....211022-5 Esterly.....202011-5 Barr.....212121-7 Helges.....021201-5 Davis.....0111001-4 Lamelson.....1101001-5 Gilman.....0110101-4 Harms.....2001002-3 Racster.....1022121-6 Schmidt.....1212110-6

No. 9, 15 single targets, \$3: White 6, Budd 15, Shadd 8, Esterly 13, Rex 15, Hofer 13, Helges 12, Bodenstein 13, Harbaugh 13, Samuelson 9, Grant 8, Schmidt 11. No. 10, 4 pair live birds, \$6: Brannagan.....01 10 01 00-3 Budd.....11 11 10 00-5 Rex.....10 11 00 11-5 Davis.....11 00 00 11-4 Gilman.....10 10 00 10-3 Hofer.....11 00 11 10-5 Esterly.....11 11 00 10-5 Myers.....00 11 11 10-5 Harms.....00 00 10 10-1 Helges.....10 11 11 01-6 Barr.....10 11 00 00-3 Shadd.....10 00 01 00-2

No. 11, 10 targets: Rex 10, Budd 9, Harbaugh 6, Shadd 8, Helges 8, Griswold 6, Bodenstein 8, Schaefer 6, Hofer 8, Rogers 4, Esterly 9, White 10, Laffin 10, Barr 7, Schmidt 5, Laffin 5.

No. 12, 6 single live birds, \$5: Budd.....12111-6 Emerson.....202121-5 Gilman.....11011-5 Rogers.....001010-2 Helges.....101112-5 Harms.....01202-4 Esterly.....02100-3 Barr.....111011-5 Shadd.....212102-5 Harbaugh.....11021-4 Bodenstein.....112010-4 Davis.....010010-2 Rex.....111222-6 Ferguson.....210120-3 Meyers.....10121-5 Laffin.....122102-5 Hofer.....10110-4 Schmidt.....10210-4

Extra No. 1, 9 singles, 3 pair targets, \$1.50: Budd 14, White 13, Barr 20, Laffin 12, Harbaugh 7, Helges 13, Wilson 12, Shadd 10, Schaefer 12, Rex 12, Grant 11, Ferguson 9, Schmidt 10, Rogers 8, Hofer 11.

Extra No. 2, 3 pair live birds, entrance \$5: Helks.....11 01 11-5 Rex.....10 11 10-4 Esterly.....01 10 11-4 Myers.....10 01 11-4 Gilman.....01 10 11-2 Harms.....11 00 01-4 Davis.....11 01 01-5 Budd.....10 01 01-5 Bodenstein.....11 01 11-5 Laffin.....10 11 11-5 Harbaugh.....00 10 10-2 Barr.....11 01 11-5 Shadd.....01 00 11-3 Ferguson.....00 10 00-1

Extra No. 3, 20 targets, \$2: Esterly 17, Helks 20, Shadd 10, White 12, Schaefer 18, Rex 18, Harbaugh 14, Budd 19, Bodenstein 19, Schmidt 15.

Extra No. 4, 6 live birds, \$6: Gilman.....220120-3 Rex.....220120-3 Shadd.....102312-5 Esterly.....101111-5 Davis.....120011-4 Budd.....102301-4 Bodenstein.....022112-5 Schmidt.....001211-4 Myers.....202200-3 Bodenstein.....121111-6

Extra No. 5, 9 singles and 3 pairs targets, \$1.50: Rex 10, Shadd 8, Helges 9, Budd 12, Esterly 8, Bodenstein 11.

Third Day.

No. 13, 10 single targets, \$1: Budd 9, Gilman 6, Davis 6, Rex 10, Shadd 5, Esterly 8, Roessler 6. No. 15, 15 targets, entrance \$2: Esterly 13, Rex 14, Budd 13, Lewis 13, Davis 8, Shadd 13.

No. 16, 6 single live birds, \$6: Gilman.....111230-5 Esterly.....111230-5 Shadd.....102111-6 Rex.....101211-6 Davis.....210001-4 Racster.....111210-5 Shadd.....00111-4

Extra No. 1, 3 pairs live birds, \$6: Esterly.....00 01 00-2 Gilman.....10 10 01-3 Shadd.....00 11 11-4 Davis.....10 10 10-3 Budd.....10 11 11-5 Racster.....11 00 01-3

Special, Gilman and Davis vs. Esterly and Shadd, \$14 a side, 7 live birds: Gilman.....0110011-4 Esterly.....0011011-4 Davis.....0000111-3-7 Shadd.....1101101-5-9 Racster.....210011-4

Special, Gilman and Racster vs. Esterly and Shadd, \$14 a side, 6 live birds: Gilman.....000112-3 Esterly.....212111-6 Racster.....210210-3-6 Shadd.....002102-4-9 Budd 8, Esterly 7, Lewis 2, Rex 9.

No. 17, 10 single live birds, \$7.50 entrance: Esterly.....120120102-7 Davis.....0111222110-8 Rex.....222112011-9 Swift.....102110111-8 Budd.....111211112-10 Lewis.....1122220010-7 Shadd.....121211110-9 Borchers.....201300112-7 Gilman.....1110112111-9 Rushman.....0030100010-8

No. 18, 6 live birds, \$5 entrance: Esterly.....210011-4 Lewis.....010111-4 Gilman.....010011-3 Swift.....110000-2 Shadd.....102111-5 Rushman.....001010-2 Borchers.....110110-4 Davis.....110100-3 Fish.....011111-5 Rex.....111111-6

Extra No. 2, 5 single live birds, \$5 entrance, 3 moneys, all equal: Gilman.....10000-1 Fish.....11111-5 Shadd.....00111-3 Davis.....10011-3 Budd.....11111-5 Esterly.....11111-5 Rex.....01111-4 Borchers.....11110-4

Hurlingham Rules.

RULES of the Hurlingham Gun Club and the Gun Club (London), blue and gold, vest pocket size. New edition, price 25 cents.

Enoch D. Miller promises to have some corking good pigeons for the 25 live bird sweep at Springfield, N. J., on March 16. The entries will be limited to 20 contestants at \$20 entrance per man.

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

On account of the sickness of several of the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, only 18 were present at the regular monthly shoot of the club at Woodlawn Park, on Wednesday, Feb. 15. Each member competed at 7 birds, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules, for the Eppig diamond badge and extra prizes. C. L. Meyer won the badge and first money, outshooting J. Schliemann and Dr. Little. A good race took place between the ten that tied for the second money: C. Detlefsen and C. Plate out-shot all the others on the tenth round and divided. W. Lair and S. Northridge divided the third money with 5 each. F. Ibert took the fourth with 4 and Dr. Norton the fifth with 3. The scores: F. Pfander.....1111120-6 J. E. Lake.....1111012-6 W. Lair.....2021210-5 F. Ibert.....0201120-4 S. Northridge.....0111101-5 C. Detlefsen.....1210111-6 Dr. Norton.....0021020-3 D. Lynch.....0102000-2 W. Scheelge.....2110111-6 C. J. Meyer.....1111111-7 J. Cottier.....1221201-6 M. Elsassner.....2011221-6 J. Schliemann.....1211123-7 Dr. Little.....1111123-7 C. Engelbrecht.....1210211-6 H. Blattmachner.....0221111-6 L. Eppig.....0121212-6 C. Plate.....1110112-6 Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

The snowstorm did not prevent some of the members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club from holding their shoot on Saturday at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, for the live bird trophy, a diamond badge, the best averages to count at the end of the season. Nine competed at ten birds each, modified Hurlingham rules. M. Van Brunt, D. C. Bennett and A. A. Hegeman got ten straight for first and J. B. Voorhees the second with nine: M. Van Brunt.....112321112-10 A. A. Hegeman.....111121121-10 C. M. Meyer.....112321222-8 J. Koster.....11022112-8 J. B. Voorhees.....11112122-9 J. Collier.....111220200-6 D. C. Bennett.....121221211-10 J. Shields.....1102101100-6 C. A. Sykes.....121212101-8

Answers to Correspondents.

R. H. C., Providence, R. I.—The proposed law for the protection of flags has not yet been passed.

W. J. T., St. Paul, Minn.—See FOREST AND STREAM Yacht Race Extra for 1887. Priscilla was built in 1885 and Atlantic in 1886 in New York.

F. D. G., Old Mystic, Conn.—The estimate of FOREST AND STREAM Cruiser included the sail. Brass may be used in place of steel for rudder.

J. J. O., Burlington, Iowa.—Aluminum is so much weaker than steel that it is probably unsuitable for the purpose you suggest. We do not know of it being so used.

M. and A., Oakville, Can.—Verdigris has long been used as a bottom paint, but is inferior to many other patented paints. It is not used on the better class of yachts.

L. C. W., Gouverneur, N. Y.—Ammonia is commonly used to remove varnish, the wood being moistened with it and quickly scraped clean. Strong lye is not suitable for a fine boat.

J. N. M., Lancaster, Pa.—The centerboard is the more convenient; a keel to be effective must be so deep as to interfere with beaching, housing and sleeping on board. 2. The larger board may be 3ft. long, and placed with after end 5ft. 6in. from stern; the smaller board may be 15in. long, and placed to give a clear space of 6ft. or more between the two boards. 3. Two sails of 70 and 35ft. will make a good rig. The center of effort of the sail plan must be adjusted to correspond with the center of lateral resistance of the canoe with boards down. Full details of sails will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 17, 1889, and April 19, 1888, also in "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs."

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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Thirty-six Pages and Supplement.

ANIMAL PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS.

WE print to-day the third of a series of five American animal portraits by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. These are given as full page supplements, with the first issues of the months as follows:

Jan. 5.—THE WOLF.
Feb. 2.—THE WHITE GOAT.
March 2.—THE COYOTE.
April 6.—THE ANTELOPE.
May 4.—THE FOX.

The dates of the former series (of which copies can be supplied) are as follows: Sept. 8, 1892—The Panther. Oct. 6—The Ocelot. Nov. 3—The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1—The Bay Lynx.

THE COYOTE.

THEY call him the sneak of the plains, but the name does him an injustice. He is a sneak, it is true, but it is from necessity, not from choice. Who would not cower and hide and always try to keep out of sight if every man's hand was against him. The coyote leads a hard life; he is often hungry and still more often scared, and he depends for safety altogether on his speed and on his faculty for shunning observation.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, has not so wide a range as that of the gray wolf. To make up for this, however, he is more numerous in the country he inhabits than is his larger cousin. The prairie wolf is equally abundant on the plains of the Saskatchewan and on the dry cactus-covered wastes of northern Mexico. East and west he is found from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast.

In the buffalo days these small wolves preyed to a great extent on aged and crippled buffalo, and were always found on the outskirts of the herd. To-day they do much damage to the cattle and sheep of the stock grower of the Western plain, but their food consists chiefly of the smaller animals of the prairie, such as rabbits, prairie dogs and gophers. Of course they do not disdain birds, and destroy great numbers of grouse and small birds, as well as their eggs.

The coyotes prefer the plains to the mountains and are more often seen in open than in wooded country. They are gregarious in habit, and are often seen in companies of eight, ten or even more. Since the destruction of the buffalo, however, the large bands which used to collect are seldom seen.

Few creatures display more acuteness than the coyote. Its great speed gives it an advantage over almost any animal it may choose to pursue, but one would hardly think that this would enable it to overtake so swift a creature as an antelope. The coyotes do, however, destroy a good many of these graceful animals; not, by straightaway pursuit, but by the intelligent manner in which they relieve each other. We have often seen them engaged in such hunting. A number of coyotes scatter themselves out over the plain, while one sets himself to chase the chosen prey. The one that has started the race runs as hard as he can for a short time, trying to push the antelope to its best pace. The latter usually circles, and after a time a fresh wolf relieves the tired one, and after hav-

ing run as hard as he can until exhausted, is in turn relieved by another. So the chase is kept up until the wearied antelope can be easily overtaken and pulled down.

Nothing about the coyote is better known than his voice. This consists of such a combination of whines, barks, yelps and growls that a single animal baying the moon from the top of a hill near camp, will to the unfamiliar ear convey the impression that a hundred coyotes are indulging in a free fight.

Notwithstanding that so many of our large wild animals have been exterminated over much of the Western country, the coyote still remains a familiar feature of the landscape, wherever the land is not fenced off into farms. To us he always seems a link connecting the present with the past, and we should be sorry to have him disappear. So, even though he kills some sheep and calves, we say, long life to the little coyote.

A DELMONICO WOODCOCK HUNT.

LAST week we suggested that it might be profitable and edifying and instructive to give the public some notion of how game law cases are fiddled with and misconducted in the District Attorney's office in this city. There is perhaps no more effective way of doing this than by a plain, unvarnished relation of the experience of the District Game Protector on the occasion of one of his visits to that office.

On Oct. 25 of last year, Dr. Kidd came to New York in response to a telegram from the FOREST AND STREAM telling him of a quantity of quail unlawfully offered for sale by a poulterer. After attending to the quail man, the Protector and the present writer visited the office of District Attorney Nicoll to find out something about the notoriously delayed Delmonico woodcock case. What follows is a transcript from a memorandum made at the time, as taken down by the FOREST AND STREAM's stenographer:

THE CLERK SAYS THE CASE IS DEAD.

Oct. 25, 1892.—We went to the office of the Clerk of the City Court and Dr. Kidd asked for information about the Delmonico case. The clerks talked with one another about it and evidently recognized it as an old friend. We were told to look on the calendar. Failing to find it on the new calendar we were referred to the old one, and having obtained the old number (3,941) we were then advised by the clerk that the case had not been placed on the new calendar because the District Attorney had failed to file a new note of issue. We asked what had become of it, if it was not on the calendar? The clerk advised us that it was dead. The clerk said that District Attorney Nicoll had had the notice requiring such a filing "under his nose every day and he could not have forgotten it." We then repaired to the office of the District Attorney.

THE ATTORNEY IN CHARGE THINKS THE CASE IS "KNOCKED OUT."

While we were waiting in the ante-room Col. Townsend, the Assistant District Attorney, in whose charge the Delmonico case is, accosted Dr. Kidd and this conversation ensued:

"Why, Kidd, are you here again?"

"Yes, I have come down to see about the Delmonico case. What is the matter with it?"

"Didn't you know that there was new legislation that has knocked us all out on that?"

"What legislation?"

"Why, the new game law, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no," replied Dr. Kidd, "there is a saving clause in that, so we are all right. Suits brought under the old law are not affected by this new law."

"Is that so?" said Col. Townsend. "Well, I will see you again."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY NICOLL SAYS IT IS ON THE CALENDAR.

When we went into the office of District Attorney De Lancy Nicoll, Dr. Kidd explained that he had come to inquire about the woodcock case. "That is on the calendar," said Mr. Nicoll, "and will be reached as soon as possible. These are not preferred cases, although some d—d newspapers have been slandering me, and I have had half a dozen letters from some editor asking about the case. It is not preferred, whatever they may say, and we have no power to advance it. It will be tried as soon as it can be reached."

"But," Dr. Kidd explained, "you say it is on the calendar. They told me the opposite at the clerk's office. They say it is not now on the calendar."

Hereupon Mr. Nicoll rang for his chief clerk, Mr. Unger, and Mr. Unger also asserted that the case was on the calendar. "But," said Dr. Kidd, "they told me at the clerk's office that no note of issue had been filed and the case was dead."

"Is it necessary to file notes of issue?" asked the District Attorney. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Unger, "I filed one and the case must be all right."

Dr. Kidd, however, insisted that he had been told that it was dead; and Mr. Nicoll directed Mr. Unger to go to the clerk's office and ascertain the facts.

RESTORING THE CASE TO LIFE.

On the way out, Assistant District Attorney Townsend was seen and invited to go along. He excused himself, however, and the protector told him he would be right back to see him. On the way to the clerk's office Mr. Unger asked some one else whether it was necessary for the District Attorney to file notes of issue in such cases. He was told that it was necessary. When we reached the clerk's office Mr. Unger asked the clerk if it was too late for the District Attorney

to file a new note of issue in the Delmonico case. He was advised that it was not too late; and Dr. Kidd volunteered to stay with him until it was filed and the case was put on the day calendar.

It then became necessary to go back to Col. Townsend's office to secure the names of the defendants and the date of their answer. Col. Townsend, however, was not found. Mr. Unger promised that, if the Doctor would go back to Newburgh, he would follow the matter up and write to him the next day that it had been put on the calendar. As Col. Townsend's overcoat was observed hanging in the room, the Doctor was exhorted by his companion to wait. His patience was rewarded. The Colonel appeared, and after some difficulty found the papers in one of his pigeon holes. They were then taken down to Mr. Unger, but by this time it was so late that that gentleman protested that it would be impossible to complete the work of filing the note of issue to-day. He again promised that he would give the matter his personal attention; and would write to the protector on Wednesday, assuring him that the work had been done and a date had been set for the trial of the case.

It is to be said for the well-meaning Mr. Unger, who appears to have more than his share of worldly woes in trying to keep track of these elusive birds, that his promise was faithfully kept. The note was filed, a new number given, and the Delmonico woodcock case was hung to the tail of the calendar, where, if it has not dropped off, it is suspended unto this day—

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.

THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL.

INTEREST in the memorial is widespread, and it speaks volumes for "Nessmuk" that his memory is so warmly cherished by so many men in so many walks of life. The fund subscription is steadily growing, and to-day we can report that the minimum sum named bids fair soon to be reached.

While it is a satisfaction to record this substantial assurance of success, we have the added pleasure of making a most important and most gratifying announcement in relation to the memorial. With gracefully tendered co-operation, Mr. George T. Brewster, the sculptor, recently volunteered to design the monument, and he has submitted plans which have been accepted, for an effective combination of granite and bronze. The design, in brief, is of a granite monument set upon a natural boulder, and bearing a bronze tablet, with a portrait in bas-relief. Mr. Brewster has himself modeled the bronze work, with the happiest success, and has given the design and the modeling as his personal contribution to the undertaking. Thanks to his generous impulse, the friends of "Nessmuk" will thus be enabled to provide a memorial which in form and artistic character will far exceed anything that the subscription fund alone would have made possible.

We shall present in an early issue a sketch of the memorial design and of the bronze.

The sum of \$300, which we have named as the amount to be raised, has been designated as the minimum sum necessary. While Mr. Brewster has confined himself as closely as possible to this limit, it is already seen that more money may be used to advantage; and we trust that all friends of Mr. Sears who have not already sent subscriptions, will by their co-operation assure the completion of the work. While not limiting the amount of any single subscription, we adopt the suggestion of Judge France and invite dollar subscriptions. As Judge France so well wrote, it is not so much the amount sent by each individual, as it is the privilege of participating in the contribution.

The amount already pledged is \$192. Subscriptions have been received from the following since our last acknowledgment, Feb. 16:

MR. JULIEN WILLIAMS, Waterford, Mich.
MR. F. M. PATCHEN, Covington, Pa.
MR. J. L. DAVIDSON, Lockport, N. Y.
MR. A. L. LYON, Homerstown, N. J.
MR. ARTHUR C. VAN HORN, Groton, N. Y.
MR. HENRY K. WICKSTEED, Brantford, Can.
MR. E. H. KNISKERN.
MR. WM. B. NEAL, Gardiner, Me.
MR. C. W. HARDT, Wellsboro, Pa.
MR. H. M. ORAHOD, Denver, Colo.
MR. T. S. THOMPSON, Thompsonstown, Pa.
MR. JOHN GRENVILLE MOTT, Michigan City, Ind.
MR. GEORGE HOLMES, Bowman's Bluff, N. C.

Readers of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps," those delightful serials which entertained FOREST AND STREAM subscribers, will be glad to know that we shall very shortly begin the publication of a new series, written by Mr. Robinson, as a sequel to the "Shop" and the "Camps."

The Sportsman Tourist.

RIDING DOUBLE.

THE professional hunter is seldom a true sportsman. The peculiar dash of knight errantry which distinguishes the latter is generally wanting in the former; he seldom attacks wild beasts from a love of adventure and has no desire for the distinction of having brought down rare specimens. His business is to kill game, and, like other tradesmen, he seeks to gain the highest profit with the least possible exertion. Continual hardships and dangers blunt most men against the romance of adventure, a romance which can only be appreciated where the situation is novel. Besides, there is far less danger in hunting ferocious animals than is generally supposed. A good rifle, a steady hand and quick eye will ward off all brutes with as much certainty as the quick and precise action of an engineer will stop a train at the right moment, and practice will soon enable one to overcome all nervousness. When I descended for the first time in a New York elevator I was thoroughly frightened, because I imagined the consequences if the rope should break. When a furious rhinoceros charged me in the African jungle I was not in the least nervous, because I knew that my bullet would break his leg ere he could reach me.

In 1882 I "settled down" among the Transvaal pioneers as a schoolmaster. The life there is very different from the sober routine of a New York grammar school pedagogue. The Transvaal Boers are a nomadic race, who travel in the winter toward the forests in the north in search of warmer pasture grounds for their herds. Instruction is only given when the caravan remains for some days at one spot; for the rest of the time the schoolmaster is like his employers, a cowboy and a hunter. The forests were at that time still full of antelopes of all kinds, and a journey of a few days would bring us within reach of large game, such as the wildebeests (gnu) kameels (giraffe), elephants, rhinoceroses and occasionally an ostrich.

We undertook these journeys not for pleasure, but business. Beside the skins the biltong (jerked meat) of all game finds a ready market in the Cape Colony, and we depended upon the sale of these commodities for our supply of powder and lead.

We never killed the lions and leopards unless they attacked our herds, and these animals seemed to understand the difference between the hunting methods of the whites and that of the barbarous natives. They generally retreated from the neighborhood as soon as our rifles were heard. The Boers argued that it was not worth the while hunting a dangerous animal whose skin was of no earthly use and could not even be sold unless a sporting Rooinek* was about. But it is impossible to live in the backwoods of the Transvaal without coming into contact with the king of beasts, the lion, and such of his court as the leopard, the baboon, the crocodile and divers rather unpleasant members of the boa constrictor family. Wolves are also plentiful, but not very dangerous, with the exception of the werewolf, a large gray species. An introduction to a member of this distinguished company is always interesting and sometimes more exciting than could be wished, especially where it is so sudden that no preparation for a worthy reception can be made. In such a case discretion is the better part of valor, and I cannot deny that I have sometimes trusted more to the fleetness of my horse than to my prowess. But if the horse fails?

On a hunting expedition in the Lebombo Mountains, which I made in company with a Boer named Van Aken, we obtained a number of chickens from the natives in exchange for such portions of game as we could not use ourselves. Our chickens roosted in a tree near the little brook from which we fetched the water for our camp. The tree, a large mimosa of the kameeldorn species, was peculiarly fitted for the purpose, giving excellent shelter to our feathered property, while its gnarled and thorny trunk prevented the snakes from reaching the sleeping fowls, which did not stray very far from it during day-time. We did not, therefore, wish to move the chickens nearer to our camp, which we had placed at the end of the cañon, about 1,200 yds. off, and in a spot comparatively free from mosquitoes. Our feathered colony was, however, threatened with destruction from an unexpected quarter. A spotted leopard had discovered them and fetched one regularly for supper. We objected to this. Chickens were at a premium in the Barberton gold fields, and we preferred to sell them to the diggers. Van Aken had an old muzzleloader which he occasionally lent to Platje, our Hottentot servant. We filled the old smooth-bore with slugs and pebbles and set it as a trap gun under the hen-roost in the hope that the leopard would receive enough of its contents to spoil his appetite for spring chicken. I baited* the trap with a lively young rooster and returned to camp, calmly awaiting developments.

The Amazwazi country is peculiarly unhealthy for horses. That kind of pneumonia, which the Boers call simply *Ahe*, horseness, is nowhere more dangerous to equine life than in the Lebombo Plains. It is therefore impossible to go a hunting in those parts unless you have a salted horse. Animals which have passed through the fell disease seldom catch it a second time. They are then called "salted" and rise considerably in value. South Africa is perhaps the only part of the world where a broken-winded, loose-skinned horse is 150 per cent. more valuable than a sound one. A written guarantee that the horse will not die of horseness within a year must nevertheless go with the just mentioned attributes to raise its price. My own steed, Black Maria, was not a handsome mare. Her shape was somewhat too angular from an artistic point of view, and her arched nose and drooping ears made it impossible to exhibit her among thoroughbreds. Her character was not much better than her shape. She had a decided will of her own, was a champion biter and kicker, and a decided glutton. Above all, she was terribly strong-minded. If a particular spot suited her, no amount of coaxing and flattery could induce her to leave it. Against whips and spur she remonstrated with tooth and heel, she took a mouthful out of Platje's leg once, and if you tired her out she simply laid herself down and rolled you off. But Black Maria was salted, and I was happy.

On the morning after the night on which we had set the trap I saddled the mare to look for some stray draught

oxen. The morning was cool and misty, the horse's hairs stood on end, and I saw that Black Maria had passed a decidedly bad night and was very cross in consequence.

She aimed a vicious kick at me, as was her wont on such occasions, but did not balk, starting off at a sulky jog trot and swishing her tail in an angry manner. As I passed the chicken roost I noticed that the bait was gone and on riding up discovered that the gun had gone off. A bloody trail proved that the animal had retreated toward a little thicket of Tambockie grass near by, and a sudden low growl admonished me to keep away. The mare cocked her ears, sniffed the air and backed directly towards the thicket. Evidently the smell of the blood confused her and she did not know. I labored the mare with my heels and shouted my most vigorous exhortation. But all in vain. The mare continued to go backward where I noticed the yellow spotted skin of the enemy among the tall grasses. Suddenly the leopard arose from his lair and leaped on the horse, landing on its haunches just behind the saddle. With a scream of terror the mare started off. I never knew that she could run until that day. Down the cañon we sped, over boulders and fissures, taking the brook at a flying leap—up to the little knoll on which our tent was situated. And all this time the leopard's nose was within a few inches of my back. I could feel his hot breath even through my hunting shirt. His wicked expression was not softened by the loss of one ear and a frightful wound in his shoulder, and his gleaming eyes and ominous fangs were not pleasant to behold. I was entirely unarmed since I had expected an altercation with Black Maria, in which case the gun would have been only a hindrance. Evidently, however, the big cat enjoyed his ride as little as I did. He announced his dissatisfaction by a series of growls, but the breakneck speed of the horse made it impossible for him to jump off.

I had a macintosh before me on the saddle. This I tore off and wrapped it around my arm, determined to stuff it into the brute's throat if he attacked me. Luckily there was no need for such extreme measures. As we neared the camp the mare stumbled over the tripod on which our breakfast was cooking, and fell. The dogs immediately attacked the leopard, and a bullet from Van Aken's rifle finished him before even I could get on my feet. The animal measured about 5 ft. 10 in. from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and was remarkably fat. The charge from our trap gun had torn away an ear and injured its shoulder.

In a few weeks Black Maria had entirely recovered from wounds which the leopard had inflicted. The incident had nevertheless a lasting effect upon her; she never balked after that, and I was able to part with her at a considerably better price than I had paid for her. But I shall never forget that unearthly scream of the mare when the leopard jumped on her, were I to live as long—well, as long as Washington's coachman.

HANS HINTERWALDER.

A "NESSMUK" INCIDENT.

AUBURN, Cal., Feb. 15.—*Dear Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you will find my contribution to the "Nessmuk" memorial fund. I never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the old woodsman, as many others of your readers have had, but his writings have given me many a pleasant hour.

One of the strongest reasons why I, a stranger, desire to help keep his memory green is the following: In "Woodcraft" he describes a visit he made to two of his old chums in Michigan. In the cabin of Pete Williams, near Saginaw Bay, were two little "kids," as he calls them. To these "kids" his tender old heart causes him to lie, as unblushingly as Uncle Toby swore, and like Toby's oath, I hope his lie was blotted out by the tear of the recording angel. Here is the episode as he himself relates it in "Woodcraft":

"About the only inducements I can think of for making a ten days' journey through a strange wilderness, solitary and alone, were a liking for adventure, intense love of nature in her wildest dress, and a strange fondness for being in deep forests by myself.

"The choice of route was determined by the fact that two old friends and schoolmates had chosen to cast their lots in Michigan, one near Saginaw Bay, the other among the pines of the Muskegon. And both were a little homesick, and both wrote frequent letters, in which, knowing my weak point, they exhausted their adjectives and adverbs in describing the abundance of game and the marvelous fishing. Now, the Muskegon friend, Davis, was pretty well out of reach. But Pete Williams, only a few miles out of Saginaw, was easily accessible. And so it happened, on a bright October morning, when there came a frost that cut from Maine to Missouri, that a sudden fancy took me to use my new Billingshurst on something larger than squirrels. It took about one minute to decide, and an hour to pack such duffle as I needed for a few weeks in the woods.

"Remembering Pete's two brown-eyed 'kids,' and knowing that they were ague-stricken and homesick, I made a place for a few apples and peaches, with a ripe melon. For Pete and I had been chums in Rochester, and I had bunked in his attic on Galusha street for two years. Also, his babies thought as much of me as of their father. The trip to Saginaw was easy and pleasant. A 'Redbird' packet to Buffalo, the old propeller Globe to Lower Saginaw, and a ride of half a day on a buckboard brought me to Pete Williams's clearing. Were they glad to see me? Well, I think so. Pete and his wife cried like children, while the two little homesick 'kids' laid their silken heads on my knees and sobbed for very joy. When I brought out the apples and peaches, assuring them that these came from the little garden of their old home—liar that I was—their delight was boundless. And the fact that their favorite tree was a 'sour bough,' while these were sweet, did not shake their faith in the least.

"I stayed ten days or more with the Williams family, and the fishing and hunting were all that he had said—all that could be asked. The woods swarmed with squirrels and pigeons; grouse, quail, ducks and wild turkeys were too plenty, while a good hunter could scarcely fail of getting a standing shot at a deer in a morning's hunt. But, *cui bono?* What use could be made of fish or game in such a place? They were all half sick, and had little appetite. Mrs. Williams could not endure the smell of fish; they had cloyed on small game, and surfeited on venison.

"My sporting ardor sank to zero. I had the decency not

to slaughter game for the love of killing and leave it to rot, or hook large fish that could not be used. I soon grew restless, and began to think often about the lumber camp in Muskegon. * * *

"Early on a crisp, bright October morning I kissed the little fellows good bye and started out with Hance, who was to put me on the trail. I left the children with sorrow and pity at heart. I am glad now that my visit was a golden hiatus in the sick monotony of their young lives, and that I was able to brighten a few days of their dreary existence. They had begged for the privilege of sleeping with me on a shake-down from the first; and when, as often happened, a pair of little feverish lips would murmur timidly and pleadingly, 'I'm so dry; can I have 'er drink?' I am thankful that I did not put the pleader off with a sip of tepid water, but always brought it from the spring, sparkling and cold. For, a twelvemonth later, there were two little graves in a corner of the stump-blacked garden, and two sore hearts in Pete Williams's cabin."

The man's nature must have been a tender one thus to have considered the feelings of two little homesick children; and his heart a true one, to lead him always to go to the "cold spring" in the middle of the night to procure a refreshing draught of water to cool their fever-parched tongues.

Show me the man who loves children, and who will undergo personal discomfort to show that he does, and I will show you a man whose memory is worthy of being cherished. I believe it was this trait that brought Mr. Sears so near to nature's heart. He loved all feeble and unprotected creatures, and never took life in a spirit of wantonness.

Let his memory be kept green!

AREFAR.

We had a pleasant personal acquaintance with Mr. Sears during the last five years of his life, and I called at his home the last time in September, 1888, and passed a few delightful hours in his company. If his grave is in the principal cemetery in Wellsboro, his resting place is not like the typical "village graveyard" we all know, but is in a park-like eminence, commanding a view of the town and of his beloved hills. The place is covered with noble trees, contains many fine tombstones and monuments, is well kept generally, and is a credit to the town.

A. AND E. G. K.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Feb. 14.—Please correct the quotation from Whittier which appeared last week in my remarks concerning the Nessmuk memorial. It should have read:

—haply in some hull of life,
Some truce of God, which breaks its strife.

The printer made it "some trace of God," and it reminds me of the wail which "Kingfisher" sent up my way when this same printer transmogrified "sforzando" into "skillegalee," or something to that effect. KELPIE.

WINTER NOTES FROM FLORIDA.

The Lake Worth Country.

OAK LAWN, Dade County, Fla., Feb. 15.—The Lake Worth section appears to gain popularity, the tide of tourists and visitors overcrowding the boats on Indian River and the hotels here. The winter has been unusually cold previous to this month, there being frost at Jupiter, 12 miles north, during four days in January.

This month the weather has been most delightful, temperature ranging from 70 to 80°, with constant balmy breezes from the southeast and blue skies with small clouds floating by.

Tomatoes are being shipped North in abundance, and the strawberries are so delicious and the visitors so selfish that they are consumed as fast as they ripen, so that there is no possible chance of their getting North.

Many improvements have been made along the shores of the lake, and every place looks bright and prosperous. Many varieties of motor launches, catboats and schooners are constantly passing to and fro on the "summer sea." As we sit under the shade of the palms we can hardly realize that at our Northern homes blizzards, snow and frost still reign supreme.

To-day I caught with rod and line in two hours with cut fish bait 11 fish, mostly bluefish, three of them weighing 6 lbs. each, red snapper 6 lbs., and a cavale. Yesterday a 3 lb. pompano, which was immediately baked for dinner and pronounced most delicious. Some of the sailboats by trolling catch 50 bluefish in a day, the largest reported being 13 lbs. in weight.

The water from the ocean is remarkably warm, supposed to be caused by the prevailing winds forcing the Gulf Stream upon the coast. J. M. T.

The Halifax River.

NEW-SMYRNA-ON-THE-HALIFAX RIVER, Fla., Feb. 18.—I begin by telling a genuine dog story, which corresponds with some already known, showing to what a high degree that which is sometimes called the sixth sense is developed. A dog belonging to Mr. Avis, of Daytona, on the Halifax, was brought from Virginia, his old home. After remaining in his new home for nearly two weeks he suddenly disappeared and at the end of a month appeared again at his old Virginia home. He was returned to Florida by express and kept chained for several weeks. Immediately on his release he again disappeared and this time appeared at his old home within two weeks afterward, making better time perhaps from having better learned the way. This time he was permitted to remain at his old home and among his familiar haunts, having demonstrated his intelligence, his determination, his love of home and old associations. Those who deny intellect to animals would call this an exhibition of what they speak of as "animal intelligence," which is only a stupid way of saying: "We can't admit of anything that looks like human intelligence in a brute."

This part of the Halifax River is one of the most charming sections of Florida. The river is full of islands and abounds in fish, so that the sportsman never returns empty-handed, while the numberless channels running about among the islands afford ample opportunity for all forms of pleasure, sailing, rowing, etc.

These islands afford refuge and feeding ground for a great many heron, who may always be seen in their favorite attitude of apparent meditation, which is really one of wide-awake attention toward all his surroundings, to

* Slang term for Englishman, lit. redneck, a playful allusion to the fair complexion of the English.

yourself as well as to the little fish from which he expects to make his dinner. The grace of movement of these birds in flight is to be noted too, and each one is to be studied by itself.

There are very few ducks in this part of the river, and I saw but few in early winter on the Indian River.

The woods abound in game, but not every one can succeed in securing it, as every year finds it more wary. I saw a cabin yesterday adorned with the skin of a bear, while the other side was nearly covered with coon skins.

Those who come here year after year seem to grow more in love with the country each succeeding season, and return each year with added zest.

The hall of the hotel is well hung with implements of sport, and the porch and smoking-room in the evening witness the curling smoke of the pipe and the oft told yet ever new stories of bear, snake, fish and deer. Told on the porch and in the smoking-room, these tales go far toward making kinship and fellowship among men, for they are told with the same spirit and listened to with the same allowance the world around. W.

Pass a Grille.

DURING a residency of six years in Hillsboro county I have several times been through Pass a Grille, a narrow passage which leads into Boca Bay a few miles above the main entrance to Tampa Bay, and each time that I was through the Pass I found it alive with those fish which most delight the souls and stomachs of those brothers of the angling fraternity who ply the rod or cast the fly in the waters which border on the Gulf of Mexico, grouper, snapper, sea trout and bass, pompano, Spanish mackerel, kingfish and others, and on three or four of these visits I have found the surface of the water being ripped open in every direction by the long gafftops-shaped back fin of that king of all the Gulf fish, the great silvery tarpon. It was impossible to count them, but I think that I have during one trip through the Pass seen fully two dozen—perhaps more—of them. I am no sportsman and therefore did not make any attempt to land any of them, and they have never been fished for with the hook in the Pass, although from five to ten have been taken in a day by a single boat's crew with a harpoon. R. A. B.

The First Punta Rassa Tarpon.

PUNTA RASSA, Fla.—Mr. Hugh McNeill captured to-day the first tarpon of the season after a two hours' struggle. The fish was 6ft. 4½ in. in length, girthed 35 in. and weighed 114 lbs.

Natural History.

THE GRAY WOLF IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Thompson's admirable picture of the gray wolf, which appears in your issue of Jan. 5, has induced me to offer a few remarks respecting the distribution and habits of this animal in British Columbia, and although I have nothing of a very startling nature to chronicle, still I presume that one of the objects of FOREST AND STREAM'S animal portraits is to draw out information from all portions of the continent, and that no matter how meagre such information may be it cannot fail to be of interest to some one of its readers.

There are few places in this Province where the gray wolf is not to be found. I have met him down along our southern boundary on the head waters of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, and away up among the frozen hills of far away Cassia.

In the dry, open country, east of the Cascade Mountains, south of Fraser River, he is not often seen, his place being taken there by the coyote, or prairie wolf. His center of abundance seems to be along the coast and includes Vancouver Island. The proportion of gray to black wolves on Vancouver Island is about five to one, while along the coast of the mainland the black and gray are about equal. The dark colored ones vary from a dusky to a jet black, some of the latter having a very fine quality of fur.

There are portions of the Province where the wolf was once abundant and from which he has now disappeared, or rather receded before the advance of settlers. Fifteen years ago he was not uncommon at Burrard Inlet, and on the peninsula between Burrard Inlet and New Westminster. He is now rare in these localities.

The gray wolf of British Columbia does not appear to linger long in the neighborhood of settlements, and there are few instances on record where wolves have molested domestic animals. Indeed, the abundance of deer and other game makes it quite unnecessary for him to carry his depredations very far in that direction, and in the matter of attacking human beings he certainly does not possess those blood-thirsty propensities which are attributed to his kind in older countries. From my own experience I have found him to be a sneaking coward in the presence of man. I have had them follow my trail over the frozen surface of one of our northern rivers for days at a stretch for no other purpose, seemingly, than to steal into my abandoned camps in search of what odd scraps of food might be left, and their pickings on those occasions must have been very slim, as I was not in a position to afford any carelessness in what I threw away, for I had started out on short allowance and had been kept back by terrible weather from reaching a point at which my food was cached.

Once, while following the course of a mountain stream, a deer suddenly appeared around a bend some 200 yds. away bounding toward me, and, without even noticing me, swept past me with the speed of the wind. Feeling certain the deer was pursued by some animals my first thought was that they were Indian dogs and immediately a desire to murder took possession of me. Dropping down and resting my elbow on my knee I awaited developments, determined to dispute any further advance of the pursuers. Nor had I long to wait, for presently, from round the same bend, came the forms of ten wolves in hot pursuit. Covering the foremost one with my rifle I howled him over, when immediately the band stopped, threw up their heads, then turned and scampered back like a lot of frightened sheep, followed by a couple of parting shots as they disappeared.

Night after night I have had these animals howling round my camp, but aside from this annoyance and per-

haps the theft of provisions left too far from camp, I never had any trouble with them. The Indians will tell you that they are not afraid of wolves, that they will not attack human beings, but add, "All the time kill 'em Indian dog." This latter in the face of the fact that the two animals are known to interbreed.

I have, however, one circumstance to relate, which proves that at least on one occasion British Columbia wolves have attempted the life of a human being. The source from which this information comes is strictly reliable or it would not find a place in this paper. The story is told by Mr. M. King, lumber merchant of this city; a gentleman who has probably traveled over more of the coast of this Province than any other white man living, and with whom I have had the pleasure of spending many a night in the woods.

For years Mr. King has followed the occupation of "cruiser of timber," which occupation has often taken him single-handed and alone into the depths of the forest to be gone for months at a time; meeting with no one, camping where night overtook him, and finally, when his object was attained, his claim located, making his way to the coast, to be picked up by a chance steamer, or paddled to the nearest port by some dusky native.

During these trips Mr. King has had ample opportunities for testing the aggressive characters of wolves, yet this is the only instance where he has had any trouble with them, nor has he ever heard of any other case of the kind in the Province. The story in his own words is as follows:

"I had left my morning camp at the head of Salmon River about an hour when the howling of a pack of wolves behind me attracted my attention, and wondering whether they were on my trail or following the track of deer I stopped to listen. As the sounds appeared to be coming my way I thought it prudent to make myself ready for whatever might happen; so throwing down my pack and drawing therefrom a box of extra cartridges, having filled the magazine of my rifle before starting, I waited for developments. Soon the wolves came in sight and it was not long before I seemed to be surrounded by the hungry brutes; so far as I could calculate there were between forty and fifty of them. However, as long as they did not close in on me too fast I was pretty well satisfied I could stand them off. I was well supplied with cartridges and carried a .44cal. Winchester, one of the handiest little guns a woodsman ever packed and true as steel at short range. Well, the fight, if it could be called one, lasted about half an hour, when a few of them broke away into the timber and commenced howling, which had the effect of drawing the rest after them, when the whole band started away on the full jump, howling as they went. I listened till the sounds died away in the distance and felt satisfied that they had been following the trail of deer or elk when they crossed my track, and getting my mind followed it up with the result above stated. I found sixteen of their number dead and, probably, not a few were wounded."

I have inquired of the dealers here as to what portion of the Province furnishes the greatest number of wolf skins, and their answer is that the receipts are pretty equally divided and that the gray wolf is an animal of general distribution in British Columbia. JOHN FANNIN.

VICTORIA, British Columbia.

TIP AND ZIP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many years ago I lived for a year in Texas, a little settlement in the town of Somerset, Vt. The place was and is a noted resort for fishermen, the many mountain streams in its vicinity teeming with trout. But I remember it more particularly as the spot where I found Tip and Zip. One August day I was climbing the steep mountain which separates Texas from Dover, when in the road before me I saw two brown mites about as big as young kittens. They were coming toward me, but on discovering me they stopped and looked at each other in a perplexed way, evidently at a loss what to do. On my moving toward them they tried to scramble up a steep bank, but I caught them easily, and learned that though small they had very sharp teeth. I put them into a two-quart tin pail, where they had plenty of room, and then looked to see what I had captured. My first thought was that they might be woodchucks, but happening to notice their stumpy tails the secret was out. Faintly but unmistakably they were ringed. Tip and Zip were young coons.

Did you ever bring up a coon, or rather, two coons? If not you have lost no end of fun and saved yourself some trouble. Tip and Zip took kindly to civilization. Instead of sulking they greedily drank the first milk I gave them, and from that moment became my devoted friends. I never had a rival in their affections. Other members of the family who cared for them in my absence they treated in a friendly manner, but for me was reserved their warmest greetings. On the approach of strangers, they would scramble up my legs and body and perch one on each shoulder, chattering in my ears noisy protests at the intruders. Everywhere they followed me like dogs, not forgetting to scold if I walked too fast for them; and if the way was too long it generally ended in my having to carry them home.

They never from the first showed any desire to leave me. Within a few days after finding them I took them into the woods where I was cutting firewood. For hours they played like two kittens, chasing each other among the leaves, along logs, and climbing trees. I stole from them unobserved and waited in the road some distance away. First I heard a chattering, then a whimpering, which grew louder and louder, a floundering in the leaves, and Tip and Zip tumbled into the road sadly out of breath. After that they watched me closely.

It was the next day, I think, that they had their encounter with a drove of cattle. They were following me as usual when we met the cattle in a narrow roadway. I had passed by them a short distance, when I became aware there was trouble behind me. The right of way was in dispute. Most of the cattle (cows and young ones) had given way, but one or two big oxen, with lowered heads, were making a stand. I hurried back to save my little friends, but they did not need my aid. With bristling hair and growls that would have done credit to small bulldogs they started for the oxen. I saw the big fellows wavering for a moment, then they jumped to the side of the road, and my coons had won the battle. Indeed Tip was inclined to follow the retreating enemy, but I called him off, and put him in my pocket until he became quiet.

The great joy of my coons was to go fishing with me. They lacked the sportsman's delicate sense of honor, I suppose, for they would eat all the small trout I gave them and tease me for more. In fact, I was never able to satisfy them, although trout were plentiful then. I concluded their capacity for eating was inexhaustible and gave it up.

I have hinted that my pets were sometimes troublesome. Well, if you were to let loose a dozen or two children in your house with permission for an hour to overhaul, hide, carry off, and generally demoralize everything it contained, I think they might possibly accomplish as much as Tip and Zip would in half the time. I say possibly, for to me it will always remain an open question. If caught in mischief by any one else they would always come to me for protection, and while I was pacifying the enraged party, they would probably steal every tool or portable thing I had been using. By all means, if you want to enliven your household, get two young coons. You will never know another dull minute.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 21.

FRED L. BALLARD.

"Incidents of My Hunting Life."

A NOTE intended to have been appended to the article under the above title in last week's issue was inadvertently omitted and is now printed alone. Our correspondent has apparently confused European and American cuckoos. The latter usually build rudely constructed nests for themselves and hatch out their own young, although some cases have been recorded where their eggs have been found in the nests of other birds. An American species that has the parasitic habit of the European cuckoos, and never makes a nest of its own, but always depends on other birds to hatch and rear its young is the cowbird or cow bunting (*Molothrus ater*). The young cow bunting is said to throw out of the nest the eggs or young of its foster parent, all of whose attention is thus concentrated on the foundling.

Owls.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A correspondent from Lockport, N. Y., writes that he shot a barred owl in that locality and wishes to know if it is rare. Seven years ago I procured two specimens in the same county (Niagara), and also shot several on the Canadian side of the Niagara River. This owl, with the exception of the great gray owl, is the only species that has brown or blue eyes. I have found the barred owl quite common in Ohio, also the short-eared owl, which, by the way, sees equally well by day. I have killed two sawhet owls in the last three years in Ohio, and I believe them to be rare, if not the rarest owl throughout the United States. F. B. MAGILL.

An Eagle in a Trap.

BARTLETT, N. H., Feb. 19.—The news reached me this morning that Mr. John O. Cobb had caught an eagle in one of his fox traps, so I tied on my snowshoes and went over to see him. He is a fine specimen of the golden eagle, weighs 12½ lbs. and measures about 7 ft. from tip to tip as near as I could estimate. Mr. C. says that the eagle had only the inner claw of the left foot in the trap, so he is not hurt except a slight swelling in the toe. Mr. C. intends to sell him. JAGARE.

A Snake on the Snow.

WEST CHELMSFORD, Mass., Feb. 20.—A few days ago a farmer living near here killed a blacksnake which measured about 5 ft. in length and was lying on about 6 in. of snow. F. A.

Game Bag and Gun.

NEW MEXICO GAME NOTES.

EDDY, New Mexico, Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to an inquiry published in your issue of Feb. 2, I am compelled to say that the story of the white bear of the Guadalupe Mountains is another fake, such as those of the cactus deer, the ibex of the Saw Tooth Mountains, the red goat of Mount Tacoma, the one-horned deer of the Big Hole, and numerous others that have been exploited in the press during the last two years. Your correspondent's friend, who told him the story of this white bear, was undoubtedly honest in believing that there was such an animal in the Guadalupe Mountains, but some one had been working him. The white skins he saw must have been those of Angora goats, or ordinary William goats. The only bears native in New Mexico are the black and grizzly, with colors running into brown and silver-tip.

John Dunaway killed a big panther in Dark Cañon, a few miles from Eddy, a short time ago. Thirteen of these varmints have been killed in the foothills west of here within the past two months.

Ed. Piontowsky, of the engineer corps, returned from the Sacramento Mountains lately, where he spent some ten days in hunting. He killed ten or twelve turkeys and a large number of ducks on the Penasco. There was too much snow in the mountains for comfort in deer hunting, which was fortunate for the game, as Ed. is a good shot, and would have brought in a number of head if he had found them.

John Buck and Mr. Welch, two homesteaders who live in the Sacramentos, were more fortunate, for they brought in seven deer lately, which they sold to a local meat market.

Hiram W. McKloskey, a cow man who lives on the Staked Plains, thirty miles east, brought in yesterday fifteen coyote hides and one gray wolf hide. He filed them with the County Clerk and obtained the bounty of fifty cents each on them, after which he sold them to a hide dealer.

Judge W. K. Stallcup, County Treasurer W. F. Cochran and City Clerk George Duncan drove up Rocky Arroya, twenty-five miles from Eddy. Hunted two days and brought in seven deer.

George Patton, of Chicago, who spent some three months here hunting jack rabbits last winter, came back a week ago to renew his acquaintance with them, but was surprised to find that the stock was somewhat diminished. He went out on three or four different days, but all he could find was about fifty to one hundred jacks each day, so he left the town in disgust. G. O. SHIELDS.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUNT.

On the 16th of October, 1892, I bestrode Banjo. He is a horse with a history, only a little of which I know. He had been captured by the Crow Indians in one of their raids against the Blackfeet, and that afterward some men visited the land of the marauders to reclaim their property. Among other horses described for identification by a visitor was Banjo. He said, "You have a dark bay horse with a white nostril, and a black tuft of long hair about as large as a silver dollar just below the root of the right ear, a medium-sized animal, very kind and docile, an easy pacing gait, but when on the run none faster." The Crows grunted, smiled, and said, "Yes, the black spot at the root of the ear in enough to say; we have him." Such in brief is Banjo, now the property of a wealthy ranchman of Montana. Behind me trotted Queen, a mongrel setter dog, a present to me from Henry Norris, of St. Mary's Lakes, Montana.

When we arrived at Bird's ranch, on the south fork of Milk River, the hospitable Mexican, with his comely Indian wife, made us very comfortable for that night. The next morning I resumed the saddle, slung my gun on the horn and started for the mountain home of Mr. Henry R. Norris, situated between the upper and lower St. Mary's Lakes. I arrived there at 3 P. M. and was met at the door by that cunning hunter with a hearty welcome, and after picketing Banjo and disposing of a good dinner we resorted to pipes and began to talk hunting. Hank, as he is usually called, told me about the visit of the Helena outing party to his place some weeks before my advent. The party consisted of a score or more of gentlemen from the capital of Montana who had been hunting and fishing here. From all accounts they must have enjoyed themselves hugely judging from the heterogeneous display of camp debris about Hank's premises.

After a good sleep we took our rifles and covered two or three miles of country in search of black-tail, but we saw none and returned to the house; but even that jaunt has a recollection which I shall not soon forget. We stopped a moment in a pine thicket and within 5 ft. of us there sat on a limb a bird known as the "fool hen." Hank said to me, "Kill it with your pistol," which I wore in my belt to stand off bear at close quarters. At this suggestion I fired, once, twice, thrice, four times, five! only one more cartridge. Bang! the bird sat as motionless as a statue, unharmed. Getting out of patience with myself I leveled my Winchester at its eye, pulled trigger, off went its head and it fell a corpse at our feet. At the house we found Mr. Schultz, who had come up to borrow a few cartridges, and after dinner, which was quite late, we sought our pipes and rest.

I was up with the sun next morning; the air was sharp, crisp and dry. At breakfast Hank said: "What are you going to do to-day?" I replied I thought it would be a good idea to go up to and around Single Shot Mountain and try and get a sheep. So after tying up Queen, who begged piteously to go, I sauntered forth, armed with my pistol aforesaid, my hunting knife and my .45-70 Winchester. I trudged along up the mountainside until I had reached a point about a mile and a half from the house. I was alone, for Hank had remained to finish his new quarters for his family, which they were to occupy this winter. Occasionally while ascending I had seen old signs of bear, but now I discovered fresh ones. Here, too, was a thin layer of snow sprinkled in the long green grass common at high altitudes in the Rockies, and in this snow could be seen tracks of bruin, and big ones. The wind was blowing stiffly and cold from the west away toward the lower lake. An occasional flake of snow went sailing past me. I had stopped to look around and study the signs. I really hoped I would not meet a bear, for that was not what I was hunting; I wanted sheep.

Discovering no bear, I advanced slowly and cautiously. Suddenly I perceived a rank peculiar odor; it reminded me of that I encountered at the Zoo in Philadelphia, in 1884, while I stood contemplating some bears in the pen below. I now knew I was very close to a bear, and that from the location it must be a grizzly. Oh! how frightened I was. I had never met a grizzly; what I should do I hardly knew. The thought of being alone too, and out of sight and hearing of Hank, all made me quiver and shake like an aspen. While thus meditating, and looking in every direction, and trembling from head to feet, I soon saw the cause of the odor, standing on all fours with its tail toward me quietly digging in a hill side. My heart went like a trip hammer, I could hear the blood rushing up through my carotids, and feel its impact against the base of my brain; my throat was dry, and my hands trembled as I grasped my rifle.

I surveyed the huge brute a few seconds and saw that he was about 80 yds. away. I stood on a hog-back, or ridge, and between the bear and myself was a ravine 30 ft. deep and filled with a thicket of underbrush. The grizzly stood on clear ground. It did not take long to see that I had the advantage; this was the head of the cañon; to my right was a black thicket of pine, in front was the animal, to my left the cañon stretched away to the lake. A small sapling grew where I stood; I let myself down on my knees and toes, and projected my piece over a branch of the sapling. I was waiting for the bear to give me an exposure of its side. The wind blowing briskly from it to me gave it no opportunity to scent me. My sensations were those of resignation to my fate. I felt as I imagine a soldier feels on the eve of his first battle—only more so. I realized fully what a small thing I should be in a hand to hand conflict with that wounded and infuriated monster; but I was determined to fight if it cost me my life. I remembered my ten weeks of typhoid fever at Garfield Hospital in Washington, D. C., when I thought my time had come.

By this time I had become more composed; my nerves had resumed their usual tranquillity; I was thinking of what an everlasting shame it would be to my conscience to steal away and let that magnificent beast get off with its life; and while thus cogitating the bear slowly moved into the position I desired, and when there, with a steady nerve I glanced along the blue barrel of steel and fixed the sights on a line with a spot about where I thought its heart lay, held it there a second and pulled the trigger. Bang! went the magnificent arm, and simultaneously the grizzly leaped into the air, uttering a loud, prolonged cry of pain. Through the smoke I saw it fall on one side and quickly recover itself, its head was toward me; with mouth wide open and head erect it began the charge. I threw another cartridge into the barrel. I looked, and it had reached the bottom of the cañon and was making its way through the brush, blowing and snuffing. I coolly

awaited its emergence, but it never came out. Midway the thicket I could see some of its branches quivering, but could not see the bear.

At this juncture another grizzly, larger than the one shot, came out of the pine thicket to my right and bounded down to the spot of the quivering bushes in the bottom of the cañon, and was also lost to sight; I did not have time or opportunity to shoot it. Immediately behind me in the timber I heard the cry or wail of still another bear. This again terrified me beyond expression. I thought that the one in the rear would endeavor to form a junction with his fellows, and in doing so would necessarily have to run over or very near me. Now I was cool and ready for the fray. If I did miss my "fool hen" six times yesterday, I knew a bear was not to be missed with my revolver even once. But the bear in my rear put in no appearance; he evidently got wind of me and his cry became less and less distinct, but I knew the other two were within forty yards of me in that brush, and what to do I did not know. To charge them would be insane, so I concluded that I would stand my ground until they took the initiative. I sat there gazing at that thicket one hour by the watch, 12:30 to 1:30 P. M., Oct. 19, 1892, and no bear appeared. All was still as death, and from inaction I began to get chilly. No amount of money could have induced me to venture down to those two mammoth brutes in that cañon. I did not even know that one was dead, and was painfully aware that one at least was untouched. So believing that a skillful retreat is as good or better than a poor victory, I decided to return and get reinforcements in the shape of Hank.

I did so, and when we reached the spot we advanced abreast, Queen in terror at our heels, into the thicket. We found one bear stone dead, but the other had gone. Before we began to remove the pelt we estimated her weight to be 700 lbs. It proved to be a female. On our return Hank carried the skin and I the skull and guns. From the tip of one fore claw to the corresponding one behind measured 10 ft. 6 in. From the hindquarters, which Hank packed down on a horse the next day, he obtained six gallons of oil.

The next two or three days I was busy stretching and drying my skin. I was in absolute ignorance of the *modus operandi* of that process, but I learned from my companion all about it in a very little while. There is some little labor connected therewith too, and as Hank was busy finishing his house, I was fortunate enough to secure the entire job. I was glad of it too, for now I am independent of pelt stretchers.

After the excitement and flurry of killing a grizzly had subsided in my brain, I was athirst for more blood. It must be remembered that we had no fresh meat, and after the fat was removed from the hams which hung outside the house from the projecting ridge pole of the cabin, it needed no suggestion to Hank to immediately proceed to carve sundry steaks from the tempting bait. On this meat we feasted several days, and although we found it somewhat coarse and rank, still we managed to digest it without trouble. As we butchered the bear we tracked the course of the bullet through both lungs and through the center of the heart. I shot only once.

The next victim to my rifle was a black-tailed deer, which was found in the black timber opposite Hank's house and across St. Mary's River. She was shot three times while running. The first ball struck the foreleg just above the knee, inflicting a flesh wound; the second the opices of the scapulae, and the third passed through the lungs, which brought her down. We now discarded bear for the more palatable venison.

I now wanted a goat and Hank and I went eight miles to Goat Mountain. We discovered one about 700 or 800 yards away on the mountain side. I began firing and I shot sixteen times before I stopped her. She was running all the time. One shot took effect in the right flank and another broke her neck. The carcass we left on the mountain, the head and pelt we brought home. In going to Goat Mountain I was struck with the beauty of the scenery of the upper St. Mary's Lake. The deep blue of the water, in which was reflected the adjacent lofty peaks, and the far away glacier that forms the source of St. Mary's Lakes and river, presented a picture of beauty, grandeur and sublimity that I shall not soon forget.

This concluded my outing, and I felt well repaid for the hard work I had performed, and the trying ordeals through which I had passed. The lakes abound in mountain trout, and we could take a rod and catch all the large beautiful ones we wanted at any time. From 1 to 6 lbs. are the ordinary sizes caught. In returning to the Agency we were caught in a severe blizzard and lost the road on the prairies; I was on Banjo, followed by Queen and Hank in a wagon with his wife and little girl. We wandered until 10 o'clock at night, when, to our great delight, we accidentally ran into Bird's ranch. We were covered with ice and snow, and at one time I felt as though we would be lost. It was a dreadful sensation we experienced while groping about in the darkness trying to find the ranch; but Hank said all the time that we were all right. At one time I doubted him, and thought he said that to keep my spirits up. The next day was bright and fair and we returned to the Agency without further trouble.

Z. T. DANIEL.

A Wise Loon.

ONE calm day in the fall of 1890, my brother, while gunning off Cohasset, succeeded in severely wounding a young loon. After a sharp chase he penned the bird between his boat and the rocks, which were some hundred yards distant. As the loon dived, my brother rowed on for a dozen strokes, and then stood up, gun in hand, expecting to secure the loon when he rose by a quick shot. To his astonishment, however, no loon appeared, and, after waiting a few minutes, he was about to resume his oars and row back to his decoys, when he suddenly discovered a narrow cleft in the rock, and, more from curiosity than from any real belief that the loon was concealed there, he rowed toward it. As he approached he saw that the cleft extended in some six or eight feet, and was partially filled with water. Taking in his oars, he went forward, and, as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw the loon at the extreme end of the cleft, stretched out at full length, with only his head and neck out of water. Backing water for a few strokes, my brother raised his gun and ended the loon's earthly career then and there. I think, however, that a bird who made such a plucky fight for his life and came so near escaping should have been left unmolested in the hiding place which his wonderful sagacity had gained for him.

E. H. C.

A SPORTSMAN'S INVITATION.

TACOMA, Wash., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have read your valuable paper during the last six years and are deeply interested in your commendable efforts in every direction tending toward the preservation of game and the elevation of the morals of field sports.

We know many of your contributors and occasional correspondents personally, and feel that we belong by natural right to the "Rod and Gun" family. We read every story of hunting and fishing told by your brilliant staff of contributors, and with them live over again our own delightful experiences in the Maine woods, the Adirondacks, the lovely forests of northern Michigan, and among the cornshocks of the Old Dominion. To have thrashed brush with that big-hearted and powerful prince of sportsmen, Polk Miller, and to have ransacked the Roanoke bottoms with that inimitable story-teller Whitney are experiences worth remembering. And we do remember every little incident, every shaded nook where the speckled trout loved to hide, every little patch of blackberry bushes, where the pheasant loved to feed and flutter in the dust. As we read your stories we feel the breezes of the lakes and woods, and hear again the rustling of the leaves. And when you brag of your strings and bags we laugh, not incredulously, for we believe you; in fact we know it must be so, for it was that way with us once. We have tramped fifteen miles a day and fished assiduously at the rate of one 4 in. fish per mile, and all that ourselves, and can fully appreciate the pride and satisfaction such a catch will bring.

But now? Oh, that's different. Now as we read your inimitable stories and anon glance from the windows of our offices at the illimitable expanse of primeval forest, the snow-capped summits of the rugged mountains, and the wide stretch of placid waters spreading out in a glorious panorama for a distance of over a hundred miles in every direction and teeming with every form of bird, beast and fish that ever inspired or rewarded a sportsman, we laugh.

Our own experience then and now affords us a never-ending fund of amusement; and every time we hear you tell us of your toils and triumphs, we long to have you come out here and share with us the very richest of sport, where the breezes are the softest, the voices of the woods the most varied, the scenery the grandest, and the recompense for work the very highest.

In a city of 45,000 people, adorned by substantial buildings and beautiful parks, and provided with every modern device contributing to advanced and luxuriant living, we actually dwell in close proximity to the beasts of the field, and from our windows watch the flights of the fowls of the air and the gambols of the monsters of the deep. Bears, deer and cougars are killed within ten minutes ride of the court house; seals, whales, dolphins and inexhaustible hordes of food fishes crowd into our harbor and sport at our very doors.

Twenty minutes' ride in an electrical or steam car, an hour's walk or row, or half an hour upon a beautifully appointed steamer, will convey the ardent sportsman into better hunting or fishing ground than any or all the places enumerated in the beginning of this article.

I could particularize until I tired you, and as I write I can see a 300 lbs. black bear hanging in the market across the street which was shot one and a half miles from my office last week, and the legs of my chair rest upon the skin of a cougar shot ten miles from that city Jan. 23, '93. If Mr. Alex. Starbuck will stroll out here this fall he shall be entertained in a hotel better and bigger than the Burnett House, and I will put him into water that I will guarantee to yield average catches of 4½ lbs. rainbow trout, and all he can carry out at that, while salmon of 25 to 45 lbs. are quite the usual thing. Come out here some of you and touch this wonderland with the magic of your pens, and provide yourselves with a fund of story and adventure that you will never forget nor regret.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

THAT GUN TAX SUGGESTION.

MEDINA, Tenn., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 29, 1892, you have an article, "The Gun Tax Again," signed by "Stanstead."

The people of Tennessee, almost to a man, hunt more or less, and have one or more guns. They at this season of the year, in fact from November till February, have at their command a great deal of time. A great portion of it is spent afield, and they make the most of it, and a good many of them are expert in the use of the shotgun. Their surplus game is sold to those willing to buy, and I venture to say that when the balance is struck they do not come out even on the amount expended for shells, ammunition, etc., outside of the pleasure they have had. I am speaking now of those who sell their surplus game, and not one of them I have met but has invited myself and friends to hunt with them. No one can therefore call them selfish in their ideas of sportsmanship. Yet here is a man who comes among them a stranger, and wishes at once to have a law enacted and rigidly enforced to tax every gun in the State of Tennessee, and let non-residents hunt and shoot at their own sweet will. This may do in Vermont where "Stanstead" claims to own and have exclusive control of extensive shootings of woodcock, ruffed grouse and other game. But not in Tennessee. Oh, no! It won't do here. He also says we are here for sport and divide our game with the farmers. I wish to say that when that article was written, to my certain knowledge he had never given a bird to any man, and I know of but two birds that he killed that have been passed around to the farmers. No, sir! The birds that were passed around were shot over my dogs, and by me and assistant.

He also mentions one nuisance, as he terms it. That is the negro. He must have met with a change of heart, as he has now one negro whom he has armed with a repeating shotgun, and he now stalks about the country displaying his marksmanship.

To give the people of the vicinity where he is located, and to the many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, an idea of what some people call sportsmanship and shooting for pleasure, I would say that there was billed to Humboldt, Tenn., for him, a box of ammunition of which the shells were not all loaded with shot (the shot was bought here) that weighed 228 lbs., which he intended to use "for sport" only over the grounds of people that he would have taxed for the guns they own to shoot over their own property, while he, a stranger, could roam at will.

R. B. MORGAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Feb. 25.—On last Thursday President Organ, of the State Sportsmen's Association, State Warden Bortree and the writer went to Springfield in response to a kind invitation to appear before the House Committee on Fish and Game. Arriving at the halls of the Capitol, we found matters not in all best possible shape, no bill at all having yet been introduced. Some technical defect in the framing of the sportsmen's bill had prevented its earlier introduction, and thus valuable time was lost. A friendly member took our corrected bill and sent it down to the desk that morning, but of course this was too late for it to gain reference and a hearing before the committee that afternoon, as the session had been called for 2 o'clock. Therefore we went before the committee without any bill to advance. This, however, made little difference, for we had no special plea to offer or nothing to ask for sportsmen as a class. All we did was to say that our bill would be in print and before the committee at their meeting of next Tuesday; that we did not claim that it was the best bill in the world, and did claim that it was an unselfish one; that while it might seem strict, there might be other bills still stricter, and more highly advantageous to the game; if so, we wanted the committee to recommend that other bill and not ours. All we asked for was that the law might make it as difficult as possible to kill a bird or a fish. The sportsmen wanted no increased privileges for themselves, but only increased privilege for the game, and they deplored the old and erroneous class distinction of city sportsmen and country sportsmen. All sportsmen were alike. Moreover, it was not a question of sport but of right. The game and fish, commercially speaking also should be protected, for they belonged to the people. Some of the people would not think. We asked this committee to do a little thinking for them, and not allow them to waste their patrimony. That they were wasting it, the testimony of market-hunters and market-fishers was introduced to show.

What seemed to me a valuable portion of our little testimony before the committee was the figures offered by Warden Bortree as to the amount of game received in Chicago. One firm had in one day received 1,000 dozen quail. Another firm had in one day received 500 dozen. These were their own figures. The total of quail received in this one city of Chicago alone must, during this one winter, have been in the millions. Did the gentlemen realize the magnitude of this traffic, or did they realize what awful drains it meant on the game supply of the country? That game was disappearing rapidly the gentlemen had had the best of evidence to show. Would it not be wise for the committee to take such action as would put the State of Illinois in the lead in a measure really beneficent?

Simple as is this argument I can not for the life of me see how it can fail to convince any man who can think. I cannot see how this old cry can be urged against the "city sportsmen." I cannot understand how any man's political friendship and selfish political interests can blind his eyes or dull his ears to the strength of this simple argument: I can see absolutely but one line of duty in this matter for any member of the Legislature. This is a question which rises above politics and above selfishness.

The House Committee on Fish and Game consists of twenty-one members, the majority of whom are farmers, but all of whom I take to be men of intelligence and fairness. Their names are as follows: W. S. Smith, Chairman; E. Meyer, L. Rohrer, J. E. Miller, M. J. Gill, J. W. Drury, Peter Cahill, L. St. A. Whitley, J. W. Bonney, S. E. Carlin, R. S. Carter, E. J. Hayes, D. A. Campbell, R. J. Beck, J. S. Martin, N. A. Guthrie, C. C. Ramsey, B. A. Gower, E. H. Griggs, W. A. King, J. C. McKenzie, B. McPherson, Clerk.

These gentlemen had already recommended for passage a bill changing the prairie chicken date back to Sept. 1. We did our best against this, but will probably lose this point. From all we could guess the sportsmen will lose the chicken date in the game law and will probably lose so much of the old fish law that spearing will be allowed and perhaps seining privileges extended. During our presence the committee passed the spearing clause by a vote of 7 to 6. This seems to us to be a most unwise proceeding, and we can only hope that the measure will not pass the House. Even should it do so it is doubtful if it gets through the Senate.

As to the question of the abolishment of the State Fish Commission, I am now satisfied that there is nothing in the alarm about that. Gov. Altgeld cannot abolish the Commission. All he can do is to approve a bill proposing that. No such bill has been introduced except that by the freak, Mr. Barnes, of Lacon. This bill we did not meet in the committee room, and from the earnestness and intelligence of the men of the committee, we feel it perfectly safe to infer that if it ever does get into the committee room it will never leave it alive.

Inebriated Corbies.

Mr. Bortree told me a singular thing. Down in McHenry county they are having a pest of crows, these birds covering the country in thousands. Will Glass of Hebron, put out half a bushel of corn soaked in whisky and picked up that afternoon 105 drunken crows. It seemed the general belief among the captives that they had had a — of a time. Mr. Glass thinks he has a great trap-shooting scheme in this. Crows are not swift enough to make much of a test of skill at the trap, and their toughness makes it only the more cruel to shoot them.

Calumet Heights.

Calumet Heights Club holds its annual meeting at the Grand Pacific next Wednesday evening, March 1. The officers request a general attendance.

Not Sanitary.

I grow in the belief that "Chicago and the West" is a good advertising medium, though it is such against my will. A while ago I mentioned a pack bag, and since then I have had several inquiries for the name of the maker of it. Two of these inquiries came from Providence, R. I., one from Charleston, N. C., and to-day I have one from Holt, Missoula county, Mont. I have written to the maker of the pack bag and told him that he will either have to give me a half interest in his business or else put an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM, whichever he may prefer. If any man has as good

sporting article, there is one very direct and easy way to sell it, but patrons like to see their own patrons patronized. This is why I feel like saying here, without instigation, that Mr. A. S. Comstock, who does advertise in FOREST AND STREAM, also has patented a very simple and easily adjusted bag. Newspapers are the kindest-hearted concerns in the world, and newspaper men are the best people what there are, but neither advertisers nor newspapers are in business for purely sanitary motives. This is not a hint to inquirers like those above mentioned, for the more letters of that kind I get the better I like it, and I answer them all gladly. They constitute a valuable sandbag, and with such weapons the amiable newspaper man can go out on the warpath and either get hair or get plenty good reasons.

Away Down South in Dixie.

Messrs. C. W. Lee and J. Herbert Ware have returned from their pleasant trip to Lake Worth, Florida, both well tanned and ten years younger. "Feather" Ware insists that he can now cast a shadow by himself, and states that he gained 4½ lbs. on the trip—at least, he is sure about the ½ lb. Mr. Lee says Lake Worth is the only place in the world, and has given a solemn promise to write about it.

Mr. Calvin S. Smith, of this city, starts this week for a trip which will extend as far as San Diego, Cal. He will spend some time shooting in Louisiana and Texas.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

THE SWAMP HOLE BUCK.

WHEN the accommodation train stopped at the lonely little station known as Slocum one evening in the winter of 1872, it landed two individuals of contrasting appearance, for one was an old timer of something like 50 years, the other about 25, and the manner in which they were greeted by another individual of lank proportions and slouch hat, who stood at the head of a team of frightened colts hitched to a large lumber box sled filled with buffalo robes, horse blankets and straw, made known to the curious passengers who peered out of the windows, that they were not strangers, and as the train laboriously moved away the hearty voice of Si Slocum, who, until now, was kept busy holding his uneasy horses, welcomed them with an honest and vigorous hand-shake as he said, "I been a waitin' on ye nigh on to an hour 'n' I'm glad ye got here at last."

It was a quiet winter evening, a foot of newly-fallen packing snow lay upon the ground and the branches of the trees and undergrowth of bushes were heavily laden with a beautiful covering of its whiteness, for no disturbing wind had yet come to drift it away. The tracks of Si's sled runners and horses' hoofs were seen blending away in a turn of the road, which gently declined through a dense woods of deciduous trees and evergreens, reminding Bo and his friend Coulton of the hospitable home of their host at the other end and a good supper to be provided by his better half when they arrived. But Si permitted no time for further observation, and when he made an opening in the labyrinth of robes and blankets on the back seat his order to "jump in 'n' we'll be gittin' on Sade'll have supper ready before we git there" was quickly obeyed; and taking the front seat himself he chirped to his horses, and amid the jingling of old fashion sleigh bells the station platform was soon left far out of sight. A half hour's drive through the beautiful wintry landscape brought the trio in view of a large barn at the foot of the hill they were now descending, and a moment later the low-roofed and comfortable house where they were to stop. The deep voice of the watch dog heralded the approach of the sled, and as it drew up into the well-filled wood yard before the gate the door was opened by a curly-headed little girl who saw them, while she questioned, "Did they come, papa?" modestly shrinking back as Bo jumped out and caught her to claim the kiss she had promised him when he came. Coulton, whose "taste for such foolin'" had, according to his tell, long since departed, threatened to tell Bo's wife, but the threat was only ignored by another smack as the little one broke away and ran into the house.

Without any fear that the performance would be repeated, although there was temptation enough, the good-looking wife of Si had soon shaken hands with the visitors and bade them a pleasant welcome, while Si turned the horses over to the big boy who stood ready to take them to the barn.

Mrs. Slocum's invitation to "Come right in and make yourselves to home and I'll have supper ready in a few minutes," was gracefully accepted, and before long overcoats were off, the hunting paraphernalia snugly stowed away in one corner and the trio comfortably settled before the big fireplace and a pair of massive "andirons" which held a pile of blazing logs that gave light and cheer to the sitting room, and while Coulton and Si talked over past and future events, Bo and his curly-headed little friend strove to outdo each other in asking questions, until Mrs. Slocum called them to the lamp-lighted kitchen and a supper of hot buckwheat cakes, home-made sausage and other good things which only thrifty farmers can provide.

Supper over, the circle was again completed before the sitting-room fire, pipes lit and the plans for the morrow talked over, Coulton and Si having all to say, for Bo was a novice in this kind of sport and wisely preferred to listen rather than take any part in the arrangement of the programme.

Introducing the subject the usual queries about guns, etc., brought out the information that Coulton's weapon was his favorite 40 to the pound muzzleloading rifle, a beautifully finished piece with barrels side by side, made to his order and without which he never made longer excursions than he was accustomed to make with Bo within a day's tramp of home. With it he had once killed a buck and a doe at a double shot, and without regard to his own most excellent skill he gave all the credit to his gun. The old man's weapon was highly commended by Si, who looked with something of disdain upon Bo's double breechloading shotgun with which he had brought a supply of cartridges loaded with various charges from buckshot down to No. 8. However, his only comment was that he "didn't like scatter guns. They was good enough for pa'tridges, 'n' when a man couldn't shoot nothin' else, but a deer was too big a mark for anything but a rifle."

"I d'no whether we'll git 'em to-morrow or next day,"

he said, confidentially, "but down in the swamp 'hole there's been three deer hangin' round all winter, 'n' one on 'em 's an all-fired big buck. Jake Hersel, the blacksmith down 't the forks, got a shot at him 'tother day, but Jake never could shoot worth a darn 'n' he got away, but if he's there yet we'll git him sure."

So it was decided that the three hunters would go down to the blacksmith's in the morning, get Jake and spend the day in that section. If the deer were not found they would go across the ridge the next day and try the laurel swamp, but it was "mor'n likely" that they would be found in the "swamp hole." With this plan settled upon, after another pipe the visitors were conducted to an early bed of fat feather ticks and warm comforts, to be roused long before daylight and before Bo had thought himself fairly asleep.

Breakfast of more deliciously crusted buckwheat cakes and country smoked ham was soon dispatched by lamp-light, and Si taking down his well-kept rifle, powder horn and bullet pouch from the pair of antlers over the mantle, while Coulton and Bo uncased their own guns, they were ready as soon as they were handed the lunch which Mrs. Slocum prepared, Si turning to say as he opened the door, "Ye might have some supper ready 'bout dark, for I guess we'll want some 'bout that time."

It was a well-measured mile of weary trudging through the foot of snow that covered the road before the hunters reached the little shop and cosy habitation of the blacksmith, but the reflection of a full moon and the breaking of day gave them plenty of light and the distance was soon covered.

A muffled thump on the floor answered Si's pounding on the door, and in a moment more the bushy head and red-shirted shoulders of the blacksmith were thrust out of an upper window inquiring the cause of his disturbance, and when he learned who his visitors were and the reason for such untimely calling, he quickly came down to admit them. While Si raked out the still glowing embers from under the backlog and threw on some pitchy knots which gave light and warmth to the room, Jake finished dressing and prepared himself some breakfast, during which time Si made him acquainted with the programme.

"I reckon they're over in the swamp hole," he agreed, "leastwise they was before the snow come, 'n' I hain't heard of anybody huntin' 'round there sence." Then it was arranged that they would go up the old log road until they reached a clearing where Coulton, who was familiar with the ground, and Bo would cross the upper end of the swamp, and go down on the other side and station themselves on runways, Si and Jake going down on the opposite side to do the driving.

By this time Jake had finished his breakfast and it was daylight. He took his gun from a corner behind the cupboard, and, taking the log road they were soon at the clearing, where Coulton and Bo left to cross over to the other side of the swamp.

Coulton led by the most direct route until he came to a small creek emptying into the swamp, which he said was the place where he killed a doe the year before, and after placing Bo at a stand on a rise of ground under a small oak tree, beside which lay a convenient log to sit upon with a fairly open view in front, he assured him that he knew of no better place, and with instructions to remain quiet and be ready to shoot at all times, he went to take his own stand further down in the woods.

Left alone, Bo experienced sensations peculiar to no other sport he had ever indulged in. Once only before had he been placed in a similar situation, and then after two whole days of waiting he had not even occasion to raise his gun to his shoulder, and the monotony of remaining in solitude with nothing to do nearly disgusted him with deer hunting. With Coulton at home he found satisfaction in tramping o'er field or fen, for Coulton was always with him for company, and there was some shooting about that, but so much had been said about this annual trip of Coulton's that he was prevailed upon to try his luck again, in the hope of better results. His acquaintance with Si had been made the year previous when on a short visit for grouse shooting, and the hospitality with which he was entertained was also an inducement to repeat it, and these thoughts, coupled with a thousand others, revolved through his mind while he waited as patiently as possible and smoked his pipe for want of better company. The time passed tediously away and yet no sound or sign gave indication that there was any living thing within a thousand miles of the spot, and the quietude became almost unbearable. If even a hare or grouse would come his way, anything to break the monotonous stillness, he thought it would be a relief, but not even a twittering snowbird was seen or heard. He found by his watch that it was nearly noon; he thought it should be nearer night. He felt like shouting for Coulton or going to him, but remembered the injunction to remain quiet and filled his pipe again for consolation. The striking of the match on the gun hammer was almost startling, so sudden and loud it seemed; then he seated himself on the log, desperately resolved to be as patient as possible until night, if necessary, knowing that his companions would come then if not before, but if he was ever caught deer hunting (?) again it would be a long, long time in the future. Thus the moments sped for perhaps another hour, when, sudden and startling, two reports from Coulton's rifle rang out not 300 yds. away. What a revulsion of feeling then took place! With a thrill of expectancy he arose to his feet, his heart throbbing against his side as though it would burst from its confinement. No shout of victory followed the shots, and with a malignant hope that the old man's opportunity had been lost he stood with gun almost to his shoulder, praying that fortune would favor him this one time if never again. He thought he would give a month of his life to "wipe the old man's eye," and when, a moment later, he heard the muffled pounding of hoofs coming nearer and nearer, he determined that this should be the one grand, glorious triumph of his life. Oh, what a tannut of excitement was raging in his breast in that one brief moment. What a throb of joyous fear almost unnerved him, joy that the opportunity had come and fear that it would be lost. Then as the beautiful antlered buck broke through the thicket of bushes into view and staggered to one knee, then to both, arose again, and fell heavily on its side, striking the air with its dainty feet and threshing the ground with its antlers, a cry of disappointment came with the revelation that the old man's opportunity was not lost but well taken care of. For a moment he stood undecided, then ran to the dying monarch and stood pityingly viewing its last mighty struggle to regain its feet,

and final quivering throes of death, and he was almost glad that his was not the hand that caused it. Collecting himself he shouted and was soon joined by Coulton and Si, who mercifully drew his knife across the poor beast's throat; the crimson blood bursting out upon the snow while an exultant gleam of satisfaction overspread the old man's countenance as, without a word, he deliberately filled and lit his pipe.

When the train stopped at the little station to pick up Coulton and Bo two days later, a doe was loaded with the buck in the baggage car, but no one of the admiring passengers were told that it did not fall to Bo's gun, and when he sent a portion of the meat to each of his neighbors, he cunningly permitted their return compliments on his skill as a mighty hunter to go by without contradiction.

J. H. B.

JACK RABBITS BY MOONLIGHT.

CANDO, North Dakota, Feb. 20.—Seeing several articles in late numbers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* relating to the jack rabbit, has led me to think that a few notes from here would not come amiss. The jack rabbit is the only animal that we have here in any numbers that is considered game. They are quite common and on the increase. The principal reason for this is, I think, that their natural enemies have been reduced both by killing and by being run out by the increase of settlers. Another reason would be the increased supply of the best of food and hiding places furnished by the grain fields.

Considered in a sportsman's way, they are of but little interest until all other game has sought a warmer clime. In the late fall and early winter they are in the finest condition for eating, and great numbers are disposed of in that way. When they can get it, they feed almost exclusively on grain, and consequently their meat is sweet and free from all strong flavors, usually said to be a characteristic of this rabbit.

In the winter, after the first heavy snows, they come in in the night to feed around the elevators and side tracks of the railroad, where farmers have been loading grain. I followed beaten paths like sheep paths for several miles out on to the prairies, where they have made their daily nest, to lie quiet and rest after their nightly frolics, for no one can call it anything else than a frolic after watching them for a time on a moonlight night.

During the period of the bright nights there is a constant fusilade going on all evening, as from one to a dozen men and boys will be out in the vicinity of the elevators waiting for the rabbits. Many of the creatures are killed and many more are missed, as distances are very deceiving, and it is not always easy to see a white animal on the snow. In either case there is excitement enough to keep the blood circulating, if the thermometer does range down in the 20s and 30s below zero, which it usually does here.

E. T. J.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All sportsmen and many farmers of Pennsylvania see and feel the great need of a change in the game laws. In making this change, do so with the point in view of permanency, not a law to be altered at the next session of the Legislature; and have in addition to the close season clause, one that will carry enforcement—by game wardens—with it. To-day this is the great weak point; no one acts. Grouse are able to take care of themselves; make the open season Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock should not be protected after Oct. 1. The fall flight arrive about Oct. 10-15; and protection, as proposed—until Nov. 1—would not be only unreasonable, but would tend to lead to much opposition in any change in present code. Y.

WILKES-BARRE.—I hope the lawmakers of our State will enact some law that will be more protective to our game and fish, and especially our beautiful trout. I know of parties who claim to be sportsmen, right here in my town, who caught trout last year that I had put in the tributaries of the Wapwallopen in April, 1891. They caught them in May and June, 1891. If we had game and fish wardens in counties where trout are being put in streams every spring, and they should do their duties, these sportsmen would be taught a lesson, and true sportsmen might have some pleasure when they go out and catch two or three year olds.

H. L. M.

Nova Scotia Moose.

WINCHESTER, Mass.—I am told by a resident of Shelburne, N. S., that at the close of the open season, Feb. 1, 42 moose and 5 caribou were known to have been killed in that part of the Province during the past season. Most of the moose were young bulls and cows, in fact, there was but one large bull in the lot. This moose was mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 26 under the heading of "An Ear-Marked Moose." I saw the head a few days since and it is an unusually large one, the horns spreading a little over 50in. The latter, however, show signs of age, and would have been better had the moose been killed two or three years earlier.

There are quite a number of wildcats to be found in Shelburne county. Jesse Bowen of that town hunts them with a couple of hounds and claims to get about every cat he starts. In the fall and winter of '92 he killed between 70 and 80, and has killed about as many this season.

C. M. STARK.

A "Webfoot" Duck Story.

PORTLAND, Oregon.—A good duck story comes from Astoria, down at the mouth of the Columbia. Recently a barge with several thousand bushels of wheat went to the bottom alongside one of the docks and myriads of canvasbacks flocked there to feed. The security afforded them by the ordinance, forbidding the discharge of firearms within the city limits, encouraged the ducks to such a degree of boldness that their aggravating audacity became absolutely unbearable to the urchins that "go a angling" for tomcod and smelt along the wharves. Equal to the occasion, as are most "webfoot boys, one of the "kids" procured a sturgeon line, attached a lot of baited hooks, made a cast and was rewarded with 16 fine fat ducks the first haul. This story sounds just a little bit fishy, but as its truthfulness is vouched for by one of our most reliable sportsmen I give it for what it is worth.

S. H. GREENE.

New Brunswick Bear Traps.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—I have read with great pleasure in the *FOREST AND STREAM* a description of the traps used at the headwaters of the Tobique, but I find one discrepancy in the bear traps.

The ones that I have seen have at the entrance to the trap sharpened stakes which protrude above the lower log at the mouth of the dead fall some 5in. These are driven into the ground inside the trap, and I was informed by an old bear hunter that their use is to bleed the bear and also to hold him more securely when the dead fall strikes him. This, you will notice, is quite an important item. I have seen all of these traps that have been illustrated in some of my numerous trips to the Tobique, where I this fall killed a moose with a pair of horns that measured 4ft. 9in. across.

FRANK DEWING.

Denver Notes.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 25.—E. A. Callicotte, the new game warden, says that if the Legislature will pass one of the bills in regard to fish and game which are now before it he will make it his business to personally investigate all charges of game violation that are reported to him. He intends to make a collection of native trout and exhibit them alive at the World's Fair.

The citizens of Los Animas celebrated Washington's birthday with a jack rabbit hunt and scored 2,190.

The Boulder hunters are arranging for a wolf chase on the 26th inst. It is proposed to circle thirty miles of country in Boulder county with men and horses and materially diminish the number of coyotes and gray wolves.

TESEEBY.

Quail in the South.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 20.—The Southern quail are having a hard time of it in the winter of 1897-3. I was told of 600 being sold at Durham, N. C., for \$6. Supposed to be trapped by the negroes while snow was on. I was told by a gentleman on a train on the Georgia Central R. R. one night last week who owns a plantation of 5,000 acres in Alabama that he and five others in a week's shoot on his place killed 1,100 quail. What would some of our Northern shooters, who are happy to get a dozen or two birds after the hardest kind of a day's tramp, think if they could run into such shooting?

K.

Johnny Get Your Gun.

WHAT earthly analogy is there between shooting a brace of woodcock on the wing at one shot and a brace of partridges? Partridges associate in coveys; woodcock never do. Time and time again have I shot the former in doubles and several times in triplets; but in all the long years of my hunting never have I seen two woodcock fly in range of the same load of shot, and if any man or cowboy in North America has ever killed two on the wing at a single discharge of his gun I should like to hear from him; he is certainly entitled to a chromo. Of course, in what I have said, I refer to the Virginia partridge and not to the ruffed grouse.

J. I. C.

Virginia's Cold Winter.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Feb. 15.—From all reports that I can get the snow and cold have been hard on the quail in this State. When the snow is on then is the time for the colored man with his musket to scoop a bevy of birds at one shot in a bunch. And many have been found frozen. However, a fair head of game is still left in this State, and with no more snow good shooting can be had next season.

E. H. K.

Game and Fish Laws at Albany.

ALBANY, Feb. 22.—On Tuesday afternoon the Assembly Committee on Fish and Game gave a hearing in the presence of the Fish Commissioners. Assemblyman Thornton wanted a number of amendments made so that the people of Orange county could fish through the ice everywhere in that county. The Commissioners said that they would approve of Mr. Thornton's amendments if he would name the lakes in his county and guarantee that there were no trout in them. Mr. Thornton became very much excited and made some personal remarks about the Commissioners, who took them in very good nature. Assemblyman Rice, from Ulster county, made a plea for the catching of sturgeon, which fish was the food of a great many people, and the catching of it should not be restricted. The Commissioners were inclined to grant his request.

Senator Parsons appeared for his bill paying special protectors \$100 a year.

Assemblyman Parkhurst wanted fishing through the ice in Stouven county.

Mr. Yetman, of Richmond county, opposed the use of nets for menhaden in Raritan Bay.

The committee had been furnished with a memorandum from the Fish Commission in regard to the principal bills before them. The memorandum is as follows:

To the Committee on Game Laws of the Assembly of the State of New York.

GENTLEMEN.—The Commissioners of Fisheries at a meeting held Feb. 13, 1898, decided to memorialize your honorable body upon the subject of pending fish and game legislation.

While they have no desire to influence your committee in any manner, still they feel that it is their duty to take some action in the premises. At the beginning they wish to recite the circumstances under which the present code of the game and fish laws were enacted. Upon the recommendation of Governor Hill in several annual messages the Legislature of 1890 made provision for the appointment of a commission of three to codify the game laws of the State. Robert B. Roosevelt, president of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Richard U. Sherman, at that time a Commissioner of Fisheries, and Edward G. Whitaker, then Deputy Attorney-General of the State, were appointed as Commissioners.

The Commissioners held a large number of meetings in various parts of the State, and devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and made their report to the Legislature at its session of 1891 in the form of a bill known as the "Fish and Game Law Codification Bill."

This bill was passed by the Assembly of 1891, but failed in the Senate, owing to the deadlock of that year. It was again introduced in the Legislature of 1892 and finally passed, was signed by the Governor and became a law. It has been in operation less than one year and the Commissioners feel that it may contain many imperfections, still it has had so short a trial and the work of game and fish protection has progressed so favorably under its provisions that it would not be advisable to make any radical changes in it at present.

Ignorance of the law, of course, cannot legally be urged as an excuse for its violation, but at the same time it seems to the Commissioners that fish and game laws are of such a character that ignorance of their provisions, while not a legal excuse, may be considered a moral excuse and, therefore, that all fish and game laws should be widely advertised and the people should be kept as familiar with their provisions as possible. They believe, therefore, that when once established such laws should be changed as little as possible, and then only upon certain well-known lines and in the interest of further protection. They believe that they differ from statutes passed against crimes that are in themselves immoral, and that this fact should be taken into consideration by the Legislature before passing hastily upon amendments submitted for their approval.

Of course there are some amendments that are absolutely necessary, arising from acknowledged defects in the existing law, errors in printing the bill as it passed last year, and some few slight amendments that the chief game and fish protector and his force during the past year have considered absolutely necessary.

In order that these amendments might be properly considered, the Commissioners have called to their aid Mr. Whitaker, who was the legal member of the Codification Commission, and the Chief Game and Fish Protector, and as a result of their work have caused to be introduced nineteen bills.

In regard to the remaining legislation now before your committee, the Commissioners, with the aid of the two gentlemen just mentioned, have given them careful examination, and desire to present herewith a statement, giving the number of the bill and its title, and an expression of their opinion. They trust that this action on their part will not be presumptuous, and that the committee will receive it in the spirit it was intended.

Assembly bill No. 104, by Mr. Thornton, adding in Section 141 Orange and Sullivan counties in which fishing for bullheads, etc., is allowed, is disapproved.

Assembly bill No. 147, by Mr. Parkhurst, allowing the same privilege to Honossee Lake, is also disapproved. The Commissioners disapprove all bills for fishing through the ice unless the lakes desired to be exempted are named in the bill.

The four following Assembly bills, also amending Section 141, are disapproved for the same reason: No. 191, Mr. Roberts, amending Section 141 so as to include Hemlock and Conesus lakes; No. 336, Mr. Lounsbury, including Ulster county; No. 514, Mr. Kinsla, allowing the use of "tip-ups" in Orange and Sullivan counties; No. 617, Mr. Rice, allowing the use of "tip-ups" for pickerel and rake-hooks for suckers in any of the waters of the State not inhabited by trout.

Assembly bill No. 382, Mr. Townsend, allowing angling in Jamaica Bay every day in the year, is approved; as is also No. 566, Mr. Foster, amending Section 136 so as to forbid at any time purse-nets, scup-nets, fyke-nets and hoop-nets in the Hudson River above Poughkeepsie.

Assembly bill No. 616, by Mr. Thornton, is necessary. It amends subdivision 5 of Section 271 so as to define angling as "taking fish with hook and line held in hand."

The Commissioners approve of Assembly bill No. 624, Mr. Higbie, amending Section 164 so as to make the close season for woodcock from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1, the close season for possession or sale commencing Feb. 1.

Assembly bill No. 632, Mr. Avery, is also approved. Assembly bill No. 616, by Mr. Thornton, is necessary. It amends subdivision 5 of Section 271 so as to define angling as "taking fish with hook and line held in hand."

The committee has reported Mr. Townsend's bill, No. 382; Mr. Thornton's bill, No. 612; Mr. Guenther's bill, No. 38; Mr. Higbie's bill, No. 127; Senator Parson's bill, No. 188, chartering the Genesee Valley Fish Breeders' Association; Assemblyman O'Sullivan's bill, not printed, to legalize the acts of the forest commission; also Assemblyman Avery's bill, Nos. 600, 605, 607, 615, 602, 593, 591, 598, 594, 596, 592 and 578, nearly all of which are from the forest commission and described, by numbers, in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of last week.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

RANGE AND SIZE OF TROUT.

ALLART, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cut the inclosed from a local paper in this State, whose editor for some time published a paper in Maine and should know something of what he writes:

"A 10-pounder is no uncommon thing to land at the Rangeley Lakes, in northwest Maine, while occasionally one of 12 and 15lbs. is heard from. But then the Rangeleys are the only waters not overfished in New England. The fish called trout in Tennessee waters are not the true speckled trout so highly prized by epicures."

I have occasionally fished for trout in the Rangeley lakes during the last forty-two years and never saw nor before heard of a 10, 12 and 15lb. trout of the mountain or speckled species. Will you kindly let me know what your information is on the subject? I wrote the article in the *Gazette* and the supposed facts were given from personal observation.

Will you kindly favor me with a specimen copy of the *FOREST AND STREAM*?

J. W. BLANCHARD.

[To the trout fisherman there is probably nothing more interesting at this time of the year than a discussion of the limit of size of his favorite fish. The correspondent named below will find further west several kinds of trout that reach a very large size. We have weighed a Gairdner's trout, for example, of 29lbs., and Clark's trout runs up to 20lbs. The lake trout, which is a near relative of the common brook trout, reaches 50lbs. and upward.]

FOREST AND STREAM has frequently published notices of large brook trout. The largest well authenticated specimen known to us was caught by Seth Green in the "Soo" and weighed 12lbs., according to the personal testimony of the late Dr. P. R. Hoy. The National Museum exhibited at the Centennial Exposition a 10lbs. brook trout belonging to Geo. Shepard Page, Esq., which was caught in 1867 at Rangeley Lake, Maine. This fish was carried alive in a box of water which also contained a female trout weighing 8lbs. to Stanley, New Jersey. Visitors to the U. S. Fish Commission Exhibit at the World's Fair will see a cast of a 9lbs. brook trout taken at the Rangeleys last year.

"Speckled" trout are found in streams flowing over limestone rock, but they do not appear to thrive as well as in waters of free stone and granite regions. They occur in the headwaters of the Chattahoochee, Savannah, Catawba and French Broad, and northward through the Alleghany Region and the Great Lakes, at least, to Labrador.

The scales of the brook trout are so small that the fish is often erroneously considered scaleless. The native trout of Idaho and Colorado, however, are mainly black-spotted forms, with larger scales. The Salmon and Trout Supplement of *FOREST AND STREAM* contains illustrations of all the important species.]

The Tourilli Fish and Game Club.

QUEBEC, Feb. 18.—I have just returned from our club limits where it was my duty to inspect the work of building an upper club house, thirty-five miles from the main club house. You can get an idea of the extent of our limits when I tell you this is the center of our grounds. We shall also build the camps and a third house at the entrance of the Little Saguenay or Northeast Branch St. Anne River.

The trip to the upper club house was rather a hard one owing to several snowstorms in succession, which made snowshoeing very heavy. All the work of construction is done on the spot as there are no roads to this place and we are fifty miles from a roadway. Boards, shingles, square and round timber are made on the spot. The cost of the building will be about \$1,600. We had but little time to follow up any game which from the numerous tracks seemed to be plentiful.

Local clubs and sportsmen from all parts are actually agitating the enforcing of the game laws, which are totally ignored by pot-hunters and farmers around here. A few changes are also to be made, and I shall try and find the time to let you know more on this subject later on.

G. VAN F.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Yellow Perch.

As the salmon fisherman turns up his nose at the so-called sea trout of Canada, and calls them vermin when he seeks the nobler fish; and as the brook trout angler mildly curses the fall-fish or chub, or "cousin trout," that takes his fly when he casts for the beauty of the fountains; so the bass fisher, as a rule, damns with faint praise, or plainly without praise, as his bringing up may have been, the yellow perch that takes his cricket, grasshopper or minnow when he is fishing for plain bass. But really the yellow perch is entitled to greater consideration than it receives from those who seek the so-called game fishes only. In fact, two eminent doctors have given the perch a character which entitles it to stand with the very elect of fishes. Dr. G. Brown Goode reproduced the late S. A. Kilbourne's painting of the yellow perch, and included it in his "Game Fishes of the United States," and Dr. David S. Jordan in his report upon the fishes of Ohio, says that the yellow perch "is voracious and gamy, readily taking the hook, and being a handsome fish it finds a ready sale for food." I suppose the truth to be that we have so many larger or more dainty fishes, in some instances in abundance, that we do not properly appreciate some of the lesser fishes, like the perch, which in another land would be highly esteemed on the hook and on the table. Starting with the certificates of good character which I have quoted for the perch, let us become more familiar with it.

Its Habits.

The yellow perch is a gregarious, spring-spawning fish, inhabiting ponds and streams, and like most spring-spawning fishes, its eggs are of the adhesive class. In northern New York it spawns in May, and to the early lake trout troller the perch are a familiar sight on their spawning beds around the shores where they are sometimes sought for bait and used on a gang of hooks after taking the skin from one side. It is a prolific fish, spawning from 10,000 to 100,000 eggs. Buckland counted 127,240 eggs in a yellow perch of 2lbs. 11oz. in weight, and 155,620 in one of 3lbs. 2oz. These were the European perch, *Perca fluviatilis*, which is very like our perch, *Perca americana*. The spawn is laid in glutinous bands adhering to everything they touch, and the eggs hatch in from six to twelve days, depending upon the temperature of the water. They inhabit the waters of the Great Lake region, the upper part of the Mississippi Valley, and most of the waters east of the Alleghany Mountains, south nearly to Florida. They are also called barred perch, and winged perch, because of the vertical dark colored bars on their yellow sides.

Its Size.

One of the chief things urged against the yellow perch is its insignificant size, and too often this is a true count; but it is claimed, and I believe with truth, that yellow perch of 5lbs. in weight have been caught in Schroon and Paradox lakes on the borders of the Adirondacks, and Benjamin Hayes, of Brant Lake, not far from Schroon Lake, has told me that perch of 3 and 4lbs. each were once not uncommon in Brant Lake; and a year ago last summer I saw one caught from this lake that weighed almost 2lbs. In Schroon Lake, fishing one evening and one morning, with a friend, we caught 127 perch that weighed 57lbs. One perch of this lot weighed 1lb. 9½oz., and it was not considered remarkable and would not have been weighed except a gentleman had a \$5 opinion that a perch which he had was heavier, and it did prove to be almost as heavy. A few days ago twenty-eight perch were caught through the ice in Glen Lake, Warren county, N. Y., that weighed 14lbs. This is larger than the average in most waters, but ½ and ¾ lbs. perch are not unusual in waters where they have an abundance of food. Like other species of fish the large perch are more wary than the smaller ones, and it is not positive evidence that there are large perch in a pond or stream because small ones do most abound. In England yellow perch of 6, 7 and even 8lbs. are recorded, but of course such fish are exceedingly rare, although Pennell says that perch of 2 and 3lbs. are by no means uncommon, and specimens of even 4lbs. are probably less rare than may be supposed.

Edible Qualities.

There is a difference of opinion regarding the perch as a food fish, and that is very natural, for they inhabit warm water with mud and water weeds, and they also inhabit clear, cold water with rock and sand bottom, and the difference in environment makes the difference in the quality of the flesh of the fish. Dr. Jordan declared that the flesh of the yellow perch was much inferior to that of the bass and pike-perches, "being soft, coarse and insipid." I questioned this opinion and he wrote me that he would retract the "soft" but must adhere to the "coarse and insipid." At the same time he said the perch he tried at my suggestion "were market fish crushed beneath a mass of ice." Later he wrote: "Taken at its best, the perch is a good pan-fish, and every fish has the right to be taken at its best." The fish that Dr. Jordan tried were Western perch, and may have come from warm or muddy water and from being on ice were probably "tourists" or traveled fish, in which case they were not in condition to compete regarding a question of flavor. It may be heresy for me to say so, but I firmly believe that a yellow perch

from a clean mountain lake in February or March, is a sweeter-fleshed fish than any bass or pike-perch that ever wiggled its tail. It is a mistake to skin a perch, and it is in this way that market perch are treated, as a rule. A perch should be scalded, its head cut off, if you please, and the back fin taken out, and it comes out easily, when you have left a delicious, sweet, firm-fleshed fish. In summer perch from warm muddy water may be insipid, and they may also be coarse, but they are not so from a clear, cold lake, and any one who despises a yellow perch for the table has not seen it at its best.

As an Angle Fish.

If all fish that take a fly are to be considered game fish, then the yellow perch is to be included in this class of fishes, for it will take a fly, but there is no certainty that it will do so, and the regular bait in summer is the angle or earth worm for those of small size, with small minnows for the big ones. Of artificial lures its preference is for those which are striking, and it will take a gaudy scarlet-ibis fly rather than a modest brown-hackle, and it will impale itself on a silver trolling spoon with a regularity that is vexing when one is trolling for black bass and offers the choice between a spoon and a minnow gang. Like other fishes, they are peculiar in their moods. At times a large school of perch will swim past a variety of baited hooks, taking no notice of them whatever, and

perch is caught it furnishes the bait for its brethren, as a perch eye is the best bait for perch fishing through the ice. Kill a perch, remove its eye on the point of the hook and that is all there is to baiting the hook, and two or three perch will be caught at a time from early morn to frosty eve, and they are at this time in the best possible condition. A. N. CHENEY.

THE NEW JERSEY COAST POUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Appropos of the fishing season I wish to protest against the merciless slaughter of our food fishes on the New Jersey coast by the pound fishermen. I know there are thousands of people who will echo the sentiments I express. That every variety of fish is being rapidly decimated there can be no question, and unless a halt is called in the near future the livelihood of thousands of honest toilers and the delightful pastime of the salt water angler will be a remembrance only. It is a matter of public surprise that our commissioners of fisheries do not acquaint themselves with the senseless havoc wrought.

Within the past five years the number of pounds have increased from 19 to 128. What the exact number of pounds which were put down last year aggregate I have been unable to learn, but it is safe to say 12, which makes the entire number, to be entirely conservative, 140 of these monster death traps guarding every inlet and tideway of our coast, scooping in without reserve all that comes within reach. Beginning with the early runs of the shad this pernicious system is continued day and night, week day and Sunday alike, during the entire season, until the last fish has left our waters.

As the fish approach the shore to spawn, their natural runway is at low water back of the outer bar, at high water inside the bar and near the shore. The great net known as the fence is stretched from the bar shoreward and the pocket just back; so no matter what stage of tide the fish move there is no escape, small and large alike are held. Were these nets arranged as gill nets or so that marketable size fish only could be taken, the aspect of the case would be materially different; but the aforementioned pocket being made with small meshes, no matter how small the fish may be, he is kept captive. And right here comes the most damnable part of the whole affair. As is natural with animated creation everywhere, the weak must succumb to the strong, and when great masses of fish are packed in the pocket the small and consequently weak ones are literally smothered to death, so that at every lift of the net tons of dead fish are unceremoniously dumped into the sea. A little figuring will soon prove to those who have not considered the subject a slight idea of the tremendous waste carried on. Say of the one hundred and forty pounds, each makes one lift per day during the fishing season and casts over only 1,000lbs. we have as a result 12,600,000lbs. of the young of our finest food fishes criminally destroyed. That the above figures are entirely conservative and away within bounds, can be easily verified by any one who will take the trouble to investigate a little; and that these figures would approximate nearly three times the above I am confident could the exact truth be learned. I have seen as high as 90,000lbs. of weakfish massed in one net at a single lift.

This enormous mass of fish is worse than wasted; it destroys their productiveness in addition, for nearly all kinds of fish, as is well known to every student of the finny tribe, spawn at an early age. And were they even sold as fertilizer some consideration might be granted, but such a course would tend to open the eyes of the public, a circumstance which it is desirable should not occur. Again, at the season of the year when drum do not sell well, those scaly beauties, instead of being humanely liberated, are mercilessly stabbed to death in the net and allowed to drift with the tide until they are finally beached, when they become a public nuisance. One morning last August I counted no fewer than sixteen drum, ranging in weight from 15 to 40lbs. each, floating in Shark River Inlet at one tide, each one bearing the same fatal stab, and each one representing just so much waste in point of depopulation and valuable food.

Again, the thousands of boat fishermen who have heretofore made good incomes and provided well and plentifully for their families, find their vocation gone; attest the hundreds of boats lying idle upon our beach, the men either seeking new employment or sitting despondent in enforced idleness and a mortgage growing upon each heretofore happy home. That the present system of pound-fishing is detrimental to our best interests cannot be successfully contradicted; viewed in any light it is pernicious, and works financial good to the few against misfortune to the masses. The argument that the inhabitants of the great deep are so numerous that depletion is impossible, will not stand trial.

That our sea bass are growing scarcer each year is a matter of common comment. The bass begin moving shoreward about May 10 for the purpose of spawning, naturally seeking the channels of the rivers and bays as feeding grounds during the period, and as all streams are now guarded by pounds their chances of success are small indeed. Examination of all early caught bass will show them to be full of ripe spawn. Consequently, nature's great object of reproduction is thwarted.

Abundance of fish should mean cheap fish for the peo-



OUT FOR SPORT.

First Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

PHOTO BY A. G. McFARLAND.

what one does all will do. At another time one cannot bait hooks fast enough to satisfy their voracious appetite. I have fished from one end of a boat, and fished for perch, too, without a bite for hours, during which time my companion in the opposite end of the boat has taken perch as rapidly as a hook could be baited and thrown into the water. Then the school would move to my end of the boat, and while I caught them rapidly my companion would be idle. At times a school of perch will be seen at the surface of a lake when it is still, apparently in play, for they refuse all baits offered, although one might suppose from their actions that they were feeding. It is just at dusk when they are at the surface breaking the water in all directions that they take a fly the best, but even then they are not to be depended upon, for one evening they will take a fly, and another evening—when all the conditions seem to be the same—they will refuse it utterly, but if you catch one you are sure of more. In the early summer the perch are on the shoals, but as the weather grows warmer they retire to deeper water where there is a bottom of grass or weeds, and here they may be caught until cold weather comes. From November to January in northern latitudes perch are not biting as a rule, but when February, March and April comes then is the perch fisherman's harvest. He cuts holes through the ice and catches perch until he reckons his score by the "dozens," as the Ettrick Shepherd reckoned his trout. At the end of his line the fisherman has a wire "spreader," from which depend two or three snelled hooks, as the case may be. For a first baiting the white grubs found in dead second-growth pines are used, but as soon as a

ple, but this is not the case. The carters get as good or better prices than they did when they depended on the boat fishermen for their supply. What cannot be sold at established prices are thrown away rather than to have the prices lowered, and so again the people suffer an imposition. Barnegat Bay has suffered, perhaps, more keenly than any other point. That lovely body of water has been the delight of thousands of anglers and the support of hundreds of families; but each year it has grown less productive, until last year it ceased to exist so far as fish and fishing were concerned, and all this was due to the existence of pounds and other illicit nets that guard its every approach from the sea. The great body of men who have hitherto earned a comfortable competence with their boats have grown disheartened at thoughts of the future.

So much from an economic view; and now from the angler's standpoint. There is not a hotel on the whole stretch of our coast but has during the season some disciples of Walton with their families as guests. They have come here for years, spent their money freely and enjoyed themselves at their favorite pastime. Mr. John Coffin, ex-editor of the *Asbury Park Journal*, lately interviewed the proprietors of our leading hotels on this subject, and procured the names of and the amount of money left with them annually by the anglers; and was surprised to find that each season would average \$80,000. This does not include the great majority who stop at boarding houses and cottages; these would easily figure as much more. We also have the important item of bait, boats, tackle, etc., which would swell the figures to the enormous sum of at least \$75,000; and this is only our own town. The past two years have been, however, seasons of discouragement, and many an old face will be missed the coming season, owing to the circumstances that they are called upon to face, and will seek other waters where pounds are unknown. This unless some change is made at once.

Ten years ago the entire coast from Seabright to Barnegat Inlet was a veritable paradise for the salt-water angler. No better stretch of beach existed. From June till November the waters swarmed with scaly prizes. Bluefish could be taken from the beach any day in profusion. Now the capture of one is regarded as a rare stroke of good luck. Kingfish, weakfish and other valuable varieties of game fishes crowded in every stream and were ready for the hook on presentation; but these days of pleasure are now known to memory only.

The pound men argue that the existence of their nets can have nothing to do with the present scarcity of striped bass, as they are never caught. Their argument is as misleading on this as on all other questions, and the absence of the striped bass from the nets is easily understood. The bass is endowed with more cunning than any of his fellows and is too wily to be taken in any such manner. He is at all times an inshore feeder, and what angler has not seen the silvery gleam of his side as he darts through the very undertow in pursuit of his prey? Meeting as he does the great succession of nets stretched along the beach, it is small wonder that he takes himself to waters and feeding grounds where he will not encounter what undoubtedly seems to him a snare and an intrusion.

In view of all these facts, is it either right or consistent that the public sit idly by and allow this wanton destruction to continue? Is it right that the masses shall be deprived in the future of such excellent food so bountifully supplied by our creator? Is it right that our thousands of fishermen shall be driven from their homes, and from the possibilities of earning an honest living? Is it right that our hotel keepers shall be deprived of their legitimate revenue? Is it right that the angler (to whom the hum of the reel and the swirl of the rod are indescribable music) shall be deprived of his innocent and glorious pastime? and all that the plethora pursues of a few men shall be swelled to enormous proportion. For mark you, the poor man cannot enter into this business, as each pound represents many thousands of dollars in value.

I know of no subject where economic importance is so disregarded by our authorities. It is only to be explained by ignorance of actual facts. Could our lawmakers but witness for one week the enormous waste persisted in, the pound would be abolished. LEONARD HULIT.

MORE ABOUT LEWISTON RESERVOIR.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 21.—The weather here is cold and cutting, and as I want to go fishing, but cannot on account of it being against the law and the rivers full of ice, I ask permission to take an old one of last year and invite your readers to go along. From my home I have two ways to go and those living along these lines can join me at the different points. By taking the "Flyer" on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R. R. at 8 o'clock A. M. and going to Cleveland, O., and taking the Big Four R. R. to Bellefontaine, and then to Huntsville, or by taking the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Columbus and then the Big Four to Springfield and to Huntsville, we can soon get to our grounds.

The place I propose to take you is the Lewiston Reservoir, situated four miles northwest of Huntsville, in Logan county, O. Huntsville is the station, on the Big Four R. R., and is the only railroad that reaches that place and of necessity you must take it. But I must say, for their credit, that they are reasonable in their charges, courteous and attentive to all their passengers, and especially to fishing parties. When we land at this village we shall find Dick Floyd and Jesse Short, two livery keepers, ready to haul us to the lake. The regular charge is 50 cents each way for passengers, but these two gentlemen always haul your camp equipage out and back free of charge; so if you bring tents, etc., they will be taken along. Before we go, however, let us stop at the Judge's, who keeps the hotel, and get our dinner. In we go and down the stairs we follow one another, until some one cries out, "Oh, look at the fish!" and sure enough, there, in the floor, the Judge has a hole some 6ft. long by 4ft. wide and 16in. deep, with fine large 6lb. black bass and one large 10lb. carp, besides smaller bass and minnows.

The judge is introduced all round and he shows us his living wild geese decoys, trained to bring down all the V shaped flock going either north or south, and says now, boys, when you want them send me word and I will take them out; but come, have a good warm dinner before you go, and we sit down to the Judge's best and we soon satisfy our hunger with good victuals from the Judge's own table. There is nothing too good, he thinks, for the

hunter and fisherman. But the sight of those bass gives us the fever, so out we go to find Floyd and Shorts ready with our conveyances. In we go and away we go over dry, hard, level, smooth roads, bound for Lake Ridge.

This place is on the eastern side of the water and is an island containing 100 acres, and is owned by a Mr. Spencer, but is in charge of his son-in-law, Mr. W. E. Clarke, who is one of the most pleasant and courteous gentlemen you would wish to meet. The hotel is run this year by Messrs. Becht & Heinmann, formerly of Columbus. In front is a lawn some 200ft. wide, and then, on the edge of the bank is the boat house, containing over 100 flat-bottomed dry and light running boats, which hold two or more persons. In front of this lies Indian Lake, one mile wide, and I am credibly informed, 80ft. deep. I do know that in this lake the largest black bass have been caught. Beyond this lies a number of islands, whose shores are covered with stumps, logs, brush, grass and debris of all kinds, and beyond the eye beholds the stumpy field where once wild forest held sway, but which fell under the pioneers' axes. Then comes the open water at the bulkhead, in which the outline and netting fiends deplete these waters unmolested and upon whose banks they find protection. In 1892 these two classes of people have settled down upon these waters to destroy, before the law prevents them, the finest black bass fishing in this country, and it seems no one can or will stop them. I was at this place in April, May, November and December, and during each visit I saw these violations going on. I was told the warden lived on the other side of the lake, but I never saw his face, nor did I see any evidence of his attention to destroying these appliances, although dozens of them were lying high and dry in sight.

It is no uncommon thing to get a boat at 25 cents per day, minnows 25 cents per dozen, and to get your partner in and spend the entire day in front of the hotel, and at no time out of sight nor beyond one-quarter of a mile away, and catch from 25 to 50 black bass and to eat your meals when the bell rings in the hotel. Mr. Clarke has live boxes for the use of the fishermen, with proper fastenings to keep it safe.

A great feature of this place among the farmers is to call themselves "guides," when you could not get lost or get out of sight to save your soul, and you could not stray away from the fishing grounds if you tried. They are more properly oarsmen, to row your boat if you wish to fish, and they come in handy for that purpose.

The hotel is fitted with good clean beds and has plenty of good, rich and well-cooked food, and the charges are only \$1 per day.

There will be this year some twenty cottages for those who desire their own home comforts by themselves at a mere nominal cost. My partner on one trip was Mr. O. M. Bingham, a manager of one of our local business houses, and he has the fever bad. We got over 100 bass and brought home 75, which we displayed to our friends and then distributed them.

We have arranged to go again, in larger numbers, and all who wish to join us can do so, and be assured of a good time. Besides the bass are the yellow perch, sunfish, calico bass (called by them the Lake Erie) and mud catfish. Turtles are abundant and so are frogs, and in season ducks cover the lakes. Adjoining Mr. Clarke's house is the park, with deer, hare, squirrels, raccoons, monkeys guinea pigs, white rats and white mice, etc.

J. W. HAGUE, Fish Warden.

A SOCKDOLAGER.

A DECIDEDLY cosmopolitan crowd we were. There was Ryan from Virginia, Whitsett from the Panhandle country, and Cutcheon and myself from a lake port of northern Michigan. Then there was Harvey and his chum Inverarity, Inv'y we called him for short. Once he was introduced to a fellow in his full imposing title of Duncan G. Inverarity, and the fellow just snorted and said, "Oh, come off now; tell me the fellow's real name." Didn't make Inv'y hot though! Well, he and Harvey were from Seattle or Tacoma or some such place in the furthest corner of the realm. There was only one sentiment in which we all agreed and that it was which had drawn us from the remotest parts of our land to the common Mecca and bound us with tenderest ties to our *Alma Mater*.

Nothing could be named which was not excelled or at least equalled in Washington, according to Inv'y and Harvey. So when the talk turned to fish and fishing we were at once assailed by the champions of the Occident. But Cut and I thought that we had seen some big fish ourselves, and on fresh water too. For a time we succeeded in holding up our end, but finally Harvey sprung a bender that would have daunted any one less courageous or more voracious than us.

"Well, when the diver went down to look at the wreck for the underwriter he found that shark in the hold of the schooner, swimming round as nice as anything. You see the planks had sprung inwards when he collided and jammed through, and the hole wasn't big enough to let him out. They had to blow him up with dynamite."

"Yes, some of those sharks certainly do come monstrous big," said Cut, "But now you ought to come up our way some vacation and let me show you what the lake sturgeons are like. Dynamite wouldn't touch them. Now there's that one that used to come into Manistee at times and had to go into the upper harbor to turn around; and he wasn't extraordinary at all," and Cut puffed out a couple of "rings" from his corn-cob and appeared to be calling up old memories. "I remember well the first time he came in. There's a wing bridge over the channel and they didn't see him in time, and—well, you may seem surprised, but it wouldn't seem strange to one familiar with Lake Michigan fish—but that sturgeon just lifted the bridge off on his back. After that they kept a watch at the Life Saving Station and used to telephone up to open the bridge when the old snoozer crossed the bar. Every one up there will tell you the same thing. But then that is not very strange."

"Oh yes, I've no doubt that's true," said Inv'y with an air of languor. "But then mere size is nothing. It's surprising to me how intelligent some fish are. Now there used to be a medium-sized whale around the part of Puget Sound where I lived—don't know but what it's there yet—might have been about a 150ft. long, more or less, and it got so used to the steamers that passed through the channel there that it learned the rules of the road and used to squirt water for signals in place of blowing a

whistle. One blast for port, two for starboard, and three when it came to the bridge in the narrows."

Our stock had declined ninety per cent. in a breath. Whitsett thought that might be "a right smart fish," and Ryan said it was time for a flag of truce. But not so. Cut's fertile imagination was only receiving stimulus by the yarns that smote me so heavily, and he would essay once more to uphold the piscatorial honor of his native State.

"That's nothing—positively nothing at all," he drawled. "Why up in our town there is a museum of natural wonders that can discount that whale. You see they've got an aquarium with a sword-fish in it. Well, twice every hour during the matinee a trainer comes out dressed in a uniform and at his command that sword-fish goes through the entire manual of arms."

The champions of the land of the setting sun pulled their hats down over their eyes and went out to get an invigorator.

HERBERT L. HARLEY.

MANISTEE, Michigan.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Beaver Dam Bullheads.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—The last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* contained mention of the bullhead flood now in progress up in Wisconsin, not far from the scene of the great Kekoskee bullhead upheaval years ago. The conditions are much the same as those of the *affaire* Kekoskee, a shallow mill pond full of fish, some open spring holes and a hard winter. My only satisfaction is in seeing the Kekoskee fish story perfectly confirmed, and my own reputation as a strictly truthful man fully sustained.

In this connection there arises an incident which carries a curious query in one's mind. It is, Can animals understand human speech, or is there any method by which they can gain a knowledge of what is going on in human affairs? This question is the more natural at this point because Santa Ana, the old Mayville horse which lived on bullheads in the hard Kekoskee winter, has, without any agency of human sort, and apparently of his own free will, deserted the town of Mayville and gone over to Beaver Dam, where he has resumed the diet of bullheads of which he earlier became so fond. Now, it seems absurd to suppose that a horse can read a newspaper, or if this source of information be set aside, the question remains whether or not Santa Ana heard or understood the talk about the Beaver Dam output, and so made up his own mind to move and go over to the land of plenty. Certainly the distance to Beaver Dam is too great for Santa Ana to smell, and no Beaver Dam horse has had any communication with Santa Ana. As the old inn-keeper at Mayville remarks, "Ach, dot Santy Anny, he vos doch ein crade horse alretty!"

It so happens that Mr. Percy Stone was up at Fond du Lac last Friday attending a meeting of the stockholders of the Horicon Club. While there he saw two sled-loads of bullheads; with side boards on the boxes and heaped full, which had come up from Beaver Dam, 60 miles away. The bullheads were offered at 60 cents a bushel. The Fond du Lac men, and indeed all of those present, for they all live around Horicon and Beaver Dam way expressed regret to Mr. Stone that he did not bring with him the representative of *FOREST AND STREAM*. This is a regular bullhead revival, and every genuine Wisconsin man is feeling good over the return of the good old days. They all assured Mr. Stone that so many bullheads had been taken out of Beaver Dam Lake in the past few months that the water of the entire lake had fallen over a foot. The Beaver Dam geysers have now been in action for over six weeks. I trust that after this no discredit may be cast upon any fish story I may see fit to tell. Any one must admit that a man is very strong medicine who can produce an irruption of bullheads, if necessary, to prove the truth of his assertions.

Horicon Club.

It is cause for congratulation all around to state that at the Fond du Lac meeting of last Friday the stockholders of Horicon Shooting Club, of Wisconsin, transferred the entire management of the club and the handling of the reserved shares over to Mr. Percy Stone. Mr. Stone will next summer put up a club house exactly like that of the Diana Club, at the opposite end of the great marsh, and will also make arrangements for a good steward, etc., etc. Mr. Stone, it will be borne in mind, was the man who made the Diana Club what it is to-day. The most sufficient comment on this is, that, as soon as the meeting was over, the club shares stiffened up at once, and are now held at a great advance over the market value of last year. Matters on the vast and valuable Horicon Marsh are now in admirable shape.

Trout Have No Wings.

If Mr. Fernandez, State fish warden of Wisconsin, will go to the Pine River, one of the best streams of the State for trout, and will ascend it to a point about three miles below the mouth of the Poplar River, he will find a big logging dam, over which no trout can go. This dam has no fishway, as the laws of the State demand. There are no trout in the Pine above this dam, so the logging men say. Certainly there ought to be, yet trout have no wings. These facts are brought me by Mr. C. F. Norris, who has been up looking for some good trout country for us next spring.

Mr. Norris tells me that the snow in the Wisconsin woods is 5ft. deep on the level, and so soft and fluffy that snowshoes can not be used. It is truly an awful winter through the West, and the game can not fail to suffer sadly.

E. HUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

Mussels Caught on a Hook.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Feb. 15.—Concerning the "Curious Capture of Mussels" in your edition of Feb. 9. While trolling in Canadian lakes, notably in Cook's Bay, Lake Simcoe and Lakes Rosseau and Nipissing, it was an everyday occurrence to catch mussels on the line. I never caught one on any bait.

D. G. CHARLES.

Sunapee Saibling.

At the meeting of the Biological Section of the New York Academy of Sciences, to be held March 13, Dr. J. D. Quackenbos will read a paper "On the Sunapee Saibling," a fourth New England variety of *Salvelinus*.

CONNECTICUT RIVER PIKE-PERCH.

CHARLESTON, N. H., Feb. 20.—I inclose a cutting from the Bellows Falls paper, which shows that the pike-perch placed in the upper Connecticut about twenty years ago by my old friend, the late A. H. Powers, are gradually working down the river:

"A gentleman from Saxton's River came down here one day last week on a fishing excursion and captured, in the river below the mills, 17lbs. of wall-eyed pike, one alone weighing 7½lbs."

We noticed the capture of one at Mills River, sixty miles above here, last year, and I heard of one or two small ones as having been caught opposite this village, but have not heard of any so large as this. We ought to have good fishing in the Connecticut here. Livingston Stone put in black bass about 1870, and the Lake Champlain pike, which were washed down when Gov. Paine's dam at Bethel gave way in 1840, are pretty plenty.

I hear of a few, 12 or 15lbs., every summer, but mostly taken on night lines, and also of a few bass, mostly taken in the eddies below the piers of Cheshire Bridge, a mile and a half above here, and the only bridge over the river in eighteen miles. It is ten years since I wet a line in the river, for such time as I get for fishing I prefer to devote to the "crimson-starred beauties" of whom Mr. Starbuck writes with such gusto, and I had rather tire my long legs with a four-mile tramp along a trout brook than cramp them by curling them up in a boat in the sun.

However, certain unerring and unwelcome symptoms warn me that I shall not stretch my legs over the hills many seasons more, and I think it very possible that next summer may see me dropping a line again in the old river as I used to sixty years since, before I learned how to catch trout. It will be for different game though, for in those days we had only yellow perch, dace and "redfins," with now and then a stray pickerel who got himself into trouble by a rush among the smaller fry who were gathered around our hook. I am glad to see the portraits of Mr. Starbuck and "Ned" in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, and wish I could be young enough again to join them in a trip along the "North Shore." VON W.

An Adirondack Programme.

JUDGE GEORGE W. SMITH, of Herkimer, one of the clearest thinkers and most effective writers in this region, has prepared a memorial to the Legislature in relation to the preservation of the Adirondack region. Judge Smith urges "a simple, safe, effective and inexpensive policy," based on the following ideas:

1. Let the State take by right of eminent domain land within the limits of the preserve, adjacent to State lands, as fast as funds can be provided, and as may be expedient. A reasonable price can thus be fixed.
2. Collect the full amount of taxes from the owners and associations within and about the preserve, and devote the entire amount to enlarging the holding of the State within the preserve. The process of taxation may be made to ascertain the value of the land required for the preserve.
3. Forbid any expectation that the State will, at its expense, maintain or watch against fires, or give the service of fish and game protectors for the benefit of private owners.
4. Keep off lumber thieves by the combined action of the fire wardens, fish and game protectors.
5. Let there be no co-partnership between the State and private owners in lumbering or any other business.
6. Sell no timber; it performs its best office where it is, the profits of sales would be trivial, probably nothing, while the removal of the timber would seriously and at length fatally impair the principal design. Besides, the whole business would be fruitful of corruption and abuses.
7. Only small lots should be leased and those under restrictions that would prevent any trenching upon the public right of free resort.
8. Make the whole preserve a Free Commons for a whole people—an object lesson set against land monopoly and the English game preserve system—make this, as easily it may be made, the Excelsior Park of the State and of the World.
9. Having secured the required land, maintain it in a state of nature, and nature will continue to do all that is necessary to be done, without other expense than the required police. By keeping in view these principles a great and beneficent design can be accomplished and a legacy of incalculable value transmitted to posterity.

Another Bullhead Upheaval.

CAPAC, Mich., Feb. 13.—Among the many attractions of this village is a "fish mine." Mud Lake is completely frozen over; there are no air-holes. Fish who desire to continue breathing are compelled to swim about four miles to the outlet of the lake, whither there are but a few square rods of open water. Naturally, this point has become a favorite rendezvous for the finny tribe, who literally fall over each other in their anxiety to get near the air. Around this open space sportsmen from far and near have gathered, with spear, pitchforks, shovels and other instruments of war. It is impossible to estimate the amount of the catch since the sport began a week ago. Fish have been taken away by the string, in bags and even in barrels. Many of them weigh from 8 to 12lbs. There are "bullheads," pickerel and pike. Every one goes fishing regardless of the weather, and there is no occasion for lying. "Truth is stranger than fiction."—*Detroit Evening News*.

River Cruises for C. J. L.

STAUNTON, Va., Feb. 18.—In my short communication in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 16, entitled "River Cruises for C. J. L.," the compositor, by misplacing capitals and punctuation marks, made a mess of that part of the article relating to the Miami. What I intended to convey is as follows:

"The Great Miami River in Ohio will furnish him a delightful two weeks' cruise from Sidney to Hamilton, or Lawrenceburg, Ind., on the Ohio just below the mouth of the Miami. The river (Miami, not the Ohio) is swift and full of little rifts, and the Miami Valley is beautiful."

By giving space to the above correction you will greatly oblige

COMMODORE

PEORIA, Ill., Feb. 28.—In the issue of Feb. 16 "Commodore" mentions several fine cruises in response to an inquiry from "C. J. L.," of Detroit, all of which are good

particularly the Wabash, St. Joseph and Susquehanna rivers.

The Kankakee River, in Illinois, is another good cruising stream, and as for bass fishing cannot be beat. From Mokena down to Morris on the Illinois River, just below the mouth of the Kankakee; would make a two or three weeks' delightful cruise just after the "June rise."

HE-CHI-MO.

Jocko River Trout.

In the fall of 1892 Major Peter Ronan, Agent of the Flathead Indians in Montana, advised the Commissioner of Fisheries that he had preserved a pair of large trout of Jocko River and would forward them to Washington if desired. He wished to know the name of the species.

The fish arrived last week and proves to be a Dolly Varden, also known as salmon trout and bull trout. The specimen weighs 6lbs. and measures 25in. in length. These trout are abundant and form a very important source of supply for food and sport. The fish sent is a male with the lower jaw hooked upward at a right angle and the outer edge of the ventral and anal fins milky white as in the Eastern brook trout in the breeding season. The red spots of the sides are large, but much faded by the preserving fluid.

Massachusetts Black Bass Season.

HOUSE BILL No. 352, introduced by Mr. Blodgett, of Leominster, amends the present statute so as to open the bass season June 15 instead of July 1. The measure has the support of Mr. Henry J. Thayer, of Boston, and other bass fishermen, and Mr. Thayer invites the co-operation of the anglers of the State in urging upon the Legislature the change of date.

"Forest and Stream."

COPIES of Sept. 25, 1890, are wanted at this office and will be paid for.

The Automatic Reel

is an invention which when first put upon the market met with much adverse criticism. To-day its manufacturers, Messrs. Yawman & Erbe, of Rochester, N. Y., can scarcely supply the demand. The intrinsic merit of this reel has carried it to the front, despite all obstacles, and at present some of the anglers formerly most hostile to the "little finger" wonder are most enthusiastic in its praise. Write the manufacturers for catalogue describing recent improvements.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

FOUR MILE RUN, Va.—The publication in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 19, of the "Ode to Pup," by the late John E. Kenna recalls an incident during his life. There are two club houses here occupied by the members of each, or occasionally when accompanied by a member, a visitor is admitted. The late Senator Kenna had a friend staying with him from West Virginia, and as the ducks were flying on the Potomac, the Senator proposed to give his friend and brother sportsman a little duck shooting. To avoid a long and cold pull in the boat in the early morning they were invited by one of the members of the club to pass the night comfortably in the club houses and start from there in the morning for their sport. The friend related his exploits with a torch after ducks at night, and nothing would do but to make a torch and try it in this new field. The tide that night was very late, and at midnight I retired, but I had hardly fallen asleep when a terrible fusillade commenced, and from the continued firing I supposed that they were literally "slaughtering" the mallards. In the morning I asked mine host Taylor how many ducks they had killed. "Every blessed one I had," he replied. It appears that his own tame ducks were in the habit of feeding at night on the marsh, and these had fallen victims. But they were well paid for and secrecy was ordered, and this is the reason it has not before appeared. I will not give the friend's name, but I suppose he will recognize the incident. SPOTTY.

Eighteen years ago, said a Maine woodsman, I was camping on Pitlock Stream and one night I went out doors. It was about half past eight and pitch dark. I heard somebody a hollerin' way off in the woods and I thought may be somebody was lost, so I answered. Well, it kept coming nearer and nearer, and hollerin' onct, till all at onct it stopped of a sudden. I listened for it quite a while, then I thought I had better sing out onct more. I did, but that was the last time, for right above me in a big pine something gave the most un'arthly yell, or scream, that I ever heard. I tell you, it just lifted the cap off my head. Well, the way I rushed into the camp was a caution. I didn't stop to see who the stranger was, I tell you. I couldn't sleep that night, I was too frightened. Afterward, when I told the boys they laughed and said, "Well, somebody was lost, maybe, but we guess you heard an Injun devil." JAGARE.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

Monday Morning at the Parsonage.

REV. MORGAN COOLEY, who has contributed many readable sketches to our columns, writes:

"There is no paper I enjoy more than FOREST AND STREAM. It reaches me every Monday morning and it is the first paper I open, sure that on its clear, fresh pages I'll find something which will be a pleasure for all the week."

We Deny the Age but Admit the Quality.

FOREST AND STREAM is forty years old and is the best paper in the world in its particular field. It has put on a new head and is otherwise improved.—*New Albany (Ind.) Leader*.

Fishculture.

Pennsylvania Fishculture.

THE report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners for 1888 to 1892 shows a highly gratifying state of advancement in fishculture in the Keystone State. The number of fish distributed during the period covered by the report exceeds one hundred and fifty-two millions, including brook trout, rainbow trout, whitefish, shad, pike-perch, and a dozen other food and game species. The bulk of the work was devoted to brook trout, whitefish, pike-perch and shad.

The Delaware has been cleared of pound-nets, fish weirs, fish baskets and unseasonable seines. The dam at Lacka-waxen has been overcome by means of fishways, with the result of extending the fishing grounds and spawning area more than one hundred miles.

The Susquehanna, owing to its obstruction by fish baskets in Maryland territory and the imperfect working of fishways in the dam at Columbia, Pa., continues to be an indifferent shad river.

The State now owns a well-equipped car, which will be used in hatching and transporting shad and in carrying fish throughout the commonwealth. Many of the fine fishes of Lake Erie, such as the pike-perch, white bass, yellow bass, black bass, calico bass and rock bass can now be quickly and safely carried to suitable streams and lakes in all parts of the State. In accomplishing this work the Commission will have the usual liberal aid of the railroads.

The U. S. Fish Commission has continued to co-operate with the Pennsylvania Commission in stocking the waters with shad, pike-perch, and other valuable fishes. The fish-protective associations have also been of the greatest service by creating a healthy public sentiment in favor of fishculture and fish protection. In this effort they have received the hearty and powerful aid of the press.

The appendix to this report contains a detailed account of the fishes of Pennsylvania, by Dr. T. H. Bean, of the U. S. Fish Commission and National Museum, angling editor of FOREST AND STREAM. We have previously outlined the character of this paper, which has been justly pronounced one of the most valuable issued by a State Commission. The report contains full descriptions of all the fishes known to occur, 157 in number, followed by popular notes on the common names, distribution, habits, reproduction, growth and mode of capture. Nearly one-half of the species are illustrated, fifteen of them by colored plates, which were reduced from original drawings by Mr. S. F. Denton.

Owing to this reduction, there was some loss of faithfulness in following the colors in a few instances, but the work as a whole is up to the best standard. Had the reproduction been of the size of the original, we are satisfied that they would have left nothing to be desired in the way of accuracy and artistic beauty. The white perch was first copied full size and the work was exquisitely done.

We understand that the demand for copies of this report of the Commission cannot be supplied, and it is even now difficult to secure them, although the work has been off the press scarcely more than a month.

Fishway Construction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago you published an illustrated article in regard to "fishways" or "chutes" over dams. By a recent act of our Legislature it is made obligatory on the part of county commissioners to construct such fishways when a certain number of freeholders request it. We have a very good field to work in here and want to find the best thing in the way of a "chute." Can you refer me to the number containing the information, or if you can give us any information in regard to it in your next number you will confer a great favor. SUBSCRIBER.

[Articles on fishways were published Dec. 31, 1891, Jan. 28, Feb. 4 and April 14, 1892, but these papers were not illustrated. No recent account of fishways in general has been issued, as far as we know, by the national or State Government. One of the best short articles upon the subject was prepared by Mr. Charles G. Atkins, now living at East Orland, Me. This was printed in Part II. of the Report of U. S. Fish Commission, and issued in 1874. It contains fifteen plates.

In Part X. of the same report the present Commissioner of Fisheries published a paper on "A New System of Fishway Building." This was sent out in 1884 with seven plates. It relates to the McDonald fishway, which has been greatly modified since that date.

If you can find these reports in a library accessible to you, they will prove valuable on account of the many suggestions contained in the articles mentioned. The numbers of FOREST AND STREAM above referred to contain more recent discussions of fishway construction. There is urgent need of a full report, bringing the subject up to date. The necessity of fishways is becoming more and more evident every year.]

Trout Culture.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last issue the inquiry of "Owahgena" regarding an inclosure for brook trout, and your reply thereto. I agree with you upon most points in your reply, but, in the light of several years' more experience upon the subject than any other American, I cannot recommend a pond for a trout preserve. Your correspondent does not furnish sufficient data for an intelligent reply. It is somewhat essential to know the region of country, the surroundings, whether cultivated or wild, the fall of the stream in the distance named, and the character of the bed, whether rock, loose stone, gravel or otherwise. There is not one chance in twenty-five of any success whatever in the natural stream, unless the main flow can be deflected. Success would be far more probable in artificial channels, led from the head and under entire control, but considerable fall would be required with stone or gravel for bed. With these factors and those named in your reply, success might be attained, and without artificial propagation. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

After Eighteen Years.

A WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., reader says: "We have been subscribers to your paper since 1875, we think, at least since its consolidation with *Rod and Gun*, but must say it is still improving. Your last few numbers are 'great.'"

Business.

MR. G. C. WALTON, Augusta, Ga., writes Feb. 5: "Let me compliment you on your valuable paper; like wine, it improves with age."

It Has None.

Haverhill, Mass.—I have taken your paper for twelve years and I don't know its equal. J. P. U. G.

MESSRS. W. W. HART & Co., the taxidermists, have removed their establishment from 11 and 13 Jacob street to 5 West Third street, near Broadway. This firm recently received the heads and antlers ready for mounting of twenty-six caribou, besides four complete specimens. There are some very fine heads in the lot.—*Adv.*

"FOREST AND STREAM" PHOTOGRAPHS.

Amateur Competition of 1892.

THE AWARDS.

THE first annual FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition has been a brilliant success, far exceeding the most sanguine anticipations of its promoters, both as to number of pictures entered for competition and in the very high character of the work submitted. As a whole the collection constitutes a remarkable series of pictures of outdoor, forest and stream life, representing many phases of sport with rod and gun.

Because of the number of specimens of work of high grade and possessing decided merit the committee on awards were confronted by a task of no slight magnitude and attended with no little delicacy. They have given most careful consideration to the selection and we improve this opportunity to acknowledge their conscientiously rendered services. We renew as well our expression of appreciation of the interest shown in the competition by our friends and of the co-operation of all who have contributed to the successful issue.

There were so many photographs worthy of prizes—had the prize list been larger—that the final awards have been made only after the passing by of numerous works which the committee deemed hardly less meritorious than those finally selected. Some of these we shall reproduce, following the publication of the prize pictures. The first prize subject is reprinted to-day from a previous issue. The second prize work will be given next week, and the others will follow in succession. There are ten prizes: First \$25, second \$20, third \$15, fourth \$10, and six of \$5 each for fifth. The committee's report follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Committee on Amateur Photographs beg to submit herewith their decisions in the matter of prize awards.

After an examination of the large number of photos, very many of which were of a high order of excellence, the committee has selected the prize winners as by the accompanying list:

FIRST PRIZE.

Out for Sport.

Mr. A. G. McFarland, San Francisco, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE.

Group of Deer.

Mr. A. S. Bennett, Axial, Cal.

THIRD PRIZE.

"Dar's He"

Mr. Clarence B. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH PRIZE.

After the Speckled Beauties.

Dr. J. Max Mueller, West Chester, Pa.

FIFTH PRIZES—SIX OF EQUAL MERIT.

Nesting Woodcock.

Mr. G. E. Jaquins, Hudson, N. Y.

Grouse Shooting in Michigan.

Mr. J. C. Thompson, Bay City, Mich.

A Parry Sound Moose.

"Huck Lake."

Now for Trout.

Dr. J. J. Mills, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Listen!

Col. Cecil Clay, Washington, D. C.

June in the Adirondacks.

Mr. John E. Ottaway, Charlotte, N. Y.

Your committee found so much to commend and so little to condemn, that it was only after the most careful weighing of individual points of merit, that it was enabled to reach a final determination.

In making the awards the committee has endeavored to confine itself closely to the limits of the competition, as regards the selection of the subject, the difficulties to be overcome by the photographer in securing the picture, the general excellency of his work, and its artistic merit. Among the leading competitors each excelled in some special feature or features, while in others he fell behind his foremost rivals. The task of the committee was therefore one of great difficulty; and each one of the members was obliged to yield his judgment on certain points; but the committee can confidently assert that on the whole substantial justice has been done.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is to be congratulated upon the interest felt by amateurs in this competition, as shown by the unusually fine collection of photographs submitted, both by Americans and by foreigners.

E. BIERSTADT,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
WILMOT TOWNSEND.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderfer, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 25.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
March 28 to 31.—Illinois Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ont. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Don't forget that Washington entries close March 6, with F. S. Webster, 1237 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

CLUB MEETINGS.

American Spaniel Club.

The annual meeting of the American Spaniel Club was held at the Madison Square Garden, 5 P. M. Feb. 23. There were present Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, James Watson, E. M. Oldham, William Payne, Dr. Kitchel, George Bell, C. M. Nelles, E. H. Morris, W. S. Brooks, J. Otis Fellows and Rowland P. Keasbey. The president, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, presided.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and approved, the president made a report of the work done by the executive committee during the past year. The treasurer also presented a report showing a balance in the treasury of \$114. It was resolved to instruct the executive committee to investigate the subject of club medals. It was further resolved that the letter of P. J. Keyes, of Ottawa, Canada, in which he makes the statement that certain dogs would win at New York if owned by Mr. George Bell, thereby applying dishonest collusion between that gentleman and Mr. Oldham, the judge of spaniels, be referred to the American Kennel Club with the request that that club impose such punishment as it may deem fit on the same P. J. Keyes, he not being a member of the Spaniel Club, and therefore not subject to their jurisdiction. The club also took a vote of confidence in Mr. E. M. Oldham.

Nominations were then received for members of the executive committee. A vote being taken, the following gentlemen were duly elected: Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, E. M. Oldham, A. E. Foster, F. W. Kitchel and Rowland P. Keasbey. The following gentlemen were elected vice-presidents of the club for the ensuing year: Messrs. James Watson, J. P. Willey and J. F. Kirk.

At the meeting of the executive committee the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding; treasurer Mr. E. M. Oldham; secretary, Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey.

St. Bernard Club Meeting.

The St. Bernard Club of America held its annual meeting at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, Tuesday, Feb. 21st, at 9 P. M. There were present: W. H. Joeckel, Jr., President; E. B. Sears, Treasurer; Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Nicholson, O. W. Volger, Daniel Mann, G. E. Wigan, R. M. Cushman, B. F. Johnson, Edward Booth and H. S. Chambers. Mr. Volger was requested to act as Secretary pro tem. Reading of minutes of previous meeting were on motion, dispensed with. Treasurer Sears read his report and showed a balance of \$340 in the bank and about \$200 owing the club. Mr. Cushman moved that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Sears for his indefatigable efforts in furthering the interest of the club, and more particularly in so ably filling the position of treasurer. Same was seconded and carried. The resignations of J. R. Teague, J. J. Key and A. Stucky were tendered and accepted. The names of five applicants for membership were read and referred to the Board of Governors to be acted upon at their first meeting. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, W. H. Joeckel, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, Miss Whitney, R. J. Sawyer and Jacob Ruppert, Jr.; Treasurer, W. A. Wells. Governors, W. C. Reick, E. B. Sears, B. P. Johnson, K. E. Hopf, W. H. Walbridge, E. H. Moore, O. W. Volger, Edward Booth, R. M. Cushman. Meeting adjourned.

National Greyhound Club.

The National Greyhound meeting was held Feb. 23. There were present, Messrs. Whiton, Rowe, Wade, Drake, Nelson, Watson, Schumacker, Usher, Stewart, Lewis, Huntington. Treasurer's report accepted as read and ordered placed on file. Regarding suspension of D. C. Luce, for alleged wrong entry, at the American Coursing Club meeting, 1892, it was referred with full power to Messrs. Bartels, McDougal and Williams to take evidence and report to the club at large. The election resulted: Directors, Williams, Wade and Belmont. Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Vice-Presidents, Page, Whiton, Watson and Rowe.

It was moved that the fall meeting of the club be held at the place where and time of the American Coursing Club's running meeting, the secretary to give ten days' notice of such meeting. Members of the N. G. C. who may be at the Washington show were requested to see the Government officials and secure, if possible, recognition of the National Greyhound Stud Book of England as the recognized authority of pedigrees of greyhounds.

Medals were donated as follows: Boston, Baltimore, Detroit, Washington, Toronto. Three medals for each show, that is, one for the best American bred greyhound, one for best deerhound and one for best wolfhound; Elmira, three medals, one for the best of each breed without regard to place of birth; twelve medals to the World's Fair, six for any breed and six for American bred. One medal for each sex of greyhound, deerhound and wolfhound. Decision of the A. C. C. in the matter of the Pearl of Pekin-Chicopee Lass was reversed and the award given to Pearl of Pekin.

National Beagle Club.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 25.—A special meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held in Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22. Present: President, H. L. Kreuder; First Vice-President, H. F. Schellhals; Second Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Third Vice-President, John Bateman; Secretary and Treasurer, George Laick; Executive Committee, George W. Rogers, F. C. Phoebe, F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson, Dr. Edwin Field, Bradford S. Turpin, Aug. A. Knoblauch and E. Gerry Roberts. Voted that the N. B. C. decline giving a special prize to the City of the Straits K. C. show, inasmuch as they are not members of the A. K. C. The delegate to the A. K. C. was instructed to see that the

winnings at the first bench show held by the N. B. C. be recognized by the A. K. C. Voted that the secretary circulate a subscription list among the members of the club, the money to be used for the purchase of bench show and field trial prizes for 1893. Voted that a special prize of silver plate be given to the Maryland K. C. show for the best beagle in the show, owned by a member of the N. B. C.; that a special prize of silver plate be given to the Washington show for the best beagle in the show, exclusive of the first prize winners in the challenge classes, open to members of the N. B. C. only. Voted that a special prize of silver plate be given to the Elmira show, to the best beagle having won a second prize at the Elmira show in the regular classes, open to members of the N. B. C. A communication was received from the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association asking a special prize to this show to be held in September next. On motion, laid on the table until some future time. Voted that the official classification of the club be printed and sent to the different bench show committees with the request that such classification be made. A communication was received from Mr. O. W. Brooking. Moved by Mr. Brooking and seconded by Mr. Chapman that a new committee be appointed to have the N. B. C. of America incorporated. Motion lost. Messrs. E. Gerry Roberts of Red Bank, and J. B. Lozier of Oradell, N. J., were admitted to membership. The Committee on Resolutions made their report, which was received, and the secretary was instructed to forward a copy thereof to the officers of the N. B. C. of Am. of 1892. Moved by Mr. Laick, and seconded by Mr. Bateman, that Mr. Kreuder be appointed a committee to use his best efforts to have the game laws of the State of New York revised so as to have rabbits protected at certain seasons of the year the same as other game. Motion carried. The Auditing Committee was requested to make their report to the club. Messrs. W. A. Power and W. F. Rutter, Jr., were reinstated to membership. The secretary was instructed to forward a card in the press asking beagle breeders and the public in general for suggestions of suitable places to hold the N. B. C. field trials in 1893. GEORGE LAICK, Sec'y-Treas. N. B. C. of Am.

Irish Setter Club.

The executive committee of the Irish Setter Club met at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, on Feb. 22, and elected Mr. George Langran, of Yonkers, N. Y., a member. It then adjourned and the annual meeting of the club was held. The Vice-President, Dr. Rowe, occupied the chair. The following members were present or represented by proxies: C. T. Thompson, W. L. Washington, B. L. Clements, J. B. Blossom, E. C. Fowler, E. B. Bishop, W. H. Child, H. B. Anderson, L. C. Sauveur, Geo. Langran, Dr. Rowe and G. G. Davis. The secretary read a communication from Mr. Stone, secretary of the show of the Industrial Exhibition of Toronto, Can., requesting a donation of special prizes for Irish setters. On motion, it was decided that the Irish Setter Club, not having decided to give any special prizes for bench shows, regrets that it cannot comply with their request at present. The treasurer then submitted his report for the past year and his accounts were approved and the report accepted. The club owes nothing. The annual election for officers then took place and resulted as follows: President, W. L. Washington; Vice President, Dr. N. Rowe; Secretary and Treasurer, G. G. Davis. Executive Committee, C. T. Thompson, F. H. Perry, E. B. Bishop, L. C. Sauveur and F. L. Cheney. The question of field trials was referred to the field trial committee and a committee authorized to be appointed by the president to revise the constitution. After a vote of thanks to the secretary for his services, the club adjourned.

Pointer Club.

The Pointer Club of America, met on Thursday afternoon and elected the following list of officers: President, Jas. L. Anthony; Vice-President, John S. Wise; Secretary and Treasurer, B. E. Edwards; Board of Governors, George Jarvis, T. G. Davey. Special prizes to the amount of \$40 were donated to the Toronto show, \$20 of which is to be divided between the best dog and bitch respectively owned by member in open classes, and \$20 more to best dog and bitch in open classes. Mr. Calvin S. McChesney, Troy, N. Y., was elected a member.

English Setter Club.

The English Setter Club held no meeting. There were but 37 members present on Thursday and 47 were necessary to make a quorum. The executive committee attended to some business of a routine character. There was no election of officers, therefore the present incumbents hold over till next year. There is a movement to call a special meeting to amend the by-laws in respect to a smaller number constituting a quorum.

Eastern Field Trial Club.

The Eastern Field Trial Club met on Thursday, and transacted business of a private character.

Indianapolis Dog Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After making application for membership in A. K. C. we were informed that the Columbus Fanciers' Club had claimed dates we wanted for our show, which were the only available ones to be had, but as we had heard nothing of their proposed show it occurred to us that if we presented the matter to them, showing how far we had gone and what a disappointment it would be to us to be left out this year, they might waive dates in our favor, and on receipt of our letter they most courteously called a special meeting and decided agreeably to our request and immediately wired us their decision, stating they would also advise A. K. C. I take this opportunity of expressing the appreciation of our club to the Columbus gentlemen, for I do not believe there is another place or club in the United States that would go to all the trouble they did to defeat their own purpose to allow us to execute ours, and I can further say that beyond what apparent appreciation we can show them in this way, we trust they will all come over to our show and allow us an opportunity to practically demonstrate it. We have called a meeting for Feb. 22, when suitable vote of thanks will be properly transmitted to them, and we will at the same time appoint our various committees to prepare for the coming show. I have also to state the express company will run a special car for dogs from Elmira, N. Y., and from Detroit, Mich., immediately after those shows, without change through to Indianapolis, full particulars of which I will report later, so that parties desiring to attend either of above shows and our show also will experience no trouble or fear of delay or exposure caused by transfer of dogs.

Arrangements will be made to return all dogs free that have paid full rate one way, and it is expected that the railroad companies will make reduced rates for fare during our show.

The Board of Trade kindly donate to us the use of their rooms for our meeting and we feel that the Commercial Club is at our back. A postal card will insure a premium list, and we hope to show our friends who may visit the Hoosier capital that we can have as fine a show as any other city, and we also feel that our show should help the entries for Detroit and Elmira shows, for we hope to hear from them.

CHAS. K. FARMER, Sec'y.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

BEYOND what we said last week about the opening of the show, there is little more to be written. Everything progressed in good order, as well it might under Mr. Mortimer's able generalship, aided as he was by the watchful eye of Mr. Tom Terry, who while strolling around with a good word for every one, never failed to note a "jar" in the proceedings. Mr. Cromwell was also a busy man, and through the little window in the front office had to answer many questions, and on the last day we saw him paying the prizes, no mean undertaking in a show like this. All were paid off on Friday excepting a few exhibitors not present. It is a pity the rings could not have been larger, as many of the classes were crowded. The rings were kept clean and tidy as usual and with Mr. John Read on the lookout from the assistant superintendent's box there was no loose straw in the aisles, and everything smelled sweet. The dogs on the whole were well shown, though some of the pointers would have been better at home, as the dirty brown patches on several dogs are eyesore. We would not think of showing a horse before a judge unless his coat had the gleam of health and good grooming, then why put a dog down before a judge unless he is properly fit, at least as far as coat is concerned. Some of the judging was very difficult and required a careful eye. In St. Bernards Miss Whitney had a huge task, but acquitted herself with satisfaction to herself and most of the exhibitors, though her work would be easier were she to be a little less generous with the cards and clear her rings a little sooner of those dogs that cannot possibly come within a dozen of the winners. Her most difficult undertaking was to decide which should be considered the best St. Bernard, and the decision that gave the ribbon to Princess Florence met with indorsement from many present, as we said once before, condition will turn the scale one way or the other.

Mr. Muss-Arnolt acquitted himself well, and so pleased were the gentlemen who own the Hepburn Kennels in being beaten in dogs, that they presented the judge with a handsome cigar holder. This is a tip for other disappointed exhibitors. Mr. Mayhew had double mother assigned to him, for on account of Mr. Dorsey's wife's mother dying the latter could not fulfill his engagement, and so the classes were turned over to Mr. Mayhew. There was some little dissatisfaction expressed in this, as many of the dogs entered would not suit Mr. Mayhew's idea and were entered for Mr. Dorsey, who favors the larger type. We fail to see how the club could have done better. Mr. Tallman looked worried, and probably when he finished his large contract there was no happier man in the building, until the fellows got at him and worried him so for his reasons, that he failed to take notes of the classes even for his own paper, and so we had to give up every idea of having a report of his breeds, which would have made our judges' reports complete.

Mr. George Raper had a busy two days indeed, for his dogs were made up of "a miks," and it is barely human not to have made a mistake or two, and in the hurry of finishing up on Wednesday night, to have placed dogs a little differently when the specials were awarded. In one instance this rejudging worked injustice to Mr. Rathbone over the Thayer special for best dog by Starden's King, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Suffolk Regent taking vhc. in puppy dogs and Beverwyck Boy reserve; in the throw-off afterward Regent took the dollars. Mr. Rathbone just missed this special last year, but thought he had it this time. Major Taylor was called in to judge the half-dozen Chesapeakes present. During one afternoon there was some little excitement when a lighted cigarette had fallen on a mat upstairs in the gallery.



MR. G. MUSS-ARNOLT.
Judge of Great Danes, etc., New York Show, 1893.

Mr. Mortimer saw a curl of smoke arising, and quietly summoning a deputy instructed him to go quietly up and get help with a bucket or two and put it out. Mr. Mortimer says he knows what his heart tastes like now. There was a good deal of smoke and a big smell, and lots of people wondered where it all came from afterward. It is dreadful to contemplate what a scene would ensue if fire did really break out in such a place at such a time.

Among those whose names we failed to remember last week as being at the show were Messrs. Herbert Meeres, John Bateman, C. A. Shinn, Dr. C. A. Louget, Geo. W. Glazier, Washington Coster, R. R. Moore, J. F. Stewart, Bradford S. Turpin, F. J. Farley, Noyes Billings, F. W. Whitlock, J. H. Winslow, S. S. Banks, Lloyd K. Banks, James B. Blossom, etc. Below will be found the reports by the judges, which cannot fail to be of great interest to the exhibitors, both as a novelty, because they, the judges, have made a point of giving reasons for their awards, and another, that we think judges should occasionally be allowed an opportunity to give their side of the case.

The attendance was good throughout, though the dreadful weather precluded all idea of the crowds that came in last year. That the club will be on the right side there is little doubt. The quality of people present was hardly up to that which we have seen, the weather, as stated, probably accounting for this. Still, in the afternoon "dog alley" formed a convenient meeting place for many society dames and their good men, and some of the toilets were strikingly handsome. Many ladies took great interest in the judging, such society people as Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Ladenburg, Mrs. Albert Stevens, Mrs. Terry, Miss Maud Lorillard, Mrs. Duncan Elliott, etc.

St. Bernards.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Rough-coats, challenge class, dogs.—The competitors, Sir Bedivere and Kingston Regent, placed as named, need no introduction. The former, now entering the second half of his sixth year, has not "gone off," spite of would-be detractors. He is all here, firm and strong in back, loin, limb; more genial in expression, perhaps, not in fullest coat, but still

carrying enough for beauty. Not since he came to America has his coat been more brilliant. Kingston Regent, sterling good dog as he is, should be well contented with second prize. Yet he loses little in size, nothing in body color to his kennel mate, and in feet excels him. He is a trifle low in flesh and off in coat, good in head as always. Were he graced with such markings as many poorer in quality, his merit would be more readily acknowledged.

Owing to the absence of Lady Livingston in the corresponding class for bitches, the grand Lady Gladwyn had nothing but her own high record to beat, and though quite out of coat, fairly won her blue ribbon. A full sister to Kingston Regent, a half-sister to the matchless Princess Florence, her rare beauty, noble expression, high type, are no matters of chance. Now at a state in which most rough St. Bernards should be kept at home, she bears criticism bravely. For the first time her ears seemed a bit large, but careful measurement proved my error due to the lack of coat on



MR. E. M. OLDHAM.
Judge of Spaniels at New York Show, 1893.

throat. In skull, stop, depth of muzzle, symmetry, it would be hard to improve her head, unless the aquiline line could be reduced to something nearer the Greek in her profile. Generous in proportions back of the ears, firm and strong in limb, and apparently sweet in temper from the beginning to the very end of the show, she is one of the choicest of her race and sex. In color she might be a richer orange, but her heavy black shadings relieve it admirably.

Open class, rough-coated dogs.—Of the thirty-one entries. Otos, Eboracum and Harold Saxton were absent, and Ben Hur and Sir Plinlimmon were not for competition. Even without them there was a ring full of all sizes and grades, small weeds, tall weeds, self-colored outsiders stamped with a "blot on the scutcheon," and exquisitely marked, grandly-framed giants, with disgracefully weak heads. Cheating nature is not the easiest feat.

The recent importation, Marvel, first, is in many ways a surprise. In color and markings, rich deep orange, with snowy ruff, even blaze, strong black shadings and flecks on muzzle adding greatly, white forelegs, hindfeet, tip of tail, etc., he is strikingly handsome. In massiveness of frame he is astonishing; looks like Alton, a smaller dog than he is, because of his proportions. Careful measurements alone tell the story. Were he shown as heavy in flesh as many it would be no advantage. His head, huge as it is, is not too large for such shoulders, chest and limbs. A little greater width between the ears, and a little taken from length of forehead and flew would improve it without marring the sweet expression. Like Princess Florence and Lady Gladwyn, his nose is a bit Roman in outline. A fortunate fellow he is to have only one pastern that at times suggests dancing lessons. Roland, Jr., second, a fine specimen of American breeding, may well be proud of standing next the wonderful Marvel. Of good size and proportions, with strong, straight limbs, shapely head, pleasing, gentle expression, bright orange and white in color, with even face markings and black shadings, he is very taking. His coat, flat and excellent in texture, is not at its best, and he lacks flesh and condition. Kamehameha I.—St. Bernard, forgive the name—third, a well-grown, handsome son of champion Hesper, is hardly out of puppyhood, or would push the second prize winner even more closely. In size, symmetry, massiveness, he challenges comparison; his expression is winning, his head of good type, but lacking maturity; his color, rich orange tawny, with the proper markings and black facings. He should improve for two years to come. Altoner, fourth, is another good American-bred young one, in his second year; spall in size among so many giants, and shown quite too thin, with the additional disadvantage of not wearing a fresh coat. Withal, he inherits exquisite quality from his sire and will rarely be outclassed anywhere. Kingstonian Count, vhc. reserve, a very large, heavily framed young dog, not yet two years old, contrasts strikingly with those immediately above him. Great in size of head, it lacks breadth, depth of stop and fine modeling, is too long in forehead as yet; time may develop it. His color is the richest dark orange, with blaze and all white markings save collar. Dense black shadings add to his beauty. In loin and quarters he shows sad lack of growth and strength.

Roland, vhc., an importation from Switzerland some years ago, has dropped from the second prize place won here in 1889 through no fault of his own, for he never looked better than to-day. Successful later importations and the results of careful selection and breeding have relegated him and many another good dog to the rear. He is of grand proportions, splendid in coat, sound and strong on his feet as need be, rich dark brindle and white in color, short and square in head. In expression he might be less keen and more genial, and his coat should be flatter. His son, Roland, Jr., shows his value. Refuge II., vhc., one of the few sons of champion Plinlimmon now alive in this country, and no longer a young dog, still carries himself fairly, but short of coat and flesh. Handsomely marked, like most of his family, bright orange, with white blaze, collar, etc., relieved by dark facings, and standing on strong if not straight limbs, he merits notice for his frame, good proportions and head. Had it not been for his unfortunate eyelids, now all right, thanks to New York skill, I think his expression would be less sad. Bevis, vhc., a tall, grandly-built, powerful young son of Alton, orange, with the desired markings, needs smoothing in coat and calming in expression, as well as some improvement in fore face, to carry him to the front in such company. Claudius II., vhc., a son of Ben Lomond, imported last year, made his bow to the American world and may have been disappointed not to add to his long list of winnings in England. In height, length, straightness of limb he is hardly equalled by any other in the class. His bright orange coat and even markings suggest his sire, and, like him, Claudius lacks black facings. A splendid, great fellow he is back of his ears, but his head is weak and lack-

ing in character. Mauprat, he., is another handsome specimen, almost exactly like Claudius in markings, below him in stature, good in skull, but wanting in depth of muzzle. George T., c., a 13mos. old pup of enormous size and good proportions, should have been content with a place in the novice class, being quite too young and unfurnished for his older competitors in this. His head needs growth in all dimensions save length, and his pale color is not pleasing. Barney D. is another whose size and symmetry cannot blind us to the woeful lack of strength and expression in head. His brindle coloring and that of Donnar, c., and Percival, c., show a reversion toward the Swiss markings. These last two, grandsons of old Otho, strong, stocky, well set up, but small, are almost very good. They are too square in head, lacking in finish and commonplace in expression. Brooklyn Prince, c., won his letter for symmetry, beauty and quality of body and limb.

Open class, rough-coated bitches. Of the twenty entries Lady Sneerwell, Kingstonian Beauty and Princess Anne were absent, and four others competed for specials only. Over many good ones, and some of great excellence, Princess Florence queened it easily. Wonderful as her size is for one of her sex, that is not the secret of her supremacy. She is magnificent in quality from tip to tip, grand in proportions, massive and strong in frame and limb, shoulder and loin, chest and back, rich red orange in color, with proper markings and shadings. Crowning all, her exquisite head compels the admiration of even the most captious. In beauty of contour, exquisite modeling, dignity and sweetness of expression, it is nearly flawless. Hespsey, second, another grand one from England, is one of the most massive for her inches. In color of coat she has improved amazingly during the year, and now it is pleasing and rich, an orange tawny with the snowy markings, jet black facings and flecks. She shows beautiful quality, admirable symmetry and strength in body and limb, and carries herself splendidly. For her build her unusually large head is not over size, now that she is fully grown throughout. It is fine in shape, skull, forehead, muzzle, flew, and improves upon examination and measurements, the severest tests. The sight of both eyes is perfectly good. Just below them less breadth of muzzle would be a gain in delicacy and expression. Miss Anna, third, a more recent importation and a rare good one, as a daughter of Watch should be, loses but little to her kennel mate in quality, is smaller, though not small, has an exquisite head, more feminine than Hespsey's perhaps, with charming expression; as shown, looked a trifle heavy in ear and thick in neck. When full in coat matters will be different. In color she is white and orange with beautiful head markings and black shadings. In symmetry of body, strength and straightness of limb, etc., there is nothing to improve. Sunray, fourth, a handsome, great animal, shown in exquisite condition, brilliant red orange with white markings and black shadings; in coloring leaves nothing to be desired, and in movement is as active as the proverbial "terrier." It was no mean honor to stand fourth to the noble trio above her. In head properties she loses, though far from poor. Judy, vhc. res., like Sunray, a daughter of Alton, lacks black facings only to rival her in color, and in size, texture of coat, frame and limb scores high. In head she falls below the rank of the others, but is pleasing in expression. Uarda, vhc., shown dead lame, and evidently suffering intensely from an accident to one pastern, could hardly show herself at all. Of medium height, long, deep head and massive in body and limb, as a bitch should be, her good head and general quality were hardly able to carry her nearer the front in such a high class. More polish on her orange and white coat would improve her appearance. Kingstonian



MR. POTTINGER DORSEY, NEWMARKET, MD.
Who was to have judged Beagles and Chesapeake Bay Dogs.

Countess, vhc., lately brought over, a daughter of Scottish Prince in her second year, is hardly developed enough for full criticism. Like most of her sex she has strong limbs, size enough and fair proportions, shines in brilliant deep orange, with proper white and black trimmings, but her skull is not broad enough to match depth of muzzle and forehead, and her ears are hardly small enough. Lady Taylor, hc., very like her, loses in size, texture of coat and stop. Lady Nicotine, hc., far excels her in head and massiveness throughout, but has now a very pale yet smartly colored coat, crooked foreleg and extreme youth against her. Nell Gwynne IV., c., an imported beauty of deep coloring, perfect where most bitches are, and bright in expression, lacks quality in head. Jungfrau, c., and Streatham Belle, c., won their mention for general quality back of muzzle and forehead.

Rough-coated dog pups.—In this lot of twenty-two there were as many sorts as in the open class. A vast difference lies between six months and eleven in growth and development, and comparison was difficult. After dismissing twelve aspirants, first prize went to Lord Walbeck, a son of Miss Anna, eleven months old, a huge fellow in frame, not yet straight of limb, very good in skull, face, muzzle; heavy in ear now and most peculiar in color, a sort of pink fawn with proper white markings and shadings of black. The texture of his coat is that of a three months youngster still wearing his puppy down. Gen. Phil Sheridan, second, a noble-headed son of Sir Bedivere, most promising in every respect, pushed the first prize winner hard, far excelling him in expression, coloring and development, but showed so badly in the ring that he missed victory. Duke of Alton, third, a great sized handsome son of King Regent, well deserved his rank, and if he goes on right will give others work to beat him. Gen. Victor Joseph, vhc., litter brother of the second prize winner, and very like him, showed his misfortune in being too shy to show himself to advantage. Lord Essex, vhc., another well grown one, good in skull and symmetrical in body, needs richer color to make him pleasing. Sir Eldred Bedivere and Clairvaux, hc., two more good ones, the former of the litter of Generals, are not yet up to the others though quite above mediocrity in promise and size. Benny, hc., shows something of his sire Otos, but has much more to

do in growth and development. Gen. Joe Hooker, c., a big fellow, lacks stop and has a very pale eye in a very dark face, giving him an unpleasant expression. Lord Leander, c., a good tawny brindle well marked, strong and well framed, is almost too finished for a pup. Here let me apologize to Bayonne Hector, who was quite dwarfed in the ring among the older ones. Looking him over later in his stall alone, he proved a very good pup, excellent in promise, bone, build and last and most important, head. He should fare better another time. The majority of the letterless contingent were very poor in head. Brutus S., hc., is of better quality than he shows at first. In head and muzzle he scores more than in size; his dull brindle body color is hardly relieved by his good white markings and black facings.

Of the nine entries in the corresponding class for bitches one was dismissed and one, Jess Bedivere, was snowed up and arrived too late for judging, and the others were a very pretty lot. Lady Bess II., first, a daughter of Sir Bedivere and litter sister of the handsome Generals, is what might be expected from her breeding in bone, frame and quality too, happily. Lady Charlton, second, a promising pup all through, still wears her first coat and needs growing. Hero, third, loses in head promise and is quite too fat; her coat is like Lady Charlton's. Adina, hc., is much younger and consequently hard to criticize—handsome and promising for her months. Felicita, Duchess of Montreal, Daffodil and



ARTHUR TRICKETT WINS WITH MR. MOORE'S ALTON, JR.
New York Show, 1893.

Lady Cora, c., all took their letter for general promise and growth.

Challenge Class, Smooth-coated Dogs.—Nevis and Scottish Leader, well known and good in quality, met for the first time. The latter won, excelling in all points, a wonderfully improved dog in condition, coat, muscle and expression. Nevis, now nearly six years old, is in better coat than heretofore, and in exquisite form, gentle and winning in expression as always.

In the bitch class the sweet Empress of Contocook, not in best show form, won first, followed by handsome Miss Alton, second, richer in color, a good orange, with orthodox markings and shadings, full of quality, taller, on the best of legs and feet, but very low in flesh. Cleopatra, reserve, also rich in color, shown rather heavy in flesh, must yield to the others in quality.

Open Class, Dogs.—All the 14 entries were present and made a grand display in quality, size and beauty of markings. Melrose, first, fine as he was last year, has improved greatly, and though still lacking in depth of chest and loin, is so great in frame and limb, so grand in head and beautiful in expression that he easily won over his litter brother, Melrose King, second, another good one of the same rare family. The second prize winner, as perfect in markings as Melrose, richer orange in color and very nearly his equal in size, loses to him in head and expression, is almost abnormally heavy in brow and rather full in eye. He was hard pressed by the beautiful, massive Patrol, third, in brilliant condition, a superb dog, showing the quality of sire and grandsire. In condition he beats those above him, and in girth. In head proportions, shadings and frame the advantage is with them. A royal trio they are. Hercules, fourth, a newcomer, a little lower in size, well built and firm on his limbs, equal to the best in coloring, needs a little more depth of flew to match his skull, and his eyes would be kinder if darker. Leicester, Jr., vhc. reserve, strongly suggests his sire, but lacks his grandeur of head, and is as yet too heavy in coat. Sir Richard, vhc., a tall, lithe, free moving young dog, orange and white, heavily flecked, lacks massiveness throughout, is sweet in expression and symmetrical, but a little too much on racing lines for the rest of the company. Two years hence he may be much better. Solace, vhc., another good one, of Swiss blood, is of fair size, strongly built and finely proportioned, rather fine below the eyes and inclined to fullness of cheek muscles. Caesar, hc., like Sir Richard in build, is a peg lower in head quality and rather straight in hocks. Carlo A., hc., beats him in size and symmetry, but has too thick a coat, is weak in muzzle and carries his ears doubtfully. Kingston Bosco, c., a son of Scottish Guide, without glaring faults, scarcely rises above mediocrity, and Apsley, Leon and Benoni, all of the same value from the bench show point of view, are individually good enough to command attention. This class was much more even in quality than the open class of rough-coated dogs.

Open class smooth coated bitches. A small and select lot of the cream of the breed were there. Lady Alton, first, as marvelous a surprise as Empress of Contocook when she made her debut, won her place readily. A wonderful young creature, great in size, beautiful in color and marking, powerful in frame, true and strong in limb, and most typical in head, benign and gentle in expression; she needs more flesh. Charmion, second, daughter of champion Hesper and Cleopatra, rich in color as the first prize winner and suggesting both her parents in quality and beauty, owes her place in no small measure to her exquisite condition, in which she far excels her charming half sister Bellegarde, third. The latter a smaller edition of Empress of Contocook, is far too low in flesh to do herself justice. When in show form she must be a different creature. Judith, fourth, the most wonderful matron of her race now in this country, sweet faced and gentle, of medium size, rather slight in frame and over plump in body, white and orange with well marked head, accepted her position with pride, as the parent of the first prize winner. Lady Gwendolin, vhc. reserve, her half-sister, is better in body and limb but loses to her in head.

The puppy classes were almost blanks, only one dog, Boston Boy, a son of Belisarius, a handsome fair specimen, appearing, and his sister Miss Nellie, similar in quality, alone in her glory also. Elma, a fair rough-coat, wrongly entered in this class was transferred and awarded hc.

The novice class, dogs, rough and smooth-coated, brought out sixteen, a motley collection, nine of whom were unnoticed. As usual, quality lay among the smooths, and Alton, Jr., first, easily led them all. A king among giants in frame, height, length, with perfect limbs and feet, beautiful in markings as the best, noble in head, with the true, typical expression combining gentleness, intelligence and dignity, he is a glorious specimen. Fuerst Bismark, second, a son of Charmion, is a medium-sized dog of good quality, excellent in head, smutty in color, and lacking in collar; far above the average in most respects. Plinlimmon V., third, a son of Refuge II. and Cleopatra, a very promising pup, already a large dog though less than eight months old, was far above all the rest of the class in quality and equal to the most mature in size. Wieland, vhc. reserve, was the first rough-coat to win notice. A heavily built one he is, deep brindle and white, with excellent limbs, good stamp of head but too broad below the eyes and rather short and square; stern in expression, due to lack of face markings. In better condition she would show to more advantage. Mauprat and Geo. T., hc., have already been criticised. Free Trade Tom and Rolfe, hc., both sons of Vindex, are handsome, heavily coated fellows of medium size and some quality, a little inclined to curliness of jacket. Big White Friar, hc., with only slight head markings enough to relieve him from the odium of being self-colored, well deserved his letters, for general proportions, quality, texture of coat, etc. Meldo and Defender, c., two nice dogs of small size, fair symmetry, flat coat, good limbs and pleasant expression, were decidedly better than those mentioned.

The novice class of bitches brought out thirteen, four of whom were quite outclassed. Lady Alton, first prize winner in the open class, took the highest honors here, followed by the rough-coated Uarda, already better of her lameness. Alberta, third, another rough, tall, but thin in flesh, showed herself handsomely, and barring lack of massiveness throughout and a little weakness in forehead and muzzle is a good sort. Fenton Peggy, vhc. reserve, won her place through her good quality, and in spite of her lack of size and poor coat. In markings she is handsome, like most of them. Nell Gwynn IV., vhc., has been criticised, and Lady Sif, vhc., is very similar in beauty, size and symmetry, with the same faulty muzzle. Princess Isabella, hc., a daughter of Vindex, is a big one, rich in color, with too little white, too much curl in coat and somewhat coarse in head. Mistress Lomond, c., is hardly more than a promising pup.

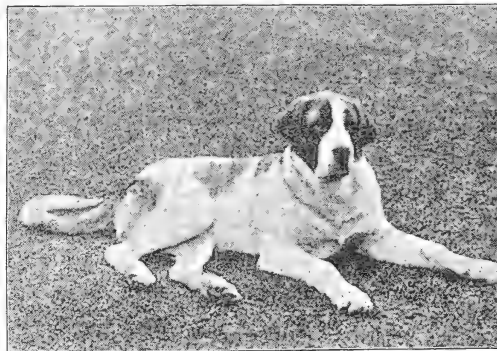
The New York Kennels won the special for rough-coats with the peerless Princess Florence, Sir Bedivere, Marvel and Kingston Regent, and as easily the Melrose Kennels claimed that for smooths, also the club medals and those offered by the Herald, Altoner, a rough from the same kennels, taking the club medal for roughs. Uarda won the special for the American-bred rough-coated bitch, and the \$500 challenge cup went to the wonderful Alton, Jr. The Duchess Kennels' grand collection of bitches easily distanced all competitors for Mr. Reick's piece of plate, and his incomparable pair, Sir Bedivere and Princess Florence, won Col. Ruppert's with equal ease.

The club medal for the best in the show was awarded to Princess Florence after a close examination of her and Sir Bedivere. She comes nearer perfection than he in all points, save in texture of coat and carriage of tail. In expression there is little choice.

Newfoundlands.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Open class, dogs, nine entries, that really looked as though they belonged to the breed, made a rare sight. Roscoe, first, a son of the well-known Prince George and New York Lass, shows his good breeding in every line. Taller than his sire and not yet equal to his brother, Prince Hal, in depth of body, he surpasses both in head, sweetness of expression, massiveness of frame and brilliancy of coat, spite of evident lack of grooming. A powerful young dog of excellent type is the second prize winner, Prince Hal, only a step below Roscoe, flatter in coat and lower on the leg. Prince George, third, the sire, shows age, is growing gray in muzzle, lacks coat



ST. BERNARD LOLA IV.
Bred by Horace T. Leopold, Spalding, England.

and shows a little too much height of skull, but keeps enough quality to stamp him of the best still. Mt. Vernon Bull, vhc. reserve, of good size, is of another family, in head lacking breadth of forehead and depth of muzzle. His good, flat coat is a little rusty. Sailor Lad, vhc., is not so good in muzzle, a trifle curly in coat and shows grayness. Satan, vhc., is of good size for his age, less than one year, and promises well, is somewhat undeveloped in skull and his muzzle can improve. He needs grooming, as is the case with Nero, hc., who is behind him in shape of head and muzzle, good in size and fair in proportions. Frank, c., is too narrow in skull and weak in muzzle.

Bitches.—Troy Lass II., half-sister of the first and second prize winners among the dogs, had no trouble in securing highest honor. Not the largest, her proportions are admirable, her head broad and shapely, expression kind and gentle, coat good and color bright. Lady Patch, second, cannot equal her in any point save size, though a good one; is narrower above the eyes and loses a bit in muzzle as well. New York Lass, third, taller than those above her, carries her years lightly, is in fine coat, strong and firm on her feet, most pleasing in expression and presses the younger ones closely. Brunette, vhc. reserve, a first-prize winner elsewhere, is not equal to the best here, lacking quality in head by comparison. Jezebel, vhc., a handsome Prince George bitch, is still only a pup, and like her brother, Satan, promises to improve with time.

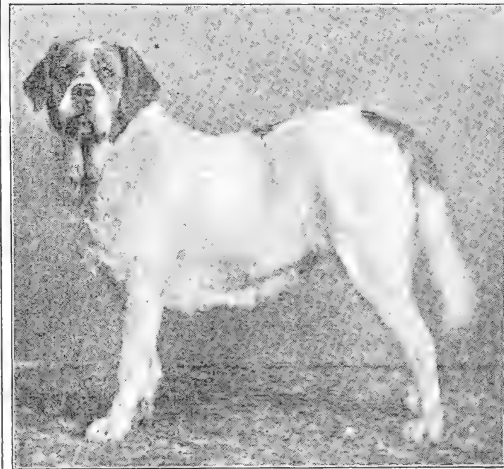
Every Newfoundland shown was well built, sound and strong in limb and free in movement. Only a few showed any white, and that, a slight patch on chest, was not noticeable. In coat there was a decided improvement, and also there was a sad lack of grooming evident. Six of the fourteen were of the Prince George family, the best strain we have, far beyond all others in beauty, character and type. All lovers of this valuable old breed owe thanks to Mr. Marshall. He won the special for the best brace with Prince Hal and Troy Lass II.

Pugs.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Challenge class, dogs. For the first time the well known Bob Ivy, first, and Cashier, second, met in competition in this class. The former scores in size, eye, shortness and squareness of muzzle and coat. The latter takes defeat with the same equanimity as victory, always jaunty and stylish, with his inimitable tail in its perpetual exquisite twist. In carriage of ears he leads the victor. In color and markings there is little to choose. The corresponding bitch class was a *pas seul* for lucky Nellie Bly. In color (clear apricot fawn), beauty of coat and markings she well deserved her ribbon.

With two exceptions the open dog class was the prettiest, most even lot I have ever seen here. The winners of first, second and third were no further apart than the fingers on one hand, in size, show form, beauty and texture of coat. Under the trying conditions Dixie, first, carried himself and his good little ears most nearly right, and showed more wrinkle. He would be improved by more sharply defined trace and black nails. Waddles II., second, is a trifle heavy in flesh, not quite true in one foreleg, could not be prevailed on to carry his ears right. In markings the contrast was a trifle brighter than Dixie; like him he lacks black nails. Little Fritz, third, elbows the others, but seems not quite their equal in wrinkle and general style. Ivy Boy, vhc. reserve, loses to his kennel mate, the third prize winner, a little, in carriage, ears and muzzle. Patsy Bolivar, vhc., has some-



ST. BERNARD JUDITH.
Owned by G. P. Wiggin, Lawrence, Mass.

thing the style of his father, Cashier, and is shorter in muzzle. In wrinkle he is excellent, as in head markings, but loses to those above him in coat, show form and eyes. Tip Top, hc., was badly handicapped by his own lack of confidence in the ring. Seen the day after, out of his cage and at ease, he carried himself beautifully from ears to tip of tail. Like Patsy Bolivar his coat is too heavy; and he is behind the others in quality of head. Griff W., hc., litter brother of Patsy Bolivar, is not quite his equal in any respect. Beauty, c., is a beauty in coat, markings, wrinkle and eyes; quite outclassed in all else.

In open class bitches Sara Bernhardt, first, a tiny creature, with all the style and airs of the great Sara, and like her, not overburdened with avoirdupois, led her class in head, wrinkle, ears, muzzle and carriage. In coloring the contrasts should be clearer and she is, as usual, too low in flesh, but better in coat than we have seen her before. Midget, second, beautiful in color, is as much too fat as the first prize winner is too thin; she scores handsomely in size and general effect, but show herself she would not for me. Eastlake Sister, third, a very pretty little bitch and, like all exhibits from this kennel, in exquisite coat, shows her relationship to Lord Clover in wrinkle and good head, but is quite too much undershot. Mabel E., vhc. reserve, shown rather heavy in flesh, hardly did herself justice and was sadly out of coat; she should look better later in the year.

Puppies, dogs and bitches. Midget Harry, first, is almost too small, though his self-possession and strength suggest a watch spring; in color a pretty golden fawn, his tiny body is well-fronted, with a head quite large enough, ears well carried, muzzle very short and as much wrinkle as there is room for; quite a charming little fellow, too nearly a toy, however. Cashier's Daughter, second, a well-grown, promising pup, looks like making a good one later, when her color clears and family pride gives her the family style. Jane, vhc. reserve, a very pretty daughter of Bob Ivy, was far too shy to display herself; when more furnished and she acquires her sire's *aplomb* she should go higher. Toto, vhc., Tony II., hc., and Punch, c., all of the same litter, are at the awkward age; all silvery fawns, heavily marked, Toto showing the most quality and heaviest wrinkle.

All the pugs were sadly at a disadvantage in having to move on so slippery a surface and in many cases their anxiety to keep their footing rendered them oblivious of all else. Bob Ivy won special for the best in the show, after a critical examination of Seminole Dixie. The kennel prize was won by Little Fritz, Ivy Boy, Midget Harry and Eastlake Sister.

ANNA H. WHITNEY.

Mastiffs.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

The challenge class for mastiff dogs only tempted Beaufort's Black Prince, who gained a bloodless victory, and later on beat every individual competitor in this group, carrying off no less than five specials, and with the assistance of his three kennel companions, Beaufort's Colonel, Beaufort's Big Bess and Bess, Mr. Winchell secured the Westminster Kennel Club's special offer for the best four exhibits. If my memory serves me right, Black Prince was equally successful last year, since which time he certainly has made no perceptible improvement, in fact he gives me the impression of having to some extent deteriorated. In hindquarters and movement he has not in the slightest degree improved, and although his head is generally very massive yet it somewhat lacks high-class type and character in these essentials. I preferred Mr. Wade's Lady Coleus, whose formation of head and general contour—notwithstanding to a slight degree it lacks size and substance—is grand in character, and in addition she is very level and symmetrical in build, and although beaten by Mr. Winchell's larger and more massive representative she was in no way disgraced, in fact, taking all in all, was very little his inferior. Of course she beat the Lady Dorothy decisively, especially in size and substance, and grandeur of head, and a couple of specials were placed to her credit, one for the best mastiff bitch in the show and the challenge cup for the second best mastiff in all classes.

Coming to open dogs I considered Mr. Charles Wallack's

Merlin well ahead of his fifteen opponents; he scored almost in every particular, his head, in formation, wrinkle and quality, was far the best, and in bone, body, action and condition he again had a pull, therefore deservedly taking the coveted ribbon. Next to him in order was Mr. J. Lynn's Cardinal Beaufort, a big-headed fellow, though a trifle too short in muzzle, has plenty of bone, a deep, massive body, but he stands too near the ground and did not move particularly well. For third it was a very near thing between Mr. G. W. Glazier's Ingleside Minting and Mr. Beier's Beaufort's Beau; the former, a promising son of Ch. Beaufort and Bess, and now just a year old, should yet improve considerably; in formation of skull, depth and squareness of muzzle he had the advantage of Mr. Beier's dog, who gained a point or two in size and also in hindquarters, where Beau falls off especially from the loin to set on of stern; in other essential properties I liked Beau better and therefore placed him third and Beaufort's Beau fourth, with Mr. Winter's Duke IV. reserve, the latter a fair-sized dog, better in body than head, which lacks character, wanting in depth and squareness of muzzle, and size of skull and wrinkle, and his forelegs are neither straight nor well-formed. Beaufort's Colonel might, with advantage, be a size larger, he exhibits fair type, though his light-colored eyes and color somewhat detract from his character and expression, he falls off behind the shoulders, faults that prevented him gaining higher distinction than vhc. Beaufort Prince, he., has a fair head, he is too hollow in back and moves badly. Better in this respect was Czar, whose good condition was also in his favor; however, his forelegs are defective in formation and his muzzle far too weak.

Thirteen bitches were paraded, the best among them being Mr. Chas. Bunn's Miss Caution, a capital type, still she would be better if larger, and her condition was not the best, the reverse with Mr. McGuinness's Jessica, who immediately succeeded her, for she was exhibited in rather an obese condition. However, she has size and substance to recommend her, and her head is also presentable. She experienced little difficulty in defeating Mr. Randall's Fron for second honors. The latter's head is very fair in formation and shape, but her pale markings somewhat penalize an otherwise fair stamp of bitch. After her I preferred Beaufort's Big Bess, who is plain before the eyes, lacking squareness and depth. The reserve bitch, Ethel, fails in the same particular, and in addition is very tight in skin. Her good bone, lengthy and deep body and sound action warranted the complimentary card awarded her. Gerda II., vhc., possesses a very fair head. In formation, size, expression and type it is commendable, but she is almost a cripple. Her badly formed forelegs and feet should always prevent her scoring in fair company. Lady Temple, hc., falls away too much below the eyes; she is a trifle hollow below the

big, handsome bitch—we refer to the Hempstead Farms' Zmeika—was severely handicapped by being entirely out of coat, and she was shown in too obese condition, otherwise she would have made a much bolder bid for victory. Of the rest, Flodeyka was the best. Among the half dozen puppies there was nothing remarkably striking. The best was Mr. Huntington's Krimena, whose muzzle is too weak and snipy, and at present he is too long and slack in loin. The only other worthy of notice was Mr. Tefft's Bendigo, whose moderate legs and feet must always penalize him severely.

The kennel prize was carried off by Mr. Huntington's quartette. Argos secured the National Greyhound Club's special in addition to the Westminster challenge cup, offered for the best Borzoi in the show. The special for the best bitch was taken by Jerry.

Deerhounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

But for the support accorded them by Mr. John E. Thayer would have been both an inferior and small collection; from this noted kennel no less than ten out of a total entry of sixteen—extending over four classes—were sent for competition, and, needless to say, took by far the largest share of honors. In the challenge class Hillside Warrior beat his kennel companion, Robber Chieftain, whose shoulders are somewhat loaded and his head is coarse and plainer generally than his more fortunate companion, who afterward was awarded the special prize for the best dog, but was afterward beaten by the well know Hillside Romola, who won comfortably in challenge bitches and also secured three specials. With the exception of having large ears she is almost perfect, possessing as she does immense size and substance in combination with quality. Olga, who beat Hillside Theodora, had a decided pull in length and formation of head, in addition to size and texture of coat, but she did not move very true behind. In open dogs Argyle was the most representative, although his muzzle is somewhat weak and altogether he moved in a sluggish fashion, still Hillside Raven is much too coarse in skull and general build and more nearly approaches the wolfhound type on the other. Hillside Lancelot is too weak in head, and his forelegs are not well formed. The winning bitch, Hillside Ruth, a big, upstanding wheaten colored bitch, possesses a rather strong skull, but immense bone, grand loin and thighs, with excellent texture of coat. Hillside Sylvia is too straight in stifles, which impairs her hind action, and her shoulders are too loaded; a nice stamp otherwise; so is the smaller Hillside Fedora, who won third money.

Greyhounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

The challenge class scored three entries, the best being

Retrievers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Only two retrievers were entered, both curly-coated specimens. Physician, who won premiership honors, has a capital shaped head, good eye and ears, and is a well made dog generally. He is a size small and at present a little open in



MASTIFF BEAUFORT'S BLACK PRINCE.
Owned by J. L. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt.

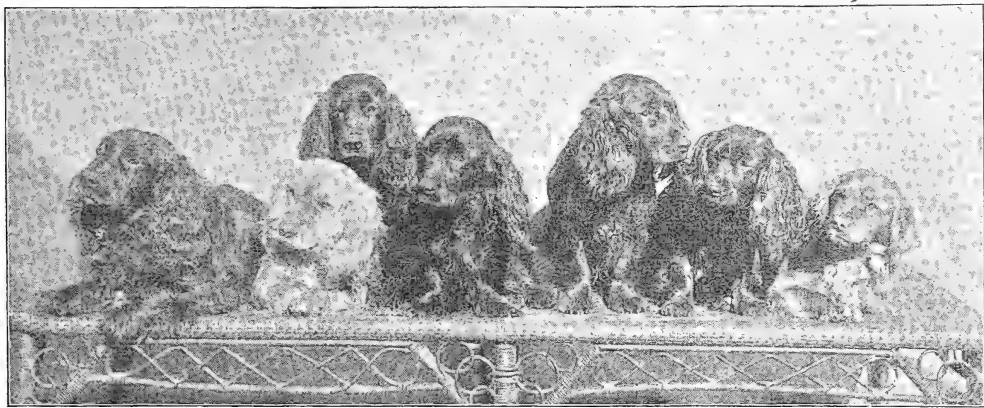
coat, in which essential property Hempstead Jet was not seen to the best advantage.

Collies.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Collies were one of the largest collections in the show. In addition to the two challenge classes, other six competitions were provided and averaged fourteen per class. In challenge dogs Roslyn Wilkes easily beat Ormskirck Shep, who has greatly deteriorated, he lacks size and raciness in build and the carriage of his brush is anything but orthodox. The winner at present is in excellent condition and coat, the latter is very dense and weather-resisting, and unlike many other competitors he can boast of an excellent undercoat, his fore legs are well formed but his head is a trifle short, and for its length somewhat coarse. Metchley Surprise was alone in the bitch challenge class, is too low on the leg and generally too cloddy in build. In the open dog class there were just twenty-four entries, among which Argyle Sandy, the winning puppy at Nashville, was absent, as also was the Lothian Kennels' Dandy King.

The winner turned up in the Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Trefoil, a good-coated, nice-sized black, tan and white dog, possessing a fairly long and well shaped head, with neat ears and good texture of coat; his kennel companion, Conrad II., succeeded in getting third, a position he might have improved upon, had he not been so listless and shown to better advantage, but nothing could induce him to carry his ears in the orthodox manner; his shoulders are somewhat heavy, but he is a rare coated fellow, has capital bone, well-formed legs and is shapely in build. He was beaten by the puppy Roderick Dhont, who is exceedingly well grown and excellently shown. This dog has a capital body, most excellent legs and feet, plenty of frill and top coat, though his under jacket is not very conspicuous, and his head, while lengthy, lacks quality. His brother, Cragston Rhoderick Dhu, was given reserve; he carries plenty of coat, but is too thick and cloddy in build, and not a very good mover behind, besides, his skull at present is too round and prominent above the temples. Curzon, from the Seminole Kennel, succeeded in capturing the fourth ticket, a position his dense coat and general collie properties warranted. Chrysolite, vhc., a very neat sable and white, went lame. Auburn, hc., is undersized, but has a good coat to recommend him to notice. Sir Walter's expression is no



COCKER SPANIELS SNOWBALL, BEAUTY, JACK OF CLUBS, MIDDY, MISS WAGGLES, MISS CHIP, LADY GAY
Owned by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa.

shoulders, too straight in stifles and is fully a size too small. In puppies and also in the novice competition Ingleside Minting scored decisively. Second honors in the first named competition went to Dr. Lougest's Emperor William, an exceedingly well reared son of Ingleside Maximilian and Gerda II. Although only seven months old he is a good size, straight all round, with plenty of bone and substance generally, and his head is fairly massive and squared. Should he escape the ills of puppyhood I expect him developing into a very creditable representative. His kennel companion, Emperor Maximilian I did not care for, his head is altogether too short and bulldog-like; besides, he falls far too suddenly away from the loin and moves badly. Lady Portia, from the same kennel, is very symmetrical in shape and make, and her action all round is faultless. She also scored over Lady Diana in squareness of muzzle, and her pale marking did not add to her attractiveness. The second prize in the novice competition was awarded to Mr. Julius Grau's Rover, a big, good-bodied dog with only a plain head—not that it errs so much in size, as in true formation and character.

Bloodhounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Were numerically a small group. By far the best were Mr. Winchell's Victor and Judith, both of them were indulged with a walkover in their respective classes, and too well known to need a detailed description. In open dogs Belhus, Jr., failed to fulfil his engagement, hence Bono II. had no opposition. He is only a fair specimen; neither did Jess impress me very favorably, although she was well ahead of her three opponents. She lacks size and showed indifferently. Nellie Bly, who took second, is too short and coarse in head, lacking wrinkle and length and quality of leather. Third prize was withheld for want of merit.

Barzois.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Barzois, or Russian wolfhounds, although not very numerous, contained some good representatives, the majority well known. For instance, Argos, Princess Irma and Svodka have all made their mark on this side, and they are placed in the challenge class in the order as written. Argos has in some respects improved since last year, notably in coat. With the exception of his color, to which some connoisseurs take exception, he is, taken all around, a very good specimen. In open dogs, both Peter the Great and Muscovite were absent, so the light for premiership honors rested with Groubian and Osslad; the former, better in head and equally good in every other essential, secured the blue ribbon. In bitches, Mr. Huntington's Jerry and his Modjeska won first and third respectively, being divided by Mr. C. S. Hanks's Vinga, a nice-sized, well-made bitch, not just now in full coat. The winner is a large, upstanding bitch, possessing a well-formed, intelligent head, excellent neck and shoulders, fair depth of ribs and good quarters; her coat might with advantage be more profuse and straighter. Modjeska, although a couple of sizes small, shows remarkable quality and type, and she was shown in grand coat and condition; her worst faults were found in her hindquarters, which are somewhat plain. A

Gem of the Season, who looked remarkably well, although had he been shown two or three pounds lighter he would have looked none the worse; his kennel companion, Ornatus, on account of his inferior hindquarters and action, was well beaten for second prize by the brindled Lord Neverstill, whose neck might, with advantage, be a trifle longer, and he is also too upright in shoulders and hardly covers enough ground. In bitches Bestwood Daisy is a size too small, but her quality and all round style and symmetry told in her favor. In some respects we prefer Lilly of Gainsboro, whose moderate feet, drooping hindquarters and straggling gait handicapped her too severely. Maud Torrington's hind action is also open to criticism, and her wide chest and loaded shoulders, notwithstanding her deep and capacious chest, firm loin and well developed thighs prevented her gaining higher distinction than reserve. Open dogs brought out a new face in Honor Bright, a racing-like black, and while built essentially on racing lines he has a capital outlook, lengthy, well-placed neck, excellent shoulders, very fair depth of chest and both muscular and well-developed hindquarters; he was shown too light in flesh; however, he won comparatively easy in his class, and afterward beat Gem of the Season and all others for the best greyhound in the show. The recipient of the second money was Randy, a stylish brindled who, like the winner, was not seen to the best advantage; he shows quality and style, covers plenty of ground and looks like racing; he would be better with a little more bone, and his loin in his present condition appeared a little slack. Henmore King, never a special favorite of mine, could not be denied third in this company; lacks substance and muscular development, especially in second thighs, and, moreover, moved indifferently. Prince Bismark, placed next in order, is too upright in front and long in loin; his chest is deep and he stands true and covers plenty of ground.

Southern Beauty, who took the coveted ribbon in bitches, is an excellent example, her neck and placement of shoulders are almost faultless, she is a grand topped one, deep in chest and well finished behind, but shown in anything but creditable condition, and had there been anything approaching her in quality and style she must have been beaten. "Chips," placed second, has poor feet—thin and open—her chest is wide and shoulders rather heavy, but beyond the saddle she scores heavily. Wild Rose is smart and taking, but too light generally, and would have looked better if seen four pounds heavier in flesh, whereas Dolly Dollar was exhibited too heavy in condition, which made her chest and shoulders look all the worse. If shown judiciously she might do better, but these faults and "lameness" in one of her hindlegs prevented her gaining higher distinction than fourth place. The white and fawn Spider is also wide in chest and heavy in shoulders, and her feet are thin and open. Puppies were a poor lot, the best being the brindled Norway Star, whose shoulders are already a trifle loaded, but behind them he exhibits fair substance and has well formed hindquarters. Fashion Queen, a nice quality black and white, is very proportionate and symmetrical in build, but she is decidedly small, while Snowball, who is the next best, is never likely to make a great prize winner, for his neck is too short and his stifles too upright and straight. The kennel prize was easily captured by Mr. Arthur W. Furbeck's representatives,



"DO YOU THINK I'LL GET IT."
Chas. Heath and Arthur E. R. Bellman consults the catalogue.
New York Show, 1893.

pleasing, and he is raw and unmatured, neither Finsbury Duke nor Fordhook Eclipse will ever gain high distinction on the bench.

Taken as a group, bitches were better than the dogs. The winner, Nancy Lee, who made a very successful debut, is only 9mos. old, for her age a capital size, and she was just in her best coat, while many of her opponents suffered in this

respect. Her head at present, while fairly good in shape and character, is not really high class, but in bone, shape and make of body and general style and contour she had the advantage of Highland Floss, who was also in tiptop condition and not one in the class moved with greater freedom. Her head is not quite correct in chiseling. We should prefer her muzzle if it were a trifle longer and not quite so angular in formation, and her skull might with advantage be a little flatter. In form the Hempstead Farms' Ormskirk Susie would certainly have held her own, but she was sadly handicapped by being ragged and deficient in coat. She has an excellent body and shows plenty of quality. From the same kennel was Minnie Sefton, a very pretty sable and white, but certainly undersized. One of the most shapely and characteristic bitches in the class was Lady Fidget, whose excellency, notwithstanding her very scanty coat, enabled her to win fourth money. The reserve ticket was handed to Highland Mary. She is by no means a bad-bodied bitch and her legs and feet are quite presentable, while her coat is fairly abundant and dense. Her skull is too domed and her expression not sharp enough. The once notorious Ormskirk Dolly was about the best in the vhc. division. She was altogether out of show condition and at the present time attending to maternal duties, hence very short and open in coat, and her proportions were entirely hidden and spoiled by her very obese condition; therefore, under these circumstances, it would have been an injustice to her other opponents to have placed her any higher. Mary of Argyle, vhc., stands too near the ground and is somewhat wide in chest. Her skull is inclined to be coarse, behind the shoulders she is well built and her good bone and dense coat also weighed in her favor. Cragston Belle, hc., has a nasty, twisted tail, and although fairly lengthy in top coat her under coat is conspicuous by its absence.

Gold Dust, recently purchased from Mr. Thomas E. Stretch, of the celebrated Ormskirk Kennels, for a very high figure, did not arrive from England in time to compete. I may say he is undersized, but one of the most typical and highest quality dogs at present before the public and likely to have a highly successful career.

Nothing new appeared in puppies excepting Blizzard, who showed more quality and style than his more matured kennel mates, Rhoderick Dhu and Cragston's Rhoderick Dhu, placed second and third in the order as written. Among the rest there was nothing better than Mavor, who is rather small in size, weak in face and his skull at present is too domed. The winner requires further time, which will no doubt benefit him. Nancy Lee again scored in puppies and also in the novice class competition. Second to her came Highland Mary, to whom reference has already been made. Mary of Argyle, from the same kennel, took third. In novice dogs the order was exactly a repetition of the puppy awards, and the same remark is equally applicable to novice bitches, with the exception that third honors went to Mr. Bowne's Deepdale Madge. Nancy Lee secured the head prize in the grand annual Collie Sweepstakes for collies born in the United States or Canada after July 1, 1891. Roderick Dhont came next, with Roderick Dhu third and Lady Fidget fourth. The special for the best team was won by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's representatives. Roslyn Wilkes took the special for the best collie in the show, in addition to that offered for the best American bred dog. Woodmansterne Trefoil secured the medal for the best dog in the open class, and that offered for the best in the corresponding bitch class was awarded Nancy Lee.

Smooth sheepdogs were a small group, only three putting in an appearance. Hempstead Farm Kennels were represented by Hempstead Maid and Blue Light, who were placed first and second. The winner is rather small and light in bone, but shows good quality and type. Blue Light also lacks size, and Farina, who got third, carries too much coat by far. Hempstead Bob, the only old English bobtail,



IRISH SETTER CHAMPION TIM.
Owned by Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

is an exceedingly well grown puppy, possessing a typical head and excellent body and hindquarters.

Bulldogs.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Bulldogs were exceptionally meritorious and representative. In the challenge class the well-known Harper and Pathfinder were quite ahead of Bo'swain and Carisbrooke. In the corresponding class for bitches, Saleni beat The Graven Image. Both bitches were looking well; the former has slightly the deeper and broader muzzle, is longer from eye to ears, and better in spring of ribs and formation of shoulders.

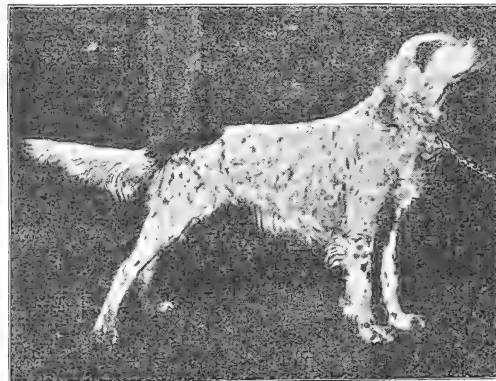
Open dogs, over 45lbs., brought out Leonidas, whose massive head, great bone, excellent shoulders and grand body properties carried him well to the front. Stanley, who immediately succeeded him, has a well-finished muzzle, good stop and temples, and well-formed skull; in comparison he is leggier and lighter in middle piece. Rustic Sovereign might with advantage also be lower on the leg and his shoulders require developing; with these exceptions he is a most excellent specimen, having a very large and massive skull, big nose, and broad and well finished underjaw. Handsome Dan, reserve, is a very taking fellow; is short in face, but lacking breadth in foreface, and his eyes are not placed wide enough apart; he is fairly short in back and stands moderately wide in front, but his stern is too high set on and carried gayly. Cardinal Wolsey is almost froggy, a fault that is fatal to success. Bombardos is plain in head, his skin being very tight, and he would be all the better if shorter in back.

In bitches the brindle Rosie could not be denied; she scores in size and finish of head, in looseness of skin, in bone and massiveness of shoulders, her hindquarters and stern are plain, a fault, but to a less degree also inherited by the well-known Maggie, who was her immediate attendant.

Next to her in order was Miss Venn, pinched in under jaw, but commendable in stop, skull, wrinkle and body, her stern is badly carried and she exhibits a little too much daylight. Dolly Tester, reserve, is fairly good in body and bone; her chief faults are her narrow under jaw and pinched muzzle. Derby May, vhc., was shown as fat as a Christmas prize ox, which entirely spoiled her appearance. Lena Langtry has capital bone and very typical body, but her plain skull and badly-carried ears tell terribly against her.

Dogs under 45lbs. Here King Lud had an easy capture, for with the exception of placement and carriage of stern he beat Wal Hampton with something to spare; the latter, a fair-headed brindle, shows style and quality. Heather, placed third, is a bad color and his short under jaw gives him a down-faced appearance, his skull is large and he is a well-built dog, with capital formation of bone.

Bitches under 40lbs.—In this competition the struggle for supremacy in reality rested with Luna and Adiscombe Gipsy, the former had a slight pull on muzzle and is decidedly lengthier in skull and equally well made in body; behind these there was nothing better than Derby Hebe, who was well beaten allround; her face is pinched and mean and she is too long in back. The puppy and novice classes were divided into sexes. In dogs there was nothing of great promise, by far the best were Argonaut and Slim Jim; the first named had the advantage in muzzle and skull and was also slightly wider in chest. In bitches Papa's Pet could not be denied, she just won from her kennel companion Empress of Orienta, who is a shade longer in back and not quite so



ENGLISH SETTER COUNTESS ZOE.
First, open bitches, N. Y. Show, 1893. Owned by Rockingham Kennels, N. Y.

well finished in fore-face. The awards in the novice class were almost a repetition.

No less than twenty-five specials were offered, but by far the most interesting competition was that for the grand trophy, value \$250, for the best bulldog or bitch in the show. The three favorites were undoubtedly Saleni, King Lud and Leonidas, and eventually the issue lay between the trio. Leonidas and King Lud were first placed together, and after a minute and critical examination the latter had to give way; although Leonidas's jaw is slightly twisted it is quite as broad, deep and *retroussé* as King Lud's; in size, shape and development of skull and looseness of skin he gains a few points, which are further increased in formation of bone, great depth of brisket, and in rotundity of ribs; neither dogs have good sterns, but Leonidas's is not only better placed, but better carried. Saleni scores over both in this one particular, but she loses in forelegs, both in substance and muscular development, also in skull, which wants more development in cheeks to make it perfect. The dog is deeper in stop, higher in temples, and possesses more loose skin; he won several more valuable specials, so did Saleni, including that for the best bull bitch in the show. The special for the best pair went to Saleni and Pathfinder, that for the best teams was awarded the Illwis Kennels, who were represented by Harper, Bo'swain, the Graven Image and King Lud.

Poodles.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

In the challenge class Dexter unsuccessfully opposed Berri, who won most easily. At the present he is in excellent coat, which Dexter is not. In open dogs (black) Mr. Hitchcock's Lion stood out conspicuously; his head is a trifle coarse, but his lengthy and fine coat and good body properties easily secured him the blue ribbon. Tell, the property of Mr. Priem, was given second. His coat is fairly abundant, although coarse; his head is nicely chiseled, and he stands well and is very good in outline and general symmetry. Milo, the recipient of third, is also commendable for his body properties; his expression and formation of head is typical, but his coat is too open. Of the rest Duke was the best; his head is too coarse, and coat a little bronzy. Black Jet is also plain in head, has capital legs and body, his coat is too mixed. In bitches the typical Chloe could not be denied; she had a slight advantage in head and coat over Lady Marquise, who is capital in neck, body and hindquarters. Frou Frou has a fair head, nice legs, feet, neck and shoulders, but she moves badly behind. Flora, reserve, has not a first-rate head and is too long in loin. In any other color Pierrot won from Leo W. Both are typical whites; the former had a slight advantage in head and is firmer in loin and a trifle thicker and denser in coat. Pooh-Bah, a well made brown, is very coarse in skull and dished in face; so is Bellone, from the same kennel. The team prize was won by Mr. Trevor's quartette, and the special for the best poodle in the show was placed to the credit of Berri.

Bull-Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Bull-terriers have made rapid improvement of late and are deservedly popular. In the challenge dog class Streatham Monarch, Carney, Prince Bendigo and Dusty Miller met; the two former were eventually selected for the money prizes. Mr. Moorhead's handsome dog was shown in remarkably good condition and beat Carney handsomely, and later on all the other competitors. There were half a dozen entries in challenge bitches, among them Edgewood Fancy, who was shown in beautiful form and shape; she won, but not easily, from the well known Attraction, whose eyes are a trifle bold and her skull is not quite so correct in formation as the winner's, but in body, bone and stern she compares very favorably. Starlight, reserve, is a little dished in face and falls away a little behind the shoulders; otherwise she is a smart and characteristic specimen. Enterprise was shown in a too obese condition and Winning Wagtail has deteriorated since I saw her last.

Open dogs over 30lbs. weight brought out seven competitors. Crisp, who won premier honors last year at Omaha, was absent. Young Marquis, a typical son of Bendigo and Enterprise could not be denied the coveted card; he is a very promising young dog possessing the right type of head, excellent bone and fair body. Gully the Great, the noted sire, has much to recommend him, his marked skull scores against him and his muzzle is a little coarse at the finish,

with these exceptions he is a very sound dog. Diamond King, placed third, possesses a fairly good head, although his light colored eyes tell against his appearance and his stern is awfully long. Aristocrat, vhc., is better in body than head, he falls away too much under the eyes which are too full and bold. Prince Gully is only young, requires further time to fully develop, he was placed reserve, while hc. was given Cornet II., whose tail is too gay in carriage, and his face is not sufficiently filled up, neither are his eyes dark enough in color.

In bitches over 30lbs. Vesper Bell just won from Fidget. The former showed the most quality and had a slight advantage in head properties, granted her eyes are a bit too wide apart, but Fidget's are too light in color. Third honors went to Maggie Cline, a neat bodied bitch with fair skull, but rather weak jaw and moderate bone and feet. Dogs under 30lbs. proved an easy victory for Sir Rudolph, who was well shown and better in eye and head properties than the shapely Surefoot, who in turn beat Griffio, who is none too good in head and longer in body than necessary. Mermaid, the winning small sized bitch, is a clinker, one of the best youngsters seen out lately. Her head is wonderfully well balanced, eyes dark in color and exceedingly well placed. She possesses plenty of bone, beautiful neck, and is well made up in body, in addition to owning a good stern. Taking size into consideration, she was one of the best terriers in the show, and easily secured the premier prize both in the novice and puppy competitions. Edgewood Wonder, who succeeded her, has a rare body and stern, but she fails before the eyes, which are a little too bold. Early Rose, who came next, carries her stern too gaily and her jaw is a little weak; besides, she was shown far too big in condition. Woodcote Lilly, hc., has a rare body but rather plain head.

In puppies Mermaid and Prince Gully were placed as written. The former again won in novices, where she beat Sweet Marjoram, who later on will want reckoning with. At present she is altogether out of form.

Fox-Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Fox-terriers (smooth) were both a large and creditable collection, and certainly an improvement all round on any previous show. In the challenge class for dogs Starden's Jack, Raffle and Blemton Victor II. were entered, but the first named failed to meet his engagement, so the issue lay between Raffle and the Blemton Kennels' representative, who eventually was declared the winner. He scores in size, in head and coat. In bitches New Forest Echel was absent, thus allowing Dona, who was looking fit and well, to score a bloodless victory.

Among the twenty-one competitors in the open dog class there were at least seven unworthy of notice, and Valens, who cost a large figure and came with a big reputation some three years ago, only got a plain commendation, which certainly represented his full value. The winner turned up in Starden's King, who certainly has improved since last year. He was shown lighter in condition, and his head has, to a slight degree, fined; taken all round he is an excellent sample of substance and quality. Ripon Stormer, who succeeded him, was shown light in condition; he exhibits plenty of dash and character, stands true in front and has an excellent jacket. For third there was nothing so good as Warren Tip Top, who if shown a little lighter in flesh, would have appeared to better advantage; this is a very useful puppy; he possesses plenty of bone, grand front and nice body; his muzzle is a trifle short and so is his neck; should he fine down he will hold his own in the best company. Blemton Rasper has not made any marked improvement since last year; his eyes are a trifle full and his body is almost as deep and round at the loin as chest; he stands as true as a gun barrel in front, but for all that he would be improved with more bone. Bever-



IRISH SETTER CHAMPION LUCIA B.
Owned by Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

wyck Punster, vhc., although a size too big, is a taking terrier; his head, expression and coat are all commendable, his thighs lack substance and he does not move very well behind. Raby Pallisy, with the exception of his over-sized ears, is a useful, game-looking dog, so is Vandal, although a bit long in back. My Fellow, hc., has excellent bone, but big feet; his face is weak, ears large and coat soft; his body is excellent and his stern well placed.

Among the nineteen bitches that paraded, Miss Dollar, who appeared in excellent fettle, showed the most quality and style. Like all the rest she has a few faults. Her muzzle is somewhat weak; so are her bone and feet, and she falls off a bit in back ribs. Dominica, from the same kennel, was placed second in order. She is heavily marked, but is a rare, sturdy stamp, with fairly good head, excellent legs and feet. Her shoulders are a bit upright, but we think she has improved in back ribs. Warren Dorothy, the third selection, may be a size small, and her head, although a shade short, is terrier like. She is very symmetrical in body and stands true in front. Blemton Splinter, fourth on the list, is exceedingly well made behind the saddle. Her shoulders are a trifle bossy and her eyes somewhat bold. The formation of her bone is excellent, and no serious objection can be taken to her coat. An extra fourth went to Lady Roseberry, who shows remarkable quality, although if she had a bit more substance generally she would be all the better. Dusky II. is another more than useful bitch. She has deteriorated somewhat in front and shoulders since last year. Ripon Regina, vhc., exhibits quality, but her pasterns are not very firm and her hindquarters lack substance. Maystorm, from the same kennel, is too weak in jaw and her feet are thin and open. Blemton Vindex, vhc., is a goodish stamp and should she not grow too big will prove a very useful bitch. Her head and expression are commendable, but her ears are thin, large and rather lifeless. In carriage she is a bit long cast and was shown too fat,

In dog puppies, Blemton Stickler succeeded in making a successful debut. This youngster with luck should make up into a good terrier, his head is lengthy and well balanced, his expression certainly might be keener, in neck, shoulders, outline and finish he is taking, though at present he looks a shade long in the back; but this apparent fault should be obliterated when he is fully matured. Warren Layman is built on heavier lines; his skull is somewhat coarse, so are his shoulders; therefore, with age he is not likely to make much improvement; but here, with the exception of being a trifle fat, he looked well and showed for all he was worth, which Beverwyck Rex did not. The latter is a very shy dog in the ring, and on the second day, when competing for a special, he persistently refused to make an effort, and no inducements on the part of his owner could tempt him to show, hence he was beaten by the sturdy Suffolk Regent, whose bone is immense, his skull is a trifle coarse, and he was shown in rather obese condition. Arrandale Mixture, vhc., who is too young to successfully compete, is likely to develop into a shapely terrier.

Bitch puppies found Warren Regina and Blemton Vindex ahead. Third ticket went to Hillside Serena, who was rather shy, hence did not show to great advantage. She is very typical in make and shape, shows considerable quality, but is not particularly pleasing in head. For reserve there was nothing better forward than Hillside Pepper, whose jaw is a bit weak and her coat is not very hard in texture; still quite a useful youngster, and if her shoulders don't get loaded she will prove a useful representative. Arrandale Sybil, vhc., has a few good properties, though she appeared very green and made little of the opportunity afforded her. In both the novice classes the awards were almost a repetition, many of the same dogs competing, hence it would be superfluous to again go into details, as the prize list will supply all that is requisite. The special for the best dog or bitch in the show was carried off by Blemton Victor II. That for the best in the open classes went to Miss Dollar. Blemton Stickler was considered the best puppy, while Hillside Kennels exhibited the best team.

Black and Tan Terriers.
(Special Report by the Judge.)

In the challenge class Broomfield Sultan, who has made considerable improvement, won hands down from Prince Regent and Salisbury; the former was shown rather thin, while Mr. Doie's dog carried a little too much flesh; between this pair, in their present condition, there is mighty little difference, the latter being paler in color and not quite so true in markings, but slightly better in body and develop-



BULLDOG BO'SWAIN.
Owned by Illwis Kennels, Chicago.

ment behind. Queen III., in much best shape, won first in challenge bitches over Meersbrook Maiden, whose show days are fast passing away; she was exhibited awfully fat and moved badly behind, while Matchless at present, is thin and out of form. Monarch, a nice-headed terrier, with fair color and markings, might be truer in front, was the only competitor in open dogs. In bitches four paraded, the head prize falling to the share of Gipsy Girl, very neat in style, but a little mixed in markings, a remark equally applicable to Louie, who is rather coarse in head and badly breeched. Rochelle Majestic wants more bone and a stronger jaw, her color is very fair; she easily disposed of her kennel companion Carmencita for third place.

Toys.
(Special Report by the Judge.)

Smooth toy terriers secured an entry of nine, but with the exception of Lady Clyde, who is a good specimen, all the rest were much too short in face, full in eye and too round in skull.

King Charles and other toy spaniels were not conspicuous for their numbers, though the majority of the competitors exhibited merit. In King Charles (challenge class), the good headed Romeo was alone, he is rather dark in color and a bad mover, hence was beaten for the special by his kennel companion King of the Charleys, who is much better in tan and eyes and also in action. Yankee Boy, although not quite so square in muzzle or so pronounced in stop is a very pretty little dog, he beat Duke of Wellington easily for second money, the latter's eyes are too small and his ears are very short and devoid of feathering. In bitches Minerva had a slight advantage in head properties and was equally good otherwise, therefore rightly placed before Mrs. Sinn's Lady de Lena, who in turn beat Mr. Davis's Rose whose face is too long and skull not massive enough.

In Blenheims, Exeter Earl, a well known winner, had much the largest skull and best foreface, but his coat was not so profuse as that of Young Duke, who succeeded him. Como, placed third, is plain in head and a shade long in body. In bitches last year's winner, Murilla, again scored, having a superior head, not only larger, but shorter in face, deeper in stop and better in formation of skull, than Tiny, who had to rest content with second position.

There was nothing striking in Prince Charles or Rubies; the winning dog, Pippo, however, is quite fair, but King of

the Faucy suffered from a damaged eye. Ruby Prince is too straight and long in face, and not quite right in body. In bitches Marguerite, last year's winner, was absent, hence the fight for premiership rested with Bell and Jenny Lind, the latter winning somewhat easily in general quality and type.

The Japanese pugs or spaniels were not nearly so numer-



BULLDOG KING LUD.

ous as last year. In the challenge class Nanki Poo, who was shown in capital order, walked over for the prize, then in open dogs a very smart and typical specimen, the property of Mrs. Senn, was selected for the blue ribbon; he is very shapely and has an exceedingly well feathered and well carried tail, and his head, taking size into consideration, is most commendable. Prince Yodo, who came next, is thinner in coat and slightly longer in back, but quite as good in head properties. Tootsie, the winning bitch, showed most quality and style, besides she was in better coat and condition, and won well from Ki-Ku and Sotah, both of which will appear to more advantage later on, as at present their coat is scanty and short.

Only three Schipperkes were on view, much the best being Cople Sophia, who in make and shape ails little, and her head is characteristic. Nuit is a trifle plainer and not so well knit in body, while Sophia Dreiske has light eyes and is very small in bone and weak in head.

Miscellaneous.
(Special Report by the Judge.)

In the miscellaneous class Boston Model, a very fair whippet, was placed in the ascendancy, followed by Mr. Joyce's Mexican hairless bitch Jewell. Third honors were given to Doe, a fairly good Maltese terrier, but rather over-sized. Among the remaining competitors there was nothing that called for special remarks or attention. GEORGE RAPER.

Great Danes.
(Special Report by the Judge.)

In the challenge dog class Melac of course had to beat Pedro, the latter having in fact nothing in common with Melac; what the winner is faulty in is head and neck, which are too mastiff-like. Pedro is rather weak, thin, and beside this, only a perfectly proportioned dog is able to beat the excellent body and limbs of Melac, and especially so in limbs. Pedro has nothing to stand on, and the horrid condition of his tail should almost have debarred him, it being an eyesore to everybody.

The open class winner, Wenzel, is a great Dane in the full meaning of the word and should beat a dog like Melac, as he did, under any judge, who is not judging big dogs only, and has the type of great Danes in his mind: a strong, yet elegantly built animal. Wenzel has grand outlines all through, especially so in the beautiful lines of neck and profile. He is not perfect by any means, but is as yet the most typical great Dane we have here. He could be dryer in cheek and is wrong on top of skull; his eyes are very bad in color, but these are almost trifling defects, if one takes the whole into consideration, which a judge has to, if he is not one-sided. He beats the second, Hero, who is in many respects more a dog of my liking, but his present gross condition makes his shoulders somewhat thick and lumpy, as well as shortens his neck to such a degree that in this alone he is beaten by the winner; he is also somewhat wide in front, and loses to the winner in trueness of front legs; has grand body and is better in hindquarters than the winner, who is some-



BULLDOGS STANLEY, LEONIDAS AND LUCY GLITTERS.
Owned by Mr. Dudley Winthrop, Westbury, L.

what soft, having, I am told, only landed a couple of weeks since. Hero ought to, in correct condition, beat Wenzel.

The third prize, Apollo, is a nice dog all over, but on the small side, but at any time I prefer a small dog of correct shape and perfect limbs to a big dog whose principal recommendation is size only, which has been too much catered to, and if not stopped will make great Danes just as useless, practically, as English mastiffs and St. Bernards, dragging, nine out of ten times, their hind limbs along instead of using them. Apollo could have better muzzle and is somewhat thick in cheeks, could be deeper in chest, but has enough for his size, he carries tail high. The illustration of this theory is best given in the fourth prize winner, Hanley, a very big dog, very faulty in forepart of head, as he is very wooden and badly modeled in front of eyes; throaty and absolutely condemnable in his hindleg action, being cow-hooked and weak, and stern is coarse also. Master, vhc., is in no way

extra, but would in former years have been up in the money; so would Earl of Wurtemberg, vhc., and his kennel mate Alexander II., hc.; good typical dogs in many respects, but bad movers. Tyras is not worth the consideration he did get, as his head is absolutely wrong, but he has a good sound body and therefore ought to have had a consideration, as also Duke, a nice typical blue, with correct type, but short neck, clumsy, tight shoulders, and not straight in front and a stilty mover. Harras, also vhc., barely deserves his letters; he is just a fair dog, who is no credit to his good sire Helios; has too much coat.

The bitch class was all round a fair class, very even as a whole, and like all of the great Danes, an immense improvement since last year, and the correct estimation in this regard was expressed by my esteemed predecessor of last year, Mr. Raper, when he said there had in fact only two great Danes been shown last year, whereas this year thirty was his estimation, and this is the best illustration of the progress great Danes are making. The winner, Portia Melac, will be the dissenting point, strongly used in any disagreeing argument; but if one leaves out size as first consideration, where will one find a more typical specimen all the way through? My old favorite, Neverzell, would be the only one at present I know, that can run her close. She is beautifully chiseled in head and all over; one ear is dropping, but as this is not a structural fault it would and should only count in other-wise equal competition. She is a beautiful, rich brindle, in poor coat, a real credit to Melac as a sire, but he must have found just a right mate in Madge, and the purchase of her by Mr. Goodman shows him to be a man who is well up in breeding. Second went to Juno, who is on the same style as the third prize dog; too small to be a first class one, but good in general, and outside of her snipy muzzle and full cheeks is a good, fair specimen, but will not hold her place if the fourth prize, Hepburn Vera, will build up behind; she had, I understand, left the steamer only three days before the show and was very weak behind, and although by all means the best in the class I cannot tolerate faulty movement, and especially behind. Outside of this she is a grand specimen, of rich brindle color, very good in head; a bit doggy; her immensely square muzzle cannot be improved, good, well-arched, clean neck and good body and front. She would have been an easy winner had she been better behind; she is of immense size. Minerva, fourth, is a dark brindle, almost black in stripes; is a good all round bitch, not thoroughly sound in knees; too blocky as a whole and very medium in size; she is a half sister to the first prize winner, but cannot touch her superb elegance and quality. Charmion, vhc., her litter sister, is very much on the same shape, only coarser. Nora, reserve, is a good specimen, too short in head and shown like a prize pig



THE GRAVEN IMAGE.
Owned by Illwis Kennels, Chicago.

more than a great Dane. Phoebe, hc., got all she deserved. Lufrä is of the regular butcher type. The puppies were nothing extra in any respect, fair specimens, with not much to recommend nor to condemn. Pasha, first, could be improved in character of head and will never make a good specimen, and the same may be said of the second bitch, same litter. Third, very bad tail curve, got almost too much, and his coat and general appearance has not much of great Dane character, even if his owner thinks, as he says, he and Stella were the only great Danes in the show. I agree with him if he says great mongrels.

Dachshunds.
(Special Report by the Judge.)

As a class, rather poor, except the winners, and outside of those I have hardly seen a more common lot. The winner in challenge class, dogs, Windrush Rioter, is a better dog than Zulu II. in head, general type; is longer in neck and better in body. Second to Zulu, who is somewhat plain in head. Janet had a walkover in her class and keeps her own well, and could not be improved very much. In open class, dogs, Jay, a capital specimen, liver colored, in wretched condition and was very nearly getting beaten through it, but his cleaner cut skull, ears, and especially his superiority in back, secured him the ribbon over Tack, second, which is a very nice black and tan, and to the winner only inferior to any extent in back, which is too straight for my taste. Third, Don Quixote, is a very nice little hound, not as clean cut as those in front of him, specially so in leather and neck, head is somewhat short and wide in skull. The vhc. and hc., are a common lot, so much inferior to the winners that they can hardly be mentioned beside them.

The open bitch class brought out Jargonelle, who is far ahead of the others; good in coat and beats Jane Shore in head, back, length and stern, in fact, everywhere. She is nowhere in it with Jargonelle, and would have been beaten by Pollywog, third, a much cleaner cut animal all the way through, but for the latter's abominable front fish-legs, otherwise she beats Jane almost all round, and especially so in condition. Mr. Manice had only enough superiority in quality in his dogs to outweigh the wretched condition he had them in, and I was tempted to deny him the wins more than once on this point, but could not help acknowledging their quality. The rest were nowhere, except a nice little dark red bitch that I must have overlooked, she deserving a

vhc. card, but I did not give it at all, evidently meaning to do so, but overlooked it. Mr. Manice won the challenge cup with Jay, as also the kennel prize for best four.

Basset Hounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

This breed had one, only a fair specimen, and it is unfair to the breed to withhold every prize and so I gave her second, which I think is more than she is worth, only to encourage the breed. She is a black, tan and white, too small, barring color, not more than an enlarged edition of a dachshund, and although closely related there is quite a difference between the two.

American Foxhounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

This was a small but select class; only one doubtful specimen in it, a white hound with little head marking, Picket, and good as he is, there is evidently some other blood than foxhound in him, probably greyhound, as his square-cut, prominent development of muscles below the hip indicate; otherwise a very nice hound, but is beaten by the third winner, Deacon, in hound character, who again cannot compete against the high quality of the second winner, Parson, a beautiful specimen all the way through, and runs the winner of first, Elite, very close; should be larger, otherwise there is little to choose between them, for I do not fancy the stary eye of the winner nor his flat skull over much.

The bitch class had as first the best hound of the whole lot in Femur, a truly lovely bitch, best in type and coat. There is hardly anything that could be said to improve her; she showed to be in whelp, too, but helped to make Dr. Thurber's exhibit a really grand lot. The second winner in this class, Modest Girl, is a very nice bitch, too, but shows a little in her head that she is very near English blood, otherwise very good; not so good in coat as winner. Third, Diana of Briarcliff, is almost solid black, with little tan about her, and I fancy that some outside blood is in her, too, though she is a racy enough looking animal, but I do not like her color.

English Foxhounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Here I had a beautiful lot of dogs and the three winners run each other very close. Somebody at the show asked me the favor to let him see my catalogue and without noticing it kindly lost the notes about this class, so I have to go over them by memory only. First, Radnor Hunt's Specimen, is a truly made hound all over, excellent in head proportions, just what I fancy a hound ought to be. He has capital limbs and I wish for only a bit more brush. Rather peculiarly none of the other winners, and, in fact, hardly one in the class had much. The winner beats second, Mr. Harrison's Denmark, only in head, otherwise they are a grand couple. Third, Rockaway Hunt's Warrior, is a somewhat coarse animal, not so good in head as his follower, Radnor Hunt's Pensioner, but he beats him decidedly in body, where Pensioner appears stunted and needs decidedly more of it. Barister, vhc., is on the coarse side, as were all the rest of those in the class.

In the bitches there was such an even trio that there is very little choice between them and my decisions may be at any moment reversed without the slightest wrong, as it then will rest entirely on condition and fancy. First to Radnor Hunt's Daffodill, second to Radnor Hunt's Poetess and third to Mitchell Harrison's Rosemary.

Harriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

I had only one entry in each class and Mr. Harrison's dogs got first in each, although I prefer the dog in head.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

Pointers.

(W. Tallman, Judge.)

Probably never in the long list of shows held by the W. K. C., always in itself closely affiliated with this breed, has there been such a collection of these dogs as met Mr. Tallman. There has been such diversity of opinion heretofore, and some of the sporting judges have not altogether fulfilled their mission with that acumen which all exhibitors seem to expect from a judge, that the comparatively new judge was given a bumper entry to try his hand on. A sort of "let's see what he'll do" feeling pervaded, and that feeling did not diminish when it was seen that the ring was small, and consequently the dogs crowded each other too much for easy judging. The classes were "hot," and especially the lightweight class, and though the decisions were well made in some instances, certain it is, or must be, that the judge overlooked animals that he had awarded prizes to at Brooklyn, and other good ones were not noticed. As we predicted, the task of judging pointers and setters is too much for one man at such a show as this. For instance, it required one whole day to get through the pointers alone.

In challenge heavy-weight dogs, with Lad of Kent, Pontiac and Tempest in the ring, any one with half an eye could see that George Jarvis had an air-tight grasp on first money, Lad's better shoulders, body and action laying well over Pontiac, who came next. Two well-known dames then trotted out, Woolton Game and Revel III., when the latter's age told on her, good and sprightly bitch that she is, with all her years, losing to the other in ribs and neck, though I like her forelegs and front better than W. Game's; Revelation's plain head was against her in this company, but she has better legs and front than either. In open dogs (17), after much sorting, Ridgeview Panic was the lucky one; a son of Tribulation, without many faults, there is nothing really striking about him, he is fairly well made all round; Duke of Kent II. has been a frequent winner lately and he comes very near the winner, and in body I like him; Westminster Drake, third, and well-known, is not good in expression and was far from being in that elegant coat and condition we expect to see the Brighton Kennel dogs shown, and I don't think he was in his proper place on this account; Hylas of Naso, fourth, is thick and short in neck, rather heavy, coarse head, and ears don't set well, otherwise fairly good; Bar Harbor Sam, reserve, is not just straight enough in front, weak in pasterns and not deep enough nor furnished sufficiently in body, also his quarters lack that striking and well-muscled appearance a pointer should have; Sanford Druid, vhc., was probably set back on condition, for he was not at all in good shape, he is not as he should be before the eye, he is good in front but a bit plain in loin, a good mover, and when well shown will get much higher; Wantagh Chief is plain and disfigured; Devon Banger is stilty, pinched in muzzle, stern set on too low, otherwise well formed; Brooklyn Shot, c., is faulty in front, plain in muzzle and not enough bend in stifle. A dog that should have been noticed and placed about third was Bracket's Lad, who shows lots of quality, is a little heavy in shoulders but his well-formed head, ribs, bone and quarters certainly deserved letters, and he is a better dog than either fourth or third in his present condition. Duke's Lad also deserved something, for though a trifle coarse he is well formed, and has less faults than some put over him. In bitches (16) the winner proved to be Josie Bracket, who fulfilled my prediction made in the Chicago report, she was looking well, too. Lady Tammany, second, loses in head to the other, and also in ribs. Lass of Kippen, third, won at Pawtucket, while Ighfield Midge, fourth, has also been frequently commented on. She was in good shape. Snowflake, reserve, should be closer in toes, her muzzle longer, fair body. Duchess of

Naso, I thought, might have changed places with either Midge or Snowflake as she is a better all-round made bitch, and was a winner at Brooklyn. Westminster Gladys, hc., is showing gray a bit, but can give points to a good many in shape of head, legs and feet. Sister Rap, hc., has not enough stop, stands back on pasterns, but legs are straight, body and quarters were good. Molton Bee, c., is wide in front, a rather plain sort, too high in brow. In light weight challenge dogs Duke of Hessen was well put down; in fact so well that he won the special for best in show. Inspiration was absent. Two good bitches were entirely left over in this class. Westminster Ina, second at Brooklyn, who, though not in good shape, deserved recognition, while Westminster Nan's rather plain head is counterbalanced by her good points in body and legs. In bitches that smartly made and sprightly winner Lady Gay Spanker, very well shown, was rightly placed over Queen Fan, who is ageing a bit. Then in open dogs (17) came a number of well known faces, and the ring was full of them. First went to Arthur, the smart little dog that won at Boston last year. He shows much quality; might be better in forelegs, but otherwise it would be caviling to find much wrong with him. Second to Ridgeview Donald, who loses to a good one before the eye; his pasterns are not strong, but his other good points give him the place, despite size. Ridgeview Faust, third, is too coarse in shoulders, and pasterns are not above suspicion; muzzle not square enough, but beyond this he is well made. Rock II., fourth, has become a household word, but still keeps his form. Glamorgan, reserve, was about rightly placed. Grouse-dale, hc., brow too prominent, needs more rib development, stands hardly true in elbow and his feet turn out a bit as well; nice strong loin. Touchstone, hc., was at Gloversville, and Dash A. was commented on at Pawtucket. Ben C. is only moderate in head and light in body. The bitch class contained some pointers—23 in number—and many of them would be more than well thought of if the others were away. After much marching and counter-marching the pride of place went to Patti, whose chief fault is in skull, though very little, while her front is excellent and her well-shaped body is carried with nerve and snap. Graceful II., second, was locked in her stall, and I could not get a good look at her,



SCHIPPERKE COPLÉ SOPHIA.

Owned by F. W. Connolly, Boston, Mass.

but she struck me as if her muzzle should be squarer, and her pasterns stiffer, and is large in body without being well ribbed. I thought that Lass of Kent should have the place, beating in head and body. Dame Bang, fourth, who made a reputation in the field in Canada, is not very good in front. Jingle Bells, reserve, is not deep enough in chest, nor as well ribbed as the other; head too blunt and square looking. I liked Bloom for that position, for while she is rather weak in head, still her other good points of body and leg cannot be passed over. Ridgeview Venus has an excellent front and expression, though a bit off in muzzle and ear. Betsy Bracket, vhc., should be stronger before the eye; could do with more bend of stifle; one ear is not well carried, good otherwise. Bloom of Kent is another good one, a little off in muzzle and shown too light altogether. Miss Rumor was rather out of place with three letters, though muzzle is faulty and is throaty, her nice outline, neck, shoulders and quarters especially, make her more than fit to associate with the winners. Wild Lily is a sprightly little bitch, trifle light and feet turn out, too. She deserved her letters; she was first at Pawtucket. Flora R., c., could be stronger in feet and pasterns and has not enough stop. Most of the puppies had gone home when I took notes, but in dogs the winner, Odd Fellow, is narrow fronted, and legs not just right, well formed head, and nicely turned quarters. Ossining's Boy, second, might well have changed places with Top Gallant; is a well furnished youngster with a good head, neck hardly clean enough. In bitches Lady Grace, also belonging to Luke W. White, won first; she has a nicely shaped head, but needs more bend of stifle; the others had been sent home. In novices, many of the awards followed the open class, Ridgeview Panic winning in dogs over Hylas of Naso and Graceful II. in bitches over Dame Bang as before. Duke of Hessen's good condition and front sufficed to beat Woolton Game in the field trial class.

H. W. LACY.

English Setters.

(William Tallman, Judge.)

English setters were remarkably strong, both in numbers and quality. Mr. Tallman had a most difficult task, in the open classes, to judge them accurately, owing to the smallness of the ring and the excellence of the competitors. He, however, acquitted himself well, making but few mistakes. Four dogs were entered in the challenge class. Paul Gladstone was for exhibition only and Toledo Blade was absent. Breeze Gladstone won first place over Count Howard, the latter a dog of merit, but losing quality with age, and gaining in sourness of expression. Princess Beatrice was a good first in the corresponding class for bitches. Cambridge was second. She was out at elbows, and not in good condition. She had canker in ears, which she carries indifferently well. The third entry, Donna Juanita, was very close to second place, if not quite. Thirty dogs in the open class appeared before the judge. The remaining two entries, Paul Bo and Ezra Noble, were absent. First prize was won by Real English, a remarkably handsome dog. He has a graceful carriage and a pleasant disposition. Feet and legs good and shapely, and he stands squarely on them. Good, clean cut head, ears nicely carried, body well ribbed, good back and loin, well developed quarters, neck lean and of good length, but slightly throaty, stern a proper length, well carried. He has excellent symmetry. Sheldon, second, is somewhat too short in neck. His feet and legs are good, ears set low; strong back; muscular quarters; good stern; head fairly good. He is a symmetrical, tidily built dog. Glendon, winner of third, shows throatiness, and his forefeet are too long. He has muscular development of a superior order; head fairly good; ears well set on; good stern and loin, and he is sym-

metrically built. Fourth went to Antonio, a strongly built dog, but coarse and inferior to Ben Hur of Riverview, which was unnoticed. The latter was superior to several which received vhc. Ben was a trifle heavy in the shoulders, but he stands squarely on excellent legs and feet; has a good, well ribbed body; head nicely shaped, and general symmetry better than the average good dog. The reserve went to Matane. His feet are a trifle large, but they are well shaped and strong. He has a good head, but is too flat in stop; ears well carried; a lean neck of proper length; quarters muscular, and general symmetry superior. He was shown too thin in flesh. Sam C., vhc., is about an average specimen. The Corsair and Reverdy, both vhc., are coarse dogs. The Sultan, vhc., is coarse in head, leggy and straight in shoulders. His symmetry is fairly good. Of the three remaining which received vhc., The Earl has good muscular development, a well turned body, nicely ribbed; a strong back, and ears well hung. He has some throatiness; skull too round, and muzzle too short. Prince Ben Ali has a light muzzle, a plain head, good back, body, bone, legs and feet, and fair symmetry. Rockingham, Jr., stands badly behind, is too light in eye, and his head is too narrow. He has a good body, forelegs and shoulders. Joker, hc., is an ordinary specimen, and Pride, of Bronx, also hc., was not in his stall when I called to look him over. There were twenty-five competitors in the open bitch class, of which Lady Dudley was absent. First was won by Countess Zoe, a bitch of superior qualities. Her head would be better if there was more stop; ears well set on; she stands squarely on sound legs; has muscular hindquarters; good neck, back and stern, and she moves freely and gracefully. She is well built and symmetrical. Prima Donna, second, is fairly good in quality. She has a well-ribbed body, good legs and strong loins. Her muzzle is too short, as is also her neck; stern too long, and she was deficient in feather. Gossip, third, is somewhat too heavy in shoulder; is a bit narrow in muzzle; she has a lean neck; good feet, back, loin and quarters. Countess Rush, fourth, was shown too fat, which marred her proportions. She stands squarely on good legs and feet; neck well set on shoulders which are too heavy; head plain. She is a good bitch. Laundress got vhc. reserve. She is a bitch of many good points, but shows coarseness. She is too heavy in the shoulders and narrow in muzzle. She has good body, loin and quarters. Her kennel companion, Belle of Blue Ridge, a large upstanding bitch of a great deal of quality, I fancied much better. She has a well-shaped and well-ribbed body; good head, legs and feet. She was shown in too high flesh, and was not free from throatiness. Spectre, Myrrha II. and Katie Noble II., also received vhc. Spectre has a badly cut foot, which may have given her the peculiar awkward motion of the shoulders which she has when in motion. She is quite a handsome bitch; is straight in stop; is a trifle throaty, and just a perceptible bit cow-hocked. Katie Noble II. is a bit straight in stifle, and was shown in poor condition. Her muscular development is excellent. She was short of feather. Myrrha II. is heavy in shoulders, plain in head and straight in stifle. There were four—Doretta, Eastern Queen, Virginia Rockingham and Daphne—which got vhc. The first-mentioned is light in bone, and does not stand well in front. She has a good body and loin. Eastern Queen was not on her bench when I looked for her. Virginia Rockingham is symmetrical. She has a light muzzle; shoulders well shaped; strong back; well ribbed body. Daphne is a strong bitch, of average symmetry. Her ears are thick and not well carried. Cleopatra, unnoticed, is a trimly-made, small bitch. She has well made legs and feet, and was better than some of the bitches which received vhc. The winners in the puppy classes had been removed from the show, after they were judged. Therefore, there was no chance to examine them afterward. Albert's Druid, vhc., was out of condition, but showed a great deal of quality. Druid's Dick, the reserve, is coarse and long eared. In bitches, Fanchon, third, was thin in flesh; has a plain head; good legs and feet. May Win, vhc., would undoubtedly have been higher if in better condition. She is bright, upstanding, and well made. Nell of Lenox, hc., was out of condition. She is trimly built. Her muzzle is light. Downings, first in novice class for dogs, is coarse. Sam C., third, is a coarse dog. Novice bitches were but an average lot. There were eleven entries in the class for dogs and bitches placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada. Paul Bo, Toledo Blade and Cincinnati were absent. From a bench show standpoint, they had not much claim to excellence. Antonio won first, The Corsair second and Cambriana third. They were shown in other classes, and have been already mentioned. Rockingham Kennels took the prize for best kennel, and the Blue Ridge Kennels won the special prize for the best four which have run in any public field trial in the United States or Canada. Countess Zoe won the special for the best English setter, and was very closely pressed by Real English. Rosecroft Kennels won the silver medal as breeder of the best brace shown.

Irish Setters.

(W. Tallman, Judge.)

Irish setters were strong in numbers and quality. There were seven competitors in the challenge class, all well-known winners. Dick Swiveller was not for competition. Tim and Kildare were first and second respectively, and Duke Elcho was reserve. Pride of Patsy, Kildare Glenmore and Seminole were the other competitors. There were three challenge bitches, Norna, Rose Sarsfield and Laura B., first, second and reserve, in the order mentioned. Sixteen dogs competed in the open class, there being no absentees. The class was a good one. Nearly all the dogs were in good condition, the Oak Grove Kennels being particularly noticeable for good conditioning and grooming. First went to Duke of Kildare, quite a good all-round dog, though a bit round in shoulders. One foot turns in. His head is fairly good; he has a well-shaped body; strong, muscular back and quarters; good legs and stern. Blarney, Jr., second, is inferior to Duke in muscular development; his fore feet turn out, and fore legs lack the symmetrical roundness and finish so necessary to a good form. Though a good dog, he is lacking in general symmetry. Montauk, Jr., third, was better in some respects than either first or second winner. He beats Duke in color; stands better in front than either first or second winner. He has a good head, body, back, legs and feet. He is a trifle straight in stifle. I thought him better than the second prize winner. Fourth was won by Kildare Duquesne; plain in head; neck a bit throaty. Body, legs and feet good. The reserve went to Tim's Dandy, quite a good dog. Young Tim and Nieho were vhc. The former has a long head, and is coarse. The latter is somewhat coarse. The open bitch class had thirteen entries. The winner was Queen Vic, an excellent bitch. Head clean cut; nicely carried ears; lean neck; strong back and excellent legs and feet. Second went to Fly, winner of first at Brooklyn. Belle of Kildare was not in her stall when I looked for her. Fourth went to the Marchioness, fairly well made bitch; good in color; legs, feet, neck and fairly good head. Delphine, vhc. reserve, is light in muzzle; a good bitch. Of the vhc.s, Claremont Heather was too fat; she stands over somewhat on ankles, and is light in bone. Nellie Husted is short in neck. Kathleen is a good vhc. bitch. Lady Noreen, hc., has a coarse head; is about ordinary in quality. There were eight entries in the dog puppy class; three were absent. Clonmel, first, has a coarse head, and was shown too fat, thereby aggravating a tendency to coarseness. Second went to a very ordinary puppy, Bantry, and third to Ostler Joe; flat in ribs; head coarse, and quality inferior. There were but two bitch puppies, Alannah and Daisy Redstone, respectively first and second. Daisy is light in bone, color and muzzle. Novice dogs were nine in number. First, second

and third were won by Duke of Kildare, Blarney and Kildare Duquesne, which had also competed in the open classes. Tippecanoe, the reserve, is large in ankles and plain in head; back, body and quarters good. There were five novice bitches. Queen Vic and Belle of Kildare, competitors in the open class, were first and second. Third went to Lady Elcho; light in color. Young Juno, reserve, is flat in body and plain in head. There was but one entry, Rockwood Dandy, in the field trial class. The Oak Grove Kennels took the prize for best kennel. Seminole Kennels' Tim took the special prize for best setter.

Gordon Setters.
(W. Tallman, Judge.)

Gordon setters were a superior lot. Five were entered in the challenge class for dogs. Beaumont being sick, was withdrawn. Ivanhoe was first, Leo B. second, and Rexmont reserve. There were five bitches in the corresponding class. Duchess of Waverly, first, Heather Bee, second, and Bailmont, third. All are well known winners. Thirteen dogs competed in the open class. First went to Ranger B. He was shown in excellent condition—muscles hard and well developed, and coat bright and healthy, and indications of regular exercise and good food. He has muscular quarters; a strong back; body well shaped; good neck and head. He has a sour expression of face; stands over perceptibly on knees; fore feet turn in, and his feet are thin and weak. He is deficient in feather, and has a twisty stern. Still he is a symmetrical dog, and has great muscular development. Archibald, second, was not in good condition. His coat was rough. Legs and feet good; head well shaped; shows some throatiness. Doc, third, is flat in ribs and throaty. Head fairly well shaped. Count Noble, fourth, is good in head, feet, loin, body, stern and quarters, and has fairly good legs. The reserve, Robert Burns, has flat ribs, and a leggy appearance, which is intensified by his thinness of flesh. Comus, vhc., has a coarse head and smudgy tan. He is ordinary. Duke of Wellington, vhc., has a coarse head, long ankles, smudgy tan, and is somewhat cobby in build. There were ten entries in the open class. First went to a remarkably symmetrical, muscular bitch, Lady Gordon. She stands on excellent legs and feet; has a good body, quarters, stern, neck, body and head. The tan is clear and distinct from the black in her color. Princess Louise, second, is plain in head, but otherwise is fairly good. She was shown and won first in the late Nashville show. Third went to Venus; out a bit at elbows; light muzzle, and ears not too high. Sally Beaumont won fourth. She is deficient in feather; light in muzzle; straight stop, and she had but little feather. Katherine has a smudgy tan, is throaty, and ordinary in quality. The remainder of the class was ordinary. There were three puppies, Robert Burns, Fremont and Roscoe, winning in the order named. They were ordinary. Four bitch puppies competed, of which Fairmont, Dundee and Fenmont were the winners. Novice dogs had four, and novice bitches five entries, nearly all of which competed in the open classes. In the field trial class Ranger B. won first, Count Noble, second, Flomont, third. Dr. S. G. Dixon's kennel took the kennel special prize. Mr. Noyes Billing's Ranger B. took the specials for the best Gordon setter. Mr. Tallman managed his classes very well. He took plenty of time; so much so sometimes that it seemed unnecessarily long; but he was handicapped by a ring which was too small for the large classes which he had to judge. The setters of each breed showed improvement, particularly English and Gordon setters. B. WATERS.

Spaniels.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

In challenge field spaniels, dogs, Beverly Negus, looking fairly well, won with lots to spare from Beau, second; the winner much improved since Brooklyn, but should be shown with a little more flesh on him. Beau is well known. In corresponding bitch class Briford Ruby, in better condition than I have before seen her, was alone. She is undoubtedly the best of her breed in America. In open dogs there was a good class, all in splendid condition. Judex won with some to spare from Warwick, scoring in head, muzzle and set-on of ear; Warwick, in different shape to his wretched Brooklyn form, scores a little in coat, is too high in leg, has a good body and moves well; Elcho, third, coarse in head and not right in front; good body, feet and coat; Compton Brigand, reserve, looking well, has filled out nicely, but loses to the winner in head, body and field spaniel character. Beau Baron, fourth, beating him in head, has a fair body, rather short in couplings, shows a little of the cocker type. Bolus, vhc., is very bad in head and front, but good body and coat. Sorry Jake, vhc., loses to him behind the head; the latter will improve. In open black bitch class Ace of Spades, in good condition, though heavy in whelp, won over Dame Trot, beating her in head. Both are good in body and coat, but Ace gains in front and behind. Rosedale Bess, third, loses to the winners in coat, and is too high on leg; she has a fair head, but does not move with so much spaniel character.

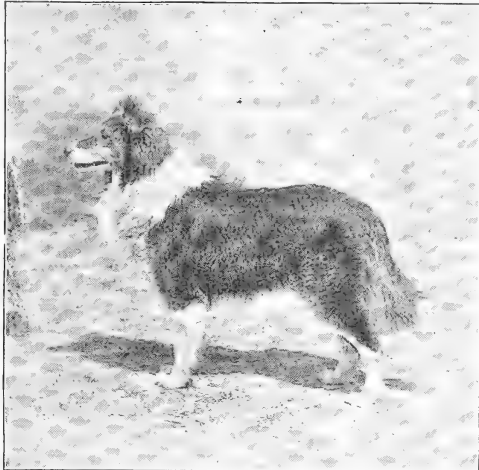
In open liver class Queen won with very little to spare from The Shrew, gaining in skull, set on of ear, is better in front, but losing in coat and body. Both are good in bone and substance. Diana, third, loses to the others in little except head. In other color dogs Newton Abbot Farmer was alone. He is well known, coarse in head and not right in front, has lots of bone, good coat and moves well. In field spaniel puppies Fashion won, he will improve. Sorry Jake, second, losing to the winner in head and field spaniel type. Kelpie, third, loses to the winners in legs and feet, body and head. The others in this class were overgrown cockers.

In challenge cocker dogs Fascination, in good condition, won over Red Jacket, second. The winner scoring in head and set on of ear; both are not right in muzzle. Brant is too well known to need describing; he carries his age well and looked in better condition than I had ever seen him before. In challenge bitches Troublesome won. This was not an easy class to judge, the type was so different. The winner shows marked improvement, has filled out nicely; she is defective in muzzle, but won well in hand. I know my decision in the second award will be questioned, but to take the Troublesome type and then jump from that to the I Say type, would, I think, be inconsistent. The latter gains in head, but is too long in body, whereas Novel shows much cocker type behind the head. Novel showed well in the ring, whereas I Say did not show her usual form, she gained in condition, but was tucked up and stood higher behind than in front. It was a close thing, and had they been alone I would have been tempted to place I Say first.

In open black cocker dogs my Brooklyn favorite won. He shows much improvement, and if he keeps on gaining will run the best of them closely. A cocker, not quite right in muzzle, he has a fair length of skull, fair eye, nicely set on ears, good compact body, about right behind and the same in front, good in coat and length of leg. He won over Black Prince, second, in head, and only lost to him a little in coat. Brantford Jet, third, loses to the winner in general cocker formation and is a little inclined to the field spaniel type. King Raven, fourth, look well. I liked him better than Donovan, reserve, who is coarse. Jay Kay, hc., had been in better condition would have stood much higher in the class. He was much too light in flesh, and did not move as freely as Pickgrania, vhc.

In open black bitches Realization won well in hand from Tess, second. The winner is a new one, and shows much quality and type, being a truly typical cocker in many points. She is a well bodied, cobby little dog, with good formation of skull, perhaps a little strong for a bitch, with

ears nicely set on. There might be a trifle more length of skull; eyes are good, coat excellent, body well ribbed, good bone and substance. Just coming off ship she seemed a trifle weak in pasterns. Her front legs might be a little truer. She is a good one, but may grow coarse, especially in head. Tess, second, is a nice pup, showing much quality, nice head, coat, body, legs and feet. Miss Wagglies, third, loses to the winner in type, behind the head, but is a good headed bitch, with nice muzzle. She showed much improvement on her Brooklyn form. Miss Chips, fourth, loses to her kennel companion in head; she will improve as she matures. Woodstock Dora I mentioned in my Brooklyn report; her condition was not so good here. The c. dogs were all very fair, but some were shown too light in flesh to do themselves justice. Raven Belle loses to the winner in head and general formation. This was a very strong class; with one or two exceptions every dog could win in good company. Let us make up our minds to work for the Mason type of head, a Miss Oho II., a nice, cobby, well ribbed body, good legs and feet, not too low on the leg, plenty of bone and substance,



COLLIE THE SQUIRE.

Owned by Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

and we will have what the American Spaniel Club have been looking for for a long time and are now on the homestretch to get.

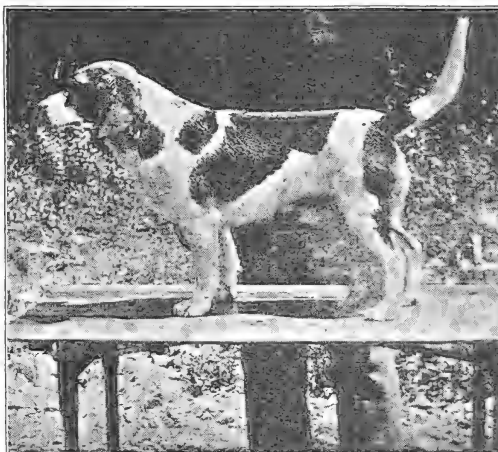
In other color cockers, open dogs, Rollo won with little to spare from Redfellow, second, who gained in head but has the long body we do not want in the cocker. Great Scot, third, is much the same type as the second prize winner, but not quite so good in head. In other color cockers, open bitches, first went to Cherry Blossom, who beat Brantford Red Riding Hood in body; barring her head she is a typical little cocker; moves well. The second and third prize winners show too much field spaniel behind the head. Ditton Brevity, vhc., is not the right thing in head and bad in front.

In cocker puppies the winners are entered and described in the open classes, and in novice classes the same.

Irish Water Spaniels.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Two entries, both good ones, especially the winning bitch Marguerite. Shown in good condition she would be a hard nut to crack in any company; at present her coat is somewhat loose; she is light in flesh, but in skull, body, legs and feet and topknot she is the best specimen we have had here for



BEAGLE CHAMPION FRANK FOREST.

Owned by Rockland Beagle Kennels, Nanuet, N. Y.

some time. She won over Dennis with plenty to spare, but he will improve.

In specials there was quite some competition for best sporting spaniel. I finally gave it to Judex who I thought showed more quality. Mr. George Bell's handsome team had no difficulty in capturing the special for best kennel of cockers and the same prize in field spaniels went to Mr. Egglestone, who showed an even team of blacks. The \$100 cocker cup went to Fascination, he did not win easily as his two kennel companions and Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy were all close up.

In concluding my report I would say that at no other show have I seen the spaniels shown in such excellent condition, for with the exception of a few shown too light in flesh, all looked well. Much credit is due to Mr. Joseph Spracklin for the manner in which he handled his dogs in the ring, and if exhibitors would only encourage the dogs to show themselves, as he did, the judge would have an easier task to make his decision. It does not help the dog any, if he has a bad muzzle, for the handler to keep pulling on it to try and get the lips into shape. It has always been my opinion that handling of this kind calls the judge's attention more to the defect.

E. M. OLDHAM.

Beagles.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Owing to the compulsory absence of Mr. Pottinger Dorsey, for whose sad bereavement every one expressed regret and

deep sympathy, the honor of judging beagles devolved upon me. The collection, which had been attracted solely on account of Mr. Dorsey's long connection with the breed, was a good one, and with the exception of the absence of one or two smaller specimens, it was thoroughly representative.

The challenge class for dogs brought out Roy K., last year's winner, and Storm. The latter scores considerably in muzzle, skull, type and expression, as well as in front and carriage of stern. His defects are length of body and lightness of ribs, points where Roy K. takes a lot of beating. The Rockland representative, however, showed himself badly, which gave a somewhat easy victory for Storm.

Five put in an appearance for the corresponding class for bitches. After sorting them out, the blue ribbon rested between Belle of Woodbrooke and Lou, and finally fell to the first named. The winner has the advantage in neck, shoulders and shortness of back, taking into consideration her height from the ground. She also showed herself to perfection. She is, however, a bit too strong in skull, although possessing nice type and expression, and is badly out at elbows. Lou was the superior in head and skull formation, as well as in front, but she is far too heavy and loaded in shoulders, and too close to the ground for the length of her body. Twintwo has plenty of bone and substance and nicely carried stern, but she is common in head and expression, as well as being long in the body and close to the ground. Both June M. and Betty R., the two other competitors, were outclassed.

Whalebone, the recipient of premier honors in the big open dog class, had a somewhat handy win; he has toned down since his successful debut last year and is a well-built hound, with a fairly taking outline and good carriage of stern, as well as being well off for bone and substance; he could be improved in formation of head and muzzle, but his nicely set ears and good eye both help to improve his type and expression. Doctor, second, might be better in spring of rib and not show so much daylight; he could also have more power in muzzle, but he has plenty of bone of nice formation, a good top and carriage of stern, with nicely set, quality ears; he showed himself for all he was worth. Millard, third, loses to his two more successful opponents in substance and general character, but he has a nice outline and top, and is the best of movers. Jupiter, reserve, is long-cast and favors the coarse side; but for these defects he has plenty of good about him, such as a nice top and carriage of stern, well-set ears, and good bone and substance. Pulboro Crafty, vhc., is plainish in head and expression, and shows far too much daylight under him, otherwise he is a nice-topped hound, with the best of legs and feet. Trifle II., the other vhc. dog, is nearly all white, which, perhaps, places him at a disadvantage with his more gayly-marked competitors; he is of the correct type, with a good expression, nice short back and good carriage of stern, but he could be improved in front and formation of bone, added to which he is loaded in shoulders, and a bit light in loin and hindquarters. Halcyon, hc., could be better in head and expression, while Joe showed too much daylight under him, and neither Prince nor Chanter took my fancy in type of head or expression.

Turning to the class for big bitches, Emeline, last year's winner, had a very handy victory, possessing, as she does, a beautiful head, with an intense type and character, a grand neck, clean, well-placed shoulders and grand symmetry and outline. She is certainly one of the best hounds in the country. She might be stronger in bone, nor does she show herself to advantage. Charm, second, is a neat, nicely made bitch, who loses to Emeline in high-class type and character. Prudence, third, possesses the beautiful head and expression of her dam, Sally Lee, but she is unfortunately too long and slack in body. Vick R., reserve, is a nicely-proportioned and symmetrical hound, but her weak muzzle and general type and expression prevented her being higher. Lufra, hc., is short and "chumpy" in head, while Fanny Racer, c., is but a fair specimen.

Forest Hunter, the winner in the class for dogs 13in. and under, is a well-proportioned, symmetrical hound, with a good carriage of stern, fairly good legs and feet, and much better in type and character than Paderewski, who came second. The latter is short and "chumpy" in head and lacking in expression, but he is a good-bodied one, with a nice top and outline. Young Royal, third, is a toy, somewhat too short in body and decidedly dull in eye, while he gets his stern too much over his back. Apart from these defects he is a good-boned and fronted little dog, with nicely set ears and fair type and character. Cry Baby, reserve, is too square and short in face and long in body, while Hawk Eye is but moderate.

Heir, the winner in the small class provided for the opposite sex, is a symmetrical, well-made little hound with nice head and expression and good legs and feet. She was shown too high in flesh, which made her shoulders appear heavy and loaded. Fanny Reed, second, ran the winner close, as she scores a bit in head and expression and is equally as good in front, but she lost decisively in loin and hindquarters. Zillah, third, was handsly beaten by her two more successful opponents in general symmetry and outline.

The puppies were not a flattering lot. Cry Baby, the winner, being fortunate to beat Nora K., who refused to show herself at all. The latter has a sweet head and expression and set of ear, and when she gains sufficient confidence to put her tail up will "smother" the winner. Naomi, reserve, also refused to show herself, or she, too, might have been placed over Cry Baby.

Unquestionably the best class was that for hounds that had been placed in field trials. This brought out Frank Forest, who never looked better in his life. His beautiful shape and make, grand symmetry and outline and carriage of stern, to say nothing of the substance and formation of bone, made him an easy winner. His faults, which have been discussed time and time again, are a slight cheekiness and rather prominent eye, which mar what is otherwise a good hound; his ears, too, are lacking in quality, and his elbows are what, in fox-terrier parlance, would be termed "Clarkey." In spite of these defects his wonderful body and grand proportions make him about the best hound in the country, and when it came to the decisions for the specials for the best, the only contestant to approach him was Emeline, who was a worthy second to him. Her listless, apathetic air will, however, always be a big handicap when meeting her stylish kennel companion.

Wire-Haired Fox-Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Suffolk Toby, in old dead coat, but looking well otherwise, was alone in the challenge class.

In open dogs Saint Broom, the winner, was handicapped by an old ragged coat, which, however, was of the correct texture. He is a grand-bodied one, with a nice top and good bone and front. He could be improved in expression, which is somewhat marred by a light eye. Oakleigh Horner, second, who had the advantage over the winner by being in good new coat, is almost as good in this property as could be. It is of a hard dense nature, in addition to which he has a lean nicely chiseled head of good expression and character, with plenty of bone and substance and a nice top. He is inclined to stand with his elbows "in," and might with advantage be longer in loin. Suffolk Billy, third, is soft in coat, and on the big side, but otherwise he is a terrier all through. Jack Trick, reserve, is very plain and common in head and expression, he also lacks coat along his sides and on his hindquarters, which are too bossy and bull-terrierlike. Dandy Jack, vhc., is not only well-eyed, but he is a moderate one all through. Saint Brittle, hc., was dead out of coat, besides which he was shown too "flabby" and fat for a dog of his stamp.

Sister Pattern had a very easy win in the open bitch class. Her nice head, type and expression, neatly placed ears, good bone, excellent outline and requisite texture of coat, stamping her as one of the best that has yet been in the country. Were she a better shower, she would run the best of the smooths very close indeed. Jess Frost, second, is a nicely built good topped bitch, a bit off in head and expression. Suffolk Tassel, third, shows quality and character, while Sister Mop, reserve, is severely handicapped by a soft coat. In head and expression she is a small edition of Mr. Carrick's old champion Vora, in fact, with the exception of size she resembles the latter very much. Cairnsmuir Belle, vhc., is a decidedly good stamp, possessing as she does a good hard dense coat, nice bone and front, and a capital top and outline. She, however, refused to carry her ears at all decently, and showed herself to great disadvantage. Sister Nettle, in spite of her refusing to put her ears right, her old dead coat should have received a vhc., as she has a regular "Tack" outlook, and is a nice topped and bodied bitch. With the exception of Saint Brittle, the representatives in the puppy class were but a moderate lot.

Irish Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Jack Briggs and Boxer IV. opposed one another in the challenge class for dogs. Boxer IV., who secured the award, loses to his rival in bone, substance, set on of stern, and slightly in character, but Jack Briggs had been stripped of all vestige of top coat, which lost him the coveted ribbon, as his opponent's old dead coat had been allowed to remain on him. In the corresponding bitch class Dunmurry, looking far different to what she did at Brooklyn, was alone.

The open dog class was responsible for four fairly good specimens among the thirteen exhibits. Jackanapes, first, possesses a grand head and expression, exceedingly neat, well carried ears; he is well off for bone, has a grand front, and a coat that handles well. He is lacking in back ribs, is pinched and tucked up in loin, and has a bad set on of stern. Merle Grady, who came second, had been shown in better form would probably have turned the tables. As it was he was shown with a far too profuse coat; his head for a dog could be harder and more varmint in expression, and the winner scores decisively over him in information of bone. Back of the shoulders, however, the Providence dog loses to his more successful opponent, his set on of stern, general outline and movement being vastly superior. Valley Boxer, third, is a racy stamp, with a fair outline, head and expression, and beat Hanover Boy, owing to the latter showing himself badly. The Providence second string is a grandly made one, with the best of coat, but he is sour and commonish in head and expression, and he is very loose in elbows. The others were outclassed.

The open bitch class, with the exception of the winner, Candour, was a poor one. The recipient of first has a bad, soft coat, in addition to which she was shown too fat. She has a good, strong, punishing head, with fair expression, plenty of bone and substance and is an exceptionally well-made one, with a capital top and set on of stern. Chancery Lass, second, is all curves and angles in outline, while Dunmurry II. must thank the lack of quality of her other opponents for her position of third. Red Rag, unnoticed, would have been in the money but for the fact that she is badly undershot.

The class for puppies contained only one that is likely to be heard of again. This was His Honor, a youngster by Hanover Boy—Crate. He is a good-headed and expressed pup, with any amount of bone and a good top. The only fear is that he may grow too big.

White English Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

It was refreshing to see two fairly typical specimens of this breed after the bad small bull-terriers that have been posing as representatives of the breed. Spring is a nice-headed little dog, with good expression and fair outline, while Nellie, second, but for being a bit full in eye and too close to the ground, is nothing to be ashamed of. Blinkbonny, reserve, favors the bull-terrier too much, while White Chief is naught but a small specimen of the latter breed.

Dandie Dinmonts.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

King of the Heather, in spite of his washy color, beat Amphion, who came second in eye, body and Dandie character generally. Laddie, third, was outclassed by his two kennel companions, while Ainstey Daisy had an easy victory over Heather Peggy II. in the class for the tenderer sex, as she smothered the last named in head, character and general style.

Bedlingtons.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Christmas Carol, a well-known face, scored very handsily over Qui Vive in the challenge class in head, type, outline, topknot and ear tipplings. Professor, who was alone in the open dog class, is a square-headed liver, lacking type and character. Parilla, the winning bitch, had an easy task over her two opponents.

Scottish Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

The premier award in the challenge class was fought out between Kilroy and Kilstor, and was in favor of the first named, who scored over his opponent considerably in bone, front, outline, and shape and make. In the class for open dogs, the decision which placed Kilreer over Tired should have been reversed, as the latter's grand bone and substance and better knit back more than counterbalanced Kilreer's advantage in coat, eye and expression. Rhudunan, third, who was in bad coat, possesses a good head and expression, and small, nicely shaped ear, but he could be stronger and better in formation of bone. Ashley Plug, reserve, shows more daylight under him than the winner, in addition to which he is light and narrow behind. The remainder was outclassed.

Culbena, the winning bitch, scored easily over her rivals in head and expression and general outline, both Wankie Diana and Wankie Daisy, second and third respectively, being too long in back.

Welsh Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Dewr and Jack Frost were the only two decent ones of the four shown. Dewr, the winner, has a short, plain, bad head, but he scored so much in bone, front, shape, make and coat over Jack Frost, who came second, that he eventually won handsily.

Skye Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Sir Stafford's good head and expression and style generally proved too much for his old rival, Loyet, in the challenge class for dogs. The winner's companion, Bessie, was equal to the occasion in the corresponding class for the opposite sex, over Effie Deane, who loses in length of body, coat and head.

Barnaby Rudge, the winner in open dogs, wants time to develop in ribs, loin and hindquarters. He has, however, a good, strong, punishing face, and plenty of length of body. Sir Roger, second, loses in length and expression of head, as well as in length of body, while Sir Thomas, third, is shorter

in body than his two more successful rivals, and Sir Robert the Bruce, falls in head and expression and front.

Wheel of Fortune, in spite of the rough state she was shown in, had a decisive victory in the open bitch class. She possesses a grand head, eye and expression, plenty of bone and substance, and is a good-ribbed and quartered one. Islay, second, has an excellent texture of coat, with a good length of body.

Yorkshire Terriers.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

With the exception of the first and second, in both the dog and bitch classes, the contestants were but very moderate. Young Ted, the winner, scores over Prince, who came second, in head and character, body color and texture of coat, while the same remark applies to Judy's win over Queenie in the bitch class.

Italian Greyhounds.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

Sprite and Spring made a nice brace in the challenge class and gave little opportunity to their two opponents to get in the money. The first named won from her companion in grace of outline and movement. Lewis, the winner in the open dog class is much better than his opponent, Byron, in ribs, loins, hindquarters and outline, Byron being tied at his elbows and dropping too much behind the shoulders. Two good small ones in Folly and Trixie put in an appearance in the open bitch class, the blue ribbon being captured by Folly for the reason that Trixie, who is decidedly better in symmetry and outline, has a badly broken foreleg.

R. F. MAYHEW.

These are the awards not made in time for last issue:

ENGLISH SETTERS—*Open*—*Bitches*: 1st, Rockingham Kennels' Countess Zoe; 2d, E. J. Myers's Prima Donna; 3d, 4th, very high com. reserve and very high com. Blue Ridge Kennels' Gossip, Countess Rush, Laundress and Belle of Blue Ridge. Very high com., William Bryce, Jr.'s Spectre, John Brett's Myrrha II. and Francis G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. High com., Roscroft Kennels' Doretta, W. H. Brush's Eastern Queen, Philip Daly, Jr.'s Virginia Rockingham and W. Wells' Queen of the Purple. *Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, Bronx Valley Kennels' Deceive; 2d and 3d, Henry Pape's Critic and Cactus. Very high com. reserve, W. S. Bood's Druid's Dick. Very high com., R. H. Alberts, Jr. & C. T. Alberts' Albert's Druid and John Brett's Robin Goch. *Bitches*: 1st, John Brett's Maid Marion; 2d, W. H. Brush's Eastern Queen; 3d, Philip Daly, Jr.'s Fanchon. Very high com. reserve, Sunset Kennels' May Win. High com., R. R. Moore's Nell of Lenox. Com., E. J. Myers's Toubette. *Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, Roscroft Kennels' Domingo; 2d, Chas. Stuetzel's Bob Gladstone; 3d, F. E. Lewis's Sam C. Very high com. reserve, W. B. Wells's Luke. Very high com., Bronx Valley Kennels' Bronx Valley Dick and Victoria Kennels' Prince Ben Ali. High com., John Brett's Robin Goch. Com., Mrs. G. W. Neal's Robert Kent. *Bitches*: 1st, C. L. Wright's Domination, 2d, John Brett's Maid Marion; 3d, W. B. Wells's Cleopatra. Very high com. reserve and high com. Victoria Kennels' Queen Gail and Donna Carlotta. Com., Bronx Valley Kennels' Jennie V.—**FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (Dogs and Bitches that have been placed at any Public Field Trial in the United States or Canada).—1st and very high com., Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio and Fanny Murrain; 2d, E. O. Damon's The Corsair; 3d, W. B. Wells's Cambriana. Very high com. reserve, J. W. Wells's Reverdy. Very high com., F. E. Lewis's Sam C.

IRISH SETTERS—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Tim; 2d and very high com. reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarstedt. Very high com. reserve, Seminole Kennels' Laura B.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. L. Washington's Duke of Kildare; 2d, Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 3d, very high com. reserve, very high com. and com., Seminole Kennels' Montauk, Jr., Tim's Dandy, Young Tim and Seminole, Jr. Very high com., John Mack's Niche. High com., C. T. Thompson's Rockwood. *Bitches*: 1st, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic; 2d, C. T. Thompson's Fly; 3d, W. H. Beazell's Belle of Kildare; 4th, Oak Grove Kennels' The Marchioness. Very high com. reserve and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Delphine and Claremont Heather. Very high com., Orienta Kennels' Nellie Husted. High com., Redstone Kennels' Lady Noreen and W. H. Beazell's Kildare Winnie. *Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, L. W. Barnes's Clonmel and Bantley; 3d, Sunset Kennels' Oatfield. *Bitches*: 1st, L. A. Van Zandt's Alannah; 2d, Redstone Kennels' Daisy Redstone. *Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. L. Washington's Duke of Kildare; 2d, T. Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 3d, E. W. Walker's Kildare Duquesne. Very high com. reserve, D. F. Keller's Tippecanoe. High com., Woodbury Kennels' Mille. *Bitches*: 1st, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic; 2d, W. L. Washington's Belle of Kildare; 3d, J. P. Dixon's Lady Elcho. Very high com. reserve, G. Langran's Young Duke. *Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. L. Washington's Duke of Kildare; 2d, C. T. Thompson's Rockwood. *Bitches*: 1st, W. L. Washington's Duke of Kildare; 2d, C. T. Thompson's Rockwood. *Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Very high com. reserve, Smith Bros.' Remont. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d and very high com. reserve, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee and Bellmont.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, N. Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald; 3d, Rosemont Kennels' Doc; 4th and com., Inwood Kennels' Count Noble and King Noble. Very high com. reserve, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns. Very high com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington, J. B. Blossom's Comus. High com., E. H. Seehusen's Richmond Prince, T. Darling's Woodmill Shot. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and very high com. reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Gordon, Princess Louise and Katharine; 3d and 4th, J. B. Blossom's Venns and Sally Beaumont. Very high com., J. B. Blossom's Psyche, H. O'Reilly's Dan. High com., C. F. Sykes's Mabel. Com., J. B. Blossom's Elsie. J. L. Wells's Gazette. *Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns; 2d, E. H. Morris's Freemont; 3d, C. E. Mather's Roscoe. *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Morris's Fairmont; 2d, H. F. Ludlow's Dundee; 3d, Smith Bros.' Fenmont.—*Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald; 2d, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns. Very high com. reserve, Rosemont Kennels' Doc; 3d, H. Morris's Fairmont. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Katharine; 2d, E. H. Morris's Mabel; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Psyche. Very high com. reserve, J. L. Wells's Gazette. Very high com., Prof. L. P. Braive's Lady Beaumont II.—**FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (Dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada).—1st, N. Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, Inwood Kennels' Count Noble. Very high com. reserve, J. B. Blossom's Sally Beaumont.

GORDON SETTERS—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Very high com. reserve, Smith Bros.' Remont. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d and very high com. reserve, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee and Bellmont.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, N. Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald; 3d, Rosemont Kennels' Doc; 4th and com., Inwood Kennels' Count Noble and King Noble. Very high com. reserve, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns. Very high com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington, J. B. Blossom's Comus. High com., E. H. Seehusen's Richmond Prince, T. Darling's Woodmill Shot. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and very high com. reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Gordon, Princess Louise and Katharine; 3d and 4th, J. B. Blossom's Venns and Sally Beaumont. Very high com., J. B. Blossom's Psyche, H. O'Reilly's Dan. High com., C. F. Sykes's Mabel. Com., J. B. Blossom's Elsie. J. L. Wells's Gazette. *Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns; 2d, E. H. Morris's Freemont; 3d, C. E. Mather's Roscoe. *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Morris's Fairmont; 2d, H. F. Ludlow's Dundee; 3d, Smith Bros.' Fenmont.—*Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald; 2d, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns. Very high com. reserve, Rosemont Kennels' Doc; 3d, H. Morris's Fairmont. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Katharine; 2d, E. H. Morris's Mabel; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Psyche. Very high com. reserve, J. L. Wells's Gazette. Very high com., Prof. L. P. Braive's Lady Beaumont II.—**FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (Dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada).—1st, N. Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, Inwood Kennels' Count Noble. Very high com. reserve, J. B. Blossom's Sally Beaumont.

COCKER SPANIELS—*Novice*—(Any variety, except toy spaniels).—1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Realization; 2d, Brooks & Green's Tess; 3d, Palmer & Kennedy's Ida. Very high com. and com., Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpatria and Lady Dufferin.

COLLIES—(Grand Annual Collie Sweepstakes, for collies born in the United States or Canada after July 1, 1897).—1st and 4th, F. R. Carswell's Nancy Lee and Lady Fidget; 2d and 3d, J. P. Morgan's Roderick Dhoat and Cragston Roderick Dhu.

BULLDOGS—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st and very high com. reserve, Ilwis Kennels' Harper and Bo'swain; 2d, Wheatly Kennels' Pathfinder. Very high com., C. A. J. Smith's Carybrook. *Bitches*: 1st, Wheatly Kennels' Salenti; 2d, Ilwis Kennels' Graven Image.—*Open*—*Dogs* (45lbs. and over): 1st and 2d, Ranch Kennels' Leonidas and Stanley; 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Rustic Sovereign. Very high com. reserve, A. B. Graves' Handsome Dan. High com., Wheatly Kennels' Cardinal Wolsey, R. M. Jones's Bombardier. *Bitches* (40lbs. and over): 1st, E. K. Austin's Rosie; 2d, C. E. Cox's Magpie; 3d, Dr. D. L. Light's Miss Venn. Very high com. reserve, H. H. Matthews's Dolly Tester. Very high com., R. M. Jones's Derby. High com., J. Whelan's Retnor Kennels' Lena Langtry, Wheatly Kennels' Lady Regent, Ilwis Kennels' Lady Nan.—*Open*—*Dogs* (under 45lbs.): 1st, Ilwis Kennels' King Lud; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Wal Hampton; 3d, C. A. J. Smith's Heathen. *Bitches* (under 40lbs.): 1st, C. French's Luna; 2d, A. B. Graves' Adiscombe Gipsy; 3d, J. H. Matthews's Derby Hebe.—*Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, Ilwis Kennels' Argonaut; 2d and com., Ranch Kennels' Slim Jim and Handsome Hank. Very high com., J. Whelan's British Lion. High com., R. L. Crawford, Jr.'s Mars. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Orienta Kennels' Papa's Pet and Empress of Orienta. Very high com. and high com., R. M. Jones's Lady Grace and Miss True.—*Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, Ilwis Kennels' Argonaut; 2d, A. J. Hatch's Ritchie Swell. Very high com. reserve, Capt. J. J. Phelps's Lord Sheffield. Very high com., J. Whelan's British Lion. Com., Ranch Kennels' Handsome Hank. *Bitches*: 1st, Orienta Kennels' Empress of Orienta; 2d, Ranch Kennels' Hop Tod. Very high com. and high com., R. M. Jones's Lady Grace and Miss True.

BULL TERRIERS—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, J. Moorehead, Jr.'s Streamtham Monarch; 2d, Tubby Hook Kennels' Carney. Very high com. reserve, H. F. Church's Prince Bendigo. *Bitches*: 1st, Tubby Hook Kennels' Edgewood Fancy; 2d and very high com. reserve, F. F. Dole's Starlight and Attraction.—*Open*—*Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st, Mrs. J. N. Henry's Young Marquis; 2d, P. F. Dole's Gully the Great; 3d, Retnor Kennels' Diamond King. Very high com. reserve, Poon & Symonds's Prince Gully. Very high com., P. C. Petit's Aristocrat. High com., H. M. Howes's Comet II. *Bitches*: 1st, Wm. Hanmull's Vesper Bell; equal 3d, Castle Point Kennels' Fidget and Dr. F. Mitchell's Maggie Cline. High com., Castle Point Kennels' Castle's Pride.

—*Open*—*Dogs* (under 30lbs.): 1st, D. T. Mitchell's Sir Rudolph; 2d, T. S. Bellin's Surefoot; 3d, H. F. Church's Griffo. Very high com., A. Stillman's Autocrat Victor and F. F. Dole's Woodcote Scamp. High com., Woodbury Kennels' Blucher. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Mermaid; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder; 3d, Castle Point Kennels' Early Rose. Very high com. reserve, W. J. Higginson's Lady Dinah. High com., Retnor Kennels' Nettle and H. F. Church's Woodcote Lily. *Puppies*: 1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Prince Gully and Mermaid. Very high com. reserve, Castle Point Kennels' Blanche. Very high com., Retnor Kennels' Retnor King.—*Novice*—1st, Toon & Symonds's Mermaid; 2d, F. F. Dole's Sweet Marjoram. Very high com. reserve, A. Thompson's Viscount.

FOX TERRIERS (American Fox-Terrier Club Stud Dog Stakes).—Equal 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Layman and Warren Risky; equal 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Pepper and Hillside Serena.

IRISH TERRIERS—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. J. Comstock's Boxer IV.; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. *Bitches*: 1st, W. J. Comstock's Dunmurry.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Jackanapes; 2d, W. J. Comstock's Marie Grady; 3d, Toon & Symonds's Valley Boxer. Very high com. reserve, W. J. Comstock's Hanover Boy. Very high com., Toon & Symonds's Paddy Dorian. High com., J. Patterson's Paddy P. and Hempstead Farm's Fenian Boy. *Bitches*: 1st, M. Harrison's Candour; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Chancery Lass; 3d, W. L. Morgan's Dunmurry II. Very high com. reserve and high com., J. Welsh's Nora II. and Erin. *Puppies*: 1st and 3d, W. J. Comstock's His Honor and Maggie Cline; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Red Ribbon. Very high com. reserve, W. J. Comstock's Hanover Boy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Prince Regent. Very high com., Frank F. Dole's Salisbury. *Bitches*: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Queen III.; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden. Very high com., Toon & Symonds's Matchless.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Monarch. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Gipsy Girl; 2d, A. W. Smith's Louie; 3d and very high com., Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Majestic and Rochelle Armenianca.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, James L. Kernochan's Spring and No. 3d, John M. Harris's Turk. Very high com., L. A. Van Zandt's Blinkbonny.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Heather Kennels' King o' the Heather, Amphion, Laddie and Sir Robert. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Heather Kennels' Ainstey Daisy and Heather Peggy II.

BEDDLINGTON TERRIERS—*Challenge*—1st, Wm. H. Russell's Christmas Carol; 2d, Martin A. H. Thielberg's Qui Vive.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Thos. Pearsall's Professor. *Bitches*: 1st, Harris R. Childs's Parilla; 2d, Martin A. H. Thielberg's Mignonette; 3d, Wm. H. Russell's Sweet Orchid.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS—*Challenge*—1st, Wankie Kennels' Kilroy; 2d, Toon & Symond's Kilstor.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Wankie Kennels' Kilreer; 2d and 3d, Toon & Symonds's Three and Rhudunan. Very high com. reserve, E. Elliott's Ashley Plug. Very high com., F. F. Kilt and Toon & Symonds's Scotch Hot. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com. reserve, Wankie Kennels' Gubieu, Wankie Diana Wankie Leslie and Wankie Daisy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Lovet. Very high com. reserve, Mrs. A. P. Smith's Bruce. *Bitches*: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Bessie; 2d, G. S. Duryee's Effie Deans.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, C. H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge; 2d and very high com. reserve, W. S. Lieber's Sir Roger and Sir Robert the Bruce; 3d, S. Barr's Sir Thomas. *Bitches*: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Wheel of Fortune; 2d, C. H. Smith's Islay; 3d, R. K. Camer's Endcliffe Maggie. Very high com. reserve, A. I. & H. L. Jeffrey's Gamp II.

WELSH TERRIERS.—1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Dewr; 2d, Mrs. E. C. LaMontagne's Jack Frost; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Mephisto Dick.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Challenge*—No entries.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, 2d and very high com. reserve, F. Senn's Young Ted, Brandy and Ted; 2d, J. Bell's Prince. High com., P. Cassidy's Black Burns and B. Cummings's Ben. Com., P. Cassidy's Young Spark. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, J. Bell's Judy and Queenie; 3d, E. W. Barnes's Mischief. Very high com. reserve, E. A. Lynde's Woodhouse Silk.

TOY TERRIERS (other than Yorkshire, under 7lbs.).—1st, Pittsburg Black and Tan Terrier Kennels' Lady Clyde; 2d, 3d and very high com., M. Rothschild's Noble, Jerry and Jennie. High com., Mrs. W. Harrison's Gypsy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Challenge*—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Romeo.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, 2d and very high com., King of the Charles, Yankee Boy and Charlie; 3d, Mrs. J. Brombach's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches*: 1st and high com., Mrs. A. W. Lucy's Minerva and Flora Viola; 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Lady de Lena; 3d, Ben Davis's Rose.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Mrs. A. Lucy's Exeter Earl; 2d, Mrs. T. E. Shreve's Young Duke; 3d, Col. M. Davies's Coma. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. A. Bernstein's Muriel; 2d, G. W. Wambach's Tiny.

PRINCE CHARLES AND RUBY SPANIELS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Miss S. D. Wynn's Pippo; 2d, W. Phillips's King of the Fancey; 3d, A. Bernstein's Ruby Prince. *Bitches*: 1st, W. Phillips's Jenny Lind; 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Bell.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—*Challenge*—1st, F. P. Comstock's Nanki-Poo.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, 2d and 3d, Mrs. F. Senn's Chie, Prince Yodo and Tokio. Very high com., Mrs. E. Clarke's Shugio and Mito. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. R. L. Crawford Jr.'s Tootsie; 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Ki-Ku; 3d, Mrs. E. Clarke's Ootah. Very high com., Miss T. Schmidt's Tinsin. High com., Mrs. E. Clarke's Klyo.

TOY SPANIELS.—*Puppies*: 1st and 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Princess and Topaz.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Challenge*—1st and 2d, J. Lewis's Spritle and Spring. Very high com., J. Brombach's Golden Rod.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, C. Lohmann's Spauris; 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Byron. *Bitches*: 1st, C. Lohmann's Folly; 2d, H. H. Thielberg's Trize; 3d, J. Lewis's Alice. Very high com., J. Brombach's Fanny.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st, 2d and 3d, F. W. Connelly's Cople Sophia, Nuit and Sophia Dreiske.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, G. S. Thomas's Boston Model; 2d, T. A. Joyce's Jewel; 3d, Lloyd's Doe. Very high com., Toon & Symonds's Sheffield Lad. Very high com., J. C. Dillon's Jack o' Tramp and Mrs. J. C. Danun's Nellie. High com., W. G. Adderton's Rex.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best exhibit of four, J. L. Winchell. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$300, Beaufort's Black Prince. The club's silver challenge cup, value \$150, and the club's diploma, for the best American-bred dog or bitch, Beaufort's Black Prince. The Taunton gold medal, value \$50 (breeder's prize), for best American-bred mastiff under 2yrs. of age, Miss Derby's Hans Sachs. The club's silver challenge cup, value \$100, for the best mastiff dog the property of a member of the Westminster Mastiff Club, Beaufort's Black Prince. The club's silver challenge cup, value \$100, and the club's diploma, for the best mastiff bitch the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club, L. Winchell's Beaufort's Big Bess. Best mastiff bitch with two of her produce, Beaufort's Beau and Merlin. The Old English Mastiff Club challenge cup, value \$42, for the best mastiff dog or bitch, the property of a member of the Old English Mastiff Club, J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Big Bess. Best mastiff dog, value \$231, for the best mastiff of the opposite sex to the one winning the above, W. Wade's Lady Coleus. The New York Herald medal for the best mastiff dog, L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince. Ditto, for bitch, W. Wade's Lady Coleus.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel of four rough St. Bernards, New York St. Bernard Kennels. Best kennel of four smooth St. Bernards, Melrose Kennels. The St. Bernard Club specials: Club medal for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred rough-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best American-bred rough-coated bitch over 12mos., Gramercy Kennels' Uarda. Club medal for the best St. Bernard in the show, W. C. Reick's Princess Florence. The New York Herald bronze medal for best rough-coated St. Bernard dog, W. C. Reick's Sir Bedivere. Ditto bitch, W. C. Reick's Princess Florence. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated dog over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best smooth-coated bitch over 12mos., E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. The Westminster challenge cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog over 1

282, Northern Ohio Poultry, Pet Stock and Kennel Association, 91 Akron, O.; Jan. 16, '93, Chicago Kennel Club, of Chicago, Ill., Jan. 30, '93, Ohio Field Trial Club, of Canton, O.; Feb. 7, '93, Great Dane Club of America, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Feb. 13, '93, Illinois Kennel Club, of Indianapolis, Ind.

These applications were all received in regular form, and, according to the several constitutions, are eligible for admission as provided for in our constitution. I would, however, direct your attention in particular to the applications from the City of the Straits Kennel Club, the Chicago Kennel Club and the Great Dane Club of America. The first two hail from cities already occupied by clubs that are members of the A. K. C. and in good standing. The latter is organized for the protection of a breed of dogs, for which a similar club is now a member of this organization. In Detroit we have an old member in the Michigan Kennel Club, a club that has always been loyal, but it is stated that this club has been gradually wasting away until its membership only consists of some half dozen, while the new applicant from this city has a membership of seventy-five.

Mascoutah Kennel Club still exists and has given large and important shows each year, and since its organization until this spring, which has been entered on account of the forthcoming World's Fair show. The new applicant has just given its initial show.

The German Mastiff or Great Dane Club in Chicago has been a member since its organization, but it is claimed that it is purely a local club, and has no national character about it, while the new club claims to be entirely national. Under these circumstances it behooves you to carefully consider the claims the older clubs have upon your protection. Whether new and stronger organizations should supplant the older ones, or admission refused them for the benefit of clubs already members.

The application of the Boston Terrier Club has been in abeyance since May 4, 1891. At our last meeting it was directed that this matter be for me definitely settled at this meeting, and it is therefore before you for final action.

The following credentials have been filed with me since our last meeting:

1. The New Jersey Kennel League, appointing as its delegate Mr. Edwin H. Morris. Jan. 17, National Beagle Club of America, appointing as its delegate Mr. Herman F. Schellhass. Jan. 30, the Duguesne Kennel Club, appointing as its delegate Mr. Wm. E. Littell. Feb. 11, Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass., appointing as its delegate Mr. Robert Leslie.

An appeal by Dr. Wm. Kenney against the decision of the executive committee of the Rhode Island Poultry Association has been filed. The case briefly is as follows: Dr. Kenney states that he was informed that certain Irish terriers, the property of Walter J. Comstock, were not entered at said show at the time the entries closed, and said dogs were allowed to compete; that he made a formal protest according to A. K. C. rules, said protest being disallowed. The secretary certifies that the protest was received, placed before the executive committee, and as no evidence was submitted showing that the rule of the A. K. C. relating to entries had been violated that it was voted "that the protest be not sustained, and the awards made by the judge in Irish terrier classes be confirmed." Dr. Kenney appeals from this decision.

Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks petitions to have the awards made to a Russian wolfhound which he has repeatedly exhibited under a wrong name through ignorance rectified, he having but lately discovered the facts are: He imported several of these dogs which duly arrived at his kennels; later the pedigrees arrived at one time, and he misnamed two of the dogs, showing one a number of times and winning with it. He has lately learned that the winning dog has been shown under the name of the dog that has never been exhibited. He now asks that this club will officially afford him relief in the matter.

The National Greyhound Club duly suspended an exhibitor named P. Heckleman for removing his dog from its late show without permission, by forcing his way through the gate against the protest of the gatekeeper. The action of the club was duly reported in accordance with Rule XXV., and Vice-President Thos. H. Terry, in the absence of the president, confirmed said suspension pending your further pleasure in the matter. By the rules this suspension must either be removed at this meeting or the penalty of disqualification be imposed in its stead.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club has forwarded a number of amendments to the proposed new bench show rules, and requests that the rules, when adopted, be copyrighted to prevent parties from using them without legal right to them.

I hereby report that in compliance with your instructions I returned the money held by me in trust to the several parties from whom I had received subscription money for the new social department of this club. I herewith report I beg to submit for your consideration the following recommendations:

First, that the secretary be directed to refuse the privileges of the stud book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification.

Second, that after the charges pending before this club have been disposed of the A. K. C. will refuse to arbitrate in any personal or financial dispute, and will only discipline persons guilty of an infringement of the rules in connection with bench shows or field trials held by active members in good standing.

Since closing my report I have received amendments to the rules from the Continental Kennel Club and the Elmira Kennel Club. I have also received the resignation of the Wilmington Agricultural and Industrial Association. Respectfully submitted,

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

The report of the secretary was received and placed on file. The treasurer's report is as follows:

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—To the Executive Committee of the A. K. C.: Gentlemen—I herewith beg to submit my quarterly report of all moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1892:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1892.....	\$5,004.20
Receipts from all sources to date.....	1,833.25
	\$6,837.45
Disbursements for same period.....	636.79
Balance on hand.....	\$6,200.66

I also beg to report the following clubs in arrears for annual dues for 1893, bills for same having been mailed to them Dec. 1, 1892. South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Montana Kennel Club, Continental Kennel Club, California Kennel Club, National Greyhound Club, English Setter Club, American Fox-Terrier Club, American Mastiff Club, Delaware and Susquehanna Association, New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club, Bexar Field Trial Club, Western Michigan Kennel Club, and the Georgia Kennel and Farm and Kennel Club, Tri-City Kennel Club, Wisconsin Kennel Club, Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Association, Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club. Respectfully submitted,

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treas.

MR. ANTHONY—I move that the report be accepted as read, and the secretary instructed to notify the various clubs that are in arrears that at the next meeting if their dues are not paid they will be dropped from the roll. Seconded and carried.

Subsequently the treasurer reported that he had received the annual dues from the Westminster, Keystone and Mascoutah Kennel Clubs.

The report of the Advisory Committee was read and accepted, as follows:

Minutes of advisory committee meeting, held Feb. 7, 1893. Present Thos. H. Terry, William C. Reick, James L. Anthony.

J. Frank Perry vs. A. G. Eberhart, *re* misconduct in connection with dogs. The committee received the charges brought against the accused Eberhart, and they are substantiated. Ordered, that A. G. Eberhart and the Eberhart-Pug Kennels be disqualified for the period of six months from this date.

T. A. Howard vs. A. G. Eberhart, *re* misconduct in connection with dogs. Charge I. Resolved, that the committee cannot too strongly condemn the practice of using out of one dog to represent another, whether in a circular or other publication, and that the committee is hereby instructed to give points to the picture of another dog and said picture not being one of the dog so criticised. Eberhart is guilty of said charge, but in consideration of the penalty imposed in the Perry case, the committee will not impose an additional penalty in this case.

Charge II. The committee finds it not proved, and is therefore dismissed. The committee is of the opinion that in a similar case to avoid the same kind of a mistake, the pictures should have been registered as by Bradford Ruby II. of Boyetts.

A. G. Eberhart vs. A. E. Pitts, *re* misconduct in connection with dogs. The committee finds Pitts guilty as charged, but in view of the fact that he acknowledged the charge, and as he owed both dogs and could derive no advantage from the transposition of cut, said Pitts is hereby censured for his conduct.

Lowery, Stone & Auerbach, *re* bill rendered for legal expenses. Resolved, that the respondent on the bill for \$3,862.53 as submitted by the secretary be approved by the committee, who recommend that the bill be settled by paying \$1,862.53 now, and \$1,000 be paid from the receipts of 1893, and \$1,000 be paid from the receipts of 1894, which amounts include all claims for legal expenses in connection with suits in the hands of Messrs. Lowery, Stone & Auerbach. The committee

desire to express appreciation of the reduction voluntarily made by said firm in their bill.

The prefix, Elkwood, was claimed by Phil. Daly, Jr., and allowed. The prefix, Chatham, claimed by H. M. Howes, was allowed. E. B. Elliott vs. H. E. Twyford. Resolved, that the case be reopened and the secretary be instructed to notify the parties in interest.

(Signed) A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

MR. WATSON, of the stud book committee, reported: This committee has two cases referred to it, the Boston terrier case and the collie Toronto. In regard to the latter the committee asks for information. The collie was entered at two shows this year and last year. Then it was entered at Brooklyn. There seems to have been negligence somewhere. The point is this: Is Canadian registration good on this side? Do we honor Canadian registration or do we not?

MR. VREDENBURGH—Yes. At the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club in 1889 the Canadian Kennel Club sent a delegation of three members of their club to us and made us a proposition, which we finally accepted by resolution to the effect that we would acknowledge registrations of the Canadian Kennel Club without further registration with us, they doing likewise, acknowledging our registrations without further registration with themselves. This is by resolution, and we have adhered to it for four years. You will recall that a year ago I suggested and recommended in my report that that contract with the Canadian Kennel Club had better cease, but no action was taken concerning it.

MR. WATSON—It becomes, then, a question of carelessness on the part of Mr. Jarrett. In regard to the Boston Terrier Club we are very much at sea. Dr. Cryer, I believe, is in favor of it. Mr. Fiske says that it appears to him that the Boston Terrier Club has made out a *prima-facie* case, and he does not see why they should not be admitted. He is rather on the fence you might say. I have just been handed his opinion, which I will read: "You are quite at liberty to report on my position on the question of the Boston terrier. That I find no evidence before the committee in contravention of what seems to me to be the *prima-facie* evidence presented by the Boston Terrier Club that the Boston terrier is a breed of itself and entitled to admission to the stud book. I do not, therefore, find any objection to its admission. Signed, Wilson Fiske." For my own part I cannot bring myself in favor of admitting the dog. I would like to admit the club, but it appears that we have to take the dog too. The question for the club is, is it a proper breed to add to the stud book, and I cannot say that I am in favor of admitting it, and there is your committee hung with three minority reports.

On motion the report of the Stud Book Committee was accepted and placed on file.

Nominations for secretary and treasurer being next in order, Mr. Vredenburg was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Under the head of new business the matter of the application of the Boston Terrier Club and the Boston terrier to the stud book came up, and Mr. Richards spoke to a motion to admit the breed.

MR. RICHARDS—This being made in the form of a motion, I suppose remarks are in order. This matter has been referred to the club several times, and I have asked the privilege to be heard once or twice, and would not ask it again if it were not for the fact that there are many members present to-day who, I am quite sure, have never considered the merits of the case, and who are familiar with the question. I think that in passing upon this question, inasmuch as it involves something of a precedent, it ought not to be determined upon vague considerations, but we should have some precise reason or theory for future cases by which we shall determine when a breed of dogs has become so established that it has an identity in natural history, not sentiment; as to whether we like the dog or not, but has it an identity, just as you can say, "There is a fox, or a deer, or a greyhound?" When we come to determine that question we come to the matter of evidence; and what is the evidence? In the first place, there may be a dog which has obtained a likeness, but yet so much unlikeness, with such a want of refinement—a want of exact similarity. (I use the word "exact" not in an absolute sense, but in that relevant sense which all dog men understand.) I say there might be such a want of that resemblance that we would make no note of the breed, while recognizing in a general way that they become so uniform that it is likely to perpetuate its own in kind. We know that in the matter of the French coach horse—we have a good deal in the stud book about coach horses, but practical horse-breeders know that the French coach horse has not produced satisfactory results in breeding in this country, because it has not been able to reproduce itself in a uniform type here. We would not like to make that mistake with this breed of dogs, or any breed of dogs, and I therefore think that the evidence on which we should act is the evidence of a power to reproduce. Mr. Power, who is here as the agent of the club, has shown to me the pictures of different generations of the dog and pictures of different dogs of the same generation, which indicate a reproductive uniformity to my mind. While there can be no doubt that those pictures are photographs they are fair representations of the dog. If I am right about that, if my ideas are not too vague of what uniformity is, it seems to me that the Boston Terrier Club has established *prima-facie* that power to reproduce the type among these dogs. There is one other condition, and that is some recognized authority which shall see to it that the type is maintained in future breeding, so that they shall not fall away and pass into heterogeneous types. It seems to me that guaranty is afforded by the very organization of this club, by the establishment of a club stud book, by the requirement that the pedigrees to be registered shall all be referred back, as in the case of backneys. Now, I say when that has been done the American Kennel Club has a guaranty upon which it is safe to rely, and I think it would be unreasonable not to rely upon it. At former meetings there was on the part of two or three members, I thought, a tendency to reject the breed, because they did not like the dog, because they thought it was inferior to the English bull-terrier, on the general proposition that they did not like the breed and that they were not a gamy-looking dog. That is aside from the case. The question is not whether we like the dog, but whether the dog has an established breed in which a number of reputable fanciers are interested, and which is going on to reproduce itself in types with certainty. I think if we are satisfied of that evidence, as presented, it is a matter of simple justice to admit them.

A call for the ayes and nays resulted in the following vote: Ayes—Anthony, Wilmerding, Munhall, Shotwell, Heppner, Cryer, Van Schaick, Diffenderfer, Bryson, Schellhass, Power, Morris, Reick, Oldham. Nays—Arnold and Webster. Messrs. Foote and Watson declined to vote. The chair declared the motion carried.

MR. POWER—I must take this occasion to thank you for your kind and serious attention of this matter and for your vote in favor of our club. I have to say that the stud book committee will take every precaution to have every dog kept out that is not strictly eligible. We have required an affidavit of the breeder of the sire and of the breeder of the dam, certifying to the pedigree in each case before the puppy can be registered. After it is reported favorably upon it comes before the club and a vote is taken by the club whether it shall be admitted, and every member has a chance to say whether the dog is straight.

The application of the following clubs were accepted, and the clubs admitted to membership in the A. K. C.: Des Moines Poultry and Pet Stock Association, The Northern Ohio Pet Stock and Poultry Association, The Illinois Kennel Club, St. Louis Kennel Club, The Great Dane of America, The Ohio Field Trial Club. The application of the Chicago Kennel Club is rejected.

It was carried, that the application of the City of the Straits

Kennel Club of Detroit, Michigan, be referred to a committee, which committee shall ascertain whether the Michigan Kennel Club is dead or alive.

MR. VREDENBURGH—I read the following recommendation of the Auditing Committee:

NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1892.—Your Auditing Committee recommends that a resolution be adopted by the A. K. C., that the secretary-treasurer shall pay all bills only when marked approved by at least two members of the Advisory Committee. This recommendation receives the endorsement of the present secretary-treasurer. J. D. SHOTWELL, A. C. WILMERDING, J. B. BLOSSOM.

Resolution made and carried.

Mr. Munhall presented a communication concerning silver prizes offered by the Cleveland bench show held in April, 1891, which prizes had not yet been delivered. On motion the same was referred to the Advisory Committee.

The Wilmington Agricultural and Industrial Association was accepted.

The appeal of Dr. Kenney against the decision of the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Poultry Association was, on motion, referred to the Advisory Committee with power.

Concerning the request of Charles Stedman Hanks, Mr. Anthony moved that similar action be taken as in the Meersbrook Maiden case.

Regarding the suspension of Mr. Heckleman by the National Greyhound Club for removing his dog from a show without permission, Mr. Richards moved that he be disqualified for one year. Seconded and carried.

The recommendation of the secretary, "That the secretary be directed to refuse the privileges of the stud book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification," was on motion adopted.

As to the second, as follows: That after the charges now pending before this club have been disposed of, the A. K. C. will refuse to arbitrate in any personal or monetary dispute, and will only discipline persons guilty of an infringement of the rules in connection with bench shows or field trials held by active members in good standing. Mr. Webster moved that the matter be referred to the committee on constitution and by-laws, to be considered at the next May meeting.

MR. POWER—I move that the wins of the first field trials of the New England Field Trial Club, held in 1891, be recognized by this club. Seconded and carried.

Mr. Schellhass asked the recognition of the wins at the National Beagle Club bench show at Nanuet, N. Y., in 1891. He was directed to present the case in detail at next meeting. Adjourned.

"Forest and Stream" to-day presents a full report of the New York show by the judges. In thoroughness, intelligent treatment and value, this report may be ranked as one of the achievements for which "Forest and Stream" has won fame. Such a report is without parallel in the annals of kennel journalism in America.

DOG CHAT.

A New Beagle Kennel.

MR. E. GERRY ROBERTS gives us the list of the dogs he bought at New York. He writes: "I feel it a great pleasure to say that I have gone into beagles and have made the following purchases, some at pretty low prices: Champion Racer, Jr., from Mr. H. L. Kreuder, winner of over twenty-five prizes, as my stud. Fanny Reed, winner of third at Nanuet, '92, and second at New York, '93, from Glenrose Beagle Kennels. Hope, winner of first and special in puppy and first and special in open, New York, only times shown, from Mr. Phoebeus. Miss Rogers, by Royal Krueger ex Mira, from Mr. Kreuder. Luna, from Mr. Geo. Laick. All of these, with the exception of Racer, Jr., were purchased at the New York show. I am going to Red Bank, N. J., to-day, to arrange for building a kennel, such as will make my beagle friends envious. It will be only large enough for twenty dogs but will be arranged in the best possible manner. I have engaged an architect to draft plans who thoroughly understands the needs of dogs. I have named my kennels the Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels. I also purchased last year and still have in my kennel, Romp C., winner first Derby and third 13in. bitch class N. B. C. field trials, 1891."

A Correction.

Please correct a mistake made in the premium of the Elmira Kennel Club. Under the head of Boston Terriers, class 86 and 87 should come under the head of Basset Hounds, and class 88 should come under the head of Dachshunds. See printed slip inclosed in premium list.

C. A. BOWMAN, Sec'y.

Sale of Nancy Lee.

There was no prouder man than Mr. Frank Carswell in the show building last week. His winning bitch, Nancy Lee, is a credit to any kennel. While others have bought dogs, Mr. Carswell has had to breed for them, and in the case of Nancy Lee he owns the dam, grand dam, great grand dam and great-great grand dam, Maid, which was the first he owned. Mr. Carswell on Friday sold Nancy Lee at catalogue price to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whose kennel will be materially strengthened thereby.

Sale of Carisbrooke.

Charles A. Smith sold his bulldog Carisbrooke to Mr. Wyman Porter, of Montclair, N. J., as a companion; so, probably, we have seen the last of this rather plain-faced, but well-made, dog.

Bulldog Dockleaf.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Frederick Mansell & Co., 7 St. Clements street, Barnstable, London, one of the finest etchings of a dog we ever remember seeing. This is the celebrated bulldog Dockleaf. Though we have never had the good fortune to see this dog and cannot personally judge of its true likeness, still we understand that on Jan. 27, the day after it was published, it was taken by the Bulldog Club judges, such as Messrs. Peybus Sellen, J. W. Berrie, A. M. Hodges, Frank Crowther and many others, and is admitted by them to be a fine and correct likeness and a standard to breed up to. Such reliable pictures do more to educate the budding fanciers than any amount of tinkering with mediocre specimens in their own kennels. The etching is by Richard Josey. Size 15x11, and lettered India proofs are \$5.50 each.

Dr. Glover performed his duties conscientiously, and had an almost herculean task to examine the large entry which passed through the small gate. A new feature he introduced was his daily report on the health of the dogs, which was posted on the press bulletin board. Only one dog, a deerhound, was seriously sick, and that had a touch of pneumonia.

During the New York show the Hempstead Farms Kennels sold the bulldog Wal Hampton and collie Ormskirck Susie to Col. A. B. Hilton, of Woodlawn Stock Farm, for \$600; also the wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Tassel to G. N. Carnochan.

The Iolanthe Kennels made an important purchase from the Wheatly Kennels in the bull bitch Salemi. Mr. Hobbie told us without a smile that he got \$14,000. The Wheatly Kennels are dispersing the good team they got together. Pathfinder and Lady Regent were bought by Mr. C. K. Austin. Mr. Renshaw Mason Jones purchased their good dog Cardinal Wolsey. These will be shown again.

Mr. Mortimer did a little speculate in wolfhounds, buying a rather handsome-looking ten-months' pup, Czar, Jr., from Miss Steiner.

Hillside Kennels sold their deerhound Alpine to Fred Kirby.

Mr. John Marshall, of Troy, made a good sale of his Newfoundland Prince Hal and New York Lass II, both good winners, to Mr. Clarence R. Conger, a lawyer of New York city.

Mr. Ed Brooks thinks he will have a try at the dare devils and intends getting a couple of brood bitches from the other side. At the show he purchased Valley Boxer from the Anglo-American Kennels and Nora II. from Mr. John Welch.

A Mr. Grey, of Baltimore, bought the bulldogs Derby Hebe from Mr. Matthews and Miss Nancy from Mr. R. M. Jones.

Mr. Adrian C. Pickhardt, whose dogs won two firsts at the W. K. C. show, sold his two good pointers, Ridgeview Donald and Ridgeview Panic to Mr. Perry Lewis, of New York. Mr. Pickhardt, who owns the Rinada Kennels, showed us the plans of some extensive kennels that he intends building as soon as the ground is suitable, at Massapequa, L. I.

Mr. Julian E. Smith sold the handsome, though peculiarly marked St. Bernard White Friar to Mr. Ion Witzleben, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., for \$300, so Staten Island knows this dog no more. Brooklyn Prince, an hc. dog, was sold.

The Maybrook Kennels, of which Mr. Bradbury is manager, purchased from Mr. A. W. Purbeck the newly imported greyhound Honor Bright, that won over everything at New York.

Mr. Ed. Manice just had his hands full with his dachshunds. Though he has had eczema in the kennels the dogs were fairly shown. He made a number of sales. The bitch Jane Shore, a good one, too, goes to Mrs. John E. Thayer's boudoir. This is about the third best bitch in America and of happy disposition. Then Mr. Matthews, the bulldog man, to get a little more chest and elbow, invested in a Pterodactyl—Jargonelle pup in whelp to Superbus II. Every pup he has is engaged and he took orders for twenty stud visits. Dachshunds are evidently booming seriously, for Mr. Manice has commissions to start three parties with dachshunds for a kennel. Babbette, the Basset, was sold to Mrs. Cass Canfield, of New York.

During the show we met Mr. German Hopkins. When asked how things were going, he remarked that he couldn't sell a dog, and so sold a dominick game hen for \$10. That was pretty good, but he finished a little stronger than this by selling Warren Tripper, the fox-terrier, 2d, Brooklyn; 1st, Pawtucket, to Mr. Dupee, of Chicago. Their Grove Tripper goes to Macon, Ga. The Grove Kennels also bought the bitch Baby Nell from C. A. Bowman. This bitch is by Dominic out of Blackrock Belle.

There was another collie man busy at New York, and though he did not show much, he managed to get rid of the collie Toronto Wonder, who is by Metchley Wonder, at a good and remunerative figure, to Iolanthe Kennels, and further, to same kennels Duchess of Fife, in whelp to Christopher.

We regret to hear that old champion Bounce, the noted beagle of a few years back, was killed about ten days ago by a kick from a hunter at the Somerset Kennels.

During the New York show the Heppner Kennels, of which Messrs. C. D. Bernheimer and A. H. Heppner are the owners, sold their blue dog Apollo, winner of third prize, to Mr. Calvin S. McChesney. The kennels retain the stud services of the dog, which is quite typical.

Mr. Elliott purchased, while in England, five good collies for the Chesterford Park Kennels of Chicago. One was a third-prize winning bitch at Birmingham last year, in whelp to Rufford Ormrod, another in whelp to Sefton Hero and another in whelp to a good dog whose name we forget. Two good pups by Sefton Hero complete the list. They will arrive on the Italy and come in charge of Spratts.

We received the Boston premium list as we went to press, and a glance shows it to be well arranged. Four prizes are given in principal breeds and in value from \$15, \$10 and \$5 to \$10, \$5 and \$3.

Mr. Dole sold the following dogs at New York show: Bull-terrier Prince Bendigo to R. S. Palmer, New York; Woodstock Scamp to Mr. Graves, of Orange, N. J.

As several of the judges who officiated at the New York show this year were also judges at last year's show, and as their portraits were published in our EXTRA at the time, we thought it superfluous to publish them again. They are Miss Whitney, Messrs. Geo. Raper, W. Tallman and R. F. Maybew.

Mr. Otto Volger, a member of the St. Bernard Club, has purchased from Mr. Foster, of England, the Yorkshire terrier Nelson, by champion Kit out of Lady. It came over about two weeks ago and weighs but 4½ lbs.

Mr. A. S. Bradbury, of the Maybrook Kennels, has purchased the Dandie Dinmont Rugely Sandy.

Elmira Dog Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following specials have been received up to date: The Collie Club offer the club medal, value \$20, for the best collie dog or bitch exhibited by a member of the Collie Club. The American Spaniel Club offer the following prizes, open to members only: \$5 for the best field spaniel, \$5 for the best cocker spaniel, \$5 for the best Irish water spaniel and \$5 for best Clumber spaniel. The American Mastiff Club offer a challenge cup, value \$150, for the best American-bred mastiff, entries to be made with the secretary of the American Mastiff Club before March 10; entry fee \$5; one-half goes to the winner of the cup and the other half to the Mastiff Club. The National Beagle Club are going to give a plate valued at \$15, and a number of other clubs to hear from.

C. A. BOWMAN, Sec'y.

Dog Laws in Indiana.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The House of Representatives in session here passed a bill on the 10th inst. regulating the tax on dogs as follows: One

dollar on first male dog and \$3 on each additional male dog owned by one party; \$3 on first female dog and \$10 on each additional female dog owned by one party. Is it not time that some of the owners of dogs in this State take action and see that they are represented in their views in our Legislature and not be imposed upon by this unjust, partial and cruel legislation. If we are to be taxed more for dogs we may happen to have for our amusement, sport or use, than these legislators (?) are taxed for their horses, cattle or hogs, why not afford us the same legal protection for our dogs. As it is we are to be taxed more for one dog than these legislators would be for any horse they ordinarily drive. Still the owners of fine dogs are left at the mercy of the dog thieves, with the law protecting the thieves and proclaiming that dogs are not property.

Some of these very men who make these so-called laws will use every effort to avoid paying this tax which they voted for, if it becomes a law. However, we must appreciate the position of some of these dog law makers as they cannot find anything else to do, and in order to show their constituents that they did something they have to pass a dog law or goose ordinance. Gentlemen of Indiana, what do you propose to do?

CHAS. K. FARMER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 13.

A World's Fair Fox Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have corresponded with the World's Fair officials in regard to holding a national fox hunt. They say there will be a bench show, but cannot give a field trial on account of grounds. As for myself, I would not care to see five hundred or a thousand beautiful hounds chained up, but it would be the joy of my life to see that number in the field. Now, the Western Massachusetts Fox Club have the ground and the foxes, a broad, level, open country for our Western brothers and hills and mountains for the Eastern boys to exhibit their hounds. While we cannot have a World's Fair in the East, I do think we could have a fox hunt that would lay over the world. Brother fox hunters, sound the horn and we will loose the chains and show our Western brethren that we are "in it" when it comes to a fox hunt.

GEO. W. RORABACK, Pres. Western Mass. Fox Club.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Feb. 17.

Yachting.	
FIXTURES.	
MAY.	
23. Pavonia.	30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay.
30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay.	
JUNE.	
1. Pavonia.	— Atlantic, An., New York.
15. New York, An., New York.	— Marine & Field, An., New York
22. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap.	— Corinthian, An., New York.
26. Pavonia.	
JULY.	
1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch.	10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
1. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay.	15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.	22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.	25-27-28. New York, Astor Cup.
8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.	Newport.
AUGUST.	
— New York, Cruise.	14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham.	26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.
SEPTEMBER.	
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.	4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.	

So FAR as the various principals, both owners and builders, are concerned not an authoritative statement has yet been made concerning the new Cup defenders. What little is known has partly leaked out and has partly been discovered by means more or less honorable or justifiable. What is now needed in the supposed interests of owners and designers is some invention which will provide an opaque but elastic envelope for the entire yacht and her rig, which will not interfere with the free action of the wind on the sails or of the water on the hull, but which will at all times conceal the deep mysteries of modern designing not only from prying newspaper men but from the ordinary *hoi polloi* of common every day yachtsmen.

WHAT shape this much-needed invention will take is yet a question, but just as nature is commonly believed to have furnished the model for the America and various other speedy yachts, down to the Volunteer, in the humble barnyard duck, so we may look to her for another example in the cuttlefish, with its obscuring flood of ink. It might be possible to provide a system of piping throughout the keel, frame and spars by which a dense vapor, such as that which vexes the souls of the unfortunate residents on the North Shore of Staten Island, should at all times be released to enshroud the entire yacht. It is true that certain difficulties such as that of discovering one's opponent or making out marks might attend this plan, but they are mere trivial details that might be formidable so long as the necessity for secrecy was confined to the slow-going Scotchman, but which will be quickly brushed aside now that the great Yankee intellect is grappling with the problem.

FAILING such an invention, the time must come, and in a few months, when the proudest product of the locked and guarded workshop must be revealed, as Thistle was, in the dry dock; while her sail plan will come under the relentless fire of the camera. In the meanwhile, however, it is possible to obtain information only through the medium of detective work or through unfaithful workmen, and yachtsmen must believe what they please of the many rumors of finkeels, Tobin bronze bottoms, wonderful appliances and novel composite construction. The same rigid secrecy is observed at the Herreshoff shops which evoked so much comment from Americans in the case of Thistle, but it is said that the two Boston yachts will be built in plain view; let us hope from some better motive than the difficulty of applying the Clyde-Bristol plan to local conditions.

THE Stewart & Binney boat is all but an accomplished fact and a final decision will probably be reached this week, as the building cannot be delayed much longer. Nearly all of the money has been subscribed, the delay being over the last few thousands, and as the construction of a fourth defender is in no way local, but a matter of national pride, it will be strange if it is allowed to lapse for the want of a little money. The yachtsmen of the Lakes and the West, many of whom spend part of each summer on the Eastern coast, are not yet represented, though as deeply concerned as any in the adequate defense of the Cup.

So FAR as mere rumors are worth anything, they run to the effect that both the Eastern parties, the Paines and the other syndicate, are prepared to force the question of the fin-keel at once, while the Herreshoffs, not unnaturally, are desirous of keeping this latest development in reserve for another season; in other words, following the Wasp type with some essential alterations rather than the more extreme fin-keel type of Dilemma and Drusilla. The Carroll boat may be classed as similar to Wasp, with the addition of a centerboard, and

report has it that the Morgan-Iselin boat would be similar to her, but of lighter construction, while the Rogers boat has been set down as a keel, still nearer to Wasp in model as well as general type. A still later story goes that in view of the possible developments in Boston the Herreshoffs will make a fin-keel of the Morgan-Iselin boat. For the present "anum's the wort" everywhere, but unless the above indicated invention comes along very quickly, we shall soon see what we shall. The work at Bristol is going on rapidly, but there is a delay at Lawley's, the steel for the Paine boat not having been received.

THERE is a promise of a revival of the measurement discussion about Boston through a very intelligent letter to the Boston *Globe* from an advocate of the old mean length measurement. While the writer takes a very fair and liberal view of the whole question, he is unfortunate in the selection of his text, a quotation from one of the old builders, who cannot understand why, if he avails himself more fully than others of the crude elements of power, he should be taxed for each of these elements, and who demands the right to unlimited beam, depth and sail area without paying for them, so long as he abides by the one limit of waterline length. Discussions of the measurement question are always in order, and if carried out on logical lines they cannot fail to be instructive. Unfortunately, however, these discussions are generally monopolized by the advocates of the idea that one element alone can gauge the power of a boat, or by others who have nothing tangible to offer, but content themselves by decrying existing rules and proclaiming for a measurement of "size," as has been the case of some of our correspondents in the past.

A PRACTICAL test of the disputed question of the value of aluminum for yacht construction is about to be made in France in the construction of a racing 10-tonner under the new French rule, the yacht being designed by Mr. Godinet for the Count de Cabannes La Palice. The yacht will be 37ft. l.w.l., with a displacement of 12 to 16 tons; and it is estimated that while the weight of good composite construction would be 4,500 kilogrammes, the weight in aluminum will be but 2,500 kilos.

The Cruise of the Cy-pres.

TWO WEEKS IN A 22-FOOT BOAT.
[Continued from Page 150.]

ABOUT 5 o'clock the pilot came alongside, and as soon as he was on board and had made his boat fast we got up our mainsail and ran the jib out on the bowsprit, having put it up in stops during the afternoon so we could break it out quickly. The pilot took the tiller while I manned the windlass; I walked the chain right in as rapidly as possible, but just as I got it straight up and down a sea struck us, and we were lifted to it we parted the chain like pack thread. I pulled the slack in on deck, broke out the jib and we were off; as her head fell away rapidly, I looked aft to see what was going on there and saw that the pilot had let the main sheet slip through his hands till the knot had run out check to the block on the boom. As he lifted up to bring the boom inboard where he could reach it the loops of the sheet got foul of both rowboats and for a few minutes we were in a awful mess.

As soon as we had cleared the sheet we were round and headed for the entrance of the river before a nice brisk breeze. I first took in the jib and stowed it below, then got out our keedge and road line to use in place of the lost anchor. The tide ran in like a mill-race, and the stiff breeze helping it along carried us up past the docks and club house at railroad speed. We dropped our keedge in a deep pool just in front of a little fish house, and the boat left the bank of the stream and went for a few spots that we had selected as being a good anchorage ground when we rowed up at low tide.

As soon as our mainsail was furled I rowed ashore to telegraph to Boston for a new anchor, but learned at the hotel that George H. Jeck, the keeper of the club house, was accustomed to dragging for lost anchors, and could in all probability get ours for us next morning. I found Jeck and told him the story of our predicament, and he said he would go to the eastward and abreast of the big spar buoy that lies about 200 yds. out from the entrance to the river. He said he could locate it near enough by that description and would go out after it next morning, and would charge me \$2 for the job. I thought this cheap enough and returned to the yacht for F., who got into a dingy and we rowed up the river to Kennebunk Port village. As at York, the river was crowded with skiffs and canoes, and the advantage of the flood tide was being lost, and we were in a very bad way. The boats and the people that at York; in fact, they were the finest lot we had ever seen, their glossy sides showing that they were well cared for. Rowing is about the only amusement they have here, and nearly every one owns a skiff or canoe. It is about a mile up to the old village of Kennebunk Port, and the river is not very pretty up to that point, but we were told that it was beautiful beyond the bridge, which crosses it just in the village. The boats and the people that at York; in fact, they were the finest lot we had ever seen, their glossy sides showing that they were well cared for. Rowing is about the only amusement they have here, and nearly every one owns a skiff or canoe. It is about a mile up to the old village of Kennebunk Port, and the river is not very pretty up to that point, but we were told that it was beautiful beyond the bridge, which crosses it just in the village. 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go into Kennebunk Port again, but come in here in preference every time. We were surprised to see so many small fishing schooners moored up the middle of the channel; there were ten of them, all 35 or 40 ft. long, and moored so close together that there was just room for them to swing by each other at the turn of the tide. We learned from an old fisherman who came alongside in his dory in the evening that this was only on Saturday night, that all of these boats would go out on Monday morning and stay away almost all the week, so that a yacht coming in here on any other day would have no trouble in picking up one of several good moorings.

We sat on deck till 10 o'clock enjoying the cool evening air and watching an illuminated water procession which formed in line in front of a hotel to the west of us; the boats were covered with brilliant Chinese lanterns and they moved slowly off round a point of land, firing rockets, burning red and green lights, their crews singing and shouting at the tops of their voices.

We were up at 5 o'clock, and at 5:45 and under way at 5 o'clock, but early as we thought this to be the Lydie Adams was ahead of us and sailed out of the harbor close to us, turning westward, bound for Boston. The wind was very light from the south by west and we went along very slowly, although we had the ebb tide with us. We stood well off from the land, hoping to get more breeze and to avoid going on to the rocks should the wind fall at us at the turn of the tide. As we ran out of the harbor we heard distinctly the whistling buoy off Cape Elizabeth, which is eight miles away and dead to leeward.

The breeze continued very light till about 7 o'clock, when it freshened a little, and as the water was as smooth as glass we made good time, picking up the black buoy off Fletcher's Neck about 9 and soon after the red buoy off Dansbury Reef. When we left Cape Porpoise we intended to go no further than Wood Island, but when we reached there the breeze was so light and the day so beautiful and clear, we could not resist the temptation to go on to the narrow channel between Portland Head and Bangs or Cushing Island, and we went both, leaving Stage Island with its lonely-looking monument on our port hand, going out between Ram Island Ledge and Negro Island Ledge, and stood over toward Old Orchard Beach. When abreast of the hotel we turned northeast and just cleared the point at Prout's Neck, running into the cove to westward of Richmond Island, passing near the old Proprietor and Chateau de la Roche, leaving them to port.

We went well up into the cove and found a good landing near the breakwater, but did not stop to go ashore. A fishing schooner, the Yankee Maid, was lying at anchor near the landing, and her boats seemed to be busy taking on stores. We sailed around her and came sharp up on the wind, skirting along the shore till well clear of West Ledge, when we bore away with lifted sheets for Cape Elizabeth, picking up the Black Buoy at 11 A. M. and 30:15 at 1 P. M., and for the last hour or two had been increasing rapidly. We paid out about ten fathoms of chain and went below to get dinner, congratulating ourselves on having reached this port on schedule time, in spite of our unexpected delays at York and Kennebunk Port.

The wind had been freshening gradually for the last two or three hours, and as we passed around Cape Elizabeth it increased quite rapidly, so that about the time we were abreast of Portland Light we took in our foresail. The tide was rushing through the narrow channel between Portland Head and Bangs or Cushing Island, and we went both, leaving Stage Island with its lonely-looking monument on our port hand, going out between Ram Island Ledge and Negro Island Ledge, and stood over toward Old Orchard Beach. When abreast of the hotel we turned northeast and just cleared the point at Prout's Neck, running into the cove to westward of Richmond Island, passing near the old Proprietor and Chateau de la Roche, leaving them to port.

We were fearful at times that the boom would jibe over in spite of us, but fortunately it did not, and at just 1:15 we rounded up and dropped our anchor in front of the ice houses on Peak's Island in three fathoms of water at half tide, making a run of thirty-four miles in eight hours, including the detour through Winter Harbor or Wood Island and round Old Orchard Beach. As we were almost becalmed for three hours of this time, we thought we had made a quick run. The barometer dropped steadily all the morning; it stood at 30:15 at 5 A. M., 30:12 at 11 A. M., and 30:09 at 1 P. M., and for the last hour or two had been increasing rapidly. We paid out about ten fathoms of chain and went below to get dinner, congratulating ourselves on having reached this port on schedule time, in spite of our unexpected delays at York and Kennebunk Port.

After dinner we lounged around on deck for a while, watching the yachts at anchor and under sail. The wind was blowing a gale, and sailing was anything but fun, as we were crowded and the water got wet to the skin coming over to the island from Portland. Lying right ahead of us were several yachts, among them the 40 ft. sloop Georgia, with a jolly party of five on board who were excellent singers. Near us lay a fine little sloop called the Cruiser, with a party of ladies on board. They were sitting around in the cockpit and on the trunk, laughing and talking, when they discovered they were dragging their anchor. It amused us to see how noisy they were when they were so quiet and how they hustled the ladies ashore while they got out second anchor. They did not care to trust their anchors entirely after this, so picked up a mooring that was near them and held on to it as a last resort in case their anchor should again fail to hold them.

Three or four boats of the Savin Hill Y. C. lay near us, and in the afternoon two more came in; one of them had a rollicking crowd on board, and they kept us to see how noisy they were when they were so quiet and how they hustled the ladies ashore while they got out second anchor. They did not care to trust their anchors entirely after this, so picked up a mooring that was near them and held on to it as a last resort in case their anchor should again fail to hold them.

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[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A New Watson Steam Yacht.

The fleet of the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto, which was strengthened last year by the two new racing yachts Zelma and Vedette, will this season boast of a new addition, one of the finest steam yachts on fresh water. The new yacht, which is now partly completed at the works of the Hamilton Bridge Co., Hamilton, Ont., was designed by Watson, for Albert E. Gooderham, Esq., owner of the steam yacht Abeona, and a well-known lake yachtsman. She will be entirely of steel, and her dimensions are:

Length over all.....118 ft.
Length L.W.L.....101 ft. 10 in.
Beam extreme.....17 ft. 5 in.
Beam L.W.L.....16 ft. 10 in.
Least freeboard.....3 ft. 6 in.
Draft.....5 ft. 6 in.

The deck below the main deck is joined by a low level of deck, is 17 ft. long, containing a smoking room forward with a galley abaft it, just over the fore end of the boiler and ventilating into the stack. The fore-cabin, with hammock berths for six men, is forward, finished in clear white pine varnish.

The dining saloon is 12 ft. 6 in. long and of the full width of the vessel, finished in quartered oak; the wainscoting being about 4 ft. high with tapestry hangings above. The saloon is fitted with a fine piano and machinery, 10 ft. 3 in., is given to the owner's room on the port side, the stairway and the pantry to starboard.

The owner's room occupies rather more than half the vessel, and will be finished in bird's-eye maple with tapestry hangings, fitted with wardrobe, dressing case, folding bed berth, etc., and communicating with a small toilet room taken out of the boiler space. The pantry will be finished in oak and is located just below the galley and opens directly on the dining saloon.

The engine and boiler space is 28 ft. long, abaft which is the ladies' cabin, 30 ft. 15 in., finished like the owner's room, with a divan around three sides. Under the floor is a bath tub. To starboard of after companion is a stateroom, and to port are two toilet rooms, the after one for the officers, who occupy two after staterooms, these three being finished in quartered oak.

The engine is a triple compound, designed by Mr. Redfield H. Allen, of Detroit, Mich., and building by the Kerr Engine Co., of Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. The cylinders are 10, 15 and 25 x 12 in. to make 330 turns per minute with a working pressure of 200 lbs. The engines are of handsome design and the builders are doing excellent work on them. The boiler will be a Thornycroft, imported from England. A Stourtevant blower will be used for the forced draft, and the condenser will be independent. The wheel, a three-bladed Thornycroft, of manganese bronze, will be imported from England, and the steam steering gear and windlass are made by Reid & Co., of Paisley, Scotland. The rig will be a two-masted schooner, with pole masts.

The lines were sent out full size on a scribe board, and one of Mr. Watson's surveyors, Mr. Jos. Ewing, has had the work in charge, having come out for the purpose. The design is rather fine, with considerable deadrise, the ends being well balanced. The yacht has the Watson sheer and overhang and will make a very shapely craft when at her designed trim. She is to be launched and ready for her trial trip by the end of this month.

American Model Yacht Club Trophy.

Will you kindly correct a mistake made in your last issue in regard to the American Model Yacht Club Trophy in the sailing regulations as to length? It should read: Yachts shall not be less than 35 in. or exceed 45 in. on L.W.L. As you have it you give the excess as 45 in., which is not correct, and as this may be misleading to those interested you will do the club a great favor by correcting same in your next.

F. NICHOLES.

The yachtsmen of Lake Minnetonka are discussing the practicability of an open regatta for prizes sufficiently large to tempt boats from the coast or even from England. The races would be limited to open boats of 21 ft. or so, of which the Minnetonka fleet includes some fast boats, among them the Herreshoff Alpha, lately purchased in Boston.

The Lateen Rig on Ice Boats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 16, I notice a discussion under the above heading by "G. P." and "C. L. N." as to the claim of priority in the use of the lateen sail for ice boats, in the course of which it is stated that it has been used for at least twenty years. I can say that at Toronto, which has always been a leading center for winter as well as summer yachting, they have been using the lateen sail almost exclusively for ice boats for more than forty years. I attended school there in the winters of '30, '31 and '32, and ice boating was almost as much indulged in there then as now, the lateen being the only rig used. How long it had been in use before that I do not know.

I visited Toronto this year for the first time in winter since then, and almost the first objects that caught my eye as I got off the train were six ice boats close by, and with their lateen sails set, evidently waiting for a breeze, as it was quite calm. I could not resist the temptation of having a closer view of the locality and some reminded me forcibly of boyhood days. I noticed that their sails were flat and rigid as boards, a condition easily attained by this rig. Asking a man in charge if any other kind was used in Toronto, he answered that the "club" had imported a crack "sloop-rigged" boat (as an experiment, I inferred), but that she took so much more wind to drive her, although as well built and not any heavier, that she was not a match for the regular Toronto boats.

There is no doubt that the lateen sail is the best for ice boats, as their tremendous speed on the wind requires the flattest sail that can be had. The peak should also remain in the same plane as the boom to keep it drawing equally with the foot of the sail. The lateen has notably this property, as the yard, or what is the gaff in the ordinary fore and aft sail, is confined forward past the mast, as well as the boom to the lower forward end of the sail where they meet and are fastened together, so that the peak cannot fall away from the line of the boom to the extent that a gaff does, thus when well hoisted the sail is one large plane and every part draws alike.

J. C. M.

MIRAMICHI, N. B., Feb. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to see in your issue of Feb. 16 that "C. L. N." disclaims any intention in his *Outing* article on "Ice Yachts" to credit the Hudson or Shrewsbury clubs with inventing the novel idea of stepping an inboard inclining mast near the gunwale, instead of amidships, which, with drawings and explanations were first published on Aug. 7, 1884, in the *Forerunner*, a paper called the "Prince rig." The drawings were again, in 1886, produced by the Forest and Stream, and strongly recommended for ice yachts, and were immediately after adopted by the above named clubs. The statement by "C. L. N." that said clubs "each suspected the other of having stolen its plans," would seem to infer that each one was claiming this novel idea as its own invention.

No suggestion has been made by the Forest and Stream or the present writer that the lateen sail was a recent invention. We all know it to be as old as the Egyptian Pyramids. The "Prince rig" is the first and only successful plan ever adopted to make the lateen-shaped sail effectual in every way—on or off the wind. All previous attempts signally failed; not one succeeded.

The Vixen and other yachts which have experimented with the "Prince rig" have proved all that was claimed for it by its inventor in 1884, in the *Forerunner*, and given it to the public, thus, as "C. L. N." truly says, becoming "public property."

I would add here that a single mast is preferable to the double mast unless the sail and spars are heavy. The sail should be strongly reinforced in the vertical section, where it is bent to the center of the yard and boom, to prevent its bellying too much. Other arrangements will suggest themselves as required. If guys or stays are used they should be so arranged as not to impede the free swing of the boom. G. P.

Boston, Feb. 20.

Beverly Y. C.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Beverly Y. C. was held in Boston Feb. 17, at which the following changes of rules were adopted, to apply only to the Buzzard's Bay division of the club fleet south of Cape Cod, except where otherwise specified:

To alter the racing line south of Cape Cod, the following classes on the Buzzard's Bay division of the club fleet south of Cape Cod, except where otherwise specified:

To make the racing length south of Cape Cod the length on waterline.

That no prize be given for a walk over either north or south of Cape Cod.

That no second prizes be given in championship races south of Cape Cod, when less than four boats start in a given class.

That if there be but one entry in any class, either north or south of Cape Cod, the yacht entered may sail in the next class above of the same rig in which there may be any entry without assuming the minimum length on waterline in that class. In case there may be one entry in all sloop classes, the yacht entered may sail with catboats in her class.

To amend Rule 20, sailing regulations ("amendments") so as to read: "These sailing regulations may be amended at any special meeting, provided notice of the proposed amendment has been given in the call for the meeting, or at annual meeting, whether with or without such notice."

To amend Rule 5, sailing regulations, Clause 3, by striking out "with two men from the bow" and substituting therefor "the crew need not be aboard; but if aboard, must be stationed amidships."

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

A visit to the office of Manning's yacht and vessel agency, No. 45 Beaver street, New York, is quick proof of the extent to which Mr. Manning's business has developed since it was established twenty years ago, and also of the value of such an agency to the shipping business. The amount of information that can be obtained from this agency by any one looking for information in regard to any sort of vessels for sale or to charter is probably beyond comparison with any other bureau. Mr. Manning has built up a business upon its merits and numbers among his customers not only leading yachtsmen but very many commercial houses.—*Marine Journal*.

The Cleveland Y. C. has decided not to build on city property at the foot of Erie street, as when the Council, after long deliberation, granted them the lease, they stipulated that the city could at any time, upon six months' notice, reclaim the site, and also that the club should in no way interfere with the freedom of the people in Lake View Park. The club has decided to accept the fifteen-year lease from the United States of the entire lake front along the hospital grounds. This lease has fourteen years to run and can undoubtedly be renewed at the end of that time.

The officers of the Rhode Island Y. C. elected on Feb. 20, are: Com., Warren B. Fales; Vice-Com., Fred P. Sands; Sec., F. P. Eddy; Treas., E. T. Herriek; Meas., A. M. Black; Directors, R. H. Carver and A. E. Austin; Race Committee, Charles E. Smith, E. E. Hubbard, E. C. Reynolds, Samuel Whitely and Harry H. Low; Committee on Admissions, C. G. Bloomer, Jr., R. H. Carver, R. Greene, A. M. Black, C. A. Eddy, T. Herriek, A. D. Lette, Leroy Fales and A. E. Austin. House Committee, C. G. Bloomer, A. S. Ross and R. L. Greene; Potter's Cove Committee, W. B. Fales, A. D. Ross and F. P. Eddy.

A new company, the Universal Electric Launch Co., of Nyack, N.Y., has been formed, to manufacture, lease and sell boats propelled by electricity and batteries, machinery and other supplies for the use of sailboats. The capital is \$25,000, and the directors are: S. R. Bradley, S. R. Bradley, Jr. and C. L. Seabury, of New York city, and A. L. Riker and T. L. Proctor, of Brooklyn.

A bill is now before Congress providing that after the close of the World's Fair the model battleship Illinois shall be transferred to the State of Illinois for the use of the State Naval Reserve. Another bill which has been passed by the Senate, is for the recompense of the owners and crew of the schooner H. R. Tilton, sunk off Sandy Hook last summer by a shot from the proving grounds there.

The St. Lawrence S. C. & S. L. Co. is building for Mr. E. E. Sargent, of Newark, N. J., an 18 ft. sailing length fin-keel for use at Lake Hopatcong. She will be rigged with jib and mainsail and will have several new features in her rigging. The firm will exhibit at Chicago and are building a "scarecrow" to send there.

At Van Deusen's new boat shop, Camden, N. J., there is building a keel yacht designed by H. C. McCormick for George J. Gibson, of Philadelphia. She is 31 ft. over all, 21 ft. L.W.L., beam 4 ft. 4 in. draft, with iron keel. She will have a cabin house and will be used for cruising and sailing on the Delaware.

The Schoodic Y. C., of Calais, Me., has reorganized with the following officers: Pres., M. H. Pike; Vice-Pres., Lewis Todd; Sec., W. E. Davidson; Treas., G. W. Hines. The first of a series of races will take place on June 22.

Ituna, steam yacht, lately sold by Com. Morgan, has been taken over by her new owner, Mr. Belmont, and is now fitting out at Newport for a Southern cruise.

O. B. Jennings, owner of the steam yacht Unquowa, died suddenly on Feb. 12 at the age of 67, leaving an estate estimated at \$10,000,000.

Read Bros., at Fall River, have the Eaton yawl partly planked, and are preparing to build a 35 ft. L.W.L. cutter for Mr. Geo. Turner.

The Brooklyn Y. C. has announced the following fixtures: May 3, opening day; June 12, annual invitation regatta.

New Jersey, steam launch, has been sold by Leon Abbett to H. M. Farr, of Holyoke, Mass.

Sagamore, steam yacht, sailed for Norfolk on Feb. 23 for Old Point Comfort, where her new owner, Mr. Edgar S. Scott, and a party of friends boarded her for a cruise to the West Indies.

Mr. V. D. Bacon, several of whose designs have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, is prepared to furnish full designs for building Cape catboats at a low figure. His advertisement appears on another page.

A large steam yacht is building at Ithaca, N. Y., for Charles Kellogg of Erie, Pa.

Clytie, schr., has been sold by G. M. Preston to H. C. Ward, N. Y. Y. C., former owner of Sagitta and Triton.

A report from Florida mentions the burning of the Lorillard steam launch used as a tender to the houseboat Caiman. No details are given.

Comanche, steam yacht, H. M. Hanna, was at Jacksonville, on Feb. 21.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge. 24. Marine and Field Club, Bath Atlantic, Ann., New York Bay. Beach.

17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst.

JULY.

1-15. At. Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

11-25. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

The letter of Com. Cotton emphasizes the difficulties which we pointed out in the way of the postponement of the annual A. C. A. meet. Such a proceeding would be entirely unprecedented; and, so far as we can judge from the opinions of A. C. A. members, is entirely unnecessary. A good attendance and a very pleasant and successful meet are promised, in spite of the attractions of Chicago and the Fair.

The meet of the Atlantic Division in July promises to be a notable one; it is under specially able management, in a very desirable location, and there is good reason to hope that those sports and diversions which, however agreeable to a certain number, have seriously lessened the attendance at previous meets of the Atlantic Division, will be conspicuous by their absence.

Atlantic Division Meet.

To the Members of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.

GENTLEMEN.—The next annual camp of the Atlantic Division will be held on Great Captain's Island, Long Island Sound, July 1-15. Great Captain's Island is situated twenty-five miles from New York City and is two and one-half miles from Port Chester, Conn., and about the same distance from Greenwich, Conn. Port Chester, forty minutes from Grand Central Depot by N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. is the nearest station to the camp. Your Committee intends to make arrangements to reach the island from Port Chester by steam launch, making frequent trips each way.

Great Captain's Island is about 15 acres in extent. The soil is sandy and a fine beach extends along the northerly shore terminating in a horse shoe, which will afford ample protection from the winds. The beach slopes back to a bluff some ten feet high in parts. Altogether the island offers an ideal spot for the meet. Fresh water is obtainable on the island, and your committee will make all arrangements necessary for the comfort and convenience of those who attend.

An excellent sailing course will be laid out on the shore side, and the attractive programme prepared by the regatta committee will be productive of very many fine races. It is the wish of the officers to make this meet of 1893 not only the largest and most successful, but one of the most memorable in the history of the Atlantic Division, and every member is requested to do his utmost toward the accomplishment of that end.

Your presence at the meet and your hearty co-operation in making it a success is therefore earnestly desired. Arrangements will be made for a ladies' camp. The transportation committee will arrange for the satisfactory transportation of canoes and camping outfits from the several club houses to the camp and return at a nominal charge.

Further information will follow on completion of work by the different committees, which are composed of the following gentlemen: Regatta Committee: W. P. Dodge, chairman; Jantlie C. C., W. S. Elliott, Marine and Field; D. P. Goodsell, Youkers C. C.; R. B. Burchard, New York Y. C.; T. Torst, Hoboken C. C. Transportation Committee: H. L. Quick, chairman, Youkers C. C.; J. F. Hogan, Brooklyn C. C.; Barron Fredricks, Jantlie C. C.; E. D. Newman, Crescent A. C.; Geo. V. Strahan, Hoboken C. C. Camp Site Committee: W. C. Lawrence, chairman, Park I. C. A. C.; V. Schuyler, Brooklyn C. C.; J. F. O'Shea, Knickerbocker C. C.; R. H. Peebles, Bayonne C. C.; H. C. Ward, New York Y. C. Respectfully yours,

JAMES R. LAKE, Vice-Commodore.

By F. L. DUNNELL, Purser.]

The A. C. A. Meet of 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to Canoe Notes in your issue of Feb. 16, and the letter of Mr. Henry L. Smythe, with your editorial remarks thereon, may I ask space for a few lines to say how impossible it now is to postpone the yearly meet. As you remark, the work is too far advanced, and besides, it would require the sanction of a general meeting to do so. As it is only right that all members should understand the position of affairs, I desire to say that the year book is just about to be published, and contracts have been entered into with advertisers which must be fulfilled. A contract for the lease of the ground has been signed and arrangements completed for meeting. An ice-house has been filled for the use and comfort of the members in camp. The regatta committee are under way with their programme and transport facilities definitely fixed. While it is unfortunate that the wishes of many in this respect cannot be met; still, it must be apparent to all, when they know the advanced state of the arrangements, that a postponement is now out of the question. Under the circumstances may I earnestly request members and the interests of the Association, not to press the matter further, as any doubt thrown on the success of the meet will be sure to injure it.

On the other hand, taking advantage of the great attraction of the World's Fair, it is my intention to invite members of all foreign clubs to be present.

W. H. CORROX, Commodore A. C. A.

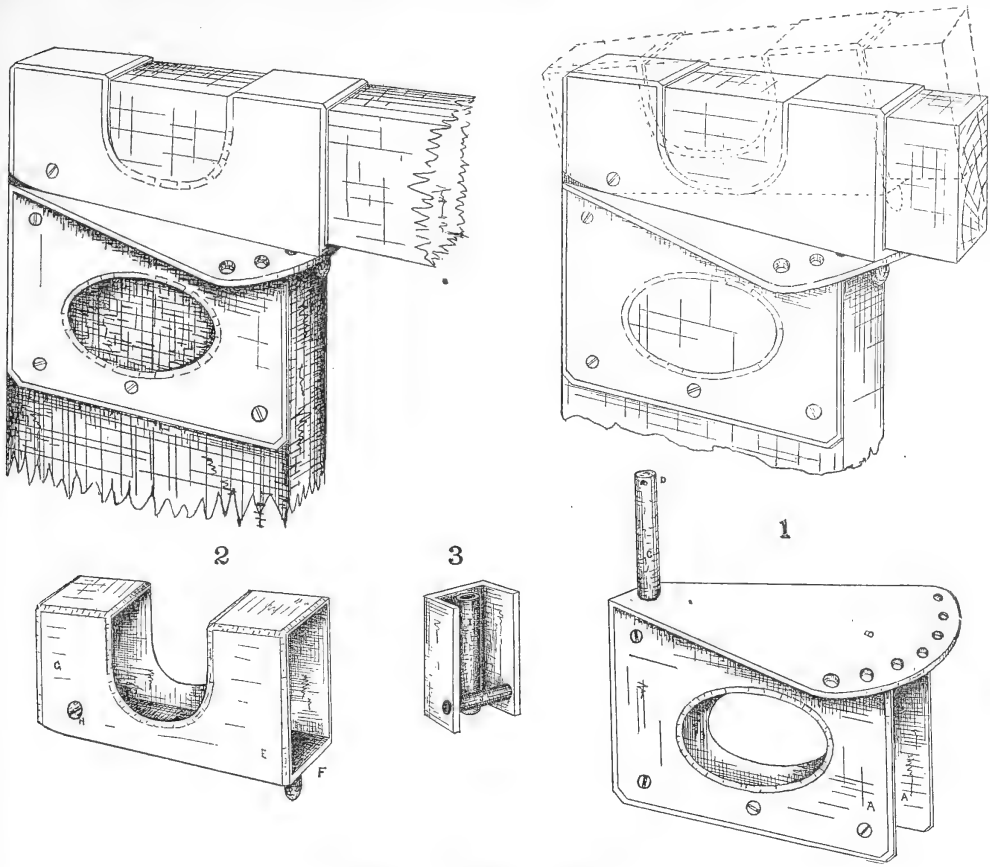
KINGSTON, Feb. 20.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Canoeists' Club, of New York, will hold a dinner at the Arena, 41 West Thirtieth street, on March 11, the tickets being \$1.50 per plate.

The Wish-Ton-Wish C. C. of Northampton, Mass., has elected the following officers: Captain, C. B. Swift; mate, J. R. Gilliland; purser, H. C. French; member of executive committee, C. B. Edwards.

Captain Ruggles, the well known canoe builder, has turned his genius for invention to good use in an entirely new field. The distance between Rochester and Charlotte, the latter on Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Genesee River, is nine miles; the two being joined by an electric railway. In winter the snow on the tracks causes great delay and annoyance, the snow plows in use last season proving entirely inadequate. During the past summer Capt. Ruggles has been struggling with the problem, and late last fall he patented a new snow plow, a wheel similar to a propeller, driven by an independent motor, which cuts the snow away and then blows it to a distance, at right angles to the track. The present winter has provided ample opportunities for a severe test, the machine working admirably.



DORION'S ADJUSTABLE RUDDER HEAD.

Dorion's Adjustable Rudder Gear.

No PART part of the gear of a boat is the object of more admiration than a handsomely-shaped tiller, which for several reasons besides that of beauty should extend into the cockpit. This often proves inconvenient in small boats where the crew is likely to sit on the floor boards and the space is necessarily limited.

It would also be found a restless and agreeable change aboard such a craft in some winds could the helmsman face the bow, but this cannot well be done, as the tiller comes in contact with his side. If it is made short to better enable him to take this position his arm must pass behind his back, and this soon causes fatigue. Another objection is, that the short tiller prevents the skipper from well hiking to windward when occasion requires.

The rudder gear herewith illustrated is the invention of Mr. Severe Dorion, of 110 Burnet avenue, Syracuse, N. Y. After a thorough trial it has been pronounced a perfect success, entirely obviating the difficulty mentioned. The tiller can be placed at any angle, entirely out of the cockpit and out of the way of the helmsman, when the boat is in stays or under way, by merely lifting the tiller a few inches, placing it in the position required and allowing it to drop to place. The gear is fastened to the rudder head and is all in one piece, with nothing to drop off or get out of place. The tiller slips into the fitting and can be easily removed, a slight taper holding it in place, but when in position it is securely fastened to the rudder with no lost motion.

When sitting to windward the tiller can be held so close that in luffing one does not have to reach inboard and lose the benefit of a portion of the weight that should be to windward. If on short tacks the tiller can be changed without giving it a thought. Carry it over with you and it will drop into place before the boat gets under way. If you prefer it amidship place it there.

Three parts constitute the gear (see cuts). No. 1 consists of two pieces of metal (AA), with oval holes on each side to lighten. On the top edges is a plate (B) fan-shaped, with seven holes on the circular edge and a $\frac{3}{4}$ rod (C) brazed upright on the small end. The upright rod has a hole at the top (D) with a pin in it. No. 1 is fastened to the rudder head with the small end of plate (B) placed aft or toward the rudder blade.

No. 2 is a square ferrule made to fit the tiller, with a slight taper at the top, which is cut away to lighten. The lower side of No. 2 outside of No. 3 and fasten with screw hole at H. This allows No. 2 (containing the tiller) to move up and down as it passes over plate B and enables pin F to enter the different holes in the plate to give the angles required. The metal is sheet brass, polished and nickelled.

To assemble the gear, place No. 3 over pin C in No. 1 and fasten with small pin at the top; this gives side motion. Place the G end of No. 2 outside of No. 3 and fasten with screw hole at H. This allows No. 2 (containing the tiller) to move up and down as it passes over plate B and enables pin F to enter the different holes in the plate to give the angles required. The metal is sheet brass, polished and nickelled.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Zettler Rifle Team Tournament.

THE third annual Washington's Birthday team tournament, inaugurated in 1891 by that famous group of expert riflemen known as the Zettler Rifle Club, was brought to a successful close at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery, on Wednesday night of last week.

Of the many associations of riflemen located in the cities of the United States the Zettler Rifle Club has for years taken first rank as experts in off-hand shooting with the sporting rifle.

The club was organized some twenty years ago in the shooting gallery of the Zettler Bros., located at that time in the Bowery, near Grand street, and from its inception has been known as the Zettler Rifle Club. For years there has not been a shooting festival of prominence in any part of the country east of the Mississippi River that has not had representatives from this club as competitors for prize honors, and at the present time the club is the Alma Mater of quite an Alumni located in various parts of the country.

With the small .22cal. gallery rifle as the "primer" in the education of the novice in the art of rifle shooting the Zettlers have brought out some of the most expert marksmen known in the history of rifle shooting, and to-day the headquarters of the Zettler Club is the objective point for all lovers of the sport in and about New York city. When the club, in the early part of the month, sent out its notice of another tournament on Feb. 22, with the information that it would donate four trophies for winning teams and an extra prize for the best individual score, there was a hearty response returned from the many shooting societies in and about New York in favor of taking part in the contest.

When the day for the tournament arrived the entry list was found to contain entries from ten clubs and societies. Prominent among the entries were one team from the Independent New York Schutz Corps, B. Walthers, captain. One team from the Williamsburg Shooting Society, F. C. Ross, captain. The Harlem Rifle Club was represented by two teams; Team No. 1, J. A. Boyken, captain; Team No. 2, W. Heaney, captain. The Central Turn Verein one team; C. Gilman, captain. The Empire Club one team, Wm. Rosenbaum, captain. The

Albig Club one team, Geo. Albig, captain. New Jersey was represented by the Greenville Club's team, Wm. Robeson, captain; the Excelsior Club's team, L. P. Hanson, captain; the Hudson Club's team, J. Rehhan, captain; the Our Own Club's team, J. Bauder, captain.

The terms of the match called for teams of 5 men each, 10 shots per man, 2 re-entries allowed, distance 75ft., 25-ring target, possible 250 points.

The trophies were the work of Rogers Bros., and were made to order for this occasion. They were emblematic of shooting and beautiful to the eye (of the shooting rank, especially so).

The Empire team was the first to put in an appearance in the morning, and with their first entry they rolled up a score of 1,198 points, that stood high until 11 o'clock P. M., when the Farmers from New Jersey, on their second entry, made a tie score of 1,198 points; but by counting the best center shots the Greenville team, by the rules governing the contest, took first place in the race for honors. In the meantime the Independent team, under the leadership of Barney Walther, had made a leap for the honors, but by some unfortunate shots they fell back behind the Empires in the race with a total of 1,178. In the meantime Harlem team No. 1 were pegging away in their first entry and got together a total of 1,187 points.

Then came the Our Own team with a total of 1,185 points, and hard after the latter came the Hudsons with 1,188 points, the Excelsiors with 1,175. Then the Empires went in to do or die and fell back with a total of 1,195 points, or three points below their first entry. In the meantime, the Williamsburg contingent, under the leadership of Fred Ross, were quietly doing their best to get into the swim, and succeeded in getting together a total of 1,192.

The Harlem second team made a hard struggle, but the pace had been set at such a rate that they were out of the race before the start, the same can be also said of the Albig team, and also the Central Turn Verein team.

The race up to this point still gave the Greenville farmers the lead followed by the Empires, the Our Owns and the Williamsburg teams.

While the above teams had been doing their best to overcome the difficulties before them, Barney Walther was busy reforming the broken ranks of his team and getting into position for the second charge. About 11:30 P. M. Captain Walther sent in his team for the second time, and when the last man had got his shots down to the target the results showed that the Independents were out for sure, having a total of 1,211 points to their credit. From this point the condition of the race was getting to be very interesting, and it now looked as though the Independents were secure in their position for first place, but this is only the illustration of the uncertainty of everything pertaining to the affairs of this life, for in the case of the Independents with their remarkably fine total of 1,211 points, an average of 242.2 to each member of the team, they were in the end doomed to meet defeat.

The Empires, after their second entry had been simply laying low nursing their strength for the final struggle, which was to come later on. The members of this team met the difficult position in which the score of the Independents had placed them, and they placed them in the front rank among expert riflemen. The individual members of the team, with the aid of that well known veteran, Max Engel, as a coacher, stood up to their task in a way that caused many of the older shooters to marvel at the nerve of the boys under such circumstances. Wm. Rosenbaum, otherwise known to the fraternity as "Buff," was the last member of the team to shoot his score, and to say that the many shooters and visitors present were interested in hardly expresses the condition of affairs in the gallery at the time. Every one who could get within sighting distance of the target was there with both eyes open, some rooting for 25s or center shots, while others were pulling dinkies, hoping for a flyer. But "Buff" was equal to the task that had been laid out for him. He wound up his score with a total of 243 points, giving his team a grand total of 1,213 points, an average of 242.6 to each member, thus winning the first position by a lead of two points over the Independent team.

The individual trophy was a center of much interest to many of the experts in the contest, and there was a goodly number among them who had taken an extra pinch on his nerve with the intention of appropriating that "mug" to his own individual self. But the "best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," and as the various teams shot through their scores the individual possibilities were reduced to thin men—Mr. Dorrier of the Independent, J. A. Boyken of the Harlem team No. 1, and F. C. Ross of the Williamsburg team, each with a score of 248 to his credit.

After Rosenbaum had closed his score, thereby defeating the Independents, the above gentlemen were called up to shoot off their ties. The fact that these men are known to be the best of all the Zettler experts, and the fact that in shooting ability and nerve there is hardly any choice between them, was enough to create a decided feeling of interest among the large assembly of sportsmen present. Mr. Dorrier was the first to face the target, and he finished his score with a total of 245. J. A. Boyken was next to shoot and he could do no more than tie Dorrier's score.

The condition of affairs was now decidedly interesting, hardly any one expected that Ross, under the then existing excitement, could do more than tie the other scores. To expect him to overcome seemed to be out of the question except to a partisan, and when Ross went in to shoot his score there was a rush made by all present to the rear of the gallery in order to witness the results of each shot as it reached the target. His first shot was a 24, and then the speculations of those present with a weakness for wagering their gelt became brisk, and the way the dimes and quarters changed hands as one shot followed another was a caution. But with all the excitement and uproar caused by the excited onlookers, Ross kept his nerve and never let go another point, but finished his score with a center shot and a total of 249, thus winning the individual trophy. This is remarkable work, as it approaches the limit of the possibilities of the arm and the ammuni-

tion. The scores of the several teams competing in the tournament will be found appended:

THE SCORES.	
1. Empire Rifle Club.	2. Independent N. Y. Schuetzen C.
W. Rosenbaum.....243	F. Simon.....242
B. Zalk.....243	A. Stein.....239
L. Busse.....245	B. Walther.....244
C. Zettler, Jr.....240	M. Dorrier.....244
H. Zettler.....242-1213	G. Zimmerman.....244-1211
3. Williamsburgh Schuetzen Corps.	4. Greenville Rifle Club.
O. W. Horney.....238	W. H. Robedoux.....235
G. Worn.....237	C. Boag.....239
F. C. Ross.....248	C. Sheeline.....244
W. Forbach.....244	H. Olmsted.....238
G. Klinghoefer.....239-1206	G. W. Flaisted.....242-1198
5. Harlem Rifle Club—First team.	6. Our Own Rifle Club.
C. Hutch.....245	J. Coppersmith.....239
J. A. Boyken.....248	G. D. Wiegman.....238
V. Krayer.....235	F. B. Laute.....237
E. W. Busby.....236	W. Watts.....242
J. Bodenstaun.....243-1197	J. Bauder.....237-1193
7. Hudson Rifle Club	8. Excelsior Rifle Club
W. L. Hanson.....230	L. P. Hanson.....239
H. Steuber.....237	W. Weber.....233
J. Rehhan.....240	W. J. Hennessy.....235
H. Grafe.....238	J. Speicher.....233
A. Malz.....233-1187	W. J. Channing.....235-11
9. Harlem R. C.—Second Team.	10. Albig Rifle Club.
C. Denecker.....233	Geo. Albig.....229
W. W. Cochran.....237	Gus Nowak.....235
W. Weeks.....237	C. Shukraft.....232
J. A. Hard.....231	G. Funk.....231
W. Heaney.....239-1170	W. Bayer.....234-116
11. Central Turn Verein.	
L. Trenn.....221	S. Kohn.....242
J. Zeigler.....217	C. Gilman.....238-114
R. Dworsak.....227	
	GREENVILLE.

Denver Shooting.

The Denver Rifle Club opened a series of matches at its range on Feb. 20. Following are the scores:

200yds. Possible 100.	500yds., Possible 50.
Hollingshead.....72	Schoyen.....4
Ricker.....72	Bell.....4
Willis.....66	Dean.....4
Gilbert.....61	Willis.....4
Dean.....55	Maguire.....4
	Hollingshead.....4
	TESSEBY.

New York Revolver Work.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The following record scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, at their last regular weekly practice shot, held on the 18th inst., at their gallery No. 12 St. Marks Place: 10 shots on Standard American target, at 25yds. C. B. Bishop, .44cal., S. & W. revolver, 90; H. Oehl, .44cal., S. & W. revolver, 84; F. Hecking, .38cal., S. & W. revolver, 77; E. Walz, .22cal. Stevens pistol, 83. F. HECKING, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

- March 7-8.—Ryersford (Pa.) Gun Club tournament. First day targets; second day live birds.
- March 8.—Boiling Springs vs. Union Gun Club, team match, also open sweepstakes, at Rutherford, N. J.
- March 15.—Union Gun Club, 25-bird sweep, \$20 entry, five moneys limited to twenty entries, Springfield, N. J.
- March 21.—Live bird tournament on Erb's "Old Stone House grounds," Bloomington avenue, Newark, N. J., beginning at 11 A. M.
- March 28-29.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, Savannah, Ga.
- March.—New Mexico Mutual Fish and Game Protective Association, second annual tournament.
- March.—Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Park City grounds, Bridgeport.
- April 5-7.—Interstate live bird tournament, Dexter Park, Long Island, H. A. Pennington, Sec'y, New London, Conn.
- April 19-21.—Waverly (Iowa) Gun Club tournament. Professionals barred.
- April.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, Greensboro, N. C.
- May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
- May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.
- May 9-12.—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
- May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
- May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
- May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.
- May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
- May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
- June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
- June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
- July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.
- Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The East Orange and East Side Mutual Gun clubs, of Newark, proposed shooting a team match on the latter's grounds in Wiedenmayer's Park, Newark, on Feb. 22, but owing to the storm the match was postponed and the day filled in with the following sweeps at 10 targets each:

1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6
Babbage.....5	6	9	6	5	6	Young.....5	5	5	8	5	5
Keight.....5	7	5	5	5	5	Koeller.....4	5	7	5	5	5
R. Dicks.....5	5	5	5	5	5	Fischer.....5	5	5	5	5	5
Wheaton.....9	5	4	4	4	4	Schork.....6	6	8	5	5	5
T. Dicks.....5	5	6	8	5	5	Koegel.....8	7	6	5	5	7
Trenton.....6	4	6	4	9	8	Hassinger.....6	8	7	4	5	5
Perry.....4	4	4	4	4	4	Hague.....6	4	6	5	5	5
Heinrich.....5	5	2	4	4	4	Bitz.....8	4	5	5	5	5
Schilling.....5	4	7	5	5	5	Dentz.....4	7	5	5	5	5
M. Dicks.....5	4	5	5	5	5	Noon.....6	5	5	5	5	5

An invitation shoot took place on the grounds of the West Side Gun Club, in Newark, on Feb. 22, between teams of 12 men each from the West Sides and the West End Rifle and Gun Club, each man shooting at 25 artificial targets. The heavy snow storm made the shooting difficult, as the scores show. West End—Sparrm 7, Burkhardt 10, Neigert 16, T. Freund 13, Bratsch 7, A. Freund 7, Lamb 10, Kollensky 15, Astalk 5, Beck 16, Weber 14, Heimhauser 9; total, 138. West Side—Meesel 17, Burt 16, Gerst 16, Meyer 19, Shepper 10, Trutvetter 12, Weber 13, Hilfers 15, Shelling 14, Reiboldt 11, Jaquin 16, Drastel 12; total, 171.

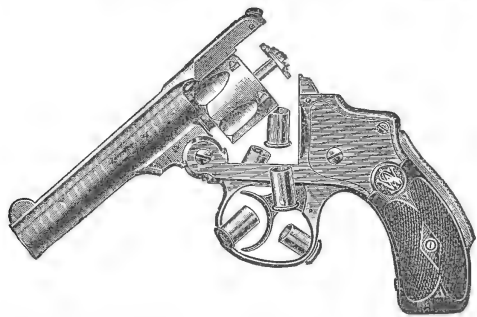
Early in the fall of 1892 the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club announced that it would hold a tournament on May 23, 24 and 25, 1893. By virtue of said announcement the Knoxville Club should have been alone in holding a shoot on those dates, but now comes the news that on the same dates will be held the annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association and also a tournament at Minneapolis, Minn., under the auspices of the Minneapolis Gun Club. Either of the latter two organizations could easily have chosen other dates than those chosen by Knoxville.

The first annual shoot of the Central Gun Club, of Newark, was held on Dreker's Farms on Feb. 22, and after the shoot there were refreshments, songs and instrumental solos at the club's headquarters at Central avenue and Norfolk street, where Captain John Gardner was given a reception. The scores made in breaking clay birds were, each man shooting at 25: Gardner 23, Sprague 21, Silvers 18, Oroner 19, March 17, George 16, Binn 10, Griffen 14, Traphagen 13, Saunders 11, Fink 17, O'Hare 10.

H. E. Buckwalter and "Father Time" Thurman will have charge of the tournament to be held at Ryersford, Pa., on March 6 and 8, and this is a guarantee that the affair will run smoothly. Targets will be used on the first day and live birds on the second.

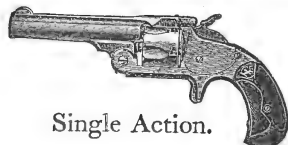
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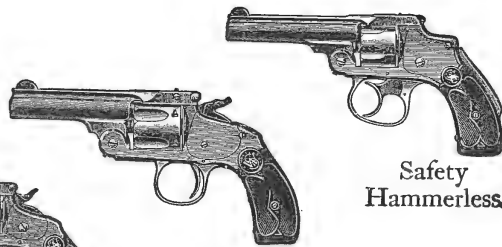
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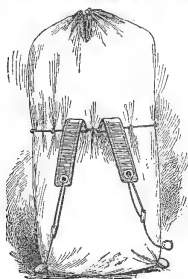
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Pat. Sept. 27, 1892.

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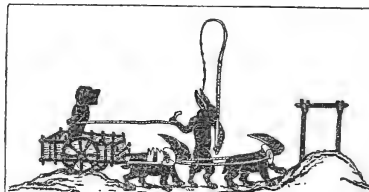


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318 Broadway, New York.



"FOREST AND STREAM" ANIMAL SERIES.—XI.

COYOTE.

(*Canis latrans*.—Say.)

Supplement to "Forest and Stream," March 2, 1893.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

We announced last week the decision of the judges in the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition, and sent the checks for all the prizes except to the winner of one of the fifth prizes, whose address has been mislaid. We shall publish each week one of the successful pictures, and to-day Mr. Bennett's wonderful deer picture is shown. No reproduction can fully bring out the delicacy and beauty of this photograph, which shows the wet hair of the deer which have just crossed the river, and the rime upon their coats where the water is just beginning to freeze.

All the pictures submitted in this competition have been loaned to the New York Camera Club, and will be exhibited at the rooms of the club at 314 Fifth avenue, in conjunction with their annual exhibition of photographs made by members of the club. The exhibition will open March 13 and close March 18.

Any contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM Competition who may desire to visit this exhibition will receive a card on application to Mr. Harry B. Reed, New York Camera Club, 314 Fifth avenue, New York.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are interested in photography will not fail to visit the rooms of the Camera Club next week, and those who enjoy outdoor life and nature will find there much to interest them.

SECRETARY NOBLE'S MONUMENT.

We have more than once called attention to the broad and far-seeing policy inaugurated by Secretary Noble in the matter of forest preservation in the less-inhabited portions of the country, and it is satisfactory to see that the daily press is now giving him credit for the great work he has done.

It will be remembered that beginning with the Yellowstone National Park, which was brought to the notice of Mr. Noble early in his administration, he has given much attention to the question of our parks and timber reservation. To say nothing of the Grant, Sequoia and Tule River parks, the preservation of which we owe almost entirely to Mr. Noble, there were set aside soon after the act of Congress of March 3, 1891, six timber reservations, embracing an estimated area of three and a quarter million of acres. Of these three lie in Colorado, one in New Mexico, one in Oregon and one in Wyoming, adjoining the Yellowstone National Park. Besides these forest preserves Mr. Noble has considered as well the question of preserving our marine mammalian fauna of the Northwest coast, which is so rapidly disappearing under the constant persecution of white men and Indians, and has set aside an Alaskan island as a reservation.

In December last there was established in southern California a timber reservation near Los Angeles, including nearly one million acres. This will be known as the San Gabriel timber land reservation, and includes all the mountains from Salidad Cañon, where the Southern Pacific R. R. passes through the mountains, eastward to the Cajon Pass. A little later another reservation of about eight hundred thousand acres was announced, to be called the San Bernardino Mountain Forest Reservation. This adjoins the San Gabriel reserve and runs eastward from the Cajon Pass to San Gorgonio. Finally, on the

14th of February the Sierra Reservation was set aside. This comprises over four million acres and takes in the high Sierra extending southward from the line of the Yosemite National Park to the seventh standard parallel south. It includes the existing Grant, Sequoia, Tule River and Mount Whitney reservations, and also the wonderful Kings River Cañon, which has been described by Mr. John Muir in the *Century Magazine*.

This country is one of surpassingly beautiful scenery and contains some of the highest peaks to be found within the limits of the United States. It is of especial interest for its giant forests, many of which are yet untouched, and which contain the great sequoias, together with many other species of Pacific forest trees of remarkable interest and beauty. Besides this, the region is interesting as containing a considerable amount of game, and, on the high mountains, species of birds and mammals which are not found elsewhere in California.

Far more important, however, to the country, from an economic point of view, is the preservation of the water supply, which will be insured by the setting aside of these reservations. Throughout most of the Western country the question of water for irrigating purposes is the most vital one met by the settler, but it is only within a very few years that the slightest regard has been had to the farmer's needs.

It is proposed before long, we understand, to set aside a tract of about 1,000,000 acres in the State of Washington, which will be known as the Pacific Reservation, and will include Mount Rainier, and in southern Utah, about the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, President Harrison has made another forest reserve of 1,000,000 acres.

Much credit is due to Mr. R. U. Johnson, of the *Century*, who has been untiring in his efforts to secure proper legislation for the protection of the Yosemite National Park, and to Messrs. Hague, Phillips and Roosevelt, who have taken special interest in the Yellowstone Park. All this, however, would have availed little had it not been for the wisdom and far-sightedness of Secretary Noble. His broad mind was able to appreciate the needs of this country and he had the courage to lead public opinion where others would have been content to wait for the popular cry and then obey it. He has set on foot a work that will live long after he has passed away, and if in his administration he had accomplished nothing besides this work of forest preservation he would have deserved well of his country.

Much more remains to be done, and it is to be hoped that the incoming Secretary of the Interior may follow the example set him and carry on this good work.

THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL.

It is satisfactory to see that the interest in the memorial to be erected to "Nessmuk" is constantly growing, and the contributions received this week come from shores washed by the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Great Lakes. The work of modeling the portrait has been completed, the mould has been made, and we hope next week to give reproductions of the designs for the monument and for the bronze work.

It is evident now that the cost of the monument will exceed \$200, the amount originally set as the minimum sum needed, and but for the generous enthusiasm of Mr. George T. Brewster nothing nearly so effective as the present designs would have been possible for such a sum.

It may be regarded as certain that all friends and admirers of "Nessmuk" will wish to contribute to this fund and to assist in the completion of the work. No man, we believe, ever read the writings of "Nessmuk" without being better for that reading, and each such man owes a debt to the dead author and will be glad to add his mite toward the memorial, which shows our appreciation of the work done by the old woodsman.

The subscriptions received since last week, March 2, are from the following contributors to the fund:

WM C. HELD, Saginaw, Mich.
L. H. TROTTER, Philadelphia, Pa.
L. I. FLOWER, McDonald's Corners, N. B.
MRS. ROSS, Geyserville, Cal.
CASH, New York.
JOHN BEATTIE, New York City.

WHY "festive?" What is the significance of the adjective festive, as so frequently applied to a bass or a bear or a catfish or an armadillo?

WORLD'S FAIR AQUARIUM.

THE transportation of sea water for the live fish exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission at Chicago has been arranged without expense to the Government through the liberality of the Union Tank Company and the Chesapeake & Ohio and Big Four railroads. Mr. Howard Page, vice-president and manager of the Union Tank Company, has lent Commissioner McDonald cars to hold 30,000 gallons of water, and Mr. M. E. Ingalls, president of the roads mentioned, will send the cars to Chicago free. The public spirit of these officers will materially aid the plan of making a unique and unsurpassed display of living water animals and plants at the World's Fair.

The new baggage car which is now being fitted up for carrying marine fish, etc., from Morehead City, N. C., and other sea coast collecting centers, will have two tanks 8ft. in diameter and four tanks 4ft. in diameter. The central portion will be fitted up with living rooms for the men, storage spaces for small articles, boiler, pumps, etc.

The first trip from Morehead City with live fish, corals, algæ, etc., was accomplished without loss. Some of the fish weigh fully 6lbs. Among them are spotted weakfish, red drum and mullets. These were brought up to Washington in the ordinary tanks used for carrying fish from the hatching stations.

Everything is promising for the great work of filling the aquarium with representative species from the ocean as well as inland waters, and Morehead City is exceedingly rich in marine forms of life.

DOMESTIC REINDEER IN ALASKA.

At the last meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, reviewed the progress of the plan to rescue from starvation the natives of northern Alaska and to provide means for their increase in numbers. The approaching need of introducing the Siberian tame reindeer into Arctic Alaska was foreshadowed by Mr. Charles H. Townsend in the report of the cruise of the steamer *Corwin* in 1885, and the cruise of the *Bear* in the summer of 1890 gave ample opportunity for studying the condition of the natives of the frozen North.

Capt. M. A. Healy was sent in command of the *Bear* to distribute presents to the Koraks around Cape Navarin in reward for sheltering and feeding shipwrecked American whalers. He was commissioned also to take a census of the native population along the Arctic coast of Alaska and the islands of Bering Sea. Dr. Jackson was permitted to accompany Capt. Healy, and enjoyed unusual facilities for comparing the condition of the Siberian reindeer men with that of the Eskimo of Alaska.

The Koraks were found to be hardy, active and well fed, owning tens of thousands of tame reindeer. The Alaskans were equally hardy and active, but many of them were on the verge of starvation. This condition was due to the destruction and driving away of walrus and whales by the whalers, and the rapid decline in the number of caribou since the introduction of modern firearms.

Whales have become very scarce in their usual haunts and are now sought for off the mouth of Mackenzie River. Walrus and seal do not come every season. In the winter of 1890-91 food was ample at Point Hope; but during the next winter the same people had to leave their village and, in some instances, travel hundreds of miles to other villages, to keep from starving. Some of the natives of the Yukon Valley actually starved to death. The teachers supported by the Government saved the lives of a great many people during that period of famine. Not many years ago three large villages on St. Lawrence Island were almost exterminated by want of food, and but for the timely visit of the *Bear* to King Island in the fall of 1891, doubtless the entire population would have perished.

After the return of Dr. Jackson to Washington in the fall of 1890, he made a report to the Commissioner of Education, emphasizing the destitute condition of the Alaskan Eskimos. This report was transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior, and by him to the Senate. Congress was asked, not to treat the natives as paupers, but to introduce among them the domestic reindeer and make them self-supporting.

The Fifty-first Congress, however, failed to appropriate the necessary funds, and Dr. Jackson appealed to the generosity of the people through leading newspapers, and received contributions amounting to \$2,146 to in-

augurate the work. The public discussions of the reindeer project developed much adverse sentiment. The plan was believed impracticable because the Siberians would not sell live reindeer; further, it was supposed the animal would not bear ship transportation; that it is such a dainty creature that it will not eat food touched by human hands; that the native dogs on the Alaskan coast would destroy them or the Eskimos would kill them for food.

In 1891 the fallacy of nearly all these objections was demonstrated. Capt. Healy bought sixteen reindeer from the Koraks, kept them on ship about three weeks, during which time they traveled over 1,000 miles and passed through a severe gale without injury, fed them on moss collected in Siberia and some of it full of coal dust, and landed them on the Island of Amaknak in Unalaska Harbor. Far from being dainty, they freely ate potatoes and meat and even tobacco, which the sailors offered them. The danger from dogs has not yet manifested itself.

Congressional aid has not yet been given to the plan; but Dr. Jackson continued his purchases in 1892 with private contributions. The Treasury Department again made the work possible by furnishing him facilities on the Bear, and Capt. Healey entered into the project. On the way north the cutter stopped at Unalaska, where it was found that the small herd had wintered successfully and was in good condition with an increase of two. During the summer 175 reindeer were purchased in Siberia, and established at Port Clarence, Alaska, under the care of Miner W. Bruce and Bruce Gibson, assisted by four Siberian reindeer men and several young Eskimos. A house, 20x60ft., was erected as a residence and store, and dugouts were built for the herders.

When the Alaskan natives have learned to take care of the reindeer, a small herd will be given to each of them, and new apprentices will take their places at the station.

Up to the time when the Bear left Port Clarence last fall the native dogs had not injured the reindeer. The coast dogs, said Dr. Jackson, have not been taught to hunt deer, but if any of them molest the herd the attendants will shoot the dogs and afterward pay the owners for them. The Eskimos are anxious to have the reindeer because they value the pelts. Some of them tried to buy the animals from the officers of the Bear. The Cape Prince of Wales men are greatly interested in the matter. Three men actually discussed a plan by which two of them should support their three families while the third went to Siberia very late in the season, hoping to be frozen in and obliged to winter with the Koraks, from whom he would steal the trade of herding the reindeer.

Congress is now asked to appropriate \$10,000 to continue the work of introduction, and, as the results so far are very encouraging, it seems hard to comprehend why a measure of such importance and value should be longer discouraged.

The habits of the reindeer, according to Dr. Jackson, have been little discussed by recent writers, and information was obtained with great difficulty even from the governments of countries in which the animal is native. It feeds on "reindeer moss" and other lichens, grass and willows, preferably "moss." It is believed that Alaska will furnish food enough for 2,000,000 of the animals. If their introduction is successful they will serve the natives for food, clothing and purposes of transportation, and, in all probability, the people will increase greatly in numbers.

In the discussion of Dr. Jackson's address it was shown by Drs. Gill, Dall, Merriam, Nordqvist and Stejneger that there is a great deal of valuable, though scattered, literature about the reindeer, not only in the official documents of Sweden and Lapland, but also in the works of old writers. Leem's "Lapland's Beskrivelse," published about 1764, contains an excellent account of the animal and is profusely illustrated, but unfortunately the author's good sketches were spoiled by the engraver. Middendorff's narrative of his Siberian travel has many incidental notes on the reindeer, and so have Krasheninnikoff's "Description of the Country of Kamchatka" and other narratives of voyagers.

Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia" includes graphic sketches of life among the reindeer men. The January *Californian* contains an illustrated article on the reindeer in Alaska by Lieut. Cantwell.

Before leaving the subject we will refer to the introduction of seven reindeer into Bering Island from Kamchatka in the spring of 1883. Dr. Stejneger saw the successful experiment and stated that there are now on the island about 300 animals as the result of this start. Prof. Evermann found the herd in a thriving condition when the Albatross visited Bering Island last summer.

On the opposite page will be seen a picture taken in Alaska, which shows a group of these imported domestic reindeer.

The Sportsman Tourist.

KELLUP'S DREAM.—I.

As the train moved off in the evening, Kellup stood on the platform of the little depot staring at the few muffled figures without recognition. Presently one reached out under the dim lantern and both stood there grinning and shaking hands with never a word. Nobody said "Hullo, Jake," nobody said "Hullo, Kellup," but just stood and smiled. They understood each other pretty well, those two. Then Jake took the bag and started:

"Come on. Left the sleigh down front the store." They crossed the track through a stretch of gloom to where the light came out well softened through frosted window-panes. They opened the door upon an atmosphere of molasses and salt pork and tobacco smoke, and Kellup found himself waiting near a big stove with its red, open warmth. There were several others in indolent attitudes. The conversation was well along on hunting topics, so he kept both ears open, and it wasn't long before he was wishing he knew half as much about woody things as that boy who was speaking up so pert and old-fashioned, calling everybody by his first name.

"Guess y' didn't git them bir-r-ds down by Cap'n Doone's, did ye, Earnie?"

A tall young fellow had just laid down a single-barreled gun and unsung a little bunch of quail and a woodcock. His hair curled out long under his cap; his coat looked thin for the time of year; his shoes beneath the overalls were broken and his feet were no doubt wet, but he didn't mind that. The thing Kellup liked least was the expression. It seemed to have been long looking on the dark side of something; and yet his eyes were not so bad, his eyes were pretty good, Kellup thought, but his face was somewhat soiled and that made it worse.

When the general guffaw had ceased, he was looking malevolently at the fire.

"No, dam 'im-m, I got a catrid-d-dge up 't'house I made f' him, especial: four drachms a powder 'n' a chunk a lead, three-cornered piece. I car' it along when I go his way. Dam 'im-m, he ever pull a gun on me-ee." He had a way of bearing down hard on the end of a word.

Kellup began to think he shouldn't care to go hunting with this fellow, not after small game, anyhow.

The boy's strident voice broke in:

"You git any rabbits Sunday, Richie?"

A smallish man, low down on a butter keg, took out his pipe and reached forward to spit on the fire. His face was smooth, except for wrinkles and little gray side-tabs, and the lines about the mouth fell into a wheedling smile. His smile would agree with you whether or no, but you couldn't tell so much about his eyes. They were blue and watery. You couldn't see in very far. He wore an old corduroy cap tied up on top and a short coat well wrinkled and molded to his form.

"No. A got no rebbits. A seen two fine ones a-sittin' on 'is nes'es, but one joumped. A popped at the other. No—a—ah missed he."

The last part of the sentence came back over his shoulder on his way out to see who was calling "Richie Moore!"

"Say, Earnie, y' know what Moore does if a rabbit's goin' by on the jump? Whistles 'n' hollers 'Zip!'"

The look of contempt on the dark fellow's face tickled the boy.

"Say, Earnie, Earnie, y' know what he done the other Sunday? He never started nothin', y' know, an' bynebye he heard a h'ound d'own the swamp, an' he sneaked through the brush 'n' shot a rabbit ahead a that dog. 'N' he kne-e-w them McCarron boys was in the swamp all the time."

By this time Jake had put the jugs and things into a yellow sleigh and was taking the buffalo from the horse. Kellup saw by the proud, smiling expression that he was expected to say something about that colt, so he got out in the snow with his hands in his pockets and looked wise. He could just make out in the gloom she was iron-gray, about nine hundred and fifty, and light-footed as a doe, with the snow all pawed out from under, where she was starting and backing and getting her haunches down in all sorts of graceful, reckless ways. He knew the sign of a horse judge was to find fault, so he looked hard. He looked in vain, though. He caught a glimpse that seemed as if the nose was rather aquiline in profile, slightly Roman, but she wouldn't keep it still long enough, so he said the harness was altogether too large. He said the collar was at least two sizes too big. Jake allowed it was an old harness and leaned on the reins, while she turned round with her neck arched in tight, sawing hard on the bit. They bumped over the tracks again and struck the road leading toward the woods, and then the snow commenced to fly in their faces, and the bells on the shafts got to clanging higher and higher till at last they sprang to the tune of "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." After a time she settled down and shook out her head. Kellup was glad he had said nothing about her nose, she kept poking it so rapidly into the future. The bells had settled down to a murmuring clamor—except at intervals. The faintest chirrup from Jake seemed to start them up like frightened things. After a time:

"What you sighing about, Kellup?"

The fact was he was just seeing himself standing on a rock and wondering if a dog should come driving a rabbit along, whether or not he should shoot, or, for that matter, whether any man would shoot—most any man fresh from town, used to the business morals of city life; and as for [saying "Zip!"] to a rabbit on the jump, it struck him that was an excellent way to stop a rabbit and put him in a proper position to be shot. But all that was gone now—brushed away. He realized there were unwritten volumes, whole volumes, on the ethics of rabbit shooting, outside the statute books. He knew his poor skill at best was no match for a decent bag, and now he must be deprived of these small aids. So he sighed:

"What you sighing for, Kellup?"

"Oh, just thinking. Jake, who's Captain Doone?"

"He's an old rebel lives on a farm down below," and Jake raised the mittened fist with the high rein indefinitely toward the valley. Kellup could see white acres and black forest and glittering stars, that was all.

"Some say he killed a nigger once on a whaler, but anyhow he shot Bass Bush last winter and got through the law some way, and now he keeps a rifle loaded in the

house—sure death to any hunter he catches on the place. Whoa!"

The mare had swung round a curve off the road and through the gateway, and stood steaming in the barnyard. The house was all dark except the window near the door with a big stone step. It was all silent except for a hound inside whining and jodeling.

"Yes," said Jake, getting out a little stiff, "Bass was drunk, I suppose."

He looked gigantic in his coonskin coat. The mare heaved a big sigh, and gave her nose readily to be led off to the barn. Kellup turned smiling toward the door to get acquainted with the dog.

When Jake came in, Kellup was telling his most interesting yarn in his most engaging way, but the old lady paid little heed and kept about her work with a querulous murmuring. Over 70 she was, with a wrinkle for every year, but nice wrinkles, more tracks of smiles than scowls. She was bent, too, but got about well and said she didn't miss her teeth—she could "gum it like a cow." But Kellup couldn't coax a flash of interest. She was looking back all the time, away across the years.

Jake looked up from the sink in the corner, with his hair brushed out wet across his forehead: "What do you think of him, Caleb?"

Kellup was just then trying to measure the dog's ears and having a hard time of it. Finally he announced: "Twenty-two inches," but he said he was sorry about the dog, he had grown so big. He bought that dog for a beagle puppy. After supper Jake said: "Well, if you're going to see we don't oversleep, mother, I better fix that clock. It's twenty-five minutes too fast. We'll leave it stopped awhile." It was quite a large clock with a faded print of Washington inside the lower glass. Then he pulled his chair over near the stove, where he could reach the hound's ears.

"Yes, it does well enough for her. She looks out an' sets it by the sun when I'm away; don't y', mother?"

"Yes, yes. Ain't it most time to set it goin' again?"

"Then, there she goes. Y' see that clock's her only company. She's heard it tickin', tickin' forty year or so. Well, no wonder. Old clock's made er wood, too, wooden wheels 'n' all. No, mother, it ain't time for twenty minutes yet."

When Jake came up from the cellar with the cider a little later he found it going again. JEFFERSON SCRIBE.

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

WHEW, but it was hot. No air was stirring; the sun was just glaring down; not a cloud in sight. My venerable friend said "It were too hot to go out." I felt too limp to dispute him, so we opened the doors of the boat house fore and aft, gave the floor a thorough wetting, filled our pipes, hung up our hats and unbuttoned our shirt collars and gracefully gave ourselves up to smoke and lolling.

In a short time I called the attention of the old gentleman to a large turtle shell which was nailed up to the side of the boat house.

"Yes," he said, "he was a big 'un and I set great store by him at one time. He made it his home about the boat house for three or four year, and got to be quite tame and a good deal of a pet. We used to feed him with dead shiners and the cleanings of fish. The old feller would come out of his hiding place if you'd thump smartly on a boat pail. We all knowed him; used to call him Tim; had lots of fun feeding him. He'd snap a shiner off the end of a stick as quick as a hungry dog would a piece of meat, and stick to it so as you could at times lift him clean out of the water. A year ago last spring I were a mending my boat, had some iron rivets 'bout an inch and a half long lying around, and had a fire to melt some pitch with. There were some boys down here from the village skylarkin' round boy like. One of the young rascals, afore I knowed what he was up to, bet one of them ere rivets red hot and dropped it into old Tim's mouth. It burned a hole clean through him, and I cal'late it tasted about as the whisky we used to git here did, for I'll be durned if he didn't turn round and swallow it agin."

"Along toward fall I noticed the old feller didn't show himself as often as usual; sometimes he'd stop in his hole two or three days. He didn't move quite so lively; he weren't so pert, wouldn't eat well; acted like a feller with the grip. One morning I found him wrong side up. I pulled him out carefully but he were a goner; dead as a two year old robin's nest."

"I felt sorry like; my darter wanted to go into half mourning, but we finally decided to save as much of him as possible and give the rest a decent burial. I opened him very carefully and inside found what ailed him. That ere little bit of an iron rivet had growed till it were as big as a hen's egg. The chunk weighed more'n two pounds. It had disarranged and disrupted his entire innards; busted him wide open, in fact."

I quietly asked, "Have you that chunk now? I would like to send it to the FOREST AND STREAM."

"No; I let one of them ere fish commissioners fellers have it for an anchor to a net buoy; aint seen it since."

A. W.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Blooming Grove Park Association.

THE recently issued statement of this association shows the condition of the club to be a very satisfactory one. Many improvements have been made during the last year. The finances of the club are in good shape and constantly getting better. During the past year the club has reduced its floating indebtedness to \$8,632, and besides paying all the running expenses of the club, have spent \$5,457.31 in improvements. This does not include the bowling alley, which was paid for by voluntary subscriptions.

The various tournaments held during the year have more than paid for themselves, the receipts exceeding the expenditures by \$954.39. During the year 160,000 trout fry were deposited in Blooming Grove River and 165,700 in the Shohola River. There are now on hand in the retaining ponds 17,000 brook trout fry, 7,500 yearlings, 2,000 two-year-old and over, 8,000 landlocked salmon fry, 100 two-year-old lake trout.

The fishing record, according to the score books, showed 3,961 trout taken, 2,323 bass taken. The game account shows five bucks killed in the Park, 140 ruffed grouse, 61 woodcock and 24 ducks.

Various new buildings have been erected and some new land acquired. The membership of the club is 218.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that inauguration and political news has been crowding the columns of the New York daily papers for the past week, they have yet devoted columns of space to an alleged bear which was supposed to be ravaging the cheerful hamlet of Glen Cove, L. I. The story was a manifest "fake," but they printed it all the same.

Natural History.

SIERRA BIRD NOTES.

In looking over my ornithological notes, taken during the past year, I found a few which may be of some general interest, and present them for what they are worth.

American Goldfinch (*Spinus tristis*).—In a residence of 15 years in this portion of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains I never saw this bird until May, 1892. On the 7th of that month, and for every succeeding day, up to the 14th, I observed it at a point above Auburn having an elevation of about 1,500ft. It was seen every day in small numbers at the same spot, an open hillside, facing to the west.

It was seen in company with a flock of Arkansas goldfinches (*Spinus psaltria*), and mountain bluebirds (*Sialia arctica*). On one occasion I counted eight individuals of the species, the largest number seen at any one time. I believe this is the first time this bird has ever been reported from this locality.

Mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottos*).—This bird, like the last, has never before been reported from this locality. I believe it has never been observed at a nearer point than Marysville.

On Nov. 14 I watched a pair for some time in a large live oak tree. The male was singing all the time while I was watching, but was very wary. Its companion was less shy and moved about in open sight all the time. For several days in succession I heard and saw the birds in the same locality. It was in the hospital grounds, just in the edge of town, and the inmates of that institution informed me that the same species of bird had sung in that tree all the previous summer.

American Dipper, Water Ousel (*Cinclus mexicanus*).—Every winter since I have lived in this locality I have observed a few individuals of this species wintering on Auburn Ravine below the town. I have noted their arrival and departure closely for the past ten years and find that they arrive about the first of November and leave about the first part of February.

During the ten years that I have made notes concerning them they never appeared earlier than Oct. 26, nor later than Nov. 5. The departure seems to depend more upon the state of the season. If the season has been one of light snowfall in the mountains they may leave by Jan. 15. If heavy snows have fallen and the warm weather is a little delayed I have seen them as late as Feb. 20. These extremes, however, are rare and their average is about as first stated.

The dipper is one of the most interesting of all our California birds and the one that I take the greatest pleasure in observing. It has been many times written about, but yet I am going to venture a few observations, even at the risk of beating threshed straw.

I have written about the bird before in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, noting some of its doings in its summer home in the high Sierra. But here it is a different bird entirely. Its clear and joyous song is silenced; it is not so shy, its time seems more busily occupied in procuring a living.

The highway runs down Auburn Ravine, close by the side of the stream, for some two miles. For this distance the road is at no point further than 20yds. from the center of the stream, and most of the way, built close beside it, are restraining rock walls. This gives an excellent opportunity of watching the birds from a carriage, of which they seem less afraid than of a pedestrian. On numberless occasions I have stopped my carriage and watched one of them sitting on a rock or gathering food, when so close that I could have touched it with the tip of my whip. On cool mornings they seem loath to move, and sit quietly with their heads drawn down between their shoulders and their recurved bills pointing upward at an angle of 65°. When aroused they fly swiftly away, following the center of the stream, never "cutting corners," but keeping at a distance of about 2 to 4ft. above the surface of the water. On taking flight they almost invariably give utterance to a shrill staccato cry of *chit-chit, chit-chit-chit*. This is sometimes varied by the continuous utterance of the same sounds, thus: *Chit-chit-chit-chit-chit-chit-chit!* in the same staccato manner, reminding one somewhat of the rattling cry of the halcyon. On alighting, which they nearly always do on a rock in mid-stream, they turn quickly around, facing the source of their disturbance, and perform a series of dips or courtesies. This gives them a clownish appearance, especially as they usually turn their bodies half round from side to side at every dip. Another thing that adds to their comical appearance is the fact that they have white eyelids and wink frequently and very slowly. About every second dip they wink, when their eyes look like large white beads stuck in their sooty brown heads. These things, taken in conjunction with their fat, squab bodies, their apparently up-tilted or snub-nosed beaks and short upturned tails, make them the feathered clowns of our Sierra streams.

They roost on midstream rocks. I have seen them on moonlight nights sitting on a rock within 10ft. of the highway; and had I not been looking narrowly would not have seen them, so closely do their tints blend with those of the rock they are upon. Only their bright eyes, glinting in the moonlight, or their bodies, silhouetted against the dashing spray, betrayed their presence. I have stopped and disturbed them when sitting thus in the night, upon which they flew quickly and noiselessly away to a new resting place. I have seen them sitting thus on some of

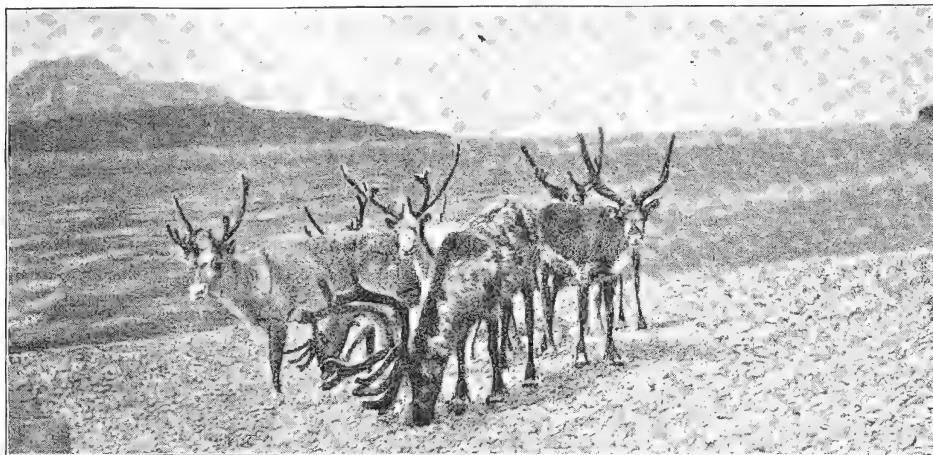
our coldest nights, with the thermometer 5 or 6° below freezing point, and the spray dashing over them continuously. Truly they love the vicinity of the rushing waters. I never saw them in companionship with others of their kind in the winter season. Each bird seems to have a claim of his own "staked off," and lives solitary and alone until pairing time arrives.

If the American dipper is clownish on the land, it is the embodiment of grace and action in the water. I have watched it while it was busily employed in earning its daily bread, and I fear that other more important matters were neglected in consequence.

I have observed the bird plunge into the boiling, torrential stream, after heavy rains, at a time when the most powerful horse and rider would have been instantly swept away in the uncontrollable current, and when the water was thick with the red soil washed down from the hillsides, and have seen it emerge some yards further up stream, as easily and lightly as the spark arises from the evening camp-fire. The bird flies underneath the water as easily as in the air, propelling itself with wingbeats in the same manner. I have watched it when almost directly beneath me, and when the water was clear, and I could see every motion.

When it enters the water a thin pellicle of air adheres to the bird, giving it the appearance of frosted silver, and giving it a beautiful appearance in clear water. When it emerges it never has to shake its head or make any other motion to rid itself of water, for none adheres to it. It just rises like a bubble of air, and is on the wing again, or sits lightly, like a duck, on the surface of the stream. I never saw it enter sluggish water. It seems to always seek its food where the current is swift—the swifter the better, apparently.

It enters the water in different ways. It will sometimes walk deliberately in from the shore, clinging to the bottom with its feet until totally submerged, and re-appear in the same manner or on the wing as may happen. It



REINDEER AT UNALASKA.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

Photo by Mr. N. B. Miller.

will also plunge recklessly in while in full flight, and emerge many yards away or close to the same spot, as its fancy dictates. Sometimes while quietly swimming on the surface it will dive like a duck, but much more gracefully. And again, when on a rock it will slide down to the water, and let one wing down into the current, and then instantly disappear, generally coming up at the same point. This I have seen it do fifteen times in the same spot, by actual count. It will sometimes seek its food along the bank of the stream, turning over small stones in its search. I have observed this only twice, and then it was done by the same individual. At least I thought it was the same, as it was near the same spot, and within a period of two or three days that the bird was seen doing this. Previous to this observation, I had always supposed the dipper sought its food invariably in the water. But in all ways and at all times, the bird lover will be delighted in watching the actions of this sprightly, dapper little chap. And for the benefit of those, who, from circumstances, may never have the pleasure of thus observing him, these lines are penned.

AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal., Feb. 17.

SOMETHING ABOUT WILD ANIMALS.

A FEW years ago, when the gold excitement was at its height in the Granite Creek section, and miners were scouring the country in every direction in search of new deposits, it happened that a group of tents sprung up in one night on the banks of the Tulameen River.

On the following morning a band of twelve deer, headed by a magnificent buck, appeared on the summit of the slope above the river and stood looking down with astonishment on the white tents of the miners. The place was evidently an old ford where the deer passed from one feeding ground to another. For a few moments they stood undecided how to act. Then the does turned and fled, but the buck threw up his head and with firm step strode down the slope, through the very center of the group of tents, into the river, and was half way across before the astonished miners took in hesitation. Then commenced a shower of lead from rifles, shotguns and revolvers; and the miner who told me the story said he stood on the bank and just prayed for the safety of that buck. And his wish was granted, for the noble beast reached the opposite shore, bounded up the bank and out of reach of the leaden shower, untouched.

Once while traveling along a road which led for several miles through a thick woods, a couple of deer came out of the timber about 100yds. ahead, stood for a moment and then commenced walking toward me. The road was

knee deep with mud, the only clear place being the narrow trail on the side on which we were walking. Now! I did not want to unnecessarily disturb the deer, neither did I care to wade through the mud to the opposite side, so I kept on, wondering what would be the result. When within 50yds. of me the hindmost deer jumped the ditch by the roadside and moved off a few yards into the brush and stood, but the other continued its course toward me, its great liquid eyes and gentle expression seeming to say, "I don't believe you'll hurt me." I kept as near to the mud as I could, giving the deer nearly all the trail, but when we passed each other my coat almost brushed the animal's side. I did not stop, but looking back over my shoulder I saw the deer turn, and, joined by its companion, follow me till a bend in the road lost them to view. I have had not a little confidence placed in me by people with whom I associated, but I look back to the actions of that wild animal as one of the greatest compliments ever paid me.

A mountain goat that I once kept in confinement was about as cunning as the average street Arab, and had he lived to maturity and kept on acquiring knowledge, the chances are I would have had to move out and give him the ranch.

He usually followed me on short excursions into the woods, and generally kept right at my heels; but on one occasion he lagged behind, and although I called him several times, he paid no heed. I finally walked back to see what he was interested in, and found him busy feeding on some moss that grew at the roots of a fir tree; so I left him and continued my tramp. But after I had got away a short distance the thought occurred to me to hide, and see how he would act; so I slipped into a hollow stump close by the trail and waited the result. Presently I heard him coming bounding along the trail, and after he had passed I stuck out my head to watch him. When he got about twenty feet beyond me, he stopped and commenced

looking around, and the comical expression of his face as he scanned every object that bore any resemblance to a human being caused me to burst out laughing, when he turned and saw me. Then he commenced to sulk and would not go any further, so I had to return home.

The next day he followed me, as usual, but in the midst of some thick brush and down timber I got interested in a bird that I was following up, and forgot the goat, and when I came to look for him he was gone. Walking back to where I last saw him, I called, but no "Billy" came in sight. Then I commenced a diligent search, and presently I caught sight of something white beneath a brush heap. Stooping down and looking in, I saw the little brute curled up in a heap, and not a move could I get out of him. Reaching in, I caught him by the leg and pulled him out, and gave him a good cuffing on both sides of his head. But he did not mind it a

bit, and seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, capering about in his usual manner all the way home, as if he would say, "You hid from me yesterday and I hid from you to-day, and honors are even."

JOHN FANNIN.

VICTORIA, British Columbia.

The Black-Billed Cuckoo.

CHEPACHET, R. I., Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, Von Iffland, who wrote in issue of Feb. 23, may be interested in the following quotation, from Stearns' and Coues' "New England Bird Life," on the black-billed cuckoo. The quotation will apply equally well to the yellow-billed cuckoo, a rarer visitor to New England and Canada than the black-billed: "Nor is there any reason why the cuckoo should hide its head; it is an orderly member of a disreputable family, rarely practicing the vice which disgraces so many of its relatives, only lapsing occasionally into what the evolutionists call 'atavism,' when it drops an egg in some other bird's nest by sheer force of hereditary habit. The cuckoo might reasonably apologize for such misdemeanor by urging a weight of family cares which few birds have to bear; being unable through some defect of its eggging apparatus, to lay in rapid succession, and so incubate and raise a brood at one effort. The eggs follow at such long intervals, that some hatch before the rest are dropped; and what with gaping throats to be satisfied, eggs to be covered and more to come, the birds have a hard time of it. The wonder is not that they are sometimes remiss or amiss in their duties, but that they do not seek a watery grave in the nearest kingfisher's premises."

W. A. SPRAGUE.

A Hawk Invades a Locomotive Cab.

LAKEPORT, N. H., Feb. 26.—A little incident happened during the big storm we have just had that perhaps you may think worth publishing. As we were standing near Meredith station trying hard to keep the road open for business with the snow blowing as hard as I ever saw it, a small hawk with an English sparrow in its claws flew into the cab window, striking me and falling to the foot board. The sparrow was still alive. I started to catch it, but it flew away about four rods to a snow drift, where it commenced striking the sparrow on the head with its bill. The hawk was about the size of a bluejay, of the same color, with black spots. Was it a shrike or butcher bird?—GEO. B. THYNG. [It was very likely a sparrow hawk, which has a bluish back. Still it may have been a shrike, which, however, is distinctly gray—not blue.]

NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

The condition of the National Zoological Park at Washington, in which so much interest has been taken by our readers, seems far from satisfactory. This is due largely to the entirely inadequate appropriations granted by Congress. Of the popularity of the Park as a resort there is no doubt. The public interest in it has steadily increased from the time of its establishment, and even in its present unfinished state the number of visitors during a single day, in pleasant weather, sometimes reaches from five to ten thousand.

The area of the Park is about 167 acres, and before it can become a resort for the people it will be necessary to fence this whole territory, to make walks and drive-ways through it; fences and buildings must be erected to shelter the animals, food provided and men hired to care for them. Of course, after the initial expenses for fences, roadways, buildings and other permanent improvements have been paid, they will not recur and the Park can be kept in good order at a moderate annual outlay.

When Congress decided to establish this Zoological Park it assumed certain obligations to provide for its proper care and maintenance, and it is perfectly evident that since the Park is for living wild animals some suitable buildings for their restraint and protection must be constructed. Such buildings cannot be had without money.

In his report for the year ending June 30, 1891, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution asked for the appropriation of \$101,350, of which two-thirds were for buildings and the improvement of the grounds, while the remaining third, or about \$35,000, was for the care and food of living animals, the policing of the Park, and for the safety of the public. This appropriation of \$35,000 was reduced by Congress about one-half. The result of this was that the animals in the Park were insufficiently fed, improperly cared for by an overworked force of keepers, there was no money to expend on collections, and consequently they were not increased. As no sufficient appropriations were made for the care of the grounds, recently made improvements were greatly injured by rainstorms and freshets. New roads and gutters were cut out, new slopes of earth washed away, and recently planted trees and brush torn up by the roots. The bear pits were injured by the precipitation into them of tons of earth and rock. Through the lack of a sufficient number of watchmen, valuable animals were injured, and in one case lost.

In 1892 provision somewhat more liberal was made, amounting to \$50,000, a gross sum to be expended in the discretion of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. That this will all be used up and more will be needed is apparent. Nearly \$50,000 will be required for the feeding and care of the animals, and for the pay of the employees. The remainder will be used in completing buildings and inclosures now unfinished, and in the improvement of the water supply and of the roads and slopes.

In any collection of captive animals of this kind, the death rate is high, and it is always found that the rarest and most valuable specimens are those which are most subject to disease. So long as the officials of the Zoological Park are without means to pay for specimens, or even to pay for the transportation of animals which may be presented to them, no progress can be made toward securing for the Park at Washington a representative collection of North American animals. Congress should take a broader view of this subject than it has in the past, and by cutting off a few unnecessary items from such bills as the River and Harbor Improvement bill, they could find abundant means for the improvement and maintenance of the National Zoological Park.

We give below a list of the animals now in the Park:

Animals in the National Zoological Park, Jan. 1, 1893.

MAMMALS.	
Kra monkey.....	(<i>Macacus cynomolgus</i>)..... 1
Macaque monkey.....	(<i>Macacus sp.</i>)..... 3
Diana monkey.....	(<i>Cercopithecus diana</i>)..... 1
Gray caparr.....	(<i>Lagothrix humboldti</i>)..... 1
Douroucouli.....	(<i>Myiophobus trinitatis</i>)..... 1
Squirrel monkey.....	(<i>Chrysotrichus sciureus</i>)..... 1
Apella monkey.....	(<i>Cebus apella</i>)..... 1
Capuchin monkey.....	(<i>Cebus capucinus</i>)..... 3
White-throated sapajou.....	(<i>Cebus hypoleucus</i>)..... 2
Coaita.....	(<i>Ateles paniscus</i>)..... 1
Lion.....	(<i>Felis leo</i>)..... 1
Puma.....	(<i>Felis concolor</i>)..... 2
Ocelot.....	(<i>Felis pardalis</i>)..... 2
American wildcat.....	(<i>Lynx rufus maculatus</i>)..... 1
Ferret.....	(<i>Putorius furo</i>)..... 9
Common skunk.....	(<i>Mephitis mephitis</i>)..... 1
American badger.....	(<i>Taxidea americana</i>)..... 5
Kinkajou.....	(<i>Procyon v. carolinensis</i>)..... 1
Red coatimundi.....	(<i>Nasua narica</i>)..... 1
Gray coatimundi.....	(<i>Nasua narica</i>)..... 1
Cacomistle.....	(<i>Bassariscus astutus</i>)..... 1
Raccoon.....	(<i>Procyon lotor</i>)..... 9
Black bear.....	(<i>Ursus americanus</i>)..... 5
Cinnamon bear.....	(<i>Ursus americanus</i>)..... 4
Grizzly bear.....	(<i>Ursus horribilis</i>)..... 2
Polar bear.....	(<i>Ursus maritimus</i>)..... 2
Gray fox.....	(<i>Vulpes velox</i>)..... 2
Swift fox.....	(<i>Vulpes velox</i>)..... 2
Red fox.....	(<i>Vulpes fulvus</i>)..... 7
Coyote.....	(<i>Canis latrans</i>)..... 4
Black wolf.....	(<i>Canis occidentalis</i>)..... 2
Klaskan wolf.....	(<i>Canis familiaris</i>)..... 2
European hedgehog.....	(<i>Erinaceus europaeus</i>)..... 2
Asiatic elephant.....	(<i>Elephas indicus</i>)..... 2
Collared peccary.....	(<i>Dicotyles tajacu</i>)..... 5
Angora goat.....	(<i>Capra hircus angorensis</i>)..... 2
American bison.....	(<i>Bison americanus</i>)..... 8
Zebu.....	(<i>Bos indicus</i>)..... 2
American elk.....	(<i>Cervus canadensis</i>)..... 2
Virginia deer.....	(<i>Cervus virginianus</i>)..... 2
Mule deer.....	(<i>Cervus macrotis</i>)..... 2
Agouti.....	(<i>Dasyprocta aguti</i>)..... 4
Acouchy.....	(<i>Dasyprocta acouchy</i>)..... 3
Paca.....	(<i>Catagonys paca</i>)..... 1
Capybara.....	(<i>Hydrochoerus capybara</i>)..... 2
American beaver.....	(<i>Castor canadensis</i>)..... 2
Musk-rat.....	(<i>Fiber zibethicus</i>)..... 2
Paririe dog.....	(<i>Cynomys ludovicianus</i>)..... 100
Gray squirrel.....	(<i>Sciurus carolinensis</i>)..... 3
Albino squirrel.....	(<i>Sciurus carolinensis</i>)..... 1
Red squirrel.....	(<i>Sciurus hudsonius</i>)..... 2
Chipmunk.....	(<i>Tamias striatus</i>)..... 2
Striped gopher.....	(<i>Perognathus tridecemlineatus</i>)..... 35
Flying squirrel.....	(<i>Sciuropterus volucella</i>)..... 2
Woodchuck.....	(<i>Arctomys monax</i>)..... 2
American porcupine.....	(<i>Erethizon dorsatus</i>)..... 2
European porcupine.....	(<i>Hystrix cristata</i>)..... 4
White rabbit.....	(<i>Lepus cuniculus</i>)..... 20
Opossum.....	(<i>Didelphys virginianus</i>)..... 4

BIRDS.

Golden eagle.....	(<i>Aquila chrysaetos</i>)..... 1
Bald eagle.....	(<i>Haliaeetus leucocephalus</i>)..... 1
Sparrow hawk.....	(<i>Falco sparverius</i>)..... 1
Red-tailed hawk.....	(<i>Buteo borealis</i>)..... 3
Marsh hawk.....	(<i>Circus hudsonius</i>)..... 1
Snowy owl.....	(<i>Nyctea nivea</i>)..... 1
Great horned owl.....	(<i>Bubo virginianus</i>)..... 6

Barred owl.....	(<i>Syrnium nebulosum</i>)..... 1
Yellow and blue macaw.....	(<i>Ara ararauna</i>)..... 1
Red and blue macaw.....	(<i>Ara chloroptera</i>)..... 2
Red, yellow and blue macaw.....	(<i>Ara macao</i>)..... 1
Sulphur-crested cockatoo.....	(<i>Cacatua galerita</i>)..... 1
Green parrot.....	(<i>Chrysotis sp.</i>)..... 6
Mockingbird.....	(<i>Mimus polyglottus</i>)..... 2
Common crow.....	(<i>Corvus americanus</i>)..... 7
American magpie.....	(<i>Pica pica hudsonica</i>)..... 2
Clarke's nutcracker.....	(<i>Picicorvus columbianus</i>)..... 3
Chachalaca.....	(<i>Ortalis vetula macalli</i>)..... 1
Curassow.....	(<i>Craz alector</i>)..... 5
Pea fowl.....	(<i>Favo cristatus</i>)..... 10
Bob white.....	(<i>Colinus virginianus</i>)..... 1
California quail.....	(<i>Callipepla californica</i>)..... 1
Cariama.....	(<i>Cariama cristata</i>)..... 1
Sandhill crane.....	(<i>Grus canadensis</i>)..... 2
Black-crowned night heron.....	(<i>Nycticorax nycticorax</i>)..... 1
Scarlet ibis.....	(<i>Guara rubra</i>)..... 1
Canada goose.....	(<i>Branta canadensis</i>)..... 4
Swan.....	(<i>Cygnus gibbus</i>)..... 4
Herring gull.....	(<i>Larus argentatus</i>)..... 1

REPTILES AND BATRACHIANS.

Alligator.....	(<i>Alligator mississippiensis</i>)..... 12
Snapping turtle.....	(<i>Chelydra serpentina</i>)..... 2
Mud turtle.....	(<i>Chrysemys sp.</i>)..... 3
"Gila monster".....	(<i>Heloderma suspectum</i>)..... 1
"Chuck molly".....	(<i>Saurornatus ater</i>)..... 3
Horned toad.....	(<i>Rhinoceros domaglossi</i>)..... 3
Tiger rattlesnake.....	(<i>Crotalus tigris</i>)..... 1
Diamond rattlesnake.....	(<i>Crotalus adamanteus</i>)..... 3
Confront rattlesnake.....	(<i>Crotalus confluentis</i>)..... 1
Ground rattlesnake.....	(<i>Caudisoma miliaris</i>)..... 1
Water moccasin.....	(<i>Aniastrodion piscivorus</i>)..... 1
Copehead.....	(<i>Aciastrodion concolor</i>)..... 2
Boa.....	(<i>Boa constrictor</i>)..... 2
Anacanda.....	(<i>Eunectes murinus</i>)..... 1
King snake.....	(<i>Ophibolus getulus</i>)..... 2
Pine snake.....	(<i>Ptyophis sayi</i>)..... 1
Black snake.....	(<i>Bascanion constrictor</i>)..... 2
Garter snake.....	(<i>Eutania sirtalis</i>)..... 2
Water snake.....	(<i>Apodionotus sphenon</i>)..... 10
Hog-nosed snake.....	(<i>Heterodon platyrhinus</i>)..... 4
South American frogs and toads.....	14

Antelopes' Horns.

CAN any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM tell me if the antelope doe sheds its horns, and at what time of the year? Also, has any one any buck antelope over four years old in captivity, and at what time do they shed off the old horns? A SUBSCRIBER.

[The old buck antelopes shed their horns in the late fall or early winter. We have had the horn come off in our hand as we took hold of the head to cut a buck's throat. We should like to have an answer to the question about the horned does.]

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 4.—Mr. C. E. Willard, representative of the Colts gun, is back from an extended trip through the South. In this it was his intention to mix a little pleasure with his business, but as usual his business had a bit the best of it. I have told how Mr. Willard weakened before the dangers of the raging deep, and so failed to meet me at Stephenson's, across Galveston Bay. He tells me that at Houston he got an afternoon out after snipe and bagged 113. Near San Antonio he had a little quail shooting, and out of Montgomery he took a little dove hunt, in which he killed 263 during the day. These figures will seem large to the Northern shooter, but the Northern shooter knows next to nothing about really good shooting, if he stays in the North.

I imagine that Mr. Willard will kick himself swiftly and impulsively, sharing an emotion which I certainly feel myself on reading the following letter from Billy Griggs, with whom I was shooting at Stephenson's. I have already explained that during my stay we had no canvasback shooting, the weather being unsuitable. When I left the boys besought me to wait a few days longer, as the weather was on the point of change, and as a good day meant a sight such as I had never seen before among the wildfowl. Business, the relentless and heartless god which rules us and makes us miserable, took me away, the most unwilling slave that ever turned away from what he knew was a good thing. This letter from Billy, who has now finished his winter's shooting, and come back to his home in Browning, on the Illinois River, will show how good the thing in question was. It was the chance of a lifetime. The letter follows:

BROWNING, Ill., March 2.—Friend Hough: A few lines to you. I wish you didn't stay a few days longer with me. The day after you left Dick Barrow went in his box at the middle of the lake, and we had to follow him, of course. We took over 400 decoys and put around our boat. It was foggy as when you left until about 9 and no wind, so John and I took the box. Killed sixty-seven that day. The next day it was still foggy and Bud went in with me. I wish you had been with us. We took the box at 7 and at 10 we had 160 canvas on the water. The live birds decoyed to the dead ones and we had to stop and let John shoot. We were in all that day 11, and killed that week 567, all canvas. Our box is 6 ft. long and 2 ft. wide, so you see we had a little room to rent, and we spoke of you all day at times. Well, did you get any good pictures? If so, I would like to have two or three of them. I got two copies of the FOREST AND STREAM. Send some more if there is any Texas in them. I was out again this afternoon and killed a mess of ducks. There are a few here now. There plenty of water here and we ought to have lots of birds this spring. W. H. GRIGGS.

The above embodies one of the lost opportunities of my life.

It may be noticed how reluctant Billy Griggs seems to have been about going out into the open-water blind. This simply shows him to be what I have spoken of him as being, a man singularly considerate of game, though anxious as a market-hunter to kill as much as possible. It was against the wish of Griggs and his partners that any box was put down in the open water. They knew that the birds would be much less frightened if shot at only from the shore blinds. No shooting was done at the "puddle ducks" for fear of disturbing the canvas, and the latter were not worked except on stormy days, and even then only from the shore blinds. This was wisdom. The Barrow outfit was not equal to such a pitch of thought. Hence the open water day. This, I presume, closed their season.

Spring Shooting.

The more I learn of the game question all over the country, and the more I think over the facts which are presented to view by a little research, the more clear it seems

to me that spring shooting is something that ought not to be done. The following letter on this point is from Yorgey, keeper of the Diana Club, on the great Horicon Marsh, a market-hunter for years, and a life-long resident of the territory of which he speaks. He says:

HORICON, Wis., Feb. 28.—Have just read your article on "Spring Shooting" and "Horicon Marsh," in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 23, and wish to say that although spring shooting was allowed by law and that considerable of it was done on the edges of the marsh, the Diana preserve was patrolled and shooting effectually stopped thereon. The birds seemed to understand that the preserve was a safe place for them, and it was covered by thousands of ducks that stayed here to feed, that would have been driven off the marsh entirely had shooting been allowed. Have known this marsh and hunted on it for fifteen years and never saw more birds on it the last of May than there were there the last of last May. Any one that could have seen the birds here last spring pairing off and settling down for the breeding season would never want to see spring shooting again.

J. M. YORGEY.

Give the birds a chance. Fair play is a jewel. Prize fighters admit that. How about gentlemen? Who can read a letter like that and not do a little thinking?

From All Over.

One of the pleasantest things about newspaper work is the fact that one makes many friends—and enemies—all over the country, with whom only chance may bring him face to face, to be sure, but whom he comes to know by letter. Letters from these unknown well-knowns come from all over, and once in a while one of the well-knowns comes in person. This week enter to me Mr. Albert Bruning, of the Players' Club, New York, now here managing a successful dramatic organization. After the first few moments of preliminary talk it was pleasure to remember Mr. Bruning all at once as the gentleman who went bass fishing out at San Antonio over a year ago, who fell out of his boat in the swift little Santove River, and who wrote and told FOREST AND STREAM about it. How much nicer that than to meet a man to whose father, for instance, your brother had sold a yard of calico in days gone by. Commerce is not fairly in it with newspaper work. As this newspaper work naturally goes on in the house next door in the row to the dramatic house, it may be known that this well-known and I had a good talk together. The next man I meet will be from Australia, and that we should know each other will be natural. But of what paper in the world would these things be true except FOREST AND STREAM and its unique and well-knit brotherhood.

Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., not long ago wrote me inquiring as to some taxidermy, saying he had some white goat heads. My inquiry as to the goats he answers as follows, and I think many big game hunters will read his letter with interest:

"My reason for writing you was that I have had two goat heads about spoiled by men who did not know anything about the appearance of the animal. The mounts are veritable scare-crows, and so I wanted to avoid getting the others set up by any but a good workman."

"I got my goats in the Coast Range about 150 miles northwest of Vancouver, B. C., where I went with a party two years ago and again this last fall. That is a great place for the goats, the only drawback being the almost inaccessible character of the country, which is very abrupt and mountainous. The timber and underbrush is almost impassable. We had to pack back into the mountains from five to eight miles, and carry provisions enough to last several days, as it took one day to go in and one day to come out; and this with a blanket apiece and our guns and ammunition made a good load."

"There are a good many bear in there, and also lots of deer on the islands. Two years ago we got all the goats we wanted, and three bears with deer, etc. This season we only killed a few goats for meat, as it was too early for the pelts to be good enough to bring home, though we saw plenty of them and they were quite tame."

"My brother found some goats a year ago in the Mt. Baker country in Washington, and brought out a fine head or two. He reported quite a number in that locality and very easily approached."

"The fishing is also good in all that country for both trout and salt-water fish. If at any time any of your friends want to take a trip to that country, or you want to go yourself, let me know and I will give you all the pointers that I can, and will esteem it a privilege to do so, as I look upon all FOREST AND STREAM readers as belonging to the brotherhood of true sportsmen and not to the game butchers. Yours truly, EZRA E. HOWARD."

Gumbo File and Creole Coffee.

At Opelousas it became necessary to do something to restore the Chief's waning appetite, which no longer was equal to more than three meals a day. He was wasted away until but a shadow of his former self. At times he would sit for hours lost in thought. In the field he always yielded precedence to the man who would walk up and take the shot over the point, and intimated that he would prefer having the bird flushed in such manner that it would fly over his way and give him a shot without necessitating his walking up to the dog. At all the fences, on the top of which we sometimes paused to rest a moment, he evinced a serious disposition to sit and argue on almost any question for almost any length of time, meantime letting the birds take care of themselves. In short, he began to manifest a repose of manner which out-Southerned the most Southern Southerner as ever was, and caused even our friends to the climate born to look upon him with apprehension as one not long for this world. Evidently something must be done to change the Chief's idea of a bachelor's vacation, or the most serious results might be expected. Fortunately he himself one evening furnished the solution of the problem.

"Old man," said he, after a long period of meditation in which I had watched him with some solicitude, "there's something I have just finished thinking of. I have been too tired to think of it all at once, but I began thinking of this some time ago. What's the use of going on a vacation if you've got to think of anything all at once? Well, you know I used to live here in Opelousas, a few years ago—wish I never'd left it. Now, you see, when I was down here, there used to be a nigger woman, just 'round the corner here, name of Millie, and she could make a cup of coffee that'd make your hair curl tight to your head. I thought maybe you'd like to walk around there some time."

So long a speech wearied the Chief. He had a relapse and lay down.

How far is it? I asked.

"Oh-er-ah-h-h 'bout a block."

"Do you think, pardner," I asked with trembling voice,

"that you could stand the exertion of walking around that far now?"
 "You in a hurry?"
 "Yes."
 "Do you insist on it?"
 "I insist. The coffee will do you good, if you can get to it."
 "Say?" said he.
 "Well?" said I.
 "Why can't you go around there and bring me back a cupful with you? No use of two fellows both getting all tired out on the same vacation. What's a vacation for?"
 "You forget, sir," said I with some dignity, "that I have not as yet been introduced to the lady."
 "That's so," said he. "Well, I reckon I'll have to take you around and introduce you."
 Millie's house we found to be low, white, green-shuttered, neat and clean, like many other houses on the narrow little side street down which we turned. Millie herself was tall, straight, turbaned, not uncomely and respectful after the enjoyable way of the Southern negro, male or female. She may have been a widow, a married woman, a divorcee or a spinster, although into her social status we did not inquire, short of a jest or two when she declared she found it "mo' inderpentah" living with no man around to bother her. But whatever her social classification, her claim in one degree was indisput-

able. She was a cook from 'way, 'way back yonder. Millie greeted the Chief as a long lost friend, and he having made known our wish we sat out on the tiny gallery, in the dusk of the early evening, while she busied herself about the fireplace. All the cookery on that street, and I dare say much of that of the entire town, is done at the open fireplace. And this is how Millie made the Creole coffee.
 In the first place she took down an iron kettle, be-spouted and black, which she swung on the crane, and at length had boiling over the fire. Then she placed on the brick hearth an iron saucepan into which she poured an inch or so of boiling water, and kept it hot. Near by, and on the hearth also, for she did all her cooking at the level of the floor, she had put the Creole coffee-pot, a tall, narrow pot of pottery (they say copper is better) with a deep, narrow cup, which, fitted with a shoulder at the top, projected into the pot proper by about a third of the latter's length. The bottom of this interior cup was perforated. The whole coffee-pot, after the insertion of this inner receptacle, closed with a lid, like an ordinary coffee-pot. Besides these utensils, and in front of the fire also, Millie placed a fourth vessel, a tall black tin box, with close-fitting lid, which she gave us to understand contained the ground coffee.
 "Yo' kain' mek no good *café*," said she, "thout yo' got good *café* to mek it wif. Thissheh *café* cos' me t'ree pou'n's fo' a dollah. Then, yo' has teh pah'ch the *café* be'hes mighty kyehful. They's a heap in th' pah'chin', befo' yo' goin' mek good *café*. Yo' kain' dar' buh'n a single beh'y; all mus' be jus' so, so w'en yo' goin' grine et, thissheh *café* goin' be all er light brown chock'late colah. Yo' has teh grine et purty fine, so's the watah ain' goin' to soak froo too quack. Yo' tek'n' smell thissheh *café*."
 She offered us the coffee box. It was full of finely ground coffee, not of a dark brown or black, but lightish or chocolate brown color. The aroma was delicious. I suspect some trade secret unrevealed, but this was all Millie told me, and others must guess as we did, at what makes the real difference between this coffee and the suspicious mixture of the North.
 Millie now nearly filled the inner receptacle of the coffee pot with this ground essence of Elysium, and her kettle having meantime boiled she began to pour the boiling water on the top of the ground coffee. But how did she pour it? In a stream, a pint at a time? By no means. With the greatest deliberation in the world, and in the serene consciousness that she had more time than any-

thing else in the world, she began to shovel that hot water in, a spoonful at a time. Meantime the Chief sat by with half closed eyes in a trance of contentment.
 "Old man," said he, "this is what I call Paradise. No coffee is good which takes less than an hour or so to make."
 I can't say whether it was one hour or two hours or so, that it took Millie to make the coffee, for she was so odd a character in her way, and withal so bright and shrewd, that I fell to cultivating her; forgot the coffee; but I know the moon was shining through the live oaks when at length she stopped ladling the boiling water in on the coffee, and rising, went to the box which served her as a cupboard, and took down two tiny china cups, of the size we call in the North after dinner cups, though they are just the same size, we found, and just as good, before dinner as after. The Chief and myself scorn conventionalities in dining, at least on vacations. These cups Millie set in the shallow hot water in the saucepan, until they were thoroughly heated. Then she poured out into them in a tiny, trickling, intoxicating, etherially ravishing stream, this nectar, this divine substance, this inspiration of genius, this product of refined art, the Creole coffee.
 Reluctantly it escaped, just a little bit for each cup, from the inner chamber into which it had been distilled. It was jet black, thick almost as a sirup, and had an aroma that would make a man see visions. The tiny spoon of

rice. In addition, I thought I detected a red pepper hull, and maybe a trace of tomato, though the latter I doubt. Pepper of some sort was there, for the gumbo was hot enough to make a gumbo tenderfoot weep. Other things also were there, and all through everything, making the subtle, indefinable, unmistakable flavor of this gumbo, was a keen, savory smack unlike anything I had ever met before. This was what I had missed all my life. I had been looking for this. If any gentleman has lost a chord, he can find it by applying to Millie, Opelousas.
 "It's the *filé* you taste," suggested one of my companions.
 "Now whatever is a *filé*?" asked I. Then they laughed.
 "Any cook in Opelousas has her *filé* jar," said my friend.
 "The *filé* gatherers bring it in. The *filé* [*feuille*?] is the young leaf of the sassafras bush. The cooks dry it and keep it in jars. Sometimes they make a kind of stock liquid of it, with which they flavor the gumbo. Millie, bring your *filé* jar."
 Millie brought the jar. It was full of thin, rolled-up leaves of some sort, soaking in a liquid, perhaps prepared for this particular gumbo-making. The leaves did not have the odor of sassafras bark, and the gumbo did not taste the least bit in the world like sassafras. The flavor was delicate and strange, but it wasn't sassafras, that I am sure. Yet this was gumbo *filé*, and they said the *filé* came off from the lowly sassafras vine; and there you are.



GROUP OF MULE DEER.
 Second Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.
 Photo by A. S. Bennett.

sugar completed it, rounded it out into a perfect, finished work of art. It was not a drink, it was a creation. To taste it was not to drink, but to soar, to float, to dream, to touch the ineffable place where thrills grow on the trees.
 The Chief raised his tiny cup against the moon and gazed at it with the deliberation which is his wont. He tasted. Even in the moonlight I saw his eyes snap. Again he tasted. I saw him cross and uncross his legs—an unusual exhibition of activity. He drank. Wonderful! He rose and made a *pas* or two. "*C'est bon!*" said he. "Millie, do that *encore*, see?"
 Millie did it *encore*. The Chief was saved. Actually, he proposed a walk out to the edge of town. And so we walked out to the somber fringe of moss-garbed woods that shut in the quiet little city. The bright moon was over all and the February of the South meant May. The door of a cabin opened and against the light was framed the figure of a girl who sang, in a clear, sweet voice, not, I think, for two Northern barbarians, some words whose refrain seemed to be, "Abide, abide, my own, my own!"
 Was this the island of the sirens? Abide? We would never leave this land of calm, this place where men grew young again! And so we wandered on, babbling, garrulous, talking of our youth, our slips, our lost ambitions. Now we were going to be young again. We were going to do all we ever had set out to do. We were going to write books, to travel, to be great and to be good!
 Oh, wondrous Creole coffee!
 The next morning I was ashamed to look Tête Rouge in the face. Tête Rouge, by the way, is a horse, the horse I tried at Opelousas. But about Tête Rouge and the quail I really fear I shall have to tell another time.
 But the gumbo. I forgot about the gumbo. Many have heard of gumbo, who know not gumbo. You can't get real gumbo in the North, because it doesn't grow there, any more than bananas do. For gumbo, real gumbo, gumbo as is gumbo, you have to go to Louisiana, to Opelousas. Then, it may be, you will have to go to that same small side street and look up black Millie, who made the puissant coffee. At least, four of us went there one night and two of the party were Opelousas gentlemen who ought to know good gumbo when they see it.
 Millie had the gumbo ready. We had ordered it the day before. You have to order gumbo the day before, because it takes nearly a day to make good gumbo. This was good gumbo.
 Millie handed us each a dish containing what first seemed soup, then *pot au feu*, then heaven. Visible in the rich liquid were Eocene evidences of chicken, also of

"How do you make this gumbo, Millie?" I asked, after I had eaten two or three plates of it—it was purely a gumbo festival, nothing but gumbo and coffee.
 "Well, seh," said she, "et takes a good w'ile teh make gumbo. Yo' puts things in the pot, yeh, 'long in the day sometime, an' yo' lets et semmer, 'n semmer, 'n semmer." This seeming to her a rational explanation of the product of gumbo, I felt bound to press the matter further.
 "What things do you put in, Millie?" I asked.
 "W'y, chicken, 'n rice, 'n things," I asked.
 "What else?"
 "W'y, law! I dunno."
 "Any red pepper?"
 "Oh, yessah."
 "When do you put in the *filé*?"
 "W'y, I jus' puts et in; sort of afteh aw'ile you know seh."
 "How long do you leave the gumbo on the fire before you put in the *filé*?"
 "W'y, bress meh ha'ht, I kain' sca'sely jes' 'member, seh."
 "How much *filé* does it take?"
 "Oh, not er grea' deal, seh, jes' 'bout 'nuff to season up w'at yo' got on er-cookin' at the time, seh."
 "Well, how long does it take the gumbo to get done?"
 "W'y, I dunno; oh, quite er w'ile, seh."
 "And you can't tell me how you make it, so I can show the folks up North?"
 "W'y, no, seh, I kain' tell how all I makes et. I jes' makes et, seh, dat's all. I 'spec's yo' think et's a heap hah'deh teh make'n et is. Et's mighty easy teh make gumbo. I kain' jes' 'zac'ly 'scribe how I does et, but I jes' makes et."
 From the above directions I trust any one will be able to make gumbo on sight. For my part, I believe in letting well enough alone, and so I think I will only eat gumbo hereafter when I am somewhere around near Opelousas, and then I will eat it first, last and all the time.
 There are other sorts of gumbo besides gumbo *filé*. Of these, gumbo okra is the main one. This is a thicker, pastier compound, containing the okra plant. Gumbo may be composed also of game. For this the negress cooks prefer young squirrels. Quail are rather dry for it. Oyster gumbo is also made. But gumbo *filé* is the distinctive gumbo, and is acknowledged to rather lay over all other gumbos in the gumboine qualities of its gumbo-essenceness.
 E. HUGH,

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days only now remain of our shooting season, and guns will be relegated to their closets and the fishing rod will come to the front. March 1 ends all shooting and fishing opens April 1, by which time, as usual, the farmer's small boy has raided every creek and stream within fifty miles and caught the best fish.

From long experience I am convinced that the only way to preserve streams is to pass a law compelling every man and boy within twenty miles of any trout stream to fish three days a week and to begin March 1.

It is only necessary to know that he is breaking a law by not fishing and his soul will rejoice in breaking it, the spirit of pure cussedness will keep him from going near a creek. It is indisputable that more than half the fishing out of season is done in a spirit of resistance to the law, it gives a zest to the sport from that innate disposition to resist anything like being controlled or governed; it is the same spirit that prompts people to screen criminals and sympathize with them, and, as we all know how difficult it is to convict a poacher in the community where he lives, even when caught red-handed, and our laws are simply made ridiculous and their enforcement a farce.

It is a foregone conclusion that the illegal destruction of game and fish will go on unchecked until extinct, and then we will lock the stable door and kick up a great hullabaloo. The dear people, the scalawags that shoot and fish at all seasons regardless of law, have more consideration shown them than the man who pays the taxes and regards the law. He is branded as an aristocrat, forsooth, because he wants what he pays for, while the man who pays for nothing wants everything in sight and gets it, law or no law. It is enough to make a sportsman sick and disgusted and incline him to give away his guns and dogs, make bean poles of his fishing rods, to see the opposition to legislation looking toward the preservation of fish and game. Even here, where we pretend to be in a measure a liberal-minded people and not under the control of rings, we have an element that parallels your narrow-minded granger, and that is the vineyardist, who wants the privilege of poisoning quail *ad libitum*, because they eat a few grapes that he leaves to rot by the ton if he can't get his price, and in any event the wastage is ten times greater than a million quail could eat. He never in his selfishness stops to ask himself who gives him the crop anyway and what better right he has to it than the birds.

What suggests all this moralizing at the present moment, is seeing in my last *FOREST AND STREAM* reference to the legislation going on in Albany in relation to game and fish, and it so happens that we are at this time having the same wrangle over our game laws. What we want, and I suppose it is the same with you, is not more laws, but fewer, and those obeyed.

In consequence of the heavy rains we were treated to the last of January and early this month, wildfowl shooting has been indifferent, in fact very poor, consequent upon the vast area of water and overflow of the marshes that scattered the birds far and wide, and so scarce have canvasbacks been that a grand club game dinner had to be given up, as the required number of birds could not be obtained, something that never happened in this city before. We always expect canvasbacks galore in February, and cheap; but this year we are eating other kinds which are charged in the bill as the real article, which answers all purposes; and, inasmuch as epicures seldom know what they are eating, and as long as it is the proper thing to eat ducks raw, what's the odds? There are lots of smarties here, and in your town, too, that think it low-down business to drink California claret, that have drank nothing else, but as long as the label said it was French it was swell. Those are the fellows that call for reed birds and get sparrows, and don't know the difference; and by the same token, when you pay for chicken salad at the swell restaurants you get veal, with not the ghost of even a feather put in to give it character.

Speaking of trout fishing, we oldtimers who formerly went but a few miles for a day's sport must now make up our minds to go back into the wilds, a matter of a hundred miles, to get any fishing worth having, with considerable attendant expense. All our streams within reach of the gentlemen that play smart and get their work in early, have been fished to death, and the best ones, because the largest, have been ruined by paper mills that poison the water, and all the law we can bring to bear don't bother them a bit, they have a "pull" and defy us, so we must go to Oregon or back in the unexplored regions "way up North," so far away we can't get our fish home, but when you get there what fishing it is!

Speaking of game, our markets have been overloaded all winter with Mongolian pheasants from Oregon. Their presence at this season being another illustration of the manner in which game laws are regarded. The law allows shooting pheasants two months in the year—in the fall—but thousands of these beautiful birds are being hunted with dogs in the deep snow and run down and clubbed, as owing to their long tails, which get snow-clogged, they cannot fly and are easily taken, and are shipped down here by the carload, as the home markets are over-supplied. As many as 100 dozen were received here one day last week.

Such wanton destruction of this beautiful bird is simply damnable (excuse my French). Where are all the sportsmen of Oregon, and why do they permit this slaughter to go unpunished and unnoticed? Where is Judge Greene and other well-known sportsmen that should be alive to the destruction of such valuable game? It is to be hoped that this splendid game bird will work its way south to our State, which is much better adapted, as we have such a variety of winter climate that they would have their choice. Again, we have a much greater variety of feed. No doubt we shall have these birds eventually, and when we do we will endeavor to protect them from wanton destruction, although the liberal-minded vineyardist may howl and want to poison them, as they do the quail. It would not be a bad idea to pass a law compelling these same gentlemen to drink the wine some of them make. We should hear no more about quail, or them either.

I presume you can properly set this communication down as a growl, and evidently the result of being out last night, but I deny the insinuation. I am only mad and disgusted at seeing as I came through the market this morning such quantities of pheasants hanging up awaiting sale at less price than barnyard fowls, and no doubt

large shipments have been made eastward. Would that we had the right to shoot poachers, and that they were always in season, I would go out gunning to-morrow for the scalawags.

Our beautiful springtime weather is at hand, and at the present moment I am enjoying the bright warm sunshine that comes pouring into my windows and the green lawn in front with the first "flowers of spring" peeping out, while you, poor souls, are doubtless bundled up to your ears and crunching the frozen ice and snow beneath your feet. Serves you right for not living in a decent country.

PODGERS.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

It seems that the Gilbert trout bill of 1893, that is, the bill to make the open season on trout in Massachusetts begin on Feb. 1 or Feb. 15, as later proposed, has been abandoned by its friends. The force of remonstrance was so great, over 3,000 signers against the plan of opening the trout season so early, having been obtained, the friends of the Gilbert measure saw that their case was hopeless. But they have not given up the fight by any means. Mr. Gilbert has now gone back to his original bill of last season; that is, a measure to give him the right to sell artificially-raised trout in close time. It will be remembered that this measure passed both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature last winter but that it was vetoed by Gov. Russell. Notwithstanding, the friends of the trout in this State believe that Gov. Russell would again veto the bill should it pass this year, they will fight the measure in both branches in order to open the eyes of the people to what Mr. Gilbert desires. Under the improved sentiment created by the remonstrances, so widely circulated and signed, it is believed that the measure may be defeated in either branch.

Some of the friends of trout protection attempted early in the season to see if a law could not be passed making the close season begin Aug. 1 instead of Sept. 1, as now. But this measure has not received the support of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. Its advisers have considered it wise not to favor this measure in particular, though believing that such a law would be a good one. But it was considered that any attempt to close the season earlier would almost certainly be coupled with the measure of Mr. Gilbert. It would be the easiest thing in the world, if the friends of the trout had pushed the matter of closing August, for Mr. Gilbert and his friends to have asked that a month be taken off the end of the close time. As it is, it now looks much better for trout protection in Massachusetts, at least a year longer. There is very little chance that Mr. Gilbert's present measure will ever receive the Governor's signature, even should it get through the House and Senate.

In Maine the tendency of legislation on the subject of fish and game protection is now toward the general law, proposed by Gov. Cleaves. A measure providing that all the special protection asked for hereafter, on ponds and streams, shall be referred to the Commissioners, is under fair headway, and will doubtless become a law. Something of the form of the measure is that special protection or special open seasons can be obtained only through the Commission, the Commission to be petitioned by at least ten residents on or near the water in question. Due notice is to be given everybody, either through the newspapers or otherwise. The Commissioners are to appoint a hearing, and then, if they deem advisable, they may make rules and regulations affecting the special waters in question, and these regulations become a part of the game and fish laws of the State, with identically the same provisions for enforcement.

The proposition to make non-residents pay a license fee of \$5 for the privilege of hunting or fishing in that State came from the committee with four for it and four against it. I understand that a bill has been reported in the Senate, containing the license provision. Sportsmen reasonably look upon it as a very foolish measure, but it will not be altogether opposed by prominent hunters out of that State. I met a gentleman on Saturday who owns many thousands of dollars' worth of camp property in Maine. He has annually visited that State for fishing and hunting for at least 30 years. In the course of conversation he remarked that the license proposal was a very foolish one for Maine. "But," said he, "you and I want it. Aren't you willing to pay \$5 a year for the sake of keeping everybody out? I would gladly pay a license of \$125 a year if it would keep everybody but myself and a few of my friends away from our waters." This is only one case. I met another wealthy Boston sportsman the other day. He annually goes to Maine for both hunting and fishing. "It is a bad law for Maine," he remarked. "The license is not high enough. It should be \$25 or \$50; then it would keep the rabble out. I would willingly pay a license fee of \$25 a year, but a fee of \$5 I object to. It will be paid by too many duffers that we don't want there."

The weather, 2 or 3 ft. of snow on the ice, the ice 3 ft. thick, and almost impassable roads to the lakes and ponds, have made a rather hard season for the ice fishermen. The Maine papers have one or two accounts of fishermen bewildered and nearly lost in the snow on Moosehead Lake, where they had gone to fish for lake trout. Spring and summer fishing should be good this year, for it is certain that through all of New England there has never been less of ice fishing than during the whole of February and at least the first week in March. If the tremendous body of snow stays a little longer and then goes with a freshet, as it will be very likely to go, the season for ice fishing will have passed, with no fish caught. Nature seems to favor the fly-fishermen this time. SPECIAL.

Notable Shots.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 16 I notice "Some Notable Shots," where mention is made of two woodcock being killed at one shot. Many old sportsmen can recall something of the same kind, not wonderful shots, but very unusual shots.

While I was residing at Trenton, N. J., and had my kennels there, I spent at least half of my time hunting over the best woodcock and ruffed grouse grounds in America. It was a fall morning and the flight of woodcock had been good. On the same grounds ruffed grouse would frequently get up and shoot toward the adjoining hills, and a quick shot would catch them in their flight, thus making a bag of different birds, but the two best of

all the game birds. A woodcock got up on the edge of some alders and darted in. I shot, reloaded my gun and went in to pick up my bird. Within two yards of each other I found two woodcock fluttering, certainly killed by my one shot. I never saw but the one, yet my shot killed the two. Where did he come from?

At another time, in the Pinebrook Meadows, on a cold spring morning, I saw a very remarkable shot made. Jack snipe were very wild that day and would get up before you at long distances off, so that it was hard to get even a fire. If I remember right it was a brother of Scott Rodman who made the shot, but I saw it made. He fired at a single snipe; at the same instant a snipe coming from some distant part crossed and he killed the two. I could tell of some very remarkable happenings of what I have seen on my hunting trips and experiences during my stay in the fields, and so can others, and if they will relate them the "notable shots" will appear as numerous.

AL. WADDELL.

ONTARIO GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

ON Nov. 13, 1890, ten commissioners were appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor "to make inquiries, take evidence, and report generally, upon the game and fish of the Province of Ontario, and the laws relating to their protection." The members of the Commission were: Dr. G. A. MacCallum of Dunnville, chairman; A. D. Stewart of Hamilton, secretary; Richard Allen Lucas, Robert G. Hervey, John H. Wilmott, Walter S. Pulford, John Mitchell, Alex. H. Taylor, H. K. Smith, and E. W. Thompson, the last of whom resigned on account of removal to Boston.

The report of this commission has recently been issued. It is a large octavo volume of 483 pages besides numerous illustrations of mammals, birds and fishes.

The Province was divided into four districts, and each of the districts was assigned to a sub-committee for the purpose of the inquiry. Evidence was received from hundreds of persons representing nearly all classes and lists of questions relating to game and fish were answered by practical sportsmen and others who could not attend the meetings of the commissioners.

The lists of questions are published, together with the names and addresses of the persons who answered them, and a summary of the replies. Upon the basis of the evidence derived from witnesses and the answers to questions sent out, the commissioners recommended:

1. The prohibition of deer killing for five years in the counties south and west of the northern boundaries of the counties of Bruce, Grey, and Simcoe, as far north as the Severn River and the eastern boundary of Ontario.
2. The limiting of the open season for deer so as to be from Oct. 15 to Nov. 15.
3. The hunting of deer with hounds from Nov. 1 to Nov. 15 only.
4. That sportsmen be allowed to kill two deer each season, and no more.
5. That foreigners be permitted to kill deer upon payment of a fee.
6. That all dogs found running deer out of season should be allowed to be killed at sight.
7. That wardens be appointed for the protection of game and fish.

The protection of moose, elk and caribou, which are still illegally slaughtered, is strongly urged.

The destruction of game birds for export to the United States is almost incredible, according to the evidence, and has led the commissioners to urge the prohibition of the exportation of all kinds of game from the Province. They strongly recommend the abolition of spring shooting at ducks and of duck shooting from sail-boats and steam yachts. They would allow foreigners to shoot birds in season upon payment of a license fee. The shooting season for all birds except quail they believe should begin Sept. 15 and end Dec. 15. The burning of marshes should be forbidden, and permits for scientific purposes should be limited in number and issued under stringent conditions. They recommend a heavy penalty for trespass on private game preserves. Shooting between sunset and sunrise they would prohibit altogether. The wild turkey, in their opinion, should be closely protected for a period of five years.

With regard to fish, the commissioners advise the establishment of hatcheries for trout and whitefish, the abolition of pound nets, restriction of gill-net fishing, the prohibition of winter spearing in certain waters, limiting the weight of fish to be taken by camping and fishing clubs, and the appointment of a permanent game and fish commission.

Game laws of the Province are given in detail, and also the proceedings of the International Conference for the purpose of procuring uniform legislation concerning the fisheries in waters between the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada.

Fully one-half of the bulk of the report is devoted to chapters on the game and fur-bearing animals, the game birds, and the fish and fisheries of Ontario, the last by Prof. Ramsay Wright of Toronto. The accounts of the mammals have been compiled chiefly from "Baird's History of North American Mammals," and the information concerning the birds has been derived mainly from the writings of Baird, Cassel, Wood, Nott, and the essays of W. P. Lett. Some additional facts have been obtained also from trappers and hunters of repute.

The report on the fish and fisheries is both entertaining and instructive. It is to be regretted that the author could not examine extensive museum collections of Ontario fishes, as the number of species treated might have been largely increased.

Dr. Henshaw will be surprised to find himself referred to as Mr. Henshaw on page 454, and if Hoys' whitefish knows its own relations it will object to being placed in the same group with the common whitefish. It belongs in the series with projecting lower jaw.

We are confident that further investigation will show the existence of other kinds of trout in Ontario, besides the lake trout and brook trout; a form of the säbbling is certainly to be looked for in the Province.

On plate 30 the names of the several sunfishes are all transposed. The account of the nesting of black bass contains the statement that both parents protect the fry. The rate of growth of the young is much more rapid in the latitude of New York than it is in Ontario.

According to Prof. Wright brook trout have been observed to spawn in Central Ontario in August, three weeks before the beginning of the close season.

New Jersey Game Law.

A NEW game and fish law which is a codification and revision of the old law has been passed by the New Jersey Legislature and signed by the Governor. Some of the open seasons are as follows: Deer, Oct. 14 to Dec. 16; squirrels, Sept. 14 to Dec. 16; quail and rabbits from Oct. 31 to Dec. 16; ruffed grouse, from Sept. 30 to Dec. 16; woodcock, the month of July and from Sept. 30 to Dec. 16; English snipe, March and April, and from Aug. 25 to Dec. 16; reed birds, rail and marsh hen, from Aug. 25 to Dec. 16; upland plover, from July 21 to Dec. 16; pinnated grouse and wild turkey, from Oct. 31 to Dec. 16; hen birds of the European partridge, European grouse or European pheasant, protected for five years from the passage of this act; male birds of the above species can be killed from Oct. 31 to Dec. 16. Small birds generally are protected at all times, but game commissioners may issue licenses to collect for scientific purposes. It is forbidden to capture deer or game birds by means of traps, snares or nets, except that incorporated associations may trap such animals or birds alive for the purpose of preserving them alive during the winter, providing that they be released again in New Jersey not later than April 15 the following spring. Black bass or Oswego bass may be taken between May 30 and Dec. 1; trout between March 1 and July 15. Black bass measuring less than 9 in. and trout less than 6 in. may not be taken, except for stocking purposes. The act will be published in full at a later day.

The Spring Slaughter.

CANTON, Mo., March 3.—Ducks are now abundant on the Mississippi waters from St. Louis north for 200 miles, and the boom of the 10-gauge is heard everywhere throughout this whole region. It is a mystery how the ducks manage to get anything to eat, for gunners lie in wait for them at every pond and along every stream. It seems strange that men can't realize that for every half dozen lean, tough, old ducks they bag in the spring, they could have half a hundred plump, fat young ones next fall if they would stop spring shooting. If men showed as little forethought in their financial matters as they do in spring shooting, their friends would have guardians appointed for them.

Quite a damaging explosion of nitro powder happened in Rawling's gun store in St. Louis a few days ago. The accident occurred in the shell-loading department and the cause is not known, the only theory being that in some way a primer on one of the shells was exploded. About 100 lbs. of the powder went off, wrecking the store and firing everything of an ignitable nature in it. Adjoining buildings were shaken till much of their furniture was wrecked. A number of people were injured, but none killed outright. It is another sharp warning to be very careful with explosives. O. H. H.

How it is Going.

CHATHAM, Ontario.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have killed about all kinds of game in western Canada. I have killed a great many wild turkeys in my time. This used to be the best place in Canada for birds of that kind. But the country is getting cleared up so much now, the bush is pretty nearly all gone, and the deer and wild turkeys are pretty near all gone, too, and this winter has been very hard on the small game, such as partridges and quail. The best shooting we have now is duck shooting in the fall down at the St. Clair flats, and out at the Rond Eau, along Lake Erie. W. W.

Who Sent It?

HERE is an order—all of it, every bit of it—received last week. There was in the envelope twenty-five cents in stamps—the receipt of which is here acknowledged. No address. No name. Postmark blurred and undecipherable.

Dear Sir
inclosed \$2.50
for book of game
laws

If the man who sent the money will supply name and address he shall have a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*, which is the twenty-five cent book.

A Snake's Hot Meal.

A young professional gentleman of this city recently traveled overland to Tappalaunook. On the route he discovered a large black snake slowly crawling among the branches of a tree that stood by the roadside. Following the snake with his eye, the observer saw an unusually large hornet's nest attached to one of the branches of the tree, and toward which the snake was advancing. When close to the nest the snake coiled itself about a limb, released its tail, and with it gave several hard raps upon the exterior of the nest, as if knocking for admission. The noise of the blows and the swaying of the nest caused the hornets to leave their home and prepare for an attack upon the intruder. The snake ceased tapping with its tail as soon as the hornets left the nest, uncoiled itself and quickly disappeared, taking the place of the hornets within their nest.

Presently the snake's head was seen to peer out, and his bright, black eyes glistened as he anticipated a feast from which the bravest man would shrink with fear. The snake drew his head within the entrance hole to the nest until nothing was seen of it except an occasional forked tongue that darted in and out with lightning rapidity. Thinking the coast clear, the hornets began to return to their nest, when the snake took them in as rapidly as they could enter. Watching the proceeding for some time, our informant concluded that all the hornets had been safely lived, and he stood up in his buggy, tapped the nest with his whip, and awaited the result.

No hornets appearing, the nest was then knocked to the ground, opened, and his snakeship discovered in a torpid condition, with his size greatly increased. The snake was killed and a post-mortem held, with the following result: Stomach stuffed with dead hornets. W. S. White, attorney for the commonwealth for Stafford county, vouches for the truth of the story.—*Fredericksburg (Pa.) Lance.*

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the *FOREST AND STREAM* one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the *FOREST AND STREAM* during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 4.—If Director-General Davis, of the World's Fair, will apply to Mr. Harry Lacy, kennel editor of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, he can hear of something to his advantage. A short time ago I accompanied that *débonnaire* young man on a short trip to the World's Fair grounds. Like all New York men who have actually been there upon the grounds, he became impressed with the feeling that there may be, might be, something in it after all, and on one point he rose to a point of enthusiasm. We were peering through one of the doors of the vast Manufactures building, whose vast aisles stretched away till the men at the other end looked about as long as lead pencils. A gleam of thought lit the dog man's eye. "What a place this would be to hold a dog show!" he said, with a sigh, as I led him away. If Gen. Davis will look in the snow on the outer edge of the covered walk of the Manufactures building he may perhaps see at intervals of every 100 yds. or so of its quarter of a mile length, the marks of Mr. Lacy's cane, where he was classifying bulldogs, dachshunds, pugs, toy terriers, etc., etc. These marks may be of service to Gen. Davis yet in allotting space, because I am confident from what Mr. Lacy said that he is satisfied in his own mind that the coming dog show ought to occupy the entire floor of the biggest building on the grounds.

The Fair goes on, and it is now a wonderful, wonderful place, so vast, so stunning in its mental shock at first sight that the usual first impression is one of bewilderment. After that the feeling is as when distant music comes nearer and nearer. The pulses quicken, the nerves begin to thrill, until finally the soul is carried along impetuously with the surge of the commanding motive. You will hear many men say, in a complaining, resentful way, that they can't go to the Fair and see the buildings and the buildings without coming away feeling subdued, more quiet and "better." Much of this may be due to the grave and serious beauty of the vast statues of the decorations which are now so abundant, either aloft in place, or upon the ground, either finished or in formation. Every day new things are brought into the grounds or are created there, which it makes a man wiser and better to see. Every day the Fair now grows more cosmopolitan, with its growing wonders from Ceylon, South America, all Asia, all Greece, all Egypt, all the world, new, old, ancient. The Eskimos have long been in evidence, and many tribes of Indians will soon be represented. Incidentally there stepped into town the other day the courier of the Indians of British Guiana, and just in time for the cheerful blizzard of yesterday, a delegation of fifty thin-skinned Singhalese arrived to begin work on a few sample pagodas and temples, for which they think they can work up a good demand.

The sportsmen who have visited the grounds have no doubt noted the colossal figures of wild animals which surmount the bridges over the lagoons, a lioness, a panther, a grizzly bear. Others of the wild animals of America will be thus represented, and this will be a pleasing feature of the artistic decorations. Mr. Edward Kemys, the celebrated wild-life sculptor, is now hard at work in his studio at the grounds. Mr. Kemys I must see again some day, because he is a man of whom many sportsmen would gladly know more. He has spent years among the wild animals of the great West, and is an adopted member of one or more Indian tribes—the Blackfeet for one, if my memory serves. Mr. Kemys measures his own grizzly, sits down on him and measures him, right there in the chaparral. Moreover, he first kills his own grizzly himself. I have confidence in Mr. Kemys's grizzlies, his mountain lions, his buffaloes, because he is first sportsman and then artist. The work of his hand will delight many a visiting sportsman at the Fair.

Dr. James A. Henshall, special agent of the U. S. Fish Commission, and in charge of the angling exhibit, now has his office located at the north entrance of the main Fisheries building. All of the officers in charge of these special departments are very busy, and are supposed to live behind barred doors which have red sealing wax run into the keyholes, but I imagine Dr. Henshall's door occasionally gets broken in. More delights here for the angling men next summer.

The out-of-doors idea will not be lacking in the Fair, it seems, whether the view point be that of the enthusiast or of the utilitarian. The South Shore Tenting Company has been incorporated, with grounds near the lake and near the Fair. The company intends to supply tents, cooking conveniences, etc., for those who prefer a low-priced tent to a high-priced hotel. A chance for an outing can here be combined with a go at the Fair. The perch fishing is excellent just a little way out in the lake.

News Item.

The *Fishing Gazette* prints the following in its issue of last week.

"Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, was drowned while crossing a small river in Asia Minor when on his way to fight the Turks."

I beg pardon, but is this offered as an item of news?

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club held its regular meeting last Friday evening at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and transacted interesting business. It is the purpose of Dr. Henshall, in charge of the angling exhibit of the Fisheries Department at the World's Fair, to hold several contests in both fly and bait casting on the lagoons of the grounds. Plans for this are not all formulated, but the assistance of the Fly-Casting Club will probably be enlisted.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is rumored that Gov. Altgeld will abolish the Illinois State Fish Commission as an expensive and worthless board. I should indeed be sorry to see the Governor do anything so rash, and yet at the same time, if the Governor was as well posted as many Chicago anglers are as to how worthless the said board is when it comes down to actual busi-

ness, I have no doubt he would feel justified in his action. Were it not for the retaining influence of the true sportsmen of Chicago and the large cities, and the fear of exposure in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* I have no doubt the "pot" fishermen would ere this have seined dry every river and lake of Illinois.

It is a serious mistake to appoint any man living on a lake or river the fish warden of that particular lake or river, all theories to the contrary notwithstanding. I have watched carefully the workings of this theory, and will now say candidly that it is a failure. Take for an example Channel Lake, Ill. As an illustration we will assume that J. S. is fish warden. J. S. has a nice little snug home on the east shore, and knows every man, woman and child for miles around. Mrs. J. S. is acquainted intimately with all the "women folks." Joe Bassett and Ike Bruce rig up a jacklight and start spearing bass and pickerel early in May. J. S. sees the light and takes his boat and goes on a tour of investigation. He finds that the law-breakers are sons of his two nearest neighbors whom he has known intimately for years. He threatens the boys with arrest and they put out their light and pull for home. J. S. scratches his head, he is in a quandary. When he gets home he and his better half talk it over. Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. J. S. are particularly "chummy," and it will never do for J. S. to put Ike in limbo. On the other hand J. S. has sworn to do his duty. Old man Bassett and J. S. are very friendly, in fact old Bassett worked three days on J. S.'s new barn last fall, and received in payment two meals a day for three days. The end of it is that J. S. visits the stern parents of Joe and Ike and informs them of the crime committed by their offspring, and there the matter rests. Joe and Ike take advantage of the first dark night to continue the sport, and so the matter ends.

As a matter of fact, it is not to be expected that a man who has for years resided in any community in peace and quietness and on the best of terms with all his neighbors, will wantonly rend asunder all these ties of friendship by arresting and prosecuting the son and heir of his neighbor. The natural consequence is that spearing, ice-fishing and netting goes on as of yore, and the fish market of Chicago is steadily supplied with the choicest of bass, pickerel and pike the year around.

Oh, how I love my fellow man, particularly the variety who wears the long hair, the crownless straw hat and the blue overalls, and who meets you with that winning smile at the country station. The variety who patiently baits and hauls in some thousand and odd hooks all winter and ships regularly his two to three hundred pounds of fish weekly to the commission man in Chicago, and then wonders all summer why the bass do not bite as they did twenty years ago when he first came to live on the lake. The fellow who patiently "does you up" all winter and then takes your cool silver dollars for keeping you in the summer. Gentle reader, his name is legion. You point me out the exception to the above if you can.

There is only one class that is worse than the above, and that consists of the wretches who are not content with fishing through the ice all winter, but who on the quiet seine all summer. Now, Mr. Fish Warden, who has charge of the Illinois River district from Peoria Lake north for 25 miles, will you kindly tell us who ships those 5 to 10 barrels of game fish every Wednesday evening? You didn't know any one did, did you? Well, you just take a run up to Bureau Junction on the C. R. I. & P., and watch the baggage men on the two express cars roll in barrels. Just do as I have done; hand the express agent a good cigar and draw him into conversation. He will tell you something that might be of value to you as a fish warden. Ask him what is in those barrels.

"Fish. Oh, all kinds—bass, pickerel, pike, suckers, red horse and buffalo."

"Where do they come from? Oh, out of the Illinois. Caught with pole and line? No, hardly; they're seined."

"Who seines them? (shrug of the shoulders). Don't know; that ain't my business, I never asked."

"But say, is it not against the law to seine fish in Illinois?"

"Yes, I guess it is, but that is the business of the fish warden." "Yes, he captures a seine now and then, and advertises for the owner to come and get it—but I guess they don't care for them—leastways I never heard of one being claimed."

"Where do all these fish go? To St. Louis; get there for Friday."

Try it, Mr. Fish Warden, and perhaps you can get some pointers that will prevent Gov. Altgeld abolishing the State Fish Commission.

Yes, the fish wardens of Illinois have been a grand success, the fishing has improved so much since they have been appointed. A man can purchase in any fish market in Chicago for a silver dollar, a string of bass that would cost him \$12.16 to catch in any lake in Lake county. True, the sportsman does not go fishing for the brain food he may bring home, he goes for the sport that he has in acquiring said brain developer, and that is the only redeeming feature in the whole case.

And these miserable wretches who are rapidly exterminating the game fish in Illinois. What do they receive as a compensation—a paltry two cents per pound. Gentle reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, just imagine a noble bass of 6 lbs. avoidupois, selling for twelve cents, a fish that any true sportsman would give ten silver dollars to hook any day in June, and you will feel your choler rising as mine does often when I hear and see such things and know that the State pays some lusty game warden for preventing this kind of slaughter. Candidly, I do not believe that there is a barn in Lake county, Illinois, in which you could not find a fish spear if you tried very hard. They "don't use them now" they will tell you, but they are not for sale.

HENRY G. ABBOTT.

Legalized Destruction of Fish.

UNION SPRINGS, N. Y., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is great destruction of bass and pickerel upon the Seneca River in the vicinity of the fyke nets, where they are allowed to catch bullheads and return the game fish that are taken in these nets.

In operating the nets in the winter they have a large hole cut through the ice. When they take up the nets they loosen the tail rope and lift the net out upon the ice in the frost and snow; then they dump the fish out of the nets and pick up the bullheads first. Of course they must have their meat first. Then they proceed to put back the black and Oswego bass and pickerel that they chance to have, and no way is so easy as to kick them into the hole

with a No. 11 rubber boot. Some of the fish are nearly frozen stiff before they reach the water. Such is the method practiced in the central part of the State upon the Seneca River. Any one knowing anything about such fishing and such methods of treatment knows that they may as well put a knife through a fish, for it means certain death.

The winter being long and the weather very cold, it has been a hard one upon the game fish, and I think one may as well stay at home as go a-fishing with a hook this season upon these waters. Thousands of the best game fish now lie frozen in the ice, and hundreds of crows and gulls are feeding upon the flesh of the gamey bass.

Please spend a day and see for yourself, and you will favor protection. If this should continue for another year it would deplete Cayuga and Seneca lakes and the Clyde River of their best fish. The time has come when the sportsmen should take some action in this matter and have this law amended so that this wholesale slaughter will not go on upon the best spawning grounds in the State.

H. C. CARR, Protector.

FINLAND FISHING.

DR. OSCAR NORDQVIST, president of the Fishery Association of Finland, is now in the United States studying our system of fishculture and the methods of our fisheries. He has visited Washington to make himself familiar with the work of the U. S. Fish Commission and will go from there to several of the important stations to examine their operations with trout, salmon and whitefish.

He will also visit the great fishery centers of the United States and the World's Columbian Exposition and return to Finland in June.

Finland, according to Dr. Nordqvist, has a goodly number of the finer fishes known to American anglers. Chief among them is the Atlantic salmon, which is represented by the common form so well known in the rivers of New England and Canada, as well as by a land-locked variety much like our sebago or winninish, but larger.

There are five principal salmon rivers in Finland, the Kymmene (in South Finland), Kumo (Southwest Finland), Ulea, Kemi and Tornea (in North Finland). The Ulea is the chief river for rod fishing and salmon are taken by this means chiefly in its upper waters.

In the Tornea they take the hook rarely in the upper portion. The Kumo furnishes more sport for the angler in its upper waters, while in the Kymmene no salmon are caught with rod and line.

The landlocked salmon occurs in Lake Ladoga and its tributaries. The sea trout of Europe is a common fish in Finland waters. The silbling, or red-spotted char, is another choice species for the angler. The grayling completes the list of the salmon family for line fishing, but three kinds of whitefish are found in the waters.

The common pike is abundant, but not highly esteemed. Yellow perch abound, and if they differ from our own species it is hard to define the points of difference. A very fine pike-perch is among the choice game fishes. Curiously enough the golden ide, which we have introduced into the United States from Europe, is one of the prized anglers' fishes of Finland. The bream (*Abramis brama*), a large species of the carp family, is considered a very good fish and its capture furnishes considerable sport.

The only catfish known in the country is the *Silurus glanis*, and this is found rarely in only one lake of Finland.

The caprice of the salmon in taking the hook is quite as noteworthy in Finland rivers as it is in our own. Some streams contain many salmon, which are caught freely in nets, but seldom or never on hooks. In some severe winters the salmon that run up to spawn are imprisoned by ice before they have finished spawning, and when they finally escape seaward in the following spring, some of them die in the rivers. There is, however, as a rule very little mortality after spawning.

Helsingfors is a center of considerable angling interest. Anglers' outfits made in the country are sold here, but better appliances are imported from England. A paper, *Sporten*, devoted to out-of-door amusements, is published here. Dr. Nordqvist says FOREST AND STREAM is read in Finland with great interest.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON.—Ice-fishing all over New England has received a setback that it may take several weeks to recover from, or possibly it may not be of much value again this season. The lakes and ponds are covered with 3 to 5 ft. of snow, in addition to the remarkably thick ice already mentioned. A party from Boston, that was made up for Cobbosseecontee, Me., the first of March, has postponed the trip till the outlook is better; doubtless indefinitely. Another party that went to Lake Winnipisogee, N. H., a year ago, and was intending to make the fishing trip again this spring, will postpone it till better weather and till there is less snow on the ice, if indeed they go at all. From Maine there are but few reports of ice-fishing. The snow has been so deep and the roads so blocked that to go to the ponds and lakes has been almost an impossibility, to say nothing of the storm that has raged. A friend writes that he knows of a fisherman who has kept a hole or two open in the Androscoggin River, at Barkerville, just below Lewiston, Me., all winter, and has taken out some very nice pickerel. At this point, so near to the city, no one else has thought of fishing.

Some of the Waltham fishermen have recently had a big time fishing for bass at Hurd's Pond in Wayland. It is against the law to take bass at this season, and for that reason the names of the boys are not mentioned. They seem to think they had a good excuse for having taken the fish, for the reason that the fish had already caught themselves. It seems that the pond drains into the Sudbury River by a very shoal creek, and that the creek has been lower than ever the past winter. During the recent rain and slight rise of water it seems that the bass in great numbers went from the river up the creek toward the pond, till they were caught in the ice some way, and it was an easy thing for the fishermen to secure them. They claim that if they had not taken the bass, they would have been frozen in and destroyed by the cold weather, which immediately followed the thaw. One party secured 12 pickerel and some 20 black bass. One bass is reported to have weighed 5 lbs. Another party got more bass than the one just mentioned, but they do not say how many.

A petition has been handed in to the present Massachu-

setts Legislature, asking that the open season on black bass in this State begin on June 1, instead of June 15. The petition is signed by several prominent members of the Fish and Game Protective Association, but it is understood that Commissioner Brackett is opposed to the opening of the season at this time.

An amendment to present game laws has been introduced, making the penalty for the second killing of moose in that State to be imprisonment, in addition to a fine. The amendment also adds the last ten days of September to the open season on moose, caribou and deer. It also provides that no deer shall be killed in any lake, pond or river in the State. This is a direct attempt to prevent jack-shooting in a very awkward way, and by a means that it will be utterly impossible to enforce. There is very little chance that the measure will ever become a law, however. It is attached as a rider to the bill making a part of September an open month on big game; a bill that the lumber people will not permit to pass, if they can prevent it, and there is no more powerful interest in Maine.

Our good friend F. R. Shattuck, so well known to the FOREST AND STREAM, has a letter from Capt. Jenkins, of West Barnstable, giving a more encouraging feature to the attempt to plant prairie chickens in that part of the State. Two years ago the restocking committee of the Fish and Game Protective Association put out three or four pairs of these birds on Capt. Jenkins's place. Some time after two of the birds were seen. Since that time, and up to within a day or two ago, nothing had been seen of the birds, and they were given up as gone forever. But now Capt. Jenkins has seen a fox hunter, in whom he puts confidence, who says that the other day he saw two of the birds. He not only saw them, but he watched them for some fifteen minutes. This is encouraging news to Mr. Thayer and other members of the committee, who have taken so much pains in the way of restocking the game covers of the Bay State. They can see that the prairie chickens have not wholly disappeared, though they feel that if they had been a success at West Barnstable, that there should have now been dozens of birds instead of two. This season they are putting out prairie chickens in the western part of the State rather than on the coast. But they are thinking of the present tremendous winter with a good deal of alarm. The snow is remarkably deep all over the State, and the chances for food for the prairie chickens and quail that it was hoped to acclimate are greatly reduced. The committee feels that if the birds survive the present winter that there is not the least doubt but what they are a fixed fact in Massachusetts. There has not been a winter so severe in twenty years. The men who have charge of Franklin Park, Boston, say that they have seen nothing of the quail that were there through the summer and fall since the very cold weather early in the winter.

SPECIAL.

BROOK TROUT OF WAUTOMA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the request of one of your enthusiastic subscribers I write this article, hoping it may prove of general interest.

Last June, having heard much of the trout fishing at and near Wautoma, the county seat of Waushara county, Wis., I concluded to try for myself and see if the fishing there was, in regard to sport, comfort, quality and quantity, all it had been recommended.

Wautoma is a lovely village twenty miles from the railroad at Berlin, embowered in shade trees, with tasteful and varied residences, while through its emerald meadows brawls a silver brook, one of the many tributaries which here abound, fretting along "to join the brimming river."

A few years ago not a single trout inhabited these streams. The noble enterprise of far-seeing men induced the State, after encountering much opposition, to stock these streams with trout fry. Now the number caught in a season is simply prodigious. The size of the fish is unusual, and in some instances, phenomenal. Speckled trout, rainbow trout and an occasional silver salmon are taken.

Last summer I saw a rainbow trout, caught eight miles from there, that weighed 5 lbs. 7 oz. and measured 3 ft. 4 in.

There are two hotels there; the one at which sportsmen generally stop is kept by W. A. Bugh, a young, enthusiastic and true partisan of the rod and gun, with all those words imply; and when I say truly that no sportsman who has once "put up" with him has yet failed to come again, I have said it all.

Bright was the morning, the fog rising through the trees, blushing with the first rays of the rising sun, as with lunch and rod and a few choice flies I stood on a bridge which spans the stream at the outskirts of the village. A crippled veteran, I could not go far or fast. Years had passed and, alas, gone forever since I had thrown a line for trout.

As I gazed on the bubbling waters as they rushed under the bridge, now here, now there, with many a curve and foaming ripple, I thought of the old bridge away off in York State, where a happy boy with only the ignoble worm, with wild delight, "dear Tom," I caught these beauties of the brook "just forty years ago." The brook sang the same old song again; my heart felt the same old thrill again, and I thanked God that while many never can renew their youth, the sportsman always can.

Slowly and cautiously, with the eye of a hawk and the tread of a cat, "afraid of my own shadow" flitting on the golden shoals, I cast the gossamer's frail, gaudy lure as tenderly as maiden's glance upon the form she loves. Slowly down the stream I hitched along (for better I could not). No bogs, no thorns, nor superfluity of brush, but just enough to hide and cast without inconvenience.

Not a fly, not a "no-see-um," not a single "skeet," and this is true of all the streams in this part of the country. Of course in August there are some deer-flies, and in thick shaded lowlands some "mosquitoes," but no other torments have I ever seen such as drive the sportsman wild in the northern woods.

Several fine trout, but none too small, was my reward. The air seemed pulsing with the songs of robins and a thousand happy birds. The grateful shade along the brook at intervals mellowed the sun's too ardent rays, while I quaffed long draughts of the spring-cold stream. At last, at one deep hole, where the waters found their channel by a mass of roots, one gorgeous beauty leaped with seeming clumsy splash (a funny imitation of the younger graceful "kids") to take my fly, but missed. Once more I teased him to respond, and darting again at the lure, he would not bite, but only made a feint.

Again, again and again I cast and trailed the silly little myth along up the fretful tide. Then he got mad, I suppose, and darting, seized it with a vim, and soon I had him safely on the bank. He measured 12 in., and I could scarcely squeeze him in my closed basket. Great, beautiful, gaudy, sparkling, fat fellow! And yet I have seen a dozen such, the result of one day's fishing there with a party, who brought in 200 or more as their day's catch.

So ended a perfect day, but which will come again, I trust, to all who try their fortune at or near Wautoma, along its many attractive streams.

PLAINFIELD, WIS.

THE ANGLER'S DREAM.

WHAT memory more pleasing than green fields and shady glen, silent pools and rushing stream, and cheery laugh luring the leopard of the brook from his watery home! As I sit poring over the last issue of dear old FOREST AND STREAM, and being alone and in meditative mood, my thoughts revert to my favorite pools and swirling eddies, and as I sit and ponder, it pervades my whole being with an eager, restless longing for the return of the open season again.

Strange are the human likes and fancies of this world. There are plenty among us who sneer at the sportsman's innocent, happy life—a waste of time and money, say they. Those who care naught for the charm of nature, even in her brightest moods, know little of the thoughts and feelings of the child of nature; of the intense longing for the fields and forest, the birds and flowers, and, best of all, the healthful, life-giving sports that nature provides.

Ah! the scenes that in retrospective pass before me, seem to be realized only by the sportsman-angler. See! a glorious June morning; the sweet bird-songs and chatter of gossiping squirrels (they your only companions) ringing in your ears; a wild, rollicking mountain stream tumbling and foaming among the boulders, or falling over some mossy old ledge, forming a deep foam-flecked pool, the home of some wary old trout. Or again, the same brawling stream, toned down to a calmer mood, flowing silent and swift over beds of yellow sand or shining pebbles between banks of soft, wavy meadow grass, thickly dotted with buttercups and daisies, with here and there a clump of blue iris, or anon stretching away in long silent reaches—the very spot to throw the gaudy fly and lure the crimson-spotted trout to destruction.

Ah! 'tis now the angler is in his element; 'tis here you catch the music of his reel and the swish of his leader as he sends it far out o'er the water with a skillful cast, acquired by long practice. This is pure, unalloyed pleasure; it is grand. There is something in this kind of life that in all true lovers of the gentle art produces a joyous disposition and tends to promote a brotherly feeling toward others. Constant companionship with the charm and solitude of nature softens man's harsher feelings and implants a feeling of good fellowship in his breast.

How the quickening blood courses through the veins as you see the magic words "the opening of the trout season." How the fingers tingle to the very ends as you grasp the trusty old rod once more! What an overhauling of tackle as you hasten to get ready for the summer's campaign! When the day arrives you are ready and sally forth to your favorite stream. Soon you see the pool before you, and sundry dimples and ripples on the surface tell you that the spotted quarry is there as of old.

With caution you approach and make the first cast. Soon there is a yellow flash, a bulge in the waters 'neath the fly, a turn of the wrist and you have him fast. Now begins the struggle. The well-oiled reel revolves with lightning speed as he runs off the line; see! he is going for that brushwood on the opposite side of the pool. Ah! he is a crafty old fellow; but you draw him gently away, and as he feels the cruel barb in his flesh, like a flash he is away again. Poor fellow, he is making a hard fight for liberty; but no use, you soon land him, dripping upon the bank.

What a beauty! Every curve and line perfect in contour, and the crimson spots upon his golden sides bright and glowing, fresh from his native element.

Ah! is not this kingly sport! And so you go on from pool to pool, from ripple to ripple, and trudge home at dusk with a well-filled creel, tired, but happy and contented.

So I awake from my reverie to realize that it is but a pleasant dream; but mayhap for the moment it will have some interest for a brother angler, for some of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

PRESTON, CONN.

TROUT SPAWNING IN JUNE.

WE are indebted to Mr. F. W. True, of the National Museum, for copies of the following letters relative to late spawning of trout in certain New York lakes. It seems hardly possible to frame laws which will serve to protect trout of such unusual habits and still give anglers the opportunities to which they are fairly entitled:

TRENTON, Jan. 27, 1893.—*My Dear Friend William:* Yours of 26th is before me. I do remember fishing in Moorehouse Lake in June with you and taking trout in my hands and the spawn would run from them, and we both talked about it at the time, I think. Dr. Hamlin, of Middleville, is one of the party which has purchased the lake and a man by the name of Mosher. I think Dr. Hamlin would give you all the information you want.

H. S. STANTON.

MIDDLEVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1893.—*Wm. Calverley:* Dear Sir—Dr. Hamlin handed me yours of the 28th inst. to answer. We frequently catch trout in Moorehouse Lake that have two sets of spawn. Catch them in May and June and they are generally from 1 to 2 lbs. in weight. I have always concluded that the two sets of spawn were caused from some disease; once caught a three-pounder in Big Rock Lake with two sets. Trout in that condition always discharge the large spawn with very light pressure; will frequently discharge them in the boat in death struggle.

Yours truly,

W. W. MOSHER.
BARNEGAT, N. J., Feb. 8, 1893.—*Prof. F. W. True:* You will find inclosed two letters which I have received in regard to trout spawning in Moorehouse Lake. Mr. W. W. Mosher states that he caught a trout in Big Rock Lake which had ripe spawn in it. He speaks about the trout in Moorehouse Lake having two sets of spawn in them at the same time. That was the case with the ones I caught. Big Rock Lake is in Hamilton county, southwest corner, about seven miles from Moorehouseville. I wrote to another party (Joe Lane) but have not heard from him; but the evidence I have given you I think is enough to prove my statement about the trout spawning there in June.

Yours respectfully,

WM. CALVERLEY.

Black Bass of the Thornapple.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind.—If C. J. L., of Detroit, wants fishing in his cruise and makes that one of the chief considerations, there is no better stream, in my opinion, than the Thornapple River, in his own State. From the lake of the same name in Barry county to the mouth where it empties into the Grand River the cruise will take about a week, for although the distance seems short upon the map, the stream is so crooked and the fishing so good that a week will easily be consumed on the trip. It is a rapid stream, that is, there are numerous riffles from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile in length, and the boat used should draw very little water. There will probably be two or three "drift" jams encountered also. I have fished this stream a great deal and never saw its equal for black bass. When they are on the riffles, which is in July and August, but preferably in July, they take the artificial fly as readily and in the same manner as trout. I caught 14 small-mouth black bass and two rock bass in about one hour last summer, all in wading a single riffle about a quarter of a mile long. There is a very pretty and well managed summer hotel at Cascade Springs, two miles from the mouth of the Thornapple and ten miles from the city of Grand Rapids.

Here the voyager can spend a few days very agreeably at the close of his trip. I would like to take a trip of two or three weeks this season, and would be much obliged if some one could tell me of a stream possessing the characteristics of the Thornapple as I have outlined them (I can dispense with drift jams). Such a stream usually flows through a rather pretty country. I want about 150 miles of boating, say 10 miles a day, and rather a small stream. Your correspondent in "Chicago and the West," Mr. Hough, could probably put me on the right track.

LEXDEN.

That First Tarpon.

THE statement that Mr. Hugh O'Neill is entitled to the credit of taking the first fish of the season, which has appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM is not warranted by the facts, as the following item from the Fort Myers Press of Feb. 23 shows:

"Tarpon record at Fort Myers. We only make record of those caught with rod and reel: Feb. 14, Judge T. A. Gill, 6ft. 4in., 144lbs.; Feb. 15, George A. West, 6ft. 3in., 101lbs.; Feb. 16, H. O'Neil, 5ft. 9in., 114lbs.; Feb. 17, J. W. Cole, 5ft. 9in., 98lbs.; Feb. 18, Jas. E. Hendry, Jr., 6ft., 112lbs.; Feb. 19, J. E. Mitchelson, 6ft. 2in., 102lbs.; Feb. 21, Geo. H. Hulings, 5ft. 7in., 94lbs.; Feb. 21, T. P. Newton, 4ft. 7in., 45lbs. Previously reported 10. This week 8. Total 18."

As appeared in a previous issue of the same paper, Mrs. A. M. McGregor took a tarpon on Feb. 9. Last season I was an eye witness of the capture by the same lady of a fish weighing 160lbs.

I am informed by letters received from Fort Myers that the tarpon are extraordinarily abundant there the present season.

F. S. J. C.

Origin and Evolution of the Fishes.

In the Department of Biology of Columbia College in the city of New York a series of lectures are being given with the above title by Dr. Bashford Dean. The course is as follows:

Thursday, Feb. 16, The General Structure of Fishes; Thursday, Feb. 23, Sharks and Rays—Fossil and Recent; Thursday, March 2, The Teleosts; Thursday, March 9, The Ganoids; Thursday, March 16, Chimæra and the Lung-fishes; the Newbury collection of Giant Placoderms; Thursday, March 23, The Embryology of Fishes. These will be followed by a course on the amphioxus and other ancestors of the vertebrates by Arthur Willey, B.Sc.; Thursday, March 30, introduction, History, Mode of Life and Distribution; Thursday, April 6, General Structure; Thursday, April 13, Nervous, Vascular and Excretory Systems; Thursday, April 20, Reproduction and Development; Thursday, April 27, Larval Growth and Metamorphosis; Relationships of Amphioxus to other Types.

Fishculture.

Rearing Black Bass.

WE published recently a note of inquiry from Chas. S. Powell, Esq., concerning the propagation of black bass, following which we mentioned the names of several persons who have had experience with this fish. Mr. Powell has corresponded with Mr. Page and others and we are permitted to give below Mr. Page's letter.

It will be observed that the writer is strongly opposed to the use of live minnows for feeding the bass, because it encourages cannibalism, and this habit is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of bass culture. Bass are often reared, however, in ponds which contain minnows of various kinds in abundance, and which have never been freed from these small inhabitants. The waters in Arkansas and Texas, so wonderfully rich in bass, swarm also with shiners, gaspergon, mud shad and many other fish upon which black bass naturally feed.

In the pond in Washington in which the first experiment with bass was tried last year, were hosts of small sunfish, roach, gudgeons and carp. The feeding of the bass was so active that even the pestiferous sunfish were practically exterminated. Although some of the small bass were destroyed also, the cost of food was so small as to almost compensate for the loss. The letter is as follows:

NEOSHO, Mo., Feb. 7.—Mr. Chas. S. Powell, Richmond, Ky.: DEAR SIR—Your letter of Feb. 3, 1893, is to hand and in reply I would say, very little is known practically in artificial fishculture about raising black bass because very little has been done. It is true that there are a good many ponds devoted to bass under the care of amateurs; but professional fishculturists have done very little in this direction.

In fact, pond culture as an art is in its infancy in America. My small experience of only the past three years in raising black bass scarcely warranted FOREST AND STREAM in referring to me as an authority, for if my eighteen years' experience as a fishculturist has taught me anything, it is that our early experience with any particular fish is sure to be modified in the future. However, what little I know is at your service.

Your idea is to remove the large fish as soon as the fry are able to take care of themselves. May I ask how? I know of but one way you can do it and not kill, or at least materially injure, the young, and that is by book and line. To do this with a barbless hook will depend upon your skill and the disposition of your fish. (Let me digress here to say that while the bass is very tenacious of life, he is the most easily killed by a sudden change from warm to cold water.)

If your spawning pond is properly constructed, the best way now known is to remove the young bass as soon as they are hatched, before the food sac is absorbed, while the brood is huddled over the nest. This is an easy matter, and requires only a good skimming net of mosquito bar in the hands of a skillful workman. A little practice will soon give the "turn of the wrist" which enables one to slip a net under the school, lift them out, and quickly transfer them into the rearing pond.

The rearing ponds, of which there should be several, should be built immediately alongside of the spawning pond. They should have in three-fourths of their area not over four inches depth of water, and the greatest depth need not be more than two feet. At least one-third of the spawning pond should be quite shallow—too shallow to be inviting to the large fish. In this shallow water the young fry which escape your net and the jaws of the big fish will find a safe home.

If around the edge of your spawning pond, in water from one foot to three feet deep, you place gravel, allowing the balance of the bed of the pond to be earth, the bass will there make nests. Do not place the gravel so far out that you cannot work your net over it from the bank, or else you will have nests of fry which you cannot get, but which the big fish will get.

Your spawning pond and rearing pond should have mosses—and mosses in abundance. In the Hatchiecon Lake of Arkansas, and in San Marcos Spring of Texas, are more bass than is credible even in fish yards; both these waters abound in mosses. The mosses serve as hiding-places from fish hawks, kingfishers and the hot sun of summer; but above all they furnish a home and breeding-place for the insects which provide so large a proportion of bass food.

I have not yet been able to feed bass on any vegetable food, but I yet intend to do it. At present we use nothing but raw beef liver, and that fresh and sweet. Talk of a trout being an aristocrat! Trout will eat putrid meat, and I have carried them six months at a stretch on a strictly vegetable diet.

Nothing would induce me to put a minnow in a bass pond except as bait on a hook. It is too hard to break bass of their natural tendency to cannibalism to foster it by an occasional taste of their old evil habit. If you feed liver let it be every day at a stated hour and place. The result will please you. Feed about 1½ per cent. of their weight per day. At first this is more than they will eat. Start with a small quantity and gradually increase.

WM. F. PAGE,
Supt. Neosho Station, U. S. Fish Commission.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
March 28 to 31.—Illindio Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Don't forget that Detroit entries close March 7, with Guy D. Welton, 56 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.

Elmira entries close March 12, with C. A. Bowman, Elmira, N. Y.

The Chicago Kennel Club and the A. K. C.

CHICAGO, March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chicago Kennel Club was organized in January of this year and incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois with a paid up capital of \$4,000. Within five weeks of the date of organization it opened the doors of its first dog show, which proved a brilliant success in every way. At the time of receiving entries it gave notice to intending exhibitors, when asked, that it had applied in due form for admission to the American Kennel Club, and that it knew of no reason why it should not be admitted. Its application for membership, with its check, was received and acknowledged by the American Kennel Club and the check was used. At the meeting of the American Kennel Club in New York last week the application of the Chicago Kennel Club was arbitrarily rejected.

The Chicago Kennel Club has been organized to stay. It has claimed a date for its second annual show, which will be held here in February, 1894. Its premium list will be liberal, and its prizes and all other expenses will be paid promptly, as they were this year. Its management will be characterized by the same business methods and courtesy which prevailed this year, and it will receive the same liberal patronage from exhibitors and the public that it received this year.

The Chicago Kennel Club believes in being associated with a proper governing body, and in good faith applied for membership in the only such organization now existing. It believes there should be an organization which is truly national, and that the time is at hand when such an organization should be started. The widespread dissatisfaction now existing among members of the American Kennel Club; its pronounced local tendency and its control; its arbitrary and unwarranted rulings in the matter of membership; these all warrant the formation of a new organization, which shall be national in its fullest sense, and not a New York city club. We invite correspondence from clubs interested in this matter or a discussion through the sporting press.

If any such national organization shall be started the Chicago Kennel Club will do its share toward its support; but whether or not such a club shall be formed, or whether or not the Chicago Kennel Club may be hereafter admitted to the American Kennel Club, it will keep its promise to hold its second show in 1894. Its club rooms in the Unity Building, suite 725 to 727, will be open to receive visitors from this date on, where they will be welcome and where they may make their headquarters.

The underhanded methods employed by members of the American Kennel Club in New York, just previous to the opening of the first show of the Chicago Kennel Club, their repeated attempts to prevent judges and exhibitors from attending the show, their assertions that prizes would not be paid and that the Chicago Kennel Club would not be admitted to membership, these all show a spirit contrary to the proper appreciation of their position, and an entire lack of fairness and manhood.

The Chicago Kennel Club will, in the future, represent the real interests of dog owners in Chicago; it will be a real kennel club, existing to promote dog matters, and will be conducted on business principles with ample capital behind it.

It has secured commodious kennel grounds near this city and will own one of the best equipped kennel establishments in the country. The by-laws require the treasurer to make a report "at least" once a year, and the directors are pledged to see this rule enforced.

CHICAGO KENNEL CLUB.

Indianapolis Dog Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the numerous applications for premium lists of our bench show to be held March 28 to 31, we feel that our efforts will be appreciated, and would further state that our premium list will be ready for mailing about March 1. It will represent about \$1,800 in premiums besides a liberal amount of specials. The money will be distributed about as follows: \$10 first in all challenge classes; \$15, \$10 and \$5 in open mastiff, St. Bernards, Great Danes, greyhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies and beagles, with \$20 kennel prize for each above breeds. All other classes, first prize, \$10. The merchants and business houses of this city have very liberally subscribed to a guarantee fund of over \$2,000, and this fund will no doubt reach \$3,000 before the list is complete, which is a guarantee that all premiums and expenses will be paid, thus assuring those coming from a distance that they will receive what is due them. The newspapers of this city promise us their hearty support, and with our excellent accommodations for the dogs and the promise of such a large entry, we look forward to the usual liberal patronage of our citizens. The hotels have all made special rates for exhibitors. We will have at least three and possibly four of the best known judges and everything will be done to facilitate their work so as to have the marked catalogue ready on the morning of the second day. We will figure with the various owners of trained troupes of dogs to give exhibitions, as the hall has a fine gallery all around, from which the spectators can be comfortably seated during the performance. Reading and smoking rooms will be provided with writing material for the use of our guests, and we will also arrange suitable place for the washing and grooming of dogs.

Dr. Van Hummel, so well known in greyhound circles, will officiate as chairman of bench show committee, which leaves no room for further comment on this subject. While we feel confident that nothing will be left undone to mar the regularity and order of things, we will be glad to receive suggestions from our various friends relative to any department of the show. This show will be under A. K. C. rules and wins will count.

CHAS. K. FARMER, Sec'y.

Gunshyness in Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last number there was a communication relating to gunshyness. I will give your readers a method which, if followed patiently, will, I think, prove effective, as it has never failed for me. Instead of giving your pup his regular exercise, shut him up where he can see all you do. In the morning fire two ordinary charges in plain sight of him and open the inclosure for him to come out. Should he refuse, leave him and close the gate or door. Repeat this daily without coaxing him and he will soon come to the gun. Should he become frightened in the field, leave him and he will soon look you up. Paying too much attention to him will only cause him to think that the shot was fired for his benefit, and if left alone he will soon come to his master, especially if it is a kind one. Dogs trained by kindness are the most willing workers, and unless you have a good store of patience don't attempt to train a dog, for you may ruin a dog that kindly but firmly handled would be first class. The dog whip is a most excellent thing properly used, as is also the check cord, but either, if used to excess, make sulky or cowardly dogs of those which otherwise would be cheerfully obedient.

H. M. T.

NORTH ONTARIO, Cal., Feb. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to Mr. N. D. Elting would say that working a cord on a dog had reference merely to its uselessness when breaking him of gun shyness. A gun shy dog does not pull on a cord, but against it, and is probably trying to pull the collar over his head half the time. The cord on a bird dog is not to lead him with, but to hold him or control him. I think a great many dogs learn to "potter round" by not being kept on a chain as much as they should be. Another word—when your dog is cured of gun shyness keep him to heel or on a cord when going to or from your hunting ground, and you will not be apt to have a "potterer."

HORNET.

CHARLOTTE N. C.

P. S.—The FOREST AND STREAM in its new dress seems trying to outdo itself in getting up an ideal sporting paper.

American Pet Dog Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The American Pet Dog Club is now in a very flourishing condition, having a membership of fifty and a nice balance on the right side in the treasury.

They intend to hold their first show May 30 to June 2 at Lenox Lyceum, New York, and although they have only just started a show subscription list, they have \$300 subscribed by each of the following members: Mrs. Wm. R. McKee, Mrs. Horace Stokes and Mr. Wm. J. Feyer.

Everything points toward splendid success and many new dogs will be purchased by the members to exhibit at the show. A splendid special has been promised by Mr. Franklane Sewell, the artist, who has just returned from abroad. This special is to be a picture, painted from life, of the most popular dog at the show, the prize to be awarded by the votes of visitors to the show.

At the annual meeting of the club, held Friday, Feb. 24, at Madison Square Garden, officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. S. C. Barnum; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Horace Stokes, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh and Mr. A. F. German; Secretary, Miss Marion E. Bannister; Treasurer, Mr. Wm. J. Feyer; Executive Committee, President, Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. T. Farrer Rackham, Miss Chapman, Mr. E. H. Morris and Dr. Sherwood; Delegate to the American Kennel Club, Mr. T. Farrer Rackham; Trustees, Mrs. Horace Stokes, Mrs. Wm. R. McKee, Mrs. W. E. Randolph, Mrs. A. M. Cunningham and Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh.

Mr. Rackham was elected superintendent of the coming show.

A meeting of the executive committee was called for Wednesday, March 1, 8 P. M., at 329 Lexington avenue, to arrange show matters.

MARION E. BANNISTER, Sec'y.

Gordons in the West.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It might be of interest to you and the readers of your paper to learn that the much-maligned Gordon setter is coming to the front in the West. The demand for this class of field dogs has been steadily on the increase, and where a year ago there were not over half a dozen well bred dogs of this breed in Chicago and vicinity, they can now be counted by the dozens. As a test against other setter breeds I entered a fine litter of nine Gordons in the late Chicago bench show, and sales for the entire lot were effected before the close of the third day, and at good prices too. Could have sold twice the number if I had had them, many who procrastinated being disappointed. I am satisfied that with more attention paid to breeding and handling for field work instead of bench shows we should not be obliged to strain our vision in an attempt to find the names of our beautiful Gordons among the list of entries of field trials.

WILL H. WORTH.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28,

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE second show held by the Keystone Kennel Club was brought to a close last Friday night. We regret to say however, that though the management will scarcely suffer any loss, as their expenses were very light, still they cannot possibly have made much money. In these days however, to come out even is a consummation to be devoutly thankful for. As before, the show was held in the Tattersall's building, which is scarcely the best place imaginable for a dog show, owing to the absence of heating arrangements. On Tuesday the atmosphere was simply frigid, and every one complained of the extreme damp cold; outside it rained and snowed alternately, and effectually precluded any idea of a large attendance. If some of the dogs that intend to do the circuit do not come out of it the worse for wear, we shall be much mistaken.

Judging commenced promptly in three rings upstairs, the show being held on two floors and proceeded with little interruption till 6 P. M., when everything was judged excepting foxhound bitches and harriers, which might well have been done as well as the few specials that Mr. Mason had still to award. The judging on the whole seemed to give satisfaction, and the show was remarkable for the debut of three new judges: Messrs. Anthony, Smith and Elliott, who acquitted themselves well. The show hardly seemed to go with the swing and easiness that was apparent last year, though Mr. Watson and Frank Smith worked like beavers. Aisles were not cleaned up as soon as they might have been in the mornings, but the dogs seemed to be comfortably housed and had plenty of clean straw every day.

A number of well-known dogmen were present. Besides the judges we saw Messrs. T. G. Taylor, W. West, G. Muss-Arnolt, A. H. Heppner, Geo. Bell, F. R. C. Clarke, Dr. Glass, J. H. Winslow, H. A. Harris, Frank Dole, W. Peirson, J. F. Hall, Ed. Maher, Arthur Trickett, Geo. Thomas, Andy McGregor, Donald Monroe, J. Otis Fellows, Dr. H. M. Cryer, Harry L. Goodman, W. H. Ashburner, Henry Halsey, Carl Heimerle, George Jarvis, F. Senn, C. E. Connell, Murray Mitchell, A. S. Bradbury, Joe Lewis, Ben Lewis, W. W. Kendall, Dr. Dixon, C. T. Thompson, R. P. Keasbey, Edgar Huidekoper, F. R. Carswell, Henry Jarrett, German Hopkins, H. A. Darby, G. W. Price, Ed. Lever, E. Adams, J. Foster, F. H. Hoyt, Jos. Hunter, etc. Marked catalogues were issued on Wednesday morning. Spratts Co. benched and fed, and, on the whole, in their usual efficient manner, though we regret to say some of the dogs were benched on the floor through some misunderstanding and the judging fence could have been made stronger. The show was well disinfected and at all times sweet. The attendance Wednesday was good, but hardly came up to expectations the rest of the week, the weather being execrable. The judges' names are given with the breed as criticised. An interesting competition was that awarded to the best dog in classes judged by Mr. Mason. These specials are somewhat of a nuisance, as they generally give rise to dissatisfaction and are largely divided on personal tastes when one man makes the award. Three and Gem of the Season were eventually the two last to leave the ring and the locket finally went temporarily to Three, the Scottish terrier. Lady Livingston and Lady Alton or Scottish Leader might well have had something more to say in the matter.

MASTIFFS (*Mr. James Mortimer, Judge*).—After the good showing at New York the collection of this breed was poor, for with the exception of Merlin and Miss Caution there was little to commend, with the possible exception of the old dog Brother. First went easily to Merlin, who keeps his New York form and would almost make two of Brother, second, who takes a good deal after old Homer, though not so heavily built throughout, but is his size and type. Bruce Caution is better on his legs than Duke Caution, vhc., but loses in head; neither are good—leggy and not substance enough. Don, hc., is weedy and long-faced. The bitches had two entries and Miss Caution beats Ethel decisively in head properties but loses in depth of body, size and bone. The local class winners were Bruce Caution and Duke Caution. When the American Mastiff Club is making such good efforts this year to advance the breed by donating its handsome cups at different shows, the mastiff breeders should do better than this, especially as good money was put up in the regular classes as well. Merlin took the American Mastiff Club's \$150 challenge cup for best American bred dog, also the \$100 for best in show, while to Miss Caution was awarded the silver cup, value \$100, for best bitch.

ST. BERNARDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—Although the entry list here was a mere echo of that at New York, with Mrs. Smyth and Mr. Moore exhibiting, there was lots of quality on the benches. The New York St. Bernard Kennel was drawn blank with Sir Bedivere and King Regent away. In bitches, however, the beautiful Lady Livingston was alone, showing no effect of the full week she put in at New York. With Marvel out of the open dog class, the issue lay between Bevis and Eboracum, Mrs. Smyth's new dog, as there was nothing else in the class to touch them. With some more flesh and a more massive head, Bevis is a very likely looking dog, handsome in appearance and coloring, trifle long in muzzle and not deep enough for breadth of skull; he loses to Eboracum in type of head, he stands a little narrow in front, needs more rib, good bone, legs and feet, but pastern could be stronger. Eboracum, second, has a better head, deeper and squarer muzzle, skull not volume enough, nice markings, is not deep enough in body for height, but he is young yet and will develop here; nice shoulder and width of chest, good bone, but hocks not bent enough, eye should be darker, and he is under-shot a quarter of an inch, not good in hind action and short of coat; when in better condition will probably do better. King Regent had no interest in the competition. Operh bitches (5), the winning ribbon fell to that well-made bitch Sunray, who, I think, is getting more massive in head, which is improving her looks greatly. Lady Taylor, second, is a very pretty animal; good coloring, especially in head, and this would be an excellent one had she a more defined stop; she could do with more bone; take her all around, barring stop, she runs the winner close, especially in quality and type. Border Bell, third, has a long, plain head and eye too deeply sunk; her body, legs and feet are the best parts, as she lacks quality. Lady Juno Jacques, reserve, is a sort of liver-orange, with flesh-colored nose, and there is nothing about her to commend but good forelegs. The best puppy was Duke of Alton, by King Regent, a fairly good-headed dog, showing quality. The others need no comment. Eboracum won in locals over Nanciebel, a nice little bitch, with good bone and showing quality. Border Bell loses to both in legs and head.

In smooth challenge dogs, Scottish Leader, as lusty as ever, was alone, and Miss Alton, that sweet lump of quality, had also a bloodless victory. Then Melrose had no opposition in open dogs. He was light in flesh. It is a pity that more flesh cannot be kept on these Alton dogs. They need it in the fierce competition they must meet. Open bitches brought out four, but there was only one in it, the beautiful Lady Alton, who could be truer in her feet and is a little slack between the shoulder. She beats Leitha decisively in size, quality; head needs a little more stop, is a little back on pasterns, rather good body and hindlegs; a bitch with scarcely enough character, somewhat like her litter brother in this respect, and has quite enough coat for a smooth; in fact, few of the smooths we see out nowadays have the correct coats of Hector, Daphne or Flora II. Lady Leeds has little to commend—faintly in head. In puppies Lady Janette should be squarer in muzzle, otherwise promising. Leitha won in the local class, Scottish Leader beat Melrose for best smooth. There is little between them, for what one loses in quality and expression the other gains in size, substance and condi-

tion. The latter will always play an important part between the two. Mr. Moore won the kennel prize with a little to spare.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—There were five of these and one of them was better than we usually meet. The winner, Carlo, much better than average, correct ear, small and lying close to the head and not covered with long hair, like most of those we see; his head is well shaped, but not big enough; coat pretty flat and fair bone; a nice little dog. Surpass, second, has a light eye, sour expression, long ear, faulty in head; a better boned dog than the winner; fair coat. Captain, reserve, has a light, long muzzle and is too straight in face, none too good on his legs and much inferior to the winner. There is a good field for some one to take hold of this breed.

GREAT DANES (*Mr. Mortimer, Judge*).—Quite a healthy showing in this breed, which seems to be making progress both in numbers shown and quality. In open dogs Maj. McKinley, whom we have noticed before, won again. He is faulty in head and hind parts, but is an excellently fronted dog, but scarcely of the correct type of body. Hepburn Hero's badly constructed forelegs and shoulders may account for his secondary position, yet he is of a smarter type than the other in body. Theseus, third, is a heavily boned dog, little too straight in loin, open in feet and not strong enough in pasterns; little slack behind shoulder, throaty and muzzle should be squarer. Bismarck, vhc., a dog of fair type, dipping a little too much behind shoulder, good front, and had he a better head could have been placed higher. Tannhauser, hc., is too straight behind, shelly and too much on the leg. Leo, c., is a plain-headed, lanky dog. In bitches Minerva caught the judge's eye for first. She beats Lufra, but her forelegs are not true, elbows set in too close, muzzle not strong enough, neck clean and well arched. Lufra, second, was too fat, but has a better shaped head than the winner and good bone and front. Third went to Flora H., whose poor muzzle and straight face, light eye, cheek and throatiness put her out of good company. Fairy, vhc., is far too straight behind, faulty in muzzle and carriage of stern not as it should be. Maj. McKinley won the special for best.

BLOODHOUNDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—The only one shown was Belhus, Jr., a capital son of Belhus, good deep, lengthy head, excellent wrinkle and length and hang of leather, good bone and front; a credit to the home-bred ones, and has improved since Washington show.

The only deerhound entered, Alice, was absent. **RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS** (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—There were four of this breed shown, all hailing from Mr. Hanks's kennels. Svodka took the challenge prize, and Groubian, late Sorvanates, was the only dog entered; he was hardly so well shown as we have seen him. In bitches, Vinga, who beats her kennel mate, Flodeyka, pretty well all round, and especially in shoulders and bend of stifle, was placed first. She is a nicely formed bitch all round.

GREYHOUNDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—There were not many on hand, though with Mr. Purbeck's and Manatag Kennels' entries, there was no lack of quality. In challenge class, smart little bitch as Bestwood Daisy is, she was fairly beaten by Gem of the Season, who is getting heavier in the shoulders, but is still able to hold his own, though not in first-rate trim at present. Two dogs were shown, and Henmore King easily beat Nero, who loses in head and hindparts. King has good forelegs, but shoulders could be better placed, ribs should be better sprung, in addition he was not shown in as good condition as he might have been. Chips, another new one to us, won in the ladies division; her head is a trifle short, and not strong enough in muzzle, feet broken and not as strong as a greyhound should be in pasterns, forelegs hardly straight, a well-ribbed bitch with good hindparts, shown soft and tail has been nipped in one of the joints near the end. Wild Rose, second, is light but nicely formed, better in front than the winner. Idlewild, reserve, I could not find.

FOXHOUNDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—It is exceptional to see so many good English hounds shown, but thanks to the Radnor Hunt and Mr. Harrison we are likely to see better stock on the benches than heretofore. It is a pity the different hunt clubs do not send their best specimens more frequently to the shows, as nothing adds more to the picturesqueness of a show than a bench full of these "beauties," and their music often adds a charming tone to the prevailing discordant din. That capital hound Specimen was again placed first over Denmark, whom he excels in head but loses in strength of knee, being apt to buckle over at times; they are both much better hounds than usually seen out; Pensioner, reserve, loses to the others in head, ribs and body generally. In bitches first went to Rosemary, whose beautiful head, straight front and nicely turned body proved just a little too much for Poetess; third went to Queen W., who loses to the others in muzzle and skull, and clearness of neck. The two harriers that won at New York were each alone in their class and are infinitely better than any so-called harriers that have hitherto been exhibited. They are of correct type and well made.

BEAGLES (*H. W. Lucy, Judge*).—An entry of 23 faced the judge, and though we would have liked to have seen more out, still those shown were some of the best we have. In challenge dogs Roy K. had a bloodless victory, but in challenge bitches in the absence of ch. Lou the issue lay between Twintwo and Betty R., and were placed as named, the former beating the other in front and hindparts. Over 13 inches, dogs, saw five to the fore, and Forest Hunter's better type, action and front placed him ahead of the Nashville winner. Doctor, who in turn beats Hawkeye, third, in hindquarters and body, but shows a good deal of quality, perhaps more so than Doctor; Trifle II. might well have had another letter for his general type and formation is good, but he is out at elbow and not straight in front, and hind parts not strong enough, and he is heavy in shoulders. Mr. Winkle, c., is bad in front, feet too open, light in loin and coat soft, but his head is fairly good in expression and formation. The bitch class had five and competition was very close. Here we were introduced to the English champion Lonely, and if the old country can supply us with a few more of this sort we need have no fear of losing the correct type by running too much on legs and feet at the expense of head and cobbliness of body. Lonely and Emeline were quickly placed aside for chief honors. The former is a beautifully modeled bitch of fine carriage and action, a trifle long in muzzle, good true front, excellent bone, cobby deep body with strong quarters and well bent hocks, pasterns are a little down now, the bitch is nearly seven years old, skull nicely formed and ears well hung but a trifle thick, plenty of coat, brush may have been correct in her earlier days, but is now a little too full; her mouth is good for her age, but in sprightliness of carriage she is a two year old and showed up conspicuously in this respect compared to Emeline who felt strange and would not show herself in her usual form. The picture of Lonely published sometime since in FOREST AND STREAM, does not do her justice by any means. Emeline must play second fiddle in everything but ear and brush. After these came Vick R., who loses in body, head and front to these two while Fanny Read is longer in head and muzzle, wide in front, longer in body and not deep enough, but she shows well and has good action. Snow is well known to lose in head, forelegs and quarters to a good one. Under 13in., Rockland Boy won easily, he is filling out nicely, but his muzzle is not square enough; second was withheld, and third given to Prince II., whose faulty weak loin and bad hind action more than affects any merit he may have in front, he is too light throughout. Among the ladies of this height, Mr. Ashburner showed quite a nice little one, Judy, with more substance and type than is usually seen in this division; she is a little fine in muzzle and full in skull, needs filling out in quarters and should run on hard ground a bit to wear

her toenails down. Gypsy A., second, was too heavy and loses in general quality to the other, while Queen Racer is also too fat and is beaten in body and hindparts by the other. Two very indifferent pups were shown, and prizes should have been withheld altogether as they are both too leggy and light throughout. Oak View Sally has good forelegs and some quality in head, so I gave her second, first withheld.

POINTERS (*Mr. Anthony, Judge*).—This was Mr. Anthony's first appearance in the ring in this capacity, and he certainly went at his work with all the aplomb and readiness of a veteran. A good class of dogs met him and it was thought he judged a little too fast and hardly examined the dogs sufficiently; be this as it may, if a man knows his mind and is familiar with his breed, too much handling is only apt to confuse him and is not necessary with a judge of quick decision. Many of the dogs are so well known that comment is not necessary. Lad of Kent and Duke of Hessen met in challenge dogs and this time the former had his revenge. Duke did not seem himself and lost decisively in loin and quarters to the other, who never showed himself better. Woolton Game was again placed over Revelation, but was afterward beaten by Lad of Kent for best in show; this bitch is aging fast, and good and well made one as she is, cannot always hope to be in front. In open dogs the judge reversed the New York decision by placing Duke of Kent II. over Ridgeview Prince, and though the former loses in muzzle and forelegs to a good one, is so well built behind the shoulder that he will always be well up in any company, and our criticism of last week is borne out if the word "better" had followed "like him" as it should have done in our report. Duke of Dexter, third, loses to the other in front and hindlegs. Sandford Druid needs more flesh. Boxer, vhc., had he a better stop would not have a bad head, was in fair shape only. There were six absentees in this class of the eleven entries. In bitches (3) Duchess of Naso proved the winner, and for reasons stated last week she beats Westminster Gladys. In light weight dogs (8), two absent, Ridgeview Donald was again ahead of Ridgeview Faust, and our remarks last week stand again, while Rock II. and Glamorgan were graded as at New York. Lad of Nimrod, vhc., is light in bone, snipy and would do with more meat on him. Doc Daniels, hc., is thin, straight-faced and feet too open. Redemption, also two letters, is too broad in skull, good muzzle, splay-footed, but his formation of body quite deserved the notice he got. Legerdmain, c., is too long in muzzle and should be better sprung in ribs. The bitch class contained several well known faces and Bloomo II. headed them, reversing the New York decision, where Lass of Kent was placed over her. Hempstead Blossom, third, should be closer in toes and pasterns stronger; rather plain in head and quarters fall away too much. Clancarty, reserve, is better in head; deserved her letters, and so did Ridgeview Venus for her good front and quality, though she is tied in elbow and plain in muzzle and quarters. Beppo's Glen, first in puppies, really deserved his place for his good body and bone, though very narrow-chested. The other three entries were absent.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—It does one good to see the quiet, methodical way in which the Major goes about his work, and he is fairly at home with his specialty. His classes were pretty well filled. Breeze Gladstone and Donna Juanita supplied the challenge winners. In open dogs Ben Hur of Riverview received better treatment than at New York, where he was unnoticed; though faulty in shoulders, he has so many other good points that he more than deserves recognition and his placing here fully carries out Mr. Waters's estimate of him in last week's issue. Glendon, second, is well known as a good one, but seemed tucked up in flank here; he could be truer in feet. Prince Ben Ali, third, is rather flat-ribbed and low in flesh, and a plain head is against him, still he is well formed in other respects. The Earl, reserve, had he a better longer head and cleaner neck would command a higher position. Benzine, vhc., is well known and in his right place, while Lewis's Rod vhc., well deserved his three letters, being a strongly made dog that could be improved in muzzle and should be flatter in coat. Fifteen were entered in bitches and one full of quality, Spectre, caught the judge's eye. She is a bit narrow in head, pitched in muzzle, but good outline, while her body and legs are good. Prima Donna, second, made the placing the same as last year, if our memory serves. Katie Noble II., third, has been recently commented on. Eastern Queen, reserve, a pup, was sent home early. The others call for no particular mention, he being the best card given. Eastern Queen won in puppies, Druid Dick, who has good bone and a fair head, coming in for second. Breeze Gladstone won the special for best in show.

IRISH SETTERS (*Mr. Max Wenzel, Judge*).—While the entries might have been larger to welcome this popular old breeder, still the veriest pessimist could not grumble over the quality, for both Seminole and Oak Grove had their best out, and that always means some hard work for the judge. Seven showed up in challenge dogs, and to old Tim again fell the honors. When he goes under, which I hope may not be for many a day, Duke Elcho or Kildare will probably get a chance. Right here one must say that all credit is due these two kennels for the good they are doing this breed. Show after show we see entered eight to twelve challenge Irish setters for two first prizes. The expense must be great, but the benefit to the public is greater. In bitches Laura B. once more wore the mantle of superiority, which Norma has rudely snatched from her at late shows. The second is better in hindlegs. Open dogs had eleven entries, headed by Blarney, Jr., who excels Montauk, Jr. second, in chest and ribs, is not so good in hind parts nor so rich in color; Kildare Beverly, third, has a capital, well formed front, but a snipy muzzle spoils his head, and his neck is too short, otherwise he is all right. Mark Antony, vhc., turns his feet out, has a good head and strongly made body and legs. Duke of Kildare, vhc., is rather heavy in shoulders and should have more rib, and is rather coarse all over. Tim's Dandy, hc., we have spoken of before. Queen Vic proved the winner in bitches (5). As at New York, while second went to The Marchioness, a nicely formed bitch all round; third to Delphine, whose straight face is against her. Clairmont Heather, reserve, must thank her plain muzzle and light eye for being set back. Mark Antony was the dog puppy winner, only entry, while Lady Cleveland, a nice all round bitch, won nicely from Blarney, Jr., in local class.

GORDON SETTERS (*Mr. J. F. Smith, Judge*).—Here was another specialty judge making his debut as a judge and there was no kicking made over his awards. Ivanhoe in challenge dogs and Duchess of Waverley in bitches seem stereotyped now. Four dogs in the open class. Duke, first, beats Consul especially in tan markings, which are entirely too dark on muzzle. Archibald, third, is a rather long-backed dog, nicely-shaped head, but light eyes spoil expression. Robert Burns, vhc., loses to the winners in muzzle and body. Three bitches faced the judge and first and second went to Lady Gordon and Princess Louise, both well known and in same places at New York. Third to Sallie Beaumont, light in muzzle and stop should be better defined, good coloring. Robert Burns was the winning pup.

SPANIELS (*Mr. A. C. Wilmurding, Judge*).—It is unusual to see this popular judge with such light classes, but somehow this seemed to be the rule in many of the breeds throughout the show. Many of the dogs are so well-known that simple mention of their position will be sufficient this time. Newton Abbott Laddie can always beat Brantford Mohawk in challenge field dogs, while Bridford Ruby is *faible princeps* in her color at any rate. In open black dogs Judex had no trouble in disposing of Sorry Jake; scoring much in body and quarters. Laddie O., third, is leggy and falls away too much behind, has a topknot and muzzle should be stronger. In bitches only one came out, Rosedale Bess; she

is a little on the leg and coat could be improved. In any other color Newton Abbott Farmer, in nice shape, had a bloodless victory.

Cockers were well represented by the New York winners, Fascination in challenge dogs, and I Say and Troublesome in bitches; good little bitch as Troublesome is, she is small, and Mr. Wilmerding preferred more size and substance in I Say. Open dogs saw Middy first, the rest nowhere. King W. has too much stop and is high on leg. In bitches there was more competition, and Miss Wagglers turned the tables on Realization, whom she beats in head and perhaps in forelegs. Woodstock Dora, faulty in head and front, is hardly in it with these two. Miss Chip, vhc., is another one well known, and little if any inferior to Dora. In dogs, other than black, that cocky little fellow, Gay Laddie, a red, was placed over Redfellow, whom he beats in body, the latter's being too long; the cobby little chestnut coming in for third; he needs coat, but is improving in body as he gets older. Seminole Cherry Ripe proved the winner in the ladies division (5), she was first at Toronto. Lady Gay, second, a nice-bodied little red, came next, she loses in squareness and depth of muzzle. Mary Queen of Scots, third, is too high in skull and not cobby enough in body. Ditton Brevity, vhc., has a plain head which is not improved by a full eye, and her front is none too straight. Puppies were a warm lot, with Realization, Gay Laddie and Redfellow placed as named, while Rose and Jack of Clubs had to be content with hc. and c. A fairly good Irish water spaniel in Trouble was shown, lots of curl, fair topknot, legs well clothed with hair, and plenty of bone, fairly clean tail. Geo. Bell had a field day with the specials, kennel and best cocker going to the Walker House.

COLLIES (Mr. E. B. Elliott, Judge).—Some fairly well filled classes met the judge on his first appearance in the ring and his decisions met with favor. The challenge entries were The Squire in dogs and champion Flurry II. and Metchly Surprise in bitches. A sterling good dog in Wellesbourne Charlie proved just a little too much for Woodmansterne Trefoil in size, bone and substance, though in expression and coat the is in no way ahead. Jim Crow, third, a fair little dog, loses in head and coat to the other, and also behind. Curzon, reserve, is quite the equal of Jim, and I like his head better. Roslyn Colin, vhc., has a coarse, common head, but in coat he is good, though scarcely dense enough. A new face appeared in bitches, Dorothy, certainly about the best yet bred on this side, very nicely modeled, splendid straight, dense coat, good legs and feet, a model behind; in head she is good, little full in skull, but expression and carriage of ears could not be improved; she was far ahead of Crissey, well known. The others did not amount to much, four being absent from Hempstead Kennels. Another new one of the same litter as Dorothy, Dominie by name, won in puppies, with the same good coat, might be better in pasterns and loin, nice length of head and expression, ears well carried. The class was divided and Dorothy took the bitch prize and also won in locals, the others being outclassed.

BULLDOGS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—Not many entries, two present in open dogs, and King Lud scores over Rustic Sovereign in every direction. In bitches, Addiscombe Gipsy defeated Fly, who is not deep enough in stop or muzzle, nor has sufficient volume of skull. Lena Langtry, reserve, is well known.

BULL-TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—Quite a good entry of these. Carney, in challenge dogs, shows superior to Dusty Miller in head, front and body, while Attraction beat a good lot in the corresponding female division (5). Edgewood Fancy excels the other in front and shoulders, the winner excels in head and body. Open dogs, five present, first went to Surefoot, who scored for his new owner. He beats Prince Gully in body and front, while he might be better in muzzle and cheek, stronger in loin and better muscled behind. Aristocrat, reserve, was in his proper place. Chatham Prince, vhc., is open in feet, light in loin and not in good fettle. The New York winner, Mermaid, could not be denied in open bitches, beating Loumont Kit decisively in front and quarters. Thelma is promising and needs furnishing, while Countess Dufferin is getting cheeky. Mermaid easily vanquished Prince Gully in puppies.

FOX-TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—The classes in this popular breed were well filled and some good ones were on hand. Raffle, looking well, was alone in the challenge class. In open dogs Ripon Stormer beats Raby Trigger in head, front and loin. The latter, however, was well shown and

Jack Briggs being placed over champion Boxer IV.; as these will be shown probably next week we shall have more to say on them then. Dummurry easily scored over Breda Tiney and Kathleen in the corresponding bitch class. Jackanapes and Merle Grady met again in open dogs, and were correctly placed, Merle losing in body, coat and muzzle to the other. Play Boy II. loses in head and front to the others. In bitches Candour repeated her New York victory, her skull might be improved, but in front and body she was well over Chancery Lass, whose coat is better. Red Rags, reserve, is undershot. Rosabelle, third, loses in skull but has a good body.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—Most of the winners here are so well known and will be shown so frequently that it is unnecessary to comment very freely on them. Prince Regent beat Meersbrook Maiden in the challenge class; neither come up to Queen III. in true terrier character, but are better in markings. Prince, who is badly breeched and in poor condition, beats second in back and length of head, but is not so good in markings. Monarch, although dark in tan, beats Rochelle Abdallah in chest, forelegs and head. That smart terrier Louie won nicely over Gypsy Girl in markings and forelegs; while Mespah, reserve,



WELLESBOURNE CHARLIE.

First, Philadelphia, 1893.

Owned by Mr. Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

is also not true enough in front and black runs into the tan too much on legs.

SKYE TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—Some good ones were shown here, but the decisions were wrong. Endcliffe Maggie, first, should not have beaten Barnaby Rudge, the latter being so far superior in head, length and strength of jaw, length of body and coat, although poorly shown and low in flesh. Islay, reserve, is also a better bitch than Maggie; better length of body and coat.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—First went to Three, a capably formed dog, who beats Rhudman in head, body and bone; the latter is better in ear.

A poor lot of dachshunds and none of them worthy of particular mention. First was rightly withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—With the exception of Young Ted there was nothing to command attention in dogs. In bitches first was withheld from Fanny, the only entry who was said to be colored. If so, why give her second at all? Her tan is bright, but we question the "fake" part of it, as it was not correctly placed.

PUGS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—Most of the winners here are well known. Bob Ivy was alone in challenge dogs. In the open dogs Seminole Dixie rightly won over Little Fritz. Both are well known. Ivy Bob has a nice ear and skull, a deep, square muzzle; needs furnishing in body, and is well up with second. Midget won in bitches, but of the other two we cannot speak, as they were stalled together without anything to identify them by. The winning puppy is too fat. Again we must protest against this "bunking" up together to save a little trouble. It is unfair to the public and those who have to criticize the dogs, three or four pugs cuddled together in one cage without collars or any means of identification, are of no interest to any one and tends to confusion.

TOY TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—There was only one good one and the best we have seen out yet since the old days of Pepita et al. Lady Clyde has a capital head, with length and no suspicion of "apple," nice tan and thumb marks; would we could see a few more like this one.

TOY SPANIELS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—Two good King Charles. King of the Charles beats the other, Royal Duke, in muzzle, deeper stop, better coat and action. Mrs. Senn's Bell and Jap, two "Japs," won easily over Portsmouth Minnie, a dull-colored Ruby.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—The winning dog, Byron, has a capital head and is of nice size. Tony, second, is larger size and shows too much stop, and ears not well-carried. Nixie, the winning bitch, is rather apple-headed and ears not correctly carried. Second went to Goldie, whose large ears and full eye are against her, but she beats the other in head and symmetry. Berri was an easy winner in poodles, the other two losing in texture of coat, no cords and mixed. Shirley, reserve, especially losing in loin and front. In miscellaneous division the Welsh terriers were in force, at least, so-called terriers. Dawn was the best in head and type, though fat. Mephisto Dick was second.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. C. Wallack's Merlin; 2d, C. Porter, Jr.'s Brother; 3d and very high com., D. Woodson's Bruce Caution and Duke Caution. High com., J. McCann's Don. Com., Mrs. R. W. Bailey's Hero V. Bitches: 1st, C. E. Bum's Miss Caution; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Ethel.—LOCAL CLASS—1st and 2d, D. Woodson's Bruce Caution and Duke Caution.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. Peirson's Bevis; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunray; 2d, C. J. Bousfield's Lady Taylor; 3d, A. Burgess's Border Bell. Reserve, T. S. Carrington's Lady June Jacques. Puppies: 1st, C. M. Bull's Duke of Alton; 2d, withheld; 3d, H. B. Cobb's Philip. High com., J. C. Hecker & Bro.'s Marquis of Hospice.—LOCAL CLASS—1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Eboracum and Nanciebell. Reserve, A. Burgess's Border Bell. High com., J. F. Hall's Fairhill Queen.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Miss Alton.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Ethel; 3d, C. S. Baker's Lady Leeds. Puppies: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Jeanette.—LOCAL CLASS—Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leitha.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, P. J. Walsh's Carlo; 2d, J. Condon's Surpass; 3d, T. Beatty's Captain.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, J. M. Studebaker's Major McKinley; 2d, Hepburn Kennels' Hero; 3d, Cumberland Kennels' Theseus. Very high com., com., Weisbrod & Hess's Bismark and Leo. High com., C. E. Norris's Tannhäuser. Bitches: 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Minerva;

2d, A. M. Jaggard's Lufra; 3d, Weisbrod & Hess's Flora II. Very high com., M. F. Klander's Fairy.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, G. F. Pollock's Belhus, Jr. RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. S. Hanks's Srodka. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. S. Hanks's Groubian. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. S. Hanks's Vinga and Flodeyka.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Manatung Kennels' Henmore King; 2d, Capt. S. S. Houston's Nero. Bitches: 1st, Manatung Kennels' Chips; 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Wild Rose. Reserve, E. V. Paul's Idlewild.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Radnor Hunt's Specimen; 2d, M. Harrison's Denmark.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' champion Roy K. Bitches: 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Twin-Two; 2d, R. C. Rinearson's Betty R.—OPEN—Dogs (over 13in.): 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Doctor; 3d, W. H. Harding's Hawk-Eye. High com., G. Laick's Tivlie II. Com., W. H. Child's Mr. Winkle. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lonely and Enelme; 3d, Forest Beagle Kennels' Nick R. Very high com., Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Fanny Reed. High com., Middleton Kennels' Snow. Dogs (under 13in.): 1st, Rockland Beagle Club's Rockland Boy; 2d, withheld; 3d, W. H. Ashburner's Prince II. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Ashburner's Judy; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A. Puppies: 1st witheld; 2d, W. H. Child's Oak View Sally. High com., J. H. Avil's Cleopatra.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Reserve, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game. Reserve, G. W. Laikuo's Revelation.—OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, H. Dutton's Duke of Kent II.; 2d, P. H. & F. E. Lewis's Ridgeview Panie; 3d, C. D. Robert's Duke of Dexter. Reserve, Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid. Very high com., Dr. J. R. Daniels's Boxer. High com., J. H. Winslow's Redemption. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Duchess of Naso; 2d, Elkwood Kennels' Westminster Gladys. Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, F. H. & P. E. Lewis's Ridgeview Donald; 2d, A. G. Houley's Ridgeview Faust; 3d, G. Connell's Kock II. Reserve, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. Very high com., C. Heinerle's Lad of Nimrod. High com., Dr. J. B. Daniels's Doc Daniels. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Bloomo II.; 2d, G. Jarvis's Lass of Kent; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Blossom. Reserve, J. G. Cook's Clancarty. Very high com., Dr. J. R. Daniels's Ridgeview Venus. Com., Elkwood Kennels' Ellen Kent and Elkwood Kate. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. E. Daniels's Beppo's Gem; 2d, C. E. Connell's Fan Fan II. Reserve, D. E. Connell's Eddie P.—LOCAL CLASS—1st, Dr. P. Longuecker's Phil Croxteth.

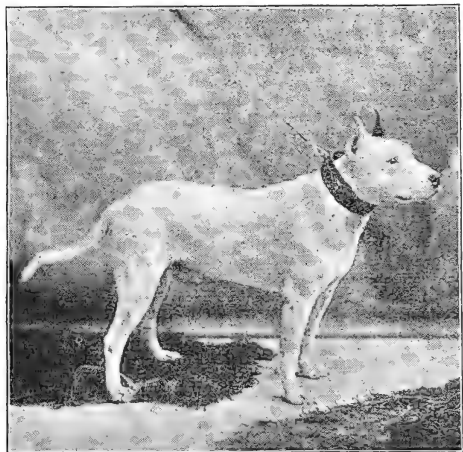
ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Francis G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone. Bitches: 1st, Jas. W. Wood's Donna Juanita.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Francis G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview; 2d, Rosecroft Kennels' Glendon; 3d and reserve, Victoria Kennels' Prince Ben Ali. Very high com., W. C. Downing's Benzine and Joe Lewis's Lewis's Rod. Bitches: 1st, William Bryce, Jr.'s S. Spectre; 2d, E. J. Myers's Prima Donna; 3d, Francis G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. Reserve, Wm. H. Brush's Eastern Queen. High com., J. E. Borden's Edgemark's Nellie, P. Machener's Lullie and Elkwood Kennels' Virginia. Rockingham Com., Harry Northwood's Amy Robsart, P. Machener's Bessie B., Mahoning Kennels' Guinevere and Genivere. Puppies: 1st, Wm. H. Brush's Eastern Queen; 2d, W. S. Boody's Druid's Dick. High com., John J. Mink's Signal.—LOCAL CLASS—1st, H. K. Smith's Flora B.; 2d witheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Laura B.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Townsend Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Montauk, Jr.; 3d and reserve, W. L. Washington's Kildare Beverly and Duke of Kildare. Very high com., Edw. H. Burwan's Mark Antony. High com., Seminole Kennels' Tim's Dandy and Edw. Burman's Dennis the Gossion. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic; 2d, F. C. Fowler's The Marchioness. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Claremont Heather. Very high com., W. W. Kennels' Leda Glencho. Puppies: E. H. Burman's Mark Antony.—LOCAL CLASS—1st, Dr. L. L. Dixon's Lady Cleveland; 2d, Townsend Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, McCallum's Duke; 2d, J. B. Blossom's Consul; 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald. Very high com., J. W. Graham's Robert Burns. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Gordon and Princess Louise; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Sallie Beaumont. Puppies: 1st, J. W. Graham's Robert Burns; 2d, D. B. Holton's Edgewood.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (over 24lbs.): 1st, G. Bell's Newton Abbott Laddie. Bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Bradford Ruby.—OVER—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, A. E. Foster's Judex; 2d, Owahona Kennels' Worry Jake; 3d, Miss T. E. Hoffman's Laddie O. Bitches: R. P. Keasbey's Rowland Bess—OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Newton Farmer.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's champion Fascination. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. Bell's champion I Say and Troublesome.—OPEN—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. High com., L. N. Walton, Jr.'s King W. Bitches: 1st and very high com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Maggies and Miss Chip; 2d, G. Bell's Realization; 3d, Thomas & Dole's Woodstock Dora.—OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. M. H. Hegeman's Gay Laddie; 2d, R. S. & F. H. Gowans's Redfellow; 3d, G. Bell's Chestnut. Bitches: 1st, F. Dundore's Seminole Cherry Ripe; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Gay; 3d, G. Bell's Mary Queen of Scots. Very high com., A. W.



THE NOTED SIRE GULLY THE GREAT.

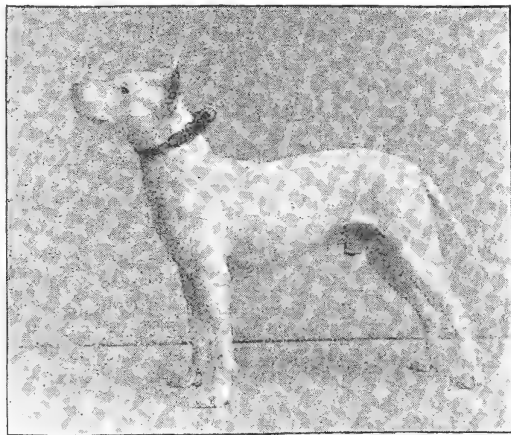
Second at New York, 1893.

Owned by Mr. Frank Dole, New Haven, Conn.

improved on former form, Mr. Hopkins having him in tow. Raby Palissy, third, needs more flesh and is hardly the dog of last year. Warren Daysman, reserve, is beaten in front and coat by the other. Grove Tipster, vhc., has been spoken of before. Vandal is thick in shoulder; shows lots of character. Lansdowne Pavino is long in body. Mr. Rutherford supplied the two winners in bitches, Dusky II. and Warren Dorothy, placed as named. The winner is heavy in shoulders and not so good in fore part as the second, though the latter is pinched in muzzle. She also excels in body and coat and I preferred her for first. Lady Roseberry, third, could be improved in skull, feet and pasterns; ears well carried. Ripon Regina, reserve, should be stronger behind and is not true in front, while Miss Domino and Maystown won vhc. The latter is weak in muzzle, should be better ribbed up and is soft in coat. The former has been out before.

In wires first went to the New York winner, St. Broom, who beats Dandy Jack in head, coat and front. Jack Prompter, vhc., loses to both in length of head. Sister Pattern scores over Jess First in front, length of muzzle and ribs. Warren, a little heavy in skull and front, was placed over Seacroft Myrtle, whom we could not find in puppies, Grove Tipster coming in well as reserve. Temple won in "locals" over Paverino. Neither were up to form.

IRISH TERRIERS (Mr. Mason, Judge).—These were good and contained the best we have, all of them well known



CHAMPION CARNEY.

First, Philadelphia, 1893.

Owned by the Tubby Hook Kennels.

Pancoat's Highten Brevity. Puppies: 1st, G. Bell's Realization; 2d, Mrs. M. H. Hegeman's Gay Laddie. Very high com., R. S. & F. H. Gowans's Redfellow. High com., W. Thompson's Rose. Com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Jack of Clubs—LOCAL CLASS—1st, Mrs. J. C. Meacham's Guess Again.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, E. G. Fink's Trouble.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' The Squire. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Flurry II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Trefoil; 3d, F. F. Carswell's Jim Crow. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Curzon. Very high com., G. Spencer's Roslyn Colin and Seminole Kennels' Chrysolite. Com., E. Huidekoper's Sir Walter. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dorothy; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Grissie. Reserve, J. Watson's Charm. High com., J. McGluchey's Floss and E. Huidekoper's Rhoda. Puppies: Equal 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dominie and Dorothy; 2d, A. L. Frazier's Merle; 3d and high com., E. Huidekoper's Sir Walter and Rhoda. Reserve, R. G. Konover's Modeste. Very high com., T. Pension's Cloverdell.—LOCAL CLASS—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dorothy; 2d, John Yewdall's Scotch Chris; 3d, O. C. Wolf's Chrisona. Reserve, G. Spencer's Roslyn Colin. Very high com., J. H. Shepherd's Shepherd Lad and A. L. Frazier's Merle. High com., H. H. Diddlebock's Blair Athol.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Illwis Kennels' King Lud; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Rustic Sovereign. Bitches: 1st, A. B. Graver's Addiscombe Gipsy; 2d, J. Simpson's Fly. Reserve, Retnor Kennels' Lena Langtry.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Tubby Hook Kennels' Carney; 2d, Retnor Kennels' Dusty Miller. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's Attraction. Reserve, Tubby Hook Kennels' Edgewood Fancy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Keeler's Surefoot; 2d, H. A. Harris's Prince Gully; 3d, withheld. Reserve, P. C. Pettit's Aristocrat. Very high com., H.

BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.

A. Howes's Chatham Prince. *Bitches*: 1st, H. A. Harris's Mermaid; 2d, H. M. Howes's Lounet on the Kit; 3d, Darby & Price's Lansdowne Thelma. Reserve, W. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin. *Puppies*: 1st and 2d, H. A. Harris's Prince Gully and Mermaid. Reserve, Darby & Price's Lansdowne Thelma. *LOCAL CLASS*—1st, Darby & Price's Lansdowne Thelma.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*CHALLENGE*—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Stormer; 2d, Grove Kennels' Ruby Triggs; 3d, E. A. Harris's Ruby Pailley. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daysman. Very high com. German Hopkins's Grove Tipster and W. C. & A. S. Cushman's Vandal. *High com.* Darby & Price's Lansdowne Paverino. *Com.* N. Knowles's Kupid. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Dusky II. and Warren Dorothy; 3d, Toon & Symonds's Lady Roseberry. Reserve, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Regina. Very high com. Iolanthe Kennels' Maytown and Miss Domino. *High com.* Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cambridge Gull. *Com.* C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Zarina. *WIRE-HAIR*—*Dogs*: 1st, H. W. Smith's Saint Brook; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Dandy Jack. Very high com. L. A. Rice's Jack Prompter. *Bitches*: 1st, H. W. Smith's Sister Pattern; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Jess First. *Puppies*: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daysman; 2d, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Myrtle. Reserve, German Hopkins's Grove Tipster. Very high com. Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Cambridge Gull. *High com.* Rogers's Kennels' Ebor Larchmont and W. P. McAlee's Temple. *Com.* Darby & Price's Lansdowne Paverino. *LOCAL CLASS*—1st, W. T. McAlee's Temple; 2d, Darby & Price's Lansdowne Paverino.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. Reserve, W. J. Comstock's Boxer IV. *Bitches*: 1st, W. J. Comstock's Dummurry. Reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Tiney. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Jackanapes; 2d, W. J. Comstock's Merle Grady. Reserve, Edward Lever's Play Boy II. *Bitches*: 1st, Mitchell Hanson's Candor; 2d, reserve, Iolanthe Kennels' Chancery Lass and Red Rags; 3d, C. T. Thompson's Rosabelle.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*CHALLENGE*—1st, Toon & Symonds's Prince Regent. Reserve, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Monarch. *Com.* Pittsburgh B. & T. Terrier Kennels' Rochelle Abdallah. *Bitches*: 1st, A. W. Smith's Louie; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Candor; 3d, reserve, Pittsburgh B. & T. Terrier Kennels' Mispah. *High com.* Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Majestic.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Harrison F. Caner's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d and reserve, C. H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge and Islay.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Tinee and Rhudaman. Reserve, T. H. Garlick's Glenell. *High com.* Richard Elliott's Ashley Plug.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, F. Lange's Lorbass; 2d, Robert Konigsbauer's Dash.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Mrs. F. Seen's Young Ted; 2d, James Foster's Rowdy. Reserve, Ed Etzenperger's Josh. *Bitches*: 1st withheld; 2d, James Foster's Fanny.

PUGS.—*CHALLENGE*—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Seminole Dixie; 2d and 3d, J. Bowden's Little Fritz and Ivy Boy. Reserve, E. Adams's Meddler. Very high com. Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Tip Top. *High com.* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob-a-Bob. *Bitches*: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Midget; 2d and 3d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Pansy G. and Bess. *Puppies*: 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Little Ruth and B.B. *LOCAL CLASS*—1st and 2d, Pansy G. and Bob a-to-Bob.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Pittsburgh Black & Tan Terrier Kennels' Lady Clyde; 2d, J. Folk's Daisy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Byron and Tony; 3d, Miss M. E. Grubb's Echo. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, F. N. Hoyt's Trilxie and Goldie.

POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, J. L. Woolston's Negro. Reserve, A. A. Cobb's Shirley.

SPECIALS.

ST. BERNARDS.—St. Bernard club medals. Best American bred smooth dog, E. H. Moore's Melrose. Best smooth bitch ditto, E. H. Moore's Lady Alton. Best rough dog American bred, W. Peirson's Bevis. Best rough St. Bernard, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston. Best smooth, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader. Best kennel, E. H. Moore.

GREAT DANES.—American bred, John Shudabaker's Maj. McKinley. **RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS**.—C. S. Hanks's Groubian. Kennel, C. S. Hanks. **GREYHOUNDS**.—Best, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season.

BEAGLES.—National Beagle Club's piece of plate for best in open classes, Rockland Kennels' Loney. Kennel, Rockland Kennels. **ST. LUKES**.—Heavy-weight dog, George Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Ditto bitch, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woolton Game. Light-weight dog, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen. Ditto bitch, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Bloomie II. Best in show, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Kennel, Hempstead Farm Kennels.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best in show, F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone. Kennel, ditto not fill.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best in show, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim. **GORDON SETTERS**.—Best in show, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. Kennel, Dr. Dixon.

SPANIELS.—American Spaniel Club cup for best field spaniel, A. E. Foster's Judex. Brace of field spaniels, R. P. Keasbey's Bradford Ruby and Newton Abbott Farmer. Brace of Cockers, Geo. Bell's Fascination and I Say. Brace of any other color, Geo. Bell's Chestnut and Mary Queen of Scots. Field spaniel bitch, R. P. Keasbey's Bradford Ruby. Best cocker (2), Geo. Bell's Fascination. Kennel, Geo. Bell.

COLLIES.—Collie Club special for members. Stud dog medal, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher. Dog bred by a member, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dominie. Bitch ditto, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dorothy. Best in show, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Vellesbourne Charlie. Pup bred by exhibitor, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dorothy. Kennel, Chestnut Hill. **FOX-TERRIERS**.—American bred in open classes, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daysman. Kennel, L. & W. Rutherford.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Best, Tubby Hook Kennels' Carney. **PUGS**.—Best American bred pug, Dr. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Best kennel, Dr. Cryer's.

The Brunswick Fur Club Rules.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Mechanics Hall, Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, April 4, at 11 A. M.

Among other matters to come before the club at this meeting, is the report of the committee on the revision of the running rules. The committee recommended that the rules be amended so as to read as follows:

Rule 1. The president shall assume general charge of the trials.

Rule 2. There shall not be less than three judges, who shall be elected by the officers of the club.

Rules 6 and 7 are abolished.

Rule 8. The master of hounds shall have charge of the hounds in the field. He will give notice at the nightly business meetings of the hour of starting on the following morning, the classes to be tried and the ground to be drawn. He will give the handlers orders to cast loose, blowing the bugle at the same time, and will have the retreat sounded at the end of each trial.

Rule 9. After the cast-off, the hounds are not to be interfered with in any way, except for their own protection, or that of private property, till the retreat is sounded.

Rule 14. A hound thrown out and coming in, refusing to hunt or back to others in full cry within good hearing distance, shall be barred.

Rule 17. Bitches in season shall not be allowed at the trials. Castrated dogs and spayed bitches shall be debarred from running in these trials, and any so run shall forfeit to the club all prizes won.

Rule 19. The shooting of foxes will not be permitted during the trials.

Rule 22. All the hounds in the All-Age class shall be run together on the first of the three days. In the evening the judges shall post in a conspicuous place the names of the hounds they wish to see run on the second day. In the evening of the second day the judges shall post the names of the hounds they wish to see run on the third day. In the evening of the third day the judges shall make the awards. Provided, however, that no hound shall receive a prize for style or giving tongue unless he has been placed in one of the following classes: hunting, trailing, speed or endurance.

Rule 23. No person or persons shall attempt to influence a judge or judges either before, after or during a race. Any one so doing can be expelled from the club.

Rule 24. The Derby shall be judged before the All-Age class is started.

Rules 22, 23 and 24 are new; rules not mentioned above remain unchanged. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 7.—*Special to Forest and Stream*.—This show opened auspiciously this morning. Weather fine and attendance fairly good for daytime in this city and very much better in the evening. The judges commenced their work at about 11 A. M., and everything was finished to-day. There are 339 entries, and no novice, puppy or local classes, or entry would doubtless be larger. The quality of dogs here is, however, first class. In every breed some of the best we have are present. The St. Bernards, with Princess Florence, Sir Bedivere, etc., present are full of quality, while pointers, fox-terriers, setters and beagles are also good, and in some breeds the competition is very keen. Among those we noticed round the ring side were W. C. Reick, Pottinger Dorsey, Geo. Raper, J. Otis Fellows, Frank Dole, Arthur Trickett, Ed. Booth, Harry Friend, Harry Jennings, E. H. Morris, Harry L. Goodman, Gillette, Henry Jarrett, George Thomas, Joe Lewis, E. W. Hughtlett, W. E. Gray, George Bell, Dr. Conrad, Dr. Glover, E. G. Elliott, Fred. Lewis, and the judges, James Mortimer, G. Muss-Arnolt, W. Tallman, C. D. Cugle. Several ladies watched the judging, Mrs. Buckbee and sister, Mrs. W. S. Diffenderfer and others. The rings were well served, and the committee, including Messrs. W. S. and C. D. Diffenderfer, W. Farber, T. G. Sheubrooks, W. F. Riggs and W. Thompson, are all very busy doing their utmost to please every one. A cosy exhibitors' room is provided, and the arrangement of awards on the blackboard as usual under Will Farber's personal supervision is just what is required at every show. The full list of awards follows.

H. W. L.

MASTIFFS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Bitches*: 1st, C. E. Budd's Miss Caution. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Mrs. C. E. Wallack's Merlin; 2d, W. P. Riggs's The Moor; 3d, C. Porter, Jr.'s Brother. *Com.*, J. B. Berryman's Ben.

ST. BERNARDS.—*ROUGH-COATED*—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Sir Bedivere. *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Marvel; 2d, E. H. Moore's Altoner; 3d and reserve, Maryland Kennels' Grand Master and Cornte. Very high com. F. Schmidt's Roland Jr. *Com.*, T. Waters's Prince Loumou. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, Duchess Kennels' Hespsey and Miss Anna; 2d, Maryland Kennels' Mascot Bernie. *SMOOTH-COATED*—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader. *Bitches*: 1st, Dutchess Kennels' Empress of Contocook. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose King; 2d, H. G. Kipp's Altus. *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose Belle; 2d, Dutchess Kennels' Bellegrave.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, G. F. Pollock's Balhus, Jr.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, John Condon's Surpass; 2d and 3d, Gair Kennels' New York Lass and Prince George.

GREAT DANES.—*CHALLENGE*—1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, A. B. Strange's Wenzel; 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Thesus; 3d, Hebern Kennels' Hebern Hero. Reserve, J. M. Studebaker's Major McKinley. Very high com. C. Struth's Tiger. *Bitches*: 1st and reserve, Cumberland Kennels' Charmion and Minerva; 2d, A. B. Strange's Tuno; 3d, Hebern Kennels' Hebern Vera. Very high com. W. S. G. Baker's Princess of Thule.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st and reserve, H. W. Huntington's Argoss and Osslad; 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Groubian. Very high com. Hempstead Farm Kennels' Cossack. *Bitches*: 1st and very high com. H. W. Huntington's Zerry and Princess Irma; 2d and reserve, Seacroft Kennels' Vinga and Flodeyka; 3d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Zneika.

FOXHOUNDS.—*ENGLISH*—1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Radnor Hunt's Specimen, Daffodil, Poetess and Pensioner. *AMERICAN*—1st and 2d, R. C. Stewart's Brutus and Pilot.

GREYHOUNDS.—*CHALLENGE*—1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Never. *still*. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Manatag Kennels' Kenmore King and Watcher. *Bitches*: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Wild Rose; 2d and very high com., Manatag Kennels' Chips and Marguerite.

POINTERS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs* (50lbs. or over): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Robert le Diable. *Bitches* (50lbs. or over): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game. *CHALLENGE*—*Dogs* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen. Reserve, E. L. Gwynne's Inspiration. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic. *OPEN*—*Dogs* (50lbs. or over): 1st and 3d, Springdale Kennels' Ridgeview Panie and Hylas of Naso; 2d, H. Dutton's Duke of Kent II. Reserve, Hempstead Farm's Sanford Druid. Very high com., J. G. Cook's Westminster Ralph. *High com.*, Dr. G. W. Massamora's Peterkin of Naso. *Com.*, C. J. Hagan's Snap. *Bitches* (50lbs. or over): 1st, Springdale Kennels' Lady Naso; 2d, G. Cook's Glancourt; 3d, Elkwod Kennels' Westminster Gladys. *Dogs* (under 50lbs.): 1st, C. Heath's Arthur; 2d, Springdale Kennels' Ridgeview Donald; 3d, Victoria Kennels' Ridgeview Faust. Reserve, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. Very high com., C. Cornell's Rock II. *High com.*, J. F. Bussey's Marquis. *Com.*, Dr. G. W. Massamora's Steve. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, 2d and reserve, Elkwod Kennels' Ellen Kent, Spinaway IV. and Elkwod hke; 3d, A. P. Graves's Black Wonder's Sister. *Com.*, Dr. G. W. Massamora's Nazon of Naso.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Bitches*: 1st, J. W. Wood's Juanita. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Rosecroft Kennels' Gleadow; 2d, Dr. J. L. McCormick's Tonic; 3d, Victoria Kennels' Prince Ben Ali. Reserve, R. B. Bull's Gawain. Very high com., C. A. Murphy's Druid Hill. *Bitches*: 1st, E. J. Myers's Prima Donna; 2d, N. Bryce, Jr.'s Spectre; 3d, Elkwod Kennels' Virginia Rockingham. Reserve, E. W. Hughtlett's Daydrane. *Com.*, H. W. DeLong's Nushka of Elms.

IRISH SETTERS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare and Seminole. *Bitches*: 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Norma and Rose Sarsfield. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st and 3d, W. L. Washington's Kildare Deverly and Duke of Kildare; 2d, T. Sharpless's Blarney, Jr. *Bitches*: 1st and reserve, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic and Kildare Winnie; 2d, W. L. Washington's Belle of Kildare; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' The Marchioness.

GORDON SETTERS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly. Reserve, C. E. Mather's Becky Sharp. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st and 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald and Woodmill Shot; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Catherine; 3d, E. H. Morris's Babmont.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, W. Simpson's Lot; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon. Reserve and very high com., E. G. Elliott's Old Judge and Dawn.

SPANIELS (all breeds over 20lbs.).—*CHALLENGE*—1st, G. Bell's Newton Abbott Laddie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*CHALLENGE*—ANY COLOR (not over 20lbs.). *Dogs*: 1st, G. Bell's champion Fascination. *Bitches*: 1st and reserve, G. Bell's Troublesome and champion I-Say. *BLACK* (not over 20lbs.). *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Midgy; 2d, H. B. Field's Brantford Jet; 3d, C. T. Sackett's Prince W. *Bitches*: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Taggies; 2d, Dr. E. L. Thomas's Woodstock Dora; 3d, G. B. Biddle's Lady Dora. *ANY OTHER COLOR* (not over 20lbs.). *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, G. Bell's Chestnut. *Bitches*: 1st, G. Bell's Mary Queen of Scots.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Mr. Fink's Trouble.

COLLIES.—*Dogs*: 1st and 3d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil and Conrad II.; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Toronto Wonder. *Bitches*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Ormskirck Susie; 2d, J. C. Mullin's Lady Ross; 3d, withheld. *High com.*, Dr. J. S. Conrad's Lady Grieson and Dublinia. *Com.*, A. Scott's Toddlowie.

POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, E. H. Morris's Dexter.

BULLDOGS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, Illvis Kennels' King Lud. *Bitches*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Saleni. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, R. D. Winthrop's Leonidas; 2d and reserve, Iolanthe Kennels' Wal Hampton and Rustle Sovereign. Very high com. W. G. Gray's Governor. *Bitches*: 1st, A. P. Graves's Addiscombe Gipsey; 2d and very high com. W. E. Gray's Derby Hebe and Miss Nance.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*CHALLENGE*—*Bitches*: 1st, F. F. Dole's Tracton. Reserve, H. M. Howes's Grove Duchess. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, D. F. Mitchell's Sir Rudolph; 2d, W. H. Keeler's Surefoot. Reserve, Miss S. D. Price's Diamond Prince. *Bitches*: 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder; 2d, D. F. Mitchell's Maggie Cline. *High com.*, W. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin.

BASSETT HOUNDS.—1st, Jas. Boone's Ring; 2d and 3d, John Hopkinson's Beechgrove Flurry and Drayman.

DACHSHUNDS.—Absent.

BEAGLES.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' champion Roy K. *Bitches*: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Emeline. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter; 2d, E. W. Talbot's Jim Simmons; 3d, Pottinger Dorsey's Wanderer. Reserve, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Hector. Very high com. Rockland Beagle Kennels' Rockland Boy. *Bitches*: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Loney; 2d, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Fanny Reed; 3d, W. S. Humann's Belle of Woodbrook. Reserve, Pottinger Dorsey's Minnehaha. Very high com., Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R. *High com.*, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Prudence, Middleton Kennels' Snow and Pottinger Dorsey's Dorsey's Flirt and Venus II.

FOX-TERRIERS (Smooth).—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle. *Bitches*: 1st, Chas. Steadman Hanks's Grouse II. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Stormer; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tip Top; 3d, D. C. Jones's Carnegie. *Com.*, A. L. Gray's Buster. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Dusky II. and Warren Dorothy; 3d, Toon & Symonds's Lady Roseberry. Reserve, and very high com., Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Regina. Maytown and Miss Domino. *High com.* and *com.*, Chas. Steadman Hanks's Seacroft Myrtle and Seacroft Fuss. *(WIRE-HAIRD)*.—*OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, Harry W. Smith's Saint Baron. *Bitches*: 1st, Harry W. Smith's Sister Pattern; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Jess Tess.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Jackanapes.

WELSH TERRIERS.—1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Dewr; 2d, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Meplisto Dick.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and very high com., C. H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge and Islay; 2d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Wheel of Fortune. Reserve, H. K. Caner's Endcliffe Maggie.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—2d, R. Elliott's Ashley Plug.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs* (over 7lbs.): 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan. *Bitches*: 1st, F. F. Dole's Queen III.; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden. Reserve, A. W. Smith's Louie. Very high com., Toon & Symonds's Gipsey Girl.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st withheld; 2d, E. Etzenperger's Josh. **PUGS**.—*CHALLENGE*—*Dogs*: 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. *OPEN*—*Dogs*: 1st, G. Bell's Tip Top; 2d, E. Adams's Meddler. *Bitches*: Prizes withheld.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Unique Kennels' Royal Duke; 2d, G. W. Wambach's Jessie.

BLenheim SPANIELS.—1st, G. W. Wambach's Tiney.

PRINCE CHARLES AND RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, Unique Kennels' Portsmouth Grenie.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. Lewis's Spring; 2d and very high com., F. H. Hoyt's Byron and Tony. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Lewis's champion Sprite; 2d and very high com., F. H. Hoyt's Goldier and Trilxie.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, G. R. Bassett's Duke.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Prizes withheld.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Mastiff Club's challenge cup for best American bred, A. Wallack's Merlin.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel of roughs, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Best kennel of smooths, E. H. Moore. Best American-bred rough dog, E. H. Moore's Altoner. Best American-bred smooth dog, E. H. Moore's Melrose. Best American-bred smooth bitch, Dutchess Kennels' Empress of Contocook.

GREAT DANES.—Best kennel, Cumberland Kennels. Best American-bred in show, Cumberland Kennels' Charmion. Best dog in open class, A. B. Strange's Wenzel. Best bitch ditto, Cumberland Kennels' Charmion. Best great Dane in show, A. B. Strange's Wenzel. President's cup, Wenzel.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Best kennel, H. W. Huntington's.

FOXHOUNDS.—Best kennel, Radnor Hunt.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best kennel, Manatag Kennels.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, Hempstead Farm Kennels.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Kennel ditto not fill.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best kennel, Dr. Dixon.

SPANIELS.—Best field spaniel, Geo. Bell's Newton Abbott Laddie. Best cocker, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Wagles.

COLLIES.—Best in open class for Collie Club medal, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil; second best ditto, Iolanthe Kennels' Toronto Wonder.

BULLDOGS.—Best in show, Illvis Kennels' King Lud. Best in show, Rockland Kennels, Rockland Kennels. Best in show, Rockland Kennels' Loney.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best kennel, L. & W. Rutherford's.

Flaps on the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—The dog poisoner occasionally gets his deserts. At the police court in Hamilton one day this week a man named Henry Huntsman was charged with poisoning a valuable dog owned by Joel Jerome. The evidence appeared plain, as Huntsman was seen giving the dog something which eventually caused its death. An examination by Dr. Hennessey, a veterinary surgeon, proved the presence of strychnine in the dog's stomach, which had been given in a piece of meat. Huntsman was found guilty by the presiding magistrate and fined \$5, together with costs of \$6.95 and \$50, the value of the dog. If not paid he will board at Her Majesty's expense for three months.

Mr. C. H. Corbett, Kingston, has sold the blue belton English setter bitch Lady Brummell, by Beau Brummell out of Maid of Kent, to Mr. W. C. Burns, of Adrian, Mich.

Mr. Jack Massey's friends will regret to learn of a serious accident which befel him a few days ago, while tobogganing in Rosedale ravine. The toboggan ran off the side of the chute and struck against a post, throwing out Mr. Massey and his son, who was with him. Mr. Massey sustained grave injuries, having the bones of his left leg broken and his ankle dislocated, besides minor injuries to his cheek and right hand. He was at once removed to his residence and a physician called, who says he cannot be about for some weeks. Mr. Massey has been connected with dog shows in Toronto for a great many years, and is quite as familiar to devotees of lacrosse and other athletic sports.

Messrs. Geddes & Cunningham, Ottawa, have registered the prefix "Carleton" for the kennel of Irish terriers, and their kennels will henceforth be known as the Carleton Kennels.

At a meeting of the Toronto Kennel Club, held on Thursday last, nominations for officers for the ensuing year took place. The following is the result: President, William Brodie; First Vice-President, Dr. W. Mole, R. P. Forshaw; Second Vice-President, C. A. Stone; Secretary, F. Martin; Treasurer, H. J. Hill; Librarian, A. Trebilcock; Executive Committee, Messrs. Kelly, Mead, Donovan, Habart, J. O. Bennett, Armstrong, Smillie, Elmore, Lyndon, Davis, Mabey and Fraser; Auditors, Messrs. Sweetnam and Williams; Visiting Committee, D. J. Kelly, H. P. Thompson and R. P. Forshaw. Several of the offices were filled by acclamation; the rest will be voted on at the next meeting.

Mr. R. S. Williamson, Guelph, is sending the imported rough-coated St. Bernard dog Nero II. (C. 468) to Mr. H. M. Williamson, Detroit Mich. Mr. A. H. Messon, of Cheshire, bred Nero in 1885, so he is now pretty well up in years.

The few collies in Montreal have had a recent addition to their ranks in Glen Davie, got over by Mr. Fred Whiteley. He

York, the bitch Floretta (A. 23,194) and three young bitches from her by Kingston Regent. Floretta is by Pilgrim out of Flora II. He will show a strong kennel at Toronto next fall.

Mr. George Douglas writes me that he has a new red bitch to bring out at Detroit, which he thinks is good enough to put them all in the shade.

H. B. DONOVAN.

DOG CHAT.

Spaniel Club Dinner.

One of the most enjoyable reunions was that on the occasion of the annual dinner given by the Spaniel Club at the Hotel Bartholdi on Wednesday evening of the show. There is always a feeling of joviality and good fellowship among the members of this club and this gathering was a climax. The fun commenced when the menu cards were opened, an account of which *chef-d'œuvre* we published last week. The president, Mr. Wilmerding, at once informed his friends that the "meeting" was informal, and after introducing Mr. C. A. Stone, secretary of the Toronto dog show, as a guest of the evening, speeches and toasts followed fast, interspersed with capital songs by Messrs. Charles Daly, E. M. Oldham and E. B. Elliott. Mr. Fellows when asked his opinion on the cigars (Watson's "long and low") remarked that "While the weed was good the type was bad;" and so it went till "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by those present—A. Clinton Wilmerding, C. A. Stone, Rowland P. Keasbey, Chas. H. Nelles, W. S. Dayne, Dr. S. Bradbury, W. A. Power, E. B. Elliott, Charles Daly, N. Rowe, G. Bell, J. J. Spracklin, F. H. F. Mercer, "Uncle Dick," Henry Jarrett, Will S. Brooks, A. E. Rendle, G. S. McAlpin, F. W. Kitchell and the FOREST AND STREAM representative. We should like to have published a plate of the signatures on our menu card, but space forbids.

International Coursing Match.

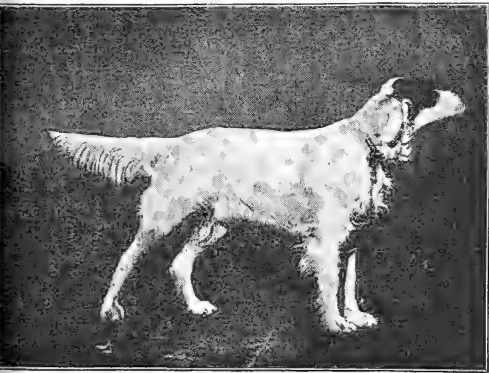
A committee consisting of J. Herbert Watson, John R. Price, A. J. Cattanauch and J. R. Dickson announce an international coursing match for 1893, provided \$2,500 added money is guaranteed by subscription before June 1. It will be a 64 dog stake to be run in October, under National Greyhound Club rules, between 32 greyhounds from outside the North American continent and 32 owned in America. The place of meeting will be in Kansas, South Dakota or California, as the committee may decide. Entrance fee will be \$50, and nominations accompanied by \$25 will be taken on or before Aug. 1. They may be sent to J. Herbert Watson, 371 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The programme is as follows: The Columbus cup, for 64 all-aged dogs, at \$50 each, to which the club will add \$2,500; winner, \$2,500; second, \$1,000; third and fourth, \$150 each; fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth, \$75; winners of two courses, \$50 each; winners of one course, \$25 each. The Columbus purse, for 32 dogs beaten in the first round of the cup; winner, \$300; second, \$100; third and fourth, \$50 each; fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth, \$35 each; winner of two courses, \$20 each.

Washington Dog Show.

We are sorry that we were unable to publish the list of specials sent out by the W. C. K. C., but space would not allow at the time and entries will have closed before this issue is out. The specialty clubs are doing well for the show, and especially the Mastiff Club. The little dogs we have given this club have borne fruit and now they are encouraging the breed in a proper manner and their efforts should be well appreciated. We may say that no such list of specials has been given outside of the New York show, and the show is bound to benefit thereby, for every one seems to be going to Washington.

Bulldog His Lordship.

The match between the bulldogs His Lordship and Dock-leaf, which has created so much interest on the other side, resulted in a victory for His Lordship. Mr. Alfred George was the judge. Immediately after the match His Lordship was to sail for this country, Mr. Frank Dole having purchased this noted dog for \$1000 for one of his customers. At New York Mr. Dole, with sundry winks of the other eye, told us that he had something good in store for us in the way of news, and this must be "the bit." His Lordship is by Don Pedro out of Ruling Passion, and his victory over Dock-leaf stamps him about the best in either hemisphere, so his acquisition to this country is most fortunate, as his blood is



ENGLISH SETTER SHELDON.
Second prize, New York, 1893.

highly prized by bulldog breeders. The bull bitch White Venn comes over as well and to the same buyer; she cost \$500. Mr. Alfred J. Smith was the owner of His Lordship. We learn later that His Lordship and Lady Venn were purchased for a well-known young society man of Newport, who does not wish his name to appear. They will be shown under a kennel name.

Elmira Dog Show.

In the Elmira premium list we find that the scale of prizes is on the \$10 and \$5, with \$10 challenge classes for most of the breeds, and novice classes with prizes of \$5 and \$3. The panel classification is good, being No. 1, and, therefore, sets the Spaniel Club's \$20, which is divided into \$5 specials. Colliers there is a sweepstakes for colliers whelped in 1892, try \$2, 50 per cent., and 30 per cent. to second. Beagles are the same, as well as English and Irish setters, pointers and St. Bernards. Entries close March 12 with C. A. Bow-

man, Elmira, N. Y. Entry fee is \$3. The judges are Mr. A. C. Krueger for deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, beagles and foxhounds. Mr. J. Otis Fellows takes the rest. C. S. Wixom superintends. The show is under A. K. C. rules and should be well patronized.

Bulldog Breeding.

Although it is proverbial that bulldogs are difficult to raise, even if breeders are fortunate enough to get the pups, Mr. Woodward supplies a bright lining to the cloud. He tells us that out of Graven Image's litter of five by King Lud three are living; also out of Duchess of Parma by the same dog three are living out of the litter of five; and a bitch by Rabagas had eight by King Lud, all of which are alive and are now six months old; another bitch had ten pups and seven are living at nine months old. So it will be seen that it can be done and no one need despair, though it does seem hopeless sometimes.

Sale of Lady Alice.

Mr. H. R. Anderson writes: "I have sold to Mr. Jas. B. Blossom, of New York, the well known Irish setter bitch Lady Alice. In Lady Alice Mr. Blossom has one of the best Irish setter field bitches in the country. She was placed equal third in the Irish Setter All-Age Stake last fall, and had had only a few weeks' handling. Lady Alice will be



ST. BERNARD EBORACUM.
Owned by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa.

bred to Mr. Blossom's field trial winner Bedford, and I predict great results from the union, as both dogs are high-class Irish setters in the field and both are good looking. Lady Alice having won prizes on the bench. Mr. Blossom has long been identified with Gordon setters, but he has also a kennel of Irish setters that will stand considerable beating. I wish Mr. Blossom the success that his pluck and perseverance deserves."

Boston Terrier Specials.

The following are specials offered by the Boston Terrier Club for competition at Boston. Open to members only: One silver medal for best dog, best bitch and best puppy. Open to all: One silver medal for best dog owned and bred by exhibitor, and one for best bitch.

"Kennel Secrets."

Dr. Perry has his new book, "Kennel Secrets," on sale at the Madison Square Garden and it took well. We regret, however, to add that a fire consumed the whole of his plates, but as he has 5,000 copies of the book, this untoward event will not incommode him in any way.

Sale of Surefoot.

Mr. T. S. Bellin, of Albany, N. Y., has sold the bull-terrier Surefoot to Mr. Wm. H. Keeler, of the same city. Surefoot is making quite a record for himself in his new country.

Sale of Inspiration.

Mr. Frederick L. Grablin, of Baltimore, purchased, about two weeks since, Mr. Winslow's well known pointer Inspiration. He was purchased more with a view to work in the field than for showing.

Entries for Illindio K. C. show to be held at Indianapolis, March 28-31; entries close March 21. The secretary is Chas. K. Farmer, 25 Ruehle street, Indianapolis, Ind. The judges are: John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., great Danes, mastiffs, St. Bernards, all spaniels, English, Irish and Gordon setters; Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky., bloodhounds, greyhounds, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, dachshunds, foxhounds, Italian greyhounds; James Mortimer, New York, pointers, bull-terriers, bulldogs, terriers, collies and beagles; Frank C. Wheeler, Cincinnati, O., Newfoundland, whippets, toys, pugs, poodles, miscellaneous. The club reserves the right to appoint other judges. The prizes in St. Bernards, great Danes, greyhounds, pointers, English, Irish and black and tan setters, collies, beagles and pugs, are \$10 in challenge classes and \$15 and \$10 in open classes. In most of the other open classes the prizes are \$10 and \$5. The entry fees are \$2 and \$3. With such liberal prizes a large attendance is expected.

The chairman of the bench show committee writes: "Come, boys, your money is sure and a good show is certain. We have a \$4,000 guarantee fund subscribed by the business men of our city. The premium list is first class and our kennel prizes for the large breeds are \$20 cash for each class. In barzois and greyhounds I will give \$25 cash for the best four barzois or greyhounds, the cash to go to the breed of these breeds having the largest number of entries. In other words, if more barzois than greyhounds are entered, then the best four barzois owned by one exhibitor will get the \$25 cash, and vice versa. We are a member of the A. K. C. and the date follows the Detroit show, so there is no reason why we should not have a large and very good entry. Spratts will bench and feed. I wish to state that my greyhounds will be entered for exhibition only, but will count in their breed of greyhounds in awarding the \$25 cash kennel prize."

The New England premium list gives some good money for their next show under the new regime. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, setters, smooth fox-terriers get \$15, \$10, \$5 and \$3, and the other breeds \$10, \$5 and \$3. Puppies, \$5 and \$3. Collies, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Challenge prizes are silver

medals. The specials are especially good, and besides valuable trophies given by the different specialty clubs and the N. E. K. C. kennel prizes, a good deal of money can be picked up in the different breeds by good dogs. The show will be benched with new wooden benching and fed on Austen's biscuits. The entry fee is \$3 and entries close March 13, and should be made to the club committee, 125 Tremont street, Boston. C. H. Mason will judge St. Bernards, great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, barzois, dachshunds, collies, bulldogs, poodles, pugs, spaniels, selling classes and miscellaneous 25lbs. and over; John Davidson, pointers, setters, bloodhounds, foxhounds, beagles and Chesapeake Bay dogs; T. S. Bellin, terriers of all kinds, except Boston, and miscellaneous under 35lbs.; Arthur Trickett, mastiffs; N. A. Knapp, Boston terriers. John Read, Superintendent.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns a number of notes and other matters must lie over this week.

Mr. Tom Evans, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has sold to T. L. Brophy, of Brooklyn, the rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Nell Gwynne for \$625.

Mr. John Howard Taylor has purchased from the New York St. Bernard Kennels the rough-coated bitch Zenith by Plinlimmon ex La Pucelle. Price \$350. Mr. Taylor is starting a kennel of St. Bernards, and will make other important purchases shortly.

Mr. Oldham acquitted himself well at the New York show, and it was the general opinion among the exhibitors that, while they might not entirely agree with his awards, still he was consistent throughout and stuck to his types. We are pleased to see the action that the Spaniel Club has taken in regard to the implied collusion between Messrs. Oldham and Bell. We have no more thorough, conscientious judge in the ring than Mr. Oldham. We would like to give Mr. Keyes the benefit of the doubt that he ever intended such reflection on Mr. Oldham.

On the steamer Dania, which arrived last week from Hamburg, there came consigned to E. B. Goldsmith, forwarding agent, of 58 Wall street, a Great Dane bitch, the property of Mr. Geo. W. Schenck, of Lyons, Iowa. The bitch was bred in the kennel of Mr. B. Ulrich, of Doos, near Hamburg, Germany, and comes to this country with a full pedigree. She was intended for entry at the recent bench show at Madison Square Garden, but arrived after the show was over. The bitch was forwarded to the kennels of Spratts Patent at Northvale, New Jersey, where she will recuperate for a few days previous to her journey to Iowa.

FOREST AND STREAM has received many compliments over the New York report, and not only do the reports by the judges meet with general appreciation but also the illustrations with which our March 2 issue was embellished. In the picture of the smooth St. Bernard receiving the ribbon the name of the dog is Melrose, not Alton, Jr., they being so much alike that we were in doubt which was which; then the bulldog titled Bo'swain is really Ch. Harper. With these two corrections the list is correct.

A dispatch to New York from Philadelphia stated, in connection with the competition for the "Ashmont" locket, which the terrier Tinee won, that "Sir Bedwin, Marvel and the other great fellows of the New York competition were entered in these classes and were only saved from being beaten by being absent." Where is the fool killer?

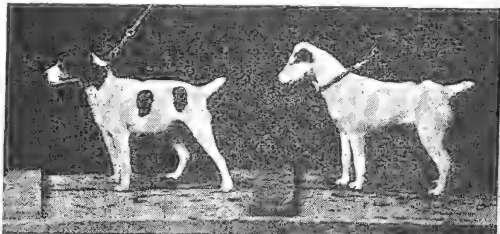
Miss Griffin, of Detroit, owner of the newly formed Belle Isle Kennels of St. Bernards, was an interested visitor at the New York show and also at Philadelphia, returning to Detroit on Tuesday evening. She expressed herself as much pleased with having seen the cracks of the St. Bernard fancy and with the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the leaders of the fancy.

Mr. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, has purchased the black and tan terrier Louie from Mr. Dole.

Mr. F. E. Hege, owner of Wachovia Kennels, who, it will be remembered, contributed the pleasing picture of the pug and little baby published a few weeks since in FOREST AND STREAM, tells us that he has had the misfortune to lose the litter of eight by Scottish Leader out of a daughter of ch. Victor Joseph. One of these puppies was very peculiarly marked. Very large head, perfectly marked, but blaze extended entirely back to the rump, where it divided and made a perfect collar again, the pup thus being "collared" fore and aft. The sides were solid dark orange with a clear white spot three inches square on each side.

Hia, first in small beagle bitches at New York show, was bred to Mr. Roberts's ch. Racer, Jr., Feb. 28. This gentleman has claimed the name of Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels.

The Continental Kennel Club has compiled the premium list for its fourth annual bench show to be held April 12 to



DORA AND DOMINICA.
Owned by John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.

14 inclusive. Provision has been made for ninety-five classes and the list foots up \$750, which includes among the specials one of \$300 for handlers, divided as follows, viz., \$200 to the handler showing the largest number of dogs, provided the number reaches fifty or more, \$65 to second and \$35 to third. Mr. John Davidson judges all classes. Premium lists will be furnished by C. H. Wethington, superintendent, 1,225 Sixteenth street, Denver, Col., or by the secretary, F. W. Rand.

Mr. Geo. Raper sails for England on Saturday, in time to judge at Manchester, returning April 5, on the Teutonic, when he will proceed to the Pacific Coast and judge at Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., and Seattle, Wash.

The Maryland Kennels, of Baltimore, Md., have purchased the St. Bernard Kamehamaha I., from Mr. Graham, of New York, and very rightly changed the name. He will be known as Grand Master hereafter. He won third at New York and took the same place here.

Mr. E. G. Roberts is getting together quite a kennel of beagles. He has just purchased Doctor, the beagle Ben Lewis dropped on at Nashville and which is a pretty good stamp and should do well in the stud. Another one he has secured

No distemper this year at Boston. We shall furnish new wooden benching free from disease and draughts.

is Prudence, by Forest Boy out of Lady Lee, and so is litter sister to Butterfly and Forest Hunter. At New York Prudence won third and was thought to be superior to the second by several breeders.

Mr. Hobbie, now that he has had his meteoric flight through the bull-terrier and bulldog fancies, is talking quite earnestly of going into "shipwrecks," or in common parlance schipperkes. At the same time, we can scarcely give credence to such a tale.

We note among our new ads. this week the following offers for sale: Painters: Albany Pointer Kennels, C. A. Paetzel, H. D. Weeks. Setters: Glendyne Kennels, R. H. Burr, M. A. Hanchett, Redstone Kennels. Wanted: Position as manager by W. G. Martin, house dog by T. J. Fox. The Woodlawn Kennels offers the services of the Greyhound Lord Neverstill at stud, and the St. Lawrence Kennels the services of the cocker spaniel Prince W.

Dachshunds at Boston.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through your columns I would beg to call the attention of all breeders and exhibitors of dachshunds to the very liberal premium list of the Boston show for this breed. Four classes have been provided and I have every reason to believe a puppy class will be added. Furthermore, the dachshund challenge cup, value \$250, and sweepstakes will be competed for at this show. The conditions governing this cup have been somewhat changed, so that only American bred dachshunds can compete. I trust that this breed will be well supported by all.

EDWARD A. MANICE.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

Breeding of Antevolo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of Southern Field Trial All-Age Stake you report Antevolo, winner of second money, as being by Count Noble out of Gladstone's Girl. This is a mistake, she is by Count Noble—Trinket II. In justice to Trinket II. and breeders of Antevolo, Messrs. T. F. Taylor, Chas. E. Bruner and Ben T. August, of Richmond, Va., I ask you to please make the correction. Antevolo is now with Gladstone's Boy, and her dam, Trinket II., is in whelp to Antonio. We expect extra field trial pups from this breeding.

C. TUCKER.

STANTON, TENN., March 1.

Working Spaniels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Occasionally we read in your paper a few lines from J. Otis Fellows on cocker spaniels, and I, for one, with much interest. Last week he mentions a cocker bitch that had 392 birds killed over her. Now, as an admirer of spaniels, I would like some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who hunt their spaniels to give their experience in the field. We have all read the wonderful performance of setters and pointers. Now let us hear from the spaniel men.

COCKER.

BIRMINGHAM, CONN., Feb. 25.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Victor Gladstone. By E. A. Carrier, Westchester, Conn., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped July 14, 1892, by champion Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavette) out of Victress Llewellyn (Moss—Nora III).

Sultan. By J. By Watkinson, Colchester, Conn., for orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 29, 1892, by Sultan (Alton—Cloister) out of Cleo F. (Mayor of Leeds—Remmie).

Larry Doolan II., Dean Swift, Glendyne II., Ballinratray, Molly Glendyne III., Lady Glendyne, Kitty Glendyne and Miss Glendyne. By Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., for Irish setters, four dogs and four bitches, whelped Jan. 1, 1893, by Glen Jarvis (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid) out of Molly Glendyne II. (Glen Jarvis—Molly Glendyne).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Rosie—Patsy Bolivar. Mr. Schultz's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Rosie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Lady Thora), Jan.

Mabel E.—Patsy Bolivar. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman) to their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), Jan. 24.

Addie—Spot Dash. H. Will's (Rathbone, O.) pointer bitch Addie to Liberty Kennels' Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Nov. 24.

Delaware Girl—Bin Cambridge. Liberty Kennels' (Hyattsville, O.) English setter bitch Delaware Girl (Belton Star—Rose) to Wm. Fies's Bin Cambridge (Roderigo—Nellie Cambridge), Jan. 31.

Athol—Totter. Rec. B. Clark's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Athol to R. W. Eddy's Toledo Bee, Jan. 30.

Lassie—Barnaby Rudge. L. J. Adams's (St. John, N. B.) Skye terrier bitch Lassie to C. H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge (Medoc—Nip), Jan. 15.

Prairie Flower—Barnaby Rudge. C. H. Smith's (St. Stephens, N. B.) Skye terrier bitch Prairie Flower (champion Old Burgundy—Lowland Maid) to Barnaby Rudge (Medoc—Nip), Dec. 11.

Wanda—Corktown Crusoe. J. P. Eder's (Williamsport, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Wanda (imported Bob Obo—Cleo) to his Corktown Crusoe (Obo, Jr.—Dot Smirle), Jan. 31.

Columbia's Pearl—Jack Prompter. C. F. Dolan's (New Haven, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch Columbia's Pearl to his Jack Prompter, Jan. 1.

Fannie K.—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Fannie K. (champion Kash—Flossie II.) to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Lady Verne), Feb. 11.

Spy—Beaumont. S. E. Seelusen's Gordon setter bitch Spy to J. B. Blossom's champion Beaumont, Jan. 17.

Oonah—Kelso. J. B. Blossom's Irish setter bitch Oonah to his Kelso (champion Glencho—Sweetheart), Jan. 15.

Buck's Nell—Bradley. C. K. Kummer's English setter bitch Buck's Nell (champion Edgemoor—Nellie G.) to D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s Bradley (Rowdy Rod—Breeze Gates), Feb. 9.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Countess Addie. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Countess Addie (Count Noble's Boy—Clip Roderigo), Feb. 9, six (two dogs), by Coham Kennels' Kent II. (Count Howard—Lady Westmoreland).

East Lake Virgie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Feb. 4, six (three dogs), by their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Victor Gladstone. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped July 14, 1892, by champion Paul Gladstone out of Victress Llewellyn, by S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Penn., to E. A. Carrier, Westchester, Conn.

Sultan. Dark orange, white markings St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 29, 1892, by Sultan out of Cleo F., by Wm. Firth, Winchester, Mass., to Irving Watkinson, Colchester, Conn.

Minnetac. Black, white and tan ticked English setter bitch, whelped June 21, 1891, by Belton Star out of Rose, by Liberty Kennels, Hyattsville, O., to A. M. Haggin, Knightstown, Ind.

Scott. Silver fawn pug dog, by Seven Dollars out of Lavinia Belle, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. D. Baker, Menard, Ill.

Penrice—Mint whelp. Silver fawn pug dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. L. P. Eastman, Ottumwa, Ia.

Tyras—Irene II. whelp. Brindle and white great Dane dog, whelped Oct. 3, 1892, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Dr. Geo. W. Fleming, Shelbyville, Ind.

Fogg says he should like to see a man who, loving his neighbor as himself, is as considerate of his neighbor's dogs as of his own hens.—*Boston Transcript.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. A. W., N. Y.—Can you give me the sire and dam of Polo, a St. Bernard dog, who was the sire of Dido? Ans. We cannot find that this dog was ever registered.

J. M. OWENY.—Should say the Cincinnati—Toledo Blade pup, Monk of Furness stock, has not been tried much. The English setter is considered the best at present.

W. J. S., New York City.—My dog has had a twitching in his hind leg. He is now about helpless; does not seem to get worse or better, but is gradually growing weaker. Ans. See reply to R. W. S.

G. C., Providence, R. I.—I have noticed in the discharges of my dog—an English setter, white worms from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length. Will you kindly tell me the best way to treat him. Ans. Use any of the advertised worm remedies.

H. D. W., Milford, N. Y.—Is there any law in this State exempting dogs and bitches that are registered and kept for breeding and show purposes from taxation? You will confer a great favor if you can answer this. Ans. There is no such law.

H. D., Kansas City, Mo.—1. We do not know where you can buy Web collies. The term Web collies, compared to Scotch collies all depends on training. Write to Mr. W. Wade, Hulton, Pa., on the subject. 2. We know of no book that treats of cats or their training.

E. W.—My setter dog had what looked like a water blister, come o his foreleg on the joint; I washed it with tar soap, now it looks as if a piece of the skin and flesh had been cut out; how shall I treat it? Ans. Apply a little zinc ointment and bandage daily.

THE SENATE, Waterbury, Conn.—The pointer Beaufort was not a field trial winner. He only appeared once in field competition, but was considered at the time a good worker. 2. The only field trial winner he sired was Belle B., second, Puppy State, Western trials, Abeline, Kan., 1885. We have only public records to go by, and must therefore say no.

E. L. B., Belvidere, N. J.—My cocker spaniel puppy, six months old, has swellings on his belly that seem to be like little cups in the flesh, get matted and then something like a large wart comes out which is also inclined to discharge. Have done nothing for him as they do not seem to be sore but they are increasing. Has about ten in all, of different sizes. Ans. Without an examination we cannot very well advise you. Take the dog to a veterinary surgeon.

H. C. S., New York City.—Will you kindly give us the meaning and explanation of the term known as dog breaking as the "Force System." Ans. It is a term limited in its application to the punishing method of teaching retrieving, which is taught by forcing the dog to retrieve from fear of punishment caused by the spike-collar, whip or nose pinching. It is a misleading term since kindness and patience in teaching are important factors in teaching by this or any other method.

J. R. P., Watertown, N. Y.—Will you have the kindness to prescribe for my Gordon setter dog, 1 yr. old. First showed distemper about one month ago. Gave two or three doses of sulphur, which seemed to check the distemper. Kept him in warm pen, but his eyes are not right. Pupils are very much enlarged, and under the advice of an eye doctor have been giving small doses of arsenic, but without favorable results, also used an eye lotion. What would you advise? Ans. Keep the dog warm and quiet. Give one dessertspoonful of syrup of hypophosphites three times a day. The pupils being enlarged is due to the eye lotion you are using.

R. W. S., Tate, Ga.—I have a young pointer dog 8 mos. old which I purchased in Michigan; when he got here he was just getting over the distemper and apparently came out all right; he looks all right every way, has a ravenous appetite, but his food don't seem to do him any good; he is very poor and don't seem to gain in flesh at all, and I notice occasionally when he stands still that his body quivers all over, as if I would express it, teeters up and down, and he acts occasionally as though he was weak in the hind parts. His hind legs don't seem to work right. I notice this more when he is playing with my other dogs. Ans. Probably chorea after distemper. He may also have worms. First treat for worms and then give him the following mixture:

R	Syr. hypophos co.	3iv
R	Tr. nucis vom.	3i
R	Liq. arsenicalis.	mxviii
Q	ad.	3vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

H. D. S., Oneida, N. Y.—Eczema. First treat for worms. Apply the following lotion to the raw surfaces frequently: Liq. plumbi, subact. 3ii; aq. ad. 3vi. Give this mixture twice a day:

R	Ferri sulph.	grx
R	Acid sulph. dil.	mxviii
Q	ad.	3iv

Mix. Give one teaspoonful twice a day. Also apply the following ointment to the affected parts twice daily:

R	Ung. zinc.	3i
R	Oleat. zinc.	3ii
R	Acid carbolic.	mx
R	Glycerine.	3iii
R	Vaseline.	3iss

Mix.

Dachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.
28. Pavonia.
30. Am. Model, Prospect Park.
30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay.
30. Brooklyn, Opening, N. Y. Bay.
30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay.

JUNE.
4. Pavonia.
12. Brooklyn, An., N. Y. Bay.
15. New York, An., New York.
17. Beverly, Open sweeps, Mon. B.
17. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap.

JULY.
1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch.
1. Seavanhaka, An., Oyster Bay.
1. Beverly, Marblehead.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.
8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston.

AUGUST.
14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quisset.
19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston.
26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.

SEPTEMBER.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.

THERE is something extremely amusing in the flutter which has lately disturbed some New York yachtsmen in consequence of the rumor that Gen. Paine was to be in the fight not only with a fin-keel, but with one of but 70ft. waterline; and, as the story went, with the over-all length and sail plan of Volunteer. The prospect of giving time to such a terrible creation actually sent the cold chills down the backs of some members of the New York syndicates, and they were on pins and needles until "Commodore" James D. Smith had posted off to Boston and secured Gen. Paine's word that he would not do anything so shocking, but would build to the specified limit of 85ft. Even with the immediate danger removed the matter was considered so serious that the committee was moved to issue a special circular warning all smaller yachts off the course, so to speak.

Is itself the decision of the committee is a fair and sensible one, and a complete indorsement of the contention long urged by FOREST AND STREAM, that the matching of vessels of widely different sizes has long

since passed out of date. It does seem, however, as though the New York Y. C. was destined this year to repudiate almost every position which it has taken in the past in connection with international racing. For some years the club has labored diligently to retain the right, or more properly the power, in spite of the obvious unfairness of such a course, to meet a 70ft. vessel with one of 90ft. Not only was the new deed framed with that object in view, but as long ago as 1886, just after the Puritan-Genesta races, an amendment was quietly slipped into the racing rules providing that the established classification of the club should be inoperative in the cases of all challenge cups, thus preventing a possible objection on the part of a challenger to the effect that he must be met by a boat from his own class. When Lord Dunraven's first challenge was accepted in 1892, a motion was made before the club to the effect that he should be met with a yacht of the same size as Valkyrie, 70ft., but it was promptly smothered before a vote could be taken by the arbitrary and absurd ruling of Com. Gerry. The words of the present Cup Committee, though applied to the trial and not the Cup races, exactly fit the case and if the club indorses and accepts them it not only admits the unfairness of its course in the past, but establishes a precedent which must apply to all future Cup races. The committee says: "A sensible equality in size would be most conducive to the interest and suitable to the importance of the coming international contest, and would, by minimizing the always objectionable element of time allowance, conform to the spirit of the deed of trust." If this is so, and what fair-minded yachtsman will dispute it? It is the strongest possible condemnation of the plea made by a similar committee in 1889, composed in part of the same men, that it was the "duty" of the club to defend the Cup by putting the 85ft. Volunteer against the 70ft. Valkyrie.

The fifth annual sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C., of New York promises to be one of the most interesting yet sailed, as the entries of at least three 85ft. yachts are practically assured. In one way the contest will be hardly more exciting than the splendid race of 1890 between Minerva and Gossoon at the time when the rivalry between Fife and Burgess was at its height, but the imposing size of the new class, with sail plans far exceeding anything ever seen on single stick vessels, unless possibly the old Maria, lends an additional element of interest to a contest which, with two Herreshoff boats, one a keel and one a centerboard, and a Paine fin-keel, will be exciting from its technical merits. The Corinthian sweepstakes is no longer an experiment, but an established institution in the yachting world.

WHAT with the early races of Valkyrie 2 in her home waters and the possible presence of Navahoe in the trial races on this side after her try for the Royal Victoria and the two Bennett cups, some strange combinations of winning and losing are possible, and the question of the standing of one vessel or the other as a "representative" yacht is very likely to come up, as it has in the past in England. Before attempting to decide whether a given yacht can fairly claim the title of representative, it may be well to decide the exact meaning of this term, which has thus far been used very loosely by yachtsmen. According to the common usage, a representative yacht is one which has shown an unquestioned superiority over all her fellows; but apart from this meaning being incorrect, it is unsatisfactory in that it gives rise to endless disputes. As we understand the term it is of much wider application, and includes every product of a recognized and successful designer, such as Herreshoff, Watson or Fife, regardless of success or failure, unless the yacht is manifestly an experiment. To illustrate, Wasp, after the success of Gloriana, was most certainly a representative yacht, the representative American yacht of last year, and no defeat or failure could have altered her standing. In the same way the forty foot boat built by Mr. Burgess in 1889 and '90 were no merely nominally but actually representative of the latest and best work of America's leading designer; the Gossoon, the most successful of the lot, having under the circumstances even less claim to the title than some of the unsuccessful ones. In the case of a yacht by any of the less known designers it may be necessary for her to show her quality in racing before she can claim to be truly a representative of the national fleet; but in the case of a Herreshoff or Watson boat she is of necessity a representative. The new Navahoe stands as the latest conception of the recognized leader among American designers and should she be defeated abroad and later at home, it will show a very poor spirit if she be repudiated as not a representative of the American fleet. The same applies to Valkyrie 2. She comes here as the latest work of the designer of Queen Mab, the best that Great Britain can produce to challenge for the Cup.

A NOTABLE instance of the unfair use of the term is found in the treatment of Galatea by British yachtsmen after Lieut. Henn's plucky fight for the Cup in 1887; she being repudiated as not being a fitting representative of the British fleet after it was made plain that she was not only unsuccessful here but slower than Irex at home. The winning boat of the class in 1884 was Genesta, she scoring more wins than the other new boat, Irex. Her designer, Mr. J. Beaver Webb, after the success of Freda, Tara and Genesta, ranked among the first three or four British designers. Galatea was designed by him to be Genesta, but, as events proved, she was never anywhere near the latter boat, while Irex was so much improved by O'Neil's tender ministrations before her second season, that she was unquestionably the fastest of the three. Under the circumstances, however, considering that the entire expenses of the unsuccessful expedition were borne by Lieut. Henn, and that his conduct here both in making a plucky fight and bearing defeat bravely, reflected the highest credit on the nation he represented, it would have been far more gracious in his countrymen to have accepted Galatea's failure in the same spirit that he did and to have said nothing of the superiority of Irex. It ought to be clearly understood on both sides before the two yachts cross the Atlantic that each party has done its best to insure success, and that in the event of failure he may be sure of the sympathy of his fellow yachtsmen at home, who share with him neither the labor, the responsibility nor the heavy expense of upholding the national credit.

The Trial Races.

THE America Cup committee of the New York Y. C. has issued the following circular:

"The America's Cup committee of the New York Y. C. announce the following addendum to their circular dated Feb. 1, 1893, bearing specially explanatory of the committee's views as to the selection of vessel to defend the America's Cup.

"While it appears technically necessary that the trial races shall open to vessels within dimensions on the load waterline possible under the terms of agreement, namely, between 65 and 86-7/10ft., the committee consider that a reasonable approximation to the length on the load waterline of the challenger is an element of paramount importance in the vessel to be chosen as the representative of the New York Y. C. A sensible equality in size would, in the judgment of the committee, be most conducive to the interest, and suitable to the importance of the coming international contest; would insure a more reliable defender of the Cup under all conditions of weather, and would, by minimizing the always objectionable element of time allowance, conform to the spirit of the deed of trust.

"In justice and fairness to intending competitors in the trial race the committee would respectfully warn them that a deficiency of 5 or 5 ft. in the load waterline length of any vessel, as compared with that of the challenger, will almost certainly preclude the selection of such vessel by this committee for the defence of the America's Cup.

"In conclusion, the committee would announce that, by agreement with Lord Dunraven, manual power only shall be permitted for working the competing vessels in the race for the Cup, and that the same proviso will apply to the trial races."

The Cruise of the Cy-pres.

TWO WEEKS IN A 23-FOOT BOAT.

[Concluded from Page 197.]

The wind went down in the night, and the morning of July 25 was warm and sultry. We took the little steamer Forest City from Peak's Island and went over to Portland to see the place and do some shopping. Portland as seen from the harbor is a beautiful city; it lies on two or three hills that rise gently from the water, and the morning sun lighting up the spires and domes of the buildings made a very pretty and attractive picture. The public buildings are fine and the whole city impresses one as being a prosperous and substantial town. We found it intensely hot on shore and regretted that we had left the cool, breezy deck of the yacht, but we had errands to do and hurried on with them, getting back to the steamer landing as quickly as possible. We wanted to walk through the residential portion of the town, but the sun was too much for us and we gave it up. We found the boat at the dock and were soon enjoying the cool breeze of the harbor as we steamed along toward the island.

Before going on board the Cy-pres we took a lunch consisting of very hot chicken chowder and very poor ice cream. We went ashore immediately after reaching the yacht, and with a nice little breeze ran over toward Fort Gorges; leaving it on our port hand, we turned north and ran between the fort and Little Hog Island and then turned northeast past Chebeague Island, keeping close up to Little John to avoid the sand-spit that makes out to the westward from Great Chebeague. The channel is broad and deep from this bar up to Mosher's Ledge, where we turned northward to the docks of Strout's Point, dropping our anchor midway between them and about 100 yards from shore.

Our anchor had scarcely reached the bottom before a fisherman rowed alongside and told us of a good mooring a little further up stream, that would not be used that night, as the owner had just gone off for a few days. We hoisted our foresail and crept up slowly to it, only to find that the road line was foul of the stern and could not be hauled on board; so we passed the point and picked up the tide gauge, and then turned and made both ends fast to the bits. We noticed quite a crowd of people on one of the docks or piers as we came in, and we thought for a time that they had been attracted there by the unusual arrival of a yacht in these waters, but soon learned the cause of the commotion when a little sidewheel steamer came up the river and made fast to the dock.

This day's sail was the most delightful one of the cruise. We glided quietly but swiftly along, running before a steady southerly breeze, through a clear, well-buoyed channel, without a care of any kind. The sky was clear, dotted here and there with white, fleecy clouds, and the rippling water reflected back the deep blue of the vault above. The air was soft and balmy, and we had nothing to do but enjoy to the full the beauties of the ever-changing landscape. We turned in soon after sundown, as we wished to make an early start next morning and take advantage of the last of the summer sun. The morning and lake adventure was wonderfully quiet, the only sound to be heard was the calling and occasional splashing of some wild water fowl, and toward morning the distant rumble of a passing thunder storm.

We were up at 4 o'clock (Tuesday, July 26) and thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful sunrise in this secluded place. A light southerly breeze sprang up on the sun rose, and at 5:45 we weighed anchor and slowly tacked down the river and ran in between the sand-spits of the river. We retraced our course of yesterday as far as the buoy at Mosher Ledge, when we turned northeast and skirted along the eastern side of several small islands—Busting's, Bibber's, Sow and Pigs, Pettinell's, Williams and Sister Isle—to Mare Point Neck, which is one of the numerous points of the main land that runs down into Casco Bay. It is sixteen miles in a straight line from Portland Breakwater, and is covered by quite a village of summer cottages, some of them being groves of apple trees and others perched on rocky points or sloping grassy plateaus.

A yacht must have been an unusual sight here, for our appearance seemed to excite the dwellers on shore very much. They ran out to the furthest extremity of the point and waved their handkerchiefs to us till we disappeared from view around the end of the Upper Goose Island.

We turned south at this point, and between Shelter Island and Upper Goose Island met the flood tide, which was so strong that we could not stem it with the light breeze we then had. The sun was very hot by this time, and we sweated and stewed as we drifted backward and forward, hoping each minute that we would get more breeze or less current, and so work out into the middle of the bay where there was more room and probably a better breeze. We saw a small schooner in this part of the bay for ten miles from the shore, and several other boats at it. There were also a number of seals swimming lazily about, with their dog-like heads just above the water.

We gradually worked down past Shelter Island and across Middle Bay to Harpswell Neck, where we could see a church steeple over in Harpswell village, and hear the bells strike the hours. We had the most vexatious successions of puffs and calms, and the result of our efforts was we never got out of the same direction. We were between the beats of two opposing breezes, and first one and then the other would prevail momentarily. It was slow, hot, tedious work, and had the islands been less lovely we would have given it up and anchored in some little cove till we got a better breeze.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the islands of Casco Bay. They are of all shapes and sizes, and of every conceivable kind, from the bare rocks to the high, wooded mountains. The water is so clear that we could see the bottom and there a solitary fisher, but tucked snugly away in some sheltered nook. We drank in their beauty with every breath, and our only sorrow was that we must leave them.

We worked our way down slowly past the Goose and Gosling, Little Whitehead and Great Chebeague and Long Islands, and then ran close to Marsh and Overst Islands into Hussey Sound, where we met a strong tide and sharp, choppy sea, and the great grey waves of the current ran back and forth between the two islands. We saw a most wonderful mirage. Our attention was first attracted to it by a brilliant white flash, apparently from the sky and out at sea about five miles from us. It came again and again, and we soon noticed that right under it the sea was breaking on a reef; once or twice the flash of white from above joined the surf from below, and the effect was like a huge sheet hung in the sun, and above it a blue sky. We went on about half past five, and about 4 P. M. we reached our old anchorage off Peak's Island, tired and hungry, for we had eaten nothing since half past five but a pilot biscuit washed down with raspberry vinegar. We found the same yachts at anchor near us, including the Cape eat, whose crew again made night hideous with their gun, cat calls, songs, and college yells. We couldn't understand how men who pretended to enjoy sailing could lie at anchor day after day when the magnificently beautiful Casco Bay lay spread out right before them, inviting them to enjoy its quiet waters and picturesque islands.

The next morning, Wednesday, I went over to Portland again to see if our long lost anchor had arrived, but was again disappointed. About eleven o'clock we tripped our anchor and bade good-by to Peak's Island, turning the bowsprit of our little ship homeward. We ran slowly down the harbor before a very light breeze which died out entirely as we neared the mouth of the river. We seemed to be in a calm beat between opposite currents of air, for back of us we could see boats running along with a nice little westerly, and outside of us were others with a good easterly, while we would get a puff first on one side and then the other. The tide was with us, however, and we gradually worked out past Cape Elizabeth and turned southwest, heading for Wood Island.

As we passed the point of Richmond Island we met quite a choppy sea coming out of the west, apparently kicked up by a stiff breeze from the land which did not reach out as far as we were. We turned in toward Old Orchard Beach hoping to strike this breeze, and soon did so, and were surprised to find how strong it was. It heeled us down plank sheer to, and we flew along in the same shape, running into Winter Harbor and dropping our anchor between the Monument on Sloop Island and the Spindle on Fletcher's Neck. Close to us lay the Sloop Georgia, which had left Portland two hours before us and experienced the same baffling winds or lack of winds, that we did, and ran in here fearing that they could not make any other port that day.

After getting things shipshape on deck, we took the tender and rowed round the harbor, sounding as we went. We found on 1 1/2 fathoms of water well in toward the Monument, and concluded that for small boats that was the best place to anchor, as there was very much less current there than over by the Spindle, where the tide runs

very strong out of the Pool. The soundings were made about an hour before low tide, but we figured that a boat drawing 5 or 6 ft. would have no trouble if she anchored well over toward the Monument, unless there was a big sea running.

While sitting on deck after supper enjoying the lovely sunset we saw a very peculiar-looking stern-wheel steamer come out of the Pool, run round Sloop Island and go in the Saco River toward Biddeford. It was a queer, antiquated, wheezy little craft, evidently of very light draft; in some respects it resembled the Ohio River boats, whose captains stoutly swear that they can run on a heavy draft. Numbers of racing parties in their hotel up in the Pool came out into the more open part of the harbor, taking advantage of the slack water, as they are shut in there by the powerful current except for a short time at each turn of the tide. The two yachts lying at anchor seemed to be the center of attraction, and they hovered round us for some time, the ladies and children singing and laughing and enjoying themselves hugely. After they had all left us and we had taken a plunge in the cool, clear water, which looked very tempting in the heat of the day, we turned in and slept like logs until 4 o'clock next morning, July 28, when we were awakened by the light of the rising sun.

We got under way at 5:30 but the air was so very light that we could scarcely keep storage way on the boat, and came very near imploring ourselves on the bowsprit of a schooner that lay at anchor in mid channel near the Spindle on Goose Island. We saw a fishing schooner with a man at her foremast head and another on the end of her bowsprit. The crew seemed very much excited, and lowered a dory over the side, which pulled rapidly past us, guided by signals from the masthead man. After rowing on some little ways they seemed to give the chase up and were recalled to the ship. As they came back past us we called to them and asked them what they had seen, and they told us they had caught the same fish that we had, but promised to offer them to us if we would come back to the yacht as the tide was running strongly up the river and the sun was very hot indeed.

As soon as I got on board we bore away for Cape Neddick, and as we left Kennebec Port behind we also left our breeze with it, so that we scarcely moved for some time. A black cloud in the west looked very threatening for a while, but finally passed on, and we were left at a calm, with the sun shining brightly at all home of reaching Portland or even York before sundown, so headed for Wears Cove, which we managed to reach before dark, and found it a very snug little harbor. Two reefs make out on either hand and break the seas, and the stream which flows into it comes in at such an angle that there is very little current on the west side at any stage of the tide. We found about 10 ft. of water at low tide all over the cove and were delighted with the place, and glad to turn out of such a well sheltered spot where we could not take any more future time.

Next morning, Friday, July 29, we got under way at 6:30 and passed near a catboat anchored in the cove, which had come in quite late the evening before. The weather did not look very promising, as the sky was overcast and a heavy fog bank hung over the sea to the eastward, but as the barometer was high we hoped it would disappear as the fog advanced. But it did not, and we were doomed to disappointment. Shortly after leaving Cape Neddick we noticed that the fog was slowly, but surely, creeping nearer, and as we approached York we could see it sweeping across the land between us and Whale Back Light. On looking seaward we could no longer find Boon Island Light and concluded the best thing to do was to make for York with as little delay as possible. We could see the buoy at the entrance of the harbor with the glass and had scarcely fixed its bearing and distance when the fog was so thick that it was impossible to see anything from our sight. We picked up the buoys one by one without difficulty and at 8:30 dropped our anchor in the little cove below Rocks Nose.

The fog by this time was so dense that we could not see the huge hotel on Stage Head, which is up on high ground and only three or four hundred yards away. About noon we rowed up to the dock and were very much surprised to find on walking up the dock that the fog was so thick that it was impossible to see anything from our sight. While we had been sitting on the cold wet decks, knocking our heels together for lack of better employment, the sun had been shining brightly on land and a game of lawn tennis was in full blast almost within hailing distance of us. We were strongly tempted to stay on shore the rest of the day and enjoy the sunshine, but feared some accident might befall the yacht, so we went reluctantly back to the boat after getting a good look at the sun and a Boston paper. About 3 o'clock a fishing boat came in and picked up a mooring near us, having been driven in by the fog several hours earlier than usual.

When we turned in we expected the fog would continue for twenty-four hours, as there was no appearance of a change, but between 9 and 10 o'clock a violent thunder storm arose and swept down on us from the northwest, clearing the fog off in a twinkling. The rain was very strong, and the water was so high that we could not get our anchor hauled up, and it slipped on a rubber coat over his night-shirt and went on deck to look around. He found everything all right and in a few minutes was sound asleep in his berth, emitting occasional blasts from his nasal fog horn that it seemed to me could be heard a mile, and served much better than a riding light to warn off any stray boats that might be seeking an anchorage at that late hour.

Next morning, Saturday, the day was clear and bright in the northwest, but the rest of the sky was low in the northeast, with every indication of wind from that quarter. When we left our anchorage at 5:30, the barometer was high and rising, the wind was from the northwest, but soon after getting out of the river it changed to north-half-east. We noticed a good deal of fog hanging over the water to the southeast of us and as we approached Portsmouth heard the fog horn on Whale Back blowing its dismal horn, and not liking to go so near the coast, we decided to make for the mouth of the river and make developments.

As we rounded Whaleback the wind hauled round more to the northeast and freshened, until we were rail under. We had an exciting thrash to windward beating up to our old berth in Pepperells Cove, where we dropped our anchor at 9 o'clock. There were but few boats out, and all of them had all the wind they could stand. One man in a new boat of the open type came close up to us, just as we were about to drop anchor, and he told us that he had just filled him full of water. It was a close call and evidently all he wanted, for he put for shore at once and did not appear again.

Having noticed that the barometer was high and steady we discussed the weather for a few minutes before going ashore. I insisted that every indication for the past twelve hours, except the barometer, pointed to an easterly storm and that the breeze from the northwest was only a temporary respite. The weather was settled. F. admitted that the indications were not those of a fair day, but insisted stoutly that the barometer does not guess, it knows, and that we ought to take advantage of the fair breeze and continue on our homeward journey. We finally decided to wait for a few hours and see what chance, if any, took place. We made a short excursion on shore and on returning to the yacht noticed that the breeze had changed to a westerly, and that the clouds were coming in, and that the clouds showed signs of clearing away. Concluding that the barometer was right, we decided to make sail for Rockport and tripped our anchor at 10:15 with the wind fresh and steady from the east.

As we got clear of the land we found quite a sea running and white-caps flying. The Cy-pres rode the waves like a duck and steered without the slightest effort. We laid our course S.W. and ran her under the raised Harbor Point, where we steered for that headland until we could see Cape Ann's two lights, when we took a course midway between these two landmarks until we could make out the little lighthouse on Straitmouth Island, when we made for it and so ran into Rockport, making the twenty-four miles in four and a quarter hours.

We sat on deck enjoying the lovely summer evening till the village bells rang out their nine o'clock warning that it was time for all good citizens to go to bed, when we turned in. The breeze was from the west, and we were very comfortable, as we had but a short run to make to reach Magnolia, our home port. I made a dish of scrambled eggs for breakfast and although it was my first attempt it proved to be a grand success. The only drawback to our thorough enjoyment of it was the great difficulty we found in cleaning the utensil in which it was cooked. The morning was perfectly beautiful, with a moderate breeze from the east. We weighed anchor at 8 o'clock and beat down the river, taking our usual course, and at 10 o'clock we were in the harbor, a schooner going our way and were surprised to see how easily we walked to windward of her. Off Thatcher's Island the wind died out almost completely and we scarcely moved for some time, but it freshened again as we drew near to Eastern Point, which we rounded about 11 A. M. On shore sharp eyes were watching for us, and soon recognized our familiar rig. With the glass we saw a boat in the harbor, and as the white sails were up, and we returned their signals with a will. We picked up our mooring in Kettle Cove just at noon and as we pulled ashore found all of our friends waiting for us on the dock.

We found we had been the objects of much commiseration, and had been expected home any day by part of our friends who had very little knowledge of the seaworthiness of our little ship. The ladies promised to send us a letter, and we saw that the Capt. across Cape Ann on our second day out filled them with alarm for our safety, and unlimited quantities of peanuts were staked on our returning the following day. We had scarcely reached our cottage before it began to rain,

A cold easterly storm came on that lasted three days, and we congratulated ourselves on reaching home just in the nick of time and on the exceptionally fine weather we had enjoyed during the whole trip.

The best season of the year for making the trip is probably from July 10 to Aug. 1, as there is apt to be better weather then than later on. In August there is more fog, and usually less breeze. If any lover of single-handed sailing is encouraged by this lot to make the same trip the object in writing it will have been accomplished.

Yacht Building at Lawley's Yard.

Outside of the four or five large racers, the present winter has been a dull one for the builders and little improvement is promised as the spring approaches, but the Lawley Company have kept a good number of hands at work all winter and will have quite a fleet to launch in the course of the next month or so. For some time the firm have been building a very desirable type of small steam yacht, designed by Mr. George F. Lawley, craft of 50 to 90 ft. l.w.l., of strong but not unduly expensive construction, and giving good accommodation and a fair speed for cruising at a moderate cost. During the winter they turned out several of these yachts and this year they have four under way of various sizes.

The largest of these is now just in frame, a craft 104 ft. over all, for a New York yachtsman, whose name, of course, is a profound secret. She will be of composite build, the first steamer of this construction which the yard has yet turned out. The keel, stem and sternpost will be of oak, the frames of steel, their heads and stems and the floors rivetted to a plate of steel, and the planking will be of yellow pine. She is intended for a speed of 16 knots and will be fully fitted for cruising, her owner contemplating a cruise to Chicago. She will be flush-decked, with a deck house 20 ft. long, of which 14 ft. will be given to the dining hall. The engine space is 17 ft. long, containing a triple expansion by the Fore River Engine Works, of Weymouth, and an Almy boiler.

The crew and officers will be berthed aft and the owner's quarters will be forward. The main saloon will be 13 ft. long, finished in butternut, with the owner's stateroom and large bathroom forward. Aft the main saloon, on each side of the passage, are two staterooms 8 ft. long. The work is going ahead rapidly, and the yacht will be ready for launching early in the season.

The next largest steamer is for Mr. R. H. White, former owner of Viking, a member of the Boston and Hull clubs. She will be 90 ft. over all, 16 ft. beam, 7 ft. draft, with a flush deck. She is now nearly completed in the big shed where Puritan and Mayflower were built, and is a very trim looking craft. She has a deck house 16 ft. long, the dining room being 11 ft. with the pilot house in front. The galley is directly beneath the dining hall, with a dumb waiter. The engine space is 16 ft. long, with a compound engine 10 and 20 x 14 in. and an Almy boiler 8 x 6 ft., with 30 sq. ft. of grate surface. The galley, with the main engine quarters are forward, and the owner's quarters and the main cabin are aft. On the starboard side forward are two staterooms, the first for the owner, and the port is a passage, with toilet room and a smaller stateroom. The joiner work is all in mahogany, on deck and below. The headroom in the cabin is 6 ft. 3 in. under beams. The frame is of oak, sided 3 in. and moulded 5 in. at heads, the planking of 3 in. yellow pine, and the deck of 2 x 8 in. white pine, matted with Jelfries marine matting. The yacht will be lighted by electricity throughout, and will carry two boats 14 and 17 ft. She will be in commission early under the charge of Capt. S. S. Rich, formerly in command of the steam yacht Seneca.

Alongside of her in the big shed lies a similar but smaller yacht for Mr. F. B. McQuesten, former owner of the 46-footer Thelma, 55 ft. over all, and with a trunk cabin, the finish and general style being similar to the White yacht. Out in the small shed is a fourth steamer much like the McQuesten boat, with trunk cabin. Each will have a Fore River engine and Almy boiler.

In one corner of the big shed is a neat little cruising schooner, also of Mr. Geo. F. Lawley's design, for Mr. Fales, of Providence, a deep centerboard craft of 55 ft. l.w.l. and good beam, with a heavy lead keel. She is quite wide, and with moderate overhang, has a large amount of deck room, and the ordinary crooked construction is used, with rich workmanship and neat finish to all parts, making an attractive little vessel. The mainmast is stepped practically on deck in a steel tabernacle or tube secured on top of the trunk. Below she has ample headroom and very good accommodation. She is nearly finished, but the tons of ice on the ways outside give little promise of launching for a long time to come.

During the winter the lack of enlarging the basin has been going on, and while the lack of enlarging the basin will be room for even the large fleet which annually winters at Lawley's, including many of the most noted American yachts. This new basin will add materially to the facilities of the yard, which, however, will not be complete until the big shed, originally built as a temporary structure to cover Medusa in 1883, and later enlarged to take the Puritan and Mayflower, gives place to a more modern and convenient structure, such as is required for the elaborate construction found in the latest yachts.

In this shed were built, beside Medusa, Puritan and Mayflower, Sachem, Pappoose, Merlin, Harbinger, Wayward, Mariquita, Baboon, Gossoon, Mineloa, Sayonara and other noted craft. It is now full, the new composite stainer being set up partly outside with a temporary shed over the forward part.

Back of the plates where the steel plates are cut and punched, is another temporary shed, beneath which is set up a big canoe, the Foster fin-keel designed by Waterhouse. She is 70 ft. over all, 46 ft. l.w.l., about 12 ft. beam and some 7 ft. extreme depth amidships. As she is built on the ground, no signs of the fin yet being visible, she looks very much like an overgrown canoe. The hull is of steel throughout, the deck frame well braced with diagonal ties. There will be ample space below and it will cut up well. No doubt the new steel is yet to be seen of the Paine boat, which will be a mould and a much larger fin-keel, of about 85 ft. waterline, but the moulds are all ready and the angles on the ground, so the yacht will soon take shape in the new building shed put up last year to cover the schooner Alcega.

The finest piece of work in the yard is the Stewart & Binney 21 ft. fin-keel, which is nearly finished in one of the small sheds. She is 21 ft. over all, 21 ft. l.w.l., about 7 ft. beam and 15 in. draft of hull. The depth and weight of fin, sail area and owner's name are not known. The model is notably fair and easy, with canoe section, and the lines are well carried out into the ends with a clean sweep fore and aft. The construction is quite elaborate: the keel is an oak plank about 12 in. wide and 2 in. thick amidship, tapering into the stern to a quarter timber; the transoms are all of steamed oak, bent, about 1 in. square and framed 6 in. and the inwale is of oak, about 2 in. square, the heads of the frames being gained in flush before planing. The planking is double, an inner skin of white cedar about 1/2 in. thick and an outer one of Spanish cedar 3/4 in. thick, the wale being a single thickness of 3 in. Spanish cedar, the transom, which is worked out to a fine edge, being of the same wood. The deck is made of oak, bent, about 1 in. square, and the frame is all of steamed oak, bent, about 1 in. square. The hull is in the same shop as some lifeboats of improved model, one of which has just been shipped to Cuttyhunk. A large number of yachts are on the beach, Volunteer being on the railway, while Wasp, Tadpole, Freak and many more of last year's flyers are visible out of water. Mayflower will be hauled up shortly for alterations.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The weekly regatta of the T. S. Y. C. was sailed Feb. 18 in a brisk N. N. W. Imp started last as usual, but soon passed the fleet and again won the champion flag in the best time ever made over our course. She is the smallest boat in the fleet and wins without claiming time allowance. Capt. Clemson sailed Topsy with pluck and judgment, and if he keeps on improving will make it hot for the boys before the season is over. After the race the Women's Bayou Boat Club entertained the members of the T. S. Y. C. Refreshments were served at Mrs. Com. R. W. Clemson's new cottage. Both clubs enjoyed an hour of sociability and good fellowship led to be remembered by all present. The commodore of the W. B. C. C. Mrs. Clemson, presented the winner of the champion flag, Com. Phinney, with an elegant bouquet of rare and exquisite roses tied with the colors of the boat club. As the little Imp wins the prize pretty regularly, Capt. Clemson suggested a large prize be given to the second yacht. The ladies promised to consider the matter, and something handsome is expected at the next regatta, as they are never backward in doing good. We have been living under summer skies, without a rainy day for the past month. We fish, shoot turkeys, deer, etc. five days each week and race boats every Saturday. Come and visit us.

The times of the race were:				
Imp.	Com. Phinney.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
15.00	2 37 47	3 33 52	1 06 05	
20.00	2 30 30	3 34 55	1 08 25	
25.00	2 25 57	3 36 30	1 10 32	
Regatta committee, Com. J. P. Phinney, Vice-Com. Disston, Rear-Com. Noblet, Capt. Knapp and Capt. Clemson, secretary.				
J. P. PHINNEY.				

Messrs. Clay & Torbensen, steam launch and engine builders of Gloucester City, N. J., have issued a very attractive catalogue of their yachts and engines, the illustrations showing the interior of the shops and also different steam and sailing yachts being specially good. The firm makes a specialty of steam house boats, two sizes being illustrated.

Kwasind.

We are indebted to the designers and builders, Read Brothers, of Fall River, Mass., for the accompanying plans of the cruising yawl Kwasind, built last year for Oliver Adams, Esq., of the Larchmont Y. C. The yacht was designed as a comfortable family boat, for sailing and cruising about Larchmont and Long Island Sound, requiring but one paid hand and giving plenty of room in cabin and cockpit for the owner's wife and young boys.

While similar below water to the sloops and catboats of Narragansett and Buzzard bays, the model has been carried out above water into the fashionable long ends, giving greatly increased deck room and improving the appearance. The waterline of the average sloop, hollow forward and very full aft, has been retained, with hard bilge, but in a later design of the builders, for 30ft. l.w.l. which we have seen, these extreme features have been modified with advantage.

Kwasind was in use all of last season and proved very satisfactory for her designed purpose, besides showing considerable speed at times. The rig is effective and easily handled, the spars being light. The main cabin is 12ft. long with 6ft. of headroom and wide floors on each side of the centerboard trunk. There is abundance of room for lockers, closets, shelves, etc. The forecabin is very long, owing to the fore overhang, and gives an unusual amount of room. The cockpit is 10ft. long, fitted with fixed seats, a water breaker being stowed on each side beneath the seats. The yacht steers with a wheel. The keel is of iron, 4,600lbs., and about 3,000lbs. of iron is carried inside, with which ballast the yacht draws nearly 3in. more than is shown in the design, making her racing measurement of waterline 28.36ft. in place of 27ft. Her general dimensions are as follows:

DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS YAWL KWASIND.

Length, stemhead to taffrail.....	41ft.	1½in.
l.w.l.....	27ft.	
Beam, extreme.....	12ft.	
l.w.l.....	11ft.	8 in.
Draft.....	3ft.	10 in.
with board.....	3ft.	3½in.
Freeboard, least.....	2ft.	2 in.
Sheer, bow.....	2ft.	10 in.
stern.....	7ft.	
Fore overhang.....	7ft.	1½in.
After overhang.....	8.02	
Displacement, long tons.....	2.07	
Ballast, keel, iron.....	1.33	
inside, iron.....	3.40	
Total.....	15.17	
Fore end, l.w.l. to.....	15.14	
c.b.....	16.66	
c.l.r., hull.....	16.30	
board and rudder.....	14.00	
midship section.....	19.09	
c.e., whole sail.....	79.00	
Area, midship section.....	23.00	
lateral plane.....	11.40	
centerboard, about.....	112.40	
rudder.....	215.10	
Total lateral plane.....		
L.w.l. plane.....		
Spars and sails—	Main.	Mizen.
Mast, from end l.w.l.....	1ft. 11in.	29ft. 3in.
diameter at deck.....	10in.	5in.
deck to truck.....	40ft.	21ft.
hounds.....	3ft. 6in.	16ft. 5in.
pole.....	9ft. 6in.	4ft. 7in.
Bowsprit, heel to crane.....	11ft. 4in.	
end l.w.l. to crane.....	14ft.	
Mizen boomkin outboard.....	5ft.	5in.
Boom, length.....	26ft.	14ft. 10in.
Gaff, length.....	24ft. 6in.	12ft. 6in.
Mainsail area, sq. ft.....		710.00
Mizen.....		185.00
Jib.....		209.00
Total.....		1113.00
C.E. forward of c.l.r. of hull.....		1.13ft.
and board.....		1.95ft.
above l.w.l.....		13.80ft.
mizen and jib only.....		13.50ft.

The positions of the centers of effort of whole sail and mizen and jib only are shown on the sail plan; also the positions of the center of lateral resistance of hull only and of hull with board lowered to its full drop.

The yacht is built with oak keel, stem and sternpost, steamed and bent oak frames, clear yellow pine planking and selected white pine deck, the deck and cabin joiner work being neatly and tastefully finished. The cost is but little over \$2,000 with sails and ballast, making an unusually cheap and comfortable craft. The lines of an earlier but similar yacht designed by Read Bros., the cat sloop Rahnee, will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 25, 1890.

Corinthian Y. C. Sweepstakes.

The Corinthian Y. C. of New York has issued the following circular relating to its fifth annual sweepstakes:

The fifth annual renewal of the above race: a sweepstakes at \$250 each (\$125 only if declared out prior to July 31), will be held during the season of 1893, as heretofore, under the auspices of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York. The following conditions as to time, place, course, prizes, etc., will apply thereto:

1. Open to all single masted yachts exceeding 80ft. sailing length (formula, $\sqrt{S.A. \times L.W.L.}$) Measurement and time allowance as per by-laws of the club, copies of which will be furnished to yachts making entry.

2. Owners must furnish certificate of sailing length [under C. Y. C. rule] by their club measurer to the sailing committee at least ten days before the race. Same will be accepted as final unless a remeasurement (by the measurer of the C. Y. C.) be demanded by a competitor in writing (and \$20 measurer's fees deposited) within 24 hours after the race.

3. Seventy-five per cent. of the entry moneys will be given in silver plate to the winner, and the remaining 25 per cent. in silver plate to the second.

4. The race will be sailed off Newport Harbor, R. I., on the Monday after the termination of the New York Yacht Club's cruise (probably Monday, Aug. 28).

5. The course will be a triangle of 30 nautical miles (as near as may be equilateral) one leg (if practicable the first) to be laid dead to windward.

6. Start and finish at Brenton's Reef Lightship.

7. The start will be flying and at 11 A. M., as near as may be. Three minutes allowed to cross line.

8. No time limit for race (unless otherwise agreed prior to start). Yachts will be timed by the bowsprit end.

9. Full professional crews and the use of any sails allowed.

10. The sailing regulations of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York will apply to and govern the race (except as modified by the special conditions of the sweepstakes).

Entries will close June 30, 1893, and may be addressed to sailing committee, Corinthian Yacht Club, 62 Stone street, New York city.

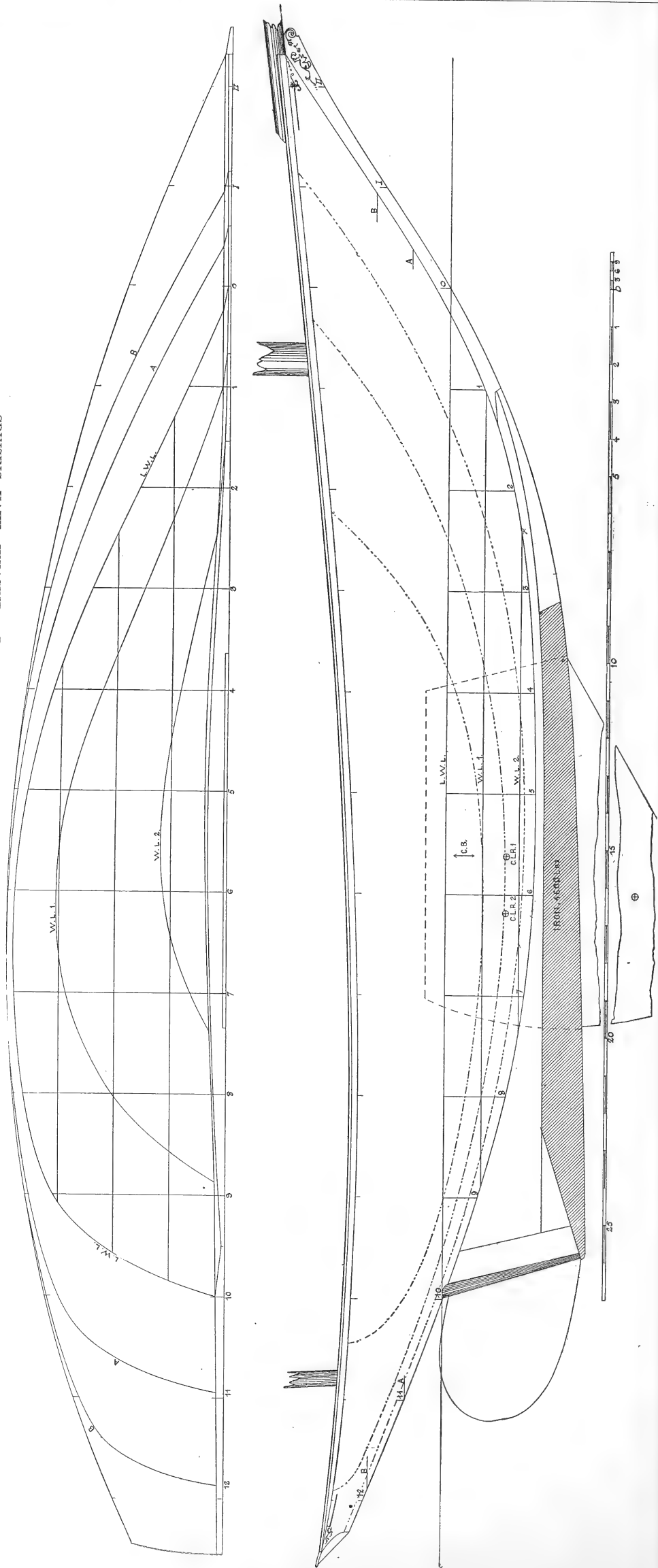
Dated March 1, 1893. AUGUST BELMONT, Admiral.

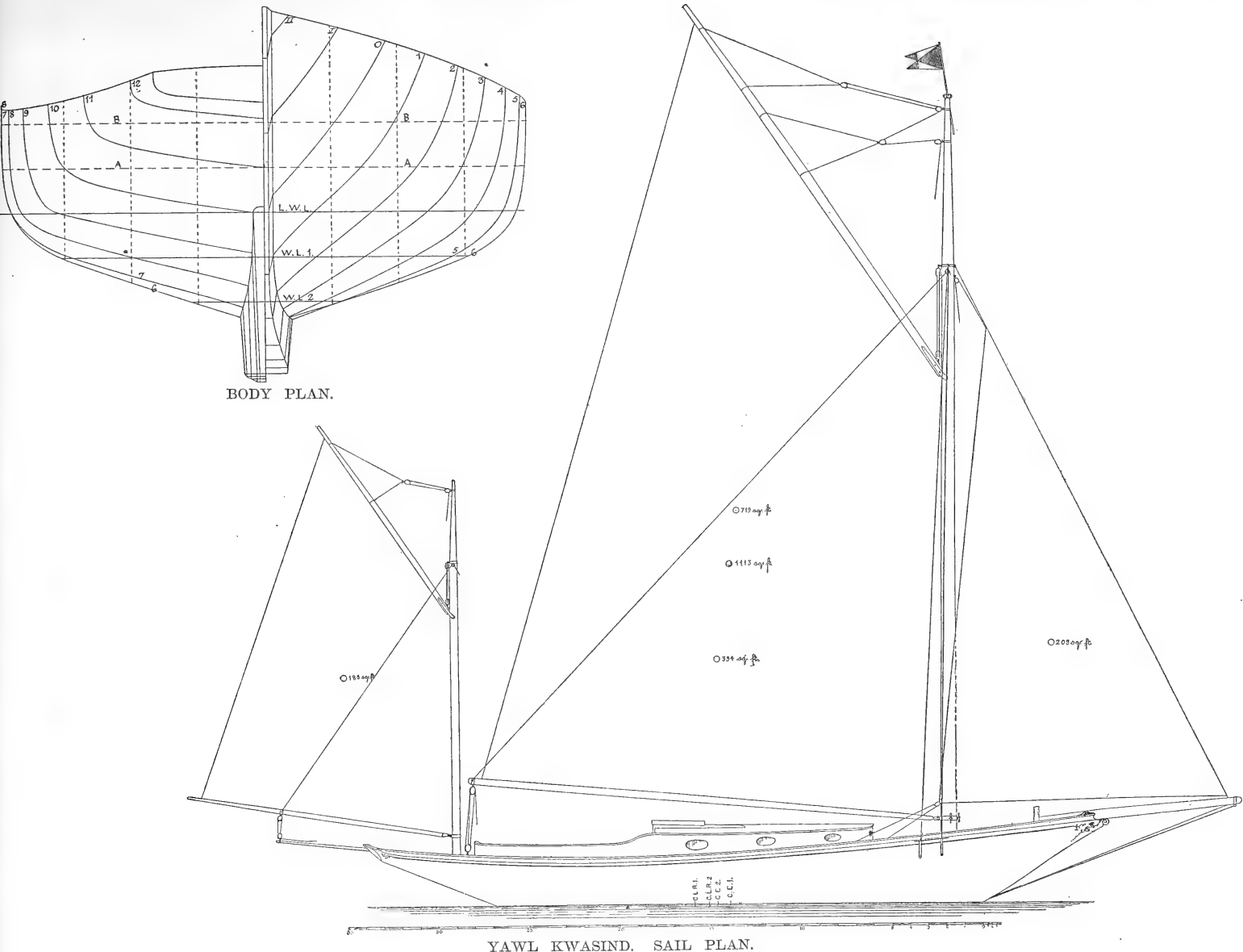
The New 85-Footers.

In spite of a long yarn in a New York paper last week, the Stewart Binney boat was still an uncertainty until Monday, but she is now finally decided on and will be commenced at once. Mr. R. S. Palmer, of the schooner Marguerite, who was hailed as the savior of the project, had been in the syndicate for some time, and it has been settled that if built Captain Sherlock, in his employ for several years, would be her skipper. The steel for the Palme boat has been received at Lawley's and she is now in hand, and as there is nothing ahead of her in the steel department, save the Waterhouse fin-keel, now well along, the work should go on quickly. The Carroll boat, Navahoe, is being finished at Bristol; the Rogers boat is in frame and partly plated, but the keel of the Morgan-Iselin boat has not yet been laid. The former will be a keel boat and the latter a centerboard, but the firm still declines to give out any particulars or to admit anyone to the works. Although the particulars relating to Mr. Carroll's proposed challenge for the Royal Victoria cup are also withheld by the New York Y. C., it is generally understood that his challenge has been sent, and that the holders of the cup have made such changes and concessions in the terms as to make them perfectly satisfactory.

The Marine and Field Club of Bath Beach has elected the following officers: Com., F. B. Fiske, sloop Fanny; Vice-Com., F. L. St. John, cutter Chipsa; Rear Com., G. E. Brightson, sloop Penguin; Sec., Louis J. Boury, sloop Badger; Meas., Chas. A. Deshon; Regatta Committee, Louis J. Boury, Chairman, F. L. St. John, Chas. A. Deshon.

CRUISING YAWL KWASIND. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY READ BROS. FOR OLIVER ADAMS, LARCHMONT Y. C., 1892.





YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Marguerite, steam yacht, has been sold by Wm. M. Harriman to S. R. James, Schenectady, N. Y.

Messrs. Waterhouse and Chesebrough have just designed a 35ft. cruising cutter for James R. Hopkins, of Philadelphia, brother of the owner of Gloriana. She will be 44ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 6in. beam, 7ft. draft, with a polemast rig similar to Drusilla and Handsel, mainsail, staysail and jib only. The interior will be quite roomy and well arranged. The yacht will be built by George H. Saunders, at Bristol.

At a special meeting of the Boston Y. C. on March 2 memorials on the deaths of Gen. B. F. Butler and Thomas Manning were adopted. Mr. Paul Butler, the present owner of the schooner America, was elected a member of the club.

Lancer, schr., has been thoroughly overhauled this winter at Winttingham's yard, and will be fitted with new masts. Her new owner, George E. Chisholm, will change her name to Enigma.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., report business as very good, in spite of the inclement weather. They have orders for several complete launches, one of which, designed for high speed, is being built for a New Hampshire gentleman and is intended to be used on Lake Winnepesaukee. This launch is 35ft. 7in. over all by 5ft. 6in. beam, and will be fitted with a Tregurtha water tube boiler and a compound engine capable of developing 35 h.p. They are building a 28ft. launch and a steam tender for Boston parties. The demand for the Tregurtha water tube boiler, built by this firm, increases with every season, and they have now in hand, besides local orders, boilers for parties in Maine, New Hampshire and Texas. These boilers are now in use in the British Provinces and in various parts of the United States from Maine to Florida, on the Great Lakes and on the Pacific coast, where they are being built under license. The firm has just issued a very attractive illustrated catalogue of engines, boilers and fittings.

The Essex Y. C. of Newark, N. J., has elected the following officers: Com., Edwin Goldsmith; Vice-Com., Walter Wickelhaus; Rear-Com., Joseph Sonnenberg; Treas., Fred Hartung; Sec., W. C. Rothe; Fleet Capt., B. Mullaney; Trustees, Charles Dumont, Emil Kiehle and John Hahn.

The Baltimore Y. C. has purchased a part of the Walkers Pavilion property on the Patapsco River and will establish a station and club house there. The club, organized in 1891, has a membership of 54.

Arthur Welland Blake, a member of the Eastern Y. C. and former owner of the cutter Vindex, died on Feb. 28 at his home, Brookline, Mass., at the age of 50.

A special meeting of the Savin Hill Y. C. was held on Feb. 23 to hear the report of the committee on changing the measurement rules. The committee consisted of Messrs. Sears, Swallow, W. B. Bird and A. L. Kidd. Communications on the subject were read from N. G. Herreshoff, H. H. Sears, of the Cape Cod Club; W. F. Eaton, of the Eastern and Corinthian clubs, and from the Plymouth Club. The committee recommended that the sailing length be the load waterline, substantially as laid down by the Massachusetts Club rules of 1892. The adoption of the rules will come up for action at the next meeting.

At a meeting of the Atlantic Y. C., on Feb. 27, Lord Dunraven was elected an honorary member and the privileges of the club house were extended to the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Messrs. Seabury & Co. have about a dozen electric launches under way in their shops at Nyack. They are from 16ft. to 40ft. length.

The monthly meeting of the South Boston Y. C., on March 1, was well attended, and a general intention was expressed to make the quarterly-centennial season of the club a notable one. The usual appropriations for prizes have been increased one-half and the following events have been announced: Open regatta, May 30, open to all boats, no restrictions as to enrollments or occupation; first championship race, July 8; second championship race, Aug. 5; third championship race, Aug. 19. Other fixtures will be published as soon as arrangements are completed.

Wm. Skinner & Sons, of Baltimore, are at work on a house boat 84ft. long, 18ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft.

Mystery, keel sloop, has been sold by H. W. Lamb to A. L. Pope through Waterhouse & Chesebrough.

Mr. S. W. Small, of Boston, owner of Ustane, has sold her and will replace her with a new boat of his own design for the 25ft. class. The yacht will be 32ft. over all, 22ft. 6in. l.w.l., 10ft. beam, 7ft. 11in. draft, with a metal center plate of about 600lbs. weight, and mainsail and jib. Drake, in Williams' old shop at City Point, will build her.

Clara, cutter, has been sold by R. S. Osborn to J. H. Adams.

We call attention to the advertisement on another page of Mr. Alfred H. Brown, designer of steam yachts for all services. Mr. Brown is prepared to superintend the construction of yachts abroad, or to furnish designs for building in this country, and he has a large list of cruising steam yachts for sale and charter.

The engines of the steam yacht Neaira are illustrated in the *American Shipbuilder* of March 2.

The fixtures of the Larchmont Y. C. for the season of 1893 are as follows: Spring regatta, June 10; annual regatta, July 4; annual oyster boat race, Aug. 26. The date for the fall regatta and the Larchmont cups of 1893 for schooners and first class sloops will be fixed hereafter, so as not to conflict with the trial races.

A musical entertainment will be given by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. at the club house on March 16 at 9 P. M.

The steam yacht designed and built by Ambrose Martin at East Boston for Wm. Amory has been launched and towed to the Fore River Engine Company's Works for her engines. She was christened Sylvia.

Messrs. Stewart & Binney have designed a steam launch for the use of the Harvard crew, which is building at Wood Bros. shop, East Boston. She is 48ft. over all, 43ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam and 3ft. draft.

The Portland Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Chas. W. Bray; Vice-Com., Walter Woodman; Fleet Capt., William Willis Gould; Sec., Charles F. Flagg; Treas., C. F. A. Weber; Meas., Abial M. Smith; Fleet Surgeon, Charles D. Smith, M. D.

The new driveway along the Dorchester Bay shore of South Boston will interfere with some of the clubs, the Boston and South Boston being compelled to move their houses back.

Changes of Racing Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The excellent report of the New York Y. C. committee published in the *Field* of Feb. 11, concludes with a proposal somewhat similar both in its tendency and in its method of procedure with one which I recently suggested and which was published in the *Field* of Jan. 21, viz., to use the area of immersed mid-section as a divisor in a cubic rule, thereby producing linear ratings like those used in America for time allowance and for classification.

The Y. R. A. rule, or the French rule, or the Danish rule, all of which give a cubic rating, or the American rule cubed, can each be used in this way. It matters not whether the internal or the external MS be applied; and I submit that the former is preferable because it can be more easily measured without encroaching so much on the legitimate secrets of design, and when the yacht is afloat.

The proposal in its most generalized form is: American $R = \frac{F}{CM} \dots I.$ where F is the rating formula (cubic) to be modified.

M is the area of immersed mid-section, internal, and C a constant particular to any special F. Thus if I. be applied to the Y. R. A. rule it will be found that the conditions are satisfied when C = 72, and if I. be applied to the Seawanhaka formula cubed, C must be about 600, hence

American rating = $\frac{L \times S}{72 M} \dots II.$

or = $\frac{(L + \sqrt{S})^3}{600 M} \dots III.$

The following is a simple and effective way to measure M. Bore two minute pin holes through the yacht's sides at M. S. and 1ft. above the waterline. Thread a wire through these holes and draw it tight. Find the height of this wire above yacht's floor at half beam, deduct 1ft., and call remainder H. Find height of wire above planking at quarter beam, using a plumb line, deduct 1ft. and call the remainder h. Measure in-

side beam of yacht 1ft. below the wire, call this B, the beam at W. L. Then, by Simpson's first rule, the internal area of immersed M S is $= \frac{B}{6} (H + 4 h)$, and substituting we get:

American rating = $\frac{L \times S}{12 B (H + 4 h)} \dots II.$

or = $\frac{(L + \sqrt{S})^3}{100 B (H + 4 h)} \dots III.$

II. being Y. R. A. modified, and III. Seawanhaka. The individuality or distinctive characteristic of each rule in its bearing on L. and S. is retained and this should be remembered when the following table is examined, the long boats having a better handicap (irrespective of divisor) in the Y. R. A. rule than they have in the Seawanhaka:

Name of Yacht.	L	S	B	H	h	TABLE SHOWING THE ACTION OF THE RULES.	
						$\frac{(L + \sqrt{S})^3}{100 B (H + 4 h)}$	$\frac{L S}{12 B (H + 4 h)}$
Genesta	81.0	7643	14.8	.9	.7	87.32	94.21
Volunteer	85.9	10270	25.0	8.5	5.2	89.28	100.24
Chiquita	45.5	2836	10.1	5.8	3.2	48.38	53.90
Ghost	48.5	2377	9.7	6.2	3.8	44.24	48.10
Minerva	40.0	2700	9.5	6.0	3.2	43.60	50.39
Dis	36.0	1658	8.0	4.8	2.7	33.63	36.23
Decima	36.0	1666	10.0	4.6	2.0	39.73	39.67
Oread	28.2	1102	6.2	3.7	2.3	28.87	32.38
Quinque	33.0	900	8.0	3.7	1.5	30.94	30.63
Valentine	29.8	996	7.0	4.0	2.1	26.61	28.50
Bedouin	30.0	1000	9.6	2.5	1.7	26.31	28.00
Madcap	21.0	714	6.5	3.6	1.4	18.14	20.80
Lady Nan	23.0	653	7.0	2.6	1.2	22.03	24.16
Dolphin	25.7	551	6.8	2.5	1.2	24.88	25.07

These examples are only approximately correct, because H is not shown on drawings, the floors seldom being indicated. Moreover, it often occurs that the actual position of W. L. differs from the designer's plan. But the results are probably of sufficient accuracy to demonstrate the effect of my proposals, and to indicate that boats having M S like Ghost, Dis and Valentine, would rate low, and that this is not confined to deep-bodied craft, as can be seen by comparing Valentine and Bedouin, the reason being that Bedouin's immersed M S area internal is 15.18 and Valentine's 14.47sq. ft.

I venture to assert that it is better in every way to bring all yachts under one formula, such as $R = \frac{F}{CM}$ see I., and to get the best results possible out of the rule adopted than to bolster up a rule which is acknowledged to be defective, by the application of an arbitrary limit of any nature.

For instance, the N. Y. committee deems 40 per cent. better than 30 for excellent reasons well given in its report. The same argument shows that 50 is better than 40, and states that Magic has 53, "and other cup defenders nearly 50 per cent." Then why fix the limit at 40? Surely it is better to fix no limit whatever, but to endeavor, with a little patience and ingenuity, to discover a rule which will have a similar tendency and apply to all yachts that race under it without "favor and affection" for any special limit, however well and carefully it may be selected.

Again, the proposal of the New York committee aims at increasing M S by encouraging yachts possessing the desired percentage of area as compared with the circumscribing parallelogram, but it should be remembered that a ratio can be increased in two ways (1) by increasing one member, (2) by decreasing the other, and the suggestion of the committee would be almost certain to produce a form of keel with a minimum of draft at M. S. A bad form of keel, very deep at the rudder post and triangular in form.

The committee has invited yachtsmen to consider the suggestions made in the report, and this must serve as my excuse for sending you such a long letter on the subject.

THALASSA.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Gasper Surprises the Talent.

The afternoon of Feb. 28 was anything but favorable for trap shooting or any other kind of outdoor sport. Up to 1 P. M. the air was full of moisture, the wind raw and chilly and the clouds dark and heavy. At the above hour the snow began to fall and this soon settled down to a heavy north-east storm, which lasted until late at night. So heavy was the snowfall during the afternoon that the trap shooter who was obliged to face toward the northwest to locate a light bird was likely to get left.

All these disagreeable conditions were mere trifles to those who had business before the trap, as well as those who liked to witness exhibitions with the smooth-bore, as was shown by the party who gathered on John Erb's "old grounds" to add to the total Newark to wit: the contest between Howard Gasper, the massinging young amateur from New York, and Allen Willey, the blonde amateur from Hartford, who looks after the destinies of the Hartford *Globe* and incidentally takes a little fun out of shooting live birds or targets.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago these men met in a 50-bird sweep on these grounds, Willey pulling out a winner, Frank Class being second and Gasper withdrawing on the forty-third round. Gasper was dissatisfied with this result and at once challenged Willey to a 50-bird match, 30yds. rise, for \$100 a side, less price of birds. This match resulted in favor of Willey by 44 kills to Gasper's 28, the latter being in bad form and terribly nervous as well. Gasper then challenged Willey to another match at 50 birds each for \$250 a side, rose to pay for the birds. The match was set for Feb. 13, Willey to allow Gasper two dead birds, these he added, but the match was postponed. (The mediocre Gasper had met and defeated W. S. Pierson, of Plainfield, N. J., in a 50-bird match for \$50 a side, Pierson conceding him two dead birds in addition to his kills.)

Before the above date Mr. Gasper had requested a postponement as he wished to attend the Reading (Pa.) tournament, and the date was changed to Feb. 28.

Mr. Gasper, a quite a number of local sportsmen, as well as a number of prominent target snashers from Middletown, Conn., reached the grounds shortly before 1 o'clock, but it was an hour and a half later before Mr. Willey arrived. The match opened at 2:50, in the presence of fully 150 people, a big crowd for the day. Among them were E. D. Fulford, who had run down from Utica to look after a gun shot; Milton F. Lindsley, of Hoboken; W. G. Hollis, of Kearney; Wm. S. Canon, of New York; J. C. Wright, of New York; W. S. Pierson, of Plainfield; Thos. Franisco, of Newark; T. B. Bills, T. R. Pitt and Mr. Douglass, of Connecticut.

E. D. Fulford was selected as referee and C. H. Townsend scorer; Samuel Castle, Sr., looked after the interests of Gasper, who went to the score first and put a quick first into a good left-quarterer. Willey followed with a ragged first, but better second on a right-quarterer. From the very start it was evident that Gasper was shooting in a different form and was much sturdier than in his previous matches, this being in part attributed to the judicious coaching of Mr. Castle. He kept moving down his birds regardless of speed or light, some of his kills being phenomenal. Willey was also scoring steadily, but he was obliged to depend in a large measure upon his second barrel, his first not being used as effectively as usual. He killed seventeen straight, lost his next, but towered in the corner which did lead just back of the boundary and let his twenty-first and twenty-fourth get over the fence, leaving his score twenty-two kills on the first half. His twenty-first bird was an awfully vicious right-driving zig-zagger which any one would be likely to miss.

On this half Gasper killed thirteen straight, and lost his fourteenth, a medium-paced right-quarterer, which he undershot with both barrels. This was his last shot, making his aggregate forty-seven, twenty-four kills, this, with his allowance, giving him a lead of four birds.

On the second half Gasper lost his third, fifteenth and twentieth, all of which were right-quartering incomers which towered and zig-zagged in puzzling fashion, and also let his twenty-fifth, a fast twisting driver, escape. This gave him a total of forty-five kills, to which were added two dead birds, making his aggregate forty-seven.

Willey began the second by losing his first bird, an ugly left-quartering twister. He also lost his twelfth, an easy left-quarterer; his thirteenth, a fast twisting incomer; his twentieth, another twisting incomer to the right which did just too far back to be scored, and his twenty-third, of same flight as the last. This gave him an aggregate of forty-two kills, giving Gasper the match in an easy canter.

The birds thus noted were on the following birds: Gasper, 7th, good second; 15th, 16th, 21st, 25th and 27th, both quick seconds on good flyers; 31st, one of the best birds of the day and calling for a fine second; 25th, fast climber; 39th, very fast; 4th, towering zig-zagger; 43d, fast towerer. Willey, 2d, awfully fast zig-zagger; 7th and 13th, fine, quick second; 16th, long second on a fast bird; 19th, after killing one on ground got another bird which was a lightning right-driver which changed direction at every yard—this was an elegant kill with the second; 21st, fast towerer; 27th, fast twister; 32d, long second; 35th, 42d, 45th.

The score of match is shown below by our graphic score type: Trap score type—Copyright, 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

1 5 1 5 3 5 4 1 1 3 4 2 3 4 3 2 4 1 3 3 5 5 5
H Gasper..... 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—24
3 1 5 1 3 2 3 4 3 4 3 3 2 3 2 5 4 5 3 3 1 4
A Willey..... 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—22
0 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—40

Nothing daunted by the heavy storm, the shooters present insisted upon having an inning after the match was ended, and they were soon busy shooting in a 6 bird sweep, \$5 entry, two moneys. Three of these events were shot, the results being shown below. In event No. 2 those who tied for first money decided to carry it over to No. 3, when it was captured by Hollis, Castle and Fulford. All other ties were divided:

Canon..... 000211—2 121011—5 11121—5
Lindsley..... 22222—6 22222—6 21222—5
Fulford..... 112121—6 11111—6 21112—6
Castle..... 02101—4 11111—6 11111—6
T B Bill..... 30021—5 2111—6
Pierson..... 221110—6 21120—5 12121—6
Pitt..... 0000—6
Hollis..... 21121—6 11212—6 20111—5

At the instance of Mr. Fulford the closing event was made a "star" miss and out, \$1, with the privilege of re-entering up to and including the third round. There were eight entries, and Hollis made two and Willey one re-entry, this swelling the pot to 2, which was divided on the ninth round by Hollis, Castle and Fulford. The scores:

Canon..... 122220—6 Castle..... 11112123
Lindsley..... 21121220—6 Fulford..... 11112111
Gasper..... 20—6 Pierson..... 001220
Hollis..... 12112112 Willey..... 300

C. H. TOWNSEND.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

The initial shoot for 1893, of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Union Gun Club, at Springfield, on Feb. 28, and drew out a fair number of local athletes, and a few were expected. The weather in the morning was raw and threatening and shortly after noon there set in a snow-storm from the northwest, the snow falling so thickly so as to render target shooting difficult. The storm continued all the afternoon and kept number of shooters away.

The clubs which entered teams were the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic; Independent Gun Club of Plainfield; Myrtle Avenue Gun Club, of Irvington; South Side Gun Club, of Newark; Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford. Each team comprised 5 men and each man shot at 25 Keystone targets under the rapid-fire system. As shown by the scores the Boiling Springs Gun Club were short 3 men, and T. H. Keller, Neat Apper and Ed. Collins shot on the fourth day earlier in the day than the other men had shot on other teams. This is not forbidden by the rules of the league, but that it is wrong no one will dispute.

The highest score in the team shoot was made by the Union team while McPeck and Apper tied for the highest individual score on 23 breaks each.

The result of the day's shooting is detailed below:

TEAM RACE.	
Passaic City Gun Club.	
Wise.....	01111011101110101000101—16
Shaw.....	0111101110111011101—20
Connor.....	0111111011100011010001—15
Kurst.....	0101010000101001010100—11
Abbott.....	1001010011001110011010—14 70

Independent Gun Club.	
Terry.....	0111101111111011011—21
Kellar.....	01111011111110111010—18
Appar.....	10010110101010101011—16
Brantingham.....	11111110101010101011—20
Soper.....	110101010101111110001—17 92

Myrtle Avenue Gun Club.	
Allen.....	1010101011111110011011—18
Palmer.....	11001010111110111011—17
T Smith.....	10010100011000101011—13
Compton.....	10010101010101011110—17
Young.....	001010011110111110010—15 80

South Side Gun Club.	
Hedden.....	1101011000100111111101—18
Geoffroy.....	11110100001111111010—19
Hobart.....	11110101011110111011—17
Whitehead.....	11010110111111111110—20
Brentnall.....	110101111111100111111—21 95

Endeavor Gun Club.	
E Collins.....	111011011011111011011—20
Mihl.....	010100101000101011110—15
Heritage.....	0100101011101100010101—13
Creveling.....	10010101011110111110—16
McPeck.....	1111111111111011011—22 87

Maplewood Gun Club.	
J W Smith.....	111111111111010111101—23
C Dean.....	100100100110111001101—15
Drake.....	111101011111111100001—18
Sigley.....	11110111001111111111—22
Van Dyke.....	11011101110110111110—19 96

Union Gun Club.	
G Pudney.....	0101010111111101001110—18
C Smith.....	11001011111111111111—23
J L Smith.....	10010001110111111011—17
Miller.....	11111111111111111011—23
Sigler.....	110101111111101101011—21 100

Boiling Springs Gun Club.	
Paul.....	011101011011011101111—19
Hack.....	101101000110100110100—14
Appar.....	11011111101111111111—23
Kellar.....	011111001011011011011—18
E Collins.....	110011101111101101011—18 92

Sweepstake Events.—No. 1, 10 singles entry \$1: Sigler 9, Van Dyke 10, Dutchy 6, T. H. Keller 7, Van Dyke 10, Soper 8.

No. 2, 10 singles, entry \$1: Miller 7, Dutchy 8, Sigler 8, T. H. Keller 7, Van Dyke 10, Soper 8.

No. 3, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Van Dyke..... 10110000010011—6
T K Keller..... 1101111001011—11
Brantingham..... 1101111001011—11
Miller..... 100110011011—13
H Keller..... 10000001001—4
Sigler..... 1111010111010—11
W Smith..... 1011111011011—12

No. 4, 10 singles, entry \$1: Hedden..... 10100101010—4
W Smith..... 111111110—8
Sigler..... 111111110—9
Van Dyke..... 111111101—9
Brentnall..... 11111011—9
Geoffroy..... 11111110—9
Miller..... 11111101—9
Pane..... 100100100—3

No. 5, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Van Dyke..... 11111111111—14
Dutchy..... 1011011111010—10
Miller..... 11011111111—13
Sigler..... 10101101010—8
Collins..... 11111101011—13
Brentnall..... 11111111111—15

No. 6, 10 singles, entry \$1.50: McPeck..... 10111111—6
Van Dyke..... 01111111—9
W Smith..... 11101101—8
Hedden..... 10101111—8
Collins..... 10101101—7
Hacker..... 10110111—7
Sigler..... 11111111—10
Miller..... 11111111—10
Pane..... 100100100—3

No. 7, 30 birds, \$2 entrance: Geoffroy..... 0111101001101—15
Miller..... 111111111110111—19
Palmer..... 1000110110010101—12
Collins..... 110111111110111—19
CM Hedden..... 11111111111011—19
Brentnall..... 11100111111011—17
Light..... 1111111111010101—17
T Smith..... 11011111111011—18
Whitehead..... 101011011111011—18

No. 8, 10 birds, \$1 entrance: Coeman..... 010111110—7
Palmer..... 010001010—2
Abbott..... 1111101001—2
Van Dyke..... 10110111—8
Young..... 021111—9
Brentnall..... 10011011—7
Huck..... 10010101—6
McPeck..... 10011011—7
Collins..... 11111111—10
T H Keller..... 11110111—9
W Smith..... 11111111—10

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance \$1.50: Hedden..... 1110010110101—10
Geoffroy..... 1110111110101—12
Van Dyke..... 1111011111111—14
Walters..... 1101100100101—9
Drake..... 110111011010—11
Brentnall..... 111101011011—13

Extra No. 1, \$1 entrance: Sigler 9, Van Dyke 8, Miller 7, Van Dyke 8, Soper 8, Miller 8, Sigler 8, Condit 5, White 8.

Extra No. 2, entrance 50 cents: Sigler 9, Van Dyke 8, Miller 7, Van Dyke 8, Soper 8, Miller 8, Sigler 8, Condit 5, White 8.

Extra No. 3, entrance 50 cents: Sigler 9, Condit 8, Van Dyke 10, Miller 9, White 6.

Extra No. 4, entrance 50 cents: Sigler 7, Miller 8, Van Dyke 8, Condit 7.

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., March 3.—The Chicago Shooting Club, for club badge, at live pigeons, first miss out, new Illinois rules:

M J Eich..... 210
R Heikes..... 2121
E Bingham..... 22220
G Kleinman..... 220
L M Hamline..... 2220
R B Wadsworth..... 2220

Sweep, 10 live pigeons, entry \$5: Bingham..... 222222222—10
Heikes..... 12101212—9
Wadsworth..... 22222112—9
Eich..... 21210121—9
Anson..... 110212101—7
Hamline..... 22220201—7

Ed. Bingham and H. H. McMurry vs. Rolla Heikes and A. C. Anson, 50 targets each, from 5 unknown traps, electric pull: Bingham..... 35
McMurry..... 38—73 Anson..... 35
Heikes..... 31

Same day, Geo. Kleinman vs. H. C. Porter, 25 targets each, same traps: Kleinman..... 11
Porter..... 10

KAVERLIGG.

Vernon Rod and Gun Club.

The members of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club made a poor showing at Dexter Park on Friday, Feb. 24. It was their regular monthly shoot for the best averages at 7 birds, H and T traps. Dr. Little and A. Osterhout divided first money in the club shoot. The scores: Osterhout..... 1221212—5
Dr Little..... 121212—6
F A Thompson..... 121202—6

Shooting in a Blizzard.

The tall end of the blizzard which struck Newark, on March 4, made target shooting anything but a pleasure, but it did not deter the East Side-Mutual and East Orange Gun Clubs from facing the traps in the first of a series of three friendly matches. The shoot took place on the grounds of the East Side-Mutuals, in Weidenmayer's Park, the teams comprising 10 men each and each man shooting at 25 artificial targets. With the strong, tricky wind and the driving fine snow, good scores were out, one man managing to put up a score of 24 while no one else beat 21. The team shoot was followed by 5 sweepstakes at 10 targets each, the scores being as below, the team scores leading:

East Side-Mutual Gun Club.	
Koeger.....	01111111101111111110—21
Schrafft.....	1110110111111010101—18
Parment.....	11001111110001010100—18
Young.....	11101010100101101011—16
Hilfers.....	10010111110001001011—14
Fischer.....	1111011011011111001011—19
Schilling.....	11111111111111110111—24
Hassinger.....	10111110111111111010—21
Hague.....	11001011100010111011—15
Koeller.....	100001101110000011011—172

East Orange Gun Club.	
Babbage.....	100101010100000101011—12
S S Hedden.....	110011111001010101010—15
R Dukes.....	100100111110011001010—15
W Dukes.....	100100110111111100010—16
E Raley.....	10010110011001101101—16
A Wright.....	10110111100001011010—15
A B Hedden.....	01110110010101010101—16
Wheaton.....	10011101111010101011—15
Phillips.....	110111110001011001010—15
T Dukes.....	11101110111011010101—17

No. 1, 10 birds, entry 50 cts.:	
Hassinger.....	01111101—8
Babbage.....	101010101—5
Phillips.....	111010101—5
Hague.....	01010101—5
Wheaton.....	11111111—10
Parment.....	10101111—8

No. 2, 10 birds, entry 50 cts.:	
Schrafft.....	01010101—7
Hague.....	00010101—6
Koegel.....	11110111—9
Heinrich.....	010101100—5
Phillips.....	11111111—10

No. 3:	
Schilling.....	00101011—6
Schrafft.....	101010011—6
Young.....	10110101—8
Hassinger.....	11101111—9
Hogan.....	11110111—9
Phillips.....	11110110—8
Koegel.....	10110110—7
J Goerlitz.....	122121—5
Wheaton.....	010000100—2
T Dukes.....	001101011—6

No. 4: Schrafft 8, Hague 6, Hassinger 8, Koegel 4, Parment 6, S. Hedden 4, T. Oaks 4, Koeller 5, Hilfers 7.

No. 5, Schrafft 3, Hague 5, Hassinger 6, Parment 3, Koegel 6, Hilfers 4.

Hotel-Keeper Morfey vs. Jockey Goodale.

WEDNESDAY, March 1, was a perfect day for live bird shooting, the sun shining bright and clear, the air having an edge keen enough to make the birds feel lively and the W. N. W. wind being just strong enough to prompt the birds to start at 25 and Goodale, who was sprung. John Erb's Newark grounds were visited on this day by a goodly contingent of sportsmen from Paterson and Brooklyn as well as by a number of the locals, all anxious to see the contest between the well-known jockey Frank L. Goodale, of Brooklyn, and boniface Thomas W. Morfey, of Paterson.

The conditions of the match were 50 live pigeons per man, for \$50 a side, Morfey to start at 25 and Goodale at 25yds. rise, E. D. Fulford was referee and Rody Maher scorer.

The jockey-shooter was out of form and seemed unable to get up on his birds, continually undershooting, while Morfey was in the best of shape and had the race well in hand after the first half. The birds were as fine a lot as have been trapped in this vicinity for a long time, being quick to take wing, tricky and fast in their flight and hard to carry lead in good shape.

The score:

1101012212122101201002—19	2021221202021201221202—19—38
1211110212122121212121—23—45	

The above match was followed by a race at 10 birds each, for \$10, between T. W. Morfey and C. G. Wright, of Paterson:

Morfey..... 22212121—10
Wright..... 21211201—9

Then followed a series of sweeps at 6 birds each, \$5 entry, with 2 moneys in each, which are shown below:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lindsley..... 22221—6	22212—5	02222—5
Castle..... 121210—5	22011—5	11111—6
Fulford..... 121212—6	121212—6	011210—5
Morfey..... 121212—5	121212—6	11212—6
Goodale..... 42212—5		

No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Morfey..... 21112—6	102221—5	212121—6	11212—6
Wright..... 12111—6	102122—5	121021—4	
Canon..... 000201—2	102122—5	10011—4	
Lindsley..... 121012—5	102122—5	002210—4	
Castle..... 11101—5	00121—4	21112—6	11011—5
Hollis.....			11110—5

C. H. TOWNSEND.

New York German Gun Club.

EIGHTEEN members of the New York German Gun Club held their second live bird shoot of the year at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Feb. 21. P. Garms, Jr., was the only one to make a straight score of seven and he again won the first medal. J. Goerlitz, M. Borden and A. Schmidt tied with six each for the medal given by Louis Miller. Schmidt won on the shoot off. The scores:

F Sauter..... 20102—4	G Winter..... 1120200—4
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Big Tournament in Ontario.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., Feb. 27.—The first annual tournament of the Carleton Gun Club was held on their ground just outside the city limits on Feb. 23, 33 and 24. The attendance was good, several shooters from a distance taking part in the various events. The weather was fine on the first and third days, but on the second a snow storm raged all day. The traps and birds were those of the U. S. Pigeon Co., but a few of the Hamilton bluecocks were used. Everything passed off without a hitch. That the tournament was a success financially and otherwise was in a great measure due to the efforts of Mr. James Haight, who managed it, and Mr. W. J. Kiefer, who performed the duties of secretary. Below please find the scores:

No. 1, 10 singles, unknown traps, 75 cts. entrance, \$10 guaranteed, four moneys:	
Tucker.....100001100—3	A Fulton.....111000011—5
H Scane.....111001011—7	North.....001110011—6
Texas.....010101000—4	Axford.....111010111—8
D Fletcher.....010100100—4	Wheeler.....011110011—7
Elm.....110001010—4	Brown.....101010101—6
Donley.....110100101—6	Thompson.....011010101—6
Emslie.....001010101—5	Jay Faatz.....000000100—2
Henderson.....000001000—1	Tyro.....111111111—10
Pennington.....101010001—4	Jessop.....111110101—9
Langan.....001010101—4	Welter.....000111111—7
Hepburn.....011110011—7	Bake.....110101111—7

No. 2, 10 singles, unknown traps, \$15 guaranteed, four moneys, entrance \$1.50:	
Tyro.....111110111—9	Henderson.....010000000—1
Fletcher.....110010010—4	Wheeler.....100111111—8
Scane.....111111111—10	North.....100011001—5
Texas.....100001101—4	Donley.....111011111—9
Hepburn.....011110010—5	Bake.....011011000—5
Axford.....000100011—4	McColl.....111011101—7
Elm.....101110101—6	Welter.....111110111—5
Donley.....011010101—6	Jessop.....101110101—8
Pennington.....101001000—4	Jay Faatz.....010100010—4
A Fulton.....111011111—9	Emslie.....000110101—5
Langan.....100110001—5	

No. 3, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, divided in five \$5 purses, entrance \$2:	
Donley.....111010001010—9	Jones.....0100010001000—4
Fletcher.....000001001010—5	Pennington.....010001000000—3
Axford.....111110010100—10	E Mahler.....0001011111001—9
Elm.....1101001010001—7	Thompson.....111011011110—12
Wheeler.....101111111111—14	A Fulton.....111011010101—12
Henderson.....000100101010—4	Scane.....0110101010101—9
Axford.....1000011100101—8	Tyro.....111111111111—15
Texas.....011010100101—9	Emslie.....0111101000101—9
C McColl.....000010010011—3	Jessop.....11101010111—13
Fletcher.....111110101111—13	Hepburn.....100111111110—12

No. 4, 10 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, four moneys, entrance \$2:	
Fletcher.....111111111—10	Donley.....111110111—9
Scane.....0011010101—6	Emslie.....1110001001—5
Wheeler.....111111111—10	Hepburn.....111111101—8
Tyro.....111111111—9	A Mahler.....0111111110—6
E Mahler.....111111111—9	G Fulton.....111110010—7

The Second Day.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, unknown traps, \$1 entrance, four moneys: Wheeler 6, D. Leitch 5, Lang 5, Catton 7, Brown 5, Hepburn 6, Tyro 7. No. 5, 10 singles, rapid firing, \$15 guaranteed, four moneys, entrance \$1.50:

Scane.....111110101—8	A Mahler.....1010001001—4
E Mahler.....010001000—5	Wheeler.....10101001—6
Lang.....101010101—7	Fletcher.....10101001—6
Leitch.....011100111—7	Thompson.....11101111—9
Crownwell.....010010110—5	Texas.....010100101—5
Smith.....010010000—2	Jessop.....1011101001—6
North.....101010100—5	Brown.....010011000—4
Catton.....111110101—7	Evans.....111011111—9
Tyro.....111010111—7	A Fulton.....111010111—7
G Fulton.....101001101—6	E Mahler.....11111011—9

No. 6, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, 4 moneys, entrance \$2:	
Scane.....11111010111—13	Williams.....1110100100001—7
Evans.....11111010111—13	A Fulton.....1110111101011—11
Lang.....1000000101001—5	Wheeler.....1110101010011—11
Tyro.....1110101011111—13	E Mahler.....00010010100001—4
Fletcher.....11111010111—13	Porter.....1010101001—7
G Fulton.....11111010111—14	Jessop.....100110101010—9
A Mahler.....1010101000001—7	Gilroy.....010101010111—10
Leitch.....11111111111—15	Thompson.....110111111110—12
North.....1101001010101—9	Arthurs.....1100100100001—7
Catton.....1010101100011—10	

No. 7, 9 singles and 3 pairs, unknown traps, \$25 guaranteed, 5 moneys, entrance \$2:	
Leitch.....11 01 01—11	Thompson.....11111011 10 11—13
Evans.....11101011 11 10—12	Wheeler.....111100111 10 11—11
Scane.....01110011 10 11—10	Fletcher.....11101101 10 11—11
Tyro.....01111111 10 10—10	Jessop.....11101001 00 01—11
Gilroy.....10000110 00 10—04	Brown.....11111101 10 11—09
G Fulton.....11101101 10 10—09	Catton.....11010111 10 10—09
A Mahler.....00101010 00 10—04	Williams.....00011101 10 10—07
E Mahler.....10110110 10 10—00	Lang.....000110 11 11—10

No. 8, 10 singles, known traps and unknown angles, \$35 guaranteed, five \$5 prizes, entrance \$2:	
Scane.....011110100—6	Wheeler.....0111101110—7
Tyro.....011111111—9	Hepburn.....101100101—5
A Fulton.....000111101—6	Jessop.....110101100—6
Jay Faatz.....010001110—5	Texas.....000011110—5
Evans.....010101111—12	Williams.....101010101—2
Emslie.....010101010—3	Williams.....101000010—3
Evans.....010101010—3	Ford.....100110000—3
G Fulton.....010101010—6	Brown.....101010110—7
Thompson.....010101010—5	Donley.....101110100—6
Gilroy.....001010101—4	A Mahler.....111100001—6
Fletcher.....111101111—9	E Mahler.....101010101—6
Catton.....101011111—8	

No. 9, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$35 guaranteed, five moneys, entrance \$2.50:	
Wheeler.....1010110101011—11	Catton.....111111111110—14
Tyro.....1110110101101—12	G Fulton.....1000111010101—9
Scane.....1111111111110—14	Jessop.....1100010001111—9
Havens.....0111110101011—12	Texas.....00101101010101—9
Emslie.....1100101100010—7	E Mahler.....1000001000011—5
Donley.....00011111111—12	Fletcher.....10111111111—14
Fletcher.....0010111111011—10	Williams.....001011110000—9
Jay Faatz.....1110001010001—8	Thompson.....1101011111111—13

No. 10, merchandise shoot, 15 singles, rapid firing, entrance \$2. First, hammerless gun; second, 25lbs. Hazard powder; third, barrel coaloil; fourth, silk hat; fifth, pair gloves:

Leitch.....0010010100011—7	Stinson.....001111111010—11
Evans.....0001011010101—9	G Fulton.....111011111010—9
Tyro.....1110111111111—13	Wheeler.....01100110100101—8
Scane.....1111111010101—13	A Mahler.....10110010101010—8
E Mahler.....1110100101011—9	Jessop.....1111111010101—11
Thompson.....1011111011111—13	Donley.....100010001010001—5
Fletcher.....10100111010101—10	Bake.....1010010101101—9
Gilroy.....0010000010001—4	Brown.....1010110011101—10
Emslie.....1010011011010—8	Porter.....0001000101010—4
Havens.....101011111111—13	North.....1001101101101—9

Thompson, Havens, Tyro, Scane and G. Fulton take the prizes as named.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, rapid firing, 61 entrance, four money: Tyro 7, Donley 9, Wheeler 5, Rynph 6, Grant 7, Emelie 6, Havens 7, Scane 8, McColl 6, Fletcher 9, G. Fulton 6, A. Mahler 4.

The Third Day.

No. 11, 10 singles, rapid firing, \$1 sweep, 4 moneys: Scane 8, Tyro 8, Havens 7, Wheeler 7, Grant 7, Ford 8, Lang 6, Leitch 9.	
No. 12, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance: Leitch 14, Scane 13, Tyro 13, Lang 11, Dyer 7, Grant 5, Ford 12, Tom 11, Thompson 10, Catton 13, Fletcher 16, McColl 6, Havens 12, Jones 7.	
No. 13, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, divided \$5 purses, \$2 entrance: Leitch 15, Tyro 13, Catton 11, Fletcher 14, Wheeler 11, Dyer 13, Johnson 8, Jones 14, Texas 8, Brown 8, McColl 8, Thompson 10.	
No. 14, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, 4 moneys, entrance \$2: Scane 13, Tyro 15, Leitch 13, Jones 12, Tom 5, Fletcher 13, Dyer 10, Catton 12, Brown 10, Thompson 14.	
No. 15, \$1.50 sweep, 10 singles, rapid firing, 3 moneys: Jones 6, Tyro 9, Tom 6, Scane 7, Catton 10, Fletcher 8.	
No. 16, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$35 guaranteed, entrance \$3: Scane.....14	Thompson.....14
No. 17, 15 singles, rapid firing, \$25 guaranteed, 4 moneys, entrance \$2: Catton.....14	Wheeler.....15
Tyro.....15	Stanton.....9
Donley.....10	Fletcher.....13

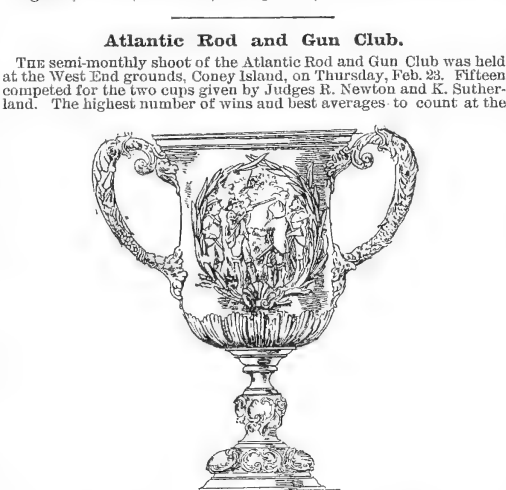
Extra sweep, 10 singles, rapid firing, 4 moneys, entrance \$1: Donley 4, Tyro 10, Jones 8, Tom w., Texas 5, Fletcher 8, Dyer 6, Cap 3, Johnson 7.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, rapid firing, 4 moneys, entrance \$1: Tyro 9, Jones 10, Dyer 4, Texas 4, Donley 7, Johnson 8, Wheeler 6, Honsinger 2, Fletcher w.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, rapid firing, 5 moneys, entrance \$1: W. Cots 5, Golding 8, Donley 8, Dyer 6, Texas 4, Tyro 7, C. McColl 4.

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE semi-monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was held at the West End grounds, Coney Island, on Thursday, Feb. 23. Fifteen competed for the two cups given by Judges R. Newton and K. Sutherland. The highest number of wins and best averages to count at the



close of the season. Frank Goodale, the well-known jockey, won the first, and C. Hubbell took the second added moneys. The scores:

C Morris.....110221232—9	T Buckley.....2120201011—7
F Goodale.....231231212—10	J B Voorhis.....120121100—7
H Kronika.....001002120—5	I Hyde.....1001121212—8
R J Sutherland.....012221210—8	G Nostrand.....2010011110—6
G Morris.....211101211—9	R Richard.....10230000w.
D Monsees.....201201221—8	C Mohrman.....1212312222—10
K Hnebel, Jr.....0011012022—6	N Hughes.....200112020—8
C Hubbell.....101112211—9	

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

ON account of the inclement weather of Saturday, March 4, the members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club did not turn out very strong at Woodlawn Park. Eight were present and indulged in sweep-stake shooting. Good scores were made, especially those of the two young rising wing shots, C. Furguesen, Jr., and W. Lohman, Jr., both about 10 years of age. Their performance with their featherweight guns and light charges was remarkable. They shot a race at 20 birds each. The scores:

Sweepstake shoots, \$2 entrance, 3 moneys:			
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Furguesen.....	111121111—10	11212—5	11111—5
D A Bennett.....	212011212—9	12121—5	1121—4
C A Sykes.....	121021021—8	11121—5	1121—4
G Nostrand.....	011111110—9	2111—5	10211—4
M Van Brunt.....	212111111—10		
G Cropsie.....	1111112021—9	11212—5	
P Hegeman.....	010111122—8	10102—3	
W Lohman, Sr.....	231011111—8	20221—4	02000—1
Match, boys 10 years old, 20 birds, boys, rise:			
Lohman, Jr 11211110200130123—14	Furgun, Jr 302011030111211110—1		
Furgun has been coded from 1 to 14 and is the low bird. Furgun is 1000			

Match, boys 10 years old, 20 birds, 10 yds. rise: Lohman, Jr. 111211102100122—14 Furgu' n, Jr. 102210103011211110—14 C. Furguesen has recovered from his recent sickness and is now getting into his old form, killing 56 out of 60 shot at during the day.

The Crescent Gun Club.

OWING to the great exodus of Kings county sportsmen to Washington the attendance of Thursday, March 2, at the Park of the members of the Crescent Gun Club was greatly diminished. Only nine were present to compete for the annual prizes, the best averages to count at the close of the season. The birds were very fast, and considering the snow-covered ground the scores made were good. The scores of shoot follow:

Club shoot.....Sweepstakes.....	
E H Moorey.....03002—2	0302—2
W Coulston.....1002125—5	21010—3
J Vagt.....1001021—4	02010—2
G Ellerhorst.....2120100—4	23102—4
H Growtage.....0120100—3	02011—3
Dr O'Brien.....1220100—4	01212—4
L Hopkins.....1200100—3	30023—3
J Collier.....0301125—5	20211—3
C Winslow.....2210301—5	12001—3

The ties in the club shoot for the added money for first and second decided in the next sweepstake shoot. Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

THE smallest attendance for many months at the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club's meeting was that of Thursday, Feb. 23. This was partly on account of the postponement from the previous day, which was given for W. Mills's benefit. Only six faced the traps to shoot at 7 birds. J. Bookman won the Claus diamond badge after tying W. Vorbach. The scores:

R Phister, Jr.....2121230—6	J Schliemann.....2100011—4
W Levens.....0322220—5	J Still.....3022222—6
W Vorbach.....1212121—7	J Bookman.....1212111—7

Sweepstake shoots, \$2 entrance:

No. 1.....1111—5	No. 2.....1111—5	No. 3.....1111—5	No. 4.....1111—5
R Phister, Jr.....12021—4	1111—5	1111—5	1111—5
W Levens.....01101—3	0011—3	0011—3	0011—3
W Vorbach.....12110—4	20011—3	0011—3	0011—3
J Schliemann.....03013—3	0011—3	11232—4	0012—2
J Bookman.....20230—3	02110—3		
C Prohlman.....12112—5	01212—4		
M E Hayden.....21121—5	20210—3	11021—4	1121—3
J A Still.....	20002—2		

Erie Gun Club.

THERE was a small attendance of the members of the Erie Gun Club at Woodlawn Park on Wednesday, Feb. 23. Only eight competed for the club medals at 7 birds each, the best average to count. C. Plate, H. Dohrman and Sam Northridge tied with 7 each and divided first money. The scores:

C Plate.....121211—7	D Lynch.....1101211—6
F Graef.....1201211—6	C Luhrs.....1210011—5
C Delfesed.....1022112—6	B Plate.....1000002—5
H Dohrman.....2121121—7	S Northridge.....2121111—7

Comment Needed.

LONDON, Eng., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In anticipation of reports in the United States concerning the capture of Mr. Robbins, who claims to have defeated every one in America, including Carver, Brewer, Fulford, Wolstencroft, Budd, etc., at both live pigeons and clays, for what I see of Robbins I am sure he will try to make capital out of having beaten me. So I take this the first opportunity to explain to the shooting world the cause of my defeat and the subsequent shabby treatment of Mr. Robbins to me and to show how the match came about.

I brought over to London Mr. A. Preuss, of Berlin, Germany, who, I claim, is one of the finest clay-pigeon shots in the world; and not being able to get any match on for him we decided, prior to Mr. Preuss returning home, to give a shoot here for a few friends, to which the press were invited. At the moment of starting Mr. Robbins appeared, and claiming to be the editor of the *Sportsman and Bicycle News* of Chicago and a great advocate of clay-pigeon shooting, he was invited. It was then he told us of his great exploits in America, of having beaten everybody. He claimed to have killed 105 sparrows straight at 30 yds. rise, 5 traps, use of one barrel only; also having broken 247 clays straight, and having given both Fulford and Brewer several live birds and a beating, and that Carver was only a fourth-rate shot.

Naturally we fought rather shy of such a champion, but as we are in the habit of being talked down I persuaded Mr. Preuss to wait a few days, while I got the measure of this man, he having offered to shoot me a match for a small trophy. I therefore made a match with him and gave him all his own way, as I did not think he could shoot a bit, and I am quite convinced he cannot. The next day I deposited a check for £20 in the hands of Messrs. Moore and Gray, who were to

have all control of the match, Robbins having said he would shoot any man in England for \$100; that he had \$300 at his hotel, etc. But as he had seen Mr. Preuss break 91 out of 100 was it likely he would shoot a match with Preuss if I beat him? I therefore decided to let him win my match in order to get the £100 match on for Preuss and claim my right to a return match, under recognized club rules. You see the trick he has played. Two days after my defeat I challenged him for a return match, which was accepted. I also challenged him for a match with Preuss, according to his public challenge in *Land and Water*; this was not accepted, but left over for a few days, he being then in Birmingham. This is now twelve days ago, and he won't come to the point; but he has now sent word that he cannot shoot any more as he must sail for America next Wednesday, six days hence. Now, I find as I am writing this very letter he is shooting in Birmingham a match with Kynoch's ammunition man.

Now he must have known this some days ago, therefore why has he not accepted my challenge, and asked me to shoot him in Birmingham, which I would gladly have done. The answer is simple, he dare not, but will return to America and trade on the reputation of having beaten me. He also said on Wednesday night, at the gun trade meeting, that he was quite willing to give some sort of a challenge shoot, before he left for America, if he can do that why does he evade me, simply because he dare not.

To prove what I say let any one count the scores as printed in *Land and Water* and they will see he led me up to the 40th round, when I went to the front and led him, to make him shoot up to the 85th round, when I dropped behind and let him win. I now find that he did not deposit one cent with Moore and Gray; they trusted to him on his reputation of being editor of the *Sportsman and Bicycle News*; and when he found we were prepared to put up £100 for Preuss, he then had to leave for America.

In conclusion allow me to say, we hope you have not many men in America of the Robbins stamp, if so, pray keep them on that side as we do not want them.

Can any one tell me what this man Robbins has ever done at the traps, for according to him there is no one in the States but himself who can shoot. Will no one take him up? Surely 64 out of 100 would not take much beating.

G. H. FOWLER.

[We have referred the above to our Chicago representative, who indorses it back: "No such man in Chicago or America. No Robbins ever shot Carver, Budd or Brewer. Must be Jack Robbins. Boys will die laughing when they see this. Jack Robbins is the poorest shot in Chicago, or probably in the world.—E. HOGCH." It is impossible to feel any sympathy for our English correspondent, who states that he resorted to a trick to make money out of a sharp American, whom he suspected of being editor of the *Sportsman and Bicycle News*; and when he found we were prepared to put up £100 for Preuss, he then had to leave for America.]

Interstate Association Announcement.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association is now ready to receive applications from gun clubs who contemplate holding tournaments the coming season and desire our assistance.

One point I wish to call especial attention to and that is as follows: A great many small towns have flourishing gun clubs which desire to hold one day tournaments, but who are somewhat timid about taking the risk. We are going to take that supposed risk and do all we can to boom trap-shooting for them. No matter how small the population of a town, their application will be carefully considered, and if possible to include it in our circuit it shall be done. Let me say right here that there is a prospect of the rule "first come, first served" being enforced, so gun clubs should hurry in their applications to H. A. Penrose, Sec'y, New London, Conn., or to the undersigned, at 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

I will manage all shoots, giving my personal attention to them, and will be on the grounds several days in advance of each event with all necessary paraphernalia, such as traps, screens, tents, etc., as well as to attend to all details during the progress of the shoot.

The handicap for target shooting will be the "Novelty Rule," 5 traps in line as in rapid firing system and 3 traps, 30 yds., in the field, throwing incoming. All traps will be pulled by indicator. The rise for experts will be 10 yds., semi-experts 15 yds., amateurs 14 yds. We shall endeavor to ascertain the average of all shooters who attend our tournaments that they may be properly classified, and I assure you "no favorites will be played" by.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager
Interstate Manufacturers and Dealers' Association.

Fulford Will Not Meet Brewer.

UTICA, N. Y., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to Mr. Brewer's challenge, will state I will never shoot another pigeon match with him for no consideration whatever.

Mr. Brewer says I am a third-rate man. Well, a third-rate man has beat him in five matches and tied in one.

He acknowledges I am his master when he wants to shoot 200 birds, for if he can beat me so easily 50 birds would be sufficient, 100 at the most.

He says there are too many goose eggs and stars in my matches with Work, Thompson and Sam to rank first class. I am on paper, at the same time, all things considered, I am not ashamed of it, for the birds were the best that could be furnished, and flew like rockets; the traps were fast and the boundary small, and I doubt if the champion wing shot of the world could have done as well.

While the public in general don't hear much about the men I met at Larchmont, they rank among the best shots in the world.

Hereafter I shall pay no attention to any communication from John L. Brewer.

E. D. FULFORD.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

W. Scranton, Pa.—Can you tell me how to get the temperature of the water at bottom of a lake 60 ft. deep? Ans. By means of a self-registering thermometer lowered to the required depth and allowed to remain there a sufficient length of time for the minimum temperature to be reached.

B. A. P., Cambridge, Mass.—As I am a reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* I would like to ask a question through your paper. I am the owner of a pointer, and when she comes to a point should I flush the bird myself or let the dog flush it? Ans. You should flush the bird yourself whenever possible. Only in wet rock and other

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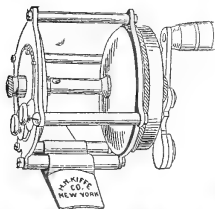
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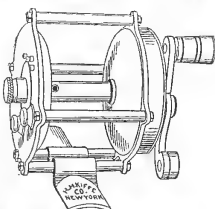
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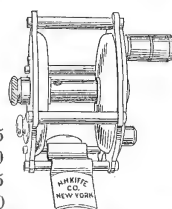
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THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL.

THE illustration on another page gives a capital representation of the bronze tablet designed and modeled by Mr. George T. Brewster for the "Nessmuk" memorial. The piece is 28in. in height by 14in. width. Those who knew Mr. Sears will recognize the portrait as most happy and faithful. The artist's work has been a labor of love, and in labors of love we look for a man's best performance. This "Nessmuk" bronze is a credit to its author. We hope that it may please all the friends whose co-operation have made the memorial a possibility.

The bronze piece will be set into the face of a granite shaft, which in turn will be set upon a natural boulder, to be sought in the vicinity of Wellsboro, and if practicable to be chosen from some spot known to "Nessmuk."

The amount now subscribed is \$214. This exceeds the minimum sum proposed, but still more will be required, and further subscriptions are invited from persons who have not already joined in the undertaking. Dollar subscriptions are in order; but contributions will not be limited to that sum. Subscriptions not previously acknowledged have been received from the following:

MR. O. O. SMITH, Newtown, Pa.
MR. WM. N. BYERS, Denver, Col.
COL. SAM'L WEBBER, Charlestown, N. H.
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MR. J. H. RUSHTON, Canton, N. Y.
ANONYMOUS, Cleveland, O.

NEWSPAPER UNNATURAL HISTORY.

FOR several days recently the New York newspapers entertained their readers with accounts of a bear that was reported to be wandering round in a peaceful Long Island community seeking what it might devour and spreading terror among the native population till, as one highly veracious journal put it, they were on the point of petitioning the "Governor to call out the militia" to their assistance.

Now this "news" was pure invention from beginning to end, and was no doubt known to be a fake from the beginning, yet the papers printed it and enlarged on it day after day for nearly a week. Mr. Chas. A. Dana, the accomplished editor of the *Sun*, has a handsome residence in the very center of the region supposed to have been ravaged by the alleged Glen Cove bear; and he certainly should have known that the whole bear story was a fake of the kind he is so fond of exposing in a "wicked" rival. And yet he allowed the doings of a bear that had no existence outside the beer-soaked brains of some village toppers to be chronicled daily and at length in his paper.

In one of the best New York dailies this week there appeared a moving story of a mother and two little children camped alone out West near a stream, on the borders of which were found the tracks of a great panther. Mother and children were afraid that it would return and attack them. When night fell they built a large fire and sat by it, waiting, watching and listening. After a time they

heard far above them, on the mountain side, the heavy tread of a great animal. They heard the rocks, loosened by its feet, rolling down the mountain, and, as it drew nearer, the stones rattling under its feet. It was the panther—the panther, which, in austere truth, is the stealthiest, quietest animal that walks.

One New York journal publishes every Sunday a column of information for sportsmen that is full of glaring inaccuracies in every possible connection. It advises sportsmen to hunt or fish at times and places where it is illegal or impossible to do so, and it makes misstatements with a recklessness that is surprising. Its facts are on a par with the Glen Cove story, and that such things should be allowed to pass editorial supervision and go unchallenged is really disgraceful to American journalism.

A POSSIBLE ROAD TO COOKE CITY.

WE learn from Helena, Montana, that a bill has passed both houses of the Legislature and been signed by the Governor, which authorizes the construction of a toll road with bridges from Rocky Fork to Cooke City. It is reported that the Rocky Fork Town and Electric Co. will begin the construction of this road as soon as the weather shall permit, and that it must be completed within a year. It is stated that the road will follow the survey made last summer by Engineer Blanding.

This is by no means the first time that it has been authoritatively stated that a road would be built from some point on the Northern Pacific to Cooke City without passing through the Yellowstone Park, but such promises have never been carried out. The construction of such a road would benefit Cooke and the town of Red Lodge through which it would probably pass. It would also open a new route of travel to and from the Yellowstone Park, and parties could go in by one route and come out by the other.

It is greatly to be hoped that such a road will be constructed. If it were in operation, it would go far toward settling the question of segregation and a railway along the Yellowstone River.

"FOREST AND STREAM" PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photographs are now on exhibition in the club rooms of the New York Camera Club, No. 314 Fifth avenue, where they will remain through this week. Admission is by ticket, without charge; and we shall be glad to supply tickets to any reader of the paper for himself and friends. The hours are from 2 to 6 in the afternoon and 8 to 11 in the evening.

The Society of Amateur Photographers of New York is showing a collection of pictures by club members in its rooms, No. 111 West Thirty-eighth street, extending to March 25. Admission is by ticket, which may be had without charge on application by letter to the secretary, Mr. T. J. Burton, at above address.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Connecticut Senate has passed a bill imposing a fine of \$10 and thirty days imprisonment for fishing on Sunday. At a game law hearing the other day United States Attorney George P. McLean expressed the opinion that the gradual decrease of the ruffed grouse was due to snaring for the market, the great bulk of the game sent to market being snared in December. Mr. A. C. Collins, president of the association of farmers and sportsmen, believes in a substantial fund for enforcing the laws, and advocates some form of license fee or gun tax. However such a suggestion may be regarded, there is no disputing that Mr. Collins speaks with exact truth when he says, "There are many too anxious to get the last bird that flies, there are many too much afraid if they don't get the last bird some one else will. There is too much human nature and too little public spirit in each one of us."

Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief of the Department of Fish and Fisheries, of the World's Fair, and Dr. James A. Henshall in charge of the Angling Exhibit, report that the early promises of a notable exhibit are to be fulfilled. Both gentlemen are working with characteristic enthusiasm and efficiency. The angler who is wise will make provision for a visit next summer to the beautiful Fisheries Building in Jackson Park, even at the expense of a part of the time set apart for the fishing grounds. No such display for the fisherman has ever been made before in this country, nor will any of us live to see its equal.

The bright, warm days, which in this latitude come as fitful intervals in the blustering weeks of March, have a powerfully unsettling influence upon the man who owns a fly-rod and a fly-book. They breed a certain malady for which the Pharmacopoeia affords no relief. The symptoms are well defined moodiness, preoccupation, restlessness, inattention to business routine and a tendency to glance out of the window up to the blue sky. The victim fumbles over his fly-book, joints and unjoints his rod, and practices the manual of arms with his minnow bucket. The remedy is hydrodathic; and some men who have the malady in an aggravated stage are never completely restored until they have had a thorough sousing in an icy trout stream.

Virginia ducking waters, from the Broadwater to New Inlet Bay, have been persistently farmed during the past months by market hunters, in arrogant and unpunished violation of law. Big-guns and night-hunting have so effectively done their work that legitimate shooting in a lawful manner has been put out of the question. The chief offenders are well known; they might be easily and promptly brought to justice and punishment if some one had the "sand" to undertake the abatement of the nuisance. The ducks are sold to Old Point Comfort hotels or shipped to city markets.

There is righteous complaint that many a game law is tinkered before it has been in operation a sufficient time to test its actual working, before people have had a chance to learn it, and before any special respect can have been established for it. Contrast some of our deer statutes, enacted to-day and repealed to-morrow, with the deer law of Ireland, which has been in force since 1698. There is hoariness for you. The public has had opportunity to learn that law and to respect it, if for nothing else than its old age.

Whether town game constables are good for something or worse than worthless, depends upon their personal character. In a recent local campaign in a county not more than one hundred miles from this city, the two candidates for the office of game constable have been, both of them, convicted by the district game protector of violations of the game law. In some instances the constables are the most notorious offenders, and use their office only for practical blackmail.

For the new game and fish protector law just adopted by Oregon, the sportsmen of that State are in large measure indebted to the intelligent activity of our prized contributor Judge S. H. Greene, of Portland. The newly appointed Protector, Mr. H. D. McGuire, is well spoken of and we trust that it may be our satisfaction to chronicle good work by him.

Orra A. Taft, who died in Boston last week, was widely known as the proprietor of Taft's Hotel at Point Shirley, near that city. The hotel has been famous for nearly a half-century for the fish and game dinners served there. Many distinguished men of this country and from abroad resorted to Taft's.

The Chicago Fly-Casters' Club proposes to build an exact reproduction of Izaak Walton's fishing house. Dr. Henshall has chosen a suitable site for it, near the Fisheries Building, and it will be headquarters for the fly-casting tournaments and other gatherings projected for the summer.

Mr. Charles Hallock recalls the very interesting fact, and it is here placed on record, that the very first subscriber to this paper was the Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of New York, who paid \$15 in advance for a three years' subscription. A big superstructure was built on this beginning.

The taxpayers of New York pay on an average \$734 for each new statute enacted by the Legislature. Many a local fish and game law gained at this price is actually worth less than seven dollars and thirty-four cents.

Posterity will have the advantage of us, in that while we do not know when, if ever, District-Attorney DeLancey Nicoll will try the Delmonico woodcock case, posterity will know when, if ever, it was tried.

Canadians are anticipating an early spring, and are preparing for fishing this year earlier than usual.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A CHAPTER OF HUNTING HISTORY.

THE lovely autumn days had come and gone, and not until the opening days of the present winter did the wished-for holiday become a possibility, and then only after many busy weeks of toil and care, during which the faithful Sharps hung all unheeded on the wall while the yellow autumnal foliage of the tamarack and the cottonwood slowly sifted downward through the net-work of naked twigs, carpeting with the fading glory of the forest the deer paths and game trails which wound around the mountain crags and crept down into the cañons, where the baby brooklets crept out from beneath the overhanging rocks and took their first toddling steps of the long journey to the Pacific.

Others, more fortunate than the old uncle, had long since gone on their usual fall hunt into the mountains, but he, with nose pressed to the grindstone of care, stolidly held on the treadmill round of daily toil, and the chance discovered track where the big buck had crossed the road in the ravine just below the cabin caused only a firmer compression of the lips, and the recalling of the sage counsel of the negro philosopher—"jes' yo' hol' yer breff an' wait!"

And now that his opportunity had really arrived—when the dawning light of the long-promised day showed that the earth had really donned the first whiteness of her winter garb, and that across the bosom thereof were strung long lines of irregular dots which kept silent record of the nocturnal wanderings of vagrant deer—just as he had succeeded in working himself up to a quite unnecessary pitch of the old-time enthusiasm—he was gently, but quite firmly, confronted with the fact that he was a married man and that a consideration, all undreamed of in his heedless morning philosophy, awaited his immediate recognition.

The absurdity of the idea that any other than himself could grow weary and jaded with the load of responsibility and care—that a certain uncomplaining little somebody should also need a holiday—was, upon an instant's reflection, plainly evident; but most unfortunately the said instant's reflection was deemed entirely insufficient for the occasion or the subject, and the aforesaid consideration was suddenly found planted squarely across his path demanding a regular "stony British stare" of recognition, instant and peremptory.

"When she will she will, and you may depend upon it;
And when she won't she won't, and that's the end on't!"

With true Henry Clay statesmanship a compromise was effected on the basis of a sleigh ride to the home of our married daughter (the little lady who killed the bear), where, after the midday dinner, the old crank should be free to turn himself loose on an adjacent hunting ground which experience had taught him to be good. The willing horses were hitched to the cutter for a five-mile spin, and the sleigh ride and the visit with the little bear-hunter and the two small tots of grandchildren, together with the dinner which followed, were perfect. As all things come to him who waits, the old trailer finally found himself following a line of punctures in the snow, which led him by devious windings, through, over, under and around the most absurd places, but just the course of travel in which *Cervus virginianus* delights. Our route led across the bed and bottomland of a mountain brook, then over some low hills, and finally northward back again to the creek in a deep ravine, where the half-melted snow had slipped from the tops of the overhanging firs, and falling to the ground in the dense shade of the ravine, had there crusted just enough to insure noise sufficient to prevent the most careful approach surprising a sleeping deer. Here the trail was regretfully abandoned, and the slow journey continued along the bank of the creek until a crossing was effected, when the search was resumed on the north shore, where the ground sloped to the southward and the rays of the sun had softened the crust still to be found beneath trees, and as a number of short ravines here furrowed the southward slope, the ground was found to be sufficiently broken to render a quiet advance practicable, and hope rose once again in the heart of the silent hunter.

With searching gaze and silent tread the course was now directed toward the crest of a brush-crowned ridge, and just as the bushes were being parted sufficiently to permit a glance over the ridge and across the lower ground in front, the upper half of the body of the hunter grew suddenly statuesque and motionless as though cast in bronze, while the moccasined foot, upraised for the next step of the slow advance, sank gently into the snow beside its fellow, as the hunter's eye caught the outline of a large deer couchant in its snowy bed 80yds. distant, directly in front, and with great liquid eyes staring wonderingly into the thicket, toward which the ears steadily pointed, intent to detect by sight or sound the cause of the disturbing movement. Could the rifle be raised for an aim without further alarm to the watchful game? Possibly; but could aim be taken among the crossing twigs sure to be raised by the elevation of the rifle?

This was the real problem, for not a hand must be moved to sweep away the bushes after the rifle was raised, save at the peril of the loss of the watchful creature ready to spring from sight at the first alarm. Slowly and silently the rifle rose to the level of the hunter's eye, and enough of an opening among the twigs was detected to show that the white front bead was slowly swinging across the body of the deer.

Bang! A hundred echoes responded to the sharp call of the rifle, as the hunter took a step forward to see that the deer still lay in its bed, struggling in almost instantaneous death. A sweep of the eye across the ground in front revealed nothing of note, and as a careless step or two succeeded, up, seemingly out of the very earth, rose two deer between the careless hunter and his prey, and with mighty leaps and waving flags, bounded off down the creek behind trees and over the next ridge and were gone. All plain in an instant. Two large fawns, both hidden in a little depression which no still-hunter of a year's experience should have failed to detect on the instant.

Disgust profound waltzed right in and pre-empted a lodgment in the heart of the mortified crank who had presumed to call himself a still-hunter. Could he never learn anything? Was plain horse-sense utterly impossible to him? Or even the exercise of the common prudence of

hiring a cheap boy to share his wanderings, and who, while seated on a log during an occasional halt, might talk common sense to him, in small doses, according to his capacity to assimilate it. As there was scarcely time just then in which to hope for improvement, much less to solve puzzling questions, a shell was hurriedly slipped into the empty rifle, and the back trail taken until the ridge again screened every movement, when creeping down to the bank of the creek an advance was made alongside the stream, the noisy babble of which drowned the small racket of the forward movement, until some eighty rods further down stream, a glimpse was caught of the two fawns high up the steep hillside 150yds. distant, following the silly counsel of Edward Bellamy.

Again the faithful Sharps outroared the noisy brook and filled the woods with sound as the doe fawn dropped in her tracks, and, sliding half way down to the creek bed ere a friendly bush stopped her quick descent, painted the long snowy hillside with her swiftly gushing life, while the "fool of the deer family," wondrous wise for once in his short career, sped away swiftly and stayed not upon the order of his going. And now the asthmatic old uncle tugged and toiled to drag the fallen fawn to the top of the hill that it might be reached with the cutter, and as the sun neared the horizon he hurried down to secure the team and gather in his game before nightfall. As the team was being hitched up the women and children became suddenly clamorous for a sleigh ride and the double-seated rig was quickly loaded with noisy humanity eager to assist grandpapa in retrieving his game.

The open timber land allowing the use of the sleigh, the doe was soon secured and the fawn almost reached, when, in passing a pine tree, the cutter slid unexpectedly to one side and the muzzle of the Sharps—the faithful Sharps—(which lay crosswise in the cutter in front of the front seat under my legs and projected slightly over the side), caught against the obstructing tree, and, before the danger was realized or a movement to prevent it could have been made, the matchless old rifle barrel was bent in the middle until its back was humped worse than that of a dromedary.

A halt was made and all gazed in open-mouthed amazement at the wreck.

No word was spoken, for each one felt that the hurt was "past all surgery."

Where could another Sharps be procured at once deadly as the mountain thunderbolt and light enough to be carried in his lonely wanderings, was the problem clamoring suddenly for solution in the mind of the old uncle, and not even a woodland echo vouchsafed a comforting reply.

And this was the ending of my long-anticipated holiday! Silently the fawn was pitched headlong into the cutter and stowed under a seat, its graceful beauty all unnoticed save by the curious little ones, even who were now becoming infected with the contagious quiet.

The home of the little bear hunter was reached, the game divided, and the wandering little ones deposited at their papa's door almost in silence. "Why does grandmamma hug us so quietly, and isn't grandpapa going to kiss us all before he goes home?" In the deepening dusk of nightfall the eager horses sped onward toward the coveted comforts of their stable home, while a very sober old crank struggled to reason down the lump in his throat with the reflection that in all the long list of splendid shots made for him by the Old Reliable, never had it done more perfect work than on that rapidly fading day.

Home was reached, the old rifle again hung up on the wall, and for many days the certain little somebody (who was nearly as deeply pained by the calamity as the old uncle himself), strove with unobtrusive kindness to lure the old enthusiast into forgetfulness of his trouble, and even of the old gun itself. It was love's labor lost. He was incorrigible. When the woodcock forgets to whistle with either bill or wing, when the panther forgets to scream or the duck to swim, when again we have buffalo hump for dinner or the eggs of the great auk hard boiled for luncheon, then will the old buffalo hunter forget the Sharps rifle which for years has been inseparably connected with his loneliest wanderings, and the very appearance of which recalls the faded glories of the old days on the ranges with loved and trusted brethren of the guild long since gone over the Great Divide.

But what was to be done? Should he trust the old rifle to the hands of the average gunsmith of to-day? To the old Mexican artist of Spokane, for instance, who called himself a gunsmith, and filed mainsprings and mended keys for a living? Nay, verily!

He did not need to be told that Hawkins of St. Louis; Gove, of Council Bluffs, and Walter Cooper, of Bozeman, were out of print, and it remained for him either to mortgage the ranch, buy him a treble cross-grained Greener, and a Northern electric, or Southern political or some other kind of "pull," and join the mighty host of pigeon, wing, hind leg, or some other sort of "champion shots of the world," or else, in sheer desperation, trusting to the inherited drop of the Yankee blood of grand old Puritan ancestry, to brace up and turn gunsmith himself. It came to a focus at last; when with no tools save those to be found on the ranch, and with no assistance save that furnished by the little sympathetic somebody (who would turn gunsmith, or even superintend the Lick observatory if the old crank could be thereby placated, and the benison of peace again rest upon the troubled matrimonial waters), the dear old gun was straightened until—barring the tiniest hump, in its long bore, where in the middle of the barrel a paltry sixteenth of an inch of crook still lingers—the two ends of the tube were again brought into line, and the terrible express bullet again "drove center" at 80yds.

Richard was himself again!

In the mean time dear old Mother Earth had robbed herself anew in another garment, the bosom of which the sad-iron of Old Sol's heated rays soon polished into glistening crust, and the time arrived for another hunter to have a holiday.

I was hauling logs from a low ridge a few hundred yards from the house, when my son Bruce, who had been hauling hay to feed cattle some distance away, came hurrying along to inquire if I had seen the deer which had just run along the road to avoid the crust. The deer had come bounding out of the swamp with frantic leaps and protruding tongue, evidently chased by the "pestiferous" coyotes. The boy was eager to follow him, and—"Could he take the old Sharps?" Certainly; and I turned to my work, leaving the eager youth to enjoy the sport his short holiday might afford.

Returning to the ridge, I paused for a glance across the open field to the westward, when I saw a chase as exciting as could have been wished. The poor deer—which proved to be as big a white-tail buck as I ever saw—plunging through the crust about every third jump—struggled to distance the eager boy who raced after him on the snow, and who, gaining at length a standing shot at 100yds., brought down his game with a ball from the old Sharps, heralding his triumph with a yell which would have shamed a Comanche.

Cruel, do you say? Certainly; but what would you have? The wolves had run him out of the swamp, and two others were seen in waiting a short distance in front of the fleeing deer, and took to their heels only when they saw the boy advancing with the rifle. They would have had him down in 10 minutes had the boy not appeared upon the scene.

Most of the deer leave our hills on the coming of the deep snow, and migrate southward to the banks of the Spokane River and the more sheltered winter ground in that vicinity, where they pass the winter, and those which remain here do so, as Artemus Ward says, "at the peril of their hazard individually." Knowing these things full well, the boy made the most of the enjoyment furnished by the exciting foot race, and I enjoyed the moving panorama.

The skin of the deer's legs was not cut, but when the hindlegs were skinned they were found to be bruised in front until the skin had become a veritable blood sack, and every leap must have been an agony.

And now for a time the coyotes became the hunters and held high carnival. Evidences of their merciless work appeared upon the snow, and my little son Paul, riding on an errand to a neighbor's house, found a fresh deer track in the snow of the road, the long leaps blood-sprinkled, and with the tracks of two racing coyotes alongside. So for a few terrible days the work of blood and death went on unchecked.

Again, with the caprice of changing winter fashion, dear Mother Earth proceeded to clothe herself anew, and several pairs of white blankets, a robe of purity and an overcoat of snow were donned successively, until—

"The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

No more holiday for the coyotes. A life and death struggle with hunger and cold instead, through 30in. of snow fluffy as cotton wool. All rejoiced and fervently wished it to continue until every cruel vulpine sneak found a shroud of white, cost free.

And so, for the present season the record closes. No more holidays for man or brute. The advancing sun is making war on the snow drifts, and now the old uncle is impatiently awaiting the coming of the gentle Chinook, whose soft breath shall kiss the ghostly paleness from the cheeks of our mighty hills, and prove the harbinger of the gentle summer time, when the timid fawn shall come forth to romp among the loveliest and most fragrant of wild roses which ever wasted their sweetness on the mountain air, in the gathering twilight of those—

"perfect days,
When heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over its bosom her warm ear lays."

ORIN BELKNAP.

THE CHARM THAT LURES US.

In a recent issue "Kuskuski" takes the brotherhood of the rod and gun to task for concealing, as he declares, the true desire which prompts its members to make shooting and fishing trips, asserting that they do so for the simple desire of killing.

Since he invites sportsmen to relate to the readers of your valued journal what wishes led to their becoming devotees of the rod and gun, I, as an humble member of the craft, would like to narrate briefly the reasons which have caused me to become a lover of the sports that bring me to the sylvan forests and murmuring streams of nature's realm.

While I admit that I hunt and fish with the hope of obtaining some reward for my labors, and a long series of blank days has, for the time being, a disheartening effect, still I distinctly assert that if shooting and fishing were shorn of the pleasures of warm companionship and beautiful surroundings, and if no skill or care were needed in the capture of the finned or feathered prey they would quickly lose all their fascination to me.

Ever since I began to shoot and fish I have tried to do justice toward the game, and have been liberal in my estimation of what size fish should be kept, a principle which many farmers, and many who are not, might adopt with advantage both toward the fish and toward themselves.

If "Kuskuski" were encamped in a dreary country and with ill-natured comrades he would learn that though the woods and waters might teem with game and fish, still it could not fill the gap that the absence of picturesque scenery and cheerful campmates would make. One mean or selfish person can utterly destroy the pleasure of the best camping party ever organized, while with gay and light-hearted companions there may be bad luck, but never lack of pleasure.

I think that a person who has an eye for the beautiful, and who loves to read the secrets of nature's endless scroll, which she is continually unrolling before him, experiences more pleasure and contentment than can ever befall the man who sees beauty and pleasure in her woods and waters only when looking at them through glasses stained with blood.

EURUS.

Doubles on Woodcock.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., March 8.—In your last paper one correspondent doubts the existence of any person who has shot two woodcock with one barrel. I presume that there are not a few among your readers who have done it. I cannot claim for myself an experience of this kind, but early in the season I have seen the young birds rise so nearly in range that had I wished, I think I could have shot two, if not three with one barrel.

Something over 40 years ago Mr. Rufus Eager, a well-known woodcock shooter of Lancaster, Mass., missed a woodcock with his first barrel, and the shot started another within 10ft. of the sportsman. Both the first and the second birds were killed by the next shot, though unintentionally on the part of Mr. Eager.

KEPLER.

ESKIMO CHILDREN'S AMUSEMENTS.

In the far North, with its intense cold, it seems there can be but little pleasure for these children, doomed to pass their days among the almost eternal snow beside the frozen ocean. Yet even here life to these little people has its enjoyments, and every season brings to them its round of games and sports as regularly as it does to the youth dwelling in more genial climes.

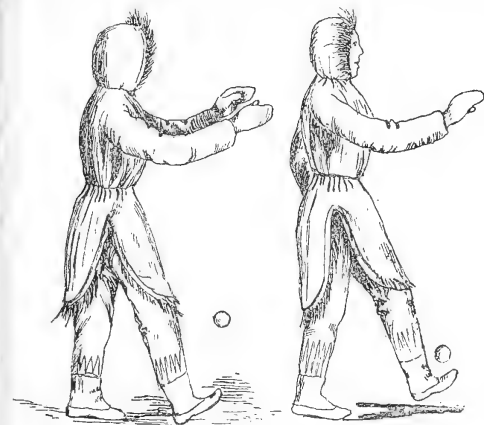
In summer a portion of the inhabitants leave the winter villages and scatter along the coast for the purpose of hunting and fishing. Others go to distant points along the coast and trade oil, guns, tobacco, powder, lead, etc., with natives of the interior, receiving in payment valu-



BOYS NETTING PHALAROPES ON THE BEACH.

able furs and the skins of reindeer, which they use exclusively for clothing.

At these meetings a round of feasting and games are indulged in before any trading is done. Whenever a camp is made the little folk will be found with their bows and arrows shooting grass birds, which are abundant, or



KICKING THE SNOWBALL.

the numerous varieties of shore birds to be found in that region.

A group of the little hunters is often seen, followed by the girls, the latter provided with little pails, very often a tomato can with a wire bail, and when a number of birds have been killed the girls pluck them, start a fire



JUMPING THE ROPE.

and cook them, and all sit down in the sand and have a feast. If eggs are in season some of the party will have gathered some and a banquet is the result. Two kinds of food at one meal are surely a banquet to them.

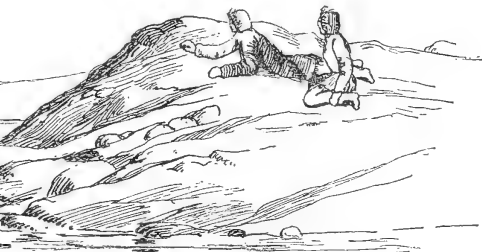
Another method of catching birds by the children is by means of a net stretched across an old iron hoop, taken from some wrecked whaler. All through the summer months great numbers of phalarope are to be found along the shore. The little boys set the hoop net in the water, about three feet from the beach, working it into the sand until it will stand alone; then, with a small line attached to the top of the hoop, they go up the beach and scoop out a place in the sand to hide in, and await the coming of the birds, which are constantly going to and fro near the beach; and as they feed in the ripple or wash along the shore, the most of them will pass between the hoop and the beach. When a number of birds are directly in front of the trap, a smart pull on the line brings the machine down over the birds, often catching from three to six at one fall of the trap. In a few hours they will catch a hundred or more birds.

In May and June immense numbers of eider ducks fly along the coast bound for their breeding grounds far to the east of Point Barrow. At this season every person, male and female, is supplied with the Eskimo implement called by them *ke-love-i-tow-tin*, which is made as follows: Eight balls, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, are cut from ivory or bone, with a little tip or ear through which a hole is drilled; eight strands of finely-braided sinew are tied to these balls. At the opposite ends the strands are brought together, each of exactly the same length, and tied to ten or twelve quills of some sea fowl, when the implement is ready for use.

The bunch of quills is grasped with the right hand, while the fingers of the left comb out the strand, and when all clear the balls are held between the forefinger and the thumb. This is done in a few seconds, when a flock of ducks are seen approaching. When the game is near enough, with a quick circular motion just the same as in throwing a stone with a sling, the missile is launched among the flying birds, when if one of these strands crosses the neck or wing of a duck, it brings it to the

ground, where it is then captured. The action of the air on the strings tends to separate the balls in their flight, so that they cover quite a space, and if the birds are bunched they often bring one down, and the boy or girl that can do this is both proud and happy.

Just before the flight begins the boys may be seen with their *ke-love-i-tow-tins* practicing with a dummy duck, which is made of narrow strips of whalebone 18in. long, tied in the center, with a string tied to the ends, which curves the strips into a dish-like form. This is scaled into the air by one boy, when all the rest throw their *ke-love-i-tow-tins*, and the dummy is most always struck by several of the boys. In this way they become quite expert throwers.



When approaching winter drives all summer visitors, "birds and duck," southward, and the earth is covered with snow, the boys and girls practice house-building. With a couple of long knives and a wooden snow-shovel they will work several days on a miniature house, which must be fashioned exactly as father and mother build their snow houses, with its long entrance passage, with room for storage on one side of it, on the other a cook room, with snow fireplaces and chimney, in which a real fire is built, at the far end of the passage a small hole, through which one can just creep on hands and knees into the living room, with its bench of snow across the end covered with moss gathered from the tundra for a bed, and a sheet of thin ice set in the end of the roof for a window. An Eskimo lamp completes their happiness. With the thermometer 30° or 40° below zero they still manage to have a good time, for they are well protected from the cold by their fur clothing.

About the middle of November, when the sun disappears for the long Arctic night, great preparations are made for the festivities of this season—theatricals, games and dances. All the Eskimos now appear in clean, new, and really handsome clothing. To see them at this time no one would call them a dirty, filthy people.

All the females at this season color the eyelids and around the eyes with plumbago, with a stripe or two across the face. The men also stripe the face with the same material, which gives them a very quaint, yet not altogether unpleasant appearance.

These good times last about four days. All keep open house. All send contributions of food to the *cuddigan* igloo or council house, where all the plays are held, accompanied by dancing, singing and beating of drums, the monotonous and continued repetition of *young-ah, young-ah, young-ah, young*, in the minor key by all the singers. The dim light, the strange dress and features of the audience, packed as close as possible, men, women and children in a sweltering mass, give the place a weird aspect, and we realize that we are among a strange people whose habits and customs are all intensely interesting, and withal a cheerful, kindly race.

Football is played by the boys, and they are sometimes joined by their elders. In the game the ball is never touched by the hand, but is kicked for all it is worth.

The girls also play a game with balls of snow, wet with water, frozen solid and stained with soot. Each girl has a ball and all start from a given point, going in the same direction, and the ball is kicked along this line. It must not touch the ground, but must be kept in the air by catching it on the top of the foot near the toe, first with one foot, then the other as they walk along. If the ball falls to the ground the player must return to the starting point and begin again. They will often make 100yds. or more without being put out by the ball's falling to the ground. The one covering the greatest distance is winner in the game. Boys do not play this game.

The greatest good nature prevails among them at all times while at play, no quarreling or disputes occurring.

Often at night, when the aurora is very brilliant, the voices of the children can be heard as they swing around



WOMEN TOSSED ON WALRUS SKIN.

in a circle hand in hand, singing: *Keolia ka, keolia ka ha, yarger yarger yarger yar, hay, hay, hay, hay*. Then all join in a laugh; and so they go on with little variation to the words: *Halitonar! Halitonar, ha, yarger yarger yar, hay, hay, hay, hay*—all laughing.

Keolia is the Eskimo name for Aurora. At these times to hear the sweet voices of the children ringing out

on the still air of night, where every word could be distinctly heard a distance of half a mile, was a relief to the stillness that pervades an Arctic night.

Coasting down the steep bank by the sea side, where



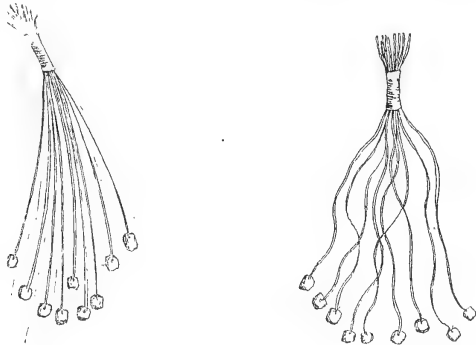
ESKIMO DUMMY BIRD.

the drifting snows have made a road to the sea ice, is a favorite pastime.

In the fall, when the ice has made along the shore, the boys and girls fish in three or four feet of water with a short stick and line enough to reach bottom, a barbless hook, with a small red bead attached for bait, these little folks will catch as many tomcod as they can drag home, and seem to enjoy the sport hugely. Day after day they will be found fishing in the tide cracks or drilling little four-inch holes to fish through. If hungry, they take frozen fish, break off the head, and devour the rest as it is.

Eskimo boys know a good thing when they find it, as the following will show: A half dozen little fellows were waiting around my place one day; the snow was drifting and very cold. Pitying, but not caring to take them in, I told them if they would go home I would give each of them a cake of bread. They were more than willing, took the bread and left. In about an hour they returned with every boy and girl in the village. The joke was on me; all received a cake of hard tack, and were sent home with the assurance that this joke could not be repeated.

After a successful whaling season a great feast is given by the lucky ones, to which all are invited. All the delicacies of the season are to be had at this feast—*muck tuck*,



KE-LOVE-I-TOW-TIN, OR BIRD SLING.

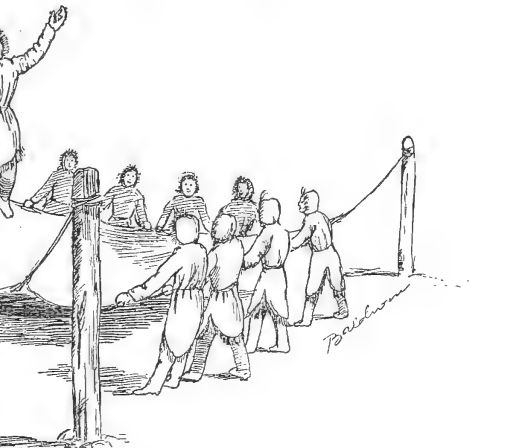
or the thick skin of the whale, walrus meat, seal and bear meat, fish and wild ducks, all boiled except the *muck tuck*.

In addition to the feasting, singing and dancing are indulged in, but the favorite game with the women and girls is being tossed on a walrus skin. A large piece, about 8ft. square, is suspended by the four corners 3ft. from the ground. Strong ropes are used and fastened to



ORNAMENTED FEMALES.

posts firmly fixed. Around the skin are cut holes for hand-holes; as many as can get around the skin take hold and a girl gets on, standing up, when by pulling on all sides of the skin, the performer is thrown into the air, she assisting by springing up. As long as she can come down squarely on her feet they will keep on tossing her, but if she falls, another at once takes her place. They will often



be thrown up twenty or thirty times before they lose their balance. From 8 to 10ft. is about as high as they are ever thrown, and there is always a good-natured scramble to get on the skin.

Jumping rope is another pastime enjoyed by the children, but with the young men and women an inflated seal-skin poke is used. In this the object is to trip the per-

former by striking his feet when off the ground. The players are seldom hurt, for if tripped they fall on the inflated skin of the seal. In this game the greatest activity is displayed by both sexes.

They all enjoy looking at pictures and will gather around a pictorial paper and study it for hours, and it makes but little difference what the point of view is to them—top, side or bottom—it is all right.

Playing "cat's cradle" with a string is a pastime enjoyed by old and young, and is played alone. Many intricate patterns are evolved from the manipulation of the string, which in their imagination they have likened to various things and named accordingly, such as the *tooktoo* or caribou going to the mountains, the walrus, the breaking up of the ice, the wolf, etc., etc. All these require a patient changing of the loops and crossings of the string.

Wrestling is a constant source of amusement to them, and they are all experts. Little boys will pair off and wrestle for hours with great firmness and good nature. Running, jumping, and all feats of strength are constantly practiced. E. P. H.

WILD LIFE ON THE PAMPAS.

ONE of the most interesting classes of literature is that which describes places visited and experiences with which the reader is familiar. For this reason Mr. E. A. Robinson's graphic account of "Life on the Pampas of Entre Rios" leads me back to the sixties when I was managing an estancia in Buenos Ayres. It brings back vividly to my memory the happiest days of my life, and as I sit writing I can almost imagine I can hear the bell of the "madrino" of the "trouppilla" of riding horses as they are driven to the corral the first thing in the morning.

As for sport, the pampas cannot be discounted. Ducks, geese, swans, spoonbills, snipe, partridges, etc., are to be met with in abundance. In those days I was not familiar with the different varieties, but it appeared to me that there were all the different members of the duck family, from one very large variety which strongly resembled the domesticated Rouen, to the widgeon. Many a time have I gone down to a small river which flowed through the estancia, hobbled my horse, and under cover of the thistles which attain a growth of 8 ft. or over, have I bagged so many ducks, that when strung together by the legs they have been quite a load for the horse to carry home—where they were given to the puesteros (shepherds).

In the rainy season lagunas form in any slight depression on the pampas; here waterfowl of all descriptions congregate. About a quarter mile from the estancia one of these lagunas had formed, and contrary to the custom of the country, thither I hied on foot, for no one thinks of walking out there, horseback being the mode of transportation whether the distance be 100 leagues or 100 yds. On approaching the laguna the ducks rose in myriads. There seemed to be nothing but ducks, high, low and at all points of the compass. I was so confused that I laid down my gun, made a cigarette and also made a row that I would not fire at a duck that afternoon, but turned my attention to jacksnipe, of which I bagged twenty-two brace. Being intent on the sport I did not notice a herd of cattle approaching until a great black bull commenced bellowing and showing signs of anything except amiability. Knowing the consequences of delay, being on foot, I dropped my snipe, discharged my gun at old blackie, then dropped my gun and ran for the house, faster, I think, than I ever ran before or since. When about half way I met two "peons," who had seen my plight and were riding to my aid. One of these fellows I sent for my gun and snipe, then mounted behind the other and got home all right.

Mr. Robinson's account of the "chakar" reminds me of a little experience I once had with one of these birds. I was standing at my door one day and saw two of these birds alight close to a small laguna. Getting down my gun I mounted my horse, and hobbling him some distance from the laguna proceeded to try and get a shot at one of them. This I succeeded in doing, but only wounded the bird. On my catching hold of it, it immediately brought its wings into play, and the first thing I felt was something sharp penetrating my flesh whenever struck by a wing. After despatching the chakar I proceeded to examine his anatomy, and found that the first joint of each wing was provided with a weapon exactly like a rooster's spur. The natural supposition is that I was pretty sore for several days after this encounter, and the supposition is strictly correct.

The "taro taro" (so named by its cry) is a bird very similar to the English pe-witt; these are very common on the pampas, and like the chakar are armed with a similar spur on the wings. It is most amusing to see these little fellows standing over their nests, flapping their wings and keeping off any sheep which they think are coming too close to their domicile. I do not know whether the spur appears in both sexes of these birds, or if it is only confined to the males.

Mr. Robinson's account of branding cattle further reminds me of a very narrow escape I once had on an occasion of this sort. Several beasts were lassoed, one being an old bull. Now, there are several ways of throwing cattle when lassoed, one being to run your horse full force into the animal's quarter, when the beast has the lasso at full tension. A well trained horse is called a "pechador." I was mounted on one of these and ran him into the bull's quarter. The bull went over, but something failed to connect, for the horse went over him and I over the horse's head. This was a most dangerous position to be in, as several other animals were surging and jumping about, lassoed by different men, and I in the midst on foot. But luck was with me, for by dodging I at last managed to get a chance, and it would have taken a pretty smart monkey to mount the cross bar of the corral quicker than I did.

A branding is the signal for a general gathering of neighbors, and ends up with a feed of "carne conquero." A good fat beast is killed and the hide stripped off all except a certain portion of the carcass. This remaining piece is then rolled up in the hide and cooked on a fire made of bones. I can assure you that you never tasted such delicious meat as this is when it has been freed from the charred hide. After the "carne conquero" there is generally a dance. Ladies are invited, but men, as is customary out there, come uninvited, and it is no uncommon thing to see 30 or 40 horses with their silver trappings tied to corral posts all night, as dances do not break up until daylight, and not always even then.

The only fishing we had was with a shovel, which took

the place of rod, line, bait and every other article necessary to a fisherman's outfit. The mode was as follows: There is an animal there called the "nutria," in shape it resembles a rat, but is as large as a cat. These animals have their burrows in the banks of rivers, and when the water rises higher than the burrows the fish (and only catfish at that) enter these holes in great numbers. With the spade we made dams at the outside of the holes; then bailed the water out of the dams, and as it lowered and ran out of the holes the fish came with it of course. There was no sport in this, but there was lots of fun. It was the only class of fish we could obtain, and the mode applied for their capture was the only sure one.

For enjoyment and health the life in the Plate is the life of lives, but I am afraid it is not now the country it was when Mr. Robinson and I were there. It was then fully a century behind any other country—everything primitive. Now a certain amount of civilization has crept in and spoiled the good old times. JOHN H. WILLMOTT.

BEAUMARIS, ONT.

Natural History.

"DOWN THE BAY!"

SERGEANT DUNN with his cold waves has at last given us an old-fashioned winter, and filled our beautiful New York harbor with ice.

Miss Liberty, though she be a statuesque damsel, cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the scene that is spread before her contemplative eyes in all the glow of these crisp sunlit mornings.

To the ornithologist the ice fields are an interesting study during long continued cold snaps. The ever present gull is in his element, and rich pickings "glacé" he finds among the flocks. The common gull, from the modest gray clad form of adolescence to the full-fledged dignity of snowy waistcoat, lavender back and jet-tipped wings, glides, graceful as of old, o'er the glistening ice, or stands with scores of his kind in solemn conclave, as though debating an affair of moment.

In couples here and there, or more often in solitary occupancy of some detached ice raft, the black back graces this arctic scene with his presence. A superb gull, with his immaculate white head and tail, neck and under parts, and a back and upper coat of glossy raven black, the black-backed gull is at once the peer of his family in our vicinity.

A living study in black and white, haughty, extremely shy and difficult of approach, with an expanse of wing of often 4 ft. from tip to tip, he is a striking figure among the feathered frequenters of the ice in the Upper Bay.

On a hummock that tops the otherwise even surface is perched a dark form which the glass resolves into that of an eagle. Near by the ubiquitous crows are gathered. Like heelers they dance attendance upon this king of feathered politicians. Let him spread his immense wings and sail ponderously off, and in an instant they are clamoring after, ready to avail themselves of anything his eagleship may put in their way.

The bald eagle is not often with us, although by no means uncommon during prolonged cold. The golden eagle, as generally known, is fairly numerous, and a trip down the bay at this season will frequently discover several to the keen observer.

These royal birds give a touch of majesty to their bleak surroundings, and being of great size, are conspicuous objects amid the frozen expanse.

Occasionally one will meet with the snowy owl; motionless he sits, and were it not for the crows, who have rare sport with this white-clad stranger, he would often pass unobserved, so perfectly does his dress harmonize with the unbroken whiteness of the flocks. These birds rarely frequent the ice at any considerable distance from shore. They seem to prefer terra firma, where, perched on a fence post or in the top of some tall cedar, they sit and blink their big eyes in the brilliant sun glare for hours at a time.

This bird life on the ice-clad bay is seen at its best during the morning hours, when all is glow and animation with the ebb and flow of the tides. As the day fades the chill of winter asserts itself with a rigor not felt before, and at once a sense of loneliness steals over one.

An Atlantic liner is just leaving quarantine; her bows and high bulwarks, with delicate tracery of ice-clad rigging, tell of wintry weather outside. As she plows her way through the complaining ice, like fate, irresistible, silent, a flash of white wings, as a flock of gulls rise ahead and scatter like living snowflakes, complete the picture as seen from a distance, while the impressive stillness lends an effect which is indescribable.

The sun sinks, the gulls in silhouette against the glowing sky are winging their way to their night camps in the Lower Bay. Liberty has lighted her torch and harbor lights are throwing a glimmer over the ice as we seek the fireside, leaving our feathered friends to rest under the stars, amid the mystery of the darkness and silence of the wintry night. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

Curious Fatality Among Crows.

CUMBERSTONE, Md., March 5.—I can not remember that I have ever seen any notice by naturalists of a common fact in the natural history of our common American crow. I refer to the freezing of the cornea, followed of course, by blindness and death from starvation. During the winter just past hundreds of them died in this manner near my house, although feeding plentifully in a neighboring cornfield, where a large amount of corn was, and still is, left out in the shocks. I have observed the same thing during several severe winters in former years, but this winter greater numbers than I ever before knew have perished. The frozen eyes become entirely opaque and finally much swollen. Besides those dead from losing both eyes there are now, all about here, numerous individuals blind of one eye, which are in good condition in all other respects. I have never seen any other bird similarly affected. I have seen several notices of crows starving to death in large numbers in local newspapers; no doubt all blind. Doubtless many thousands have so perished. I do not think our game birds have suffered materially, nor have I seen a single frozen small bird as I

have often in former years. This peculiar weakness of the eye in the crow it seems to me a highly remarkable fact. I take it to be a particular case of survival of the fittest eye. I think perhaps five per cent. of the crows in this immediate vicinity have suffered loss of one or both eyes. From my own observations I think that two or three successive days of zero temperature will always cost some crows their eyes, and especially if there be high wind. I never knew any other creature to have the eye frozen, nor can I find anything in the anatomy of the crow's eye to account for it. Perhaps some of your readers wiser than I know all about it.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

Aquarium Doctors.

ONE of the most unsightly and dangerous enemies of fish kept in close confinement is fungus. Persons who breed and rear fish dread its appearance because of the extensive mortality following its attacks upon eggs and fry. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM have seen its accounts of the salmon fungus (*Saprolegnia ferax*) which has devastated salmon rivers in various quarters of the globe.

The most efficacious remedy for the disease aggravated by fungus is salt, and many fish, both young and old, have been cured by temporary immersion in brackish water. This treatment kills, not only the fungus, but also the parasites which frequently set up the inflammation in the cuticle of the fish which makes the conditions favorable to the lodgment of the fungus.

The Fish Commission aquarium in Washington, D. C., has other aids in the destruction of fungus. A stone toter or black sucker living in company with a large school of crappies eats the fungus from their backs as fast as it forms, leaving them clean and entirely free from the pest. Some goldfish in a large tank with carp and buffalo, perform the same service for the buffalo which were somewhat injured in transportation and became objects of attack. These fungus doctors, the sucker and goldfish, are very expert in removing the vegetable growth, and especially the former. The sucker is admirably suited to aquarium life, and is in itself an interesting animal to keep under observation. In youth the fish has several broad, dark bands on the sides and in adults the eye sockets are greatly elevated and the space between them on the top of the head is concave. The general shape of the head is quadrangular, giving the fish a grotesque appearance.

The National Zoological Park.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the head of "National Zoological Park," in your last issue, is given what purports to be a complete list of animals now in said park. The list as given, however, is incomplete, inasmuch as one of the most important groups in the whole collection is omitted, viz.: the llamas (*Anchenia llama*), of which there are eight fine specimens.

These animals were sent to the Zoo by Col. Wm. P. Tisdell, while he was in South America in the interest of the World's Fair. They have been at the Park since last July, and under the careful attention of the management seem to thrive and feel perfectly contented in their new home. This group is an especial attraction to the thousands who visit that natural oasis in this city of beautiful artificial parks.

The benefits to be derived from a good collection of (mainly) our native animals, placed in a situation of such natural beauty and attractiveness as Rock Creek Park, are many. One evidence of this is the great interest manifested in the Zoo by the public.

After establishing the National Zoological Park, and knowing the great good it is accomplishing, it will be a perfect shame if Congress now fails to properly support it.

The project ought to have been completed years since, but better late than after some of the species have become extinct.

I inclose a photograph of the picturesque llama house, situated on a hillside in a lovely valley in the Park. I took the picture last January, when snow covered the landscape. CHARLES H. COE.

The Cuckoo.

BETHEL, Me.—I noticed in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM an article on the habits of the cuckoo. There is but one species that occurs in northern Maine—the "black bill," and it makes its appearance the last part of May. Farmers in these parts say it is time to plant corn when they hear the cuckoo. They make their nests of sticks, very rudely and loosely put together, in some scrub or bush about four or five feet from the ground, in a thick cover—often near human habitation. One summer one built her nest and laid eggs on a snowball bush within a few feet of my house, but she was so often disturbed that she abandoned it. They lay a pale blue egg, always two, and never more, a little larger than a robin's egg, but not so deep a color. One can easily distinguish the bird when flying by the unusual length of its tail. I have never known this bird to use other birds' nests for incubation. There is no other bird that makes so rough and cheap a nest as the cuckoo. They are a prominent morning bird, commencing their singing soon as day break, not very far from where they nest. Our evening bird is the whip-poor-will, commencing about sundown and continuing well into the night, and on some moonshiny nights, all night long. J. G. R.

Specimens of the Musk Ox.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the question of the number of musk ox specimens in American museums has recently been raised in your paper, it may be of interest to call attention to the mounted specimen in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, presented by Dr. Kane many years ago. At the time Prof. Baird published his work on North American Mammals (1857), this was the only specimen in any museum in this country.

The specimen is a very large male, but the skin was probably somewhat stretched in mounting, as the work of the taxidermists of fifty years ago was very inaccurate compared with that of the present day. Nevertheless the hoofs and horns both exceed the measurements given by Mr. Webster. WITMER STONE.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

KELLUP'S DREAM.—II.

THE next evening, upstairs in the farmhouse, Kellup was sitting on the edge of the bed gazing at the fire on the hearth, with an expression somewhat doubtful. And yet this was the day of the hunt. This was the day he had long been looking for. The events were all before him in the fire, but he passed them over quickly. Some of them he tried not to see. They were not all pleasant.

In the first place they got away all right in the punga with an old bay horse, sure-footed and short-gaited like a goat. In the second place, the dog worked well—he worked first rate, but every individual rabbit put right for a hole. It was one of those days when they would. So it got to be along toward noon-time when Jake said they would cross the road and head for a big ledge over on the hillside, looking south. He said a big rock hung over and made a nice place to have dinner. As they drew near the place, a little smoke was curling up over the rock and soon they made out a gun leaning there. Jake said he knew whose gun it was. A moment later, the occupant looked up in grinning recognition.

"Well," said Jake, "how's this, Richie? You've got one gun and no dog and five rabbits, and here we are with two guns 'n a good dog and, well—"

Jake held up two rabbits and glanced at Kellup. Kellup gave a shrug and laid his hand fondly on the game pocket where it bulged a little. There was just about one rabbit in there. Moore laughed out heartily on a small scale. He was not a very big man anyhow, and the tones of his laughter were something repressed in the manner he had learned in the old country. His laugh was sort of "Heh, heh, heh!" "A teld 'im thet dog was no goode yet. 'E's too young. But no, 'e thinks it's a great dog, that."

As a rule that handsome hound made gracious acknowledgment with his tail on finding himself the center of observation, but now he detected a note of criticism in the air. He glanced at Jake, he glanced at Kellup and lowered his head and shook out those long ears with the brier marks on them and took on such a dejected aspect that Jake stooped and slapped him hard on the ribs and half raised him so he could slobber all over his face and told him he was just the best dog in South county, if he was young yet, and whispered when he started another in the afternoon not to drive him quite so hard. There was some chaffing as to how Richie got his game, there were no gun marks on them. He could track them easily to hole, but what then? Finally he acknowledged how he got them out. He told them just how he did it. He fetched along a "crooked stick." After much persuasion from Jake, Kellup consented to have Moore come along, with the strict understanding that the ferret should only be used after the dog had put the quarry to hole, and then merely to start him out to be shot ahead of the dog. Very well. So they started. Jake said that for once he wanted the old man to get a big bunch to bring home and show the boys. In fifteen minutes the hound was clamoring at a burrow. A little later Moore was down beside it on all fours. The look of grinning complaisance was gone. He gave orders. He told Jake to hold the dog. Crouching there, he seemed a ferret of a larger growth, sharp, hungry, converging toward that hole. In a moment he flung aside a rabbit with a broken neck and got up. The ferret was in the bag. His hard face was relaxing when he met the look on Kellup's countenance, as if a murder had been done, and turned away to let them fight it out.

At this point in his musings before the fire Kellup got up. He would go no further. His conscience was still painful. He tried extenuation, but it wouldn't extenuate. He reasoned that in a State where rabbits were plentiful and obnoxious it might have done, but here comparatively scarce and recognized as good clean game, under protection, it was different. He wondered whether he ought to go and pay his fine. He wondered in what class of felons he belonged. He reflected that a man who would ferret rabbits would shoot a deer in mid-summer. He was sure that the man who shot a deer in Maine in July would poach a buffalo on the edge of the Park any time he got a chance. And this man probably had a place of trust. Then what was it kept that trust inviolate, since he couldn't go off to the woods and bring back whole his moral obligations? It must be the business laws and associations that hedged him round so close. Remove these, so he could be alone with his trust as he was with his gun in the wilderness and the trust would suffer. Kellup felt glad on the whole that his business life was humble, of small responsibility, in view of this weakness he had just discovered, this path he had set foot on so late in life. He resolved to carry home just one rabbit, and that was the one he shot fair and open on the jump.

The room was full of the odor of kerosene. He blew out the lamp. He glanced at the charred remains of the fire and went to sleep. It might have been that his brain simply kept the train of thought in motion: it

might have been that his digestion refused to nourish a diet that his conscience disapproved of, or it might be that he ate altogether too much of that rabbit stew for supper. The fact is he had a dream. He had a long, bad dream.

Of course he never could tell just how long he slept, or when the dream commenced. He remembered blowing out the lamp and glancing at the dead fire, and then he seemed to be in unknown woods with Richie Moore. Jake had disappeared. The gun had gone too, unaccountably, but it was evident they hadn't needed that—not when Richie Moore was on hand with his own peculiar methods of rabbit getting—for when they parted in late afternoon Kellup found himself tramping down the road heading north with rabbits hung all over him. There were twenty-seven bunnies with their legs tied together and strung on a rope. So he trudged along musing in glee, as he saw the look on Susan's face when he should fling down that burden on the kitchen floor. She would no longer say it with sarcasm when she called him "Nimrod." But first he thought he would tramp down the principal street in the town, past the post-office, where his friends, the scoffers, worked, and they would stand in the doorway. He smiled right out when he thought how the children would

the edge of the wall with his legs dangling. His entire clothing consisted of a hunting coat, man's size, with the sleeves rolled up and the length reaching his ankles. The head and feet were bare. The terra cotta face was all drawn out of shape, supporting a hideous gaze bearing intently on the intruder. Kellup stood shivering in his tracks. Then the Pixie took another look. His face was plastic, like putty. He could rearrange his features with his fingers, and he did so in fearsome combinations. He had a repertoire of bad looks, and he tried them all for his visitor's benefit. And with good effect, for the old man stood paralyzed. A tree or a fence was no obstacle to his vision. Then he got gracious and motioned Kellup to advance. When he spoke you would think a guinea fowl had learned to talk. He said:

"I want to see those rabbits. I'm the game warden here and I'm strict. Aha! just as I thought; there's not a shot mark on one of them, not a shot. How did you get those game?"

"I tracked them in the snow."

"Yes; but how did you get them out?"

Kellup was nonplussed. He hesitated. He pondered. Happy thought: "I fetched along a crooked stick and so I got them out."

"Ah-h-h-h." He said it like a music lesson, beginning on a high note and running down the scale, ending on a low tone, with a furtive look from under his eyebrows and a non-committal "Hm'm'h?" He jumped down from the wall and then it appeared he was somewhat lame, one leg being drawn up, leaving only the toes on the ground.

"A crooked stick! Was it anything like this?"

The staff was about 2ft. long and 2in. thick, of light wood somewhat warped.

"Yes, it was like that something. Very much."

Just then something happened, something disturbing; something that started the blood from his heart with a rush. The Dwarf threw the stick on the ground. It fell from his hand a staff, but touched the ground a ferret and sprang for Kellup's throat. The Dwarf seized it by the neck, shook it out like a whip and again leaned calmly on his crooked staff. "You'll have to go to Town House with me to-morrow. To-night you can stay here. We'll have some supper."

So he built a fire and stripped a rabbit and had him roasted in a jiffy. He laid the pieces on a shingle. In spite of all his troubles Kellup felt hungry, so he selected a meaty chunk and put it to his lips. It was nothing but well-picked bones. He looked surprised and tried again, and over and over with no other result.

In the meantime the Warden was making a hearty meal in great amusement, and soon there was nothing left but the bones and the shingle to go on the fire.

Then he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said, "Have some water?"

So Kellup turned to a little spring that welled up beside the road. The snow was melted here. There was grass growing in the current. There was fine golden sand bubbling in the pool. As Kellup stooped on hands and knees, with his lips approaching the brink, the water suddenly receded, down, down a deepening well, till at last he could just see a glimmer in the depth and the trickling sound seemed children's voices floating up:

"Come down, come down. There's water here. Come down."

He had no desire to go in that position head first, but there seemed no alternative till the voice of the Dwarf aroused him. He was cackling and shrieking in glee. He was rolling on the ground. He was more repulsive in mirth than in anger.

The next instant Kellup was flying down the road devoid of extra baggage. A panic of fear was in his feet. He was making good time. Bye and bye he began to lag. He was making the motion of running, but his most strenuous efforts were not taking him faster than a walk. However, he must have gone a mile, he thought, and the warden would be far in the rear, no doubt, on account of his game leg. Just then something plucked his elbow and said: "I can't go along any further to-night. You'll have to excuse me."

Kellup couldn't speak for a minute, he was panting so and holding his sides. Then he said he was sorry. Such a genial companion, he said, with graceful ways—versatility of expression, too.

But the dwarf said "No," on account of his flock. He had to attend to his flock.

Kellup said "Flock?" softly to himself and looked all round. Then it was his gaze encountered the same old house, and he knew with a shock he had gone in a circle. He had run a mile for nothing. He didn't mention that, though, but said out loud:

"Flock, what flock?"

So they stepped across the road and stood leaning on the bars overlooking the pasture. The moon was up, and under its influence the snow had disappeared—evaporated. A moss and lichen-covered pasture, with clumps of bushes and brambles and grass patches between, that might have been cropped out by sheep. But no sheep were visible. The flock was there, though, and Kellup counted them. There were twelve or fifteen heads—just the heads—of old men, hopping about contentedly among the bushes, nibbling bay berries. Some of the heads looked prematurely old, and the Dwarf explained they were taken young, mere boys, and the hair and beard had grown out long and gray. He said they were all his, though, all legitimate game, Poachers caught in the act,



"DAR'S HE!"

Third Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

PHOTO BY CLARENCE B. MOORE. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

point and cry "Old Rabbit Man." The rope hurt his fingers here, so he stopped and unsung the load. Then he took a look over the vast, desolate landscape and realized he was lost. He was miles and miles from everywhere. He had passed no farms, there was none in sight. The woods were not with him now, but tumbling walls gave occasional hints that a field had once been planted and abandoned. On the west the sunset, in the north a sort of violet haze, in the east the sombre woods, all else the snow-whitened landscape. The effect was glorious—like a picture. He looked down and discovered the print of a bare foot in the snow. At first he said, "It's a boy's foot; but no, that foot was tough and hard, with seams of age. At any rate it must lead to human habitation and a place for the night." It was easy tracking in the snow, and by and by the prints left the main road and followed the turn to the right. Kellup stopped. Probably in summer, long ago, grass grew and cows wandered there, but there were no tracks now but the footprints in the white solitude with brown grass tufts showing through. At the foot of the lane stood a post with a weather-beaten board, "Keep off." Had it been a well-painted sign with a politer admonition he would have gone on, confident of making peace with the owner, but this was forbidding, uncouth. The gory, paint-like stuff had been daubed on with a brush picked up in the yard and hung in dried blisters on the letters. He paused and then went on. He passed a clump of bushes that might be lilacs in the spring. A glare of light here made him stop and wince. At the right a little way the ruins of an old house had tumbled into the cellar except a portion least ancient, but black-stained. This clung to the steadfast chimney. A slant from the western sun had touched the windows, and that made him stop and wince. The next moment he encountered the author of the footprints. The Dwarf was seated on

At this Kellup noticed on some of the flock a drawn scar on the neck. He thought quickly of the ferret and felt of his own neck.

The warden went on to say that there was a big bounty on poachers down at the town clerk's office but the treasury had been poor for a good many years. By and by, when they got some money, he would fetch in the pates and get the bounty. He said, "That's where I keep 'um. I let 'um out on moonlight nights," and he pointed across the wall to a little old country graveyard. By this time Kellup was sick at heart again but felt somewhat rested in the legs and contemplated another run. He thought to get away pleasantly, though, so he backed off graciously and said he "must be going, now," and bowed and smiled, "be going, going."

The warden said, "Hold on, though," and gave an upward nod of the head confidentially. "Little matter I want to speak about."

Kellup kept edging off and didn't want to wait. "On account of catching the train," he said.

But the dwarf insisted. "I notice something wrong about you. If you'll step over to the office I'll give you something to help it. A little peculiarity in your gait. Walk too fast."

Kellup said he didn't mind it in the least. An old family trait. Hereditary. He couldn't help it, but he followed the warden into the one low room of the farmhouse. The moon came through the window where the sun had struck in the afternoon. The air was heavy and bad, and he wasn't surprised when a half dozen hens cackled and fluttered from a roost. The warden invited him to a seat on the edge of an empty barrel standing upright, and then he adroitly shoved him in so that only his head and feet were visible above the top. He called that his "operating chair."

Kellup could think of nothing less than amputation now, but the Dwarf read his thoughts and said: "No; I'm going to give you a little dose of hot shot." So he busied himself awhile at the fire in the chimney and then bored a nice hole in the top of the old man's head, poured in about 25lbs. of molten lead at white heat and plugged it up. Then he broke away the barrel, led him staggering to the door and dismissed him with a benediction.

"Now, another time, if a nice old gentleman overtakes you on the road and wants to go your way perhaps you'll be able to accommodate your gait to his. And furthermore, you better get you a *Book of the Game Laws* right away. Study that for your Bible a while, and don't meddle any more with crooked sticks."

Kellup awoke and sat up in bed. He felt his neck and head and seemed relieved. His nerves were somewhat rattled, though, and he had to fix his attention on the objects about the room familiar from the night before. The moon came in and shone on an old engraving of "Wellington and Nelson," and showed the lines of age and midew starting out from the frame. There was a little mirror in a frame with painted flowers. It cost a trifle once, but that was years ago, and now it has a value not intrinsic, like the rust on rare coins. There was an old wooden bowl, a sort of mortar and pestle affair, chip-chopped clean, with a faint aroma of sage that spoke of cheesemaking days, and best of all was his own gun, standing in the corner, and that reassured him.

JEFFERSON SCRIBE.

Some More Notable Shots.

BERTHIER EN HAUT, P. Q., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I once shot a large osprey or fish-hawk with a .22 short cartridge, fired in a Merwin and Hulbert rifle, at a distance of 120yds. The little bullet struck him in the neck, killing him almost instantly. This bird measured 5ft. Sin. from tip to tip.

Some of us were shooting at different improvised targets, one afternoon, when I made a most peculiar shot. I fired at a tin cup placed with the side toward me, about 30yds. away. The bullet made a hole in the bottom of the cup without touching the sides. It struck a trifle too low, and hitting some hard substance (a knot I think), ricocheted through the bottom of the cup.

The force of a .22 long rifle cartridge is shown by the fact which follows. I shot at a lightning rod on top of an ordinary sized house. What was my surprise to see the upper part snapped clean off by the bullet. The rod was an ordinary one, though there was very probably a flaw in it at the place where the bullet hit.

I once shot a crow with a .32-40 rifle, Lyman eight, at 108 steps or paces (as near a yard as possible), the bullet going fairly in the middle of his breast.

I very often practice at birds on the wing with a .22, though with indifferent success. On one occasion, however, I shot a swallow flying at about 30yds. distance.

While shooting sparrows (a great pest here as elsewhere) a few days ago, I happened to fire at one sitting on the end of a tin water-gutter. I shot a little too low, and the bullet went through the gutter and then hit the sparrow. It had become so flattened in passing through the tin, that it simply tore that sparrow to pieces, though only a .22 short cartridge was used.

I shot a crow in three different places with one bullet. He was pluming himself when I fired, and the .22 bullet broke one leg, went through his head and then, striking the breast, came out of his neck. L. D. VON IFFLAND.

A Colorado Wolf Chase Fiasco.

DENVER, Col., March 4.—The hunters of Boulder and surrounding country had a grand wolf round-up Feb. 26. It was a grand success in everything but wolves. At the close there were two inside of the circle, but Jack Shaeffer got excited and started after them, and the rest of the crowd followed Jack, breaking the circle and allowing the wolves to escape. They will try it again next week and hope to profit by experience. Any one who breaks the circle will be given an old-fashioned cowboy "chapping." TESEEBY.

Some China Shooting.

NEW YORK, March 11.—I have been sending your paper since October to Shanghai, China, regularly. My correspondent writes, and reliably, from Shanghai Feb. 10: "Have just returned from an up country shooting trip of 19 days' duration. Our party, three in number, bagged 778 pheasants, 83 ducks, 115 teal, 9 widgeon, 12 geese, 8 deer, 12 hares, 41 woodcock and 2 bittern—1,060 head in all—rather better than the average. C. J. ASHLEY."

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF CARIBOU.

NEW YORK, March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: That certain hunters know where caribou are still plentiful and easy to get at is proven by the fact that the writer received within a certain ten days this season twenty-five heads and five whole specimens, all fresh and frozen within a day or two previous to shipment.

Our place had the appearance of a "slaughter house" when the fresh blood began to thaw and trickle down over the floor from the heads of the thirty once harmless, roaming caribou. These heads and skins all came forward in two shipments, which would seem to show that the hunters found the animals in herds where they had never been disturbed or shot at, and that they simply stood at short range and slaughtered the poor innocents.

Dr. Edward F. Brush, who has hunted a good deal through Maine and Canada, tells of hunting carefully and noiselessly, using every precaution known to a hunter not to startle their game, for three days in search of caribou, and finally giving up in disgust, their party numbering three, himself and two guides, started off at a reckless noisy pace, laughing and joking as they clambered through the brush or paddling along with their canoe wherever there was water enough to float. They had not traveled but an hour or two in this way when one of the guides stopped suddenly at the end of a swampy flat, bordered with small fir trees, and pointed out not over 40yds. ahead a herd of sixteen caribou, consisting of one old bull, two or three younger ones, six or eight cows and some pretty little calves.

The Doctor shot one young bull for meat, but refused to allow any further slaughter, which would have been a simple matter, as the animals stayed curiously around within easy gunshot, while the party skinned and quartered the meat. The calves frolicked and played near by, once or twice came so near in their innocent, inquisitive way that it would not have been difficult to have lassoed them.

There are many strange and interesting stories told of the peculiarities of the caribou, most of which are true. They are frequently attracted by the human voice, instead of being frightened, as many would believe, and in winter they do not yard like moose and deer, but keep up their roaming day and night alike, nibbling the moss from the trees. Should the snow be deep, they would follow roads or paths to find easier traveling, and are known to follow the footsteps of man so closely that lumbermen and woodsmen have turned suddenly in their tracks to find one of those strange docile, seeming half-domesticated animals following him.

The shippers of the thirty specimens above referred to, although they may follow hunting as a means of support, represent the class whose wholesale slaughter has the greatest effect toward exterminating the large game from our near-by forests.

Although naturalists and taxidermists are, to a certain extent, blamed for encouraging this wanton slaughter by offering prices for the specimens, this impression is unjust, as their intention is simply to obtain a few choice heads or skins. While the native hunter learning that heads and horns have a value, and not caring to discriminate, shoot all that come within range, and forward them to the nearest market.

Although I am a collector and anxious to claim ownership to the finest specimen of large game heads, I have enough of the blood of a true sportsman in me to aid in any attempt to put a stop to this wanton slaughter.

WM. W. HART.

A GAME PROTECTOR FOR OREGON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your readers have already been apprised of the fact that the sportsmen of this State were making a strong effort to secure better protection for our fish and game. Flattering success has crowned these efforts, and I now have the pleasure of announcing to our Eastern brethren that we have a full-fledged fish and game protector, with a salary of \$2,000 per year, \$500 traveling expenses, besides certain perquisites. This is even better than we had hoped.

Our State is young and sparsely populated; and our legislators have always heretofore so carefully guarded the treasury, that we sportsmen were much in doubt whether the Assembly (just adjourned) would grant our prayer, as it involved quite an outlay of State funds. So, imagine our surprise and gratitude when they not only gave us all we asked but added \$500 to the salary. But there is a little inside history to the matter and I want to give it away.

Heretofore we have had no protection for our fish and game except in so far as the salmon industry was concerned. It is true that there were numerous good laws for their protection, but nobody ever thought of enforcing them. The three Fish Commissioners were empowered (in fact it was their duty) to enforce all the laws for the protection of all our food fish. Many and many a notice was served upon them of the existence of illegal dams, sawdust, dynamite, etc., but the commissioners were apparently too much absorbed in the salmon industry or something else to give these trivial matters the least attention.

As every reader of FOREST AND STREAM well knows, private citizens will not prefer charges against their neighbors for infractions of the game laws. This fact has been demonstrated in every State of the Union, and there are plenty of good reasons why they will not.

Well, when it became apparent to the market-men that our Assembly was favorably disposed toward our bill, they proceeded to organize, raise money and attack the bill, tooth and nail. They openly boasted that they would secure its defeat at any cost. The canneries down the river seemed to join hands with the market-men, the old board of Fish Commissioners reinforced our assailants and we sportsmen found ourselves in a decidedly embarrassing position. We could almost imagine how Davy Crockett and his heroic companions felt when penned up in the Alamo, for we were outnumbered, and then too, you know that sportsmen have less of the right kind of ammunition than these other fellows have in such a fight. But we trusted in God and kept what little powder we had very dry. On the eve of adjournment the Assembly got rattled and passed every fish and game and Fish Commission bill it had on hand. Of course these bills conflicted with each other, and no two of them could legally stand, but by passing all of them the legislators could go back to their respective admiring constituencies without priming themselves for explanations or feeling that they had left

any duty unperformed. The Fish Commission bill was, of course, in the interest of the canneries, but I will not ask space to particularize or define the object of these various bills. The Governor's name was necessary, of course, in order to make these various bills law.

Suffice it to say, Governor Penneyer stood by us and by the interests of the great State of Oregon like a man. He vetoed every bill that conflicted with our game warden bill and to that he affixed his signature. And then too, the bill contains an emergency clause that sent it into effect last Monday. Mr. H. D. McGuire, the appointee, although not so well known as many other aspirants for the position, is an earnest, active, honest man who will do his duty and enforce the laws, and that is what we want.

In conclusion I desire to say that I have been a life-long Republican, but henceforth I am an out and out Penneyer Democrat, and if my vote would keep him in Oregon's chair he might rest assured of a life job. S. H. GREENE.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Spring Shooting.

BOSTON, March 11.—Spring shooting begins to be the topic of conversation with the shotgun sportsmen, though no flights of birds are yet mentioned. Parties are being made up of members of the Monomoy Brant Club and invited guests. Members of this club go for their spring shooting in squads or sections, each party including about as many individuals as the club accommodations at Monomoy Beach will hold. Invitations to enjoy the brant shooting with members are at a premium usually with sportsmen who are not so fortunate as to belong to the club.

Maine Menhaden Fishermen.

The Maine Legislature is agitating the question of opening the season for duck shooting in that State April 1. The bill has made some progress, having passed one branch. But the measure that is interesting the shore fishermen the most is to open the bays and harbors belonging to Maine to the menhaden and mackerel seiners within the three-mile limit. It is the same old measure that has been several times killed in Massachusetts; the proposition to permit of seining in the waters of Buzzards Bay. In Massachusetts the measure has been killed several times, for the reason that there are cottage owners and people interested in shore fishing, along the shores of Buzzards Bay, who have considerable influence and a good deal of money. Here the influence of the menhaden fishermen and oil-makers has been met by more than its match, and Buzzards Bay is still closed to the seiners. But in Maine it looks as though the influence and the wealth of the menhaden catchers was being used in the Legislature. A bill has actually been introduced and has passed through its first stages in the Senate, though the lovers of harbor and shore fishing have protested vigorously. The danger is that the bill will pass both branches, but it is hoped that Governor Cleaves will veto it.

That Maine License Bill.

The obnoxious Maine sportsmen's license bill has been up in the Senate, and has been tabled there. The better sense of the Maine Legislature hopes that it will stay on the table, but its friends, and among them are numbered some of the lumber kings, will be sure to call it up again. The form of the bill proposes to tax every person, not a resident of the State, an annual license fee of \$5, for either hunting or fishing in that State. An amendment has been proposed allowing owners of property to the value of \$2,500 in the State, or persons paying a tax of \$5, to be exempt from the license law. This amendment was tabled last week, along with the bill. The design of the amendment is to favor the owners of camp property. A lawyer of considerable note tells me that the owner of camps in Maine would have a constitutional right to occupy them, though erected and maintained ostensibly for the purpose of hunting and fishing, and to occupy them without paying a license. Then being an occupant of his own camps, a person would be for the time being a citizen of the State, with all the rights of any other citizen, except that of voting, and being a citizen for the time, with all the property rights and privileges of any other citizen, and it being open season on trout in the lake or stream beside his camp, or open season on moose, deer or caribou or birds, the State cannot make a constitutional law that can prevent his taking his legal share of the game and fish about his camp. This sounds like good law, but how the Maine courts might regard it is a question. Another lawyer, with whom I have talked on the subject, suggests that the owners of camps and cottages in Maine, built for the purpose of hunting and fishing, cannot be legislated out of their rights to all the game and fish legally belonging to them under the existing fish and game laws. Their camps were built for the sake of the privileges of hunting and fishing, and they are worthless without these privileges, and hence these privileges cannot constitutionally be taken away by any tax not equally imposed upon all persons, whether residents of the State or not. The ownership of real estate carries with it all the privileges of the neighborhood—of the surroundings, the air, the water, the shade trees and the fish and game—all these without any tax or restriction, beyond that which the real estate pays. Not only would the owner of real estate be entitled to all of these privileges without further and equal tax with the citizens of the State, but he could also invite his friends to enjoy them with him, and permission or invitation from the owner of the real estate would carry with it all of the privileges of any citizen of Maine or any other State. It looks as though it might be a difficult matter for the solons at Augusta to frame a license law that will hold.

The Gilbert Trovt Bill.

Up to the present writing no further progress had been made in regard to the Gilbert trout law in the Massachusetts Legislature. In the meantime March is rapidly passing away, with winter still upon the trout streams. It looks as though the legal opening on trout, April 1, would be a very cold one this year. Yet the sportsmen are interested, and already they are getting their tackle together. SPECIAL.

JACK RABBIT SOUP AND SAUSAGES.

TAYLOR Co., Tex., Feb. 25.—FOREST AND STREAM of the 9th has many hard things to say of the jack rabbit which I cannot concur in. He is derided as a poor culinary article. Now I know that in the hands of a good cook he puts up an excellent soup, and as a sausage meat he is entitled to high rank. I did not know of these good qualities of his till I stopped a few years ago with an English family in Texas, who made me acquainted with them. Since then, whenever I shoot a jack rabbit in the season of frost, he promptly appears on my table as soup or sausage, and I have never heard any one speak of him when thus served except in praise. If our California friends, who seem to be so much pestered by him, will turn him to account in these ways, I dare say they will complain of him no more.

Nor is he looked upon by our farmers as a pest. He will forage upon our gardens if we let him, and so will any other sort of hare or rabbit, but if he does any injury to our field crops it is so immaterial no one notices it. I will except only the sweet potatoes, of the vine of which he is so fond he will eat them all if allowed. He will also grubble in the ground to fetch up the potatoes. Evidently, when he gets into a sweet potato patch he thinks he is in glory. But a watchful dog about the premises will soon make him shy of it. As for scare-crows, which some farmers put out, he quickly learns they are but harmless Quaker guns, and so despises them.

In this country we have a great variety and abundance of rich native grasses, and these and the sugary mesquite bean so content the jack he is under little temptation to maraud, except as to the esculent mentioned. A patch of sweet potatoes seems almost irresistible to him, as the watermelon patch is to the average small boy or negro. Some of my neighbors tell me he also has a keen liking for the peanut, so that he will encamp upon a crop of them continually if permitted, eating both vine and pods, but as I have not yet grown these things I cannot say of my own knowledge. For my part, I am willing to give him a liberal share of my potatoes for his soup and sausages. Can an animal feeding on such good food be otherwise than good to eat? But perhaps in other regions he may not have so good fare.

While on this line of thought I am tempted to remark that I believe there are very few sorts of creatures which in the hands of an adroit cook would fail to put up a good dish. I am tempted to except only animals of the dog family. I was once with a party of men who, being almost perished from hunger, attempted to eat a wolf which one of them had shot, but it was a failure. And yet we are told the Chinese consider fat puppies a great delicacy. I have been told by several old soldiers that they ate rats and mule meat at Vicksburg, and found both very tolerable eating. The subject is interesting, and as the world's population is thought by some to be growing faster than the food supply, it may be profitable to discuss it. I should like to see it undertaken in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

I read with delight Mr. A. N. Cheney's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of the 16th, quoting from Homer as to angling in his days, some twenty-three hundred years ago. I hope that Mr. Cheney and other writers will continue the entertaining work of examining into the classic authors, not only as to fishing, but hunting also. It will prove exquisite work, in which I would delight to take a share, but unfortunately cannot. Among other misfortunes that have befallen me in late years was the almost total destruction of my valued library, so that I am disarmed for literary work in that field and almost any other. But I remember a verse in the first ode of Horace which comes well in point:

Manet sub Jove frigido,
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor:

which may be freely translated thus: "The young hunter in the eager pursuit of his game, stays out all night in the cold, unmindful of his tender wife sleeping in her comfortable bed." But I dare say she was not sleeping very soundly; rather that, like Tam O'Shanter's wife, she was "aursing her wrath to keep it warm" for the young fellow when he should return to her side. N. A. T.

A SOUTHERN GAME COUNTRY.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—In a recent issue of your paper is an account of a dinner given in New York city by the Meganitic Club of Boston. It contains a statement that the club's property consists of 160,000 acres or 250 square miles of territory. This is a vast extent of land for one club to own, and it must be a large organization of wealthy members to control such vast possessions.

In reading your paper closely for years past, I have often been astonished at the great expense gone to by wealthy and influential clubs in becoming possessed of desirable tracts for sporting purposes and in improving them. Mr. Hough's letters concerning the Chicago and Detroit clubs particularly impressed me on this point.

In the South as yet, we have found no need for such organizations, and we have not the wealth to indulge in such expenditures if we did have need to. I think our game here is far more abundant and accessible than in the North and West, and it is rare that the lands are posted or that objection is made by the land owners to a sportsman going on the property and killing all he can. In fact most of the best hunting territory—except for quail shooting, is on the wild lands away from civilization and beyond the scrutiny of the owners. It is simply more a question of transportation than anything else.

I think Mr. Warner and I have just about as good a preserve as the Meganitic or any other club, in our little launch, the Rambler, which enables us to take in 250 square miles or more of territory, if we want to. But the fact is we don't need so much ground as that by a long shot to hunt over. For duck shooting we have the Mississippi River bars as well as near tributary streams, which gives us all and more shooting than we have time to attend to. We always have some sport and often it is very fine, and we have never had occasion to go over 40 miles from Vicksburg. We have no fall nor spring shooting as further north of here, but ours is an all winter shoot, the ducks coming down here in November and remaining until the middle of March.

For turkey we go into the wild lands above here, though this noble bird is to be found on all sides of us, where there is an abundance of heavy timber. We have never yet drawn a blank when we have tried for them, and sometimes our luck has been rare. I know of no

finer sport than this game affords. It is still fairly plentiful, though less so than formerly when the encroachments of civilization were not so great. We have never had occasion to go over seventy-five miles to get all the sport we wanted, and often a much less distance sufficed. You might well say that our former launch, the Greenwing, has actually roosted among the wary old gobblers, and by the time this letter is in print we expect our new boat to be doing something in the same line.

Deer and bear are also plentiful in certain localities, and it is no trick with a sportsman experienced in killing this large game to get an animal almost any day he desires. On our hunts after turkey we sometimes get among them to a limited extent, but as a rule we devote but little time in pursuit of either kind, as we are not proficient in pursuit of such game.

Some of these days, the regions further north having become exhausted in game, the valuable lands of the South will be sought after by the wealthy clubs, who will find ample time and means to come this far for sport. And I believe such an advent is not altogether undesirable, as it will tend to preserve the game by eliminating from lands acquired by such clubs the market-hunter and the sportsman who shoots to excess. Only recently representatives from two widely separated organizations, one in Cincinnati, the other in Detroit, have been here making inquiries for a hunting and fishing preserve. What these clubs want is here, and can be had for the money.

And yet when they do come and buy there are certain spots that we know of which we hope will not be included in the preserve, for we want to shoot there a few years longer. We are not through with those rare regions yet, and want to try our hand a few seasons more before the favored spots are scooped in by the magnates. However, there are so many desirable tracts, and in such widely different localities that it will likely be a long time before an outsider who is fairly familiar with the territory will be shut out so he cannot get a day of good sport when he wants it. So, let the clubs come along, erect their barriers and protect their game where it would soon become abundant under proper care and afford fine sport to its members. We would try to get our share by dodging around on unspoken territory, and we think we could get it.

W. L. P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—High water in the spring usually makes good fishing later. On this basis we should have good fishing about Chicago this summer, for the spring floods are unusually high. The Rock, Fox, Kankakee and Illinois rivers are all booming this week. The snow which killed the quails will in liquid form transport fish to the anglers. Such are the compensations of nature, which is said never to make a mistake.

Sport is now betwixt and between in Chicago. Fishing is not yet, nor are the ducks yet up for those who wish to shoot ducks. The yearly awakening of the sporting fever is already visible, however, and much talk is current.

The dull season in the sporting year at Chicago is probably the thirty days last past. The shooters have then let go of the fall and not yet taken hold of the spring. It is not really dull here even then, for at almost every week of the year some one is coming in or going out for sport in a country not bound by the Chicago climate. Many Chicago men go South in the winter. Apropos of this I may state that this season's Chicago travel to Florida is greater than was ever known before. Mr. Hirth, who presides over the tackle department of Spalding's, told me this week that he had sold twice as many tarpon outfits this winter as in any other year during the same season.

Too Many Notes.

The only trouble about a Southern trip is that one takes so many notes that he can never in the world get caught up with his writing. The South is all a new world to the Northerner, and he is apt to bring away from it, after his first trip, a memory as jumbled as his notes. I am not sure that jumbled recollections are not as good as any.

I remember that when Billy Young had come to anchor in front of Stephenson's house, on Galveston Bay, we had to lighter our baggage across the tide flats with a big scow. The young man who poled the scow out to the schooner had on small-heeled boots and a noble pair of spurs. This seemed to me strange and I made a note of it. There was a strip of mud between the landing and the house. Young Wilcox put my heavy trunk on a sledge, hitched a lariat to the sledge, took a turn of the rope about the pommel of his saddle, mounted his pony and hauled the whole outfit across the mud without soiling the heels of his boots. Thus it may be seen that spurs may sometimes be useful to sailors. It all depends on the country.

Horses of the South.

The horses which we used on the sea prairie were the regular Texas ponies. They were patient, plucky brutes, which took the knee-deep plodding over the wet ground philosophically, and always took us home safely, no matter how dark the night or how great the distance. After dark the marsh country was baddish looking, and the trail was winding enough, but the ponies always knew the way home.

In Louisiana we experimented with the 'Cajun ponies, which I believe to be the smallest, most ill-conditioned, most despondent horses of the earth. Tête Rouge and Pinto were the names the Chief bestowed upon our mounts. Tête Rouge was a brilliant sorrel red, mane and all, whence his name. He was the tiniest, scrubbiest, dirtiest, sorriest horse that ever was, and no man could look at the reproach in his eye without a blush of shame at the thought of asking him to carry anything more than his own load of grief. Yet Tête Rouge was a good hunting pony, because his disposition was always the same, and he would stay where you put him. He was tired, very tired. He didn't care whether school kept or not. It made him groan to step over a cotton row, and at a ditch he made only the feeblest bluff at a jump, waiting calmly with his feet in the middle of the ditch until I got off and lifted him over. It was no use swearing at Tête Rouge. He didn't care a cent what you said about him. He was totally, absolutely, depravedly tired. I wanted to make a picture of Tête Rouge, but he was

lying down at the time, and I couldn't get him to stand up.

Nearly all the quail hunting in Louisiana is done horse-back. When the dogs find a bevy the shooters dismount and tie up. In Mississippi also they hunt in this way, and in the fearfully rough country about New Albany I found a horse the greatest luxury possible to have. Indeed, he is a poor man who hunts much afoot in the South. The horses of northern Mississippi we found to be the best we had met. They showed the blood of near-by Kentucky and Tennessee. Shooting, even with so good a mount between times, is hard work in so hilly a country as upper Mississippi, but the birds were abundant and flew strong as grouse. It may be remembered that in the Southern field trials at New Albany the party put up twenty-nine bevsies the first day out.

The Best Rats.

I wonder if everybody knows where the best muskrat fur comes from? In the South my market-hunting friends told me that the Kankakee and Illinois River rats bring four cents a skin more than any other kind.

Photographing a Skunk.

In all the great FOREST AND STREAM collection of amateur photographs, I presume there is not one showing a skunk on the point of going into battle. My notes tell me that in the South I tried to photograph a skunk. In short, I tried several times, and got up within 10ft. of him, too, in spite of his threatening attitude. Unfortunately the light was dim, and I find among my negatives only a series of blurs at the place where I hoped to have a nice study in black and white. Thus often we risk much for no result.

Texas Terrapins.

Galveston Bay, so my notes say, was once a great ground for terrapins. They would come out on the reefs in numbers, and made a great source of revenue to the fishers, or rather, the hunters. After the terrapins became scarcer the marketmen hunted them with dogs, walking along near the shores on the flatlands of the shore or islands. The dogs used became unerring in their work. A terrapin when surprised near the water will make for the water. The dog would in some cases put his paw on the terrapin and hold it. Others would only point it, and a few would bring it in the mouth to the master. Persistent following at all seasons has nearly exhausted the terrapin supply of this great bay. Both bird dogs and curs were used in hunting terrapins.

Terrapin and canvasback seem to go together naturally. I have already spoken of the great numbers of canvasbacks on Galveston Bay. Oysters also there are, and red fish, and all things truly desirable.

The Great Northwest.

The unselfish and disinterested pride of a man in his own dogs sometimes leads him to do very useful things. I do not doubt that Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, who sends me the following clipping from an article by Mr. J. A. McCaul in the *Western World*, thinks honestly that the reference to his dogs is the most valuable news that could come from Alberta. In his estimate of news he is both right and wrong. Those who know aught of the doggy world know that Mr. Johnson has good dogs, but they might not all know so much about the game with which he is so familiar from his experience in the country. This is how Mr. Johnson is doubly kind. The article reads:

Southern Alberta may fairly be called a sportsman's paradise, not one for pot-hunters or lovers of slaughtering large bags. The variety of game and scenery, the glorious weather during the shooting season, the successful handling of the dogs, gun, the rod and flies give a peculiar pleasure and zest to the true sportsman that is not to be compared to the mere slaughter of game so commonly called sport by some would-be sportsmen. Here we have to be our own guides, tent pitchers, etc., etc., in turn, handle our own dogs and learn as best we may how to take the wary grizzly, deer, duck, trout, salmon or whatever it may be.

As for grizzlies, cinnamon (brown) or black bears, elk, deer, sheep and goat, fairly good shooting can be had in this district by a little roughing it and mountain climbing. One cannot sit by the camp-fire and talk grizzly, etc., but must turn out and do some work for his sport, and with the right kind of men good enough sport to satisfy any one can be obtained in the Rockies which bound us on the west.

The swan, goose, duck and grouse shooting is good, and well up to the average of any country I know of. The varieties of swan bagged here are: The whistling swan (*Oler columbianus*), the trumpeter swan (*Oler buccinator*). Of the goose tribe large bags are made, the chief varieties being blue-winged goose (*Chen caerulescens*), often mistaken here for the swan goose (*Chen hyperboreus*), both of which appear in large numbers in the fall, and are easily bagged from Oct. 1; but all the varieties of the white goose are known here as "waxies," so called by the Indians "wevoia" (*Chen hyperboreus nivalis*), notwithstanding their classification in the books. To the sportsman the Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*) and *Bernicla hutchinsi*, the smaller goose, afford the most sport, being much more wary and shy, but with the use of sheet iron decoys affording grand sport and good hard shooting.

The duck tribe is well represented and very large bags can be made by one of their peculiar ways. Of this tribe I may mention as common varieties the mallard, the gadwall (seldom seen), the pintail, American widgeon, teal (greenwing), and the river ducks, canvasback, redhead, bluebill (large and small), golden eye (Barrow's) and the smaller one, buffleheads, with a scattering of blue-winged teal, harlequin, ruddy ducks and some hybrids. In grouse we have plenty of the pintail, which affords the chief field sport on the prairies in the early fall and in cover. In the mountains, the blue grouse, found chiefly in the mountains (except perhaps before Sept. 15, when the old and young ones come down to the prairie), with an occasional willow grouse and ptarmigan thrown in. In the plover and snipe line we have little to speak of. A few Wilson snipe are bagged, but as yet very few, and as for woodcock one unfortunate only has been blown our way.

The class of dogs in the country are good, including the Laverack and Llewellyn strains, mostly from the kennels of Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, who, I believe, is justly proud of some fine ones we have turned out, the work here requiring speed, nose and staunchness, which we aim to breed in the highest degree.

And last, but not least, I may say that the trout fishing in this district is unsurpassed. Simply magnificent fly-fishing can be had, the writer of this article having seen more than one day's trout fishing, reeling in an average of over 1lb. each, some 1lb. (fish) (with trout) reaching 3lbs. and others (brook trout) tipping the scale at 3lbs. Good trawling for lake trout and pike may also be obtained, and here the disciples of Isaac Walton can certainly revel.

Manitoba's Hibernating Animals.

It is the same gentleman who sends me an interesting clipping, uncredited, on the hibernating animals of another section of the great Northwest, of which many of us know so little, and as he says nothing therein of hibernating dogs, I shall this time visit him with no slings and arrows. This reads:

There are in Manitoba six species of animals that hibernate, or spend the winter in a dormant condition; these are the bear, badger, porcupine, raccoon, skunk and ground hog. It is a remarkable provision of nature that life can be sustained without food during a long winter. It will be noticed that all these animals become exceedingly fat as the winter approaches, and from that fat nourishment is, in some way, derived during the long season of sleep and inactivity, for when spring arrives the animals are always lean and hungry. In this country there are no rocks among which caves can be discovered, and no large, hollow trees, so the bear has much difficulty in finding a proper den in

which to spend the winter, and has often to be content with a hole in the side of some wooded bank, where shrub and fallen timber conceals and covers the entrance. The badger burrows to a great depth in any dry position on the prairie, and does not seek to close the entrance, but as the burrow is generally surrounded by the waxberry bushes, which stop the drift, the whole soon becomes closed by snow.

There are very few raccoons in Manitoba, but the number seems to be increasing, as the grain fields now afford food in summer, especially when the fields are near the woods which the animals frequent, for raccoons seldom venture far out on the prairie, as they are poor runners and are easily overtaken by a dog or wolf if upon open ground. Raccoons are generally found near rivers and feed on dead fish that may be cast ashore or on frogs when these can be found. Even in Manitoba raccoons love to winter in hollow trees, when those can be discovered large enough. Porcupines are not very common and are smaller in size and darker in color than those found in the eastern provinces. As the porcupine feeds principally on the bark of trees it frequents wooded districts and spends the winter underground. There are more woodchucks in Manitoba than many suppose, but as they never leave the thick woods they can be heard much oftener than they are seen. The skunk is the most luxurious of all the hibernating animals of this country, and not only prepares a warm bed of soft grass at the bottom of his burrow, but closes the entrance from the outside with a bunch of the same material, thus effectually excluding the cold. Other animals that spend the winter underground all store up a supply of food, on which they subsist during the cold season.

75 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

Worcester Fur Club

WORCESTER, Mass., March 6.—Although the two hunts held by the Worcester Fur Club during the season just closed were discouraging in the extreme the total score of the club's members for the season would indicate that the poor showing made on the occasion of the "big hunts" was not due to a scarcity of foxes.

Returns received by President Kinney up to date show a total of 181 pelts taken by members of the club.

Charlie Howe, who has not been just up to an edge for the past few seasons, struck his gait at last, and tops the list, but by a single brush. A. C. White, who has been high gun among the Worcester men, tied with E. T. Whitaker for second place.

White can console himself for the lost leadership, however, with the knowledge that he added during the year to his stock of experience some things which the others missed. For one, he located the North Star, the Dipper, and another constellation of at least local prominence. Then he discovered a pond that grew an ice of surprising clearness and of wonderfully refreshing powers. He knew how to build a brush fire before.

Sam Smith, of Hopkinton, who led the club for a season, had to be satisfied with third place in company with W. J. Harrington.

The score of the club is as follows: Charles Howe, 10; E. T. Whitaker, 9; A. C. White, 9; S. A. Smith, 8; W. J. Harrington, 8; H. C. Newell, 8; Lyman Baker, 7; J. M. White, 7; N. Willard, 6; George Bates, 5; J. T. Adams, 5; E. B. Burbank, 5; C. Pierce, 5; H. Kinsley, 4; F. E. Harrington, 4; H. Adams, 4; J. R. Thayer, 4; E. H. Cate, 4; E. J. Bates, 3; J. E. Fuller, 3; Albert Hobbs, 3; Wilton Rand, 2; A. B. F. Kinney, 2; O. F. Joslin, 1; George Waite, 1; W. L. Taft, 1; W. R. Dean, 1; W. Perry, 1; D. M. Earle, 1.

HAL.

"Johnny, Get Your Gun."

OSCEOLA MILLS, Pa., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the fall of '91 I left my mountain home in Clearfield county, Pa., with my gun, and went to Adams county for a few days' quail shooting, as we have very few up here. On the second day I was out with a young man named William La Rue, and with my first shot I killed one quail and two woodcock. I could have killed with my second barrel, but missed fire, and so I know I killed them all at one shot. The same afternoon my friend and I sat on a bank and watched 15 woodcock working in the swampy ground about 30 or 40 ft. from us. When we got tired watching them we flushed the birds and I killed with both barrels. We had no dog, and that afternoon I killed 13 woodcock and 9 quail, and if you ever get into Bowers' Bottom you will have to do some very quick shooting.

Now I think Johnny has got the gun and should hold it until some other sportsman can claim it.

Pheasants and quail, what few we have up here, are having a hard time of it this winter. The snow has been very deep and weather very cold, but as yet I have not found any dead birds.

This is my first appearance in the FOREST AND STREAM, although I have been a reader for some years. I. C. J.

Game in North Carolina.

HENDERSON, N. C., March 1.—The quail, partridges, wild turkeys and other game birds in North Carolina have indeed had a hard time of it during the past winter—many thousands of them were frozen outright during the unprecedented cold spell and deep cover of snow and ice which endured the first thirty or forty days of the year. The markets of the State were glutted with impoverished game, often unfit for food. The sporting fraternity are laid under lasting obligations to Senator Leach, of Warren county, who bravely came to the rescue and had a law passed to prevent the destruction of the feathered tribe, esteemed by the sportsman, in certain counties in North Carolina. It is a pity that for "political reasons" many counties were not covered by this humane law, but the sections thus protected will doubtless offer the most inviting fields for shooting the coming autumn. The law was stringently enforced in Warren and Vance counties, and ample breeding stock for the coming summer preserved.

SPORTSMAN.

Indians and Big Game.

CORA, Wyo., Feb. 23.—Bands of elk and deer are in sight nearly all the time, and reports come of bands of elk numbering as high as 3,000 gradually drifting south toward the Colorado Desert, some fifty miles from here, where they will stay until the snow goes off in the spring. Then the elk, deer and antelope will start back toward the mountains as fast as the snow will permit. When they have gotten back to the foot of the range, they are stopped for a time on account of the deep snows in the mountains and at just the time of year when the females have their young, and hence it is that they suffer a terrible onslaught from the noble (?) red men, pensioners of Uncle Sam.

The Indians flock into this locality from Fort Washiki and Fort Hall, and their *modus operandi* is for the bucks to mount cayuses and ride along the timber or brush patches where the elk deer or antelope conceal their young, and as the creatures will not readily leave them

while being approached, it is a very easy task to kill every one found. If when they kill an old cow, the young is yet unborn, it is cut out and taken to camp and considered by them a very delicious dish. One Indian can kill as many animals in a morning's hunt as his squaws and papooses can take care of all day. It will readily be seen that the old and young are both killed, whether the young are taken by the Indians or left to starve or be devoured by beasts of prey.

The hides of these animals, after being made into buckskin, are traded to the small trading posts for Jamaica ginger, lemon extract, or cheap whisky, all of which intoxicates alike, and are sold in violation of the United States laws. One man purchased 800 lbs of buckskin last year in this way. This means 400 to 500 head of full-grown animals and fully that number of young destroyed.

Can some brother sportsman suggest a way to prevent this wholesale destruction which will ultimately exterminate our game?

IRA DODGE.

Mr. Dodge Will Wage War.

CORA, Wyoming.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I promised to furnish you some game notes, but owing to my bear fight on Nov. 2 last, I have been unable to obtain much personal knowledge concerning the same. After I wrote you an account of my fight, the doctor attending me discovered that my wounds were very much worse than he at first thought, and it was Jan. 2, two months later, before I could be moved home. Since then I have been confined to my bed most of the time, but now that the pieces of bone that have been floating about in my face and hand have been removed, recovery is a matter of a short time, excepting a stiff hand and a very disfigured face. I received in all about one hundred bites, viz., nine on my right leg, eight on the left, twenty-six on the left hand and wrist, twenty-one on my face, and too many on my right hand to count. If that wouldn't make a man mad what would? I intend to wage war against the grizzlies next spring, and many is the one that will make the woods resound and bite his paws before I am even, and I shall probably do the work with my little 6 lbs. .50-100 Maynard that stands against a large fir tree where the affray occurred.

If Mr. L. S. Kelley, of Chicago, will join me on a hunt

Scott and Thomas Cooke, two other hunters who have formed part of his party. They have been killing ducks, widgeon, sprig, gray geese and brant since early in November, along the Sacramento River and in the ponds, sloughs, swamps, creeks and bayous. Mr. Hoffman estimates that he alone has killed 3,000 ducks, while each of his companions has gone up in the thousands. The water is so high now that it is not a good season for hunting. There is plenty of game, but scarcity of food has driven it away. Mr. Hoffman and his party have taken a rest, although there is yet nearly three weeks before the close season begins.

"I have heard it said from time to time," said Mr. Hoffman, "that canvasback ducks were almost gone in California, and that there were now none to speak of anywhere. Those who think so ought to come up to Knight's Landing and take a look around there.

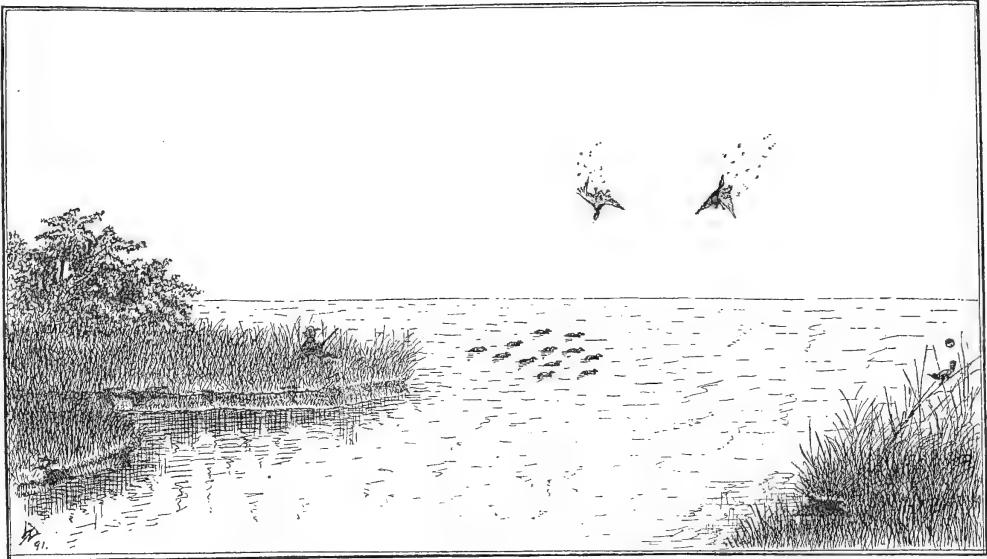
"Although I have done nothing else but hunt for 10 years, I have never seen so many canvasback ducks as this year. They are amazingly plentiful, and they are as fat and fine as they can be. The majority that I killed were canvasbacks. They have been feeding on tulle weed, a bulbous vegetable that grows in shallow water, and on the new wheat which is growing all about there.

"I have seen droves of canvasbacks and mallards on Senator Fair's 1,400-acre Yolo ranch lately each two to three miles long and a couple of hundred yards wide. Of course there might be narrow places in them, a hundred yards in extent or so, where there were no ducks, but as a rule the two to three miles would hold good.

"The ducks are too fat, as are all the wild fowl up there. In my cooking I would cut them open and take out some of the fat and throw it away, else they would be too greasy. I don't kill any butter-balls at all. I leave them alone. Mallards are very thick and the wild geese are extremely plentiful and are feeding on wheat, to the detriment of the ranchers."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Maine Fish and Game.

PORTLAND, Me., March 7.—In Augusta this week I find Fish and Game Committee divided on opening September. The Rangeley and adjacent interests favor; eastern interests oppose. Lumbermen oppose everywhere. The Governor has not yet made any appointment for commis-



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XX.

"GOT THEM THAT TIME."

after grizzlies, I will convince him that they are as easily killed as the one Messrs. Perry and Wilson done up as referred to by Francis J. Hagan in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 12. Mr. Hagan's bear and mine could not have been the same, as they were in opposite directions from Big Piney, and his was of the kind that gives leg bail for security, while mine disputed the ground by reason of possession and prior right and contested his claim, as he supposed, to the higher courts in the happy hunting grounds.

IRA DODGE.

An Otter on the Juniata.

THOMPSONTOWN, Juniata County, Pa.—Some time ago, since the big flood of 1889, I wrote you of the reported appearance of an otter in our vicinity. Only two or three persons had seen him, although a "slide" and unfamiliar tracks were in evidence. These signs were on the banks of a deep pool, formed at the mouth of a small creek by an immense drift deposited by the flood. That his existence was not a myth seems to be now proved by the fact that recently an otter was killed three miles from the spot up the river.

A young girl living near the river had her attention attracted by the unusual barking of the dog, and hurrying to the spot, the bottom of a lock of the abandoned Juniata Canal, she found him facing an animal unknown to her. By means of a pole she soon dispatched it, and it was afterward identified as a young otter. He had probably come into the old lock in search of food.

The occurrence of the otter in this locality is noted with much interest. He is such a stranger that we are not sure of his identity when he does drop in on us. Whether he came to the Juniata from the northern counties in the Susquehanna (we are twenty-five miles above the former's junction with the latter) or by the same waterway from the Chesapeake Bay, we should like to know. Which is the most likely? We never heard of the appearance of the animal far above us.

MARCH 6.

ONYJUTTA.

California Canvasbacks.

A. J. HOFFMAN, a native of Knight's Landing, Yolo County, one of the most noted bird hunters of that part of California and who has done nothing except hunt for 10 years, is at the American Exchange, accompanied by John

sioner. I am told he is delaying until he knows if a bill will be passed providing for submission of all special legislation to commissioners and that if it does he will appoint a lawyer. The mass of special legislation asked for has been overwhelming. We are not likely to have any license law.

Unless there come heavy rains the Sebago fishing is likely to be poor, as the lake is very low, but we are overhauling our tackle just the same, and making ready to be there when the apple trees bloom.

I hear that deer have wintered well. Up to three weeks ago it was the best winter for protection from crusting we've had for years. This is the month when most crusting is done, and doubtless there will be the usual amount.

C. D. S.

Game Sold in St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 20.—All the restaurants and shops in town are selling all kinds of game now, which is out of season, from quail to deer, but the game warden does nothing.

P. V.

That Tennessee Gun Tax Suggestion.

HIGHGATE, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your issue of the 2d a letter from R. B. Morgan, better known as "Dick Morgan," the dog breeder. The gun tax question is evidently used by him as a pretense to get into your columns and give vent to personal malice against the writer. My only object in paying any attention to him or his letter is through a desire to prevent other gentlemen from being imposed upon by him as I have been.

To show the utter untruthfulness of the article I will notice one item. He says that I expressed a box of ammunition there weighing 22 lbs.; this is so worded as to give your readers to understand that it was all ammunition in that box. That box is and was a heavy, strong wooden case, and its contents when shipped there were my hunting coats, vests, pantaloons—two pair—hip rubber boots, leather hunting boots, a heavy double blanket, one thick quilt, two rifles, one target pistol, camp axe, some books and magazines, pistol, rifle and 12-gauge shot cartridges, together with a miscellaneous lot of other articles that a sportsman would be likely to take when going away on a four months' cruise when he expected to camp out a portion of the time. I bought while at Morgan's two bags of shot, one bag of 25 lbs. he took possession of soon after it arrived, and a portion of the other bag I gave away.

The balance of his letter in truthfulness is on the same level as his ammunition yarn.

W. P. LEACH.

We are advised by several correspondents who sent money for a gun advertised by Jordan Mott Fowler, of Jersey City, N. J., that the express company through whom the money was sent has failed to find the party. The postal authorities return letters sent to the address and stamp them "Fictitious."

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

CROOKED LAKE, MICHIGAN.

DURING the past five summers, while the "other fellow" has doubtless been catching elsewhere such wonderful strings of fish, I have been contented to spend my vacations in northern Michigan, at Cincinnati Point, on the shores of Crooked Lake. Each season myself and family, with a congenial party of friends, have availed ourselves of the courtesy of the Cincinnati Club, and occupied their cottages during the month of July—this we could do without inconveniencing any of the regular club members, who, being mostly lay fivers subjects, do not arrive until August. The club has six cottages, club house, dining room, kitchen and boat house. We hire our own help, purchase all supplies, *pro rata* expenses, and thus obtain each year at a nominal cost an enjoyable outing that brings us in close touch with nature in her most beautiful forms, and sends us back to our city homes strong and light-hearted.

Naturally, therefore, some of us (myself among the number) have become enthusiastic lovers of the rod, and notwithstanding the quantities of fish that are legitimately taken from Crooked Lake each season (to say nothing of those speared through the ice in the winter), we are never obliged to buy fish, either for table use or for exhibition.

As regards quantity, the fish in Crooked Lake may be named in the following order: Perch, rock bass, pickerel and bass, the latter becoming scarcer each year. I first had my attention called to the subject of brook trout during my vacation in 1890, by seeing a catch of seven that had been made one morning by a guest of the hotel at Eden, a little settlement across the lake from Cincinnati Point. This at once aroused my ambition, but as the end of my vacation was near at hand and as I was not "rigged" for trout, I pigeon-holed the subject, resolving, should I return the following year, to be fully prepared to go regularly into the business.

Therefore, when I reached Crooked Lake in July, 1891, I was the owner of a complete trout outfit, and at once commenced pumping the natives as to the whereabouts of the "spotted warriors." Ah, those natives! upon many a "wild goose chase" did they send me, where I plunged through tangled woods, crawled under and over fallen trees, fell into rushing brooks, lost hooks and broke lines on overhanging branches or sunken logs, and wearied, tattered and mosquito-bitten, returned to camp with empty creel, blessing those self same natives from the very bottom of my heart. Trip after trip did I make, but always with the same result, until at last my friends had learned to pleasantly dub me "crank." However, "he laughs best who laughs last." I persevered, and one day (without the aid of a lantern) I found an honest man, from whom I got the long sought pointer. The very next morning, with that man as my guide, we pulled away from camp. The day was auspicious, with a stiff north-west wind and now and then a cloud obscuring the sun.

Our course lay down the south shore of the lake, and at a point about three miles from camp, we headed directly for a mass of tall reeds which grew in the lake some distance out from shore. We poled our boat through these reeds and then over a shallow bar into as typical a trout stream as I ever expect to see—its name is Minnehaha. To our right, in stately grandeur, stood a thick forest of pine, hemlock and birch, and on our left a swamp which bore the appearance of a field of grain, so completely was it concealed by the thick grasses that grew out of it. The stream proper varied in width from 50 to 70 ft.

Acting under my guide's advice I deferred making a cast until we "got further up beyond the bend," and as we silently glided up the smooth surface of this miniature river I contented myself with leaning over the stern of the boat and peering through the clear, transparent water into the many dark, mysterious caverns beneath us.

As we rounded an abrupt bend, the death-like silence which surrounded us was suddenly broken by a roaring like unto a small Falls of Niagara, caused by our having startled a flock of young ducks, which hurriedly splashed across our course and disappeared behind the tall swamp grass. Then a short distance ahead a lot of cranes decided to argue the point, and by their clatter frightened several blackbirds that rose from the thicket and flew away, screaming their disapproval as they passed over our heads.

Reaching the upper end of the bend we beached the head of our boat, leaving the stern afloat at right angles with the stream. My guide gathered up his pole and worm-can (he took no stock in flies) and took a position some 50 ft. down stream.

I decided to fish from the stern of the boat, and promptly made a cast toward a promising dark pool just above. "Now," I communed with myself, "must I do or die. Now to forever put a quietus on that peculiar smile which heretofore has always awaited me on my return to camp." Splash, and my heart bounded as a lusty trout sprang, glittering like a rainbow, full length out of the stream as if to taunt me, and the circles caused by his descending majesty were mingled with those made by my lure, so quickly did I place it over him. Pluck—and I held my breath; pluck again—and the reel commenced to play its part. In my eagerness I must have struck him very hard, for there was an angry fish and great sport for the next few minutes, but at last I had him in the boat, and as he lay in the net, panting, yet still defiant, as I gazed admiringly on his bright and beautiful colors, I shall never forget the mingled feelings of triumph and exultation that were mine. I had killed my first trout, and all past failures were for naught; and while that particular trout measured only 9 in. in length, yet when the contest was over I was trembling as if I had a chill. Do you not understand this, brother members of the guild? I have caught many trout since, but never again do I expect to have the "shakes" until I land one that will tip the beam to 5 lbs.

Luck was with me that morning, and before the dinner horn had blown we were approaching camp with seven "speckled darlings," the largest of which was 10½ in. long. The whole party were waiting for me on the dock as we landed, with the query, "What luck?" accompanied by that dreadful smile, I permitted them to have their

innings until I unloaded all the traps, after which I uncovered my catch, and then I had my revenge—every last one of them wanted to go trouting instanter.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 8.

EDWIN C. GIBBS.

ONEIDA LAKE AND ITS FISH SUPPLY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Oneida Lake is situated in the county of Oswego, N. Y., and is bordered on the south by Onondaga and Madison counties. The lake covers 57,000 acres; it is about thirty miles in length and five miles in width.

Previous to 1890 it was the "happy hunting ground" of men fishing for the market; in many cases they made this their only occupation; while in other cases, owners of cultivated and productive farms having handsomely constructed and well furnished houses clear of incumbrance, with money to loan, had no scruples against engaging in the illegal practice of taking fish from this body of water during the entire year.

That the lake under such adverse circumstances should not have been depleted of all fish within its borders, is one of the unsolved problems of nature.

Some few years since, a gentleman residing in a Western State, being interested in the subject, and of an inquiring mind, caught from a river in that section a variety of fish from one to two inches in length, and to ascertain the food necessary for these "babies," placed the food found in them under a powerful microscope, the result of which was that almost without exception there was found a like substance, too indefinite to be seen with the naked



THE "NESSMUK" MEMORIAL BRONZE.

The bronze tablet designed by Mr. Geo. T. Brewster, for the "Nessmuk" Memorial.

eye. The particular nourishment for fish just emerging from the egg is essential to their life, and deprived of it they will as surely die as the colt, the puppy, the kitten or the baby will cease to live, deprived of the mother's milk.

That Oneida Lake, with its numerous and shallow bays filled with plants and vegetable substance, contains in great quantity this essential food for young fish may be the solution of its wonderful productiveness.

There surely must be some such cause or it could not maintain year after year the immense supply of fish that has annually been taken from it by every design of net, except the purse net, and it is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century that this marauder of public property, in the hands of unscrupulous men, has not accomplished its destructive work even in this inland water.

It has passed beyond the question of probability and become a conclusion that the wholesale netting of fish from this lake and other waters must have an end, and that fish must be permitted to reach the age of reproduction, at least, or they will cease to exist.

Within the last two years, however, the State of New York, assisted at times by local protective associations, has done such effective work that netting therein has materially been prevented, and as a consequence fish have increased in size and quantity.

Should the State establish at this lake a hatching house and make it a central distributing place, wall-eyed pike particularly, and other fish could be furnished for every suitable water in New York, and at the same time place this lake under direct State protection.

With the steady increase of population of Syracuse, now reaching its one hundred thousand, and the demand for summer resorts and places of recreation, there can be none found more attractive within so short a distance from Syracuse as Oneida Lake, reached as it may be by the construction of about five miles of rail of easy grade, connecting with the R. W. O. R. R. at Clay Station, thereby opening to the public a quick and delightful ride to South Bay on the south shore of this lake, that would be largely patronized, and also be available to the citizens

of Syracuse, who would undoubtedly build similar summer cottages to those so attractive on the St. Lawrence River.

Here, then, is a body of water in the center of this State, easily approached by rail and otherwise, that is commended to the consideration of public-spirited persons whose disinterested purpose is to furnish for the people cheap fish food.

J. N. B.

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.—II.

THE old man pulled in his line, hauled up the anchor, spat on his hands, laid hold of the oars, started the boat and rowed in silence for several minutes. Then he asked, "See that old tumble-down mill over yonder? Well, that was the boss mill here onct, owned by a man by the name of Blank. Used to live in the Rapids. Ever know him?"

"Not by that name," I replied.

"Well, that warn't his name nuther; names don't count anyhow. But I tell you he was a cute one. Jest the kind of a feller for a lumberman in a new country. Didn't care for anything nor anybody. Lumber anywhere where there was a tree fit, specially if it could be hauled out arter it were felled. Oh, but he was a rusher, chuck full of business, jest made it hum. Lumber on Uncle Sam's land or anybody's, cared no more for a blazed line than you do for a dead bait. Stamp any unmarked log he came across, and if he dropped on to some particular good one, all stamped on the end why he'd cut off the mark and stamp 'em right. He were a rip roarer and a tough one. As for law, he'd a complete outfit in the law business. Had a pile of books and a right to swear besides his constitutional one. Got his head sawyer elected justice of the peace, hisself constable, and owned body and soul half the men entitled to sit on juries. When he got into a dispute about a line, which he often did, he'd fetch out his big brass instruments and make the fellers own up he were right whether they believed it or not. He stole a nice fat two-year-old from me onct. I knowed it well enough, but I darsent do anything about it, for the only justice in the township was his head sawyer and I could a proved he had some of the beef."

"Ever do anything about it?"

"Yes, I did. Jest kept still. Never let on that I'd lost a critter. Two years arter he had a drove of the finest hogs I ever seed. Well, one night two of 'em strayed off into the woods."

"Where did they fetch up?"

"Oh, one of 'em I sold to a logging camp about ten mile up the river. The other I kept in a kind of a cockloft overhead in my cabin for a month, when he died of heart failure—touched it with my hunting knife."

"Ever say anything to you about them?"

"Nary a word, but he s'picioned me, for I larnt arterward that he kept a watch on my place night and day for two weeks. But, say, we oughter git some bass here."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A. W.

TROLLING AND BAIT-CASTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 23, "A Bait-Caster" counsels me to try bait-casting as a more attractive and enjoyable manner of taking the black bass than by trolling, in which view I can concur, although I should not place the amount of pleasure in the capture of a bass by the former style, as opposed to the latter, at so great a ratio as twenty to one, for the greater part of the enjoyment is in meeting the desperate leaps and rushes of the fish, albeit much of the charm lies in the manner by which the game is induced to take the lure.

Although, contrary to his supposition, I have taken a number of bass by bait-casting, and have attained some degree of proficiency in it, nevertheless I rarely practice it in the lake of which I wrote because I have found it rather ineffectual, at least when practiced from a boat. The reasons for this I shall endeavor to explain. In the lake in question, the growth of reeds and other aquatic vegetation is very sparse, as the entire lake has a rocky bottom, and so the bass remain in deeper water than they otherwise would, therefore, while bait-casting from a boat toward the shore has proved rather ineffective, I am inclined to believe that casting from off shore, as he advocates, would prove more successful since I have met with much success by using a fly in that manner.

While I much prefer to take fish and game in the most sportsmanlike way, and the creeling of a trout or bass by a fly affords me thrice the satisfaction and pleasure of the capture of one by bait, still, when it is impracticable or ineffective, I consider it no breach of the orthodox angling creed to resort to somewhat less scientific means, and I trust that the view which "A Bait-Caster" holds as to what constitutes a true sportsman will not dissent from this. I intend, however, to follow his friendly advice at the next opportunity and, having given it a thorough trial, shall report the result.

EURUS.

The British Anglers' Society.

A SUBJECT of much present interest to British anglers is the wholesale destruction of immature sea fishes by the use of trawl nets in shallow waters. A society, of which Sir Edward Birkbeck is president, was founded in London last month, and will have branches in all parts of the United Kingdom. This association, called the British Sea-Anglers' Society, will undertake to foster the favorite amusement of its members, and at the same time advance the public interest by collecting reliable information as to the effects of injurious fishery methods, and by urging legislation for the protection of young fish.

According to *Nature*, the chairman of the preliminary meeting for organization, Mr. C. H. Cook, opened the proceedings with the following remarks:

"I hope that the anglers will take up this cause of immature sea fish. Already a movement, to which we may give a strong impetus, is rolling forward in this direction, but it is checked by the trawlers' interests. The harm done by these men is almost incalculable. I have seen their nets within a stone's throw of the shore in less than three fathoms of water, where they scoop up and destroy the infant fish by the million. It may be that the evidence tendered by trustworthy members of the Sea-Anglers' Society may be the means of putting an end to inshore trawling. I hope it will. It often happens that the information given to the Fishery Boards is wilfully misleading, owing to it being given by fishermen who fear they will lose their living."

ANGLING NOTES.

Suckers.

ACCORDING to one of the daily papers, a boy returning from school informed his father that the teacher said that sharks were the first of the fishes to be created. The father replied if that was so suckers must have been a close second. It is not likely that he referred to the suckers of ichthyological works, which many anglers think it was time lost to create at all, if they think anything about them. But suckers are not to be despised and derided as useless except to cumber the water. Suckers of various kinds furnish a not unimportant part of the fish food supply; they are an excellent bait for other fish, for they are tough and live long on the hook, and they associate with the brook trout and indicate to the old bait-fishermen when to go fishing—for "when suckers run trout bite."

I made my first close acquaintance with the common brook sucker by means of a wire snare when I was a boy, and not long after I cultivated him with a spear, and my chief interest in the fish is that it is the first and last that I ever snared. I was "taught on suckers" and I finished with suckers. I recounted my success one day at the table, and my father asked, "How did you say you caught them?" "With a snare." "With a snare!! my son. I am ashamed of you!" It does not read now at all as it sounded then, for, although that ended the conversation, the way in which my father pronounced "snare" and "ashamed" made me feel that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and that a pony that had been promised me would be late in finding its way to our stable. I regret that I have never eaten a sucker, but there are plenty of people who have and who consider them excellent eating in the spring when the water is cold, and it is in the spring that they are taken, speared or netted, when they run up the brooks to spawn. I was led to make a note about suckers because of the complaints that in many streams where they were once abundant the suckers are becoming extinct, and the people who complain and deplore the scarcity of suckers wonder why it is so. The reason is not far to seek, for in these very streams where they are now scarce they have been speared—slaughtered—for years on their way to spawn. As the fish is not cultivated artificially and the natural spawning has been checked, the spearers are now reaping the just reward of their own folly.

Trout and Suckers Running.

People who live in the country where there are trout streams may hear of large trout being taken early in the season before they will rise to a fly, and these trout are quite apt to be larger than any that may be taken subsequently the same season. These big trout are taken when "the suckers are running." It is only a coincidence that trout and suckers "run" at the same time, as the former run up stream from the deep pools where they have spent the winter to find swift water, which quickens their actions and causes them to throw off the sluggishness induced by Jack Frost, and the latter run up the brooks to spawn. This is the bait-fisherman's harvest time, and this is the mode of fishing—if so it can be called. Finding a pool with sluggish current between rapids the fisherman baits his hook with a "gob" of wriggling earth worms, and weighting it with a sinker that will keep it at the bottom he casts it into the pool and sits himself down to wait. There is sufficient current in the pool to straighten out the line below the sinker and the worms move gently from side to side, as the heavy sinker prevents them from being carried out of the pool. Both trout and suckers must make some effort to get up the rapid below, and finding the pool they naturally rest in it, and the worms may be gathered in with little exertion, and when the fisherman feels a bite he gives the fish plenty of time, for bait fish are very deliberate at this season. Finally he yanks, and he may have a trout or he may have a sucker, and to those who fish in this manner, I think it makes little difference which it proves to be. A sucker is not the stupid fish that he looks to be, and they will do one thing I never knew another fish to do. When the brooks are low and the suckers are congregated in the pools, if they are hurried by the boys, and men too have done it, they will attempt to escape down stream. A pool above a rapid is always selected for this, and when the sucker driven from his retreat in deep water, comes to the rapid with not enough water for him to swim in, he turns broad-side to the current which rolls him over and over until he finds deep water below, provided he escapes the boot of the man or boy standing in the shallow water for the purpose of kicking him out on to the shore; for be it understood the suckers are driven on to the rapids with malice aforethought. Caught only, or chiefly, at spawning time, and caught with every possible device in shallow water, where they fall an easy prey to their captors, it is small wonder that suckers are becoming scarce in some sections of the country.

Trout Frozen in the Ice.

Some weeks ago I mentioned in these notes that during the cold weather which prevailed in December and January many of the smaller brooks in northern New York had frozen solid to the bottom, and this state of affairs did not promise well for the spawning beds of trout in those brooks. I certainly did not anticipate that the trout themselves would suffer from the cold, for as a rule they take themselves down stream into deep water, but a man in Warren county had occasion to cut a block of ice from a stream near his house, and to his surprise he found several trout frozen in the ice. The ice was cut from a pool where it was frozen to the bottom. It is clear that the ice first formed above and below the pool, cutting off the retreat of the fish and imprisoning them in the pool, where finally they were frozen in the ice. Since I have been writing, ice has passed the house, drawn from the Hudson River, which is more than 30in. thick, but even with this evidence of the severity of the frost I do not think that trout being frozen in a stream 50 miles further north is so remarkable, all things considered, as that a 4lb. small-mouth black bass should have been frozen in under the ice on the shore of Lake Champlain early in the winter. The fish was found by a young friend of mine, and had it not been found it would have frozen solidly in the ice, as it was imprisoned between the shore and a sand ridge thrown up by the wind and waves a few feet out from the shore, and half an inch of ice had formed

over it. As it was, the fish had been obliged to turn partly on its side to escape being nipped.

An Enthusiast.

An old gentleman once asked me to advise him about buying a fish rod and he called upon me to see some that I had. I showed him one after another until I brought out a total number that I have never dared mention since, for he lectured me in my own house upon the extravagance of owning so many rods. I do not know what he would have thought had he been at the dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club in London, where Dr. Gowland, a member, said that he owned 267 rods, with reels, lines, flies and everything to match. In all probability he would have said nothing, for he would have been stricken dumb.

A. N. CHENEY.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN BASS.

It may be of interest to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to hear of a few changes which have been made in the fish laws of Vermont, especially those relating to black bass, wall-eyed pike, etc.

The last Legislature enacted a law making it legitimate to fish in the waters of Lake Champlain with hook and line any time through the year (close season for bass to June 15). Perhaps some of you may question the policy of this law. Such we would refer to Sec. 27 of the fish and game laws of Vermont, which is as follows:

The use of pound-nets, trap-nets, seines, gill-nets, set-nets, fykes, set-lines, fishing otters or trawls in the waters of this State is hereby prohibited; and any person who shall so use for fishing any such pound-net, trap-net, seine, gill-net, set-net, fyke, set line, fishing otter or trawl shall be punished by a fine of one hundred dollars.

Does this not, in a measure, recompense for whatever harm might come from the privilege given us?

Furthermore, another reason for justifying such a law is the great increase of bass, wall-eyed pike, etc., during the past few years. Last year the fishing in the Great Back Bay was far ahead of that of several preceding years. Gentlemen who have annually visited our beautiful lake will testify as to the truth of this statement.

Lake Champlain is the natural home of the small-mouth black bass; they have been here from time immemorial, and moreover they are here to stay. If they could withstand the strain made upon them in former seasons by pound-nets, set nets, etc., can they not grow and increase when such practices are abolished, and only hook and line fishing allowed?

Too little is known of Lake Champlain. Brother anglers (I call you brother anglers, for there surely is a bond, indescribable but nevertheless a bond, which binds one angler to another), do you like to catch black bass? Do you love to look upon beautiful scenery, a lake dotted with many picturesque islands, its shores indented with charming little bays, its waters clear and healthy? Do you seek pleasure and rest? Then go to Vermont; go to Lake Champlain. You will, perhaps be disappointed, but in this way only, by finding it better than you expected.

A gentleman once said: "I have traveled all over Europe; I saw a great many beautiful places, but Lake Champlain in its unblemished, natural beauty, equals, if not surpasses, each one of them."

H. L. SAMSON.

SEA FISHING AT CADIZ.

CADIZ, Spain, Feb. 17.—Along the tremendous sea wall that surrounds beautiful Cadiz there were many fishermen yesterday, and it was very interesting to examine the equipment of these patient men, who were constantly busy baiting and throwing the line, with, as far as one could see, very poor success.

The rods used were from 18 to 25ft. long, generally spliced, very flexible and with a long tip. The lines were from 50 to 75ft. long, strung with cork beads at short intervals, heavier toward the pole, running finer and terminating in a gut leader bearing the float and two hooks. The rod was held under the left arm, and in making the cast the hook was held in the right hand, the flexible rod given a dextrous wave, communicating the motion to the slack line, which started seaward. When the tension reached the hook it was let go and gracefully dropped a good distance out upon the water. In recovering the hook the rod was swung under the line vigorously and the latter rattled over the rod until the float was stopped by the man's hand, and the hooks were caught with a great deal of skill. Most of these men were a guard on the right hand, and with apparent good reason. The hooks were small—about No. 7 sproat.

The bait was dough, or, when the water was clear, shrimp or fish on one hook and dough on the other. After the cast, a ball of dough mixed with sand was thrown out with unerring aim near the float. In the rough surf on the Atlantic side tough fish bait was usually employed.

The fish, if small, were drawn up hand over hand; if large a purse net bound to a wooden rim with thongs of calfskin, was let down by a friend and the fish played into it.

Two kinds of larger fish were taken, a white fish with large mouth and black blotches along the back, called the "baile," and a fish somewhat the shape of a salmon, of reddish color, called the "lisa." In clear water they could be seen to rise to the ground bait and to take the hook.

When a good bite was missed the circle of sympathetic friends leaning against the parapet enjoying the warm sun would characterize it in the expressive language of the south as "an atrocity" or "a barbarity," and the fisherman would patiently try again.

W. H.

Some Strange Captures.

A CORRESPONDENT writes about catching mussels on a line. On one occasion, while worm-fishing for trout, I caught two clams in the same brook. They took the bait, but I don't think they went out of their way to seize it.

I also caught a lizard in a New Hampshire pond while fishing for trout, and I believe one of my companions did the same, but am not sure, as it was long ago. Is not this unusual?

KELPIE.

WITH ROD AND CREEL.—The days approach when the sportsman will go forth with rod and creel. Where will he go? If wise, to the great trout and bass country along or tributary to the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Write for particulars to N. J. POWER, General Passenger Agent, Montreal, Canada.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

U. S. Fish Commission.

THE report of U. S. Fish Commissioner, Hon. M. McDonald, for the year, July 1, 1888, to June 30, 1889, is just published. Its contents are: (1) Report of the Commissioner, in which is included a record of the fishcultural operations of the Commission.

(2) Report on the Inquiry respecting Food Fishes and the Fishing Grounds. By Richard Rathbun.

(3) Report on the Division of Fisheries. By J. W. Collins. The appendices to the report contain an interesting account of the Fisheries of the Pacific Coast, including Alaska; Distribution of Fish and Eggs; Investigations of the Steamer Albatross; Operations at Wood's Holl, Mass.; Notices of Certain Parasites of Fishes, by Edwin Linton; A Review of the Fresh Water Sunfishes, by C. H. Bollman; A Review of the Eels of North America and Europe, by Drs. Jordan and Davis; The Chemical Composition and Nutritive Values of Food Fishes and Aquatic Invertebrates, by W. O. Atwater; and Report upon the Participation of the U. S. Fish Commission in the exposition held at Cincinnati, O., in 1888.

This report covers 902 pages. Eleven thousand copies were printed, 3,000 for the use of the Senate, 6,000 for the House and 2,000 for the Commissioner. The papers for the most part have appeared in pamphlet form, as separates extracted from the Commissioner's report, and have been noticed in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 21 to 24.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 22 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
March 28 to 31.—Illinois Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Don't forget that Boston entries close March 18 with the Bench Show Committee, 125 Tremont street, Boston.

Indianapolis entries close March 21, with Chas. K. Farmer, 25 Ruckle street, Indianapolis, Ind.

BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.

THE third show held by the Maryland Kennel Club must be considered quite as successful as the first held in 1890, which will always be remembered in a "milky" way. The show held last week in the Cyclorama building was remarkable for quality in most of the important breeds, and the people of Baltimore showed a just appreciation of this fact by crowding into the building afternoons and evenings. Especially on Wednesday evening was the crowd a good one, taxing the round building to its fullest extent in galleries and main floor. The tickets gave out at the door and those in the ticket collector's box had to do double duty. There is little doubt that the club came out even, if not ahead. This means a good deal in the Monumental City, for a serious loss this year meant no more shows under the present management, as they experienced the "gait" unpleasantly in 1891. The show committee, consisting of Messrs. W. S. and C. D. Diefenderfer, W. C. Farber, J. E. Thompson, W. F. Riggs and T. J. Sheubrooks, worked hard every day and were continually on hand to lend every assistance and courtesy in their power. In this they were ably seconded by Mr. John Reed, the superintendent, who kept the building in good order and the dogs well attended to. Two rings were furnished, and judging was all completed the first day, the record this year. The judges were Messrs. James Mortimer, G. Muss-Arnolt, C. D. Cagle, James Watson and H. W. Lacy. Among those not mentioned last week as present and who came after the first day were Mr. J. H. Winslow and Col. Purcell, F. R. C. Clarke, W. Montgomery, Donald Munro, Frank Gillard, German Hopkins, etc.

The class of people who attended the show was excellent and it is very evident that the society people of Baltimore are following the lead of the other cities in going to the dogs. The dailies did well by the show and that is one secret of success. The catalogue had a good many typographical errors, but on the whole was well arranged, though there were far too many double numbers. With no novice and puppy entries the club may be said to have fairly held its own, and with a better classification and increased premium list will, no doubt, do better next year. The arrangement of awards on a large frame by the door was good, breeds and classes running in sequence, and not as usually seen, one class here and another perhaps three feet away of the same breed. It is very simple and should be adopted by every show. Prizes were paid promptly on Friday afternoon. A feature of the show was the comfortable room provided for exhibitors only, and judging by its crowded state at times those present fully appreciated it. During the show Mr. Reed, who is a favorite in Baltimore, was presented with a handsome diamond pin by the bench show committee in recognition of his good conduct of the show. Little more need be said and a review of the classes is in order. The weather throughout was good during the daytime, and in this respect the club had an advantage over New York and Philadelphia. Professor Hampton delighted the folks with his dog circus, the cat fight being the principal attraction.

MASTIFFS (James Mortimer, Judge).—With the exception of two or three of the winners there was little in this breed to commend in the way of quality. The principal winners have been out for the past three weeks. Miss Caution was the only challenge representative, and she was looking well, "Uncle Dick" evidently taking good care of her during her travels. Merlin, looking a little thinner, added another blue ribbon to his bunch, and will soon, if he is not already, be qualified for the higher walks of a mastiff's show life. A previous winner at past shows in Baltimore, The Moor, came second. He has a fairly well shaped head. His feet might be better, rather flat, but he beats Brother, third, and second at Philadelphia, in size, depth of body, bone and head. Ben C. is pinched in muzzle and ears are thrown back. He is a dog of fair bone and substance. The well known Ethel had little difficulty in scoring over Linkwood, Lady Margaret, whose dish face, light eyes and muzzle, faulty carriage of

ears and small bone scarcely entitled her to so much recognition; she took second. There was no kennel prize awarded, and Merlin won the special for best American bred.

ST. BERNARDS (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—The majority of the best dogs we have of the breed were present and proved a strong drawing card to the public. Challenge dogs brought out Sir Bedivere and Kingston Regent, and good dog as the latter undoubtedly is, there was no question about his taking second place to his more elegantly formed kennel mate. Sir Bedivere has lost none of his New York bloom, and was put down in good shape, probably as well as we may hope to see him at this time of year. The beautiful Lady Livingston stepped into the ring alone for the blue ribbon in the corresponding class for her sex. The open dog class brought out an excellent assortment. Out of eleven entered, Eboracum and Ben Hur were the only absentees. The New York winner, Marvel, was quickly put at the head of the line; his grand head, markings, excellent bone, depth of body and sturdy build, quite counterbalancing the slight defects he has in one forefoot and suspicion of straightness behind, he might to advantage be longer in body and flatter in coat, but his intense quality and noble expression leave nothing to be desired. Then of the four other active competitors, the rest, with exception of Prince Lomond, c., having retired, I thought Altoner, with his well-formed head, beautiful markings and quality, good bone, etc., well up for second place, while Grand Master, formerly Kamehameha I., and third at New York, I had little difficulty in placing third, his good bone, well-formed head, nice coat, body and good legs, and expression, though he lacks shadings, fully suffice to beat either Comte or Roland, Jr. Between these two there was more difficulty; neither are good behind, but Comte beats the other in expression, shape of head and color. For Roland, Jr., to jump from second at New York to vhc. here is an upset, I know, but really there is nothing about the dog in markings, build or quality to offset his washy body color and faulty hindlegs and muzzle. When Grand Master, as Kamehameha, was shown at Pawtucket in December last, I reported that he should have beaten the two placed over him, Othos and Roland, Jr.; and as between Altoner and Roland, Jr., they are, in my opinion, not in the same class, notwithstanding Altoner is not furnished in body yet. Prince Lomond, c., a son of old Ben Lomond, while he is well off for bone, is short in back, plain, bitchy head and is straight behind. This brings us to the bitch class, where three good ones came forward. In all ten were entered. Princess Florence was to compete for specials only; she was looking well, however, and ready for anything. The Swiss Mountain Kennels' three were absent, owing, we regret to say, to a serious illness in Mrs. Smyth's family, and Countess Madge and Ellen Terry were also down to compete for specials only. The Duchess Kennels' Hepsy I thought won handily, her better-shaped head, bone, body, handsome markings and beautiful condition placing her ahead of a new one, Maryland Kennels' Mascot Bernie, who was shown thin, but her good depth of muzzle, better skull, deeper body, better forelegs, bone and carriage of tail sufficed to score well over Miss Anna, who was not herself at all, and who only beats the other in stop and a trifle in quality and expression.

Then came the smooths with Scottish Leader and Melrose to the fore. While I think Melrose has put on a little flesh still he cannot compare with his lusty competitor in size, chest, ribs, loin, quarters and thighs; in true shape of head, expression, markings, trueness of forelegs, feet and hindlegs, he is superior to Leader, and it is simply a toss up between them, when condition and more or less flesh will play an important part. For quality and intense St. Bernard type I prefer Melrose. Empress of Contoocook and Miss Alton met again in the corresponding division, and while in cleanness of throat, chest, bone and color I prefer the latter, there is no getting away from Empress's depth of muzzle, broader skull, deeper body and better coat. That capital son of Alton, Melrose King, beautiful in formation of head, expression, markings, good front and active movement, though he is a bit stily behind, was so much superior to Altus that it seemed a farce to give the latter second, though he was a smooth St. Bernard and a son of Hector and Blodwin, that he had to rest content with saving his entry fee and a little to boot; he is plain in head, short and chunky in body, light bone and washy color. In bitches (3), one absent, Mrs. Smyth's Leitha, yet another of the wonderful Alton—Judith litter came forward and her competitor was the well known Bellegarde. Melrose Belle is very puppyish in her action and most of the time almost ran on her belly, but her superior expression, type of head, skull and depth of muzzle, cleaner throat, deeper and wider chest, better length of body and stronger quarters and hindlegs, all placed her well ahead of Bellegarde, beautiful and interesting bitch as the latter is.

There was no denying the superiority and evenness of quality, substance and type of the New York St. Bernard Kennels' four—Sir Bedivere, Princess Florence, Marvel and Kingston Regent—for the kennel prize for roughs, while Mr. Moore took the prize for smooths without competition. The medal for best American bred smooth dog went to Altus, but that for best bitch gave Empress of Contoocook somewhat of a scare, though, self-contained matron that she is, it takes a good deal to put her out. Melrose Belle came very nearly upsetting her Majesty, for she is better in skull, neck, forelegs, bone, breadth of chest, length of body and carriage of tail, but in coat, depth of chest, and muzzle, type of head and expression, the older bitch is superior, but had the younger bitch shown herself as she did subsequently, the decision that placed Empress first might have been altered. Medal for best American bred rough dog was taken by Altoner, but there was no competition for the companion medal for the other sex.

BLOODHOUNDS (*Mr. Mortimer, Judge*).—There was only one entry, Belhus, Jr., and he showed the Baltimoreans what a good one is like.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—There were three entries, and much better than usually seen out. First went to a well built dog, Surpass, who won at Brooklyn and Nash. He might be better in ear, and a good brushing would do him good. His coat is good, and little fault can be found with his legs, while his head is of fairly good shape. Therein he beats New York Lass, who only excelled him in ear and flatness of coat. Prince George, the best in the lot, had been properly shown, was put third, but really should have been turned down. It is not right to show such dogs with big bare patches of skin covered with scaly matter and some scabs.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—The entry of these beautiful hounds was almost identical with that of New York and made a fine showing. There being no challenge class Argoss had to compete in the open, and this brought her and Groubian together. Argoss won, beating the other in coat, length and formation of head, forelegs, feet and loin, better arch and hocks; they are both fine animals and Argoss was shown in the pink of condition. Osslad, reserve, loses to both in head, shoulders and hindparts, while Cossack, a pup, is faulty in head, fair front, not depth of chest enough and not good behind. In bitches the strongly-made Zerry repeated her New York victory over Vinga, whom she excels in length and strength of head, bone, loin and quarters. Flodeyka, reserve, loses to both in head, hindlegs, condition and coat. Zmeika is a fairly well-formed bitch, but loses to the others in head, condition and hocks, which are too straight and weak, while Princess Irma, vhc., is too narrow throughout, but of exquisite quality and fine head. Svodka competed for kennel only and this prize went to Mr. Huntington's lot, which with Argoss, Osslad, Zerry and Princess Irma made, with the exception

of the latter, a more even and better built team of one type.

GREAT DANES (*Special Report by the Judge*).—Melac had a walkover, the always-entered, never-appearing Imperator as usual imperatively absent; this entering and never showing is getting almost ridiculous. Melac, little the worse for his three weeks' show confinement, except a little overheating on neck behind the ears, deserved his ribbon, as he is a good dog, although with several faults, and I wish to express myself about his quality and estimation as a great Dane a little more than the handing of the ribbon to Wenzel permits. Melac had never any serious competition, the defeat by Imperator excepted, and being shown all over the country and as a matter of course, in default of any better specimens, justly carried off premier honors everywhere; but through this success he is the dangerous agency of producing in the minds of many critics and judges who never saw any better ones before, a Melac type for the great Danes and thereby doing immense harm to the breed. It is a matter of course at present to consider anything correct which resembles his type, and it is his type that I positively deny as being the correct one and to warn against this dangerous precedent. Any fairish dog should beat him, had he only correct type, as Melac's overestimation in regard to type in this country calls urgently for a halt. I cannot comprehend how his certainly almost faultless body and limbs overbalances his thick neck and wooden, expressionless head, one-third too large; and I have to turn a criticism of one of our best and by myself most esteemed judges around; that any tyro can see the beautiful body and limbs of the dog, but it wants somebody who knows a breed to see the correct type in an animal, and to put Melac's type, good dog as he is individually, and as a sire, as the correct one before the public, is on a par with showing a 2:40 trotter at county fairs as the equal of a Nancy Hanks in speed. We will get some first-class specimens, with correct type over here in time, when you will hear a drop in critical and judicial quarters, and I hope this will occur soon, so as to avoid more danger of misconception as to type. Wenzel, first here as in New York, also no first-class dog, showed still a bit lanky in body, the only part where Melac is superior to him, principally by his mature development of ribs and chest, and, of course, would win if body was the only consideration. Theseus, second, a son of Melac's, I put over Hepbern Hero, the New York second, on account of his general soundness, and as he is, although rather short in front of his eyes, quite typical, he would have run Wenzel closer had he not something wrong about his tail, which has evidently been doctored, and never having seen the dog in other form myself, I could not give way to a suspicion; he is a good proportioned dog, good mover, and his true front and good neck principally beat Hepbern Hero. Hero is not, what I like in all big breeds, straight in front, although of better type of head than Theseus, but he is even more cheeky than he and very lumpy in shoulders; pasterns turned out, could be leaner in neck. Major McKinley, res., the winner at Philadelphia last week, has, outside of size and straight front, not much to recommend him, although size is apparently the principal requisite necessary with many in this country; he has his sire's peculiar wooden expression, has even more loose throat, and cannot touch him in body and quarters, where he is very faulty and weak; I certainly do not want to be understood to resent size, by no means, but I want a great Dane first, before all, then soundness, and, as a third consideration, size, which latter is all McKinley can lay claim to. The vhc. dog, Struth's Tiger, is a rich brindle son of Pedro's; he is awfully round and wide in skull, just like the head of that new-fangled breed, the terriers from Boston; has good bone, but is too wide in front and stily behind. Open bitches, first, Charmion, a bitch I gave only vhc. at New York, but whatever reasons I then had, either the small and crowded ring and slippery flooring at Madison Square, or whatever it was, I could not put myself in the self-admiration society to hold stubbornly to my former decision, which may have been at the time perfectly justified. I thought her better here and handed her the ribbon. Juno, second, same at New York, is an all round fair bitch; faults she has, certainly, but I will, as George Raper says very truly, drown the first absolute perfect specimen of any breed, as it never will exist in my time. Hepbern Vera, third, as in New York, will very likely get first under many judges here, as she is of immense size, but her very faulty quarters will beat her under me, and in addition she showed herself to the greatest disadvantage in the ring, laying her ears so as to make her grand head like a hound's, showed hollow-backed and should be more valuable at home through eventual produce, rightly mated. Princess of Thule, vhc., is a good strong brood bitch, badly cropped, as is also the winner in this class, too close to the head, very throaty and sway-backed. Minerva, the reserve, got fourth in New York, same as here, but if I could help it she would not have got that, as in the better ring and uncrowded class I could properly notice her execrable front, legs and movement, but her general good outlines and type helped her through.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS (*Special Report by the Judge*).—Four entered only; all present and were excellent as a whole and a pity that more of their quality are not shown. First, Specimen, as he was at Philadelphia and New York, is a splendid hound, a wee bit overdone in head perhaps, and sometimes roaches his back like a pointer. Second, Daffodil, first in her class at New York. Third, Poetess, second to Daffodil at New York, and Pensioner, vhc., same as New York; he is a good hound, a little too high on his runners and something wrong in his head and neck.

American hounds had only two very moderate specimens, did not withhold first because Brutus, the winner, was an old but not untypical animal, and although not much at that I did not feel quite justified in doing it. Pilot, second, was even more moderate, and I was in fact too liberal to them.

BASSET HOUNDS (*Special Report by the Judge*).—Bassetts had four entries of which three filled, the winner showed up in Ring, a pedigreeless unknown dog, but is so far, although very far from being perfect, the most characteristic specimen lately seen on the bench; he has that indescribable specific profile, is too angular from the front; his worst part is his too high set ears, which also lack the proper fold, severe fault, of course, but his strong bone and character should almost outweigh any other defect, if no better animal in this respect is there, and from this point he just smothered his two competitors. Second being a nice tricolored large dachshund bitch in appearance, and third, a raw, undeveloped puppy, splendidly hung and turned ears, otherwise coarse, and neither a basset-griffon nor a poil ras, besides being of a mottled washed out pale lemon and white color and a very plainish, uncharacteristic head; he got all he deserved, although many critics saw through his owner's eyes, who only saw the mile-long pedigree, where I could not follow, except when breeding.

No dachshunds appeared.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

GREYHOUNDS (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—In the challenge class, with Gem of the Season entered but absent, owing to an injured foot, the struggle lay between Lord Neverstill and Bestwood Daisy. Nicely formed bitch as the latter is, taking into consideration strength and greyhound qualities, I put Neverstill first. He has a much better head and eye, quite as good neck, better shoulders and ribs, loses in pasterns to the bitch, but is far better behind in quarters, second thighs and bend of stifle, and was in harder condition, Daisy being very soft; she is small and light throughout, but very pretty. I am quite prepared to see the decision reversed, and should not think the worse of either dog for it. Henmore King repeated his Philadelphia win, beating his kennel mate, Watcher, in head, skull especially, ribs, bone, pasterns and in hindlegs, where Watcher is not let down enough, but the latter's coat was in better condition. Fidel is a runt. Honor

Bright was absent. In bitches three came forward, and Wild Rose won somewhat easily, beating Chips, second, in front, feet and pasterns especially, Chips being too open in toes; the winner also is better in head, longer and more powerful jaw. Marguerite, vhc., is small and falls away too much behind, and is far too fine in muzzle. Manatany Kennels had no competition for the kennel prize.

POINTERS (*Mr. Tallman, Judge*).—There was a repetition of New York here in a smaller way. In the challenge heavy-weight classes Robert le Diable and Woolton Game were each alone; Robert keeps his age well and was in pretty good condition. In the corresponding light-weight classes Duke of Hessen, not in tip-top shape himself, looking light in body, proved his superiority over Inspiration, whose condition should have debarrd him from entering the ring, and was afterward disqualified by the vet. This should have been attended to before the show opened. Lady Graphic was alone in the female division, and well shown; she loses to a good one in muzzle, pasterns and feet. In open heavy dogs the New York awards were followed in order of merit, Ridgeview Panic, Duke of Kent II. and Hylas of Naso. I like Duke's head much better than the winners', and he is quite as good in other parts. Sanford Druid, reserve, is getting flesh on and will do better yet when in condition. Westminster Ralph, vhc., loses in front and ribs; while Peterkin of Naso, hc., is cheeky, stands back on pasterns, is heavy in shoulders, and is a rather plain dog throughout. Snap, c., is wide and heavy in front, and feet could be better. In bitches Lady Tammany this time competed in the heavy class, at New York she won second in the light-weight division, a plea in itself for the non-division in weight for pointers. Clancarty, second, I like better in head, but she loses in front to the other, while Westminster Gladys, third, is quite as good as either, and better in head and front.

Open dogs under 55lbs. had nine entries, and the winner, as at New York, proved to be the handsome Arthur, again beating Ridgeview Donald, who loses to him in head and pasterns. Ridgeview Faust was again third; he was commented on at New York. Glamorgan took reserve and Rock II. vhc.; they occupied their usual places. Marquis, hc., is better than the average in head, ears not hung well, shoulders heavy, rather plain in body, but well deserved his letters. Steve, c., is not deep enough in chest and ribs, but not true and ears poorly carried. In the absence of Patti, five faced the judge in the bitch class, and the winner was Ellen Kent, who could do no better than c. at Philadelphia last week; she is very moderate, a rather weedy bitch. Her kennel mate Spinaway IV. was placed second, and Elwood Kate reserve; at New York the latter was placed over the other two. Black Wonder's Sister is a better made bitch than either, though she is a bit off in muzzle and wide and heavy in shoulder. Nanon of Naso, though fair in skull, is weak in muzzle, good legs and feet, though she might be stiffer in pasterns—a well ribbed bitch. Hempstead Farm Kennels took the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*Mr. Tallman, Judge*).—There was a good entry in these classes, though the quality on the whole was not very good. Breeze Gladstone was absent in challenge class. Glendon could not be denied for the blue ribbon in open dogs. Tonic, second, having a little too much stop, and is beaten in type of head by Glendon, and is not so good behind. Prince Ben Ali, third, is a fairish dog throughout, but is beaten in head, muzzle especially, by the others. Gawain, reserve, in nice shape and feather, goes wide in front, is short-necked, but a handsome dog, and is only beaten in front by the second. Druid Hill, vhc., loses in front, but not so good in body and coat. Lewis's Rod and Ben Hur of River-view were absent. In the next class that smart little bitch, Prima Donna, was second, again beating Spectre in muzzle and hindquarters. Virginia Rockingham, third, is now well known. Daydrane, reserve, is a fat, heavy, chunky-bodied bitch, light in eye and not very good in head, plain, short muzzle, and got more than she deserved. Nushka of Elms, c., is small, but a better formed bitch. There was no kennel award made.

IRISH SETTERS (*Mr. Tallman, Judge*).—There was as usual lots of quality in this breed, but entries were not quite so numerous, as the Seminole Kennels were humanely giving their dogs a rest. This taking dogs round show after show must work mischief eventually when breeding time comes. Oak Grove Kennels supplied all the challenge dogs, five in number, and Kildare at last took a blue ribbon, he beats Seminole in head and behind the shoulder. In challenge bitches Norna had little difficulty in beating Rose Sarsfield. Three dogs came forward in the open dog class, and the New York winner, Duke of Kildare, was placed first over Blarney, Jr., bit high, full in skull and a somewhat coarse dog, heavy bone. Kildare Beverley has a better head and is quite as good otherwise. The New York winner, Queen Vic, still under the same ownership, could not be denied here, her nearest competitor being Belle of Kildare, third at New York, who was run close by the Marchioness, a fairly well made bitch all round. Kildare Winnie, reserve, is plain in head, would do with more rib and depth, and is not so good in coat. Oak Grove of course took the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS (*Mr. Tallman, Judge*).—A fair lot of these dogs. Dr. Dixon's dogs, as usual, furnished the challenge winners, Ivanhoe and Duchess of Waverly, second in the bitch class going to Becky Sharp, whose rich, bright tan is a welcome sight; she is faulty in muzzle and has a top-knot. In dogs the New York second winner, Archibald, beat Duke, who is tied at elbow and a little straight behind. Woodmill Scot is light in tan and faulty in quarters. There were only three in this class. In bitches (5), two absentees, the blue ribbon went to the well known Princess Louise, who is better in head than Catherine, second; the latter is mixed in head tan but well marked on legs; could be improved in hocks; has a plain head. Babmont, third, who is only a moderate one, faulty in head and bone.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (*Mr. Mortimer, Judge*).—A nice lot of these dogs, as might be expected in their native city, but not nearly so many as we have seen out at previous shows here. The winner, Lot, has a better type of head, so it is said, than Deacon, second, and tighter curled and crisper coat. Old Judge, reserve, loses in coat to the others, and the same may be said of Dawn, vhc.

SPANIELS (*Mr. Watson, Judge*).—These classes were just fairly well filled and the same old winners were to the fore, though in some cases their positions were reversed. In the challenge class Newton Abbot Laddie won again over Brantford Mohawk, having recovered from his lameness apparently. The other field classes were drawn blank. In challenge cocker dogs the well-known Fascination won again. In bitches the little Troublesome was placed over I Say, who is beaten in coat, body and cocker type by the winner. In open dogs that good little cocker Middy scored over Brantford Jet, beating him in cocker type of head and body, which is narrow and too long; Jet shows in nice coat. Prince W., third, is long in muzzle and not square enough, good body, but high on leg, good front and fair coat. In bitches there was something of a turn up, Mr. Watson going for more size. Miss Wagglers won over Woodstock Dora and Realization; it may have been size that put the latter back, for she can beat either in type of body and Dora in head as well, and for condition and coat she is well ahead. Miss Wagglers afterward beat Fascination for the special. Fascination beats the other in eye, brow, skull and set on of ear, length of head and set on of stern and general carriage. Miss Wagglers looked heavy in body, being in whelp and not in the best of shape, in coat and bone she has a little advantage. In any other color Mr. Watson was rather severe, withholding first from the well-known Chestnut, as notwithstanding he is short of coat and is small, he is only

WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—*Special to Forest and Stream*—The third annual show of the Washington City Kennel Club opened this morning with an entry of 470. While there are a number of dogs which have only fair merit, in most of the breeds the quality is well represented. Especially so is this the case in St. Bernards, pointers, Irish setters, fox-terriers, bull-terriers, collies and beagles. The building in which the show is held is admirably adapted for a show, light, airy and very large, affording, with the entry here, two of the largest rings we have yet seen. Catalogues were late in coming, but when they arrived were found to have few mistakes.

Judging has progressed expeditiously all day, and will be completed to-day with the exception of specials and black and tan terriers, the light interfering with the judging of them. Several well known exhibitors are present, Messrs. P. H. O'Bannon, L. C. Sauer, Dr. Hartman, Col. Purcell, C. E. Buckle, E. M. Oldham, Frank Dole, Geo. Bell, W. E. Hagans, F. R. C. Clarke, C. D. Diffenderfer, T. J. Sheen, Brooks, J. E. Thompson and the different handlers whose names are familiar to all. The weather has been against a large attendance, but a fair crowd was present to-night. The following are the awards made up to 6:30 P. M. The club members are working hard and affording every courtesy.

MASTIFFS—CHALLENGE—1st, C. F. Bunn's Miss Caution. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Charles Wallach's Melina; 2d, W. P. Riggs's The Moor; 3d, A. W. Withers's Nero. *Bitches*: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel;



COMMITTEEMAN FARRER.



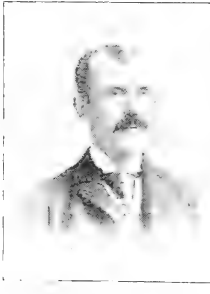
PRES. HOFFMAN.



SEC'Y DIFFENDERFER.



COMMITTEEMAN SHEENBROOKS.



TREAS. DIFFENDERFER.



COMMITTEEMAN THOMPSON.

OFFICERS OF THE MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB.

2d, L. L. Nicholson's Queen. *Puppies*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Chas. L. Blanton's Gladstone—*Novice*—1st, withheld; 2d, Robert Parr's Leo.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. C. Reick's Sir Bedivere and Kingston Regent. *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st and very high com., W. C. Reick's Marvel and Refuge II.; 2d, E. H. Moore's Altouner; 3d and reserve, Maryland Kennels' Comte and Grand Master. *Bitches*: 1st, W. C. Reick's Princess Florence; 2d and 3d, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Hesperie and Miss Anna. Very high com., H. W. Taylor's Zenith. *Puppies*: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. J. Malone's Ingomar. —*Novice*—1st, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Countess Madge; 2d, Mrs. R. H. French's Fritz Emmet. Very high com., H. C. Fisk's Beau Brummell. —*Smooth-coated*—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose. *Bitches*: 1st, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Empress of Coteauco; 2d, E. H. Moore's Miss Altouner. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose King; 2d, C. L. Beatty's Trojan Hector. *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose; 2d, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Bellegrave; 3d, Miss Emma Gray's Psyche. —*Novice*—1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose Belle.

GREAT DANES—CHALLENGE—1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Illwils Kennels' Major McKinley; 2d, Hepburn Kennels' Hepburn's Hero; 3d, Cumberland Kennels' Theseus. Very high com., A. B. Strange's Venzel. *Bitches*: 1st, Hepburn Kennels' Hepburn Vera; 2d, 3d and very high com., Cumberland Kennels' Charmion, Minerva and Phoebe. Reserve, A. B. Strange's Juno. *Puppies*: 1st, J. H. H. Maenner's Harris; 2d, withheld. —*Novice*—1st, J. H. H. Maenner's Victor; 2d, J. Binder's Bismark.

BLOODHOUNDS—Dogs: 1st, G. F. Pollock's Belhus, Jr. *NEWFOUNDLANDS*—Dogs: 1st, Gair Kennels' Prince George; 2d, J. Coudon's Surpass. *Bitches*: 1st, Gair Kennels' New York Lass.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Argoss. *Bitches*: 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Svodka; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Princess Irma. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Groubian; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Osslad. *Bitches*: 1st and high com., Seacroft Kennels' Vanya and Flodeyka; 2d and very high com., H. W. Huntington's Zerry and Modjeska. —*Novice*—1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Krinena and Lobedya.

DEERHOUNDS—Dogs: 1st, J. J. Phelps's Roderick Dhu. *Bitches*: 1st, L. C. Gunnel's Maida II.—*Novice*—1st, J. J. Phelps's Roderick Dhu.

GREYHOUNDS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gen of the Season; 2d, L. C. Whiton's Lord Neverstill. *Bitches*: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Manatung Kennels' Henmore King and Watcher. *Bitches*: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Wild Rose; 2d and 3d, Manatung Kennels' Marguerite and Chips.

FOXHOUNDS (AMERICAN)—Dogs: 1st, Sandy Spring Hunt Club's Barney. *Bitches*: 1st, Sandy Spring Hunt Club's Brush. —*(English)*—Dogs: 1st, M. Harrison's Denmark. *Bitches*: 1st, M. Harrison's Rosemary.

POINTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: (53lbs. and over): 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Robert Le Diable. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woolton Game; 2d, George W. La Rue's Revelation. —*Open*—Dogs (53lbs. and over): 1st, Harry Dutton's Duke of Kent II.; 2d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Sandford's Druid; 3d, Jos.

H. Hunter's Black Wonder. Reserve, R. O. St. Clair's Gun Gun. Very high com., J. R. Purcell's Nicodemus of Ion and Charles D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter. High com. and com., S. L. Cooper's Marshal Ney and Earl of Culpeper. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Dr. E. K. Goldsborough's Telle Kent; 2d, Elkwood Kennels' Westminster Gladys; 3d, J. R. Purcell's F. F. V.

POINTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic. —*Open*—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st and 3d, Charlottesville F. T. K. nels' Rip Rap and Conscript; 2d, C. Heath's Arthur. Reserve, Victoria Kennels' Ridgeview. —*Puppies*: 1st, C. E. Connell's Rock II.; L. A. Biddle's Lamorgan, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' Belle and Wild Ramon. High com., J. R. Purcell's Flockfinder and Heineken, Dr. J. A. Hartman's Kennar. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' Maid of Kent; 2d, C. Heath's Patti; 3d, G. W. La Rue's Dame Bang. Reserve, Woodbury Kennels' Sweet Lavender. Very high com., Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' Cosset, W. Stinemetz's Firenze and A. Goldsborough's Black Wonder's Sister. High com., Elkwood Kennels' Spinaway IV.; J. R. Purcell's Lady Margaret and C. Heath's Bloom. Com., W. N. Lipscomb's Croixie Ken and Elkwood Kennels' Ellen. —*Puppies*: 1st, C. G. McIlvaine's MacCroxteth; 2d, C. M. White's Sir Nixon. *Bitches*: 1st, A. B. Copley's Belle; 2d, W. N. Lipscomb's Vexation. —*Novice*—Dogs: 1st, C. G. McIlvaine's MacCroxteth; 2d, J. H. Kidwell's Hermit. Very high com., J. R. Purcell's Rod H. and Flockfinder. High com., A. M. Cowell's Shot C. *Bitches*: 1st, W. N. Lipscomb's Vexation; 2d, J. R. Purcell's Lady Margaret. High com., W. N. Lipscomb's Croixie Ken and G. A. Man's Bessie K. Com., C. E. Dessez's Belle.

ENGLISH SETTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Wood's Donna. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio; 2d, F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview; 3d, L. Shuster, Jr.'s, Ezra Noble. Reserve, J. H. Hunter's Hoosier Boy. Very high com., J. R. Purcell's Nannie, Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Mark. High com., A. C. Peterson's Carnegie. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and 3d, Blue Ridge Kennels' Countess Rush, Gossip and Laurence. Reserve, Mr. Hunter's Bessie. Very high com., Blue Ridge Kennels' Belle of Piedmont, N. Jensen's Dolly Noble. Com., W. Bryce, Jr.'s Spectre. —*Puppies*—Dogs: Dr. J. L. McCormick's Tonia; 2d, W. S. Boddy's Druid's Dick. Very high com., Scroth & Steubner's Harry Hill. *Bitches*: 1st, W. L. Kidwell's Modest Girl; 2d, J. H. Gulick's Blackmoore Girl. Very high com., Elkwood Kennels' Fanchon. —*Novice*—Dogs: 1st, L. Shuster, Jr.'s Ezra Noble; 2d, S. H. Hunter's Hoosier Boy. High com., A. C. Peterson's Carnegie. —*Puppies*—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic and Kildare Winnie; 3d, C. F. Thompson's Fly. Reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' The Marchioness. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Claremont Heather and Delphinine. High com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland. —*Novice*—1st, W. H. Beazell's Kildare Winnie; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland. High com., F. Geddis's Mingo.

GORDON SETTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d, C. F. Mather's Becky Sharp. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Archibald; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Duke, Com., T. Darling's Woodmill Shot. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Katherine; 3d, Mont Gordon Setter Kennels' Bambont. Com., Woodbury Kennels' Lill Lavender. —*Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, Mont Gordon Setter Kennels' Freemont. *Bitches*: 1st, Mont Gordon Setter Kennels' Fairmont. —*Novice*—1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Katherine; 2d, Mont Gordon Setter Kennels' Bambont. High com., Woodbury Kennels' Lill Lavender.

FIELD SPANIELS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. M. Spaniel Kennels' Newton Abbott Laddie. No entries in other classes.

COCKER SPANIELS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. M. Spaniel Kennels' Fascination. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, A. M. Spaniel Kennels' Troublesome and I Say. —*ANY COLOR*—*Open*—Dogs: 1st, H. B. Fields's Branford Jet; 2d, A. M. Spaniel Kennels' Leo; 3d, C. F. Sackett's Prince W. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, A. M. Spaniel Kennels' Realization and Mary Queen of Scots; 2d, Dole & Thomas's Woodstock Dora. —*Novice*—1st, A. M. Spaniel Kennels' Leo.

COLLIES—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' The Squire and Roslyn Dandy; 2d, Joseph Livingston's Ormskirck Sheep. *Bitches*: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Matchless. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Gold Dust and Chrysolite; 2d and 3d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil and Conrad II. Very high com., Frank R. Carswell's Prince Wilkes. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Gypsy Maid and Crissey; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Ormskirck Susie. Very high com., Samuel E. Rabbit's Roslyn Baby. —*Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Gold Dust; 2d, Samuel E. Rabbit's Roslyn Baby. *Bitches*: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Gypsy Maid; 2d, W. W. Fisher's Fisher B. Very high com., Samuel E. Rabbit's Gypsy Baby. —*Novice*—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Gold Dust; 2d, Louis H. Crowe's Don. *Bitches*: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Gypsy Maid; 2d, Samuel E. Rabbit's Roslyn Baby. Reserve, W. G. Lee's Flora.

POODLES—CHALLENGE—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berni; 2d, Union Pet Dog Kennels' Dexter. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Frank Wilcox's Mikado; 2d, Dr. S. N. Duer's Ben L.; 3d and very high com., H. G. Trevor's Milo I. and II. —*Bitches*: 1st, H. W. Wescott's Betsey; 2d and 3d, H. G. Trevor's Chloe and Dinah.

BULLDOGS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Illwils Kennels' King Lud. *Bitches*: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Saloni. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, R. D. Winthrop's Leonidas; 2d and 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Rustie Sovereign and Wal Hampton. Very high com., J. J. Phelps's Lord Sheffield. High com., S. W. Stinemetz's Trott. *Bitches*: 1st, A. B. Graves's Addis Combe Gipsy; 2d, Central Park Kennels' Dairy Maid.

BULL-TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Attraction and Starlight. —*Open*—Dogs (over 30lbs.): 1st, Mrs. J. N. Henry's Young Marquis; 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Surefoot. *Bitches*: 1st, W. Hamall's Vesper Bell; 2d, Central Park Kennels' Rip; 3d, Dr. F. Mitchell's Maggie Clue. Very high com., Castle Point Kennels' Fidget. High com., W. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin. *Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st, F. F. Dole's White Duke; 2d, Central Park Kennels' Cleveland. *Bitches*: 1st and high com., F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder and Rosemary; 3d, F. W. Moulton's Lounmont Vixen. *Puppies*: 1st, Central Park Kennels' Cleveland; 2d, F. W. Moulton's Lounmont Vixen.

BOSTON TERRIERS—*Bitches*: 1st, T. Armstrong's Nettle.

BASSETT HOUNDS—1st, J. E. Barbour's Solomon; 2d and 3d, J. Hopkinson's Bracelet and Drayman.

FOX-TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Blanton Kennels' Blanton Victor II.; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle. *Bitches*: 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Kildare Winnie. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Rip; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tip-Top; 3d, Blanton Kennels' Blanton Rasper. Very high com., H. G. Trevor's Beverwyck Rufus. *Bitches*: 1st, Blanton Kennels' Spinster; 2d and 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dorothy and Ducky II. Reserve, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Regina. Very high com., Toon & Symonds's Lady Roseberry. High com., Iolanthe Kennels' M. Stown and Miss Domino. Seacroft Kennels' Jamson. —*Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, Blanton Kennels' Blanton Stickler. *Bitches*: 1st, Blanton Kennels' Blanton Vindex; 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Myrtle. —*Novice*—1st, Blanton Kennels' Blanton Stickler; 2d and very high com., Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Myrtle and Seacroft Zarina. High com., J. A. Hoffer's Blanton Brangle. Com., R. G. Stewart's Jack's Darling, Osborne & Hobane's Fanny.

FOX-TERRIERS—WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st, H. Smith's Saint Broom. *Bitches*: 1st, H. Smith's Sister Pattern; 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Jack Frost.

IRISH TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; 2d, W. J. Smeeth's Duffuray. Reserve, M. Harrison's Kennerly. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Jackanapes; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Paddy Dorlan. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. W. C. Johnson's Judy; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch. Very high com., T. Pulvertaff's Little Maid.

SKYE TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodbury Kennels' Lovet. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, C. H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge. *Bitches*: 1st, H. K. Cauer's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d, C. H. Smith's Islay.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Three and Rhudunan; 3d, R. Elliott's Ashley Plug. *Bitches*: Absent.

WASHINGTON, March 15. [Special to Forest and Stream.]

The judging of regular classes was completed this morning. **BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS**—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennel's Sultan; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Prince Regent. Reserve, Dole's Queen III.—*Open*—*Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Gypsy Girl.

WELCH TERRIERS—1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Dewr; 2d, Hornell-Harmony's Mephisto Dick.

PUGS—CHALLENGE—1st, Cryer's Bob Ivy; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Dixie. —*Open*—Dogs: 1st, Howden's Little Fritz; 2d, Belle Tip Top. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Princess May; 2d, Davidson's Juliette; 3d, Geo. Davidson's Nellie. *Novice*—Toon & Symonds's Princess May.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Senn's Yankee Bo

young yet and is a well-built, cobby little fellow, with a more than average good head and good action. Redfellow got nothing, he is undershot. In the absence of Lady Gay, Mary Queen of Scots was alone and took the blue ribbon; she was at Philadelphia last week. The only Irish water was Trouble, who won; he has been spoken of before.

COLLIES (James Watson, Judge).—There were no challenge entries and the winners in the open classes are now well known. That handsome dog, Woodmansterne Trefoil, won somewhat easily over Toronto Wonder, who is not in the Chestnut bloom. Considering this dog's faulty forelegs and indifferent skull he should certainly give way to Conrad II., who, though he may not be so handsome, has the requisite attributes for a good collie. In bitches first went to Ormskirck Susie, who is a little full in brow; forelegs should be straighter, but she beats the others in quality and type. Lady Ross, second, has a plain head, fair body and coat, not enough quality; either Dublin or Lady Grieson, he, can beat her when in condition, better heads. The Collie Club trophies went to Trefoil and Toronto Wonder.

POODLES (H. W. Lacy, Judge).—Only two competed out of the three entries, Berri beating Dexter once more in cords and head, but loses to Dexter in body, loin long.

BULLDOGS (Mr. C. D. Cugle, Judge).—A tip-top lot of dogs here. Harper and Bo'swain did not answer to their names in challenge dogs, so left King Lud for the honors, which he richly deserves; he afterward beat Leonidas for the special; he is better broken up in face, better ear and gains a trifle in depth and squareness of muzzle, but is beaten well in front by Leonidas. Salem was alone in challenge bitches. In open dogs Leonidas, Wal Hampton and Rustie Sovereign was the order. All three have been so recently commented on it is no use repeating. Governor, big in ear, was vhc.; he is not out enough in front, nor broad enough in skull, nor broken up in face, stands too high as well. In bitches Addiscombe Gipsy had little competition, beating Derby Hebe and Miss Nancy decisively, Hebe is poor in front and ears hang down. Miss Nancy is better in shoulder. As stated, King Lud was considered best in show.

BULL-TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Attraction had no difficulty in beating Grove Duchess in head and front. In open dogs Sir Rudolph, the winner at New York, beat Surefoot in head and behind again, while Diamond Prince, reserve, loses to both in head and front. That nice little terrier, Edgewood Wonder, won well from Maggie Cline in the next class; she is better in muzzle, size, cleanness of shoulder, ear and body. Countess of Dufferin was he. and was at Philadelphia last week.

BEAGLES (H. W. Lacy, Judge).—Pretty much the same lot as at Philadelphia, with a few new ones from the Maryland division. Challenge dogs saw Roy K. again over Racer, Jr., who, though typical, is very faulty and weak behind. This our Philadelphia contemporary must have been overlooked. In bitches Emeline beats Twintwo in head, shoulders and forelegs. Open dogs (S) saw Forest Hunter one more place nearer the challenge goal. He beats Jim Simmons, second, in cleanness of shoulder, but the latter is a well-formed dog that in good condition would probably beat the other. Wanderer, third, is hardly true in front, weak in muzzle, but nice skull and ear; rather narrow body. Doctor, reserve, but for head and size might have been a peg higher, while Rockland Boy was out of it in size and substance in this company; did not look so well as last week. The others were large and coarse. Bitches (10) was a hard class to judge when the first was placed and I had no difficulty in putting Lonely there. Fanny Reed, second, I liked better than at Philadelphia, showing herself in better form, so I placed her over Vick R. A new one, Minnehaha, has a good deal of beagle type, especially in head; fair front when still, but does not move well; body good, if a trifle long; hindlegs well formed, and, had she moved better in the ring, might have been placed over Fanny Reed, but she had wretched action for a hound, but did a little better when I saw her a day or two afterward. Prudence, he., is big and head wrong. Snow is faulty both ends. Venus II. and Dorsey's Flirt got he. The former is out at elbow, but her type of head might well have got another title, while Flirt is too long in head and narrow in body. Rockland Kennels won the kennel prize and Lonely the special for best.

FOX-TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Most of these terriers have been seen out lately. Raffle and Grouse II. won the challenge entries. The latter had a difference with a wolfhound and came out second best. First in open dogs was Ripon Stormer, who keeps himself well, Warren Tip Top getting second; he beats the latter in head and front and body. Carnegie, third, is a coarse, heavily-fronted dog, ears high and coarse in skull. Buster, c., is only moderate. Dusky II. won in bitches, followed by her daughter, as at Philadelphia last week, and Lady Roseberry came next; she loses in feet and pasterns and head. Ripon Regina, reserve, should be truer in front. Maystown, vhc., was the same the week previous, and so was Miss Domino. Seacroft Myrtle, he., is light throughout. In wire-hairs the only dog was Saint Brown, well known here, and in the female division Sister Pattern again beat Jess Frost, the latter losing in front and muzzle and spring and depth of rib.

IRISH TERRIERS (H. W. Lacy, Judge).—Only two, but good ones. Jack Briggs beat Jackanapes in cleanness of shoulders, condition of coat and general character. We never saw the former looking better. The usual Welsh terriers were on hand. Dandies and Bedingtons were drawn blank.

SKYE TERRIERS (H. W. Lacy, Judge).—Here was a hot lot. It was tough and go between Wheel of Fortune and Barnaby Rudge, but I thought the latter beat in head and front and length comparatively, while the bitch gets it in color and texture of coat just a little. Endcliffe Maggie, reserve, and Islay, vhc., I think, were about right after all when fully compared in the ring, the former getting it in body and head and coat a trifle.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Rhudaman had only Ashley Plug to beat in this breed, doing it in head, front and coat.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (H. W. Lacy, Judge).—Broomfield Sultan alone in challenge class. The open class was warm, but I thought for true terrier character, bone, body and carriage Queen III. won nicely. Maiden is not herself and showed wheel-backed. Louie, though not in good shape, beats Gypsy Girl in head, forelegs and markings. The latter is badly breeched. Yorkshires one entry, and no good.

PUGS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Bob Ivy, the hardy annual, again in challenge class. In open dogs Tip Top beats Meddler in muzzle, size and curl. The bitch prizes were withheld.

TOY SPANIELS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Royal Duke, the King Charles, met a nice one in Jessie, but he beats her in shortness and depth of muzzle, tan and forelegs. The well known Tiney was the only Blenheim, and Portsmouth Minnie, a dark ruby, was alone in her class; good skull and muzzle, and nice coat.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—In dogs the well known Spring had an easy victory, beating Byron in ear, head and everything but size. Tony, vhc., poor head, big ear not properly carried. In bitches, champion Sprite won easily from Goldier and Tricie which are very moderate. A fair Mexican hairless was shown in Duke. The miscellaneous prizes were withheld from some big dogs.

H. W. L.

An old-timer whom we were pleased to meet at Baltimore was Mr. W. Montgomery, who, it will be remembered, in partnership with Mr. W. Tucker, owned so many good St. Bernards along in 1886-7. His Verone, Priam, Bertha, Snowball, etc., were well known in their day. Mr. Montgomery is now in business in Baltimore.

2d, Traver's Blackstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Senn's Twezel; 2d, Wamback's Jessie.

BLLENHEIMS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Hagerty's Bobby. *Bitches:* 1st, Wamback's Tiny; 2d, Trevor's Queen.

PRINCE CHARLES.—1st, Senn's Bell.

JAPANESE.—1st, Senn's Jap; 2d, Benjamin's Mandarin.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Lewis's Spring; 2d and very high com., Hoyt's Byron and Tony. *Bitches:* 1st, Lewis's Sprite; 2d and very high com., Hoyt's Goldie and Frischie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1sts, Thomas's Boston Model and Central Kennels' Little Tarquin; 3d, Stone's Spot.

Indianapolis Dog Show.

We have received the Illindio Kennel Club's premium list, and for an initial show in a new town the club has arranged a liberal classification. The show will be held March 28 to 31. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, both kinds, great Danes, pointers and setters get \$10 for each challenge class, and \$15 and \$10 in the open. Greyhounds, collies, beagles and pugs have \$10 in challenge, and \$15 and \$5 in open classes. Other breeds are arranged on a basis of \$10 and \$5 in open and challenge prizes of \$10. St. Bernards, pointers, greyhounds and setters are given a kennel prize of \$50, and the most important of the other breeds \$10. Dr. Van Hummell gives \$25 for the best four greyhounds or wolfhounds, the prize to go to the best having the most entries, rather an unsatisfactory arrangement: as a wolfhound breeder, or *vice versa*, may go to the expense and trouble of sending a good team out, and though he may have better stock, comparatively, the greyhound classes being filled with a large but mediocre class of dogs, the greyhound man gets the money. Merit, not numbers, should govern the awards. Other valuable specials both in cash and plate are given by citizens of Indianapolis, and as \$3,000 have been subscribed as a guarantee that prizes will be paid, exhibitors should not hesitate to send their best.

The judges have scarcely been chosen with a wise appreciation of their several specialties. We all know Mr. Davidson as without a superior as a judge of pointers and setters, and to be also a good spaniel and beagle judge. He, however, gets great Danes, mastiffs and St. Bernards; these might well go to Mr. Mortimer. Mr. Davidson does not pretend to be a judge of the breeds particularly mentioned, so we are sure he will not take our remarks amiss. The superintendent will be Mr. Joseph Becker, and Geo. B. Roberts, D.V.S., the veterinarian. The premium list is well gotten up, and with Mr. Charles K. Farmer as secretary and Dr. Van Hummell as chairman of committee, everything promises to be well done. The American Express Co. will run a special heated car from Detroit without extra charge or change, so that Detroit exhibitors will have no trouble in taking in the show, too. The Adams Co. offer the same facilities from the Elmira show, which takes place the same week. The entrance fee is \$3 for mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlanders, all setters, bloodhounds, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, foxhounds, greyhounds, and pointers; for all others an entry fee of \$2 will be charged. The secretary's address is 25 Ruckie street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entries close March 21.

Fox Hunting on the Ice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the July, Cook, Avent and other flying packs of red foxhounds are fair, they are not in it for speed here in the North. Yesterday William Ringer of this place, after hoisting sail on his iceboat and waiting for a friend, viewed a fox some mile or more from shore on Lake Champlain. He immediately gave chase, and then commenced the liveliest run on record, a sight race from view to finish. The fox was cunning and played back and forth over a crack that was unjumpable, except in a few places, for a few minutes, then straightened out for shore tight as he could go, with the iceboat whooping him up. Ringer ran on to him twice, and could easily have run over and killed him, but preferred to catch him alive. He had his hands on him twice, and finally



MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S COLLIE NANCY LEE.
First open, novice and puppy classes, New York, 1893.

carried him ashore, the most demoralized though unharmed fox imaginable. I saw a week ago a bunch of twenty strong, lively quail of the lot that I put out last spring, and if we have no blizzards in March think they will stand the winter all right. W. C. WITHERBEE.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., Feb. 20.

Pedigree of Polo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed a communication in to-day's issue from a correspondent asking information concerning pedigree of St. Bernard Polo as to sire and dam, and also asking who was the sire of Dido. Polo was Dido's sire; this is all the information I have on the subject, and if it is of any use to the inquirer he is welcome to it. I have the pedigree up to Polo, if your correspondent desires it, will let him have a copy.

GEO. A. HARKNESS.

477 CARLTON AVENUE, Brooklyn.

The American Field Trial Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To make clear a point which might not have so appeared from the reports of the arrangements of the American Field Trial Club for this year's trials, I desire to say that the membership requirement is dropped. It is to be open to the world.

W. J. BECK, Sec'y.

COLUMBUS, Ind.

DOG CHAT.

Meddlers.

A little scene began at the Baltimore show on Friday that terminated in the Central Police Station at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was all on account of the pug dog Meddler, who took second prize in the open class. The dog has a notion or two of his own, and when left alone will attempt to escape from his cage. His first success in this line was on Wednesday afternoon, when the pug's cage was found to be empty. A search was made for him, but he could not be found. At night, just before the circus began, a reporter of the *American* noticed an unusual commotion among some ladies seated in the gallery. The *American* man bounded up the stairs and there found the dirtiest-looking pug he ever saw in his life. The dog had evidently been out of his cage for some time and had amused himself rolling over the dirty benches. He was anything but prepossessing and frightened some of the ladies. He was then placed in his cage. On Thursday morning Meddler again escaped while the dogs were being exercised. A thorough search was made but he could not be found. On Friday morning Mr. Diffenderfer overheard one J. A. Golden, remark that he knew



MR. CHARLES H. MASON.
Judge of St. Bernards, Philadelphia, 1893.

where a pug dog was that had escaped from the building the day before. Mr. Diffenderfer stopped Golden, who said that he had seen the dog on the steps of 916 Constitution street, and that he had seen a woman who lives there pick up the dog and carry him in the house. Ben Lewis and an officer went to the house and asked for the dog but the owner denied knowledge of it. A warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of Lizzie Anderson, charging her with keeping the dog over the allotted time without taking it to the pound. When Officer Burns served the warrant he recovered the dog, which was still in the house. Meddler is owned by Mr. Edgar Adams, of Philadelphia, but during the show has been in charge of B. Lewis. The case was heard before Justice Hobbs at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. Lizzie Anderson wanted to take the case to court, but Messrs. Diffenderfer and Lewis told her that if she would pay the costs of the case they would not prosecute her. After some meditation she acquiesced, and the case was settled, she paying \$1.70. There was little time wasted in this affair.

Boston Dog Show.

Since the issue of the Boston premium list they have added a class for dachshund puppies, dogs and bitches, with prizes of \$5 and \$3, also a class for bassets, dogs and bitches, offering \$10, \$5 and \$3 as prizes. The American Spaniel Club has offered, open to members of the Spaniel Club only, specials as follows: The Oldham silver cup, value \$30, for the best field spaniel bitch, to be won four times before becoming the property of any one member; \$5 for the best brace of Clumber spaniels, \$5 for best brace of field spaniels, \$5 for best brace of cocker spaniels, \$5 for best brace of Irish water spaniels. Mr. Geo. Bell, Toronto, Can., offers cup for best trio of American-bred mastiff puppies entered and owned by exhibitor. James Stewart, M.D., of Boston, offers three bronze vases, copies of celebrated "Florentine Vase," for best pair of American-bred mastiff puppies out of same litter, under 12 months. To avoid as much as possible any cause for diseases at this show, they will use new wooden benching, which, although it perhaps is not as attractive as that with wire partition, etc., reduces the danger of disease to a minimum. Sanitas will furnish disinfectants. The results from the specials of \$10 each offered to exhibitors of New England who have never before shown a dog, bid fair to exceed the most sanguine expectations. Never before has there been such a demand for premium lists. Satisfactory arrangements have been made with the express companies, and they are waiting replies from the railroads, due notice of which will be given through the press. The committee would be glad to receive photographs of dogs from intending exhibitors to be used in the local papers. Every indication points favorably to the most successful show within the history of the N. E. K. C.

To Suffocate Dogs in Baltimore.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is behind the movement to secure a new dog pound for Baltimore, Md., and have asked an appropriation of \$700 for this purpose. Mr. John R. Duval, secretary of the society, says that the present method of drowning the dogs picked up on the streets is decidedly cruel. He has had sketch plans prepared for a new dog pound, modeled after that of New York, in which the dogs are to be suffocated. He suggests a plain one-story wooden building, 40ft. by 60ft., containing an office, two large kennels, in which dogs will be placed according to sex, and six small kennels for dogs having the mange or other disease. It would contain a gasometer and an air tight room, in which the dogs to be killed would be placed. The asphyxiation would be done either by illuminating gas or the fumes of charcoal.

Chesapeake Bay Dog Club.

The yearly meeting of the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club was held March 8 at the office of Edward L. Bartlett, president, 205 East German street, Baltimore. All old officers—E. L. Bartlett, Pres.; J. O. Norris, Vice-Pres.; J. F. Pearson, Sec'y; T. J. Hayward, Treas.—and board of governors were re-elected, also two new members, viz., Mr. E. G. Elliott, Nantucket, Mass., and Major J. M. Taylor, New York city. The treasurer's report showing balance on hand was satisfactory it was moved and unanimously carried that as the club has no special use at present for more money, assessment for annual dues in future be remitted until such time as the president may desire same resumed.

International Coursing.

Dr. A. J. Cattanaoh, of Denver, a member of the National Coursing committee which has in charge the international

meet to be held sometime during the World's Fair, says that the committee hopes to have the necessary \$2,500 for the stakes raised by the middle of June. He thinks the meet will take place at Merced, Cal., about four hours' run from San Francisco. The location would insure the entry of Australian dogs, and English owners can be transported rapidly over the country from New York. The Californians seem to want it, and he thinks there will be little objection to it. Dr. Cattanaoh has a new litter of pups by Gallant Boy, a famous dog, and expects them to turn out well.

Saratoga Kennel Club.

Vice-President E. A. Hall presided at the March meeting of the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club at the Commercial Hotel, March 7. There was a large attendance, and among those from out of town were Edward Rosa, of Schenectady, and Lyman W. Clute, of Ballston Lake. Communications were read from a number accepting official positions in the organization, including Edward Rosa and George Rosa, of Schenectady; A. E. Blunck, of Johnstown; C. E. Rockensteyer, of Albany, and Lyman W. Clute, of Ballston Lake. New members elected embraced G. W. Brown, H. H. Lawrence, W. Feuton, G. I. Humphrey, Jerome Meader, Angus tus Thomas and Emmett Farrington, of Saratoga Springs; E. E. Baker, of Grangerville, and Gates Mabbett, of Greenfield. The election of a director to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of J. A. Willis was deferred until the next meeting.

A Kennel Club for Bridgeton.

At Bridgeton, N. J., a new kennel club has been formed with the following officers: President, A. H. Grosscup; Vice-President, William Lilly; Secretary Louis Beckhardt; Treasurer, Barron Grosscup. A Board of directors was also chosen. The club will hold their initial dog show at the end of this month, confined to local breeders and owners. If the show proves a success application will be made to the American Kennel Club. The judges selected are: St. Bernards, pugs, mastiffs and Newfoundlanders, Warren Lewis; poodles and pet dogs, Paul J. Davis; setters and pointers, Andrew Mahr; greyhounds, Dr. E. T. Davis; hunting hounds, Charles Carman; bull-terriers and bulldogs, Hon. J. L. Van Syckel; coach dogs and miscellaneous, Stacy W. Newcombe. These judges are entirely unknown to the fancy, still they will have the same difficulty in pleasing every one as their confreres have.

Pug Importation.

Mr. Green, of Louisville, Ky., has purchased the pugs Drummer and Decima in England. Drummer was the sire of Simple Ben, that did so well at the late Nashville show and that unfortunately died soon after. Long prices were paid, it is said.

Sir Wallace Dead.

One of the oldest black and tan terrier show dogs in the country has gone the way of all flesh. We allude to Sir Wallace, owned by Mr. John H. Herbertson, of Detroit. He was over six years old and at one time was one of our best. With the advent of the new regime he had to give way.

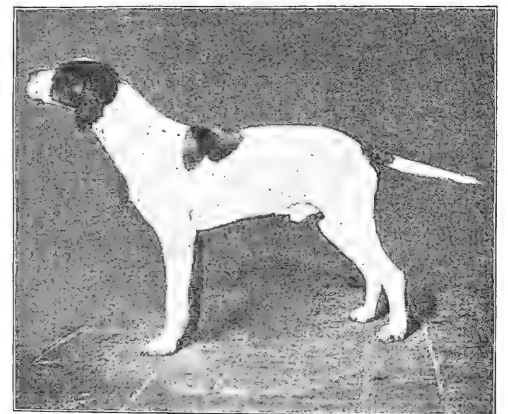
Brunswick Fur Club.

There will be a special meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club at Mechanics' Hall, Boston, on April 4, at 11 o'clock A. M. By a vote of the executive committee of the club, members are requested to send to the secretary a full list of the hounds owned by them, stating name, sex, age, color, breeding and strain. The committee also desire that in the future whenever they get a new hound they will send the secretary full particulars. Mr. Bradford S. Turpin is secretary.

Sale of Champion Olga.

Mr. Albion L. Page, owner of the Dunrobin Kennels, has sold his deerhounds champion Olga and Bruar to Mr. Muir, of Detroit, and they will be shown next week in that city.

No sooner had the growl and bark of the dogs quieted down and passed away than two days after the Madison Square Garden was given over to the feathered race. There are not



MR. CHAS. HEATH'S POINTER ARTHUR.
First New York and Baltimore, 1893.

many dogmen who combine both pursuits, but during our visit we noticed that the Hempstead Farm had quite a number of exhibits there, principally black Langshans. They won the \$100 special for the best hen—pen rather, of that breed. A \$25 special for best Langshan in the show—and it was a whopper—the Langshan. First for breeding pen and first for American-bred black pullet. First black hen and first for pen of white Langshans. So Mr. Mortimer had quite a double work of it besides judging at Philadelphia the same week as the poultry show.

We regret to hear that two valuable St. Bernards belonging to Mr. George W. Patterson, of the Lakeview Kennels, were killed at Lakeview recently by a train on the Worcester & Shrewsbury Railroad. Owing to the snow on either side of the track, the dogs could not get out of the way in time.

Valuable prizes are at times given for whippet racing in the neighborhood of the metropolis. At Kearney, N. J., the other day, Blair Athol won a race against the noted Firenze. The prize was \$350, in addition to a trophy.

Mr. George Raper sailed for England on the Servia at noon last Saturday. A number of friends wished him *bon voyage* and *au revoir*. Mr. Raper will not judge at Manchester, as stated, but will attend to his reportorial duties for *British Fancier* at this important show. He declined judging at over a dozen shows before leaving England, including Bath, St. Helens, Cambridge, Kilmarnock, Guis-

borough, etc. Mr. Raper has aged somewhat since he was with us last year. The life he leads must be a hard one, indeed, as he is on the go almost night and day, judging, reporting and exhibiting. He will be over here again about April 10.

During Saturday night and before the benching was up a number of dogs arrived at the dog show held at Washington. The building is new and during the night the heating apparatus was tried. George Thomas had brought his dogs to the building and left them in their crates for the night. On Sunday morning the heat had been so intense that he found the noted greyhounds Ornatus and Lilly of Gainsborough dead in one crate, and Wild Rose in a very bad way in another, but has now recovered. The death of these dogs is most unfortunate, and Mr. Purbeck has our sincere sympathy. Frank Dole's bull-terrier Edgewood Wonder was also rather badly affected from the same cause, but soon recovered.

Mr. George Bell is in Washington, but, like the Senator, knows not "where he is at." First he is notified that suspension in the judicial air of the A. K. C. is his portion, and then within a few hours he is informed that he is reinstated with the full rights and appurtenances of a spaniel exhibitor. It all arose out of the judging at Baltimore. Mr. Watson's idea of a cocker did not conform to Mr. Bell's definition, and the latter expressing his views more forcibly than politely, which should not obtain in the best regulated spaniel or any other circles, Mr. Watson brought the facts to the notice of the A. K. C. We should have thought it better to have drawn the attention of the M. K. C. to the matter and let them act as they thought fit; then Mr. Watson could have appealed to the A. K. C. had he thought that justice had failed him. Any one who assails the judge on account of any decision he may make should be summarily dealt with by the club at whose show the affair takes place. Bench show committees must protect their judges.

Duke of Kildare was first and Kildare Beverly third in open Irish setter dogs at Baltimore, and not the reverse, as printed.

The following new ads. appear in our kennel business columns this week: For Sale—Harriers, F. M. Ware; collies, James Fraser, Asphodel Kennels; setters, W. H. Hubbard; terriers, E. K. Butler, Jr.; cockers, Corktown Kennels; pointers, H. J. Wagner; St. Bernards, M. W. Schaeffer. John T. Mayfield wants dogs to train for field work. The Kildare Kennels offer the crack Irish setter Duke of Kildare at stud.

At the Illindio Kennel Club bench show, to be held at Indianapolis, March 28 to 31, the Collie Club offers the silver club medal for best collie dog or bitch exhibited by a member of the Collie Club in open classes.

During the wait between the Baltimore and Washington shows Mr. Geo. Bell purchased Mr. Harry Grainger's (owner of the Regent Kennels of Baltimore) kennel of fox-terriers, including the well known Dusky Trap and Confidence, together with five or six others. Mr. Grainger is retiring from the fancy.

Mr. Edward A. Smith, of New York, has purchased from Mr. Bell the liver-colored cocker spaniel Chestnut, that has won several prizes, for \$100.

The Baltimore show was rife with rumors of war. A well known Irish setter exhibitor will be hauled up before the A. K. C. for insinuation and remarks made on the honesty of a certain judge whose probity is unquestioned. Another well known critic, who, justly or unjustly, is accused of very derogatory remarks in the public press on the judges and management of the Baltimore show, was refused a complimentary pass. Then the Watson-Bell affair did not add to the general good feeling. This must all be stopped. It is childish and hurtful and tends to deter outsiders who may benefit the fancy from coming in and exposing themselves to the same danger.

The bulldog His Lordship was to arrive last Thursday, and will be shown at Boston with White Venn. It is rumored that Mr. Woodiwise, with Dockleaf, is seeking another match with His Lordship. If this is true he can be accommodated and the World's Fair show can be the venue.

Dr. Massamore sold his two pointers Peterkin of Naso and Steve, during the show to Baltimore parties.

Mr. K. E. Hopf sent us an interesting communication last week from the wilds of Idaho, where he is now doing a little pioneering and growing up with the country, as if he were not big enough already. He is at Arangee, Idaho, about fifteen miles from anywhere, and luxuriating in an atmosphere that registers 50° below zero. Charley Hopf, his son, is a deputy sheriff, but we must leave further particulars till next week.

A regular meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the Astor House, New York city, on Monday, March 20, at 4 P. M.

Mr. W. L. Washington's address is now 226 Western avenue, Allegheny, Pa.

Some fellows don't know when they have a good thing. James Boone, a countryman of Catonsville, Md., came to the M. K. C. office and said he had a bound of some sort he'd like to enter. "Didn't know anything about 'un," and when asked where he should be entered, said put it anywhere. So it was put in the basset division. Show comes along and Mr. James Boone brings out the blue ribbon; judge says best he's seen over here; spectator asks: "What'll you take?" "Any feller fool enough to give me forty dollars he can have him." Change produced, and \$100 offered by another at once. Ring will probably now enter on the duties of a new life and his light is no more hidden under a bushel.

Why were the credentials of Mr. Robert Leslie as delegate to the American Kennel Club for the Massachusetts Kennel Club, of Lynn, referred to a committee? This club is in good standing, Mr. Leslie is a man of reputation and good standing in his town of Lynn, and as such entitled to honorable recognition. Mr. Leslie pursued an independent course when a delegate some time since. Dogmen will watch the course of the special committee, Messrs. Richards, Anthony and Watson, appointed to rule as to whether he shall be allowed to act, or not, with more than passing interest in view of the late unpleasantness in the memorable libel suit.

The Chesterfield Park Kennels bought the beagle bitch Minnehaha from Mr. Pottinger Dorsey during the Baltimore show.

A Plea for Justice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I ask you is going to judge in this great country? Gentlemen who have judged for some years not unaccompanied with success, or an egotistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and always gifted with an unintelligible line of argument to malign his opponents and glorify himself?

CONSOLATION.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Anent Good Men.

Mr. Wade has misunderstood what I wrote about club members and officers, or else I did not make myself so clear as the subject merited. I did not mean to imply that a gentleman of wealth was by virtue of it good and wholly eligible to any position. A man as a private individual might be most estimable in every way, but when he assumes a club membership there are certain monetary responsibilities which interest the public. Few club members feel the same responsibility in the club's obligations that they do in their own. Club obligations are seldom considered personal. Men of spotless integrity might organize a club, but it would not therefore have the same public confidence which engenders from good name and a guaranteed purse. Mr. Wade took what was intended to be of general application and applied it to particular individuals of well-known public reputation. Comparatively few members of new clubs in this country have a public reputation.

I beg to correct Mr. Wade on a point I think he takes badly; that is, the case of Mr. D. C. Luse. My remarks were confined to it in so far as it had already been publicly discussed many times before, as between Mr. Luse and the American Coursing Club. No reference was made to it in connection with the National Greyhound Club, although such would not have been improper. An appeal does not necessarily clothe a case in sacred garb. There was no attempt to prejudge the case. It was confined to matters of record.

Does Mr. Wade think that when two reporters make a statement of facts which both at the same time and in the same manner learned, that because the statement agreed in the main, it proved or implied collusion? Supposing that they disagreed under the circumstances, it would then, I think, show that some one was wrong.

Mr. Wade has, however, the admirable trait of sticking to the issue. His mental ideas do not grope about in dark and vacant chambers. It is a pleasure to read the writings of one who can stick to his text.

Field Trial Matters.

Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, formerly of Carthage, Mo., has accepted a position in the sporting department of Montgomery Ward & Co. Mr. Isgrigg is well known to sportsmen, particularly those interested in the welfare of the dog, from his writings in the sporting journals, and his participation in field trial matters.

On the question of field trial clubs, Mr. Isgrigg has presented the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM with a most interesting letter, written to him by Mr. Rudolph Schmidt, of St. Louis, Mo. From it I take the following interesting excerpts:

"I noticed your name in connection with a field trial club for Missouri. In regard thereto, I would invite you, as well as your friends, to become members of the St. Louis Kennel Club, of which I have the honor of being president. Our club has been admitted as a member of the American Kennel Club at its last meeting. Our object is the improvement of dogs, and to hold annual bench shows and field trials. Our intention is to sell enough shares, at \$10 per share, to get a capital stock of \$3,000, and as soon as one-half of same is paid in, to incorporate under the laws of the State. Our subscription list is in the neighborhood of \$1,000 at present. Our treasurer, according to our by-laws, will have to give a bond, by some trust company, our corporation to pay the expense for furnishing same. I have this day sent copies of this letter to Mr. Ledbetter, Mr. Rodes, Mr. Waddell and others, and would be glad to add your name to our list of members. I will have a meeting called soon and get ready for a fall field trial, if agreeable to the club."

It is gratifying to note the steady and healthy growth of this branch of sportsmanship, in addition to all others of which the dog is a factor.

B. WATERS.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

The Detroit Show.

DETROIT, Mich., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the City of the Straits first annual bench show, to be held in the Auditorium at Detroit, Mich., on March 21, 22, 23 and 24, closed March 7. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Elmira Kennel Club in securing dates we had claimed in regular form about Dec. 1, no notice of which was served upon us by the A. K. C., and the opposition of the Michigan Kennel Club, we will bench dogs as follows: Mastiffs 12, St. Bernards 25, Great Danes 17, Newfoundlanders 4, deerhounds 4, Russian wolfhounds 4, bloodhounds 2, greyhounds 13, foxhounds 2, pointers 43, setters 95, collies 12, field spaniels 8, Clumber spaniels 4, Irish water spaniels 7, cocker spaniels 32, poodles 2, bulldogs 5, bull-terriers 14, whippets 4, dachshunds 3, beagles 20, fox-terriers 18, Irish terriers 3, Dandy Dinmont terriers 1, Bedlington terriers 5, Skye terriers 4, black and tan terriers 8, Yorkshire and toy terriers 10, King Charles spaniels, pugs, etc., 34; total 420. Having no novice or puppy classes there are no duplicate entries.

The building will be well heated and lighted. Spratts will bench, feed and disinfect, a thoroughly competent veterinary will be in attendance, police and fire protection is arranged for, and our premiums and all other obligations will be promptly paid. The exhibitors have stood by us and we will make them feel that we appreciate it. The City of the Straits Club is a new but hustling organization, and is here to stay.

GUY D. WELTON, Sec'y.

World's Fair Show.

TORONTO, Can.—The committee appointed by the C. K. C. to attend to the details connected with the selection of dogs for the World's Fair met to-night (Saturday). Mr. Stone acted as chairman and Mr. Stewart as secretary, the other members present being Messrs. Brodie and Donovan. It is probable the show will be held in the Armory, a large and suitable building, and proper benching will be erected. The date has been definitely decided on as April 18 and 19, and entries must positively be in superintendent's hands on April 10. No entries will be received after that date. Two classes will be provided for each breed, one for dogs and one for bitches and not more than four entries will be received in one class from one exhibitor. No prizes will be awarded, but large cards marked "Approved for World's Fair" will be attached to the benches of the dogs selected. Prize lists will at once be printed and mailed to all Canadian exhibitors and breeders.

H. B. DONOVAN.

Illindio Kennel Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Entries have been coming in at a fair rate and the prospects are very encouraging for our coming show. The kennel prize for mastiffs should be \$20 instead of \$10, as stated in our premium list. Special premiums are coming in and will be evenly distributed. We have asked specialty clubs to donate medals. We are members of the American Kennel Club. Entries close March 21. Those bearing postmark of that date will be received. In case entries are sent from any long distance on that date wire us so that we may provide the necessary place in catalogue and number of benches. We have made a challenge class for barzoi. The Collie Club offers medals. There will be a \$25 special best fox-terrier.

We have communicated direct with Mr. Mortimer to judge certain classes, and also wired the A. K. Club to secure for

us a reply, and have failed up to the present time to hear from either. The classes assigned to Mr. Mortimer will be divided between Mr. Davidson and Mr. Wheeler. We have applied for a rate of a fare and a third for the round trip; as yet have no decision.

We shall consider it a special favor if intending exhibitors will mail us cuts or photos at once for use in daily papers before and during show.

CHAS. K. FARMER, Sec'y.

Boston Show.

THE show committee write: We have provided a class for wire-haired fox-terrier puppies, dogs and bitches.

The English Setter Club offers, open to members of that club only, silver medal for the best English setter, dog or bitch, which has been placed at any public field trial and which shall win vhc. or better at this show. Silver medal to the breeder of the best English setter, dog or bitch, over 12 months, regardless of present ownership, to win vhc. or better at this show.

The Bulldog Club of America offer their silver medals for best American-bred bulldog, also for best American-bred bull bitch, open to members of American Bulldog Club only.

The New England Field Trial Club offers four quart mugs, one each for best pointer dog, best pointer bitch, best setter dog and setter bitch. They also offer four pint mugs, one each for second best pointer dog, pointer bitch, setter dog and setter bitch. The above are open to members of that club only.

A friend of the breed offers silver cup for best Boston terrier, dog or bitch, under 12 months.

The American Fox-Terrier Club offers, open to members only, \$10 each for best fox-terrier in show, best bitch in open class, best brace, best wire hair in show, best wire-haired puppy, best brace wire-hairs. Wire-haired challenge classes divided.

Protection Against Dog Thieves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

DOG owners here having suffered severely by thieving have determined to put a stop to it, and for that purpose met last night at Foster Stevens & Co.'s office for the purpose of forming an association for the detection and prosecution of dog thieves.

L. E. Carroll was made chairman, and W. D. Pugh secretary. A committee consisting of Geo. H. Newell, C. H. Annin and W. D. Pugh was appointed to draft a form of constitution and by-laws, and to report at the next meeting, to be held at L. E. Carroll's office in the City Hall, Friday night, March 10, at 7:30 when a permanent organization will be perfected and officers elected.

It has occurred to us that if similar organizations were perfected elsewhere and connection formed with each other. Much good can be done and more than one fellow believing in the common property of dogs sent over the road.

We shall be pleased to hear from our sister cities and will be pleased to help organize a league.

W. D. PUGH.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 4.

New England Field Trial Club.

AT a meeting of the Board of Governors of the New England Field Trial Club, in Boston, March 9, working committees were appointed and confirmed, also judges designated, with whom the president is to communicate. It was agreed by the board that the prospects for the success of the trials next fall were better even than had been hoped for, inasmuch as the committee on game was able to report that a great number of quail had wintered on the grounds, and that apparently all the birds turned out last fall were, because of regular feeding, strong and in good condition. The committee also reported that it had in its possession some fifteen dozen Western quail, which would be let out on the grounds of the club in good season. With such a prospect for a good supply of birds, it would seem that field trials in New England should become fixed and successful events.

Reflection Brought Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can these be the words of the judge of the Scottish terrier class in your issue of the 2d? "In the class for open dogs the decision which placed Kilree over Tice should have been reversed, etc., etc."

Now, why should a judge give credit in the ring to a dog that he carefully judged, and he did take plenty of time, as the best in his class, and then rob him of all honor in the press by saying he is not up to his winning?

I write this not to champion my brother's dogs, but to find out for the future what reasons, if any, there are that make judges change their decisions outside the ring.

EDWARD BROOKS.

HYDE PARK, Mass., March 6.

Grounds for Beagle Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In order to enable the National Beagle Club of America to secure the best possible location to hold its field trials for 1893 the secretary was instructed to request, through the kennel press, beagle breeders and the public in general, to suggest proper localities where rabbits are plentiful.

The undersigned, secretary of the National Beagle Club of America, therefore requests all persons interested in the subject to forward to him by mail at an early date such suggestions of suitable places as they may know of where the field trials could be held next fall.

GEORGE LAICK, Sec'y N. B. C. of A.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Appreciation.

FIELD'S CORNER, Boston, March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Let me congratulate you on the fine cut of shipperke Cople Sophia in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. I think it is the best cut I have seen to illustrate their peculiar characteristics, i. e., color, style, intelligence and abundance of life and activity. I thank you for your interest in this truly charming breed.

F. W. CONNOLLY.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, Rochester, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to congratulate you on the magnificent report of the New York dog show. The FOREST AND STREAM always has the cream of the doggy news.

W. S. BEMIS.

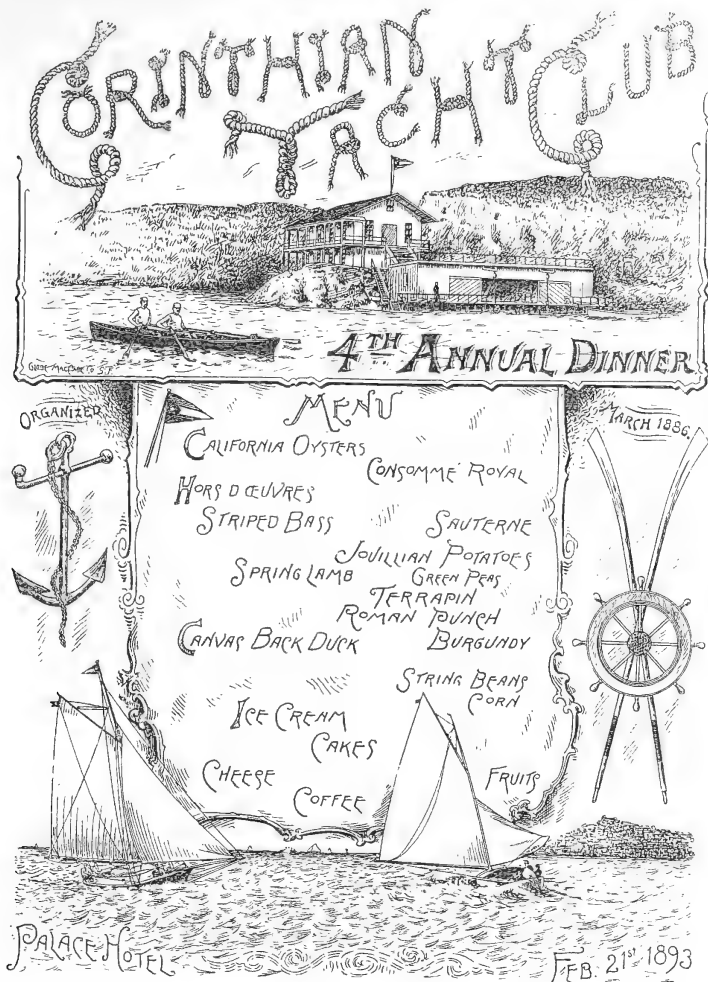
New Advertisements.

Supplies and Equipment: James F. Marsters, C. M. Stafford, Hewitt & Drake, E. Compau. Properties: P. F. Stone, Townsend & Howard, H. B. Sweeney, J. B. Ithamar Howe, C. M. Steffens. Guides, etc.: S. N. Leek. Wants and Exchanges: Jack rabbits; toy dog. For Sale: Shotgun. Bicycle. Yachting: Rushton canoe. Steam Launch.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the rice of which is \$3).



but for the drag of her screw she would have added a cup to her stock of plate. Lounger is satisfied with having forced Markat to withdraw and the latter is confident that had she not been undermanned her rival would have not been in it with her. Wabun is more than proud, as she has a good right to be, of her phenomenal performance, while Allapatta, so clearly outclassed by the commodore's infant prodigy that no rivalry can exist between them, is as jubilant over her defeat of Nicketti as though she had won all the cups of the season. The latter is convinced in her own mind that if she had not unwisely taken in that reef the odd trick would have been dealt to her. Even Gypsy, having kept up with the procession, while always obliged to maintain a leeward position, is confident that she could have whipped the top-sails off of any class competitor, had one been accommodating enough to show up. Therefore every participant in the sixth annual regatta of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club is satisfied with the results of its racing, and the following table of times will show what cause some of them, at least, have for contentment.

CLASS B.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie B.	11 07 42	3 02 07	3 54 25	3 54 25
Nethla.	11 08 30	2 57 13	3 48 43	3 47 35
Markat.	11 09 05	Withdrew.		
Lounger.	11 08 31	3 13 31	4 05 00	3 57 51
CLASS C.				
Wabun.	11 09 17	3 00 14	3 50 57	3 50 57
Allapatta.	11 10 28	3 50 31	4 40 03	4 27 40
Nicketti.	11 10 16	3 53 25	4 43 09	4 31 48
CLASS E.				
Egret.	11 09 35	Withdrew.		
Florence W.	11 07 10	4 01 24	4 54 14	4 51 15

On the following day, in a light easterly breeze, two cups given for visiting boats not belonging to any club, were handsomely won by the Key West yacht Wonder, owned by R. W. Southwick and sailed by Mr. Richard Pindar, and by Capt. Kemp's sponging sloop Struggle, the first beating three and the latter four competitors.

COCOANUT GROVE, FLA., Feb. 23. O. K. CHOBEE.

Lateen Rigs on Ice Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As an old member of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club I think I voice the general opinion of the club that lateens do not stand much chance against sloops nor do cats either. Under certain conditions the lateen does fairly well, but it is not reliable—rather tricky. That sloops take so much more wind to drive them has not been our experience; the late E. H. Sandford, of our club, a yachtsman of great skill and experience, built a lateen, center timber 49ft., rudder post to center of runner plank 26ft. 7in., beam 26ft. 6in., sail area 635sq. ft. He tried her under various conditions, and she did not fulfill his expectation and he altered her into a sloop. Our worthy commodore owns the Vixen, sail area 335sq. ft., a very able boat, but with no show at all among our sloops, i. e., the flyers. The Low Point boys have a very good lateen, but she was defeated with ridiculous ease by Archie Rogers's Blitz, a second class boat.

Let J. C. M. come up to Poughkeepsie, look at the Jack Frost sloop, 911 sq. ft. of canvas. He will see a boat built without regard to cost all the way through by the late Jake Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, the greatest ice boat builder in the world. He will see the fastest ice boat in the world to-day.

No lateen has ever done anything very extra on the Hudson River. I have boated continuously on the river for 28 years in the very fastest kind of company. Com. Irving Grinnell, a great boatman, was very partial to cats. He built one with 610 sq. ft. sail area, and boom being 14ft. Archie Rogers had another as large or larger. I owned one 150 sq. ft. area, but like the lateens—they did not work quite as we would wish, and we generally came back to our first loves. I have never heard that the Hudson River I. Y. C. claimed any great originality. They tested lateens and cats regardless of cost, and then returned to the sloop rig.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The lateen rig over ice boats dates much further back than twenty years, as incidentally stated by "C. L. N." in your issue of Feb. 16. When I was quartered with my regiment in Kingston, Canada West, in 1861, I had many a spin in the ice boats there, and they were rigged precisely as described by "G. P." in your same issue—that is, as far as regards their sails, which were taken, the yards and booms being united by a shackle at the fore end. But the mast was stepped in the ordinary position somewhere in the center fore and aft line.

EXMOUTH, DEVON, ENG., March 5. HENRY E. BATLY.

The Fall River (Mass.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., D. J. Burdick; Vice-Com., H. W. Tinkham; Rear-Com., Jefferson Borden, Jr.; Pres., Geo. A. Ballard; Sec., Wm. E. Blossom; Treas., C. E. D. Pearce; Meas., Peleg E. Borden; Directors—D. J. Burdick, H. W. Tinkham, Wm. B. Edgar, Wm. E. Blossom, Geo. B. Pierce; Regatta Committee—Benj. D. Briggs, A. Y. Nickerson, Fred. B. Durfee, Robt. A. Holt, A. F. McCann; Membership Committee—D. J. Burdick, T. Haggerty, W. J. Hutchinson, J. E. Hathaway, J. R. Durfee; Nominating Committee—Frank Borden, G. R. H. Buftinton, Robt. A. Holt, Wm. F. McCoy, W. C. Wetherell; Auditing Committee—D. J. Burdick, Geo. A. Ballard, Isaac H. Lawton.

Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco.

The fourth annual dinner of the Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco, took place on Feb. 21 at the Palace Hotel. Com. John A. Pew presided. Among the guest were Com. Gutte, of the San Francisco Y. C., and George Bromley, of the Bohemian Club. The dinner was accompanied by speeches, songs and stories, the evening passing very pleasantly. The new officers of the club are: Com., J. W. Pew; Vice-Com., M. A. Newell; Sec'y, E. E. Baker; Treas., W. F. Dixey; Port Captain, H. E. Pennell; Meas., H. H. Gorter. Regatta committee: C. R. Wilson, C. A. Graham, H. J. Kelley. Directors: J. W. Pew, M. A. Newell, J. H. Keefe, W. A. Stringer, W. F. Dixey, H. E. Pennell, F. E. Baker.

Measurement Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my letter sent about a fortnight since, I suggested that the immersed area of mid-section be used in the divisor, the general form being:

$$\text{American rating} = \frac{\text{area of mid-section}}{\text{area of hull}} + \text{constant, and instanced, First, a modified Y. R. A. form, viz.:$$

$$\text{American rating} = \frac{L \times S}{M} + \text{constant} \dots \dots \dots \text{(I)}$$

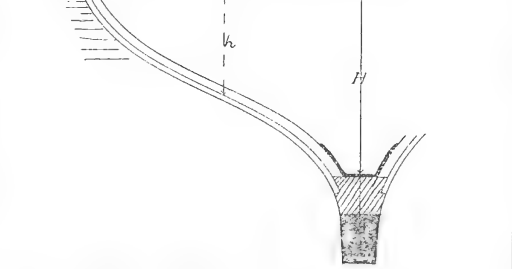
Second, a modified Seawanhaka form, viz.:

$$\text{American rating} = \frac{(L + \sqrt{S})^3}{M} + \text{constant} \dots \dots \dots \text{(II)}$$

I now write to point out that the following modification of the Seawanhaka rule is simpler than I, and more easily worked out:

$$\text{American rating} = \frac{(L + \sqrt{S} - \sqrt{M})}{M} + \text{constant} \dots \dots \dots \text{(III)}$$

M is the immersed area of mid-section measured internally. . . . a simple method of doing so being to bore two minute pin holes through the yacht's, sides at the waterline mid-section and to stretch a wire across. Then it is easy to measure.



B internal beam at waterline.
H immersed depth of hull (wire to floors).
h immersed depth of hull at 1/4 B.

Then by Simpson's first rule:
$$M = \frac{1}{3} \text{ of } \frac{B}{4} (4h + 2H + 4h) = \frac{B}{6} (H + 4h)$$

And III. may be written:
$$\text{American R} = \frac{L + \sqrt{S} - \sqrt{B(H + 4h)}}{1.7}$$

Formulas I. and II. reduce to the following forms:
$$\text{American R} = \frac{L S}{12 B (H + 4h)} \dots \dots \dots \text{I.}$$

$$\text{American R} = L + \sqrt{S} - \sqrt{12 B (H + 4h)} \dots \dots \dots \text{II.}$$

I will back this rule to carry out the wishes of the New York Y. C. committee better than anything yet proposed, and do so without encountering any difficulties as to measurement.

ITALASSA.

The New Haven Y. C. has arranged to rent from Sargent & Co. sufficient ground at the foot of Hamilton street to accommodate the club house. The club has elected the following officers: Com., H. S. Parmelee; Vice-Com., H. S. Holcomb; Rear-Com., J. D. Welch; Sec'y, W. A. Chamberlin; Treas., G. R. Chamberlin; Meas., F. H. Andrews; Fleet Surgeon, W. W. Hawkes. Board of Trustees—Joseph Porter, J. H. Parish. Regatta Committee—D. M. Goodridge, J. I. Goodrich and S. D. Baker. Mr. P. G. Sanford, owner of the 40ft. sloop Rival, has presented a handsome challenge for that class.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. will give a race for special classes on Monday, July 3, and the annual regatta will take place on Saturday, July 29.

The Citizens' Yachting Association, of Detroit, Mich., has decided to hold an open regatta on July 3-4, on Lake St. Clair, with cash prizes and no entrance fees.

Windward, schr., has been sold to E. N. Doll through the Bliven Co., and Florence, cutter, has been purchased by Vice-Com. Ahlstrom, of the Douglaston Y. C. She will be renamed Katrine, and with Windward will be enrolled in the D. Y. C. fleet.

On March 6 Capt. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, delivered a lecture on the West Indian Islands before the Fall River Y. C. Some sixty stereoscopic views, made by Lieut. Norris, U. S. N., were shown in connection with the lecture.

Javelin, steam yacht, has been sold by Com. Morgan to C. R. Flint, at one time a part owner of the sloop Gracie.

Conqueror, steam yacht, arrived at Kingston from St. Jago on Feb. 19.

Oneida, steam yacht, E. C. Benedict, has been painted white with yellow stack, and is fitting out for a Southern cruise.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is at work on a design for an electric auxiliary schooner for Florida waters.

A model yacht club has been organized at Marblehead, Mass., the name being the Midget Y. C. The fleet numbers about sixty yachts of 12 to 32in. l.w.l. A silver championship cup has been established and races will be sailed every week on Rid's Pond.

The Sing Sing Y. C. elected the following officers on March 6: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., Col. Frank Larkin, Jr.; Rear-Admiral, Chas. S. Raymond; Sec'y, R. T. Dennis; Treas., James Thompson.

The Commonwealth Y. C., of Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., Thomas Murphy; Vice-Com., L. M. Johnson; Fleet Capt., E. J. Smith; Sec'y, W. C. Le Pétier; Treas., A. E. Justin; Meas., F. Pfund. Trustees—C. H. Rushton, chairman, J. H. Cronin, J. A. Evans, F. H. Gould and James Leverage.

Mignon, sloop, has been purchased by W. H. Rowe, Columbia Y. C.

The Williamsburg Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. Martin; Vice-Com., T. Meyer; Fleet Captain, L. W. Rice; Sec'y, G. W. Prime; Treas., A. R. Smith; Meas., W. H. Riker; Steward, J. Lawes. Trustees, J. Northrup, W. Stebbins, P. Monahan, M. Walters and J. Essman. Regatta Com., G. F. Burkard, G. Brek, Jr., H. Harper, T. Ellison, and E. Brown; Delegates to N. Y. Y.R.A., H. Roth, J. Schuessele and C. Barker.

The Sing Sing Y. C. has been divided as the result of internal dissensions, and a new club, called the Ossining Y. C., has been organized with the following officers: Com., R. Stray; Vice-Com., A. B. Osborne; Sec'y, A. L. Riker; Treas., F. A. Griffin; Meas., I. S. Haft; House Com., I. S. Haft, H. O. Tompkins and J. Ryder.

The Newark Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., E. M. Grover; Vice-Com., A. Johnson; Financial Sec'y, J. W. Smith; Recording Sec'y, E. E. Atchinson; Treas., C. Schade; Meas., J. Sandford; Trustees, L. Wright, H. W. Chapman, J. W. Smith, W. H. Vreeland and E. E. Tompkins. Delegates to N. Y. Y. R. A., C. E. Cameron, J. W. Smith and C. Schade. Alternates, Wm. Murray and F. Miller. The annual dinner will be held at the club house on New street, Newark, on Monday, March 20. The club is now comfortably installed in good quarters on Newark Bay at Bayonne, with a large membership and a growing fleet.

At a meeting of the Cleveland Y. C. on Nov. 1 the following officers were elected: Directors, George W. Gardner, W. R. Huntington, P. P. Wright, E. W. Rodder, W. P. Francis, C. W. Kelley, Luther Allen, Ed. Overbeke, Frank Overbeke, J. O. Gardner, P. W. Rice, W. J. Akers, G. Luetkemeyer, W. De Moor, J. N. Richardson; Measurer, J. Barth; Assistant Measurer, H. Richter; Surveyor, C. Krause; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman. The board of directors will meet on April 12 to elect the flag officers.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Chas. W. Meader; Vice-Com., Walter L. Hicks; Fleet Captain, George Ellis; Sec. Chas. H. Thowrow; Treas., Albert L. Jackson; Meas., Frank Drew; Trustees, George Graham, John Crossen, John Godel; Regatta Committee, C. W. Meader, George Kilby, Walter Wills.

The Hempstead Harbor Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., D. K. Hall, Jr.; Vice-Com., Thomas T. Taber; Purser, Robert F. Cocks; Captain of Boats, John S. Appelly; Members of the Governing Board (in addition to the club officers), Louis T. Duryea, Samuel C. Pirie and Paul H. Grumm.

The Raritan Y. C., of Perth Amboy, N. J., has elected the following officers: Com., J. G. Hall; Vice-Com., H. E. Crowell; Sec., W. H. Hesser; Treas., W. A. Crowell; Meas., J. S. Wright; Finance Committee, J. H. Watson, H. B. Crowell, J. V. Langh, J. A. Simons; Committee, W. H. Hesser, C. F. Hall, J. F. Ten Broeck; Regatta Committee, O. W. Peterson, St. George Kempson, W. A. Crowell.

The Greenville (N. J.) Y. C. elected the following officers on March 7: Com., C. P. Morton; Vice-Com., O. P. Vreeland; Fin. Sec'y, T. Ahrens; Recording Sec'y, Geo. Kraus; Treas., Chas. Mittenzen; Meas., Harry Kaltenstrath; Sergt.-at-Arms, T. Folger. Trustees, J. C. Simmonds, L. F. Harrison, T. McCoubrey, Alonzo Peniston and Dr. S. A. Hollister. House Committee, O. P. Vreeland, F. Wagner, F. Roeder, Jr., Geo. J. Simons and J. C. Folger.

The Carolina Y. C., of Charleston, S. C., elected the following officers on March 1: Com., W. D. Porcher; Vice-Com., E. A. Simons; Sec'y, C. E. Prioleau; Treas., W. D. Middleton; Fleet Surgeon, E. F. Parker, M.D. Executive Committee, James Armstrong, F. Y. Porcher, H. M. Tucker, Jr., R. B. Leiby, Gaston Hardy, D. J. Porter and F. P. Huger.

Alert, schr., sailed from Gibraltar on Feb. 2 and arrived at Bermuda on March 9, bound for New York.

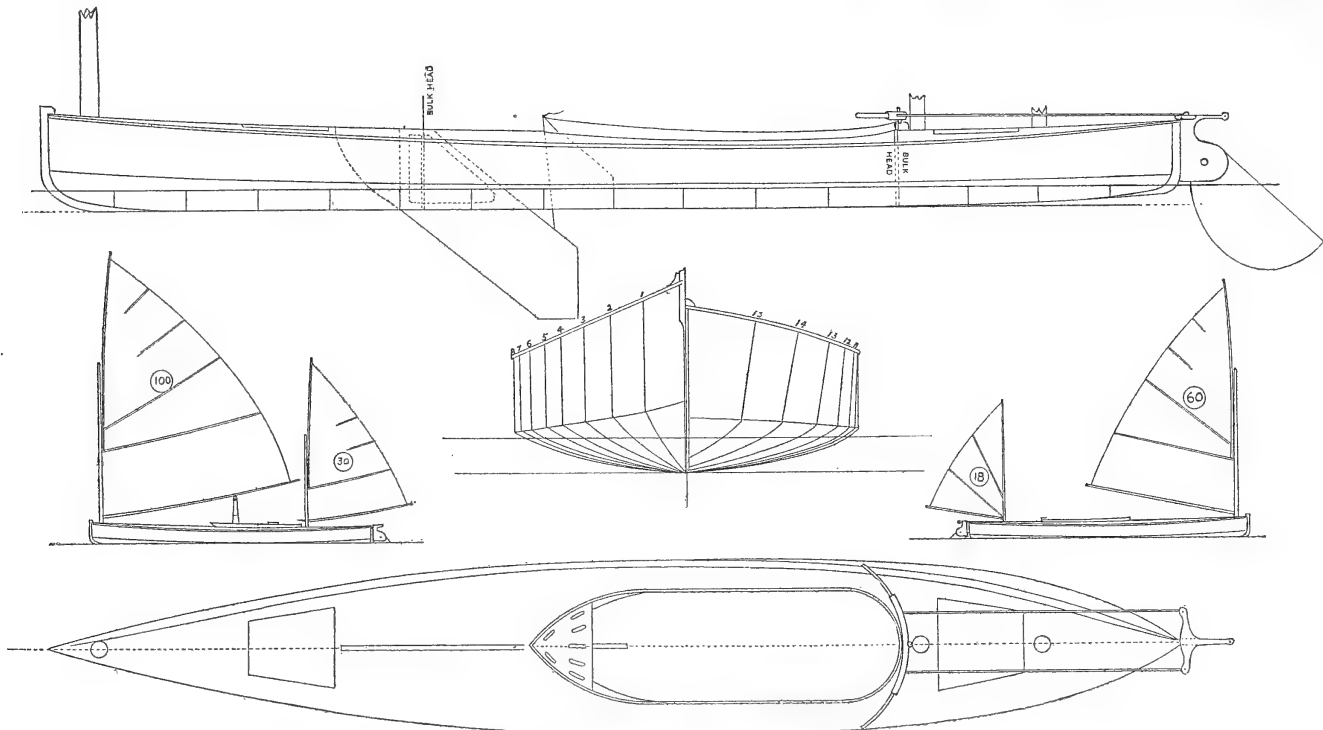
The new Gielow schooner Loyal at Poillon's is now well framed and the planking is going on. The yacht is an excellent specimen of modern moderate construction, everything strong and substantial, but without the weight of extra wood all over that was formerly considered necessary in a yacht. The scanning is of good size and there is no attempt at extremely light building, but the material is judiciously placed and everything is thoroughly fastened. The steam yacht Avenel has undergone a wonderful transformation at Mr. Driscoll's hands in the same yard, being in nearly all particulars a new boat. She has now a fair sheer and side line, which she never had before, two good overhangs, the counter being very well carried out, new planking, decks, bulwarks, rail, pilot house and general fittings. The rail is a beautiful piece of teak wood. There is a fine bridge over the deck house, from which the steering will be done, the fore part of the house being the captain's room, while the after part forms the dining room. A new Almy boiler has been put in, with a Williamson steam steerer. The main question is whether the cost of such radical rebuilding would not have paid for a new boat. The steam yacht Restless is at the yard for alterations before going to the Lakes. A light bulwark and rail will be added on top of the present low rail. . . . At Ayres's shop are half a dozen small electric launch hulls going up together. The two "Scarecrows" have been finished for some time and a third will be started shortly. The Tobin bronze fin-centerplate of the original one is a fine piece of work, well finished on the edges and fitted with a casting on top to support it in the trunk. A steam launch has also been started in the main shop for Mr. Crowley. . . . At Witheringham's yard the Gielow steamer is nearly in frame, while in the various shops are no less than four keel boats of 24ft. to 30ft. l.w.l., all designed by Mr. Charles Olmstead, of Brooklyn, to be used about Shelter Island. One is nearly completed, another is planked and decked, and a third is in frame. They are good looking boats, of considerable beam and draft, with Gioriana bows and deep keels of the modern outlines.

Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby, of the New York Y. C., owner of the steam yacht Wampagoag, which was just purchased in England the iron steam yacht Barracouta, formerly Fauvette. The Fauvette is quite an old vessel, having been built in 1869 at Havre, France, by Nilus & Normand. She is notable as the first vessel which passed into the Suez Canal in 1869 on the occasion of its formal opening, having in tow the English schooner yacht Cambria. She is 121ft. between perpendiculars, 20ft. 3in. beam, and 11ft. 9in. draft. She was thoroughly overhauled in 1891 and underwent a special survey, being rated 100 A1 at Lloyd's. She is now at Cowes, where she will receive a new stern before sailing for New York.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York was held on March 7 at the Hotel Legeron, New York. The following officers were elected: Admiral, August Belmont; Fleet Captain, M. Roosevelt Schuyler; Sec., George A. Cormack; Meas., John Hyslop. The club decided on an outside race for schooners in the fall in addition to the regular Newport sweepstakes. A supper was served after the meeting.

Puritan, steam yacht, recently chartered by Mr. Eugene Higgins, New York Y. C. was formerly the Miranda, designed by St. Clare J. Byrne, and built by Ramage & Ferguson in 1888. She is a steel vessel, brigantine rigged, and is 138ft. between perpendiculars, 24ft. beam, 14ft. 3in. hold, with engines 13, 21 and 33x22in.

The Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. has recorded its 516th order, the boilers being used in yachts, launches, passenger steamers, tugs, canal boats, coal mines and electric light works. The business has increased fifty per cent. within the past year, the boiler being liked wherever it is tried.



"ISALO"—SHARPIE CANOE. DESIGNED BY G. U. LAWS FOR R. W. MCKENZIE, 1893.

Comanche, steam yacht, H. M. Hanna, arrived at Nassau from Jacksonville on March 1, and Sagamore arrived on Feb. 23 and sailed on March 6 for Havana.

Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's challenge for the Royal Victoria Y. C. cup, which was sent by Mr. Carroll personally with the resolution of the New York Y. C., was received by the club on March 2.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

- JUNE.
3. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst.
10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge. 24. Marine and Field Club, Bath
13. Atlantic, An., New York Bay. Beach.
- JULY.
- 1-15. At Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.
- AUGUST.
- 11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.
- SEPTEMBER.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass

British "Sharpie" Canoes.

The accompanying illustration, which we reproduce from the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, shows a very curious type of canoe and canoe-yawl which has come into use in England within the past three years, and which is obviously of American origin so far as the governing principle of the design is concerned. This canoe and others of her type, though differing in details, are very similar to the Red Jacket which Mr. Clapham took to the 1886 meet at Grindstone Island and used in connection with his weather grip. The Red Jacket was wider, about 5 ft. beam to 10 ft. length, and she had only about half as much dead rise, but with her nearly vertical sides, each of a single plank and her rounded bottom she was essentially similar. In the following year Mr. Paul Butler had several craft of like model but of canoe dimensions at Bow-Arrow Point, and the Vesper men brought others to Lake George in 1888, but though they made very cheap and good canoes, they showed no phenomenal speed, and have disappeared of late years. Some of the British sharpie canoes, on the contrary, have shown great speed compared with other types of small craft, and the type is now an established one. The present boat, Isalo, is one of two built last year by H. Finn, of Isleworth-on-Thames, her dimensions being 16x29x4x10. The weight of hull is 80 lbs., centerplate 25 lbs., rudder 7 lbs. She has a sliding seat which when closed does not extend beyond the beam of the canoe.

A Model Tracer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recently had occasion to make several designs for canoes of unusual dimensions, to meet conditions not often, if ever, found in previous practice. Finding it necessary to make a large number of designs in a short time, I soon discovered that to lay down in the ordinary way was out of the question, I therefore adopted the following combined system, which, so far as I can learn, is new, and which may be of interest to your readers. Familiarity with tools, and the ability to work quickly in wood, turned my attention at once to the use of full models, which, when completed, would enable me to make actual tests under various conditions in the water. Knowing the impossibility of judging by the eye, a perfect fairness in lines upon a model, some means of correcting these inaccuracies became necessary; and, having used the pantograph extensively, it naturally suggested itself as a means for taking any desired line from the model and tracing it on paper.

The instrument was modified in various ways, and finally became, in its simplest form, and for the most hurried work, a simple tracer with a handle 30 in. long. At right angles to this was a tracing point distant from the axis 2 in. In the axis the point of an artist's screw pencil was placed and on the other side, an inch and a half away, was a projection upon which the outer end of the head rested, putting a round-headed tack in this projection formed a bearing surface. Placing the model on the paper and bringing the tracing point (which was only a small round-headed nail), against the side of the model, it was possible, by taking hold of the handle and drawing it along parallel to the keel, to trace any line directly on paper. This was the simplest form of tracing apparatus which I used, and though it is capable of introducing errors when not properly and carefully used, it will put upon paper a line which does not vary from accuracy more than one-fiftieth of an inch. With care even this variation may be made smaller.

The practical working of this was simple and satisfactory; after making a template midship section and working the model to this, the lines were gradually worked out fore and aft, and when apparently fair to the eye, the tracer was used; generally revealing lumps which had escaped the eye. The model was left with a wood top or block, by which it could be placed on the drawing board, and by blocking it up, or by inclining it at an angle, all the waterlines and diagonals could be obtained. For taking off cross sections, the simple tracing stick will not answer, but I found after completing the model in this way that the lines were perfectly fair by laying down. Using full-

sized cross sections, I spaced them 1 in. apart, making the canoe only 16 in. long. The water lines obtained in this way were without lumps, and though of most extraordinary shape were "fair." W. E. P.

Canoe-Yawls and Canoe-Yachts.

Mr. W. BADEN-POWELL has begun in the *Field* what promises to be a very interesting series of articles on the canoe-yawl proper, as distinguished from the canoe-yacht with fixed keel and ballast. The first article gives the lines of the canoe-yawl Jennie, built by Turk and lately purchased by Mr. Coddington, of Philadelphia. She is a sturdy, powerful craft of 18 ft. over all and 4 ft. 6 in. in l.w.l., with 11 in. draft of hull and 2 ft. 10 in. with her plate down, the plate weighing 15 cwt. She has one objectionable feature, an excessively ugly "runt" stem, giving the impression that at one time or another she has been in collision with a stone wall. Apropos of the term canoe-yawl, Mr. Baden-Powell makes the following pertinent remarks: "The term yawl has nothing to do with rig; it is an indefinitely old sea term for a sea-coast model of boat which was of long form and light construction, used for both sailing and rowing, without fixed ballast; such boats to this day are the Yarmouth yawls, the Norway yawls and the cobbles. A work on naval architecture of 1793 describes the 'yawls' carried then on men-of-war, 'for sailing and rowing,' as practically of a form we should now call whaleboats, i. e., sharp at each end; and further, the same authority says of the Norway yawl: 'Of all such boats this yawl seems best calculated for a high sea; it will venture out to great sea distances when a stout ship can hardly carry any sail.'"

"In modern times, whatever yawl may strictly mean, it has come unintentionally into a sort of international marriage with the word 'canoe' (the above-mentioned old book gives the French equivalent of yawl as 'canot'; so the term 'canoe-yawl' may be taken as a fairly good blend). The Vikings' swift sea-going craft were yawls and were sharp at each end and of a distinctly canoe type."

A. C. A. Membership.

The following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Eastern Division—Alfred E. Chasmar, South Norwalk, Conn. Northern Division—Geo. E. Ireland, Kenneth M. Ireland, Kingston, Can.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Mahn-a-wank C. C., of Milwaukee, held its annual meeting on March 6, the following officers being elected, Com. Geo. F. Mathes; Vice-Com. W. A. Quay; Sec.-Treas. A. P. Chapman; Directors—T. W. Dickens, Geo. R. Nash, E. H. Holmes and R. Merrill. Com. Mathes has appointed a regatta committee consisting of A. W. Fries, C. J. Allen and Guy F. Gregg. Following the meet of the W. C. A. at Oshkosh last year, there is a strong interest in sailing among the club members, new boats are being built and rigs fitted, and the club is working to make a record at the coming Ballast Island meet.

Emil C. Knappe, of the Springfield C. C., and members of the regatta committee of the Springfield Boat Club held a conference on March 6, at which Mr. Knappe made a proposition that the club be allowed to hold a big canoe regatta in connection with the New England Amateur Rowing Association's event. The project was favorably considered by the boat club, and if the matter is arranged satisfactorily the canoe races will be held on the morning of July 4, the rowing regatta taking place in the afternoon.

The Holyoke C. C. held its annual meeting on March 7, the following officers being elected: Capt. J. W. Dickinson; 1st Lieut. F. H. Metcalf; 2d Lieut. E. T. Newton; Purser, J. L. Wycoff. Trustees—J. H. Cook, A. H. Hitchcock and W. D. Judd. The club has now a membership of 50, with 49 canoes. At the meeting a subscription was started for the families of those of the life saving crew who were lost at Cuttyhunk. The club will hold a regatta on Sept. 4.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If C. J. L., Detroit, wishes to take one of the finest canoe trips in this country, let him put his canoe on the M. C. R. R. train to Grayling, and launch in the Au Sable River. He can spend three weeks floating down stream to the mouth, or go to the forks and up the south branch to Roscommon. He will get fishing, shooting and the scenery he so much desires. He asks the question in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 2.—H. N. BOTSFOORD.

Students of ethnography will be interested to hear that Dr. N. B. Emerson, of Honolulu, is preparing a full account of the Polynesian canoe. In a communication printed in the new number of the journal of the Polynesian Society he points out that the various migrations of the ancient Polynesians and their progenitors, from whatever source derived, must have been accomplished in canoes or other craft, and that the waia, the pahi, etc., of to-day, however modified they may be under the operation of modern arts and appliances, are the lineal descendants of the seagoing craft in which the early ancestors of the Polynesians made their voyages generations ago. He holds, therefore, that a comparative study of the canoes cannot fail to shed light on the problems of Polynesian migrations and relationships.—*Nature*.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly practice shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club was held at their headquarters on Tuesday evening, March 7. The result of the evening's practice shows to a remarkable degree what can be done with the little .22 cal. when it is properly handled. The rule of the Zettler club, in their weekly shoots, obliges the members to shoot their official scores on the practice days without any previous practice shots. The official scores, as taken from the club's bulletin, for this week shows that M. Dorrier made in his four entries, all of which were shot consecutively without previous practice, 10 shots to each score, possible 250: First, 247; second, 249; third, 246; fourth, 245. Henry Holjes, first, 247; second, 245; third, 247; fourth, 246. M. E. Engel, first, 246; second, 247; third, 245; fourth, 246. The single best score of the other members competing are as follows: C. G. Zettler 246, B. Walther 245, F. Schmitt 245, B. Zettler 243, H. Strate 243, F. C. Ross 242, H. Hintz 242, G. Krauss 234, J. Michelbacher 233. PLAISTED.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Societa Tiratori Italiani.

The banquet of the Italian Shooting Society ("Societa Tiratori Italiani") was held on the evening of the 11th at their headquarters at Riccadonna's, No. 42 Union Square. To the Italo-American this is next to his church in his affections, for it was here that the Italian colony, years ago, received and entertained that grand old soldier and patriot Garibaldi, and it is hardly a twelve-month since these same premises resounded with the bravos of an enthusiastic assemblage of Italian citizens in entertaining the worthy son of this illustrious sire. The society was organized in 1892, and its membership comprises many of the leaders and more prominent citizens of New York's Italian colony. Up to the time of the organization of this society the bulk of New York's shooting fraternity had been drawn from the ranks of the German-American and native population, with here and there a Franco-American and a small contingent from the Swiss, Tyrolean and Celts. The Italians as a class had not been represented among our army of sportsmen as adepts in the use of the rifle or shotgun.

To be sure they have had for years their battalion of Garibaldi Guards and other organizations of a semi-military nature with their annual parades in honor of Garibaldi; but as marksmen, to use that trite expression, they have never "been in it" with the other elements of our mixed population.

The banquet was for a twofold purpose, first, to receive from the ladies of the society a most beautiful stand of colors, Italian and American, the result of many months' hard labor on the part of the matrons and daughters of the society, and also to confer upon those members who had made the highest scores in the last season's practice shoot the class medals in their respective classes. The result of the season's practice with the rifle for the most points made on the nine practice days, will be found appended below:

TUNTI RIPORTATI NELLE LEZIONI DI TIRO A SEGNO.

Prima Categoria.									
Gerbolini*	206	210	207	217	227	218	228	218	219—1957
Abaro	216	210	222	210	205	216	212	230	208—1029
Navoni	210	200	206	213	216	217	215	215	228—1020
Reali	214	209	201	215	223	209	212	206	207—1896
Marzorati	208	198	205	218	230	216	204	196	203—1878
Bencetti	198	170	163	187	198	181	179	203	217—1696
Franchi	146	186	209	180	188	208	188
Cornelli	164	208	185	217	224	217	205	217	...
Seconda Categoria.									
Selvaggi*	149	200	207	211	230	210	219	217	223—1895
Rizzo	167	194	189	204	218	214	215	100	208—1789
Zigliani	158	169	191	126	170	170	169	167	184—1504
Tagliucca	191	153	201	161	135	148	...	182	...
Gulda	162	211	205	193	199	197	225	210	...
Schierano	210	190	194	198	190	206	192
Tati	155	119	177	146	175	186

* Medal winner.

Upon Miss L. Contencini, the beautiful daughter of Gen. Contencini, was conferred the honor of presenting the colors.

After the ceremonies accompanying the presentation of the colors were through, President A. Marzorati, in a neat and happy manner invited his guests and members of the society to partake of the good things that were at this point being brought forward.

The seat of honor was occupied by Miss Contencini, to her right Gen. Contencini, on her left Mr. A. Marzorati, the president of the society. The next in order came the Chev. Cesaro Poma, the Italian Vice-Consul; Dr. Luigi Roers, the chief editor of the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, a daily paper published in New York; Chas. Barsotti, the proprietor of the same journal; Peter Anifo, the business manager of the paper *Christoforo Colombo*, also published in New York; Louis V. Engazy, the banker; E. M. Franchi and Mrs. Franchi, Mr. E. Zucca, Mr. Bonanus, Mr. Arata, Mr. Cocci, Mr. L. Reali, Mrs. Sappi, Miss Sambruna, Miss Sauti, Mrs. Pasquale Seloaggi, Mrs. Gibella Emilia, Mr. Frank Volenti, Mr. Philip Rossi, Mr. Abaro, Mrs. C. Comotti, Mr. A. Narvoni. There were in all one hundred guests and members of the society.

As the last course was removed from the tables the most interesting part of the evening's pleasures was at hand. The president called the assemblage to order and in a neat speech gave a history of the work done by the members in their practice with the rifles the past year. Mr. F. Gerbolini was then called up and decorated with the first class medal, having made the most points (1,957) in his class. Mr. E. Selvaggi in turn was decorated with the second class medal, having made the most points (1,865) in his class. Then the president called up Miss Augusta Sambruna, Mrs. Angiolina Seyero and Mrs. Mary Franchi, and decorated each of them with a medal for having been the most successful in collecting money for the purchase of the colors presented to the society during the evening.

At this point Dr. Luigi Rovergi was called upon for a speech to which he responded in a masterly manner, giving his hearers a succinct history of the Italians in America from Columbus to the present day, calling upon his fellow countrymen to exert themselves in order to secure political and social advancement in this land of liberty. Dr. Rovergi was followed by Chas. Barsotti, Gen. Contencini and several other gentlemen who were each in their turns given generous applause.

As the last speaker brought his remarks to a close, the room was cleared of tables and chairs, and the merry dancers took possession of the banquet hall. PLAISTED.

Milton Rod and Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club: President, Chas. Fehrenbach; Vice-President, Lewis Fox; Secretary, C. C. Kurtz; Financial Secretary, W. H. Hartlove; Treasurer, John R. Marr; Captain, R. H. Stout; Quartermaster, James Deighton. The club will give its third grand tournament on April 25-27.

Puritans, Hudsons, Greenvilles.

JERSEY CITY, March 14.—The first match of a series between the Puritan Rifle Club of Newark and the Hudson Rifle Club was shot on the latter's range Monday, 13th inst., and resulted in a victory for the home team. The visitors were well represented, with a large delegation, and the Hudson boys were out in good shape. During the match the excitement was great, as both teams kept close together.

Mr. August Stuber made 241, which was high score for the evening, while Mr. F. Miller was but a point behind him for the Puritans.

After the match a fine repast was furnished and there was an abundance to eat and drink.

It was what might be called a "gala night" in the Hudson's home, as Messrs. Fred Miller, Henry E. Boddy, Geo. Lutz and G. Vanberg made things interesting and entertaining with their popular comic songs and recitations. When the hour of midnight arrived the visitors expressed themselves as well satisfied and having been entertained so cordially, bade Marion good-night and departed. The return match will be shot at 29 Main street, Newark, N. J., Monday, March 20 and a repetition of the previous match is an anticipation to all who were present.

The following is the full score of the match:

Puritan R. C.	
F. Weiler.....	22 25 20 23 22 25 25 19 21—224
G. Vanberg.....	22 20 23 24 24 25 24 23 25—233
C. Kopf.....	23 24 19 24 23 24 24 25 25—234
J. Woods.....	19 23 21 23 22 24 22 25 20—224
E. Hebl.....	19 21 21 24 25 23 23 24 24—226
J. Hebl.....	19 21 21 24 25 23 23 24 24—226
F. Miller.....	23 24 24 25 25 23 23 24 24—240
P. Walbrecht.....	23 23 23 23 25 25 25 23 23—232
O. Weiler.....	20 21 22 25 25 24 24 23 24—227
J. Blewitt.....	20 25 23 22 23 23 24 24 24—2295

Captain, F. Weiler. Scorer, G. Vanberg.

Hudson R. C.	
J. Rehban.....	24 25 25 23 24 22 25 25—238
H. L. Hansen.....	25 24 24 24 24 24 25 25—238
A. Braun, Sr.....	25 25 24 24 24 24 24 24—234
C. E. Bird.....	23 20 20 22 23 23 23 22—219
A. Malz.....	24 25 25 23 23 23 22 22—239
F. Sessman.....	22 23 23 21 24 22 25 22—225
H. Mahlenbrock.....	22 23 18 24 23 24 25 21—230
H. Smith.....	23 21 21 24 23 23 23 23—232
H. E. Boddy.....	23 24 24 24 23 23 20 25—233
Aug. Steuber.....	24 25 23 24 24 25 25 24—2310

Captain, H. Mahlenbrock. Scorer, J. J. Pfiffenberger. Judge, C. E. Bird.

Next match of the series to be shot at 29 Main street, Newark, N. J., Monday, March 20.

Also score of 10 men team match, Greenville vs. Hudson, at Metropolitan Hall, Thursday, March 9:

Greenville R. C.	
M. Dorrier.....	25 26 25 22 22 23 25 24 23—236
C. Boag.....	24 22 22 25 25 24 24 23 24—235
W. H. Robidoux.....	21 25 24 21 22 17 23 23—229
J. Hoag.....	22 21 22 24 21 24 24 23—228
J. Dodd.....	22 20 25 23 23 23 22 24—237
C. Parkess.....	23 24 21 25 22 24 24 23—234
H. Chavart.....	23 25 24 21 23 25 25 25—241
Geo. Plaisted.....	22 23 25 24 24 24 24 24—234
C. Schelland.....	23 24 21 25 25 24 25 24—239
W. Collins.....	24 23 21 24 24 22 21 23—239

Captain, W. H. Robidoux. Scorer, H. Chavart. Judge, J. Rosenstab.

Hudson R. C.	
H. Mahlenbrock.....	22 17 23 24 22 20 21 21 23—217
Chas. Hutch.....	25 24 25 17 25 25 24 25—238
H. Hansen.....	21 25 25 24 25 24 24 24—239
C. E. Bird.....	24 23 19 18 20 25 23 21—218
G. W. Graf.....	24 17 22 22 24 23 23 25—228
H. E. Boddy.....	23 25 22 24 23 24 24 18—234
A. Steuber.....	24 24 25 23 25 24 25 25—239
F. Sessman.....	22 24 22 22 22 25 24 24—234
O. Stadman.....	25 21 23 22 24 12 23 24—213
J. Reha.....	24 24 23 23 25 24 24 19—225

Captain, H. Mahlenbrock; scorer, J. Pfiffenberger. THE EAGLE.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., March 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: The statement published in last week's FOREST AND STREAM signed "The Eagle," affecting the standing of the Miller Rifle Club, is untrue. There is no discount "reigning in the wigwag" whatever, and furthermore if this were the case, there would not be the smallest tota of cause for it. It is true that the last election of officers did not go the way several individuals desired, and "The Eagle" probably secured his information from the parties mentioned. And if "The Eagle" hereafter finds rifle news scarce he will kindly refrain from attacking the Miller Rifle Club, as that club is to-day one of the strongest in the State. Hoping that you give this article the same prominence accorded "The Eagle's" statement, we remain, respectfully yours,

MILLER RIFLE CLUB,
ERNEST FISCHER, Capt. J. H. KIRBY, Sec'y.

Capt. Ernest Fischer now having the time at hand to shoot a match, would like to arrange a series of three with ex-Capt. C. E. Bird, Hudson Rifle Club, for \$100 a side or more.

Denver Shots.

The Denver Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot on March 5	
Following are the scores:	
A. W. Peterson.....	56 G C Schoyen.....69 H Willis.....67
J. N. Lowery.....	79 H B Gilbert.....70 J A Ricker.....67
Practice:	
L. Knapp.....	60 W Y Sedam.....61
Mid-range medal match, 500yds.	
P. D. Frazer.....	48 H Willis.....45
W. Maginnis.....	48 H B Gilbert.....42
Practice:	
L. Knapp.....	1012221—45 66
In the revolver practice scores given below, Knapp shot a Smith & Wesson target revolver and Peterson a short pocket revolver of the same make. Distance 50yds., standard target:	
L. Knapp.....	56 70 74 A W Peterson.....71 79 67 64

N. Y. Revolver and Pistol Club.

The following record scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their last regular weekly practice shoot, held on the 4th inst., at their gallery, No. 10 St. Mark's place, 10 shots on standard American target, 20yds.: C. B. Bishop 91, T. E. Babcock 90, B. Walther 84, H. Oehl 83, F. Hecking 80, A. Bertrand 81, E. Walz 81.

F. HECKING, Sec'y.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., March 11.—The weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club for week ending March 11, conditions 25yds., open-air range, strictly off-hand, targets 14in. ring, possible 250: A. J. Gergery 246, E. L. Gardiner 216, J. L. Woods 214, W. Gilbert 235, C. Monday 220, W. Hayes 219.

WALTER GILBERT, Sec'y.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

The Parkway Rod and Gun Club had a big meeting at Dexter Park on Wednesday, March 8. Twenty-eight members competed in the several classes for the club's gold medal and extra prizes, the latter consisting of three gun bags. C. Wissell won the medal and Class A prize, Mr. Ellis the one in Class B and A. Waelton in Class C. The scores:

Class A.	
E. Helgans.....	121222—7 F. Rausch.....201031—3
T. Scott.....	121222—7 A. Botsky.....122220—8
J. Bennett.....	101011—5 T. Van Winkle.....110111—6
A. Andrews.....	121031—6 H. Le Maire.....102100—2
J. Blake.....	101221—6 W. Hartye.....121000—3
J. Savage.....	222210—5 O. Wissell.....231212—7
H. Brower.....	022230—2
Class B.	
H. Bookman.....	121224—6 E. Kunzweiler.....201202—5
F. Steinheuser.....	110220—4 G. O. Berry.....122220—8
J. Link.....	212130—6 M. Ellis.....110212—6
H. Selover.....	100100—3 W. Strasser.....226221—5
H. Brainwell.....	201220—4
Class C.	
A. Waelton.....	112210—1
M. Eliepstakes, 3 moneys:	
H. Brainwell.....	011—2 G. O. Berry.....7, 011—2
E. Helgans.....	221—3 H. Brower.....212—3
J. Link.....	120—2 J. Blake.....100—1
A. Andrews.....	211—3 W. Strasser.....000—0
O. Wissell.....	101—2 F. Kunzweiler.....211—3
H. Bookman.....	111—3

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

March 20.—T. C. Wright vs. Thos. Morphy, 25 live birds, \$100 a side, at Willard Park, Paterson. Hurlingham rules to govern trap and handle.

March 21.—Sipler's live bird tournament, at Reaville, N. J.

March 23.—Live bird tournament on Erb's "Old Stone House grounds," Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., beginning at 11 A. M.

March 28.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League (postponed from Feb. 22), under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y. Liberal purse for highest aggregate scores. Henry A. Kraft, Sec'y.

March 28.—Coney Island Athletic Club cup contest.

March 28-29.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, Savannah, Ga.

March 30.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, second monthly team contest, at Maplewood, N. J. Also open tournament.

March.—New Mexico Mutual Fish and Game Protective Association, second annual tournament.

March.—Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Park City grounds, Bridgeport.

April 5-7.—Interstate live bird tournament, Dexter Park, Long Island. H. A. Penrose, Sec'y, New London, Conn.

April 11-12.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, Greensboro, N. C.

April 19-21.—Waverly (Iowa) Gun Club tournament. Professionals barred.

April 25-27.—Third grand tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, Wilmington, Delaware. C. C. Kurtz, Sec'y.

May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.

May 2-4.—Williamsport (Pa.) Gun Club annual tournament.

May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.

May 9-12.—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

May 16-17.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, Lansing, Mich.

May 16-19.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Lansing, Mich.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purse.

May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsman's Association, Omaha, Neb. F. O. Parnlee, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.

May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Maplewood, N. J.

May 30.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.

June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.

June 20-21.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.

July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

We publish in this issue a fac simile of an autograph letter from the secretary of the Hurlingham Club of London, testifying to the fact that "Rule 2" of the Hurlingham rules has been altered. This rule

13th January 1893

HURLINGHAM CLUB
FOURMAN.

Dear Sir

Referring to the letter of altered-a shooter can be the 28th December. I beg to hold his gun where he before you that I am better likes. It will be corrected to comply with the Captain in our new rules. I am yours truly

W. H. Hurlingham is playing with

reference to your query

and he writes me. That

the rule in shooting is

formerly read as follows: "2. The gun must not be held to the shoulder until the shooter has called 'Pull.' The butt must be clear below the arm-pit, otherwise the referee shall declare no bird." As shown by the letter the gun can now be held in any position.

John Ryan, of Hackensack, N. J., who formerly conducted the Mansion House at Montclair, has come back to the ranks of active shooters and in about a fortnight he will shoot a 25-bird race for \$100 a side against a young townsman, the match to take place at Marion. Mr. Ryan is one of the old-timers at the sport, having shot at the trap thirty-five years ago with Miles Johnson and other veterans. He has been practically out of the sport for four or five years but previous to that time he won many hard-fought battles. In one of his matches, at 25 live birds, find, trap and handle, the birds being a lot of clinkers, he killed 24 and lost the match, his opponent killing straight. His lost bird was laid bit but managed to struggle to the boundary, falling dead less than a foot outside. The curious feature of the match was that one of his opponent's birds, also hard bit but apparently stronger than the one mentioned above, dropped dead one foot inside the boundary, and within a yard of Mr. Ryan's lost one. This is the luck of the sport. In another find, trap and handle match at 30 birds, he was obliged to kill his last thirteen birds to win, which he did, this giving him a bird to the good. It is fifty-one years since Mr. Ryan first saw the light, but he says that when he faces a trap he does not consider himself over twenty-five.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 8.—The first shooting contest between the members of the Standard Gun Club was held yesterday afternoon at Acton's Park. The contests will be held every Tuesday during the season, and at its close four yearly prizes will be awarded to those whose percentage is the highest. The first prize will be \$15 or a gold medal; the second, \$12.50 or a gold medal; the third, \$10 or a gold medal; and the fourth, a gold medal. Considerable rivalry has manifested itself in the club, and the contests will be interesting. At the contest yesterday 50 targets each were shot at and the following scores were made: Lupus 44, Clements 44, Bond 42, Hunter 41, Hunt and Rice 40, Buckbee and Bondary 38, King 37, Jones 36, Pilson 35, Dixon, Storr and Lotz 34, Williams 30, Hawkins 29 and Dankmyer 28. There was a little too much wind for the best shooting. The officers of the club are: C. Rice, President; W. E. Buckbee, Vice-President; H. E. Lupus, Secretary and Treasurer; W. R. Clements, Captain; L. C. Rice, W. E. Buckbee, H. E. Lupus, W. T. Clements, Chas. E. Bondary, J. Hunter and C. W. Gross, Directors.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, March 7.—The gun clubs are giving out signs of activity—a sure indication of the approach of spring. An interview with President Trotter, of the Northwest Gun Club, makes it apparent that a good deal of business will be done presently. He is carefully scrutinizing prize lists and models of no end of inanimate flyers that the gun club society will never shed a tear over. He has under consideration samples from all manufacturers of artificial birds on the continent. The club practices as soon as the weather permits will be resumed. One of the leading events will be the shoot-off for the Hamilton Powder Co's gold medal—open to clubs in Manitoba and the Northwest. The electric cars now run to the shooting ground at Kildonan, so that one can get there easily and quickly. The club numbers about 100 members, all enthusiastic gunners. Adverting to the subject of the grouse law, why does not this institution place itself on record as to protection and enforcement?

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club are leaving no stones unturned in the arrangements for their coming State shoot. Prize committees have been appointed as follows: E. D. Hicks, cigars and tobacco; W. F. Brinsmaid, manufacturers; S. B. Williams, hotels; J. Foley, grocers; F. B. Allen, dry goods; W. C. Hadley, clothiers; N. C. Fulton, citizens; S. C. Truesdale, lawyers and physicians; Robert Gardiner, boots and shoes; T. H. Maguire, coal; J. A. Buckley, restaurants; S. E. Trues

dale, bankers; E. E. Meyer, lumber; J. L. Bruff, contractors. William S. Kimball headed each of these subscriptions with \$10. Up to date encouraging reports have been received from each of the above committees. H. M. Stewart is the hero of the club, he having written Gov. Flower for a prize, and the Governor having responded with a check for \$25. The committee is confident of securing \$4,000 in cash and an equal value of merchandise prizes for the State event.

NEWBURGH, N. J., March 7.—The annual meeting of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association was held last night and the following officers elected: John J. E. Harrison, President; David Brown, Vice-President; Wm. C. Gibb, Secretary; John A. Wood, Treasurer; Adrian Kissan, Geo. H. Taggart, Wm. P. Rayland, Trustees. The seven officers constitute the Board of Directors. A vote of thanks was extended to the retiring officers of the club. The annual report of the treasurer showed the following: Amount received, \$1,160.24; paid out, \$1,087.29; cash on hand, \$72.95; there is a credit of 116 barrels of clay birds of 500 each; the club has an outstanding account with H. C. Higginson of \$574.13; of this amount \$375 has been paid, and the amount due him is \$199.13. The club has no other debts.

We would be obliged if every shooter who proposes attending the tournament of the New Jersey Gun Club on May 23, 24 and 25, would send his name and address to the Trap Editor, FORREST AND STREAM, Broadway, New York. In a short time we will probably be able to give them some interesting and valuable information. This shoot at Knoxville, by the by, is exciting interest on both sides of the Atlantic, as the fact of a single club adding \$1,000 in solid cash, besides several hundred dollars of merchandise for a three days' shoot is something heretofore unheard of.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association has not been heard from lately, but it is to be presumed that their members are booming the arrangements for the Pennsylvania State Shoot, to be held under their auspices in August. When the arrangements are sufficiently advanced we may expect to be favored with something elaborate in the way of a programme. And, by the way, we would advise the committee to have its programmes distributed at least one month before the dates of the shoot.

The second monthly team contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club, at Maplewood, N. J., on Thursday, March 30. The team shoot will begin at 2 P. M. From 9 o'clock until dark there will be a series of open-to-all sweetstakes on an extra set of traps. The morning and after the team race both sets of traps will be used. The Maplewoods know how to properly manage a shoot and keep the boys hustling so that there will be plenty of lively work.

A. J. Rust, Harry Thurman, E. David, Frank Williard, James Mills, Frank Hoagland and W. Morrison, members of the North End, Keystone, Forest and Roxborough gun clubs, are endeavoring to form a league comprising all the gun clubs of Philadelphia. The idea is to secure grounds convenient to all parts of the city and to erect a commodious club house. The grounds will be equipped for both live bird and target shooting.

The opening exposition and trap tournament of the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association will be held at Savannah, Ga., this week after next and the sporting public in general will watch anxiously for news as to the success of the new venture. They need not be alarmed, however, as the fact of the association hanging up \$100 in cash each day will be a sufficient incentive to attract a paying number of shooters.

The Union Hill and New Durham Gun Clubs shot a match on the North Bergen Gun Club grounds on March 8. The teams comprised 10 men each. The coachman was hot at 9 live pigeons, under Hurlingham rules. The score at the finish stood Union Hill 59, New Durham 57. J. B. Collins of the Union Hills, and Adam Johnson and Frank Hall of the New Durhams killed straight. Capt. Hayes, of Hoboken, was referee.

The pouring rain on the afternoon of Thursday, March 9, cut the attendance at the monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club down to an even quartette, and these quit the game after shooting at two strings of 10 birds each. The following scores were made:

Ernstall.....	221113111—10	0210223121—8
Castle.....	022112123—8	2131111112—10
Hollis.....	221120121—10	0210101—7
Erb.....	2020122220—7	021020221—7

The handicap shoot for a high grade Parker gun, which takes place at Cleveland, O., on the first Saturday of each month under the auspices of the Arlington Gun Club, attracted a good field of entries, and some close work was done in the opening contest. The contest is open to all club members of Cuyahoga county, and the handicaps have been so carefully arranged that all have an equal chance.

The Freeport (L. I.) Gun Club was recently organized, its objects being the protection of fish and game by the rigid enforcement of the game laws. The officers of the club are: President, Dr. T. D. Carman; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. B. Ostrout; Captain, Henry Lott; Board of Directors—Chas. Allen, V. W. Smith and Dr. Edwin Carman. A suitable club house is to be erected in the spring.

The following have been chosen officers of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club for the coming year: President, Dr. W. A. Little; Vice-President, Dr. J. J. Lamadrid; Treasurer, W. H. Thompson; Financial Secretary, W. J. Hackett; Secretary, J. G. Wischerich; Directors, H. L. Broad, J. Bishop and Dr. J. S. F. King. The club organized a year ago and has now a membership of forty-five.

The McKeesport (Pa.) Gun Club was organized on March 3 with 20 names on the roll. The club intends to hold several target tournaments during the season. Its officers are: President, Frank Berry; Vice-President, Will Dumm; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Merrington; Field Captain, Fred Reiber; Directors, Dr. W. M. Downey, Grant Ross and Will Coursin.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club has or is about to request the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association to hold one of its expositions at Wopsononock Shooting Park, and we are in hopes that the request will be granted. June, July or August would be excellent months in which to see these grounds at their best.

The following is the list of newly elected officers of the New Jersey Shooting Club, of Camden: President, Frederic G. Moore, Vice-President, Edward L. Vredenburg, Secretary, Charles A. Pope, Treasurer, Elmer E. Bigony, Richard Sunderman, George W. Purdy, A. F. Compson and President Virden, Trustees.

These are the newly elected officers of the Rockville (Md.) Gun Club: Harry Hurley, President; G. Minor Anderson, Vice-President; John W. Keichner, Secretary; Dr. Robert C. Warfield, treasurer; George Dawson, Captain; Edward M. West, Lieutenant; Nicholas J. Offutt, member of executive committee.

The Capital City Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. Henry Gulick; Vice-President, O. E. Hart; Secretary, Arthur S. Mattingly; Treasurer, V. M. Green; Captain, F. A. Happer; fifth member of the Executive Committee, R. W. Barker.

In the absence of W. Fred Quimby, who is on his usual midwinter trip through the West, W. R. Hobart is acting as treasurer of the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association. As Secretary G. Harry Squires is also away on a business trip, his duties as well as are performed by Mr. Hobart.

The Orange (Mass.) Gun Club has elected these officers: President, G. H. Thompson; Vice-President, W. B. Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, E. H. King; Captain, O. D. Hapgood. Efforts are being made to form a league which will include Orange, Athol, Miller's Falls, Holyoke and this city.

The following is a list of the newly elected officers of the Woodbury (N. J.) Gun Club: A. W. Cattell, President; E. Reading, Vice-President; Geo. W. Cattell, Secretary and Treasurer. P. M. Morgan, Charles B. Thackara and Joel A. Sagis, directors. Edward C. Cattell, captain.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, organized in 1885, has changed its name to the Wyandacht Club. This is one of the most prominent organizations on Long Island. The club has a house and farm and extensive fishing and shooting rights at Smithtown, Suffolk county.

The Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, which holds its annual tournament at Victoria, B. C., in June, under the auspices of the United Gun Club, is looking for 3,000 live pigeons. Here is a chance for some dealer to do some business.

The live bird shoot to be held at John Erb's on March 23, promises to be an interesting affair. The 15-bird sweep, 1 entry, and the star miss-and-out will just suit the shooters. The latter event will be quite a novelty for this section.

Harvey McMurely has started on his annual tour to the Pacific Coast, to boom the L. C. Smith gun and incidentally have some good sport at the trap and in the field. He will be gone almost six weeks.

Hermann Laing, of the Union Hill Gun Club, and Mr. Sheff of the New Durham Gun Club, will meet on March 24, in a match at 25 live birds each, under Long Island rules, for a purse of \$500.

The Montrose (Pa.) Club is officered as follows: President, J. M. Kelly; Vice-President, A. B. Burns; Secretary, E. W. Safford; Treasurer, W. H. Turrell. The club was organized on March 2.

Milton F. Lindsley will start this week on a business trip through the West and South, in the interests of American wood powder. He says he'll capture all the boys before he returns.

A two days' tournament at targets and live birds will probably be held on Erb's Newark grounds early in May. The target shooting will be under the "Jack rabbit" system.

The Island City Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., will send its five-man team to Knoxville in May. The Union Gun Club and Independent Gun Club, of New Jersey, will also send teams.

At a meeting of the Bohemian Gun Club, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Vac Boria was elected President; M. Haski, Secretary, and J. M. Svor, Treasurer.

The shoot of the Foresters Gun Club of Kansas City, held on Washington's Birthday, was won by V. W. Flower, who killed 15 birds straight.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club will go to Auburn on March 23, and shoot a match with the Auburn Gun Club. The teams will comprise 15 men each.

The Pittsburg Gun Club will hold a live bird tournament at Exposition Park, on March 22. The programme will include a sweep at 25 birds, \$25 entry.

Portly Colonel A. G. Courtney, he of Lefever hammerless ejectors fame, is still meandering through the West, doing lots of business.

Messrs. "Gilmer and Jordan," alluded to in this column last week, lives at Greensboro, N. C., and not "Greensboro, N. J.," as printed.

The Rochester lay press is giving splendid support to the committee in charge of the arrangements for the New York State shoot.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Gun Club claims dates May 2, 3 and 4 for their annual tournament.

At the last shoot of the Quakertown (N. J.) Gun Club, the club badge was won by Mr. Shoup.

The people are wondering if there will ever be a match between Carver and Brewer.

There will be open sweepstakes shooting at Erb's Newark grounds on Saturday.

The Terrace City Gun Club of Yonkers, N. Y., is about to erect a new club house.

The two gun clubs of Savannah, Ga., will shoot a team match next week.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Team Shoot at Rutherford.

On Wednesday, March 8, under the most favorable of weather conditions, a goodly number of New Jersey trap-shooters wended their way to the finely appointed grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford to take part in a team shoot between that club and the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and incidentally to participate as well in a series of open sweepstakes events. The day was delightfully mild, the sun shining bright and clear, and there being no wind to seriously vary the flight of the targets.

The sweepstakes events began about 10 A. M., but it was close to noon before the party assumed any size. The teams were comprised of ten men each, and 25 blue-rock targets were shot at by each man, the rapid-firing system being used. The scores follow:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.	Union Gun Club.
Richmond.....10010111111111111111-22	Richmond.....10010111111111111111-22
Outwater.....11001011111111111111-19	Outwater.....11001011111111111111-19
Greiff.....10101111111111111111-19	Greiff.....10101111111111111111-19
Collins.....10111111111111111111-22	Collins.....10111111111111111111-22
Hollister.....01101111111111111111-17	Hollister.....01101111111111111111-17
Rhodes.....11111111111111111111-17	Rhodes.....11111111111111111111-17
Paul.....11001011111111111111-17	Paul.....11001011111111111111-17
Appar.....11111111111111111111-22	Appar.....11111111111111111111-22
Keller.....10001111111111111111-19	Keller.....10001111111111111111-19
Law.....01000111111111111111-19-192	Law.....01000111111111111111-19-192

Special match, Greiff vs. Paul, 25 targets each.

No. 2: Greiff 10, Paul 7, Greiff 6, C. Collins 4, Jeanerett 4.

No. 4: Breintnall 8, Van Dyke 9, Greiff 10, Greiff 7, Miller 8, Keller 9, Ely 7, Dutchy 7, Mackepin 8, Richmond 8, Appar 8, Paul 6.

No. 5: Paul 8, Greiff 8, Keller 10, Breintnall 7, McAlpin 10, Richmond 10, Dutchy 6, Miller 7, Terry 7, Ely 7, Greiff 8.

No. 6: Keller 4, Breintnall 7, Appar 8, McAlpin 6, Van Dyke 8, Miller 6, Greiff 9, Dutchy 4, Greiff 7, Richmond 8, Ely 4, Paul 7.

No. 7: Breintnall 9, Appar 10, Van Dyke 10, Miller 7, Keller 8, Dutchy 6, Greiff 8, Richmond 8, Huk 6, Paul 7.

No. 8: Breintnall 6, Dutchy 7, Greiff 7, Keller 10, Appar 8, Van Dyke 8, Miller 8, Paul 8, Huk 5, Greiff 9, Richmond 9.

No. 9: Breintnall 9, Dutchy 7, Van Dyke 8, Keller 10, Appar 8, Ely 4, Greiff 7, Paul 5, Miller 6, Rhodes 4.

No. 10: Breintnall 10, Van Dyke 9, W. Appar 10, Lane 6, E. Collins 7, Rhodes 8, Richmond 10, Miller 8, Dutchy 9, N. Appar 10, Greiff 10, Paul 8, Drake 8, Keller 6.

No. 11: Breintnall 10, Dutchy 8, Van Dyke 8, Keller 4, Appar 8, Miller 8, Greiff 10, Drake 8, Richmond 7, Rhodes 8, Paul 6, W. Smith.

No. 12: Richmond.....0111111111-9 E. Collins.....1011111111-9 Drake.....1111111111-9 Outwater.....1011111111-9 Ely.....1011111111-9 W. J. Smith.....0010010011-4 Van Dyke.....1100111111-7 Greiff.....1101111111-8 Appar.....1011111111-8 C. Collins.....1011111111-8 Breintnall.....1111111111-10 Paul.....0111111111-6 Dutchy.....0111111111-7 W. Smith.....0011001100-4 Keller.....1100111111-7

No. 13: Breintnall.....1101111111-9 Paul.....0110010011-4 E. Collins.....1111111111-10 Rhodes.....1111111111-7 Van Dyke.....1111111111-7 W. J. Smith.....1011111111-7 Drake.....1111111111-7 L. Lane.....1011111111-7 Miller.....1011111111-7 C. Collins.....1011111111-7 Richmond.....1101011111-6 S. Brown.....1010010011-5 Ely.....1011111111-9 Laurensen.....0010001001-2 Appar.....1111111111-9 W. Smith.....1011111111-9 Greiff.....1011111111-9 Dutchy.....1111111111-9 Paul.....0111111111-8 Van Dyke.....1011111111-6 Lane.....1011111111-7 Drake.....1101111111-8 Greiff.....1011111111-8 S. Brown.....1011111111-8 Laurensen.....0010010011-7 E. Collins.....1111111111-7 Huk.....1011111111-5

No. 14: Breintnall.....1111111111-8 W. J. Smith.....1111111111-9 Hollister.....0110111111-8 Appar.....1111111111-9 Dutchy.....1011111111-7 W. Smith.....1111111111-9 Outwater.....1011111111-9 Greiff.....1011111111-9 Richmond.....1000111111-6 Miller.....1111111111-9 Paul.....1111111111-9 Van Dyke.....1111111111-10 Ely.....0111111111-8 Sealey.....1010111111-5 Lane.....1011111111-7 Coe.....1010111111-6 Appar.....1111111111-9 Drake.....1101111111-8 S. Brown.....1011111111-8 Greiff.....1011111111-8 Laurensen.....0010010011-7 E. Collins.....1111111111-7 Huk.....1011111111-5

No. 15: Appar.....1111111111-10 Richmond.....1101111111-8 Paul.....0111111111-9 Adison.....1111111111-9 E. Collins.....1111111111-9 Wayley.....1111111111-7 Miller.....1111111111-8 W. J. Smith.....1011111111-9 Breintnall.....1111111111-9 Dutchy.....1111111111-9 W. Smith.....1111111111-9 Greiff.....1111111111-9 Keller.....1111111111-9 Paul.....1111111111-9 Van Dyke.....1011111111-6 Drake.....0111111111-7 Outwater.....0101101110-6 Terry.....0100111110-7

No. 16: Breintnall.....1111111111-7 Van Dyke.....1101111111-8 Appar.....1111111111-7 Drake.....1001101010-5 Outwater.....0001111111-7 W. Smith.....1111111111-10 Ely.....0101010010-5 Miller.....1111111111-7 Laurensen.....0010000001-1 C. Collins.....1111111111-8 S. Brown.....1111111111-7 W. J. Smith.....1111111111-7 Paul.....0010000001-2 Coe.....1011111111-7 Adison.....1011111111-7 Richmond.....1111111111-8 Greiff.....1111111111-8 S. Brown.....1111111111-8

No. 17: Appar.....1111111111-10 Coe.....1111111111-6 Breintnall.....1111111111-9 Huk.....0101000001-2 Miller.....1111111111-9 Richmond.....1111111111-9 W. Smith.....1011111111-8 Van Dyke.....1111111111-9 Outwater.....1011111111-8 Drake.....1111111111-8 S. Brown.....1011111111-8 Paul.....1111111111-8 Greiff.....1111111111-8 Laurensen.....1011111111-8 E. Collins.....1011111111-7

Live Birds and Crows at Trembly.

Quite a fair number of sportsmen assembled at Bender's Grove, at Trembly, N. J., on the line of the Long Branch Railroad on Monday, March 6, for the purpose of trying their skill in shooting live pigeons and crows. The opening event was at 5 live pigeons, \$4 entry: Woodruff and Appar killing 5 each, C. Jones and Hartman 4 each, S. J. Gleim, LaMott and Erhart 3 each.

No. 2, a miss-and-out at crows, \$ entry:
Appar.....150 Dayton.....0
Hartman.....10 Woodruff.....2322
Tooker.....1211 Glenn.....20
S. Dayton.....1221 La Mott.....2210
Jones.....1220

Event No. 3, 4 pigeons, \$3 entry:
Hartman, C. M. Hedden, Jones, Woodruff, W. Terry, S. Dayton, Dollier, Tooker and S. Terry 2 each, Haskard and Henry 1 each.

Event No. 4, 4 pigeons \$3 entry:
Jones.....1111-4 Gleim.....1200-2
Appar.....1111-4 Woodruff.....0123-3
W. Terry.....1112-4 Haskard.....1120-3
La Mott.....1103-3 S. Terry.....1210-3
Hartman.....1100-3 D. Terry.....2201-3
Hedden.....1110-3

Then came a shoot for a silver cup between Wm. Hartman, representing the Amboy Gun Club, and La Mott, representing the Elizabeth Gun Club. The cup was presented by W. J. Bender. Each man shot at 15 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, one barrel only to be used, gun below elbow until bird was on the wing. The Elizabeth man won by the appended score:

Hartman.....111111001010000-7 La Mott.....00011111010111-10
Miss-and-out, \$2 entry:
Jones.....21213 Haskard.....120
S. Terry.....2110 La Mott.....220
D. Terry.....0 Hartman.....2320
W. Terry.....2112 Woodruff.....120
Appar.....12112

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., March 8.—Score made here to-day by the South Chicago Gun Club for club medal, 30 live pigeons each, under new Illinois State rules:

Willard.....2111121211212120211-19 Larkin.....122100210120202111-16
Reeves.....01111210120212121-17 *Kleinman.....1112111211212110121-19

*Guest.
Target medal, same day, 30 each, 3 unknown expert traps, electric pull:

J. P. Watson.....16 Doc Larkin.....14
L. C. Willard.....11 John Watson.....21
A. W. Reeves.....11 Geo. Kleinman.....13

Sweeps, 5 live birds, \$2, 60 and 40 per cent:
No. 1. No. 2. Ties.
Reeves.....02110-3 1211-5 021
Kleinman.....01112-4 1111-5 111
Willard.....12110-4 21210-4 111
Porter.....12021-4 22010-3

Kleinman, Willard and Porter div. No. 1.
One-dollar freeze out:
Reeves.....122112 Willard.....0
Kleinman.....111221 Porter.....110

March 9.—Score made here to-day by Dave Clarke vs. Paul Dennis, 25 live pigeons each, new Illinois rules, for cost of birds:

Dennis.....212012202111020211122-20
Clarke.....212012202111020211122-20

Same day, W. L. Wells vs. W. T. Wells, 25 live pigeons each, new Illinois rules, for birds:

W. L. Wells.....12201102121130202100221-18
W. T. Wells.....212222110110221112222-22

March 10.—Scores made here to-day by A. W. Reeves and L. C. Willard vs. Geo. Kleinman and Dick Deadey, 25 birds each, \$30 a side, new Illinois rules:

Reeves.....112110103020111100121012-17
Willard.....2301103100120212222110121-29-36
Kleinman.....11122220111111121212121-24
Deadey.....201122221020202120212222-19-43

Five-bird sweep, \$3, 60 and 40 per cent:
Kleinman.....21210-4 12122 Reeves.....21100-3 112
Willard.....02112-4 11230 Deadey.....22001-3 112

One-dollar freeze out:
Reeves.....21120 Willard.....0
Kleinman.....12121

Green Ridge.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 11.—Inclosed find scores made by members of the Green Ridge Gun Club, of Scranton, to-day at their weekly shoot for practice, 25 blue-locks, 5 known traps, known angles, rapid-firing system. On account of the rain only a few members were present.

No. 1:
Spencer.....0111110111111111111111-22
Marsh.....1111111111111111111111-18
Davis.....1111111111111111111111-19
Shotto.....1111111111111111111111-17
Nichol.....1010111111111111111111-20

No. 2:
Young.....1101111111111111111111-21
Willard.....000100100100000001000001-3
Fuller.....0111111111111111111111-10
Spencer.....0111111111111111111111-11
Nichol.....1011111111111111111111-19

No. 3:
Spencer.....1111111111111111-15 Shotts.....1101111111111111-9
Marsh.....0111111111111111-11 Nichol.....0111111111111111-12
Davis.....0011111111111111-13

No. 4:
Spencer.....1110111111111111111111-22
Davis.....1111111111111111111111-22
Nichol.....0001111111111111111111-17
Mason.....0111111111111111111111-19
Snowdon.....1011111111111111111111-19

No. 5:
Mason.....0101111111111111111111-17 Snowdon.....00010111111111111111-15
J. D. Mason.

Arlington Gun Club Handicap.

CLEVELAND, March 4.—Below are the scores of the first shoot for the Arlington Gun Club's Parker gun. Quite a large crowd was brave enough to face the cold wind and snow, the wind making good scores almost impossible. Conditions, 30 blue-locks, 5 traps, unknown angles. Jack the winner, with J. I. C. and Packard a close second.

J. I. C. Packard.....011111010101010101011111-21
Packard.....011111010101010101011111-21
S. S.....001101111111111111111111-20
Bissett.....001101111111111111111111-20
Doolittle.....000110101111111111111111-14
Hinde.....101101111111111111111111-20
Jack.....111100001111111111111111-22
Trunk.....010101010111111111111111-38
Feller.....000101000001111111111111-33
Pop.....11010000110100001101010101-32
Nunn.....000000000000000000000001-4
Mae.....000111111111111111111111-32
Nick.....001010101010101010101010-32

Two sweeps followed the regular event, 10 blue-locks per man: Doolittle 3, Mack 5, Hinde 7, Feller 7, Jack 6, Pop 5, J. I. C. 9, Nick 3, Bissett 7, Louis 5, Trunk 2, Packard 9.

Unknown Gun Club.

SIXTEEN members of the Unknown Gun Club competed at Dexter Park on Thursday, March 9, for the club's championship trophy, at 7 birds each. E. A. Vroome was the winner of the prize and first money. The others were divided. The scores:

H. Skidmore.....122002-4 J. May.....100021-4
H. Knebel, Sr.....1101012-5 H. Housman.....210012-5
J. Boyd.....0221102-5 J. Flynn.....220012-6
H. Malborough.....20122-5 H. Merckel.....200202-2
J. Perry.....221202-6 H. Van Staden.....000012-3
I. Hyde.....211011-6 W. Halsted.....001002-3
F. Vroome.....222111-7 Dr. Little.....100212-5
M. Brown.....102111-6 H. Miller.....210202-5

Fountain Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, March 8. On account of the weather the attendance was rather slim, only ten mem-

bers being present. R. Phister, Jr., won the first money with ten straight; he is shooting in good form. The scores:

Club shoot.	1st.	2d.
Dr. Wynn.....11212211-9	22211-5	12110-4
A. Eddy.....1111100211-8		
W. Lindsay.....2022102022-7	12150-4	12211-5
J. E. Orr.....0011002211-5		01112-4
W. Graves.....1100110111-5	11101-4	
Wanda.....0002201022-5	01200-2	21000-2
H. W. Blattmacher.....10220210-8		
W. Sair.....0010121100-5	11120-4	22110-5
R. Phister, Jr.....1131111111-10	12113-5	12211-5
W. A. Skovart.....21002-3	21002-3	11003-3

Ties for second money on second sweep:
Dr. Wynn.....21111111111111-12 J. E. Orr.....21111111111111-11

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE members of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club had miserable weather at Coney Island on Thursday, March 9, at their regular monthly shoot for the two cups given by Judges R. Morton and K. F. Sutherland. C. E. Morris was the only straight scorer with 10. The scores:

Club shoot.	1st.	2d.
C. E. Morris.....1201022101-7	R. J. Sutherland.....12010222-8	
F. Goodale.....2220202022-8		
G. Morris.....2200121001-6	H. Kronika.....212202230-9	
I. McKane.....2211121110-9	F. McKane.....2122120210-8	
M. Bonden.....1101212222-9	J. Garvin.....2220202012-8	
S. Jamieson.....1201201222-8	J. B. Voorhees.....2220212111-9	
R. Richard.....1222010112-7		

The Savannah Shoot.

NEW YORK, March 10.—As previously announced in FOREST AND STREAM, the first tournament of the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association will take place at Savannah, Ga., on March 23 and 29. The tournament will be under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, and will be under the management of Mr. John Parker, the manager of the association. Mr. H. B. Lemcke has charge of the reception of goods shipped to him, and other matters connected with the association at that end, writes as follows: "Say to the boys that I have obtained reduced rates for them at the Hotel De Soto, the first house in the South, at \$3 a day. Anyone wishing to attend the shoot from New York and vicinity can take Ocean Steamship Co.'s ships from New York to Savannah and return; round trip \$32, good for six months."

A great deal of interest will be centered in the championship race for the M. T. S. A. trophy, it becoming the permanent property of winner.

Have also received encouraging reports from E. L. Gilmer, secretary of the Greensboro Gun Club, Greensboro, N. C., in regards to second shoot of Association, April 11 and 12, and everything goes to insure a large attendance and a successful tournament at that place.

Programme will be out in a few days. They are gotten up in a very tasty and attractive manner and can be preserved as a souvenir of shoots. The programme of shoot comprises two pages. Each member has a full page ad. One page will be used as a score card, on which each shooter can keep his score, winnings, losses, average, etc.

The Association will give away \$100 a day, and the trophy on last day. There will be four 10 single target events each day: one of 5 pairs, two 15 single target events, and one of 20 single targets. On the last day will be the championship race 50 singles, and if there is any surplus it will be shot off at 15 singles, at the close of each day's programme.

EXPLANATION OF HANDICAP DIVISION OF FURSES AND CONDITIONS OF CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

The handicap will be used only in the four 10-bird events; no handicap in the other events, everybody shooting on even footing. Handicap is as follows: Everybody starts each day shooting, in first event, at known traps and known angles; in second event, at unknown traps and unknown angles, shoot first in next ten-bird event, at unknown traps and unknown angles, from traps 1, 2 or 3, or 4, 4 or 5, according to where he is standing, as he walks down the score, he having three unknown traps to shoot from always, indicator to be turned at each shot; those who win or tie for second money, shoot second in following event at known traps and unknown angles; those below second place are not handicapped; if a shooter is classified from one event to another, according to the score he is making.

The two 15-bird events are shot as follows: One man up at a time, standing in the center of 5 traps, unknown traps and angles, indicator turned at each shot. Those who break 15 straight, receive \$10 each; the fourteens, \$8 each; the thirteens, \$6 each; the twelves, \$5 each; the elevens, \$4 each; the tens, \$3 each, and the nines, \$2 each.

Each man up at the shoot as follows: One man up at a time, standing in the center, 5 unknown traps and angles; 21yds. rise for 12-birds and 23yds. rise for 10-birds, both barrels can be used, second barrel to score same as first. Those who break 20 straight, receive \$15; the nineteens, \$13; the eighteens, \$11; the seventeens, \$9; the sixteens, \$7; the fifteens, \$5; the fourteens, \$3; the thirteens, \$2; the twelves, \$1. If there is any surplus over the above entrance money, what has been paid out of the 100 which the Association puts up each day, it will be shot for in the surplus shoot. Fifteen targets, known traps and known angles, rapid firing, entrance price of targets, open only to those who have participated in the two 15 and one 20-bird races, to be divided as follows: Seventy per cent. of the total amount to be divided; 30, 30 and 20 per cent. pro rata among the three highest places, and 35 per cent. to be divided 30, 30 and 20 per cent. among the three next highest places. All events except those specified will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Individual State Championship Race for M. T. S. A. trophy is open only to residents of State; 50 single targets, known traps and unknown angles; ties to be shot off at 25 targets; to become permanent property of winner.

As will be seen this will make a varied and interesting programme, combining all the different styles of inanimate target shooting, and doing away with all pooling and combinations, which have been the bane of shooting tournaments for a number of years. Also, the presence of the expert does not materially affect the interests of the poorer shot, nor is the expert so handicapped that he has no possible show of holding his own. This Association has carefully considered the interests of all, and every shooting has been renewed interest

Waverly Gun Club.

Owing to an accident to George Helmsstead, the president, and several of the members being in Washington, the attendance at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Monday was poorly attended, only seven competing for the club medal and prizes. The postponed shoot of last month was shot off. Each man shot at ten targets from electric pull traps. The snow affected the shooters. The scores:

February Shoot.	March Shoot.
O Hilton.....00011010-4	00000000-3
H Van Staden.....00110100-4	00000101-3
M Schulz.....00100100-2	10101010-6
J Mohrman.....100100101-5	001001000-2
S Grand.....010100101-5	000100100-2
R Mohrman.....0000001001-2	001001111-4
W Fehlesien.....0000001000-1	110110000-5

Sweepstake shoots, 6 birds, 50 cents entrance, three moneys. The last two only one money:

L Grand.....3 3 1 2 R Mohrman.....2 2 3 2 2
J R Yost.....1 2 2 2 W Fehlesien.....2 2 0
M Schulz.....1 4 1 2 O Hilton.....3 1 2
J Mohrman.....3 3 1 2

Penn Gun Club.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., March 11.—Semi-monthly shoot of the Penn Gun Club, 25 Keystone targets per man, rapid-firing:

Geo Kerper.....01010100011011011111-18
J R Yost.....11010101011111111111-22
M Haws.....11010101011000100010-14
J Cassel.....11110111111111111111-22
H E Taney.....0011110001000111011101-16
J Kohl.....1111110101010111111010-18
S Kriebel.....0111011011100110000111-16
G Kriebel.....0001110100100110000111-13
P W Yost.....1011110101010111000101-16
M F Mack.....1111111111101111111110-22

CHAT. WEST, Sec'y.

Acme Gun Club.

THE members of the Acme Gun Club did not turn out very strong on Tuesday, March 7, at their regular shoot for the club's prizes. Only four participated in the club shoot and sweepstakes. T. Short was the principal winner. The scores:

T Short.....11110011010011101-14
H Menkel.....01100110000100110011-10
C Munk.....00000101101010011-9

C Dethloff, 100010001001100010-8

Four sweepstakes, 10 targets: No. 1: T. Short 7, C. Munk 1, H. Menkel 8, C. Dethloff 6.

No. 2: T. Short 7, C. Munk 4, H. Menkel 3, C. Dethloff 5.

No. 3: T. Short 7, C. Munk 3, H. Menkel 7, C. Dethloff 4.

No. 4: T. Short 4, C. Munk 5, H. Menkel 4, C. Dethloff 3.

Hurlingham Rules.

RULES of the Hurlingham Gun Club and the Gun Club (London), blue and gold, vest pocket size. New edition, price 25 cents.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. A. H., Northport, L. I.—The lines of the yacht have never been published. She was built by C. C. Hanley, at Monument Beach, Cape

Cod, and is 28ft. 9in. over all, 27ft. 9in. l.w.l., 13ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft.

J. H. S., Philadelphia.—We know nothing better than some of the ordinary washing compounds to remove oil from a sail. The whitening processes sometimes employed would not answer with oil.

F. O., Gay's Mill, Wis.—Can you inform me where I can procure a copy of Capt. Bendire's "Bird Biographies?" Ans. Apply to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. We understand that the editions are exhausted.

H. B.—Where can I get adult bass (old enough to spawn)? Would it do to place them in my carp pond? and when should it be done? Ans. Apply to Mr. Mark Samuel, No. 10 East Sixteenth street, New York. See notes in our last issue on bass culture in ponds.

A. S. B., Holland, Mich.—The birds are the long-tailed duck (*Harvelia glacialis*). It is more common on the seacoast than elsewhere but also occurs sometimes on the Great Lakes. They are not abundant on inland waters, however. The color of the iris is carmine. The ermine is one of the weasels which turns white in winter.

F. L., Springfield, L. I.—There is no work that we know of on terrapin culture, and we believe that it has never been carried on successfully, although many attempts have been made. The trouble seems to be that the terrapin will not breed in confinement. You might experiment for yourself and report the results to us.

F. W., Orange, N. J.—1. Is the horsefoot a fish or crab? 2. Is a crab a fish of any description? Ans. 1. The horsefoot is commonly called a crab, but it is not a true crab; by some naturalists it is classed among the crustaceans, while others regard it as belonging with the spiders and scorpions. 2. Crabs are not fishes, but crustaceans.

P., Springfield, Mass.—Could you inform me if I could catch eels with some kind of artificial bait, without taking earth worms to make the bob? Ans. We know of no satisfactory artificial bait. A bob that is much more easily constructed than the earth worm bob, however, can be made by running a threaded needle through a piece of raw meat. The eels catch their teeth in the thread and so may be lifted into the boat.

H. H.—Will you inform a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM if I, a native born American, go to Ireland a few months gunning, can I take my gun along? The gun is of English manufacture, made by Greener. Will I have to pay duty on it? Let me know can I get a game license to shoot there. Ans. There is no duty on guns taken into Ireland. If you take it over with you to shoot and bring it back you will not have to pay duty here. 2. Yes.

F. H., New York City.—I have a Winchester repeater, .44cal., and a double-barreled shotgun, 12-gauge. I expect to be in Colorado and Wyoming for two months this coming fall and would like to know which would be the most useful in my travels in that country. Ans. Both guns would be useful, but if you are limited to one gun we would advise you getting a rifle with a flatter trajectory than the .44cal. In Colorado and Wyoming much of the country is open and long-range shots the rule. You would find a .45-70-380 satisfactory.

A. M. H., Boston.—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper where to find good fresh water fishing in the vicinity of Boston. Ans. Really good fresh water fishing is scarcely to be found in the near vicinity of Boston, unless possibly one has a permit from the city government to fish for black bass, in their season, in the Chestnut Hill reservoir. Such permits are sometimes granted, if one has a friend in authority to get the permit. Otherwise good fresh water fishing would be best found in some of the private trout ponds and streams in Plymouth county, to fish in which a permit from the proprietor or club would certainly have to be obtained. Some of the numerous ponds in Plymouth county afford considerable pickerel and bass fishing both through the ice and by trolling in the summer. Really good fresh water fishing is extremely scarce about Boston, and the most of the lovers of the angle go to Maine and other States to indulge in the pastime.

F. S. D., Pasadena.—Hornaday in his "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting" mentions that there are a number of works on the use of poisons in zoological collecting, but gives no titles; if you have such works and will give me the names of the best, with prices, I will send you an order. Ans. We have referred the above query to Mr. Hornaday, who writes us as follows: "I must confess myself quite mystified by Mr. D.'s inquiry, for I cannot recall, neither can I find in the book where I made any mention of anything like 'works on the use of poisons in zoological collecting.' I am sure, on the contrary, that there are no such works and I can say with more truthfulness than egotism that I know of no work which has as much to say on that subject as my own. I think your correspondent is laboring under a misconception and I am quite unable to throw any light upon it."

Dr. A. G., St. Gallen, Switzerland.—Is there published a monograph on the musk ox from the pen of an American, like Morgan's on the American beaver or Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America?" If such a book is published will you kindly procure same for me? If further literature treating of this animal is in existence, will you inform me, with price and where published? I am gathering all literary material possible relating to the musk ox, with a view of publishing a work treating of this interesting animal. I am in hopes of procuring the head and skin of a specimen fit to be set up. Ans. No such monograph exists. Most of the papers on the musk ox are short and in scientific journals. Mr. Warburton Pike's "Barren Grounds of Northern Canada" gives some information about the species; price \$2. We can furnish it. Complete specimens of musk ox for mounting are very hard to get, but Hinds, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, might furnish a mounted head.

R. R. S., N. Y. City.—As a stranger to the city, lately located here, I will feel obliged if you will be good enough to inform me whether there is a chance for a man—limited both as to time and means—to obtain fly-fishing (preferably for trout) within easy reach of the city? Ans. In certain localities in Pennsylvania and New York State, about the upper waters of the Delaware River, there is good trout fishing to be had, within a reasonable time limit from New York city. Following are some points, with the addresses of hotel proprietors, whom you might write for particulars: W. B. Eldridge, Fallsburgh, Sullivan county, N. Y.; Joseph Fether, Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y.; Dr. Philip F. Fulmer, Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa.; D. M. Crane, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa.; Frank Crisman, Milford, Pike county, Pa. You can find bass as well as trout in most of these localities. Nearer at hand good bass fishing may be had at Greenwood Lake or Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

C. W., Pawtucket, R. I.—Kindly advise me through your paper 1. where I could get good deer shooting in Maine without consuming too much time in getting to and from grounds? 2. Could I expect to find deer plenty in vicinity of Machias, or more further north above Bangor? 3. Where can I obtain addresses of guides who take out deer hunting parties, or other information in line of above questions? 4. Please state best month for deer, October or November? Ans. 1. Deer shooting may have been termed "good" in almost any section of the north wood of Maine last season, but to reach good chances for deer in that State involves at least one day from the last settlements, or two days from Bangor. Bangor may be reached from Boston by night trains but deer shooting is scarcely to be found in less time than one day by teams from that city, or any other point on the upper Maine Central Railroad. As a rule better shooting is almost always found by going still another day or two into the woods, either by canoes or on foot. 2. Deer were plenty within a day's ride of Machias last season, and some were killed within only a short distance of that city. But the questioner must always remember that Maine has been termed "the State of magnificent distances;" everybody tells you that it is "only a short distance," but the miles of Maine guides and residents are usually about three miles to the tenderfoot and outsider. 3. The addresses of guides can always be obtained from hotel people, stage drivers and postmasters. 4. November is usually better than October, since "tracking snows" may be looked for in the later month, which snows make the very best of deer hunting.

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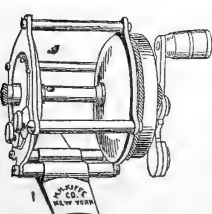
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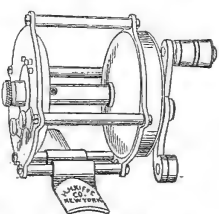
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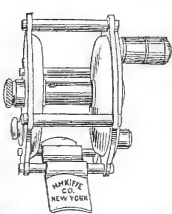
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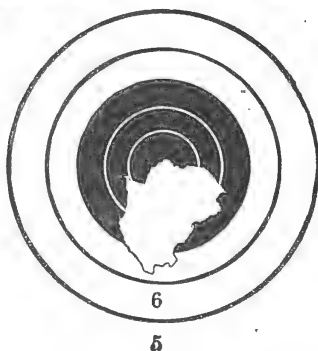
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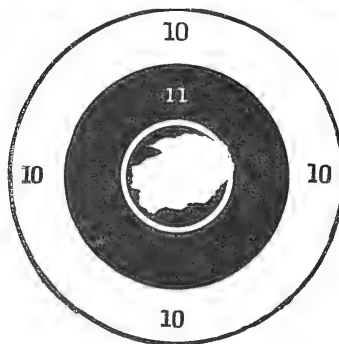
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TAGS ARE UN-AMERICAN.

THE most interesting point of the newly-adopted New Jersey game and fish law, of which the general provisions were given in our issue of March 9, is the repeal of the former statute requiring non-residents to take out licenses for shooting and fishing. On the other hand, it is reported that the Maine license scheme may be put through in the Legislature of that State.

And now Michigan falls into line with a hunter's license project of the same order. The Michigan bill is closely modeled after the Canadian laws, which require licenses from sportsmen going across the line from the United States. The provisions of the bill now under consideration are, briefly, that no one who is not actually a resident of Michigan shall kill any bird or animal without first having taken out a license (fee \$10), good for the year of issue, which license shall be exhibited to any one who asks to see it; penalty for being without the license, or for refusing to show it, is a fine of \$50 or imprisonment. The bill may be amended also to apply to fishing.

In their origin these discriminations against non-residents usually have some apparent justification. The New Jersey law, as enforced in the eastern counties of the State, has been employed as a defense against the incursions of hordes of irresponsible gunners (not sportsmen) from New York city; and while certain thrifty sharpers over on the Palisades have under the cover of the statute practiced a system of blackmail, for which they should have gone to jail, the respectable protective associations, such as Mr. Force's society in Plainfield, have used the law honestly, with pure motives and good effect. We assume that the Michigan measure has been suggested as a remedy against the market-hunters from outside the State who are destroying the game, and if this theory is correct, the aim of the proposed law is good.

But, after all and at the best, while non-resident license laws may be right and fair as between citizens and subjects of different governments, they do not appear just and becoming as between citizens of a common country. Whatever may be their usefulness in protecting game, surely there is in them something unpatriotic and un-American. Nothing can be wise nor commendable that tends to build higher the barriers of sectionalism between the people of one State and those of another; that encourages sectional jealousies; that suppresses the feeling that we are all of us citizens of one common country; and that emphasizes in the stead of this the less noble suggestion that the resident of Rhode Island is an alien in Maine, he of Illinois an alien in Michigan. Americans, even the most liberal of them, are narrow enough, heaven knows, in their sectional prejudices, without finding themselves discriminated against and taxed and subjected to a passport system when they stray from their own State into another.

The average sportsman—the man who goes from his own home into other sections for his shooting or fishing—is inclined to be more liberal than some others in this regard. He is more liberal because he has seen the country and mingled with the people, and has found out that

his fellow American wherever he may dwell is after all the right sort of man. Sportsmen then as a class should seek to secure game protection without calling into operation statutes which in their essence are the reverse of liberal, the reverse of fraternal, and so it may be repeated are un-American. A non-resident law should be the very last expedient for protecting game or for insuring the success of any other cause, social or political.

It is said for these laws that probably they do not violate the Constitution of the United States. But even if they be within the letter, they may be none the less in conflict with the spirit of that instrument. The Fathers certainly never intended nor foresaw a condition of local restrictions in these United States when the Massachusetts man who goes into the Maine forests must take out a passport, or the Maine man who shoots game in New Jersey must be registered, or the New Jersey man who visits Maryland must be tagged, or the Maryland man who invades the deer wilds of Michigan must wear his label. There is a law now going into effect which re-quires Chinamen to be photographed and listed; when it is proposed to treat native born United States citizens after that manner, the time has come for us to ask in all seriousness, where are we at?

Game preservation is important, and every necessary expedient for insuring it should be adopted; but we believe that the desired end may be secured by statutes based on unobjectionable principles.

THE DELMONICO WOODCOCK.

FOLLOWING our publication in the March 2 issue of the story of how the Delmonico woodcock case has been mis-managed by Assistant District Attorney Townsend, the case was set for trial in the City Court, before Judge McGown, on March 9, when, at the instance of the defendants, it was again postponed.

One very curious phase of the business is that though the case was set for the 9th, Protector Kidd, who is of course the chief witness for the people, was not apprised of this until the following week, nor can we learn that any of the other witnesses for the prosecution were subpoenaed. The case has been put down again for next Friday, March 24; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Townsend will take the usual precautions to have his witnesses ready and his evidence in shape. After all these months and years of patient waiting, the sportsmen of New York will not be particularly edified by the failure of the prosecution if that failure shall be due to any dereliction on the part of Assistant District Attorney Townsend.

As for Protector Kidd, we advise him to come down with his blankets and camp on the steps of the City Hall until the case is actually on. Judging from past experience there will be several more postponements and delays on one pretext or another.

That Delmonico July, 1890, woodcock case must be disposed of, and if District Attorney DeLancey Nicoll has seen half of the newspapers which have copied our interesting little story of March 2, he will agree with us in this.

PUBLIC FISH AND PRIVATE WATERS.

MASSACHUSETTS has followed the good example set by Michigan in respect to the distribution of State fish for private waters. A statute just enacted prescribes that the Fish Commissioners shall furnish no trout nor trout spawn to any individual or corporation, for stocking waters under the control of such individual, without first having exacted an agreement that the waters so stocked with State fish shall be free to the public for fishing during the lawful open fishing seasons. This is hard, practical, common sense; and it is justice too.

We have said more than once that the citizens of a State should not be taxed for the hatching of fish to be given to a private party no more than they should be taxed to hatch chickens for a private party.

There is no more pronounced trait of human nature than an eagerness to get something for nothing, to be a dead-head when deadheadism is possible, to sponge on the public. This trait is manifested strongly and indecently by individuals who cry for fish furnished at the public expense. The Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners told, at the last meeting of the American Fisheries Society, how people in their State would send in for trout over and over again, under assumed names, and actually lie unblushingly, all for the sake of getting what cost them nothing. In New York State the records of the

Fish Commission will show a like experience. One name appearing among the regular annual applicants for the gratuitous issue of trout fry is that of the president of one of our largest life insurance companies, a man who is abundantly able to pay a hundred times over for what trout he requires for stocking his own posted trout brook. And yet this man, not content with getting from the public hatcheries all the fish he can beg in his own name, sends other applications in the names of other people, and does it year after year.

At the recent meeting of the Megantic Club in this city ex-Fish Commissioner Blackford expressed his opinion that the province of State activity in fishculture was in the increase of the food fish supply, the fish that people buy in the market; while the propagation of trout for sport should be an enterprise left to individuals and clubs and associations. These views are shared by a growing number of men interested in fishculture. It is probable that when the public fully comprehend that a large share of the products of State trout culture go to the benefit of a comparatively few individuals, more than one legislature will follow the lead of Michigan and Massachusetts.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.

Mr. H. D. McGUIRE, the newly appointed State fish and game warden of Oregon, has already started in to make things interesting. He has brought suit against a Portland cold storage establishment for possession of frozen salmon in the close season, during which period the law prohibits having in possession. There is no ambiguity in the terms of the statute, but the cold storage people, who received the fish in open season and were simply holding it in cold storage for its owners, contend that the prohibition was never intended to apply to lawfully caught salmon preserved by freezing any more than to fish preserved by canning or by smoking.

This contention has been made by dealers in game and fish many times before, but it has been overthrown in court. The Phelps-Racey case in New York State is a familiar precedent. In this case a dealer of this city was prosecuted for having quail in possession in the close season. He set up for his defense that the birds had been killed lawfully, and were preserved by cold storage. The defense would not hold; and he paid his fine.

Prohibition of the sale of game and fish in close season is recognized by all practical and experienced individuals and societies engaged in game protection as an absolute essential. Without shutting down the market sale of game and fish in close season the laws would be in large measure farcical.

SNAP SHOTS.

WHAT a beautiful tribute from one poet to another is that of James Whitcomb Riley's sonnet, "Nessmuk," printed on the following page. Of the bronze medallion portrait, of which an illustration was given last week, Capt. L. A. Beardslee ("Piseco") writes: Permit me to add mine to the many compliments and congratulations you will undoubtedly receive from friends of 'Nessmuk' on the wonderfully good likeness of the old woodsman that Mr. Brewster has produced. I have a photograph of him that does not more closely resemble the mental picture that has staid with me for years."

That is a remarkable and interesting story sent to us by Mr. J. Parker Whitney of a colony of beavers which have taken up their abode in the city of Pueblo, Col. It may be already too late for the suggestion, but if the creatures have not already been destroyed, some one should make it his immediate business to provide for the colony's protection and preservation. A city that can boast such a unique attraction should constitute itself in very truth a "city of refuge" for the wild woods creatures that have put themselves under its protection.

J. M. Tracy, who died at Ocean Springs, Miss., last Monday, will be remembered by his associates as an accomplished sportsman, a companionable comrade and a man of high thinking and noble aims. His distinctive place as a field artist and painter of dogs is not likely soon to be filled by another.

The old term "shooting flying" has come to have a double significance in these days of both shotguns and cameras. Mr. Edward E. Hardy sends us a pretty bit of achievement in "shooting flying" with the amateur camera; and the picture is reproduced on another page.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"NESSMUK."

From "Green Fields and Running Brooks."

I hail thee, "Nessmuk," for the lofty tone,
Yet simple grace, that marks thy poetry;
True forester thou art, and still to be,
Even in happier fields than thou hast known.
Thus, in glad visions, glimpses am I shown
Of groves delectable—"preserves" for thee—
Ranged but by friends of thine—I name thee three—
First, Chaucer, with his bald old pate new-grown
With changeless laurel; next, in Lincoln-green,
Gold-belted, bowed and bugled, Robin Hood;
And next, Ike Walton, patient and serene;
These three, O "Nessmuk," gathered hunter-wise,
And camped on hither slopes of Paradise
To hail thee first and greet thee, as they should.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

CAMPING ON THE TENDERFOOT.—I.

ABOUT this time a twelvemonth ago, the FOREST AND STREAM contained an article from the pen of Mr. S. M. Emery, concerning the sport to be had on the Tenderfoot in Montana. Many a time had I dreamed about the Rocky Mountain country before I read Mr. E.'s story of his outing on the Tenderfoot, and once at least had I gone so far as to plan a summer trip to that far off region, but a dream of a canoe voyage up and down the "Boundary," between Pigeon River on the north shore and the Lake of the Woods, came athwart my planning and I went on the canoe trip. That was in the summer of 1891. In the following early spring when Mr. Emery's story was read the planning began anew again. First, I wrote to the editor and secured the address of his correspondent and then I wrote to him, and, of course, he answered. Was any true brother of the angle ever known to refuse an answer in such a case? What a batch of letters I have received from fishermen written for the sole purpose of giving information to a stranger. As true is it in this day as it was in the day when Father Walton wrote that "all we anglers do love one another."

Yes, Mr. Emery answered, and what is more, he told me all I wanted to know. Nay, he did more than that; he hired a man with his team for me and did me many other kindnesses for which I take this occasion to thank him, because I can do it no otherwise, having never seen him and having lost the run of him by post.

How very difficult it is now and then to reach the point of ticket-buying for the outing! I found it doubly so on this occasion. The Greek Professor was going back to his old haunts around the Pictured Rocks; the Judge wanted to go with his wife to old Point Comfort; McCaslin had found a place not far from Bayfield, and Jo said he couldn't go to any place. What was I to do? At the last moment I thought of the Preacher, and notwithstanding he had strayed away off down to Lebanon, Ky., I wrote him; and to my surprise and joy a dispatch came saying, "I'll go," but adding, preacher-like, "D.V."

Well, God was willing (and I can say that after twenty summers spent by the streams and lakes I have never known Him otherwise than willing for a man to go a-fishing), and after the necessary days and nights we were landed "bag and baggage" at the young city of Great Falls, in the new State of Montana, where Sheldon Hodges, our teamster and "rustler," met us and announced his readiness to start the next morning.

Our purpose was to repair to the Tenderfoot and spend about three weeks in a permanent camp, after which we would go on to Livingston on the Northern Pacific, and thence up to the Yellowstone Valley to the portals of the National Park at Cinnabar, and thence make the rounds of the Park; and I may here once for all say that we made our journey as we had proposed it, and a most delightful and profitable journey we found it.

The Tenderfoot is a tributary of the Smith River, which latter has its source well up toward the center of the State and flows northwesterly between two mountain ranges, the Big Belt range on the east side and the Little Belt on the west, and which finally discharges into the Missouri not far from Great Falls, our starting point.

It was said to be about sixty miles from Great Falls to the Tenderfoot, but distances in Montana, as well as in all other places in which I have traveled by other than steam power, depend so very much on the roads that it would perhaps convey a better idea for me to state that it took Sheldon two days and a half honest driving to reach our camp ground.

We arrived at Great Falls in the forenoon and during the afternoon purchased our needed supplies in the hope and expectation of getting a timely start the next morning. But the morning paper had, for the want of other news, advertised our arrival, and so, about the time we were ready, George K. Gilchrist came hurrying in to see if "D. D. B." was the same old "D. D. B.," or was he some other. He found him the same and there followed much hand-shaking and a great deal of oh-ing and ah-ing, for the two kinsmen had not met for a half score or more of years, neither had they kept the run of each other during that time. The upshot of their meeting was that George went along and we did not set out on our journey till after dinner.

Of course the journey was interesting. The deeply-worn, but long unused buffalo trails, the prairie dogs and their towns, the cowboys and their herds, the sheep and their shepherds, not to mention the women that are now and then encountered, who sat their horses astride and as firmly, for that matter, as their brothers, the cowboys, themselves. Why, of course we were interested, and when we had well nigh reached the place where we were to enter the Two Creek Cañon and thence go down, down to the level of the Smith, and there saw a miss in her teens breaking a broncho, astride of the wild and vicious brute, which was flying up the mountain side with the speed of the wind, and afterward saw her come riding back, the animal comparatively subdued, the unsentimental and sober-sided George actually took off his hat and cheered, while Mc., the Preacher, said: "Well! If that don't beat all!" and I—well, I said: "Yes, it does beat all."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Emery had furnished

our teamster with an itinerary of the route, we thought it safer to take a guide, which we found in the person of a Mr. Milligan, who lives on a ranch hard by the turning off place. The Smith River had to be forded three or four times ere we reached the Tenderfoot Cañon, and it had been very high, and the fords, it was feared, were dangerous, and so they were. At one place, with pick and shovel, we did an amount of work that in older parts of the country, if done upon a lawful highway, would entitle the road mender to a full day's credit on his "privilege."

But let us not stop to recount the difficulties that beset our way on that day. We left the Milligan homestead at about nine of the clock that morning, and the cañon of the Tenderfoot was shrouded in the gloom of night ere we made our camp-fire, and yet we had traveled not to exceed nine miles, our guide said. The last bad piece of road the outer travels he is apt to characterize as the "worst road he ever saw," and that Tenderfoot road will be my worst road till another year anyhow.

Mr. Emery had advised me to go up as high as the falls—nine miles above the mouth of the stream—but we stopped five miles short of that place. Both Milligan and Hodges advised against going up so far. The latter's advice was received *cum grano*, for did he not own the wagon and horses? but when the former supplemented his with the statement that the falls were being regularly visited by fishermen from Neihart, a town on the eastern side of the Big Belt range, we concluded to take his advice and so stopped where we were.

Our camp was delightfully situated beneath the shadow of a cluster of evergreens close by the stream. Within a stone's throw to the south the mountain rose a perpendicular wall of rock for 100ft. or so, after which the ascent was less steep, but steeper than I could climb, and it continued for 800 or 1,000ft. higher, a man of the country said, but I didn't think it so high. It was high enough, however, for the moon to apparently slide along its even crest as if that were its track. I observed this on two or three nights, and I must say that in the dry, clear Montana midnight atmosphere, it was easy indeed to imagine the moon as actually sliding along in its mountain groove.

To the north of us the ascent was gradual. It took a mile or more of climbing to reach the crest in that direction, but the climb was most delightful, for one went most of the way through a region of pine trees, usually thinly scattered, but occasionally gathered into little clumps, the whole alternating now and then with sapling thickets. We found much pleasure in this mountain. On its ridge the view was very charming. There the horizon was bounded only by the curtained sky, but peaks and ridges were everywhere to be seen, some bald, some crowned with evergreens, and one or two showing patches of snow. All the more distant were wrapped in veils of purple haze.

It was after the middle of July when we made our camp on the Tenderfoot, and if there ever had been any mosquitoes in its thickets, they had disappeared by the time our camp was made. There are mosquitoes, however, in Montana, for at our very first camp, which was on the Smith River, about twenty-five miles from Great Falls, they tormented us greatly till after nightfall.

But if the mosquitoes did not annoy, the buffalo flies did. From 11 o'clock A. M. till about 5 P. M. the sun shone in upon our encampment with great power, and with it came flies in swarms—cowflies as big as those found in the valley States, and so insistent and insidious in getting in their work were they, and so "all-fired" hot was their bite, that quite often we were fain to flee to the mountain side or to the creek side when the dinner hour came, where we could eat in peace. On the brink of the stream they never troubled, nor did they 50yds. up the mountain from the plane of the valley.

We camped and traveled in the country thence on till in September, but met with no fly pests after these on the Tenderfoot.

D. D. BANTA.

BIRD CHAT.

The little brown wren (*T. aedon*) is very solicitous in guarding her nestlings.

She is discriminating and readily distinguishes friend from foe.

Season after season the little house I put up under the piazza roof is taken by a pair of the "wee things;" and though the chairs below are usually occupied by members of my family, the birds are in no way disconcerted, and attend to the rearing of their young oblivious of our presence, scolding, chattering and fussing, as is their wont, to the great delight of ourselves and friends, who never tire of their cunning ways.

When almost ready to fly the young become impatient and restless, chirping loudly for food, while with outstretched necks they peer curiously down at us. Very odd they look, with their fuzzy baby heads and beadlike eyes.

Let the old birds, who are poking about the hedgerows in search of insects, discover a prowling cat and utter their warning *churr-r-r*, and instantly the youngsters slink back in the nest out of sight, keeping perfectly still till a reassuring call brings them clamoring to the front again. I have seen this repeated time after time. No matter how far the old birds may have gone in their foraging, if anything excites their mistrust you will always hear this warning cry, and as regularly witness the sudden disappearing of the nestlings.

The chippie (*S. socialis*) is also a careful little mother, and will flutter along before one as he nears the vicinity of her nest, apparently making the most strenuous efforts to escape, as though wounded. Watching closely, you will notice that there is method in her feigned distress, for though seemingly scarce able to struggle on, it is evident that she has a proper regard for her safety, and will not allow you to get within reach.

For a dozen yards or so the little midget flutters along, recovering strength as the distance from her treasures increases, till suddenly she is herself again, and mounts to the fence rail or tree with a quick flirt of little wings, there to sit calmly till you pass. Presently she will flip away in zig-zag flight to her nest.

The simulated distress of the ruffed grouse (*B. umbellus*) as she endeavors to divert the attention of an intruder from her callow brood is well known. The ruse is at times successful with the uninitiated in woodcraft, who race after the struggling bird till presto! there is a whirr of wings and a "brown streak" vanishes among the tree trunks.

The prairie hen (*T. americanus*) exhibits great cleverness in leading the disturber of her peace away. As in the case of the ruffed grouse, when a biped is to be misled the bird will feign injury, tumbling and fluttering as though sorely wounded.

If it be a dog that ventures near, she changes her tactics. Rising with a loud cackle from under his very nose she skims just over the grass in heavy lumbering flight. The dog bounces at her instantly, barely missing her tail feathers with a vicious snap of jaws. Bound after bound he follows, while with wonderful gauge of distance and speed she keeps just out of reach till well away, then with sturdy wing strokes she rises and swings swiftly back in a wide circle to her young, leaving the discomfited canine in the lurch.

There are other birds that display great sagacity in leading their foes astray, while again we find those which by over-anxiety and noisy expostulation, seem determined to betray the fact that one is in close proximity to their little ones. This is only the case when the young are hatched, as all birds, I believe, are silent while sitting on their eggs.

The male Baltimore oriole (*I. galbula*) will mount the treetop that shelters his pendant nest, and proclaim to the world at large that he is a happy father. Woe betide the inquisitive wearer of feathers who ventures within his bailiwick at this interesting season, Baltimore will pounce upon him "like a hawk upon a June bug."

The robin (*M. migratorius*) will rouse the neighborhood with a fit of hysterics should anything happen to excite his alarm.

So with the catbird (*M. carolinensis*), her nervous *cheel cheel* often betrays the whereabouts of her nest.

The nesting swamp robin (*T. mustelinus*), when you come upon him unawares (which is seldom) will be a trifle flurried and voice his concern in a few short, emphatic notes of protest, after which he relapses into philosophical silence, though watchful of your every movement. I have found that these various demonstrations of solicitude are generally noticed when the birds are certain they are seen, and very quick they are to discern this. In almost every case where they fancy you have not discovered them they will endeavor to steal off unobserved.

The brown thrush (*H. rufus*), for instance, with all the shyness of his race, will dodge away among the bushes and vanish silently, while only the nodding alder tips, as he threads his way below, give evidence of his going. Remain quiet and the chances are the sly fellow will soon return to investigate. To thoroughly enjoy these bird ways one must keep eyes and ears open.

We have heard of people "who go through the world with their eyes shut," and this is certainly applicable to many a would-be student of bird life. There are many charming bird pictures which are missed by not attending to business when afield.

It is well to read up on the habits of any particular species you may wish to study, but do not close the book and blunder away to their haunts. Keep your eyes and ears open from the moment you start and you will be amply repaid in many ways.

For example, the yellow-breasted chat (*I. virens*), your book tells you that he "inhabits shrubbery and in fact any kind of undergrowth." On some lovely May morning you hear his deep voice and immediately start for the coppice whence it appears to sound. Arriving, you hear it further away, and carefully follow, now in one direction, now in another, anon back to your starting point.

Of course, all this tramping is owing to the fact that you are relying too much upon your sense of hearing. Though you are presumably aware that this bird possesses great ventriloquial ability, it does seem impossible to you that he should remain in one spot, the while he throws his voice at will about the thicket.

When you grow impatient of following the voice, and return to your original position, if you are quiet and use your eyes diligently, the odd chap will very probably be discovered on some low perch, from which he has been watching you all the time, no doubt enjoying your perplexity.

Ears are useful! Eyes are a necessity! But a well-trained combination of both is the very thing. You need only try to observe carefully a few times when an improvement will be sure to manifest itself. There is no rule that may be laid down, but to one who loves nature will surely come with practice, the habit of quickly "sizing up," as it were, his surroundings. He knows intuitively how things ought to look and the least departure from the general routine will at once attract his attention. How? I cannot say, perchance he feels it as Whitman says:

I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the
mighty northern lakes;
I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow
I feel the globe itself swift swimming in
space.

So in the field the ornithologist learns to love his work, and literally feels his way into the lives and habits of his favorites.

How the plumage of our birds, with its endless variety of color, blends with their surroundings. The woodcock, for instance. Stop him in full flight and mark his fall "never so carefully;" 'twill take a quick and certain eye to locate him at the first attempt as he lies among the brown leaves. So with our quail and grouse; their plumage harmonizes so perfectly with the cover they frequent that without the aid of your dog you might often pass him.

A striking example of the Creator's forethought in thus protecting his handiwork is seen in the nighthawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*). This defenseless bird always alights lengthwise with the perch he occupies, and, when settled upon a dead branch or along the fence rail, so closely resembles a knot or gnarl that one is deceived over and over again. The bird seems to realize the security its colors afford and will often remain motionless, even though approached within a dozen feet, when the passer-by will likely be startled by seeing the "gray moss-covered knot" suddenly develop a pair of white-barred wings that with irregular jerky flaps speedily carry it out of harm's way.

I have talked enough, though, like Tennyson's "Brook," one might "go on forever" with this subject. Will not some of your other correspondents contribute their experience for the benefit of observers in general?

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

IN THE WILDS OF POTTER.

As springtime drew near, with fitful spells of sunshine and showers, George and I became very impatient. All through the long winter we had discussed and planned for a fishing trip in the wilds of Potter county, Pa.

As early as April 1, our arrangements were complete, our bill of fare filed, and the date of departure from business cares fixed for June 15. During this time my father and Mr. O., having heard of our intentions, expressed a desire to accompany us, and as a matter of course their company was very acceptable, and matters were arranged accordingly. Our bill of fare was altered so as to appease the hunger and supply the wants of four fishermen instead of two.

On the evening of June 14 we held a council and decided that a large packing trunk should be delivered at my house, and all articles should be brought or sent there from each of the other parties. In short, I was to pack the things and see that a drayman took them to the 1:30 P. M. train, the following day. While I was thus engaged word came that father was engaged with a very sick patient, whose condition would not allow of his leaving (for any great length of time) for several days. This was sad news. However, I went on packing and without making any alterations on account of one of the party having dropped out. But when the news came next morning that it would be impossible for Mr. O. to accompany us, I felt my patience giving away. What were we to do? What on earth could George and I do with all that grub? (It never occurred to me that there were too many cigars.) It was now 10 o'clock and I knew very well that in so short a time I could not find two friends to make up the party. My wife tried to console me; but no; our minds were made up to go that day and all arrangements had been made. After telling her this, she quietly left me. Suddenly she returned and I saw a puzzled look in her face. "What is it?" I asked. "I was going to suggest a plan to help you out." "Well, what is it?" "Why couldn't Mrs. George and I go with you, I never went camping, but I feel sure I would enjoy it, and I can soon run over and ascertain Mrs. G.'s views." This was a plan that had never entered my mind. As briefly as possible I explained to her some of the hardships of camp life, and reminded her that she had not long been out of the doctor's care. With a laugh she ran away saying they could stand it if George and I would put up with them. While she was arranging with Mrs. G. I rushed off to find father, and inquire into the advisability of taking my wife. After a moment's thought he said: "If you are careful, and don't let her get tired out, I think a trip of that kind will do her more good than all the medicine in the world." I tore back like mad. Wife had returned and brought George and Mrs. George with her. They were all of one mind. Very soon the immense trunk was repacked to suit the accommodations of the feminine contingent, and in another hour we were on the way, winding, curving, twisting in and out of the valleys, dotted here and there with wild cherry in full bloom, and numerous wild shrubs arrayed in pink and white. Half the time the engine was in full sight, now creeping close to a bounding brook, now climbing laboriously up the steep mountain grades.

At 8:15 we puffed into Coudersport, seated ourselves in the "free bus to the Glassmire," and were soon gathered around the luxurious table of that most excellent hotel. We spent the evening in the pleasant parlors and retired early. Here let me say a word of advice to those who may contemplate a fishing excursion in Potter county, Pa. Coudersport is undoubtedly the center from which to proceed to any of the most prolific streams. Mr. Glassmire you will find to be a most accommodating and congenial host. Having resided in this part of the country for over thirty years he is an excellent guide and will take great interest and care in directing you to good fishing grounds. He has a fine livery in connection with the hotel. You will do well to put yourself in his care.

We arose early next morning and after breakfasting on brook trout were soon speeding along over the beautiful country behind a spanking team of bays. The driver informed us that our trunk and luggage had preceded us several hours on the stage and were to be left off at Cherry Springs, a sort of sportsman's inn, seventeen miles from Coudersport. Here we dined, and, removing the back seat of the rig, strapped the trunk and luggage in its place, the stage having taken a course not leading to our destination, which lay six miles further to the southeast. George and I walked. The roads were not quite so good here and it was 4 o'clock before we

emerged from the woods into Bailey's clearing, on Cross Fork Creek. That gentleman met us with a pleasant smile and invitation for the ladies, at least, to take advantage of his hospitality. But they stood firm and declared their intention of sleeping that night in the tent. So George and I selected a green spot just at the edge of the wood, pitched the tent and made the bed of hemlock feathers. Before the ladies had returned from Bailey's, where they had been arraying themselves in camp clothes, as they called them, we had things unpacked and in pretty good shape. They took hold with us and an hour before sunset we were "in camp" in every sense of the word, and as the sun cast its parting rays into that beautiful valley they fell on four hungry travelers seated around a rough table laden with hot potatoes, salt pork fried with trout, home-made bread, eggs, fresh butter and a large pitcher of fresh milk from Bailey's new milch cows.

After this hearty supper we sat and chatted until gloom darkened into night and the moon cast her silvery light upon the forest-covered hills dimly outlined about us. The ladies now began to look tired, and after several ill-concealed yawns, retired to their room in the tent. George and I listened, fully expecting to hear a scream, as toads were abundant, and they were quite likely to see one or step on one. But no, for some time the only sound that came from that quarter was the hum of their voices, accompanied by an occasional giggle. They called out "Good-night" to us again and then all quite still. George and I sat up for an hour or so longer, planning for the morrow's sport and congratulating ourselves on the good

Everything being quiet in the ladies' department, we decided to give the stream a trial before breakfast. It was not necessary to go far from camp, the stream was not ten yards off; here we began to fish. Ten minutes elapsed without success, then came a wild hoot from George. Looking through an opening in the shrubbery, I caught sight of his bald head. He stood with legs apart, one foot in his hat, and with a face and general attitude that spoke volumes, the cause of which soon came to view in the shape of an 11-inch trout, flopping and squirming about, almost bending his 7oz. rod double. Soon another fair-sized one followed into his basket out of the same pool.

My turn came after a while, and I killed a nice one. The sport continued with good success for about an hour, when we heard a blast from the tin horn we had brought for the purpose. Knowing this to be the signal for breakfast, we turned our steps campward. There we found breakfast in waiting and our wives in a terrible state of anxiety to go fishing. George and I had made a very fair catch already, so we arranged to go all up stream and devote the forenoon to exploring its headwaters and romping through the woods. This pleased the ladies and we were soon on our way. Of course we all carried fishing tackle, but the ladies did the most of their fishing in the trees, and George and I spent the most of our time untangling their lines. Nevertheless we had a fine time and took several trout, more than enough for dinner and supper.

We returned to camp about 1 o'clock and ate our dinner. George declared it was going to rain, and said we would have to spend the remainder of the day in preparing for it. There were several piles of old cherry lumber standing in a neighboring field which Mr. Bailey said we were welcome to, and could use for fire-wood if we liked. So the balance of the day was spent in constructing a house, which consisted of two rooms; dining and kitchen respectively, with door opening from dining room into the tent, which was now entirely used for sleeping rooms. We left an opening in the outer wall of the kitchen in order to admit the light and warmth of our evening camp-fire. This done, we made several rude chairs, a stationary table and several shelves. Everything was very crude, but served our purpose admirably. One of the most serviceable articles we had in camp was a small sheet iron stove, which we had made for the purpose. It was 18in. wide, 24in. long, and about 18in. high, bottomless, and with a small stove-pipe to match. This we removed to our new kitchen.

Evening came and with it a slight shower, after which we repaired to a large pool near at hand. The pool lay calm and peaceful, reflecting the angry clouds as they sped swiftly over the evening sky, and gathering to her bosom the deep shades of night. Occasionally an ash fly emerges from the deep forest and flutters—all unconscious of his fate—over the pool. Midway he hesitates, falters, and seems about to fall to the water. After several awkward dives he recovers his equilibrium and proceeds on his way. But his renewed vitality proves to be of short duration, as he soon sinks again to the water. In a moment the placid surface is ruffled. A trout full 10in. long has risen clear of the water, disappearing the next instant in possession of the fly. We watched these proceedings for some time and then began with great expectations to whip the pool. To our chagrin and amazement we could not coax a single rise. In vain we changed our flies and exerted our skill. For some reason, still a mystery and source of speculation to me, we were unable to take a single trout from the pool that evening. In several instances natural flies were taken within a few inches of our own good imitations. However, we kept on patiently until the darkness forced us to return to camp.

The following day broke clear and warm, and we arranged for another trip up stream. George tried to induce the ladies to wear their gossamer coats, again prophesying rain, but they declined them. We left camp about 6 o'clock and fished slowly and carefully, all keeping together until about 10 o'clock, when it began to sprinkle, and the ladies sought shelter under some thick hemlock foliage. George and I went up stream a little further, taking trout on all sides of us. The sport became so lively that we forgot our wives until the storm became so violent that it spoiled the fishing.

The rain was descending in torrents. However, we were wet to the skin, and instead of seeking shelter we hurried off to find the ladies. Not finding them under the hemlocks we hurried along down stream and soon overtook them. George did not suppress his laughter at sight of them, and soon had us all started. We dragged ourselves



AFTER THE SPECKLED BEAUTIES.

Fourth Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

PHOTO BY DR. J. MAX MUELLER, WEST CHESTER, PA.

weather and success that had thus far attended our trip. After finishing our smoke we crept cautiously to the ladies' end of the tent to listen. All was still, and we concluded to turn in. Soon George's regular breathing denoted the fact that he was fast asleep, and I was not long in following suit.

I awoke slowly and with a sense of cool freshness, akin to a chill, creeping over me. I sat upright, yawned, stretched and gazed about. All was quite dark except the entrance curtain of the tent, on which the dying camp-fire cast lights and shadows that danced and galloped about, forming themselves in grotesque shapes, now fluttering like a wounded bird, now standing for a moment fixed as though painted on the canvas, then disappearing like magic. "Hoo-hoo-hoo-o-o!" came the lonely sound of the hoot owl's song, as if hooting at the arrival of another day and his consequent retirement. After a prolonged silence, broken only by the murmur of the brook, then came the soft, sweet twitter of a robin perched somewhere among the trees above us. First low and disconnectedly, then louder and sweeter, and at last, as if overjoyed at the coming birth of another day, he broke forth into a volume of song that echoed and re-echoed through the wood, and seemed to fill the fresh, forest-scented morning air with heaven. Out popped thousands of little heads from under downy wings, and in another moment the whole world seemed to be full of song. The shadows on the canvas grew fainter and fainter until put to shame by "the first rosy tints of morn." I rose and threw open the curtain just as the sun peeped above the horizon. The trees, the grass, the field daisies and lilies, wore a look of exquisite splendor, clad, as they were, in sparkling gems of dew; and in return for the heaven-sent gift filling the calm, fresh air with perfume.

George and I were soon at the brook, ducking our hands and arms into the cold water and splashing it over our heads and necks. Ough! how cold it was. However, the reaction set in after firm rubbing with towels; and then we glowed like boiled lobsters. The chill left and then came a feeling that I am at loss to express. I was happy.

to camp, wet, hungry and tired, but in excellent spirits. Fortunately no serious results attended our untimely bath. After a change throughout and a hot dinner we felt better than ever. During the afternoon George managed to take the largest trout caught during the entire trip.

What a jolly little party we made that evening gathered around our bright cheery fire, whose rosy light danced upon the tree trunks and made the stars look dim, spinning yarns and playing cards, and—though we knew it not—storing up pleasant memories, to be hugged to aching hearts in future years—recollections that moderate suffering and soften the sick-bed.

Ten days of this kind of life made us all long for home comforts, and it was with anxious hearts that we looked for the coming of the team that was to carry us back to Glassmire's. We made the homeward journey without incident or mishap that would furnish interest to the reader, and yet there often flashes into my mind some little incident that occurred during that pleasant drive, and I am free to say that our sojourn in the wilds of Potter county did us more good than—well than a trip to Manhattan Beach, and as an experienced fisherman I would advise my brother admirers of the art to take their wives with them at least once a year for a short stay on the banks of some mountain stream. GLENVILLE.

An Old Tale Retold.

A "PASTEL," POPULAR STYLE, IN EASY WORDS, OF TWO SYLLABLES, FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

A CABIN by a lake, behind it the woods, across the lake a meadow. In the meadow a cow. The moon shines bright. At the cabin door a dog. A yellow dog. With cock eyes. One eye sees the cow in the meadow, the other one the trout jumping in the lake. In the cabin a tired fisher and a cat. A fiddle hangs on the wall.

The tired man wants music to rest him. He takes the fiddle and draws a long bow across it. The cat hears the sound and sings, too.

It scares the cow, she jumps over the moon, and the yellow dog laughs, he laughs so hard, it scares the trout, too, and they go back to their holes.

It also scares the iron spoon on the table. The spoon jumps into the tin dish, and they both take to the woods. When the fisher-man wakes up in the morning he can not get any breakfast. His dish has gone. The only spoon he can find has hooks on it. Something else happens. He throws the spoon in the water. A trout tries to eat it. He catches the trout. He roasts him on a stick. He eats him with his fingers. The next night the cow gets back. She is tired, too. So are the dog and cat. They all sleep. All is serene! The moon was scared, too. She got over it. She shines again!

VON W.

Natural History.

THE PUEBLO BEAVER COLONY.

PUEBLO, Colorado, March 12.—Your readers will doubtless be interested to learn of the bold action of a colony of beavers at this city. Back of the Grand Hotel, where I am at present stopping, well within the city limits, and not more than three blocks distant from the hotel, is a marshy low tract of about ten acres, surrounded by some straggling cottonwood trees. Closely adjoining the tract are three railroad tracks beside each other, the Missouri Pacific, the Denver & Rio Grande, and the Rock Island railroads. On their way from Pueblo to Colorado Springs and Denver, north, over these tracks, night and day pass trains, passenger and freight, probably from forty to fifty daily. Within a few rods is the Union passenger station of the three roads, a large structure. Within a stone's throw of the marshy tract are several residences of an humble class of residents. The marsh tract is overgrown with tules or Indian water reeds, now dead and fallen from the winter season, leaving the tract fully exposed. On the other side of the railroad tracks, only a few rods beyond, is the Fountain Stream, a straggling shallow stream, which empties into the Arkansas River a mile or so south.

The owner of the tract, Col. Stanton, a well-known prominent old resident, drew my attention a few days ago to the feature I am about to describe, which I visited yesterday, which was the occupancy of the tract by a colony of beavers which came in a few weeks ago, but which he had only recently observed. We found three distinct abodes of the beavers, in the low banks about the water, with distinct runways beneath the banks into the houses, showing the presence of several families. The work of the beavers, which of course had been entirely nocturnal, was plentifully shown about and in the marsh.

Across one part of the marsh a substantial dam had been built of roots and cottonwood branches and mud, with a lesser dam below. The water had been raised by the upper dam about 18 in., giving plenty of swimming room. About the marsh the limbs of the fallen cottonwood had been neatly gnawn off from the parent logs, and several cottonwoods, one in particular I noticed, about a foot in diameter, had been neatly gnawn down, and entirely denuded of limbs. These limbs had been employed in building the dams, and were well covered with plastic material. The trees had all been cut so as to fall in the marsh, when the limbs could be most conveniently applied. A number of the trees still standing, had been gnawn more or less, showing that active work was going on, and although no sign of beaver life was visible, the tracks and fresh work plainly exhibited the character of the invaders.

A curious spectacle it seemed to me, the occupancy of this tract, in the center of a bustling active city of 40,000 population, by animals which we account most shy and retiring, and which rapidly retire before the advance of settlements. The arrival also at this season of the year, unusual for migration, indicates that some probable disturbance had occurred at the previous home of these animals, and that they had during some quiet, lately preceding night, taken by concerted action a passage down the Arkansas River, and up to the Fountain Stream to this, I fear, most dangerous locality.

Their presence is yet almost unknown, but I tremble for their fate when the boys about town learn of their presence. I am sure that no concealment is possible, nor that any protecting notices will then be of avail.

The marsh is fed by many little springs of fresh water, and abounds in succulent tule roots and adjacent cottonwoods, all delectable to the taste of the beaver, and the spot otherwise than its dangerous surroundings, presented doubtless a very alluring invitation to this adventurous

colony. But alas! its days are numbered, and soon it will be broken up and scattered, if not entirely destroyed.

Let us hope that the destruction of a few may save the larger part, who, taking seasonable warning, may fly to safe and more secluded retreats. J. PARKER WHITNEY.

Notes on the Pine Grosbeak.

GLOUCESTER, Mass.—I send you some notes on the pine grosbeak, as per request of Mr. Brewster. I have lived on Cape Ann, Mass., something over eight years, near the city of Gloucester, and until this winter do not think I have observed more than twenty grosbeaks, all told. This winter has proved a remarkable exception.

I was away the last half of December and first part of January, so cannot speak for the whole time. Some time in January I heard people tell of a large flock of robins (?) that had suddenly appeared Jan. 18, the flock which proved to contain grosbeaks found its way to my door yard, and again turned up on the 21st and 22d. I should estimate the number of birds at about one hundred. The flock was made up of females and young birds. I saw, perhaps, ten birds that at first I thought were old males, but at last I made up my mind to the effect that they were young males. This flock, or another like it, appeared Feb. 9 and 10. Since that time I have observed, in one of the outer wards of the city, a few grosbeaks from time to time, but they were all old males.

As to food, I can say that when in my door yard the birds greedily ate hemp seed, and some did not refuse crumbs of bread. I saw the flock several times feeding on the berries of the red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*).

HERMIT.

RIO ARRIBA COUNTY, New Mexico.—In answer to Mr. Brewster concerning the pine grosbeak. They are found here in pairs during spring and summer from about June 1 to the end of July or perhaps a little later. I have never seen them at any great altitude, although there are plenty of them in the foot hills, usually feeding I believe on the young pine pins. A. P. F. COAPE.

The Heath Hen—Where?

NEW YORK, March 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In Ridgway's "Manual of North American Birds" the pinnated grouse are separated into three forms as follows: Prairie hen, heath hen and lesser prairie hen. The habitat of the heath hen is given as, "Island of Martha's Vineyard, Mass.; formerly also Long Island, New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, Virginia, etc., but now apparently extinct, except on Martha's Vineyard, and there is danger of extermination." I have been making inquiries for some time past among museums and also ornithologists for specimens of the heath hen from any of the above-mentioned localities, except Martha's Vineyard, but so far have been unable to find any. Among your numerous sportsmen readers there may be some who know of specimens of the heath hen that have been shot in either of the above localities; if so they will confer a great favor on the writer by communicating the fact either to me or, better still, through your paper. It is very probable that the specimens would be known as prairie hens and not as heath hens. The important point, however, is that the bird was procured in either New York State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia or Kentucky.

WM. DUTCHER.

[The late Shepherd F. Knapp, of this city, told us years ago of the killing on Long Island of a pinnated grouse. We cannot say, however, whether it was a heath hen or a turned-out prairie chicken.]

The Light Bears of the Guadalupe.

A SHORT while ago I noticed an account of the white bears found near here, in the Guadalupe Mountains. A correspondent asked if other people had seen them. I can tell him that we have the same bear here and in Colorado. Although some hunters have a local name of "range bears" for them, and the Mexicans say they are more savage than others, I have never noticed any difference in their behavior from any other bear, and believe them to be only a variety of cinnamon. I have killed three grown ones, one of which had brown legs, the rest of the body being of a light straw color, also three cubs. In each case the white or very light yellow cub was accompanied by one of another color; one had a jet black brother and a black mother; the other had a cinnamon brother and a light colored mother, and the third, which I believe was also a female, had for her companion a little brown cub, the mother being chestnut brown. My Indian told me one day that he had seen one of these light bears with jet black legs, muzzle and feet. We failed, however, in all attempts to capture him. A. COAPE.

Bald Eagle and Golden.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In your issue of March 16, Mr. Wilmot Townsend, under the head of "Down the Bay," states, "The bald eagle is not often with us, although by no means uncommon during prolonged cold. The golden eagle, as generally known, is fairly numerous, and a trip down the bay at this season will frequently discover several to the keen observer." Is your correspondent sure of his identification of the golden eagle? May he not confound them with the immature bald eagle? This latter species is resident and still breeds on Long Island, while the golden eagle is, as far as my records show, a very rare bird indeed. WM. DUTCHER.

Rewards for Errors.

From the *Game Laws in Brief*.

THE *Game Laws in Brief* is believed to be correct and complete within the conditions printed on page 2. I will reward any person first advising me of an error that may be discovered, as follows:

For the first notice of an instance where the law quoted in the *Brief*, prescribing game and fish seasons of any State or Territory, is not the general law in force at the time of this revision, I will give \$5.

For first notice of an erroneous statement of a game or fish season in any State or Territory, or of an omission of a prescribed season, I will give \$1.

These offers relate to general, not local, laws, and to recognized game and fish (not, for example, to the Connecticut bobolink, rice bird and robin season).

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS.

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

If any difference of opinion shall arise as to a claimed reward, it shall be decided by Henry P. Wells, Esq., of the New York Bar, who has courteously consented to act as arbitrator.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

NEW MEXICO BEARS AND BEAR DOGS.

ON the thirteenth of September I heard from my friend E., whose camp is situated on the Brazos River, that he had killed six bears. One day while out reconnoitering he ran on a bunch of four busily engaged in feeding on the fallen acorns. They were easily stalked and he was lucky enough to kill firstly the three black ones and afterward the cub, a brown, which took to the nearest tree and waited to be slaughtered. A few days later he bagged two more, both black.

On Oct. 5 I took a Mexican with me to survey some lakes in the vicinity of our camp. We found some tracks but nothing very fresh, and were riding off through high oak brush, when we came on an open space literally alive with wild turkeys. They did not seem much concerned and began to walk off, but apparently in no great hurry. Neither my man nor myself could get our guns out of their scabbards for a few seconds, but when we did a fusillade began in earnest, and our game, soon realizing the danger, put on race-horse speed. The Mexican missed every shot. I managed to get one and then started to follow them; shortly afterward another flew past me and I downed him. The whole bunch then took to wing and were soon lost in thick cover. Two turkeys, however, were better than nothing, especially as our larder was getting somewhat low and we returned home for dinner. On the road we came on another turkey, dead this time and hung up in a tree; it looked very tempting, but seeing a coat at the foot, we concluded that it belonged to some sheep herder and continued our journey without any further adventure. The next day I shot eight grouse, a mink, and a coyote, rather a mixed bag.

On Oct. 8, one of the men came back early from the traps, and reported that a bear with cubs had fired a gun, but escaped uninjured, so I lost no time in getting my pack together. A man was sent ahead to spring all traps, and put the guns *hors de combat*; and we started for the scene of action. The track being quite fresh, and the scent good, the hounds were gone like a flash and we had some tall riding to do in order to keep within hearing. On the way I rode into the middle of two large bunches of turkey, but had no time to dismount, so I continued after the hounds, who had evidently got a long way ahead. They had gone down a very steep bank densely timbered and very rough toward the river El Rito, and were about crossing when I emerged from the wood into a comparatively open space covered only with short oak brush. Here I remained, for I could every now and again catch a glimpse of my dogs, which were in very close quarters with the object of our chase. Presently the hounds seemed satisfied to keep in one locality, and while I was intently watching, I saw a small brown bear make a dash from the scrub and engage in a tussle with one of my pack. It was only for a moment that I saw him, as they rolled over into the oak again. As soon as the wriggling mass of bears and dogs had disappeared, I put spurs to my horse, and ten minutes brought me to the scene of the fray.

Two other men arrived simultaneously, and we all dismounted and walked into the bushes, for bruin had evidently no intention of coming out. I think we must have been quite a quarter of an hour before any one could catch a glimpse of him, the brush being very thick. An old Navajo Indian then shot him, breaking a leg, and finding it was only a large cub he grappled with it, thinking I would like it alive, but soon let go, for the cub being of a fair size and the dog snapping at and pulling it about made it impossible to secure him without further damage. Accordingly he was dispatched and packed on the back of a pony, not, however, without considerable remonstrance on the part of the horse.

On our road home we came to the track of the she bear and the other cub, but concluded we had had enough, and our appetites being well stimulated by the ride, we returned to worry the beans, bacon and bear meat for a spell.

This hunt took us through some very beary country; on the side of the El Rito Cañon we found six lakes, some with plenty of water and ducks, others nearly dry, all having old and new signs of bear, deer and turkeys.

The next day I was away, but my Mexicans took the hounds and ran a cinnamon, which treed, but on seeing the men came down, and eleven shots were fired before he was numbered among the slain.

The following morning promised well, quite a quantity of snow having fallen during the night. Scouts were therefore dispatched in different directions shortly after daybreak to hunt up tracks, with the effect that the sign of a bunch of five bears traveling south was discovered. It was too late, however, to follow, so we decided to wait yet another day. After breakfast we circled in front of the direction taken by the bears and found that they must be concealed in a large wood near camp. Accordingly we went back to where we had last seen the trail, and after following it about half an hour the dogs became very restive and suddenly broke loose, couples and all. At the same time two brown bears were sighted, but only for a second. The dogs were secured, uncoupled and turned loose.

The El Rito Cañon was again chosen for the chase, which must have been five or six miles at a gallop, for the bear we followed would not tree. Pedro went ahead and Ramon, a 6ft. 6in. Mexican, came behind with me. We now heard the dogs baying, and soon a shot from P.'s rifle made us put spurs to our horses, and it was lucky we did, or we should have lost the hounds, for they were going again as fast as their legs would carry them. Another quarter of an hour's fast riding brought us pretty close to the hunted animal, which had again lagged. This time we dismounted and walked into the timber, finding our bear in a little open space surrounded by dogs, which seemed to be taking it in turns to bite him and get out. P. was already on the opposite side waiting for a clear shot (no easy thing to obtain when an animal is encompassed by eight furious hounds). There was a growl and a rush, and Tiger, a large yellow half breed, ran in, seizing the bear by the lip, tearing off a piece of meat; bruin quickly grabbed him with his one remaining front paw, the other

having been broken by Pedro's first shot, and gave him an ugly squeeze. The poor dog yelled and growled but held on to prevent being bitten; then I fired, sending a ball through the body, at which he dropped the dog and moved off. All the other dogs were on him in a second, and he stopped to fight, giving me another chance. This time I hit him square in the head, and P. got a shot in at his side at the same time, so that there was nothing more left but to skin him, which we quickly set about.

When we were ready to go, my consternation was great to find that Tiger was badly hurt, though no bones were broken; he managed, however, to follow until within about 50 yds. of camp, when he dropped and stiffened out. For about two hours he seemed to hover between life and death, but eventually his youth and strong constitution began to tell, and in two days he was able to move. P. told me it was the second bug that he had had that day.

The other bear that we sighted was followed many miles by Bulger, another half-bred dog, but we had no time to go and help him. What became of the remaining three I never found out.

It was high time to be getting away from the Cagilone, for the snow was becoming more than pleasant; we accordingly started down the mountain in the direction of the Chama Cañon, which we reached in two days, having passed nothing on the road but a beaver dam and a bunch of turkeys. We remained a week in this camp, during which time a gray fox, a beaver and a bay lynx were all the game secured; there had been bear quite recently, also deer and turkey; but we were not in it, so retired to the ranch for winter, finishing our season with a list of twenty-nine bears killed and many wounded, besides a fair show of smaller game. During the winter I bagged a few turkeys, thirty coyotes, three small gray wolves, six lynxes and two wolves.

A. P. F. COAPE.

NOVA SCOTIA MOOSE SNARES.

THE report made by Secretary Geo. Piers, of the Inland Game and Fishery Society, at the recent annual meeting in Halifax, gives some interesting notes on the snaring of moose, which appears to be carried on extensively:

"Your council have much pleasure in being able to state that, notwithstanding the numerous complaints received by them from different parts of the Province of the frequent snaring and killing, out of season, our most persecuted moose, they are still increasing and have been shot the last season where they have not been seen for years. You will see by extracts taken from reports sent in by your commissioners and agents that with the exception of one or two counties they are gradually adding to their numbers.

"Your commissioner, Mr. Archibald, Sheet Harbor, writes that in his district they have not been so plentiful for many years. While in the woods this winter he started in one day three yards, one having six moose in it. He came across a drove of caribou near Liscomb last March when looking after some scoundrels who were dogging. He had reliable men searching the woods last fall looking after snares, but they were not able to detect any in the act; they saw many snares and many instances where moose had been caught.

"Mr. John Bower, agent at Shelburne, reports that moose are more plentiful in his part of the country, more so than they have been for a very long time, there having been killed to his knowledge the past season over forty. He writes that partridges are becoming a thing of the past. He attributes the destruction of them to the skunks, which are overrunning that part of the Province. One of the men employed by Mr. Bower for your society to search for snares found on Oct. 5 two decomposed moose in snares and on Oct. 25 the same man found a live moose in a snare, which he had to kill."

Mr. Daley, agent at Digby, has been most fortunate in convicting three out of four cases that he has had against parties for killing moose out of season and dogging. He also states that he has had no complaints the last year of strangers going there to fish and leaving them when caught on the bank of the river to decay. He hopes this winter to be able to procure the deer from New Brunswick; last winter the snow was not deep enough to catch them.

Mr. Pritchard, commissioner for Pictou, Antigonish and Guysboro, reports from his own personal observation while in the woods last fall and from the testimony of several sporting men, that moose are decidedly on the increase in the above districts; cases of dogging were reported to him, but he did not hear of any being killed in that way. Mr. Pritchard writes that bull moose are scarce; he says he met a gentleman hunting when in the woods last season, who told him he had seen fifteen and only two young bulls in the lot.

William Fahie, agent at Enfield, appointed in November last, reports having found traces where twenty-six snares had been set in the early part of the fall, and found four recently set, which he destroyed; he also found a bear trap set for moose. He estimates the number of moose in the vicinity of Grand Lake, Nine Mile River and Kennetcook to be about thirty-eight, judging from the yards he came across when searching the woods for snares. He says that the rabbit snares in his district are innumerable; the hedges are from 50 yds. to one mile long; he ordered the owners to take them down to 50 ft., which they did without further trouble. He is of the opinion that rabbit snares should be taken up at the end of the year, as after that they can be shot more easily than snared, and that hedging should be done away with, as the hedges are the means of destroying the partridges and are not required for catching rabbits. Your council agree with Mr. Fahie's suggestions.

Donald Ross, of N. E. Margaree, reports that moose in his district are not any more plentiful than they have been of late years, but that caribou are increasing, and have been seen in larger numbers this fall than for many previous years. He only discovered four snares this season. He reports woodcock and partridges as being very plentiful.

Samuel Davis, Barrington, reports having taken up a number of snares and found traces where moose had been caught in them and carried away by the poachers. He also found a large bear trap set in a moose path and by indications around it a moose had been killed in it a few days before.

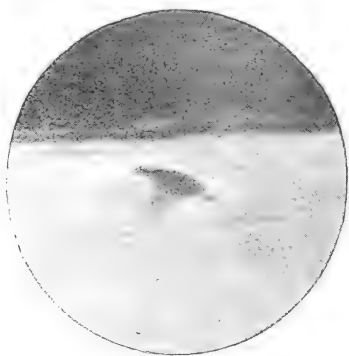
Mr. Kelly, agent at Yarmouth, has seized fifteen moose snares besides destroying a number on the spot. He has a memo. of the moose killed in his district during the last season, which number fifty. He is also of the opinion that guides taking aliens into the woods to hunt with-

out a license should be made liable, as they invariably assist them in violating the law.

During the close season saw a great many signs of moose, and saw no appearance of persons hunting with or without dogs. There were but few killed in his district last fall, during the calling season, as the weather was unfavorable, but quite a number have been shot since the new year came in. He did not see any signs of snaring last fall. Mr. Crooker scoured the woods west of Liverpool River for timber last year, for over one hundred square miles; he found moose in numbers everywhere he traveled. He was surveying close to the post road at Port Jolly, and in one day came across three yards. He also states that there are numbers on the south side of Annapolis, along the county line of Queens and Annapolis and quite close to some of the farms.

A SNAP SHOT ON A GROUSE.

BOSTON, March 2.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: While attending to the liberation of some pinnated grouse, imported by our Association for purposes of propagation, the thought suggested itself to me of snapping a Kodak at a bird in the air. I tried it, and the result I send you by



PINNATED GROUSE ON THE WING.

this mail, believing you will be interested in this remarkable specimen of marksmanship.

The birds went strong and fast from the crates, and if you don't believe it was difficult shooting, try it yourself.

I believe the rank and file of some of the German soldiers fire with the stock of the gun at the hips. This was my first attempt at that position.

The white in the photograph represents New England snow; the dark over the bird, woods. The definition of the woods suffered somewhat by my holding with the bird, but the bird itself is fairly good, showing a good-sized cock bound after his mate, which latter escaped me.

EDWARD E. HARDY.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

LONG years ago, about dusk, clad in my hunting toggery, I passed several gentlemen of my acquaintance who were having a confab with some strangers, and one of the latter noticing the well-filled shooting coat and game carriers asked when I passed, "What luck?" I answered, "Forty odd since noon." Somebody in that group must have made some remark I did not catch, whereupon such expressions as "Now is not this abominable?" "Just think of such slaughter," "What does he do with them?" etc., followed me till I got out of range and haunted me all the way home.

I had not gotten my coat and leggins off before one of the boys volunteered the information that three gentlemen from the East were visiting so and so and intended to do some hunting. I grasped my hat and with one leggin on and one off hastened to see one of the local gentlemen whom I had passed, and finding him at home arranged to handle the ribbons over his hunting team whenever it would be placed at the disposition of the visitors. Mr. A. looked quizzically into my eyes, said "Certainly, old man, get around by 7 o'clock to-morrow; and, by the way, load light and let them down easy; they do not know what quail shooting in Texas is, and in a couple of days they'll show the wolf, and possibly the hyena; I know they will."

To prevent being recognized I went to town, got my long beard cropped short and blocked out a la Emperor William, thence home, and without paying any attention to the remark that supper had been kept, began ransacking an old trunk in search of a suit of so-called store clothes. The men who had eyed me suspiciously since my return, began to gather around me; and when I inquired whether they knew anybody I might borrow a stovepipe from, one of them whistled significantly; and later in the evening I casually overheard a kind-hearted fellow who had been with me a number of years, remark: "Boys, there ain't two ways about it, he's gone off, stark splinter gone, we must watch him, he's liable to hurt himself."

Promptly at seven next morning I drew up in front of Mr. A.'s door, and to my astonishment not only Mr. A. but also the Eastern sportsman, whom I will call X., Y. and Z., were ready to start. The lunch basket, four ammunition cases and two dogs were put aboard, the hunters took their seats and Mr. A. said, "To the long arroyo, and remember the days are short and horse flesh cheap," a remark which played the tune to the horses' gait. After reaching the arroyo the party divided, Messrs. A. and Z. taking one side and Messrs. X. and Y. the other, and I was directed to keep close up so as to have ammunition always on hand.

Messrs. X. and Y. had not gone more than 50 yds. when their dog pointed, the covey was flushed *secundum artem* and four misses scored. It would be tiresome to repeat every incident of that day, suffice it to say that at luncheon time Mr. X. had 16 birds, Mr. Y. 19 and Mr. S. 30. Mr. X. remarked that he considered 25 birds enough for any man in any one day. Messrs. Y. and Z. cursed, beg pardon no, but regretted we'll say, their abominable shooting; one used a "Greener ejector" he was unaccustomed to, and the other a high grade Parker which was choked too much to be a good quail gun.

Shortly after 8 o'clock all ammunition cases were empty, every hunter having fired 100 rounds. Then the scores stood: Mr. X. 23, Mr. Y. 39, Mr. Z. 41, whereas Mr. A. had

killed 76. I had the honor to drive these parties three more days, and their scores improved right along, and such a thing as running out of ammunition did not occur again.

As my revenge when they said farewell I told them, when refusing a tendered remuneration, that I was the identical cuss whose bag of quail, on the day of their arrival, had elicited some stinging remarks, and that I wished them to remember that pork, beans and cider, or for that matter canvasback, celery salad and Pommery, three times a day, twenty-one times a week and 630 times a month, become poor eating, and that for that reason the local sportsman is as a rule much less destructive to game than the visitors, who, although unquestionably men of strong resolution, great self-control and true sportsmen, generally end by verifying my old teacher's remark: "Remember, my dear children, that appetite grows by feeding."

HUX.

"PODGERS" ON PACIFIC DUCKING.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, '93.—The shooting season has closed, and ducks of all degrees are flapping their wings and doubtless holding conventions and congratulatory meetings over the release from eternal vigilance that is the price of liberty and hairbreadth escapes from leaden messengers of invitation to the oven and the spit. If we could comprehend the language of ducks no doubt we would be highly entertained by their tales of bad shots and tons of lead wasted in vain efforts to bring them down.

They say that in a battle only one out of 600 shots kills a man. By the same theory of calculation, how many ducks or quail are bagged in a hundred shots? It is fortunate that we are not all good shots, or there would not be a bird left in the country. Speaking of birds, I want right here to make a complaint. I have a grievance. I have a friend who is given to puns, and the wretch lies in wait for me and fires them off every occasion. What shall be done to such a criminal? Here is one he got off on me yesterday. "Why was Macbeth a great sportsman?" "Because he did murder most foul" (fowl). There are occasions in the life of every man where murder is justifiable, and I leave it to you if this was not one of them.

Speaking of ducks reminds me of an effort we made to pass a new game law in our Legislature. We are wont to call our lawmakers Solons. That the term is used derisively I now fully understand, for in all my experience I have never known such a combination of bigoted, malicious stupidity and ignorance as the exhibition just given us at the hands of some of the gentlemen lawmakers at Sacramento.

The bill referred to contained a clause giving a landowner the right to say who should shoot on his property. This was an outrage; the idea that any free-born citizen (born somewhere else) should be deprived of the privilege of shooting where he pleased, was a restriction of the liberties of the people. The next red flag that enraged them was a clause including English snipe in the protected game. An asinine member named Stack opposed the bill on the ground that it was English, and was copied after and aping the English aristocracy and he was against anything English, which he conceived this bill to be, for did it not propose to protect English snipe only? Why English? Why not American snipe as well? In fact the whole thing was un-American and would interfere with the personal rights of the people. Of course Mr. Stack expects to be re-elected.

The shooting clubs leasing the marshes have had a great deal of trouble with the poachers, who have been upheld by an association here, and which raises money to defend every case of trespass. The association is composed of that class of gentlemen who are forinist any restrictions of any kind, and resent the idea that ownership or leasehold of shooting property gives any rights that they propose to respect.

The clubs have a way of making it unpleasant for the gentlemen that encroach on their preserves by sending a keeper in a boat, who anchors broad off where they have located, which, of course, causes the ducks to give the spot a wide berth, or in event the intruders put out their decoys on a pond, the keeper locates near and blazes away at every duck that shows himself a quarter of a mile off, the result being that Mr. Poacher never gets a shot at a bird within hail, and after a while takes himself to other scenes.

There is about as much prospect of our getting a decent game law through, seemingly, as your getting that famous Delmonico woodcock case tried. The law's delays are proverbial, especially when the officials whose business it is to try a case are trying very hard how not to do it. I hope I shall live to see it reach the top of the calendar—I shall in that case arrive at the distinction of being "the oldest inhabitant." What a farce laws are in such hands. The woodcock case will rival Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and is getting (as Artemus Ward says, to be "very amooosin'."

Our trout fishing opens April 1, particularly appropriate as to date, as the squab granger is industriously preparing an April fool for the early fishermen by cleaning out the streams beforehand, a vested right of the dear people to thwart the aristocrat, who wears good clothes and fishes with a fly. The fun is all the greater from the fact that it is against the law. We might as well hand over our rods to the small boy now and not wait for Christmas, as you suggest. There will be no use for them as far as trout are concerned, but the boy can go for catfish, and just think to what base uses do we come at last. A split-bamboo relegated to bullheads! It is time for us old fishermen to climb a tree and go into perpetual retirement. I wish I owned that bulldog with legs in parenthesis that you show in the last number of *FOREST AND STREAM*; what fun it would be to "sick" him on to the law-breaking fisherman and send him home minus the seat of his unmentionables. It would be stern reality of his offense.

PODGERS.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the *FOREST AND STREAM* one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the *FOREST AND STREAM* during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Monomoy Brant.

BOSTON, March 20.—The first party of the season, of the Monomoy Brant Club, went from Boston last week, and at the time of this writing the party is at the club's fine accommodations at Monomoy Beach. No shooting is yet reported from them, and Mr. Warren Hapgood, one of the pioneers of the club, doubts the success of this first party. No brant have yet been seen in the market; not that this party would sell brant in the market, but outside hunters send them to Boston, about as soon as they appear.

This party is in charge of Mr. Outram Bangs, so well known in the Massachusetts F. and G. P. A. The second party was to leave Boston on Wednesday, March 22. This party is made up of A. H. Wright, E. Frank Lewis, R. H. Gray, Henry Colburn, N. W. Arnold, H. D. Reed and two or three others. The four first mentioned are members of the club, I believe, while the others are invited guests. The hopes of the party are not very high from the fact that the boys feel that it is altogether too early for flights of brant. But the rules of the club are such, with the membership so large, that each party must go at the appointed time; and some parties must necessarily be late, with others early. Still the boys hope for a south wind and with it a change of weather and a good flight of birds. One or two flights of geese were seen in the vicinity of Plymouth on their way northward during the south wind and warm weather of a week ago, but the north-west wind and cold weather which immediately followed is supposed to have stopped the birds.

Kennedy Smith.

Kennedy Smith, the well known guide, woodsman and later hotel-camp keeper of Smith's Farms, Tim Pond and Round Mountain Lake, Me., has been in Boston for a few days. He is a man wonderfully preserved, considering that his spine has actually been broken, with two or three ribs separated from the sternum, by a tree falling on him, an account of which was published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time. The accident happened a number of miles away in the woods and poor Smith lay for hours till help arrived, on the ground, crowding his hands in the mud in order to cool the terrible fever he was in. He could not turn his head so much as an inch, not even to take a draught of water. One of the backwoodsman, the first to arrive, bethought himself of a tobacco pipe. The stem of this he put between the, as he thought, dying man's lips, and the bowl in a birchen cup of water. "Oh how good that water tasted!" says Smith, at this day. He was at last borne many miles out of the woods on a stretcher, and to-day he is able to be up and about, and is a comparatively well man and as fond of woods life as ever. He hopes yet to do light guiding, though it troubles him to use an ax even more than to tramp with quite a load. It seems as though he would be just the man to guide a party of boys; genial, fond of the woods and the expert that he is.

No Maine Deer Hunting in September.

Mr. Smith has been at Augusta, Me., during the better part of the session of the Maine Legislature that is about closing. He has been much interested in the opening of the month of September, or a part of it, for deer hunting. He has labored earnestly, but the pressure against the measure from the eastern part of the State has been too great. The measure has been killed. There is no hope of even a part of September. Mr. Smith thinks the measure might have been carried for the northwestern counties of the State if such a measure had been labored for early in the session. He believes that with the growth of a love for hunting and the value of the deer supply, the resident hunters of the State of Maine, especially the eastern part of the State, would be pleased with any form of law that would keep foreign hunters away altogether. It is furthest from their idea to grant sportsmen out of the State any greater privileges than they enjoy to-day, and September will not be opened, if these Maine hunters can help it. "September!" they say. "Why that is too early; earlier than we can leave our crops to hunt deer. No! We will not consent to the opening of September, just to please the guides and hotel men, with their dude city boarders." One of these eastern Maine lobbyists actually went further, in Mr. Smith's hearing, than he intended. "September!" says he. "That is too early; the game is not worth anything then to send to market." "Market?" asks Mr. Smith. "How about the non-transportation law?" "Oh, we'll repeal that this session; and besides, we have three lines of steamers and any amount of coasters, so that we have no difficulty, even with the law, in getting our venison to Boston and New York when the weather is cool."

Maine License Fee.

The Maine Legislature has just passed, through both branches I believe, a most shameful amendment to the game laws. It permits the killing of one cow moose in a season by each hunter. Thus the protection that the noble E. M. Stillwell labored so hard for is gone. Would that his spirit might come from the realms of the dead and visit Gov. Cleaves with the desire to veto such a bill. It is a fact thoroughly established that moose had begun to increase wonderfully under the law forbidding the killing of cows at any time. The shameful non-resident license measure is also in a fair way to pass, though the license has been reduced to \$3 instead of \$5. All the Maine hunting interest mentioned above is likely to favor this measure. It will keep foreign sportsmen from getting their fish and game. Then the lumber interest is likely to favor it. "It will keep the hunters out of our woods," they say. "Tax a citizen of the United States for the privilege of shooting and hunting in Maine!" say some of the Boston sportsmen—born in Maine. "Bah! Take the \$3, or even \$5 or \$10, out of us in some honest and less distasteful fashion if you want it, but deliver us from the paying of a license fee!"

The Gilbert Trout Bill.

The Gilbert trout bill has passed the House of the Massachusetts Legislature, though it is being fought in the Senate. It has been saddled with an amendment which forbids selling of trout under 8 in. in length. It is said that this amendment has been tacked on to please some of the protectors of wild trout, since wild trout are seldom met with in this State of above 8 in. in length. If one will reflect a moment he will be convinced that a trout

that is not 8 in. in length is a pretty small one, since it takes a wild trout of about 13 in. to weigh one pound.

A Boston Man in Florida.

Dr. E. B. Kellogg, of Boylston street, Boston, a lover of the woods and waters, with his son Foster, is in Florida enjoying the shooting and fishing. He writes from Hotel Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, that the fishing is fair and the shooting is good, if one goes far enough after it. But it is not "all right in front of the hotel."

Maine Moose for the World's Fair.

The Maine Legislature has granted Mr. Gifford, a Skowhegan taxidermist, permission to take one cow moose and a calf in the close season, the skins to be mounted for the exhibit of Maine wild animals at the World's Fair at Chicago. Mr. Gifford is also to prepare an exhaustive exhibit of the mounted skins of the animals found in Maine, some fifty or more specimens. The first shipment is soon to be made.

Mr. C. T. Odiorne, who with Mrs. Odiorne and Mr. A. T. Waite, assistant managing editor of the Boston *Herald*, made a delightful hunting and fishing trip to Byron, Me., last summer, an account of which was in the *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time, was one of the victims of the Lincoln street fire in the Ames building on the fatal Friday night of March 10. His body lay under the ruins till exhumed on the night of the Friday following. Mr. Waite was constantly on the ground, watching the work of removing the debris. When asked if he was not endangering his own life and health by the exposure, his reply was: "He would have done as much and even more for me." Thus it is that to hunt and fish and camp with a friend doeth so endear him. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 18.—Mr. Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, seems a very philosophical and very sensible sort of gentleman. He spent the week after his retiring from the White House on the duck marsh at Havana, Ill., on the Illinois River, and had fairish sort of shooting, too. But how about the example of a President shooting in the spring?

At Koshkonong.

The flight was a week ago all over Wisconsin. At Koshkonong later the birds came in for a day or two in great shape. Mr. A. W. Knox brought back a half dozen from his trip of a week ago. Mr. R. A. Turtle says that large numbers of geese were crossing middle Wisconsin the latter part of the week, as he learned on a business trip.

Abe Kleinman's Canvasbacks.

Calumet Lake, in Chicago, has held a good many wildfowl in the last two weeks. That well known old timer, Abe Kleinman, killed three canvasbacks and half a dozen other ducks one afternoon last week without decoys. He just walked over with a few shells in his pocket to see whether any birds had come in. He says that if he had gone properly prepared he could have made a big bag, as the birds were flying well.

Another Texas Tourist.

Mr. Geo. H. Miller, of Chanute, Kas., has tasted of the delights of a Southern winter trip, and writes me entertainingly as follows:

"I am a regular subscriber to that most excellent journal, *FOREST AND STREAM*. I was one of a party of eight, beside boat's crew (thirteen in all) who spent about a week in January on the Texas coast near Rockport and Corpus Christi, where we saw more water fowl in an hour than I had ever seen, all put together, in my life before. We had a good time, and some very good shooting. After leaving the coast one of the party, D. L. Mechling, of Denver, and myself, came up to Beeville, thence west twenty-five miles by stage to Oakville, where we were most hospitably entertained and enjoyed some good turkey shooting. There are still a good many deer and peccaries in this locality, and though there were not many turkey in sight when we were there, presumably on account of the continued dry weather, a letter just received from the party on whose ranch we hunted says they have had good spring rains, everything looks green and fine, and the turkeys have apparently returned in increased numbers. In fact he says, 'This morning it seemed to be one turkey roost as far up and down as I could hear them gobble.' His ranch is located on the Rio Frio, thirty-five miles from any railroad.

"We learned that owing to the very dry weather of the past two or three years, and the generally poor market for cattle, that a great many of the ranchers (there is no farming in this part of Texas), who own from 5,000 to 20,000 acres each, are hard up, and land can be bought for almost any price from \$2 per acre up. And most of it as good land as a man ever looked on. This is a good opportunity for clubs, as the country is well watered by streams and seems to be well adapted to all kinds of game.

"Billy Griggs's letter to you speaks of the pictures. Of course you are an experienced Kodaker and know what machines are most generally and successfully used. I have had several machines within the past year, none of which seemed to fill all the just requirements. Had one on the Texas trip and made failures of some things which I would have given almost the price of a machine to have had. I started this letter principally to ask you what machine you consider as the best all round one."

If I should say, right out in meeting, what camera I preferred, I would differ pronouncedly from the view of all the camera makers but one. Indeed, I do not know that one can pick out any one kind of camera as the "best," any more than he can any one make of gun. I shall be glad to give Mr. Miller the name of the camera I used. I value the pictures I got as highly as anything about my trip. I have two photos, just of some clumps of reeds, of which I think a great deal more than I did of my biggest bag of birds. It seems to me that the camera is a coming thing in the sportsman's kit. Of course, one must get results, or it is no fun. To this end he would best go out for a while with a professional photographer, and learn something about focus, light and shade. Many amateurs make exposures with the lens toward the sun, and wonder why they "didn't get anything." The light should shine most straight on the object, when possible, from behind the camera. If making a portrait of a man, have him push his hat back, so that the light will shine

all over his face, otherwise you will get part of his face black in the shadow. Distance is something that only practice and experience will teach, but most of the cameras have distance marks for focusing, say, at 10, 15, 40 or 100 ft. Posing is something that the outdoor artist will not often have to do. When he does, well, he shouldn't do it, ever. Get 'em without any pose. Posing is what kills and stiffens so many amateur photographs. I got pictures of Billy Griggs and Bud Stephenson shooting out of their canvasback blinds, and they look as natural as life. These men couldn't pose when they were in the act of shooting. They tried to, but they couldn't, it was too natural an act. One photo I got of Griggs shooting over his decoys, which I think is the best and most realistic duck picture I ever saw. We spent a whole day fooling around making pictures. The duck blind pictures I made from a boat, and to keep the camera motionless—an absolute essential often overlooked by amateurs—I drove an oar down in the mud, and "took a rest" on the oar when I shot. The instrument used on this trip was a 4x5, but I am getting a 5x7, as I think the larger field will be useful. Mr. Miller's grief over losing his work I can well understand, for once I lost a valuable lot of exposures in the Indian Nation. The cause for this, I found later, was a camera box that leaked light. A good one can be bought for \$50. My machine carried a roll of seventy-five films. On return from the trip I took the camera entire to the firm, and had them take out the holder, and develop and print for me. This is usually the easiest and safest way, though you are then exposed to the long delays of commerce, and come to lose confidence in human nature, in view of the constantly broken promises of picture man to have your views "right down to-morrow." In the smaller towns, the local photographer could probably do as well and would be quicker.

Wisconsin Way.

The following letter is of interest and I wish we might hear more from the writer. The item about the necessity of uniform laws in this group of States is the most direct practical comment on this matter I ever saw. Gov. Peck is, however, wrong. He should make his stand and have the others come to it. If we wait for a simultaneous passing and signing of good game laws in all these States we shall always remain where we are to-day—in the Dark Ages of sportsmanship. The letter follows:

"MILWAUKEE, March 16.—I inclose a clipping from this morning's *Milwaukee Sentinel*, and, on examining it, you will see that, according to its Beaver Dam correspondent, the bullhead crop is not yet exhausted. Gentlemen from this city who have been 'on the ground' vouch for the truth of much that has recently been printed in the line of the article referred to.

"My home is on Pewaukee Lake. The ice softened considerably last week, and on Sunday morning I took my ice boat 'down' and stored it. Before leaving the boat house I took an ice chisel, and on cutting through and measuring, found to my surprise that the ice is still 27 in. thick. Saw a few golden-eyes or whistle wings this week, but there is no open water in Pewaukee.

"Gov. Peck is reported to have said that unless the surrounding States pass bills prohibiting spring shooting he will not sign any such measure.

"Our present law prohibits the spring shooting of mallards, woodduck and teal, but on my way to the train last night I saw a fine bunch of greenheads hanging in front of a restaurant on the principal thoroughfare of this town.—H. S. A."

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

SOME MAINE DEER GROUNDS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 16 "G. W." of Pawtucket, R. I., asks for a good place in Maine to go for deer which can be easily reached. South Moluncas, Aroostook county, Maine, is quite a good place. Take 7 P. M. train from Boston to Mattawamkeag, reaching the latter about 8:30 the following morning. There take Patten stage, which passes South Moluncas about noon. I stopped at South Moluncas for a couple of days last winter when on my way home from the headwaters of the Mattawamkeag River. There was no chance to still-hunt, owing to a very noisy snow. Four deer were killed while I was there by a couple of native hunters living in the house where I stayed. I cruised around not far from the house, more to see what the signs were than to hunt, jumping eight deer and seeing a good many tracks. In some respects it is a hard place to hunt, as the woods are full of old tops left by the lumbermen and there is considerable undergrowth. It is easily and quickly reached, and is not expensive; for further information write to Clem Knight, South Moluncas, Aroostook county, Maine.

There is also good deer hunting back of Stacy Village, three miles from Sherman, on line of Patten stage. It will take nearly a day longer to reach this place. Clarence Peavy, of Moro, Aroostook county, Me., knows the ground and is a good still-hunter and guide. The latter part of November is a good time for still-hunting, provided there is good tracking, dry snow. Of late years the snow has come late, and on three trips I have made to Maine there has been hardly any chance to still-hunt. Noisy, crusty snows have been the rule rather than the exception. Last December I spent over three weeks where there were quite a number of caribou and did not have a single day of it to hunt. It was so noisy all the time that I jumped everything I tried to follow before getting anywhere near it. I think in either of the places I have named any one would get chances enough (provided there was the right sort of snow) to kill all the deer the law allows in less than a week's time.

C. M. STARK.

WINCHESTER, Mass., March 20.

Two Woodcock at a Shot.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn.—"J. I. C." asks if there ever was a man in North America who killed two woodcock at one shot on the wing. I did it once a number of years ago, and did it but once, and I have hunted more or less for over forty years. It was in the fall when the birds were making their annual flight. It was in a spring place where the cattle had made paths. My dog pointed and I went up to him and there were three woodcock that got up and took one of the paths. I killed two at one shot, and I think I wounded the third, for I found him a short distance away, and when he flushed I got him, too.

M. M. M.

Judge Greene Pleads Extenuating Circumstances.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read "Podgers's Commentaries" in last FOREST AND STREAM. Some of my sporting friends were sitting here in the office at the time, and as "Podgers" is always entertaining I read his Commentaries aloud for their benefit and edification. Well, I was reading and hurrying for "Podgers" because he was everlastingly burning up the poachers and law breakers, but imagine my surprise when I myself was ordered to stand up and answer to the charge of being an accessory after the fact. Let me quote the exact charge:

As many as 100 dozen [Mongolian pheasants] were received here [San Francisco] one day last week. Such wanton destruction of this beautiful bird is simply damnable. [Here "Podgers" requests you to excuse his French; but as the English offers no stronger or more expressive term, let us adopt the French word and say amen.] Where are all the sportsmen of Oregon, and why do they permit this slaughter to go unpunished? Where is Judge Greene and other well-known sportsmen that should be alive to the destruction of such valuable game?

Dear "Podgers," we all plead guilty, but please point your gun the other way. My hands are up, but let me state the extenuating circumstances.

Speaking for myself alone I desire to say that for years I have fought, growled, cussed and made enemies on this proposition. I believe that the facts, the records of the State and my few remaining friends will bear me out in the assertion that no other private individual in the whole State of Oregon has gone further or worked harder to correct this wrong than my humble self. But you know how little one man, or in fact many men, can accomplish in a legitimate way toward correcting these wrongs or punishing such offenders.

It was this very condition of affairs that prompted me to prepare the game warden bill which, by the energy of Oregon's true sportsmen, the firmness and loyalty of Oregon's noble Governor, Sylvester Pennoyer, and the grace of God, is now a law and in operation, and has been for several weeks. The efficacy of that law is beginning to make itself manifest, as ten of our game shippers (now in the hands of our grand jury) will testify.

Friend "Podgers," I am a little sensitive on this subject at all times and your exhortation has left my skin so thin that if leniency can be extended under such circumstances I feel that I am entitled to it.

S. H. GREENE.

Hard Play is Hard Work.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—The other day while out on a duck hunt, I was sitting in a blind facing a swift current of water on the Mississippi River. The position was a projecting point, and gave promise of being an average good stand, as the flight appeared to be mainly by this point. The decoys were well exposed and the current and existing wind gave them a motion that was almost as natural as life itself.

You see on a previous trip Mr. Warner had made a score that I was anxious to equal, and was mentally resolved to strain myself in an effort to do so. While in this mood a flock of teal decoyed. One only was close and a sure shot, while the next nearest were three well away though closely bunched. These latter got my first barrel and the near one got my second as it took wing. Two dead and one crippled with first barrel and a dead duck with second barrel. I then gave vigorous canoe chase after the wounded duck, which was bagged by an additional shot. After retrieving the other three I went into the blind feeling comfortable, thank you.

In not very many minutes a flock of pintail decoyed with one close and three at long range as before. Quick as I could shoot I played ditto in this gang. On looking out I was little surprised to see four wounded ducks scattered over about as many acres of swift running water. The way they got over the water and radiated from me was astonishing. It took an exciting race with the canoe and five additional shots to bag those animated sprigs. I went back to my blind out of wind and needing rest, but didn't get it.

Just as I sat down, two sprigtails came in. It was another temptation and I fell. A far off and a close sprig, and both went away as only scared ducks could go without indication of either being hit, until one had gone far out into the river where he lit. A view through the glass showed him to have been hit, and it took another enervating pull to windward and far out in the swift current to chase down and bag this duck that proved to be more vital than dumpy.

I guess I must have been very tired when, soon after reaching the blind, I was called on for the fourth and final double shot, for I made two inglorious goose eggs, getting not so much as a feather. Very suddenly I got hungry and paddled off through a blue streak of atmosphere to the launch to eat, on the way cogitating on the futility of events and the rapid descent of at least one man, leaving Warner's score of twenty-seven in an hour still in the lead.

W. L. P.

A Notable Shot and its Corroboration.

PHILADELPHIA, N. Y.—One day last fall a local sportsman was out hunting gray squirrels. He had had good luck, having got seven, and as this was all he cared for, he walked toward his home. While coming through a patch of woods a mile from here he saw a gray squirrel run along a fence and sit up on the end of a rail to readjust a butternut in its mouth. The gunner did not care to shoot the squirrel, but while watching it he thought what a good mark its butternut was. He took a shot at the nut and the squirrel fell. Its mouth was wide open and the sides expanded in a violent effort to breathe. The hunter picked the squirrel up and looked into its mouth. One end of the nut had been driven down the squirrel's throat in such a manner as to shut its wind off. After removing the piece of nut the squirrel became as lively as ever.

It escaped from the man by chewing through his game bag, where he had put it. The hole was afterward shown to friends while he told the story.

WOODCHUCK.

Juniata County Quail.

JUNIATA COUNTY, Pa., March 15.—I am sorry to have to report that zero weather, followed by deep snows, proved too much for our quail to weather. A neighbor who preserves and "pets" the birds on his place had a covey that wintered near his barn, which he used to see daily. One morning, he told me, during the drifting weather they did not put in an appearance, and he has not found any traces of them since. On our own place out of a lot of twenty-

five, less than a third are about. Still, as the quail were abundant last fall, there may yet be left enough pairs to replenish the covers. We hope it may prove so.

ONYJUTTA.

The King of Northern Maine.

LYNN, Mass.—I was much interested in Mr. Egbert Bagg's account of "A Big Deer of the Adirondacks," and in the excellent cut which accompanied it in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 16. It is indeed a "notable head." I think that he is right in judging it to be our common deer and not a "cross."

I beg leave to send you a photograph of "The King of Northern Maine." I think that the two are of about the same age. This one is seven years old, and that is either six or seven. In this, also, there is quite a notable palmaria of the horns as you see, and the left horn has four



A MAINE DEER HEAD.

distinct branches besides the spike (they do not show in the photo). The head is very shapely and symmetrical, and the horns are very large. I think the largest of the common deer that I have ever seen or heard from that region.

I shot him in the fall of 1892 near Second Roach Pond, while still-hunting, about 2 o'clock P. M.

He ran twenty-five rods with a .44cal. bullet through his lungs and then fell dead. He was the largest and the handsomest deer that I have seen during twelve annual visits to northern Maine. The carcass weighed, after it was dressed, 216lbs. without the head, the head (estimated) 28, making 244lbs. dressed, so that as he stood when shot he must have weighed from 325 to 340lbs. If there are larger deer or larger horns this side of the "Rockies," I should be glad to learn of the fact. Let us hear from the "boys."

S. W. STAPLES.

Well, Well, Well!

HERE is a special to the New York World, from a Long Island town: "FARMINGVILLE, L. I., March 14.—Farmers here are complaining that the swelling buds on the fruit trees are being picked out by beves of partridges, which swarm in the orchards. They intend appealing to the supervisors to offer a bounty for the extermination of the birds. The prevalence of partridges in this part of Long Island is said to be due to efforts made by the Waverly Gun Club to stock their preserve. The cold winter and prevalence of snow covering the deer feed, to which they are very partial, has driven the birds from their usual feeding ground. At nightfall the trees in the orchards swarm with them, and the farmers have been killing the birds with clubs in hopes of preventing the destruction of the fruit crop. The county of Suffolk authorizes the payment of bounties for the killing of woodchucks and possums, and the farmers are now preparing to petition that partridges be added to the list. A committee of indignant citizens has notified the gun club to either provide food for their birds or dispose of them."

Iowa Game Notes.

MATLOCK, Ia., March 13.—The river is breaking up here and will be clear of ice in a few days. Ducks and geese are coming. Was out for a few hours to-day, but both geese and ducks were flying high and not lighting. Will be better shooting in about a week. The latter part of the winter here has been very hard, and the game has suffered considerably. There were several large bunches of quail around early in the winter, but have not seen any for the past month. Chickens have stood it better and seem to be fairly plenty. Rabbits, both jacks and cotton-tails, have been the thickest ever known, but there is no danger of their becoming so plentiful as to be a nuisance.

Pampas Snipe Score.

BEAUMARIS, Ont.—Allow me to correct an error which I made in my account of shooting in Buenos Ayres. I stated that I had shot 22 brace of snipe one afternoon; it should have read 23 birds—i. e., snipe.

J. H. W.

A Fish and Game Pocket.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Some of your correspondents in the past have written of game pockets that would delight any sportsman, but they are all located too far away for most of us in the East to reach in the limited time at our disposal.

For many years I have journeyed annually to the woods for trout or game and know what one may reasonably expect in the wilderness of Maine and Eastern Canada. I have found in a certain locality in that country a well-stocked trout hole, or rather, a group of them, and their margins are tracked by moose, caribou and deer. The trout are there in abundance and of fair size; some of our catches have averaged a pound to the fish. The fishing grounds are some eight or ten miles from a farm house where visitors are welcomed and made exceedingly comfortable. A trapper, with the experience of age and the strength of youth, a pleasant, kindly, honest man, who has traversed the region for twenty years, is glad to go as guide and has about him some young men, from whom all needed help can be hired. The place can be reached in less than twenty-four hours from Boston.

This country is little known to sportsmen and I do not care to send any wasteful man there, but shall take pleasure in giving any information I possess to gentlemen who know how to enjoy nature's gifts without abusing them. Such will find me ready to answer their letters of inquiry.

FRED TALCOTT.

Podgers's Decoy Deer.

SENEAQUATEEN, Kootenai Co., Idaho.—It has become customary that one of us reads FOREST AND STREAM to the other, and I happened to be reading the number containing the article about a decoy deer. When about half through the recital of the deer's exploits, my friend interrupted me, saying, "Hold hard; brakes down. I want to propose a wager. I bet four days' work at anything, that should, either in this story or at any future time, the death of this deer be reported, the poor animal, after all it had done for the protection of its race in aiding the very acme of true sportsmanlike deer killing, was ruthlessly butchered, without a show for its life by either a market or pot-hunter or possibly a game-hog." Without reflecting on the chances pro and con, I accepted the wager and found before finishing the story that I had lost four days' hard work.

As I mentioned, I never took my chances in consideration at the time I accepted the wager, but have since turned the matter over in my mind and no matter how I look at it I cannot see that my friend had the drop on me.

MUX.

Arkansas Small Game.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 13.—Our shooting season in Arkansas closed March 1, and left us plenty of quail for seed, and I predict a good crop for next year. On my last two trips for quail of one and a half days each we found thirty-three coveys the first time and twenty-three the last. This will give you an idea of our supply. Notwithstanding a hard winter and our usual supply of traps, quail in this section of the State are all right. Snipe shooting was very fine several days this week on Grand Prairie, and a great many ducks passed in their northern flight. We expect to have elegant snipe shooting after the first warm rains come, as a recent cold snap sent them south again. Black bass are being taken in our mountain streams already, and the prospects are very good for excellent sport in this line in the early future.

JOS. IRWIN.

Tennessee Turkeys.

THIS is one of four heavily wooded counties in this State. Wild turkeys are not uncommon and not very hard to get when you know what a wild turkey is. Last fall Morris Ring and W. O. Jones of this place returned (long after dark) from what was, as they claimed, a very successful turkey hunt. The report of "two gobblers killed" was noised around the next morning, and though neither foot, feather nor beard had been seen by any one but themselves, doubts subsided when Frank Laberdy, who had eaten a leg, pronounced it turkey, but a little "queer flavored." However, the owner turned up in a few days, and his price was only five dollars for the four young pea fowls. And this is why they sold their guns.

J. T. P.

WARNER, Hickman Co., Tenn.

Vermont Ruffed Grouse.

HIGHGATE, Vt., March 18.—Our noble game birds, ruffed grouse, have wintered well. When hare hunting we see plenty of signs, and also many birds. Foxes and owls are very scarce.

STANSTEAD.

A Myth Shattered.

Mr. W. S. Alden has evidently not a very exalted opinion of the intelligence of St. Bernards and the mythical tales that are told of the Hospice dogs. This is what he says in an amusing article he contributes to the Cleveland Leader: "Look at the lies that have been told for the last 100 years about the St. Bernard dogs! People really believe that when a snow storm comes on the St. Bernard dog gets out with a blanket, a flask of whisky, a spirit lamp, a box of matches, some mustard plasters and a foot bath strapped on his back. When he meets a frozen traveler we are told he sits own and lights the spirit lamp, mixes some hot whisky and pours it down the traveler's throat, gives him a hot foot bath, puts mustard plasters on the soles of his feet, rubs him down and wraps him up in the blankets, and then hoists him on his back and brings him to the convent, where the monks put him to bed and read prayers to him till he feels strong enough to put some money in the contribution box and to continue his journey. Now, I've been to the St. Bernard convent. I went there just to meet one of these dogs and see for myself what he could do. There was a pack of about forty of them, but the only thing they did was to sit up all night and bark at the moon, while the monks shied prayer-books and wooden sandals at them out of the windows. I wanted to see a few travelers rescued from the snow, but the monks said the supply of travelers had been running low of late years, still, they added, that if I'd go and sleep in a snow bank a mile or two from the convent they would see what could be done. I wasn't going to risk the forfeiture of my life insurance policy by such foolishness as that, so I came away without seeing any dog performance. However, I saw enough a little later on to convince me that the St. Bernard dog is about the biggest kind of canine fool that ever imposed on credulous people."

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

CROOKED LAKE, MICHIGAN.—II.

It was in the summer of 1892 that I first took my wife trouting. I had promised her the trip on the next propitious day, and not many mornings thereafter, having done full justice to a hearty camp breakfast, I walked down on our little dock to size up the situation. The sky was overcast with dull leaden clouds, and the wind was coming in gusts from the southwest. Not being satisfied altogether with the outlook, I referred the matter to my wife, who, being anxious to make the trial, decided that we should go. So we invited our friend and fellow camper, John, to accompany us, and gathering up our tackle and rubber coats, were shortly pulling away at a lively rate toward our favorite place to seek the "speckled tribe"—the Minnehaha. On our way down the wind freshened considerably, but as it was assisting us on our course we would not have been concerned about it had we not plainly seen that it was also rapidly rolling up heavier and more threatening-looking clouds.

I mentally decided that we were in for it, but said nothing, taking some comfort in the fact that we had our rubber coats along. Just after we had passed through the reeds at the mouth of the creek, a light rain began to fall, and John suggested that I troll going up, while he remained at the oars. His suggestion to my mind being a very good one, in short order I had out a long line, on the end of which was a "professor," made more attractive by a pair of "angel's wings." My wife followed suit, but shortly the rain becoming harder, she desisted. Not so myself, however, and before we had reached our particular bend, I had landed three of the "spotted beauties." As I was reeling in the last one, the rain commenced to descend in torrents, and yet John stayed manfully by his oars. I always knew he was a gentleman, but that day he gave me a most positive proof of the fact, because he would rather catch a trout than eat a square meal, and I know when he saw me land those three trout in such quick succession that he was fairly wild to have his share of the sport—yet never a word said he.

By the time my last trout was landed it became evident that we must go ashore, as the rain was blinding and our boat was rapidly filling with water. Hastily rowing to about the only landing place thereabouts we beached our waterlogged craft as high as possible, scampered ashore and took shelter underneath some hemlock trees. My, how it poured, and how those sturdy forest trees bowed before the majesty of the storm! Peal after peal of heavy thunder rolled across the heavens, followed by bolts of lightning that were bewildering. There we stood like "Babes in the Woods," and, as the water from the gutters formed by the rims of our felt hats commenced to run down the backs of our necks, we unanimously agreed that this was one of the storms there was no getting away from. John philosophically creased the front of his hat rim to drain the water forward and managed to fill and light his "Missouri meerscham," from which he apparently derived so much comfort that I promptly followed his lead. I then asked my wife as to her opinion of trout fishing. She thought "twas great," was not the least bit discouraged and prophesied that it would clear up shortly. Sure enough in about half an hour the wind shifted to the northwest, and the rain, after giving us a few parting shots, left altogether.

Thereupon we bailed out our skiff, turned up the dry sides of the cushions, embarked and dropped down to the Big Bend, at the upper end of which we tied up at the bank. Luck was with us still, and particularly with my wife, who in short order had landed an even half dozen. The gleam of triumph that flashed from her eyes when she first netted number one plainly told me that she had the fever sure enough, and by the air she assumed when she had number six safely on board, both John and myself were made to feel our utter insignificance, and that we knew very little about catching trout anyway.

Presently we espied another boat coming up stream, which contained two elderly gentlemen. We exchanged friendly greetings as they passed us and watched their little craft until it disappeared around the bend above. Shortly after the wind increased and it grew quite cold, so cold, in fact, that I found myself holding the rod alternately first in one hand and then in the other, in order that I might pocket the benumbed fingers of the unused member. The wind being favorable I made my best record in casting that morning, so far could I place my fly up stream. Suffice it to say we had great sport until noon, when, as we had no lunch with us, we were obliged to discontinue operations and start for camp, so we rowed down stream and passing out into the lake were met by a furious head wind that was lashing the waters into veritable seas.

We at once decided if we made camp at all against such odds it could only be done by skirting the shores along the bays that lay between us and our dock, some three miles away. The only obstacle in the way of this was a raft of logs that projected into the lake a short distance to our left, making it necessary to first stand out into deep water in order to avoid a collision with, and possible wreck upon, said raft. All this was sized up in less time than it requires to relate it, and amid the howling wind and dashing spray I held her head on while John shifted the anchor and everything else of weight to the stern; then he resumed his seat, grabbed his oars and we made a desperate effort to get beyond that raft without going into it.

All went well until we got abreast of the legs and about 30 yds. outside of them, when John reached for the water where it was not, caught a crab, and before he could recover himself we were well nigh upon them. My wife clung desperately to her seat, waiting for the shock which seemed inevitable, when just in the very nick of time, John got in a stroke and we pulled as we never pulled before. The only thing we could do for the moment was to hold our own; not one inch could we gain. I saw something must be done quickly, and yelled to John to head her back toward the creek. 'Twas our only chance, and in doing so we at once got into the trough and an immense wave broke over our side, well nigh swamping us,

but when the next one caught us we had cleared the raft and took it quartering.

We hastily retraced our course and sought refuge in the quieter waters of the creek, where we rested on our oars, having fully determined we must stay there until the setting sun had caused the wind to subside. Accordingly we returned to the Big Bend and resumed, from necessity, the fishing we were so loath to leave a short time before. The knowledge of the anxiety which we knew would be felt at camp by our non-arrival, together with the cold wind and prospects of no lunch (my wife would not hear of cooking the trout caught in the forenoon) detracted somewhat from the interest in the sport which we would otherwise have felt. However, our fair luck continued until 3 o'clock, when we saw coming down stream the boat containing the two elderly gentlemen which had passed up several hours before.

As they came abreast of us I espied a lunch basket in the bow of their boat, and, forgetting all pride, I hailed them, stated our predicament, adding that we were ravenously hungry and would be extremely grateful for a portion of the contents of their basket. They replied that they had dined and there was but little left, but we were most welcome to such as it was. We needed no second bidding, and it took but a moment for us to run alongside, secure the basket and pull for the landing place just above, where we went ashore and at once set about starting a fire, but as everything was so wet this was not an easy matter. However, by the aid of a plentiful supply of birch bark and much fanning, we at last had a merry blaze going, and while John and I were thus engaged my wife uncovered the basket and spread its contents upon a fallen tree close at hand.

Then we all took account of stock and found three slices of raw bacon, two boiled potatoes, one onion, small package of tea, bread, butter, crackers, knives and forks, salt, empty tomato can and skillet. In short order we had a lump of butter in that skillet, which was placed on the burning embers, then into it went the bacon, sliced potatoes and onions, and while the whole was frying and sending forth an aroma that drove us half frantic, my wife made tea in the tomato can. Lunch being ready, we fell to like cannibals, for we were nearly famished. Truly, none but wind-bound fishermen can appreciate the relish with which we devoured the meal, which we one and all declared was the finest we had ever had. It mattered not to us if we burned our fingers and tongues, and got eyes full of smoke; we were in the humor to be satisfied with most anything, and were at peace with all mankind.

We ate every morsel of those delicacies, restored the utensils to the basket, loaded our boat, and again dropping down stream, returned the basket, with many thanks, to its rightful owners, who then took occasion to mention that they had fished years enough to learn one thing: "Always take a lunch along, even if you only go for minnows." In the light of our experience of that day, I believe their idea is correct, and I shall always follow it hereafter. We deemed it wise not to offer those gentlemen any pay for our lunch, but in parting left with them several of our favorite flies as souvenirs of the occasion. We proceeded on down stream and continued our fishing until about 5 o'clock, when who should be seen rowing toward us but Dave, our "camp man Friday." Our friends at camp becoming uneasy at our prolonged stay, had sent him to us with wraps, lunch and a bottle of Kentucky's best.

The wraps were at once donned, the lunch we did not need, but the bourbon was indeed appreciated. Dave stated that in coming from camp he had made wonderful time, both wind and wave being in his favor. He thought, however, that by hugging the shore and with the assistance of his brawny arms we could make camp all right. We decided to make the attempt at any rate, so we loaded all the plunder into our boat and took Dave on board, he having first beached the other boat. John took a seat in the stern by my wife, while Dave and I manned the oars. We were soon in the lake, and then came the tug. We rounded that raft in safety, however, and after a hard pull we at last reached camp, where we were given a royal welcome by the whole party, who we found assembled on the dock. Their welcome was changed to enthusiastic admiration when they beheld the string of trout which we exhibited.

Yes, we were a little tired, but we are not prepared to exchange that day's experience for a good, round sum. One more thought presents itself; we had not been in camp twenty minutes when the wind died down and the lake became as smooth as glass. Strange, is it not, how the wind and waves most always are against us?

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 8.

EDWIN C. GIBBS.

GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO.

THE office of the Board of Management and Control of U. S. Government exhibits at the World's Fair, was moved from Washington to Chicago on Saturday, although Chairman Willits and most of the other members of the Board are still in Washington.

U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald, accompanied car No. 1 on Saturday night on its way to Chicago, with a large consignment of tench, golden ide, carp, gold fish and aquatic plants raised in the fish ponds for the World's Fair Aquarium. The Commissioner will personally superintend the installation of fresh-water and marine animals and plants in the great tanks.

The supply of salt water mentioned in our issue of March 9 has arrived in Chicago, and will soon be enlivened by the presence of schools of marine fish and colonies of invertebrates and algae.

The collection of subtropical plants obtained by Theodor Holm in Lake county, Florida, has been completed and Mr. Holm is back in Washington. The county is extremely rich in water-plants and has furnished ample quantities and many showy forms.

The Government Building is a busy hive at present. In several of the Departments the work of installation of exhibits is well advanced. The Interior, Smithsonian, Agriculture and Fish Commission are pushing ahead with great vigor and there is great activity all along the line. The Fish Commission sent out eighteen car-loads of materials, and its cases are ready to receive their contents. Chief Special Agent Ravenel is at work with a force of skilled assistants, and the Commission's representative, Dr. Bean, will go to Chicago and take personal charge of the exhibit as soon as the preparation of labels and catalogues in Washington can be finished.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, March 18.—Lovers of the angle and lovers of old literature will be pleased to see, when they come to the World's Fair, a quaint building, square like a tower, whose like and whose origin they may recognize if they look in the early pages of some of the editions of the "Compleat Angler"—the angler's lodge of imperishable fame. The reproduction of this, as an angler's rendezvous at the Fair, was the original idea of Dr. Henshall, Chief of the Angling Exhibit. It will be given form by the generous and active spirit of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who took further action in the matter at the meeting of last Friday evening. Various figures have been submitted by firms on the specifications prepared by Dr. Henshall all the way from \$500 to \$2,000. The structure will not be expensive if made of the imitation stone which is the material of all the beautiful buildings of the Fair, and an order rightly placed would soon result in a building which for visiting anglers would be surpassed in interest by but few. Both Capt. Collins and Dr. Henshall are in thorough accord with the plans of the club.

The "Forest and Stream" Exhibit.

FOREST AND STREAM will have an exhibit at the Fair. It will be as good as the paper, and that is mighty good. Just what it is going to be it is not wise to say as yet, though all the arrangements are now made, the FOREST AND STREAM space all partitioned off; in fact, all the preliminaries concluded for something a trifle unique in the journalism of sport. The FOREST AND STREAM space is in the best place in the Anglers' Pavilion, just to the right of the main entrance. It will be one of the brightest, cosiest and most interesting corners of the Fair, and many and many a hundred sportsmen from all over the world will visit it with pleasure. The success of this exhibit was assured when FOREST AND STREAM determined on it, but much of the smoothness and rapidity of the intervening work is the result of the personal supervision of Mr. C. B. Reynolds, the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, to whom so much of the general smoothness and rapidity of FOREST AND STREAM as a paper is directly attributable. Mr. Reynolds has but just returned to New York after a busy visit of a week in what he was once pleased to call the Windy City. He is now another one of the array of New York men who have come and been convinced that the World's Fair is to be an event of surpassing greatness and surpassing interest to all classes of men. To none will it be this more so than to those who read FOREST AND STREAM. These journalistic exigencies FOREST AND STREAM will meet with journalistic forethought and do it thoroughly and well.

A New Thing in Angling.

I suppose all bass fishermen have learned that bass love weeds, reeds and rushes, and that bait-casting for them in that sort of water means frequent entanglements and untold profanity. To get over this trouble numerous "weedless" spoons and hooks have been invented. To the man who wishes to troll or cast with minnow or frog, and to do so right where the bass live, and to do so with ease and success and without profanity, I know of no invention which will appeal more irresistibly than the device this spring put on the market by the Payson Manufacturing Co. of Chicago. This hook guard is in the shape of an elongated spoon, and its brightness makes it serve as a lure, though it does not revolve, but only wobbles. It is heavier than a spoon, but smaller, and is an aid to casting, and not a detriment. The guard does not cover up, but protects, the point of the hook, so that you cannot engage the hook with a thread drawn over the guard. It can be trolled over the heaviest bed of weeds, so I was told by the inventor, Mr. J. R. Payson, without the lead fouling, and yet a fish striking at the bait is hooked at once. Mr. Payson told me that he cast in the weediest parts of Twin Lakes, Wis., and hooked and landed 12 bass out of 13 strikes. That is far above the average of the frog-caster who uses the naked hook. The fact that Mr. Payson is an old and practical bass fisherman, and thoroughly familiar with all the weedy lakes of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, where most of our bass fishing is, inclines me to believe that he has struck something here which will be of extreme usefulness to our friends, the bait-casters, whether for application to frog or minnow bait.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

Before the Buds Break.

JUNIATA COUNTY, Pa., March 13.—By the calling of the robins, by the whistling of the blackbirds, by our own instinct, we believe this to be our first day of spring; the treble note-call of the sweet robin is music to our ears, while we can not appreciate the one and two-note ditty of the saucy blackbird that comes to us from the treetop of the old apple tree, still it serves to awake pleasant old memories of early springtimes gone before. These are the days that most vividly of all things bring back the hours of our boyhood, when with our chum we sneaked off from the rest of the boys to get the auger from the old blacksmith shop, and from there to betake ourselves to that "sweetest" tree of the sugar maple colony or, like "the barefoot boy" with our favorite "butty," eager with anticipations, we went off to the pools of the rushing creek or to the banks of the muddy river, there to angle for suckers in their icy waters. While our mountain is still covered with a sheet of white the valley is but slightly flecked with snow. The frost is fast disappearing and vegetation will soon be ready for the awakening. In passing around the ice pond to-day, in the open water near the inlet, and standing motionless, I was surprised to see an 18-inch carp, evidently not long on the scene of action.

ONYJUTTA.

Black Bass in Lake Champlain.

MR. H. L. SAMSON is wrong in his letter which appears in your last issue, wherein he states that black bass may legally be caught with hook and line in the waters of Lake Champlain at any season of the year. The law plainly reads, "A person who between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of June in any year, takes or catches a black bass in any of the waters of this State, or has in his possession any black bass taken in this State, etc., shall pay a fine of \$5 for each fish so taken, caught or possessed." This is as plain as A B C; you may take with hook and line, wall-eyed pike, white perch and maskinonge, at any season of the year in the lake, but not black bass.

STANSTEAD.

WALTON AND COTTON'S FISHING HOUSE.

AS WAS briefly noted last week, acting on the suggestion of Dr. J. A. Henshall, the members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club propose to build on some suitable site near the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair grounds, a reproduction of the famous fishing house of Walton and Cotton. Of all the objects to be seen in the Exposition, it is quite safe to assume the fishing house will be second to no other in interest for the fisherman who is familiar with the "Compleat Angler," but the full significance of the little house built by Cotton on the Dove should render it an object of veneration by all men, whether anglers or not, who value friendship. For the house was, in its building and use and preservation for two centuries, not a simple fishing lodge, but a testimony and memorial of the enduring friendship of two "brothers of the angle."

He has not read his "Compleat Angler" aright, nor caught its true and finer spirit, who finds it only a manual of fishing lore. Izaak Walton is remembered to-day, and will be remembered in the years to come, not only as the "Father of Angling," but as a man singularly blessed with friendships; the "Angler" is not a simple book of fishing, it is pervaded with those qualities of the man which won him friends; and these are the qualities that have contributed more than any other to give the book its abiding place in literature.

Among all Walton's friends none are better known to us to-day than Charles Cotton, who, so intimate was the friendship and so strong the affection between the two, used fondly to speak of Walton as his father, and of himself as Walton's adopted son.

Cotton—we are writing now for those who do not know their "Walton"—had a country place not far from London, Beresford Hall, on the river Dove, and as all good anglers living in the country did in those days and do in ours, he used to invite his city friend to come down and go fishing with him. For their convenience on the stream, and as Cotton tells us, for a testimony and perpetuation of the memory of their friendship, he built of stone here on the Dove a little fishing house. Above its entrance was the inscription *Piscatoribus Sacrum* (Sacred to Anglers), and the date of building 1674; while the initials of the two friends were interwoven in a cipher. Surely Charles Cotton built better than he knew, for through the vicissitudes of two centuries, sometimes falling into decay but again restored by loving hands, this little fishing house, testimonial of friendship and brotherhood, has endured. And when its walls shall be built up on the bank of one of the lakes of the World's Fair, it will there, too, stand not alone as a monument of the antiquity and high place of angling, but as a token of the blessed quality of friendship, and a reminder of the manly affection which two hundred years ago bound together two angling friends as father and son.

In the Second Part (Cotton's) of the "Angler," Cotton as *Piscator*, having fallen in with a traveler, *Viator*, and having found him both an angler and an admirer of his friend Walton, straightway invites him to go home with him and test the trout and grayling fishing of the Dove; and when *Viator* modestly hesitates to accept the hospitality so generously offered, Cotton seeks to allure him by describing the fishing house: "I will tell you," he says, "that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trout and grayling in England—that I have lately built a little fishing house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine, twisted in cipher—that you shall lie in the same bed he has sometimes been contented with, and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept, and be as welcome, too, as the best friend of them all." The invitation having been accepted, they go the next day to the stream, Cotton sending the tackle on ahead: "Boy take the key of my fishing house and carry down those two angle-rods in the hall window thither, with my fish panner, pouch and landing-net, and stay you there till we come."

Come to the sight of the house, *Piscator* (Cotton) points it out to his guest: "But look you, sir, now you are at

the brink of the hill, how do you like my river, the vale it winds through, like a snake, and the situation of my little fishing house?"

Viator—Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems, at this distance, a neat building.

Piscator—Good enough for that purpose. And here is

raised so high as the arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it yet, for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer, which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

Viator—Men must sometimes mind their affairs, to make more room for their pleasures. And 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house of anything I ever saw; it stands in a kind of peninsula, too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in lest I should not like it so well within as without; but, by your leave, I'll try.—Why, this is better and better! Fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle!

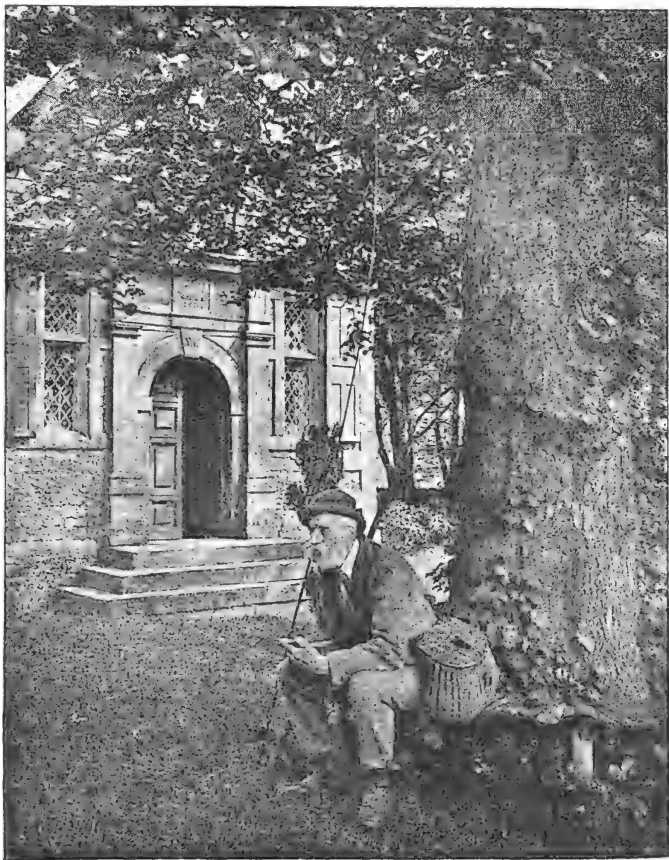
Many pilgrimages must have been made by British anglers to the fishing house on the Dove; and from time to time descriptions of it have been given. In the Hawkins edition of 1784 we find these details: "I have been favored with an accurate description of this fishing house, by a person who, being in that country, with a view to oblige me, went to see it. The account he gave of it is, that it is of stone, and the room inside a cube of fifteen feet; that it is paved with black and white marble, and that in the middle is a square black marble table, supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscoted with curious mouldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling. In the larger panels are represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, is a fire-place, with a chimney, on the right, a large beaufet, with folding doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton, with a boy servant, and Walton, in the dress of the time. Underneath is a cupboard, on the door whereof the figures of a trout and of a grayling are well portrayed. The edifice is at this time in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed."

In his edition of 1833 Rennie records: "Mr. Bagster, who visited it in 1814, found it much dilapidated, the windows unglazed, and the wainscot and pavement gone, but the cipher still legible."

Major's edition of 1844 quotes the account of a visit made by W. H. Pepsys, in April, 1811: "The fishing house is situated on a small peninsula, round which the river flows, and was then nearly enveloped with trees. It has been a small, neat stone building, covered with stone slates, or tiles, but is now going

fast to decay; the stone steps by which you entered the door are nearly destroyed. It is of a quadrangular form, having a door and two windows in front, and one large window on each of the other three sides. The door was secured on the outside by a strong staple; but the bars and casements of the windows being gone, an easy entrance was obtained. The marble floor, as described by White in 1784, had been removed; only one of the pedestals upon which the table was formerly placed was standing, and that much deteriorated. On the left side was the fireplace, the mantelpiece and sides of which were in a good state. The chimney and recess for the stove were so exactly on the Rumford plan, that one might have supposed he had lived at the time when it was erected. On the right-hand side of the room is an angular excavation or small cellar, over which the cupboard or beaufet formerly stood. The wainscot of the room is wanting, the ceiling is broken, and part of the stone tiling admits both light and water. Upon examining the small cellar, we found the other pedestal which supported the marble table; and against the door on the inside three large fragments of the table itself, which were of the black Dove-Dale marble, bevelled on the edges, and had been well polished. The inscription over the door, and the cipher of Walton and Cotton in the keystone, were very legible."

Our illustrations are copied from the beautiful engravings in Mr. R. B. Marston's *Lea and Dove edition* (being the one hundredth) of the "Angler" published in 1888. The views are from photographs showing the present condition of the fishing house, after its restoration by the Beresford Hope family.

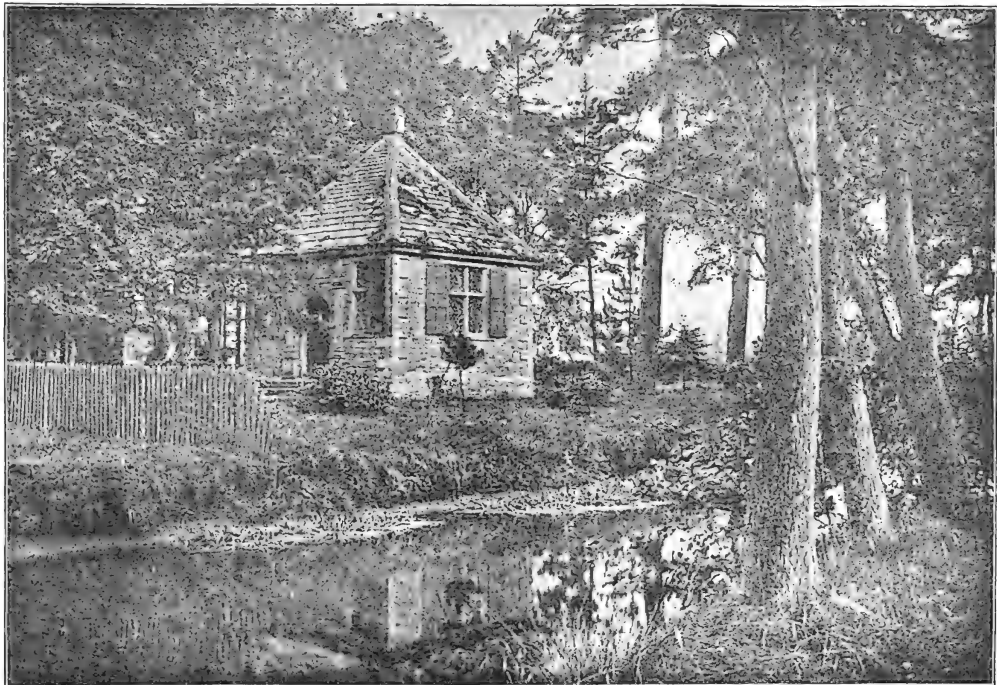


WALTON AND COTTON'S FISHING HOUSE.

From Marston's Edition of the "Compleat Angler."

a bowling green, too, close by it; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, we'll sit, and talk as long as you please.

Viator—Stay, what's here over the door? "*Piscatoribus*



WALTON AND COTTON'S FISHING HOUSE.

From Marston's Edition of the "Compleat Angler."

Sacrum." Why, then, I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst. And here, below it, is the cipher, too, you spoke of, and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it, for it seems new built?

Piscator—Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up, but never in the posture it now stands, for the house was but building when he was last here, and not

ANGLING NOTES.

Size of Hooks for Big Fish.

A GENTLEMAN writes to me: "Will you be kind enough to tell me the kind of bait used in catching the large small-mouthed black bass in Glen Lake, N. Y., and the size of hooks commonly used, as I understand the big fellows are taken by bait-fishing." The most of the large bass, and I mean fish over 7lbs. in weight, taken in Glen Lake, have been taken on yellow perch bait. One, of 8lbs., which I sent to Mr. Blackford, was taken on a frog. The 10lbs. bass taken by Nat. Parker was taken with an ordinary minnow—chub or dace—as was the bass caught by the late Reuben Serleye, for which he claimed a weight of 11½lbs. At one time gold shiners (bream) were considered an excellent bait for the big bass, and some fish were taken with these, but bream seem to have disappeared from the lake since the bass were introduced. All the big bass of which I have record, except one, were taken on bait of small fish of some kind. I have not known of a very large bass being taken from the lake on crawfish, dobson, cricket, grasshopper or earth worm, and I never knew of but one bass of any size being taken on a trolling spoon or artificial bait.

I cannot think of a better bait for the large bass in Glen Lake than a yellow perch from 4 to 5in. long, and one of 6in. would go. As to the size of the hooks used, I have no means of knowing, unless in a general way, except in my own case. I caught two bass in one morning, and both were caught on the same hook, a No. 3 Limerick. When the fish were first taken from the water one weighed 6½lbs. and the other 8½lbs. In each case the bait was a yellow perch. The hook is tied (I say it is, because it is before me as I write) on single gut that now measures 29½ by Stubbs's wire gauge. The gut and the hook are both too small to use if one could be sure in advance of catching such large bass. I caught the smaller bass first, and as the gut was not reinforced above the hook with an extra piece of gut, called a keeper, the fish chafed the gut for an inch of its length above the hook. I noticed this, and was aware that the gut was weakened, but concluding that lightning would not strike twice in the same place, I baited the hook again and put it out. When I saw the second fish I wished most heartily that I had put on a fresh hook, and I deserved to lose the large fish for not doing so. When the second bass was netted the gut was chafed and ragged for two inches above the hook, and about one-half the silk winding was gone; and from handling afterward the gut parted from the hook. For fish of this size at least 1-0 hooks should be used, and the gut should have a reinforcement just above the hook for an inch or inch and a half.

Big Pike and Small Hooks.

In looking for the hook I have already mentioned, I found one on which I caught a pike of 12lbs. This is a No. 3 Sproat, tied on single gut. I was fishing for yellow perch, using a minnow about 2in. long for bait. My guide was fishing from the other side of the boat for a big pike and had mounted a heavy hand-line with a 3-0 hook on gimp and baited the hook with a sucker about 8 or 9in. long. I got the pike and the guide got nothing, although he was fishing in the weeds and I was fishing as far as possible away from them. I saved the pike simply because the gut got behind the maxillary, and I kept it there so the fish could not cut it with his teeth. The capture of this pike was not so unusual, however, as the capture of a 25½lbs. pike on a trout gang by Will Taylor, a professional fisherman. The gang was of single gut and the hooks were No. 6 treble, and the fish was so hooked that he could neither cut the gut nor smash the hooks. I caught a lake trout of 11lbs. after a good fight, and when the fish was gaffed I found that it was held only by one of the hooks of the gang, No. 8 in size, which was fastened in the lip of the fish. I was so surprised that I held up the fish on the gaff for the oarsman to see where it was hooked before I killed it, and while so holding it the fish shook the hook out of its mouth and would have been free except for the gaff.

Thomson's Mills Fishway.

I met Mr. John A. Dix, of Thomson & Dix, who own the mill where the upper fishway in the Hudson River is situated, and he told me that just before the ice formed last autumn, he had the fishway cleaned out and put in order, and that hereafter he would take it upon himself to keep it open and in order, for no one representing the State or Fish Commission had given it any attention last year when it was in need of it. Mr. Dix told me further that he became interested in the fishway and realized the importance of keeping it in order from reading something I had written on the subject in *FOREST AND STREAM*, for which compliment I made him my best bow. Now, if I could awaken some other men I know on the same subject, I would be quite content to continue writing upon the matter of opening the Hudson River for the passage of salmon. I asked Mr. Dix if he had seen salmon in the fishway or above it, but he said he had not personally, although his men had seen salmon baits in the fishway and in the river above it. When it was first built—the fishway being impassable last summer—the salmon could not get above it.

Propagating Yellow Perch Artificially.

As supplemental to what I recently wrote in *FOREST AND STREAM* about yellow perch, I may add that in a circular just sent to me by Mr. J. J. Armistead, of the Salway Fishery, Dumfries, Scotland, I find that he makes quite a feature of cultivating yellow perch for stocking or restocking waters with this excellent pan fish. Mr. Armistead says: "The hatching of perch ova being more thoroughly understood, they are very easily dealt with, and as no apparatus is necessary they are within the reach of all who possess suitable water. They are sent out when just on the point of hatching, and all that is necessary is to place them in the pond or stream, where they usually hatch out without loss, and soon after laying them down the little creatures may be seen swimming in all directions." Fry of the perch, as well as the eyed ova, is also furnished, and the fry costs ten English shillings per thousand, while trout fry costs £1 10s. per thousand.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

THE monthly meeting of the Association was held Saturday evening, March 11, 1893, at 8 o'clock, at room, 1020

Arch street, Philadelphia. The subject of an extension of the present open season for taking brook trout in the State to Aug. 1 was proposed for discussion at the meeting.

ILLINOIS WARDENS WORK FOR LOVE.

DANVILLE, Ill., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 9 there appeared a communication from Henry G. Abbott, of Chicago, which criticises the Illinois State Fish Commission. Mr. Abbott is apparently sincere in his desire to see the State fish laws enforced, but it is astonishing that any intelligent man should presume to severely criticise a subject before he acquaints himself with the facts in the case.

Without even mentioning the work of the Commission, he makes the statement that the Illinois State Fish Commission is "worthless when it comes down to actual business," and in proof of this statement cites instances where fish wardens have failed to strictly enforce the law in some localities. Mr. Abbott seems to be ignorant of the fact that fish wardens are not the Fish Commissioners, and that their sins of omission should not be charged to the Commissioners. That all wardens have not succeeded in strictly enforcing the law in their territory is not the fault of the Fish Commissioners, but of the laws and law-makers of the State. Some wardens have found the duties of their office such difficult and thankless work that after a short effort they have fallen by the wayside and given it up, while others have worked with perseverance, firm determination and undaunted courage, and have enforced the fish laws in their locality without fear or favor.

The sentence: "When I hear and see such things, and know that the State pays some lusty game warden for preventing this kind of slaughter," is the unkindest cut of all. The State of Illinois does not and never has paid fish wardens a single penny, as can readily be seen from the following extract from the law:

Sec. 4. The Governor on request of the Fish Commissioners shall appoint Fish Wardens, who shall enforce all laws relating to fishes, arrest all violators thereof, prosecute all offenses against the same. They shall have power to serve processes against such offenders and shall be allowed the same fees as constables for like service, and shall have power to arrest without warrant any person found violating any of the provisions of this act, but such wardens shall receive no fees except in cases where convictions are obtained.

On May 9, 1890, Governor J. W. Fifer, on request of Fish Commissioner S. P. Bartlett, appointed me one of these lusty wardens, and since that time I have secured twenty-six convictions for violations of the fish laws. The offer and payment of rewards for information that would lead to the arrest and convictions of violators, together with other necessary expenses incidental to the hunting up of evidence and securing final conviction, have aggregated considerably more than the income from the convictions, and the deficit has been paid by the Vermilion County Fish and Game Association. As a member of this association I have paid my share of this deficit, and thus I have prosecuted and convicted my neighbors, have given much hard work and many days and nights of my time, and have actually paid out money of my own for the privilege, but I have the satisfaction of knowing the fish laws are feared and obeyed in Vermilion county, Illinois.

It is probably impossible for the Fish Commissioners to find in every locality an enthusiast who is willing to make the sacrifice and accept the office of fish warden, but the croakers should put their shoulders to the wheel and do a little work themselves instead of scoffing and sneering at those who are doing the best in their power for the good of the cause. Such men as Henry G. Abbott and his boasted "retaining influence of the true sportsmen of Chicago and the large cities" are probably not located where they might become efficient fish wardens, but they might exercise their wind in favor of better laws. All true sportsmen should try to encourage those who are bearing the brunt of the battle instead of finding fault because the millennium has not yet arrived. GEO. KAMPER.

WHEN DO THEY SPAWN?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the *FOREST AND STREAM* of last week a Michigan correspondent speaks of a good bass stream emptying near Grand Rapids, and tells us that the best time for fishing it is in July. Pray when do the Michigan bass spawn? Close to the southern Michigan boundary line we get our best spring bass fishing from the 10th to the last of May, in the waters of Lake Erie, and perhaps a week or two longer in our northern Ohio streams; while in the lakes about the northern border of the lower Michigan peninsula we find the first two weeks of June to be the very cream of the spring season. When the spring fishing ends (that is, when the spawning begins) it stops off short, and in this latitude is not considered worth bothering with till well in August. It is part of the creed of our fishermen that an all-wise Providence has made the month of July the poorest fishing month of the entire season, for the especial benefit of the great army of summer tourists ("resorters") they are called up in Michigan) who frequent the lakes and streams at this time of the year.

And yet, and yet. I know a rapid, spring-fed stream in southwestern Michigan, which has fine bass fishing at other seasons and which ought to have good July fishing if any waters in this latitude have in that month. Whether there is or not I cannot tell, never having fished it in July. Perhaps our friend is right; but we would really like to know when the bass spawn in just such streams as he describes. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., March 18.

The Faded Charms of Lycoming Waters.

MANY years ago, while living in Elmira, N. Y., I used to make frequent trips to Ralston, Pa., to fish in the beautiful Lycoming and its tributaries. Many a delightful day have I spent on those streams with Dr. Up De Graff, Sam Hamlin, W. M. Sanders and Wakeman Holberton. There I first met Seth Green and McBride, the fly maker. Then the streams were clear and trout were plentiful. Three years ago I visited the old, much-loved places to sketch and paint, as I am an artist. But what changes I saw! On the Lycoming, at Roaring Branch, was an immense tannery belching out its poison in the once crystal stream. Four miles below, at Ralston, was another and the water for miles below was the color of chocolate. Of course the trout were all gone. The tributaries, Roaring Branch, Rock Run and Pleasant

Stream, were nearly all destitute of trout as the gutters of Broadway on a rainy day.

What a shame that such noble streams should be ruined to gratify the selfish greed of a few men. Why does a great State like Pennsylvania allow it?

Other changes I saw that were nearly as painful to contemplate. The fine forests that once clothed the mountains were in many places destroyed. The "march of improvement" had built up an ugly little village at Ralston. In fact, the whole region around which clung so many pleasant memories was changed and its charm lost forever. SAMUEL CONKEY.

Mussels Caught on a Hook.

GREAT FALLS, Montreal.—In England I used to do considerable fishing in the rivers Thames and Mole. I remember once going for a day's fishing in company with my father. We started early in the morning, taking with us among other things, a huge receptacle in which to place our "spoils." The fish had evidently had a late supper the night previous, for they were by no means hungry on the day in question. We first trolled, then floated, and finally whipped the stream, but not a bite did we get. The sun blazed down upon us in all its fury, and to say that we were hot is drawing it mildly. Late in the afternoon, my father had a bite; "Ah," said he, "I told you so, it's worms they want on a day like this," and immediately afterward he hauled up a small mussel, the hook completely inclosed between the shells. Those shells, I have no doubt, my father still keeps as a memento of a most uneventful day. The mussel was duly placed in the receptacle as the sole trophy of our day's sport. D. C.

Florida Tarpon.

PUNTA GORDA, Fla., March 15.—A large number of tarpon have been caught at Punta Gorda, Charlotte Harbor, Fla., the past week, six being landed in one day. This is rare sport, and the guests of the Hotel Punta Gorda are enjoying the sport as much as the fishermen.

Massachusetts Black Bass Season.

By an act approved March 10 the Massachusetts black bass close season is between Dec. 1 and June 1, instead of Dec. 1 and July 1 as formerly.

Canadensis Trout.

A CORRESPONDENT advises us that Mr. Crane, of Canadensis, Pa., to whom we referred an inquirer last week, has sold out and moved away.

WITH ROD AND CREEL.—The days approach when the sportsman will go forth with rod and reel. Where will he go? If wise, to the great trout and bass country along or tributary to the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Write for particulars to N. J. Power, General Passenger Agent, Montreal, Canada.—*Adv.*

New Publications.

"BLACKFOOT LODGE TALES."

MR. GRINNELL'S new book about Indians ("Blackfoot Lodge Tales," by George Bird Grinnell, Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York) leaves out the old saying that it is the second book which tests the author. In this case the author is both tested and proved, and his claim to a high position in American literature is assured, if there were any who could doubt that after reading the earlier book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales." Not that the question of position has troubled the author, whose personality is, if anything, too retiring. Indeed, he has said to the writer, "You know I did not write these books for myself, but for the Indians. They have no one to speak for them." The singular charm of both these books, and one very difficult to gauge, so unusual is it, is the fact that the author does not even speak for these men whom he has known so long and thoroughly. He does more. He gives us the Indians speaking for themselves. Author and even interpreter are effaced. It is the high accomplishment of these books to bring us face to face with the savage tellers of these tales, to make us understand their tongue direct, to be in touch with their methods of reasoning and to know their ways of life. It is probably not too much to say that there is not a book other than these two in the English language which possess this unique quality. It is something new in literature. This book is a literary phonograph. You can hear the Indians talking!

To be able to attain such a result required first a long residence with these Indians and a familiarity with their life which no one could gain who had not merited and won their complete confidence; and it required secondly a mastery of that high literary art which compasses the simplest forms of expression, always the most difficult. If a man can do this once he is an author of merit. If he can do it twice he is an author of note.

Some time ago Mr. J. V. Schultz, of Piegan, Mont., who from his associations with Mr. Grinnell in the Blackfoot country knew much of the preliminary work on the book, wrote me, before a line of it was in type, "The Blackfoot book is going to be a better book than the Pawnee book." This may in the main be true. It is a fuller book, more complete, better rounded out—in short, it is a bigger book, though much the same in treatment, and much the same in the patient fidelity to detail.

As one reads these books, this book, which is new from the press, new in the field it takes up, and new in the method of the writing, he begins to have some new ideas. The first of these comes with an increased knowledge of the great American native peoples now so deplorably decreased, so unspeakably ill-treated, so rapidly passing away. He finds that not all now has he had any conception of the true importance of the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, that he has not known how great a territory they covered, how strong they were in numbers. After that come new ideas as to the way these people lived, and after that again more ideas as to the actual individual character. Following this new knowledge there are bound to come some surprising reflections. One wonders that he has not known before that the great American native peoples, even a literature and poetry found their home under the smoke-blackened roof of the Blackfoot lodge. These Blackfoot Lodge Tales are novelettes, many of them, short stories whose leaves we find ourselves turning faster and faster as the story moves. They comply with the canons of the short story. They are literature, though never before have they had any medium of letters.

As for the poetic expression, let us take one story, that one called "Scarface," which begins that division of the work marked "Stories of Ancient Times." Many stories are published as good ones which do not have in them either the human nature or the human interest, the poetic conception or the poetic expression that this one does.

Scarface is a poor young man and he loves a beautiful girl, the daughter of rich parents. Note the social exigency, not unknown to us.

Note also the right sort of man, the right sort of girl, openly and with frank speech. As she passed by to the river after water he said: "Girl, wait! I want to speak with you. Not as a designing person do I ask you, but openly, where the Sun looks down and all may see." "Speak then," said the girl.

"I have seen the days," said the young man. "I am poor, very poor."

"* * * I have no relations; all have gone to the Sand Hills."

"Then 'the girl hid her face in her robe and brushed the ground with the point of her moccasins, back and forth, back and forth, for she was thinking.' It seems that all women have always been alike."

Scarface must go on his quest. He must seek his fortune, as men have done since then. He must go to the Sun's home and ask consent. "Oh," says he, "I was glad, but now it was dark. My heart is dead. Where is that far-off lodge? Where the trail which no one yet has traveled?" He is "very sad." He sits down and covers his head with his robe; but at length he sets forth. He does not know the trail, and he asks of the wolf which is the way to the Lodge of the Sun. The wolf does not know; neither does the bear, nor the badger. The wolverine knows the trail. He takes Scarface to the edge of the big water. Scarface sits down on the shore. His heart is sick. "Here by this water I shall die," he says.

But he is not to die. His Helpers come to him, two swans. They bear him over the sea, to the Lodge of the Sun. He meets Morning Star, the son of the great ruler, and Moon, the Sun's wife. He saves the life of Morning Star from some monsters of birds. The Sun is glad, and asks what reward he will have. Scarface asks for the hand of the girl and his request is granted. The Sun cures Scarface of his disfigurement. He then takes him to "the edge of the sky" and shows him the world, meantime giving him words of wisdom. Then the Sun shows him the short trail to the earth (the Milky Way). He follows it, and duly reaches the earth and finds the lodges of his people. The maiden was faithful, and when she knew that all was well, "great was her gladness then." So they were married. The story ends with these simple and beautiful words:

The Sun was glad. He gave them great age. They were never sick. When they were very old, one morning, their children said, "Awake! Rise and eat." They did not move. In the night, in sleep, without pain, their shadows had departed."

If that is not a story, and a beautiful one, and if it does not show imagination worthy to be called poetic, then I am ignorant of these things. We have a poet in this language who has sung gloriously of a lover in another desert land, of a love which should endure

"Till the stars are old,
And the sun grows cold
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Yet far away, across the big waters, in a desert land, under these Blackfoot lodges, burned the same unquenchable fire, beat the same pulse which not all the ages can still, which in every civilized time, in every civilized people, has called forth the purest form of human thought, and the highest form of human expression. Could this thought be so pure, the expression so high, in a people worthy of nothing but contempt and scorn?

But these condensed epics have among them other stories; stories of war, of adventure, of craft, of statesmanship, of heroism and of heroes, interwoven all the while with myths as wild and graceful and beautiful as any of ancient Greece. Of an actual deity we have no hint, except of one so crude as could be only the God of children. The matter we have the key to the whole problem. These people are only children in their ways of thought, though along these ways they have thought further than children do. We read of a great peace brought about with another warlike nation by the exercise of real statesmanship, but lo! at the moment of the ratification of this peace the childlike spirit crops out, so that the peace is broken, and that thereafter there is never anything but war between them. We read of individual valor, of midnight journeys of solitary warriors, of battles of Ekus-kia—so brave a warrior that he never thought of himself fighting until he began to feel the knives sticking into him; but mixed with all this is a belief in ghosts, in magic, in foolish things, which first excites our disrespect, then our curiosity, and finally our thought. And so we think that we have not understood these people of the mountains, these stalwart children who tell the most pleasing nursery tales the earth ever knew, and yet who in staccato were men, in war were giants. We read as nowhere else in any book we may read, and as we read we can see the long line of the war party, the shuffling feet tireless in their travel-blackened moccasins; we can see and understand the glance of each keen, restless eye; we can see beyond the eye, and catch the true image of the brave, primitive, unformed, unlifted soul. When we have understood, we can pity. Though this singular book offers no remedy which will prevail against relentless fate, and though it cannot save the Indian from the blue-eyed men, it can teach us to pity and to hope that when these Indians have seen the last of the land which once was all their own, then, "in the night, in sleep, without pain, their shadows may depart." In parting each such shadow might well point in solemn scorn at the nation which robbed them of their homes, their faith in truth, and finally of their lives.

This book was written "for the Indians," and it fills its mission nobly in teaching us of them, but quite aside from all that, the book is interesting reading of itself indeed, one would hardly know where to look for one more fascinating in these days where novelty of theme is as scarce as originality in treatment. Some readers may fancy most the stories of war and adventure, such as that of "The Lost Woman," and some may prefer the stories of the ancient history or the daily lives and customs of the people, or perhaps those relating to the antics of the Blackfoot deity, Old Man, the quaintest and most grotesque joss of all the josses of the world. The hunter and the outdoor man will be very likely to find his keenest pleasure in reading of the habits of wild animals as noted by these people, who studied nothing else, or in the grotesque explanations of natural phenomena as figured forth by observers who are apparently ignorant of the true relations of cause and effect. How the rabbit got the brown patch on his back is explained in two separate stories. How the lynx lost his tail and got his flat face is another one, and how the birch tree happened to be marked with its white scars. Here one can learn also how the bear came to be so fat, and can find out many things he never knew before. Fairy tales, ghost stories—and very good ghost stories, too—stories of the peculiarities of animals and things, stories of the chase, of the "calling of the buffalo," indeed, all sorts of stories may be found herein, and when one has gone into them he has had the best possible substitute for an actual residence with these wild, free people of the untroubled lands. Crude enough the stories are, and they often repeat themselves, but they do this incidentally, like the rough but precious designs of an Oriental fabric, careless of petty rules, and only bent on the result. In total they make what seems to me a very rare and valuable fabric indeed, one worthy of possession and of study, and one such as we shall not soon see duplicated.

E. HOGG.
175 MOSKOW STREET, Chicago.

The Triton Fish and Game Club.

THE shares of this club, elsewhere offered for sale, are deserving the attention of persons desiring to invest in such property. We know several gentlemen who have inspected the tract in question and all of them unite in speaking of it in terms of the highest praise. Mr. Light has received the following letter:

SEPT. 8, 1892.

Mr. A. L. Light:
MY DEAR SIR—I have carefully examined as much of your territory as I could, and have come to a very clear and decided conclusion from the knowledge I have gained. It comprises as fine sporting preserve as there is on this continent, and it is so close to the water as to have the same advantages as if it were a thousand miles from any settlement. It is but using reasonable language to say that the "Light Tract" is a fisherman's paradise, and the most exacting angler would find in these waters his hopes and anticipations fully realized. The mountain streams swarm with brook trout and the lakes with the large fish of the Pacific, *Salmo gairdneri*, as indeed it is but natural seeing that except that for an occasional cast of a fly, the waters are untroubled and undisturbed as they were in the days when the aboriginal Indian propelled his canoe through the waters, or floated with the current. Your preserve is so vast * * * A club of one hundred members could get all the fishing they wanted in the different lakes, with plenty to spare. My experience in clubs shows that a rare and valuable territory, such as this, is at the club house at any one time; from natural causes men crowd into the water and take their outing, and hence there would never be a crowd. Another thing, a fishing club increases, instead of diminishing, the number of game fish, for the reason that it is always the rule of a fishing club to restore to the waters all game fish under a certain size, and destroy all fish of a coarser species; this gives more room to the trout, and they multiply accordingly. Nor is the splendid fishing the great attraction of this wonderful preserve. In my trip down the water as far as Lake Batiscan, I found the country alive with game. I shot two ruffed grouse with my rifle. The stream was alive with black duck. I ran into a herd of caribou feeding on the lily pads, badly wounded one, and could have killed him a dozen times over, as he swam down the river, but for my culpable negligence in forgetting my cartridge and not having a spare. Half a mile further down a splendid bull moose walked deliberately from the woods into the water and looked at the passing canoe. He was not 50 yds. away. I could only gaze in despair at the noble animal. Being on an inspection tour and not expecting game, I left my double Greener with Mr. Townsend, and but for that could have had glorious sport with the snipe and plover that fed on the marshes and shoals. I mention these facts to show that an incomparable territory your tract is, as well for the gun as for the rod, and I feel sure that if the lovers of sport in trout and game the country could only be made aware of its unexceptionable advantages, there would be no lack of eager and enthusiastic applicants to join the club. I saw three more caribou on my return trip in the evening. As for Lake Batiscan, it surpassed in beauty and grand and majestic surroundings anything I ever saw. It would become world renowned if people could only see it. Every word I have written is the result of thought and observation. I may be wrong in some of my deductions, but I do not think so. Trusting my observations may prove of value to you, I am, very truly yours, ALEX. HUNTER.—Advs.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 22 to 25.—Elmhurst, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
March 28 to 31.—Illinois Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Oren, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

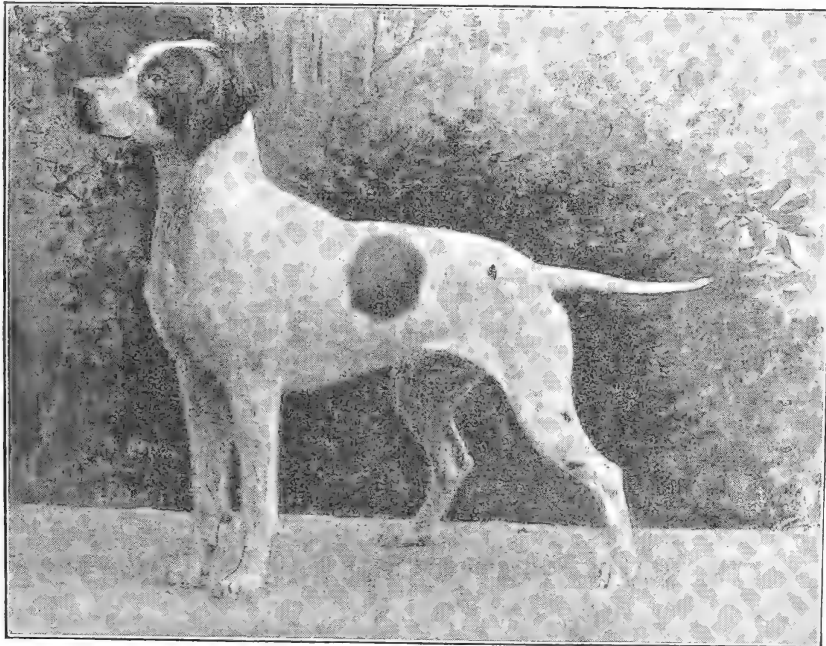
FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.



THE third annual show of the Washington City Kennel Club was brought to a close on Friday night last. With a new and excellent building and a first-class lot of dogs, it would be only a fitting climax to chronicle a success similar to their first venture. This, however, we are unable to do and again must a deserving club go down with the reserve and make good a loss. We do not think that this is because of any waning interest in dogs in the national capital, but several circumstances tended to bring about a result as entirely unlooked for as it was undesired. Several reasons may be advanced for the failure. In the first place, when the hall was engaged it was expected that it would be entirely completed, and have been open for several weeks previously and several public entertainment have taken place therein, so that the public would have become acquainted with its location; etc. As it was, the average Washingtonian pleaded



POINTER RIDGEVIEW PANIC.

Winner First, New York, etc., 1893. Owned by Rinada Kennels at the time. Now owned by Mr. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

complete ignorance of its whereabouts; one cabman even taking a party to the old riding school where the show was held last year. Then the neighborhood in which the hall is situated is not very desirable, and is not nearly so well placed as the riding school, which is in the heart of the "swell" neighborhood.

The show was not boomed sufficiently in the daily press, the Post alone giving space to an extended notice, and this was supplied by an exhibitor. The weather again was against a large attendance, being very changeable, and on the last afternoon, to cap the climax, a heavy snowstorm fell. This was disheartening, and though the committee put a cheerful face on affairs, they felt that to look a loss of \$1,000 squarely in the face needed some courage and "sand." Their first show was so successful that even with the loss of last year and this, most of the members who guaranteed are from \$50 to \$200 ahead, profits having been divided pro rata. The hall is built over the market, and is very light and airy, and in fact in all our experience we never attended a show where the atmosphere seemed purer, not the slightest smell throughout the week. The building could hold a thousand dogs instead of the 485 that were present, still if cleanliness is not attended to the largest building soon becomes offensive. John Read, the superintendent, looks after this, however, and he did his duty well.

The committee, Messrs. A. W. Mattingly, Wm. Travers, Sam. W. Steinmetz, president, J. Henry Gulick, Joe Hunter and Mrs. E. W. Barrett and E. K. Goldsborough, were continually on hand and worked hard on the details of the show.

The secretary, Mr. Webster, owing to his business in New York, could not devote the time that his duties as secretary demanded, and only spent a couple of days at the show. There was delay in the arrival of catalogues, but we fail to see, when entries close so long before the show, why this clerical work can not be attended to in time and the printer put under contract to have his work out in time. Nothing blurs, if we may use the expression, a show so much as the tardy arrival of catalogues. The attendance was best at night, but at no time was there any crowd like the first two shows.

Judging progressed fairly well, Messrs. Taylor, Mortimer and Jarrett donning the ermine. The latter had only collies and his work was soon over, but the two former worked con-

tinuously until noon Wednesday. There was some dissatisfaction in pointer and fox-terrier specials, but on the whole the judging was indorsed. Among those present we noticed Dr. L. C. Sauvaur, Hon. John S. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Malcolm, F. R. Hitchcock, C. A. Beazell, Maj. Purcell, Mrs. Smyth, Fred Lewis and those mentioned last week.

Several of the awards in specials created great interest, especially that between the Irish setter kennels, King Lud and Leonidas and the fox-terrier kennels, and again did Princess Florence take the palm from Sir Bedivere. This decision all depends on whether one goes for a complete, unapproachable *tout ensemble* that in parts may not be so good as the other or give undue prominence to certain points such as body, bone and substance at the expense of type and quality. Sir Bedivere shown in England is not the Sir Bedivere here, is lacking coat, one of his chief charms is wanting, and one which served to impress him as such a beautiful animal upon the minds of those who saw him in England. It is folly for men to criticize between two dogs so nearly equal when one of the principals has not been seen by them for two years, and in the mean time had for months been a wreck of his former self. We allude to Sir Bedivere. Change of ownership has brought a change of health, and the dog is himself again, barring coat.

MASTIFFS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—In spite of the efforts of the Mastiff Club in putting up valuable trophies the entry of good dogs in this breed is confined to a few moderately good ones. At this show the winners were as at Baltimore. Miss Caution again the only challenge aspirant, and Merlin and The Moor winners in the open dogs (8), followed by Nero, who loses to the latter in head, front and depth of body. One cannot speak very highly of Queen, second to Ethel in bitches (3), when the latter beats her well, as Ethel herself is but a moderate one at best. Queen is only a puppy. Gladstone, the dog puppy, was given second only, he is too straight-faced, bad on his feet and entirely not much good. And the same may be said of Leo, in novices, a weedy animal, from whom first was withheld.

ST. BERNARDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—It was a relief to see these mediocre mastiffs file out of the ring and give place to the St. Bernards, the entry of which was in great part a repetition of Baltimore. We cannot see how mastiff men can hope to compete in popular favor with the St. Bernard if they do not take steps to bring their best more frequently and conspicuously before the public. Sir Bedivere and Kingston Regent again came forward in challenge dogs. The latter is losing flesh, but Sir Bedivere keeps up well and was as playful as a kitten during the show. He was benched next to Princess Florence, and to see these two leviathans tumble each over in play was a treat. Lady Livingstone had another

walk over, but looks fit for any competition. In open dogs, Refuge II. was the only fresh face, and Mr. Mortimer placed Marvel at the head of affairs, with Altomeer second; but changed the Baltimore order by putting Comte over Grand Master. The latter had fallen off a good deal in flesh and looked tucked up, but he is an all-round better dog than Comte. Refuge II., vlc., looked well, and had his legs better would be higher up considerably. This time Princess Florence thought she might indulge herself with a blue ribbon; as she feels she can do this any time she likes, it must be taken as a condescension on her part. Her highness will now make things a little livelier in the challenge class. Hepsey came next, again beating Miss Anna. Another old friend that appeared here was Zenith in her new owner's name; she is a well-formed bitch, though I don't care for her front much. The puppies were poor. First was withheld and second given to Ingomar, poor in head. In the novice class quite a good bitch, Countess Madge, celebrated her first appearance with a victory; she has a well-formed head of good breadth and depth, but marred by a very wide blaze, allowing only a little marking each side of the head; in legs and body she needs little improvement, and should win many prizes for the Dutchess Kennels. Fritz Emmet, second, is a big dog with a wealth of coat, that is about all.

In smooth challenge dogs Melrose was alone and looking fleshier, I thought, while in bitches Empress of Contoocock again defeated Miss Alton for the reasons stated last week. In open dogs Melrose King scored again, having no trouble in beating Trojan Hector in head, which is plain, good forelegs and better coat than the winner, but inclined to be too straight behind. In bitches the order was again Melrose Belle and Bellegarde, followed by Psyche, whose plain, snipy coat and profuse coat for a smooth, besides her lack of size, put her well back of the others; she is by August Belmont out of Dology. Melrose Belle showed better here and was alone in novice class. Mr. Reick and Mr. Moore took the kennel prizes in their respective divisions.

GREAT DANES (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Again do we find a good lot of these dogs. In challenge class Melac had again to go it alone. Why does Imperator not show up? This dog has, we understand, been boxed and taken to every dog show since New York, and, though present, is not shown. Surely his owner cannot be afraid to meet Melac. The doubt is all with Melac, as he has been beaten twice by

Imperator, still Melac is ready for more business every time. It is cruel to the dog to keep him so long boxed up. Of course it was to be expected that, all things equal, Mr. Mortimer would place the open dogs, with the same entry as at Philadelphia, in the same order. Maj. McKinly, in spite of very poor hind action, first; Heppern Hero, second, and Theseus, third, while Wenzel could do no better than vhc. We cannot justly see how Wenzel is inferior to Heppern Hero, who is wretched in front, while the other dog, barring his hocks turn in a little and a light eye, has few important faults. A good bitch in Heppern Vera won rightly over Charmion. She is a good-fronted bitch and showed up well; trifle heavy in body perhaps, but of good formation. Minerva, third, of good type, is spoiled by indifferent front and faulty action. Juno, reserve, is rather light, but of good type all round. She beats Phoebe, vhc., in head and front. In puppies Harras had an easy win, as second was withheld from a weedy specimen. In novice class Bismarck had to succumb to Victor, whose better head and stronger looking back rightly accounted for his position.

BLOODHOUNDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—As usual, Belhus, Jr., was the only entry and took the blue ribbon as a matter of course.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Only two in open dogs, and as Surpass was placed over Prince George last week and reasons given therefore which obtain this week, the decision that reversed their positions here shows that condition played no part in the ruling. New York Lass was alone in bitches.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Our best of this breed were out here and the entry was pretty much the same as at Baltimore, but here challenge and puppy classes were provided. Argoss was alone in his class but Svodka beat Princess Irma in bitches; this she can do with her superior breadth of loin and quarters and substance throughout. In open dogs Groubian again beat Osslad, the only two entered. Open bitches, however, saw the New York and Baltimore decision reversed, Vinga getting the ribbon over Zerry; two reasons for these bitches being placed the other way were given last week. Every judge is entitled to his opinion, but we still believe that Zerry's superiority in loin and quarters and hocks should give her premier honors. Modjeska, beautiful in quality and type as she is, loses in size and substance, loin and quarters, to the others, while Flodeyka's faults were given last week. In puppies Krimena beat Lobedyain loin, spread of quarters and bone, but Lobedyka has a longer and better shaped head, though perhaps not showing so much quality as the other, which, however, is overshot. According to the placing it was a foregone conclusion that Seacroft Kennels took the special for best kennel.

DEERHOUNDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Not many entries but still an improvement on past shows, as there were really two dogs present. The dog Roderick Dhu is a rather peculiar looking animal, good bone, but spring in knee, strong loin, fair coat and pretty good back strongly made. The bitch Maiden is a poor sort, weak in head and small. Roderick Dhu also took the novice prize without competition.

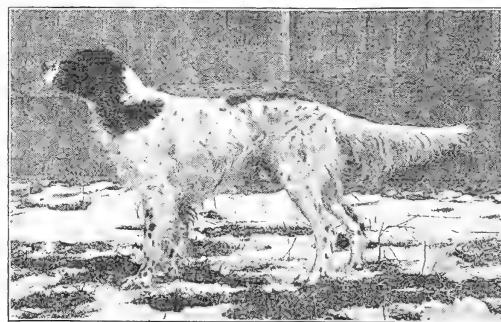
GREYHOUNDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—The same dogs with which the past few shows have made us so familiar with, showed up again. This is the worst of this circuit business, there is precious little variety among the winners. In challenge dogs, Ornatus unfortunately having gone to a happier hunting ground, left the competition between Gem of the Season and Lord Neverstill. The latter once beat Gem under the same judge, but he cannot do it now, losing in pasterns, neck, loin, quarters and second thighs and quality. Poor Lily of Gainsborough, a good greyhound had she had better pasterns and feet, will never raise the question of superiority with her prettier kennel mate Bestwood Daisy, having run the long course with Ornatus. Open dogs (2), it was Henmore King and Watcher again for reasons stated last week. In bitches (3), Wild Rose proved a winner again, but how Marguerite can beat Chips, we fail to understand. Chips beats Wild Rose in arch of loin, and had she a better front would win outright, but between the weedy Marguerite and Chips there is little comparison; Chips beating decisively in head, neck, body and quarters, and size, Marguerite being very small.

FOXHOUNDS (Major Taylor, Judge).—Two fair American hounds were shown, one in each class. Barney, the dog, was the winner here last year. Brush, the bitch, is quite a fair sort, both from the Sandy Spring Hunt Club. In English hounds there was one in each class, both from Mr. Harrison's kennel, Denmark and Rosemary, and now well-known.

POINTERS (Major Taylor, Judge).—An entry of seventy-nine pointers outside of New York is wonderful, and take the lot all through the quality was good and the field element very strong. Robert le Diable started the ball with a bloodless victory, Tempest being absent; the old dog is keeping himself well. In bitches Woolton Game beat Revelation, Revel III, being absent; she does it in depth and squareness of muzzle, rib and quarters. In open dogs the class had a round dozen, and Duke of Kent II. this time won first, followed by Sanford Druid, who is gradually moving up and is in better shape. Black Wonder, third, is all right behind the head, which is plain. Gun Gun last year was reserve; he is a "blue belton" pointer, of fairly good formation, faulty in muzzle, narrow, and falls away in quarters. Duke of Dexter, vhc., is getting heavy in front. Nicodemus of Ion has a long pointed muzzle, nice skull and ear, but is light behind; Lad of Culpepper is short in neck and body. Rod H., c., was hardly treated, though he was out of condition; he has a good frame, capital legs and feet and a good head; in shape he will prove a winner. Marshal Ney, c., is plain in head and faulty in neck and ribs. Bitches (six competitors), saw Telie Kent the winner, shown fat; she, however, beats Westminster Gladys in body, but is little superior taken all around. F. F. V., third, is a good-bodied bitch, strong quarters and loins, heavy in shoulders and plain head. Flake of Flockfinder, hc., has a short neck, heavy in shoulders and feet turn out, though a bit straight in stop and plain in muzzle; her head is a fair one.

Duke of Hessen won in challenge light-weights, while Lady Graphic did the same in the corresponding class in the absence of Rosa May, who arrived late. Lady Graphic was afterward protested by the handler of Rosa May for cezema, and disqualified; she had a little of it, but in no wise objectionably, and there were twenty dogs or more in the building that showed none of it. The disqualification led to a good deal of bad feeling, which was the most objectionable part of it. Dogs under 55lbs. had twelve entries, and was a very even class and bad to judge. The Major leaned toward his field proclivities and left head qualities out of consideration evidently. Rip Rap, who is a capitally made dog from his plain head back, was put first; his pasterns might be stronger. Arthur, the New York winner, had to play second fiddle this time; he has a much better head than the other and is fairly well formed all round for bench show type; he is the better dog. Conscript, third, has a short, plain muzzle, faulty ear carriage, stands back on pasterns, but is good in body, in hindparts and action. The well known Ridgeview Faust came reserve. Then the Major, feeling generous, just dumped a lot of commended cards among the rest; they all got something. Exile, vhc., is weak in pasterns, short in neck and muzzle, but well shaped; is inclined to be straight behind. Wild Dancer is light in eye, but has a fairly good head, is a bit straight in shoulder, but is well formed from there back and especially so in hindlegs. Glamorgan and Rock II., in the same division, are both well known and really better types of show dogs than the others of this division. Flockfinder III. and Heineken, hc., are well known in the field, the first named has a poor head, feet faulty and loin and quarters nothing to boast of, is light behind and needs

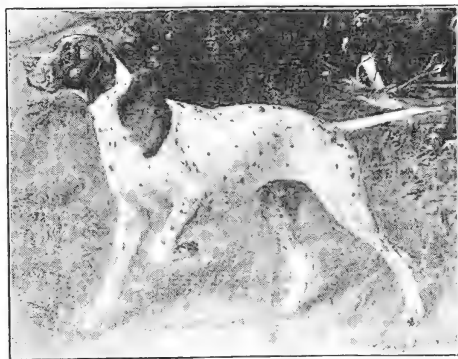
more chest. Rod H. is a dog worth a dozen of him. Heineken is heavy in shoulders, weak in back and toes turn in, but he has a fairly good head; Kenmar, hc., is thick in skull and short in muzzle. The bitch class had another warm entry of 17. The winner turned up in Maid of Kent, who has a fair head but not enough stop, back on pasterns, wide and heavy in front, very good in body and hind parts, but lacking true pointer type all round, cannot see where she beats Patti, second, as the latter is much better in front and head, and as good in other parts; Dame Bang, third, is faulty in ears and heavy front. Sweet Lavender, reserve, could be better in ear and rib. Cosset, vhc., is a bit off in muzzle, is well formed from shoulder back, is better in head than the average, and should have been higher up; like her better than Maid all round. Firenze, vhc., is faulty in feet and pasterns, plain straight back, good straight bone. Black Wonder's Sister deserves her letters; she was spoken of last week, and so were Spinaway IV., Elkwood Kate and Ellen Kent, the latter this time rightly placed with a c., according to criticism last week. Lady Margaret, hc., has a round, plain head and is



ENGLISH SETTER GLENDON.
Second, New York and Philadelphia, 1898.
Owned by the Rosecroft Kennels, New York.

straight in shoulders. Bloom, hc., well known, was hardly treated with two letters only in such company. The puppies were only fair and most of the novice dogs have been mentioned. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels with an even lot of dogs beat the Hempstead Farm Kennels by force of numbers, but taking the best four of each, there could be but one decision when true bench show pointer type and quality are taken into consideration.

ENGLISH SETTERS (Major Taylor, Judge).—Many of the winners here are now familiar names. Donna Juanita was the only challenge representative. Open dogs had twelve entries, with four absent. First went to Antonio, who was placed over Ben Hur of Riverview; the latter is a better show dog, though a bit heavy in front, he has better head, legs, body and coat than Antonio. Third went to Ezra Noble. Hoosier Boy, reserve, is a well-made youngster, good bone, body and legs, head of fair shape, but strong in skull. Gath's Mark, vhc., keeps up well; he has many better points in head and body as a show dog than his kennel mate Antonio. Carnegie, hc., is a son of Monk of Furness, faulty in head and forelegs. Glendon and Prince Ben Ali were absent. In bitches the fielders were in it again, Countess Rush, Gossip and Laundress taking the money. Countess has a plain head, but has better neck, shoulders and bone



POINTER LAD OF KENT.
First and special, Philadelphia, 1893.
Owned by Mr. George Jarvis, New York.

than Gossip; Laundress loses to both in body and neck, good legs and feet, and well shown. Bessie, reserve, is a fairish all-round bitch, well placed. Belle of Blue Ridge, vhc., has a plain head and legs, could be truer, good behind. Virginia Rockingham certainly deserved mention. Dolly Noble, vhc., has faulty shoulders and set on of neck, head faulty, not stop enough and was shown fat. Nannie, c., has a fair head, but is faulty in structure fore and aft. Prima Donna and Spectre were absent. Tonie was the winning dog pup, beating Druid's Dick a trifle in body, but not in head and bone. Modest Girl, the winner in bitches, is out at elbow, wide in front, good behind. Blackmore Girl, second, had gone when I came to her. Fanchon, vhc., has a short plain face. Ezra Noble won in novice dog class, Hoosier Boy coming second. Bessie, spoken of above, won in bitches. Blue Ridge Kennels made a good display and won the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS (Major Taylor, Judge).—Another brilliant lot of dogs, both the leading kennels showing full hands. Seven in the challenge class for dogs make an imposing array and again old Tim wrested the honors from his fellows, Duke Elcho this time getting the reserve over Kildare. There is little between them. I like the latter's head and quarters better. Bitches saw Norma again the winner, but that Rose Sarsfield can beat Laura B. there are doubts. She may be a little better behind, but is not so good in front, head, ribs or color. The old bitch was shown fat. Montauk, Jr., and Barney, Jr., reversed their Philadelphia positions, followed by Young Tim, whom we have also commented on before. Tim's Dandy, hc., certainly deserved another letter, as he is a fairly good dog all round. Finley's Fleet, c., is flat-ribbed and plain behind. Marc Antony should have been vhc., but was passed over. Shamrock has a plain, thick head. The entries in the bitch class (9) have been seen out several times. Queen Vic repeated her list of victories and will now compete with Norma and the others of the higher class. Kildare Winnie, second, is rather straight in stifle, fair color, plain head. Fly, third, was second at New York; a pretty fair all round bitch. Claremont Heather and Delphine, vhc., have both been commented on lately, while Lady Cleveland, with only hc., was hardly treated. She is a little faulty in head, but is a nice all-round bitch. I forgot to say Marchioness, reserve, was in her right place.

No puppies entered and novice winners were in open class. Oak Grove Kennels took the special.

GORDON SETTERS (Major Taylor, Judge).—These showed up well, but there was little new from the past three shows. Ivanhoe and Leo B. in dogs and Duchess of Waverly and Becky Sharp was the order in challenge classes, the same as at Philadelphia. Archibald, in dogs (3), again won well from Duke, who is faulty behind. Windmill Shot, c., is narrow in front and light in face, faulty quarters. In bitches the Baltimore order was carried out and their comments stand. Lill Lavender, c., has a nice head, light in tan and no penicillings; feet are not truly placed either. In dog pups a fair one was shown in Freemont, in poor shape, especially round the eye, looks like making a fairly good dog, but needs much finishing. Fairmont, a litter sister to the dog, was alone in her class as well; she loses in front, too narrow, and head considerably to her brother; both have good tan and markings. The novice winners have been mentioned. Dr. Dixon of course took the kennel honors.

CHESEAPEAKE BAY DOGS (Major Taylor, Judge).—In the absence of Old Judge, Oak and Deacon supplied the winners in dogs; they seemed to possess good coats, bone and bodies. Dawn was absent in bitches (2) and this left an easy time of it for Flow.

SPANIELS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Not very many of these and much the same as before. How is it the spaniel men are not showing up better? We have already stated the reason the Swiss Mountain Kennels were absent, but there should be lots of others. It is not enough that the spaniel men should make a special effort at New York only. Only one field spaniel present, Newton Abbott Laddie. Cockers saw Fascination alone in his class; the little dog looked well. In bitches competition was a little more "bothersome." If Mr. Bell needs more nomenclature, there it is. Troublesome beat I Say in cocker type all through. In dogs Brantford Jet's better cocker body and head sufficed to beat Leo, who is strong in head, longer in body, but straighter in front. Prince W., third, is fair, also too long in body and faulty in front, coat could be better. In bitches Realization, Woodstock Dora and Mary Queen of Scots was the order this time, and rightly placed, Realization winning every where but in front, and Dora being better in body than Mary. Leo was the only novice. Clumbers had no entries, and there was one Irish water spaniel that we have mentioned before.

COLLIES (Mr. Henry Jarrett, Judge).—This is the first time we have been able to write this popular young fancier's name down as judge. Mr. Jarrett is noted for his easygoing, cool, collected manner, and though he did not have an entry calculated to rattle any one, he went about his work without a trace of nervousness. In challenge dogs, first went to The Squire, who beats Ormskirk Shep, second, in front and head; Roslyn Dandy, who loses to both in head, getting reserve. In bitches, old Metchley Surprise added another to her score. In the dog class (7) there were some good ones, and here the new dog Gold Dust made his American debut. Coming over with such a brilliant reputation great things were expected. While we were not disappointed, he having one of the longest and cleanest heads we ever saw and beautifully carried ears, his hindlegs should be better bent and forelegs straighter in bone; his coat is very dense, but soft; he is a trifle short and small-sized, his expression is keen and collie-like, but he lacks the intelligent expression of a Mee, Scottilla or The Squire; his is truly what we should say is the modern-craze head, and there need be no fear of its getting thick and coarse; he is a smart dog, full of snap and vigor, and is a distinct acquisition to his plucky owner's kennel, the Seminole. Woodmansterne Trefoll, second, while he loses very much in ear, is better in true expression and is better behind, but not so dense in coat, though a trifle better in texture. Conrad II. came next, he is getting into shape again. Prince Wilks, vhc., has gone coarse, but carries a good coat. Chrysolite, reserve, is well known. Roxie, hc., is faulty in head, ear and front. Another new one, Gypsy Maid, won in bitches, her ears just tip over and that is all, she is short in skull and full in brow, good legs and feet, out of top coat but plenty of undercoat; a bitch that shows a good deal of quality. Second went to Ormskirk, Susie, who loses in substance and front. Crissey, third, is well known. Roslyn, reserve, is big in ear, in skull and chunky looking throughout. Roslyn Baby has a plain head, should be longer, and ears are down, her best quality is in texture of coat. Gold Dust had no competition in dog pups, Roxie Boy being the only competitor and he has too much stop and ear. Gypsy Maid also repeated her win, beating Fisher's it in muzzle which is snipy, skull which is thick and coat soft. In novice, Gold Dust beats Don all over, later thick and short in head. Gypsy Maid also won again over Roslyn Baby. I liked Flora, reserve, better for second, better body, coat and length of head and in ear. Of course Seminole Kennels took the kennel prize and Gold Dust won the special.

POODLES (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—A surprisingly good show of this breed; that is, as far as numbers go, though there were but few that had much merit. Berrie and Dexter occupied their usual positions in the challenge class. In black dogs—the class being divided to allow Mikado, a white, a chance—Lion, the New York winner, won; he has a fairly good coat and is a well-formed dog. Ben L., second, droops in quarters a bit. Milo, vhc., is sharp in muzzle, coat woolly and open. Murat, vhc., has a soft, woolly coat, but is small and young yet. Betsey, the winner in bitches, has a poor, short coat, and was fat. Chloe, the New York winner, was second; she beats the other in muzzle and ear and coat. Dinah, third, loses in head and ear to the others. Mikado is a fairly well-formed white dog, short of coat.

BULLDOGS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—The same old "mugs" again, with just a new face or two to keep them in countenance. King Lud and Saleni fulfilled their challenge missions without competition. In dogs (5) the order was again Leonidas, Val Hampton, Rustie Sovereign, with Lord Sheffield vhc. He is faulty in lower jaw, not square enough, not out enough at shoulder, should be shorter in back and better rounded in ribs, feet are open, and he should be deeper in stop; good skull and ear. Trott, hc., with his crooked legs and indifferent skull and long muzzle, could not hope for any more; he has a good body. Addiscombe Gipse had no difficulty in beating Dairy Maid, whose head is small, but pretty well formed; lots of wrinkle and loose skin, and deep stop. Leonidas beat King Lud for the special, "which should endorse our criticism of last week."

BULL-TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—These were heavy classes, as the club providing classes for different weights gave every one a chance. Attraction and Starlight furnished the challenge entries, the former winning. Starlight was hog fat; the winner is cleaner in head and a bit longer; both are good in legs and body, but of course Attraction, being in better shape, had a pull in this direction. In dogs over 30lbs. Young Marquis was placed over Sir Rudolph, beating him in front and also in head; the winner will make it interesting for Streatham Monarch when he grows up. Surefoot, as before, fell in behind the second winner, beaten in head and eye. The female division saw Vesper Bell, a good winner, better in head, shoulders and feet than Kit, second, who is flat in loin. Maggie Cline and Fidget, third and vhc., have been commented on before in these columns and the same may be said of Countess Dufferin, hc.

In the light-weight dogs only two out of the six entries showed up. White Duke winning, beating Cleveland, a puppy, in head and front, both are fair dogs. In bitches, Edgewood Wonder was again placed over Early Rose, beating her in jaw, in hind parts and set on of stern and carriage. Loumont Vixen, a little outclassed here, took third, Cleveland and Loumont Vixen were the winning puppies. At

traction won the special for best bitch. It is surprising how well this bitch keeps her form. A neat little Boston terrier was shown and won.

BASSETS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Three of these quaint hounds turned out of the four entered, and Solomon's better head and general type, ear, body and bone, though out at elbow too much, sufficed to beat Bracelet, who is not so long or deep in head, nor so long in body. Third went to Drayman, who is coarse and leggy. The Dachshund entries were absent.

BEAGLES (Major Taylor, Judge).—The challenge class produced Emeline, Roy K. and Racer, Jr., and as the latter cannot hope to win in this company with his weak hind parts, typical dog though he is, the struggle lay between the two former. By the way, some of the critics seem to forget that a beagle should be a great extent a miniature foxhound, and as such and for the purpose for which he is bred, should not some attention be paid to running gear? One critic lately remarked, *ye* Baltimore judging, that Racer, Jr., can beat Roy K. That might be if the dog was not allowed to move and nobody touched him. As it is, in half an hour's run Racer couldn't get out of his own way comparatively. Emeline beats Roy in body and front; heads about equal, though I like Emeline's expression better. In open dogs Doctor, Hawkeye and Rockland Boy was the order, though were Jim Simmons, shown with less flesh, he can beat either in type and build. In bitches Lonely kept her pride of place, but Snow was in her wrong place according to our lights as second, which Fanny Reed is entitled to. Prudence was ho., about right. Rockland Kennels again gets the specials with the kennel and Lonely. It is to be hoped that we shall see something new at Elmira this week.

FOX-TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—This judge generally draws a strong lot in this breed, and this show proved no exception, all the principal kennels being represented. Blenton Victor II. and Raffle were the challenge dogs and the little one had to give way to the other's better front, stronger jaw, longer skull and better body. Grouse II. was alone in her division. Five dogs came forward in the open class and Ripon Stormer shone out superior to Warren Tip Top in body, head and loin, Blenton Rasper coming third. The latter loses in bone, but has a better head, ear and front. Beverwyck Rufus, vhc., loses in head, front and foot to the others. Spinster proved the winning bitch. She is well known, is weak in muzzle, and ear not close enough carried. This time the judge put Warren Dorothy over Dusky II., and rightly, which we must say, indorses our criticisms of the last week or two. (FOREST AND STREAM does not care to be left, even in this indorsing business.) A lot of well-known bitches came along after, with reserve to Ripon Regina, vhc., to Lady Rosebery, hc., to Maystorm, Miss Domino and Danson, all commented upon lately, except the latter, whose full, round skull and want of rib are his worst faults. Blenton Sticker had an easy win in dog puppies and Blenton Vindex beats Seacroft Myrtle in head, size of ear and body, which is light. Novice winners followed other awards, principally Blenton Sticker winning easily. St. Broom had no difficulty in winning in wire-haired dogs, while Sister Pattern's superior head sufficed to explain her placing over Jess Frost.

IRISH TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—The challenge class was warm—very—with Jack Briggs, Dumurry and Candour in the order named. Good dog as Jack Briggs is, he is lucky to beat Dumurry, who excels him in front, coat and body. Jackanapes had not much difficulty in scoring in open dogs (2) over Paddy Dorlan, whose thick head puts him out in good company; he is short of coat, too. Judy proved the winner in bitches, but I like Salem Witch much better in body, though not so good in head. Third went to Little Maid. Little Maid, a frequent winner, is out-classed here.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Four well known animals came forward in challenge class, and Broomfield Sultan rightly won. In Prince Regent's present shape and following type Queen III., reserve, should have got the second. Salisbury was rightly vhc.; he is getting out of it now. Gypsy Girl, first, was the only open class entry present.

The Welsh terriers Dewr and Mephisto Dick represented the "Pouty Pridds" as usual.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Only two entries, Qui Vive in challenge class and Mignonette in the open division; she is snippy, neither are really good; don't seem to have the punishing heads of the old type, such as Miner, Shark, Tear'em, etc.

SKYE TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—With a separate class for each sex Barnaby Rudge's position could not be assailed by any one as he was alone. In bitches Endcliffe Maggie and Islay occupied their Baltimore relations.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—That great little dog Trec was again placed over Rhodman for reasons previously stated, while the modest Ashly Plug loses to both in many essential points but is a most persistent little chap, popping up at every show only to be "plugged" again. Kilroy and Kilree were absent and so was Cullbean and Wankie Diana from the same kennel. In Yorkshires Young Ted again took a ribbon in dogs, being alone, and Nell, a much inferior one, also took a ribbon in her class; she is light in tan and blue.

PUGS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—These classes were well filled and several new faces came out. Bob Ivy and Seminoe Dixie came together, the latter losing in muzzle and width of skull and stop. Midget, well-known, had a class to herself. In open dogs Little Fritz and Tip Top were placed as named, Fritz getting it in formation of muzzle, low in ear, but gets it again in body and curl. Dandy, third, is some degrees behind these two in size, head and ear. Bitches (3) saw a neat little bitch in Princess May, the winner; fairly formed head, needs a little more depth of body, is large in ear. Juliette, second, I could not find, while Nellie, third, carries her ears wide and is pinched in muzzle. Princess May won in novices, being the only entry.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—Yankee Boy put another ribbon to his credit, beating Blackstone, second, in length of ear, height and volume of skull, tan and coat. In bitches Twezel, too long in muzzle and dark in tan, won from Jessie, who is superior in head, shorter in muzzle, but was out of coat and faulty behind. They won easily over Queen in Blenheims, beating in muzzle, squareness and depth. Prince Charles had one entry, Bell, only a fair one; little long in muzzle and faulty behind. The only decent Jap was Jap, who beats Mandarin in color, forelegs and face.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (Mr. Mortimer, Judge).—These were the same as at Baltimore, and although Jos. Lewis's dogs are not so good a size as Dr. Hoyt's, they are altogether better formed. The prize list tells their order.

The miscellaneous class though small was choice, one might say. First went to Boston Model, the whippet, and another first to Little Tarquin, a nicely formed toy bull-terrier; his worst fault is his weak hind parts. Spot, an indifferent Dalmatian with bad ears and spots not distinct enough on body, took third. Dash, an English water spaniel, had a first, being transferred.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE.—1st and 2d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Emeline and Roy K. Reserve, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Racer, Jr.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Doctor; 2d, W. G. Harding's Hawkeye; 3d, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Rockland Boy. Com., E. A. Talbot's Jim Simmons. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lonely; 2d, Middleton Kennels' Snow. Very high com. and high com., Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Fannie Reid and Prudence.

SPECIALS.
MASTIFFS.—Best American bred and best in open class, Merlin. Best bitch, Miss Caution.
ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel of roughs, W. C. Reick. Best kennel of smooths, E. H. Moore. Best American bred smooth dog, Melrose. Best American bred smooth bitch, Empress of Contocook. Best Ameri-

can bred rough dog, Altoneer. Best St. Bernard in show, W. C. Reick's Princess Florence.

GREAT DANES.—Best kennel, Cumberland Kennels. Best in open class, Major McKinley. Best in show, Melac.

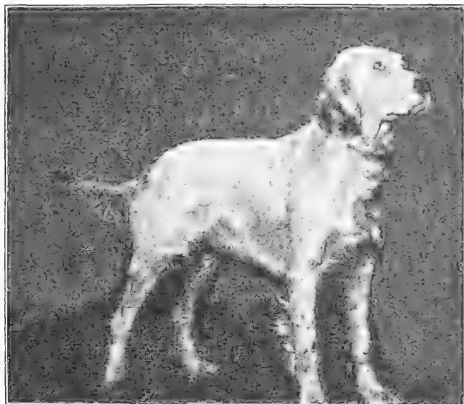
RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—Best kennel, Seacroft Kennels. Best in show, Argoss.

DEERHOUNDS.—Best in show, Roderick Dhu.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best kennel, Manatang Kennels. Best in show, Gem of the Season.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, Charlottesville Kennels. Best heavy-weight dog, Robert le Diable. Best heavy-weight bitch, Woolton Game. Best light-weight dog, Duke of Hessen. Best light-weight bitch, Maid of Kent.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Blue Ridge Kennels. Best dog or bitch which has been placed at any public field trial, Antonio. Best in show, Donna Juanita. To breeder of same, Rosecroft Kennels. Best in open classes, Countess Rush.



JOHN BRETT'S ENGLISH SETTER REAL ENGLISH.

First, New York, 1893.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best in show, Tim.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best kennel, Dr. Dixon.

COLLIES.—Best kennel, Seminoe Kennels. Best in open class and best in show, Gold Dust. Best bitch bred by exhibitor, W. G. Lee's Flora.

BULLDOGS.—Best in open classes and best in show, Leonidas. Best bitch, Salem.

BULL TERRIERS.—Best kennel, F. F. Dole.

BEAGLES.—Best kennel, Rockland Kennels. Best beagle, Lonely.

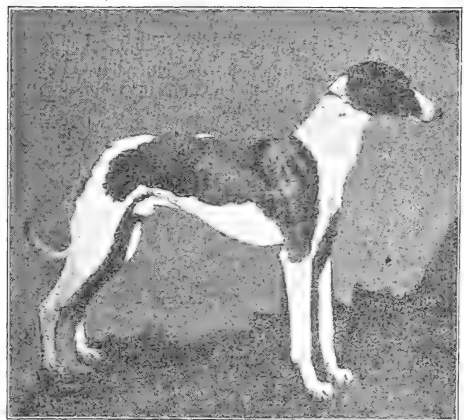
FOX TERRIERS.—Best kennel, L. & W. Rutherford's. Best in open classes, Pomboy Stakes, Blenton Vindex. Wire-hair, Saint Broom.

PUGS.—Best in open classes, Tom & Synon's Princess May.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Best kennel, F. H. Hoyt's. Best dog in show, Joe Lewis's Spring. Best bitch, Joe Lewis's Sprite.

Toronto Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:
It is said that there is no finer club of its class in America than the Toronto Kennel Club (Incorporated). Its members are wealthy, its officers active, and its dogs are world-famed



GREYHOUND SOUTHERN BEAUTY.

First, New York, 1893.

Owned by Mr. A. W. Purbeck, Salem, Mass.

prize winners. In its well-equipped library the club held its second annual meeting on Thursday night, March 16, with Mr. Geo. B. Sweetnam in the chair. The various reports read revealed remarkable organism, progress and prosperity. The reading of an article entitled "A Lesson from the Toronto Kennel Club," penned recently by Hugh Dalziel, the eminent English author, for the London *Bazaar*, elicited great applause. Mr. Wm. Brodie, of London, Eng., presented personally the club a fine oil painting, handsomely framed, of his old favorite, the Irish Ambassador.

The following gentlemen elected to office for the ensuing year are well known to every dog fancier: President, J. K. Kirk; First Vice-President, J. S. Williams; Second Vice-President, C. A. Stone; Secretary, W. P. Fraser; Treasurer, H. J. Hill; Librarian, F. L. Mabey; Executive Committee—H. B. Donovan, F. H. Elmore, Fred. Habart, J. O. Bennett, H. P. Thompson and Geo. B. Sweetnam; Solicitor, D. M. Robertson, B.A.; Auditors—J. S. Williams and Geo. B. Sweetnam; Visiting Committee—R. P. Forshaw, H. P. Thompson and Thos. Armstrong.

After thanks were tendered to the retiring officers and to those who had generously contributed toward the library, Dr. Wm. Mole, M.R.C.V.S., and Mr. D. M. Robertson, B.A., club solicitor, delivered short addresses. The secret of the club's success is its educational advantages and the cordiality of its members.

Reflection Brought Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I was very pleased to see by the letter of Mr. Edward Brooks in your issue of March 16, headed "Reflection Brought Correction," that there are others who think it strange for a judge to give a dog a certain prize and then in his comments on the awards disagree with himself. I am afraid exhibitors will fight shy of judges of this kind. I have no interest in the two dogs in question, Kilree and Trec, but being very much interested in the breed I cannot help thinking it would only be fair if the judge would give his reason for saying "the decision should be reversed." I am aware that it is very bad policy on the part of a judge to answer criticisms, but this is a special case, seeing the criticism is his own and exactly the opposite of his judgment.

SCOTTISH TERRIER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Weight Classification of Pointers.

CHICAGO, March 11.—I desire to express my appreciation of the attentions bestowed on me by some pointer fanciers in consideration of my remarks on weight classification in recent issues of *FOREST AND STREAM*, that is, and let it be always so understood, if it be proper to do so. This uncertainty in respect to propriety is consequent to the remark of a gentleman of distinguished petulance, who wrote, in reference to the matter under consideration, as follows: "It is a question for the pointer men to settle, that is, if there is anything to settle." I feel that now and hereafter permission to write on pointers should first be obtained of the pointer men, or at least the manuscript should be submitted to them for approval or disapproval. Seriously I do not believe that the pointer men are so intolerant. An *ex cathedra* pearl of wisdom should not be ignored. I will heed what the *nom de plume* gentleman says. Not to do so would be to display an absence of proper veneration and sensibility to a *nom de plume* ukase. I proceed.

Pressure of important news matter has prevented me from giving this question earlier attention.

Mr. MUSS-ARNOLT, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 9, in reply to my remarks, has a short article on pointer weight classification. The points he makes are substantially as follows:

1. That the gist of my argument is that the present division in weight compels bench shows to give more money. That such is "parsimonious and illogical." That no bench shows give more prizes than they have to, and are "perfectly regulated by the entries they get."

The following arguments are quoted literally:

2. "Otherwise Mr. Waters advances the new idea that all setters had the same right to weight division; why, he leaves us to assume. Because he and, I suppose, some more setter men think it unfair to the setters."

3. "Pointer classes have pretty nearly always and everywhere, here and in old England, been divided—as a matter of fact and necessity—by the peculiarities of the breed; the setters have never been divided, either by weight or size, as there is no cause for it. As to the relative question between light weight and heavy weight, in regard to field qualities, Mr. Waters lets his setter vein have a bit of freedom."

4. "Dog jockeying, as I call it, between the classes, should be more severely dealt with, I agree, and have to acknowledge it is done by men who would be very much insulted if you would call them sharpers, and it is nothing else."

The foregoing are the main arguments.

Taking Mr. Arnolt's first point into consideration it needs but a few lines to prove his mistake. English setters and some other breeds rank equally in importance from a bench show consideration with pointers. To divide pointers by weight and give each division an equal sum of prize money as each equally important breed receives, is illogical. Is it "parsimonious" to call attention to this unreasonable favoritism? If so, why?

I think that Mr. Arnolt is entirely mistaken when he says that no bench shows give more prizes than they have to, and are perfectly regulated by the entries they get. A bench show management makes its prize list first and takes its chances on entries afterward. Sometimes important classes do not have a single entry. Others have but one or two. Classes are arranged for some of the smaller toy breeds when it is a certainty that the entries will not equal the prize money. There is more to consider than the mere cash return derived from entries in making up a prize list. I think that Mr. Arnolt will on more mature consideration modify his statement that these matters are "perfectly regulated by the entries they get."

Mr. Arnolt is inconsistent at the beginning of his second paragraph. He says I advance the new idea that all setters had the same right that the pointers have to weight division. He then says that why it is so I leave them to assume. If they have the same rights, is not that the why? I do not think that it is unfair to the setters that they are not classified by weight. The real issue is that weight classification is unnecessary in respect to pointers. I do not know what the setter men think of it, nor do I discuss it in their interest. It is an issue by itself.

Concerning his third paragraph, I will quote the remarks of a writer who deems it proper to conceal his identity under a *nom de plume*. He says: "As a matter of fact the Chicago club has exploded nothing, neither is it the first nor the one hundredth that has given a premium list minus a weight classification of pointers." Here two eminent defenders of the pointers disagree. Settle it, gentlemen. The matter of fact is unsettled. Referring again to Mr. Arnolt's statement, what is the "necessity" which he mentions? What are the "peculiarities of the breed" which cause the necessity? In discussing the relation of light-weight and heavy-weight pointer, I cannot perceive wherein Mr. Arnolt is justified in implying prejudice on my part, from an assumption of a preference for the setter. The relative merits of the two breeds were not under consideration, nor even mentioned. The remark, therefore, was irrelevant and in a manner unjust.

In respect to the matter he calls "dog jockeying" it is a natural sequence to the artificial weight division.

This, I think, covers all that Mr. Arnolt has advanced. If he will scan his argument, I think he will not find a single reasonable explanation of the weight division, much less reasons for it. Were it true that the weight classification had always been in existence, it would not necessarily be a sound argument for it. Progress means the destruction of precedent and usage.

There are some other writers who have written on this subject, and incidentally therewith referred to myself. There is one misapprehension I wish to correct at the outset. One writer referring to me says: "So, likely his friends will deplore his weak defense of a still weaker case." There is no defense, nor has there been—it is and has been an attack on an unreasonable matter of bench show usage. My friends continue in good health and sleep well notwithstanding the gravity of the question.

To strip the subject of a lot of irrelevant matter, with which it has been festooned for the purpose of creating a diversion from the issue, it will be necessary to do some pruning of the ideas advanced by the opposition.

The *nom de plume* gentleman says: "What is there behind this weight classification talk? Another nigger in the fence?"

Following out that elegant simile, why not take fence and nigger and put them on exhibition publicly—if he can? The act would go far toward settling what is real and what is not, in respect to the colored gentleman in question, and the fence in which he so picturesquely is figuratively reposing.

The same *nom de plume* writer says: "Draw the curtain, Mr. Waters, lest daylight do enter." I know of no curtains, and, indeed, I do not know the need of any. Turn on the light. The issue is a very simple one. The position of a writer in respect to it must be very weak when he stoops to innuendo which has no foundation in fact, but which may have an effect in prejudicing the readers. But in discussions of this kind there is always one or more men, wise in many things though he or they may be, who are unfair, or over-cautious, or over-suspicious, or over wise, yet at all times great discoverers of grim bugaboos, and manufacturers of motives for their opponents. Yet an unfair argument to the author of it often brings a kind of notoriety and the gratified craving for a satisfied vanity. An affectation of purity, a dark frown, a few ambiguous nothings, a vague reference to a bugaboo and the thing is done—the disaffected hail the

coming reformer. For my own part I feel disappointed when a man is so heavy with dangerous bugaboos, and yet will only utter dark forecasts of disaster. Turn the bugaboo loose!

En passant, I beg leave to thank the *nom de plume* writer for informing me concerning what I do know, what I do not know, and for the affable manner in which he teaches me in regard to the weight and size of setters.

The *nom de plume* gentleman has intimated that it is necessary to breed pointers if one would be a judge of them, or in fact know anything about them. Could anything be more absurdly fallacious? The breeder should learn first of all what constitutes a good pointer. This he can learn by studying approved models. There is no reason why a man cannot profit by the experience of others. How can a breeder know when he has bred a good specimen if he has no knowledge of what is a good pointer till he has bred one? There is a lot of trash written about breeding. Light and heavy weight pointers are bred as it happens. Sometimes both kinds are in the same litter. A small sire or dam may produce large progeny, or a large sire or dam or both may produce small progeny. One of the largest heavy-weight pointers of the day is out of a very small bitch. When a breeder mates a dog or bitch, he is in profound ignorance in respect to what the weights of the progeny will be. There is no weight distinction which differentiates heavy and light weights in nature. It is wholly artificial.

As a working dog, there is no weight classification. There is no heavy-weight or light-weight work. The standard of performance is the same for all. Therefore the distinction is not on a working standard.

The distinction is purely a bench show classification. That it is a necessity to breeders cannot be shown in any principles of breeding. That a good pointer can hold his own well with big or small competitors, I as freely admit as the *nom de plume* gentleman does. If this is granted, the good dog needs no class protection. But where there is one good large pointer, there are a dozen or more not so good, and the class distinction protects them from formidable competition. They just grew big and awkward because they could not help it, yet they by so doing achieved protection for themselves. The dog which weighed near the weight line of classification, was a light-weight when his stomach was empty, and a heavy-weight when he was full. By steering him skillfully through the circuit, he could have numbers of walkovers in challenge classes, and there was no impediment to him having the double honor of a light-weight and heavy-weight champion. Handlers can relate some amusing stories of how it has been done.

Yet no one claims that there are two different breeds of pointers based on a weight distinction.

Of course the double money awarded them at bench shows is not necessary to perpetuate big and small pointers. The pointers would not come all of the same weight if there were no bench shows. They would still be all weights, as they are at present. Everything which is said about the weight classification of pointers is quite as applicable to setters.

The *nom de plume* gentleman says: "Evidently Mr. Waters is not aware that there is a far greater difference in the weights of pointers than in setters." No, I am not. If the weights were so, what would it prove? I think it would prove that breeders would do well to forthwith turn their attention to producing dogs somewhere nearer alike. Apparently the pointers are larger, for the big pointers, many of them inferior specimens, are protected from competition with the best specimens by class lines. The same protection would bring in the large setters. As it is at present the large or small setters have to meet all comers, and the former have a very poor chance to win. While each setter must meet all comers the pointer is protected from one-half of his kind.

The *nom de plume* gentleman says: "The reference to Gordons is highly amusing. Dog show managers cannot get a decent entry when there are two classes, and likely the pointers outnumber the Gordons by more than a thousand to one." Here the learned gentleman shifts his base of defense and holds forth the small number of Gordon setter entries and inferentially the small revenue they produce to the bench shows—the plea that it is necessary for reasons of breeding is abandoned. Such shifting is begging the question.

"Would Mr. Waters make as many classes for Mexican hairless and for chow-chows as for English setters?" Pointers might also be included. The question brings the inevitable *reductio ad absurdum*. The weight classification is one of revenue and not of breeding.

Again, the gentleman who betrays his identity says: "Mr. Waters is not aware that dog shows are dependent on dog owners, and that the latter possess a never-failing remedy for catch-penny management and Munsonian methods." Well, no, I did not know it just that way, nor do I believe just that way to be a fact. The Chicago club held a successful show and intend to hold another. If any one breed remained bodily away from a show the show would not necessarily be a failure, nor would it necessarily be a success if every individual of one breed was present. My knowledge of the matter is that show managers and breeders are mutually dependent and helpful. If shows ceased to exist the weight classification would cease with them. This idea of one breed being all powerful in making or marring a bench show is visionary. When the owners of any one breed remain away from a bench show they do themselves more injury than they do to the management of the show. Bench shows are the medium which have given the different breeds their high standing in public estimation and recognized monetary value in the market. To take any action which tends to their injury or destruction is equivalent to quarreling with their bread and butter, or at least with their canine interests. The question is one which admits of being discussed fairly on its merits. At least, I can perceive no reason for peevishness or ill temper. I believe that the dog men of America are intelligent and fair enough to appreciate the dispassionate discussion of any proper subject, and will not be misled by appeals to their prejudices, monetary interests or personal preferences where public matters are concerned.

I do not think that either pointers or setters should be divided by weight. There is much more I could say on this subject, but this will have to suffice for the present.

Where Is the Cocker as a Sporting Dog?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Time was when the cocker spaniel, instead of being merely a toy or show dog, was of some value to the sportsman as a hunting dog, and no one who has never hunted over a well-trained pair of these sagacious little dogs can appreciate what a great loss to the fraternity of sportsmen the change from work to play has been. For some portions of the United States, in the pursuit of grouse and woodcock, the cocker spaniel has few equals and no superiors.

Thick, tangled swamps, with a ground covered with almost impenetrable briars and laurel roots, where the setter or pointer can with only the greatest difficulty force his way, the one on account of his size, the other because of his silky coat, and where, if either of them do find the sought-for game, is useless because of his silence, are as open fields to these bright little dogs, whose joyous "gap" signals to the watchful hunter the flush of the grouse or woodcock. The cocker possesses to quite as great a degree as the setter or pointer the ability to scent game. They are of a sociable disposition, easily trained and are of more than usual intelligence. Two reasons come to me as a cause for, if I may say it, the degeneration of this dog. There may be more, but

these two are sufficient. The one is the popular fad for the black spaniel, the other the desire to breed so small and fine, and the reducing of the standard of weight, till all the working traits are gone and the comparatively toy dog is a natural consequence.

Now, that the black dog is a pretty fellow no one will deny; but who has shot over a black or solid liver dog in the late afternoon of an autumn day and not been thoroughly disgusted at his inability to distinguish the dog from an immature lump of sod at twenty or thirty feet? With the old liver and whites—I don't like the orange and whites, though their color would be as good to see in the wood or swamp—this trouble of not being able to distinguish the dog would be so little as to be almost unappreciable. One could see the pair, working eagerly ahead, as long as one could see to shoot. And yet a fashion, a popular fad, has almost taken this noble little dog "out of it."

My first dog, the "boy's dog," was a little liver and white cocker of the old McKoon strain; I don't remember the pedigree now. We didn't dwell so much on pedigrees then. And my heart still warms up, even at this late day, when all I have is the remembrance of past good old shoots over her. I trained her myself. Teaching her was a pleasure (who doesn't remember with joy the teaching of their first dog). And it really seems as if nothing was too hard for her to learn. For many years, till she got too old to even start up at the familiar whistle, I hunted her in old Connecticut, and many were the grouse and woodcock and even quail that came to grass when we three, Bess and I and the old muzzle-loader, went out in the cool afternoons after school. She would retrieve from land or water, hunt in any condition or state of the weather. No day was too cold or too hot or too long for her, and the next morning she was ready to go again and with as much vim as if it was the first hour of the first day.

What one of your present black "pretties" could keep up that pace and follow an enthusiastic, half-grown boy day after day, up hill and down, always alert, always ready, always obedient?—few I am sure.

Where are the old hunting cockers? The spaniel was always a favorite of mine, and it does seem hard to think that my boys, and theirs will never have a chance to work a pair of these game little dogs, are that perchance when they go to some of the big dog shows in the future, and look at the little saucy faced black things done up in cotton and silks and look at their snub nose, snarling faces, say with a sneer on their faces, "Well well! and did Grandad ever shoot over those things?" Ah well! all the good things are going, and sorry enough the old hunting cocker spaniel is one of them.

COCKER.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—Mr. C. A. Stone, one of the partners of the Forest Beagle Kennels, has purchased from Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, the English setter bitch Forest Heather, by Sir Tatton out of Forest Fern. Heather is the winner of a number of prizes, among which are first, novice, Toronto, and first, novice, and first, open, London, 1890. She was bred and originally owned by Mr. Stone, who sold her to Mr. Davey. Her dam, Forest Fern, is by Prince Royal out of Forest Ruby, Ruby being a litter sister to Forest Dora, the dam of Donna, owned by the Rosecroft Kennels, who have bred so many winners from their Rockingham—Donna cross; in fact many of the winners at the recent New York show in all the classes were descendants of Forest Dora.

I am glad to know that the famous wire-hair fox-terrier Dark Eye will soon be an inmate of Mr. A. Macdonald's kennel, Toronto. Mr. Macdonald is the owner of that good little dog champion Blemton Trump. Dark Eye, though only two years old, has won twelve first prizes besides a number of specials. They have been won at the leading shows and in the best company. At Edinburgh he won his most decisive victory under Mr. Vicary; besides winning first in his class he was awarded the gold medal for the best terrier in the show, rough or smooth, beating the crack smooth, Paniel. He also got the challenge cup and the Edinburgh Club silver medal. He is grandly bred, being by probably the best wire-hair ever bred, Carlisle Tyro out of champion Dartmoor Belle and is most suitable for poorly coated smooth bitches as well as his all round qualities for those of his own class. The price paid, which is private, was a big one. As the dog has a number of bitches booked for service before leaving the old country, he will remain for a few weeks in Mr. William Brodie's kennel in Scotland. Mr. Brodie carried out the negotiations between Mr. Macdonald and Mr. William Martin, of Ayrton, Scotland. Dark Eye on his arrival here will be put to stud at Detroit at the reasonable fee of \$25.

By the way, Mr. Brodie must have an "Ambassador" of some kind and has named one of the puppies he brought over the Canadian Ambassador. He is by the Irish Ambassador out of Tyrees Dunbar, and will make his debut at Elmira.

The president of the C. K. C. takes the ground that a meeting called by circular on March 14 to be held March 28 does not give the required fourteen days' notice, and has instructed the secretary to send out the notice that the meeting will be held April 8 at 6 P. M., at Queen's Hotel, Toronto.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Kennel Club, held on the 16th inst., the treasurer's report showed that \$392 had been received during the year, and that a small balance remained on hand. At the close of the meeting the president read the following letter from Mr. Hugh Dalziel, and stated that Mr. Dalziel proposed writing a criticism of Dr. Mole's paper, to be read at a meeting of the T. K. C. The letter reads:

"HEATHER BRAE, Maybury Hill, Working, Surrey, Feb. 21.—I see that Dr. Mole read a paper at your club meeting Jan. 19 on 'The Origin and Development of the Dog.' If this was printed I shall be greatly obliged if you will forward a copy to me. I think the Toronto Kennel Club is to be congratulated in taking the course the above indicates. It is in strong contrast to the bickerings and pettiness of kennel club procedure in general and entirely to the credit of the Toronto association. Wishing your club the highest possible success, yours truly—HUGH DALZIEL."

Mr. A. D. Stewart, who bought the fox-terrier Raby Domino back from the executors of his late owner, has resold him to Mr. J. M. Dale, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A new bull-terrier, raised in a cellar and who has seen but little of the light of day, a litter brother of the Duke of Wellington and Siderio, will have a try for honors at Elmira.

Mr. Phil Brown's (Toronto), Irish terrier bitch Peggy has just whelped a full litter to Fenian Boy, nine, three dogs and six bitches. H. B. DONOVAN.

Canadian Kennel Club Meeting.

The following business is to come up at the executive meeting to be held April 8 at 6 P. M. at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Can.: 1. Matters in connection with selection of dogs for the World's Fair. 2. Letters and declarations from Mr. F. H. F. Mercer referring to his disqualification. 3. "Sir John disqualification." Mr. Bell having declined to comply with ruling of committee at last meeting. 4. Election of new members. 5. Incorporation. 6. General routine business.

DOG CHAT.

Toronto Kennel Club.

The Toronto Kennel Club seems to be formed on a solid basis and the methods they are pursuing in building up such a strong club is attracting the attention of outside dog men. On the executive are three bankers, three civil servants and two editors. Clubs run on such lines cannot help but increase the interest in dogs in the locality in which they have their being. The association of such gentlemen and men of standing in their community tends to eradicate that foolish idea so prevalent once, and now to some extent, in the popular mind, that to be connected with dogs in any public manner meant a loss of moral attributes. Such clubs should spring up in every town. It is not necessary to give shows; often the holding of a show sounds the death knell of further interest in dogs—this when the venture has resulted in a loss. Much good can be done by monthly social gatherings, informal talks and members' shows. These draw in the young fellows of the town and before these know where they are they are casting round for a good bred dog or two, and some breeder or other in the country derives a direct benefit therefrom by supplying the requisite animals. Toronto is happily placed, the Fair people assume all the responsibility in providing a show such as probably the T. K. C. could not hope to give. Relieved of this burden the local club can enter heart and soul into its proselyting mission and furthering "dog interests" in Canada. We wish the club every success and hope its good example will be followed by others. The Hamilton Kennel Club is an older club and is doing good work on similar lines.

Denver Dog Show.

The Continental Kennel Club once more issues the premium list for their show at Denver, Col. The show will take place April 11 to 14. The arrangement of prizes, while not startling in amount, is solid and affords considerable picking, for them with the right material. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, greyhounds, pointers and setters, spaniels, collies, fox-terriers and pugs have challenge classes with \$10 prize money; open classes get \$10 and \$5. Other breeds get \$10 and \$5 in open and the smaller toy classes, etc., get \$5 and \$2. For the larger breeds the club gives a kennel prize of \$20, others having one of \$15. The entry fee for the large dogs is \$3, Blenheims, Italian greyhounds and whippets \$2, and all others \$2.50. Having in view the fact that Denver is not "next door" by any means, the club, as an inducement to handlers to bring out good teams from other States, put up a handler's prize of \$300—\$200 to first (provided that fifty dogs are shown by one handler), \$65 to second and \$35 to third—to the handler showing the largest number of dogs in the best show condition. We rather fancy that a team of fifty dogs after the circuit just ending will be more than any handler can secure. These prizes are not open to local competition. Entries close March 27, with Mr. F. W. Rand, Denver, Col. Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes and Mr. C. H. Withington will superintend. The amount of money donated by the club foots up to \$1,750, which is more than double the amount given in a recent issue.

Fake Pictures.

A correspondent wishes us to expose the fact that the Philadelphia *Inquirer* published a cut of a Skye terrier published in *Stock-Keeper* and owned in England, as one of the dogs shown at the Keystone Kennel Club show. It is pretty well known by this time that certain cuts of well known dogs are made to do duty in the daily press from show town to show town, and while dogmen may detect the innocent fraud it is a matter of so little moment to the general public that we do not think there is one exhibitor who would take the trouble or be willing to jeopardize the success of a show by any action that would expose the fake. In the papers devoted to kennel matters it is different, and the palming off of a picture of one dog for another may tend to much confusion and harm, and should be severely frowned upon. Mistakes will occur, but the FOREST AND STREAM is always ready to acknowledge one, so no harm is done.

Importing Breeding Animals.

Secretary Carlisle has issued a circular in regard to the importation of animals for breeding purposes, which modifies the existing regulations by making them in some respects less stringent. The previous requirement of "four top crosses" is reduced to "three top crosses." Whenever the required certificates cannot be furnished at the time of arrival of the animals and the Collector is satisfied from other evidence that the animals would be entitled to free entry, they may be so admitted on bond for the production of the required certificate. A new list of recognized registries has been promulgated for the guidance of collectors of customs.

Dr. H. T. Foote has sold the well-known black and tan terriers Rochelle Majestic to Mr. McLean, Ottawa, Can.; Rochelle Sultana to Mr. Erdman, Janesville, Wis.; Rochelle Olata to Mr. Tiernan, New York; also several puppies. The best of his dogs are still unsold, but such big winners should soon be placed, as no reasonable offer will be refused.

We are sorry to hear from Mr. Siddons that Argyie Sandy, the promising collie puppy that won at Nashville and was vhc. at Chicago, died two weeks since of pneumonia. After the Nashville show he was sold to Mr. R. T. Mott, of Chicago. Belvoir Van, the fox-terrier that Mr. Siddons purchased at the Chicago show, is doing well and will be shown at Indianapolis.

As an additional special at Indianapolis, Mr. J. E. Dager, Toledo, O., offers services of Toledo Blade for best bitch sired by Cincinnatians. Mr. Dager's dogs will be at the show.

The Northern Ohio Poultry, Pet Stock and Kennel Association, Akron, O., have claimed the dates Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2 and 3, 1894, for their next show. H. F. Peck is the secretary.

Another of the Philadelphia Kennel Club supporters was to take place last Tuesday evening, and again a dog show calls us another way. If these suppers only hold out and the dog shows give us a rest, "we'll be there."

We regret to hear that Mr. Pickhardt's (owner of the Rinda Kennels) noted pointer-bitch Duchess of Naso is dead. She died last week through inflammation arising from a bone or some hard substance lodging in her throat. This is a serious loss to this kennel, but Mr. Pickhardt's feeling of loss is blunted somewhat by the reflection that he has a young dog in his kennel to bring out at New York next year that is to—well, we shall see.

We must reiterate that matters of general importance should be sent to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., and not to the kennel editor personally. During our absence at dog shows numerous circulars and news notes concerning shows, etc., are neglected because they come in our personal mail. The following is a sample, and, of course, opened too late to do any good: "The New England Kennel Club has extended to the New England Field Trial Club the following courtesy: It will bench together all dogs belonging to members of the N. E. F. Trials Club, and properly designate them as such. A large class of purely working dogs will be a prominent feature of the show, as well as of great interest to our mem-

bers. We hope that each and every member will take personal pride in making this class as strong as possible without regard to breed or bench show qualities. The above is a new thought and we hope the lateness of the hour will not deter you from entering your dogs. Entries close Saturday, March 18. J. W. HAYWARD, Pres., WM. M. LOVERING, Sec'y, N. E. F. T. Club (Taunton, Mass., March 13, 1893).

Mr. F. Senn sold his King Charles spaniel Yankee Boy during the Washington show to a lady resident of the city. The price paid was nearer three hundred than two.

His Lordship and Lady Venn arrived all safe at Mr. Dole's quarters in New Haven and will be shown at Boston.

The greyhound Spinaway is now on her way home, having been served by Col. North's Young Fullerton, who is counted one of, if not the, fastest greyhound in England. Spinaway will probably be shown at Chicago in June. She comes over in charge of Mr. J. F. Smith's St. Bernard kennel man, who is bringing two St. Bernards for Mr. Symonds, who is getting them out for a Western gentleman, as stated some time since in FOREST AND STREAM.

During Thursday the W. C. K. C. invited the children of the industrial schools to view the dogs, and the rising generation showed their appreciation by simply swarming all over the building. The collies and fox-terriers never had a moment's peace, the continual bustle in the aisles exciting them to an unwonted degree. Prof. Batchelor never had a more appreciative audience, and certainly some of the tricks his dogs perform deserve every praise.

The Watson-Bell charges have been referred to the Maryland Kennel Club for action, as we pointed out that they should have been in the first instance. The M. K. C. sent for Mr. Bell, and we understand that the upshot of the affair is that if Mr. Bell will make a public apology to Mr. Watson the latter will withdraw the charges. This, we are told, Mr. Bell is willing to do.

It was desired that Mr. J. R. Krehl should become one of the committee of the English Kennel Club, but he very rightly declined the honor, preferring to hold an independent position.

Mr. F. S. Kinney, New York, has purchased from Mr. T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y., the wire-haired fox-terrier Jack Trick, third, Brooklyn; first, Gloversville; reserve, New York.

The following new advertisements are to be found this week in our kennel business columns: For sale—Pointers, Thos. Johnson, A. P. Griswold; setters, Thos. Johnson, G. S. Raynor, Catherine St. Kennels, Owner. Mastiffs and bloodhounds, J. L. Winchell; great Danes, Harrison; hounds, F. Dotzert, C. F. Kent; fox-terriers, E. C. Ray; St. Bernards, Peninsular Kennels. Geo. S. Thomas offers to take dogs to board and condition. The Kildare Kennels advertise Kildare Beyer at stud. Mr. A. W. Shaw, a member of the Passaic Gun Club, had the misfortune to lose his English setter. A liberal reward is offered for his return.

Elmira Show.

ELMIRA, N. Y., March 27.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] This show opened this morning with 221 entries. Few dog men here. St. Bernards very poor, also English setters and pointers. Best breeds are wolfhounds, fox-terriers, beagles, bull-terriers, spaniels and Irish setters. Wooden benching. Bad weather. No attendance yet. H. W. L.

The Detroit Awards.

DETROIT, Mich., March 21.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] Following are the awards made to-day:

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, E. L. Kimball's Elkton. Bitches: 1st, J. J. Lynn's Lady Dorothy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. G. B. Holcomb's Prince Cola; 2d, J. J. Lynn's Cardinal Beaufort Mint. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. Young's Maudie Beaufort; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Ethel; 3d, Tracy Bros.' Belle of Detroit.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—Dogs: 1st, C. J. Bousfield's Lord Dante; 2d, Mrs. J. E. Dager's Lochlin; 3d, Anna M. Griffin's Earl Douglas. Bitches: 1st, C. J. Bousfield's Lady Taylor; 2d, Detroit St. Bernard Kennels' Lady Hickley; 3d, C. A. Pratt's Duchess Lomond.—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II. Bitches: 1st, H. Gorman's Solo. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II. Bitches: 1st, H. Gorman's Solo. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II. Bitches: 1st, H. Gorman's Solo.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Illinois Kennels' Major McKinley; 2d, J. W. C. Glynn's Lord Wolverton. Bitches: 1st, Osceola Kennels' Neverzell; 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Chamion.—BLUE OR HALLGUM—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. G. Nicolai's Brutus and Pascha II. Bitches: 1st, Dr. G. Nicolai's Iris.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. D. McLaine's Paul Potter; 2d, W. H. Muir's Bruar II.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. Sarvis's King Dick; 2d, Mr. Ireson's Rawer. Bitches: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Wild Rose; 2d, Manantag Kennels' Chipp.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: J. R. Daniels's Count Graphic. Bitches: T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spauker.—OPEN—HEAVY—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Daniels's Boxer; 2d, A. S. Johnson's Duke O. Bitches: 1st, T. G. Davey's Josie Bracket; 2d, T. Donoghue's Sol.—LIGHTWEIGHT—Dogs: 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan; 2d, Kalamazoo Kennels' Wonderful Lad. Bitches: 1st, T. G. Davey's Miss Tumour; 2d, J. R. Daniels's Duchess.

SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Dager's Cincinnati. Bitches: 1st, W. B. Wells's Cambria.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wash-ton Kennels' Wash-ton Grouse; 2d, W. B. Wells's Matane. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. Kime's Lady Patch; 2d, C. A. Rathbone's Toledo Queen.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare. Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Norma.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d, D. L. & C. Carmichael's Queen. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Norma.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, George Meister's Louis S.; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise; 2d, George Meister's Fly M.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's Newton Abbott Laddie. Bitches: 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Queen.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Dean; 2d, W. G. McCollagh's Gipsy Queen.—LIVER—J. A. Spracklin's Bob II.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's Fascination. Bitches: 1st, G. Bell's I Say.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Prince; 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pienpaia. Bitches: 1st, G. Bell's Realization; 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Nona II.

COLLIES.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Scotsman; 2d, Saunders & Mighton's Finisbury Duke; 3d, S. H. Wickes's Streatham Laddie. Bitches: 1st, Thyme & McFadden's Bernice; 2d and 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Dawn and Vanity.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Loeffler's Hundesport Bergmann; 2d, C. F. Gentz, Jr.'s Hundesport Zaenker. Bitches: 1st, W. Loeffler's Lina K.; 2d, C. F. Gentz, Jr.'s Lida L.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Roy K. Bitches: 1st, Jude M.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Doctor; 2d, Middleton Beagle Kennels' Adam. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Loney; 2d, Middleton Beagle Kennels' Snow.

B. WATERS.

Judges for the World's Fair.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have before me the entry blanks for the exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, June 12 to 17. The first thing that occurs to me is, "who will be the judges," and no doubt the same subject is uppermost in the minds of hundreds of breeders and exhibitors throughout the country. Believing that much good can be effected by frank, open discussion, by and between the canine owners writing under their own names, and not a *nom de plume*, in order that all may know

who is writing, I will open the ball by giving my opinion regarding the selection of judges for this kennel exhibit.

First, the gentlemen selected should be American citizens with recognized ability and known to be above petty preference for any strain or kennel, honest in their judgment and fearless in their decisions. They should not be in any way connected with a kennel, sportsman's journal, receiving or expecting to receive financial advantage from dogs or their owners in any way whatsoever. Judges that possess the moral courage to award a prize to the best dog, regardless of whether it be owned by John Smith in Oshkosh, or a wealthy, influential kennel situated elsewhere; in plain English, "judge the dog and not the owner." Select gentlemen who have no axe to grind.

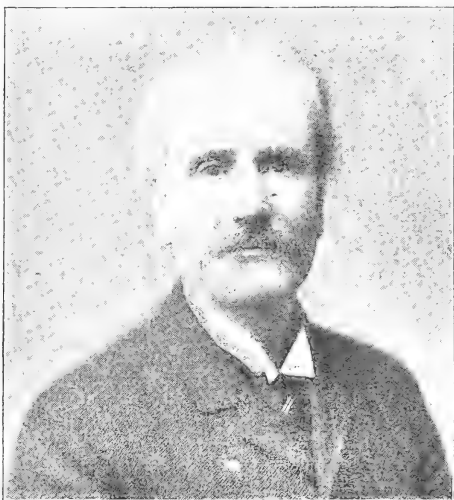
I have two nominations to make, as coming up to my standard for the World's Fair kennel show, names that have always carried weight and are without a taint, although before the canine world for thirty years. They are Hon. John S. Wise, judge for pointers; "Honest" John Davidson, judge for English setters.

Such gentlemen would bring out the full entry and their decisions be accepted with more general satisfaction than any two judges that are eligible. Now is the time for the exhibitors to express themselves publicly and I trust they will not be backward, but I do not think an article worth publication on this subject unless it be signed by the author.

GEORGE W. LARUE.

Death of J. M. Tracy.

ALL sportsmen will join us in expressing sorrow at the news of the death of this well known artist and sportsman. Though it was rumored that he was very ill, even his own family, until the last few days, did not suppose the illness would have a fatal termination. He died at Ocean Springs, Miss., the morning of March 20. Mr. Tracy was born in Illinois, where, as a young man, he taught school. On the outbreak of the war he joined an Illinois regiment and served throughout the war, taking rank finally as a captain. After the war he went to Paris and studied painting for ten years. In 1875 or 6 he returned and located in St. Louis, Mo., as a



MR. J. M. TRACY.

portrait painter. At the dog show there in 1877 he saw Berkeley, the Irish setter, and was so pleased with him that he begged Mr. Turner, his owner at that time, to allow him to paint the dog. He did so and Mr. Turner was so pleased with the picture that he purchased it and introduced him to other friends in the St. Louis Kennel Club, among whom he secured several commissions to paint the celebrated pointers of that day. Mr. Tracy saw an opening and taking advantage of it he became the leading animal artist, as far as dogs are concerned, in America. There are few field dogs of note whose lineaments he has not transferred to his canvas.

Mr. Tracy naturally became an ardent sportsman and has been interested in field trials for years past. With the Central Field Trials he has been intimately connected, and what this organization will do now is a question that is asked on every side, for on Mr. Tracy fell all the arrangements of the trials for the last three years. He was also a good field trial judge, and at times officiated in the setter and pointer ring of the W. K. C. show. Taking his subjects from the field and having an intimate knowledge of field work, he was able to impart admirable action and life into his pictures of pointers and setters. At the time of his death Mr. Tracy was busily at work on some trotting picture for Mr. Hammond and in repainting the finest subject he ever painted, "The Chesapeake Barnum Retrieving a Goose." This Mr. Tracy himself considered his finest effort. Unfortunately, after exhibiting the picture at the Paris Exposition, where it was greatly admired, he sent it on its return to this country to a dealer's to be reframed, and it was soon after burned up. To make good his promise to show the picture at the World's Fair, it is thought that he has been overworking himself, and this led to the illness that terminated in his demise. Mr. Tracy resided at Hempstead, L. I., and leaves a wife and three children. His wife had word of his serious illness, and starting last Friday for Ocean Springs arrived before his death. Mr. Tracy had a wide circle of friends among sportsmen in this country and his death will be deeply felt.

"Kennel Secrets."

It has always been the cry of the novice and even the large kennel owners that in the books hitherto written on dogs and kindred subjects, he real practical knowledge to be gleaned therefrom is superficial. Either the advice is so clouded with technical terms so as to be almost unintelligible to any one but a medical student, or when clothed in every-day language the advice given is vague and only indicates what should be done, not how to do it. This, however, cannot be said of "Ashmont's" magnificent new book, "Kennel Secrets." The dog from the time he is conceived to the time he curls himself up for his last long sleep is treated from every standpoint, that could possibly occur to a man of wide experience with dogs. As "Ashmont" says: "Not a few popular beliefs have been antagonized, but seldom other than those which owe their force to antiquity and repetition. Mystical speculations and ungrounded theories, calculated to invite confusion, have been excluded in so far as possible; and the measures advocated are such only as rest on bases proved sound by observation and experience. Every important subject that has engaged attention has been fully discussed, generalities being held practically valueless and misleading. The simplest language has also been chosen, and needless technical expressions excluded, to favor ready understanding in the least experienced."

This is not a book that advocates at every line a treatment of drugs, but gives one an idea of the best methods of treat-

ing dogs in a natural and kindly way. The first part is devoted to management, and here the question of natural diet and the varieties of animal and vegetable foods, their constituents, applicableness to dogs in confinement and a work, the quantity that should be given, etc., are fully treated. If you have a dog that puts on too much flesh or one that won't put on any, turn to the chapter that treats of this very important subject, and "Ashmont" tells you what to do and what is more, gives his reasons for it. The novice and in fact every one has trouble in raising pups, and to know what to give them, well, even the most experienced can learn a thing or two about this in "Kennel Secrets." Any one who thinks a barrel or any cover good enough for a dog will be enlightened on that subject by perusing the chapter on Kenneling.

Then the drinking water is considered, a vital question sometimes with dogs. If you don't know how to wash a toy dog or a St. Bernard before you tuck up your sleeves, see what "Ashmont" has to say about it. The lively flea, the curse of some kennels, is the subject of another long chapter, and he fares pretty badly when the Doctor gets through with him.

Part II. relates to exhibiting and getting dogs into condition for shows. This subject is exhaustively treated, and though we thought we knew a good deal about this part of a dog's life we read the chapter through with a result that our knowledge was greatly increased, and satisfied that the amateur could ill afford to miss such sound advice. It is not enough that "Ashmont" tells you how to get your dog ready for a show, but he tells you the best way to go about it to land the dog in good shape in the show building, and he does not leave your dog until the show is over and he is safe back in the kennel again. The subject of the absurd notions exploded. It is well known among show-goers and those who have to spend much time in shows that a badly disinfected—badly because disinfected too much so—will affect a man's throat and nose passages more or less, and in the same way the dogs suffer, too. "Ashmont" advises permanganate of potassium as the most efficient disinfectant, not only because of its well known efficacy, but on account of its being odorless.

Part III. is a most important one. This is devoted to breeding. The selecting of the sire is discussed, treatment of the bitch in season; in fact, the reader is carried along, so interesting are the pages, until the puppy has been whelped, through its puppyhood and onward until the finished, trained dog stands before him in imagination. Other chapters are devoted to intestinal parasites and their eradication. But all this time your attention will have been arrested every page or two by the portrait of some celebrated dog. All the pictures are half tones from photographs taken from life, so that the natural dog is seen. This part of the work alone is so educational that the book should find a place in every school library in the country.

The portraits are of their relative proportions. Some of these pictures are valuable as portraying past champions long since gathered to their fates. The fox-terrier pictures are especially good and so are the Irish terriers and toy spaniels. The faces of many noted dog men will be found interspersed and in all ninety-six pages of illustrations are given, some pages containing no less than six dogs. Not the least interesting are the head and tail pieces to the different chapters, and which are generally appropriate to the chapter at the head or tail of which they are found. In the limited space at our command we cannot say more, but we have said enough to show our appreciation of a work as unique as it is useful to the dog breeder and exhibitor as well as the one dog man who loves his dog as a companion. The last few lines of Byron's memorable poem occur to us when we look at "Kennel Secrets," and had he lived at the end of the century instead of its commencement we doubt if they would have been penned:

"Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole, exclusive heaven."

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Nancy. By C. H. Mills, Baltimore, Md., for black and white ticked English setter bitch, whelped July 8, 1892, by Toledo Blade out of Grace M.
Golden Gem. By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for white fox-terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1892, by Blanton Reefer (Venio—Rachel) out of Blanton Brilliant (The Moonstone—Media).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Dinily—Dusky Trap. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Dinily to Regent Kennels' Dusky Trap, Nov. 30.
Tenny—Desperado. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tenny to their Desperado, Sept. 1.
Tessa—Triton. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tessa (Pitcher—Little Trotter) to their Triton, Nov. 6.
Trim—Brittle. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Trim (Warren Laird—Warren Tackle) to Rochelle Kennels' Brittle, Dec. 21.
Daisy—Triton. T. M. Rice's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Daisy to Lansdowne Kennels' Triton, Oct. 1.
Hare Bell—Flute D. E. H. Bragg's (North Sidney, Me.) beagle bitch Hare Bell (Chubb—Mystic II.) to W. E. Deane's Flute D., Feb. 1.
Josephine—Earl Douglas. Tuxedo Park Kennels' (Indianapolis, Ind.) St. Bernard bitch Josephine (Benmore—Lady McBeth) to Belle Isle Kennels' Earl Douglas (Earl Butte—Ellen Terry), Feb. 15.
Constance—Earl Douglas. Belle Isle Kennels' (Detroit, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Fernwood Urania (champion Victor Joseph—Fernwood Inez) to their Earl Douglas (Lord Bute—Ellen Terry), Jan. 27.
Dudley Lilla—Sorrocco. Belle Island Kennels' (Detroit, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Dudley Lilla (Earl Douglas—Bernie II.) to J. C. Guellet's Sorrocco (Othello—Bernie), Jan. 9.
Loz—Frank Forrest. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch champion Loz (Keno—Fly) to his champion Frank Forrest (Riot—Skip), Feb. 26.
Vic—Bathos. Dr. T. H. Blodget's bull bitch Vic to J. H. Mathews's Bathos, Feb. 11.
Dolly Tesler—Bathos. J. H. Mathews's bull bitch Dolly Tesler to his Bathos, Feb. 17.
Derby Hebe—Bathos. J. H. Mathews's bull bitch Derby Hebe to his Bathos, Feb. 19.
Shamrock Belle—Onota Don. E. Beaver's (Conshohocken, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Shamrock Belle (Heanmore Shamrock—Daisy) to H. G. J. Hollowell's Onota Don (champion Chief—Bizeena), Feb. 16.
Floss—Onota Don. H. G. J. Hollowell's (Conshohocken, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Floss A. C. Wimebago Max—Vastia) to his Onota Don (champion Chief—Bizeena), Feb. 11.
Nat L.—Onota Don. Jas. Longhery's (Conshohocken, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nat L. to H. G. J. Hollowell's Onota Don (champion Chief—Bizeena), Feb. 8.
Fan—Count Noble. H. O'Reilly's Gordon setter bitch Fan (Don—Fanchon) to Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben—Belle).
Blumont—Count Noble. Fenwick Kennels' Gordon setter bitch Blumont (Beumont—Belle Stephen) to Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben—Belle).
Flossie—Blanton Reefer. Dr. J. McCarthy's (Tiburon, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Flossie (Blanton Shiner—Jess) to J. B. Martin's Blanton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel), Jan. 29.
Grit—Bathos. J. H. Mathews's (New York) bull bitch Grit to his Bathos, Feb. 5.
Gyp—Troy. Multnomah Kennels' (Portland, Ore.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Gyp (Duke II—Jess) to their Trouble (Duke—Dundee), March 5.
Nellie Gordon—Gordon Grouse. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Nellie Gordon (Shot—Brownell's Quail) to his Gordon Grouse (Ben Butler—Gordon Rose), March 2.
Gordon Norah—Gordon Grouse. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford,

We lay that night beside a handsome schooner yacht, the *Idler*, which now hails from Chicago, but was once widely known in Eastern waters.

Of course we didn't intend to make a run every Sunday, but as all cruisers know, one can confidently count on a fair wind for this day. Yet the fact remains that we slipped out of harbor next morning with a fresh wind from the east. We bowled merrily past the *Graham* Shoals buoy and had as the *Idler* sailed fair ahead when the wind fell light. Then it jerked round to the west, and, close hauled on the starboard tack, we drove into a dense fog. The mate firmly believed that our safety depended on his lungs and he kept the fog horn screaming until the reed was blown out.

"I wish we had the 5ft. horn that lies in the bottom of the lake," said Dan, "but the Elephant got his feet against it at night, and you only too vividly remember the fair ahead when the wind fell light."

"Hullo, ahoy! Down helm!" shouted the skipper as a great shadowy spectre came towering out of the mist. It was a magnificent vessel standing on the same tack we were on, with every stitch sheeted home and taut as a bowstring.

"Is it always foggy here?" her master had time to ask as we dropped into her wake.

"Never saw anything else," shouted the irrepressible deckhand. With such a warning the boat took out with eyes as well as ears. Late in the afternoon the fog lifted, and we found that we were close with the shore at the south. Then with the southerly breeze we kept on toward the west as far as the end of Waughashance Island, where we hove to and dropped anchor on the shoals.

The graphic logbook entry at this time furnishes but small data for a description of the long, gruesome night. My remembrance of it is only that a red light shone a spell from the south. When this subsided, leaving an ugly sea, the fog thinned down again. Then the long-drawn, lugubrious notes of the whistle at the lighthouse expelled all cheerfulness that remained with the anchor watch; finally the belated steamers, carefully picking their way among the dangers, would take up the dismal strain, till it echoed back like the despairing wail of a lost soul.

When the light of day appeared it was a relief indeed to trip anchor and get under way. With Dan at the helm and the other three below enjoying a morning nap, the *Idler* crept out from the lee of the land and began to ratchet up against the southwest wind.

"Hullo, wake up; come out and see what you make of this, Skip. There under the lee bow. I've been watching that steamer for half an hour and she ain't stirred a peg. But just see how she smokes."

"Let's have the chart, Bert. About due west, I guess. Yes, she's on Gray's Reef or thereabouts."

"And there's a tug making for her from over by Skillagalee. I can see a crowd of men on her deck for'd."

"Hold her full and by, Dan, we'll just about fetch the big one with the leeway we're making. We may get some fun out of this thing yet."

HERBERT L. HARLEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Royal Victoria Y. C. Cup.

The fact that Mr. Carroll had sent a personal challenge indorsed by the New York Y. C., to the Royal Victoria Y. C., has been known for some time, and also that the challenge had been accepted. Until last week, however, the details of the correspondence have been enshrouded in decency, decency and fashionably secret. The veil has at last been removed and the following particulars made public:

On Dec. 17, 1892, Mr. Carroll telegraphed that he would challenge for the R. V. Y. C. Cup, providing the club agreed to meet him with a vessel not exceeding his load waterline by more than 2 per cent.; also that all five races be sailed outside headlands; and again, on Jan. 1, 1893, he wrote saying that he intended to challenge in May for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, and continued as follows:

"In view of the fact that a race has been arranged on this side of the Atlantic, between the Earl of Dunraven and the New York Y. C. for the America Cup, to be sailed during the coming season, I should not care to make a similar match in England unless the sailing committee of the R. V. Y. C. conceded to me terms that would be similar to those that have been conceded to the Earl of Dunraven by the New York Y. C. I may say here that as my purpose in racing in English waters during the coming season, as well as the estimated length on the load waterline of my yacht was known in England as early as Nov. 1, 1892, I did not propose, when sending the above cable, to debar any vessel then existing, or under construction in the United Kingdom that might be available to defend the cup. There is a rumour here to the effect that a large racing cutter has been ordered since that date, and furthermore it is rumored that her estimated length on load waterline exceeds 84ft."

"Glad as I would be to have a yacht of that length as an antagonist in ordinary regattas, or for such races as those for the Brenton's Reef and Cape May cups, I should, however, be unwilling to meet an opponent in a match race, whose length on the load waterline might exceed that of my vessel by from 6 to 8ft."

"Should, however, the committee be able to assure me that the yacht chosen by them to defend the cup would not exceed the estimated length of my vessel on the load waterline by more than 3ft., I would be happy to forward a challenge in due form, as I am most anxious to arrange a match, if possible."

"I should expect the races to be sailed over courses as nearly as possible identical in their conditions to those which will be sailed by the Earl of Dunraven for the America Cup. That is a series of five races, outside of headlands, of which at least three will be to windward or leeward and return."

"The estimated length on the load water line of my yacht is 84ft."

"ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL."

The sailing committee of the R. V. Y. C. met on Jan. 19 and forwarded the following reply:

"Your estimated length of 84ft. shall not be exceeded by more than 5 per cent. Courses shall be settled by mutual agreement should you challenge."

It was voted that a sub-committee consisting of Sir William Levinge, Bart., Capt. E. du Boulay and Mr. Percy Thellusson be appointed to arrange matters re challenge. Mr. Carroll replied Jan. 23, 1893:

"Condition of length satisfactory. Wish courses settled before challenging."

The courses were then agreed upon as follows: (1) From Warner to Nab, then ten miles to leeward or windward, twice round; (2) and (3) twenty miles to windward or leeward and return; (4) from Warner to the Owers, Dunnose and back round Nab to Warner, and an extra race if required.

On Feb. 2, Mr. Carroll cabled:

"Objections to my giving rating in challenge on account Herreshoff boat building to meet Valkyrie. Will committee waive rating in my challenge?"

The committee of the R. V. Y. C. replied they would waive the rating being stated in the challenge.

On Feb. 3 Mr. Carroll wrote:

"I regret to say that a great deal of opposition was shown by the members of the New York Yacht Club when I asked the club to forward a challenge in the name of the principal objection to the challenge in the event of the New York Yacht Club holding the cup a club might challenge and insist on sailing under Y. R. A. rules in these waters. The New York Yacht Club would never consent to this and does not care to place itself in a position where it might ever be called on to do so."

To this the R. V. Y. C. committee replied that under the first paragraph of the regulations the rules could be changed should Mr. Carroll win, and the committee said they considered any further agreement on this point unnecessary at present.

Mr. Carroll then sent the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1893.

DEAR SIR—I hereby challenge for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's international gold challenge cup, to be sailed for during the coming season of 1893, in the vicinity of the Isle of Wight, under the terms proposed by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's sailing committee and myself.

The committee agrees under these terms to meet me with a vessel not to exceed the estimated load waterline of my yacht by more than five per cent.

The races to be five in number, if necessary, two of which are to be twenty miles to windward or leeward, and return to a point outside the Solent and the other three to be over the courses designated in the conditions governing the cup as numbers one, two and four.

Accompanying this challenge I send the following required statements regarding my vessel:

Name of owner—Royal Phelps Carroll.

Name of yacht—Nayaboe.

Reg. Number—1892.

Estimated length on load waterline—Eighty-four feet.

I have the honor to remain, yours truly, ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL.

To Percy Thellusson, Esq., Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, I. W.

Authority to challenge from the New York Yacht Club:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, 67 MADISON AVENUE, Feb. 21, 1893.

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to inform you that at a special meeting of the New York Yacht Club, held at the club house Monday, Feb. 20, 1893, the following preamble and resolution was passed:

Whereas, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll has been in correspondence with the secretary of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in relation to a challenge to sail a match for the Royal Victoria gold cup with a yacht

now building by him, and has obtained conditions satisfactory to himself.

Resolved, that Mr. Carroll be and he is hereby authorized to challenge for the said cup. Yours truly, J. V. S. ODDIE, Sec'y. Capt. Royal Phelps Carroll.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1893.

DEAR SIR—I inclose a challenge for the gold cup, accompanied by a copy of the resolution adopted by the New York Y. C. and signed by the secretary.

Kindly let me know the views of the sailing committee regarding the dates for the matches.

As I stated in my letter of Jan. 1, I propose to enter for all races in the United Kingdom, where my vessel will be eligible.

I had hoped to begin with the Royal Thames regatta, but I doubt if I can be in racing trim so early in the season, and it would be better, for obvious reasons, if I did not meet Valkyrie before she sails for America. I hope, however, to enter all races from July 1.

As I do not propose to enter my vessel for the defense of the America Cup, I should prefer to have the dates for your cup arranged as late in the season as possible.

Hoping this will meet the views of the sailing committee, believe me, very truly yours, ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL.

Percy Thellusson, Esq., Secretary Royal Victoria Y. C., Ryde, I. W.

To this the club replied as follows:

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB, March 3, 1893.

DEAR SIR—We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of Feb. 21, and inclosures challenging for the Royal Victoria Y. C. international gold cup, which challenge, on behalf of the sailing committee of this club, we hereby accept.

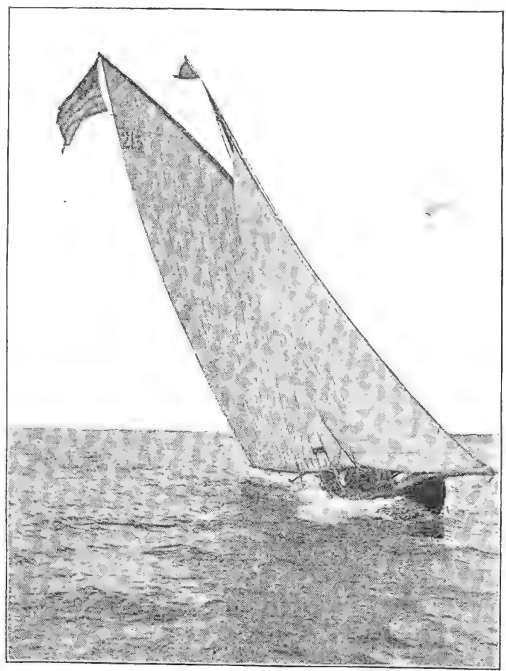
With regard to the dates of the matches, we propose fixing them with you after your arrival in these waters, so as to avoid clashing with any regattas elsewhere in which you may wish to take part. Yours truly,

Cup Sub-Committee, WILLIAM LEVINGE, ERNEST DU BOULAY, PERCY THELLUSSON, Secretary. To Capt. Royal Phelps Carroll, New York.

Sir William Levinge will be remembered as the cousin of Sir Richard Sutton, who accompanied him in *Genesta* in 1885.

The Scotch Lugger Nox.

THE success of the *Pife* cutter *Yama* in 1890 and '91 was so marked that three new boats from the same designer were launched on Lake Ontario last year, the smallest of them being the 25-footer *Nox*, a photo of which is here given through the courtesy of her owners. *Nox* was built by three amateur yachtsmen of Rochester, N. Y., Messrs. Miller Bros. and Meerdick, they ordering the design from Mr. Pife and doing the work themselves during the winter. We had the pleasure



"NOX," SCOTCH LUGGER.

last fall of seeing the yacht hauled out at Charlotte, and she would do credit to a good professional builder. She was destined for the 25ft. sailing lugger class, her dimensions being: Length over all 36ft., l.w. 1. 24ft. 6in., beam 8ft., draft 5ft. 6in. She is to all appearances a keel boat, but, like the *Vedette* of Toronto, has a steel plate in the after deadwood increasing her draft when down by over 2ft. The pole-masted rig, with one jib and a lug mainsail gives her hardly enough sail in very light weather, but she made the circuit of Lake Ontario with the fleet last summer, winning three firsts, one second and two thirds.

Yachts at the World's Fair.

Mr. J. V. S. ODDIE, secretary of the New York Y. C., has prepared and caused to be sent to all the members the following memorandum regarding the route via the St. Lawrence which yachts must take to reach Chicago:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NEW YORK Y. C., 67 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.

ROUTE VIA ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND CANALS AND LAKES TO THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO, 1893.

Steam yachts steam to Montreal. Sailing yachts proceed under sail to Quebec, and from there tow to Montreal.

Rates—Towage from Quebec to Lachine and return. \$300 to \$400, according to size of vessel.

No necessity for lowering masts or funnels.

The Dominion government has passed an order in Council exempting all yachts going to and returning from World's Fair from payment of tolls in canals.

At Montreal enter Lachine Canal under tow or steam to Lachine. Yachts not to exceed 138ft. in length and 28ft. beam and 14ft. draft.

LACHINE SYSTEM OF CANALS.

Eight and a half miles. Five locks. Depth on sills 9 to 10ft.

Lake St. Louis, 15 1/2 miles.

The Beauharnois Canal, 11 1/4 miles, 9 locks. Depth 9ft.

Lake St. Francis, 32 1/4 miles.

The Cornwall Canal, 11 1/4 miles, 9 locks. Depth of water 9ft.

Farrans Point Canal, 3 1/4 miles, one lock. Depth 9ft.

Rapide Plat Canal, 4 miles, 2 locks. Depth 9ft.

Galops Canal, 7 1/2 miles, 3 locks. Depth 8ft.

Lake Ontario—After Lake Ontario the Welland Canal, 26 1/4 miles, 26 locks. Depth 14ft. to Lake Erie, thence to Detroit River to Lake St. Clair. St. Clair River, Lake Huron and Mackinac Straits to Lake Michigan, thence to Chicago.

NOTE.—Vessels of greater draft have passed the canals by using pontoons and "camels." The Collins Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company, Collins Bay, Ontario, Canada, will furnish appliances and contracts for the lifting of vessels through from Montreal to Lake Ontario and through the Welland Canal if desired.

In case of steam yachts, when their own power is sufficient to propel them, with pontoons alongside, the charge for the round trip will be as follows:—

When two pontoons are sufficient. \$1,000 00
When four are required. 1,500 00
When six are necessary. 1,750 00
A reasonable charge for any extra towage will be made.
In case of sailing yachts the charge for towage would be from Lachine to Prescott and return to Lachine from \$200 to \$400, according to size. Yachts at owners' risk.

J. V. S. ODDIE, Secretary.

Yachting versus Hay Fever.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Orinda did not swing idly at her moorings last summer, as so mournfully questioned by one of the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s readers, but she made no long cruises, nor did she have any disasters, and so tame were her performances that I thought them not more worthy of notice than any of the stay-at-homes. I have published in these columns many stories of cruises and personal hardships to please the boys, and I have been minute in regard to modes of life and places visited to instruct amateur yachtsmen upon pleasure bent; but there has been another motive, to show how and where to escape from that pest of the sensitive and cultured, hay fever.

Eight years ago my constitution was seriously damaged by successive annual attacks of hay fever and chronic bronchitis, which I had only mitigated in part by travel to certain regions where aerial spores were few and the atmosphere was purified by altitude and the great forests, or by blowing over the ocean. Several short cruises upon the coast of New England convinced me that there was a better form of escape could find relief if he was willing to rough it, and I decided not to trust to chartered and more or less unsuitable craft, the only ones which can usually be had during the season, but to have a small yacht of my own and be my own skipper.

My physical condition at this eventful period of my life was far from enviable; attacks of hay fever began about Aug. 15 in each year with violent sneezing and mucous discharge of working mucus from nose and eyes. The mucous membranes of the eyes and nose were itchy, red, swollen and extremely sensitive to air, dust and light. Sneezing was frequent, violent and almost continuous. Soon the palate became sore, the throat rough and voice husky, a short dry cough came with occasional attacks of wheezing and shortness of breath or asthma.

Then the bronchial tubes became congested, their lining swollen, red as tender, the cough dry, tight and spasmodic soon to be followed by dryness of the throat and chest, and the difficulty in breathing was so great as to threaten suffocation. The asthma generally lasted from two or three weeks, the cough brought up a little mucus and threads of fibrin, and sometimes a little blood, which had choked up certain parts, and life became a burden. The head ached, the back and shoulders were dreadfully tired and sore; the mouth, throat and nose were dry; small taste and appetite were abolished; the system generally was weak and baggard, the heart was weak and fluttering, and the eyes looked anxiously and despairingly everywhere for help. Oh, for sleep and rest, even in the grave. I thought during many a day and night of struggles and terror. Nursing, diet, medicines hardly mitigated the distress. The disease ran its course in six to eight weeks and ended coincident with the advent of frost or the ripening of vegetation. I have been told that the only brought relief tardily after the disease had once gained mastery.

It is reasonable to suppose that a person so terribly racked annually by tortures infernal should deteriorate in strength, vigor and constitution, and there results thickening of the mucus lining of the nose, roughness and granular inflammation of the throat and larynx, thickening and chronic congestion of the bronchial tubes, dilatation of the vessels of the lungs, a weak and strained heart, weakness and weariness between the shoulders, disturbed digestion, nervousness on exertion, and an irritable and over-sensitive nervous system.

All these I had as sequelae of eighteen annual attacks of hay fever, though I had sought relief at Petosky, Mackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, Bethlehem, Halifax and in Europe. Were it not so sad, I would relate my sufferings in many of the celebrated, delightfully-situated, much-lauded, eleemosynary, four-dollar-a-day institutions, presided over by pure philanthropists, who say in the prospectus, "No hay fever."

I was only forty-three years old, with a good constitution and pedigree and promised longevity from inheritance. I had been a hard student and taken many sheepskins and degrees. My brain was over active in retaining and acquiring knowledge of several languages, and of everything possible pertaining to science and art. I was reading enormously, writing voluminously, and my mind was incessantly and hustling through life with Yankee energy yet unimpaired. And I broke up with the last attack of hay fever and took an inventory. I filled the schedule of sequelae enumerated above. I was practically an invalid, still doing a man's work. My organism was seriously and, I feared, permanently injured, and unless I repaired damages I would soon go to "Davy Jones's locker."

So I built the little *Elfrim*, took my boys aboard and cruised in August and September from Boston to Eggemoggin Reach and back again. I pulled and hauled, scrubbed the deck, rowed the boat, handled anchors and sails, basked in the broad sunlight, slept in an open cabin, dressed like a tramp and also ate like one. I sailed, drifted, camped, cruised and loafed at my own sweet will, exploring coves and crannies in the grand coast of New England never seen by the average traveler, but in the grandest of my heart's desire, my heart came strong, my breathing deep and free from wheezing, my bronchial tubes clearer and less irritable and my general condition robust. I took a new lease of life.

During the following winter there was some bronchial irritation and a tendency to asthma, so the next season I took another dose of yachting in the *Elfrim* in the same waters, and with the same good results. I could feel the sun's rays and the breeze of air invigorating my whole being and stimulating me like champagne. I could feel the thickened mucus lining of my bronchial tubes gradually becoming thinner and thinner, and deep satisfactory breathing took the place of gasp and struggle. Again I escaped hay fever and its horrors and felt rejuvenated, and the winter passed without pulmonary distress.

I know my experiments saved me great suffering, and saved my life as nothing else could have done. The most eminent physicians could not help me, and I could not help myself except in the way described. I became an enthusiastic advocate of barbarous outdoor life for improving the constitution and curing diseases, and through my interest in yachting, a happy reader of and contributor to the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Of course after reading the delightful literature of yachting in this journal, and the details and log-books of the famous small yachts which have been added to the clubs since 1885, I could not be satisfied with a 25-footer, so I built the *Orinda* in 1888, and your readers know all about her. I have cruised in her every season and I have not had an attack of hay fever. Since I took to the briny deep my health has been wonderfully improved by every cruise, and my yacht has prolonged and saved my life. She has also improved the health and vigor of quite a number of weaklings, who have belonged to my annual August crew, and I could tell of several organic diseases which have yielded to her sanitary environment. But enough of this for the present. I am firmly convinced that it is better to spend money on a good yacht than in a drug store, and better to live a natural life afloat than a diseased one ashore.

Every season I have it necessary to cruise to the eastward of Whitehead, fearing that the hot days and southwest breezes of Massachusetts would help some of the spores to excite the sneezes, but last summer I dared the experiment of remaining south of Cape Ann, and that's why I have no winter stories for the boys. Through August and September *Orinda* was between Boston and Eastern Point, sailing up and down, into Gloucester, Magnolia, Beverly, Salem, Marblehead, Lynn and Boston. She folded her wings generally off the Corinthian Yacht Club house in the evening and the captain and his guests dined *table d'hôte* at the club, where the tables were surrounded by commercial and professional men, all enthusiastic yachtsmen, who mixed food and beverages with *otium cum dignitate* and *dolce far niente*. Pool, billiards, songs and stories and band concerts sped the nights onward till the end of September, and the regular and scrub races, the long sails and picnic excursions and daily care of the yachts made the days glorious.

One northeast gale that everybody fought two days to keep off the rocks was the most exciting event of the season. *Orinda* won two prizes in the cruising class; creased the waters of Massachusetts Bay in many devious ways; became known as one of the club yachts, and again saved her owner from any symptoms of hay fever. My experiment was a success. One may therefore very cautiously remain in Massachusetts waters, prepared to start sheets for the coast of Maine if threatening symptoms arise.

I have had many hay fever patients under my professional care and have directed the conduct of many every season, and having suffered so much myself and found such relief in yachting, I wish to say emphatically that the coast of New England with a yacht *à libitum* is the best and safest place in the world for hay fever sufferers.

Racing About Boston.

In preparation for the coming season the South Boston Y. C. has sent out to all clubs about Boston the following circular, looking to a uniformity of racing rules:

Boston, March 13, 1893.

To the Regatta Committee of the ———:

GENTLEMEN—The regatta committee of the South Boston Yacht Club voted to extend the ——— regatta committee greeting of the season '93, and to respectfully solicit their assistance and influence to ward arranging for an understanding between all the clubs possible in this section whose yachts race together, in regard to measurement rules for open regattas.

Sincerely hoping you will communicate with us on this matter at your earliest convenience, as we wish to perfect our arrangements for the S. B. Y. C. Open Regatta of May 30, we remain, Yours very truly S. B. Y. C. REGATTA COMMITTEE, (WM. ALLERTON, Sec.)

YACHT NEWS NOTES:

Atlantic, schr., was at Kingston, Jamaica, on March 18.

The new steel schooner for G. H. B. Hill will be named Ariel.

Marjorie, cutter, has been sold by F. L. St. John to H. D. W. Burt, Larchmont, Y. C.

Viking, steam yacht, has been sold by W. H. Starbuck to Horace A. Hutchins for \$39,000.

The wooden schooner building at Nyack for J. B. King will be named Elsinarie. The yacht is only 70 ft. long.

The house of the Troy Y. C. has been damaged by ice to the extent of \$1,000 and cannot be used until repairs are made.

Yampa, schr., C. W. Chapin, will go to Poillon's for new spars. Mr. A. Cary Smith having designed a larger sail plan for her.

The Madison avenue house of the New York Y. C. will soon be connected by long-distance telephone with the different club stations at Whitestone, New London, Newport, Shelter Island and Vineyard Haven.

On March 17 the barkentine Altonah, Capt. Parsons, Darien, Ga., for Boston, loaded with yellow pine, struck the wreck of the Alva off Pollock's Rip, and stove a hole in her bottom, filling by the time she reached the beach, where she now lies, her crew having been taken off by the life-saving crew.

The annual meeting of the Toledo Y. C. was held on March 13, the following officers being elected: Com. John Roser; Vice Com. Geo. Frey; Sec. Fred Greiner; Treas. Frank Thomas; Treas. Walter Woodruff; Ex. Com. George Butterfield, William Scheller, Henry Ilet, Andrew Gray; Chairman of Reg. Com., John Scheuerman; Auditing Com. (re-elected), J. W. Hepburn, George Miller and Frank Thomas.

The steam yacht Samara was launched at Cowes, on March 6, by Messrs. White & Sons from their Vectis yard. She has been built for Mr. B. Vagniez, from designs by Mr. Dixon Kemp, and is 36 ft. on the waterline, 10 ft. 2 in. draught of water, and is intended for traversing the French rivers and canals. She has triple compound machinery, supplied with steam at 160 lbs. pressure, and has a four-bladed brass propeller of the pattern successfully introduced by Messrs. White & Sons. She has a cellular bottom for water ballast and is fitted throughout with all the latest improvements.

The General Electric Launch Co., of New York, is prepared with a large line of electric launches of various sizes and models, designed for general use, yacht service and fast speed, and the cleanliness, simplicity of operation and quiet running of these boats are likely to bring them into general use wherever electric light or power plants are at all available, either ashore or on a steam yacht. The launch Electra, built last year for the competition for the contract for the World's Fair launches, in which she was successful, made a 10-hour continuous run with 25 persons aboard, her maximum speed under favorable conditions being 9 to 11 miles, her length being 34 ft. over all.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. will hold a regatta on Saturday, June 17, over the club course from College Point to Execution Lighthouse and return, open to the yachts of the following clubs: Seawanhaka Corinthian, Corinthian of N. Y., Atlantic, American, New Rochelle, Brooklyn, Marine and Field, Indian Harbor, New Haven, Sea Cliff, Riverside, Douglaston, Hempstead Harbor, Stamford, Horse Shoe Harbor. The following regattas will be open only to the yachts enrolled in the Knickerbocker Yacht Club: July 8, race for sloops and cutters; Aug. 5, race for cabin cutters; Sept. 2, race for open yachts; Sept. 9, ladies' day, regatta for all classes. The regatta committee includes G. K. Rosenquest, Chairman; Godfrey A. S. Wieners, Secretary; Louis H. Zocher, Alfred D. Ilich and Thomas F. Graham.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with lists of clubs, maps, and information concerning their local waters drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

3. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst.
10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge. 24. Marine and Field Club, Bath
13. Atlantic, Ann., New York Bay. Beach.

JULY.

1-15. At. Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

16. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass

The Canoeists' Club.

TWENTY-SEVEN gentlemen sat down to the dinner of the Canoeists' Club at the Arena on March 11. Among them Messrs. Whitlock, Norton, Schiefelin, C. J. Stevens and Lake, of the New York C. C.; Dunnell and Wilkins, of the Brooklyn; Palmer, of the Isthmian; Dorland, Schuyler, Ellis, House and Crowell, of the Arlington; the Messrs. Griffin and Mr. O'Shea, of the Knickerbocker; Mr. Goodsell, of the Yonkers; Mr. Elliott, of the Marine and Field; Mr. Jackson, of the Crescents; Mr. McCles, of the Rutherford, and Messrs. Peebles and Berry, of the Bayonne C. C.

The dinner was an exceptionally good one, even for the Arena, and the smoker afterward developed post-prandial talent on the part of a number of the speakers that should not be suffered to be dormant. President Whitlock, of the Canoeists' Club, presided during the earlier part of the evening, and introduced a new feature into the usual conduct of such affairs by substituting another presiding officer for the latter half of the proceedings. Vice-Commodore Lake, of the Atlantic Division, took the chair for this portion of the entertainment.

A representative of each club was called upon, the intention being to require him to make a speech, and to dance a jig. It turned out, however, that the last alternative might as well have never been thought of, for there was no occasion for resorting to it, though P. might have been called upon to "do the trick," had he not made up in blushing what his speech lacked in words.

The following men spoke for their respective clubs: Messrs. Elliott, Dunnell, Dorland, Palmer, McCles, Griffin, Jackson and Whitlock. Commodore Norton, editor of Out's Island, the club's organ, Bob Wilkins, without whom no gathering of canoeists is complete, were the extra numbers on the programme.

In consideration of a handsome silver-backed clothes brush which was presented to him by some of his male admirers, Schuyler Schiefelin told how to do the "lady act" at a meet. It consisted in nothing more than loosening the screws around the mast-plate of your canoe, before entering a race, the result being a frightful (sic) catastrophe which involves exemption from all the other races, and earns for you unlimited sympathy from all the fair ones, to whose comfort and pleasure (sic) you may devote your society and remaining energies during the balance of your stay in camp.

Commodore Dunnell got all "balled up" in trying to explain away the impressions left by a few "telling" remarks from Elliott of the Marine and Field, and the enthusiastic enthusiasm of the programmes for the Marine and Field and Atlantic Division races that if he does all he says he will bankrupt both of these institutions. He proposes sending to every boat house in the vicinity of New York, and gathering up the canoeists, canoes, bag and hammock, and taking them to the M. & F. house, where and at the N. Y. C. C.'s neighboring home they are to be cared for and shipped after the races direct to the Atlantic Division meet at Captain's Island. The cruisers, himself among the number, to debark after they get into the Sound, and cruise the rest of the way to the island.

The three energetic canoeists who lately, by their own unaided efforts, got up the finest canoeists' dance ever held in the city—Messrs. Palmer, Dunnell and Holbrook—donated a substantial surplus from that affair to the exchequer of the Canoeists' Club, and the first named gentleman, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, sang so well together that it was impossible to hear but one voice. O'Shea, who afterward demonstrated that he was something of a singer himself, said the voice belonged to Crowell, and indeed there were some indications that he was this time speaking the truth; but Schuyler, who was (mentioned as) one of the quintette, declared that O'Shea was only jealous. Mr. Jackson, of the Crescents, gave a lively account of an illegal or hush in Florida, where "igators are not nearly as thick as they are in the Brooklyn C. C." After that the talking and singing grew so pronounced that no one could keep track of it.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The division meet of the Eastern Division will probably be held at Springfield on May 30.

Mr. Rushton is preparing for his exhibit at Chicago a 16x30 racing canoe, with plate board, bucket cockpit and silk sails.

Mrs. Florence Watters Sneedeker, wife of Rev. Chas. H. Sneedeker, a member of the American Canoe Association and the author of the bright little book, "A Family Canoe Trip," died suddenly at her home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on March 13. Mrs. Sneedeker was an ardent canoeist, the companion of her husband on many cruises. Both were present at the 1891 meet at Willsboro, where they made many friends.

The annual meeting of the Chelsea Boat Club, of Norwich, Conn., was held on March 15, the following officers being elected: Com., N. A. Gibbs; Capt., N. S. Lippitt; Lieut., Arthur L. Peale; Treas., C. H. Phelps; Directors, Amos D. Allen and John M. Johnson. Com. Chapman, owing to his absence from town during a portion of the summer, declined to accept again the office he has so ably filled for three years and a vote of thanks was tendered him by the members. It was also decided by unanimous vote to reserve in the book of records a page each in memory of the two members, Louis N. Blackstone and Harry Potter, deceased during the past year.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Hudsons and Puritans.

New York, March 21.—The return match between Hudson and Puritan rifle clubs took place at the ranges of the latter, 29 Main street, New York, N. Y., Monday, March 20. For the second time the home club met with defeat and lost by 50 points. The Hudsons seemed to be in remarkably good form, as only one man scored below the 100 mark. Conditions, 25 yds., 12-ring target. It was thought early in the evening that the Hudson Club would be short-handed, it was on account of a delay of the electric cars, which duly brought the full complement of the Hudson team. Mr. C. E. Bird, who has been making lowest scores in the last few matches, made top score of 109 out of 120 with 5 center shots. Geo. W. Graf followed close with 100, but only 3 center.

Mr. C. E. Weiler, of the Puritan Club, scored the highest of the evening, making 110, and was loudly applauded when finished. Capt. Mahlenbrock made a wager with Mr. Braun on the totals of those two gentlemen, and the latter, who has been making 100, duly quenched the thirst of the thirsty crowd.

Although the Puritans have lost two consecutive matches, still they wish to shoot the third; and the arrangements are complete to shoot at the Hudson's ranges in a few weeks.

There was also a match arranged between two Essex county and two Hudson county barbers, each man to fire 100 shots, one match to be shot on the Hudson range and one on the Essex range. The winners are to be served at each match, and the team losing pays for the said refreshments.

After the match the Puritan Club entertained to a fine collation and wound up with songs, recitations, stump speaking, etc., and all seemed delighted with the good time they had spent in the home of the Puritans.

Hudson R. C.												
H Boddey	12	12	8	11	9	12	9	13	11	9	105	
A Malz	10	10	10	12	11	10	12	11	11	7	104	
A Braun, Sr.	10	11	11	12	11	11	10	10	11	108		
H Mahlenbrock	9	9	10	11	11	12	10	12	11	103		
C Haderman	11	11	12	10	12	7	8	10	10	101		
C E Bird	12	12	12	10	9	12	9	11	10	109		
J Mahlen	9	9	10	10	9	10	11	11	11	101		
G W Graf	12	12	12	12	9	11	10	11	10	109		
S Middleton	8	7	9	11	11	10	10	12	10	97		
F Sessman	9	12	12	10	10	10	12	8	107	1044		
Captain, H. Mahlenbrock	Scorer, J. J. Pfeifferberger											

Puritan R. C.												
F Weiler	11	10	9	11	10	9	11	11	9	12	103	
G Van Berg	11	10	12	8	11	9	9	9	9	97		
C Kopf	9	9	10	12	9	10	11	12	9	12	98	
J Woods	10	8	10	9	10	11	12	9	12	98		
E Heib	11	11	9	11	12	12	9	10	9	105		
J Kopf	6	11	8	11	8	11	8	8	8	86		
F Miller	8	8	10	11	12	12	11	8	10	12	102	
P Walbrecht	10	9	10	11	11	12	8	11	10	100		
C Weiler	10	11	12	9	11	12	11	12	12	110		
S Morris	9	8	7	12	9	9	8	9	7	12	92	994
Captain, F. Weiler	Scorer, J. Blevitt											

Cincinnati Rifle Scores.

CINCINNATI, O., March 12.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions, 200 yds., off-hand, at the standard American

Gindele	8	9	9	10	8	10	7	9	8	87	
	10	8	10	8	9	7	8	8	10	86	
	7	8	10	10	8	10	9	6	8	86	
Louis	10	7	8	10	6	10	9	7	8	80	
	9	8	8	10	6	10	6	9	8	80	
	10	7	6	6	7	8	8	6	7	73	
Payne	10	5	9	6	9	8	9	8	9	79	
	8	8	10	8	6	7	10	9	8	84	
	9	10	7	6	6	8	10	7	9	79	
Weinheimer	8	8	10	7	7	5	6	6	9	74	
	10	6	5	9	5	8	6	9	5	71	
	8	6	10	5	7	8	10	6	7	73	
Stegner	10	8	10	6	10	6	10	7	7	79	
	6	10	6	5	4	8	6	9	6	66	
	10	6	7	9	5	8	6	6	9	77	
Wellinger	9	8	7	6	9	10	8	10	9	84	
	10	6	10	6	9	8	10	8	7	80	
	10	6	6	7	8	7	8	7	7	78	
Drube	8	10	10	7	7	7	8	9	6	80	
	10	6	10	6	7	10	6	4	9	80	
	9	10	5	8	7	10	5	8	7	75	
Schuster	1	6	2	5	1	6	5	4	3	20	
	5	6	4	9	5	6	4	6	5	53	
	9	2	4	7	10	5	2	0	3	24	

New York Pistol and Revolver Club.

A few members of the New York Pistol and Revolver Club met at the headquarters of the club, No. 12 St. Mark's place, on Saturday evening, the 18th inst. We were glad to see that Geo. E. Jantzer is out again. This is the only organization of its kind in New York City, and ought to be in a much more healthy condition than it is at the present moment.

The much hoped for match between a team from this club and one from the Boston Athletic Association, of Boston, Mass., will hardly take place this season at least. The club hopes that by next fall it will be in condition to accept the offer of the Boston society and give them a race for honors. The scores of the members participating in the weekly practice are appended:

J E Jantzer	89	C B Bishop	85	G L Hoffman	80
B Walther	87	E Walz	81	F Hecking	79

Zettler Rifle Club.

The members of the Zettler Rifle Club met at headquarters on Tuesday evening, March 19, for the regular weekly shoot. The appended scores show the results of the evening's competition. Ten shots, possible 250:

M Dorrier	247	F O Ross	243	C G Zettler	245
M B Engel	247	J Hentz	238	B Zettler	244
F Schmidt	245	H Holges	240	G Nowak	240
B Walther	244	K Busse	245	Michelbacher	219

On Maple Bay Range.

SYRACUSE, March 15.—Following are scores of members of Syracuse Rifle Club at Maple Bay range to-day. Rough weather prevented a large attendance of shooters; 200 yds., standard American target, off-hand.

Stillman	8	10	6	10	8	10	10	8	88
	6	8	10	8	9	9	6	10	83
Seely	8	9	9	7	7	8	7	9	81
	7	8	10	10	6	6	7	8	79

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., March 18.—The following shows the weekly shoot. Conditions, 25 yds., open air range, strictly off-hand, 1/4 in. ring target, possible 250:

J Yergery	246	J L Wood	244	W Gilbert	227
H J Mehard	245	A L Gardiner	241		

Pistol score, 50 yds., possible 100:
H J Mehard, .91 A J Yergery, .83 J L Wood, .79 E L Gardiner, .60
WALT. GILBERT, Sec'y.

RIFLE NOTES.

It looks now as though the coming season was going to develop quite a crop of new shooters and a considerable boom in rifle shooting.

Although the programme of the Chicago Schuetzen Verein for the Columbia prize shoot, to be held at Chicago this summer, is a huge disappointment to the shooting fraternity at large, there is some satisfaction in the belief that the distribution of the programmes of this festival has had a tendency to arouse new interest among many of the older shooters and friends of this sport, and also to awaken a desire in many others who are as yet new to the pleasures that are to be derived from the use of the rifle. Early last winter there was a meeting of delegates representing twenty-one of New York's prominent shooting societies. This meeting was called for the purpose of coming to a decision as to whether the Eastern societies should participate in the Columbia and Festival shoot. The result of the meeting showed an almost unanimous desire to take part, provided the Chicago Schuetzen Verein would modify its prospectus as then submitted so as to make the time of holding the festival from one to three weeks continuous instead of two days per week for six months as proposed. The only modification that the Chicago Schuetzen Verein saw fit to make in order to meet the views of the New York shooters was to reduce the length of the festival from three months, or from June 1 to Sept. 1, two days per week. This modification not meeting the views of the New Yorkers, interest in the Chicago festival lapsed. We now learn that the interest engendered by this committee has had its effect; and that a call has been issued for a meeting to be held to-morrow (Friday) night, the 24th inst., at 12 St. Mark's place. The purpose of the meeting is understood to be to form an organization of all the societies in New York, and in the next spring to hold a grand shooting festival that will be a credit to the Empire City.

The summer practice shooting of most of the shooting societies begins in April.

The Excelsior Club opened its season yesterday at Armbruster's Park, Greenville, N. J.

The Independent New York Corps, Capt. Wm. V. Weber, will open its season this year on April 29 at Washington Park. This corps is in a flourishing condition. Its membership includes some of New York's most expert marksmen.

The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, opens its season on April 15 at the Union Hill Park.

The well known Zettler Club will begin its season on April 9 at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park. Mr. Wissel is giving his grounds an extra flourish in anticipation of an increased business this season. The Zettler Club will have its first shoot on May 14 and May 14 and May 14 in cash prizes will be divided among the lucky winners.

The New York City Corps, Capt. Chris Rehm, will open its season's shoot on April 28 at Washington Park.

The New York Central Corps, Capt. Adolph Richter, will begin its season on April 23 at Washington Park.

Messrs. Bird and Fischer.

REPLYING to the communication published in your issue of March 16 attacking the note previously published by the "Eagle," I may say that the article was not intended to create any ill feeling, but was confidentially given to me by good authority. The enclosed clipping appeared in the Newark paper, and fully tallies with what was written, namely: "It is rumored: The members of the Miller Rifle Club made a statement on Christmas Day that it was almost an impossibility to get ten men together to shoot a match, and when a challenge was sent by the Hudson Rifle Club for seven men it was not accepted. Instead of having friendly feeling and participate in friendly match shooting, the Miller Rifle Club only shoots for money, which is proper at times, but to make a practice of it, would say that it is a poor way to keep up the interest of rifle shooting, and is nothing more than out and out gambling, and if the rifle clubs intend to make it a money making scheme and not a manly sport it has always been considered, then I would say that the sooner the ranges are closed of all clubs the better, as it would be better for organizations of this kind to disband than to degrade the sport of rifle shooting by making it a gambling sport."

It is for this reason that I will not accept Mr. E. Fischer's challenge, as he has previously refused to shoot a match with me, and I fail to understand why he now wishes to meet me. I trust this will prove satisfactory. C. E. Bird, Hudson Rifle Club.

New York Revolver Scores.

NEW YORK, March 3.—The following record scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their last regular weekly practice shoot held on the 11th inst. at their headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks place, 10 shots on Standard American target at 20 yds., Smith & Wesson revolvers:

C Bishop, 4 cal.	87	F Hecking, 38 cal.	80
H Oehl, 4 cal.	85	E Walz, 22 cal.	84
		F. HECKING, Sec.	

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

WEIMAR, Tex., March 10.—The Weimar gun club is now trimming up for the spring shoots. The grounds have been all cleaned off, and the club is making large preparation for a State shoot, which comes off in June. The members decided that they would divide themselves into two parties and go out on a field shoot. Monday was selected as the day. John Walker was chosen as captain on one side, and Mr. Chas. Fahrentbold captain of the other. The party bringing in the least game was to pay for the preparing of the game and also settle for the banquet. The Walker side consisted of John Walker, W. B. Butt, Jim Tooke, Alf Shatto, Lee Wall and S. H. Hancock. The Fahrentbold side was Chas. Fahrentbold, Fred Von Lenpikie, H. F. Jurgens, Dr. E. F. Hestner, W. H. Hestner, C. J. Brieger, (Brieger on account of business absent for the shoot). At the close of the day and on the count it was found that the first party in the day's hunt killed 14 partridges and 2 snipe, the second party bagged 29 partridges and 3 snipe, giving the victory to the second party by 15 partridges and 1 snipe. All rabbits barred. The supper was well prepared, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Agent Alf Shatto, in his day's round, spied a jack rabbit, which was about 50 yds. in advance of him, he turned aside his pot-lucker ejector and killed the rabbit, which fell into a burning brush heap, and it is recorded that he is the only man who can kill and cook a rabbit at the same time. It is also said that W. J. Hefner is a persevering sportsman. He shot five times at a bird, missing every time, finally letting the dog catch it. When laughed at for his good marksmanship his reply was, "Well, we got him all the same." The sport closed with the members of the club, who were very much interested in the most substantial citizens taking great interest in making the Weimar gun club one of the most prominent clubs in the State.

The first match at live birds for the championship of Berks county, Pa., will take place on the Reading Shooting Association grounds at Matz's Three-Mile House, at Shillington, on Good Friday, March 31. The conditions of the shoot are as follows: Open only to residents of Berks county, 15 single birds, \$10 entry, A. S. A. rules. After deducting cost of birds from the entrance money 10 per cent. will be deducted toward payment of championship badge, to cost \$50. The balance of the purse will be divided as follows: 30 per cent. to the winner, and the badge, balance to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. class shooting. The badge will be shot for annually on a date to be fixed by and under the direction of the Reading Shooting Association. Entries close at 8 P. M. on March 29 and a forfeit of \$3 must accompany each entry. The winner must give a bond of \$100 for the safe return of the badge, which must be won three years consecutively to become the property of any shooter. The forfeit must be paid at Keystone targets before and after the above match.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., March 15.—We have decided to hold our seventh annual tournament on May 2, 3 and 4. We shall make this event the most interesting ever held in this section by a diversity of shooting. We shall arrange our park so that we can have a set of target traps and live-bird events going at the same time, for which we have ample room, and one will not conflict with the other. Will commence our live-bird events the first day, and will have one grand sweep at 25 live birds, \$30 entry, purses divided 30, 25, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooters wishing to enter this event will notify the secretary by April 30, and accompany their entry with \$5 forfeit. Would ask that entries be made as soon as possible. Target events will be shot under the N. H. handicap, and purses divided 30, 20 and 20 per cent. Will allow 1/4 cent for every target thrown for first, second and third best averages each day. Every comfort and convenience will be afforded our visitors, and a grand good shoot guaranteed to all.—N. A. HUGHES, Sec.

It would be an excellent plan for managers of trap grounds to procure copies of *Forest and Stream*, Feb. 2, 1893, and carefully study "Hints on Holding Pigeons," written by Col. Cox. The article will be found on page 109, and it seems with very good information in reference to how birds should be handled when being trapped and at other times. There are with the article two illustrations showing the right and the wrong way of holding a pigeon from the time of taking it from the crate or basket to putting it in the trap. On this point in particular managers should instruct their handlers. We have personally attended to the shooting on nearly all the grounds in this section of the country and not in a single instance have we seen a bird properly handled. Were the birds handled according to the advice offered in the article above referred to we are satisfied that there would be far less need for "flushing up" when the trap was pulled.

The match between Thos. Ely and H. E. Buckwalter, announced to take place at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on March 11, was postponed, as there were from three to five feet of water on the field. The shoot will take place on Saturday, beginning at 2 P. M. In connection with the match there will be a 15-bird sweep on Friday, March 11, 24 birds, and a 10-bird sweep on Saturday, March 12, 24 birds. The prize for the 10-bird sweep will be \$10, 10, 15 and 10 targets. On Saturday, beginning at 9 A. M., there will be live bird events at 4, 5, 6 and 7 birds, the entries being \$3, \$5, \$7 and \$8 respectively. The match will be shot regardless of weather, and will be at 50 live birds for \$300 a side, under A. S. A. rules. Sportsmen who want some good shooting in fast company should attend this tournament.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 11.—The Milwaukee Field and Trap Association held the first of its periodic shoots to-day at National Park. The association will meet the Chicago Club in a few weeks for a deciding contest, Milwaukee and Chicago having won one each of the previous shoots. Though the weather was not particularly pleasant, there was a good attendance. The Milwaukee men intend to capture the medal when next they meet Chicago. The officers of the association just elected are: President, Dr. Carmichael; Vice-President, Richard Merrill; Treasurer, C. Schmidt; Secretary, E. P. Thomas.

The events in order at the Savannah shoot will be at 10, 10, 15 single, 5 pairs, 10, 15, 20 and 15 singles. The programme will be the same as last year, excepting that on the second day there will be a 50-target match for the championship of Georgia. Entries will be \$1.50 for 10, \$2.50 for 15 and \$3.50 for 20 target events. In the championship and surplus shoots the entry will be the cost of the targets only. The 10-target events will be under the Parker handicap, the 15-target events will be one man up, 21 yds. rise, both barrels, unknown traps and angles.

The Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, held its third monthly prize shoot at clay targets on March 11 on the ground, Twenty-seventh and Lehigh avenue. Messrs. Willard, Benton and Van Nort won their respective classes. The conditions were 25 birds each, 21 yds. rise, 8 yds. boundary, American Association governing. Scores: Class A.—Willard 19, Greenland 18, Morrison 10, Mills 10. Class B.—Benton 19, Riott 17, Hothersall 14, Smith 13. Class C.—Van Nort 15, Martin 14. After the club shoot a number of sweepstakes were shot, Messrs. Willard, Morrison, Hothersall and Benton carrying off the honors.

The monthly target shoot of the Roxborough Gun Club took place on their grounds at Shawmont, Pa., on March 11. The conditions were 50 birds each, 8 yds. rise, American Association rules governing. H. Blouin carried off the club badge, hitting 47 out of 50, and breaking down the 50-bird target. Scores: H. Blouin 47, W. H. P. Rogers 46, G. H. Caven 34, A. Weir 30, W. French 30, S. Evans 33, J. Ennis 35, E. H. Block 37, F. Ozias 33, J. Taggart 31, H. Ozias 31, J. G. Helt 30, J. G. Hocks 30, F. Smith 30, J. Free 29, J. Weir 20.

Those who go to Savannah will have to leave New York on Saturday in order to get there in time for the opening of the shoot. Leaving Savannah on Thursday evening they will arrive in New York on the following Saturday afternoon. This is a far pleasanter trip than going and coming by rail, provided the time can be spared. The fare for the round trip is \$34, this, of course, including a stateroom and meals.

The Lakeside Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., held its annual meeting at the Ethan Allen Engine Company's rooms on March 9 and elected the following officers: President, Gen. W. W. Henry; Vice-President, L. C. Grant; Secretary, L. Hazen; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps; Club Captain, H. E. Spear; Board of Directors, A. E. Morgan, J. S. Denning, E. H. Shattuck, L. Harding, B. R. Seymour.

If the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club shoot the majority of their events under the "Jack Rabbit" system they should draw out a big crowd of 50 to 500 men who will not shoot under the regular money day rules. The club has already won a great reputation among shooters, and by catering to the "light weights" it will become still more popular.

Miss Annie Oakley, "Little Sure Shot," received an ovation each evening during her recent two weeks' engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre in this city. She intended to remain two more weeks but the need of a rest before leaving for Chicago, where she will open with the Wild West show, impelled her to be content with her two weeks' work.

BRADDOCK, Pa., March 12.—The Braddock Gun Club had a field shoot yesterday on the grounds at Bessemer. Seven members shooting at 100 birds made the following scores: W. J. Vance 87, W. J. Jones 73, David Creighton 70, William Pierce 66, George Mimom 70, W. M. Brown 58, M. E. Sebill 62, Alexander Durant out of a possible 75 scored 55.

Away down in Vermont the trap shooters are beginning to show a commendable amount of enthusiasm, and the Putney Rod and Gun Club announces that it will hold a target tournament on May 25 and 26. There will be added money in two events each day. Information about the tournament may be procured from W. C. Ayer, Putney, Vt.

The Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association is to be complimented upon the general get-up of its Savannah programme. The topography and press work are excellent throughout and reflect credit upon the printer.

T. W. Morfe, the trap-shooting hotel keeper of Paterson, uses a gun made by Charles Boswell, of London, which he says is the only one in this country of this make. They are extensively used in Australia. The one used by Mr. Morfe is of an elegant model and finish, and a close, hard shooter.

The opening tournament for 1893 of the Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League will take place on the grounds of the West End Gun Club of Albany next Tuesday, and a rousing time is anticipated. The team contest is expected to draw out a big field of entries.

A few days previous to the big sweep at E. D. Miller's, Frank Glass broke the gun with which he had recently been shooting and was obliged to fall back on his old Leffer, with which he graced 24 out of his 25 birds and lost the other by half judgment.

The Rockingham Rifle and Gun Club, of Portsmouth, N. H., met March 9, and elected the following officers: President, Geo. D. Whittier; Vice-President, C. C. Charlsen; Secretary, Thomas E. Noyes; Treasurer, Will White.

John Hornung, Conrad Steffegren and Thos. Thomas recently defeated James Robertson, David Thomas and Lemar Pritchard by killing 19 birds to the latter team's 17. The shoot took place at Pottsville, Pa.

Hamilton and Wilson of the Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club shot a \$25 match at 100 bluecock targets a fortnight ago, Hamilton breaking 96 to Wilson's 95.

Don't forget to hustle in your entries for the great American handicap. April 5 is not such a long way off and you cannot afford to be late with your entry.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Society will begin the week from next Wednesday. Have you entered for the handicap?

Morristown, N. J., has a gun club modeled somewhat after the Carteret and other exclusive clubs. The members shoot every week on Class' grounds.

The third contest for the cup offered to Kings county teams by the Coney Island Athletic Club will take place next Tuesday.

Harry Transue and Harry Rittan shot a 50-target match at Easton, Pa., on March 13, Transue breaking 46 to Rittan's 26.

Berkeley Springs, Md., has a new gun club with twenty-five members.

The Ansonia (Conn.) Gun Club has decided to join the State League. C. H. TOWNSEND.

The Eastern New York League.

The following well written account of the opening tournament for 1893 of the Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League is from the Albany *Argus* and is from the pen of the well known Horace B. Derby: The tournament season of the Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League opened at Saratoga on March 14. The first tournament of the league series of 1893 was originally scheduled to take place at the grounds of the West End Gun Club, of Albany, Feb. 22, but a blizzard placed a heavy blanket of snow upon it, as a few of our local sportsmen have cause to remember, and the Westenders postponed the event to March 23. After we were snowed under nothing enlivened the tournament season of the Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League Gun Club braced up and decided to hold a tournament on the 14th of March. The date being filed with the league secretary, the tournament was placed as the first on the official schedule of the present year's series.

The opening day dawned auspiciously, though a heavy March mist shrouded everything in its chilling folds; but the sun god soon asserted his power and a gentle way as it seemed, for his light gleamed the cold gray veiling of the morning by changing its dull coloring to a pale purple, then to rosy hues, and finally the last vestige of the folds and wreathings of misty vapor were dissipated in the full flushing of a bright day.

The heavy freshet in the noble Hudson that had converted a portion of our city into a very dirty representation of Venice, had receded, and the water was as clear as crystal, the brown ground town being delayed by flooded railway tracks; so every thing looked favorable for a strong gathering of outward-bound gunners, and, in good truth, Albany showed a very creditable representation, and had the other league towns done half as well, the Saratoga tournament would have gained much in the enriching of the treasury of the crack club of the Springs, though an increased attendance could hardly have added to the enjoyment of what proved to be a thoroughly pleasurable affair. The early-morning gathering of Albanians at the Delmar & Saratoga depot showed John B. Sanders, Parker Stone, George Glendy, G. L. St. Charles, W. W. Warden and the *Argus* reporter. With a company of congenial spirits, the ride could not fail to be a delightful one, saying nothing of the inspiring influences of a sunny morning that made one forget it was the chilling, rioting month of March, until such times as a glance from the car window showed the brown fields and dark woods and only a few patches of their recent heavy covering of snow, with here and there long stretches of jagged walls of gray white showing where the drifts had been heaped. While such an outlook made the fact patent to the observer that the transition from winter to the vernal period had but just begun, the occasional appearance of a muskrat hunter, standing like some watchful bittern along the canal banks, and the croaking of the river and the smaller water courses, was a fairly suggestive of spring.

Well, here we are at last, and the keen fellows in the crowd of drivers at the depot recognize and accost by name the well known veterans of the trap and trigger. "Are ye there, Uncle Sammy?" shouted one of the jehus, and the salutation conveyed the pleasant information that the veteran pigeon shot, Samuel Goggin, was "on deck," and, as usual, the latter, looking about him the worse for a night's rambling of the "cracked dery" that had placed him on the list for many weeks. The sleighing was not killed in Saratoga by the late rains, though the "going" was hard and rough, and to the music of jingling bells we were soon en route to the shooting ground.

As we neared the unpretending lodge of a decidedly crack league club the burly figure of a man, apparently watching for arrivals, attracted our attention, and the first greeting we met came from Nelson, a man whose name rivaled the sun in the beneficence of his beams. Nelson is one of those genial souls who never grows old, and save for a streaking of gray in his prized goatee—once irreverently alluded to by the manager of the Johnstown baseball nine as a "paint brush"—the good-natured giant might pose as an example of perennial youth. Harry M. Levensington, Jr., Saratoga's star performer at flying targets, emerged from the shadow of the wigwag and his hearty greeting we met with his kinsman, W. H. Pike, who, by the by, is expected to run up against Fulford some day in a blood race at live birds. Secretary Gibbs was hustling along the preliminary work, in which he was assisted by his son Frank, the latter, when the events were called, later on, acting as cashier. Another efficient tournament officer was George Holden, who manipulates the electric trap pulls with never a break or halt. I also exchanged a long range hail with chief trapper Johnny Reed, the best man in managing his corps of assistants in all the league clubs. A youthful figure togged out in a shooting jacket attracted my attention, and it is a pleasure to mention "Wash" Coster, Jr., the crack shot of the Brierwood Gun Club, Saratoga's junior shooting organization. From the boy I learned that his father was on a business visit to certain of his old haunts in North Carolina, and the absence of the popular league expert, Coster, Sr., was a disappointment to every visitor present. The later comers of the Saratogians were "Peters," who refuses to be exalted, yea, even by his own people, and Will. Shaffer, the caterer, whom we all willingly pay tribute to at the hour of luncheon.

There were two arrivals from Yankeland. One was a tall marksman, who is a pretty sure participant in every league shoot; who never kicks, grows or swears; who is always accorded a warm welcome and every body familiar with the personnel of the regular tournament attendants will, when reading this personal mention easily guess that the individual referred to is the favorite Green Mountain State sportsman, Myron F. Roberts. The other Yankee gunner was from the great and only "Hub," a man with a fairly won prestige among the skilled marksmen of New England, whom I, with many others present, knew something of by seeing the results of much of his splendid work in various eastern tournaments, set forth in the sporting press. Of heavy, powerful build, with deep-set, gray eyes and a rather massive face that betokened lots of resolution, there was a certain striking character about the big fellow that could not fail to arrest attention, and with a pleasant manner and a well-poised air. C. O. Barrett, of Boston, made an impression both favorable and lasting. Of his powers as a grand and steady shooter, the chilling shots and the scores best tell the full details of the story.

Taking into consideration that only about the middle of the month of March had been reached, the day was a particularly favorable one for shooting, with the one exception of the glaring light of the morning sun, that reflected from the vast expanse of snow and ice on the great plain whereon the shooting ground is situated, made the tax on the visual powers of the shooters exacting to the last degree. The air was at the time quite cool, and the absence of the chilling shots and squalls made the weather conditions quite acceptable. The blinding reflection of the sun on the snow was, after a while, modified by a gathering mist, to the unspeakable relief of the shooters, and as the day wore on, a deeper thickening of the clouded canopy brought a precipitation of rain at nightfall.

The targets placed were Crumfenden & Card's kingbirds, and the steady flight of these matchless flyers would have made easy shooting for all the participants had not the traps been tensioned to throw the

birds with terrific velocity. The general average made by the shooters was excellent under the circumstances, and the winners of the divisions of the purse for highest aggregates richly deserved all that was awarded them. The story of each shooter's performance is best told in the detailed scores:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds, entrance \$1: Sanders, Barrett and Levensington 10, McGinnis and Roberts 8, St. Charles, Goggin, Ramsdill, Stone and Warden 7, Glenly 7, Pike 6.

No. 2, 10 kingbirds, entrance \$1: Barrett and Roberts 10, St. Charles and Levensington 9, Glenly 9, for birds only, Stone and Gibbs 8, Sanders, Goggin, Ramsdill and Pike 7, Warden 3.

No. 3, 15 kingbirds, entrance \$1.50: St. Charles, Barrett, Stone and Levensington 14, Pike, Ramsdill and Roberts 13, McGinnis 12, Sanders and Goggin 11, Warden and Glenly 8.

No. 4, 10 kingbirds, entrance \$1: Levensington and Stone 10, St. Charles, Sanders and Barrett 9, Pike, McGinnis and Roberts 8, Goggin and Warden 7, Ramsdill and Glenly 6.

No. 5, 15 kingbirds, entrance \$1.50: Barrett 15, Levensington, Stone and Roberts 14, Goggin 13, Sanders, Pike and McGinnis 12, Glenly and St. Charles 11, Ramsdill and Warden 10.

No. 6, 10 kingbirds, entrance \$1: Barrett, Levensington and Pike 10, St. Charles, Sanders, Stone, McGinnis and Roberts 9, Ramsdill and Warden 8, Goggin and Glenly 7.

No. 7, 15 kingbirds, entrance \$1.50: Barrett, Levensington and Warden 15, Sanders and Roberts 14, St. Charles and McGinnis 13, Stone and Ramsdill 12, Goggin and Pike 11, Glenly 7.

No. 8, 10 kingbirds, entrance \$1: Barrett, Levensington and McGinnis 10, St. Charles, Sanders and Roberts 9, Stone and Pike 8, Glenly 8, Goggin and Warden 7, Ramsdill 6.

No. 9, 15 kingbirds, entrance \$1.50: Barrett and Levensington 15, Sanders, Stone and Roberts 14, St. Charles 13, Glenly 13 for birds only, Goggin and Pike 12, Peters and Warden 11, McGinnis 9.

AWARDS FOR HIGHEST AGGREGATES.

A purse of \$15, divided \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, \$1 was offered to the contestants making the highest aggregate scores in all the above contests, except the first. In the eight events to qualify for the purse a contestant had to shoot at 100 kingbirds. The names of the winners and their totals are given herewith:

Barrett, Boston, 93, won first money; Levensington, Saratoga, 97, won second; Roberts, Rupert, Vt., 91, won third; Stone, Albany, 89, won fourth; St. Charles, Albany, 87, won fifth.

Of the other contestants who shot through the qualification events, at 100 kingbirds, Sanders, Albany, scored 84; Pike and McGinnis, Saratoga, 81; Goggin, Troy, 74; Glenly and Warden, Albany, 69.

A FEW EXTRA SWEEPS.

The regular programme was shot out early in the afternoon, a result attributable to the small entry list and the rapid firing system under which the events were hustled along. There were lots of cartridges left, and the enthusiastic and untiring shooters called for extra sweeps to fill out the day. Four of these events followed under the following conditions: Ten kingbirds per man, unknown angles, \$1 entrance, the purse divided 30, 30 and 20 per cent. The scores follow:

No. 1: St. Charles and Levensington 10, Barrett, Stone and Peters 9, Sanders, McGinnis and Coster, Jr., 8, Glenly 7, Pike 5, Warden 4, Goggin 2.

No. 2: St. Charles and Stone 10, Barrett and Levensington 9, Coster, Jr., 8, for birds only; Sanders and Peters 7, Roberts 7, Pike and Warden 4, Glenly 3.

No. 3: St. Charles 10, Barrett 8, Sanders, Levensington, Stone and Coster, Jr., 7, Peters 6, Warden, Roberts and Glenly 4.

No. 4: Stone 9, Barrett and Levensington 8, Sanders and Peters 7, McGinnis 6, St. Charles and Glenly 4, Warden 3.

A DOUBLE BIRD MATCH.

The burly Bostonian, Barrett, wanted to try a few rounds at "doubles," evidently thinking that the steady flight of the kingbirds would act as a "cinch" on a good, big score. His invitation to join him in a modest rattle at the silver-center discs, thrown in pairs, was responded to by two Saratogians and one Albanian. Each man shot at five pairs and the scores made are presented in detail:

Levensington.....11 10 8 Barrett.....10 11 10 10 7 Peters.....11 01 10 11 7 Sanders.....10 10 10 10 6

This interesting little race made a fitting finale to a lively and thoroughly enjoyable tournament. There was a hurried tumbling into the sleighs that were to convey the departing sportsmen to the depot, and those in the south-bound train were whirled along to meet a rain storm that later turned to sleet and snow, accompanied by a severe north wind, and the roar of pelting winds, in striking contrast to the gentle weather on tournament day, but a worthy example of the fickle moods of that dreaded blusterer, howling, raging March.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

EUREKA CLUB.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 18.—The Eureka Gun Club held its meeting last Wednesday and voted \$35 donation to the Illinois State Association for tournament purposes. The following gentlemen were chosen as delegates to the convention of the State Association next June: J. E. Willard, R. O. Heikes, O. Von Lengerke, W. B. Morgan and A. J. Atwater. The board of directors and club captain will choose the club team for the State shoot. Eureka Club has leased new grounds at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, very convenient to the Rock Island and C. & E. I. railways at Auburn Park, and also to Seventy-ninth street cars. The following meeting will be held every Saturday afternoon, commencing with the first Saturday in April and closing with the last Saturday in October. Eureka Gun Club last year shot 46,100 targets, a very high record, indeed. It is one of the model clubs of the country and has among its members some very strong shots.

A GOOD PROGRAMME.

Messrs. H. B. Meyer & Co., who do the Illinois State programme this year, have now had the work in hand for some time, and can safely promise an interesting and handsome book of the shoot. The frontispiece is a clever trap scene by the well known Chicago artist Mr. W. H. Wells, a shooter also, and therefore of good touch in such matters. The committee of the Association have arranged a simple but flexible scheme of shooting, and the shoot for this year will do credit to the Association and to the city. Mr. H. B. Meyer soon goes East to obtain business for the programme, I understand.

THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

Only one thing seems certain about the much mooted World's Fair shoot, and that is that those who should be most diligent seem now most negligent. Get to work, gentlemen, or go home. Let Chicago and Chicago sportsmanship suffer in the eyes of the sportsmen of the country. For my part, if this thing falls through, I could never have a word of answer for any jeer that might be flung against this town. E. HOGG.

Shooting for Offices.

QUITE a number of people assembled at the Mendon Gun Club shooting ground, Mendon, Mich., March 1, for the purpose of seeing the election of officers, the club having agreed to shoot for them, the shoot to be at 100 birds, 30 yds. rise, rapid-fire, expert rules (trap No. 1, 2 and 3, and 4 and 5), ties to be shot off in a sudden-out. The league rules to govern, the one getting the highest number to be president, next best, vice-president; next best, secretary and treasurer. The Mendon team were the only competitors—six in number—the rest of the club not thinking themselves able to compete with the Maratelle brothers, as they hold the championship trophy of the Auxiliary League of the State of Michigan, having won it now twice in succession; they have only to win it once more to have it become their individual property:

F C Maratelle.....	0111111111111111010111-22
W W Maratelle.....	1011111111111111111110-23
C Maratelle.....	1110111011101011111111-21
L Maratelle.....	1101101101111111111111-20
P Tando.....	1110110111111111111111-21
E Devoigne.....	1111111111111111111111-23
Shoot-off:	
W W Maratelle.....	1111111111-11 E Devoigne.....1111111110-10
Semi-expert events, 10 bluecocks each, \$1 entrance:	
F C Maratelle.....	1111111111-10 1111111110-10
W W Maratelle.....	1111111111-10 1111111110-9
C Maratelle.....	1111111111-10 1011111111-8
L Maratelle.....	1011111111-9 1011111111-9
T Tando.....	1111111111-8 1011111111-9
E Devoigne.....	1110111111-7 1111111111-10
Dr Nighart.....	0001101010-4 11111110001-5
J Dikerna.....	1100111000-5 1000111101-5

Syracuse Gun Club.

A KINGBIRD shoot on the "jack rabbit" system, will be held on the Syracuse Gun Club grounds, March 27, at 1 P. M. sharp. Cars leave Onondaga County Savings Bank every 7 minutes. Open to all, rapid-fire, known angles. Birds included in entrance. Every shooter breaking over 50 per cent. receives 10 cents for every target broken. Balance divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to three highest scores, ties divided. Shells for sale on grounds. H. R. BECKER, Manager.

Long Island Sportsmen's Club.

The Long Island Sportsmen's Club held its first shoot of the year at Dexter Park on Monday, March 13. Ten members competed at 10 birds each, club handicap, H. and T. traps, for a new gold medal. C. Wissell won with a straight score of 10. Mr. Schoettler and C. Freese were good seconds with 9. The scores:

C. Freese.....1111111110-9	P. Kunzweiler.....0110212012-7
N. Schoettler.....010220111-7	M. Schoettler.....1201112111-9
C. Hoffer.....1010112020-6	J. Guenther.....0102011011-6
C. Bieber.....3020101101-6	C. Wissell.....1121231111-10
M. Goetz.....1200111002-6	L. Kress.....0112001110-6

Phoenix Gun Club.

The first shoot of the season by the members of the Phoenix Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, March 16. Nine out of the ten members had a good day's sport, each one shooting at 15 birds from H. and T. traps, old Long Island rules. A. Botty was the winner with 14. The birds were a fine fast lot. The scores:

D. Freiligh.....121101102101212-12	A. Botty.....212130212211121-14
M. Chichestor.....20111011012211-12	A. Rutan.....221022201122311-13
D. Smith.....21002111210011-11	J. Ahurst.....210110110211112-12
J. Henry.....112210012001001-9	E. Madison.....210102011021021-10
C. Gardner.....12010201020100-7	

Hurlingham Rules.

RULES of the Hurlingham Gun Club and the Gun Club (London), blue and gold, vest pocket size. New edition, price 25 cents.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

MEDICUS, Brooklyn.—There is a letter here for you. Please send address.

K. C. G., Cleveland, O.—See FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 25, 1890, for drawings of sliding seat.

W. A. F., Jr., Beverly, Mass.—Write to the correspondent who in this week's issue tells of a fish and game resort not many hours from Boston.

DR. W., New York.—Would you kindly let me know the nearest place to Philadelphia, where brook trout can be found, and how to get there? Ans. Try Dr. Fulmer's Dingman's Ferry, Pa., or Price Bros., Canadensis, Pa. Both are on Erie R. R.

E. B. M.—Can you tell me if there is any fluid which is injected into birds to preserve them, instead of skinning and mounting them? Ans. There are such fluids, but they are not used to any extent. There was more or less interest years ago in the Wickersheimer fluid. Ordinary embalming fluid will do for small birds.

W. M. P., Montague, Mich.—Where is there in Florida where a man can go on the coast on the gulf side and get land reasonable that is adapted for orange culture and other fruit? Ans. We cannot refer you to any particular point. Send for a copy of the Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union, and write to some of the real estate men therein advertising.

W. L. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Nessmuk's" contributions to FOREST AND STREAM extended over a period of nearly ten years. It would be impracticable for us to supply a full set of the numbers containing them. His two books were "Woodcraft," price \$1, and the poems, "Forest Runes," price \$1.50. We can supply both of these, though there are but few Runes left.

A. W. B., Elizabeth, N. J.—We know of no canoe yaws that can be hired. Such boats are seldom kept for hire.

C. R. P.—1. The price of unbound volumes of FOREST AND STREAM is \$1.50 per volume (six months), bound \$2.50. 2. The address is 48 Wall street, New York. 3. There are no published photos of the pug named. 4. The E. K. C. S. B. registry of the sire and dam of an imported dog renders that dog eligible for registration in the A. K. C. If the sire and dam of an imported dog are not registered abroad it cannot be registered here.

J. D., Ironton, O.—Before using marine glue the planking must be perfectly dry, and the caulking must be done without oil on the iron, naphtha being used instead for dipping the iron in. The glue must be melted slowly over a moderate fire and kept at a fluid state without boiling. No more should be melted than can be used at once, as the glue is not improved by continued melting, though the surplus when trimmed off may be returned to the pot. We cannot give you the proportions you wish, but you will find full receipts for waterproofing in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 16, 1890.

P. G., Danbury.—A bird dog that I own points all right; the only fault is that his tail isn't steady. My friend claims that for a reason why his dog won't back mine up. Again he says it is no point for the reason that his tail wriggles. Ans. Your friend is mistaken in stating that because your dog wiggles his tail on point it is no point. It simply mars the style of the act, but does not impair the act itself. A dog which backs honestly will seldom refuse to back a dog which points truly, even if the latter wiggles his tail when pointing. However, some impatient, industrious dogs are on the alert for any pretext to lead in the work, therefore they refuse to back any dog which is not motionless on point. Oftener, however, a refusal to back is from imperfect training.

W. D., Ovando, Mont.—I am engaged in fishculture and have the honor of hatching the first mountain trout in Montana. I set out 700,000 eggs and got 500,000 trout for my trouble. I think that is very good for a beginner. I expect to set out 300,000,000 next spring. This State takes no interest in our fish; we have no fish commissioner and no game warden and the laws are very poor here. I have hunted and fished in Montana for twenty years and I thought I would try fishculture and have had good luck so far. I would like to ask you a few questions. 1. Is there any way for a man to get control of a meandered lake that has more than 160 acres of land in it? 2. If a man owns the land has he the right to dam up a small creek on his land for the purpose of making fish ponds of it? The creek is 3 or 4 ft. wide and runs through my land and I could make a lake one-half mile long by putting in a dam 10 ft. high. Ans. 1. A meandered stream or body of water surrounded by land is meandered for the purpose of leaving that body of water in the eminent domain and not to be disposed of. 2. If there are no priority water rights in the creek crossing your land you can use the water as you please, but if property owners or others below you expect to use the water and have legal rights to do so, then the water would have to pass off your land in its usual channel after flowing through your pond.

H. G. C., Washington C. H., O.—I wish to raise fish, frogs, eels and turtles in southern Ohio. Would like to get an idea of how much water and what kind of water, how long it takes the bass, frog, eel and turtle to mature, what to feed them, what kind would be the best for the location, or anything that would assist a party starting to raise these animals profitably? Ans. You should read FOREST AND STREAM's catalogue of books and select some work on fishculture as a preparation for the difficult task proposed. "Fish Hatching and Fish Catching" by Green and Roosevelt and "American Fishculture" by Thaddeus Norris deal more with the subjects named than most of the other books on our list. You can not do much with eels except fatten them; they breed only in the sea. Green and Roosevelt have a short chapter on frog culture. The only turtles that have been reared, as far as we know, are the diamond-back terrapins of salt waters, about which see our "Answers to Correspondents" this week. For recent information on black bass rearing see our issue of March 9, page 211. Bass mature in two or three years, their growth depending upon the

amount of food furnished them. We published an interesting article entitled "A Successful Frog Pond" on Feb. 14, 1890, with an illustration.

F. S., Meriden, Conn.—We have a certain brook in this part of the State and have had quite a discussion. In one part of it, about one-eighth of a mile long, there are some nice pools, but no trout can be caught. Can you explain? There is good fishing above and below this spot, and why do not the trout stay there? Ans. You do not state whether the pools formerly contained trout, and what changes have taken place in that part of the stream within your knowledge or that of your associates. It may be possible that the pools are visited at night by net fishermen, or anglers may visit them so persistently that the trout are driven away. Give us full information as you can about the brook and we will try to solve the riddle.

F. L., Springfield, N. Y.—Can you tell me in your valuable paper how to breed and raise terrapins with profit, as I own swampy land on Long Island, best spring water. We find terrapins occasionally in it. Perhaps you know of some book which treats of it. Ans. We assume that the diamond-back or salt water terrapin is the one you refer to. Short chapters on the habits, mode of capture, method of feeding, etc., are given in a work published by the U. S. Fish Commission and the Tenth census, nearly ten years ago, entitled "Fisheries and Fishing Industries of the United States." The volume containing the account of the terrapin fishery, in which the inclosures for fattening the animals are described, is still to be found in second-hand book stores in Washington, D. C., and may possibly be purchased at the U. S. Government Printing Office in that city for about \$1.50. The first volume, containing the natural history of the terrapin, has long been out of print. When kept in pens, terrapin are fed on fish, oysters, crabs, clams, and sometimes celery, to give them a fine flavor. The diamond-back lays its eggs in June and July on sandy bars or banks above water. The number of eggs is small, and the young grow very slowly, making the business of rearing them very uncertain as to profit. The terrapin buries itself in the mud in cold weather and remains torpid during the winter, and this still further retards the growth of the animal. The finest terrapin are found in the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod, but the greatest shipping point on the east coast is Crisfield, Md., where a number of "crawls" are located.

J. P. J., Elsinore, Cal.—We have a lake here which we wish to stock with sunfish, bream, or some other kind of fish suitable for still water in a warm climate. The lake is five miles long by two wide, and from 10 to 50 ft. wide. The water contains some alkali, but there are millions of minnows which seem to do well. Perhaps you can suggest the best kind of fish for our purpose, and tell us where to get them. We will willingly pay all expenses. Ans. The sunfish and bream are small fish, and their introduction into new waters should not be undertaken without caution. If the lake contains no trout and is not drained by trout streams, why not stock it with large-mouth black bass? This belongs to the family containing the sunfish and bream, but is a large and valuable food and game fish, and its introduction involves no special difficulty. Furthermore, it is known to occur in brackish waters in Florida and other Gulf States, and the chances are in favor of its adaptation to the lake waters described. If you are not too remote from Washington, it might be feasible to procure a breeding stock of bass by application to U. S. Fish Commissioner Marshall McDonald, who will forward blank application upon request. If the Government is able to forward the fish, they will cost you nothing. It would be worth your while, at all events, to make the application. If you prefer to make arrangements with private parties, perhaps Dr. S. F. Bartlett, Quincy, Ill., may be able to suggest some one competent to transport, the fish. The task is not an easy one. There is in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, Cal., a fish of the sunfish family which is called the "Sacramento perch." It is a good fish, of fair size, and might prove suitable for life in your lake. There should be no difficulty in getting it alive, as it is to be found in the markets of San Francisco, where it is known as "perch." This is said to be an excellent pan-fish, similar in qualities to the black bass, and reaches a weight of one pound. A letter addressed to Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Sec'y Fish Commission, may secure additional information about the "perch."

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SOME anglers labor under the false impression that large dealers and manufacturers charge more for their goods than the keepers of small shops. A glance at our new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List for 1892, which we will mail on receipt of 6 cents to cover postage, will show how much they are mistaken.

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CHINESE AND AMERICAN.

THE Geary Chinese exclusion act, which will take effect next May, provides that within one year from the date of its adoption, May 5, 1892, every Chinese laborer resident in this country must have applied to the Collector of Internal Revenue of his district for a certificate of residence; and when the specified term shall have elapsed, every Chinese laborer not so provided with his certificate shall be arrested and sent to jail for a year and then packed off to China.

The Geary act was not adopted without strenuous opposition, and it has met with the decided disapproval of many individuals and societies and influential journals, which have denounced it in strong terms as ungenerous, unmanly, un-American, unchristian and unworthy our time, our country and our character and position as a nation.

But with what reason can an outcry be made against these restrictions laid upon Chinese laborers by the United States, when individual States themselves make similar exactions upon certain citizens of other States, who are not Mongolians nor aliens, but native-born American citizens? The United States enacts that if a Chinese laborer be not registered he shall go to jail; Maryland enacts that if a visiting citizen from Connecticut or Ohio or Missouri, who happens to be a sportsman, be not registered, he, too, shall be sent to jail. Maine and Michigan are considering the enactment of laws of like purport.

If the Geary exclusion act is wrong as applied to Chinese laborers, these non-resident laws are wrong as applied to American sportsmen; and if the Geary act is right as to Chinamen, the non-resident laws are none the less wrong as to Americans.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

THE new forestry law just enacted by the Legislature at Albany provides for a board of five forestry commissioners who shall serve for terms of five years, and shall have general charge and control of the State forest preserves. The sections of the law relating to the Adirondacks set apart forever all lands now owned or to be acquired by the State:

All lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State within the county of Hamilton, the towns of Newcombe, Minerva, Schroon, North Hudson, Keene, North Elba, St. Armand, and Wilmington, in the county of Essex; the towns of Harrietstown, Santa Clara, Altamont, Waverly and Brighton, in the county of Franklin; the town of Wilmurt, in the county of Herkimer; the towns of Hopkinton, Colton, Clifton and Fine, in the county of Saint Lawrence, and in the towns of Johnsbury, Stony Creek and Thurman, and the islands in Lake George, in the county of Warren, except such lands as may be sold as provided in this article, shall constitute the Adirondack Park. Such park shall be forever reserved, maintained and cared for as ground open for the free use of all the people for their health and pleasure and as forest lands, necessary to the preservation of the headwaters of the chief rivers of the State, and a future timber supply; and shall remain part of the forest preserve.

The Forest Commission shall have the care, custody, control and superintendence of the Adirondack Park; shall have power to purchase land situated within the bounds of the park; and may sell and convey any part of the forest preserve within the counties of Clinton, Fulton, Lewis, Oneida, Saratoga, Washington, Saint Lawrence, Franklin (except the town of Harrietstown), Herkimer (except the town of Wilmurt), Essex (except the towns of Newcomb and North Elba), Warren (except the islands in Lake George and land upon the shore thereof), and the town of Hope, in the county of Hamilton, the ownership of which is not in the opinion of the Commission needed to promote the purposes of the act.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Saranac River, in the Keene Valley, constituting one of the most attractive and beautiful features of the North Woods, is menaced by a scheme of vandals and barbarians, whose fell purpose is to destroy its scenic beauty by making a log drive of it. A bill in the New York Senate, No. 559, makes provision that "The Ausable River, including both the east and west branches above the forks, is hereby declared to be, and is constituted a public highway for the purpose of floating logs, timber and lumber down the same." To constitute this lovely stream a highway for logs means that it will be dammed here, blasted there, and ruined throughout its entire course. A Legislature which has just enacted the Adirondack forestry bill cannot without stultifying itself give over the beautiful Saranac to destruction and desolation for the benefit of a few individuals against the advantage of the community, present and future.

Connecticut people living near Honey Pot Brook, in South Meriden, are awaiting with decided interest the coming of April 1, which will mark the opening of the

trout season and the issue of the Honey Pot fishing imbroglio. Certain South Meriden fishermen have stocked the waters with trout fry furnished by the State; other parties have purchased the exclusive right to fish the streams. The stockers declare that next Saturday they will go fishing in Honey Pot, trespass signs or no trespass signs, and the lessees promise with equal emphasis to prosecute intruders. The gentle art of angling is mixed up with a prodigious amount of lawing in Connecticut. Fishing rights cases run through years of litigation. Out of it all must come a final determination of the angler's rights.

The members of the Gun Club of Wellsboro, "Nessmuk's" home, have generously undertaken to provide the natural boulder, which will form a part of the memorial of Mr. Sears. The total sum subscribed to date is \$221. Those whose subscriptions have not been recorded are:

MR. A. NELSON CHENEY, Glens Falls, N. Y.
MR. H. D. LEEK, East St. Louis, Ill.
DR. GEO. A. McMILLEN, Alton, Ill.
MR. J. WALLACE HOFF, Trenton, N. J.
MR. ROBT. M. MACKAY, Philadelphia, Pa.
MR. J. W. HUTCHINSON, Brookline, Mass.
MR. ARTHUR WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich.
MR. S. G. HARTMAN, Indiana, Pa.

Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, has just reached New York with the first robins, on his way back to Canada, after a winter in Florida. The one thing that appears most to have impressed him down there was a congregation of forty-nine field dogs baying the moon one night in concert in the hotel yard in Tallahassee. That meant, said Mr. Gregory, that there were forty-nine quail shooters in town; they had come from all parts of the country, and they bagged quail by the hundreds. Tallahassee has become a famous center for sportsmen visiting Florida.

The enactment of a Maine law permitting the killing of cow moose is a distinct retrogression. It is an accepted principle among all who are intelligently and actively interested in game protection that the parent stock of such species may be maintained only by insuring immunity for the females. By and by sportsmen, at least, will be educated to such a degree that they will find nothing to boast of in the slaying of a cow moose. The better sentiment is against it to-day.

For the man who shoots, nothing in the world is more rapid than a shooting story which is on the face of it a lie, an invention, a silly exaggeration, an affirmation of the impossible. But it is equally true that the man who shoots, and who knows what queer things do happen with guns and bullets, is of all men the readiest to believe a story which is of unusual and perhaps unaccountable but not impossible occurrences.

The Gilbert bill to permit the sale of artificially reared trout in close season came up in the Massachusetts Senate last Tuesday, and was lost by a tie vote of 17 to 17. It is feared by the friends of trout protection that a reconsideration may be asked for. The measure is thoroughly bad and we are astonished that seventeen votes should have been cast for such a bill in the Senate of Massachusetts.

Among the mounted specimens of American wild animals at the World's Fair will be a mountain lion, which was recently killed in Washington. It measured 7ft. 11in. Where was our sprightly and ever entertaining cougar-conquering and panther-prostrating correspondent, "O. O. S.," with his handspike?

Dr. W. A. Blaisdell, of Macomb, Ill., is repeating his attempts to introduce the chickoor from India as a game bird for Illinois. The experiments will be regarded with much interest.

"Nessmuk's" famous little Rushton canoe the Sairy Gamp will be shown in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building at the World's Fair.

INTELLIGENT sportsmen of Tennessee are seeking to provide better game and fish protection for the mountains and valleys. The people at large are taking great interest in the matter.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page VII.

Many Men of Many Minds.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is not the organ, nor the advocate, nor the champion of any one narrow class of sportsmen. We aim to extend to all classes and conditions of men the fullest and best opportunity for expression of their convictions, whims, notions, opinions, sentiments, beliefs, apprehensions, misgivings, anticipations, yearnings, forebodings, prognostications and vaticinations respecting the topics which belong within the scope of this journal.

Correspondents frequently express views with which the editorial page is not in accord. That paper would be dull enough, to be sure, the editors of which should assume to possess a monopoly of all there was to be written on subjects so suggestive, so intricate, complex and many-sided, so far-reaching and so manifold as the topics which from week to week and from month to month are discussed and settled and then brought up and discussed again in our several departments. As for ourselves, we do not pretend to "know it all" nor to "say the last word."

Where else in all the journals of the day will be found such a never-ceasing flow of good-humored and well-mannered discussions as here?

It is not too much to say that through the agency of the FOREST AND STREAM, which is as a forum, free to all, the field sportsmen of all the widely separated sections of this continent understand one another better, have a more manly respect for each other, and constitute more truly than would otherwise be possible, a fraternity. Did you ever think of it in that way?

MORE DELMONICO DELAY.

STATE GAME PROTECTOR KIDD was on hand last Friday for the trial of the Delmonico woodcock case. The District Attorney's office had told him that it would be on that day's calendar. Assistant District Attorney Townsend, who is in charge of the suit, had not subpoenaed any witnesses, but Dr. Kidd had taken the precaution to provide them. When he reached the office he was met with the intelligence that on request of the defendant the trial had again been postponed.

The new date set is April 5, next Wednesday, and even Dr. Kidd appears to believe that on that day the suit will actually be disposed of. Dr. Kidd has greater faith in Col. Townsend than we have; but as the Colonel has finally permitted himself to give more than a five minutes audience to the Protector and has absorbed some information about the evidence, it is possible that the District Attorney's disgraceful Delmonico record may be closed next week.

It would be outrageous if through inattention and want of preparation Col. Townsend should after all lose the suit. If he does he may rest assured that the public will understand fully where to put the blame.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN EASTER CROCUS.

I WATCHED a budding crocus
As it rose to meet the light,
From a slumber 'neath the snowbanks
Through the dreary winter night,
And it seemed too pure and lovely
For a thing with roots in dirt.

Came a whisper from Ostara:
Stored up forces from the Sun
Sprang from out that bulb all-potent—
And its mission was begun.
Then it pleased men with true beauty,
Though the roots were deep in dirt.

Once on Easter morn a spirit
In the form of man arose,
Calling forth a power eternal
For believers; to disclose
All the sin and human folly
That we slumber in, as dirt.

And to-day from all that's worldly
May fine character arise
Out of envies, lies, injustice.
There's to us a glad surprise
That such thing can spring from forces
Hidden in the midst of dirt.

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

CAMPING ON THE TENDERFOOT.—II.

WHETHER I was justified in writing my first paper may be a question. To those who love the outing for the outing's sake I must look for my vindication, if to anybody, for there was no story of either hunting or fishing in it. There are not a few writers, I am sure, who belong to that class, and as the fish and game more and more disappear the class will grow in numbers. The time is bound to come, and that, too, sooner than some of us may think, when the majority of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, this FOREST AND STREAM possibly, but anyway, some FOREST AND STREAM, will simply be outers, and not hunters and fishermen, for there will be neither game to kill nor fish to catch within their reach. I am still in my prime, and yet I have witnessed the disappearance of the cream of the fishing from the Michigan Au Sable to the Wisconsin Brule. Brethren, the fishing is going, and I sat down to write the story of my Tenderfoot experience mainly that I might tell how one splendid trout and grayling stream was stripped of its fish inside of ten days, and that right under my own eyes.

As we were slowly dragging our way up Tenderfoot Cañon I asked our guide whether or not we would be apt to see any wild beasts during our stay. "O yes," he bravely answered. "You will see both black tails and white tails; you may see bears and possibly elk; you will certainly hear wolves howling and lions roaring." Whether he believed his own words or took us for tenderfeet and was lying outright we did not certainly know at the moment, but while I recognize as a rule of law that every man is presumed to speak the truth as he understands it, I nevertheless am firmly persuaded that our guide knew at the time that he was not. And yet while we saw but few deer and never a bear nor elk, and heard neither the howl of wolf nor roar of lion, evidences were everywhere abundant that there had been the greatest abundance of game in the Tenderfoot valley at a comparatively recent time in the past. Chalk-white buffalo and elk bones were to be seen gleaming in the sun wherever one went, and on the less than an acre of valley on which our camp was pitched we picked up a big barrow load of broken elk and deer horns and old buffalo heads, which we piled in a heap at one side.

If the game had largely disappeared, it soon was made manifest that the fish had not. At our camp the Tenderfoot flowed in a swift and strong current 20ft. in width and from 18in. to 2ft. in depth. It ran with such strength and swiftness that one had to use the utmost care in wading to keep from being borne down. The valley is in all places very narrow, and generally very crooked. It averages, I would guess, from 75 to 200 yds. in width. At every bend is a deep, rocky pool, and between these is usually very swift water. The stream has its source in the mountain springs, and from the falls to its confluence with the Smith, a distance of about nine miles, springs are constantly adding to its volume. With the great cliffs overhanging in places its deep and cavernous pools, with the evergreen trees casting here and there their shadows upon its wrinkled surface, and with now and then a stretch open to the sun glare, one need not be reminded of the stream's transcendent beauty, nor of the fact that it must be the natural home of the choicest of the finny tribe.

The waters of the Tenderfoot we found swarming with trout and grayling. A cast of three flies as often brought in two fish as one. The Preacher, who is fond of experimenting, tried on six flies one day, and brought in four handsome fish at one cast. We found the sport too good on the Tenderfoot. It required few fish to supply our larder, and after two or three days we tired of catching trout and grayling to throw back into the stream.

Not far from our camp we found a squatter's shack into which a ranchman of the country had moved during the haying season. We soon scraped acquaintance with the ranchman and his men, and the first visit the latter made to the falls on a cattle and horse salting expedition, I was of the party. Sitting Bull, a venerable broncho, too old, lame, gentle and safe for any of the "boys" to ride, was thoughtfully assigned to me, and I must say that the old fellow did his work well.

At the Falls and for a half mile or so below there was no fishing. It was plain that the Tenderfoot had been fished out at that place, and as there were two sets of campers from Niehart, a new railroad town ten miles distant over the Big Belt range, it seemed reasonable to attribute the work to Niehart fishermen. Both Bill and George said that the Niehart campers were using dynamite, and I think they knew.

In less than a week after my visit to the Falls, the valley was entered by gangs of pot-fishermen coming from the Niehart direction, and at once the work of destruction began in our immediate vicinity. Each gang charged that the preceding had used dynamite, and we believed

that each had told the truth. There was not a true fisherman among them all. The first party to pass our camp consisted of three. Their journey was attended with such a fusillade of pistol firing as to warrant the conjecture, when we first heard the shots, that a troop was on the march. They passed our camp in Indian file, the first being fairly well mounted, the second was also mounted, but rode bareback without a bridle, and the third footed it along behind. Each carried a green pole cut from the thicket, and wore a half-bushel sack, shot-pouch fashion, in which to carry his fish. For bait they had grasshoppers. These worthies fished for greed, and had the same love for the business that the wolf has for the chase of the lamb it devours. "Trout and grayling are worth in Niehart," they said, "from 25 to 35 cents per pound," and it was the money they were after.

Other parties came and went, till within ten days we counted sixteen new faces, and from morning till night during these days the work of thrashing and pounding the waters and the hoisting out of trout and grayling went steadily on. And when the ten days were up and the last of the sixteen were ready to leave, they cursed those who had preceded them for being hogs and dynamiters, for the trout and the grayling were gone. The day before we left I fished the stream for a mile or more below our camp before I got a decent creel. It was a revelation to me, this rapid and effective depletion of the Tenderfoot of its fish. The teeming waters of the Smith River will, of course, replenish the Tenderfoot, but for how long?

The work of destruction of game and fish is going on in the mountain country more rapidly than we are apt to think. Butchering is the rule. I have before me a letter from an Idaho man in which is an account of a Chicago gentleman who, with his family, spent six weeks in that State last season, and "during their stay they killed 2,000 chickens besides other small game." Let us hope it is a lie, for what would even a Chicago gentleman do with 2,000 chickens during a six weeks' outing? And yet, while we may hope that the story is not true, it is certain that the Chicago man was better than the most of his neighbors, if he didn't kill every chicken he could, "besides" all "other small game."

On our way to Livingstone we went up the beautiful valley of a delightful trout stream, whose name escapes me, for a distance of some four or five miles. All along, the banks indicated a recent and unusual invasion of fishermen, and on trying the stream we found an unexpected scarcity of trout. On inquiry of the ranchmen, we were informed that a company of fishermen from a town forty miles distant had spent ten days on the stream and that they had "salted down" thousands of fish. Our informants probably gave them credit for taking more fish than they were justly entitled to, but the fact was plain that they had skinned the stream.

The Yellowstone River above the falls and within the Park affords as fine fishing of its kind as perhaps can be found in the world. But one hears fault finding wherever he goes because the Government will not suffer the market-fishermen to come in and take possession.

But the market-fishermen are not the only people to blame for the work of extermination going on in the creeks and rivers of the West. The day we spent at the Yellowstone Falls we noticed a couple of gentlemen setting out on a fishing excursion in the upper part of the river. Subsequently we met one of these men, who told us the story of his catch. It was 150, and I have no reason to believe that he did not tell the truth. But that was a shameful butchery. The fellow was certainly no true sportsman, and I trust the time is not far hence when a man would as soon think of purloining his neighbor's property as to kill more game than he can find use for.

D. D. BANTA.

THAT PARADISE IN THE NORTHWEST.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 13.—Though you will not find my name on your list, I am still a constant reader of the best sporting paper published. I am almost constantly on the move, thus have no fixed address, and consequently obtain the FOREST AND STREAM of newsdealers.

In your issue of Feb. 23 I notice a communication from Tacoma from the pen of Dr. J. A. Beebe, in which he literally makes this region a sportsman's paradise. As one of the disciples of rod and rifle I feel called on to correct some parts of the genial Doctor's statement. He evidently has the "Sound fever," and has it bad. (There is no known cure for the disease.)

"Bears, deer and cougars are killed within ten minutes' ride of the court house," says the Doctor. It is true that a cougar or bear does occasionally stray into some of the "real estate" suburbs of the cities of the Sound, but these are from four or five to six or eight miles from the city and surrounded by a jungle that would rival like places in India or Africa. Decidedly the Doctor has only shown one side of the picture.

"Seals, whales and dolphins * * * crowd into our harbor and sport at our very doors. * * * Salmon of 25 to 45 lbs. are very common. * * * Rainbow trout of 4 lbs.," writes the Doctor, are to be caught (presumably) right at the door. "Twenty minutes' ride * * * or an hour's walk or row will convey the ardent sportsman into—" Paradise, the Doctor would give you to understand. Now I'll see what is the sane version. First, "dog," or hairless seals, do frequent certain localities in the Sound during salmon season, and then only in limited numbers. Once in a generation, perhaps, a small whale does get lost in the channels and strays up the Sound. I have questioned quite a number of old settlers and my information is that some time several years ago three small whales actually got into Commencement Bay, Tacoma's harbor. I can find not even a tradition of any others above Port Townsend, seventy-five or eighty miles from Tacoma. Verily the Doctor's door is a wide one. Inquiry fails to find any one who has ever seen anything nearer like a "dolphin" than a porpoise. Perhaps the Doctor meant the latter fish, if so we can overlook his error.

I caught a great many salmon myself last season and inspected whole schoolloads caught by the cannery fleet of Italians looking for some of these fabled monsters of the salmon tribe. The largest one I could find tipped a Howe beam at 22 lbs. The Doctor must use "spring" scales with a very weak spring. As to the trout, there are undoubtedly large trout in some of the mountain streams of Washington. Just how large it would be hard to state. I myself never saw one over 3 or 3½ lbs., and don't know what kind of trout he was, but am under the impression that he was captured in one of the lakes.

You of the East, of the Maine woods, of the Rangeley

Lakes, of the Michigan or Canadian pines, of the crags of the Rockies, you know not what the Doctor's "paradise" is. Just put on your imagination cap and follow me closely. First, we have a rough up and down hill country which nature has planted with a solid grove of sombre fir and cedar trees, whose plume tops find the sunshine 200 or 300 ft. above the ground and whose diameter 10 or 12 ft. from the earth will reach 6 or 8 ft. to 12 or 15 ft., and in some cases much more. Hemlock and spruce form a good undergrowth, which shuts out the sun and vegetates the huge bunches, mats, festoons and stalactites of green, gray, brown and yellow moss that covers every stick in the woods, gathers a cold, clammy dampness and lends a decided ice-house air to these woods. Don't think for a minute that this is all. We must clear away a mass of swamp alder, cottonwood, wild cherry and hundreds of other "shrubs," including a mass of ferns of four or five kinds which grow, some of them, almost to the magnitude of bushes, and are all as high or higher than your head. Mix with these a dozen or fifteen kinds of thorny berry vines and drop a few acres of that vegetable terror known as "devil's clubs," here and there just carelessly, so they will stab you, tear your corduroys and give you a three or four hours' job removing the needlelike thorns; then knock a lot of big timber down and pile it criss-cross in every direction, some of it so big you cannot climb over it, and brush so thick you can't go around it; add enough light to see newspaper print under the thinnest places of the vegetable mass above you and let a common every-day coast rain envelop you like a wet blanket (this is in deer season, January), and you have the most truthful picture my pen is able to describe to you of this beautiful "paradise" of the Doctor's. EL COMANCHO.

TAGS ARE UN-AMERICAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are right when you say that "tags are un-American." I have fished the lakes and rivers of Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin with rod and hook for over thirty consecutive years, and if the people desire to protect the sportsman's interest, there is no necessity of licensing a hook and line, but let them keep the seines out of our small streams, see that the waters are not polluted, and don't introduce such spawn-eaters as the German carp, and our rivers will yield enough fish to satisfy any reasonable minded person for a century to come. OLD NICK.

NEW YORK, March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your splendid editorial, "Tags are un-American," deserves the admiration and praise of every lover of field sports. I trust the time will come when such foolish dickerings with law will be a thing of the past. "Non-resident license laws" should only be passed by States who wish to build a Chinese wall, and not regard as worth any consideration the amount of money is spent by a constantly increasing sporting element that supports thousands of summer places. I have traveled in thirteen different States in the last nine months and always carry my rod and gun with me, and have resolved never to stop at places where I am so un-welcomed with a non-resident license tax. I trust others will do the same. I agree with you that game preservation is important and necessary, but is non-resident license tax the remedy? I think not. H. C. W.

NEW BRUNSWICK BEAR BRAVES.

THE landscape was bathed in the soft light of the late autumn sun when, one day, two hunters—mighty nin-rods—left one of the fairest villages in the little Province of New Brunswick on a rabbit hunt. On their shoulders were their "trusty firelocks" and their pockets were filled to overflowing with cartridges loaded with No. 5 shot.

As they crossed the long bridge that spanned the river between the town and their hunting ground the wind whistled merrily through the upper works of the bridge and also through the whiskers of the hunters. In the anticipations of the good things in store for them later in the day they were in high spirits. Only one little drop of bitter was in their cup, they had not brought cartridges enough. It was too late now to go back for more. And after they had slain either a rabbit or a grouse with each of the six and a half dozen they had with them they would probably be tantalized by the sight of game galore which they would be powerless to reduce to possession.

Alas! that there should be so wide a margin between expectation and realization. When the day was fast waning, and they had tramped many a weary yard on the ground where they had decreed that so much game was to die, they found that:

The steps of the "joe-buck" were far and fleet,
And the grouse kept aloof from the hunter's feet.

The wind now sighed mournfully through the trees, and toyed not at all with the whiskers of the nin-rods. "I'll tell you what," said one, "we've got to lie low till after dark and steal into town unobserved. Then we must keep mighty quiet for a few days or the boys will have it on us good." "I know a trick that'll beat 'lying low' all hollow," replied he of the judicial mind. "Over there, on the other river, is a man who owns a tame bear, which has grown so cross that he is dangerous. Let us buy that bear, shoot him, and pass him off for one killed in the woods, in fair fight, with No. 5 shot. Then we'll enter town in open daylight; also in a blaze of glory."

And they hid them to the owner of the bear, and transferred to his pockets a goodly number of shekels. Then he of the judicial mind ventured within the scope of bruin's chain. As the animal tried to resent the intrusion, he was "knocked speechless" by a charge of small shot, delivered at a point blank range.

When they entered the village they left in the morning there was great rejoicing. They had met the fierce denizen of the forest; he had attacked them and he was theirs. Their fame went abroad in the land. They were pointed out on the street as the men who in self-defense had slain a bear with No. 5 shot. The bearskin was placed on exhibition in a store window. Their names got into the papers; yea, even into FOREST AND STREAM, and theirs was great glory.

One day an old hunter entered the village and stopped for a moment to look at the glossy pelt so conspicuously displayed. "A brav skin," he said, "and evidently that of an individual of mark and distinction in his own country. For, while we sometimes hear of bears wearing white shirt fronts, it is extra-ordinary for one to wear a collar, and the chafed ring on the neck of that skin is a

plain mark of that same. It is also clear that he was a philosopher and much given to meditation. That bare spot on the skull was probably caused by the working of his brain on the subject of woods ethics. The chafed spot on the rump, too, shows his habits were sedentary." At length his eye caught a mass of matted and befoiled hair still further down on bruin's transom, and he continued: "How easy it is to reach a wrong conclusion! The clothing of a philosopher might very well be a little thin in spots, but no gentleman and scholar would willingly allow his breeches to get in that state. He is plainly a criminal—a member of some ursine chain gang. His meditations were forced; his range so restricted that oftentimes he could not find a clean spot on which to sit down. I wouldn't be surprised, though, if inquiry should elicit the fact that somebody's tame bear had crossed the dark valley, and the place that once knew him knows him now not quite so well."

The glory—such as it is, still belongs to the two hunters; so does the skin. * * *

Natural History.

THE FIVE-TOED KANGAROO RATS.

CERTAIN of the leaping members of the remarkable family of pocket mice were made the subject of a paper by Mr. Vernon Bailey at a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington. The region included in Mr. Bailey's notes is the southwestern part of the United States, and the species under his observation were Ord's kangaroo rat (*Perodipus ordi*) and the *Perodipus agilis* of California.

These are small animals, the first having a body only about 3in. long and the latter somewhat larger. In both the tail is longer than the body and the hind legs are admirably adapted for leaping, so that their capture above ground, except by trapping, is well nigh impossible.

The kangaroo rats are famous for the burrows which they construct and in which they conceal themselves during the day. Ord's rat digs a principal burrow about 12ft. long, 2in. in diameter and nearly round. A central chamber, used for storing food, is located about 1ft. below the surface, and in the particular one examined by Mr. Bailey five holes communicated with this granary. The nest was placed near one end of the burrow; it was a ball of fine grass, fibers and roots, intermingled with hulls of seeds, wheat, etc.

The amount of dirt moved by this little rat is surprising, amounting to at least a handful. Some portions of the hole are very near the surface and if one tries to capture the animal by digging it will break through at some point and escape.

The burrow of the larger rat above mentioned was described by Mr. Bailey from notes of Mr. Stevens. It is 17ft. long between the entrances in the one examined and a number of irregular lateral branches communicated with it. Several granaries formed a part of the habitation, and these contained upward of 400 acorns of the *Quercus lobata*. The nest, composed of hulls of poverty grass, was found to be 4in. in diameter and 6in. long. One of the entrances was located under a perennial plant and the hole was nearly perpendicular in the last six inches of its course. The young in the nest numbered three.

The most singular external feature of these rats is the hair-lined pouch under the mouth on each side. In the *Perodipus agilis* each pouch will hold a single acorn.

ELK IN HARNESS.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.—I noticed in the number of Feb. 23, the picture of the moose in harness, which brought to mind some experience I once had with elk in harness. My brother had a pair of buck elk two years and a half old at that time, the eldest of a half dozen does and a half which he kept in a park. Those two bucks we separated from the others, and we drove them through a lane into the barnyard, thence into the horse stable, where they were kept a few days and subjected to the halter. After that a harness, which had been prepared for the purpose, was fitted on, and they were taken out and hitched up to a light one-horse sleigh. All this was accomplished without much resistance on the part of the elk. But it required much coaxing and some whipping to make the first start. We succeeded, however, in driving a mile or two, but they did not take kindly to the bit and could not be guided much by the lines; consequently we made zig-zag courses and frequently brought up against a fence or some other obstruction. They were harnessed and driven perhaps ten times during the winter with about the same result. They did not seem to learn anything by using, and we came to the conclusion that elk were not made to work in harness, and it seemed by their actions that the elk were of that mind, so early in the spring they were driven back into the park.

During the month of August, after they were four years old, they became ill-natured and ugly, and one had become so furious that we had to look around for some way to confine him. If he broke through the fence we considered him very dangerous and no man dare go into the park when the elk was in sight. I believe that I never saw an animal more aggressive or that was more full of fight. He would go for any one who stood outside of the fence as far as the fence would let him, and he would stand punching with handspikes and prodding with pitchforks until his face would be a gore of blood, and never flinch nor back an inch, when, if he had broken through the fence, the punchers and prodders would have wished themselves anywhere else but there.

The way I secured that elk from further trouble was this: Taking 25ft. of cable rope and climbing on to the fence, thence into the top of a white beech that was full of limbs and stood close inside of the fence, I tied one end of the rope to a strong limb, having made a strong noose at the other end, and then worked my way down on to the lower limbs, some 8 or 9ft. from the ground. By that time the elk had got there, even before I was ready.

Just then I would as soon have walked into the grasp of a grizzly bear as to have dropped from that limb, although outside of the rutting season he was no more dangerous than a Devon steer. He soon gave me as good a chance as I wanted, and I was lucky enough to drop the

noose over both horns. Then I had him safely tied up, where he was fed with hay and oats for three weeks, after which he was let loose, being then as quiet as the others, which numbered at that time fifteen—does, fawns and young bucks.

Some time in the month of December following we drove those two old bucks down through the lane to the barn and had them altered, and drove them back into the park again. In the spring they shed their horns at the usual time, and the next set were grown to the full size, but the velvet dried down to the horn and never peeled, and they never shed them.

The trumpet-like call or lowing of the buck elk, which is heard only in the rutting season, is unique and can hardly be imitated.

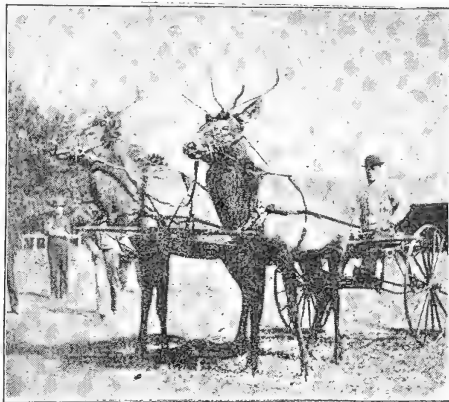
ANTLER.

Pennsylvania Otters.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, "Onyjtta," writes of the killing of an otter on the Juniata, and wonders whether it came from up or down the Susquehanna. That an occasional otter is killed in the "north counties" I can testify.

Last December some boys named Grozitki were on Jones Creek, a small stream in Windom township, Wyoming county, emptying into Nigger Pond on the headwaters of the Little Mehoopany Creek, whose waters reach the Susquehanna at Mehoopany. Their dog drove some animal into a log heap, and they succeeded in killing it. It proved to be a fine specimen of otter.

Another was trapped last fall by a man named Shaw near the outlet of Oxbow Pond. This pond is in Lemon



ELK IN HARNESS.

Amateur photo by A. H. Phillips.

township, Wyoming county, some four miles northeast of Tunkhannock, and its waters flow to the Susquehanna. The other succeeded in loosening the trap and carried it off, but was afterward found still in the trap by a man named Billings. Billings returned the trap to Shaw. Shaw claimed the otter, but offered to divide—give or take \$5. Billings would do nothing, and Shaw sued for the value of the otter, and the case is now in court. According to the laws of courtesy among trappers, to whom did the animal belong? And how will the court decide?

BON AMI.

[The otter belongs to the owner of the trap, unless he has given over its pursuit.]

The Woodcock Have Come to Town.

NEW YORK, March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sunday last, little Laura Page, a daughter of my neighbor W. D. Page, the well-known lawyer, discovered near her father's house, 157th street and Eleventh avenue, a live woodcock crouching on the ground. She announced her discovery to her uncle who caught the bird and found that it had injured itself by flying against something, as it bled from the bill, and when it breathed a little bloody froth could be seen at the nostrils. At the same time it seemed fairly strong and struggled vigorously to escape from the hands.

After examination it was placed on the ground beneath some bushes well out of the way of wandering cats and dogs. Once or twice during the day it walked away, but not to any great distance, and was found and put back. The next morning it had disappeared, but it had evidently walked about during the night and probably recovered sufficiently to fly away. It seems rather late for the woodcock to be migrating, but that perhaps may be accounted for by the severity of the past winter.

SUBSCRIBER.

NEW YORK, March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Saturday morning last one of my clerks brought into my office, 20 Broad street, a large plump woodcock, having picked the bird up from the sidewalk at the door. The bird was alive when found. It appeared to have broken its neck and was nearly bald, showing where it had struck against one of the numerous wires abounding in this region. Harry McIntosh, of Squires', kindly set it up for me.

W. ALEX. BASS, JR.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

It "Fills In."

I CAN'T get along without the paper somehow. Now that my work keeps me out of the fields and woods, it "fills in" wonderfully.

A. F. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

GUADALUPE DEER.

TAYLOR COUNTY, Texas, Feb. 12.—I note Mr. C. H. Ames' inquiry whether I know anything of white bear in the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico and Texas. I do not. The only bears known to me in those mountains are the black bear and cinnamon bear, which abounded a few years ago and are no doubt tolerably plentiful yet. But is it impossible a bear of these sorts should sometimes turn gray? Who shall say nay? However, I suspect that Mr. Ames' friend had seen some bighorns in the distance which he mistook for bears. It is remarkable what singular appearances may be observed in the glittering and rare atmosphere of those elevated regions. I have seen a raven walking on a railroad track in that region, which at a distance of a few hundred yards looked to be ten feet high at least; inasmuch that I marveled what the thing could be till I drew my glasses upon it. His size increased with distance and diminished with approach. And though as black as anything can be, he glittered with alternate white and black, or a commingling of both, as he turned his plumage in various ways to the sun. Thus it would not seem to me very strange if one in the Guadalupe Mountains should mistake a mountain sheep on the declivities, or any kind of sheep, for a white bear.

As to Mr. Briggs' "cactus deer," I have no doubt Judge Caton is right in explaining the abnormal protuberances on the deer's head as the result of castration. After mailing my letter from Eddy I met the gentleman who killed that identical deer, and he told me that the animal had been castrated. He added that he had seen several so-called cactus deer, and in every instance found that the animal had been deprived in that regard in some way unknown to him, or had never been supplied by nature. I took this gentleman's name and address, and am sorry to have lost the memorandum. It is a strange effect of that sort of disablement, and just the contrary of what we observe in young bulls, whose horns always are greatly enlarged as a result of losing their virile pellets. It is more like its effect in men, whose beards cease to grow or fall entirely.

I threw out some remark in my last letter to FOREST AND STREAM regarding the Mexican or mountain lion, so called in Texas. I did this with the view of eliciting discussion and solving what appears somewhat of a difficulty. When I came to Texas some 35 years ago I heard a great deal of this animal and sought eagerly all knowledge I could get of him. I was in the Injun service of the State, always on the remote frontier or far beyond it, among hunters and frontiersmen entirely, and thus had great advantage to pick up much lore on this and all such subjects. The animal was represented as a terror who would not scruple to fight back promptly and fiercely if attacked. It was held that if you should startle one alone you would be wise to give him a wide berth at once, though armed as an arsenal. He was undoubtedly terribly destructive to horses, whose flesh he seemed to prize above all other food. I have myself seen his deadly work among horses, and in one instance saw where a full-grown horse had been dragged a considerable distance after being dispatched. The tracks of the formidable creature were plain, and it was not a panther or cougar, who could by no means do such work.

No Texan in those days held that this animal and the panther or cougar were the same; and none, I dare say, living now who lived in those days would so hold. But I found that there was difference among them as to what the animal really was. Some said it was that spotted, beautiful, ferocious creature, whom we now call the jaguar, or *Felis onca*, or *Leopardus onca*. Others said it was a dark-brown or black creature, in shape like the jaguar, but much larger and altogether more formidable and terrible. I believe both sides were correct; and that two great beasts, differing in size and color, but much alike in quality, were not scarce in Texas in those days, though not often seen, being nocturnal in their ways. I have seen the jaguar, whom we still have with us, and if I do not greatly err, I have seen that other great beast more than once. What is he? The Mexicans call the jaguar the *tigre*, and I have heard that the old-time Mexicans called that other animal *tigre melan*, or something of that sort; or in plain English the black tiger.

I hope Big Foot Wallace and Geo. Henry McCulloch may see this communication and turn their light on the subject. They should be acquainted with every sort of animal that ever sat foot on Texas soil.

My explanation of the dark beast is this: There is a very bad animal of the jaguar relationship whose abode is in the mountains of lower Mexico and Central America, said to be more fierce than the tiger of the jungles of Asia. That animal, following the mountains, occasionally came into Texas, and thus gave rise to the confusion. I have no books of natural history about me here, hence cannot give what may be his name.

To-day, for the first time this year, I heard the love song of the lark. My little boy says that he says, "Spring time come, gentle Annie;" and he repeats it so as to resemble much the lark's song. I dare say in a few hours he will be seeking covert from a Texas norther, and will think more of keeping warm than of love for his Annie. But it is the first sign so far of the coming vernal sweets. I count not the love season as well upon us until about the 1st of April, and sometimes we have cutting frosts after that date. Though far in the southwest, we are 1,800ft. above the sea.

N. A. T.

Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club.

THE scope of the Anglers' Association of Canandaigua, N. Y., has been enlarged to include also shooting interests, and the name has been changed to indicate the new scope of the organization. At a recent meeting under the new amended rules these officers were chosen: F. W. Chesebro, Shooting Master; Lewis H. Adams, Assistant Shooting Master; J. S. Crawford, Chief Angler; H. Van Vechten, Assistant Chief Angler; W. H. Fox and H. M. Finley were elected to the executive committee and W. H. Knapp to the auditing committee. The president and secretary were authorized and directed to make application for the admission of the Rod and Gun Club to the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The attorney for the club, W. H. Knapp, was directed to take steps to secure the club's incorporation.

WISCONSIN NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the bill now before the Legislature placing a penalty on hunting deer with dark lanterns should become a law it will be welcomed by all right thinking persons as a step toward preserving deer in the forests of this State for an indefinitely long period. This method of hunting is becoming more and more the mode each year till almost every one who owns a repeating rifle also owns a dark lantern, which is not intended for purely ornamental purposes, but is very frequently used during the open season and often before the opening of that season. Deer were very plenty all over the wooded portion of this State last fall. They seem to have suddenly increased and appear to be nearly as numerous as they were ten years ago. Even in the Baraboo bluffs, thirty miles from Madison, numbers were killed where they were supposed to be nearly extinct. I believe it is proposed to do something substantial toward permanently preserving the species in that region, which is comparatively worthless for agricultural purposes.

Very little attention was formerly paid to the law making a close season, but the law providing for a game warden in each county brought the matter home to all, and especially to those who were habitually disregarding legislative enactments.

A large portion of northern central Wisconsin, covering perhaps one-half of the northern half of the State, is not well adapted to the general purposes of the farmer. At present this area is covered with a dense growth of hemlock and other woods, but chiefly hemlock. As this timber becomes exhausted in the Eastern States, those engaged in the tanning of leather turn their attention to this portion of Wisconsin. The four tanneries within sixteen miles of this place require the bark of at least 3,000 acres of land. The lumber manufacturer follows after and removes every piece of timber valuable for his purposes. It is easy to see what follows. A large portion of land is denuded. Fire perhaps runs over the ground, clearing it of refuse. A new growth springs up in a soil naturally adapted to plant growth. This growth, while too dense to admit of successful hunting, is the ideal one for a natural preserve and feeding ground, not only for deer, but for grouse and rabbits.

A liberal bounty of \$10 on wolves tends to lessen the number of that marauding family. So far as my observation goes, there were five wolves in this locality ten years ago where there is but one now. This bounty no doubt, intended primarily for the protection of flocks, has done a good work incidentally for game protection.

Two trappers wintering ten miles west from this place caught fifteen wildcats before the deep snow came on. A bounty of \$6 per head, together with a good price for the pelts, nets them a handsome sum.

There were comparatively few good days for hunting last November, yet the number of deer killed in this State, if it could be known, would be astounding. It was estimated that 500 carcasses were shipped out of Douglas county, to say nothing of the large number consumed by the large population at the "head of the lake." Take one-half of this number for a basis for the thirty odd counties of the State where deer are numerous, and one obtains a total that seems almost incredible.

A peculiar accident happened to a deer hunter in Clark county. He was watching a runaway from a hammock fastened to two trees about 15ft. from the ground. Being supplied with a fur overcoat, he often remained till late at night watching from his perch. Suddenly his hunting career came to an end. A flying squirrel gnawed off one of the fastenings of his hammock and he fell to the ground. He was partially paralyzed by his fall and would have frozen to death but for his warm fur coat. He was finally rescued, but in a condition which promised little for recovery.

We have yet all the snow which has fallen during this unprecedented winter. A few days since we had a material addition to what all considered a sufficient quantity. While the addition was material, there was a material accompanying the storm which does not usually accompany storms as far from the open prairie as we are. I refer to a yellow earth which fell with the snow and drift, along with it giving the snow a decidedly yellow cast. Dirt storms are common in the West, but the interesting feature of this one is that we are supposed to be at least 200 miles from any portion of the country which is not covered with snow. WYANOAK.

WESTBORO, Wis., March 17.

"DUFFERS."

MERRIMAC, Mass., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a regular reader of your paper, and as I glanced through last week's issue I noticed particularly the article under the heading "Massachusetts and Maine," signed by "Special." Let me say a few words in defense of the poor workingman, who in a whole year can hardly save \$50 or \$75 with which to take a short outing to enjoy what nature furnishes in its season. I would like to ask the two Boston gentlemen who want the license fee raised to from \$25 to \$125, where the man with the \$75 for all the expenses of an outing comes in? He works hard all the year and wants a vacation just as well as the rich man. Why don't these gentlemen buy the State of Maine and then they can have the exclusive right of going there with a few of their friends, and by doing this they can keep out the many "duffers" whom they don't want there.

Because they have ample means to pay any license which the State might see fit to impose, is that any reason why they should try to have the fee raised beyond the reach of the man who is limited to a certain sum with which to enjoy himself for a short time? What benefit they could get by having the fee raised I can't imagine. It can't be for the better protection of game, for does not the State game laws furnish the necessary protection? If it does not, it ought to. I should naturally suppose that such an action on the part of the State would hurt these gentlemen, more especially the one who owns so many thousands of dollars worth of property there; for no doubt he makes considerable by leasing his camps by the season to parties who go there for the express purpose of hunting and fishing. But the great question is, would these parties be so numerous if such a high license fee was imposed upon them? I, for one, don't think they would.

I suppose "Podgers" would like to have the farmer's small boy sit on the fence and whistle while he was at the stream near by with rod and bait catching all the fish. Is that so, "Podgers"?

U. NO,

NOTABLE SHOTS.—V.

The Great Scratch Rooster-Under-the-Corncrib-Hogshead-Ricochet-Around-the-Corner-of-the-Chickenhouse-Hogpen-Shute-Chicken Shot, with a Diagram of How it was Done.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The articles in some of the recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, under the headings of "Snap Shots," and "That reminds me," recalls to my mind a scratch shot that I once made, which from its unexpected results, and the singular circumstances that caused the shot to be made, have tempted me to commit it to paper, and forward it to you, and if you think it worth the space, give it a place in your columns.

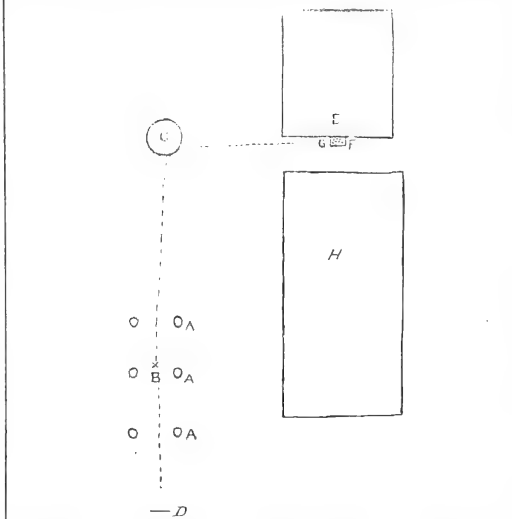
The incident related is strictly true in every particular, and the actions of this rooster, on this occasion, are totally unaccountable except on the supposition that domestic animals sometimes understand something of human language and expression. We know this to be the case with many animals, but it is a faculty not generally accorded to the ordinary domestic fowl.

Once, when living in the country, I had an old partridge Cochon rooster that I thought had outlived his usefulness as a stock bird, and I had decided to kill and eat him. It was his custom, after the fowls had been fed their early supper, to retire immediately to roost, while the rest of the fowls would pick around outdoors an hour or so afterward, the old rooster, meanwhile, being the sole occupant of the hen house. This habit had been long established and was well fixed.

So I said to my wife one day, "When the old rooster goes to roost this afternoon I will go in and catch him, as it then can be done without disturbing the rest of the fowls."

But whether he overheard and understood the conversation with my wife about him or for what other reason will probably never be known, but certain it is that he utterly refused to go to roost at all that night.

After the fowls were fed, instead of going to roost as usual, he would walk up to the hen house door, look in, commence cackling, and wander away, to come back and repeat the operation, and after the old fowls had long



A A A, supports or corner. B, rooster. C, hogshead. D, shooter. E, hogpen. F, trough. G, chickens in trough. H, chicken house.

been to roost he still kept it up and refused to go in. Finally, as it was getting dusk, we tried to drive him in, but in alarm he ran away round the barn.

I then took the bucket of well scalded meal and went to feed the hogs. I had a shute on the outside of the hog pen, leading to the trough, in which I poured the feed, and I was never particular about scraping the shute out, as the half-grown chickens used to follow me to the pen when I fed and jump up on the shute, as many as could accommodate themselves on it, and clean it out. These half-grown chickens did not roost in the hen house with the older fowls, but had little coops of their own in which they still staid nights.

After feeding the hogs, I returned to the house with the empty bucket, and the old rooster came up and took a position under the corn crib, still keeping up a great cackling. The corn crib was set on posts, and the bottom of it was fully 3ft. from the ground. I always kept a loaded gun standing just inside the outer kitchen door, to have it handy when hawks made a descent on the poultry, which they often did, and frequently they paid for their audacity with their lives, as I often got a successful shot at them on such occasions.

So, now, being out of all patience with the old rooster's perversity, I said to my wife as I stood in the dooryard, "Hand me the gun, I will shoot his head off where he stands." She did so, and I raised it to my shoulder, took good aim at his head, he standing sideways to me, and fired.

The rooster fell promptly at the discharge, but a tremendous outcry from the chickens which were feeding from the shute of the hog trough told me something was wrong there, and, running around where I could get a view, there laid three of them in the throes of death and we found two more dead ones in the coops the next morning.

Now, these chickens were neither in sight nor in range, and to understand the situation a little plan of the premises will be of assistance, which please find inclosed.

Beyond the corn crib, and in the line of fire from where I stood, was an old oak lime hogshead, used at the time for keeping wood ashes in and well away from all buildings as a precaution against fire. It also stood opposite a passageway between the hog pen and the hen house, this passageway running at right angles to the line of fire, and the chickens feeding at the shute were in this passageway, fully 30ft. from and at right angles to the line of fire and protected by the hen house, which was 16ft. square,

The explanation is this: The hogshead stood at the intersection of the line of fire and a line drawn at right angles to it, between the hen house and hog pen where the chickens were feeding; the staves of the hogshead were nearly as hard as iron, and the shot, striking on the hard curved surface of it, caromed or glanced off, taking a course at right angles to the line of fire and killed five chickens 30ft. from it. It is the only instance I ever knew where a gun actually shot round the corner of a building and did execution. F. R.

A TOWN MAN'S NOTIONS.

NEW YORK CITY, March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will permit me, I would like to do a little "kicking." I know of no paper which reaches and teaches the vast number of sportsmen who dwell on Manhattan Island, where there is no hunting ground, better than FOREST AND STREAM.

What is the use of purchasing high-priced guns and hunting outfits, with the hope of bagging a little game, when the natives take good care that most of it is killed a week before the open season. On such days as Thanksgiving and Election Day all trains leaving the city carry crowds of sportsmen, who cannot get off any other day, while the country boys gather round the depot to see the city chaps arrive, and laugh as they think that shooting tomato cans is about all that's left.

Putting up the sign, "No shooting allowed on these premises," is also a little game, but some people don't know it. I was once told by a teamster, whom I had treated to cigars, that the signs in his locality were mostly put up by local sportsmen to fool outsiders.

As regards license to hunt in certain States and counties, it's all wrong. I don't believe in putting on any restrictions to hunting that will bar out the poor clerk who works all day in a dark office, in favor of his more fortunate brother, who can afford to pay for these privileges. It is not right. The game of the forest don't belong to any one in particular. Put on restrictions of a different nature. Let it be a test of skill, not of wealth. Take squirrel shooting, for example. Pass and enforce a law prohibiting the use of a shotgun, and allowing only a small caliber rifle. In this way the game is not so easily killed; the sportsman who takes pride in his skill with the rifle will make a decent showing; the hunters will be less numerous, leaving only the true sportsman, and the man that wants to put his scatter gun within 20ft. of the object, close his eyes and pull the trigger can "keep off the grass." Otherwise stop shooting altogether for ten years and give the boys a part of Central Park for their exclusive use to keep up practice. F. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 24.—A gentleman of Aurora, Ill., whose name I will not give, lest he should not like so much publicity, writes me this week as follows:

Some time ago I wrote you inquiring about duck shooting on the Kankakee marsh, and you gave the address of Sandy Sollers, Shelby, Ind. I have made arrangements with him by which he is to keep me informed of the movements of ducks this spring, and am going down soon. I wish to thank you, and wish to say without any hesitation that I get more information in your letter about local matters than I can by taking the *American Field*, and have discontinued taking the same.

My business is such that I have but little time for the field, but take a few days in the spring and fall for ducks and geese, but have had none of the latter shooting for three years. Can you tell me where I would be likely to get a little shooting this spring? I have a dog and good profile geese decoys, and used to go out to Winnebago marsh, but have not been out there for six years. I used to get off at Harmon, Lee county. Can you give me the address of some one in that section with whom I could correspond? I used to hunt around Little Beaver Lake, Newton county, Ind. Is there any use of going there for geese? I once shot a swan on that lake.

There are quite a good many ducks and geese passing over here, but they do not stop. No quail. Quite a number of prairie chickens left over. Have seen no jacksnipe this spring, but they will be here soon after this rain. Rather dull in sporting matters here at present.

If I can be of any help to you in keeping you posted on matters of interest to your paper in this section let me know, and I will willingly help you so far as I can. Am invited to accompany three different parties to the Wisconsin woods this fall after deer, and will have to go with one, I think.

We have two gun clubs in this city, but they have been rather dormant of late. Will report when they get in shooting order. Good weather will bring them out. When I am in the city will try to call on you. Please keep us posted in the FOREST AND STREAM on movements of ducks.

Probably I can best answer the above query by offering another letter, which comes in the same mail and which reads as follows:

Dakota Geese.

CANDO, N. D., March 21.—Judging from your notes in FOREST AND STREAM that you are running an office closely approaching an intelligence headquarters for sportsmen I take the liberty of asking you to direct this way some of the many that must be looking forward to a goose-hunting trip this spring.

This vicinity is yearly visited by countless numbers of the snow geese and others of the goose family. I have hunted here three years and feel that I would be competent to give any who might come here plenty of good chances to kill geese to their heart's content; that is, unless they are something besides real sportsmen.

I can give good, comfortable bachelor quarters in the town, have a team and outfit, plenty of decoys, a good spaniel for retrieving, and I know the country. I can care for two only. What I want is two gentlemen who will take things as they come, or, at least, partially so. I shall expect them to remunerate me for board and loss of time, for I have to work for a living. I will guarantee plenty of good board, the best the land affords, and will devote all of my time to their interests and comfort. Time for hunting from April 10 to May 10. ELMER T. JORD.

The law of North Dakota, as I see by reference to the *Game Laws in Brief*, opens the season on ducks and grouse Aug. 20. It does not protect geese in the spring as it should. I leave the matter of a spring goose hunt to the conscience of my shooting friends, but don't believe I should advise it. It seems nicer to shoot geese in the fall some way, and I don't doubt that Mr. Judd will be at Cando in the fall. As to the Winnebago marsh, its glory has departed, and if Beaver Lake is any good for the fowl now I don't know it, though once it was very good. The geese do not stop in Illinois or Indiana very much now. Once in a while a tired flock of honkers will tarry a while, but not often, and I don't remember ever to have seen a gang of the Hutchins or of the snow geese this far east. Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas are the best goose countries, and it doesn't pay to call a hunt a goose hunt much this side of there. Any success would be by accident.

Where the Ducks Are.

As to the ducks of this section, the flight is now up all over this country. On Thursday the bluebills were dropping into Fox Lake in large numbers. A week before that they had scattered north all over Wisconsin.

On last Monday Mr. J. F. Barrel killed 100 ducks, mostly ringbills, at English Lake, on the Kankakee. On the same day Mr. Johnson, of the Waltonian Manufacturing Co., of this city, with his friends Mr. H. Rossiter and Mr. Wm. Cutler, bagged about 50 birds on the Kankakee Marsh, near De Motte, Ind. Two parties have gone down to Sandy Sollers's place, at Water Valley, near Shelby, within the last three days and they should have met shooting. I have also heard of another good bag, 40 birds, at English Lake. The largest bag of which I heard at all was made at Quincy, on the Mississippi River, of 144 birds in a day to one gun. Several members of the Hennepin Club, on the Illinois River, are now absent at the club and some good shooting has been had there, or near there, the past week. His royal highness, Governor Altgeld, went down to Swan Lake Club to-day for a brief go at the ducks.

A Market-Shooter's Views.

My friend Billy Griggs writes me from Browning, Ill., March 21, as follows: "We haven't had many ducks here on the Illinois River this spring, and I am glad of it. The more I see and think about spring shooting the more I don't want to do it. I am not going to kill any ducks for the market this spring."

I believe this is the first spring Billy ever didn't kill ducks for the market since he was big enough to wear long boots. Is it not possible, gentlemen, that times may have changed on this wildfowl question?

Loose Prairie Soil.

I wish to carp a little about a story in the *March Century*. The writer describes a "ranch ball," with Pike's Peak for a background to the picture. The characters get along all right with Pike's Peak in the night time, but the author has one of them out plowing the next morning, of course still in sight of the Peak, and his plow makes ever such straight, pretty furrows in the "loose prairie soil." The *Century* often causes swift aches in a Westerner's system when it tackles wild West topics. I wish it would send out a commission to establish just how far and since when the prairies have run into the plains, and whether a cold chisel would not be useful in turning the loose soil of some of that plains and foothills country. The writer of that article wrote from hearsay and not from observation. He, or I would say, she, had never tried to drive a tent pin in that loose prairie soil, or lammed himself, or herself, vehemently thereon by reason of a difference in beliefs with a Colorado broncho. There isn't a thing in Colorado that isn't looser than the soil.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

OREGON DUCKS.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 16.—Our spring shooting of waterfowl closed yesterday. The boys have housed their boats and decoys and laid away their guns. The shooting has been the poorest for years, which can be accounted for in various ways.

A good joke was perpetrated to-day on my hunting partner, Mr. J. Roberts Mead. He is one of our strongest game protectionists, but circumstances came near making him the victim of his own doctrines. He went down to the Green Lake yesterday morning to round things up and take a last look at his beloved lake for the season. Of course he could not resist the temptation to give his friends, the canvas, a parting salute, and so before 10 o'clock in the morning there was a baker's dozen of the russet-headed fellows hanging to his string. Here is where the joke comes in. He failed to connect with the morning boat up, and was forced to hang around down there in the wilderness all day and stay another night in the cabin alone. But his troubles did not end here. The boys were lying in wait for him; and when he stepped ashore this morning with his canvas, an officer tapped him on the shoulder and called his attention to the fact that he was an offender against the laws of the great State of Oregon. Friends (?) here came to the rescue and the offender's liberty was secured. Brother Mead is now awaiting his turn.

S. H. GREENE.

"Johnny Get Your Gun."

DID "I. C. J." kill the one quail and two woodcock flying at one shot? He does not say whether they were on the ground or in the air; but anyhow he is entitled to the chromo, and if he will come to Minneapolis he may take my hat.

I have never seen woodcock feeding or flying in flocks, but then I have never hunted in Pennsylvania. Certainly it would have been a rare treat to watch the fifteen feeding, of which "I. C. J." speaks. I have never seen even one feeding, and am told they are the greediest feeders in the world. To my fancy he is the most unique of the feathered tribe, and with his solitary habits and great goggle eyes, and his beautiful sombre markings the most interesting. But I am not going to call him the "great brown beauty." What a chestnut that is, and how fired it makes me whenever I see it in print.

J. I. C.

Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association.

UNDER this title an organization has been incorporated by the Maine Legislature. The list of incorporators includes many representative men of the State; twelve are in the House and nine are in the present Senate; the President of one and the Speaker of the other are included; two are on the Governor's staff and two are of the Executive Council. Several of the others hold responsible State, county and city offices as well as in the courts.

The purposes named in the charter are: "Assisting in the preservation of our forests and the prevention of forest fires, in the protection of the fur, fish and game of the State, in their propagation and in the enforcement of the fur, fish and game laws; in the publishing and distributing of valuable information for the benefit of all classes of our citizens, so that they will become better qualified to judge and understand their rights and wants, thereby securing their sympathy and confidence, for the purpose of aiding the State in the enforcement of the laws relating thereto. The association may acquire real and personal property, occupy any lands for the use of the association, owned by the State, by gift from or by lease, as the governor and council may determine; prosecute and defend suits at law; construct

hatcheries for the propagation of both shore and inland fish and with the consent and under the supervision of the fish and game commissioners of the State, construct dams and fishways, screen outlets leading to large rivers to prevent the sluicing of fish from waters that are being stocked with fish, to provide suitable grounds, erect buildings for the use of the association, establish safe and permanent gun, rifle and revolver ranges for the practice of both military and sporting arms."

The organization is due to the activity of Mr. J. A. Fairbanks, who originated the scheme and has put it into execution.

Killing Maine Cow Moose.

BOSTON, March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Being very much interested in the protection of moose in Maine, I wish through your paper to express my regret at the change in the game laws in the State of Maine, which will permit the killing of the cow moose during the open season. It seems to me it is only a question of a short time at best when the moose will be numbered among the extinct animals in Maine, which will of course be hastened by the action of the Maine Legislature. As one who has hunted moose in Maine for a number of years, I am of the belief that the number of moose killed will be greatly increased by this change in the law, as it opens a clear field for hide and meat hunters, already too large.

HARRY A. PITMAN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

A Cyclone with Legs to It.

TACOMA, Washington.—The common mule-eared deer of our forests is a beautiful and graceful animal, and his profusion here gives us an opportunity to study him in all his phases. One of his characteristics is immense strength, apparently out of proportion to his slender and exquisite lines. To illustrate: Last fall a friend sent me a yearling buck, and after I had expended about \$15 for wire fencing, and had paid \$10 more for damages to my neighbors' shrubbery, awnings, vegetables, etc., I determined upon inflicting the lovely and docile creature upon some one else. I selected my friend, E. S. G., a thorough lover of animal life, and the proprietor of a very pretty park at Lake Steilacoom, and sent him a carefully worded telephone message advising him of my generous intentions, and also instructing him to bring a wagon and a big dry goods box with which to haul away his prize.

My victim took the bait with the alacrity of a mountain trout, and within two hours presented himself at the alley gate equipped with every appliance for handling the acquisition to his collection.

Ben Harrison (that is the deer) nipped the succulent verdure, and eyed askance the preparations for his entertainment, and when Mr. G. announced that he was ready, I led the gentle animal alongside of the box. Mr. G. stooped deliberately and encircled the slender waist of Mr. Ben Harrison, firmly and affectionately, and essayed to hoist him over the side of the receptacle.

At this juncture something happened. It occurred so suddenly that none of us could exactly tell how, but the scene was shifted to the other side of the alley, 40ft. away, and the actors had changed places. A confused medley of legs, horns, tail, plug hat, linen duster, man with red whiskers, and redder face, together with ashes, empty cans and other bric-a-brac obscured the vision for the next five minutes so that the referee could not decide upon points and scores, but the spectators said that Benny had the first round.

I was just about to answer a professional call and stood with gloves on and medicine case in hand, a glossy Dunlap surmounting my head, a little knot of violets upon the lapel of my new overcoat.

As the issue of the combat became doubtful I grew intensely interested, and when Mr. G. lay flat upon his back in the ash heap and Ben's feet, with the speed of lightning and the precision of a paper knife, cut long strips in his clothing, until a Calabrian beggar would have declined to appear in such coat, vest or trousers, I got excited and rushed into the ring. I was nearly knocked out in the first round, a battered hat, a split glove, and a cut ten inches long through trousers, drawers and integument testifying to the athletic qualities of the thoroughly frightened deer. I went back at him, though, and this time sparring cautiously for an opening. I at last pounced down into the ashes among the smothered expletives and scintillating profanity and succeeded in grabbing both hind-legs.

After this, with the assistance of a rope, a small boy and two ladies, we secured the gentle ruminant and boxed him in due form.

The episode lasted fifteen minutes and cost us \$40 each for clothing and a week's confinement to the house. Hereafter commend me to the gentle and persuasive allurements of a 40-inch buzz saw, but never again to the illusive nether extremities of a mule-eared deer.

J. A. BEEBE, M.D.

Wild Life in the Far West.

WE anticipate for Mr. Grinnell's "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" a sale quite as large as that reached by his "Pawnee Hero Stories." That the book has pleased the critics is certain. This is an extract from the *Boston Transcript*: For the stories themselves, taken down from the lips of old warriors and braves, altered in phrasing only where transposition was necessary to obtain sense, they are fascinating in their honesty of narration, in the scenes of awful horror they conjure up the weirdly poetic turn they often take, and in the cheerful matter-of-fact way in which some incredible piece of bravery is disposed of so different from our emotional vaunting of tamer deeds.

Pullman Car Route Chicago to Detroit and Mt. Clemens.

TRAINS leave (Dearborn Station) Chicago, daily, via Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway, for Detroit, and daily except Saturdays for Mt. Clemens, at 11:25 A.M. and 8:15 P.M.; arriving in Detroit 9:25 P.M. and 7:45 A.M.; the latter has a new and elegant Pullman buffet sleeping car attached through to Mt. Clemens, arriving there at 8:50 following morning except Sunday. This is the only route by which Mt. Clemens is reached from the west without long omnibus transfer in Detroit. For tickets or further information apply to E. H. Hughes, G. W. P. Agt., C. & G. T. Ry., 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or J. A. Robbins, Ticket Agent, Dearborn Station.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

BAIT-CASTING FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 16 "Eurus" expresses the intention of following my advice and giving bait-casting a thorough trial on the first opportunity. I feel that "Eurus" and I are coming to an understanding after all and that in time we can be very good friends, and to this end I will meet him half way and drop all pseudonyms or *nom de plumes* and will ask him to do the same. "A Bait-Caster" is hardly as pretty a pseudonym as "Eurus" I will admit.

Now to the point. He says that I take it for granted he does not understand bait-casting and that in this I am wrong, as he has taken a number of bass in this manner and has attained some degree of proficiency in it, but that he rarely practices it on the lake he mentioned, because he found it ineffectual.

I took it for granted that he did not understand bait-casting, because I have never yet found a man who, when he had conquered it, would willingly go back to trolling, no matter how ineffectual it might prove or on what water he found himself. No, my friend, you have never mastered bait-casting. You think you have, no doubt. I thought so for many years and am just beginning to understand that I did not. It is an art not easily acquired, not easy to become proficient in. You may be able by main strength to place your frog, say 60 to 70ft. away from your boat, but can you drop it gently in a hole in the weeds, say 4ft. square and 100 to 125ft. away? Own up now, do you honestly know just where your frog will drop when you make your cast? I have been bait-casting for about nine years and I confess I have not mastered the ins and outs of it yet. Every once and awhile I will find that my bait has fallen short of the mark about 80 to 40ft. and that my line is a mass of tangle on my reel. I go at it carefully and always find that there is a kind of slip noose and indescribable slip noose that cannot be explained in words. The line has formed itself into two links resembling the links of a log chain, and it would puzzle a Yankee lawyer to know how to undo it, to say nothing of how it got there.

This noose is the result of allowing the reel to overrun—not placing the thumb upon it at the right time. When the bait first flies from the end of the pole it draws with it the line and gives impetus to the reel. If the reel works freely, as it must to cast effectually, it will continue to revolve some little time after gravity overcomes the impetus of the bait, and it not being able to throw off the line, the line naturally clings to the reel and is rewound in the contrary direction. The act of placing the thumb upon the reel, or rather upon the line wound on the reel, is technically known as "thumbing," and the thumbing at the right time is the most necessary part of bait-casting.

This little eccentricity that the reel possesses when bait-casting is very discouraging to the novice, and causes him more often to go back to trolling than the particular water in which he finds himself. It is not necessary that there should be a great abundance of reeds or aquatic vegetation in order to make a body of water good casting ground. I used to think so but have changed my mind in late years. True, my favorite grounds are thickly covered with a mass of weeds and reeds, but some of the best casting ground I have ever seen was in lakes where there was very little vegetation and the bottoms were sandy and pebbly. The only reason why I visit these lakes in preference to the ones last mentioned is their proximity to the city and the ease with which I may get at them.

Take for example Powers Lake, Wis., on the C. & N. W. Railway. This is a lake say two miles long by three-quarters wide, with pebbly shore and rocky bottom. The water is very deep and cold and there is no inlet, the lake being fed by springs at the bottom. I say they are at the bottom because the coolness of the water indicates that it is fed by springs, and no springs are to be found on the shore. There are three bays running inland from the lake, one at the extreme east and the other two at the west end, and at the entrance to these bays are bars covered slightly with rushes. These are the only places on the lake in which there are any rushes, and yet there is—or was—as fine bait-casting ground on this lake as any I ever visited. I visited this lake for six successive seasons, and rarely cast on these bars that I did not get bass sometimes in large and sometimes in small quantities. I invariably cast from a boat, as the water was too deep to wade, and kept in the open water at say 100ft. from the margin of the reeds, and cast close up to their edge.

Silver Lake, Wis., on the Wisconsin Central, also affords excellent grounds for the bait-caster, but on the other hand it is an extremely weedy lake and abounds in rushes. Here I prefer to wade close in to shore, casting in front of me as I walk. The water is so shallow and the bays so numerous that one can cover much more ground in a given time wading than he can in a boat. I find that I can strike as many bass in 2ft. of water, if not more, than I can in 6 to 8ft. If the fish are not disturbed by numerous boats you will usually find them in on shore, in from 18in. to 2ft. of water looking for minnows. You cannot successfully manipulate a boat in such shallow water without disturbing the fish.

I do not accuse "Eurus" or any other man of unsportsmanlike conduct because he prefers to troll rather than to cast, neither have I ever claimed that trolling is less scientific. It is simply a matter of taste. I advised him to try bait-casting because his description of the lake where he fished and the abundance of game convinced me that he might enjoy himself immensely were he to turn his talents to bait-casting. I can myself take keen satisfaction in the very act of casting regardless of whether I get strikes or not.

"Eurus" has so far given me not the slightest clue as to what vicinity he resides in and I should indeed be glad to know and also would be glad to hear what and where his "pet" lake is. When the "Chicago" lakes are all fished out we may have to go some distance for sport, and I am preparing myself for this day in advance. Should "Eurus" visit Chicago during the World's Fair, he should not fail to "take in" the bait-casting and fly-casting contests that will take place there.

HENRY G. ABBOTT,

CHICAGO, March 18.

SAGINAW BAY ICE SPEARING.

BAY CITY, Michigan.—Spearing fish through the ice on Saginaw Bay is still followed by a large number who enjoy the sport, as well as those who make a business of it. Trout are not now speared in as large quantities as formerly, owing to the large number caught in nets during the spring and fall. In former years the fisherman, after cutting a hole through the ice, would lie flat upon his stomach with a blanket over his head to exclude the light, and in that position watch for the fish to make their appearance. Now, we find the fisherman comfortably housed in a snug shanty while following the highly exciting and oftentimes profitable sport of spearing through the ice. The shanty, which is often the exclusive abiding place of the fisherman, is easily hauled here and there about the ice by means of a hand sleigh. The shanty of itself is very light, being made of thin timber and covered or lined with tarred paper to exclude the light as well as the vigorous weather of winter. In one end is a miniature sheet-iron or oil stove for heating and cooking purposes. In the other end is a trap door through the floor. When this is removed it reveals an opening which must be placed directly over the hole in the ice. With shanty located one has but to take a seat within and commence "decoying" as illustrated.

Landing the trout, as shown by the illustration, is next in order. This is most easily and generally accomplished by stepping out of the shanty door and drawing your spear after you. The weight of trout varies from 5 to 25 lbs., as in other branches of the sport the largest fish always gets away, and thus it is that we hear an old fisherman tell of 75-pounders which flirted with his decoy but missed connection with his spear.

The trout illustrated as propped against the shanty on the upturned sleigh weighed 9 lbs. when taken from the spear, the mark of the spear is plainly visible where he was "struck." The kind of fish to be speared in Saginaw Bay is determined by the distance one goes from the mouth of the Saginaw River. Pike, pickerel, perch and herring are to be found in their particular runways, while lake trout are not to be found without going many miles out.

The accompanying views were taken by me off Point

of fishing tackle as possible. Messrs. Dame, Stoddard & Kendal will also make a fine display. Messrs. Appleton & Bassett have made a live trout display, on the opening of the season, for a number of years, but they have found that it attracts more of the attention of the rabble and the curious than it does of sportsmen and their customers.

The Gilbert Trout Bill.

Up to the present writing the Gilbert trout bill hangs where it was left after having passed the House. It is liable to be called up any day in the Senate. There the

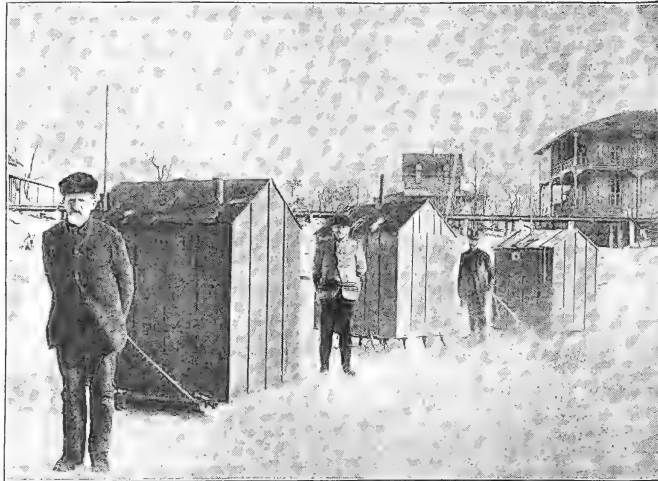
citizens, and the Commissioners to grant hearings and render decisions protecting the localities or not, as they deemed expedient. But the Legislature has failed to frame such a law, and now some of the special bills have passed and some of them have been killed. The proposition to close B. Pond, the shores of which are controlled by the Oxford Club, to fly-fishing only is not likely to receive favorable action; it is killed, in fact, unless its friends succeed in getting it again acted upon, and that time favorably. This is the measure that was petitioned for by Gov. Russell of Massachusetts, and about which so much noise was made in the papers, since he vetoed the Gilbert trout bill last year. Three members of the committee on fish and game reported for a bill and four against it, and the Legislature has refused to accept of the minority report.

The proposition to make the transportation of moose, deer and caribou in the State of Maine legal, without the owner—the person who killed it—accompanying, has also failed, though the friends of the measure have a faint hope of getting it up again and getting favorable action. The object of the present law is to prevent sending game to market. The law now permits of a sportsman taking his game out with him, provided it has been legally killed in open season, the same to be open to view and plainly marked. The celebrated case of State vs. Mathison, coming up under this law, has just been decided in Mathison's favor, by jury trial in the Supreme Court at Farmington. Mathison attempted to take out two deer last fall and take them to Boston, but they were seized by the game warden. Mathison had been guiding for one Smith of New York, who had been obliged to leave the State a few days before the game, killed either by himself or Mathison, could be got out of the woods. Mathison pretended that Smith had given him the deer, and that he was taking them out as his own. The question was entirely on the real ownership of the game.

The measure to enforce the payment of a license fee by sportsmen proposing to hunt and fish in Maine, lies on the table in the Maine Senate at the present writing, and it is hoped that it will lie there till the Legislature has adjourned.

Penobscot Salmon.

Mr. Fred W. Ayer, the prominent Bangor, Me., lumber-

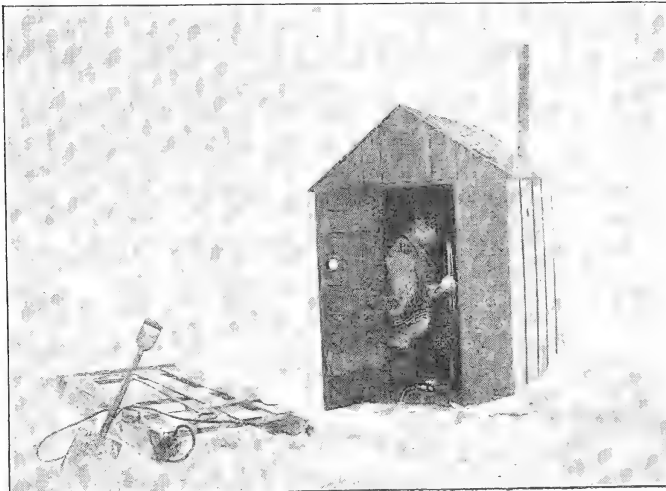


GOING OUT.

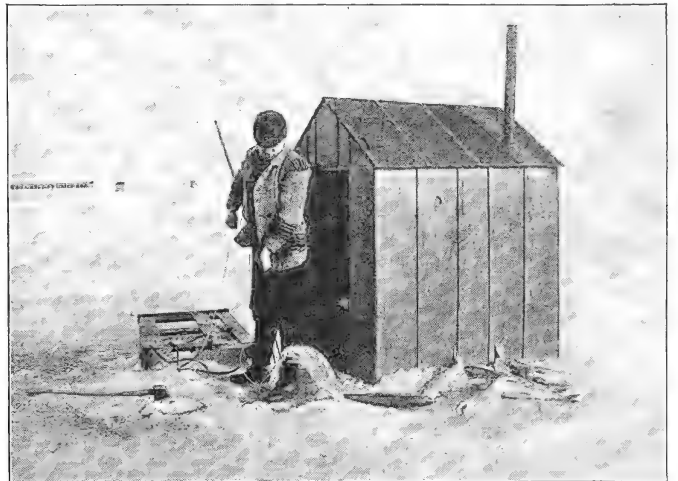
Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association will fight it.

Maine Legislation.

The Maine Legislature is about ready to adjourn; indeed it is to be hoped that it will have come to a close before these lines are perused by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. It has not been a very prosperous session for the



IN THE SHANTY.



"LANDING,"

Lookout, a summer resort at the mouth of the bay, where trout abound.

At this point it is always best for the fisherman to return to the shore each night, with shanty and equipments, else he may find himself far out on Lake Huron the next morning. I. C. THOMPSON.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

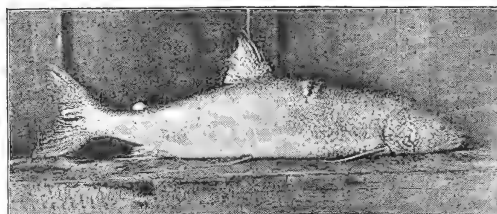
Backward Balmy Spring.

BOSTON, March 27.—The opening of the trout season in Massachusetts, April 1, promises to be a very dull one this year. At the time of this writing it looks as though none of the streams would be free from ice and snow water. The season is backward, and with this backwardness the enthusiasm of the early trout fisher is at a low ebb. In Maine the season also promises to be very late. The open season legally commences in that State on the 1st of May, but the ice is likely to stay in the principal trout lakes almost a month later; that is, if the present thickness of the ice is any indication. There are many reports of the remarkable thickness of the ice in the Rangeleys, and other celebrated trout lakes. Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., hears from his guide, Mr. O. W. Cutting, that he wants a 5 ft. ice saw sent up to camp, at the head of Richardson Lake, since the old 4 ft. saw is not long enough to cut the summer supply of ice with, the ice being 4 ft. thick. Mr. John Newton, who has been putting in the ice for the Thayers' camps at Birch Lodge, and for Dr. Haven's fine new camp on the island, at the head of Richardson Lake, says that he has put in solid blue ice nearly 5 ft. thick. Without most remarkably warm weather it will require till nearly the 1st of June for the ice to get out of the Rangeley Lakes.

Boston Trout Opening Displays.

Messrs. Appleton & Bassett will not make their usual display of live trout in their window, on the 1st of April this year. On the contrary they will make as fine a show

of fishing tackle as possible. Messrs. Dame, Stoddard & Kendal will also make a fine display. Messrs. Appleton & Bassett have made a live trout display, on the opening of the season, for a number of years, but they have found that it attracts more of the attention of the rabble and the curious than it does of sportsmen and their customers.



A SAGINAW TROUT.

want to shoot partridges, and they want to shoot them in September, and why shouldn't they?" Grouse are decreasing rapidly in that State, under the shameful September slaughter, and it is done by the farmers' boys; the broods then being together and not fully grown. They fall an easy prey to the shotgun and mongrel dog of the country boy.

Early in the session Gov. Cleaves, finding a great number of bills and petitions for measures before the present Maine Legislature, asking for special protection on fish and game, for as many different localities, recommended that a general law be framed to cover all of this legislation, and that the whole matter be referred to the Fish and Game Commissioners, on petition of a certain number of

man, and the leader of the salmon fishermen in the celebrated salmon pool at that place, is very hopeful of the salmon fishing this year, though he expects it to be unusually late, since the season is very backward and the ice very thick. The first Penobscot salmon of the season has been received in the Boston market. It weighed 30 lbs. and sold for \$1.50 a pound. SPECIAL.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, held at the rooms of the association, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, March 11, the subject of an extension of the present open season for taking brook trout in this State to Aug. 1, was discussed at length by the members, and the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association that the open season in this State for the catching of brook trout should be extended to the first day of August, and we earnestly recommend such legislation."

Copies of the resolution were sent to the Senate and House of Representatives at Harrisburg.

Upon the appointment of a standing committee on fish and game by the Legislature of Pennsylvania the association appoint a committee to co-operate with the State Commission in bringing such influence to bear upon the committee of the Legislature as might aid in the protecting of fish and game of the Commonwealth. A committee was authorized to proceed to Harrisburg to oppose the passage of the law authorizing the placing of fish baskets in the streams of this Commonwealth and any other laws detrimental to the fishery interests of the State.

The association is daily in receipt of a large correspondence in reference to fish laws, applications for trout blanks, etc.; has lately received large additions to its membership and is altogether in a highly prosperous condition. M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

THE ADIRONDACK LEAGUE CLUB.

The new club house of the Adirondack League Club, on Little Moose Lake, Herkimer county, N. Y., has been finished at a cost of over \$25,000. It is probably the most complete and best appointed club home in the Adirondack region. Little Moose Lake, where it is situated, is on the northern border of the club preserve, near First Lake of the Fulton Chain, and is less than five miles from the Fulton Chain station of the new Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railroad. The club house will accommodate over 100 people, and is tastefully as well as substantially constructed. The pride of the architect is the great hall in the center of the building, 50x35ft., at one end of which is a huge fireplace, capable of burning logs 6ft. in length.

At the other or southern extremity of the preserve,

The club has secured the introduction into the Legislature of a bill removing the bounty on bears and placing a bounty on foxes in the counties into which its preserve extends, it having become evident that the fox is the deadly enemy of the rabbit and the partridge.

Among the lakes lying wholly or partially on the preserve of the Adirondack League Club are Honnedaga or Jock's, North, Little Moose, Clear, Panther, Pico, South, Little Woodhull, Canachagala, Jones, Deer, Otter, Engineer, Goose, Horn, Hardscrabble, Brook Trout, Spruce, Cedar, Twin, Rock, Little Rock, Sampson, Whitney, Gull, Jessups, Fawn, Fall, the West Canada Group, Little Salmon, Baby, Caswell, East, Deer and Lily, and innumerable smaller sheets. Waterways, navigable by small craft, thread the forest in every direction. The Lower Stillwater of West Canada Creek is navigable within the preserve for six miles without a carry.



THE "LOWER STILLWATER" (CELEBRATED TROUT STREAM).

twenty-five miles away from "Mountain Lodge," as the Moose Lake Club house is called, is "Forest Lodge," the club's other house on Honnedaga Lake. This club house has been in use by the members for the last two years and accommodates about seventy-five people. It is also a comfortable and well appointed house, and it is well liked by the members, being centrally situated for the best fishing waters of the whole Adirondack region. A. D. Barber is the steward and manager of the Forest Lodge, and Capt. H. G. Otis of Mountain Lodge. Both club houses will open to the members, their families and guests, on May 1 next.

Honnedaga, or "Jock's" Lake is six miles long and in beauty compares favorably with any of the Adirondack lakes, and in altitude exceeds them all, being 2,280ft. above the level of the sea. Honnedaga is the Indian name of the lake, signifying "clear water," so-called from the remarkable clearness and purity of the water. On many old maps it is similarly designated as "Transparent Lake." The club house on Honnedaga Lake is reached by a drive of twenty-eight miles from Prospect station on both the R., W. & O. road and the new Webb road, or from the station Honnedaga, on the Webb road.

The preserve of the Adirondack League Club is a vast tract in Hamilton and Herkimer counties, containing about 175,000 acres, an area eight times as large as Manhattan Island, and much larger than Staten Island. From its most westerly to its most easterly point is a distance of forty miles, and from north to south over twenty-five miles. It is practically a virgin forest, magnificently wooded, the merchantable timber being worth alone, on the stump, according to the estimate of Professor Fernow, of the United States Forestry Bureau, over \$1,000,000. The club derives a revenue of \$80,000 a year from the removal of the spruce above twelve inches in diameter, thus dispensing with all dues or assessments from the members. In fact, but for the application of the surplus revenue to internal improvements such as roads, or club houses, a dividend might be declared on each member's certificate.

The finest hunting and fishing in the North Woods are found inside the club's boundaries, the game being carefully protected and the fish each year propagated from the club hatchery on Honnedaga Lake. There are at least twenty-five good-sized lakes upon the preserve besides the celebrated trout streams, the West Canada Creek, Indian River, and the North and South Branches of the Moose River.

The Adirondack League Club has taken an advanced step in the way of protecting the fish and game within its preserve, with a result that both are more numerous each year. It prohibits entirely on its tract the inhuman practice of floating or jacking for deer and is also vigorously pushing a bill introduced by it in the present Legislature to prohibit such practices by State law. It has also shortened the hounding season and is now taking the vote of the members whether or not hounding shall also be forbidden. Another of the club rules prohibits the killing of does at any time.

No fishing is allowed upon the club lands until May 1, which postpones for fifteen days the legal season for salmon trout and for thirty days the legal season for speckled trout. The catch of each member is also restricted to ten salmon trout and 15lbs. of speckled trout in any one day.

Besides the deer the woods are full of other kinds of game, including partridge, snipe, ducks and geese, squirrels, rabbits, mink, otter and occasionally a black bear.

A topographical survey of the 104,000 acres of forest owned by the club was made last year under the direction of Dr. B. E. Fernow, chief of the Forestry Bureau, by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, and a map is soon to be published giving valuable information as to the topography of the preserve.

There are 500 membership shares in the Adirondack League, of which all but sixty are taken. Many of the members hold more than one share each, so that there are only 200 members. Each membership share entitles the holder to one five-hundredth interest in all the club's real



DOWN FROM HEAD OF HONNEDAGA LAKE.

estate and property, the right to hunt and fish upon the entire preserve, the use of the club houses and facilities, and in addition a grant in fee of a five-acre plot, with 200ft. of water front, for a private camp or cottage. Many of these cottages have already been built on Honnedaga or Moose lakes, where the private holdings have so far mostly been taken. The shares, originally \$1,000 each, are now sold for \$1,200 each.

Among the members are the Rev. Drs. Geo. Alexander, John R. Paxton, John C. Bliss, Wm. Irvin, Philip Schaff and Chas. A. Stoddard, of New York; A. V. V. Raymond, of Albany; Timothy G. Darling, of Auburn, and Samuel J. Nicolls, of St. Louis; Warner Miller, Wm. Brookfield, John H. Starin, Henry E. Howland, Warren Higley, A. G. Mills, Wayland Trask, Stanford White, John M. Toucey, Gen. Samuel Thomas, Spencer Aldrich, Clarence Andrews, Justus L. Bulkeley, Dr. Martin Burke, Prescott Hall Butler, Geo. G. DeWitt, John T. Lockman, Geo. W. Dillingham, Devereux Emmet, Chas. A. Flammer, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., W. F. Havemeyer, A. Foster Higgins,

Dr. C. N. Hoagland, James Otis Hoyt, William Z. Larned, Walter S. Logan, General G. H. McKibbin, Norton P. Otis, William D. Baldwin, Edward S. Renwick, George H. Ripley, John A. Rutherford, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Arthur W. Soper, J. Walter Spalding, Dr. Lucien C. Warner, R. F. Westcott, John N. A. Griswold, George S. Graves, William F. Hall, Peter A. Hege-man, Theodore M. Barnes, Thomas J. Davis, David Wolfe Bishop, William H. Boardman, Edmund Coffin, Jr., William G. De Witt, E. D. Griswold, Henry S. Harper, Mark M. Pomeroy, Henry C. Squires, George A. Strong, Nathaniel C. Fisher, John Greenough, Leonard F. Beckwith and William H. Hinchman, of New York; Prof. B. E. Fernow, Gardiner G. Hubbard and J. Walter Pilling, of Washington; B. W. Arnold and Henry Patton, of Albany; J. J. Albright, John Satterfield, Mills W. Barse, O. L. Snyder, George V. Forman, Daniel H. McMillan and Edmund Hayes, of Buffalo; Charles Fleischman and William L. Hunt, of Cincinnati; Alexander R. Harper, of Philadelphia; Hon. Henry Hitchcock, Judge George A. Madill, S. M. Dodd and Edward Mallinckrodt, of St. Louis; Frank S. Weigley, of Chicago; John Ickler, of St. Paul, and President James M. Taylor of Vassar College.

The officers of the club are: President, M. W. Barse; Vice-President, ex-Judge Henry E. Howland; Treasurer, Ole L. Snyder; Secretary, Robert C. Alexander. The other members of the Board of Trustees are A. G. Mills, Judge Warren Higley, Hon. Warner Miller, Henry C. Squires, Stanford White, Frederick G. Burnham, Dr. B. E. Fernow and Alexander R. Harper. The office of the club is at No. 203 Broadway.

Wyoming County Association.

It is well-known that within the borders of Wyoming county are some of the best trout streams in New York State, which are visited by sportsmen from different localities, who are not in the least particular as to the means used in catching fish. The streams are in consequence becoming rapidly depleted, notwithstanding the fact that great pains have been taken during the past ten years to stock them.

Our local sportsmen decided to put a stop to illegal fishing if possible, and called upon Mr. Frank Amsden of Rochester, of the State Game and Fish Protective Association, to assist in organizing a society in this county. A meeting for this purpose was held Saturday, of which J. A. McFarlane was chairman and Henry R. Bristol secretary. Mr. Amsden was present and explained the object of the county associations and the benefits which resulted from them. He said that the streams were being depleted and woods overshot, and that citizens were powerless to prevent this unless organized and united. He thought the present law regarding fish and game was the best the State ever had and that most of the violations were the result of ignorance regarding its provisions. Mr. Amsden said that the Fish Commission had refused longer to plant fish in counties where there was no organization, and the game laws were not enforced; but that where societies were formed all possible assistance would be furnished, and a special game protector appointed if it were desired; that any violations of the law were to be reported to Chief Game Protector Pond, at Albany, who would at once take proper steps for the prosecution of offenders.

By a unanimous vote of the meeting it was then decided to organize a Wyoming County Fish and Game Protective Association.

The following officers were elected: President, James Rafferty, of Java; Vice-Presidents, A. C. McCall, of Arcade; Augustus Smith, of Attica; Grove Barnum, of

Bennington; Henry Fuller, of Castile; Charles Cromwell, of Covington; Frank H. Wilson, of Eagle; Dr. J. O. Randall, of Gainesville; Gilbert Bishop, of Genesee Falls; Thomas H. Crahan, of Java; E. A. Durfee, of Middlebury; William Bauer, of Orangeville; Milo H. Olin, of Perry; G. S. Van Gorder, of Pike; Henry Leroux, of Sheldon; Javes R. Smith, of Warsaw; Theodore Hubbard, of Wethersfield; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry R. Bristol, of Warsaw; Executive Committee, Mr. Rafferty, Dr. G. R. Traver, of Perry; M. N. Cole, of Castile; N. S. Wells, of Warsaw; C. D. Wing, of Attica; Norman R. Howes, of Eagle; Ortaville Howes, of Middlebury.—*Warsaw (N. Y.) Times.*

It Teaches Them All.

"If the Senator will turn his attention to the FOREST AND STREAM, a paper which I have taken for many years and read with great pleasure, he will find that there is complaint made all the time that this will destroy the game."—Senator Teller's speech in the U. S. Senate March 4, Congressional Record, p. 2550.

SPAWNING OF GAIRDNER'S TROUT.

The largest river trout of North America is probably as little known as any other as far as its life history is concerned. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we publish the following recent information about the spawning of the species, perhaps better recognized under the name of steelhead salmon, which we owe to the courtesy of Hon. Marshall McDonald.

One of the salmon and trout stations of the U. S. Fish Commission is located at Fort Gaston, California, in the northern part of the State. This station is now under the charge of Capt. W. Dougherty, of the U. S. Army. Operations here are confined chiefly to Gairdner's trout and the rainbow, both of which are excellent subjects for artificial propagation.

Under date of Jan. 19, Capt. Dougherty wrote the Commissioner that the station would rely mainly for its supply of eggs upon the small hatchery at Redwood Creek, fourteen miles distant. The Klamath River canneries, sixty-five miles away, have exhausted the resources of Trinity River, and that stream is no longer a source of spawning fish. The ponds at Redwood, he believes, contain enough breeders to furnish 300,000, and he expected that by the first week in February 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 of eggs would be obtained from salmon ascending the stream.

We quote from his letter: "The small mountain streams on this coast that empty directly into the ocean, bank up their mouths by a sandbar that stretches entirely across during the summer months. The water flows over this in places to the depth of only a couple of inches, and sometimes seeps through the bank or bar without flowing until late in the fall. The salmon accumulate around the outside of this bar in myriads, waiting for it to open, which it does only when the water from the first heavy rain comes down and breaks it away, when the fish at once enter and go directly to the spawning grounds, traveling at the rate of about forty miles a day. These fish are then nearly ripe for stripping, and that is the opportune time for the first and unfailing supply of eggs."

"Sergeant Boyce has produced a hybrid between the steelhead salmon (female) and the rainbow trout (male). The salmon was stripped on the 29th of March last and the first eggs were hatched on the 28th of April. The product is a beautifully brilliant and distinctively spotted variety, very robust and gamy. About 500 have been kept in the pond, about 1,500 having been turned out."

Ten years ago Dr. Jordan stated that Gairdner's trout spawns later than the salmon, and is found in the river, spent, at the time of the spring salmon run. "Mr. B. F. Dowell has recorded its arrival in May in Applegate Creek, Oregon, for the purpose of spawning. At the falls in Willamette River, at Oregon City, Mr. Walter F. Hubbard found a few ripe females about the middle of May, 1892, but the bulk of the fish passed over the obstructions and made their way to the upper waters. Dr. Bean has collected female steelheads with the eggs so ripe as to run freely from the fish on June 10."

FOREST AND STREAM had an account last year of a steelhead captured at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie. If this fine species can be made plentiful in that lake and others of the system, it will prove a veritable boon to the public, and there is apparently no reason why it should not do well in the Great Lakes since it is frequently and permanently land-locked in some parts of the West.

ANGLING NOTES.

A German Book.

I HAVE just received a very handsome copy of Herr von dem Borne's "Handbook of Fishculture and Fishing," and I say handsome, because it is printed on fine paper, bound in half seal leather and contains nearly 600 illustrations, making it altogether a sumptuous volume. Of living German fishculturists no one is held in higher repute as an authority at home, nor more esteemed abroad, for a knowledge of fish, fishing and fishculture than Herr Max von dem Borne, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Germany. Last year Herr von dem Borne issued from the press of Paul Parey, Berlin, the publisher of all his books, a volume upon angling, or rather a new and enlarged edition of a book which had passed through several previous editions, and I think I said at the time (if I did not I meant to do so) that there were many features of the book which might be adopted in this country with profit, and not the least of them was the credit the author gave to FOREST AND STREAM for information obtained in its columns. There are features of fishculture and fishing which might also be adopted in this country for the instruction of readers. The book is divided into four parts: The "Natural History and Life of Fishes," by Dr. Benecke, "Fishculture," by Max von dem Borne, "Sea and Lake Fishing," by E. Dallmer, and "Fresh-water Fishing," by Max von dem Borne. Dr. Benecke makes a feature of describing and illustrating the scales of such fishes as wear scales in a way that is not done in any American ichthyological work that I know, although two English works treat the subject briefly. The structure of fishes is minutely illustrated and described, as well as the ovaries and the development of the eggs. In fact the book is a mine of information in detail, as the Germans are in the habit of doing with what they undertake, from cover to cover.

An English Book.

My thoughts seem to turn to books to-day, and a glance at my book shelves awaken memories that have slumbered for a time, therefore I will gossip a bit about books. One morning, years ago, I left the office of FOREST AND STREAM with the late T. C. Banks, at that time the business manager of the paper, to meet Capt. Bogardus by appointment. When we found him, the late Greene Smith was with him, it being just after their curious pigeon match, one yard boundary, and we were soon joined by several other sportsmen and went to make various calls for various purposes in the lower part of the city. We were all in a well-known resort in Nassau street, when a seedy and beery individual entered with a couple of books in his hand which he offered to every one in turn, no one paying any attention to him until he reached me. I read the title, asked the price of one of the books, paid the money, \$1, and the man went out. Mr. Banks asked what I had bought and I replied that it was a bound volume of the *English Sporting Magazine* for 1794. The book was passed around and I was offered five times the sum I paid to part with it, but as every man had an opportunity to buy before I did I kept the book. A few years later

a discussion arose in FOREST AND STREAM concerning the terms upon which Col. Thornton sold his famous dog Dash. I think this discussion was started by "Canonicus," if I mistake not, a grandson of "Fox Hunting Evers." Anyway "Canonicus" took an active part, but none of the writers had the facts as they were, for I happened to find in the old *Sporting Magazine* (it is not at hand now) the details of the transaction written by one who was a party to the sale. The *Magazine* had contained a portrait, steel plate, of the dog, but it was removed before it came into my possession.

An American Book.

I tried for some time to get a copy of the first American edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," edited by Dr. G. W. Bethune, and published in 1847. I wished the book for a particular purpose, and I wished also to get a perfect copy. I advertised for it and placed an order with a dealer in second-hand books without avail. One day I received a book by express, which proved to be a copy of the first edition of "Bethune's Walton," inscribed to me on the title page "from 'his brother of the angle,' Alfred M. Mayer." Prof. Mayer happened to see the book, bought it and sent it to me, never knowing that I had tried in vain to get it.

A Book to Guide Collectors.

Just ten years ago, when the last edition of "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," by Thomas Westwood and Thomas Satchell, came from the press, Mr. Westwood resided in Belgium, and sent me a copy from Brussels. A week or two later Mr. Satchell sent me a copy from London, and I noticed that on the fly leaf, in addition to the presentation inscription, he had written a brief history of the printing of the book to "account for but not excuse the blunders that it contained." He told that the printer was a man in small way of business, setting all the type with his own hand, and that each sheet was broken up before the succeeding one was printed off, and consequently there was no going back, etc. Having examined the first copy thoroughly there was no occasion for me to examine, closely, its fellow, and it was some little time before I discovered that Mr. Satchell, the dear old gentleman, had corrected the book from cover to cover with his pen, and had done the work so neatly that in most cases it required sharp eyes to discover the corrections, and in all probability I possessed a copy of the book that was unique, for if he corrected a copy for his own use it was not likely that he had written the history of the printing on the fly leaf.

A Pioneer Book.

One summer evening, a year or two "before the war," Dick Birch, an Adirondack guide, came to a lumber camp of my father's on the Cedar River with a sportsman that he introduced as Dr. Todd. I was at the camp fishing at the time and assumed that Dr. Todd was a doctor of medicine. That night the Doctor snored as I had never heard a man snore before, and I crept over to his bed and fastened a fish hook in his bed clothes and got into my own bed with the fish line fastened to the hook. When there seemed to be imminent danger of the shanty being unroofed I pulled the line and the bed clothes came off the guest. I kept this up until the Doctor discovered that he was hooked, and cut the line, but he said not a word. A year or two later I attended the morning service in a church in Pittsfield, Mass., and to my great astonishment from behind the reading desk the never to be forgotten face of Dr. Todd appeared to me, and for the first time I knew that he was a doctor of divinity. During my school days in that town I came to know Dr. Todd and to regret that I had pulled the bed clothes off of him. Many years after Hallock mentioned Dr. Todd as a pioneer writer upon the Adirondacks in a book with the title "Long Lake," and this interested me to search for the book. Mr. F. R. Ryer of New York had an extensive library of books upon angling and kindred subjects, and I asked him about this book and he told me he had searched far and wide for it but could not find it, and concluded from all that he could learn that no such book had been published. Other years passed, and one day in an old book shop Mr. Ryer found two copies of Dr. Todd's "Long Lake" and sent me one of them. It was published in 1845, and the book relates to visits made to Long Lake in 1841, '42, '43 and '44 by the author, when the region was indeed a wilderness, and I believe it to be the first printed volume relating to that section written by a visitor.

Second-Hand Books.

I have never been a book collector in the sense that I have been unhappy if I did not possess first editions and certain bindings, as I have only desired to own books that gave me certain information, or perhaps I should say that I thought might give me information, for too often when I obtained the books do not give information of any value. I wished to get a book devoted to artificial and natural flies, and as it was long out of print was obliged to depend upon picking it up somewhere, and just at that particular time it was not to be picked up. I made a regular search of the old book shops in Boston, and about the last went to the one under Old South. Taking a flaming torch, I went to the Milk street side of the cellar, which I knew well, and almost the first thing I found a copy of the book, but upon opening it I found that every plate was gone, and it was the plates that I especially desired. I was disappointed to come so near success, but as I put the mutilated book back on the shelf I noticed near it Pulman's "Fly-Fishing for Trout," published by Longman in 1851, a book that I had on my list and wished to possess almost as much as the other. The copy of Pulman had belonged to a gentleman in Glasgow, and bore his autograph and address, and now it bears mine in addition.

Other books on my shelves bring up other memories and I am tempted to let my pen run on and on, but the written pages warn me to cease; so one more and I am done. Driving to the railway station with Mr. William Blackmore, founder of the Blackmore Museum, Salisbury, England, after he had made a visit to the family, he said that he had written an introduction to a book in which he treated the Indian question, which he wished me to read. Then turning to another book, just issued, he said it was inaccurate as to its facts, and he would point them out in marginal in a copy on the steamer and send it to me, which he did. In the haste of his departure I got the books all mixed up in my mind, but I knew there was something about Indians that was not clear. I did not wish to ask him and confess that my memory was so poor, and still I had a feeling that I had left something undone not to my credit.

Several years after a mutual friend with whom Mr. Blackmore had left the book for delivery to me, sent it to me, after forgetting all about it for two years, and I found it was "The Plains of the Great West," by Col. Dodge, and then the conversation came back to me.

A. N. CHENEY.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

THE annual reception given by the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association to the Commissioners of Fisheries was held last Friday evening in the Association's rooms, No. 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. Members and guests present were:

Messrs. M. G. Sellers, H. O. Wilbur, Robt. M. Mackay, Peter J. Custer, W. L. Powell, Geo. T. Stokes, John A. Shulze, J. Walker, Jr., E. C. Warg, M.D., Rev. Jacob Todd, James M. Scovel, Frank W. Cornman, M. Burkhardt, Thos. H. Stites, W. J. Sellers, Harry W. Quick, Cyrus S. Detre, Henry S. Williams, Dr. Bushrod W. James, R. F. Schwartz, Eugene Ufford, E. L. Datesman, W. C. Henry, George E. Heyburn, J. B. Goentner, Henry A. Ingram, Wm. C. Smith, J. R. Sypher, C. T. Colladay, J. C. Powell, C. H. Fitzgerald, Samuel E. Landis, Albert G. Green, Wm. Y. Carver, Thomas Massey, Geo. W. Morris, Harry Anderson, Chas. H. Siddall, Thos. T. Baltz, B. A. McDewitt, William A. Flanagan, D. Edgar Kern, Charles L. Kurtz, J. Brewster McCollum, K. Hancock, George W. Reader, Dr. W. W. McClure, Thomas B. Harper, B. W. Campbell, J. R. Thornton, Edwin Hagert, Fred. W. Brown, W. H. Burkhardt, D. W. Johnson, H. H. Treager, Wm. R. Nicholson, R. W. Fitzell, John T. Neath, Alex. M. Wiggins, Geo. H. Hill, Geo. W. Shaw, J. S. Wise, Wm. Gillespie, Jr., Jacob K. Smith, M. H. Carpenter, Mahlon K. Smith, Moses W. Van Gordon, Henry C. Ford, Chas. B. Reynolds.

In the absence of the president, Vice-President Fred'k G. Brown welcomed the guests of the evening, and outlined the work and aims of the Association as a protective organization. The society was founded by a few anglers, who recognized that something must be done to stay the wanton destruction of the Commonwealth's fish food supply; but to the original company of anglers has been added a large and increasing membership of public-spirited citizens who are not distinctively fishermen, but who believe in fish protection and are earnestly working to secure it.

President Henry C. Ford, of the Fish Commission, read an address which was full of suggestiveness, reviewing the work of the board and painting in glowing colors the future of fish protection in Pennsylvania. The address is given in its full text below.

Commissioner Powell referred to the destruction of fish by culm or coal dust, which is run into the streams in great quantities, and, as it settles, forms a crust, killing the insect life on which fishes live. He proposed a commission for considering the abuse and its remedy, the commission to consist of two coal operators, two members of the sanitary department and two of the Fisheries Commissioners.

Hon. Peter J. Christ, of Northumberland county, reported that there was unprecedented interest in fish and game legislation at Harrisburg in this session; and it could not be foretold how the many bills would fare.

Rev. Dr. Todd spoke humorously of the anglers who are, in their after-dinner speeches, prone to extol the beauties of nature. "It reminds me of Mrs. Partington," said he, "when she pooh-poohed the talk of the city people who said that they grew fat on the country air; it might be the air, but she believed it was the 'wittles.'" So it may be the 'beauties of nature' that anglers seek, but more likely it is fish. There is, to my eye, no 'beauty of nature' quite equal to a speckled trout safely landed on the bank; no music of nature like the twanging of one's line that tells of a big fish fast."

Mr. James M. Scovel, of Camden, related the joys of drum fishing at Anglesea. Hon. R. F. Schwartz, of Monroe county, pertinently inquired, if the bill forbidding sale of trout should become a law, what the city anglers would do, when they could no longer buy their fish of the barefoot boys of his county. Chas. B. Reynolds, of FOREST AND STREAM, referred to the fact that the history of the Pennsylvania Association, like that of every other fish protective society, showed that the anglers were always the first to recognize the necessity of protecting the waters, and had always been foremost in efforts to secure such protection.

Speaking for the Association, Mr. J. R. Sypher, of the executive committee, invited the co-operation of all persons interested in its work, whether residents of Philadelphia or of other counties or other States. The membership fee for associates is \$2 per annum; and it is the earnest desire of the Philadelphia members that the Association may have not so much the financial as the moral support of a large membership scattered throughout all the counties of the State. The secretary is Mr. M. G. Sellers, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

President Ford's Address.

While thanking you for the courtesies extended to us to-night, the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries desire to give your Association and its guests some idea of the work that has been accomplished, and the benefit of their labors to Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission has kept steadily in view the restoration of our rivers, streams and lakes to their old-time fecundity, or in other words, the increase and cheapening of the supply of food fish for the people. When the Fish Commission has been assailed, as it sometimes has been, the attack is due to ignorance on the part of its assailants of this great object.

The cry has sometimes been raised that the Fish Commission is working in the interests of anglers and sportsmen; that the chief production of its hatcheries is game fish, and that its efforts to make and enforce restrictive laws are the results of mandatory emanations from associations and clubs to whom angling interests are dearer than the public welfare. This charge has a certain influence with the thoughtless who do not trouble themselves to investigate the doings of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

But let us see what are the facts.

In the past three years the Pennsylvania Commissioners have deposited in the waters of the Commonwealth over 152,000,000 of fish.

Of this number only 9,000,000 have been strictly game fish, leaving 143,000,000 of food fish supplied to our rivers and lakes; shad, whitefish, pike-perch, all the commercial fish of these waters.

Before an exhibit like this the assertion that the Fish Commission labors for the benefit of any one class should cease.

And yet those who carp at the stocking our inland streams,

our mountain brooks and rapid rivers with game fish, alleging that it is for the benefit of anglers' clubs, would never make such statements if they knew the facts.

Of trout applications alone fully 90 per cent. are from farmers residing on the brooks. And why not? They know what is profitable to them. The people of our mountain counties would sadly miss the sums left with them by anglers and tourists, if they allowed their streams to be annually depleted, and neglected to apply to the Fish Commission to replenish them.

The farmers throughout the State are awakening to the benefit of restrictive laws.

The fish protective associations with objects similar to your own that have been formed in nearly every county in the State are not the offspring of the cities.

They are composed of farmers and the sons of farmers who are wide awake and who see that if they are to preserve their fish from pot-hunters and poachers they must make and enforce restrictive laws.

A comparison of what the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has done in the last 10 years, or rather, a statement of its output in 1882 (the year of the formation of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association), compared with that of 1892, will best show its progress.

In 1882 the distribution of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission was:

Of trout and other game fish.....	664,000
Of shad.....	None.
Whitefish.....	None.
Pike perch, etc.....	None.

In 1892 there were planted in the waters of Pennsylvania, as follows:

Pike perch.....	59,000,000
Whitefish.....	15,000,000
Trout and other game fish.....	4,000,000
Shad.....	9,500,000

Making a total of.....\$7,500,000

fish as compared with 664,000 in 1882. Since 1882 the Erie hatchery, that has done so much to keep up the supply of food fish in that great lake, has been established.

The hatcheries at Allentown and Corry have been doubled in capacity by the erection of new buildings, and, though producing trout to their fullest extent, cannot begin to supply the demand.

Since 1882 the code of protective laws has been revised and strengthened, and an interstate law protecting the Delaware has been passed by the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

In 1882 there were over 500 fish weirs in the Delaware River between the New York State line and Trenton. The shad catch in that river, owing to the wholesale destruction of young shad in these fish weirs or eel baskets, had dwindled to a valuation of \$81,000.

In 1892 there was not an eel basket in the river. They were destroyed by the Fish Commission, and the annual catch of shad has risen in value to over half a million dollars.

There is a bill now before the Legislature asking for the restoration of these eel baskets to the rivers and streams of our commonwealth.

If the gentlemen who make our laws could see these eel racks in operation in times past, and could see, not only game fish, but thousands of dead shad fry taken from them to fertilize the land, they would pause before they would ever sanction a measure that would be a death blow to the work of the State Fish Commission.

To day the shad fishing industry in the Susquehanna is in as bad a plight as was that of the Delaware in 1882, and the Fish Commission is now endeavoring to redeem it. They are in treaty with the Maryland Commission for the abrogation of eel racks in the Lower Susquehanna, and they are endeavoring to secure an appropriation for fishways in the dams, so that the shad can again ascend to the headwaters of the river. It is hardly fair that the Fish Commission should have to contend with an act submitted to their own Legislature to legalize these eel racks.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission has had to combat the forces of ignorance, self-interest and lawlessness. It has been opposed by those who, caring nothing for the future, are solicitous only for the profits of the day, and have no thought of making the world better for those who may come after them.

Fortunately it has on its side the aid of bodie, like your own, the support of all intelligent, thinking and far-sighted citizens.

And yet with threatening hostile legislation, and much that is disheartening to earnest endeavor, it may be sometimes permitted to the enthusiast in fishculture to prophetically read the far future.

In that mental panorama he sees our two noble rivers, the Delaware and Susquehanna, teeming with food fish for the people.

He sees the lowland streams again yielding their finny supply prolific as in Colonial days, while the mountain brooks, renewed with aquatic life, bring profit and sustenance to the dwellers on their banks.

He views, too, clear and sparkling waters freed from polluting influences and giving a longer lease of life to humanity, as well as to their finny inhabitants.

To-day this may seem as the language of a Utopian, but it is the dream of no visionary. It will come slowly, but surely, and when it arrives perhaps the people of Pennsylvania may awake to a more thorough knowledge of the arduous work of their State Fish Commission.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, March 25.—Col. John Gay, until last fall inspector of stations of the U. S. Fish Commission and long a member of the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission, is now in this city in charge of the Pennsylvania exhibit in the anglers' pavilion. He and Dr. Henshall are having very neighborly times of it just now. The Pennsylvania installation is now well under way in the preliminaries.

The Horton Manufacturing Company was the first firm to put a piece of furniture in place in the angling exhibit. Their large special display case is a work of art.

Gov. Altgeld's Wisdom.

Gov. John P. Altgeld deserves to have a large stone monument with red trimmings erected to his memory. This I suggest because I fear that if he does not put up some such landmark the thinking public of Illinois may neglect to enshrine him in its heart, and he may be forgotten after the brief laugh at his display of twenty-eight karat wisdom. Yesterday Gov. Altgeld sent a message to the Legislature recommending the abolition of the State Fish Commission as "a useless and expensive board." Of course, he can not frame a law to that effect, and a Governor isn't ace high in a Legislature anyhow, but he has put himself on record to the effect that he will gladly approve such a law if passed by both houses. Gov. Altgeld figures out that the Commission has cost the State of Illinois \$7,000 a year on an average. As he, John P. Altgeld, has not eaten \$7,000 worth of fish each year, he infers that no one else has, and so that the money has been wasted. This, of course, is good enough reasoning to suit his real purpose, which is to make a big political bluff at saving a whole lot of money for the State, with an eye on the voting situation among the ignorant and easily led voters when it comes to another run for the Governor's chair. Me, John P., I saved you \$7,000 to feed your motherless babes; vote for me, John P.; that is about the way the thing reads.

Now, with the \$7,000 which the Illinois Commission had, it saved and planted more fish, dollar for dollar, three times over than any other State in the Union ever did. It didn't hatch fish, and it didn't experiment. It just scooped young fish out of the drying sloughs, and planted them in running water. It enriched this State yearly, on the State's investment of \$7,000, to the value of not less than \$100,000, and very probably more than \$200,000. Gov. Altgeld does not know the commercial value of the fish trade of Illinois. He ought to study up on a good many things before he goes into the governor business.

Now, if the Commission be abolished that means a wide-open time for the market-fishers, and that means that in four or five years the wealth of our main streams is gone. It would take \$50,000 a year to put it back again. Nobody has been saving the little fish and putting them into the living water now, mind you. Things have been taking care of themselves. The market-fishers, ignorant and careless as children, have been destroying great and small fish, regardless of the future. A great source of the wealth of the State of Illinois has been ruined. It will cost \$50,000 a year to replace this wealth of \$200,000 a year. Who cost the State of Illinois that money, John P.?

The Facts of Fish Planting.

There is no guess work about this and no assumption of facts. The facts are at hand for any governor who wants them. Let Governor Altgeld go to Mr. A. Booth, of Chicago, the greatest market-fisher in the world, perhaps, and ask him about the value of fish planting and fish commissions. Mr. Booth will tell him that were it not for the continuous planting by the State Fish Commissions the whitefish of the Great Lakes would be extinct to-day this side of Lake Superior and the fisheries of the Lakes discontinued. Illinois plants fish even more cheaply than that, though only on a \$7,000 scale instead of a \$50,000 scale, as she should.

For Gov. Altgeld to ignore the examples of other States and the incontrovertible showing of their beneficent work, would be for him to deliberately forsake the company of intelligent men, and to ally himself with the ignorant, the vicious and the unthinking, those who by reason of their birthright of incompetency as citizens, their lack of providence and their carelessness of the property intrusted to their use, call aloud for the care, the protection, the forethought and kindness which any really wise Governor would feel bound to give them. Gov. Altgeld saves these people no money. He robs them, for he permits them to rob themselves, and this they will do as long as they are allowed so to do. When the ignorant and unthinking thus rob themselves, they rob us also. We lose sport. The people of Illinois lose money. Is it wisdom to cost this loss? Is it decency to call such loss a "saving"? I do not think the Legislature of this State will call this wise or decent.

E. HOUGH.
175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

GENERAL WALKER, on his last trip to Lake Ridge (Lewistown Reservoir), caught a bass that had got away with the business end of his line during the summer.

Emerson McCance caught a small dual fish that was connected, Siamese-twin-like, with a fleshy cord midway of the bodies.

The fins of Japanese goldfish, whose bodies somewhat resemble small jugs boys drop their pennies into, are transparent films, and their tails shadowy, wavy, dual swallow tails.

Mr. Chas. C. Neereamer, of Columbus, in the excitement of seeing a wild goose swim by his boat at Lake Ridge, made a cast for him and caught him. Judge Ingalls likewise caught a mudhen.

Fishing on ship or yacht means to try to hold a camp stool in place on deck and drag a line in the wake of the boat. To bait for shark is to put on a large piece of fat meat, or even a bottle. Baiting with a bottle would catch a good many people nowadays.

Mrs. Wm. Pratchet, of Dayton, two summers since, and while enjoying a trip to Indian Lake (Lewistown Reservoir), first secured a bass that escaped and that got away from its ultimate captors three times before it was finally landed for keeps. Once he loosened a slat in a "live box" and escaped.

The angler-fish being slow of motion buries himself in the mud, and projecting from his snout is a fleshy bent

rod and line, with a shining, bony substance or scale at the end that lures the curiously inclined to certain destruction. In fact, danger lurks everywhere in the deep for the finny tribe, each pursuing each with a persistence the most cannibalistic. Eternal vigilance produces alone the shadow of rest.

Heavy gales this fall caused the catch of whitefish in Lake Huron to be but small.

Several black bass were taken from Indian Lake, Lewistown Reservoir, the past fall, that weighed good 8lbs. each.

Drillers for oil in the 60s above and about Oil City, Pa., found fissures in the rock through which flowed living streams, and from which eyeless fish came up in the "sand pump."

A boiling spring in a Nevada mine furnishes an eyeless fish.

There are eyeless fish in the Mammoth Cave.

During a run of bass last spring hundreds, yes, thousands, were caught below the bulkhead, at the Lewistown Reservoir; and to see them mirrored in the water as they went over the breast of the dam was a sight long to be remembered.

At Minorca fishermen simply dive to a depth of 70ft., with a weight in one hand to carry them down, while with the other they pick up as many oysters as they can and bring them to the boat.

A curious fish obtains in foreign waters that lights a certain portion of the darkness surrounding it as a firefly a summer's evening.

Fishculture.

Rearing Black Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest what Mr. Wm. F. Page, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has to say on the subject of rearing black bass, and having had six years' experience in this line I wish to indorse all that he says.

While my experience was in a measure that of an amateur, if raising fish at my own expense and stocking public waters is so to be considered, the work was systematically and effectively done just the same. With the co-operation of Hon. A. C. Williams, afterward for four years State Fish Commissioner, assisted by other enterprising citizens, a pond of about one-quarter acre was established on a spring brook at Chagrin Falls, O., and stocked with small-mouth bass. In the shallows gravel was placed for spawning beds.

The fry were taken from the nests just as soon as they had risen from the gravel and before they had become scattered. They were placed in a small pond with ample shallow margins, and there kept and fed on clotted blood, rubbed through a fine sieve, which we found to be better than liver.

Our subsequent experience taught us that a better way was to plant at once, if the water to be stocked was near at hand, placing the fry along the shores in the very shoalest water, that not over half an inch deep being preferable, where we found by examination from day to day that they stayed for a week or more.

Streams which had never before contained a small-mouth black bass were so effectually stocked in this way that from one single pool in one of them, four years after the first stock, Mr. Williams and the writer took, in one month, with hook and line, 160 bass of from one-half to one pound weight, with which to stock the State ponds at Chagrin Falls.

No branch of fishculture is more simple than that of producing black bass fry in ponds, if pursued with a fair amount of intelligence, the statement of bigots in the business to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, they cannot be furnished in millions, as with some other varieties of fishes, but the speed with which they assert themselves in suitable waters, even when only a small number are planted, makes up for this shortcoming in numbers.

J. J. STRANAHAN,
Supt. Put-in-Bay Station U. S. Fish Commission.
PUT-IN-BAY, Ohio, March 16.

Nepisquit Angling Club.

SITUATION OF PROPERTY AND REGULATIONS.

The lands and premises, fishing rights and privileges on the Nepisquit River, in the Parish of Bathurst, in the county of Gloucester, New Brunswick, particularly described in the several conveyances, and grants from the Crown, mentioned in a certain declaration of trust, executed by the late John H. Kinnear, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the said county of Gloucester, by the number 102, on pages 192, 193, 194, 195, 196 and 197 of the 34th volume of Records of the said county, are now held by trustees for James de Wolfe Spence, Simeon Jones, the executors and trustees of the late John H. Kinnear, and the devisees under the will of the late Major J. J. Forsyth Grant, jointly; the said lands comprising four several grants from the Crown of about 346 acres at Grand Falls, three several grants of about 500 acres at Pabineau Falls, two several grants of about 150 acres at Mid-Landing, and four several grants of about 600 acres at Chain of Rocks, in all about 1,546 acres; each of the said grants having a front on the said river. The trusts upon which the above lands and premises, fishing rights and privileges are held, are "for sport and pleasure, primarily for fishing, and not for business purposes," and such trusts are more fully set forth in the declaration of trust before mentioned. All rates and taxes, and expenses of protecting the river, and charges connected therewith, and with the general management of the property, including expense of filling club ice houses and other incidental expenses, are borne equally; each joint owner being liable for and paying one-fourth. Any owner may sell or dispose of his interest in the fishing rights and privileges, subject to existing trusts, but the purchaser of such interest must be accepted as an associate by the other three joint owners, or by a majority of them. Any owner may lease his season's fishing, as allotted to him. After many years' experience, the club have adopted a system of allotment of pools, which has been found most equitable; and the allotment for the season of 1893, herewith attached, which was drawn by ballot on the 4th of March, will explain the system, and show when and where each joint owner has the right to fish for the ensuing season. A majority of joint owners can, at any meeting duly convened, make any alteration in the distribution of fishing and allotment of pools.

Date.	Section No. 1. Pabineau Falls and Mid-Landing.	Section No. 2. Chain Rock and Grand Falls.
From.....to		
June 21.....J. de W. Spurr	No 1 for 7 days.	No Fishing.
June 21 to June 28.....Est. J. H. Kinnear	No 2 for 7 days.	No Fishing.
June 28 to July 10.....Simeon Jones	No 3 for 12 days.	Est. J. H. Kinnear.
July 10 to July 22.....Est. J. J. F. Grant	No 4 for 12 days.	Simeon Jones.
July 22 to Aug. 3.....J. de W. Spurr	No 1 for 12 days.	Est. J. J. F. Grant.
Aug 3 to Aug 15.....Est. J. H. Kinnear	No 2 for 12 days.	J. de W. Spurr.
	62 days	No. 1 for 12 days
		48 days

The sale will be on Wednesday, April 26, next. See advertisement elsewhere.—Adv.

WITH ROD AND CREEL.—The days approach when the sportsman will go forth with rod and creel. Where will he go? If wise, to the great trout and bass country along or tributary to the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Write for particulars to N. J. Powen General Passenger Agent, Montreal, Canada.—Adv.

Prizes for Catches of Fish.

THE Natchaug Silk Co., of Wilmington, Conn., whose braided silk lines recently put upon the market have met with such favor among fishermen, offer through our advertising columns \$300 in cash prizes for catches of fish taken during the season of 1893, with their lines. Every angler should read their liberal offer to be found in our advertising columns, and if possible compete for one of the prizes.—Adv.

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 23 to 31.—Illindio Kennel Club, first show, at Indianapolis, Ind. Chas. K. Farmer, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

THE DETROIT DOG SHOW.

BUT few organizations have enjoyed such encouraging support at its first show as that with which the City of the Straits Kennel Club was favored on March 21, 22, 23 and 24, at Detroit, Mich. The support was not only in the number of the entries—418 according to the catalogue—but in their quality, and in the large attendance of spectators, the *élite* of Detroit. The dog show was a society event, and therefore a most liberal patronage was given it. Notwithstanding the low price of admission, twenty-five cents, and the stormy weather of the first two days, the expenses of the show were fully covered by the receipts on Thursday night. The receipts of Friday were consequently on the good side of the account. Undoubtedly fifty cents admission fee would have been as cheerfully and fully paid as was the twenty-five cents, for the class of people who favored the show would have as readily paid the larger price. However, the club had some unfavorable conditions to contend with, and possibly may not have felt quite secure. First, there was a show in the same week at Elmira, under the protecting wing of the American Kennel Club, second, the application of the club for membership to the A. K. C. was in abeyance pending investigation of the situation as between the old Michigan Kennel Club and the present club, hence there was the question of the wins being recognized by the A. K. C., a question which, by rather frequent recurrence, seems to have lost some of its terrors. In this connection it may be mentioned that the vitality and success of the City of the Straits Kennel Club was so palpably established that the old club dissolved its organization in favor of the new one.

In reply to the report of the A. K. C. Committee of Investigation, Mr. John E. Long, of Detroit, the latter received the following telegram:

"To John Long, in care of Dog Show: As explained to City of Straits Kennel Club Sub Committee, have no power to admit now, but on your statement will undoubtedly recommend admission and recognition of wins at next meeting of Executive Committee. (Signed) J. L. ANTHONY."

This seems to settle the matter for the present.

The Detroit Auditorium, in which the show was held, is simply a large hall, capitally suitable for a dog show. The light, however, is not of the best, owing to there being no skylights in the roof. The electric lights were amply sufficient to supply artificial light in the afternoon and evening. The aisles of the Auditorium were, in the afternoon and evening of each day, crowded to their utmost capacity, and it seemed as if at such times the sale of tickets would have to be stopped simply for want of space to admit the people. Briefly, the show may be called a success in every particular.

The judging was done by Messrs. John Davidson and Mason. The former judged bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, foxhounds, deerhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, collies, dachshunds and beagles. Mr. Mason judged all other classes.

The benching and feeding was done in a most satisfactory manner by Spratts Patent.

The bench show committee, Messrs. Geo. M. Hendrie, W. G. Young, Thos. G. Blake, Guy D. Welton, Louis N. Hilsendegen and C. A. Parkinson, were unceasing in their efforts to make the show a success and courteously attentive to the wants of exhibitors. The secretary also was diligent and obliging in executing his duties. There is no question but what the club can hold a big, first-class show next year.

The judging, as a whole, gave about the usual satisfaction. It pleased some more than it pleased others. Good feeling and good fellowship, however, was a prevalent feature of the show.

Some of the judging dragged slowly and was not finished till the late Wednesday or till Thursday.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—There were but two, Groubian in the dog class and Loadka in the bitch class. Both are well known.

FOXHOUSES.—Only one, Ranger, appeared for judgment and he was ordinary and was awarded second. Afterward it was discovered that another one, Jack, had been by mistake entered in the miscellaneous class. He was awarded first. He has the appearance of having an English cross.

DEERHOUSES.—The first prize winner, Paul Potter, is quite a fair hound and was shown in excellent condition, and is a trifle light in bone. Brian II., second, is about an ordinary specimen. Olga had a walkover in the open class for bitches. She is quite a good bitch.

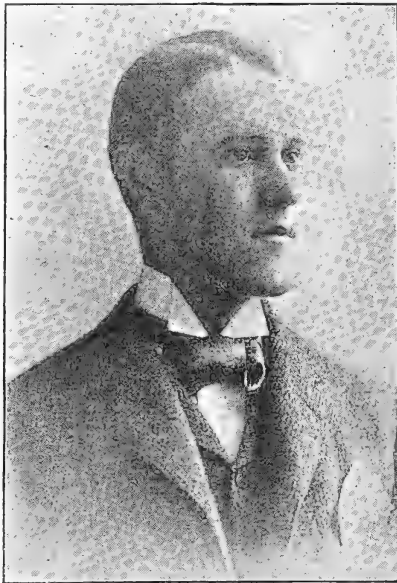
GREYHOUNDS.—In the challenge class, Gem of the Season was first, while Bestwood Daisy got the reserve. First in open dogs was won by King Dick, a large hound of a good deal of symmetry. His head is a trifle coarse. Raver, second, is coarse in head. Master Mennon, the reserve, is flat in ribs, light in bone. Wild Rose, recently described, won first. Chips, second, was described recently. Miss Mennon, the reserve, is ordinary. Lady Olivia, vhc., is too light in bone and muzzle.

POINTERS.—The pointer classes were well supported and were good in quality. Count Graphic won easily in the challenge class over Lord Graphic. In challenge bitches, the excellent bitch Lady Gay Spanker had a walk over. Open dogs, heavy weights, had ten competitors. Boxer, first, is heavy in shoulders and neck, and is somewhat coarse. His forefeet turn out. Head fairly good. Duke O., second, stands on fairly good legs and feet, has a good body and ordinary symmetry. He is heavy in skull and shows some coarseness. The dogs receiving letters were about an average lot. Six bitches were in the class for heavy weights. First and second won the same places as at Chicago, in which report they were described. The reserve, Fannie Graphic, is too wide in front. Her head is not clean out. Tilly and Lord Graphic's Gem were vhc. The former was shown too high in flesh. She is light in bone. The latter quite a good bitch, was in poor condition. Her head is too short.

Dogs, under 55lbs., had ten. Peter of Kent and John Kent Washenaw were absent. Glanorgan, first, is coarse, and rather ordinary. He is heavy in shoulders; has a good back,

s throaty. Wonderful Lad, second, is quite a good pointer. His head is not quite clean cut and his expression is sour. Legs and feet good, strong, well-shaped back and good body. Jumper, reserve, has a good head, excellent legs and feet, and good back and loin. Rock II., vhc., is too wide in chest and heavy in shoulders. King's Mark, also vhc., has good legs and feet, a well shaped body, and back, and fairly good symmetry. Stern rather coarse, head plain. Eight bitches faced the judge. Miss Rumor, well known, easily won first. Duchess, second, is plain in head, good in body, legs and feet, too short in neck. Count Graphic's Baby, reserve, is rather light in build, has good body, legs and feet, a fairly good bitch. Nell of Naso, vhc., is a bit stilty, but her legs and feet are good, head plain, good back. The kennel prize was divided, T. G. Davey and Dr. J. R. Daniels.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—There was a good lot shown. Cincinnati, in good condition, won first in the challenge class. His kennel mate, Toledo Blade, got the reserve, Cambriana, in the bitch class, won over Albert's Nellie, the latter not in the best of condition, she having recently weaned a litter of puppies. Quite a good dog, Washtenaw Grouse, won in the open class. He is not a year old and ought to improve a great deal with maturity. He might be better in body; legs and feet sound and good; clear-cut head; muscular quarters; good shoulders and neck. Second went to Matane, a well known competitor. Ben Hur of River View was the reserve. He has many ups and downs in competition; sometimes first in the money, sometimes not in it at all. Mack of the Elms, quite a good puppy; Bangham's London, a good dog, showing some coarseness; Pembroke's Royal Sport, too heavy in skull and not quite straight in front, and Monk of Furness Sting, too thin in flesh, were given vhc. In the hc.'s



GEO. M. HENDRIE.
President City of the Straits Kennel Club.

were some good dogs; there were five, Luke, Albert's Breeze of Washtenaw, Sir Bob, a dog carrying much lumber; Max Noble and Sultan. The bitches numbered 26, 8 more than the dogs. The class was a good one. A superior bitch, Lady Patch, won first. Her head has not quite sufficient stop, though it is of good shape. She stands squarely on good legs and feet; muscular quarters; lean neck; good shoulders; symmetrical. Toledo Queen, second, is too short in neck; muzzle light; body well ribbed; good quarters, legs and feet and fair symmetry. The reserve went to a cobby bitch, Queen of the Elms; light in bone, good feet and fairly good head, though her skull is narrow. She shows a deal of quality. In the vhc.'s were four, Monk of Furness Lill, shown too thin, Blida Blade, Nellie Breeze of Washtenaw and Doris C. There were some good bitches, most of them well known, which were in the hc.'s, namely, Belle Noble II., Liberty II., Daphne, Cleopatra, Amy Robsart and Bessy. The kennel prize was divided between W. B. Wells and Washtenaw Kennels.

IRISH SETTERS were a good lot. All the dogs and bitches in the challenge classes were owned by the Oak Grove Kennels. Kildare won first. Two bitches were in the challenge class. Norna won first. The special prize for best bitch was awarded to Queen Vic, better in head than Norna, but inferior to her in body, legs, feet, shoulders, quarters and symmetry. Norna is much the better. Blarney, Jr., in good condition, won first. Second went to Shamrock Bruce, neck too short, muscular quarters, good back, legs and feet. Tom Owen, reserve, is out at elbows, and loaded too much in shoulders. Of Larry C. and Prairie Tip, vhc., the former was thin in flesh, the latter stands badly in front, narrow muzzle. The bitch class numbered eight, two less than the dogs. Queen Vic won first. Marchioness, second, is light in bone in forelegs and shows some heaviness in shoulders. She moves well. Kildare Winnie, the reserve, has a light muzzle and bone. Katie O'Shea, vhc., has a poor front and a pinched muzzle. Countess Gypsy, hc., is flat in ribs and thin in flesh. The Irish setters were nearly all in excellent condition, and considering the journeys some of them have been on from show to show, they were remarkably well conditioned.

BLACK AND TAN OR GORDON SETTERS.—The challenge dog and bitch classes were respectively won by the well-known competitors, Ivanhoe and Duchess of Waverly. In open dogs a very good puppy, Louis S., won first. He is a trifle long in coat and light to a slight extent in body, which will disappear as he develops more fully with age. He stands squarely on good legs and feet, has a good head and the color is good black and tan. Duke, winner of second, is about average. Highland Kent, reserve, is a coarse dog, with smudgy tan. In bitches, of which there were six, one more than of dogs, Princess Louise won first. She has a plain head and is lacking in symmetry of form and excellent legs, feet, quarters and head of the winner of second. The reserve, Catherine, is high on legs, light in bone and muzzle. Dr. DIXON won the kennel prize.

SPANIELS.—These classes were well represented. Most of them, however, are well known competitors. In field spaniels challenge dogs Newton Abbott Torso won over Newton Abbott Laddie and Beau. In the corresponding bitch class Queen had a walk over. There were but two entries in the open bitch class. Daisy Dean first and Gipsy Queen second. In liver-colored dogs Bob II. had a walkover. He is high on legs and plain in head, light muzzle. In the class for dogs and bitches, any other color, the prizes were properly withheld. There was but one entry. In the challenge class for cocker spaniels Fascination, a well known winner, won first. He won over Black Duke, Bendigo, Brant and Brantford

Red Jacket. I Say won over King Pharo's Sister and Troublesome in challenge bitches. In the open dog class Woodland Prince won over Pickpania, the latter described in the Chicago show report. Black Crook, vhc., has a coarse head. In bitches Realization won first, Nora H. second. Clumber spaniels were very inferior. The prizes in the challenge classes were withheld, as also they were in open dogs. First was withheld in the open bitch class, second going to Lady Violet. The Irish water spaniels were better than the average. In dogs Dennis, a rather coarse dog, somewhat leggy, won first. Trouble, second, is a poor, coarse specimen. Marguerite, first, is quite a good bitch. Nora O'Donoghue, second, is a well known winner.

BEAGLES.—The exhibit was fairly good. Roy K. had a walkover, and Jude M. won over Emeline in the challenge class. In open dogs, Doctor, a dog about 16in. high, won first. He shows up well, but has partly a foxhound expression. Second went to Adam, head rather heavy, good legs, quarters, head and feet. Crowner, the reserve, is a shade too heavy at the shoulders, but he is a snugly-built, well made beagle. In bitches Lonely won first; she is excellent in legs and feet, body well shaped and ribbed well, good eye and leather; a good bitch. B. WATERS.

MASTIFFS.—The challenge class for both dogs and bitches had but one entry each, the former was filled by the well-known Elkon, who was not shown in the best of condition, his skull is not improving any and he has that same boundy appearance he's been afflicted with all his life. Lady Dorothy is small, and is besides a little off in her left hindleg, further comment unnecessary. The open class for dogs had seven entries, of which the chocolate dog, Prince Cola, proved himself an easy winner, beating at least one good one in Cardinal Beaufort, but in justice to the latter it must be said that aside from not being well his coat was in wretched condition; he was given second, however, a place he fully deserved; Prince Cola also won the special for best mastiff in show. Don Quixote, vhc., is small, light in bone and not deep enough in muzzle, he has a nice body and is a good mover, the balance do not call for special mentioning. A new face came to the front in the bitch class in Minnie Beaufort; she is a worthy daughter of Beaufort and Girda, and therefore a full sister to Beaufort's Black Prince; she has a wonderful skull, good eye, grand body, good set of feet and legs, in muzzle she is not deep enough, and she seems a little short on her front legs which makes her stand low at the shoulder, but she is a very easy mover considering her great size. Second went to Ethel, who is fairly good in head and nearly square in muzzle, but she is very open in coat, and no harm would have been done had she changed place with Belle of Detroit, who is her equal at nearly every point, and in this instance at least had the best of her in coat.

ST. BERNARDS.—There were no entries in the challenge classes. The open class for rough-coated dogs was pretty well filled with 11 entries. Of these Lord Dante proved himself the winner. He is rather small in skull, too long from eye to end of nose, but he has a very good muzzle, being both square and deep. He has also plenty of bone and is a good mover. He was shown light in flesh. Second went to Lochlin, who is of better color and face markings, but is a bit long in the middle; stop not well defined; a little more bone would do him no harm. Earl Douglas, third, is a fair-sized dog, but has his head and expression spoiled by too much white on one side. He is also light in muzzle and lacks shadings. Reserve went to Ben Hur, a small dog, curly in coat, light in muzzle, but he is fairly well marked. Scion Lomond, vhc., has lots of head character, though he has no shadings. He is a very large dog, with too much white on body and straight behind. Prince George, hc., I liked for third place. He has plenty of size and is not a bad dog all over; has plenty of bone and is a good mover. He has a nice coat and is of good color. His muzzle could be improved with more depth. Considering the time the judge spent on this class they were badly handled. Lady Taylor was placed first in the class for bitches. She is very deficient in stop, but is otherwise well marked in face. She is of nice size and in all is a very good stamp of bitch. Lady Hickley, second, is only a puppy that will never make a flyer. Her head and face will always be against her. Duchess of Lomond, third, was the proper bitch for this place. She is perfectly marked in face, has good coat and color, is of fair size; she could do with a little more bone. Actella, reserve, is plain-faced, flat-sided and light in bone. Lady Austin, hc., is small, open in coat, with a rather pleasing face, which could be improved with more depth in muzzle. In front legs she is not quite straight. The balance were not worthy of notice.

Both challenge classes for smooth St. Bernards were drawn barren. In the open class for dogs Alton II. was the only entry; he is of the same type as all the rest of the famous Alton—Judith litter. This dog was streets ahead of any St. Bernard in the show and should have won the special for best in show, but the judge saw fit to turn him down and gave the prize to Lady Taylor, a very ordinary bitch. There were two entries in open bitches, but Rosebud was absent, which left it a walkover for Sola, who is snipy, large staring eye, no markings, lacks character and is light in bone, second would be a proper place for her; and so the judge plodded along slowly to the next class, which were the

GREAT DANES.—Here he seemed more at home. The well-known Melac, looking in fine form after his long campaign, was alone in the challenge class for dogs, for both Imperator and Favor failed to put in an appearance. There were no entries in the corresponding class for bitches. The open dog class for brindle and fawns had four entries. Of these Major McKinley proved himself a rather easy winner, with Lord Wolverton second; the latter is a racy-looking fellow and wonderfully well-developed in thighs, in fact, in this respect, he has the appearance of a well-trained greyhound; he has a nice clean neck and a fairly good body for one so young—about 10 months—in head he is not perfect, too long from eye to end of nose, muzzle not deep enough and a trifle snipy, he is not a good mover behind, walking too straddling and stilty, in bone and feet he is good. Theseus, reserve, has been described before and Captain was not worthy of notice.

The brindle and fawn bitch class was even stronger. Here we find the grand bitches Neverzell, Charmion and Minerva. They were placed in the order named, and Senta got the vhc. card. The three former need no description here, as they have many times been described. All were shown in good condition. Senta, like her kennel companion, is a lean, racy-looking bitch; she has a beautiful long, clean neck, good body, legs and feet; she has a long, wolfish-looking head, with no stop, muzzle too light and long, eyes rather firm than intelligent. In color (?)—well, she has none; at least it would be hard to describe. On one side of body she is a striped brindle, on the other side a dirty fawn with no stripes. Young Pearl, the only other entry, the judge did not think worthy of notice.

The class for blue and harlequin dogs had but three entries, Tonney Marks was absent. Brutus, a nice, trim-looking blue, was an easy first over his kennel companion, Pascha II. The latter is too short and thick in head. Iris had a walk over in the bitch class. The entries in both classes were all blue, and they showed more or less type.

COLLIES.—Both challenge classes were drawn blank. The open class for dogs was filled with nine entries of fairly good quality. Scotsman, a black and white dog with a good coat and of nice size, won; he is hardly flat enough in skull, could be improved in bone and a little more frill would not be out of place. Second went to Finsbury Duke, plain in face, with a good coat, good bone and a nice, small eye. Stratham Lad, third, got plenty of coat but of the wrong sort, being a bit too kinky; rather poor in head, being too short and high

in muzzle; ears not well set. Laddie, reserve, lacks undercoat, no face quality, nice, small ear, coat too soft. Blake, yhc., has plenty of coat, fairly good head. Glen Davis, h.c., is small, badly carried, large ear of poor quality. Paris, c., has a round skull, fairly good coat. In bitches, Bernice, first, is too short in head, and the same must be said of her coat; her skull is a bit heavy, still she is of very good type, has good bone, legs and feet. Dawn, second, is of the same type, a bit better in head, short of top coat, nice set of legs and feet. Vanity, third, is weedy; she is light in bone, small and no coat. Nancy Brown, reserve, is also too small; ears carried too high; h.c. would have been her proper place.

POODLES.—Two very good ones were shown. Berri, the winner, beats Ben L. in size and coat.

BULLDOGS.—Aside from King Lud and Clinker, nothing of merit was shown, the former is well known. Clinker is a good large white dog with a fairly well broken up face, good layback underjaw fairly well turned up, a little high on legs and bad in stern. The bitches were too weedy to receive mentioning.

BULL-TERRIERS.—The dog class was drawn barren, there were two entries in the corresponding class for bitches, but Grove Duchess was absent, this left it a walkover for Attraction, who is too well known to our readers to need comment here. The open dogs were badly handled. Crisp, second, should have had first easy, much better in front and shoulders, is a larger dog and far excels Sir Monty II. in fire and terrier character, the latter excels in eye and expression. Duke of Wellington, third, is a big coarse dog bad in head, front and stern. Turk was unworthy of notice. Prince Gulley, Chatham Monarch and Chatham Prince were absent. The bitches could not be called a strong class though some good ones were shown. Edgewood Wonder, first, is small, she is good in head and expression, a little low on legs and light in bone. Burton Kit, second, is out of condition and lacks expression. White Gipsy, reserve, is of good bone and body, a bit chunky, not and quite square in muzzle; I liked her for second place. Queen of the Dale and Mermaid were absent, and the balance the judge did not think worthy of notice.

DACHSHUNDS.—Strange, with so many good ones of these little dogs in the country, hardly any were shown outside of New York; none were in at Washington, but here it is different; quite a nice lot put in an appearance in the class for dogs. Hundesport Bergman proved himself the winner; he is rather coarse in head, lacks the witch-shape in muzzle; he is good, and the same can be said of brisket and crook. Second went to Hundesport Zaenker; is light in bone and no face character. Milwaukee Jewel, reserve, is light in bone and deficient in crook. Diamond Joe, yhc., is plain-faced, no head character, good in brisket, with plenty of bone and length of body. Waldi, h.c., stands out at elbows, good body and coat, but snipy. The bitch class had but two entries; both are pretty well known. Lina K. rightly got first, but she only beats Lina L. in mouth; the latter has lost several teeth, which, of course, is bound to go against any dog that is supposed to destroy life in other animals. Both are rare good ones.

BEAGLES.—The challenge class for dogs, like that for bitches, had two entries each. In the class for dogs Roy K. had a walkover, Racer, Jr., being absent; he is well known. June M. won from Emeline in the challenge bitch class, the former was shown too high in flesh; both are rattling good, bitches of a nice size. The open class for dogs had several good animals; the Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Doctor, was placed first; he shows lots of quality, has plenty of chest room and legs and feet that are hard to beat. Second went to Adam, of nice size, with good coat, superior in head and just as full of quality. He should have had first, as he is a trim little dog all round. Crowner, reserve, is a sweet little dog, with a nice face, a bit light in bone and shallow in chest. Hawkeye, yhc., is a bit snipy, has good straight legs, better coat, deeper chest and in my opinion should have been placed higher. Pomp, h.c., is too heavy in shoulders. Joe was absent. In bitches nothing of great importance was shown, aside from Lonely, winner of first, and Snow, winner second; both these are well known. Little Spotty, reserve, is of fair type, but plain in face and shallow in chest. The balance were a fairly good lot.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Nothing in the challenge classes. The open class for dogs was not remarkable for its quality. My Fellow, first, is good in head and coat, fairly good ears and nice expression, good bone and feet. Second went to Belvoir Bacchanal, who is a nice little dog with rather blank expression and large ears, in bone and coat he is good. Belvoir Rambler, reserve, is plain in head, large in ear, with soft coat. Mack, h.c., got all he deserved. Blemon Stipend was absent. The bitch class had but three entries, of which Lady Roseberry was a rather easy first; she is high on legs and not too heavy in bone, her coat is short but of good texture, in head and expression she easily beats them all. Venus II. came in nicely for second place; she has a rather plain head, is a bit wide in front and soft in coat, capital legs and feet. Maggie H. got the reserve card. Mr. Mason called attention some years ago why a reserve card was given when there was no vhc. card awarded, as he was the judge in this case we will leave the answer to himself. Two classes for wire-haired were made, and both pretty well filled; in the class for dogs Eskdale Broom caught the judge's eye for first place; he is not right in head and has an open coat, but a nice, small, well carried ear, good legs and feet. Burlington Jack, second, is even worse in head and short of coat, he has very good bone. Reserve went to Adswood Jim; I rather liked this dog for first place, he has a nice clean head, good ear, plenty of bone, and a good hard coat. Suffolk Billy, h.c., has a coat more like a Yorkshire than a fox-terrier. In bitches Raper's Rosana won easily on account of her nice face and expression. Second went to Nettie Topper, a bit large in ear and weak in muzzle, she is also rather short of coat. Luna, reserve, is weak in muzzle and short of coat.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Jack Briggs had a walkover in the challenge class for dogs or bitches, and so did Salem Witch in the open bitch class. Manxman, the only entry in open dog class, was absent.

There was but one entry in the class provided for Dandie Dinmonts, and he, Rodger, was a very good specimen. The winning Skye terriers, Barnaby Rudge and Islay, are well known. Sir Stafford was absent.

A class was made for Challenge Bedlington, dogs or bitches, but the only entry, Qui Vive, was absent in the open class. First was rightfully withheld. Second went to Doctor A., a dog of good size, but without quality.

Black and tan terriers over 7lbs. challenge class, two entries, the well known Broomfield Sultan getting first. The open dog class had but two entries. First was withheld, and rightfully so. Second went to Dick, whose worst fault is his age. There was but one good one shown in the bitch class, Gipsy Girl. She is well known. All other prizes were withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Quite a nice class was shown, Minnie York winning first over her smaller companion, Dick York. We preferred the latter for first place, being her equal in coat and color and better in size. Reserve went to Toody; she is poor in head and short of coat. Josh was not at home when we called.

There were three toy terriers shown, but not one of them a good one. First was withheld, second went to Midget, a little apple-headed black and tan, with no coat. Roxy, reserve, was bad in head and undershot.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Tiree of course was away ahead of his class, and for the Ashmont special he again came out victorious, beating everything in the show. Second went to Rhuduman, Ashley Plug getting the reserve.

PUGS.—Bob Ivy was alone in the challenge class and won

In open dogs nothing special was shown aside from Meddler; he has fair wrinkle, good skull and color; is a little long in back and high on legs. Princess May won with ease in the bitch class; her size favors her. Lady Clover came next; she is good in head, not quite broad enough in muzzle and a bit smutty in color. Little Duchess got the reserve card.

KING CHALES.—It was Royal Duke first and the rest nowhere; still both Lady Jane Gray and Prince Charley are good little spaniels.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Two good ones were shown in the challenge class for dogs and bitches, Sprite getting the ribbon over Spring. The former is a bit the better in head. The open classes were well filled with a nice lot of dogs of a rather large size. As they were all bunched together it was impossible to tell one from the other. Most of the entries belonged to Dr. Lansing, whose wife is very fond of these beautiful and fashionable little hounds.

WHIPPETS.—There were two classes and each had two entries. Tipp, first in dogs, is a good, racy-looking little hound, shown in nice shape. Ben, second, is not much behind him. In the bitch class a glaring mistake was made.



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CITY OF THE STRAITS KENNEL CLUB.

Winnie should have won over Boston Model hands down. The latter is soft and flabby and out of coat besides, where Winnie is in beautiful coat and fine racing order.

The miscellaneous class had a little of everything, from the Mexican hairless to the big, curly-coated so called Newfoundland, but nothing worthy of note was shown, except a very fair Newfoundland, and he was given first.

HARRY L. GOODMAN.

Full list of awards follows:

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Edwin L. Kimball's Elkon. Bitches: 1st, J. J. Lynn's Lady Dorothy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. G. E. Holcomb's Prince Cola; 2d, J. J. Lynn's Cardinal Beaufort; 3d, Win Connor's Bford Mut. Very high com., W. J. Wilson's Don Quixote High com., R. S. Miller's Fannie New. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. Younghouse's band's Minnie Beaufort; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Ethel; 3d, Tracy Bros.' Belle of Detroit.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, C. J. Bousfield's Lord Dante; 2d, Mrs. J. E. Dager's Lochlin; 3d, Anna M. Griffin's Earl Douglass. Very high com. reserve, F. C. Boles's Ben Hur. Very high com., G. H. Carlisle's Seion Lomond. High com., C. A. Pratt's Prince George. Bitches: 1st, C. J. Bousfield's Princess Gilda; 2d, Detroit St. Bernard Kennels' Lady Hickley; 3d and high com., C. A. Pratt's Duchess Lombard and Lady Austin. Very high com. reserve, Anna M. Griffin's Atella. Com., J. C. Guillot's Royal Mona.—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II. Bitches: 1st, H. Gorman's Sola.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard; 3d, E. J. Burrell's Sailor.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac. BRINDLE OR FAWN—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Illwis Kennels' Major McKinley; 2d, J. W. C. Glynn's Lord Wolverton. Reserve, Cumberland Kennels' Theseus. Bitches: 1st, Osceola Kennels' Neverzell; 2d and reserve, Cumberland Kennels' Charmion and Minerva. Very high com., J. W. C. Glynn's Santa. BLUE AND HARLEQUIN—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. G. Nicolai's Brutus and Pascha II. Bitches: 1st, Dr. G. Nicolai's Iris.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. S. Hanks's Groubian. Bitches: 1st, C. S. Hanks's Loada.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Herbert's Jack; 2d, K. C. Craigie's Ranger.

DEERHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. D. McLean's Paul Potter; 2d, W. H. Muir's Bruor II. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Muir's Olga.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and reserve, A. W. Purbeck's Gem and Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. W. Sarvis's King Dick; 2d, Mr. Ireson's Rawer. Reserve, W. J. Tuck's Master Merton. Bitches: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Wild Rose; 2d, Wawatang Kennels' Chips. Reserve, Mr. Ireson's Miss Mennon. Very high com., C. W. Sarvis's Lady Olivia.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Dr. S. R. Daniels's Count Graphic and Lord Graphic. Bitches: 1st, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker.—OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. or over): 1st, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Boxer; 2d, A. Spencer Johnson's Duke O. Very high com., Washenaw Kennels' Quick and Fred. W. Shaw's Donovan. High com., H. Curtis's Curtis's Count. Com., T. G. Davey's Jingo Jim. Bitches (55lbs. or over): 1st, T. G. Davey's Josie Bracket; 2d, Tim Donoghue's Sal 2d. Reserve, George W. Jackson's Fannie Graphic. Very high com., A. J. VanPatten's Tilly and Dr. J. R. Daniels's Lord Graphic.

Gem. Com. Forest Kennels' Forest Nell. Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, L. A. Bidan's Glamorgan; 2d, Kalamazoo Kennels' Wonderful Lad. Very high com., Charles Cornell's Rock II. High com., Fred. W. Shaw's King's Mark. Com., W. S. Smith's Brighton Don. Bitches (under 55lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Miss Rumor; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Duchess. Reserve, A. J. Davies's Count Graphic Baby. Very high com., George B. Thomas's Nell of Naso. High com., W. A. Predhomme's Rosy P. and W. C. Donaldson's Lady Windsor. Com., Harry Van Dusen's Tracy Bell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, J. E. Dager's champion Cincinnati and Toledo Blade. Bitches: 1st, W. B. Wells's Cambria. Reserve, Washenaw Kennels' champion Albert's Nellie.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Washenaw Kennels' Washenaw Grouse; 2d, W. B. Wells's Matane. Reserve, F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of River-view. Very high com., Washenaw Kennels' Albert Gladstone of Wash and T. Donoghue's Monk of Furness Sting. High com., W. B. Wells's Luke, Washenaw Kennels' Albert's Breeze of Wash, T. Donoghue's Pembroke's Royal Sport. E. C. Smith's Max Noble, Harry Northwood's Sir Bob and Forest Kennels' Sultan. Com., Orchard Lake Kennels' Toledo Bee. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. Kime's Lady Patch; 2d, C. A. Rathbone's Toledo Queen. Reserve, Northern Kennels' Queen of the Elms. Very high com., T. Donoghue's Monk of Furness Lill, J. E. Dager's Blida Blade, Washenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze of Wash and Maumee Kennels' Doris C. High com., E. Haug's Belle Noble II, T. G. Davey's Liberty II, W. B. Wells's Daphne and Cleopatra, H. Northwood's Amy Robsart and Mr. Hunter's Bessy. Com., F. A. Kowley's Belle Kowley's Washenaw Kennels' Nellie Gladstone of Wash and C. F. Backus's El Cielo.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare and Duke Elcho. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Norma and Rose Sarsfield.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Townsend Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Shamrock Bruce. Reserve, Frank K. Owen's Tom Owen. Very high com., G. H. Martz's Prairie Tip. High com., J. H. Wittelsberger's Pilot Medium. Com., George Battersby's Blackthorn. Bitches: 1st and reserve, W. H. Beardsley's Queen Vic and Kildare Winner 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Marchioness. Very high com., C. W. Wolfertz's Katie O'Shea. High com., J. A. Smith, Jr.'s Countess Gypsy.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Dr. Samuel Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Dr. Samuel Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, George Meister's Louis S.; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke. Reserve, Highland Kennels' Highland Kent. Very high com., Ed Horne's Gunner. Com., N. Bimberg's Grouse. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Catherine; 2d and very high com., George Meister's Fly M., and Olive P. and Zetella.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (over 28lbs.): 1st, G. Bell's Newton Abbott Laddie. Reserve, T. Donoghue's Newton Abbott Torso. Bitches: 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Queen. BLACK—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, J. Spracklin's Daisy Dean; 2d, W. G. McCollagh's Gipsy Queen.—LIVER—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Bob II.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Withheld.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (not over 28lbs.): 1st, G. Bell's champion Fascination. Reserve, Luckwell & Douglass's champion Black Duke. Bitches: 1st and reserve, G. Bell's champion I Say and Troublesome.—BLACK—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Prince; 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpatria. Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Capt. Brant. Very high com., J. Sorenson's Black Crook. Bitches: 1st, G. Bell's Realization; 2d and com., Jersey Cocker Kennels' Norah H. and Lady Dufferin. Reserve and very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Flirt and Brantford Zebba. High com., J. Sorenson's Medde and Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Daisy and Woodland Cricket.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs: 1st and very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Redstone and Brantford Rufus. Reserve, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Brownie B. High com., G. Bell's Red Ragland. Bitches: 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Rose; 2d, E. Wiles's Mar Jorie. Reserve, G. Bell's May, Queen of Scots. Very high com., Luckwell & Douglass's Bessie Warner.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Withheld.—OPEN—Bitches: 1st withheld; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Lady Violet.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, I. C. Nichol's Dennis; 2d, Mr. Fink's Trouble. Reserve, T. A. Carson's Dan Rice. High com., Thos. W. Mills's Willie Reilly. Bitches: 1st, I. C. Nichol's Marguerite; 2d, T. W. Mills's Nora O'Donohue.

COLLIES.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Scotsman; 2d, Sanders & Mighon's Finsbury Duke; 3d, S. H. Wickes's Streahtam Laddie. Reserve, W. Glendening's Laddie. Very high com., Saunders & Mighon's Blake. High com., D. W. Corbett's Helen. 2d, Oak Grove Annie C. Jagerley's Paris. Bitches: 1st, Thyme & McFadyen's Bernice; 2d and 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Dawn and Vanity. Reserve, D. W. Corbett's Nancy Brown.

POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Birn; 2d, Dr. S. N. Durell's —.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Illwis Kennels' King Lud; 2d, W. P. Hamilton's Clinker. Bitches: Prizes withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's champion Attraction.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chautauqua Kennels' Sir Monty II.; 2d, R. J. Withers's Crisp; 3d, W. Hammall's Duke of Wellington. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder; 2d, F. L. Deaver's Burston Kit. Reserve, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gipsy.

DACHSHUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, reserve and very high com., W. Loefler's Hundesport Bergman, Milwaukee Jewel and Diamond Joe; 2d, C. F. Gentz, Jr.'s Hundesport Zaenker. High com., E. F. Benard's Waldi. Bitches: 1st, W. Loefler's Lina K.; 2d, C. F. Gentz, Jr.'s Lina L.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' champion Roy K. Bitches: 1st, G. D. Wilton's Judge. Reserve, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Emeline.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Doctor; 2d, Middleton Beagle Kennels' Adam. Reserve, D. O'Shea's Crowner. Very high com., Rockland Beagle Kennels' Rockland Boy, W. G. Harding's Hawkeye, G. D. Welton's Pomp. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lonely; 2d and very high com., Middleton Kennels' Snow and Fanny M. Reserve, C. Harris's Little Spotty. High com., J. L. Younghouse's Ruth Bannerman, Middleton Kennels' Little Fraud.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow; 2d and reserve, R. Gibson's Belvoir Bacchanal and Belvoir Rambler. High com., L. H. Collins's Mack. Com., G. B. Nichols's Peck's Bad Boy. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Lady Roseberry; 2d, R. E. Fishburn's Venus II. Reserve, D. B. Hibbard's Maggie H.—WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st, 2d and high com., G. M. Hendrie's Eskdale Broom, Burlington Jack and Suffolk Billy. Reserve, Battersby Kennels' Adswood Jim. Bitches: 1st, Battersby Kennels' Rosana; 2d, George M. Hendrie's Nettie Topper. Reserve, W. Hammall's Luna.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs.—OPEN—Dogs: Absent. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st R. Wanless's Rodger.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, C. R. Smith's Barnaby Rudge and Islay.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 3d, L. R. Baldwin's Doctor A. Reserve, D. O'Shea's champion Zulu.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7lbs.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan; 2d, withheld.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. Sarah Hunt's Dick. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Gipsy Girl; 2d, withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st and 2d, N. E. Oliver's Minnie York and Dick York. Reserve and com., Mrs. J. Wright's Toody and Pet. Very high com., Ed. Etzensperger's Josh.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—UNDER 7lbs.—1st, withheld; 2d, A. Roesch's Midget. Reserve, Mrs. G. Nicolai's Roxy.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Tiree and Rhuduman. Reserve, K. Elliott's Ashley Plug.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. H. M. Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. Adams's Meddler; 2d and reserve, S. H. Slifer & Son's Othmar and Billy Bousor. High com., E. C. Gazoun's Requet. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Princess May; 2d and reserve, S. H. Slifer & Son's Lady Clover and Little Duchess.

KING CHARLES.—1st, F. G. Boesger's Royal Duke; 2d and reserve, J. B. Lander's Lady Jane Gray and Prince Charley.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Joe Lewis's Sprite.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d, 3d, reserve and high com., Dr. Lansing's Blackie, Pawn, Dick and Ginger. Bitches: 1st, 2d and reserve, Dr. Lansing's Beauty, Goldie and Tippi.

WHIPPETS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Myrtle Kennels' Tipp; 2d, Wood Campbell's Ben. Bitches: 1st, George Thomas's Boston Model; 2d, Wood Campbell's Winnie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, John Condon's Surpass; 2d, T. G. Boesger's Portsmouth Minnie.

DETROIT, March 25.—After the closing of the City of the Straits Kennel Club show last night, the officers and bench show committee were called in the ladies' parlor by request of the exhibitors and handlers, and the following resolution was read by Mr. Stewart on behalf of the American and Canadian exhibitors:

"We, the undersigned exhibitors of the City of the Straits Kennel Club show, beg to tender our thanks and appreciation to the officers and managers of the club for the kind

way in which we have been treated and the care and attention that has been given to our dogs and the excellent manner in which the show has been conducted throughout." (Signed by fifty-two exhibitors and handlers.)

The following sales have been made in addition to the ones given to Mr. Waters, also a number of dogs were claimed at the listed prices: Jas. J. Lyn, of Port Huron, Mich., sold his St. Bernard Lady Martin to Belle Isle Kennels, of Detroit. McEwen & Gibson sold their collie Helle, by Metchley Wonder out of Holly, to Carl Sheldon, Houghton, Mich. Tim Donoghue sold his English setter bitch Monk of Furness Lill to T. G. Davey, also English setter bitch Pembroke's Royal Sport to L. C. Smith, Marshall, Mich. J. J. Spracklin sold to Jersey Cocker Kennels Brantford Ruf.s, red cocker. J. H. Herbertson sold to J. J. Spracklin Nancy Hanks, whippet. George Bell has sold a good cocker to New York parties on private terms. H.

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.

THAT the general run of exhibitors have not that blind adoration for wins to count that many suppose was fully demonstrated last week. With the above show held under A. K. C. rules the entry amounted to little more than two hundred, while Detroit, going it alone, mustered more than double that number. There was little difference in the prize money offered, though the special prize list at Detroit was certainly much more enticing than that at Elmira. The class of dogs shown at Elmira was, on the whole, poor. Of course there were exceptional breeds that through the appearance of teams from certain well known kennels saved the club from having a very mediocre exhibition. This is all the more to be regretted from the fact that two or three members of the club, like the secretary, Mr. C. A. Bowman, and President Ray Tompkins, have thrown themselves into the work of getting up a good show with every enthusiasm. A show at Elmira should open up a new country and be the means of inducing many sportsmen and others in that section of New York to take an active interest in dogs. The show was held in the old armory, on Carroll street, March 23 to 25, and we can scarcely think of a worse building for the purpose. The room, it is little more, could not hold more than 200 dogs comfortably, and with the low ceiling and very awkward approach, being on the third story of a sort of business block, it reminded one greatly of the memorable Cincinnati warehouse show in 1888. The benching was of the old style of heavy wooden stalls, and though this is naturally clean and healthy for the dogs we have become so accustomed to the light, airy benching supplied by Spratts Company, that anything else looks "dowdy" and out of place. We believe from inquiries made that there is little difference in the price, and if there is, this slight difference is more than made up by the enhanced appearance of the show and increased facilities for disinfecting. A good, solidly fenced ring was set apart in one corner for judging. The judges were Messrs. J. Otis Fellows and A. C. Krueger, the latter a prominent beagle exhibitor all through the 80s. The judges, more especially Mr. Fellows, were greatly handicapped by the carelessness with which the catalogue was compiled, the numbers on the tags of the dogs and identification tickets not comparing with those in the judge's book or catalogue. This led to a good deal of confusion, but we believe that the awards will be found about correct. Mr. C. S. Wixom was superintendent, but as he did not arrive till the night before the show, his duties simply consisted of doing the best he could with what he found in the building. There was no steward or member of the club around during the first day to act as such, and Mr. Oldham for part of the time officiated as steward. We do not like to find fault, but coming from the other shows lately held, all these little things strike one more forcibly, and if the Elmira Club intend giving another show these shortcomings should be brought to their attention and remedied in the future.

Very few attendants were supplied, and these were not of a savory order. A dog show should be run on lines of neatness and order, and nothing conduces more to the neat ensemble of a show than to have attendants in some sort of uniform. Have a plain canvas shooting cap and coat, if nothing else; these are distinguishable both to the public and exhibitors.

Among the exhibitors present we noticed Messrs. H. C. Usher, owner of Manatang Kennels; W. L. Washington, F. F. Dole, W. J. Higginson, E. M. Oldham, Fred Schmitt, F. W. Chapman, W. Brodie, E. H. Morris, Will Connors, of the Seminole Kennels; Donald Munro, of the Rutherford Kennels; W. Turner, of the Seacroft Kennels; Andy McGregor, of the Muscovite Kennels; Barney Bros., J. W. Roberts, etc. The dogs were fed on Spratts biscuits and Sanitas disinfectant was used. Judging commenced about 11 A. M. on Wednesday and continued throughout the day; and but for the delay in getting dogs in and confusion of numbers, could have been completed the first day, but two or three of Mr. Fellows's breeds were left over and completed on Thursday. The weather was not at all good, and the first day a heavy snow storm fell and during the day hardly a score of people attended, but in the evening a few more came in. During the week, however, the weather cleared and the attendance was much better, though it is hardly thought that financially the show would be successful.

MASTIFFS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—Mrs. Chas. Wallack's Merlin, after an uninterrupted run of firsts since New York, now found himself in the challenge class, but there was nothing to say him nay and he took the ribbon. He stands his campaigning well. F. J. A. Beier's Beaufort's Beau also won a bloodless victory in the open bitches. These were the only mastiffs shown.

ST. BERNARDS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—If America can show a worse lot of this breed we don't want to investigate, for with the exception of Roland, Jr., Lady Bountiful and Guess Noble there was nothing at all that ought to hope for recognition at the hands of any judge. Challenge classes were drawn blank, and in open dogs (4) Fred Schmidt's Roland, Jr., had a walkover, though some other dogs were noticed. Mr. Fellows should have turned them out of the ring. We have found fault with Mr. Fellows for being severe, and if there is any one whom we hate to criticize it is "Uncle Dick," for he always takes it so much to heart, still we must say he erred too much the other way this time. To allow such runts to be bred to on account of their winning will do more harm than one can imagine. To go on with the class; second went to Tracy Gould's Mauprat, very poor, weak-muzzled long head, fair ordinary body and coat. Vhc. to Tracy Gould's Ben Hur Senior, a runt, with a head and expression like a Thibet mastiff, scarcely any markings and straight behind. In bitches (3) Fred Schmidt's Lady Bountiful, a shadow of her former self, won easily. Norma, same owner, second, has a head very like a small Clumber, body deep, short and fat, a very poor one. Reserve to Niagara Kennels' Lady Terry Bute, of whom we should, from her breeding, have expected better things; she has a very narrow boundy head, and is straight in hocks and small-sized, good bone. Tracy Gould's Cigarette, vhc., is about as much like a St. Bernard as her namesake is to a "Perfecto." She is by Ben Hur Senior. It is a pity that Cato, his sire, did not die in his youth, for he is responsible for more bad St. Bernards than any dog I know of. In novice class (5) a really nice headed one in H. S. Chamber's Harold Saxton won easily; he is faulty hind and front, and narrow chested, still he shows lots of St. Bernard character. Second went to Norma and reserve to J. H. Kaiser's King Wilhelm, a fairish sort. Tracy Gould's Blarney, vhc., is another Ben Hur Senior dog, and Lord Bute IV., a son of Lord Wilton, is snipy and none too good on legs.

The only smooth dog was Fred Schmidt's Guess Noble, shown thin and moved lame; she is well known.

Although the breeds were not judged according to their order in the catalogue, several dogs not arriving in time, we will take them in the usual order.

GREAT DANES (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—There was little judging needed in open dogs, as A. B. Strange's Wenzel was so far ahead of Magnus Shults's Shults's Nero that little time need have been wasted over them. The former is well known. Shults's Nero, a harlequin, is dish-faced, as broad as a ham in skull, and his forelegs would do credit to a dachshund, though even that animal would be ashamed of his open feet. In body he is fairly good. C. S. McChesney's Heppern Apollo, though small, was infinitely superior, and should have been second. In bitches there was again much needless delay, for A. B. Strange's Juno won easily from a nondescript sort of black bitch with one white foreleg and a miserable head and front. It is probable the judge was undecided whether to withhold the prize. Lufra was absent.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—Gair Kennels' Prince George and New York Lass, as named. In the dog's present condition the bitch should have won well and prize have been withheld from George.

There were no bloodhound entries.

DEERHOUNDS (*A. C. Krueger, Judge*).—In the absence of Alpiu, Capt. John Phelps's Rhoderick, the Washington winner, claimed the ribbon. He is woefully short of coat, light in loin and flat-ribbed. There were no bitches, and this dog also won in novice class.

GREYHOUNDS (*A. C. Krueger, Judge*).—L. C. Whiton's Lord Neverstill, entered in Mr. Huntington's name, was the only challenge aspirant and H. C. Usher's Heumore King was alike treated to a walkover; both have been seen out frequently lately. Marguerite, from the same kennel, in Maud Marion's absence, had no opposition in taking first.

RUSSIAN WOLFDOGS (*A. C. Krueger, Judge*).—Here we got something better, the principal kennels having their usual full complement. We do not think we have met Mr. Krueger at any show lately where these dogs have been shown and therefore expect they were an entirely new breed to him. He, however, acquitted himself well and made no mistakes. H. W. Huntington's Argoss had a walkover in challenge dogs and the same owner's Zerry and Princess Irma were placed as named; beautiful head and quality as Princess Irma shows, Zerry's superior rib, loin and quarters put her well to the front; Zerry has a very slight twitching at the shoulder in the stall, but does not show it in the ring. In open dogs (2) there was a new competitor, Mr. Hanks's fine pup Peter the Great, that won at Brooklyn, coming against Mr. Huntington's Osslad. Peter won rightly, beating in size, skull, bone and arch of loin. In bitches (4) the decision that put Vinga over Flodeyka, both from Mr. Hanks's kennel, was easily accounted for; both have been commented on before. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Olivia took reserve, though not showing the quality of Modjeska, vhc.; she is better in loin, quarters and second thighs, and a much larger animal; her forelegs and feet are not good, the latter being flat and open here in front. Modjeska, though not very good herself, has the advantage. In novice class (3) Olivia, not shown on catalogue, beat Mr. Huntington's Krimea and Lobedya, the well-known pups; she does it in size and substance behind, besides having a longer, cleaner head, though she loses much in front to both.

There were no Chesapeake Bay dogs.

FOXDOGS (*A. C. Krueger, Judge*).—Few entries, but several of the well known. In challenge class, with Elite and Modest Girl the aspirants for honors; the latter, more on English type, beats in ribs, loin and legs, but is badly beaten head and neck and shoulders, being stout and heavy. In open dogs the well-known Dan T., a very fair sample of an English hound, was placed over the well-known Pason. Dan's feet are large, otherwise is fairly made all round, but has not the front of a specimen or Denmark. In the ladies' division first was withheld from an indifferent specimen, whose feet are bad.

POINTERS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—Several of the entries are well known, but of the others we cannot speak very highly. The challenge dog entry, G. W. Lovell's Pontiac, was absent. W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic represented the bitches. In open heavy dogs (2) the frequent winner Harry Dutton's Duke of Kent II., who must be getting dangerously near the challenge class, won easily from A. W. Stevens's Graphic Dan, the only other entry present, Duke of Dexter being absent. Dan has a short, cloddy body, faulty in feet but big bone, good, nice skull and ear, muzzle plain; should be better in hocks and is heavy in shoulders. Hillside Pointer Kennels' Christmas Vic won in bitches 50lbs. and over (2), Howard S. Payne's Albani second. Neither are good and it is a toss up between them. Vic has a short, thick neck, is snipy in muzzle, nice skull, shoulders, heavy, poor front but good body. Albani is faulty in skull but has well-formed muzzle and nice ear; shoulders not oblique enough, loin flat and quarters drooping. Open dogs (5) under 53lbs. saw the winner in John W. Carrol's Wag, whose very bad feet should put him back; he has a fair head and his bone and forelegs are pretty straight. R. A. Wales's Nemo Snow came second, not so good in head as the other but better in feet. R. K. Moore's Grouseade is a better formed dog all round, while if it was not so snipy and his eye was darker his front is wretched but behind the shoulders he is good. A. D. Wallace's Donald W. he, stands with elbow out and feet together; muzzle good but skull too broad; expression poor. In light weight bitches (3) the winner turned up in J. F. Langworthy's Beppo Lass, in not very clean condition, throaty, fairly formed head and nicely turned body. Forrester Kennels' Forrester Lady, second, loses in head, being dish-faced, stands back on pasterns and feet flat and turned out, and is not bent enough in stifle and hock; a much inferior bitch. In novice class J. E. Langworthy's Beppo's Fly beat an unnamed son of Christmas Vic, belonging to Hillside Pointer Kennels, in body principally if at all as her face is dishd, though the other would do with more stop, but she has good bone and front. Beppo's kid has the best head but is flat ribbed.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—Challenge classes a blank. In open dogs (3), A. J. Lewis's Prince L. could not be denied laying over the other two in quality and head especially. A. C. Krueger's Rob Roy II. is not a bad sort, liked him better in legs than winner; same owner's Pasha, reserve, should have more stop and his forelegs are bad, rather plain orange and white dog. The only bitch entered, Flora V., was absent. In novices, Rob Roy and Pasha were the winners. Seminole's Sir Frederick was wrongly entered here but was absent.

IRISH SETTERS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—These were good; the Seminole Kennels and W. L. Washington's dogs being on hand. In challenge dogs only Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsey put in an appearance, their champion Tim being reserved for specials. Patsey looked well and at last had a chance to carry out a blue ribbon; a lot of good dogs in this breed have had to look on at the fun this season. Our old friend Seminole Kennels' Laura B. walked demurely in for a ribbon in the next class; she looked exceedingly well. Open dogs had three present, Henmore Shamrock and Montauk, Jr., being absent. After a good deal of examination without moving them, the judge gave equal firsts to W. L. Washington's Duke of Kildare and Seminole Kennels' Tim's Dandy, always an unsatisfactory way and in this case wrong. Duke beats Tim, a good dog though, in depth of chest and proper width in loin, quarters and thighs, is not so good in skull or muzzle nor so true in front, Duke should have won. Howard and Harden's Ray is thick in skull, a poor head, is not bent enough in stifle, and has a faulty set on of stern and is loaded in shoulders. Our criticism on Duke at Philadelphia is wrong as he is not a coarse dog, benching together may

have led to the mistake. In bitches (4) first went to Delphine, mentioned before her fine muzzle and straight face are against her. Belle of Kildare, second, lays over the other in head, chest and bone, loses in legs and color, the decision should be just reversed. Seminole Kennels' Rose Morton, reserve, is short in neck, plain head, good color and body. C. F. Parks's Lady Park, vhc., is fat and showed herself badly. C. T. Thompson's Fly was absent. In novices (2), W. L. Washington's Queen of Kildare won from D. E. Rice's Patsey Ohune, who is coarse.

GORDON SETTERS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—The challenge aspirants were Rexmont and Becky Sharp, a class for each. Open dogs (2) E. H. Morris's Freenont, who seems to have caught his tail in a door and left some of it behind, won; he is the Washington winning pup. James D. McCann's Fritz is smutty in tan, light in body, too tucked up in flank. In bitches (2) Mr. Morris won with the pup Balmont, but really taking into consideration C. W. Jones's Clot's much superior head, really a fine one, better tan and general substance and build, though in whelp, and coat inclined to curl, she should have won. In novices, in Druid Dick's absence, E. H. Morris's Fairmont walked over.

SPANIELS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—Only two field spaniels on hand and both out before many a time. E. A. Wilson's Brantford Mohawk in challenge bitches, wrongly classified. In open dogs, Owahgena Kennels' Sorry Jake, better in head than body, took the ribbon. Cocker spaniels mustered a little better. Geo. Bell supplied both challenge winners from his second string, King of Obos in dogs and Amazement, not in good shape, in the other sex. In dogs there was such a muddle of dogs and numbers that the judge had to go by names. H. H. Loring's Woodstock Dick proved the winner, when found to be under weight, is good on his legs but too high in skull, long in body and drooping in quarters; Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Duke, second, I like better, though plain in head, better body, and good legs and front. C. T. Sackett's Prince W. and Geo. Bell's Leo were at Washington; both better type than winners. In bitches (three), Woodstock Dora won over A. Z. Brown's Jet, who is plain in muzzle, light of bone, not straight in front, neither is the winner, dips behind the shoulder. Geo. Bell's Miss Rabbi, vhc., has a good front, snipy muzzle, light in bone and body not deep enough. In any other color, Geo. Bell's Rudolph, a red, won from E. C. George's Bosco Gr., which is curly in coat and very much no good. The largest and only show of Clumbers out this season turned up here, owned by J. W. Roberts principally. In dogs, J. W. Roberts's Dash won alone, fair front, rather long in head but not badly shaped, body not deep enough and tucked up. Three bitches came forward, and while G. W. Edminster's Nancy Hanks had slightly the best of it in type of head, when the judge moved them there was no hesitation in giving J. W. Roberts's Flossie, though in whelp, the blue ribbon; the other had sores on loin and was faulty in hindlegs. Flossie is rather a well-made bitch, take her all round. Flirt, same owner, is light and shelly throughout. No Irish water spaniels entered.

COLLIES (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—The Seminole Kennels' The Squire and Metchley Surprise furnished the challenge winners. No open dogs entered. In bitches (3) equal firsts were given to Seminole Kennels' Gypsy Maid and Lambert Stansfield's Highland Flossie; the latter is very much better in length of head, ear and expression, not so good in thickness of coat but better texture; I thought she just won from the other. Crissy, well known, had to be content with third. In novices, Gypsy Maid, in the absence of four others, had a walkover.

POODLES (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—The winners are well known. In challenge class the familiar face of Dexter appeared. In open dogs Wm. Hitchcock's Lion, the New York and Washington winner, took another blue ribbon.

BULLDOGS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—These were not difficult to judge. No challenge entries, and in the open Dudley Winthrop's Leonidas had only Capt. John Phelps's Lord Sheffield (by the way, the last bulldog poor Ed. Porter owned) to beat, and this he did without trouble; Lord Sheffield looked as if a square meal would do him good. A. B. Graves's well-known bitch Addiscombe Gypsy was the only entry in her class, and Lord Sheffield won in novices.

BUL-TERRIERS (*J. Otis Fellows, Judge*).—With a good classification an excellent entry put in an appearance. Though there were no challenge dogs, F. F. Dole's Starlight upheld the honor of her sex in her division. Open dogs over 30lbs. had three entries. A smart young dog, W. J. Higginson's Billy Bulger, beat W. Brodie's John L. Sullivan. Both get their tails up. Billy has a little too much stop, but is cleaner in head than John, who is cheeky, thick in skull and fine in muzzle; not enough rib and is open in feet. P. C. Pettit's Aristocrat, well known, took reserve; he is heavy in front to the others and cheeky. Over 30lbs. bitches had four entries, William Hummel's Vesper, Belle winning easily from Mitchell's Maggie Clive and Castle Point Kennels' Fidget, as last week. In light weight dogs F. F. Dole's White Duke had the class to himself. In the corresponding bitch class W. J. Higginson's Lady Dinah again proved her superiority by beating Castle Point Kennels' Early Rose in front, body and head. F. F. Dole's Rosemary was reserve. In novices John L. Sullivan beat W. J. Higginson's Nellie Harper, who was too bulky in front, too much stop and short in head, but well formed behind that.

Some fairly good Boston terriers were shown, C. F. Sullivan's Tobey winning in dogs and in bitches C. F. Sullivan's Cling and Countess were placed as named.

BASSETS (*A. C. Krueger, Judge*).—J. E. Barbour won again, beating F. W. Chapman's Rodiem, a very moderate specimen, as we once before remarked, in head, ear, length and forelegs and chest. Dachshunds were absent.

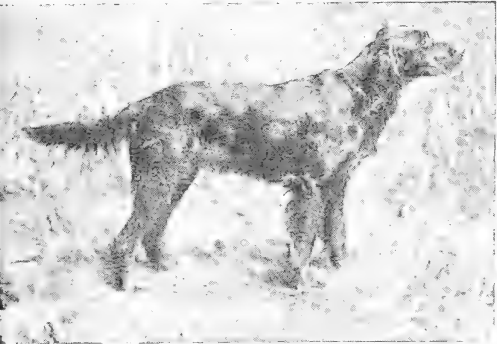
BEAGLES (*A. C. Krueger, Judge*).—The classes in this breed were well filled; in fact, better than any other in the show, and Mr. Krueger handled them quickly and very satisfactorily. There were several new faces out, but competition was not very keen, and, outside of half a dozen well-known animals, the quality could not be called high class. Tricotrin beat Racer, Jr., in challenge dogs over 13lb. The latter beats in head and correct length of body, but Tricotrin is so much better formed and stronger behind, if he does get his brush up too gaily. Elf, a wreck of her Brooklyn form, had nothing against her in the next division. To look at her there one would never suppose she stood a ghost of a chance with Royal Krueger or Lon, still she beat them both in my estimation at the Brooklyn show. In open dogs (3) that capital little dog Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry won again, beating Roger W., same owners, in head and hind legs, where the latter is a bit straight. He has also not the depth and spring of rib of Sherry. F. W. Chapman's Bravo Bannerman is too long in body, slack in back and feet out; faulty front. In bitches Shrewsbury Kennels' Prudence beat F. W. Chapman's Gypsy A. This we can hardly indorse, though neither are good. Gypsy has the shorter head and better shaped body. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Daisy Corbett gets her brush over, but has a nice, sweet type of head and had the best front in the lot, but is unfurnished in body yet. Same owners' Winnie K. is a bit heavy in front, good body and quarters, but fat. In the small challenge class the Rockland Kennels' The Rambler won, Royal Krueger being out for specials only. In bitches, in the absence of ch. Lou, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Butterfly, as pretty as a picture, indulged in a *pus seal*. In the next class Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Paderewski played first to Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Little Wonder, which is snipy, faulty in front and gets his brush over, a pretty little thing, but not much substance. The bitch class (7) was the biggest in number in the show. Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels scored again, this time with Fannie Read over Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Evangeline, and this was right. The latter is a

little high behind, but nice type. The owner of Fannie Read was delighted with his sudden success, as his Doctor won at Detroit same week. Glenrosa Beagle Kennels' June Bud, reserve, is faulty in pasterns and feet and bone not straight; nice head and ears; needs more rib. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Flora K, vhc., is a bit cloddy and faulty in hooks. Same kennels' Velda has a plain head, red nose; should be straighter in front; good body and coat. Barnes Bros.' Hazel Weller, hc., and Hillside Pointer Kennels' Topsy are rather weedy. In novices Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Velda beat Barnes Bros.' Dot B., so we cannot speak very highly of Dot B.

FOX-TERRIERS (J. Otis Fellows, Judge).—These classes were also well filled and very satisfactorily judged. The Rutherford Kennels brought out some new stuff. Cambridge Kennels' Dusky Trap, almost forgotten and a wreck of his former self, especially in loin and quarters, but keeping well in forepart, was alone in challenge dogs, while the same must be said of C. S. Hanks's Grouse II. In dogs the order was C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster and L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daysman. Both have been out before. Hennyett Kennels' Mark Twain, reserve, is not true enough in forelegs, fair head, little pinched in muzzle perhaps. F. C. Weeks's Springhill Pirate, vhc., would have found a c. too much for his merits. The other entries were absent. In bitches the order was L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Duty and Warren Tongs, the former beating in front, head, and only needs a little more rib to do well yet. C. S. Hanks's Damson, reserve, and Seacroft Zarnia, vhc., deserved their letters. The latter is short and weak in muzzle. Wires were drawn blank. In novice dogs, L. & W. Rutherford won with another new one. He beats F. W. Weeks's Springhill Pirate all over. In bitches Warren Duty was again to the fore, and Seacroft Myrtle beating Zarina in bone and head. F. J. Byrne's Raby Nettle, vhc., is by no means a credit to her sire, Dominie. Dandie Dinmonts were drawn blank.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (J. Otis Fellows, Judge).—The Toon & Symonds syndicate furnished both entries, Scotch Hot in dogs and Gypsy Jet in bitches; the latter was out of coat and weak in hooks.

IRISH TERRIERS (J. Otis Fellows, Judge).—Several entries in these classes. In challenge class W. J. Comstock's ch. Boxer IV. Open dogs, first quite wrongly to W. J. Comstock's Hanover Boy, who loses considerably in front and cleanness of shoulder, neck and head, especially skull and eye and expression, to the younger dog, W. Brodie's Canadian Ambassador; Toon & Symonds' Paddy Doolan, reserve, is very leggy and coarse in skull and not straight in forelegs. There were no entries in bitches, and novice class saw Cana-



GORDON SETTER FLY M.
Owned by Mr. G. Meisters.

dian Ambassador put again over Paddy Doolan. I. Baldwin's Patsey is a weed.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (J. Otis Fellows, Judge).—Only two of them, as well known as their owner, Frank Dole; Salisbury in open dogs and Queen III. in the tender sex.

BIDDLINGTOSS (J. Otis Fellows, Judge).—Only one, and this soft in coat, I. Chalmers' Tallyho, good top-knot, could be better in forelegs and has not arch of loin enough.

Woodbury Kennels' Lovet won in Skye dogs, and H. D. Carner's Fendelife Maggie in bitches.

Yorkshire terriers had an entry in each sex, Barnes Bros.' Brownie, short of coat, but fairly good in tan and body color; then Mischief, a silver, took the prize in bitches.

The toy terrier Shannon's Tip won, but may be passed over.

PUGS (J. Otis Fellows, Judge).—With the exception of Seminole Dixie and J. Brombach's Bradford Rowdy in challenge dogs, and Seminole Kennels' Midget in challenge bitches, there was no merit if I except Brombach's Frisk in open bitches. In dogs J. Christen's Beauty is on the way to be a mastiff. In bitches, first, J. Brombach's Frisk winning easily, the others too large and coarse; second, reserve and vhc., J. Christen's Mabel, Tootsy and Lulu.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—J. Brombach's Duke of Wellington was alone; he had well formed head.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—No dogs, but open bitches had J. Brombach's well known Golden Rod, who is big.

SCHIPPERKE (?)—A very fair make up in Barnes Bros.' Jack was given first. Its only pretension to form was the loss of its tail, ears down, soft coat, no frills and none of the chic of the real article.

In miscellaneous a fair Mexican hairless was shown. This completed the awards. H. W. L.

SPECIAL AWARDS.

St. Bernards.—Best kennel, Hell Gate Kennels. Best St. Bernard, Mr. E. H. Moore's Silver Flask. Irish Setters.—Best kennel, Seminole Kennels. Spaniels.—Best kennel, George Bell. A. S. C. special for best cocker, Amazeant. Best Clumber, Flossie. Collies.—Best kennel, Seminole Kennels. Bull-terriers.—Best kennel, F. F. Dole. Fox-terriers.—Best kennel, L. & W. Rutherford. Pugs.—Best kennel, Jos. Christen. Beagles.—Best kennel, Hornell-Harmony. Best beagle, Royal Krueger. Best bitch, Elf. Best in show exclusive of challenge winners, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry. Ditto bitch, Shrewsbury Kennels' Prudence. Best dog in show winning record, Glenrosa Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A. Best with field trial second, Royal Krueger. Best two in novice classes and sweepstakes, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Evangeline and Velda. Best greyhound, L. C. Whiton's Lord Neverstill. Best Russian wolfhound, H. W. Huntington's Argoss.

The Fancy in Noses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the last two years I have been watching the size of the nose of every dog fancier. In meeting some prominent breeders and seeing photographs of many others I have about made up my mind that without a single exception, a good true dog fancier must have a large, generous nose. The subject is too delicate a one for me to be too personal, but for those who would like to look it up I refer them to the last few numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, which show cuts of many breeders and judges.

DAGO.

During Washington show Mr. H. L. Goodman bought the so-called Welsh terrier Mephisto Dick from Hornell-Harmony Kennels and also a couple of fox-terriers for raiting purposes at his Tennessee home.

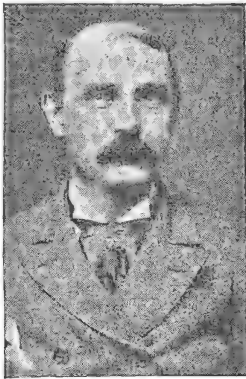
POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Manitoba Field Trials.

CHICAGO, March 25.—I have received the following clipping from the able secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, Mr. E. D. Adams:

"A meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held on Saturday evening, March 18, at the Clarendon, the object being to adopt suitable running rules for this fall's trials, and to revise by-laws. The meeting was largely attended, and great interest manifested in this year's work. Running rules similar to those of the United States Field Trial Club



SAM. W. STEINMETZ,
President Washington City Kennel Club.

revised for 1893, were adopted. These rules are known as the 'spotting system,' and leave matters in the hands of the judge, to select the best dogs in each State. A new entry blank was also adopted, which is a great improvement on those used in the past. This closed the club's arrangement for the 1893 trials, and the following is a synopsis of what will take place:

"The trials will be run at Souris, beginning Sept. 12, and will consist of three events.

First—Derby Stake, for setters and pointers whelped after Jan. 1, 1892, with a purse of \$350; 1st prize \$100, 2d \$115, 3d \$75. Entries for this stake close June 1.

"Second—All-Age Stake, for setters and pointers who have not won first place at any recognized field trial in any previous year. Purse \$450; 1st prize \$225, 2d \$125, 3d \$100. Entries for this stake close Aug. 21.

"Third—Amateur Stake, for setters and pointers. Dogs to be eligible must be the property of members residing in Manitoba and the N. W. T., and handled by owner, or other amateur member. Prizes suitable for this stake are being arranged. Entries close Aug. 21.

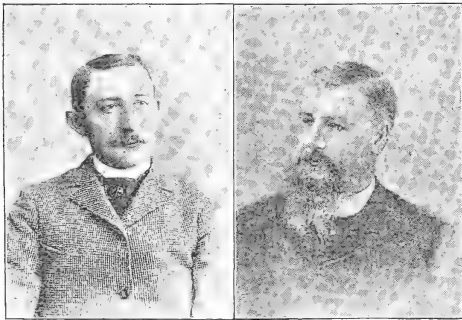
"Mr. Wm. Tallman, New York, has consented to come and judge. A number of entries have already been guaranteed, both from the United States and Canada, and the club intend to leave nothing undone to make this event one of enjoyment to those who attend."

In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Adams informed me that I have been elected an honorary member of the club, and I beg to acknowledge the honor conferred on me.

The entry blank referred to is neatly gotten up, gives all the conditions of each stake, time and place of holding the trials, blank spaces for the name, color, breed, sex, pedigree, name and address of the breeder, and the stake in which the dog is to run. The rules governing the running are mentioned and there is the printed contract at the bottom, and all other necessary information. In short, it is a model entry blank.

Sales at Detroit.

Quite a number of sales were made at the Detroit show. Mr. F. E. Fisher, Ypsilanti, sold Washtenaw Grouse, winner of first in the English setter class, to Mr. John Mandt. Mr. T. G. Davey, London, Ont., bought two setter bitches, Cornelia G. (Gladstone—Cornelia) of Mr. J. E. Dager and Monk of Furness Lill (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie) of Mr. Tim Donohue. Mr. F. G. Boesger, Cleveland, Ohio, sold the King Charles spaniel Royal Duke to Mr. Marvin Preston, Detroit, price \$100. Brant Cocker Kennels sold Brantford



VICE-PRES. J. H. HUNTER, MAJ. J. M. TAYLOR,
Washington City Kennel Club. Judge Washington City K. C.

Redstone to Mr. Geo. M. Hendrie, the president of the club, price \$50. Jersey Cocker Kennels sold the cocker Brownie B. to Brown Bros., Detroit, price \$75. There was great interest manifested in dogs and there will be a boom in canine matters in that section which will be permanent. Mr. Chas. W. Sarvis sold his greyhound King Dick, winner of first in open dogs.

Mr. John Davidson, the well known judge, had a remarkably good English setter at Detroit, named Donald Dane (Dick Boudhu—Western Belle), not, of course, entered at the show. He is a muscular dog, symmetrical withal and graceful in carriage. He will do some winning, I predict, if shown. By the way, when the exhibitors learned that the veteran judge had been ignored by the bench show department of the World's Fair management, expressions of indignation were common, and they were not bounded by any factional lines.

A peculiar and possibly serious accident occurred at the Detroit show to Mr. J. B. Way's mastiff dog Grip. While exercising in the ring he slipped and fell. He appeared completely paralyzed from the shock for several minutes, he being perfectly helpless. Dr. Nicolai said it was temporary

paralysis from shock. I did not learn whether or not the dog recovered.

Mr. J. J. Spracklin will settle in the near future at Chatham, Ont., and will break setters and pointers for field work and prepare and handle dogs at shows, as in the past.

The following protest was circulated at Detroit:

To Mr. W. I. Buchanan, Chief of the Department of Agriculture, Chicago, Ill.:

We, the undersigned owners, exhibitors and handlers, do hereby protest against the manner in which the judges for the World's Fair bench show were appointed. We also protest against the selection of some of the judges, in that they are not personally, as judges, acceptable to us; in that they were appointed by a clique centering in the American Kennel Club, and in that more popular and more competent judges were ignored.

In this connection we, the undersigned, as emphatically assert that the advisers of Mr. Buchanan in the matter of judges of the bench show were not representative of the exhibitors' interests, nor were they in any manner deputed to represent them. Neither have the owners, exhibitor and handlers been consulted directly or indirectly as to their wishes or preferences by the World's Fair management of the bench show.

We respectfully ask for a reconsideration of the appointment of the judges in which we at least may have an expression of our preference for judges and the selection of ones more suitable. (Signed) Harry L. Goodman, T. Donoghue, G. S. Thomas, Jos. Lewis, Jas. J. Lynn, E. Marshall, B. F. Lewis, John H. Naylor, John Mandt, Geo. B. Thomas, Wm. F. Senicke, Hcs. Milkins, D. G. Revell, A. D. Stewart, Thomas Blake, Fred W. Shaw, T. G. Davey, Edwin L. Kimball, Guy E. Holcomb, Geo. Bell, W. G. Young, Geo. Meister, C. W. Sarvis, C. Ruhl, W. O. Byrnes, Abe Peancose, Cecil Harris, A. S. Johnson, T. P. Stone, L. Younghusband, A. A. Roberts, Wood Campbell, S. C. Smith, John Baechum, E. W. C. Glynn, Erwin C. Smith, O. W. Gothke, H. A. Predhomme, W. C. B. Moll, Dan O'Shea, Louis N. Hilsedeegen, Jacob Klein, Geo. M. Hendrie, E. H. Gillman, J. J. Spracklin and J. Johnson.

It is said that the protest will have more names at Indianapolis. B. WATERS.

The World's Fair Show.

We do not know what the World's Fair dog show is going to amount to, but unless some action is taken more practical and better calculated to meet the views of dogmen, the show will not have the importance and *éclat* attached to it which such an affair should have. Mr. Mortimer has been appointed superintendent over a numerous list of applicants for the position, and provided he is allowed to handle the affairs in his own practical manner, and than whom, owing to his experience with the Westminster Kennel Club show no man is better fitted for the task, exhibitors would have con-



ENGLISH SETTER TOLEDO GUERN.
Second, Open Class, Detroit, 1893. Owned by Mr. C. A. Rathbone.

fidence in the undertaking. Mr. Mortimer, however, is told that they, the World's Fair people, will attend to the clerical work, and he can arrive in time to take hold of the rest of the business. A pretty mess there would be, to be sure, if this happened. The proper arrangement of the catalogue and the knowledge of the dogs, their owners and names constitutes one of the most important features of a thoroughly experienced manager. Put this work into the hands of ordinary inexperienced, from the dogly view, clerical help, and where will a show of such magnitude find itself? The running of a show after the dogs arrive constitutes but a part, and in our mind a secondary one to the preliminary work.

Then take the premium list, it is an impracticable arrangement anyhow. Mr. Mortimer, we understand, wrote Mr. Buchanan to that effect, and suggesting another one, but up to a week since had received no answer. The specials and their proper distribution and classification alone will form no small item of preparatory work.

We are drifting measurably near the time of the show and no general and authentic list of the judges has been sent out, and until we see it on the official premium list, which we have never received, we shall simply give the list for what it is worth, Mr. Mortimer not having acquainted this office with the particulars. Miss Whitney, St. Bernards and Newfoundland; Major Taylor, English setters; Jas. L. Anthony, pointers; Dr. Jarvis, Irish setters; Dr. H. C. Glover, Gordons; T. S. Bellin, fox-terriers and bull-terriers; John E. Thayer, bulldogs; R. F. Mayhew, bloodhounds and some terriers; Pottinger Dorsey, bassets, foxhounds and beagles. Exhibitors and handlers who control important entries are not impressed with the medal and sweepstake arrangements. Most of the valuable dogs are in the East, and it costs money even to go to a World's Fair show, and they seem to think that there should be some tangible, specified money prize in view. The next few weeks should develop important results. We shall see.

That Sheepdog Picture.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed letter from Mr. Bowden effectually clears your kennel editor and myself of all blame in regard to the sheepdog picture, and I therefore send it without other comment than that it is presumed, those writers and the publication making insinuations concerning it, will now have the sense of justice to withdraw them. EDWIN H. MORRIS.

HACKENSACK, N. J., March 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to remarks made in an American paper regarding the picture of sheepdogs at work which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM some time ago. I would say that the photograph was lent to Edwin H. Morris in answer to a request for a picture of the dogs Wallace and Nell he purchased from me, and I therefore consider any attack made upon the publishers of this picture most unjustifiable.

At the time Mr. Morris wrote for the photograph of the two dogs, Nell was away in Wales and I could not have her photographed, but I had a photograph by me which had been done some time, of the dogs Wallace and Fly, which I sent, but I must have forgotten to say they were the last named dogs, and Mr. Morris took the photo as that of Wallace and Nell; I may say Fly and Nell are much alike and more so in a picture. GEORGE F. BOWDEN.

SOMERSAL SPRINGS, Derbyshire, England, March 7.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

THE quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the Astor House, New York city, on Monday, March 20. The meeting was called to order by President Kreuder at 4:45 P. M. Present President Kreuder, Vice-Presidents Schellhass and Appleton, Secretary and Treasurer Laick; Executive Committee, Rogers, F. W. Chapman, Pease, Tallman, Roberts and Lozier. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

The secretary read his quarterly report, which shows the club in a healthy financial condition. Delegate Schellhass stated that the A. K. C. would not consider the matter in relation to having the winnings at the first bench show held by the N. B. C. recognized, and it was voted that the matter be dropped. Mr. Kreuder, as a committee on game laws, reported progress. The committee appointed to purchase suitable articles for special prizes for the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Elmira and Boston bench shows made their report and placed before the members present some very handsome pieces of silver they had purchased. The report was on motion accepted and a vote of thanks tendered the committee. The report of the auditing committee was read and referred back to the committee with the request that they give a clearer account of some items in their report. Messrs. J. O. Wedell, W. C. F. Hoffmann, W. S. Gates and W. S. Diffenderfer offered their resignation from the N. B. C., and the resignations were accepted. The secretary of the A. K. C. in a communication asked the N. B. C. of America to forward him the names of official judges of the club. It was voted that the secretary forward to each member of the club a list of membership, with the request that they select and check off six names from the list, said members to act as judges for the club. A communication was read from the New England Kennel Club requesting the N. B. C. of America to forward the special prize that was donated by the club, so that they could have it placed on exhibition with other prizes. The committee was instructed to forward the prize as soon as convenient. Voted that no special prize be given to the Indianapolis bench show. Messrs. Col. De Laney Kane, Knickerbocker Club, New York; A. D. Lewis, Hempstead, L. I., and G. B. Post, Bernardville, N. J., were elected to membership. Meeting adjourned at 6:45 P. M.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., March 24.

A New Year's Eve Fox Hunt.

He dreamt as he lay on the marble hall,
Of hunting days when he led the van;
And he uttered a low and plaintive whine,
As before his brain in succession they ran.

—Foxhound's Reverie.

TO-NIGHT, as I sit smoking my meerschaum, and dreamily muse on scenes of bygone days, I see, through the woof of wreathing smoke, my spurs and hunting horn hanging on the wall, and my thoughts wander back to a scene almost similar to this, during the Christmas holidays. 'Twas the night before New Year's Eve, and C. and I were sitting before the open fire laying our plans for the morrow, when suddenly the bell rang and a note was handed in to us. It ran—"You are cordially invited to participate in an old time fox hunt in Lingamore Hills, Saturday (New Year's Eve), at 9 A. M. Hastily, Col. B."

Here was the solution of our problem, and throwing all other plans to the winds, we retired that night to dream of baying hounds and ringing horns, in sweet anticipation of the morrow.

The next morning we were up betimes, and having quickly dispatched a hot breakfast, repaired to the stable to find the ponies saddled, and impatiently pawing to be off. We were soon in the saddle and away for the appointed rendezvous, and on the road we discussed the powers of our bronchos, a pair of keen-limbed sorrels, to take the inevitable jumps. Of their speed and bottom we were fully assured, but their ability to take a fence over four feet two was to be proved that day.

It was a typical hunting day, cold and gray, with a strong suggestion of snow, the chill northwest wind sending the blood coursing through our veins with increased vigor, and made the ponies buck and pull as if our weight was but a trifle and the five-mile journey a preliminary warning. When we arrived at the meet we found the rest of the party already assembled, and pausing but a moment to tighten our girths, we joined them just as the hounds were cast off. We first beat a clump of pines and dwarf locusts, but without success, and then rounded up on the side of a little knoll covered with long broom sedge, a grand place for "His Slynness" to take his morning sun bath.

The hounds were working on the other side of the hill, when a low cry from one of the party showed us reynard less than 50 yds. away, sneaking across the bottom, his bushy tail flattened against the earth, and his every motion indicative of stealth and subdued activity. In a moment the hounds are blown in, and Music, a grand old black and tan, with the wide bushy thighs and long arched neck of the true foxhound, is the first to catch the scent, and bounds away, opening at every jump upon the trail of the now thoroughly frightened fox. Quickly the rest of the pack breaks into full cry, causing the woods to echo and re-echo with the deep ringing music that rolled and vibrated through the bottoms in enchanting harmony, music that thrilled our very souls like the rich pealing of an organ 'neath a master's hand.

As we dashed away in hot pursuit we saw before us a sight, the remembrance of which will cling through a lifetime. The old leader bounding along through the frost-silvered grass, behind him the other hounds running so well bunched that they could have been easily covered by the proverbial blanket, their sonorous notes blending in a grand chorus of melody that made the echoes ring again, and the horsemen, now thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the chase, galloping along with reckless disregard of unhappy consequences, striving almost in vain to hold in their excited mounts. Soon we have left the bottom and cross a piece of plowed ground, so frozen that our progress is considerably retarded, and the hounds get a lead of almost a half a mile. When this had been crossed, and we were endeavoring to overtake the dogs an accident occurred that came within an ace of resulting seriously.

One of our number, the hero of many a chase, was galloping ahead, mounted on a gallant old hunter, when suddenly his mare struck a stone and fell, throwing her rider heavily forward. We hastened to his assistance, and though considerably stunned, he bravely remounted and was once more in the lead, crossing a marshy field that yielded 'neath our horses' feet and bspattered us with half frozen mud.

Jump after jump was tried and successfully taken, and though occasionally somebody would come to grief, still, the mishaps were only trifling, and only served to make those whom they befell more cautious. Our ponies jumped most creditably, and took the worst ditches like veterans, soon dispelling the doubts we at first entertained concerning their ability as hunters. Our course now lay through a level stretch of woods, thickly sprinkled with pines, whose mossy carpet deadened the footfalls of our horses, and enabled us to press on with renewed vigor, for we had run almost eleven miles and surely the end was not far off.

Away in the distance we could hear the baying of the hounds, and, as it swept through the pines, now high and clear like silvery chimes, now low like deep muffled bells, each one of us felt that buoyant sense of exhilaration, and that thrill of utter unrestraint that only a fox-hunter can ex-

perience. But reynard well deserved his name of "le subtil," and, true to nature, chose a course that led up through the foothills, in whose rocky fastnesses he effectually distanced both dogs and men.

When we reached the cross roads on the top of the ridge, the snow, that had been threatening all day, was now falling briskly and warned us to end the chase, not without a feeling of keen disappointment on our part. We hastily built a rousing fire, and a strange group we made as we gathered about its cheerful blaze, way up in the heart of the mountains.

Our horses picking at the scanty herbage, their manes and foretops thickly sprinkled with the flaky snow, and we regaling ourselves with "Maryland Club," that mellowed the clear notes of the hunting horns as they recalled the baffled dogs, and without which a fox hunt is indeed incomplete. And oh, what music can compare with the sound of those fox horns as they rang out on the wintry air, their liquid notes pouring forth in a flood of golden melody that was caught up and re-echoed from every crag and peak of the wild, fine woods, and held us spellbound with its magic charm.

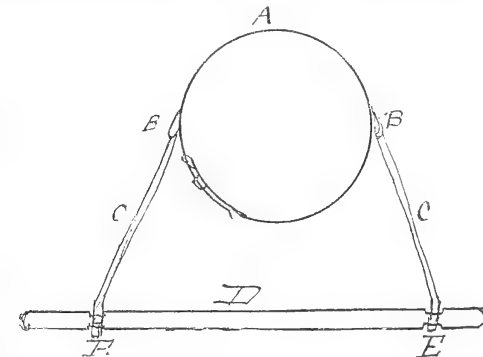
At the quail supper that followed that evening many a health was drunk to the gallant fox that had run so nobly, and though he did escape us, we one and all voted it the survival of the fittest.

That night we sat around the blazing hearth "fighting our battles over" until the sound of the bells ringing out to the "flying cloud, the frosty light" announced the close of the dying year, and warned us to take our rest. Truly it was a fitting way to end the old year.

FREDERICK, MD.

Self-Hunting Dogs.

EUREKA, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On page 59, Jan. 19, your answer as to self-hunting dogs gives no remedy other than restraint, which I believe to be true. I would advise a restraint which I devised for a pair of setters which were a source of much trouble to me, and while the device did not prevent exercise it did stop running away. I had tried a chain with a log attached in the yard, with result that log became detached, dog with chain went hunting, his mate came home after four days, dog was found in field self-fastened, very hungry and dry. As the younger would only go with the older, I placed on the latter a strong, wide collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide heavy single leather, on opposite sides securely fastened a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. iron ring with straps from each $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide by $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick and about 8 in. long, a turned hickory stick with



A, collar. B B, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. rings. C C, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. straps. D, hickory stick, largest in middle, 15 in. long, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. middle, taper to 1 in. at ends. E E, shoulder to prevent strap slipping.

round ends, 15 in. long by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, 3 in. from each end a depression was turned $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long by $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep, the ends of the straps were passed around and riveted in these, so the stick could turn but not get out. This hanging under the neck at such a height that the dog could walk or trot, but any attempt at running it would swing and hit him on the forelegs in such a manner as to discourage the most ardent hunter. In a few days the dog, which, like most of his blood had an almost human knowledge, learned that in order to run he must stop the motion, and when following the carriage, which he invariably did, if pressed from a trot would lower his head till the stick rested on the ground, seize it in his mouth and keep his pace with the team; but this knowledge of how to carry it was never used to go hunting. Whether the pride inherent in all good hunting dogs, caused shame to be found hunting with such a device in his mouth, or if the excitement of the chase caused forgetfulness and dropping of stick, sore shins, I know not, but I do know that I never had any trouble when the stick was on and nothing but trouble when off, and my dog had plenty of exercise. The measurements given only apply to one dog. Any one will find the proper height from ground by trial, and straps can be made adjustable in neck rings, but not at the stick, as it would make a place to get brush and sticks caught in. A good spread of straps on the stick is desirable, as it prevents the stick from swinging around end-wise. I send a diagram, that my description may be more easily understood.

Excuse the length of this my first contribution. I suffered long from this trouble, and while not a cure, it is the only relief I ever found, and at same time give freedom to the dog, and if my brother hunters find any relief in it I am paid.

S. F. BALCOM.

Where Is the Cocker as a Sporting Dog?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter signed "Cocker" in your last issue is, to say the least of it, refreshing. But what a shame it is for such a writer to write under a *nom de plume*! Why not give us poor spaniel men a chance to write him privately for the best means to have the cocker made to "Cocker's" liking instead of keeping us guessing as to who this most learned Solomon could be.

And what a dear, harmless little letter it is, to be sure, surely dictated by one of the dear little boys, for of a verity no granddaddy fond of a cocker could be so very ignorant as to write of the cocker spaniel of to-day as "little saucy-faced black things done up in cotton and silks, and look at their snub noses, snarling faces!" Can this well informed lover of spaniels have attempted to cross the muddy Hackensack and caught a wee snitching, or has he been reading some of the writings of well known writers and thought, so long as we had had lots of abusive criticisms, sympathetic criticisms, and last but not least, effervescent criticisms, that it was high time to have a refreshing criticism on a breed, and then following the prevailing custom, picked out the breed he knew least about to write most upon.

Can you wonder, Mr. Editor, that I dare not attempt to answer "Cocker's" letter very fully on this occasion, but I will promise him that if he will stop such nonsense as the sample I have given above, and write fairly, giving his reasons for favoring the old type of cocker, that there are those who will be glad to point out to him where the modern cocker is in many points superior to the ancient one.

SOLUS.

INDIANAPOLIS DOG SHOW.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 28.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Show opened this morning, with good attendance, especially this evening. Mr. Roger Williams is ill and his classes were judged by Dr. Van Hummel. Several Eastern handlers are here with good strings. The entries number 310.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wallack's Merlin; 2d, Bunn's Ormonde. Bitches: 1st, Bunn's Miss Cautious.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Bunn's Marquis; 2d, Burnham's Grover. Bitches: 1st, Younghusband's Minnie Beaufort; 2d, Bunn's Minna Minting.

ST. BERNARDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Bonsfield's Lord Dante; 2d, Anderson's Elmer. Bitches: 1st, Bonsfield's Lady Taylor; 2d, Tuxedo Kennels' Constance.—SMOOTH COXY.—Dogs: 1st, Pratt's Alton II.; 2d, Fornof's Lawrence Gaze. Bitches: 1st, Tuxedo Kennels' Nun Nicer.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Huntington's Jack Shepard.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Studebaker's Major McKinley; 2d, Anderson's Sandor. Bitches: 1st, Osceola Kennels' Neverzall; 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Charmion.

RUSSIAN WOLFDogs.—CHALLENGE—1st, Hanks's Svodka.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Huntington's Osslad; 2d, Hanks's Peter the Great. Bitches: 1st, Hanks's Vinga; 2d, Huntington's Lobedy.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Purbeck's Pious Pembroke.—OPEN—Dogs: Withheld. Very high com., Manatag Kennels' Heumore King and Watcher. Bitches: 1st, Purbeck's Wild Rose; 2d, withheld. High com., Manatag's Marguerite.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Daniels's Count Graphic.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Daniels's Boxer; 2d, Proctor's Spotted Boy. Bitches: 1st, Donoghue's Sal II.; 2d, McGuffin's Mad of Ossian.—LIGHT WEIGHTS.—Dogs: 1st, Hackwail's Rush of Lad; 2d, Biddle's Glamorgan. Bitches: 1st, Kuch's Kent's Pearl; 2d, Daniels's Duchess. Large entries in these classes.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dager's Cincinnati. Bitches: 1st, Washtenaw Kennels' Albert's Nellie.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Williams's Paul Hill; 2d, Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview. Bitches: 1st, Lewis's Viatrix Jewelllyn; 2d, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Seminoe. Bitches: 1st, Beazell's Queen Vic.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Sharpless's Barney, Jr.; 2d, Carmichael's Shamrock Brice. Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Marchioness; 2d, Dixon's Lady Cleveland.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dixon's Ivanhoe. Bitches: 1st, Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Lewis's Duke; 2d, Overman's Bob. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dixon's Princess Louise and Catherine.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Donoghue's Newton Abbott Torso.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hilderbrand's Glencair Rooter.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpaula.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Fields's Brantford Jet. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin and Nora II.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—Dogs: 1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Brantford Rufus. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Panceast's Brownie and Ditton Brevity.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, Cobb's Our Joan.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Fink's Trouble.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Long's Charleroi.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott; 2d, Mueller's Scollia IV. Bitches: 1st, Maple Grove Kennels' Dot II.; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Sparkle.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Coudon's Surpass; 2d, Springstein's Pluto.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Biddle's Berri.—OPEN—1st, Carter's Black Jack; 2d, Hatcher's Parisian.

BULLDOGS.—No entry.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dale's Attraction.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Lugbora Kennels' Crisp; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Sir Monte. Bitches: 1st, Brison's Countess of Dufferin; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gypsy.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st and 2d, Loeffler's Hundesport Bergmann and Lina K.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Fitzhugh Lee. Bitches: 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Butterfly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Roberts's Doctor; 2d, Harding's Hawkeye. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Lonely; 2d, Glenrose Kennels' Gypsey A.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Hanks's Grouse.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Biedinger's Cincinnati Boy; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Belvoir Nan. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Lady Rosemary; 2d, Fishburn's Venus.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Foote's Sultan; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Prince Regent. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Gypsey Girl.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Alliser's Dick York and Minnie York.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Englehart's Daisy; 2d, Grady's Nellie.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Teal and Rhudaman.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Englehart's Trot; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds' Princess May; 2d, Hardy's Miss Penrice.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—2d, Saunders's Tags.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Lewis's Spring.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Englehart's Guy and Rob Roy. Bitches: 1st, Englehart's Psyche; 2d, Mack's Queen.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Thomas's Boston Model.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Smith's Barnaby Rudge and Islay.

Judging concluded. Awards follow in order, first and second.

H. W. LACY.

About Dogs.

THE editor of the *Meadville, Pa., Republican* is a man after our own heart, and even the free list would not be good enough for him. He loves a dog, we are sure, because it is a dog. This is what he had to say about the W. K. C. show: "There was a great dog show in New York a few days ago, and it was one of the wonders of the world. We have looked at the illustrated report of it, and are astonished at the innumerable shapes into which men have succeeded in fashioning dog meat. It resembles what might be called in music 'Dog with the variations.' There is the natural dog, as a base to begin with; the animal we played with when a boy; the pup which bit our bare heels as we tried to run away from him; the grown-up dog which holed the woodchuck and helped dig him out and did all the work killing him; the faithful companion which followed us through the woods and over the hills a mile away, led by the tinkle of the cowbell, as we gathered in the roaming herd for the evening's milking, and treed the squirrel or pheasant a quarter of a mile out of our way, and would have been barking to this day if we had not responded to his notice that he had 'im. This dog was, and is the ideal dog, the natural dog from which we diverge to find the dog of the dog show. As in the music with the variations, whatever may be the variation, it always winds up its contortions in a return to the old tune, so the dog of the dog show, though he may get almost away from his class, still has in his make-up enough of the natural dog that we can know he belongs to the same class as the dog of our boyhood. His nose may be banged up as if he had run against the fence when he was in a plastic state; his ears may be cut off square or bias, or stretched down, or pulled back; his tail may be long and bushy, or bare as a rat's tail, or may be clean gone; it may curl and lay over his back, or stand up straight in the air, or point straight to the rear; his legs may be straight or knock-kneed or as bow as a bulldog; he may be tall or low, wide or narrow, long or short, and of any one of the hundred or more shapes into which the fancy of the fancier has drawn him, and still through all his disguises we can see the dog of our boyhood. It is a matter of great wonder to us what this dog manipulation all means, over and above a desire to find how many possible combinations may be made in the dog gamut, how many variations may be made in dog harmony without entirely losing the old tune started with at the beginning, the original ideal dog we know and loved when a boy."

DOG CHAT.

The Maryland Kennel Club.

The Maryland Kennel Club practically scored a success at their late show. A loss of \$100 is reported, but this is a mere bagatelle to their loss two years ago. Nothing succeeds like success, and already there are many applications for membership. The club intends to secure a permanent club room. The members also think of working actively for the preservation of game and the observance of the game laws. A crusade against illegal hunting will be taken up and under the club's charter this can be done. This is something that all kennel clubs in the country should interest themselves in. While there are many members of such clubs that do not shoot personally, still there is no man who is not sportsman enough to feel that the game laws of his State should be upheld, and if it is not the province of a kennel club to advance all interests which tend to the improvement of dogs for the field we have formed an erroneous idea of their usefulness.

Boston Show.

The Boston entries foot up 808, and comprise 19 mastiffs, 55 St. Bernards, 10 great Danes, 4 bloodhounds, 11 deerhounds, 14 greyhounds, 7 barzois, 5 Chesapeake Bays, 84 pointers, 73 English setters, 41 Irish setters, 20 Gordon setters, 47 spaniels, 60 beagles, 12 dachshunds, 5 bassets, 16 foxhounds, 46 collies, 18 poodles, 13 bulldogs, 27 bull-terriers, 56 Boston terriers, 56 fox-terriers, 6 Dandie Dinmonts, 15 Scotch terriers, 29 Irish terriers, 6 black and tan terriers, 4 Skye terriers, 3 Yorkshire terriers, 1 schipperke, 7 toy terriers, 7 pups, 11 toy spaniels, 7 miscellaneous, 8 selling class; total, 808. The following express companies will return dogs free from the show when full rates have been paid one way, provided there has been no change in ownership: Adams, American, National, New York and Boston Dispatch, and all railroads running to Boston will carry free in the baggage cars three dogs with each ticket when accompanied by owner or care taker.

New England Field Trial Club.

There will be a meeting of the New England Field Trial Club in Boston, at the Hotel Thorndyke, on Wednesday, April 5, at 7 P. M. The meeting will be followed by a dinner at 8 o'clock. Arrangements have been made for the dinner at \$1.50 per plate. All members are strongly urged to attend both the meeting and dinner. Notice is hereby given that certain changes in the constitution of the club will be recommended by the board of governors. It is hoped that members will present the names of one or more applicants for admission at the next meeting of the club. Blanks for application can be had of the secretary, William M. Lovering, Taunton, Mass.

Rosecroft Kennels.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 23.—The association of the undersigned in the Rosecroft Kennels has been terminated by mutual agreement. Mr. Osborn retains the name of Rosecroft, which he has used for more than 20 years. Mr. Fiske is entitled to whatever credit accrues and to whatever prizes have been or may be awarded to the kennels as breeders of the Rockingham-Donna strain. Respectfully, G. EDW. OSBORN, WILSON FISKE.

Bridgeton's Little Dog Show.

The first annual dog show of the Bridgeton Kennel Club closed March 20. The following dogs are some of those that received first prizes: Mastiffs, Chas. Barth's Lion; St. Bernards, Harvey Barth's Sallie; pointers, William Johnson's Shot; setters, Frank Scuder's Nell; foxhounds, Bacon Bright's Maud; bulldogs, Jacob Mengel's Ben; bull-terriers, Claude Vansyckle's Rose; pups, William Week's Satan. The show was well attended and created a great deal of interest. About sixty dogs were benched.

Columbus Dog Show.

At the local bench show to be held at Columbus, O., this week, the superintendent will be Mr. H. A. Bridge, well known as a setter man. The judges will be A. E. Pitts and T. A. Howard, both shining lights in pugdom. Mr. Bridge will also officiate. Classes are provided for all the important breeds. Prof. J. Stone's dog circus will provide the fun.

Mr. George F. Mooney has purchased the pointer bitch Luck's Own Daughter, by Luck of Goat. Mr. Mooney is secretary of the Columbus Fanciers' Club.

We are told that the N. E. R. C. will introduce a novelty at dog shows at their show in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, next month. A sort of stand will be erected round the rings, so that an uninterrupted view of the judging can be had. We scarcely see the advantage, as the rings are so large at Boston that on judging day, when the crowd is never large, the fence is only comfortably surrounded. Such a stand would, no doubt, be welcomed for the dog circus performances, which have become such an interesting feature of our shows. The judging rings are to be 75x50ft.

Rumor has it that certain prominent dogmen in Boston and vicinity are contemplating the formation of another kennel club. The kennel world do move these days.

Not pleased with the indifferent showing the greyhound Lord Neverstill has made owing to inferior condition, Mr. Whiton will send him on to Mr. Lowe, his former owner, with the idea, if possible, of having him restored somewhat to his former self. The dog evidently had some grueling work last fall, for he has gone to pieces wofully since Chicago, 1891 and 1892.

Mr. C. D. Webber, of Newark, N. J., lost, on Monday, March 20, his valuable greyhound, St. Leger (champion Balkis—champion Mother Demdike). From analysis made of the stomach the animal was poisoned. Mr. Webber is using every effort to find the guilty parties and bring them to justice.

The Illindio Kennel Club have secured special prizes to the value of \$500 from the merchants of Indianapolis.

An interesting discussion took place at a meeting of the Illindio Kennel Club, at Indianapolis, March 18, in which the subject of advertising the show came up. The result may be of interest to other similar organizations. Two of the members were opposed to newspaper advertising, believing that posters displayed at country stations and in the city was the thing. The president, as a newspaper man, gave his idea, he said that already, counting the space at advertising rates, the newspapers of the city had practically made a donation of \$3,000, and he said that advertisements in the dailies would reach more people all over the State quicker and at less expense than all the posters they could think of. Another member said that he once expended \$3,100 in advertising for a trotting association. Only \$150 was divided between the three leading papers, but it did more good than all the balance. This settled it, and Dr. Van Hummell will look out for the newspapers.

A Dog's Protective Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second meeting of those interested in forming a dog protective association met March 10, pursuant to adjournment, and organized with about fifty charter members.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the following officers elected: Charles H. Annin, president; George D. Sisson, Vice-President; W. D. Pugh, Secretary; Geo. H. Newell, Treasurer; Executive Committee, W. D. Pugh, Dr. F. W. Temple, R. C. Wharton, Eber Rice; the president is a member *ex-officio*. Eleven new members were elected and we are now ready for business.

Letters of inquiry are already coming in from surrounding cities and we think we will soon have a strong Michigan league, at least, when it will be pretty hard to run one of our dogs out of the country. The fraternal feeling engendered has already brought on bench and field trial talk and will certainly evolve something of the kind in the future. I inclose herewith a copy of our constitution and by-laws, the publishing of which may result in much good.

We will soon have printed copies and will take pleasure in sending them to inquirers.

W. D. PUGH, Sec.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 21.

Spaniel Club Meeting.

THE executive committee of this live organization met on Thursday evening last at the Hotel Bartholdi. Realizing with the average soldier that the very worst weapon to settle momentous questions with is an empty stomach, it has become customary to precede the meeting with an informal dinner, at which much chaff floats around, and dogs of the day in general and spaniels in particular, are discussed. A well known legerdemain artist put in an appearance with the coffee, and though he did not succeed in making a field spaniel into a cocker and *vice versa*, nor yet in elucidating the mystery between a cocker and a field spaniel head, he did succeed in effectually impressing upon us the fact that the quickness of the hand deceives the eye, and even Mr. "Dookie" Oldham. Those present were Mr. A. C. Wilmerding in the chair, D. A. Foster, Dr. Kitchell, E. M. Oldham and secretary R. P. Keasbey. The meeting was called to order and minutes of last meeting read and approved. The treasurer reported progress in the matter of subscriptions to the World's Fair trophy. Mr. F. H. F. Mercer tendered his resignation as a member of the club, and it was accepted. Moved and carried that the president appoint a committee of one to draw up a suitable resolution on the death of Mr. J. M. Tracy. Mr. Oldham was appointed and drew up the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted and will be forwarded to the bereaved family: "It is with the greatest regret the American Spaniel Club hears of the death of Mr. J. M. Tracy, and therefore he it resolved to convey to his family its sincere condolence. As an artist and a sportsman his memory will always be held in the highest esteem by the members of this club." New members were elected as follows: Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., proposed by E. M. Oldham and seconded by Mr. R. P. Keasbey. H. W. Lacy, New York, proposed by E. M. Oldham and seconded by A. C. Wilmerding. Geo. R. Preston, Jr., Calumet Club, New York, proposed by E. M. Oldham, seconded by D. Kitchell. Voted to allot the field spaniel cup to the Toronto fall show as a token of the good feeling and endeavors of the Industrial Association to further the cause of the spaniel by liberal classification and appointing club judges. The president was also instructed to solicit further specials for the Toronto show. Mr. E. H. Morris was dropped from the club for non-payment of dues. Several questions were informally discussed but no action taken, and the meeting adjourned.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Can Can Mason and Ossafied. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dogs, whelped March 6, 1893, by Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Gladys (Sir Loris—Phyllis II.).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Baby Ruth—Eberhart's Cashier. C. J. Mischler's (New Orleans, La.) pug bitch Baby Ruth (champion Penrice—Mint) to Eberhart Pug Kennels. Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), March 13.

Queen Zip—Black Jack. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) poodle bitch Queen Zip (Carlo—) to R. L. Carter's Black Jack, March 10.

Bell O'Rourke—Brave Boy. Standard Stock Farm's (Westfield, Mass.) foxhound bitch Bell O'Rourke (Major O'Rourke—Gypsy) to Mr. Mason's champion Brave Boy (champion Brave—champion Bernhard), Dec. 10.

Bonnie Buzz—Le Logos. C. A. Sumner's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Buzz to W. H. McFee's Le Logos, March 7.

Kismet—Blenion Volunteer. Dr. Rowland's (Pasadena, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Kismet (Blenion Vesuvius—Foto) to C. A. Sumner's Blenion Volunteer (Result—Diadem), Feb. 4.

Bonnie Belle—Blenion Volunteer. A. P. Robinson's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Belle (Blenion Vesuvius—Bonnie Bess) to C. A. Sumner's Blenion Volunteer, March 1.

Bonnie Belle—Blenion Volunteer. C. A. Sumner's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Belle to his Blenion Volunteer, March 8.

Burlington Diadem—Raby Mixer. H. W. Lacy's (New York City) fox-terrier bitch Burlington Diadem (Suffolk Coronet—Bacchante) to Hillside Kennels Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olive Bud), March 16.

Debonair Juno—Stormy. A. L. K. Murray's (Warren, Va.) beagle bitch Debonair Juno to Debonair Kennels' Stormy, Jan. 20.

Ray's Rosey—Stormy. Debonair Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Ray's Rosey to their Stormy, Feb. 18.

Royal Rosey—Stormy. Ed. Ross (Scheneectady, N. Y.) beagle bitch Royal Rosey to Debonair Kennels' Stormy, Feb. 20.

Dot Smirle—Stormy. Debonair Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Ivy Leaf (Hardy's Little Duke—Flossy) to their Stormy, Feb. 9.

Grove Duchess—Carney. H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Grove Duchess (champion Baron—Dutch Rose II.) to Tubby Hook Kennels' Carney (Gully the Great—Rose), March 14.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Jessie. Multnomah Kennels' (Portland, Ore.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Jessie (Doc—Jess), March 10, seven (three dogs), by G. E. Rockwood's Jake (Drake—Kate).

Gladys. Eberhart & Mack's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Gladys (Sir Loris—Phyllis II.), March 6, two dogs, by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

Bonnie Bess. C. A. Sumner's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Bess, March 3, four bitches, by his Blenion Volunteer.

Dot Smirle. Cortkown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot Smirle (Bob Obo—Tough), Feb. 9, five (two dogs), by their Black Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah).

Enone. Cortkown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Enone (Obo, Jr.—Tough), Dec. 29, six (three dogs), by their Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo).

Lady Norice. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Lady Norice (The Rambler—Lady Vic), March 13, eight (three dogs), by F. W. Chapman's champion Fitzhugh Lee (champion Lee—Juliet).

Columbia's Pearl. C. F. Dolan's (New Haven, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch Columbia's Pearl (Bacchante—Columbia's Gen), March 8, four (two) dogs, by L. A. Rice's Jack Prompter (Prompter—Sadler's Vic).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Nora M. White and liver pointer bitch, whelped March 8, 1892, by champion Lavacelot out of Nora Graphic, by M. T. Mason, Northampton, Mass., to Standard Stock Farm, Westfield, Mass.

Sky Boy. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 31, 1891, by champion Brant out of Daisy, by Connecticut Valley Kennels, Northampton, Mass., to Standard Stock Farm, Westfield, Mass.

Junbo. Black and tan foxhound dog, whelped 1891, by Ben Rob'out of Gypsy, by Standard Stock Farm, Westfield, Mass., to G. H. Hanks, Springfield, Conn.

Mosses. Black, white and ticked foxhound dog, whelped July 1, 1892, by Dash out of Dott, by B. R. Holcomb, Westfield, Mass., to Standard Stock Farm, same place.

Beauty. Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, whelped July 1, 1892, by Dash out of Dott, by B. R. Holcomb, Westfield, Mass., to Standard Stock Farm, same place.

Ben H. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, by Standard Stock Farm, Westfield, Mass., to Connecticut Valley Kennels, Northampton, Mass.

Dash, Jr.. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped January, 1892, by Dash out of Fanny, by B. R. Holcomb, Westfield, Mass., to Standard Stock Farm, same place.

Dinah Brock. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April, 1892, by Bouncer out of Coy, by Mr. Donovan, Boston, Mass., to Standard Stock Farm, Westfield, Mass.

Bell O'Rourke. Black and white foxhound bitch, by Major O'Rourke out of Gypsy, by Standard Stock Farm, Westfield, Mass., to Connecticut Valley Kennels, Northampton, Mass.

Also. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped May 15, 1892, by Sir Herbert out of Myrtle II., by G. W. Patterson, Lake View, Mass., to Mrs. J. M. Nicholson, Albany, N. Y.

Youngblood. Orange, white markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped May 15, 1892, by Sir Herbert out of Myrtle II., by G. W. Patterson, Lake View, Mass., to A. L. French, Chapin, Ill.

Peggy Pryde. Silver fawn pug bitch, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Flossie II., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellevue Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Douglass II. Silver fawn pug dog, by Douglass I. out of June, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellevue Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Little Wrinkle. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1889, by Joe II. out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. V. Griffith, Anderson, Ind.

Robin Goch. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped April 28, 1892, by Rockingham out of Myrrha II., by John Brett, Northvale, N. J., to D. J. Peters, Hoboken, N. J.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications on other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

F. L. A. Galesburg, Ill.—We should say your best plan would be to write to Mr. W. H. Ashburner, of Yeoman, Pa., for information as to Jack's pedigree. If it has been wrongly given we would like to have the particulars. We have no record of the dog in the stud books.

SACREDNESS.—I. Is there any record of a pointer dog, Fly, that was imported from England? If so please give pedigree, etc. 2. Is it advisable to feed a bitch about to whelp raw meat? 3. What is the best treatment for a dog bitten by a rattlesnake? Ans. 1. We can find no record of one by that name. 2. Yes, chopped fine. 3. We have no experience in the matter.

J. E. B. Watertown, N. Y.—I have a very fine foxhound that has a bad head or ear. His ear discharges and smells very bad. His ear and skin seem to be all right. Everything looks fine, but the ear which discharges is very thick and sometimes on the blood color. I have tried everything that you have prescribed in the paper for canker in the ear, but it does no good. He has been so for four or five months. Ans. Wash the ear daily and when dry fill up with powdered boracic acid. Use the powder twice a day.

H. L. W., Adrian, Mich.—You can tell very little as to the future cleverness of cocker spaniels eight weeks old, and you cannot expect much in the way of training at that age. We should say, choose the smaller one, if it is healthy and is not in any way stunted. We can find no mention in the stud books of Qui Vive, according to the information you give us. Although we can find no Bellina Bondhu registered, there is a Belle Bondhu (12,405), and if that is the bitch you mean, the following pedigree will be all you require for canker in the ear. Belle Bondhu, by Qui Vive out of Belle Bondhu, by Gus Bondhu out of Lynie, by Dash III. out of Isabella; Gus Bondhu by Dash Bondhu out of Novel, Qui Vive by Dash III. out of Donna, by Ranger II. out of Lassie; Dash III. by Dash II. out of Old Kate. The fee is \$1 for registration, and if you write to the secretary of the A. K. C., 44 Broadway, New York, he will mail you a registration form, which gives every information. The above pedigree is correct, only supposing the dog's dam to be Belle Bondhu, and also that the Donna given is the correct one, as there are two Donnas registered.

Business.

LOST WITHOUT IT.—Adrian, Mich., March 15.—Inclosed find \$2 to renew my subscription, which will expire the 7th of next month. I have taken your paper one year and would feel lost without it. Very respectfully, H. L. W.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their boats, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1892-93.

COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: J. R. Lake.
REAR-COM: H. L. Quirk.
PURSER: F. Duane, B'klyn, N. Y.
EX. COM: C. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: Geo. L. Parmele.
REAR-COM: F. A. Sears.
PURSER: F. B. Lewis, Box 89, Hart'd.
EX. COM: Paul Butler, W. C. Lawton, H. Apollonio.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: T. H. Stryker.
REAR-COM: W. C. Witherbee.
PURSER: F. F. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.
EX. COM: C. V. Winne, W. R. Hunt-ington.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: J. N. MacKendrick.
REAR-COM: F. M. Minis.
PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.
EX. COM: C. E. Arr-hald, J. H. Car-pegic.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Applications sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Eureka, Kan.

Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Secretary-Treasurer—F. H. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. H. Crawford, S. N. Maxwell.

Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Warr, G. G. Case, M. D. Smer in.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas. on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

3. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst.
10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge. 24. Marine and Field Club, Bath
13. Atlantic, Ann., New York Bay. Beach.

JULY.

1-15. At Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

AUGUST.

11-28. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River. 16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.
4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.

Atlantic Division Meet.

The programme for the coming meet of the Atlantic Division at Captain's Island has been arranged as follows by the regatta committee:

The races will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 5, 6, 7 and 8.

PROGRAMME.

1. Paddling and sailing combined: Half miles, alternately; total 3 miles. Time limit, 1½.
2. Paddling: Half mile straightaway.
3. Sailing: 4½ miles, same rig and ballast as in race No. 1. Time limit, 2h.
- (These three races to constitute the record races.)
4. Paddling: Open canoes, ¼ mile straightaway, canoes to weigh not under 55lbs. Single.
5. Paddling: Club fours, open canoes, ¼ mile straightaway.
6. Paddling, tandem: Open canoes, ½ mile straightaway.
- (Single blades to be used in all open canoe races.)
7. Paddling tandem: Decked sailing canoes, ¼ mile straightaway.
8. Paddling upset: Usual conditions, no special appliances.
9. Hurry-scurry: Run, swim and paddle.
10. Trophy sailing: For the Elliot cup. No limit to rig or ballast, 9 miles. Time limit 3¼h.
11. Sailing: 2 miles to windward and return, no limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, 1½h.
12. Sailing, club race: 4½ miles, usual conditions. Time limit, 2h.
13. Passenger sailing race: 3 miles, canoes to carry two men. Time limit, 1½h.
14. Sailing upset and maneuvering: Usual conditions.
- EXTRA EVENTS.
15. Sailing unclassified: To be sailed under the rules of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.
16. Sailing: For old type cruising canoes, 3 miles. Time limit, 2h.
17. Paddling: War canoe.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Tatassit C. C., of Worcester, Mass., was held on March 20, the following officers being elected: Com., Howard Frost; Vice-Com., F. A. Mann; Purser, W. N. Brooks; Sec'y, W. B. Walworth; Fleet Capt., F. P. Dean, Historian, F. W. Johnson, Executive Committee—T. P. Kendall and G. A. Goddard. Membership Committee—Dr. A. F. Townsend, C. S. Day, A. E. Davis. House Committee—T. H. Blood, W. F. Robinson and G. C. Halcott. After the meeting a lantern slide exhibition was given by F. R. Dean and Fred Willis.

After many efforts to that end, the New York C. C. has at last been incorporated, the following members signing the articles of incorporation: William P. Stephens, William Whitlock, J. R. Lake, John C. B. Burchard, William Willard Howard, C. Boyver Vaux, B. Farquhar Curtis, John E. Plummer, A. H. Johnston, H. C. Wad, Everett Masten, Walton H. P. Versey and M. T. Bennett.

The latest volume of the "All-England Series" of books on sports is now ready, and will bear the name "Canoeing with Sail and Paddle." The author is Dr. John D. Hayward, of Liverpool, late Vice-Com. of the B. C. A., and an old canoeist and canoe-yawler, at present owner of the canoe-yawl Parie. From the prospectus the book promises to be a valuable addition to the canoeist's library.

Dr. Joseph Bovmann, who was at the Jessup Neck meet in the canoe-yawl Bessie with Mrs. Bovmann, is building a handsome canoe-yawl, 19ft. 6in. long, at Rigby's shop, Canarsie. The new boat will be very completely fitted for cruising.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has presented to the New York C. C. a handsome silver-mounted penknife as a special prize for some competition to be decided on later. Last year Mr. Zerega gave a very handsome mug for a similar prize.

A canoe club has been formed at Sparrow Point, Md.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division: Percy S. Gates, Springfield, Mass.; George A. Goddard, Worcester, Mass. Northern Division: George W. Marshall, Cor. C. C., Toronto; E. W. Waldron, Kingston.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

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| APRIL. | 23. Cor., San Francisco, Squadron Cruise and Reception. |
| 22. Cor., San Francisco, Opening, Tiburon, Cal. | 30. Corinthian, Atlantic City. |
| MAY. | 30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay. |
| 6. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Sausalito | 30. Am. Model, Prospect Park. |
| 7. Cor., San Fran., Cruise with San Fran. Y. C. Fleet. | 30. So. Boston, Open, So. Boston. |
| 12. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 30. Fall River, Opening, Mt. Hope Bay. |
| 13-14. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Vallejo | 30. Cor., San Fran., Annual, San Francisco Bay. |
| 26. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 31. Cedar Pt., Opening, Cedar Pt. |
| 27. Phila., Opening Cruise, Del. Riv. | |
| 28. Pavana. | |
| 30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay. | |
| 30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay. | |
| JUNE. | 17. Knickerbocker, An. Open, College Point. |
| 3. Williamsburg, Opening. | 17. Phila., Open Race, 15ft. Boats, Delaware River. |
| 3. Quincy, Club Race, Mass. | 19. Williamsburg, Spring Regatta. |
| 3. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass | 21. Quincy, Club Race, Mass. |
| 4. Pavana. | 21. Schoodic, An., Calais, Me. |
| 5. Phila., Open Reg., Del. River. | 24. Jersey City, An., Communipaw. |
| 8. Monaquiot, Open, Weymouth. | 24. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, LI |
| 10. Larchmont, Spring Regatta, Larchmont. | 24. Corinthian, An., New York. |
| 10. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 24-25. Cor., San Fran., An. Cruise. |
| 10-11. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, with Eucinal Y. C. Fleet. | 30. Pavana, An., New York Bay. |
| 12. Brooklyn, An., Gravesend Bay. | 30-31. 13 Phila., Club Cruise. |
| 15. New York, An., New York. | — Atlantic, An., New York. |
| 17. Beverly, Open sweeps, Mon. B. | — Marine & Field, An., New York |
| 17. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap. | |
| JULY. | 8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston |
| 1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch. | 8. Monaquiot, Cash Prizes, Weymouth. |
| 1. Seavanhaka, An., Oyster Bay. | 10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound. |
| 1. Beverly, Marblehead. | 10. Corinthian, Atlantic City. |
| 1. Williamsburg, Club Cruise. | 15. Phila., Pen. and Sweeps Race, Delaware River. |
| 1. Cor., San Fran., An. Martinez, Suisun and Vallejo. | 15. Jersey City, Cruise. |
| 3. Indian Harbor, Special, Greenwich, Conn. | 15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham. |
| 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont. | 20. Monaquiot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth. |
| 4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg. | 22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers. |
| 4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach. | 23. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. Beach. |
| 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont. | 25-27-28. New York, Astor Cup, Newport. |
| 4-5. Citizens Association, Open, Detroit, Mich. | 29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn. |
| 8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct. | 29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise. |
| 8. Beverly, 3d Open Sweeps, Quisset. | |
| 8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops and Cutters, College Point. | |
| AUGUST. | 19. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass |
| 2. Monaquiot, 1st Cham., Weymouth. | 19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quisset. |
| 5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham. | 19. So. Boston, 2d Cham., So. Boston |
| 5. So. Boston, 2d Cham., So. Boston | 19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise. |
| 5. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach. | 26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual. |
| Knickerbocker, Club, Cabin Cats, College Point. | 26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham. |
| 5. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass | 26. Monaquiot, 3d Cham., Weymouth. |
| 5. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass | 26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont. |
| 12. Beverly, Marblehead. | 26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek. |
| 13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon. | — New York, Cruise, Goellet Cups, Newport. |
| 14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series. | — Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport. |
| 16. Monaquiot, 2d Cham., Weymouth. | |
| 19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass | |
| 2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off. | 9. Beverly, Marblehead. |
| 2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach. | 9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race. |
| 2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point. | 14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach. |
| 2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass | 16. Phila., Open, Delaware River. |

2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
- N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
- Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
- Corinthian, Atlantic City.
- Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
- 23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
- Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
- Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.

OCTOBER.

- 7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.

For the twelfth time Mr. Ogden Goellet has made his handsome donation of \$1,500 in prize cups to be raced for in the annual race which bears his name, and which is pre-eminently the event of the yachting year. This year there is every promise of a hot and exciting contest in each division; the four new single-stickers should all be in racing form by the beginning of the cruise, in fact this race is likely to be the first assembly of the entire quartette. The two-sticker division should be equally interesting with Lasca, Alena, Iroquois and the new Emerald and Ariel, together with others whose entry is yet uncertain.

Poor Mr. Carroll has fallen in hard luck almost at the outset of his enterprise. He has incurred the serious disapproval of the Boston Herald. Its discovery of Mr. Carroll's real reputation among his associates in the New York Yacht Club is probably the most startling of the important (if true) facts with which it has recently favored the yachting world. So far as we have heard, this dire calamity has not induced Mr. Carroll to give up entirely the proposed transatlantic trip.

The question of secrecy in building, which has come so prominently to the front of late, is discussed at some length in the last issue of the *Yachtsman*, as will be seen in another column. The "Man at the Wheel" is, however, very far off his course in regard to the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s position in the Thistle matter. We have been compelled to allude many times in the past five years to the circumstances attending the construction of that yacht in a closed shed, but while we have condemned such a course as unwise and impolitic in the extreme, we have at the same time explained the peculiar circumstances which justified it; the blunt and absolute refusal of the New York Y. C. to enter into any agreement with the Royal Clyde Y. C. as to a common length of challenger and defender. In view of such a refusal it was not to be wondered at that the indignation of the Clyde yachtsmen led them to what was then an unprecedented step, and we, at least, have never joined in the general denunciation heaped upon them by American journals. At the same time we considered the move a foolish one, as it was so used as to create a great deal of prejudice against Thistle and her owners, and to rob them to a certain extent of the popular welcome extended to Genesta and Galatea, while, as events proved, the concealment availed nothing but to intensify the mortification of defeat. Looking at the matter now, after the lapse of five years, it is probable that Mr. Watson himself and his fellows would admit that it would have been far better had Thistle been built in the open, like Volunteer and Mayflower.

AGAIN the *Yachtsman* is equally in error in assuming that we have excused or justified the position of the Herreshoffs in concealing every detail of the new boats building at their shops. Naturally, we look at the matter from a different point of view from the designers, owners and many yachtsmen; but assuming that a newspaper is a necessary evil that no one could do without in these pushing times, the yachting editor or reporter has a right to his side of the question, as much so as the designer or owner. The leading yachting journals on both sides of the Atlantic, daily and weekly, are conducted by men who have held their positions for many years, who are well known to yachtsmen, and especially to the designers, and who do, or should, possess the confidence of the latter gentlemen. The first duty of the newspaper man is to furnish news; his readers, who may safely be assumed to include the entire yachting community, pay for news and expect it. At the same time there are very few indeed of the recognized yachting writers who do not fully admit the rights of the designer to the sole knowledge of certain facts, or who fail to respect these rights. However unwilling he may be to recognize it, the designer is under constant obligations to the writers; to him fame means money, and what makes his fame is not alone what his boats do, but what the papers say that they do, and good or ill-will of even an influential paper may have a material effect on a designer's fortunes. Considering how prone yachtsmen are to follow a few leaders or to take up a prevailing fashion, we venture to say that no designer today is so situated that he can disregard entirely the comments, favorable or otherwise, of the press.

The task of the honest and conscientious writer is at no time an easy one, his opportunities for observation in any one of a dozen different branches of yachting are necessarily much less than those of the designers and yachtsmen who are making a special study of this one branch; and yet he is expected to be fully informed in every detail, and not infrequently is he compelled to pose as an expert. Work as he may, in these progressive days it is no easy matter to keep pace, especially in the hurry of other incidental work, with the progress of design and construction; to post himself so fully as to enable him to report accurately and to discuss intelligently the occurrences of the year. The greatly increased number of new yachts in the past eight years, and the many advances in design and construction, have added enormously to the work of race reporting. It was one thing to note the doing of one or two new boats in a fleet of old ones, for instance of Bedouin against Gracie, Fanny and Mischief; but it is a very different matter to follow a fleet like the 21-footers of last year, the 46-footers of 1891 or the 40-footers of 1889, and to gauge even roughly the merits of the various types and models.

DIFFICULT as the writer's task has been of late, it promises to be far worse this year, as his opportunities for acquiring even a superficial knowledge of each boat are precisely those of the average yachtsman, his reader. He is rigidly barred from a view of the new yachts until they are in the water, and if he is lucky enough to get a sight at one when docked, it is only because of the impossibility of fencing in the large drydocks and railways. At the same time he is expected to set before his readers the latest news and the most careful discussions, to know and comment on everything in the yards, the drafting rooms and the clubs.

It is not to be denied that there are among yachting writers some who are no credit to the profession, but the majority, with reputations to sustain, are not such fools, to put it no higher, as to publish all that they know. Keen as he may be after "news," every writer understands that, even from a newspaper standpoint, it is far better to know a good deal and publish only a portion of it than to know very little and print it all. Those who have had any experience in journalism are constantly alert to make up a newsy and attractive story and yet to reveal nothing which will close the source of information to them. In the case of a yacht this is an easy matter; it is possible to go over a vessel carefully and write a long and interesting description, all that the average reader demands, and yet say nothing of the essential elements, the displacement, the exact dimensions, the location of the centers and such secrets of the designer. Of course at the present

time the circumstances are peculiar, as the "freak" features play an important feature of most designs; but, even allowing for this, there is little to justify the present attitude of the Herreshoffs and other designers toward the press. As a matter of purely personal advantage, apart from any love of his work there is no one who works harder for the advancement and prosperity of yachting than the yachting writer whose living depends on the sport, and no one reaps more from the result of this labor than the designer, who profits in a still greater degree from any boom in yachting. The interests of the two are in this sense identical, and we question both the wisdom and the justice of a course which closes the shops and yards to the yachting press, or at least to writers of known reputation.

SO FAR as the actual benefits derived from absolute concealment, we believe that they are slight; the practical result is that yachtsmen at large, the non-technical portion of the yachting world, are deprived of a general knowledge of the new boats which would add vastly to the interest in comparing their performances, but would work no injury to the designer, while the really vital facts are seldom successfully concealed from the very ones who should not possess them, the rival designers. We venture to say now that the prevailing ignorance in regard to the exact dimensions and features of the new boats, American and British, is not shared by the designers, but that each has a very tolerable idea of what the others are doing. We may mention in this connection a fact well known to yachting writers, that even the most secretive of designers at times make an exception to the rule, they favor the fullest publication of details—of the other fellow's boat. The man who will look a reporter straight in the eye and fill him with the most astounding statements about his own boat will with the next breath inquire eagerly and earnestly as to what is doing in his rival's yard or drafting room.

In taking the side of the designers our contemporary looks at the question from the British standpoint, but things are very different on this side of the water. Americans want the news, often a great deal more than they have a right to, and they generally get it, whether in politics, social life or yachting. The files of any of the American yachting journals for the last forty years will furnish a complete record of yacht building and of the course of design, as well as of the racing, the work of an able body of yachting writers who have now almost entirely passed away. The English papers, on the contrary, have for many years refrained from publishing technical details of yachts. A look through their files will disclose complete and careful reports of races, which are valueless from the fact that no details other than the tonnage of the yachts are given, no indications of type and model and of successive changes and improvements. It may be that American papers must follow the same model, but we doubt whether such a course would be acceptable to American readers. The *Yachtsman* itself is an example of this—young, enterprising and "sassy," with plenty of yachting news of a certain kind, one searches its pages in vain for accurate and definite descriptions of the modern British racers.

ANOTHER statement of the *Yachtsman* to which we must oppose a positive objection is that relating to the "science" of yacht designing. So far from the successful designing of yachts being nothing more than a mere copying of extraneous or "observable" features, our observation is that the exact opposite is true. The merest tyro can draft an exaggerated snout or a heavy fin keel, but, so far from being a success, the result of a blind copying of these "observable" features, regardless of the hidden mysteries of the balance of the various centers, would be a disastrous failure. In our estimation, the secret of designing, whether it be art, genius, "science" or hard horse sense—it is probably a mixture of the four—lies first in the selection of the crude qualities of the design, the dimensions, displacement and sail area, and secondly, in the proper adjustment of the centers; without these essentials, the mere copying or even originating of freak features will avail nothing.

ACCORDING to the latest news from the Clyde, Mr. Will Fife has gone to the extreme in his 86-footer, making her a fin-keel of 25ft. beam and 130ft. over all. She is of composite construction, the steel frames extending downward to form the fin. While all the new British cutters will approach the fin-keel in general type, the Fife boat will be the only absolute bulb-fin.

A Vacation Voyage.—III.

[Continued from Page 263.]

As we drew nearer to the object of interest we saw that she was fast on the reef, heading north, with the great wrecker Favorite alongside. A few minutes after the tug with the gang of Indians, half-bred and dock-bollopers from Harbor Springs had arrived and discharged its load, we swung round her stern and anchored alongside in two fathoms. She was the Cuba, Merchants' Line, Hamilton, Can., bound from Chicago to Kingston with a cargo of grain loose in the hold. Then her gangways were cleared, and all on board but the passengers, who were gathered aft on the upper deck, formed in line with buckets and worked with feverish zeal to heave out the cargo. To starboard a great bucket, operated by steam, was throwing out the valuable grain fifty bushels at every dip.

"Say, that fellow by the for'd gangway there, must be the second mate, is beckoning for us to come up. What a lark it would be to take a load of corn and sell it," said Dan.

"We might as well drop alongside anyway; peak up the foresail and raise the look."

The mate, a very agreeable "Blue Nose" boy, said that she had gone on twenty-four hours before in the fog. "As soon as we lighten her some, the tug will try to yank us off stern first. I don't know what it's worth but you boys might as well fill up with this corn. You can get rid of it most anywhere, and your cockpit will hold a lot. That's a per-looked shipmate there," pointing at Yag.

"So we dropped under a gangway where the yellow corn was falling almost in a steady stream, and soon our boat was full to the top of the centerboard box. As there was no immediate prospect of seeing the great wrecking tug operate, we shook hands with our new friend and filled away on the port tack. We found her rather too low aft, but she stood up well and the unusual weight was no detriment in working to windward. After sailing a short distance we went in stays and headed southeast. This was a long leg, and it was noon when we fetched in close with the land near Cross Village.

By this time the sky was clear and the wind steady, though still dead ahead. So all the rest of the day we kept reaching up the shore, keeping in a narrow streak of wind. We were within sight of the old white church at Middle Village, that marks the entrance to Little Traverse Bay at the north, when the wind quite gave out.

"There's a full moon to-night, and we can't count on getting very far."

"Boys," said the White Elephant, with tragic air, "I've poked into every locker and there's nothing good on board but a half loaf of Vienna and a few crackers."

"I thought we were running short; expected to grub up at Mackinac, but we left Sunday. We'll bring what there is and let the morrow supply its own hardtack." So it was divided into four parts and speedily put where it would do the most good.

A watch that night was of no more interest than if the anchor were down. All through the long, still hours we lay with sails set, but no steerage-way. And now, though the sun had climbed far from the horizon, the strange white church still had the same bearing by compass. Like a painted spot the flora rested motionless on the glassy surface. The skipper and foremast hand were still enjoying their watch below when they overheard the hungry mate soliloquizing:

"This is one of those things that you read about. I didn't start on this cruise for an Arctic expedition, and why should it come to this? Ah, I know now now what drives crews to piracy. Alas! what a mockery of man's power, that a boat engaged in the transportation of food stuffs should not keep its own crew from starvation!" Then his voice indicated resignation as he continued: "No, Yag, you needn't get up and go for'd. Are we Indians or Chinamen? You're too tough and would make us sick. Besides, we haven't the facilities. Petoskey is in sight and still no wind! These canvas shoes of mine would make thin broth, but I believe that's the orthodox thing before casting off."

The placid surface could not forever remain thus. Off to the north-west a dark streak appeared. Then it extended till a large segment of the horizon felt its mysterious influence. Finally a cat-s-paw sent first impulses of the wind touching the lazy canvas, and it swung out to port and to starboard. The joyous swirl of the water under the bows, the lifting, straining sails, the music of the rushing keel, and the draft of fresh, pure breeze from the open lake were truly inspiring! It was a day

"Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be!"

And so, straight as shaft from the bowstring, the Flora sped into the bay.

We were not long in negotiating a sale of our cargo. "Quick sales and big profits," said Dan, but as we had come by the grain by no risk or trouble to ourselves we disposed of it at a price generous to the buyer and still netted a handsome sum, as it appeared to us at the time.

"Who'd have s'posed she could carry forty bushels," laughed Dan, as the stalwart mate swung the heavy ton to the dory. Then we added a few more, and each selected all he could think of. It was amusing to note how the Elephant, with all the arts known to the "connoisseur," as the crew called it, sought to discover the true inwardness of a certain watermelon.

We had finished cleaning out the bilge when a boy arrived with a loaded wheelbarrow and inventory of its contents and inquired if we were "the ducks as had bought out the grocery?" And so the long-anticipated sale was consummated.

"No, matey," murmured Dan; "no more, if you love me. I'm just 'hors du combat.' I think I'll retire to the 'boodwa.'" The skipper, too, cautiously withdrew at this juncture. But still the Elephant continued, and when finally he did desist the board presented a scene of saddest desolation.

How delightful a locality is that for the summer vagrant! No more beauty is the Bay of Naples, we believe, than the view one obtains of pleasant shores and blue water from the cliffs at Petoskey. And the city itself, named after the old converted chieftain! We had read of him, we had fished in the valley where tradition locates his birthplace, and now we knew the home of his later days, grown to be foremost of idler's resorts. There is that in the very air of Petoskey that chases away all gloom; it seems a perpetual carnival.

"No, matey," murmured Dan; "no more, if you love me. I'm just 'hors du combat.' I think I'll retire to the 'boodwa.'" The skipper, too, cautiously withdrew at this juncture. But still the Elephant continued, and when finally he did desist the board presented a scene of saddest desolation.

We delighted to spend the nights in the snug haven across the bay. But Harbor Point, with its haughty, exclusive air and its signs of "No dogs allowed," was not for us. So the morning breeze would wait us back to the slip at the boat house.

When if we were tired of the very excess of life and gaiety at Petoskey, there was her modest sister to cultivate. The reader will not find Bay View on his map. It has sprung up almost as did the fabled palace of Aladdin, in a single night. A curious place, a city of cottages, and already become the Chautauqua of the West. Some of the avenues that begin at the pebbly beach extend quite into the pine-needle forest. Though but a mile distant, it contrasts with its livelier neighbor. We had friends spending the season here who did much to add to the pleasures of the yachtsmen ashore. I remember well what horror they feigned when they discovered some of the amenities of our careless existence. Little did they suspect, charming innocents, that we had a single reef tied down when they took a spin on the bay with us. "Only a capful of wind," the skipper explained, but it seemed to them more than the breeze they required.

We were late Saturday afternoon and the yacht lay moored in the little cove at Frank's boat house. In the cockpit, master and mate were stretched at ease, when suddenly Vag appeared at the landing, soon followed by Dan, who stepped aboard with the remark: "Here's a letter for you, Skip, that I've had in my pocket for two days."

The skipper accepted the apology and the crumpled missive with bad grace. After turning the envelope over several times and thoroughly scrutinizing its post marks, he betthought himself to open it and then his face lighted up.

"Hello, fellows, here's high jinks or I'm a seacock. You know I told you that my cousin, Len Gould, was going to cruise south with his governor on the Laura. Well, they changed their minds and came north about a week after us. It's queer we didn't come across them somewhere. Len wrote the letter here and said to tell Old Mackinn and then followed us here. Just let me read it:

"Petoskey, etc. Dear old fellow, I suppose you think we are at the head of the lake, but we came north instead. I hope this will find you if we don't meet. We stopped at Charlevoix, and old Caldwell, the builder, you know he's an old friend of dad's, told us all about that crab at Harbor Springs on the Fourth. I am just aching to see the prize mug you took. Will you confer the honor of a look at it? The Laura is so lucky for you that the Piasco carried away her topmast before she finished. I suppose you fellows are quite stuck up now. The Laura will stay about three days. Well, so long, Len," and the skipper concluded the letter.

"Better be born lucky than rich," laughed Dan.

"Now steady, boys; let's plot our course. I'm beginning to see through this matter; the mate's slow. First, that letter is in my pocket. There's a great rivalry between Frank here and that wily old builder at Charlevoix. Now, when Caldwell got back with no prize to show, he had to have some excuse. So he tells them that he set tops' in that wind. That accounts for the condition of his spar and the loss of the prize very nicely. But the rub is right here; it wouldn't do to have it get out that his recognized competitor cleaned them all out, so he just made up that pretty little yarn about the Flora. She's the 'dark horse' that entered at the last moment and scooped the mug."

"Well, that's the milk in the nut, and in this case it accounts for the hair on the outside. Better be born lucky than rich. On to Charlevoix!" The crew was exultant.

"Of course Caldwell never expected that we would touch at Charlevoix going home, but he don't know these 'niggers.' No use taking a vote on the question," the skipper said. "On to Charlevoix!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Secrecy in Designing.

"Much sarcastic comment has been bestowed of late upon the secrecy preserved as to the leading features and dimensions of would-be celebrated racing yachts. We have indulged in a poetic sneer at this *fin-de-siècle* feature of yacht-designing, but the license universally accorded to this hard must be our excuse for a spasmodic expression of opinion which we certainly cannot and never did uphold. In the contrary, we consider that every yachtsman is fully justified in protecting his latest ideas from piracy on the part of rival artists so long as he can do so.

"The whole so-called 'science' of yacht designing lies in the faculty in pirating the good features observable in celebrated yachts, or in yachts designed by celebrated draughtsmen. Yachts cannot be 'celebrated' until they have been tried and not found 'amazing' by the general hand, the designer being similarly tried may be reasonably expected to have at all times 'something up their sleeves,' i.e., some improvement upon the model of what has proved to be 'last season's best.'"

"Now there can be no concealment of the general features of any yacht which is actually racing throughout a season, although owners and designers alike betray a certain inclination to enshroud successful yachts with as much mystery as possible. This, however, is usually a somewhat thankless task. But it is only fair that the ideas conceived by any designer should be his own inalienable property until such time as, in the nature of things, they must be made public; and any measures taken to secure this end, in face of the pardonable trying curiosity of the press, should be respected rather than ridiculed."

"Ridicule is hardly a sufficiently strong word to use as indicating the attitude of the American press with regard to the use as indicated in the case of 'Tiptoe'—'abuse' might be more applicable—and this peculiar position was taken up in America, not by the sycophantic daily papers only, but by FOREST AND STREAM, a journal which we regard as being the one and only exponent of true American yachting opinion."

"In curious contrast to the Thistle animadversions, FOREST AND STREAM has, perforce, been fain to publish the precautions taken by Messrs. Herreshoff toward concealment of the 'features' of their coming flyers. 'Night watchmen' have been hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic. At all events no advertising publicity has been given to them, and in this respect it remains for America once more to 'out-Herod Herod.' But now that the sin, if sin it be, lies with our cousins, we are treated to elaborate articles on the difficulties imposed by the Messrs. Herreshoff, without one word of castigation for the fact that their difficulties have been imposed. The truth is that in America the latest 'bright particular' must ever guide the public, and if the late Mr. Burgess did that, all else was wrong; while if the Herreshoffs did this, nothing but this is right, for 'this' comes at a later date than 'that.'—The Yachtsman.

MESSRS. S. S. THORP & CO., who are known to FOREST AND STREAM readers as advertisers in our yachting advertisement pages are hard at work filling a contract to supply 5,000 flags for the World's Fair.—Adv.

New York Y. C.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 23, with Com. Morgan in the chair. In addition to the regular routine business, the house committee was empowered to charter a steamer on the occasion of the naval parade next month and also to arrange for the annual dinner. In regard to the annual cruise, it was decided to rendezvous as in the last two years, at Glen Cove, at some time between Aug. 1 and Aug. 14, the selection of the exact date being left to the officers and the regatta committee. The uncertainty as to the date of completion of the new Cup defenders makes it desirable to leave the date open for the time being, in order to make sure that the four will be present on the cruise. An invitation was read from the secretary of the reception committee of the Viking ship, soon to arrive from Norway, requesting the club to take part in the heavy coming ceremonies at Alesund. The matter was referred to a special committee to be appointed by the commodore. Com. Morgan vacated the chair temporarily in order to propose that the club should present to ex-Com. Gerry a service of silver as a recognition of his work for the club during the seven years in which he was commodore. A motion to this effect was passed, and the matter referred to a committee to be appointed by Com. Morgan. The following letter from Mr. Ogden Goelet was read:

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C.:
DEAR SIR—I have much pleasure in offering the following prizes, viz.:
One \$1,000 cup, to be sailed for by the schooners of the New York Y. C. and

One \$500 cup, to be sailed for by the sloops of the New York Y. C. These prizes to be competed for at Newport on the cruise during the month of August next. The day to be selected by the flag officers and announced on or prior to the date of the rendezvous for the annual cruise, and the course to be decided by the regatta committee. The race to be sailed under their jurisdiction according to the rules and with the time allowance of the New York Y. C., as in former races for the cups, but with no limit to the time in which the race is to be made.

Yachts shall have the right to enter up to 8 o'clock on the morning of the date of the race.

Should any foreign yacht be in our waters during next summer, I beg to reserve the right to allow any one or all of such vessels to enter for this race. Very respectfully,
New York, Feb. 23, 1893. OGDEN GOELET.

Secretary Oddie was requested to write to the Board of Aldermen in favor of retaining the summer ferry to Bay Ridge. The following gentlemen were elected to membership, making the total number of members 918: Henry L. Hotchkiss, John G. Gibbons, Henry A. Carey, William James, Richard N. Young, Henry G. Campbell, J. G. Richardson, J. Norman Whitehouse, John Fox, Jr., J. G. DeForest, Jr., Chas. P. Buchanan, Delavan Bloodgood, E. V. Robert A. Grannis, Oliver H. Belmont, Oswald Sanderson, Edward T. Hunt, Harry Kingsley, J. C. Wright, Jr., William Cowley, Theo. C. Zerega, Louis C. Clark, D. Crawford Clark, Richard Kalish, Capt. John R. Bartlett, U. S. N.; J. E. Reayburn, Capt. Francis J. Higginson, U. S. N.; Henry B. Howell, Dudley L. Pickman, James Rutherford, Jr., Mayhew W. Bronson, O. G. Jennings, Brayton Ives, Richard H. Williams, Samuel T. Peters, William A. Parke, John H. Cole and James A. Garland, Jr.

Large Cutters of the Past.

At the time when the Maria was filling the imaginations of young American yachtsmen—as a matter of fact, yachting was only a few years pastime in the United States in 1844—the "Big Alarm" cutter in this country had an equal hold on the minds of our yachtsmen; but the Alarm was a very different style of craft to the Yankee clipper, and was a sort of cross between the revenue cruiser and the smuggler of the period. She was of 193 tons, Thames measurement, although of only 79ft. load line, her beam being 24ft. She had very taunt spars and large sail spread. A comparison of some large cutters of the last half century will be interesting:

	L.W.L.	Beam.	Main Boom.	Gaff.	Main-sail Area.	Total Sail Area Y.R.A.	Rating Y.R.A.
	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Sq. Ft.	Sq. Ft.	
Alarm.....	70.0	24.0	73	40	5,100	11,900	130
Maria.....	97.0	26.5	95	51	5,850	10,700	190
Oimara.....	95.0	20.0	73	40	3,900	9,250	150
Irex.....	83.6	15.0	7,650	106
Genesta.....	81.0	15.0	68	43	3,090	7,445	104
Galatea.....	87.0	15.0	73	45	..	8,500	124
Thistle.....	95.4	20.3	81	51	4,945	9,957	144
Iverna.....	83.5	19.0	77	47	3,856	8,453	113

Mr. Clarke's big cutter will come somewhere between the Maria and Oimara, and will possibly have a mainsail something like the former's, so far as area goes; but most likely her total area will be much smaller, as these are not days of long bowsprits. If this gaintess in any way approaches expectations formed of her, the Clyde-built craft will have a hopeless chase after her over any Channel course.—Field.

Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco.

In marked contrast to the apathy which has afflicted the large yacht clubs of San Francisco, the young Corinthian Y. C. is planning an unusually lively season, with a frolic of some sort for every week from April to October. The full programme, certainly a varied one, is as follows:

April 22, opening day; April 23, cruise in squadron; May 6, rendezvous at Sausalito, reception at S. F. Yacht Club house; May 7, cruise in squadron accompanying S. F. Y. C. fleet; May 13, cruise to Vallejo; May 14, return; May 20, annual regatta; June 10, rendezvous Corte Madera Creek (R.R. bridge, "jinks" tendered Principal Yacht Club); June 11, return; June 24, annual summer cruise; June 25, rendezvous at R.R. bridge, south shore; Aug. 27, return; Sept. 9, channel cruise; Sept. 17, race; Sept. 23, rendezvous Corinthian Cove; Sept. 24, Corinthian games; Oct. 7, rendezvous Paradise Cove; Oct. 8, return; Oct. 14, closing day.

New Yachts.

The Paine boat is now well in frame and the work is going ahead smoothly. The Stewart & Binney boat has been laid down at Pusey & Jones's yard, in Wilmington, and the moulds made. She will be rigged by Billman, and Wilson & Silsby will make her sails. The bad weather has interfered with the work on Navahoe, but the rigging will soon be completed. The Rogers boat is about plated up, and the keel of the Morgan boat has been laid in the north dock. The "Enterprise" is now in the yard, the building of the Hayden steamer Louise, 105ft., and the stock yacht, 92ft. long, the Kalohai, as well as the Enterprise launch.

At Lawley's yard the steamers and small boats are rapidly nearing completion.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The committee of the Chicago Yachting Association has submitted the following proposition to the World's Fair management: Your committee respectfully submits that the only available location for a yacht harbor is a portion of the present outer harbor and includes the erection of a breakwater on a line 1,350ft. east of the present dock line—the breakwater to extend 1,500ft. north from a point opposite Park row, thence running west to the shore, leaving a gap in the latter portion for an entrance. This would produce a basin in which about 500 yachts could safely moor in any weather. Your committee has called on many of the gentlemen connected with the merchant marine and is assured that they are heartily in favor of this plan and that it conflicts in no way with their interests. A copy of the original authority of the World's Columbian Exposition Company, showing the right of the company to put in piling, etc., has been furnished us by Capt. Marshall, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. President Higginbotham, of the World's Columbian Exposition, has been interviewed by your committee, and requests that the Chicago Yachting and Rowing Association make other data for the use of the Association, requirements, cost and plans of a yacht harbor in this location, to be submitted to the Fair directors, together with such other data as this Association may have bearing on this subject. Statements showing the number of gales during the last five years of sufficient violence to endanger yachts in the present harbor have been secured as evidence of the necessity of protection to the yachts which will visit us during the coming season, together with other data for the use of the Association, relating to the cost and construction of the harbor—which is unnecessary to embody in this report. Your committee recommends that the efforts of the Association be expended solely in this direction at the present time, as being the only feasible plan of securing adequate protection with the limited time at our disposal.

Judging from present appearances there will be two, if not more, additions to the local pleasure fleet this year, but they will be small steam craft, not sailing yachts, in which our people took so much pride and pleasure a few years ago. Both will be by the same designer, Mr. "Jack" Robbin, a mechanic of much ingenuity and skill, who has turned his attention to yacht designing and building with very promising results, as shown in his first effort, a small steamer for Mr. E. B. Barnell of this city. The hull, which has been planked, caulked and painted, is of a handsome model, which promises both speed and stability, the bow being fine on the waterline, and carried up to a half clipper stem, while the run is clean. In construction the craft is light, yet strong. Her keel is oak, 3in. x 3in., with keelsons 3in. x 4in.; frames of oak, bent, 15in. x 23in., 13in. centers; garboard is oak, 14in. thick; sheer strake 1in. thick. All fastenings are galvanized screws, not a nail below the covering board. The decks are of black walnut and cedar, alternate strips. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows: Length of keel, 23ft.; length over all, 35ft.; length of waterline, 29ft. 6in.; extreme beam, 7ft.; draft of water, 25in. She will be driven by an engine of 10 horse-power, vertical compound, keel condenser. The boiler will be of steel, 34in. diameter, 50in. high, with 150 flues of 1 1/4 and 1 3/4 in. each, and a speed of at least 10 miles per hour is expected. The entire draft, if not to be added, boiler excepted, is the work of Mr. Robbin, who will build another of somewhat greater size when the vessel under notice has been completed.—PORT TACK (Bellevue, Cal.)

The St. Augustine Y. C. sailed its first race of the year on March 16 the being being:

	SLOOPS.	Corrected.	
Frolic.....	1 59 12	First prize, \$35
Isle.....	1 52 02	Second prize, \$10
Isle.....	1 53 03	Third prize, \$5
Ponce de Leon and Genovieve, no time taken, entrance fee, \$2, refunded.			

	CATS.	
Arrow.....	1 51 58
Adda.....	1 57 02
Seminoole.....	1 58 08
Nona, no time taken, entrance fee, \$2, refunded.		

Miranda, scht., is now ready for sea but has not left New London. Her crew was shipped on March 22, and on the same evening a fight occurred on board, the police being called in and two of the new men finally discharged. On Friday another mishap occurred; the captain's son, Alexander Betts, 17 years old, had with him a friend, Harry McCaffrey, of New Haven. Young Betts picked up a loaded pistol in the cabin and pointed it at his friend with the command to "throw up his hands." When he pulled the trigger a ball struck McCaffrey in the right cheek, wounding him seriously. Betts was arrested. Capt. Richard C. Hooker will be in command, with Capt. Betts as navigator. The yacht will sail as soon as word is received from Mr. Coleman, who is now in Florida. Mr. George Cormack, who intended to sail in her, will not do so. She will probably go by way of Cape Horn.

The Williamsburg Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., William Martain; Vice-Com., Theodore Meyer; Post Capt., Larry Rice; Sec., George Simmes; Asst. Sec., Henry F. Ruper; Treas., Alfred Smith; Meas., William Rexter; Judge Advocate, James Clifford; Steward, John Taves; Sergt. at Arms, Gabel Barker; Board of Trusts, Joseph Northrup, William Stebbins, Patrick Monahan, Melville Waters, John Essman; Reg. Com., Gus F. Burkard, Henry Ruper, George Belk, Jr., Thomas Ellison, Edward Brown; Delegates to N. Y. Y. R. A., Henry Roth, James Schuessele.

The annual meeting of the Oswego Y. C. of Auburn, N. Y., was held on March 21, and the following officers and committees were elected: Com., F. I. Allen; Vice-Com., G. C. Smith; Sec'y and Treas., O. Stroug; Meas., D. Beardsley. Regatta Committee, C. E. Thorne, N. B. Burr, W. F. Hopkins, C. Chedell, Canoe Committee, E. Jennings and F. C. Jones. The club is in a prosperous condition, and has decided to offer some valuable prizes for this season's races. There are several additions to the fleet this year, and the members are looking forward to the races with increased interest.

The annual meeting of the New Bedford Y. C. was held on March 21, the following officers being elected: Com., Frank C. Haskell; Vice-Com., Edward M. Whitney; Rear Com., John B. Rhodes; Sec., Alfred S. James. Treas., F. A. Booth; Directors, R. H. Morgan, E. B. Anthony, E. B. Hammond, H. K. Snow, Horace W. Warren, J. H. P. Haskell, W. A. T. A. Holmes, A. W. Forbes, Fred R. Fish. The club has a membership of 158 and a fleet of forty-five yachts, with a cash balance of \$600. A contribution of \$20 to the Cuttyhunk fund was authorized.

The Bayonne City Y. C. has filed articles of incorporation at the county clerk's office, the incorporators being the board of trustees—William Elsworth, Edward Van Buskirk, Philip Mooney, Frank Elsworth and Philip Van Buskirk. The following delegates have been chosen to the New York and New Jersey Yacht Racing Association: Edwin H. Betts, Capt. Joseph Elsworth and John O'Neill. The club was organized last year and a small club house built on an island in New York Bay just off the Bayonne shore at Thirty-sixth street.

The Toronto Skiff Sailing Club has elected the following officers: Com., H. M. Pellatt; Vice-Com., T. A. E. World; Capt., A. Skimmer; Hon. Sec'y, F. C. Paterson; Hon. Treas., W. E. Fensom; Hon. Meas., A. R. Taylor. Executive Committee—R. Livingston, E. Apted, E. Webb, J. Buchanan, A. Cook and Wm. Anderson. Sailing Committee, G. F. Bumbard, D. World, T. Sauer, J. Stoddard and F. Flannery. House Committee—Price, A. Livingston, L. Levy, W. Edwards and R. H. Northcote.

At the annual meeting of the Plymouth (Mass.) Y. C., on March 21, the following officers were elected: Com., N. Morton; Vice-Com., T. N. Eldridge; Fleet Captain, H. P. Bailey; Sec'y, A. L. Barnes; Treas., G. E. Benson; Meas., C. F. Bradford. Executive Committee, N. Morton, G. D. Bartlett, A. L. Bailey, W. T. Eldridge, A. O. Fay. Regatta Committee, N. Morton, T. N. Eldridge, A. O. Fay.

The Cedar Point Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., K. C. Eno, M. D., Slip Imperia; Vice-Com., Edward Thorne, Slip Commodore; Sec., W. J. Thomas; Treas., Edwin C. Smith; Meas., O. J. Allen; Reg. Com., A. D. Sanford, O. J. Allen and E. C. Smith. The opening regatta will be sailed on May 31. The club may hold monthly races through the season.

Thomas A. Welch, of the tug F. W. Devoe, who was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree on Oct. 30, 1891, for sinking the yacht Amelia, and who was released on bail through the efforts of the Association of Licensed Pilots after being sentenced for five years, has been surrendered by his surety and re-arrested. It is alleged that he was about to leave for Chicago.

The steam yacht Emily, Jacob Pulver, of Albany, has been hauled out on Watling's ways for general repairs, including engine and boiler. On the morning of March 19 she was discovered to be on fire, and the inside and deck were badly burned before the flames were extinguished. Oriva, cutter, was lying on the ways beside her, but escaped without injury.

The Philadelphia Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for the season of 1893: Opening cruise, May 27. Annual regatta, Monday, June 5. Open regatta, June 17, open to 15ft. open boats. Club cruise, June 30 to July 13. Pennant races and sweepstake, July 19. Open race, all classes and all clubs, Saturday, Sept. 16.

The Cleveland Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., George W. Gardner; Vice-Com., Percy W. Rice; Rear Com., W. H. Huntington; Sec'y and Treas., J. O. Gardner; Regatta Committee, W. P. Francis, William De Moy and Luther Allen; House Committee, P. P. Wright, E. W. Radder and C. W. Kelly.

At the annual meeting of the Olympic Y. C., of Brooklyn, on March 20, the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. Harkins; Vice-Com., F. H. Bohland; Rear-Com., James McNamara; Sec'y, R. Orr; Fin. Sec'y, A. Muller; Rec. Sec'y, James Burns; Treas., Wm. Dement; Meas., L. Holmstr.

The Carolina Y. C., of Wilmington, N. C., has elected the following officers: Com., Geo. W. Kiddie; Vice-Com., Geo. D. Parsley; Flag Capt., H. L. Fennell; Purser, J. McK. Cowan; Meas., D. McRae; Marshal, H. McL. Green; Governing Board, W. R. Barksdale, F. A. Lord and W. N. Harris.

The Southwark Y. C., of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers: Com., James Irvin; Vice-Com., J. M. Crean; Rear-Com., A. Bennett; Treas., Isaac Sharp; Sec'y, J. R. Stevens; Asst. Sec'y, Robt. Marsh; Steward, John Snyder.

The Mobile Y. C. is preparing to build a club house, and has appointed a committee to select a site. The club is greatly interested in a proposed race between the 40ft. Nepeunthe, of New Orleans, and the Annie, a club boat.

The final smoke talk of the Fall River Y. C. took place on Nov. 30, Mr. Jefferson Borden, the yacht designer, lecturing on the subject of the challenges and defenders of the America's Cup.

Alert, scht., J. N. Luning, arrived at Staten Island on March 24, in charge of Capt. Corkum. She left Bermuda on March 15, the whole passage from Gibraltar taking 44 days.

Hazard, sloop, of Newburyport, has been sold by Messrs. Moody and Pierce to G. P. Wadleigh, of Portsmouth. The yacht is well known on the Eastern coast as a racer.

Marguerite, scht., R. S. Palmer, will haul out at Lawley's this week preparatory to fitting out and will take part in the naval parade at Norfolk.

Gertrude, sloop, built for the late H. B. Pearson, has been sold to Arthur G. Earle, N. Y. C., who has retained her Zingara.

Sagamore, steam yacht, Edgar Scott, arrived at Matanzas on Nov. 11 from Nassau and sailed on Nov. 12 for Havana.

Comet, steam yacht, sailed from Savannah on March 21 and reached New York on March 25.

Rosalia, cutter, the Burgess 30-footer, has been sold by H. F. Smith to Frederick Ayer of Boston.

Chaos, cutter, the 30-footer designed by Mr. L. M. Phillips, has been sold to a Portland yachtsman.

Liris, cutter has been sold by C. W. Wetmore, to Walter Tuckerman, Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

Iroquois, schooner, returned to New York on March 21, from her Southern cruise.

Crusader, schr., Messrs. Swift and Goodwin, will be altered and overhauled at Reillon's.

The Audubon Y. C. has been admitted to membership in the New York Y. R. A.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., March 25.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindale.....	9 8 9 9 7 7 8 10 9 10—86
Louis.....	6 7 9 9 10 10 9 8 9 10—87
Louis.....	9 8 7 7 7 9 9 7 6 10—87
Louis.....	8 10 8 4 5 7 7 7 8 8—82
Louis.....	9 8 4 10 5 4 9 9 6 7—71
Louis.....	7 10 9 9 6 9 8 9 6 9—82
Louis.....	6 9 9 8 10 10 9 8 7 7—81
Louis.....	9 9 9 9 6 8 8 9 10 10—87
Louis.....	9 9 9 9 10 10 9 9 8 7—84
Louis.....	9 8 6 8 10 7 9 6 6 9—78
Louis.....	8 9 6 6 6 10 9 7 8 5—77
Louis.....	7 8 9 5 6 7 7 9 7 7—72
Louis.....	8 10 8 6 4 10 7 5 6 6—70
Louis.....	5 8 6 7 7 4 9 9 8 8—69
Louis.....	10 10 8 10 7 6 9 7 10—75
Louis.....	7 9 5 10 10 10 8 6 4—73
Louis.....	7 9 5 10 10 10 8 6 4—73
Louis.....	7 9 10 7 9 6 10 6 8—80
Louis.....	5 5 5 6 7 7 10 7 10—72
Louis.....	4 10 9 5 5 9 9 8 6 8—73
Louis.....	6 6 3 8 2 4 6 6 3 4—62
Louis.....	3 4 4 3 2 4 6 4 7—49
Louis.....	10 7 5 9 9 9 9 9 7 9—72
Louis.....	5 8 8 6 5 8 8 8 7—71
Louis.....	6 7 10 9 10 6 9 4 8—75
Louis.....	6 10 7 7 6 9 9 8 6 8—76
Louis.....	10 9 6 6 4 10 8 6 5 5—75
Louis.....	10 5 5 10 10 8 6 6 5 6—71
Louis.....	10 6 10 7 8 9 10 9 7—77
Louis.....	7 8 5 5 6 6 9 9 9—72
Louis.....	7 6 8 5 5 10 10 8 6—74
Louis.....	7 9 8 4 5 5 5 7 5 9—61
Louis.....	5 8 3 5 6 7 6 6 8 6—60
Louis.....	5 6 10 2 10 5 7 2 5 9—61
Louis.....	6 7 9 8 9 8 9 8 7 8—79
Louis.....	6 7 9 7 8 9 10 9 8—78
Louis.....	7 8 7 6 7 10 7 9 8—74
Louis.....	6 4 1 8 6 5 3 7 4 5—49
Louis.....	7 4 4 0 2 5 6 1 4 1—34
Louis.....	5 5 4 0 4 8 3 5 6 0—40
Louis.....	6 3 5 5 6 0 6 9 0 4—44
Louis.....	4 2 4 7 7 4 4 6 3 3—40
Louis.....	3 2 5 0 0 2 3 2 4 1—22

The Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The reason given in last week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* by the "Eagle" for his statement some weeks ago to the effect that the Miller Rifle Club was about to disband, I think is a very weak one. The Newark papers he speaks of only advised the Miller Rifle Club to disband. Now as regards to our club shooting for money only, this is untrue, as the side bet they generally ask for goes toward paying for refreshments, fare, etc. Now we do not deny saying that in the event we would arrange a match with the Hudson River Club, should we accede to their request to bar our New York members from shooting in the match, we would not have such a strong team as we are known to possess. As far as that goes we can shoot a team against their of fifteen or twenty men a side if necessary. We did not refuse to meet them in a seven men team match for fear of them, but because we have never made it a practice to shoot less than ten men a side. Another thing, I will wager that I can name the party who gave the alleged information to the Newark reporter, and also that I can name the latter. It is at the most only an outburst of long-concealed jealousy at the victory of the Miller Rifle Club in the *FOREST AND STREAM* recent tournament, by which the Miller Rifle Club won the New Jersey championship. The reason Capt. Fischer refused to shoot a match with C. E. Bird a few months ago was given in *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time. Business would not allow him the time to shoot the match, and furthermore, Mr. Bird wanted to shoot three matches of 100 shots apiece for \$5 a side, then he turns around and says in *FOREST AND STREAM* that the stakes would be \$100 a side in case a match would be arranged. Kindly publish and oblige,

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.
(J. H. KRUSE.)

[No good is likely to come of prolonging this discussion. The one thing that the public cares to see is an actual standing up at the score.]

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

WASHINGTON PARK, New York City, March 23.—The New York Central Schuetzen Corps opened its season shoot for the year 1892 in this park to-day. The attendance of the members was highly satisfactory to the board of officers. The shooting of Gus Zimmerman, upheld his reputation as a champion shooter. The champion medal went to Gus Zimmerman; the first class medal to Aug. Rohde; the second class medal to ex-Capt. C. F. Gennerich; the third class medal to H. Holsten; the fourth class medal to W. Schueweineiss.

Man target.—The best scores on this target were made by 1st, Aug. Rohde; 2d, F. Schueweineiss; 3d, Gus Zimmerman; 4th, C. F. Gennerich; 5th, F. S. Schroeder; 6th, F. E. Schmidt; 7th, F. Schmidt; 8th, A. Roos; 9th, J. Jordan; 10th, H. D. Müller; 11th, E. Berkman. Point target.—1st, Gus Zimmerman; 2d, F. Schueweineiss; 3d, H. Young; 4th, H. D. Müller; 5th, F. Schmidt; 6th, N. Brendel; 7th, G. Lowe; 8th, E. Berkman; 9th, J. Foersch; 10th, W. Fayer; 11th, W. Bergener; 12th, L. Groth. Ring target.—The best scores on this target were: 1st, F. Schueweineiss; 2d, F. Schueweineiss; 3d, H. Young; 4th, F. Schueweineiss; 5th, F. Schueweineiss; 6th, H. D. Müller; 7th, F. Schmidt; 8th, A. Roos; 9th, J. Jordan; 10th, H. D. Müller; 11th, E. Berkman; 12th, W. Fayer. W. Fayer, 14th, H. C. Ganneman; 15th, F. Luhrs; 16th, H. Holsten; 17th, E. Berkman; 18th, J. Lowe; 19th, L. Groth; 20th, W. Bergener. F. BAUMANN, Sec'y.

Bundes Fest and International Shoot.

The call for a meeting of delegates from the various shooting societies in and about New York, to take place on Friday evening, March 24, at 12 St. Mark's place, was responded to by representatives from a large number of the societies. The following societies were represented at the meeting: The New York Schuetzen Corps, New York Central Schuetzen Corps, New York City Schuetzen Corps, Zettler Rifle Club, Newark Shooting Society, Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps, Williamsburg Schuetzen Corps, Manhattan Schuetzen Bund, Albion Rifle Club, Austrian Schuetzen Corps, Hoboken Schuetzen Corps, New York Schuetzen Bund, Independent Germania Schuetzen Bund, Harlem Schuetzen Corps, Ex-Capt. Fred Groth, of the New York Schuetzen Corps, was chairman of the meeting, and in the absence of Mr. Gus Nowak, the secretary of the previous meeting, Mr. C. F. Roedel, secretary of the New York City Schuetzen Corps, was elected to fill the vacant chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and adopted the object of the present meeting was laid before the delegates by the chairman. The previous meeting of these delegates had been called for the purpose of deciding whether the shooting societies of New York would respond to the invitation of the Chicago Schuetzen Verein to take part in the Columbia Festival at Chicago this summer or not.

The prospectus of the shooting programme, as submitted to the meeting, was in so far as the prizes went, very satisfactory, the prizes being liberal. But there was one feature of the programme that was decidedly unique. The prospectus proposed to have the festival open on a Sunday and close in the evening, and remain closed until the following Sunday, when it would open again as on the first Sunday, to be closed again in the evening, and thus it was proposed to carry on this festival through the Sundays of six months. This feature in the programme was a stumbling block from the outset, and a request was

forwarded to the Chicago Verein, to change the programme so as to have the festival held from one to three weeks continuously. The request of the New York shooters accomplished little, however. The only modification that the Chicago management would consent to was to add one day in the week to the programme, making two days per week, Sunday and Monday, and restricting the length of the festival to three months, from June 1 to Sept. 1.

The impracticability of holding a shooting festival for three months (two days per week) continuously was so apparent to all, that on motion of Mr. Schmitt, of the Manhattan Bund, it was decided that the New York societies would not participate in the Chicago festival.

The decision of the meeting in the Chicago matter having been settled, the next question to come up was, shall the New York societies form a new Bund for the purpose of holding a festival in New York in 1894.

This question brought Mr. F. Baumann, secretary of the New York Central Corps, to his feet. He advocated the forming of a Bund, and said that he could guarantee the united support of the New York Central Corps.

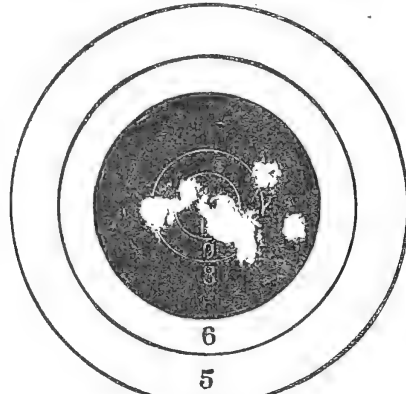
Mr. Baumann was followed by Capt. Rehm, of the New York City Corps; ex-Capt. Geb. Krauss, of the Williamsburg Corps; Capt. Offerman, of the New York Corps; Capt. Witte, of the Brooklyn Corps; President Ad. Ludwig, of the Manhattan Bund; these gentlemen were all strongly in favor of a Bund, and as the last speaker resumed his seat there were cries of "Que ion!" from all parts of the room; and upon the question being put to a vote it was unanimously decided to form the Bund.

It was also voted to send out another invitation, which, it is hoped, will reach every shooting society in the vicinity of New York. The next meeting will be held at No. 12 St. Mark's place, on Friday evening, April 21. This meeting will be of great importance, and upon its result will in a large measure depend the success of the Bund.

From now until April 21 it will be well for the societies to canvass the merits of all the prominent names who are likely to be brought forward for permanent offices in the Bund. The success of a Bund rests principally with its board of officers.

A Haverhill Score.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Feb. 18.—Inclosed please find target made by J. Busfield, of the Haverhill Rifle Club, in off-hand practice match. It was made on the evening of Feb. 16., at 25yds. range, in an improvised



Score: 9 10 9 10 10 10 10 8 9 9—95.

gallery where some of the members get a little winter practice. The rifle was a Maynard and ammunition the long rifle .22 cartridge, and the shooting was in presence of H. E. Tuck of the club.

J. P. M. GREEN, Sec'y.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE SCHUETZEN PARK, Jersey City, March 22.—The Excelsior Rifle Club opened the season of 1893 with an informal shoot here this afternoon, weather conditions being anything but favorable for good scores, a strong southeast gale driving heavy banks of rain-laden clouds in from the ocean, which made the light very changeable and tricky. However, the shooters made the most of their opportunities and succeeded in putting up some fairly good scores.

The following scores are the results of the day's practice, 10 shots per score, possible 350, distance 200yds.:
W. J. Channing, Stevens 25-30.....19 21 14 21 21 24 31 22 25 22—210
L. P. Hanson, Ballard 38-55.....22 21 21 22 21 23 23 23 10 14—207
John Speicher, Ballard 38-55.....22 22 18 21 17 19 23 19 22 21—202
J. O. Boyce, Ballard 40-65.....23 22 21 16 24 17 21 18 23 14—199
James Hughes, Ballard 32-40.....15 21 19 16 23 18 17 24 22 19—194

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The regular weekly gallery handicap shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City for the class medals was held at the club's headquarters on Tuesday evening, March 21. The following appended scores were made by the members in their respective classes:

J. Speicher, 243+6.....	249	W. J. Hennessy, 238+4.....	242
L. P. Hanson, scratch.....	246		
C. L. Pinney.....	230	T. Hughes.....	222
J. O. Boyce.....	229	J. Hughes.....	221
C. Thomas, 237+6.....	233	R. H. Duff, scratch.....	230

Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, March 25.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Port Chester Rifle Club, 200yds., off-hand:
Rudd.....7 5 7 10 9 10 9 9 9—84
Smith.....7 8 10 8 8 8 9 5 7—80
Bell.....6 9 5 8 8 9 5 7 6—68
Boeger.....6 2 5 7 9 6 9 7 4—72
Kierian.....6 3 9 5 5 3 7 10 6—65
McNeil.....3 9 5 6 4 8 4 9 4—55

Easter Prize Shoot.

The German American Shooting Society will hold an Easter shoot, on the ranges of the society, at No. 12 St. Mark's place, on April 2 and 3. The programme is as follows: 24 prizes, open to all comers; 25-ring targets, tickets 35 cents each, or 3 for \$1; 3 shots per ticket; two best tickets to count for the first 10 prizes.
Prizes: 4 gold medals; one prize of \$12, \$10, \$9 and \$8; two of \$7, \$6, \$5 and \$4; three of \$3, \$2 and two of \$1. Premiums for the most rings made or tickets shot: 1st premium \$5, 2d \$4, 3d \$3, 4th \$2 and 5th \$1.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

A FEW members of the Turtle Bay Club met at their headquarters, in Fort-second street, on Thursday evening, March 23, for regular practice. The following scores were made by the members competing:
10 shot scores, possible 350, distance 200yds.:
G. E. Jantzer.....245 245 245 W. Steine.....225 225 223
H. W. Tamm.....230 234 229 J. Oberle.....220 229 226
J. Ochs, Jr.....239 242 240 G. J. Gillig.....231 236 211
H. Walther.....234 243 244

Winans Trophy.

MR. THEO. E. BUCH, of Newark, N. J., has written to this office formally withdrawing his challenge to shoot for the Winans trophy against W. E. Petty, the present holder, naming business obligations as the reason for this step. Mr. Beck adds: "I will withdraw and make room for the other gentlemen, and later on I will enter into the competition." Mr. Abe G. Heintz, of New York, whose challenge is next in order, will be the next contestant. The match will take place at 12 St. Mark's place, New York, Thursday evening, April 13, and some good shooting may be expected.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE Zettler Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters, 210 Bowery, on Tuesday evening, March 21. The following appended scores were made by the members competing for club prizes, 10 shot scores, possible 350: M. Dorrier 245, C. G. Zettler 245, R. Busse 247, Henry Holges 247, G. W. Plaisted 246, Fred. Schmidt 245, B. Zettler 244, B. Walther 243, Gus Nowak 243, M. B. Engel 242, F. C. Ross 240, J. Heintz 237.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

March.—Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Park City grounds, Bridgeport.
April 5-7.—Interstate live bird tournament, Dexter Park, Long Island, H. A. Penrose, Sec'y, New London, Conn.
April 11-12.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, Greensboro, N. C.
April 19-20.—Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
April 19-21.—Waverly (Iowa) Gun Club tournament. Professionals barred.
April 25-27.—Third grand tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, Wilmington, Delaware, C. O. Kurtz, Sec'y.
May 24.—Independent (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
May 24.—Williamsport (Pa.) Gun Club annual tournament.
May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.
May 9-12.—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
May 16-17.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, Lansing, Mich.
May 16-19.—North Baltimore (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
May 16-19.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Lansing, Mich.
May 17-18.—West Newburg Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburg, N. Y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.
May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsman's Association, Omaha, Neb. F. O. Parmlee, Sec'y.
May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Maplewood, N. J.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia. June.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester, H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
June 20-21.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.
June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peekskill, N. Y.
July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.
July 4.—Eastern New York Trap Shooter's League tournament at Amsterdam, N. Y., under auspices of Riverview Gun Club. Rob't M. Hartley, President.
Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The live bird tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association to take place at Dexter Park, Long Island, next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, promises to be one of the big events of the season. A large number of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania shooters have guaranteed to be on hand. The grand American handicap, to the entries for which the Association will add \$300, will have a big field of entries, Mr. Penrose being confident that the number will exceed 50. With 50 entries the first money will be \$325. Entries will not close until the shoot begins. It must be remembered that the handicaps have been reduced to \$25. The handicaps will be from 32 down to 21yds. The boundary will be 21yds. from each trap. Ten bore guns are barred. Twelve-bore guns must not exceed 8lbs. in weight. In all except the above particulars modified Hurlingham rules will govern. To reach Dexter Park, take Brooklyn Bridge, Union Elevated Railroad to Alabama station, East New York, then electric cars to grounds, or via Twenty-third street or Roosevelt street ferries.

At the supper shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club at Maple Bay, March 19, the teams were captained by George Mann and A. C. Ginty. 30 birds were used. The score stood: Captain Mann's team—G. Mann 23, G. Luther 23, D. M. Lefever 27, E. D. Hudson 22, H. L. Lansing 21, A. E. Spangler 21, E. D. Robins 16, C. Dugard 23, C. Gardiner 12, total 198. Capt. Ginty's team—A. C. Ginty 24, C. Mowry 31, D. Walters 22, H. Ayling 20, C. Howell 12, W. E. Hookway 17, J. Cool 23, Wm. Prellie 13, W. S. Barnum 24, total 176. W. T. Barnum, of the Maple Bay Hotel, provided the supper, and a good one it was.

The opening shoot for 1893 of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the Park City Gun Club grounds, at Bridgeport, tomorrow, and the prospectors expect a big turnout. The main event will be that at 30 targets per man, for members of league clubs. There are twelve entries in all on the programme, eight at 10 targets each, three at 15 each and the league shoot. All except the 30-target event and event No. 5, which is a merchandise shoot, will be under the "Jack Rabbit" system. Targets will be 2 cents each.

The Roxborough Gun Club and the Forest Gun Club shot a match at Roxborough, Pa., on March 18, the teams comprising eleven men each and each shooting at 25 targets. The scores: Roxborough—Willard 24, Hoagland 20, Taggart 18, Cowan 17, Brown 17, Egan 16, Free 16, Heffelfinger 16, G. Bloduin 14, A. Weir 13, Evans 7, total 178. Forest—Mills 22, Greenland 22, Hothersall 20, Wetzel 20, Rowencroft 16, Bender 16, Morrison 15, Van Nort 14, Riotti 13, Foster 10, Smith 9, total 177.

All those wishing to shoot in the Grand American Handicap, which takes place next week will please make their entries at once. This will be by far the largest shoot ever held in America, and the man who is fortunate enough to capture one of the three purses will have velvet for the entire season. The entries will close at end of first round. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

At the monthly badge shoot of the Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., the scores out of a possible 25 targets were: H. Buckmaster 22, I. Wright 21, R. Miller 21, E. Camp 19, G. Huber 19, H. Miller 18, F. Martin 18, C. Springer 17, J. Caldwell 17, J. White 16, E. Melchoir 14, J. Huber 13.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., recently organized with a charter membership of 25. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. W. Nelson, President; A. Harvey, Vice-President; H. L. Heisler, Secretary; L. A. Gunderson, Treasurer.

The Mountain Brook Gun Club, of Lykens, Pa., will hold a ball in Odd Fellows' Hall on April 7. On the same day a shooting match will be held, and the gun clubs of Tower City and Williamstown will be present.

H. A. Penrose was in town last week looking after Keystone target and Interstate Association business. He is well and hearty and confident of a big season for Keystone targets.

The annual meeting of the Garfield Gun Club, Chicago, will be held in the club room of the Sherman House, Saturday, April 1, at 8 o'clock. P. M. A full attendance is requested. Geo. H. Brown, Sec'y.

John Dixon, a veteran gunner of Lawrenceville, Pa., recently defeated Ed Hickey in a 15-bird contest, killing 14 to Hickey's 12. The match was for \$50 a side.

The Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., is willing and anxious to pit a team of twenty of its members against a like team from any club in the State.

President Eaton has presented a gold medal for competition to the North Montana Fish and Game Protective Association.

C. W. Delp and C. H. Shappell, both of Cressona, Pa., will shoot a 25-bird match at the Long Run Hotel on April 4.

Harry Thurman, better known perhaps as "Old Father Time," was looking up friends in New York last week.

Whitehall, N. Y., has a new rod and gun club, of which W. B. Travis is president.

The Laughlin Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., has begun its season's shooting.

Don't forget the Interstate at Dexter Park, Long Island, April 5, 6 and 7.

The Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club is looking for new grounds. The Diamond Gun Club, of Dayton, O., has forty members.

O. H. TOWNSEND.

off, and the one of them who kills most gets first money and the other nothing or they divide first money. Ans. A. is right. In case of a tie, if an agreement to divide is not reached, the tie is shot off, and no one but the winner is entitled to a share of the prize money. This rule is one established by long precedent.

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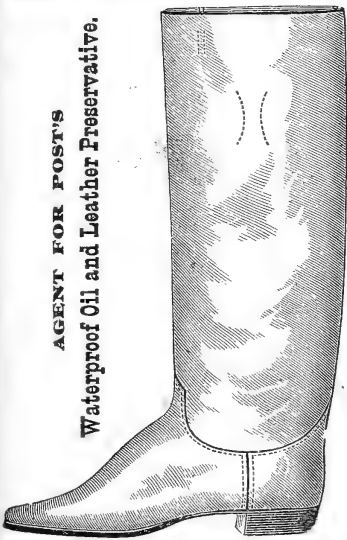
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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I have had the honor of coaching many gentlemen, and have carefully studied the points especially requiring attention that have cropped up from time to time while giving instruction. I hope that those who favor me by studying this treatise may quickly gain the knowledge so essential for the making of an average if not brilliant shot.

I have purposely refrained from touching on the several merits of any class of gun—being a gun-maker myself; and, indeed, so many good works on the subject have been written that it is really unnecessary.

I trust that authors from whose writings I have made extracts will pardon me when they recollect that I have at heart one object, viz.: the advancement of a manly sport which gives pleasure, health and occupation to many, and to the patronage of whose followers I am indebted for many pleasant days.

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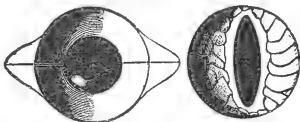
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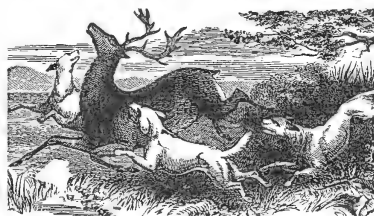
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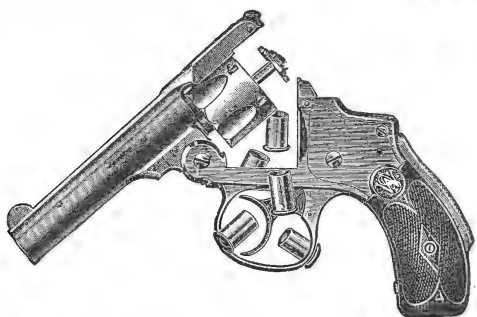
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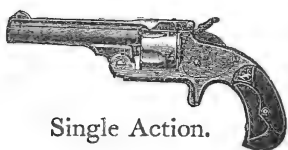
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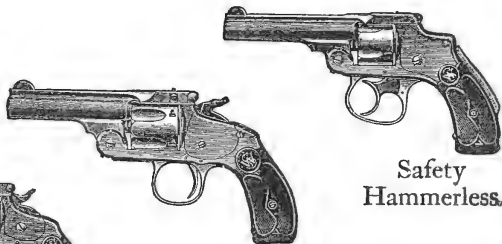
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 14.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DELMONICO PAYS \$450.00.

THE end of the notorious Delmonico woodcock case has been reached, and it is a triumph for game protection in this State, for Game Protector Kidd, for the sportsmen of New York, and for FOREST AND STREAM.

The Delmonico concern, for the offense of serving woodcock out of season in July, 1890, have settled up by paying a fine of \$450.

As reported last week, the case was set for trial Wednesday, April 5. But when Dr. Kidd, with his witnesses, went to the District Attorney's office yesterday, he was met by Assistant District Attorney Townsend with the same old story that the case had been set for the day but would not be reached until some time in the future. As a matter of fact it was not on the calendar for the day at all, and never had been.

Thanks to the persistency of Protector Kidd acting on the suggestion of the FOREST AND STREAM, Judge McCarthy of the City Court promised that it should be brought up to-day.

At last the Delmonico woodcock suit and the unwilling officials of the District Attorney's office had been pushed to the point where the case must be tried. The July woodcock restaurant concern's counsel were advised that it could not be postponed beyond to-day. Then they did what we have always told Dr. Kidd they would do whenever they should be convinced that District Attorney Nicoll and his subordinates really meant business—they settled up, and were not slow about it either. They paid down the cash, \$25 per bird for eighteen birds, \$450 in all.

There was nothing else for them to do. Dr. Kidd has never lost a case, and has told us that this was the strongest case he ever had. Not only could he swear to having found the woodcock in Delmonico's in that July of 1890, but there were present yesterday Messrs. Odell and Van Nostrand, of Newburg, who were with him at the time. He had also two of the heads of the Delmonico birds served to him, and there were present yesterday Messrs. D. G. Elliott, of the American Museum of Natural History; Wm. A. Dutcher, of this city, a well-known ornithologist, and Mr. Wilnot Townsend, to identify these as heads of American woodcock. The case was perfect. There was no good reason under heaven, except only its culpably shiftless mismanagement by District Attorney Platt, of Westchester county, and District Attorney Nicoll, of New York county, why this final result should not have been reached months and years ago. That it has been reached at all is due to the perseverance and tenacity of Protector Willett Kidd and to the activity of the FOREST AND STREAM. Without the agency of this journal the Delmonico woodcock case would have been lost sight of long ago.

When we began this fight, it was said by more than one, who had had experience with these affairs, that we never would accomplish what we had set out to do; that Delmonico would never pay his fine. But he has paid it.

That justice has at length been meted out to the Fifth avenue purveyor of callow game birds out of season is a distinctive and honorable triumph of sportsmen's journalism. We congratulate Dr. Kidd and the sportsmen of New York and of the country that after all these months the final victory has been won.

The result is a demonstration of the fact that with the vigilant co-operation of such a journal as this, game and fish suits may be forced to trial and offenders, however rich and influential, may be punished, in spite of the tortuous ways of district attorney offices. And it is a result for the attainment of which the FOREST AND STREAM may always be depended upon to do its full part.

"DANVIS FOLKS."

THE characters who play their parts in Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's new series of chapters, "Danvis Folks," will need no introduction to the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who six or seven years since followed with such delight and interest the records of rural life of fifty years ago, in those remarkable and admirable papers, "Uncle Lisha's Shop," and "Sam Lovel's Camps;" nor to those who possess the two notable volumes into which the chapters were gathered. That these simple hunters and fishermen will be greeted with a cordial and sincere welcome we have no doubt. Indeed this has already been assured by the numerous letters received since our announcement of the third series by Mr. Robinson. For the benefit of new readers to whom these old-fashioned Vermont folk are strangers, it may be told that Uncle Lisha was a shoemaker and the little shop was the exchange where his gossiping, story-telling neighbors met to discuss news, and, as they phrased it, to swap lies. Here came Sam Lovel, the hunter; Joseph Hill, son of the veteran Josiah Hill, whom Arnold had aided in taking Ticonderoga; Solon Briggs, a man addicted to the use of great and heretofore unprinted words; Antoine Bisette, an expatriated hero of the Canadian rebellion; Pelatiah Gove, the youngest of the frequenters of the place, and occasionally others who need not be named.

After long yearning for their only son, who had married and settled in far-off Wisconsin, Uncle Lisha and his wife sold their house and shop and little farm and went to live with their first-born. But the new home did not prove a happy one, nor the prairie soil congenial to aged trees that were nourished in the stony earth of the hills; and now, at the time of the opening of this new series, overcome by a longing for old Vermont, they have set out on their return to the Danvis home. Hither they come, and having made their bows and curtsies to you, these kindly, homely folk of fifty years ago most earnestly desire that they may not have estranged old friends, but may have made some new ones when the candle shall be blown out and the shop be closed for the long night.

MARRYING INTO THE TRIBE.

CERTAIN of the newspapers came out the other day with a story of the discovery of a great wall somewhere down in southwestern Texas, said to rival in immensity the great wall of China. In due time we shall learn that this is a figment of the "fake"-maker's fertile fancy. But as most sportsmen, who have been shooting in Maryland, know very well, there are Chinese walls in profusion there, and the curious feature of their existence is that no one appears to think them anything strange or out of place in this period of the union of the United States. A Maryland correspondent sends us some particulars of them, which are printed elsewhere, as an illustrative commentary upon our remarks the other day respecting the un-American nature of non-resident discriminations.

These grotesque Maryland statutes have certain comical aspects. One pointed out by our correspondent is that a duck, on its way from the North to the South, may at a certain point in the air, in its passage over Maryland waters, be lawfully shot by one citizen of the State, while another citizen of the same State, but aiming his gun from across a county dividing line, may shoot the same bird at the same place and at the same instant, only at the risk of forfeiting \$50 or going to jail.

Among the non-resident laws of thirteen several Maryland counties is the highly-complicated statute of Dorchester, which we commend to Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, or some other equally ingenious writer of stories flavored with a dash of romance and the incense of sporting brands of gunpowder. Under the working of this special law this chain of events would be quite possible: A Vermonter, say Sam Lovel from Danvis, a stranger in Maryland, is caught shooting partridges (which are ruffed grouse in Vermont, but are quail in Maryland) in Dorchester county without first having taken out his \$5 license; he is arrested, haled before the local justice of the peace and convicted and fined \$25. Not having the

money to pay his fine he is about to be led away to the lock-up for ten days' imprisonment, when he recognizes in the signature of the justice affixed to the commitment paper the name of a Marylander who is a cousin of his Danvis deceased wife's sister's husband; and forthwith the Yankee claims his liberty, asserting himself to be "a connection by marriage of a *bona fide* citizen of said county," and as such, according to the letter of the statute, exempt from the non-resident shooting law, its pains and its penalties. The facts of the connection by marriage being proven to the satisfaction of the magistrate, the prisoner is not only discharged, but with true Maryland hospitality is invited to accompany the justice home and puts in a week of partridge shooting, at the close of each day's sport fervently blessing his deceased wife's sister for having married a *bona fide* resident of Dorchester.

There was once a time when a trapper or fur trader in the Indian country might find it advantageous to marry into the tribe. Dorchester county, Maryland, is perhaps unique as the only division of a civilized country, where, to assure himself immunity from imprisonment for partridge shooting, the non-resident sportsman would do well to connect himself directly, or through his sister, or his cousin, or his aunt, by marriage with some of the *bona fide* natives.

ANIMAL PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS.

WE print to-day the fourth of a series of five American animal portraits by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. These are given as full page supplements, with the first issues of the months as follows:

Jan. 5.—THE WOLF.
Feb. 2.—THE WHITE GOAT.
March 2.—THE COYOTE.
April 6.—THE ANTELOPE.
May 4.—THE FOX.

The dates of the former series (of which copies can be supplied) are as follows: Sept. 8, 1892—The Panther. Oct. 6—Ocelot. Nov. 3—Canada Lynx. Dec. 1—Bay Lynx.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. WALTER L. GILBERT, of the Old Colony Trout Ponds, Plymouth, Mass., is made of good stuff, and we admire his spunk, much as we believe him to be showing it in a hopeless cause. Having failed to secure from the Massachusetts Legislature a revision of the present law, by which he might sell in close season his cultivated trout, Mr. Gilbert has now set about the task of testing the constitutionality of the statute, which, as he puts it, "declares a business that is legal for a portion of the year unlawful during the rest of it." He has sold trout out of season, has caused himself to be arrested for this, and announces that he will carry the case up to the Supreme Court. Having the fullest confidence that the law will stand the test, we sincerely trust that Mr. Gilbert may live to fight this thing through, and may be blessed with perseverance to stick to it to the bitter end. There have been so many unfulfilled pledges to carry game and fish cases up to the courts of last resort that we have become decidedly skeptical in such matters.

The Governor of Maine has appointed Mr. T. H. Wentworth, of Bangor, to fill the vacancy in the Fish Commission caused by the death of E. M. Stilwell. The new commissioner, we understand, represents the game interests rather than those of fisheries, and as Mr. Stanley is chiefly interested in fish the Commission is in this respect well balanced. The appropriation for the Commission has been increased this year to \$12,500, with penalties added amounting to \$3,000 or \$4,000, and in this respect the Commission is in better shape than ever before.

We would like to see Gov. Flower name as one of the new forestry commissioners, Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse. There would be an appointment of the right man to the right place. Gen. Bruce is deeply interested in the Adirondack Park undertaking and in the subject of forestry. As a commissioner he would render intelligent, capable, and public-spirited service.

Maine sportsmen repudiate the non-resident license fee project; they declare that it did not come from them and does not represent their attitude. Indeed, no one appears to know clearly where the brilliant scheme originated. Now that the Legislature has adjourned without acting on the matter, let us hope that we have heard the last of it there.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS—I.

Two Returning Pilgrims.

A HOMESICKNESS that time could not cure nor alleviate, became so insufferable to Elisha Peggs and Jerusha his wife, that after enduring it for three years, they bade farewell to their son and daughter-in-law and to the grandchildren who had been the strongest tie to hold them to their uncongenial Western home, and set forth on the long journey to their native town of Danvis.

At first they voyaged on the Great Lakes, beset with the alarms and qualms that would attend such old inland bred folks, then with greater comfort on the Erie and the Champlain Canals. Their journey on the canal packet brought them frequently into a stir of busy life, wonderful and bewildering to their unworried wisdom, and often had a pungent flavor of trivial incident and accident not always pleasant in present experience, yet always accounted of future value in the story to be told to the untraveled home folks whom they were soon to meet. At intervals, they made brief passage through commercial towns whose stir and bustle of traffic set their quiet brains in a whirl and rang in their ears long after their boat was again gliding through the quietude of farms and woodlands.

Now, they were voyaging more pleasantly, beyond the turmoil of towns, the bickerings of rough-mannered boatmen, the snarl imprecations of imish drivers and the pain of seeing jaded horses always before them on the tow path, to whose toil they were adding a moiety of burden. A lively and industrious little steamer that never gave sign of weariness was now towing the long, narrow canal packet out of the marshy windings of Lake Champlain's upper channel into widening waters. A restful home feeling began to come upon them with a sense of proprietorship in the landscape. For here on their right hand lay their own beloved Vermont, with its eternal mountains and its homesteads grown gray in the possession of generations of one name, and bawling teamsters with plodding oxen plowing snugly fenced fields, Morgan horses trotting along the highways, and flocks of merino sheep dotting the tawny pastures with flecks of amber and streaking them with devious lines of pathway often tending toward gnawed and nibbled stacks that looked like immense mushrooms growing in the dun fall fed meadows. Such familiar scenes, thinly veiled in the ethereal web of an Indian summer day, gladdened their homesick hearts as they sat on the deck.

The tide of travel was setting westward, and in its feeble backflow this old couple found themselves with but few companions, and these not very congenial ones. They were all people who had not known their people. Most of them were returning from spying out the land of promise, to sell their gear at any price and remove their families to the region of unlimited possibilities, which they were continually vaunting, while the impossibilities, except in the direction of poverty, of their New England birthright, were as continually set forth, to the disgust of Uncle Lisha's loyal Yankee soul.

"It's a dirty bird 'at fauls his own nest," was his reply to their disparagement of his beloved stony soil. "I druther hev the little chunk o' Vermont sile 'at's goin' to kiver my ol' bones 'n tu hev the hull splatteration o' yer West."

"There aint room enough 'mongst your hills to lay you down level," said a dapper little man who was the acknowledged wit of the company.

"Wal, then, let 'em stan' me up in a post-hole. I druther hev the top on 't 'an a hull perary. Don't you tell me baout your fever 'n agny, flattened-aout humsick West, I ben there. Go tu that dumbd pancake of a country 'f you wanten, but le' me stay nigher to God A'mighty's maountains."

"I n-er see sech a harnsome country," declared one enthusiastic pilgrim, "why, I rid more'n a hunderd mild an' never see one hill higher 'n a hay stack. An' sech crops o' corn an' wheat. More on one acre 'n you c'n git on five here."

"Honh," Uncle Lisha snorted contemptuously, "As ef it was a vartu in a country to be so flat, water do' know which way tu run. Blast the crops, the ha' no heart in 'em 'f they be big. I druther hev a peck o' Burton, yis, er Tuc-et, than a bushel o' their dumbd hoss-tooth corn, wi' no more taste in 't 'n moonshine. I tell ye, the's one crop raised 'mongst these maountains 't can't be beat, 'n that's stiddy, ol'-fashioned hum-bidin' men an' women. Not but what they're in su-h a ternal hurry it makes me tired, an' the everlastin' flatness makes me humsick."

There was also a land speculator, in shabby clothes and a pervading uncleanness, with a portfolio of plans of unbuilt cities, which he persistently spread before every eye that would follow his dirty, talon-like forefinger as it pointed out the most desirable lots and traced the lines of traffic that were surely to be established. "I'll guarantee to make any man rich, yes sir, forty men rich, if they'll follow my advice and buy as I tell 'em."

"Good airth an' seas," cried Uncle Lisha, returning his spectacles to their steel case and shutting it with a spiteful snap after a brief inspection of the maps. "Why in thunder don't you make yourself rich, an' buy you some store clo's an' a hunk o' soap an' wash ye, hey?" And this severed their intercourse.

Presently the hoary ruins of Ticonderoga confronted them on the western shore, and it was as if its self-vaunted hero, Granther Hill, had come to welcome them to the dismantled fortress. Then Chimney Point and Fort St. Frederic's shattered walls swung apart before them and they passed into the broad expanse of calm, blue water that between pleasant shores stretched far away into the pearly haze, where rock-anchored, purple islets and white sails of laggard craft hung alike moveless on the undefined verge of lake and sky. Then far away to the north-east, silently welcoming them, in ghostly grandeur, the landmarks of their State, Mansfield and Cane's Hump, towering through the film of haze, and what warmed their hearts still more, the lesser peak of their own Danvis mountain in whose shadow they had dwelt so many years.

Now the ragged escarpments of Split Rock Mountain began to respond with the sharper, quicker echoes than the low shores had given to the regular tireless pant of the steamer. The sun was low in the west and they

beheld the miracle of rapidly-recurring sunsets as the red, rayless disc sank from view behind the bristling silhouette of a pinnacled peak, then emerged in the rugged scoop of a gorge, then sank and rose again, and at last refreshed their long weariness of prairie life with the abiding and deepening shadows of the mountain.

Then the steamer turned eastward and entered the river, passing the peaceful grass-grown ramparts of Fort Cassin, and began plowing with prow and headlight, her devious way through the dark water and the thickening shadows. The incessant thunder of the falls came in a low murmur to the voyagers' ears, until it swelled to a sullen roar, and at length the lights of the town shone down from the hill, and beacon lanterns on the wharves glittered across the black eddies and white foam-streaks, and then amid much confusion and shouting of orders from steamer, canalboat and shore, the packet was got into her dock. The two old people eagerly scanned the illuminated group of bustlers and idlers for some friendly face. Over and over all the faces their eyes went again and again, but found not a familiar one nor one that brightened at sight of their own.

"Good airth an' seas," cried the old man in sorrow and vexation, "haint the one 'on 'em 'at cared 'nough 'baout us tu come so fur tu meet us? I wisht I was back in West-constant, I du."

"Oh, father, you don't nuther," said Aunt Jerusha, ready to cry with disappointment, herself. "They haint never got aour letter, I know they haint."

"Mebby," he admitted, "but I don't see haow they c'd help gettin' ont. I tol' the post-office feller tu send it right stret along."

"They haint never got it," she reiterated, "fur 'f they hed, Samwel er some on 'em would ha' ben here. An' who knows but what they're all sick er suthin," she suggested.

"Sho, 'taint no ways likely 't they be, the hull caboodle on 'em all tu oncte," he answered. "Wall, anyways, the' haint no use o' s'misin' er tewin', we'll git there some way, tu-morrer. Le' me see, haint tu-morrer Tuesday? An' that's the day the mail goes tu Danvis, an' we c'n gwup in the mail wagin ef the' haint no other way turns up. Come, le's go 'n' git ontu aour shelves oncte more an' go tu sleep. It mus' be as much as ha' past eight."

So saying he turned to lead the way below, casting as he went a last look on the group still lingering about the wharf. The change of position brought into view a figure which before had not caught his eye, but now suddenly arrested and held it. It was a man rotund of form and feature who, in the background, leaned against the side of a stor-house, while he turned his slow, wondering gaze now on the steamer, shrilly singing herself to sleep in her berth, now on the almost deserted packet. Uncle Lisha stood still a moment, then caught his wife's arm with one hand while with the other he pointed to the newly revealed figure.

"Good airth an' seas, Jerushy, ef there haint Jozeff Hill," he cried joyfully, and in the next breath roared so loudly that all eyes were turned toward him, "Jozeff, Jozeff Hill, come here!" while Aunt Jerusha, too shaken with surprise and joy to speak, could only beckon frantically.

Hearing his name called, Joseph Hill stepped hesitatingly forward a little, then stared at him on either hand and behind, till at last, with dawning recognition, he became aware of the two figures on the canal boat and quickened his steps. "Why, if 't haint, no 't haint nuther, yis, 't is tuther, Sam Hill! Uncle Lusher an' Aunt Jerushy!" he said in bewildered joy, and then was shaking hands with both old friends at once across the low gunwale of the boat.

"Git aboard, git aboard," cried Uncle Lisha, changing the hand-shaking to a lusty pull, "an' then we c'n be kinder soci-rible."

"Wal, no," said Joseph, carefully examining the narrow space between the boat and the wharf, "guess I don't need no board; seems 'ough I c'd step right on 't the boat. It won't tip, will it?" he asked as he stepped carefully on deck. "An' naow, where did you come from an' why didn't you seddaown an' write you was comin' fore you started so 's 't some on us could ha' met you, hey?"

"Why, haint you met us, Jozeff? Wal, what more's wantin'? But you don't say Samwel never got nary letter?"

"Nary letter, that is tu say, not 'thin tew three mont's; I d' know, mebbey taint more'n tew mont's, an' it's on'y jest a happen-so 'at I'm here. I come daown wi' a lhud o' saved spreuce shingle fer Morrison, an' 's long 's I hed tu stay over night and hedn't nothin' tu du, thet is, nothin' perticlar, I thought I'd come daown an' kinder see the shippin' an' things. No more idee o' seein' you 'an I hed o' seein' wal, Noer an' his wife on the ark, I don't b'lieve I hed. But I'm gladder tu see you'n I would have, a dumb sight. An' now 'f you c'd ride on a hay-riggin', I've got buffalos an' blankits, I c'n take you right hum tomorrer."

"Good airth an' seas, we c'd ride on a stubboat 'at was goin' tu Danvis, an' glad o' the chance. But le's go daown int' the cabin where it's more comfortable."

"Why, yis," Joseph assented, "if you'd ruther go daown sullen 'n tu stay on the ruff, I'd jest 's livs, I do' know but I had, though I du kinder spleenagin gittin' nigher the water. I got sunk in a o' she boat oncte, clear the hull len'th o' my laigs."

"Where on airth did you find water deep enough?" Uncle Lisha asked with a chuckle as he glanced at his friend's short nether limbs and led the way into the cabin. The strange interior with its tier of berths, its many chairs and its long vista of carpeted floor, filled Joseph with astonishment.

"An' haow be you?" he inquired when he regained coherent speech. "Do' know but I ast you but don't seem's 'ough I did. Fact on 't is, meetin' you so unexpected put me all about so I didn't scarcely know which eend my head was on."

They in their turn asked him much faster than he in his slow, undecided way could well answer, first, concerning the welfare of every friend and neighbor, and then, what events, public and private, had lately stirred the placid current of Danvis life. So they sat talking for an hour, when an irrepressible drowsiness made them aware it was late bed-time, and Joseph arose to go, still talking as the two groped their way to the deck. Uncle Lisha saw Joseph safely on the deserted wharf, where he lingered to repeat his promise to come for them with his wagon "jest as soon arter breakfus as he could hitch up," and

then plodded away to his lodgings. The sounds of human voices and footsteps had dropped out of the night and the continual dull thunder of the falls alone pervaded it as the old voyagers climbed into their berths for the last time and presently fell into a more restful sleep than had come to them for many a night, for now they were almost home and assured of the well-being of their friends.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

BEARS IN THE CYPRESS.

It has long been my desire to kill a bear. Bear hunters say it is great sport; and that after having killed one you will want to kill another, and still another, until you have become renowned as a bear hunter.

Bear hunters also say that, except in rare cases it is not dangerous sport after the black bear, which we have in the South, and that after you have become an expert you can go to bruin with intrepidity, and standing by his shoulder, throw your arm across his neck and stab him on the opposite side. A sportsman prefers to stab a bear on the off side, so that when the bear throws his head to the side from whence the pain proceeds, he finds nothing but vague emptiness to crunch between his strong jaws.

My first opportunity to kill a bear was not a very good one. I was with Bill Sellers, who was considered about the best still-hunter in the lower end of the Mississippi Yazoo-Delta Swamp. We were up on the Big Sunflower River, about 120 miles above Vicksburg; and on that particular day were looking for cypress timber. We were traversing a basin, circular in shape, and about eighteen miles around. This basin was, much of it, very low and marshy. It was entirely surrounded by cane. Between the cane and the low ground was an open swamp, with some vines and much palmetto. It was in this palmetto that we were walking from necessity, the cane on our left being almost impenetrable, and the low swamp on our right being too boggy for comfortable walking.

It was a pretty large body of woods, and we had slept in it one night away from our snug camp, having been lost. It was my first sleep in the woods as a lost man. Sellers said it was not his first, and he seemed to be less annoyed by it than I. I did not enjoy it all. The fact of our having spent one night under such circumstances added somewhat to our anxiety concerning this eighteen-mile circumscribed basin. In fact, we were not so sure that the basin was circular and surrounded by cane, though we had surmised as much, and were proceeding upon that theory.

The points of the compass and the timepiece were closely watched as we proceeded rather slowly through the thick palmetto and around or over numerous logs, clumps of vines, etc.

We had left camp early in the morning and expected to consume the entire day in making the circuit. According to theory, at noon we should be half-way around and traveling in a course about at right angle to the direction to camp. If we were not pursuing about such lines, there was a disposition on our part to get demoralized and take the back tracks. And Sellers was just about as keen in this idea as I was, notwithstanding he did not mind getting lost and sleeping on wet chunks by a smoky fire!

But the basin made the turn according to theory, and by 1 o'clock we were bending back toward camp, where there was a snug bed, savory provisions and other comforts. It was half-past 1 o'clock.

"What you say that is?" Thus spoke the old bear hunter, pointing to a large oak tree with two stout wooden pins about 2 ft. above the ground and 1 ft. horizontally apart, and projecting about 1 ft.

I looked at the tree, cogitated and said it was an oak tree with two pins in it.

"But what were those pins put there for?"

I gave it up.

"I'll tell you. Five years ago I bored two holes in that tree with a 2-inch rafting auger, made those pins and drove them in there, then got some sticks and made a seat. That night I sat there an' killed a large bear."

"Well, how did you know that a bear would be there on that particular night?"

"Oh, that was easy enough. Just out there 10 yds. or so from the tree I had found his 'stepping path.'"

"Stepping path! What's that?"

"A stepping path is the path the bear walks in. He travels at certain times in the same path, and is so particular about it that he even steps accurately in the same tracks he made the first time he went along. In constantly doing this, often when the ground is wet, the foot prints get to be 3 or 4 in. deep. Generally his stepping path is made as he goes from his bed to his water hole. As a rule he likes to sleep in dense cane, but as the cane grows on ridges he can get no water there, and must go to low land for a drink. I figured that this old chap slept in that brake over there, and that he drank at a clay-root over toward the low swamp."

"Clay-root, what's that?"

"A clay-root is a tree that has fallen by the root. The hole thus made in the ground by the roots and dirt taken from the ground is generally full of water even in the driest weather."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then Mr. Bear goes down to the clay-root to quench his thirst?"

"That's what, and I followed the stepping path down through the woods a piece. The tracks went no further, and I just said to myself, 'Old fellow, you are enjoying a fine nap, no doubt, just now over there in the cane, but I'll see you later.' So I prepared that seat, being careful to get it to the leeward of the animal when he would come along, for rest assured that the bear has a strong smell. He depends on his nose almost altogether, and scarcely believes his eyes at all. Why, if you stand perfectly still a bear will come sometimes quite close to you, but let him get a scent of you, however faint, and he will lumber off through the woods at a great rate, making as much noise as a yoke of oxen on a stampede over the same ground."

"And, Sellers, you say you killed this particular bear?"

"Well, I sat there and got tired waiting, but about 10 o'clock I heard him making a little noise back there and I knew he was coming, and got ready. Just as he came opposite me, in that open space there, his huge form loomed up and looked larger than it really was. He was walking along, and it was almost too dark for a sure shot, there being no moon, and only starlight. I made a quick shot, when the beast staggered and fell just behind that large sweet-gum you see. I heard him cry in a plaintive way and knew that he was mortally wounded."

"Did you go to him, then?"

"Not much. I have no use for a bear killed at night until next morning after good light."
 "Next morning what did you do with him?"
 "I went to the plantation on the Sunflower, got a mule and dragged him to the river, loaded him on the first down stream boat and sent him to Vicksburg."

And thus Sellers and I conversed, he as instructor and I as pupil in the first rudiments in bear lore. We walked on perhaps half a mile further, when the old raftsman, for that had been his lifelong business, stopped and began an examination of the ground. To the uneducated eye there was no visible sign. He scraped the leaves away and there was a slight depression.

"Let's follow this a way and see where it leads to," saying which Sellers led off toward the low swamp. At distances of a few yards he would remove the leaves, at each operation exposing a depression similar in shape to the first. On going further the ground became moist and the signs gradually grew deeper, until they were 2 or 3 in. deep. After walking about 200 yds. we came to a "clay-roof" with water in the hole made by the uprooted tree.

"Ah! as I expected. Now, these tracks we have been following is a bear's 'stepping path,' and this fallen tree, with water hole, is a clay-root. The sign is fresh, and bruin at this moment is back yonder in the cane asleep, no doubt."

"Let's kill him. I want to kill a bear, I must kill a bear. How is the best way to proceed?"

The best way to proceed is to proceed slowly. We can't kill him to-night."

"Why?"
 "Simply because, in the first place, we are about eight miles from camp, without a bite to eat, and to attempt the job to-night is too great an undertaking on an empty stomach, and in the second place we must get a 'needle' gun for the work."

"Why a needle gun? What is the matter with this 9 lb. 10-gauge of mine?"

"Oh, it would be too much risk shooting a bear with that gun."

"It shoots buckshot splendidly and I have a couple of cartridges heavily loaded. I could blow him into smithereens with one such charge."

"Yes, and wound him and be chewed into smithereens by him. I'm not going to monkey with a bear with a load of buckshot. There are hunters who take risks of that kind, but just now I have a valuable family that is in very much need of me for support. I prefer to deal out to bruin unmitigated death the first shot with a .50cal. chunk of lead."

"Well, Sellers, you are years older than I as to age, and as to experience in bear hunting your are centuries old, while I am yet in the nursery; and, while I am anxious, very anxious is more befitting, I must accede to your judgment. But it makes me sick to leave this neck of woods without some bear meat. If we must go to camp, let us move along or we will sleep another night in the woods away from camp."

An hour or so after leaving the fresh stepping path Sellers became interested in a cypress, and as it was not a prepossessing tree and we having passed hundreds of much better looking ones, I was curious to inquire the cause of his interest in this particular one.

"Why, don't you see those scratches on this tree; look at this, and that higher up," replied S. as he pointed over the body of the tree.

"Well, who did that you reckon? No telegraph or telephone line through here is there to cause linemen to climb up there?"

"Oh, no. That's another bear's stepping path."

"Has he got a clay-root and a water-hole up there?"

"He has got something up there that will draw him further than water."

"A pair of cubs? Let's go on to camp. Isn't a female with young somewhat on the fight?"

"This cypress is a bee tree. There is or was honey in this tree and the bear has been going up there to satisfy his sweet tooth. He smelt the honey while he was rambling through the woods and has trailed it up with that fine nose of his. As a rule he don't like to climb a tall tree like that, but if there is anything on earth that would make him do it, it is honey, as he is very fond of it."

"Let's take a stand here and kill him. Sellers, I must kill a bear. You go on to camp. I'll risk my gun on this fellow."

"How long would you be willing to sit for him?"

"About a week."

"Well, you would have to stay here about eight months and probably longer, to get a shot at that fellow. He has already robbed that hive up there, and will not be back until the roses bloom again."

"Then, what in the tarnation is the sense wasting time on a useless stepping-path like that? We had better be pushing for that nice bed we made so inviting. You know the cover is already turned down."

And sleep on that bed we did, but not until after a prodigious supper, which our long tramp made us relish to an amazing extent.

The next morning, while yet under the blankets, S. and I entered into a conversation as to plans for bringing the bear to bag. Sellers would go over to the plantation during the day and borrow the deadly needle gun. The next day we would go to the stepping-path, and taking a favorable location, wait for the game. I was to do the shooting, and have the glory of bringing the game to bag. S. was simply to be an onlooker, and further than that was to take no part.

Having arranged the matter, I became considerably elated over the prospect, and in anticipation I could hear old bruin back toward the cane, making a slight noise at first, then more distinct, and presently could see him, when very soon he was opposite me in full view, when I raised the long and unwieldy needle gun and let drive. A fearful rush, a crashing through the woods for a short distance, then a fall, and the piteous cry, and I knew the work was done.

Did I say in anticipation? I must have gone to sleep again and dreamed it, the picture was so natural.

We did not rise early. The long tramp around the basin had made us tired and stiffened our joints. It took some time to make a roaring fire, and much longer to prepare a warm breakfast. It must have been nine o'clock before the dishes, such few as we had, were in order, and everything about camp in shape for the day's outing,

"Well, now for the needle gun?" S. remarked as he took a twist on his camp stool toward me.

Well, why do you put that with the rising inflection?"

"That is your bear now and I am at your service."

"And you propose to serve me by going four miles for a gun and back again, eight miles?"

"Just so."

"And then you propose to go with me to-morrow eight miles to the bear, carrying provisions and blankets for sleeping out all night; after having seen me kill the beast returning the next day to camp? That's two days and one night at my service; you are a very clever old chap and I appreciate it. Say, after having killed the bear how will we get him home?"

"Go to the plantation, get a mule and haul him out."

"Why not get the mule and take him with us?"

"Oh, let's get the bear first."

"Get the bear first, that's best. It would be rather a nice joke on us to get the mule and then fail on the other part. S., have you figured on this thing? Four miles to Sunflower River, four back, that's eight; eight miles to the game, that's sixteen; eight back, twenty-four; now repeat the performance for the mule and we have a grand total of forty-eight miles. And you say the bear has to be killed after night?"

"Exactly. He will come out between dusk and 10 o'clock as sure as the sun goes down."

"And you have suggested that I might not kill him?"

"Certainly, and that is why I prefer to go along. You also have an interesting family that leans upon you for a support. Should you make a mess of the business by an awkward shot you might need the help of an old hand about that time. I would not like to go home to your family with your mangled remains."

"Is a bear vicious that way?"

"When he has an ugly wound."

"And is he hard to kill?"

"He must be shot in a vital spot."

"Well, suppose you kill him then?"

"No, no; that's your bear. I have turned him over to you. You must do the shooting."

"Sellers, I think it's going to rain."

"Likely."

"And turn cold."

"Probably."

"And snow."

"It has done the like."

"Wouldn't it be fearful out in that palmetto swamp without cover in such weather?"

"I have been out in such."

"To kill a bear?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is different with you. You are robust and have been used all your life to exposure. I am different, rather unhealthy, unused to the rigors of severe weather. I am very sorry, for I want that bear. Gracious! why didn't he locate on our side of the basin. I could have showed you then something about my marksmanship. I could kill that bear too dead to kick."

"And ain't you going to kill him after all?"

"Have you got a two-inch auger?"

"No."

"And we can't have a seat. That settles it. Why didn't you say before you had no auger? What are you laughing about?"

"You remind me of a little story about another fellow who wanted to kill a bear fully as badly as you, and if you don't mind I'll tell it."

"Well, let's have it."

"He was something of a novice in the woods and had never killed anything larger than a fat squirrel, and as he was literally spoiling for big game, he was taken into the woods by an experienced hunter, who after some search, found a favorable location about one mile back from the clearing. About sundown he was shown a large log which spanned a bayou. Certain tracks like those I showed you out yonder led up to this log at one end and away from it at the other. 'Now, my friend,' began the old hunter, 'you sit right here on this log. It is the certain crossing of bear. These woods are full of them, some very large. You will not have to wait more than two or three hours before one will cross here or attempt it. He is as sure to come here as it is to get dark. I'll bid you good-night.' Well, the young would-be bear slayer sat down and his companion left. When the sun goes down the woods very soon grow dark. At such times the surroundings become very lonely, even to us old campers who have spent many a night without company in these solitudes. Soon, very soon, no doubt, the man on the log grew restless. The birds hushed, and not a sound could be heard as night came on. He turned about on the log several times in an uncomfortable way. After a bit it occurred to him that bruin would probably be due in a few moments. About that time he heard a slight noise away down in the black swamp. It was only a stick that cracked, but it was enough to get his attention. Quite soon he heard another crack, and apparently a little closer. He looked at his gun, turned on the log again and got up. If the bear had come then and been very quick about it he might have lent aid to a disturbance at the crossing. But it would have taken a mighty quick bear to have been there on time. There had been too many preliminaries. Just then the amateur sportsman had urgent business in the direction of the clearing, and if he was not there on schedule time it was no fault of his. It was a rather peculiar tale he told about coming out of the woods without a shot so early in the evening, and the smile that went around the fireside as he told it could have been heard a long way off."

"Sellers, that fellow was a grand coward. I would rather been eaten up alive than to have fled so precipitously. Gads! if you could find me a log like that, and so near habitation, and such weather, I'd sit there and shoot bears all night. To blazes with the vast solitudes of the woods, with hushed birds in the foreground, and cracking of sticks in the background. You go get a log like that."

"Yes!" came from my companion, with an inflection of sarcasm, and ending further controversy.

In extenuation of the farcical affair, I will add that within an hour after closing the colloquy, a heavy rain set in which continued without cessation for twenty-four hours. It then changed to a sleet with a biting wind out of the northwest. That night a freeze set in which continued for three days. I thought such unfavorable conditions ought to have excused me, but my companion purposely seemed to avoid any conversation concerning his

bearship on Conner Bayou. Evidently he was not greatly impressed with the vast quantity of pent up bear killing proclivity which I contained.

W. L. P.
 VICKSBURG, MISS.

Natural History.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

It is difficult for us to imagine what a sixth sense may be like, but that is no argument against its existence. It is said that a sixth sense, properly speaking, requires an organ, but this seems doubtful. The sense of touch has no specific organ. Though principally developed in the skin, it doubtless exists elsewhere.

That all animals preserve in their movements an impression of the relations of distance and direction between various points is perfectly clear. This power is developed to a limited extent in man. It is doubtless very closely related to memory, but is it memory? If it were its processes would be somewhat along the line of a surveyor's chart. We should recall that we traveled in such a direction so far, then turned to right or left at a certain angle, continued in the new course to a certain point, etc.

But do we, even unconsciously, follow up such a chain of recollections? I think those who have had experience in field and forest will bear me out in the opinion that it is only when we suspect that we have lost our bearings that we begin to try to map out our movements, and that even then we usually fail. Especially if we are "lost," as it is called, the mistaken verdict of our sense of direction (let us call it that for the present for lack of a better name) will successfully give the lie to any but the most outright evidence. In such a state we will take the wrong end of a familiar road, or will doubt the evidence of the compass and even of the sun in the sky.

This judgment seems to be an unconscious process. It is a natural endowment which some possess in a higher degree than others, and while it seems capable of some development there are individuals who can never possess it except in the very lowest form. To be properly called a sense it should have both a physical and a mental side. Although rather difficult of analysis, it would seem comparatively easy to establish that this condition is fulfilled.

It is a matter of common observance, no doubt, that one "loses his east," as the Spanish has it, more readily in a vehicle than on foot, and more readily in a closed than in an open vehicle. From this we may infer that in man the physical elements are a sort of muscular perception of movement combined with and corrected by the products of the sense of sight. That we need the latter element is apparent from the fact that it is almost impossible for a blindfolded man to walk in a fixed direction. But the former is also important, as we see by the ease with which we lose our bearings on shipboard or on a train, although we may have a perfectly unobstructed view of all the surroundings. Its results seem to depend almost entirely upon the violence of the movements and the sensations which accompany them. When movement is without sensation we are unconscious of its direction and even of its existence. This torpidity of our natural endowment has taught the eye and ear to be ever on the alert to supplement with their products its uncertain results.

Animals, however, in a state of nature seem to have little need of sight. Shut up in a baggage car a dog will make a long journey without losing the bearings of his home. I can hardly believe that he follows a conscious course of reasoning. Something within him gives him the capacity to perceive the relations of each place in which he may find himself with that home upon which, perhaps, his mind is all the time brooding. This something is a result of his consciousness in contact with the various objects which surround him, taking note of their change of place by some peculiar sensitiveness which baffles our analysis. Why not call it a sense?

Some might prefer to call it an instinct. And in so far as it appears most perfect in a state of nature, even diminishing as animals rise in the scale of intelligence, it certainly has points in common with those mysterious faculties which we call instinct. But this is true of nearly all physical functions. It is common, moreover, to limit the word instinct to those lines of action which are incapable of development, and which admit of absolutely no physical explanation. But this power of judging direction doubtless has a physical element. Darwin found that it could be frustrated in bees by rapidly twirling the closed boxes in which they were carried away from the hive. Its products, then—the rapid and usually unconscious appropriation of certain peculiar impressions, which may perhaps be most naturally attributed to a sort of muscular correlation—must be very closely allied to sense products.

The fact that we cannot analyze the process and locate the seat of this sense is hardly a sufficient argument against its existence. Highways, signboards and gregarious traveling have so long made it useless to us that nature has quietly disposed of most of our original ability in this line. But we all have an instinctive feeling that that there ought to be such a sense, as witness the efforts which one makes to "feel of himself" in order to decide in which direction he is being carried by a slowly moving train. His dog would doubtless know perfectly, and without effort.

AZTEC.
 SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEXICO.

Indian Partridges for America.

NEW YORK, March 29.—On board the steamer Cufic, which has just arrived from Liverpool, there are a dozen partridges consigned to my care for Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, Ill. They were shipped from Karachi by Mr. James Cunie, the U. S. Consular Agent of that place, and are being imported by Dr. Blaisdell for the purpose of cross-breeding with our native birds. This is the second importation which Dr. Blaisdell has made. They will be shipped to the West by express this afternoon.

E. B. GOLDSMITH.

Otters in Pennsylvania.

OIL CITY, Pa.—Let me tell your correspondent "Ony-jutta," of Juniata county, that we have otters within a few miles of Oil City. P. Carpenter, eight miles up the Allegheny River, caught two some time ago, one a very fine specimen.

BARNEY.

SOME ANTELOPE CHARACTERISTICS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have you ever seen a band of antelope wending its way over mountain and valley? If not you have missed a charming scene.

The antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) is a small animal weighing from 60 to 100lbs.; dark yellowish sides and front, with white legs and rump patch; small, slender legs and a small hoof. Their eyes are large and expressive, and their ears are fans which catch every sound of danger. They are a cautious yet curious animal, and when alarmed almost invariably circle back to the point from which they were started.

Antelope usually perform a seasonal migration to and from their different feeding grounds. Those of western Wyoming winter on the Colorado desert. As the snow gradually recedes, they wend their way back to the mountain basins, where the grass starts late and is green and tender throughout the summer. They stay here until the fall snows come, and then work back to the desert as fast as the snow compels them.

While young they are easily captured and domesticated, and the prevalent idea that they will not breed in captivity has been proven an error by a gentleman who has some in a park on the Mississippi.

But if you want to see how agile and fleet they are, suppose yourself watching some of the bands we came across on a trip over the mountains last fall. Once we came over a high hill only to find on the other side a deep ravine. The horses started, snorted and turned from the trail, and the cause of this disturbance was a band of twenty or more antelope. They saw us at once and we waited and watched them. Like the wind they were off, going up the steep mountain side as if they had wings, an old doe in the lead. They offered splendid shots, but we had all the meat we needed, and no true sportsman would kill such an animal merely for sport. We crossed this ravine and on gaining the summit saw them standing on an eminence beyond watching us, ears erect, eyes dilated, nostrils quivering, and on the ridge just ahead was the old doe acting as advance guard. When she had satisfied herself that we were not of the dangerous kind of humanity, she uttered a peculiar whistle and started to the leeward of us, and the whole band followed.

Their fleetness of limb even when wounded is something remarkable. I saw my husband attempt to rope one that had its left foreleg broken near the shoulder. He was mounted on a good horse, but the little animal seemed to fairly fly, the broken limb flapping from one side to the other; and although it had but the three legs it got away from him. I tried to join in the chase, but it was too hard riding for me to enjoy.

We saw these graceful creatures day after day in bands of all numbers, from three to one hundred or more; but their number is fast being diminished by the wanton war made upon them by the Indians. The red man's thirst for intoxicants leads him to skin-hunting, and this method is fast decimating the game.

CORA, Wyoming.

MRS. IRA DODGE.

Woodcock in Town.

LAST week we recorded the taking in New York of two woodcock which had injured themselves by flying against a building. Our correspondent "Flin" sends us another instance as recorded by him in the *Independent*:

Reaching our office last Saturday morning one of our employes handed us a pasteboard box perforated with a dozen holes, with the injunction not to open it till a closed room had been reached. When the cover was removed out sprang a woodcock, and with a tremulous whistle flew against the further wall. It seems that the bird had been seen to fall to the pavement in front of our office, and being rescued from the thoughtless feet of the crowd, had been placed within a box temporarily. A careful examination showed a slight bruise on the base of its bill, made apparently by flying against a telegraph wire, but otherwise the bird appeared uninjured and strong. The present writer confesses to many October days allied with gun and dog; but these same days, rich in woodland color, in purity of view and in sentiment of surrounding, teach a sportsman many things besides when to pull the trigger, and it was a genuine pleasure to carry the box in the afternoon to Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and then to give the woodcock his liberty. With a clear whistle of thanks he burst into the air, and before long doubtless had plunged his parched bill deep into some spring-softened bog, preparatory to resuming his migratory flight northward.

He adds: "Despite the slight injury to the bird's bill, his whistle was as clear as usual. I noticed when he escaped from the box in our office that the whistle was distinct as he rose to the ceiling, and after he struck the window shade as he fell to the floor fluttering, but was not heard by me as he was flying across the room. Is it possible that the noise, if made by its wings, results only when the bird's wings strike the air at certain angles?"

Moulting of Ducks.

FOR some years I have kept in confinement and bred many of our beautiful wild ducks and have observed the following facts with regard to their moulting. The wood duck, Chinese mandarin, pintails, green and blue-winged teal moult twice each year, June and October. In June the males discard their handsome plumage and assume that of the females, even the red on the bill of the drake of the wood duck fades, and in a wild state the drakes flock by themselves at this time. In October the drakes above named have wholly, or in part, resumed the breeding dress. I am speaking of semi-domesticated birds that have been bred by me for several generations from wild stock and have wintered out of doors on snow and ice on Long Island.

I had some coots (*Fulica*) which were kept for three years, but never bred. I was never able to tell the sex of these (six birds) and never could see any change of plumage, although dropped feathers showed a moult in summer.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

FRED MATHER.

Vermont Bluebirds and Robins.

HIGHGATE, Vt.—Bluebirds made their first appearance here this season March 20, and robins the 31st.

STANSTEAD.

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

STRENGTHS OF CAPS.

NEW YORK, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No topic has been of greater interest to our sportsmen and trap-shooters, than the discussion on the merits of various kinds, makes and strengths of primers used in connection with the now so generally used nitro powders.

When Schultze and E. C. powders were first put on the American market, all the shells procurable were made by the American shell manufacturers, namely the U. M. C. Co., the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and the U. S. Cartridge Co., and all shells contained a so-called No. 2 primer, interchangeable on account of exact size and dimensions. Although the fulminate and strength of these three makes of primers differed somewhat, none of them was suitable for nitro powders. All of them lacked sufficient strength to explode Schultze and E. C. powders promptly, and to cause a perfect combustion of a charge of these powders. Even by a layman the detonation of the cap could be distinguished before the explosion of the charge took place, and sometimes very bad, even dangerous hang-fires would occur where the charge of powder would only explode after the gun had been removed from the shoulder.

Imported shells suitable for the nitro powders were procurable only of a few firms making a specialty in fine imported ammunition, and the cost of such shells was almost prohibitory.

It was, therefore, necessary to prime the American-made shells with a little fine grain black powder to increase the initial heat, flash and strength of the primer. This led to all sorts of experiments and subsequent abuses, and created the impression that the new powders were difficult to load and unreliable in action, which is by no means the case.

It was not long, however, before the cartridge manufacturers, recognizing the importance of the new powders, set to work to improve their primers. Various samples were submitted to me for trial, some being an improvement, some which showed no perceptible change, and others which seemed worse than regular goods. The manufacturers while experimenting put out different lots which worked well in some respects, but were found wanting in others.

The main drawback and difficulty in making the No. 2 primer suitable for E. C. and Schultze powders was the fact that, when the fulminate in the primer was of sufficient quantity or strength, the ordinary thickness of copper was not sufficient to prevent their "blowing back" or bursting, and when the thickness of copper was increased miss-fires were apt to occur.

The greatest difficulty experienced was, however, the want of proper ways and means to accurately determine and measure the strength and heat of various caps, and manufacturers as well as everybody else relied upon the "feel" as well as upon the general execution and result of the loaded cartridges to tell whether the primers were right and suitable.

Even the shell and cartridge manufacturers in Europe encountered difficulties, although they were not handicapped as much to suit their caps to the standard powders as our manufacturers, because the construction of the shells and size and shape of primers in use in Europe were arranged so that the strength of fulminate could easily be increased, and the flash of cap was brought in more direct contact with the charge of powder and covered a large surface of the charge. Still the manufacturers could not always be relied upon to furnish even primers, and I speak from experience when saying that the primers, though excellent in one shipment, would sometimes be actually bad in another.

Two years ago many sportsmen in England complained about an apparent unevenness of E. C. and Schultze powders, never suspecting that the trouble was caused by uneven shells and primers. Both Mr. Griffith and the Schultze Co., and Mr. Borland of the E. C. Co., set to work to prove that the shell manufacturers were at fault and succeeded. The latter called in all their faulty shells and made the necessary improvements.

The outcome of the primer controversy at the time was a very neat instrument to absolutely test the strength and evenness of various gun caps.

As soon as the cap-testing machine was perfected I ordered one, and some months ago received it from London, and at once made a series of very interesting experiments.

The principle of the machine is as follows:

The primer shell is placed in a steel cylinder constructed like a gun chamber. By means of a screw top, which has a movable firing pin, the shell is held firmly in place. From the lower part a steel tube with a sharp knife edge is run up into the shell, encircling the cap hole, and this tube is firmly pressed into the wad in the head of the shell by screw power. A tight-fitting plunger with a conical base, running up the whole length of above described tube, is placed directly over the flash hole of the cap. Between the other end of this plunger, which has a flat surface, and a flat surfaced screw, working through an arch on one end of steel block holding the shell, is placed a solid pure lead cylinder $\frac{3}{8}$ parts of an inch high, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, weighing exactly 25grs. avoirdupois. The cap is exploded by means of a weight dropped from an arm, which can be moved up and down a steel column fastened to the frame, into which the cylinder holding the shell is placed. This drop can be regulated from 1 to 16in. By means of a very ingenious gunlock tester, which Von Lengerke & Detmold have in use, I can easily figure to fractions the force of a blow, compared with a given weight dropped a distance of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, a condition nearest to that of an average gunlock blow.

When dropping the weight and exploding the cap there is not the slightest sound audible, so hermetically and perfectly is the primer and shell inclosed. The whole force of the gases generated by the explosion of cap is exerted against the plunger, which in turn crushes and reduces the lead cylinder. The heights of these crushed cylinders are then measured by a micrometer to thousandth parts of an inch.

This test is unfailing and gives us the exact force of a cap. All parts of the instrument are of course of the finest and most minute fit and adjustment, and the weight and measurement of the lead cylinders are wonderfully exact. Of some hundred weighed, I have not seen any very one-tenth part of a grain. All parts of the machine must be scrupulously cleaned and oiled after each discharge.

The following are results of some of my experiments, and as similar experiments have never been made before by anybody in this country, the E. C. Co. only having a similar machine in the United States, they should be of interest not only to the sportsmen, but also to cartridge manufacturers:

BACHMANN, BELGIAN LARGE CAP.													
.166	.166	.140	.150	.137	.132	.162	.172	.148	.153	Total	1,596		
Average.....											.160		
Force.....											.120		
Greatest range of variation in 10 shells.....											.042		
U. M. C. No. 3 PRIMER, 10 LIGHTNING SHELLS, 10 V. L. & D. U. M. C. SHELLS.													
.170	.157	.174	.180	.166	.172	.172	.186	.178	.160	Total	3,400		
.162	.163	.170	.163	.171	.180	.161	.171	.162	.183				
Average.....											.170		
Force.....											.110		
Greatest range of variation in 20 shells.....											.029		
ELEY LARGE CAP, NEW.													
.188	.200	.158	.192	.168	.190	.180	.189	.155	.166	Total	1,786		
Average.....											.179		
Force.....											.101		
Greatest range of variation in 10 shells.....											.045		
ELEY LARGE CAP, OLD.													
.161	.174	.196	.179	.203	.198	.197	.180	.219	.189	Total	1,901		
Average.....											.190		
Force.....											.090		
Greatest range of variation in 10 shells.....											.058		
ELEY SMALL CAP, 1892.													
.209	.215	.236	.201	.200	.230	.199	.198	.196	.236	Total	4,116		
.198	.204	.238	.203	.205	.187	.179	.177	.196	.219				
Average.....											.206		
Force.....											.074		
Greatest variation in 30 shots.....											.061		
U. S. C. Co., No. 2 PRIMER, CLIMAX SHELL.													
.210	.196	.204	.202	.195	.215	.204	.205	.254	.228	Total	4,204		
.200	.206	.227	.215	.200	.202	.207	.209	.208	.217				
Average.....											.210		
Force.....											.070		
Greatest range of variation in 30 shells.....											.059		
KYNOCHE SHELL, REGULAR CAP.													
.220	.207	.203	.194	.213	.230	.226	.205	.208	.228	Total	4,388		
.228	.241	.210	.225	.216	.201	.204	.206	.216	.217				
Average.....											.214		
Force.....											.066		
Greatest range of variation in 20 shells.....											.047		
WINCHESTER R. A. Co., No. 2 PRIMER, RIVAL SHELL.													
.224	.240	.222	.217	.239	.240	.228	.221	.227	.224	Total	4,596		
.232	.244	.228	.237	.219	.239	.237	.227	.226	.235				
Average.....											.230		
Force.....											.050		
Greatest variation in 30 shots.....											.27		
U. M. C. Co., No. 2 PRIMER, CLUB.													
.254	.240	.240	.226	.243	.247	.260	.241	.246	.255	Total	4,960		
.254	.248	.252	.257	.243	.250	.250	.257	.259	.248				
Average.....											.249		
Force.....											.031		
Greatest variation in 20 shells.....											.024		

It will be seen that the Bachmann shells made in Brussels are the most powerful. Next to these are the No. 3 primers made by the U. M. C. Co. Then the Eley Bros., London large cap and small, U. S. C. Co. No. 2 primer, Kynoch, Winchester Repeating Arms Co. No. 2, and the U. M. C. Co. No. 2 primers follow in the order named.

Never before have either the manufacturers or sportsmen known the exact comparative strength of these primers. Manufacturers have told me in bygone days that their primers were the strongest and stronger than others and strong enough, etc., and although knowing from the actions of the loaded nitro powder ammunition and crude tests that they were mistaken, I had no means of disproving their assertion.

A primer may be too strong and yet not strong enough for standard nitro powders. I consider the Bachmann primer too violent for even results with heavier charges of nitro powders. I also think that the most excellent U. M. C. No. 3 primer can be improved for general usefulness by a slight reduction in strength. A primer with a crushing force of .065 will cause a prompt ignition of E. C. and Schultze powder, and at the same time a satisfactory combustion of the charge of powder, providing other conditions, such as the construction of the shell itself and the manner of loading, are suitable.

In connection with these experiments, I have satisfied myself that a former theory of mine was correct. According to above experiments the U. S. Cartridge Co.'s Climax shells used by me should have given satisfactory results with these powders. This was not the case, however, and the conical base of the shell is the cause. It may seem inconsistent, but the fact remains that although by bringing the powder, or a few grains of the powder, nearer to the cap through a funnel-shaped base and thereby facilitating a prompter ignition, the heat of the cap and the gases generated in the bottom of the funnel can only act in one direction and have very little burning surface. They overcome the inertia of shot and wads, increase the space in which combustion is taking place, decrease heat and confinement and prevent a sufficient, thorough combustion of the whole charge of powder. With Schultze powder this action is most noticeable, but the same applies also, though in a less degree, to E. C. powder. Other makes of shells, with practically the same strength primers, but with a raised dome-shaped battery cup in bottom, will average from 100 to 200ft. greater velocity, with otherwise exactly alike loading. By reversing the shape of base the U. S. Cartridge Co. will much improve their shells for use with nitro powders.

In point of regularity and evenness of the various makes of primers, the U. M. C. Co. easily leads the field. The stronger the cap the greater are the actual ranges of variation in strength. By comparing the greatest variations of each kind and make of caps tested to their total average crushing power, the following is the result:

GREATEST VARIATION COMPARED TO AVERAGE STRENGTH.	
U. M. C. Co. No. 3 primer.....	.30%
Bachmann.....	.35%
Eley new large cap.....	.43%
Winchester Rival No. 2.....	.54%
Eley old large cap.....	.64%
Kynoch.....	.70%
Eley small cap, 1892.....	.82%
U. S. Cartridge Co. Climax.....	.84%

It will be seen that the U. M. C. No. 3 primers run re-

markably even." The same comparative regularity has been remarked at trials made at the E. C. Powder Co. and also in England. This completely disproves the assertion of the makers of a leading American gun, that the unevenness of the U. M. C. No. 3 primers has been the cause of trouble with their make of guns.

I would consider a primer with a force of about .090 to .095 crushing power as near perfection for general nitro powder use as can be made, and think that the U. M. C. Co. will adopt such a standard.

There may be slight comparative variations of effects on nitro gun powders between the actual explosive energy, the crushing force of a primer and the heat or flame it generates. To test this, I had an arrangement made by which a single layer of powder grains were exposed in a tube through which the whole heat and flash of the primer was forced. By gradually removing this powder further from the primer, the actual igniting power was found. My past experiments have, however, not satisfied me that the comparative and actual igniting power of caps differs much from their comparative general force as per above tables, though I think some slight differences are noticeable.

JUSTUS VON LEMBERKE.

FATHERS AND SONS.

HASTINGS, Mich., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been my misfortune to have been confined to the house by a long sickness since last November, and never before have I so looked forward to the days when "our" FOREST AND STREAM was expected to come to hand, giving a sick man untold pleasure.

Now, I would like to say a word about boys, the sportsmen of the future. I began to teach my boy the use and care of the gun at 10 years of age, first the air rifle, then the .22cal. Remington, after which I bought a 20-gauge single-barreled Remington. Now he can use a .38cal. Winchester repeater safely and accurately.

Of course I have had to cultivate patience and some little sacrifice at times, by giving him the best opportunities of shots at game. To his often repeated, "You shoot, pa, for I don't believe I can hit it," as the dog pointed or the beagle hound ran a rabbit to us, I would say, "Now, go ahead, son, I'll take my chances." But I confess there were often times when I was tempted to shoot first instead of to instruct, and the tears would come in his eyes as at first he missed a bird on the wing or a rabbit on the jump. For it was often the case that the second opportunity, that was my share, was a miss also. But I had set out to train the boy to be cool, true of eye and quick of hand. And now it is done. Two years have done it. Last fall and winter, while I was on my back in bed, he brought to me many a rabbit shot fairly before the little beagle, while in season I often dined on quail on toast. And as he sat on the foot of the bed he hunted and shot them all over again for my benefit. Then I forgot about the shots lost while prompting him in the days gone and the time spent in teaching how to handle the gun with care and forethought; how so called accidents came to pass, and in fact hundreds of items of advice, some of which came to me second-handed, while others were gained by experience.

Folly with Firearms.

One day last fall two young men were gunning. A squirrel had been killed and hung in the limbs of a tree. One held his loaded gun, butt against the tree, muzzles pressed against the pit of his stomach, while the other climbed on the gun and stood on it. Result: A terrible death for one, untold sorrow for the widow and children, and grief and remorse for the comrade.

Once in days gone by I saw a sportsman blow the top of his companion's head off, the head being taken for game in a large marsh. Two men have I seen dead in one fall in Roscommon county, this State, killed by mistake for deer. Once in my boyhood days a visiting cousin and myself were sitting in the kitchen wiping the rain from our muzzleloaders, having just come in. My gun was lying on my knees pointing right at him, both hammers full cocked. Without a thought of him I raised the gun, muzzle to ceiling, and in letting down the right hammer pulled the left trigger. A stunning report was the result, also a hole size of silver dollar through ceiling, floor and roof. Again, while hunting one cold winter day with mittens on I attempted to uncork my gun. My thumb slipped off and a load of No. 6 tanneled a hole in the air. This was the last so-called accident with me. Although I was only a boy of 15 it set me to thinking, and ever since I have held firearms in the deepest respect. Several times I have had narrow escapes from careless companions. The closest call was when a .45cal. rifle ball went through my soft hat and cut a slight furrow in my scalp. It came from the gun of a badly rattled deer hunter—a safe fellow enough when he was ten miles distant from you. Another time I had the drum of one of my ears almost burst by a dude from Detroit City, who could not wait for me to get out of his way, he was so anxious to shoot some ducks while I was in the bow of the boat. I could see people open and shut their mouths, but could hear nothing for several days. Once a rifle ball hit a tree 18in. from my chest as I stood against it. It was fired by a careless hunter and was intended for a deer which I was still-hunting. The papers are full every hunting season of accidental shooting. Now, to my mind, we should (as one of the brotherhood has written) tell of errors and accidents of our hunting experience. This would open a train of thought on carelessness that would be of great gain to many.

Teach the Boys.

Above all we should give the advantage of our experience to the boys who will be with us, and remain to take our places in the future. Some will think as I once did of the bother. As a class we are in the habit of hunting with our equals in age, "don't want to be bothered with boys or tenderfeet." The result is that your boy (if he has any taste that way) will go off on a hunt with some friend of equal age, sometimes several of them, with no knowledge or experience whatever of a gun, and of the great danger by careless handling. Even if he is a careful lad the risk is great from others, or if he is alone it is as bad if not worse, for in case of serious results of carelessness he would be alone in his trouble. No one to run for help. Now, from my own experience, a well trained lad is no hindrance with yourself or your more mature companions. Of course, some boys are almost a nuisance; then again, so are many men of forty or fifty years.

I mean this for your sons and younger brothers. Take them into your confidence, advance them to your own sphere. Make boy-men of them in the field and forest, on the water, in the camp. If necessary for you to leave home, you who live in the country will feel better if the son or sons you leave behind are familiar with the rifle, shotgun or revolver. On your return the boy or boys from 12 to 16 may tell you with pride of the hawk, owl or four-footed vermin that was shot in the attempt on your hen yard. The mother and sister will feel protected from the tramp or night robber if they know that Tom or Jack is quick and sure with gun or revolver.

The boy will learn more readily to rely on himself, feel that he must act in a more manly way if he knows that his father feels toward him as an equal and confidential friend. This companionship, if the parent is of the right sort, will prove of great benefit to the younger, while it gives youth to the elder in living over again, as it were, the days gone by. And I also know from the written statement of others in FOREST AND STREAM and my own feelings that if the wife, mother, sister and children were more frequently in our camps by forest and stream, so much more joys would be added to our vacation pleasures.

BRYAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

NOTABLE SHOTS.—VI.

Pathfinder and the Gulls.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 23.—Speaking of killing two woodcock at one shot, I have a cousin down in Maine who killed two deer at one shot—a doe and a fawn. The doe only was exposed. The ball passed through her and struck the fawn, killing both in their tracks. And that's the truth.

I was once an ardent admirer of Cooper, and in due time I read "The Pathfinder." Pathfinder was a good shot; above the average you might say. He was on the shore of a lake one day, watching the flight of gulls as they skimmed over the water. He observed two which were continually passing one another. To show his companions his skill with the rifle, he waited until the flight of the gulls again crossed, and bored them both through and through with a single bullet. Cooper's reputation is established, and no one doubts or takes exceptions to any of his statements. It was a good shot, and that's a fact.

OLD AVALANCHE.

A Queer Combination.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13.—Observing the interest shown in the accounts of "Notable Shots" published in FOREST AND STREAM encourages me to make brief mention of a peculiar incident in my own experience. A friend and I started half a dozen ruffed grouse ("pheasants" in the vernacular of our dark hills) in a buckwheat field, four or five of which took refuge in a neighboring woods. We followed them up and soon my peerless pointer Rover was standing, solid as one of the famous lions of St. Mark's, in front of a big iridescent cock. Taking position, I gave the word "go in," when he sprang forward, flushed the bird, and dropped like a stone. To avoid the dense underbrush my bird fluttered upward, and as he took a horizontal position I cut him down. I sent Rover to retrieve him, and the proud dog came back bringing two warm dead birds. The explanation was disclosed when I met my friend. He had been watching a grouse on the limb of a tree, and seeing it fall on the discharge of my gun, he loaded up with ugly adjectives to fire into me for indulging in barnyard sport. On learning that I had killed the bird I saw and one I did not see, amicable relations were restored, and he produced something from his pocket.

JERE. WILLIAMS.

How Many Were Killed?

PHILADELPHIA, March 29.—While out with a friend a few days ago after snipe, we were hunting over a marshy piece of ground when two snipe got up about 25yds. ahead of me and 6ft. apart. One flew after the other and I killed them both at one shot. How many have done that? My friend said that it was not a true sportsman's act, as I left him no shot. I think they were mates, for when dressed one showed signs of laying soon, while the other did not.

C. F. S.

[Two birds shot in the spring, one of them with developed eggs, may not be computed by the numeral 2.]

Duck and Sucker.

LEXINGTON, Ill., March 27.—Our local paper this week records a notable shot: "John Moon was in town yesterday with a fish which he had removed from a wild mallard duck which he had killed the day before on the Mackinaw above Selma. The duck was a large-sized one and in beheading it Mr. Moon noticed something sticking out of its neck, and pulling the object out discovered a "sucker" fish 8in. long which weighed 10oz. Two other smaller fish were found in the duck's craw. It's a rare chance a hunter gets a fish and a duck at one shot."

W. W. G.

Upland Plover and Cottontails.

BELFAST, Me.—One afternoon in the fall of '91 I had been out in company with a prominent physician of Augusta, for a try at the grouse. When on the way home we espied a couple of upland plover in a field to our right, 200yds. distant. It fell to my lot to try them, so alighting from the buggy I walked cautiously toward them, but they appeared very shy, and when I was within about 100yds. of them they got up, circled a couple of times and lit again 200yds. or so further on and close to a large pile of compost. I saw an advantage in this, so walking back to the road and up until I had the pile between myself and the birds I crawled toward the pile as rapidly as possible, and reaching it without the birds arising I quickly stood upright; the birds saw me and took wing, both being directly in line, but all of 10yds. apart, the nearest bird to me being all of 20yds. distant. I fired, and they both dropped dead birds. As the upland is a very shy bird in this part of the country, this shot was very satisfactory, to say the least. The birds haunt open fields, consequently are very difficult to approach, and lucky indeed is the shooter who gets one at a shot.

On another occasion I made a very queer shot. It was while on a collecting trip in the Mt. Diablo country, Cali-

fornia, in the spring of '85. I had gone out along toward evening in quest of a couple of cottontails for supper, as the camp larder was getting low, and had made my way toward a chapparral cover not far from camp, which I knew to be a favorite haunt of the rabbit. On reaching the edge of the brush I saw a cottontail run directly across me along a sheep trail, and about 25yds. up a small hill, but before I could shoot I saw that the rabbit would be behind a clump of sage brush. Noticing at the same time that the top of this clump was rather thin and scraggly, I thought I might be able to get him by shooting through the brush, so I fired just as the rabbit passed out of my sight and was somewhat surprised to find, on moving up a few steps, that I had bagged my game, as I had not seen the rabbit when I fired. You can imagine my astonishment when, as I stopped a moment to throw another shell into my gun, there came tumbling down to my feet a large jack rabbit which had been fatally hit by the same charge, so there were two rabbits of different species killed by the same shot, and at the moment of firing neither were in sight. The jack must have been sitting just above the trail and in a line with the cottontail when I fired.

C. M. H.

An Old-Time Pigeon Shot.

OIL CITY, Pa.—Some of your correspondents are telling of two woodcock at a shot. My way is generally to get the shock of two barrels and no woodcock. But I have killed 61 pigeons with both barrels of a 7-pound muzzle-loading gun in the night. Now, some one yell "pot-hunter!" But not so; they were not for market, and were not wasted. This was done years ago.

BARNEY.

THE MARYLAND TAG SYSTEM.

THE WHEATLANDS, Md., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest your editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of March 23 entitled "Tags Are Un-American."

Entertaining the views you do, what, let me ask you, do you think of our local laws (so-called game laws) in Maryland, where nearly every county has a law compelling not alone non-residents from States, but non-residents from other counties in this State, to take out a license to enable them to shoot in the different counties of the State, some of them to such an amount as to be entirely prohibitory.

For instance, Charles county has a local law by which non-residents of the county are required to take out a license of \$25 annually before they can shoot partridges (quail) and \$20 additional before they can shoot wild fowl in the "waters of Charles county." Talbot county and Caroline county have each a non-county resident law. These counties are separated by a narrow creek in part and it is quite possible for a resident of either county to shoot across this stream in places. Now, is he violating this law if he stands on the shore of his own county and kills a duck on the other side? Or, take the reverse of this proposition, suppose a Caroline man sees a bunch of ducks on the Talbot side of the channel, shoots and kills one or more, has he violated any so-called law? The case is still more absurd in regard to upland game, where the boundary line are merely imaginary one.

It cannot be claimed that these laws are in any sense for the protection of game, since they only designate the class who shall kill the game and are gotten up by resident shooters to keep the shooting in their own hands. Of course after the first ones were passed the lever used at Annapolis was: "If a county keeps us out we will keep her out," and so these absurd laws are in the code for nearly every county in the State.

While the non-resident State laws may possibly stand the test of constitutionality (which I doubt), it is very certain that these county laws are not in accordance with the Constitution and Bill of Rights of the State of Maryland, in so much as they are class legislation, granting the property of the State free to one class of citizens and taxing others for the use of it. While this is bad enough as regards upland game, it is still worse in regard to wild fowl, claiming to apportion the waters of the State, and in many cases the waters of the United States, to the different counties for the purposes of these ridiculous so-called laws. There is of course no doubt that the State could say that no one should shoot any game at any time. That puts all classes on an equal footing. But to say that Mr. A., who lives just across an imaginary line from Charles county, cannot shoot ducks in the Wicomico River, unless he pays \$20 annually to the clerk of the court for Charles county, while his neighbor adjoining has the same shooting for nothing, is to me the height of absurdity, and in no sense protective.

The evil result of all these so-called laws is to bring into contempt all game laws. The laws are a dead letter until some one who has a spite against his neighbor in an adjoining county, catches him across the line, or if the neighbor should have a friend visiting him, when it gives a chance to "get even" for some grudge.

Now you will naturally ask why are such absurd laws allowed to remain on the statute book? or why does not some one take an appeal to the Court of Appeals of Maryland? Try to repeal them. If you are from Charles, St. Mary's, Talbot, Caroline, or any of the other counties, you will be met with county jealousy at once; "the other counties all have these laws and they can't shoot in our county."

Now take the Court of Appeals issue. Gentlemen who go from home to shoot, go for pleasure. To test any of these laws we would first be arrested by a constable and carried before a magistrate; from his decision he would have to take an appeal to the county court, and thence carry the matter to the Court of Appeals, as our circuit courts, will avoid a decision on any point of constitutionality if possible; and in the event of its decision either way by the county court, it would have to go to the Court of Appeals to decide the matter. To engage in a series of law suits is not what we go on a shooting trip for.

My object in writing this article is, if I can, to call for an expression of opinion from the gentlemen sportsmen of Maryland (who go from their own counties to others to shoot, or who live in Baltimore and other cities of the State), as to their views on these local laws. As I think you know, I am heartily in favor of all laws for the protection of game and fish, and have been an amateur sportsman all my life, and I will add an inveterate and enthusiastic one.

SINK BOAT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Scolopaxal Territory.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 31.—Mr. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes me under date of 27th:

The festive snipe will soon be here, and would you give me pointers on good grounds in Indiana with addresses of persons with whom communications may be held as to arrival of the birds. There is so much good snipe ground in Indiana that a person could hardly go amiss, but I want to find a place where I can give a friend from New York some good sport for at least three days.

Old man Koutts, who lives near Koutts's station on the Chicago & Erie road, is near what is very probably the best natural snipe marsh of the Kankakee. This is where Ed Irwin comes every spring to shoot all the way from Chautauqua, N. Y., and he has told me he knew of no snipe ground so good anywhere in the country. There is some good bog just back of Thayer, across the Kankakee River from Water Valley and Shelby, or one can go to Shelby (on the Monon road) and walk about two miles east on the "Three Is" track, turning to the right on the black hummock ground across the river. This is warm ground and the snipe appear here earlier than anywhere in the Water Valley country. There is a lot of snipe ground about five miles north of Shelby, near the Fuller Island section of the marsh. The above are good grounds, but it is simply impossible to say when the shooting will be good there, or how long the birds will remain after they drop in. The jacksnipe is very uncertain. Ordinarily, however, April 15 should see some good shooting at the localities above named.

Query: Why do so many people call the snipe the "festive" snipe? The editor of FOREST AND STREAM asked me this the other day and I couldn't answer.

Chickens and Other Things.

Mr. Frank Conger Baldwin, of Detroit, Mich., unnecessarily apologizes for writing me as follows. I am glad to help any one as I can to sport who will not abuse the privileges he may obtain. Mr. Baldwin's letters is dated March 26 and is as follows:

Your dissertation in this week's FOREST AND STREAM upon the sportsman photographer has brought me to the point. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many incidents, pleasant and otherwise, you have called to my mind. I have lugged a camera thousands of miles and then ruined all my work. I carried a 5x7 tripod outfit and twelve dozen glass plates through the Piegian Reservation and 300 miles northwest of Great Falls, Montana, only to find that all my exposures were made upon a batch of plates with faulty emulsion. But that subject is too painful to dwell upon.

I have over a hundred perfectly successful snap shots from a No. 2 Kodak, made during a pedestrian trip in Europe, and am now enjoying my eighth (and D. V. may be) camera, a 5x7 folding Hawkeye. It is only fair that I should inform you that I am a fair type of the all-round crank, delighting in all that pertains to water sport, from trout fishing to handling a racing canoe; a dabbler for ten years in photographic mysteries and a devotee of shotgun and setter. You are beginning to wonder why I do not come to my point. Well, here it is: Can you tell me of some "pocket" where I and my cousin, a chap of kindred propensities, can obtain good chicken shooting next fall? Some place in south Minnesota near the Iowa line would be desirable, or a good spot in lower Wisconsin would answer. We would like to find a farmer who would take us in, away from the beaten tracks of civilization. If there should be any convenient lakes which would afford any duck shooting, it would be the more acceptable. I would be willing to try southern Illinois, but I fear it is too much shot over now.

I want to find some place where two weeks may be profitably spent, and at the same time be attended with some degree of comfort, for I am a poor hand at camping after Sept. 1.

I would not advise Illinois for outsiders, especially if the chicken law be made Sept. 1, as is likely. There are some few prairie chickens left in the State, but they are jealously guarded and mostly safely shot long before the season opens—on that highly philanthropic, rational and sportsmanlike ground so commonly urged, to the effect that "if I do not shoot before the law opens, some one else will." This same great rational principle actuates the Governor of Wisconsin when he says: "I won't sign a law stopping spring shooting unless Illinois does." This noble and logical spirit also animates the spring shooter of ducks, who says: "I'm not going to stop until the others do." Of course, all the others are going to stop precisely at the same time, some time. When that time comes we may have some birds in Illinois again.

There are no prairie chickens of any consequence in Wisconsin, and they cannot be hunted with a dog in that State. Iowa is better, but uncertain, having good and bad years. Ruthven, Iowa, used to be a splendid place to go to. No one can at this date predict next fall's chicken crop. If I wanted to be sure to have good chicken shooting next fall I would go clear up to northern Minnesota and get off, say, at Hallock, or some of the stations around there. One is then in a country sufficiently wild. There are birds there or just across the Manitoba line. Address of local farmers can easily be obtained. The way to do is to pull out direct for the best central point, and then hustle quarters on the grounds. The chicken situation in Iowa and lower Minnesota is much the same as it is here. Northwestern Nebraska has still a good many pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse. The country there is of the rough sandhill sort.

Marked Personal.

A gentleman from a Western State writes me a letter which I would publish in full if it were not marked "personal." It reads as follows, minus names and localities:

Would you not like to make a trip this year to shoot doe birds? We have not had a very good flight for two years, but look for a good one this season, and as we are right in the section of the country they stop, if there is a good flight there will be fine shooting. They only light in a small section of the State, and we are right in the center of it. Would like to have you come out if you can do so, and if you like can wire you when the birds come. We look for the flight to commence about April 30.

Life in the gay metropolis of the World's Fair this year promises to be a busy one, and I fear I shall not be able to go out and try this new sort of sport, but my friendly correspondent—whom by the way I have never met personally—will confer a great favor on myself and many readers of FOREST AND STREAM if he will give us a description of this style of shooting as practiced in his section of the country. I do not remember to have seen any such communication at any recent time.

Couldn't Punt.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, with some friends, went duck shooting out on the Kankakee at Water Valley last Saturday, and one of the party, who claimed to be an expert at the push paddle, managed to get the boat wrong end to and wrong side up. It was only in a ditch, how-

ever, and a good wetting was the most serious feature of accident. Eleven ducks constituted the bag.

Ducks are now up all over this part of the country and far to the north. At this writing the weather is quite warm and the snipe will soon be along.

Growing Up.

It occasioned me some surprise to learn that Mr. R. S. Cox, of this city, had not long since gone West to Seattle, Wash., to again grow up with the country. Mr. Cox takes with him his justly celebrated glad, bright smile, a young and happy disposition, a good constitution and several kegs of coin of the realm, which latter he will lend out for a time for a consideration. I am pleased to state also that Mr. Cox has resumed his old law partnership with Teddy Haller, of Seattle, and the last letters received from the firm would indicate that the duck shooting is very good this spring. A reunion of kindred souls is a pleasant thing to contemplate.

Mr. Elwood Hofer, well known for years to FOREST AND STREAM readers as the Yellowstone Park correspondent of the paper, in which capacity he did some really very fine journalistic work, especially in his photographs of wild animals at large in their native homes, is not to see the mountains for a few months now. He is in Chicago, where he will have charge of the cabin of the Boone and Crockett Club. This will be as congenial an occupation as he could have. Mr. Hofer formerly lived in Chicago, and has a brother residing here now. He says Chicago now seems to him to be a very dusty, dirty place. There is no city so clean and sweet as the mountains.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

MICHIGAN FISH AND GAME INTERESTS

[From the report of State Game and Fish Warden Chas. S. Hampton.]

Public Sentiment Supports the Laws.

I AM gratified to state that the work of securing a proper observance of the fish and game laws of our State, so auspiciously begun by my predecessor, Hon. Wm. Alden Smith, has been crowned with at least a fair measure of success during the past two years. My experience verifies the statement of my predecessor in his last report, that the sentiment of the people as a whole is in favor of the enforcement of our laws for the preservation of fish and game. That these laws are often violated is true, but it is equally true of all our laws. And experience proves that where the fish and game laws are violated with impunity, and it is impossible to enforce them, there is a corresponding disregard for all law. Indeed, I believe that there are no laws in regard to any misdemeanors which are more carefully regarded and cheerfully obeyed than those for the preservation of fish and game. It would not be creditable to the intelligence of our people if such were not the case. For all must recognize the fact that the only way to preserve for ourselves and posterity the wealth of animal life in lake and stream, forest and field, is to restrict the destruction so that it shall not exceed the natural increase.

The Effect of Better Enforcement of Law.

The gratifying result of the better regard for the fish and game laws, noted in the warden's report two years ago, is even more apparent now. Notwithstanding the large number of quail that were killed last year, they were more plenty this year than ever before. In the counties where the warden's efforts have received proper support from the people, deer have never been so plenty since the settlement of the country as they were this fall, and the same is true of all protected game except partridge, which have suffered from the extensive forest fires for three consecutive seasons. The increase of trout in our streams is due as much to the restriction put upon their destruction as to the remarkably successful work done by the State Fish Commissioners in propagating them, and although, owing to defective laws, there was practically no protection of our inland lakes until last year, the reckless spearing and netting of fish has now been stopped, and a year or two will prove the wisdom of the legislature in amending the law.

The Practical Value of Fish and Game.

The great importance of our commercial fisheries is so well understood by all, and has been so frequently presented in the reports of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, that it needs no argument to show the necessity of better laws than we have yet had for their preservation, and the most efficient system of enforcing such laws. But preservation of game and of fish in inland waters has usually been looked upon as being merely for the enjoyment of lovers of the rod and gun. Without wishing to ignore the importance of preserving such sources of enjoyment for our citizens, I desire to call attention to their practical value. In neglecting the opportunities for fish culture offered by a thousand beautiful lakes and the streams which traverse every township in Michigan, we are throwing away one of the greatest resources of our State. The amount of food fish produced by our inland waters can be almost indefinitely increased by restricting the catch, and seconding the Fish Commissioners' efforts to stock them with the fish for which each lake and stream is best adapted. It only requires judgment and self-restraint to insure a crop from our inland waters which will very materially add to the income derived from the products of our fields.

Game is another unappreciated source of profit. The interests of the sportsman and farmer are identical. The latter should protect the game because he can make it pay him; the former because of his love of sport. Every true sportsman respects the farmer's rights to his inclosed lands, and is anxious to assist him in putting a stop to lawless shooting. And every sensible farmer should realize that the law-abiding sportsmen are their strongest allies in preserving and developing one of the most profitable sources of income. Every patch of woods, every copse and stubble field may be made to yield a revenue by the intelligent protection of game. The only reason why our woods and fields are not alive with game is because of that same selfish recklessness which has destroyed the pigeons, buffalo and other birds and beasts which were once so abundant. If the farmer does not himself care for sport, he can readily get a good price for his game, by selling the privilege of shooting to those who will not abuse it. In the newer portions of the State, there are vast tracts of land from which all the timber has been stripped, and which all attempts to profitably cultivate

have thus far proved unsuccessful. The rapid increase of deer under the protection offered by the confessedly imperfect system of the last six years, affords a hint of how nature may restore a value to such so-called worthless lands, providing a check is placed upon man's heedless destruction. The limits of this report will not permit any extended comments, but I consider the practical value of fish and game a matter worthy the thoughtful consideration of the legislature.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME AND FISH BILLS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The long, hard winter that has hung so long over this mountain region is beginning to break and the coming of the robins and the bluebirds tells us that spring is near. They call this an "old-fashioned winter." Well, I'm "not stuck" on old-fashioned things, much less on old-fashioned winters, and I shall be glad when the last snow drifts are gone and the arbutus and the hepatica have taken their place.

Owing to the deep snow and the heavy crust the winter just closing has been a very hard one on our game supply. Rabbits and other small game have frozen by scores, and the foxes and wild cats, owing to the inability of the hunters to pursue them, have had a royal feast. Deer are reported fairly numerous in the green woods, and in spite of the many hunters and hounds of last fall and the hard winter just ended some deer, at least, are left. The sportsmen of this Alleghany region are exceedingly anxious to see what the Pennsylvania Legislature will do for us in protecting the deer and other game of this State. So few of the statesmen sent to Harrisburg to make our laws have any time, outside of riding their own hobbies, to look after the interests of their constituents that I fear very little will be done to help us this year. The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association at Harrisburg gave us to hope last fall that something would be done this winter in the interest of game protection, but if that association can succeed in securing a good game law from among the medley of bills offered they will do better than we expect. What is necessary in a good legislator is to know an evil and how to provide a remedy. Let the members of the Legislature who know nothing about our game and game laws and who are too smart to take advice from men who do, keep their hands off. One intelligent, high-minded sportsman like Judge Greene, of Oregon, can do more than a carload of so-called statesmen who do not know the difference between a grouse and a shitepoke.

I see by the Philadelphia Press that a bill has passed the House at Harrisburg to prohibit the killing of deer for three years. That method of protecting deer would be all right if all our deer hunters were honorable men and disposed to obey the law. But they are not. If such a law be passed the honorable sportsmen of Pennsylvania will obey it, but all through the deer ranges of this State there is a class of outlaws who live in the backwoods who kill deer at ticks during the summer time and in every other unlawful way during the fall and winter, who will pay no attention to this three-year law, but will go right on killing deer while the rest of us have our hands tied out of respect to law. But what would be gained by such a law, even if it could be enforced? During the three years of protection deer would certainly increase in great numbers; but just as soon as the law was off there would be such a slaughter of the innocents that the surplus would be wiped out in one season. I tried the same theory in the protection of our trout streams. As fish warden for our county I stocked many of the streams which, under the law, were then protected for three years. But what happened at the end of the three years? Hordes of fishermen came here from every direction, and those very streams were whipped to death inside of a month.

You cannot protect our game and fish supply in that way. It's all a delusion. The game and fish are here, and if given half a chance they will protect themselves. I repeat what I have suggested before; we must limit the open season for all kinds of game, make the seasons for all kinds of game as nearly uniform as possible, and as to deer, limit the number to be killed in any season by any one man, and keep hounds out of our hunting woods and camps.

Then after this is done let the Legislature provide for the enforcement of our game laws by the appointment of game wardens who will do their duty and be paid for it. Let the \$30,000 that is proposed to be spent in taking the Legislature on a junket to the World's Fair, or a portion of it at least, be appropriated to the propagation and protection of the game and fish of this great State, and I am sure it will do the people more good. I have thus written very plainly because I am intensely interested in this subject; I am tired of this eternal demagoguery and tinkering that results in no practical good to any one. I trust if the Legislature should succeed in passing such a law as the one suggested, that Governor Pattison will veto it.

I am very grateful for such a paper as the FOREST AND STREAM, clean, able and independent; it furnishes a medium through which we can at least express our views and have the assurance that they will be read by a host of the best sportsmen in the country.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How unreasonable are our Pennsylvania sportsmen! Just now, with fair chance of getting a sensible game law, a committee doing all that is possible, with the most favorable conditions for legislative action, the committee of sportsmen, the game committee of the lower House and individual members are beset with advice and commands to amend the season to suit each and every one, instead of standing by the committee, who are trying to get a law that will protect our game, give the law-abiding shooters an equal opportunity with the lawless, and have game plenty if the season is short. One season for all local game is essential; and better to sacrifice the woodcock shooting than all the rest. But from July 4 to Aug. 4 should satisfy woodcock shooters. At that time no grouse are found in cock covers. Dec. 15 is late enough for the game season to close, if protection is what we are after. But sportsmen must agree to get the best law possible, not what each one thinks is best or wants. It discourages the workers, after having the consensus of sportsmen all over the State formulated, to have it antagonized. The suggestion to divide the northern and southern portions of the State I think is unconstitutional.

JUNIATA.

THE MONGOLIAN PHEASANT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been much written of late years regarding the Mongolian pheasant in Oregon, and thus readers of FOREST AND STREAM doubtless know the facts regarding their introduction and the success attending the same. For the enlightenment of those not familiar with the facts I would say the birds (ring-necked Mongolian pheasants) were imported from China some eight or ten years since. Quite a number were liberated in the Willamette Valley and the Legislature of the State passed an act protecting the birds for a period of years. This protected period expired last September and the birds may now be shot during the same months the State allows for the killing of native grouse. Despite the fact that the birds have been under the protection of the law since their introduction, of course hundreds and thousands fell victims to pot-hunters and farmers. Harassed as they were the birds have been a great success and there are now thousands of them to be found from one end of the valley to the other.

With the fear before me that I am perhaps telling an old story, I would like to say a few words regarding the breeding and game qualities of these beautiful birds. The Mongolian pheasant is as nearly as I can determine identical with the famous pheasant of merrie England. The birds are very prolific and often rear from two to three broods during a season. The full grown male is a magnificent bird with a large tail and a plumage rivaling the rainbow. The mature male weighs about four pounds, but the female is smaller and of much more sombre plumage. The birds live in prairie and brushy country, and have no use whatever for the dark pine and spruce woods. They will always be found in country sufficiently open to allow of easy, fair shooting, and as sprinters they rival the wild turkey. I cannot say the birds will lie to the dog as well as does the ruffed grouse and Bob White, but the fact remains that a rapid and cautious dog will mark them down without trouble. They will then often allow the gunner to fairly kick them from the cover, and despite the fact of their brilliant plumage they very effectually secrete themselves in short grass and stubble. In flushing they do not make such a bustle as does the ruffed grouse, and in flight they are not so rapid as that bird. Knowing the great success these birds have been in Oregon, Eastern sportsmen have of late been making many inquiries with a view of introducing them into their respective States. But there has always been a serious doubt—and it is expressed by nearly every one who writes to me regarding the birds—will they stand the rigors of the Eastern winters? This question is what prompts the writer to inflict this letter on the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Our weather this winter has been much more severe than is usually the case. The temperature was not so very low, not worse than zero, but we had from 1 to 2 ft. of snow, which remained on the ground about a month. I was very much afraid that the long continued and deep snows would be very hard on the birds, and that the larger part of them would perish.

I took the trouble to correspond with several of my acquaintances in different parts of the valley, and I now know the condition of affairs. I learn that the birds of the river bottoms and brushy localities had no trouble in finding a living, but that those of the prairies and more open country did not fare so well. Such birds were driven to the farmers' hay and straw stacks, and they also gather about the barns and follow the stock. Here they pick up a living, and if the farmers' boys do not mercilessly pot the birds they will easily survive. I know of a party in Canada who has successfully reared some of these birds, and he reports that they can stand a temperature of from 15° to 20° below zero. This, to my mind, clearly demonstrates the fact that if food is provided for the birds they will survive the coldest and roughest weather. The gaily dressed foreigner is difficult of capture, for he is suspicious and cautious; but the late deep snows have doubtless resulted in the taking alive of a good many. I regard this Mongolian pheasant as the coming game bird of this country, and I want to see them in every State and Territory.

Several months since I published a notice to the effect that I knew of several parties who made a business of capturing and breeding the birds and offering to furnish to any one sending me a stamped and self-addressed envelope the names and addresses of the above-mentioned people. I received many letters from Maine to Mississippi; and regardless of the fact that some of them were unaccompanied with stamps I have always given the desired information and a courteous reply. Live birds are scarce and expensive, but in the spring and summer numbers of wild eggs can be procured at a nominal cost.

Regarding the shipment of eggs I would say this. Last summer I obtained from a gentleman in this city one dozen eggs and carefully packing them in excelsior I sent them per express to a correspondent in Mississippi. Now it is a long distance from Oregon to the above-mentioned State, but my friend writes that the game hen under which he sat the eggs hatched 70 per cent. of them and that those unhatched were apparently not fertilized. Unfortunately, his country was visited by a protracted rain about the time the young birds were hatched and they became wet and perished.

Until about a month old the chicks are delicate, but from that on they are hardy and thrive. They must be kept dry and given suitable food. The eggs I sent my friend were from semi-domesticated hens and were perfectly fresh, but I am afraid wild eggs would not hatch so successfully. I would earnestly advise those who wish the birds to try some eggs, however, for I have known people who upon finding a wild nest of eggs and transferring them to a chicken have hatched and raised nearly all of them. Eggs are comparatively cheap, and if but three or four of a dozen hatch the sportsman may get a start and then all is well.

I would advise those who have large and valuable preserves which they wish to stock with the long-tails to buy a number of the birds and keeping them in captivity hatch their eggs under domestic chickens. Two hens owned by the party from whom I obtained my eggs laid in one summer 243 eggs. I now desire to again make the offer to furnish information as to how to obtain these birds to those who will address me and send stamp for reply. I have no individual or pecuniary interest in the matter, but in the interest of the sportsmen of this country I will go to the trouble of making answer to those who care to write me.

THOS. G. FARRELL.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Spring Shooting and Large Bags of Game.

MATLOCK, Ia.—I notice in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM many articles on the evil effects of spring shooting. I agree with them in some respects, but "circumstances alter cases." Where there are marshes and breeding grounds for ducks, no one will deny that spring shooting is an injury. On the other hand, in this region it is spring shooting or none. No ducks breed here, and they do not stop here on their way South in the fall and only for a short time in the spring. The result is that you must take advantage of them while they are here or shoot ducks in your dreams only. I believe most heartily in game protection, but not in such protection as will prevent all shooting.

I also notice in your columns, as well as in other papers, reports of large bags of game. In your issue of March 9 Mr. Hough, in speaking of Mr. C. E. Willard's Southern trip, says he killed in one day 113 quail, and in another day 269 doves. Is this sport—true sport? Most decidedly it is not. Such shooting is, to my mind, simply slaughter. I believe the amount of game killed should be limited by law. Any sane man should be satisfied with a bag of 25 to 40 birds, and if he has not the qualities of a true sportsman about him to stop when he has made a reasonable bag, then there should be a law to compel him to stop. Do not let this wanton and useless slaughter go on under the name of sport, and at the same time condemn the man who shoots a half dozen ducks in the spring and call him a pot-hunter.

UNION MACHINE.

Rifle Shots at Geese.

FREDERICKSBURG, Ia., March 26.—Ducks and geese are very plentiful here this spring. We had lots of snow last winter, and going off this raises the streams very high. The Wapsie, our nearest river, is all over the bottoms, and the ducks settling near the center are very hard to get at without a boat. The geese often alight in the cornfields. To-day, as I was sitting up-stairs reading, I heard the *honk, honk*, we all know so well, and going to the window saw a large flock circling around back of the barn. I rustled down-stairs, threw on my coat, and went out and climbed up on the windmill to see if they would light. They flew around toward the cornfield, and settled near the edge on a plowed field about 60 rods from a large snowbank on the edge of our grove. I "came off my perch" and ran in the house to get my .32 Winchester repeater with nine cartridges in the magazine, and then sneaked out behind the snowbank. The geese were scattered around three or four in a bunch. Hastily raising the sight two notches I lined up on the largest bunch and fired. They all flew up. This made me so mad I pumped the other eight shots as they rose. At nearly the last shot one set his wings and came sailing to the ground. May be I didn't make the mud fly getting to where he fell. He was stone dead, the bullet going through him lengthwise. An old goose hunter would have thought nothing of this, but it was my first goose, and it would have taken a hat two sizes larger to fit my cranium just then.

F. J. C.

You Can Get the Sense of It.

THE following interesting and queer piece of composition was received recently by Sam Cornell, of this city. The writer is a full-blooded Sioux Indian and puts in his time hunting and acting as a guide for hunting parties. It was in the capacity of a guide that Mr. Cornell met him. His education was procured at an Indian school on the reservation near his home. The letter is given in its quaint and original makeup and here it is:

WOLF POINT, Mont., Feb. 12, 1893.—Friend Sam: Your letter of Jan. 6th, and I was very glad to hear from you, that you was got some elk skin; well, I never get hold of any elk teeth my life, no elk in this our country & some bears in little rocky mountain. But I never go up there, and some sheeps too. Plenty of deers & elvies too and I have killed 7 nice dose & 15 elvies & redfox. Deer skins 20c lbs. Some of the skins weigh 7 or 9 lbs. We have hards winter we ever know of, I think we have get down this spring, to dam deeps snow; just above my knees of snow. We have colds and storms and hale 12 days. I think we get warm next time. I was out of hunter four weeks; I got just home one leave. I take trips of little rocky mountain until I hear from you again. Some time ago I use to go hunting with Proctor, and we saw one old Black-tail buck he standing alongside the little creek; and Proctor shot 2 times; he missed, I shot one knock down. I think Proctor remember for that. Yours friend, PETER MATTHEWS.

The Proctor spoken of in the above letter was one of the party which Mr. Cornell was hunting with when he met Matthews.—Youngstown, O., *Evening Vindicator*.

Out of Winter Quarters.

JUNIATA COUNTY, Pa., March 25.—Our interesting friend of the wood, the coon, has again been brought out of his retirement by the warm, murky evenings of the past week. A few evenings since, just before dusk, I heard one of his tribe, out of his retreat, noisily welcoming the coming spring. He was in a woods of old oaks but a few hundred yards from the house, and he kept up his peculiar solo for an hour or more. One of our teamsters last week bagged an old coon by hiding (so his story runs) behind a wood rank and catching its hindlegs as, with three young ones, it came trooping down the mountain. Of course it was not edible at this season, and the man received at the store but 35 cents for the coat.

ONYJUTTA.

Deer and Railroad Train.

PHILADELPHIA, N. Y., March 27.—While the passenger train that leaves Philadelphia for Watertown at 5:45

F. and S. April 13, 1893.

Stories told
on One Another
by a
Country Parson
and his Deacon.

P. M. on March 25 was climbing the steep grade a-half mile from the depot a doe was struck and badly wounded. It did not die till the next morning and the manner of its death is questioned.

The doe was badly crippled by the passenger train, but was still alive—according to the crew of the freight train that stopped to pick it up. Not caring to run the risk of prosecution by the game protector, they—according to their story—placed it on the track and ran over it with the train. The deer was run over less than 300 yds. from the depot.

If the deer was still alive when the freight train ran over it—as the freight train's crew said it was—it must have had an extraordinary vitality, for its throat had been cut and its viscera removed before being mutilated by the cars.

Its body was warm at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The hind and forward quarters had disappeared at 12 M., having probably been taken by some villager, the meat not having been mutilated except just back of the foreshoulders where the wheels had divided it. The deer had been seen several times lately by farmers and others in the country hereabouts.

Robins appeared on March 18, while crows and woodpeckers have been here for several weeks. A bird was seen carrying a string probably for its nest this morning.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Game Notes from the Pecos Valley.

EDDY, N. M., March 23.—F. D. White, a stockman who has a pasture of some 30,000 acres on the Staked Plains, east of Eddy, came in the other day and reports that there are a great many large gray wolves on his range, and that they are killing a good many calves and colts. He states that mountain lions are also numerous, and is anxious to have some hunters come out and help thin them out. He says there are thousands of antelope on the plains between here and his range, and some 300 in his pasture. They are confined by the wire fence and can not get out.

A lady who lives on a homestead fifty miles up the valley, says that one morning in the latter part of February she got up and found several hundred antelope within a quarter of a mile of the house. There had been a snow-storm the day before and the antelope had drifted in and taken refuge among the brush in an arroyo that crosses the farm.

Some prospectors who drove up the valley a week or so ago saw a coyote catch a jack rabbit. They stated that the chase was a long and exciting one; that near the close of it the jack cut and doubled, and at each turn the coyote gained on him until he finally picked him up. Two other coyotes that had been watching the chase and ready to take a hand in it came in at the finish for their share of the lunch.

Duck shooting has been good along the Pecos River and the big canal all winter, and several good bags have been made. The varieties most numerous here are canvasbacks, redheads, mallards, widgeon and teal. G. O. SHIELDS.

Small Game Preserves.

ANN ARBOR, Mich.—I inclose a mite for the "Nessmuk" memorial. His game laws are the only ones to be trusted—his and those of the Indian before him—namely, limit the killing to the physical wants of the person or persons concerned. No one has a "right" to kill 75 wild ducks a day, or any such number, on his own grounds, or anywhere else. The private preserve is meeting opposition. It will some day meet the question of what rights of killing it gives the owners, only to find that it does not convey the right of unlimited, exclusive slaughter. The wild, barbarous red man (Indian) had better game laws than our "civilized elegancies" can boast.

I am reminded in this connection of a fact, often insisted on in FOREST AND STREAM, that even a small, strictly "preserved" area is of the greatest benefit in keeping our wild neighbors from total extinction. In a village I know of there is a little group of large forest oaks where the Pennsylvania fox squirrel has been safe for 30 years. In consequence he is safe now in the whole village. He lives in the trees on the streets and in the dooryards. He seems to be doing quite well in the world, too.

Once, years ago, I saw in the grove above referred to perhaps 250 or 300 of these squirrels gathered on a few trees, four or five large white oaks, racing and chasing each other about at a rate that brings the rattle of the bark to my ears now.

J. B. D.

Shooting by Proxy.

"PISECO" writes from Port Royal, S. C.: "This has been a very good season for snipe, mallard and teal, which have been abundant in the fresh water marshes and ponds of several of the sea islands, and a number of good bags have been made, rather the best that I know of by myself, shooting, as I usually do in these autumn days of my career, by proxy. My proxy is a first-class one. Our arrangements are that I furnish gun, ammunition, etc., and he attends to the sport. He is a dead shot and I find this is really a comfortable method. I wish I liked to shoot birds as well as I do to catch trout."

Horrible Nuisance in a Blind.

I HAVE just noticed "Podgers's" appeal for a remedy for the "wretch" who makes puns. From the example given, this looks like a very severe and chronic case. A friend of mine was in the habit of taking advantage of me when we were together in a duck shooting blind. Each pun caused me to miss the next shot, and as entreaty was of no avail, I was in despair. I at last struck an unfailing cure. Every time he got off a pun I proceeded to give him a long explanation as to the point of his joke, and where the point—if there happened to be one—came in. After one or two treatments the patient was cured.

DOCTOR.

North Carolina Quail.

MARCH 20.—I have just returned from a week's quail shooting in North Carolina, and notwithstanding that it was the last week of the open season, I enjoyed fine sport. I was extremely comfortably housed and very well treated at the Renfro Inn at Mount Airy. I believe this place was advertised in FOREST AND STREAM this winter. I shot over good dogs and had the use of a competent guide, and all in all I can most strongly recommend the place.

T. DE C.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

WHEN JACK AND I WENT FISHING.

'Tis years ago since Jack and I
Went fishing here together;
For I would go when Jack would go,
In rain or pleasant weather.

I'd often watch him when at school,
And knew that he was wishing
He had his hooks, could drop his books,
And go with me a-fishing.

Sometimes we'd run away from school,
But dad made little kicking
When he found us out, for he liked trout,
Which saved us from a licking.

When looking back to those bright days
It seems almost a dream,
And yet, in memory sweet, I hear
The ripple of the stream.

I scent the incense in the air
Of flowers, so gently springing
From mossy bank, and, in the wood,
I hear the bluebirds singing.

How plain I see Jack's old straw hat,
His face so brown and freckled;
His string of fish—I only wish
I had some, crimson speckled.

But Jack has changed, and so have I,
With the little brook of ours;
The trout are gone, the bluebird's song
All vanished, like the flowers.

And though I'm old, I can't forget,
I still keep hoping, wishing,
That Jack and I, before we die,
May once again go fishing.

CHAS. STUART RILEY.

THE CHUNKY LITTLE BASS.

I HAVE heard a great deal said and have read something about the gameness of this fish and the stubbornness of that, but the chunkiest little fellow I ever heard of was a little white bass which was caught in White Lake, Mich., last summer.

Tom and Bill (these names will answer just as well as their baptismal ones) were out on the lake and had been having lots of fun with white bass and had a good mess. Bill was tired, had enough, wanted to go in, but Tom wanted more. Bill was handling the boat and fishing a little in a careless, listless manner. He laid his rod down, one-half of it outside of the boat, hook in the water, to hand Tom "just one bait more." Something took Bill's bait with a good strong pull and overboard went his rod. Down, down it went in 20ft. of water, out of sight long before either man made a move or could catch their breath.

Well, they dragged and dragged until their stock (limited) was exhausted. There was a \$26 rig down there somewhere, but down there they were obliged to let it remain, as no amount of dragging or probing would touch it.

There probably have been fishermen in a better state of mind than these two were in as they rowed toward the landing. Bill was as sore as a bran new boil at having lost his rig, while the sensitiveness of said boil was not mitigated any by the thought that he had been urging Tom to go in for the last half hour. This, added to the guying he got from Tom for not "having sense enough to hang on to his rod," was enough to make any saint in the calendar red hot, saying nothing about the uncalendared ones.

Nevertheless, after a good substantial dinner, a refreshing nap and a grief-subduing smoke Bill rigged up another outfit and the two started for the "mouth," three miles away, for a fresh supply of bait, Bill with an unusual amount of emphasis affirming that "He would not row a single stroke and that smarty might have full swing; he would stick to his rod."

An hour's rowing brought them to the life-saving station, where more bait was obtained. Each fisherman having hooked on a fresh bait they pushed out into the channel through which White Lake discharges into Lake Michigan. Bill's hook had been in the water not more than three minutes when he felt what he termed a "snivelling sort of a bite," a cross between a small twig and a little perch. But as the snivelling continued he pulled up, when lo and behold, instead of having hooked a fish, he had caught a fish line. Dropping his rod into the bottom of the boat and firmly planting a No. 12 boot on it, emphasizing that with 165lbs. of himself, he care fully, hand over hand, pulled up the captured line. About 50ft. of the line was in the boat when Bill, with a scream that fairly made the boat shiver, yelled "Eureka!" Then with another screech, which made the alarm bell in the station yard ring and brought every member of the crew on to the pier in double-quick, he lifted his lost rod and reel out of the water.

There being yet life at the other end of the line, it was carefully reeled in. At the end Bill found the cause of all his trouble and anxiety in the shape of a little white bass which would probably weigh a pound or a pound and a quarter, but as full of fight as Satan's wife. The gamy little chunk had pulled from the spool a good hundred feet of line, and then dragged the whole business three and a half miles; and when caught was evidently on his way out into the big lake, where he would have more sea room and better water to enjoy it in.

Tom said, "Let's keep him as a curiosity and send him to FOREST AND STREAM's museum." But Bill from the fullness of his joyful heart said, "No. He has behaved so grittily, I am going to let him go in hopes he will reproduce his kind extensively."

The hook was very carefully removed and the fish gently slid into the water, with many expressions of good will hopes that his little lark was satisfactory to him and that he would multiply and his whole race prosper.

A. W.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

EVOLUTION OF THE TROLLING SPOON.

THERE has been some discussion recently in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the inventor of the trolling spoon now so commonly used for the capture of game fish. Priority of invention has been claimed for several, but the name of the originator of this kind of lure remains to be mentioned. In the exhibit now being prepared for the World's Fair by the J. T. Buel Company, of Whitehall, N. Y., may be seen the germ that resulted in the modern spoon bait. It is an old broken-handled brass spoon, corroded with age, to which an antiquated style of hook has been soldered. With it the late Julio T. Buel caught fish more than sixty years ago, and it is an incontrovertible fact that his was the first patent ever granted in this country for trolling spoons and spinning baits, and that he was the first to engage in their manufacture. A brief account of the life of the pioneer of this style of fishing may not be uninteresting.

Julio T. Buel was born in Vermont in 1812 in close proximity to the famous Lake Bomosee and many of the finest trout streams in that State, and he early familiarized himself with the habits of fish. Standing one day on the bank of a stream he threw some small white pebbles into it and noticed that trout would rise to them. This fact suggested to the lad that game fish would take any bright moving object. He tried the experiment with bits of tin and found the fish eager to strike them. He then soldered a hook upon a piece of bright tin, and after twisting it so that it would revolve when drawn through the water, caught a fine bunch of fish. It was not until he reached the age of eighteen, however, that he made the first "spoon bait," as the article became known later. While eating his lunch on the lake on day he accidentally

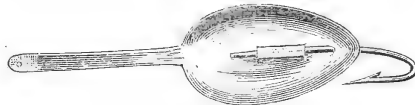


JULIO T. BUEL.

dropped a teaspoon overboard, and as it sank he noticed that it made peculiar twists and turns through the water, and was suddenly struck by a large fish before it reached the bottom. The boy was filled with a new idea. Might not a common spoon with a hook soldered to it prove more killing than all his former inventions? He was not long in getting an old brass tablespoon, and, after polishing the convex side of the bowl, he soldered a hook upon the small end of it and tied the line to the broken handle.

Young Buel's first efforts in Lake Bomosee with this rude construction was a revelation to all the fishermen in that county. The size and quantity of fish he took from the depths of the lake had never before been approached. In fact, many of the old residents thereabouts continue to use what is known as "Buel's spoon" in its original shape, and will not believe that any improvement can be made in it.

But Buel was not contented until he could perfect the finest details of construction for strength and wear, and devise little niceties of distinction for fish of different



THE FIRST SPOON BAIT.

habits. This seemed so important to him that he spent hours and hours lying perfectly still watching their habits. No item of detail escaped his notice because he found that failure often resulted from the slightest defect. Sometimes it was a faulty hook; sometimes it was the shank of a fly spoon, and sometimes it was mere appearance that failed to lure the wily fish. One by one he studied out these details, sparing no pains or expense. He had bright polished treble hooks made to his own order because the black japanning in common use could hide a flaw that might cause failure at a critical moment. Experience has proved the wisdom of Buel's bright hooks. Black japan treble hooks were not only driven out of the market, but bright polished ones became known to all fishermen throughout the land as "Buel hooks."

He bought the finest steel piano wire costing from \$1 to \$2 a pound, to use in the place of the cheaper and weaker brass wire, and this was plated by him to prevent rusting. Even the swivels in common use were not good enough for him. They were easily made of soft wire, but he had them made of hard wire, as being less liable to bend and stop the revolution of the bait. And when it came to the selection of feathers for the flies, those of waterfowl alone were used, which, being adapted to the water would not lose their shape when submerged. No material was too good or too expensive if it only answered exactly the purpose he had in view. He selected pure silver for his artificial lures as being nearest the color of the live fish's belly. Instead of electro-plating he used a more durable rolled plate, and even this was burnished instead of being polished in the usual way, because burnishing hardened the surface and made it more durable. Little things in themselves, but together necessary for the perfection at which he aimed, they have made his name a synonym among fishermen for excellent and honest work, and it is worth noting that these details to-day are faithfully followed in the manufacture of everything bearing his name. In about 1854 he removed to Whitehall, N. Y., and en-

gaged in the furrier business, but this location was so tempting to a true fisherman that more of his time was given to fishing and devising attractive lures with which to catch fish than to the manufacture of hats. Only six miles away was Lake George, swarming with trout of enormous size, while Lake Champlain, in the vicinity of Whitehall, was a famous feeding ground for muskellonge, bass and pike, while less than a day's journey would take him into the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. He made long trips to the Adirondacks, the lakes and rivers where these different species lived, in order to thoroughly test his latest devices. When satisfied with the working of one, he would secure a patent upon it, lay it away, and go to work upon a new one.

Lake George, on account of the great clearness of the water, was one of the best places to test them, for he could see the motions of the bait at a great depth, as it was drawn past him by another person.

It was in Lake George that Buel first caught fish by deep trolling. He used some 200ft. of line, a half-pound sinker, a long fine steel leader, and one of his silver specimens that initiated a wounded fish when drawn through the water. With this tackle he would take large trout from the bottom of the lake in deepest water. For a long time Buel used to say that he had no idea of making the manufacture of trolling baits a business, but the sportsmen he met on these trips through the Adirondacks and elsewhere, as well as his neighbors, whom he fully supplied with his spoons, soon spread the reputation of his devices for taking fish, and orders and requests poured in upon him from every part of the country. The result was that the manufacture of trolling baits was begun by him at Whitehall, N. Y., in 1848, and since that time the great bulk of fishing lures which have delighted the hearts of all scientific fishermen, have come from that place.

SPOON BAIT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Illinois Fish Commission.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 31.—Governor John P. Altgeld's recommendation for the abolishment of the State Fish Commission came up in the Senate yesterday and was referred to the Senate Committee on Judiciary. The judiciousness of the judiciary is not yet determined, but the commission is likely to stay where it is.

Fly-Fishing for Bass.

W. H. Graves of Detroit, and Mr. L. M. Russell of Sackson, Mich., were in Chicago this week. Mr. Graves is an old bass fisherman on the St. Clair Flats grounds, and has also a good knowledge of other Michigan waters. He told me that the Grand River, at or not far from Grand Ledge, Mich., was about as good a water for fly-fishing for black bass as any he knew. He also spoke very highly of the Huron River, which flows in the opposite direction, or to the east. The Grand empties into Lake Michigan, just across the lake from us here. Mr. Graves tells me that fishing on the Flats is not thought sportsmanlike until after the spawning season, well on through June, at least. I wish as good fishing morals prevailed through all this section.

At the Fair.

Mr. S. A. Hones, manager of the Osgood Portable Boat Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., spent some time this week at the World's Fair grounds, arranging for the extensive exhibit which his firm will have in the anglers' pavilion of the Fisheries building.

Capt. Collins now has his hands about full in looking after the exhibits which are piling into his departments at the Fisheries. The Norway space is now well filled with odd-looking boats, and with divers preserved, pickled, or bottled fishes of wild and impressive contour. Somebody has in a lot of beautiful birch bark canoes. Somebody else has some mounted salmon and lake trout. Indeed, there is much of interest in every corner down there now.

Last Tuesday the sun came out warm and the ice in the lagoon moved out, leaving the part near the Eskimo village open. Two or three of these odd folks improved the occasion and sallied out in their long and narrow skin kayaks, which they paddled with a pole a trifle flattened at each end. They handled their tipsy craft with great ease, and one hardy Corinthian had a passenger on the deck behind him. The passenger lay out at full length on the deck, with his head against the cockpit and his toes trailing in the water behind. His position would have made the ordinary citizen a trifle apprehensive, but the passenger seemed to enjoy the sunshine which beat down on his sealskin back.

Easily Done.

One high in authority writes thus: "For fear that you might not recognize it, I thought I'd point out to you that in the 'Cotton Fishing House,' of March 23, FOREST AND STREAM had a piscatorio-historico-expositiono-news beat of the first quality."

Of course it had. FOREST AND STREAM does those things right along, does it often and does it easily. If FOREST AND STREAM's competitors were not so horribly easy to beat in a journalistic way, it might be more worth while to occasionally call attention to such succulent scoops. As it is, there isn't anything much for a pace-maker, these days.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

Alaska Fly-Fishing.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 28.—The statement has been many times published, and is generally accepted as true, that there is no fish in Alaska that will take the fly. Some time ago I took occasion to dispute the assertion in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and was happy to have so good an angler as "Podgers" come to my support.

Now I have additional evidence. To-day I had a long talk with Mr. A. B. Ford, a heavy cannery-man of that far-away country. He told me that he had seen not only trout but salmon taken with the fly at Yes Bay, near his home. For cumulative testimony he referred me to Lieutenant Emmons, in charge of the Alaska exhibit at the World's Fair; Carl Spulm, president Alaska Packing Co., Concord Building, Portland, Ore., and Paymaster Webster, of Seattle, Washington. Is it not about time that people should quit talking such nonsense as that no fish in Alaska will take the fly?

S. H. GREENE.

THE BIG SUCKER OF BOYHOOD.

I was pleased with Mr. Cheney's recent article in defense of the "brook sucker," not that I would care to be put on record as an enthusiast over the fish, yet it is a fairly good fish when properly cooked, and when taken from a clear stream in the early spring months. He is a fish that has perhaps suffered more ridicule than any of his fellows, and when spoken of by anglers is classed as hard to catch and good for nothing when caught. I will confess to a weakness for suckers, owing, perhaps, to the fact that my first real thrill of joy as an angler was caused by my capture of a splendid specimen when I was but 8 years old.

Near the farm on which my father lived ran a large creek, the real headwater of Munasquan River. My mother, careful old soul, would as soon think of allowing me to smoke grapevine cigars in the haymow, as to listen to my pleading to fish in that creek. So I had to put in what time I had fishing for "sunnies" in a shallow brook in our meadow. But one day my longings overruled all my fears of future consequences, and armed with a three cent cotton line, a small hook and a white birch pole, I started for that enchanted stream. For had I not seen real monsters, glorious bullheads, almost impossible eels and great strings of suckers brought from that same stream by the men and large boys? I was not a great while in finding the favorite fishing point, the "old maple swamp" at whose foot the waters had worn a deep pool. Stringing on a goody-sized worm I crawled out on the stump, adjusted my cork float to the proper distance on my line, and for the first time in my life cast a bait where I could not see bottom. And with what anxious pleasure I watched that cork as the waters swirled it to and fro, till presently a nibble, then another and then it ceased altogether. How disappointed I felt lest it should not prove a bite. I did not know suckers then so well as now. Again that nibble, and with all the strength at my command, I yanked boy fashion. Horror of horrors, I was fast to a root; oh, the chagrin and despair for a moment. But, a tug tug at my line and a swift motion down stream told me I had a fish. How I landed him I never knew. I have a dim remembrance of a splashing and surging object, a whip-like pole bent in all manner of shapes, and finally a real live fish at my feet. How I danced and halloed. No prince ever possessed more priceless trophy. I shall never forget the pace I set for home that hot afternoon. Bare-foot though I was, I never halted for briars

or stones, until breathless and the sweat streaming down my face, I held up my prize to my astonished father, who was plowing corn. I guess my first sucker proved my mascot, for I escaped my deserved thrashing, and thereafter had the liberty of the creek whenever my time could be spared. He weighed just 3½ lbs., and I carried his tail and fins in my pocket a long time as a relic. Since that time I have fished many streams, both salt and fresh; am regarded as an angling crank; and have caught almost every variety of fish indigenous to our waters, but of all the scaly prizes that have been killed on my hook none have given me the thrill and hilarious joy that did my first sucker. And even yet, surrounded on all sides by good salt-water fishing, I cannot forego the temptation of at least one day in the spring at my early stamping grounds on the fresh-water creek. While Mr. Cheney's method of the heavy sucker is very good I have what I consider an improvement. I use a very light but thoroughly tested lancewood rod, a small combination rubber and German silver reel, and nine-thread Cuttyhunk line. After carefully grading the depth of my pool I set my float so that the bait will just clear the bottom, then having stationed myself at its head, I carefully pay off the line until the entire length of the pool is traversed, repeating this until either success crowns my efforts or failure convinces me that the fish are not there. But in no case do I use more than one worm at each baiting, and leave as much as possible of its length to wriggle free at the end of the hook. I have taken both trout and suckers in this manner, while the ice water was still running in the creeks.

LEONARD HULIT.

Burbot in the Mississippi.

On March 18 Dr. S. P. Bartlett saw a burbot 14 in. long, which was caught at Canton, Mo., twenty miles above Quincy. This is the second fish of the kind known by him to occur in that region, and as his acquaintance with the fisheries is extensive, it may be accepted as a settled fact that the burbot is an uncommon species near Quincy.

The most southern locality reached by the fish thus far known is Kansas City, Mo. In the Great Lakes, the upper Missouri, and throughout British Columbia and Alaska the burbot is a common fish. As a representative of the cod family its permanent residence in fresh water is unique and interesting, but as a food fish, except in a few places, it is not esteemed.

At Quincy the fishermen were afraid to handle the

specimen seen by Dr. Bartlett on account of its eel-like appearance and its formidable mouth. A figure of the fish is to be found in the "Fishery Industries" and in the report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

UNCLE BILLY.

It was early in the season, about May 10, and I was whipping the open water between the lily pads at the head of the lake with fair success, fish rising freely and ranging from ½ to 1½ lb. It was an ideal spring morning, with just breeze enough to create sufficient ripple partially to conceal the angler, and no jarring sounds had broken the music of the feathered tribe, when suddenly and just as I landed a fish of about 8 oz., a derisive laughter vibrated on the morning air. I glanced in the direction whence the sounds appeared to come, but my view was obstructed by a clump of willows on a prominent point of the shore. My next cast was rewarded by a fish a trifle larger than the average, and as I landed it, I heard, or imagined I heard, a soft chuckle. To my next cast I had a double rise and both fish proved to be small fry and were returned. Before this could be done, however, very derisive and most aggravating laughter shook the air; and when I looked up I saw a little stoop-shouldered, gray-haired and gray-whiskered old man gazing at me through a pair of steel blue eyes full of contempt and merriment. He said, "Take no notice of me or my peculiarities, stranger, but go on and fish, if that is what you call it; or if you feel so inclined, come with me a short way and I'll show you what I call fishing and sport."

I was too mad for civilities and told him to lead on.

He brought his skiff around the point and led the way to a stretch of abrupt rocky shore, where the water was deep, and commenced proceedings by raising a 16 ft. cane from the bottom of the boat and baiting a 4-0 hook with

The dog would rise to a sitting position, gaze at the bullet, wag his tail and lick his chops, whereby he not only expressed his pleasure at being addressed, but also his intimate knowledge of what was meant by "another one," at least so his actions were translated to me.

Uncle Billy fishes for the market, but would no more think of fishing for or handling fish under 1 lb. than he could be induced to kill a doe out of season, even if he were out of meat and the animal stepped into his cabin. A buck, however, as soon as well in flesh and fat, I fear would stand less chances. Take him all in all, he comes nearer my standard of a gentleman sportsman than the majority of us who pretend at a claim to the title.

Mux.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, FISHES.

PROF. CARL H. EIGENMANN has prepared, and the National Museum has published in its proceedings, an account of the fishes of the southern part of California, or more especially, of San Diego and vicinity. One hundred and seventy kinds are enumerated in his list, and a very large proportion of them bring forth their young alive.

"San Diego Bay is about eighteen miles long by one to several miles wide. Its shores are sandy or muddy. There being no streams emptying into it it contains pure sea water. False Bay is much smaller and shallower, and in winter receives the water of the San Diego River."

Fish are caught in these bays by seines and gill-nets, and the seining has proved so disastrous as to threaten the speedy ruin of the fishing. Trolling lines and hand lines are used off shore, the former in the capture of Spanish mackerel and barracuda, the latter for taking whitefish and rock cod. The whitefish is not like our common one of the Great Lakes, and does not belong to the same family; it is related to the famous tilefish of the Atlantic, and takes the hook with equal readiness. The rock cod are brilliant spiny-finned fishes of the same family as our Eastern rosefish or red perch. These fishes are abundant and furnish almost endless amusement for anglers all along the west coast. Young mackerel, Spanish mackerel and barracuda enter San Diego Bay, sometimes in great schools. Large fish, as a rule, are found in deep water.

"The color of the same species of bottom fishes inhabiting the bay and the outside varies greatly, and even the same species at different depths or on different bottom show remarkable changes." One of the rock cods

"varies from flesh color to the brightest scarlet and olive." A sculpin found both in the bay and on the fishing banks shows similar variation. Specimens in the bay are dull colored, chiefly brown and mottled, while examples from the banks have the brown replaced by vivid scarlet.

In the list of the fishes may be recognized nearly two score of the familiar species on our east coast, including such forms as the spined dogfish, the shark, hammer-head shark, thresher shark, shark ray, devil fish, lady fish, striped mullet, remora, swordfish, thimble-eye mackerel, Spanish mackerel, tunny, porcupine fish and sunfish. The rainbow trout is the only member of the salmon family in the fresh waters. It abounds in the streams rising in Smith Mountain, tributary to the San Luis Rey River, and occurs also in mountain streams east of San Quentin, Lower California.

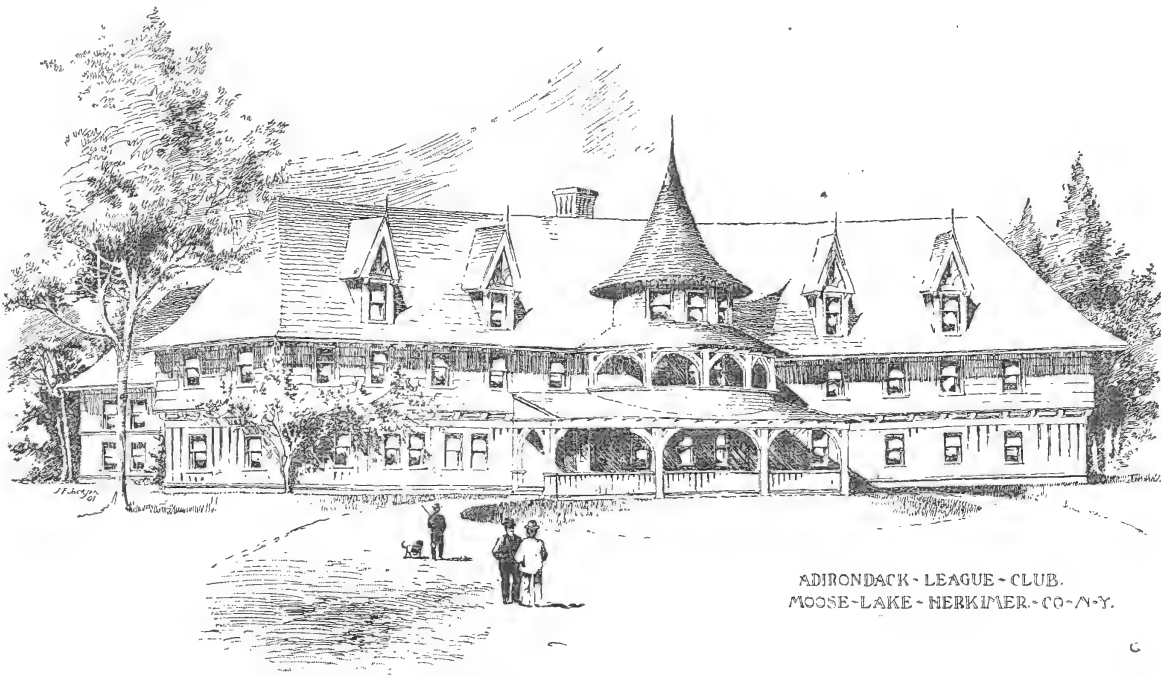
The barracuda is one of the most valuable food and game fishes of the region. It becomes abundant about the end of March, spawns early in July, and departs upon the approach of winter.

The swordfish has been seen on the Cortes Banks and northward, but is not brought in to San Diego. Two kinds of weakfish are found in San Diego Bay, one of which reaches nearly 4 ft. in length.

In crab holes under rocks at Point Lorna lives a remarkable little blind fish of a beautiful pink color. On mild days, when tides are very low, many of these fish may be found by overturning the stones, and sometimes the fish live out of water on damp gravel and sand under the rocks. Although the eyes do not serve for seeing, the skin is super-sensitive, and when food comes in contact with that of the head especially it is readily seized. The fish will live in a small quantity of water for several weeks without change. The eggs are bright yellow and are often attached by threads forming clusters like bunches of little grapes.

The rock cods are found in bewildering variety and number, twenty-eight kinds being mentioned by Dr. Eigenmann. Many of them are large and very handsome, and all of them take the hook freely.

Among the most interesting of the fishes are the viviparous perches, which produce from about twelve to fifty young, fully developed before they leave the bodies of the females. These perches extend northward to Alaska, and it is expected that living specimens will be obtained by the U. S. Fish Commission in Puget Sound for the World's Fair.



ADIRONDACK LEAGUE CLUB.
MOOSE LAKE - NERKINER CO - N.Y.

"MOUNTAIN LODGE," NEW CLUB HOUSE ON MOOSE LAKE.

a grub about the size of my thumb. After carefully lashing the bait to the hook he nodded to me, cast to within about 6 in. from the shore, and gradually drawing his bait in, as the heavy sinker threatened to lodge it. The first cast was a failure. To the second, however, after the bait had reached a depth of 6 ft., a fish responded. The old man struck and not without some effort landed a trout of about 3 lbs.

He never looked in my direction, but adjusted his bait, and in about 45 minutes caught seven fish weighing 18½ lbs. He then asked me how many fish I had. I counted twenty-three, weighing 8 lbs. and did not know what to reply, when the old fellow, looking at me reproachfully, said: "Why could you not let them live till I would have caught them. They would have weighed 40 lbs. at least. See what you wasted."

Thus I made the acquaintance of "Uncle Billy," a '49er, and about the queerest and nicest old fellow I ever met, and I vowed that, early in the season, in this lake I would not cast another fly, but become a convert of the virtues of the 4-0, the grub and a 9 oz. lancewood bait-rod.

About a week after our first meeting, I noticed Uncle Billy in his boat approach a point in the shore where I was lounging; and I decided to watch him for a few minutes to see whether he would not now and then take in a small one. After rowing to within about 30 ft. from shore, he raised his rod, looked critically at his bait and went to work, making several casts without a strike; he then came closer in and cast to deep water, bobbing his bait Indian fashion, and being almost immediately rewarded by a strike and disappointed by a miss. He slowly lowered his bait again, struck and missed a second strike: that was too much for the old hero; he got on his feet, lowered his bait, and with considerable color in his face and set teeth muttered: "Take it again; there take it," and with emphasis crescendo, "I dare you to take it again, you coward." I had to leave my point of observation for fear that I could not suppress my merriment, but concluded that it was worth while to cultivate the old gentleman's acquaintance.

With this object in view I paid Uncle Billy a visit and was introduced to his 45-70 Marlin, his 8-gauge America trigger action and his three hounds, one of which is his owner's pet and understands every word addressed to him. I was told, and felt inclined to believe, after witnessing what followed. Uncle Billy was casting bullets; and whenever a nice full bullet would drop from the mold he would point it out and exclaim: "There is another one."

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Massachusetts Trout.

BOSTON, April 3.—The trout season opened April 1, and the day was one of the finest and the mildest of the season. But the weather had been unusually cold, so that the streams in the western and the northern part of the State were scarcely clear of ice and were full to the brim, many of them with snow water. Hence but little angling has been done in these waters. Mr. L. Dana Chapman of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, had two invitations to go trouting in private waters, one in Orange, and the other down on the Cape. He decided to put off both trips till this week, and then take the one to the stream on the Cape. Mr. E. C. Paull of Taunton, and a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, was to try the trout streams in the neighborhood of Cotuit and Fall River. He was informed that one or two trout brooks in that section were well open, but as to his success I have not yet been informed. Gov. Russell is always first and last with the trout, and his success is always marked. With Mr. A. H. Wood, he was early on the trout brooks in the neighborhood of Sandwich, and both are reported to have taken seven fine trout. According to a dispatch from Buzzard's Bay that day, they were called upon to witness a far more disagreeable sight than usually comes to the trout fisherman. This was the burning of "The Crow's Nest," actor Joe Jefferson's beautiful cottage at that point. They were fishing in the vicinity and seeing the flames, were soon at hand and rendering all the assistance possible. Mr. Jefferson himself, a great lover of angling, was absent on a California trip.

The Gilbert Trout Bill Defeated.

The Gilbert trout bill was refused a passage in the Massachusetts Senate on Tuesday, by a tie vote of 17 to 17. The following day a reconsideration was called for. But the measure was defeated hard and fast by a vote of 19 to 16. This ought to end the matter forever, so far as the legislature is concerned. But Mr. Gilbert has an amount of fight in him worthy of a better cause. Now he proposes to test the matter in the courts. He has sold some of his trout to one of his neighbors, Maj. W. W. Cook, doing this the last days of March, before the beginning of the open season on trout. On Friday he made a complaint against himself before a magistrate, for selling trout out of season, and has had himself arrested for the offense by Chief of Police Manter of his town. His object is to carry the matter to the Supreme Court. Doubtless he expects to overthrow the whole code of fish and game laws in the Bay State. There is scarcely great cause for alarm. Mr. Gilbert's claim is that he has a right to sell trout reared by himself, whenever he pleases. But the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association contends that he has a right to sell his own only in the open season, when everybody else can do the same. This Association contends that it matters not whether a man raises a trout by means of a hook and line, or by means of chopped liver, he must not sell his raised trout in close season.

Maine Legislature.

As suggested last week, the Maine Legislature has adjourned. It has been a peculiar session, of far as fish and game legislation is concerned. Scarcely a measure has been passed that promised to favor non-resident sportsmen, but the one designed to give the non-resident the most trouble, the proposition to charge a license fee, was indefinitely postponed at the last hours of the session.

Among the dispatches in regard to the closing acts was one saying that the last bill signed by the Governor was one "prohibiting non-residents from fishing in State waters." This news caused sportsmen fond of fishing in Maine no little uneasiness, but a little explanation sets the matter all right. It relates only to seining or fishing for mackerel, menhaden, etc., in "State waters," that is, in bays and harbors within the three-mile limit. The act for protection of fish in B. Pond, in Oxford county, came along. A member from Norway said that all of the people in his county were opposed to the measure, and he moved its indefinite postponement. The local fishermen wanted to fish with bait, while the members of the Oxford Club, rich sportsmen from Boston, wanted to fish with the fly only, and they desired to control the actions of citizens of the State. The bill was indefinitely postponed. This bill was the one petitioned for by Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, and his friends, members of the Oxford Club. The club controls the shores of the pond.

The measure permitting sportsmen to send out their game, an amendment of the game laws whereby a man must go with his game and have the same plainly tagged and marked with the owner's name, was fought for till the closing hours, but the whole matter was finally referred to the next Legislature. Hence the old law must stand for two years at the very least. It is well that it is so, for the permission to "send out game" would open up the Maine forests again to the Boston markets. Another attempt to open September or a part of it, for the shooting of deer, was made late in the session, but was defeated, like the first. The amendment permitting the killing of one cow moose in a season by any man has become a part of the game laws of that State, and so it must stand for two years. This will be time enough to about wipe out the last of the moose. The attempt to further protect partridges or ruffed grouse during September utterly failed, as I stated last week.

Opening Day Luck.

The Monument Club spent the day among the trout, as its members always intend to do. This club has some fine trout waters in the neighborhood of Monument Beach. Among the names of the members out on the opening day may be mentioned Chas. B. Horton, J. L. Stackpole, Wm. Stackpole and T. W. Bradley. Report says that these gentlemen made good scores. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, one of the most genial sportsmen on the list, with a friend, went down on the Cape on the opening day. Their score was the best one mentioned yet, being 86 trout. They do not explain where they went, and they are not to blame if they do not. It was not a preserve that they fished, however, and their trout were wild trout. Mr. G. W. Wiggin, president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Dr. J. T. Stetson and Mr. H. Kimball were after trout on April 1. They made a good score. They also visited the Cape. The exact location they are not willing to name and are not to blame for keeping mum.

Monomoy Brant.

The second squad of the Monomoy Brant Club has returned from the club's shooting boxes at Monomoy Beach. This squad had rather poor success, taking but 18 brant in all. The members of the party mention bad weather and unfavorable winds, though they saw a good many brant flying. Other parties mention a point not very far distant from the Monomoy Camps where they have lately killed over 200 brant and some 50 eider ducks. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, though it comes to me from sources I should not be inclined to dispute, only saying, in the case of error, that my informant was misinformed. Some of the duck and brant that this party took have found their way into the Boston market. The brant were pronounced "terribly poor," and the marketmen say they are good for nothing. The ducks that are now occasionally coming into the same market are in very poor flesh. Quite a bunch sold the other day for the great sum of ten cents each. What a chance for a good sermon on spring shooting!

Metalic Brook.

Among the private and special laws passed by the recent Maine Legislature was one closing perpetually Metalic Brook, which flows into Upper Richardson Lake in the vicinity of the Narrows. This brook is one of the great trout nurseries that feed the lake below, one of the best of the Rangeleys. Of late years parties have been in the habit of camping on the brook and taking the small trout by the thousands, in many instances allowing them to spoil. The closing of this brook will be a great thing for the trout, and will please everybody but the trout-hogs, who have been in the habit of fishing there.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Printer and the Writer.

I WAS never proud of my handwriting at any period of my life, and the printer and I have a perfect understanding about it. He reads what he can and guesses what the words may mean that he cannot read, and I am constantly surprised that he proves to be such a good guesser. A few weeks ago when I wrote in one of my notes in this journal, "common ringed perch," and the printer made it "winged perch," I was surprised, not that he made winged out of ringed, for we do have flying fish, but that he did not make "common" read celestial, so that we could have had a celestial winged perch. I have not kicked when black bass has been printed "heach bass," but I would have kicked had the printer made it basswood bass. I do not object seriously to having "codfish" printed catfish, except that in the instance where the printer made the transformation the statement was true as to codfish and untrue as to catfish. I do not object to having "both fish" reconstructed into bait fish, for although it destroyed the sense of the sentence, a reader who is a good guesser would guess that the word "bait" meant both. In fact, I would not object—would not dare object, at anything that the printer might make out of my writing as long as he confines himself to what I am supposed to say, but when he monkeys with what I quote some other fellow as saying I am obliged to kick, otherwise the other fellow would tell me nothing more. To the best of my knowledge and belief I wrote: "I asked Mr. Dix if he had seen salmon in the fishway or above it, but he said he had not personally, although his men had seen salmon both in the fishway and in the river above it, when it was first built. The fishway being impassable last summer the salmon could not get above it." After all, the printer might "prove it on me" that what I did write in FOREST AND STREAM of March 23 looked more like what he made it than it did like what I intended it.

"Gen. Hooker" and "B. A. Scott."

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, Can., sent me a few days ago a couple of flies which have been found very killing for ouananiche in Lake St. John waters. The fly was the discovery of Mr. B. A. Scott, the Mayor of Roberval, Quebec, and was copied from natural insects found in the stomach of an ouananiche and named after the discoverer. I recognized the fly at once as being identical with one of Miss Sara J. McBride's patterns which she called "Gen. Hooker." Miss McBride gave me her dressing of this fly (and it must have been nearly twenty years ago) as follows: "Body, bright yellow and green, ringed alternately; red hackle (and this means chicken red); wings, tail feathers of ruffed grouse." The curious thing, perhaps, about this fly, which bears two names, is that years apart two different people copied a natural insect upon which fish were feeding, in one case trout, in the other ouananiche, and made a fly of materials so identical that one cannot be distinguished from the other except in the workmanship of the fly tyer. In each instance the natural fly appeared to the eye in the same fashion, and was counterfeited with the same material, identical in color, and if it is true, as charged, that our artificial flies do not really imitate the natural flies they are supposed to represent, fly tyers do arrive at the same result when acting independently in trying to imitate them.

The Illinois Fish Commission.

I have read with considerable interest Mr. Hough's comments upon Gov. Altgeld's wisdom in recommending the abolishment of the Illinois Fish Commission. I do not imagine the Governor will derive any great satisfaction from the comments because they are true, and consequently the Chief Executive is shown to have gotten beyond his depth when he rushed into the subject of fish propagation. I do not know just how well informed about fishculture angels may be. Mr. Hough writes in general terms of the probable value to the State of the work of the Fish Commission. In one year the Illinois Fish Commissioners in co-operation with the U. S. Fish Commission rescued from the sloughs that Mr. Hough mentions 535,000 fish. Remember that these fish would have been utterly lost except for the work of rescue which resulted in their being planted in waters where they would thrive and multiply. These fish were not helpless fry, but fish more or less mature, and it was expected that they would spawn the spring following their rescue, for all were spring-spawning fish. Say that only one-quarter of them spawned; they were fish that spawn prolifically, some 5,000 to 20,000 eggs, others 150,000 to 300,000, still others 100,000 to 600,000, but if the one-quarter of the fish rescued spawned but 500 eggs and one-tenth of these

survived to grow to a pound in weight, at one cent per pound they would be worth over \$66,000. Besides, some of the breeding fish would be left to breed again, and some of the young would grow to breeding age. This alone is sufficient to show that the investment of the money appropriated for the work of the Fish Commission is very profitable, and in addition the 800 convictions in two seasons for illegal fishing, which were secured by the Commissioners, tell a story that requires no comment.

A. N. CHENEY.

Analomink Trout Waters.

ANALOMINK, Monroe County, Pa., April 3.—The streams in this section are quite high, owing to the melting of the snow, which I am thankful to say is fast disappearing. The fishing season being near at hand I give you my opinion about the coming season. There were a great many trout to be seen last fall in October and November. The streams were low and the large fish ran to deep water, which, of course, gave the younger ones a chance for their lives. Now, with the fry placed in the brooks two years ago and the large fish which were here in the fall and the condition of the streams since November last being quite high, I think the season will be a good one.

THOS. H. STITES.

Onondaga Anglers.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To show your readers and the people of Onondaga county that the Anglers' Association mean business for this year, at a meeting of the executive committee on March 27 we passed the following resolution: "That the Association have cards printed to contain a short synopsis of the law; and also that the Association offer a reward of \$10 for the arrest and conviction and fine of \$25 for any man violating the law."

WM. EVERSON, Sec'y.

Bait-Casting for Bass.

MELROSE, Mass., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to urge your interesting correspondent, Mr. Henry G. Abbott, to give your readers through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM more information in regard to the art of bait-casting. What is the best weight and length of rod? What the best line, how could the cast be best acquired? If Mr. Abbott will aid in regard to these and other points he will confer a favor on at least one. W.

Iowa Fishways.

MATLOCK, Iowa.—Mr. T. J. Griggs, Fish Commissioner of Iowa, called here a few days ago on his way home from the western part of the State where he had been putting in fishways in the Rock and Sioux rivers. He is proving to be "the right man in the right place," as the seiners and spearers are finding out to their sorrow. Will send you account of fishing trip to Lake Okoboji in a short time.

UNION MACHINE.

New York Trout Season.

The trout season opened, on Long Island April 1, and in Spring Brook Creek, April 1. In Lake George it will open May 1. Elsewhere in the State it will open April 15. There is no exception as to Sullivan county; the season there will begin April 15.

Lake Champlain Black Bass.

By the Vermont laws the black bass season in that State (Lake Champlain included) will not open before June 15.

Who Wrote This One?

THE J. L. INGALLS CO., Manufacturers of the "Peeler" Rasp, Glens Falls, N. Y., April 1, 1893.—The Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York City.—Dear Sirs: The writer, formerly a subscriber for your paper, has allowed business to crowd out all knowledge of you. We own one of the best trout brooks in the State, bought one year since. Almost no trout now. Three dams below—no fishways. Can we have this remedied? Have a copy of the fish laws, but do not know how to apply it. Will you give us a hint in your answers to correspondents and send us a copy.

We want a sample copy

Fishing Boots.

Messrs. SAGE & Co., of Boston, are enacting the rôle of public benefactors in putting their light-weight fishing boot on the market. These boots, while strong and serviceable, only weigh 4 lbs., and the change from ordinary foot wear to them is hardly appreciable. Anglers who are accustomed to wade rapid streams all day know how this consideration counts, and that the pleasure of a day's sport is often made or marred by a few pounds difference in the weight that has to be carried, and to all such the Sage boots will prove a boon.—*Adv.*

Sportsmen's Wear.

E. OUMPAUGH & SONS, of Rochester, advertise athletic and bicycle suits of every description, sent C. O. D. with the privilege of examination. They also have on the market a first-class, all-wool sweater, that should prove a boon to those who want some warm yet easy-fitting dress for shooting, fishing or tramping.—*Adv.*

THE Hannaford Ventilated Boot which is waterproof, and as warm as any boot made, provides a way for the perspiration to escape; at each step the foul, moist air is forced out of the boot; when the weight of the body is removed from the compressible sole, fresh air is drawn into the boot. Hundreds testify that these boots can be worn with absolute comfort. No red linings are used.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Suraner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Report Stave Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

INDIANAPOLIS DOG SHOW.

THE Hoosiers have scored a distinct success in a new undertaking. The officers of the Illindio Kennel Club must be congratulated upon the result of their first dog show, which commenced March 28 and was brought to a successful close on the 31st, at Indianapolis, Ind. The show was held in Tomlinson Hall, a building well adapted for such a purpose, and at the same time in its appointments much more striking and artistic than the general run of buildings that fall to the lot of most bench show committees. Although only about 320 dogs were benched, the hall will accommodate quite 500. The benches were well laid out by Spratts Co., with the larger dogs on the main floor and toys and terriers on a stage at one end. Two excellent judging rings were provided down the center of the main floor. The light was good in the day time, but at night in some of the side rooms it was a difficult matter to tell a Yorkshire from a Skye. The club must feel elated at the good class of dogs they were able to bring together at the first call. There was really very little time to work the affair as they would like to have done, and when one takes into consideration that the club had really only twenty-eight days in which to organize and hold a show, the result is all the more commendable to their pluck and energy. In Mr. Chas. K. Farmer, however, the club has an invaluable secretary and organizer. With more experience he would be a model secretary. He is a hustler, but unlike most of that type, not all for himself, on the contrary, he wishes others to have the credit of anything that may be done, and is at all times cool, collected and ready with a courteous answer to the many importunities that fall to the lot of a secretary. Among the officers who busied themselves more particularly with the show were Mr. Harry S. New, the president, and son of Henry S. New, Consul General to London and proprietor of the Indianapolis Journal; Henry Swinge, a prominent grocer in the town who kept an eye on the "geld" and ran the treasury office. Then there was Mr. A. A. Anderson, secretary and treasurer of the street car railroad company who secured the posters in the car privileges. Of course Dr. Van Hummell of greyhound fame, and chairman of the committee, couldn't keep away from a dog show if he tried, and particularly one in his own town. With his experience in such affairs his counsel was of much value and he was on hand from morning till night, or as some one put it, "threw his physic to the dogs" for the time being. George W. Strong also rendered good service in the printing line. One of the best "vets" and a conscientious one was Dr. H. Roberts, who certainly must have read the paragraph in FOREST AND STREAM lately on the duties of a qualified "vet," for he carried them out to the letter, went the rounds of the dogs several times a day, and was on hand day and evening, neglecting his practice for the purpose; this is as it should be. Mr. Davidson, one of the judges, wished us to particularly mention what a model steward Mr. Frank Samuels had been for him, we believe he said "the best he ever had." Mr. Horace Comstock also proved valuable in the same capacity to Mr. Frank Wheeler, who judged terriers, etc. Unfortunately Mr. Roger D. Williams, just as he was starting from home, was taken ill with a severe attack of bilious colic, and as the doctors would not allow him to leave the house he wired the club his inability to be present at the opening of the show. At the desire of the exhibitors Dr. Van Hummell judged Mr. Williams's classes. The greatest interest centered in the wolfhound classes, and the two principal kennels had sent strong teams, the best yet seen out, particularly for Mr. Williams to judge. Mr. George Parr, one of the leading attorneys of this city, acted as steward for the Doctor. It will therefore be seen that the officers were not only officers in name but in fact. As they represent some of the best interests in Indianapolis the club may be said to be established on a firm basis.

In the winter a small dog show was given in connection with the chicken show, but as the canines were chiefly local the exhibit created little interest and in one respect led to the idea that the Illindio Club's venture was of a similar order. The newspapers—*Sentinel*, *Journal*, *News* and *The People*—however, disabused the people of this idea, devoting columns of space every day to the show. This had the desired effect and the hall was comfortably filled every day, and especially so on Wednesday, when about 1,700 people attended. Professor Bachelor's dog circus provided the amusement-loving public with lots to laugh at; it is a really good show, the act where one dog turns a back somersault over a greyhound being especially good. There was some kicking in regard to catalogues, the club arguing that as they could not afford to issue plain and marked catalogues it would be better to wait till the awards were made and then get out a marked catalogue. This is a mistake. The public require catalogues not so much to see who has won as to find out particulars of the dogs. Their absence also led to a good deal of inconvenience among exhibitors. Catalogues were out Wednesday afternoon. The judging was well done on the whole, though Dr. Van Hummell's peculiar decisions were subject to much discussion, the doctor judging entirely on the practical, and, to his mind as an old coursing man and wolf killer, suitability of the animal judged for the work it is intended to do. This is all right as far as it goes, but in a bench show a number of points are sacrificed for the good of the whole and judgment rendered accordingly. The weather throughout was superb and the best we have experienced this season. Among those we noticed at the show were J. L. Adams, Dr. John R. Daniels, J. E. Isgrigg, A. J. Carey-Curr, C. R. Pratt, Chas. Proctor, Harry L. Goodman, W. Turner, Andy McGregor, J. W. Mack, E. C. Riedinger, John Hawkes, Geo. H. Spahr, B. F. Seitzer, Berry B. Jearl, J. R. Monroe, Peter Paulus, J. Englehart, Al. G. Eberhart, Chas. E. Bunn, George Thomas, Ben Lewis, Joe Lewis.

MASTIFFS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—As we have stated before, the West now holds most of the trump cards in mastiffs, and the entry here plainly showed this, being better than any since New York. Beyond his generosity with commended cards—this judge's fault, if fault it may be called—the awards were well made. Merlin and Ormonde came together in challenge class; both are well known. Merlin loses in shortness and depth of muzzle, but gains in skull; his slight straightness behind was more than offset by the other's sway back and bad tail, besides Ormonde was too fat. Sinaloa won in challenge bitches. Open dogs introduced us to Marquis, first, a little faulty in hindlegs and hocks, pasterns should be stronger, good skull and fairly good muzzle, but rather a bitchy head. Grover, second, is a black-faced, plain-headed sort, ears not hung close enough, good bone. Reserve to Rollo, excellent in skull, measuring 28 in., but inferior in muzzle, light in eye, falls away in quarters, short in body; a large dog, by Ilford Caution, standing 33 in., and in condition should weigh 205 lbs., but having been lately poisoned, was looking thin and harsh in coat. The Moor, vhc., we have seen at several shows lately. Heywood's Carlo, c., is a beast. In bitches, first went to Minnie Beaufort, a sister of Black Prince and like him in many respects. She has a rather bulky head, immense skull and short muzzle that is not deep or square enough, rather frog-jawed, and she lacks the deep black shadings of her brother, and has entirely too much dewlap, which, reaching well under her ears, gives her a very cheeky appearance; nice body and legs, with good, all-round action, though she might move a little better behind, and is a trifle slack behind shoulder. Minna Minting, second, was fat, has lots of quality, but is a shy shower. Mateila, reserve, was noticed in Chicago report, and our old acquaintance, Ethel, a bit outclassed here, brought up the rear with vhc. There were no puppy classes in the show.

ST. BERNARDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—These, on the whole, were not very good, in fact, poor compared to the

request of the exhibitors present, were given to Dr. Van Hummell. It was most unfortunate, as a very strong entry of these hounds were sent from New York purposely to be judged by Mr. Williams. The doctor judged the dogs entirely with an eye to their possible powers as wolf destroyers, and consequently leaving type, or what we have accepted as type, gave his awards an entirely Montana flavor, and rather upset certain calculations that hitherto have been accepted as about right. Argoss, for instance, was left in the cold at the start, and of all the challenge entries, which included Argoss, Groubian, Princess Irma, Zerry and Svodka, the latter gained the verdict. Zerry, Argoss and Groubian can either of them beat her, according to our accepted notions. This class should have been divided by all means. Then the doctor took a fancy to Osslad in the open dogs and placed him over Peter the Great, and one cannot quibble much at that. In bitches Vinga won well, but Modjeska and Krimena were unnoticed, and second given to the pup Lobedya over Flo-deyka, vhc., whose poor shape perhaps had something to do with it. The others certainly deserved some mention as dogs of the breed, even if they did not come up to a wolf killing standard. Osslad, the judge believing that he had the most powerful wolf chewing jaw, took the special for best. Of course this is all wrong when type and quality is concerned, but then the doctor was the judge *pro tem*, and there was no remedy. Mr. Williams arrived on Thursday morning as he telegraphed he expected to do, and was much impressed with Argoss and Groubian and one or two others that were not placed. Considering the fact that Mr. Williams wired he would probably be on hand by Thursday, and as the entries all belonged to two kennels, would it not have been more satisfactory to have kept these classes open till his arrival, or word came that he could not come. This in view of the opposition of one of the exhibitors to Dr. Van Hummell as judge. The kennel prize went to Searcroft Kennels.

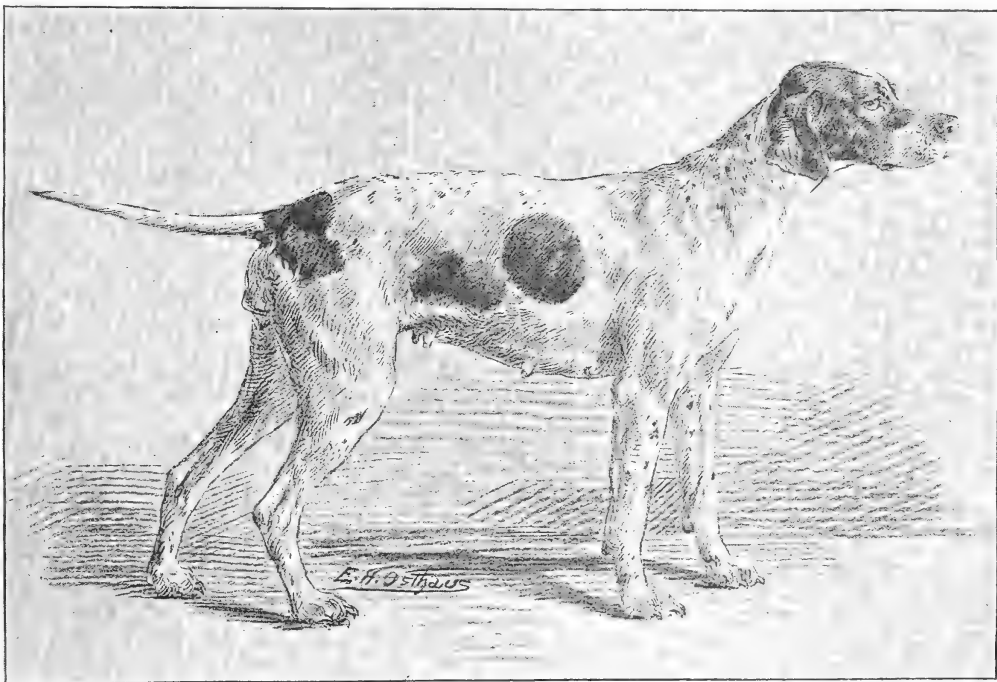
FOXHOUNDS (*Mr. Davidson, Judge*).—There were four of them, but being of a mixed American type there need be little said about them. Mr. Davidson judged in place of Mr. Williams. Chase, first, beats Jordan in substance, ribs and head. A rather nice-headed bitch, Fannie, took first in the "lady" class. No deerhounds on hand.

GREYHOUNDS (*Dr. Van Hummell, Judge*).—Here again the judge upset previous calculations. The placing of Pious Pembroke over Gem of the Season I cannot indorse, except on the score of condition of muscle, which we understand was the judge's reason principally, but Gem lays over the other so much in head, feet, chest, loin and hind legs that he should have won. With Lord Neverstill, Gem of the Season, Bestwood Daisy, Maud Torrington and Pious Pembroke in the challenge class the class should have been divided. In open dogs it was a poor placing to put Henmore K., vhc., and Watcher, both well known, on the same level and withhold the prizes. Henmore King may not be a crack, still he is very much good enough for first when there is nothing better in the class. The other entries were not up to much. In open bitches the judge thought well enough to give Wild Rose a first, but Marguerite could do no better than he, and Chips was out in the cold altogether, his faulty feet and forelegs accounting for this, of course. Three others in this class were deservedly unnoticed. Wild Rose was thought to be the best in the show, a peculiar decision when such greyhounds as Gem of the Season, Maud Torrington and Pious Pembroke were on hand.

POINTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—These were heavy classes, but there was really not very much quality, take them all round, a good moderate lot of dogs, many of them prized for their field qualities rather than bench looks. Count Graphic won in challenge class without opposition. Open heavy dogs (6) Boxer, who should be stronger in pasterns and have more stop, won over Spotted Boy, who must have pressed him very closely, had he not been shown so gross. He has a fairly good head, too throaty, good legs, but body fat and cloddy at present; he is a noted performer in the field. Ightfield Upton, reserve, should stand truer in front, fair head, flat loin, and as our English cousin has it, "goose-rumped." Shotmaster, vhc., not in very good fettle, should have more bend of stifle, nice bone, rather wide in front. Don Fishel is a plain sort, all black, heavy, wide front. Joe H. K., hc., is plain in face and very leggy. Bitches (6), Sal II., well known, won easily from Maid of Ossian, whose short neck, straight face and gross condition puts her out. Bar Maid, reserve, I almost like better; she is back on her pasterns, and head might be better, but all round she is better than the other. Pickwick, vhc., has open flat feet, and should have more stop. A nice bitch, Nell, in poor shape, nursing a litter—more shame—was hc.

Open light-weight dogs (9) found the winner in a well made dog, Rush of Lad, whose worst faults are his short neck and throatiness, otherwise he is a well-made little dog. Glamorgan, second, and Rock II. reserve, occupied their accustomed relations. Signal, vhc., is straight in shoulders, weak plain muzzle, nice body and set on and carriage of stern. Fred of Idstone, vhc., not enough stop, light in body, flat open feet was liberally treated. Lad of Rush, the noted Derby winner, took hc., but deserved another letter at least, he is plain in muzzle, fairly good front, little straight in shoulders, otherwise well formed. Bitches (15), made a hard class to judge as many were "much of a muchness." Kent's Pearl proved the winner, an excellent mover, good bone, pasterns hardly straight enough, nice skull, muzzle is square, but a bit plain. Duchess, second, has not stop enough, is faulty in ears and lacks depth of chest. Queen of Hearts, reserve, has rather open flat feet, very heavy drooping quarters, and just a fair head and good legs. Vic of Idstone, vhc., very plain head, but good behind that. Queen Graphic, vhc., has a rather nice head, shown fat, and has bad pasterns and feet. Lass of Bloome, hc., was the best of that lot, but was in wretched shape.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—These classes



MR. T. G. DAVEY'S LADY GAY SPANKER.

First, Challenge Class, Detroit, 1893.

classes we have seen at late shows. No challenge entries. In open rough dogs first went to Lord Dante, a brother of Lady Gladwyn. He has a Prince Regent head in many respects, but would be better with more shadings, his head now being rather plain, good depth of muzzle, but skull too narrow, good bone, turns one forefoot out, shown thin and light in loin, good mover. Elmer, second, has a plain, snipy muzzle, is bad behind and small-sized, good bone. Cap, hc., hardly deserved the letters, plain snipy head, no markings and throws his ears back. Spruce, c., has a cherry, butterfly nose. Bitches saw Lady Taylor, whom I spoke favorably of at Philadelphia, the recipient of premier honors; she has a nice body, coat and legs, and had she more stop, deeper muzzle and wider skull she would be a good one. Constance, second, is narrow in head, good profile, ears not carried right, small-sized and body short. Queen of the Alps, vhc., is mostly white, plain head, with little markings, good legs, but body should be longer. In smooths a well-made dog in Alton II. won easily. This wonderful litter was well represented, furnishing first, second and reserve winners. Alton has grown into a fine dog, with great bone, but it is a bit flat in forelegs, good legs, but forefeet could be truer, head lacks the dark shadings the others have, but is of good shape and depth, but a trifle longer than the others of the litter, he is of large size and a good active mover. Lawrence Garza, a smaller dog, took second; he is a bit better in muzzle than the winner, but loses in skull, size, bone and hindlegs. Lord Milton, vhc., loses to both in depth of body and substance, but shows more quality than either in head. The well-known Nun Nicer was alone in bitches, his head is snipy and small, but well marked. Alton II. rightly took the special for best in show.

BLOODHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—There was only that hardy animal Jack Shepard, who was put down in good shape.

GREAT DANES (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Many of the entries were there that have been scoring so frequently lately, and really need little comment. For challenge honors champion Melac appeared. In open dogs first of course went to Major McKinley, who is losing flesh a bit; second to Sander, a neat type of dog who, however, has not the substance of Theseus, and is straight behind. Theseus, vhc., might well have been second. An old favorite of ours, Neverzell, whose type is excellent, won well in bitches from Charmion, beating in head, front and body. Minerva, reserve, beats June III. in eye, which is too light, substance and depth of body, the latter being little more than a pup. Neverzell took the honors in specials, and when type and quality is considered no fault can be found with such a decision.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*Dr. G. Van Hummell, Judge*).—Mr. Roger Williams having telegraphed his inability to be present owing to a sudden attack of colic, his classes at the

filled well with a good average representative lot of dogs, which must have been hard to judge. Champion Cincinnati and Albert's Nellie, both looking remarkably well, furnished the challenge winners, with Toledo Blade reserve to the former in dogs. In some respects Blade is a better dog, especially in body. Open dogs (17), a rather plain-headed dog in Paul Hill won; his muzzle is short, needs more spring of rib, gets his tail up, but has a pair of good forelegs. Second went to Ben Hur of Riverview, whom I thought hardly treated, as he beats the other in head, ribs and carriage of stern. Viscount, reserve, dog with a pretty good head, good square muzzle, good depth of chest, is throaty and falls away too quick in quarters. Sir Kent, vhc., should have a squarer muzzle, should be better in front, and is down in quarters, otherwise a well-formed dog. Cecil H., he, is small, faulty in muzzle, but well formed from head to back. Another of the he lot was Noble Lit, whose plain head and lack of rib are his worst faults. I forgot to say that Sultan, looking coarse and out of condition, was vhc. about right. Albert Gladstone, in same lot, should be squarer in muzzle, is round in skull, and poorly shown. Albert Breeze has rather a good head and is well formed in body and legs and should have had another letter, I thought. Bitches (17). Victress Livellyn won nicely. She was shown a little heavy and would do with a little more stop; nice skull, well-ribbed body and nice coat. This bitch pushed Cincinnati a bit for the special, beating him in body. On her first appearance in this country I placed this bitch first at Hamilton and I remember how the decision was received, but if a man has a little patience the vindication of a correct decision comes sooner or later. Nellie Breeze, second, has a nice type of head, is shelly in body, and stifles should be more bent. Flight of Riverview, reserve, is a little heavy in shoulders and out at elbow; nice head, showing lots of quality. Daisy of Riverview, vhc., muzzle short, but square, plain quarters, excellent legs and feet; coat should be flatter. Lulu Hill, vhc., is rather full in skull and short in muzzle, but her good legs, shoulders and body always bring her into notice. Bessie, vhc., was the novice winner at Washington. The others need no particular mention.

IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Oak Grove Kennels supplied all the challenge winners, and this time the judge thought Seminole the best and Kildare Glenmore next in order. I don't like him so well in ribs, forefeet and muzzle as either Kildare or Duke Elcho. Queen Vic rattled the challenge class at her first appearance, beating Norma in head and body, but loses in condition of coat and color, but with Joe Lewis's retouching varnish she may be expected to put on a proper finish very soon. In open dogs (10) the well known Blaney, Jr., proved the winner, followed by Shamrock Brice, whose fairly good head, nice expression, good body, bone and legs well entitled him to the recognition. Quaker Tom, reserve, has one foot out, is light in body and should have a little more stop. Don Carlo, vhc., is too much out before the eye, and is plain in muzzle, good otherwise. Don Pedro III. has not a good head, plain, stary expression, but has a good type of body and color. Victor S., vhc., is a big, coarse dog of good color. Jess, he, is a bit out in front and ears not well hung. Nearly every dog got a mention, entirely too much, four vhc. cards in such a class are too many and lose their significance. Bitches (8) were much easier to place, the well known Marchioness winning from Lady Cleveland, also shown lately; and another familiar face belonging to Kildare Winnie was reserve. Veto, vhc., has a nice body and good legs, but muzzle is snipy, good skull. Flame, in the same division, had some puppies and was in excellent nursing condition. What a shame it is to show such stock, one would think a nursing mother could retire from publicity for a couple of months at least. Gypsy he, is plain-headed, ears set on too high and head short. Oak Grove of course took the kennel prize, still further strengthening the kennel by the purchase of Queen Vic, the bitch of the year.

GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Outside of the Philadelphia contingent there was little to commend. The challenge aspirants were Ivanhoe and Leo B. in dogs, and Duchess of Waverley for the other sex, in the order named. Then in dogs (3) the well-known Duke won over Bob, who has a very poor Roman-nosed head, he is also faulty behind and has a rosy tail. Foster's Duke, vhc., has a poor expression, smutty tan, and is too broad in skull. Bitches (4), Princess Louise and Catherine scooped up the ducats; both have been reviewed lately. Jessie Dame, reserve, has a snipy, light muzzle, light tan on legs, and of only moderate character all round. Rose, he, has a dark smutty tan and is not typical. The kennel prize, as usual, fell to Dr. Dixon. When we have nothing better to do and time hangs heavy, a little statistical information as to the number of kennel prizes Dr. Dixon has captured in the last five years would be interesting.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—These were a poor lot. Surpass, the winner, being the best, second went to Pluto, whose coat is not right and head too long, and so is Plato, whose coat is very curly.

SPANIELS (John Davidson, Judge).—After the quality we have seen lately, the showing here was indifferent. Newton Abbott Torso was the only challenge representative and he was well shown. Glencairn Roter, the open dog winner, is woefully crooked in front, and light and shelly in body, and how he came to beat Torso for the special I cannot make out, as the latter excels far away in front, head, coat and body. There were other field dogs. In challenge cockers Bendigo was alone; he has his feet out, has a coarse head and light eye, good body. In open dogs (3) the winners, Brantford Jet and Pickpania, are well the former beating in front and head. Cornell, vhc., has fearfully bad forelegs and is too long in body, fairly good head. The winners and bitches (3) was the Chicago winner Lady Dufferin and Nora II. occupied the same relation as before. I Wonder, vhc., is out at elbow, but has a cocker body. In any other color dogs Brantford Rufus, a red, too high in skull, light, long body, but good front, was alone. In open bitches the order was Brownie and Ditton Brevity. Bendigo won the special. In Cumberlands, "columbers" in the catalogue, Our Joan, well known, was the only representative; she has good forelegs and body, but is fine in muzzle. Trouble, a frequent winner lately, was the only Irish water spaniel.

COLLIES (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Not a very good collection of these "farmer's friends." Charleroi, wrongly stated as first in challenge class, last week, was absent. Sir Walter Scott III, proved just a little too much for Scotilla IV, in open dogs, neither are good in ear, and Scotilla has a little the best of it in skull and length of head, but is not so good in coat or bone; Sir Walter was shown a trifle fat, which made him appear a bit cloddy. Argyle Mac has a bad ear and expression, is light in body and short of coat. Sir Clifford, vhc., is full in skull and should not be so down in loin and quarters, is also soft in coat. How seldom nowadays we see a collie with a real good coat texture, nearly all are soft. Roslyn Tory, vhc., is open in coat and short, stands back in pasterns and should not be so full in skull. In bitches (3), first went to Dot II, nice head and expression, though skull bit too round and full, and ears are not carried very well. Sparkle is not very typical in head, and her coat is not *au fait*. Lady Squire, vhc., a puppy, had probably been sent home. Sir Walter Scott III. took the special.

POODLES (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—A pretty good lot of them. Berri took care of the challenge class. In open dogs Black Jack, a rather nice one with a good head and bend of fair length, as they go here, won over the well known Ben L. A separate class was made for Parisian, the French poodle.

There were no bulldogs shown.

BULL-TERRIERS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Champion Attraction was the only one in the challenge class; she stands the racket wonderfully. In open dogs (4) the smart terrier Crisp, the Chicago winner, won from Sir Monte II.; he is far better in front than the latter and has a cleaner head, but the "baronet" lays over him in body, loin and quarters; he however showed poorly in the ring. The others were no sort. The bitch class (4) was fairly good. Countess of Dufferin, repeatedly spoken of lately, beat White Gypsy, whose thick cheeky head is much against her, but she is superior to the other in body and legs, but was shown in poor shape. A bull-terrier should be put down before the judge in condition and as white as soap and grooming can make it. Edgewood Wonder, reserve, I thought should have won comfortably, taking everything into consideration, better body, hindparts and legs, besides her head is infinitely superior to Gypsy's. Burston's Kit, not well shown, heavy and coarse in muzzle, full in eye, took vhc.

DACHSHUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—All these came from Mr. Loeffler's kennel and Hundesport Bergmann and Lina K. furnished the winners, a nice son of Windrush Roter's getting vhc., beating Diamond Joe, vhc., in head and length.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—Most of them are now so well known it is superfluous to go into any extended criticism. Fitzhugh Lee and Roy K. were the challenge aspirants in the dog class. Roy beat in head but loses to Lee in front and coat, and is a little better dog; vhc. better. Two good ones came forward in bitches; Emeline had to give in to Butterfly; the former has a better type of head and body but loses coat and something in front, especially in pasterns; they are of different classes and the decision might go either way. Doctor, Hawkeye and Rockland Boy was the order in open dogs, and rightly so, while in bitches Lonely had little difficulty in disposing of the big Gypsy A. Lonely took the special, Fitzhugh Lee taking that for second best in show.

FOX-TERRIERS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—These were not very well represented. The challenge winner proved to be Grouse II., who beats Consequence in head, ear and shoulders, but was looking very light in loin. Open dogs (4) had two fair ones in the money. Cincinnati Boy beats Belvoir Van in length of head, coat and bone and has a little the best of it in skull; forelegs about equal. Brandy he, is too round in skull and fine in muzzle and is a bit out in front. Bitches (4). There was no denying Lady Roseberry's claims in this class, she beating Venus II. in feet, which are open, front, coat and quality of ear, the other's being thick and large. Blanton Lu Lu, vhc., is heavy and wide in front; good coat and body. No wire-hairs were shown.

IRISH TERRIERS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Only two exhibited, one in each class, Jack Briggs for dogs and Salem Witch for bitches, both out at late shows.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Again the order in dogs was Sultan and Prince Regent, while Gypsy Girl had a bloodless victory in her class, Tritsey being transferred to the toy class.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Not much difficulty here, the only entries being those shown at Chicago, Dick York and Minnie York, the dog beating in tan and body color; both fairly off for coat. In toy terriers, however, Nellie, second, should have won, as she is infinitely better in head than the winner, Daisy. Though both are of the apple order, Daisy is smaller, but has hardly a particle of hair on, while Nellie is nicely coated and well marked for the sort.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Four well-known "Scotties" turned out, and again it was Three and Rhudaman, from the same kennels, while Colored Preacher beat Ashley Plug, vhc., in head, coat and hindparts.

PUGS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—The classes here were well filled and of fair merit in some instances. Bob Ivy added another challenge ribbon to his score and also the special. In open (6) Trot E., hardly full enough in skull and a trifle long in muzzle, but with lots of wrinkle, won over Duke Howard, and in their present condition, Trot being fat, I liked the latter little dog better. He has a smaller ear and is not so heavily loaded in shoulders and neck; Medlar, reserve, kept to his kennel this time. He is beaten in size, head and front by the others. Dark B., he, is a poor sort. Princess May, a charming little pug, won easily from Miss Penrice. Both are a bit shelly yet in body; the latter is beaten in head, ear and front. Topsy, reserve, should have smaller ear, and be carried closer, but in body, legs and curl beats the average. Queeny is too long in muzzle and leggy, and not straight enough in forelegs, either. In King Charles spaniels first was withheld and second given to an inferior one called Tags, dark tan, poor head.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (F. C. Wheeler, Judge).—The breed showed up well with three in the challenge class, Spring rightly winning from Sprite and Lavender, the latter losing in skull, which is too round and full. In open dogs (3) first went to Guy, a nice-sized one, too much scooped out before the eye, and skull bit full and round. Rob Roy is smaller but rounder in skull. Physche, first in bitches (3), is the size we want and is nicely formed barring the same roundness and fullness of skull that runs in this kennel. Second to Queen, whose feet turn out and ears are badly carried. Pearl H., vhc., is just fairly shaped but nearly all white. Geo. Thomas's whippet scored another blue. She looks as if a good run would do her good.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (Frank C. Wheeler, Judge).—Two Skyes, Barnaby Rudge and Islay, were found in this division and a separate class made and they were placed as named. The prizes in the miscellaneous were withheld though a bobtail, Dame Ursula, should certainly have had a prize, a far better one than old Lucifer was in his time. H. W. L.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. C. Wallack's Merlin. Reserve, C. E. Bunn's Ormonde. *Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Bunn's Miss Cautious. *Open Dogs:* 1st, C. E. Bunn's Marquis; 2d, G. Burnham's Grover. Reserve, H. Curr's Rollo. *Very high com.,* W. P. Riggs's The Moor. *Com.,* J. B. Heywood's Heywood Carlo. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. L. Youngusband's Minnie Beaufort; 2d, reserve, C. E. Bunn's Minnie Minton and Matella. *Very high com.,* B. F. Lewis's Ethel.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, C. J. Bonsfield's Lord Dante; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Elmer. *High com.,* C. Brunka's Cap. *Com.,* W. L. Wilson's Spruce. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Houston's Oslag; 2d, Tuxa's Peter the Great. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., C. S. Hanks's Vinga and Flodyka; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Lobedyka.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard. **GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE.—1st,** Cumberland Kennels' champion Melac. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Studebaker's Major McKinley; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Sandor. Reserve, Cumberland Kennels' Thescus. *Bitches:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Neverzell; 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Charmion. Reserve, Cumberland Kennels' Minerva. *Very high com.,* C. K. Farmer's Juno III.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, C. S. Hanks's Svodka. *Open Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Oslag; 2d, C. S. Hanks's Peter the Great. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., C. S. Hanks's Vinga and Flodyka; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Lobedyka.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d and very high com., F. W. Samuels's Chase, Jordan and Sallor. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Samuels's Fannie. **GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st,** A. W. Purbeck's Pious Pembroke. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st and 2d, withheld. *Very high com.,* Manatung Kennels' Hemmore King and Watcher. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Wild Rose; 2d, withheld. *High com.,* Manatung Kennels' Marguerite.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. John R. Daniels's Count Graphic. *OPEN.—Dogs* (53lbs. or over): 1st, Dr. John R. Daniels's Boxer; 2d, Charles Proctor's Spotted Boy. Reserve, Drake Sefton Kennels' Lightfield Union. *Very high com.,* U. R. Fisher's Don Fishel and B. F. Seitzer's Proctormaster. *High com.,* J. H. Kerr's Joe H. K. *Bitches* (50lbs. or over): 1st, Tim Donoghue's Sal II.; 2d and very high com., J. B. McGuffin's Maid of Ossian and Pickwick. Reserve,

B. F. Seitzer's Bar Maid. *High com.,* Smith and Dewees's Nell and A. N. Binkerd's Molton Bee. *(UNDER 50lbs.)—Dogs:* 1st, A. F. Hochwall's Irish Lad; 2d, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. Reserve, Chas. Connell's Rock II. *Very high com.,* Dr. John R. Daniels's signal, B. F. Seitzer's Fred of Idstone and John Gasser's Gasser's Joe. *High com.,* Washetaw Kennels' Quick and J. L. Adams's Lad of Rusli. *Com.,* Bannworth & Kurz's Glide. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Wm. Kuehn's Kent's Pearl; 2d, Dr. John R. Daniels's Duchess. Reserve, B. F. Seitzer's Queen of Hearts. *Very high com.,* B. F. Seitzer's Vic of Idstone, Drake Sefton Kennels' Ridgeview Duchess and John Gasser's Queen Graphic. *High com.,* B. W. Butterfield's White Cloud, Wilber S. Richardson's Queen Uno and Drake Sefton Kennels' Lass of Bloome. *Com.,* J. E. McGuffin's Tuxedo and Cornelia G.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, John Condon's Surpass; 2d, J. W. Springstein's Pluto. *Very high com.,* C. E. Manville's Plato. *High com.,* Elizabeth Hawkins's Hero.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, J. E. Dager's champion Cincinnati and Toledo Blade. *Bitches:* 1st, Washetaw Kennels' champion Albert's Nellie. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, J. T. Williams's Paul Hill; 2d, F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview. Reserve, J. Lewis's Viscount. *Very high com.,* Forest Kennels' The Sultan. *G. Kettner's Shirkey K.,* J. L. Adams's Sir Kent, Washetaw Kennels' Albert Gladstone. *High com.,* J. T. Williams's Noble Lit, J. L. Adams's Cecil II., Washetaw Kennels' Albert Breeze. *Com.,* F. W. Samuel's Trenton Rock, H. Schwinge's Teal Wing. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Victress Lowellyn; 2d, Washetaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze. Reserve, J. T. Williams's Flight of Riverview. *Very high com.,* J. T. Williams's Daisy of Riverview, W. A. Hinesley Lulu Hill, J. H. Hunter's Bessie. *High com.,* C. R. Goodall's Zip Lister, J. Becker's Queen Regent. *Com.,* J. Lewis's Victress Lowellyn.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Seminole and Kildare Glenmore. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Beazell's Queen Vic. Reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarsfield. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, T. Sharpless's Blaney, Jr.; 2d, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Shamrock Brice. Reserve, A. A. Anderson's Quaker Tom. *Very high com.,* G. V. Spahr's Victor S., J. Hoffman's Don Carlo and Don Pedro II. *High com.,* Indian Irish Setter Kennels' Jess. *Com.,* G. L. Jones's Hoosier Jack and Pat Rooney. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Marchioness; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland. Reserve, W. H. Beazell's Kildare Winnie. *Very high com.,* Becklowe's Flame, C. K. Farmer's Veto. *High com.,* T. Dudley's Gipsy. *Com.,* W. H. Dooley's Vigil.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverley. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Duke; 2d, H. W. Vermaer's Bob. *Very high com.,* C. M. Foster's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Catherine.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, S. Donaghue's Newton Abbott Torso. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st and special, H. F. Hildebrand's Glencairn Roter.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and special, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Bendigo. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpania; 2d, H. B. Fields's Brantford Jet. *Very high com.,* H. F. Hildebrand's Cornell. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin and Nora H. *Very high com.,* H. F. Hildebrand's I Wonder. *ANY OTHER COLOR.—Dogs:* 1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Brantford Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Fancost's Brownie and Ditton Brevity.

COLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, W. S. Cobb's Our Joan.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, E. G. Fink's Trouble.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott III.; 2d, Oslag & Mueller's Scotilla IV. Reserve, R. S. Mott's Argyle Mac. *Very com.,* C. H. Johnson's Don and Argyle Kennels' Roslyn Tory. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Maple Grove Kennels' Dot II. 2d and special for second best, Argyle Kennels' Sparkle. *Very high com.,* Tuxedo Park Kennels' Lady Squire.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE.—1st and special, L. A. Biddle's Berri. *OPEN.—1st,* Carter's Black Jack; 2d, Dr. Buer's Ben L.

FRENCH POODLES.—1st, R. S. Haicher's Parisian.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, F. R. Role's champion Attraction. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, Lugbora Kennels' Crisp; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Sir Monte. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gypsy. *Very high com.,* reserve, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder. *Very high com.,* F. L. Dever's Burston Kit.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, 2d and very high com., W. Loeffler's Hundesport Bergmann, Lina K. Diamond Joe and Milwaukee Jewel.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Fitzhugh Lee. Reserve, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Roy K. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Butterfly. Reserve, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Emeline. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor; 2d, W. G. Harding's Hawkeye. Reserve, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Rockland Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Louly; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and special, C. S. Hanks's Grouse II. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st, E. C. Riedinger's Cincinnati Boy; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Belvoir Van. *High com.,* J. B. Mansur's Brandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Lady Rosemary; 2d, R. E. Fishburn's Venus. *Very high com.,* E. C. Riedinger's Blanton Lu Lu.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. L. Foote's Sultan; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Prince Regent. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Gypsy Girl.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Dr. N. E. Oliver's Dick York and Minnie York.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st and two specials, J. Englehart's Daisy; 2d, M. P. Grady's Nellie.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and special and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Three and Rhudaman. Reserve, Chester Ford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher. *Very high com.,* R. Elliott's Ashley Plug.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, C. R. Smith's Barnaby Rudge and Islay.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and special, Dr. H. M. Cryer's Bob Ivy. *OPEN.—Dogs:* 1st and special, J. Englehart's Trot E.; 2d and special, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard. Reserve, E. Adams's Medlar. *High com.,* H. E. Bowl's Dasb. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Princess May; 2d, G. H. Hardy's Miss Penrice. Reserve, J. W. Mac's Topsy. *High com.,* J. H. Handline's Nellie Bly and D. C. Bryan's Queeny.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st withheld; 2d, C. W. Saunders's Tags.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, J. Lewis's Spring. *Very high com.,* J. W. Mack's Lavender and J. Lewis's Apple. *Open Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. Englehart's Guy and Rob Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, and very high com., J. Englehart's Psyche and Pearl E.; 2d, J. W. Mack's Queen.

WHIPPETS.—1st, G. Thomas's Boston Model.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Prizes withheld.

NATIVE HOOSIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Police Department's Bluch (alias "Bum"). *LD.* Date withheld unknown; breeder unknown; breeding unknown. *Winnings:* Always present at roll-call; leader of all parades; thoroughly conversant with fire alarm signals, and the best specimen of his kind in this country.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Best in show and best American bred, Minnie Deaufort; same best in open classes; second best, Miss Cautious.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best in open classes and best in show, Alton II.; second best, Lady Taylor. Best American bred, Alton II.

GREAT DANES.—Best in show and best in open classes, Neverzell. Best American bred, Major McKinley.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Best in show, open class, Oslad; second best, Peter the Great; third, Flodyka.

FOXHOUNDS.—Best in show, Chase; second best, Jordan.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best in show (2), Wild Rose; second best, Pious Pembroke.

POINTERS.—Best black, Don Fishel. Best other than black in challenge class, Count Graphic. Best dog in open class, Rush of Lad. Best black, Don Fishel. Best other than black, Kent's Pearl.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best in show, champion Cincinnati (2). Best bitch, Victress Lowellyn (2). Best bitch and litter of puppies, Queen Regent. Best owned in Indianapolis, Trenton Rock. Best American bred, Cincinnati; second best in show, Victress Lowellyn. Best Lowellyn setter, Victress Lowellyn.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best in challenge classes, Queen Vic. Best in open class, Marchioness. Best in show, Queen Vic. Best getting third, Quaker Tom.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best in show, Ivanhoe, and best American bred; COCKER SPANIELS.—Best in show, Bendigo.

COLLIES.—Best dog (2), Sir Walter Scott III. Best bitch bred and owned west of Pennsylvania; second best, Sparkle.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Best in show, Crisp; second best, Attraction. **BEAGLES.**—Best in challenge class, Fitzhugh Lee. Best in open classes, Lonely. Second best in show, Fitzhugh Lee.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best in show, Grouse II. **BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.**—Best in show, Sultan.

SCOTT TERRIERS.—Tiree.
Pigs.—Best in challenge class, Bob Ivy. Best in open classes, Trot E. Second best in show (3), Duke Howard.
NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Best in show, Surpass.
POODLES.—Best in show, Berri.
IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Trouble.
Best Toy, Daisy. Smallest dog in show, Daisy. Handler having largest number of dogs, Ben Lewis.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The World's Fair Bench Show.

CHICAGO, March 31.—The arrangements for the bench show of the World's Columbian Exposition are progressing in a kind of perfunctory, desultory way.
When an ordinary, every-day bench show takes place, the secretary or superintendent sends out items of news, or mention of the attractions or benefits of the show, etc., and earnestly avoids the appearance of a state of coma. Bench shows do not run themselves. Large shows require the management of men thoroughly trained and skillful, and who have personal acquaintance with owners and handlers, or knowledge of them. The actual exhibition of the dogs is but one detail of many, though of course a very important one, in the arrangements. The preparatory work, however, must be thoroughly done, if the best success is expected. The number and quality of the dogs entered and exhibited depends for the best results on the efficiency and thoroughness of the preliminary work. Inexperienced men can not manage the preliminary arrangements of a large show with any more hope of success than they would have in managing the show itself.

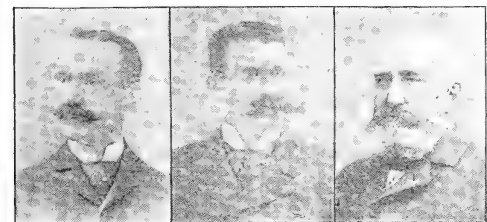
One rule of the World's Fair show reads as follows:
"A remittance of \$1.50 for each dog offered for entry must accompany the application, to cover cost of benching, feed and care, which will be provided by the Exposition. If a dog offered for entry is not exhibited, this money will be returned."

This is a most remarkable rule. In relation to this matter I have heard a number of owners say that they would enter their dogs and not show them, or would enter dogs which they did not intend to show, simply for the sake of the free advertising thereby afforded. They will have their own names, names of their dogs, etc., in the official catalogue free of charge.

They pay \$1.50 for each dog entered. The entries are duly printed in the catalogue. The dogs are not shown. The owner gets his money back again. The management, however, must accept the entries as if made in good faith, and order benching, food and bedding accordingly. In short, the owner who so desires practically gets his dogs entered in the catalogue free.

All ordinary bench show managements retain the entry fee whether the owner shows his dogs or not. It is necessary to do so, to compensate for the expense incurred in preparing for the care, comfort and security of the dog.

The entry fee, in the first place, is too small. A \$5 entry fee would have given more standing and dignity to the competition. The difficulty and importance of a competition is what gives it value in the eyes of the public. A \$5 entrance fee would have sifted out the poor specimens with greater



H. A. COMSTOCK. GEO. B. ROBERTS. Q. VAN HUMMELL.
Illindio Kennel Club.

nicety than any jury could do it. Better, in fact, for better specimens would compete. Would the Westminster Kennel Club's show rate as high if the entry fee were \$1.50? It would be largely composed of ordinary or poor dogs, and they lessen the value of the wins.

The World's Fair dog show is not going to be a success simply and solely because it is connected with the Exposition or is a part of it. It must have merit as well as prestige. There are hundreds of owners and exhibitors who will value it at its true worth, be the same great or small. There is an intelligent press which will probably strip it of all artificial valuations, and record it at its actual worth. It should be run better, far better, than the ordinary show, which expects its gate support from its own city.

This one, I presume, will be for the people of the world to gaze upon as a model, and the best of its kind.

There is one requirement that, apart from it as a matter of easy revenue to the American Kennel Club, I have failed to understand. That is, "Exhibitors of dogs owned in the United States or Canada must furnish, with each application for entry, a certificate, signed by the secretary of the American Kennel Club or the secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, showing that such dog has been registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book or the Stud Book of the Canadian Kennel Club."

For such compulsory certificate the A. K. C. requires a fee of fifty cents. For what? For the mere statement of the fact that the dog is registered. If the World's Fair dog show managers had a set of stud books in its office, they could, by reference to these books, get precisely the same information. The official signature of the secretary adds nothing to the mere question of fact. The superintendent, or one having the matter in charge at the Department of Agriculture, could easily verify every entry by reference to the stud books. It would add but little to the labors of the Department; and, in any case, the purpose of the Department must be to promote its interests and do the necessary work. If there are 1,200 dogs on exhibition, the exhibitors will have paid \$600 to the A. K. C. for the mere information that the dogs are registered—precisely the same information that the Department could get by looking for it in the stud books, which is the same source from which the secretary derives his information. No business institution would be guilty of conducting its business in such an imbecile manner. Supposing that a man owned a large kennel of 1,200 dogs. Would he pay the secretary or any other man \$600 to look in the stud book and inform a third party or himself that his dogs were registered? No indeed, he would buy the books and look for himself.

If there were any special advantages to be gained by the course adopted, there would be at least a reasonable pretext for it, but to insist on getting information in such a round-about way and at such expense when the Department managers could get the information from precisely the same source that the A. K. C. does and at no expense above the cost of a set of stud books, is not a skillful way of doing business, nor is it in the interest of exhibitors.

The A. K. C., as I understand it, is a representative body, with no need of money further than what is needed to pay its actual running expenses. It is not a money-making concern, or at least such is not its purpose, yet it has over \$6,000 in its treasury, according to the treasurer's last report, which

the dog owners have paid over and above all its expenses. A reasonable balance for emergencies is necessary, but \$6,000 or more is for what?

Last week the Western branch of FOREST AND STREAM had a pleasant call from Mr. J. L. Adams, the owner of the famous field trial winner, Lad of Rush. He gave a most encouraging view of the prosperity of field trial sports in the



PRESIDENT H. S. NEW.
Illindio Kennel Club.

South. He has made the very liberal offer of \$100, \$50 and \$25 to any puppy by Lad of Rush winning first, second or third respectively in the U. S. F. T. C., E. F. T. C., C. F. T. C., P. F. T. C., the puppy to be whelped on or after March 1, 1893, to March 1, 1895.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—The Sir John disqualification case has at last been finally settled, and the prize money won (refunded by Bell), has been mailed to the owners of the dogs next in order.

Mr. Irving L. Smith, Montreal, has sold the English setter dog St. Lambert Rex (Warwick Rake—Brighton Speed), to Mr. J. A. Whitmore, Regina, N. W. T.

"Andy" Laidlaw is not quite out of spaniels. He bought a good little red dog the other day in Golden Rod, from Mr. Wm. Tocher, Hamilton. Golden Rod is by the well known winner Red Roland out of Golden Duchess.

The Ottawa Fair Association does not feel inclined to erect a new building for the dog show, nor add to the classification; therefore the committee are "kicking." The committee at a recent meeting asked for the addition of several challenge classes.

The president of the C. K. C. has mailed the following circular letter to each member of the executive:

COTE ST. ANTOINE, Montreal, March 30.

DEAR SIR—At the time the executive of the C. K. C. had its conference with the Government Commissioner of the World's Fair a scheme for selecting the dogs for this exhibition was submitted to and accepted by the Commissioner. It was agreed that this selection should be made by a committee of five then named by the executive, viz., Messrs. Davey, Geddes, Gorman, Kirk and Mills. Then and at the subsequent meetings of the executive there was no dissent whatever from this proposition; and personally I have never heard any objections to the plan.

It is now proposed, however, by certain members of the executive, to replace this committee by an "all-round judge," on the alleged ground, I understand, of dissatisfaction with the committee because they might be judging their own dogs.

Having placed myself in communication with every member of this committee, I have been informed that three out of the five will show no dogs whatever; so that if the other two (one of whom may not exhibit) do present dogs for selection, there will be at least three members of the committee free to judge them.

As this proposed radical change at this late date is a serious matter, about which strong opinions have been expressed, I am anxious to



H. F. HILDEBRAND. J. H. BECKER.
Illindio Kennel Club.

learn the views of each member of the executive prior to the meeting called for April 6.

Please mail me an answer to each of the following questions at your earliest convenience:

1. Are you in favor of replacing the committee appointed in September last to select dogs for the World's Fair by an "all-round judge or judges"?

2. In case you are in favor of the proposed change, would you prefer that the selected judge or judges be resident in this country?

WESLEY MILLS, M.D., Pres. C. K. C.

Express Appreciation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is not often that express companies get a complimentary notice from dog men, and as I believe fair play is a jewel, I wish to extend thanks in the name of every exhibitor at the late Elmira bench show, as well as the club, to Mr. Dent, agent Adams, Mr. Smith, agent National, also United States, whose name has slipped my mind, for the very prompt delivery of all dogs consigned them; also for their kindness and trouble in keeping their wagons and men out on Saturday night until a very late hour that all dogs might start for their homes at the earliest possible moment. I can assure them that their kindness will be gratefully remembered by C. S. WIXOM, Sup't Elmira Kennel Club.

American Pet Dog Club Show.

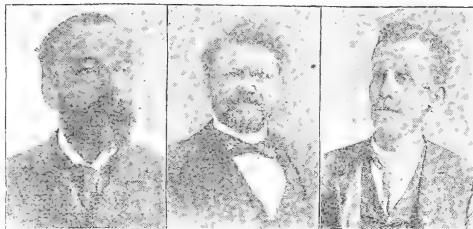
THE different English clubs devoted to particular varieties of pet dogs give animal exhibitions which are invariably successful, so at last the American club that looks after the interests of all kinds has decided to try a show in New York. It has selected Lenox Lyceum and the end of May and first days of June for the event. So far the prospects are very favorable, as many special prizes have been promised, and the show fund has been rapidly increased until it has nearly reached to the thousands. All sorts of novelties are suggested, and a special award for best decorated pen, with another for the most popular dog in the show, are sure to add to the interest. The latter is to consist of a painting from life of the lucky dog by the well known artist of fur and feather, Mr. F. Sewell, who has lately returned from Europe, where his sketches and happy groups, made at exhibitions there, secured such favorable comment.

The club has donated two silver medals for these classes, and one of the pork and bean terriers is said to have a good chance to get his picture painted by Mr. Sewell, for what constitutes popularity has not been defined. Would it not be a good idea for the club to ask the society leader to award the prize, and would the cultured object?

E. H. M.

Classification of Pointers.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., March 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Waters has not convinced me yet and I still insist it is a question which will regulate itself in regard to bench shows, or does Mr. Waters really believe the Westminster Kennel Club show, for instance, would have had the top entry of all dogs in pointers, 150, if there had been no classification by weight? Not much. And any club which is considering how little they ought to spend in prizes will and has always found to its sorrow that nobody will come. Alike in bench shows and field trials; and in the point which Mr. Waters's *nom de plume* adversary brings forth, "that it is a matter which ought to be principally settled by breeders and owners," I fully agree. Even Mr. Waters must acknowledge that the pointer must have a stronghold among owners and breeders or the immense entries of this breed are very fallacious, and any breeder knows that whatever way he will mate, big and small ones will come in the same litter, and what is of more importance and has the most weight in this question to breeders and bench shows alike, the taste of buyers demand for one a light-weight and the other wants a heavy-weight. Should ever the weight classes be abolished in general the entries of pointers would be reduced one-half as a natural consequence, and furthermore, the heavy-weight dog would be predominant, as, notwithstanding the solitary curious assertion of our esteemed ex-secretary of the Pointer Club, Mr. La Rue, a good big dog will beat a good little dog under nine out of ten judges as a matter of course. Why are the proposers of abolishment so timid and do away with the pointer's privilege only? Has he less rights than the St. Bernard, where rough and smooth coats are in one litter? The logical sequence is the same as with the pointer. And what about the bulldogs and the spaniels and beagles? Have they more right, or why else do you not object to their classification? Do you want to stop the grand forward march of favor among sportsmen the pointer has got?



H. SCHWINGEL. GEO. SPAHR. C. K. FARMER.
Illindio Kennel Club.

Mr. Waters is too just to follow the threadbare path of most setter cranks to say all pointer owners are mostly bench show cranks, which is the most persistent reason brought forward by the setter men, and yet most of our bench show champions among pointers are winners in field trials also, which can not be said in the same extent of the setter, and in this respect is the principal cause of the overwhelming favor in number as against setters. The utility point, on which the setter is lately bred principally, has not worked his terrible havoc among pointer men; only to get there, no matter how the look, is a bit too prosaic for me and most average sportsmen, as it brings in its iron logic, as consequence the magazine shotgun; that is, taking all the feeling and love out of it, and get there only. Mr. Waters thinks it irrelevant and unjust that I mention his sly little dig and plays innocence. If he will look back in the Feb. 2 issue he will find my reason for it, as he says there: "Again, the pointer is a working dog, at least it is commonly supposed he is." (sic) Now it may be Mr. Waters did not mean anything and yet it certainly gives a right to my innuendo, as I would certainly otherwise apologize very humbly; Mr. Waters having then the full right, and his writings have the full prestige of one of the most straightforward sporting journalists we have, and I wished sincerely we had all like him.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

Detroit Hospitality.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think there is no doubt the visiting dog men at the late Detroit show would join me in a vote of thanks to the members of the City of the Straits Kennel Club and to the Detroit sportsmen generally for the kind way in which they looked after our comfort and pleasure.

Some go to the dog shows for business, others for business and pleasure combined, and others again to see the dogs, have a chat with brother sportsmen and have a good time generally. To the latter class, particularly, and to the others as well, I am sure the Detroit show will be looked back to with pleasure. The contrast was great by comparison with some of the larger shows where, from the lordly superintendent up, one is impressed with the idea that he is highly honored by being allowed to exhibit at such a magnificent affair.

AN EXHIBITOR FOR PLEASURE.

United States Field Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The third annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club will start with Trials A at Bicknell, Ind., Monday, Nov. 6, at which \$2,400 in prizes will be given. Trials B will be held at Grand Junction, Tenn., beginning Monday, Feb. 13, 1894, at which \$3,400 in prizes will also be given. The club assumes a great responsibility in giving two trials, and it is hoped that the public will appreciate our efforts and patronize both trials; by so doing the club will be enabled to continue the double trial system and give increased prizes in the future. The printed matter is now being prepared and will soon be ready for mailing. The Bicknell Derby will be advertised next week.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

Bitches: Woodlawn Park Kennels' Saleni.—*OPEN*—1st, Monarch Kennels' His Lordship; 2d and 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Wall Hampton and Rustie Sovereign. Very high com., R. H. Vaughn's Dr. Rush and Tanner & Card's Billy. *Bitches:* 1st, Monarch Kennels' White Venn. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, S. S. Green's Smike and Mose. Reserve, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Zazle II.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches* (30lbs. and over): 1st, Retnor Kennels' Enterprize.—*OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. N. Henry's Young Marquis; 2d, Retnor Kennels' Diamond King; 3d, H. A. Harris's Prince Gully. Very high com., F. C. Haskell's Bruce III. High com., Chatham Kennels' Chatham Prince and Comet II. *Bitches:* 1st, Retnor Kennels' British Queen; 2d, J. Whaland's Kit; 3d and high com., H. F. Church's Castle's Pride and Trentham Lilly. Very high com., H. A. Fuller's Lomont Kit. Com., Chatham Kennels' Queen of the Dale.—**CHALLENGE** (under 30lbs.)—1st, Retnor Kennels' Dusty Miller.—*OPEN—Dogs:* 3d, J. A. Skillman's Aristocrat Victor. *Bitches:* 1st, H. A. Harris's Mermaid. *Puppies:* 1st and high com., H. A. Harris's Mermaid and White Wonder II.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Dogs (over 20lbs.): 1st, A. Potter's Groton Tiger, 2d, John I. Taylor's Tumbler; 3d Dr. T. Plant's Tom Sayers; 4th, H. J. O'Brien's Ross. Reserve, W. A. Pike's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Trimount Kennels' Countess; Beacon Kennels' Miss Nipper; 3d, A. M. Tyner's Miss Thora; 4th, W. H. Carroll's Lille. Reserve, Norfolk Kennels' Mollie. *Dogs* (20lbs. and under): 1st, H. W. Richards's Rossie Richards; 2d, Kate Sheppard's 3d, Dr. H. J. Schenck's Dixie; 4th, Trimount Kennels' Tobey. Reserve, H. W. Weeks's Junior. *Bitches:* 1st, J. McMillen's Dolly; 2d, J. F. Holt's Tansy; 3d, J. Sheppard's Lady; 4th, W. H. Carroll's Kitty. Reserve, Trimount Kennels' Ciney.—*PUPPIES—Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Carroll's Duke; 2d, R. W. Hickey's Teddy; 3d, J. McMillen's Dick; 4th, Mrs. E. L. Perdrain's Cricket. *Bitches:* 1st, Beacon Kennels' Sport; 2d, E. G. Clark's Mollie C.; 3d, J. I. Taylor's Queen Mab; 4th, R. C. Dean's Mischiev.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hillside Kennels' Starden's King. Reserve, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ripon Sturmer. *Bitches:* 1st, Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Blenheim Consequence. Reserve, Hillside Kennels' Miss Dollar.—*OPEN—Dogs:* 1st and high com., L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tip Top and Warren Layman; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster; 3d, Mrs. H. A. Harciss's Baby Pallis; 4th, Grove Kennels' Baby Trigger. Com., A. B. Cobb's Rochdale Spark, E. R. Hollander's Hillside Rufian. *Bitches:* 1st and com., Hillside Kennels' Dominica and Holcombe Jill. 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Layman; 3d, 4th and high com., Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ripon Regina, May Storm and Miss Domino. Very high com., Seacroft Kennels' Dampson.—*PUPPIES—Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Layman; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Roy; 3d and very high com., Hillside Kennels' Hillside Pitcher and Hillside Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, Hillside Kennels' Hillside Pepper; 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Myrtle; 3d, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Vic.—**WIRE-HAIRED.** *CHALLENGE—Dogs:* 1st, H. Smith's Saint Broom. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Smith's Sister Patience.—*OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Oakleigh Bruiser; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Dandy Jack; 3d, H. W. Smith's Saint Brittle. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jess Frost; 2d, G. M. Carnochan's Suffolk Tassel; 3d and high com., H. W. Smith's Sister Nettle and Sister Mop. Very high com., H. T. Foote's Miss Brittle. *Puppies:* 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ruth; 2d, H. W. Smith's Saint Brittle; equal 3d, S. J. Rogers's Ebor Larchmont and H. T. Foote's Miss Brittle.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Heather Kennels' King of the Heather.—*OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Heather Kennels' Heather Amphion, Laddie and Sir Robert. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Heather Kennels' Ainsley Daisy and Heather Peggy II.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Wankie Kennels' Kilroy and Kilreave. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Wankie Kennels' Wankie Diana, Culblean, Zembra and Thistle-down.—**AMERICAN BRED—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Wankie Kennels' Wankie Ted and Wankie Tam; 3d, Hazlecroft Farm's Gipsy John. Very high com., T. H. Garlick's Glenelg. High com., W. F. Fraser's Rob Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Wankie Kennels' Wankie Diana.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. J. Comstock's Boxer IV. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Saint Broom. *Dogs:* 1st, Synond's Salome. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, W. J. Comstock's Wankie Grady and His Honor; 3d, Dr. W. F. Kenney's Crib. Very high com., W. J. Comstock's Hanover Boy. High com., Heather Kennels' Valley Boxer. Com., Broadway Kennels' Shant Boy II. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Chancery Lass. 2d, Heather Kennels' Nora II.—*PUPPIES—Dogs:* 1st and 3d, W. J. Comstock's His Honor and The Alderman; 2d, S. M. Fletcher's Jack Desmond. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Maggie Cline; 2d, E. Butler's Kathleen; 3d, Broadway Kennels' Pluck. **BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs:** 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan. *Bitches:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Madge; 2d, F. F. Dole's Queen III.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, C. H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge; 3d, H. K. Coner's End Cliffe Maggie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. E. Plant's Teddie; 2d, D. J. Wilson's Major Domino; 3d, J. B. Lewis's Smuggler. *Bitches:* 1st, Schipperkes.—1st, F. W. Connolly's Prince, Jr.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—UNDER 14lbs.—1st, J. Beck's Jasson; 2d, Mrs. Tenney's Dandy; 3d, New York Pug Kennels' Gypsy.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. H. Welch's Punch and Judy; 3d, Mrs. E. Deffley's Rack.

World's Fair Show Judges.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is in a position to state with unquestionable authority that the recently printed list of judges for the World's Fair was a "fake," originated by a Chicago paper, which in its silly eagerness to tell something it did not know, has by this "fake" achievement aroused among exhibitors a feeling of unnecessary discontent with the World's Fair managers. In reply to an inquiry by the FOREST AND STREAM's Chicago office, Mr. Buchanan said that the list of judges published are in no sense official. The names were simply under consideration. No official list has ever been made, nor will any be made for a week or two. Some of the names published are those of judges; some are not—among the latter for mastiffs, pointers and toys.

Fox-Terrier Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the A. F. C. was held at the Algonquin Club, Boston, on Tuesday last. John E. Thayer, late Vice-president, was in the chair. Proxies were read from several members and a full majority was present. The following officers and governors were elected: President, John E. Thayer; Vice-President, August Belmont; Secretary and Treasurer, H. W. Smith; Governors, Clarence Rathbone, August Belmont, John E. Thayer, H. W. Smith, Hollis Hunnewell, Winthrop Rutherford. The following resolution was passed: That the club learned with regret that Mr. Belmont would not accept the presidency again and the thanks of the meeting were then tendered him for the jealous interest he had always taken in the club. Voted that the Yankee Stakes of '92 be divided at Chicago for puppies born between March 1, 1891, and March 1, 1892. The Fox-Terrier Home Bred Puppy Stakes were decided at Boston and were won by Messrs. Rutherford's Warren Tip Top. Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Roy, reserve.

The Yankee Stake Award.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The winning of the American Fox-Terrier Club's Yankee Stake of 1892 at the Westminster Kennel Club show by Blenheim Strickler is declared void, he being ineligible, belonging properly by date of birth in the stake of 1893. There having been no other terrier designated by the judge as second to whom the prize could be given, the Yankee Stakes for 1892 and 1893 will be ordered to be judged at some future show, notice of which will be given later.

AUGUSTUS H. VANDERPOEL, Sec'y.

NEW YORK, March 29.

Dogs For Black Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can you or any of your readers inform me what breed or cross breed of dog is most likely to prove successful in following and tracing our Eastern black bear? Courage, a good nose and a large amount of discretion are the necessary qualities.

SUMNER ROBINSON.

Boston, Mass., April 1.

[We should think some of the large Airedale terriers would be useful, but some of our readers may be able to suggest a better breed.]

Yachting.

On April 8 the new Carroll cutter Navahoe made a preliminary trial trip with her owner and designer on board. The centerboard was not shipped, there being insufficient depth of water off the yard, but it will be shipped this week at Bristol Ferry, further down the bay. The yacht is reported as quite tender and heeling heavily, but the addition of the centerboard, between 3 and 4 tons, will make a difference. She is very nearly completed and will soon be ready to leave the yard.

THE Seavanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has set an example which is likely to be followed by many other clubs, in admitting ladies to the privilege of membership, though without the right to vote or to use the city club house. Thus far there are few ladies among American yacht owners, but there are many who are good sailors and devoted yachtwomen, and no doubt the number of owners and sailors will increase now that their privileges have been formally recognized and defined by one of the leading clubs.

THE Seavanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is the first in the field with a special prize for the new yachts, a cup costing \$1,000 being offered for a race after the New York Y. C. cruise and prior to the trial races. The club presented a similar trophy in 1890, which was won by Puritan.

THE report goes that the Stewart and Binney fin-keel will be named Pilgrim, carrying out the series of colonial names begun by Puritan. We would commend to Mr. Paine for his new fin-keel the name Witch, a good old colonial word of equal standing with Puritan, Mayflower and Pilgrim. The witch was an important personage in early New England society, no less so than the pilgrims and puritans who officiated at her cremation.

A CORRESPONDENT this week questions our definition of the term "representative," and the Yachtsman makes a similar objection, though putting a meaning on one of our remarks which it was not intended to convey. In our opinion, the term should apply to a yacht not merely because she is successful, possibly the lucky hit of an unknown designer, but because she represents the very latest progress of a nation through its most successful designers. It is possible that we may be in error on this point; but what we wish to emphasize is the desirability in the coming contests of each side accepting a possible defeat in a manly way, taking the medicine gracefully, however nauseous it may be, and in the event of a defeat to extend sympathy instead of blame to the individual who has done so much, although unsuccessfully, to uphold the national honor. In the natural order of things, the probabilities are that two yachts which cross the ocean this year, from west and east, will each be defeated by the picked yacht of the home fleet. Under the fairest of rules and conditions this is one of the chances of war, and no blame can rest with the defeated yacht. In such an event, however, we hope that neither side will seek solace in idle boastings of what the yachts which did not cross would have done if they had.

Our correspondent brings up another matter also, the conditions which should govern a contest for the claim of national supremacy in yachting. No doubt the method pursued in the past of haphazard challenging and mis-matched yachts has been most unsatisfactory and indeterminate in its results. Matters are now on a much fairer basis than ever before, but still the odds are overwhelmingly against the one yacht which, like Navahoe, goes 3,000 miles to meet the picked vessel of a fleet. To insure a fair contest it would be necessary to allow the challenger as well as the defender to pick a champion by trial races. This, however, is practically impossible under existing conditions.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

At the meeting of the board of directors of the Cleveland Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. W. Gardner; Vice-Com., P. W. Rice; Rear-Com., W. R. Huntington; Sec'y-Treas., J. O. Gardner. Regatta Committee: W. F. Francis, W. DeLooy and L. Allen. House Committee: P. P. Wright, C. W. Kelly and E. W. Radder. Club Book Committee: E. W. Radder, C. W. Kelly and Ed Overbeke. Building Committee: P. P. Wright, W. R. Huntington, E. W. Radder, Ed Overbeke and C. W. Kelly. J. J. Gill was elected a member of the club and the following names were presented for membership: W. B. White, H. W. White, Frank Wendell, H. L. Cross and C. E. Shattuck. An adjourned meeting of the board of directors was held on March 29. Action was taken on the proposition to increase the capital stock, and it was decided to increase it from \$10,000 to \$25,000. The building committee was authorized to consult two engineers and to invite bids for the piling necessary for the club house. Plans were submitted for the house, but several changes were recommended. It was decided to accept the lease by the city of 400ft. frontage in front of Lake View Park. The following names were presented for membership: F. DeH. Robinson, C. W. Burrows and J. P. Macbeth.

Among other boats now building at the Gloucester City, N. J., yards of Clay & Torbensen, is a very handsome cruising yacht, of 53ft. over all, by 8ft. beam, for F. C. Fowler, Esq., of Moody, Conn. She has a guaranteed speed of 18 miles, but 14 at least is expected. She is fitted with one double acting for and aft compound engine, and Roberts boiler of suitable size. In construction every part is of the very best. Plank of selected cedar, copper fastened throughout, keel in one piece of oak, stem of oak, knatack, sturruak, crook, stern, deadwood, tillge, engine and floor keelsons of white oak, all ribs and white oak straight grained, stained and bent to shape. The arrangement is as follows: 84ft. forward deck, 7ft. pilot house, furnished outside in mahogany, interior English oak; engine compartment 11ft., toilet and galley aft, cabin 12ft., finished in English oak, handsomely paneled; open cockpit aft 4ft. and after deck 6ft., all deck fittings, rails, side ladders, etc., of polished brass. Among other new yachts are a high speed 40-footer for James R. Hopkins, of Philadelphia; a 23-footer for J. E. Moore, of Philadelphia; a 27-footer for A. R. Shattuck, of New Orleans; a 25-footer for E. R. Smith, of Sioux City, Ia.; a 20-footer for Henry P. Williams, of Charleston, S. C.; another 20-footer for Chas. C. Murdock, of Conn.; an 18-footer for Arthur Barnard, of Saginaw, Mich., and among some eight or ten other hulls, two for the United States Government, one a steam whale boat of 28ft., for use in Alaskan waters, and a 25-footer for river and harbor improvements. Department of the Ohio. Chas. H. Brock's, 18-footer Leni Lenapi, will be fitted with new mainsail and double head sails. Mr. Bailey's launch Almont, Mr. Schuman's launch Adelaide, and Mr. Austin's launch Folly are being overhauled.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is at work on a design for a 70ft. electric auxiliary schooner for use in Florida waters by Mr. C. W. Chapin, owner of the schooner Yampa. The new yacht will carry the usual schooner rig and also a two-bladed screw and storage batteries for about one day's run. Mr. Smith has also designed the new sail plan for the Yampa with pole bowsprit and larger rig, and the change will be made at Poillon's. The schooner Crusader, Messrs. Swift & Goodwin, is also at Poillon's for alterations to her sail plan under Mr. Smith's direction.

The first of the large yachts in commission is Marguerite, schr., R. S. Palmer, now at Hampton Roads for the naval parade.

At Ayer's yard the Scarecrow was launched on March 22, her fin was shipped and she had her trial trip on the 25th, being the first boat out of the Basin this season. On Saturday last she was out under full sail in a strong westerly breeze and lumpy water, proving very stiff and weatherly. The outfit of the same model, but with a heavy Tobin bronze centerplate and yawl rig, is ready for launching, being owned by E. H. Burtis; and Mr. Ayers has laid the keel of a third, for Dr. Dennison, of Brooklyn, a canoe yawl man. She will carry a yawl rig and loaded board. Beside her in the shop are two 15ft. l.w.l. boats of similar model, also designed by W. P. Stephens, for Messrs. Elliott and Allen, of the Marine and Field Club. The Scarecrow carries a leg-of-mutton mainsail, set canvas fashion, and a jib tacked to the stemhead. The sails were made by F. M. Wilson, of Port Jefferson, and are of excellent workmanship.

At Winttingham's yard the burned steamer Emily has been launched from the railway and beached, her place being taken by the schooner

Trinculo. One of the two 20-footers is finished in the shop, although her keel will not be run until she is taken outside. The other is planked and partly decked under the shed. The 24-footer, also designed by Mr. Olmstead, is all planked, the mahogany making a beautiful finish on the hull. The ironwork for the Maxwell schooner Emerald is mostly completed in the smith shop, and the riggers are at work on the steel rigging in the mould loft. The Gielow steamer is nearly planked and part of her joiner work is ready. Fitting out has hardly commenced yet at Bay Ridge.

Manning's Basin has been partly planked by a high fence, and a neat office has been built beside the Alcyone boathouse for Capt. King, who is in charge.

The Senate of Illinois on March 30 passed the joint resolution looking toward the building of a breakwater off Jackson Park, a project which is a part of the plan for the erection of a Naval Academy, and also to provide a harbor for yachts visiting the World's Fair. It was sent at once to the House and referred to the Committee on Judiciary, where it will be considered some time this week. If the bill becomes a law the work of providing a harbor for visiting yachts will be commenced at once and hurried as fast as possible.

A yacht club to be known as the Yale Corinthian Y. C. has been organized at New Haven with the following officers: Com., Guy B. Miller, '94, of New Rochelle; Vice-Com., H. W. Harris, '95, of Orange; Rear-Com., Sheldon Carey, '93, S., of Cleveland; Sec. and Treas., Harold W. Bush, '94, S., of New York; House Regatta Committee, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Geo. T. Adee, both of New York. The club pennant is a white triangle with a blue Y in the middle. The commodore's pennant is distinguished by a blue star on each of the three sides of the Y. The club will hold three races for a cup in May and June, and will make a cruise to New London in time for the Yale-Harvard race. The fleet includes the well known yachts Kathleen, Yolande, Nymph, Ilderim, Portia and other sail, steam and naphtha craft. Quarters have been leased at Morris Cove.

Iroquois, schr., has been chartered by Rear Com. Ellis to a member of the Morgan-Iselin syndicate, and the crew of the new boat, under Capt. Hansen, will handle Iroquois during the first part of the season. Mr. Ellis will accompany Mr. Carroll to England in Navahoe.

Yachting is looking up about Red Bank and the Shrewsbury River, and the recent organization of a new and large club at Red Bank is certain to result in still more active racing than in the past. The club is now building a large and handsome house of modern design, with every convenience for its members, including tennis courts and croquet grounds on the shore. A number of new racing boats will be added to the fleet, and its convenience to New York and the exciting racing is likely to bring in many new members. The Shrewsbury River has for some years been the headquarters of the open centerboard racing boats west of Hell Gate, and as the place can be reached in little over an hour from New York it offers unusual advantages to those who delight in this branch of yachting.

Iola, slp., built for the late Oswald H. Jackson in 1884, has been hauled out at Solheim & Abrams for a new and much longer stern.

Hildegard, slp., J. C. Bergen, is being entirely rebuilt at Smith's yard, Nyack.

Atlantic, schr., Messrs. Seely & Marshall, was at Havana from Jamaica on March 28.

Wild Duck, steamer, J. M. Forbes, arrived at Savannah on March 27 with Prof. Agassiz on board.

Sagamore, steamer, Edgar L. Scott, was at Jacksonville on March 29.

The young Jamaica Bay Y. C. has purchased the Wycoff club house on Rockaway Beach for \$5,500 and will move it to the club's new anchorage.

Mayflower, schr., Vice-Com., W. A. Gardner, Eastern Y. C., will be materially altered at Lawley's. Her lead will be lowered and her masts shifted forward, the foremast 2ft. and the mainmast 8ft. The interior will be remodeled, the centerboard trunk being cut down.

Gracie, slp., has been chartered for the season by J. P. Earle, his business calling him to South America this summer.

Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesebrough have designed two large passenger steamers, one building by Story, at Essex, and one in Portland, Me.

Lagonda, steam yacht, has been towed from Shaw's Cove, New London, to New York for fitting out.

Alert, schr., has been laid up at Poillon's and her mainmast lifted out.

The steam yacht Lady Cassandra, built as the Oriental, has been purchased by William Clark, of Newark, from the estate of the late J. George Clark.

The annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York will be sailed on June 17.

Neaira, schr., designed by Geo. F. Lawley and built by Lawley & Co. for Com. Warren R. Fales, Rhode Island Y. C., was launched on March 30, and is now being rigged. Carnita, the Waterhouse fin-keel, will be blocked up this week to receive her fin.

Vixen, slp., once well known about New York when owned by Mr. Frank Lawrence, is out at Lawley's for a new bow.

Vandal, 40 footer, has been sold by Henry Stanton to Com. John A. Stetson, Boston Y. C.

A new yacht club is proposed in Toledo, O., under the name of the American Y. C. As this name is already held by two clubs, it might be less confusing and show a little originality if some other were chosen.

The yacht Viva, formerly owned by Com. C. W. Bray, of the Portland Y. C., has been sold by Will N. Davis to Grant R. Bennett, of St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Bennett is a Western man, who visited the Maine coast last year and saw the boat for the first time. The sailing which he then did has made a most enthusiastic yachtsman of him, and this year he will spend a good part of the summer in the Viva in the vicinity of Portland. The new owners of the 30-footer Chaos are three Portland yachtsmen, Messrs. Noyes, Davis and Merrill, of the Portland Y. C.

The third regular meeting of the Seavanhaka C. Y. C. was held on April 4, with Com. Weeks in the chair. A number of formal changes were made to comply with the present laws governing corporations. The trustees were asked to elect to associate membership ladies owning yachts, such members to enjoy all the privileges of the club, other than attending meetings, taking part in the business affairs of the club, and the use of the town house. The club has offered a \$1,000 cup for a race of the new 85-footers prior to the trial races. Notice was given that Mrs. James A. Roosevelt, mother of the late Alfred Roosevelt, had deposited with the trustees bonds to such an amount that the club will provide a yearly cup, to be known as the "Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Cup," to be raced for as the regatta committee may direct.

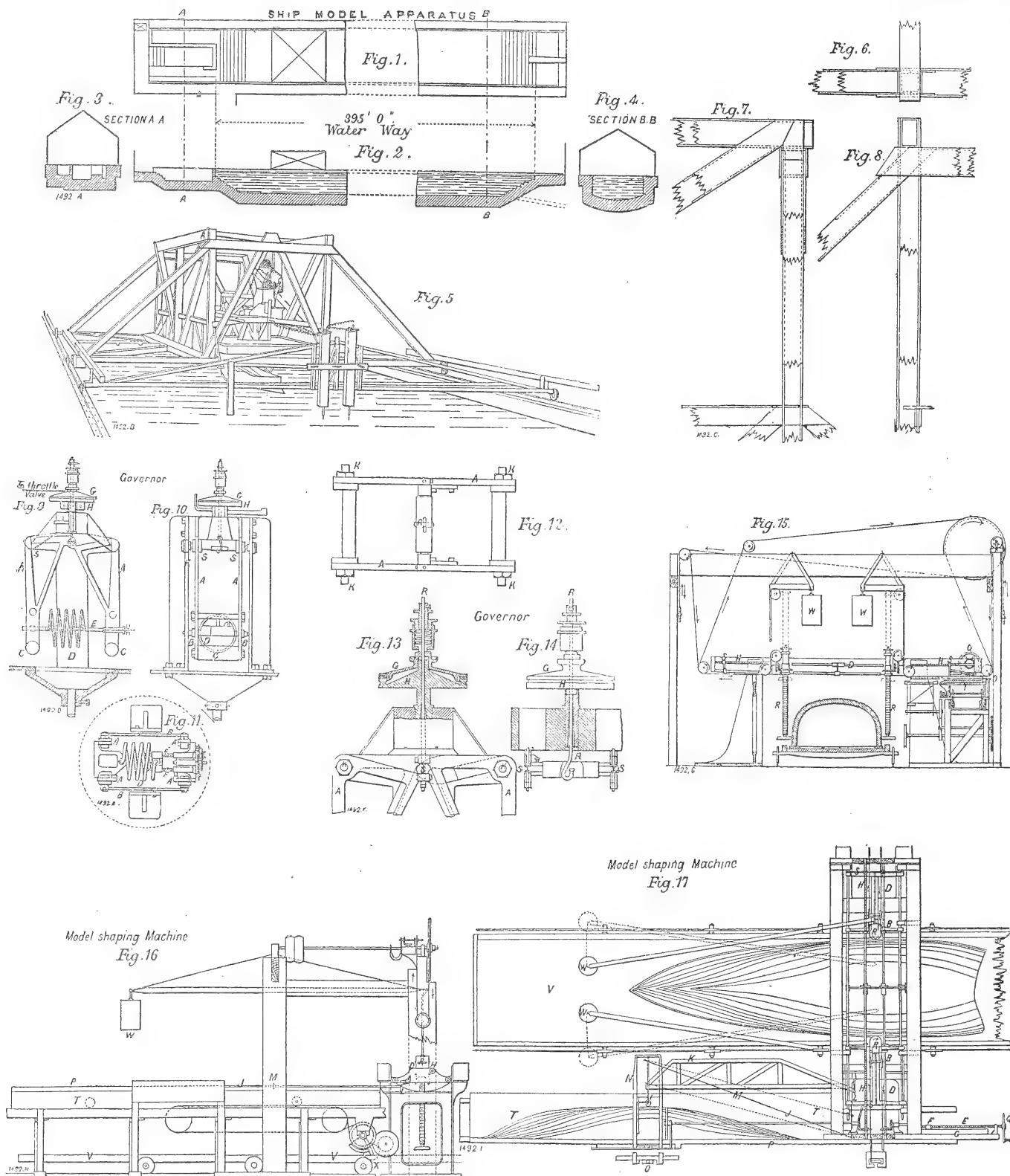
Emerald.

THE shipyard at Elizabethport, N. J., on Staten Island Sound, established a few years since by Messrs. S. L. Moore's Sons as an addition to their large machine shop and foundry, is making an excellent reputation by the high quality of the work turned out. The recent trial of the new practice cruiser Bancroft has proved most successful, and the firm is now doing equally good work in another line on the schooner yacht Emerald, a 23-footer designed by H. C. Winttingham for J. Roger Maxwell, of the Atlantic Y. C.

The work on the new yacht is quite equal to that on any boat of her class, the lines are fair throughout, the plating smoothly laid, the plate edges and rivets finished off, and all the details of construction carried out in a workmanlike manner. The form of the keel, a wide, deep, trough of rectangular section, is as to call for specially skilful work in the fitting, as the keel is about 30in. across the bottom amidships, tapering rapidly to the siding of the stem and sternpost. This part of the work has been carried out very successfully, the keel being fair and true. The keel is straight and parallel to the waterline for the greater portion of its length, then making an abrupt angle and running straight to the waterline, above which the stem curves outward into a very moderate clipper stem.

Although the design is in all respects up to date, it is free from all extravagant or freak features; the forward overhang is comparatively short, the keel outline is such as to give little forefoot, and to dispose of the lead at the lowest possible point on a given draft, but without the fashionable twists and turns of some recent yachts. The sternpost has rather a strong rake and the counter is carried out to a good length and is light and graceful in appearance. The midship section shows a strong hollow below, which is carried into the forward frames, making a rather fine bow.

The construction is peculiar in a steel vessel, being the ordinary lap strake in place of in-and-out plating, the lower edge of each strake lapping outside of the strake below, a taper liner being necessary on each frame. With about the same weight as the in-and-out plating, the work is being made by the builders. The rigging is now under way at Winttingham's and Sawyer is making the sails, and the yacht will be ready for the June regatta.



Apparatus for Model Experiments.

Most yachtsmen are aware of the extensive series of model experiments which have been carried on for over twenty years under the auspices of the British Admiralty, first by the late Wm. Froude, and since his death by his son, R. Edmund Froude. The method of making these experiments, and the curious and ingenious machinery that has been gradually invented will, however, be new to most of our readers, and we therefore reproduce entire from the pages of *Engineering* a paper recently read by Mr. Froude before the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, as follows:

The principal feature of the present Admiralty Experiment Station at Haslar, as of the former one at Torquay, consists in a large covered waterway, in which models of ships are towed to ascertain their resistances. The towing is done from a dynamometer carriage driven at definite speeds by a stationary engine working a wire rope. The models are made of hard paraffin, generally about 14ft. long, and something upward of 1in. in thickness when finished. They are cast in a mold with an allowance of about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for finishing accurately to shape, which is done by means of guidance grooves cut in the paraffin by a shaping machine specially devised for the purpose.

A brief general description of the experimental tank and apparatus of Torquay was given in a paper read to this Institution by Mr. Robert Gordon in May, 1884, and a full description of the model shaping machine as it then existed at Torquay, was given in an earlier paper read by the late Mr. William Froude at the Cornwall meeting in July, 1873. The object of the present paper is to describe the principal novelties of mechanical interest in the experimental apparatus now used at Haslar.

Waterway and Experimental Carriage.—The waterway at Haslar, Figs. 1 to 4, is nearly 400ft. long and of nearly uniform section throughout, instead of having only about 200ft. of uniform section as at Torquay. The sides are concrete and vertical, instead of asphalted earth slopes, and the railway on which the dynamometer carriage runs is bedded on the tops of the side walls of the waterway, instead of being suspended over the water from the roof. The railway is extended beyond one end of the main waterway, so that the experiment carriage can be brought over a dry pit for getting at the experimental apparatus from beneath.

The experiment carriage, which has to span the whole width of the tank, and therefore to run on a railway of nearly 21ft. gauge, is a trussed structure, shown in perspective in Fig. 5. Its principal peculiarity consists in the fact that the members of the several trusses composing it are wooden trunks or boxes about 4in. square in cross section, made of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. deal and put together with screws and shellac varnish.

At the joints formed by the intersection of the various members of the trusses the sides of the boxes are made to overlap one another

over a large area, providing a large surface for screwing and for the adhesion of the shellac varnish. The dimensions of the boxes forming the several members of the girders are assigned so as to bring the sides of the boxes into the right planes to suit these overlaps. Views of one of these intersections, showing the method of overlapping, are given in Figs. 6 and 8. The whole structure thus produced is remarkably rigid and light. The general design of the carriage is arranged so as to leave clear a sort of central alley provided with a railway, the rails of which are close to the sides of the alley. The object of this secondary railway is to carry the smaller carriages, on which are mounted the actual experimental apparatus of different kinds, so that these may be adjusted on this railway to any desired position fore and aft on the main carriage.

Stationary Engine and Hauling Gear.—The wire rope by which the experiment carriage is driven from the stationary engine is not wound upon a barrel, as it was at Torquay, but is simply led over a grooved sheave driven by the engine, the necessary tension of the wire rope providing quite sufficient adhesion for the purpose. The engine is a 10in. power horizontal engine (Proceedings 1885, page 96), the ample power of which is required only for starting the truck quickly for high speed experiments. The ordinary speeds of experiment range between 100ft. and 500ft. per minute; for some classes of models experiments are occasionally made up to about 850ft. per minute, or $\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour. The truck has been run at over 1,200ft. per minute, or about 14 miles an hour.

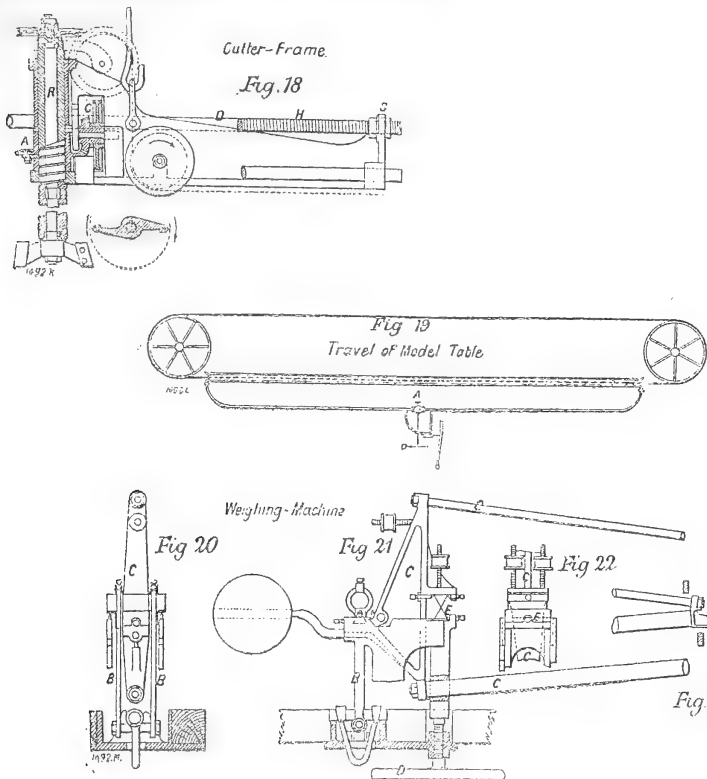
Governor.—The engine is regulated by a governor, acting on the same principle as that used at Torquay and described in Mr. Robert Gordon's paper, but somewhat improved in detail, having been originally designed in accordance with that principle, instead of being merely adapted to it, as was the instrument at Torquay. The arrangement of the governor is shown in Figs. 9 to 11, and to a large scale in the details, Figs. 12 to 14. The lower ends of the two symmetrical bell cranks A A are attached to each other by the links B B, having slotted holes which allow the bell cranks a very small range of freedom of angular motion. When a certain speed of rotation is reached the centrifugal force of the weights C C overcomes the tension of the spiral spring D, which tension may be adjusted by the coupled screws E and F to any desired amount within a considerable range. But before the bell cranks, in yielding to the surplus centrifugal force of the weights, reach the outer limits of their very small travel, by means of the hooked rod R they put pressure on the stationary wheel G, pressing it down upon the rotating wheel H above the top bearing of the governor, and by so increasing the friction between the faces of the wheels they cause the stationary wheel to attempt to turn with the governor, and thereby to extend the spiral spring connected with the throttle valve, and partly to close the latter. The extension of the spring, and the consequent distance of departure of the throttle valve from its full open position, are proportional to the frictional turning

movement applied to the stationary wheel, which movement is in itself proportional to the pressure brought to bear upon it by the bell cranks; in other words, it is proportional to the excess of the speed above that at which the centrifugal force of the weights just equals the tension of the spiral spring. To give greater sensitiveness of action the bell cranks are hung not on pin joints but on flat springs S, Figs. 13 and 14, after the fashion of a clock pendulum. The apparent pin joints at K are only safeguards to prevent the instrument from flying to pieces if any of the flat springs should break. While the springs remain sound the pins do not touch the insides of the holes. It was found advantageous to coat the rubbing face of the stationary wheel G with wood veneer, to give steadier friction.

General Arrangement of Model-Shaping Machine.—The present model-shaping machine is shown in Figs. 15 to 17. As in the case of the Torquay machine, described in the Proceedings of the Penzance meeting, the machine shaping of the model consists in cutting a series of grooves in the rough model, to the depth of the intended finished surface, Fig. 15, at the successive levels of the series of waterlines in the half-breadth plan, the surface between the grooves being finished off by hand and eye. These grooves are cut by a pair of revolving cutters, between which the model passes, traveling in a fore-and-aft line, while the cutters are moved laterally, receding from and approaching each other symmetrically, in such accordance with the longitudinal travel of the model as to trace in plan upon it the intended horizontal section or waterline (Fig. 17). This due accordance of the lateral motion of the cutters with the longitudinal motion of the model is accomplished by the operator so regulating the cutter motion as to maintain a tracer in contact with the corresponding waterline on the drawing. By suitable mechanism the drawing itself is made to imitate the longitudinal travel of the model, while the tracer imitates the lateral travel of the cutters. In the Torquay machine, at the time of the Penzance meeting, the tracer was maintained in contact with an adjustable template set to the curve of each waterline. Afterward the tracer was made to follow the line on the drawing itself by eye, assisted by a magnifying glass on account of the smallness of scale of the drawings used in that machine.

The principal features of difference between the shaping machine at Haslar and that at Torquay are as follows:

Firstly, the adjustment of relative level of model and cutters, requisite for cutting the successive waterlines, is effected at Haslar by raising and lowering the cutters themselves, instead of the model. The main advantage of this arrangement lies in a firmer vertical support for the model throughout its entire length, since it now rests directly upon every one of the six axes of the model table V, which are spaced 8ft. 6in. apart; the arrangement also lessens the vertical height required for the whole machine. The two outer spindles R, which run at 2,700 revolutions per minute, are mounted inside stout steel tubes, as shown in Fig. 18; the cylindrical outer surfaces of the



tubes are interrupted by a small vertical feather-way to keep the tube from turning round; and also by a small single-thread screw groove, in which engages a tooth fitted in the nut-wheel A. The raising or lowering of the cutters is affected by rotation of this nut-wheel, communicated to it by the gearing B C driven by the cross-shaft D, on which slides the spur-wheel B fitted with a sliding feather. The rotation of the cross-shaft D, effected by the hand-wheel Q and communicated to the screw E by mitre gear, moves the indicating nut F (Fig. 17) through a distance equal to the vertical rise or fall of the cutters; and this enables them to be set at the levels of the successive waterlines, marked off on the scale.

Secondly, the lateral motion of the cutters is controlled and made symmetrical by means of the right and left-handed screw, H, working in the nuts, S, fitted in the cutter frames, instead of by an arrangement of bell-cranks as was done at Torquay. The screw is worked by mitre gear from the hand-wheel, U; and its use supersedes the necessity of the oil cylinder or cataraft referred to in page 307 of the Proceedings of the Penzance meeting. As at Torquay, the tension of the cord belt by which the cutters are driven, tends to keep the cutter frames apart, and so eliminates any "lost time" due to "slap" of the nut or other parts. As an additional safeguard, the cutters, when cutting, are always made to work from midship of model toward the ends, so that they are always being moved inward, and the friction of sliding of the cutter frames is in the same direction as the pull of the bolts. This sliding friction, as at Torquay, is minimized by the counter-balance levers and weights, W, which lighten up the weights of the cutter frames.

Thirdly, the drawing table, T, besides being much larger than at Torquay, lies in a horizontal plane instead of standing in a vertical plane. The motion of the tracer is consequently horizontal and lateral, instead of vertical; in other words, it is in the same direction as that of the cutter frames; also the copying levers lie in a horizontal plane instead of standing in a vertical plane. The purpose of the much larger relative size of the drawing table in the machine at Haslar, especially as regards its length, is to enable half-breadth plans of the usual scale of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to 1 ft. to be used for models of large ships. The use of so large a drawing table requires special provisions for accuracy, which constitute a distinct feature in the Haslar machine.

Copying Apparatus of Model-Shaping Machine. The drawing being made to correspond in proportion to the longitudinal plane of the model, and the tracer to follow simultaneously the water line on the drawing, the condition required for the accurate reproduction of the lines of the drawing by the cutters to scale on the model is that at every instant the distance apart of the cutters shall be proportional to the distance of the tracer from the center line of the drawing. The table travel and the length of the drawing may be as much as 12 ft. Now, in a very long drawing it is not easy to draw the center line absolutely straight; nor to find a long narrow drawing quite straight on a board. Moreover, to insure that the travel of so long a table through so long a distance should be rigidly true and straight, would require an expansive structure and great nicety of workmanship. It would probably also involve a degree of frictional resistance to the drawing table travel, which would be incompatible with so convenient and inexpensive a method of communicating the proportion of longitudinal motion from the model table to the drawing table, as has been used at Haslar, and previously at Torquay, namely, by light change wheels, of which the shafts take their motion off the model table and the drawing respectively by stretched pianoforte wire winding on and off a drum on each shaft (Fig. 16).

In order, therefore, to insure that the distance apart of the cutters shall be proportional, not to the distance of the tracer from a fixed point in space, but to the distance of the tracer from the center line—the position of this center line in space being slightly indefinite, owing to the causes already suggested—the fulcrum M, of the copying lever J (Fig. 17) is mounted, not on any fixed brackets, but on the frame K, which is itself in fact a lever, pivoted at one end at L, just beneath the line of motion of the cutter end of the copying lever, and held at its other end at point I, in the line of motion of the tracer, by the frame N. The position of this frame N in the direction of the tracer's travel is regulated by the roller O in contact with the back edge of the wide parallel batten P, of which the front edge is adjusted carefully to a uniform distance from the center line of the drawing. In virtue of this arrangement, lateral deviation of the center line of the drawing does not affect the distance of the tracer from the center line.

In order to obtain accurate working in this copying apparatus without running into expensive mechanism—seeing that the actual work to be done by it is almost the smallest conceivable, in fact simply that of sliding over a drawing a tracer consisting of a piece of tracing paper, so that the only material resistance to be overcome is the friction of the mechanism itself—care was taken in the design to use such mechanical features as give precision against small forces, but involve little friction; for friction tends to cause deflections, or requires heavier and therefore again more frictional working parts to resist such deflections. All redundancy of control was also avoided, as tending to cause indecision of working.

As in the Torquay machine, the fulcrum M of the copying lever can be adjusted to give any desired proportion of travel of tracer to that of cutters. Also the proportion of longitudinal travel of drawing table to that of model is regulated by that of change wheels X; and the "lost time" due to play of teeth in the line of motion of the weight leading over a pulley, keeping a tension on the table always in one direction.

Method of Feed of Model in Shaping Machine.—The model table has a maximum longitudinal travel of 20 ft. Its travel is effected, not by a band winch as at Torquay, but by a simple quasi-hydraulic arrangement, as indicated in Fig. 19, the liquid used being paraffin oil instead of water, in order not to rust the steel parts. The valve is contrived so that the speed of the table can be regulated from a certain maximum in one direction to a similar maximum in the opposite direction through every intermediate degree. By opening the cock A—which, indeed, opens itself, and is only held shut by the foot of the operator while the cut is being made—free communication is established between the two ends of the tube, whereby the self-acting hydraulic travel is instantly stopped, while the time the valve is becoming free to be easily and rapidly moved by hand in either direction. The principal novelty of the arrangement lies in the circumstance that the hydraulic pressure required, amounting to only 14 lbs. per square

inch, is maintained, not by an accumulator or high-level cistern, but by a little high-speed centrifugal pump, driven by the cord belt which drives the cutters. This arrangement is very convenient, and is found quite satisfactory in working.

Melting and Casting.—The arrangements for melting and casting the models scarcely differ from those described in the paper read at the Penzance meeting. It may be noticed that it has since been found better to coat the cores with a simple wash of clay without using any plaster of paris. It has been found that it is best to cast the models at a temperature not higher than, say, 160° Fahr., also that by mixing a little wax with the paraffin, and by remelting it several times in buckets when newly bought, the porosity of the castings, referred to in the report of the proceedings of the Penzance meeting, has been almost entirely done away with.

Weighing Machine.—This is used for obtaining the dead weight of the models, in order to determine the amount of ballast required. What was actually required was merely an instrument to weigh up to 1,000 lbs. or so with greater accuracy than is obtainable with an ordinary spring weighing scale. But a special machine had anyhow to be made, and it seemed to make a really accurate one would not add much to the cost, while such a machine might prove useful for other purposes. The instrument, which is shown in Figs. 20 to 23, was made at the Admiralty Experiment Works, except the knife edges and plates, which were supplied by Cerning. It is similar in principle to an ordinary chemical balance, except that it is a steelyard having one arm 6 in. and the other 5 ft. in length, instead of the usual symmetrical beam.

When the model or other weight which is to be weighed is being hung upon the machine, the eye or shackle, A, to which it is hung is resting in its fixed trunnions; as also are the sling, B, by which this shackle is brought to bear on the knife edge, and the scale beam, C, with the trunnions of the sling, B, consist of notches resting on points. All these points are thereby held in their correct places, so that the knife edges shall come to bear properly in the centers of the plates when brought into work. Turning the hand-wheel, D, raises the center fulcrum-plate, E, which first picks up the scale beam and raises it off its trunnions. As the lifting continues, the outer knife edge picks up the sling, B, which in turn presently picks up the shackle, A, with the model hanging to it. For the long end of the scale beam, accuracy of leverage being of less importance, a V or notch-plate, F (Fig. 23), hangs on the knife edge, G, instead of a flat plate; and at this end the weights are hung on or taken off without any formality of first relieving the knife edges from strain.

The beam and knife edges, etc., are cased in to protect them from dust and damp; but the model or other weights to be weighed, as well as the weights used in weighing, hang in the open. In order to make proper use of the evident sensitiveness of the instrument, these also would have to be cased in, to avoid the disturbances caused by draughts of air.

Tarpon Springs Y. C., March 25.

TARPON SPRINGS, FLA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our regular Saturday regatta was sailed in a strong, puffy S.W. wind; all had single reefs in and plenty of ballast. A large number of people filled the boat houses to see the fun. The Lucy B. went over the line first, followed by the Commodore's Silver King, that he put in for the first time rigged without the jib, to give the boys a chance. The rest of the fleet held back to gain time. Around the point they go, where, as they flatten the sheets for a dead beat to the first stake, the boats feel the full strength of the wind, which quickly shows their power and the skill of the skippers. Two short tacks and the Silver King is in the lead, going well, but missing the jib left at the boat house. Capt. Gregg's new vide boat, with four heavy men in her, was going like a race horse, and soon passed the Lucy B., who, as Noblet says, wanted our heavy city muscle on the weather rail to hold her up.

The Storm King is soon around the first stake, and with sheets broad off is rushing through the water like a steamer, the strong puffs bringing her bow down until her deck is nearly level with the water; then power tells, and she starts ahead with renewed speed. Capt. Roberts is pushing the Topsy with all his skill, and leaving the smaller boats; but length tells against him, and Gregg is steadily leaving him.

Around the second stake they go, a dead beat to the first stake, a run home, and the starting flag is rounded with the Silver King leading by 4 in. 16 s.

The second round was a duplicate of the first. The more powerful boats gaining on the others. Around the last stake goes the Silver

House Boats and House Boat Life.

Two illustrated papers in "Forest and Stream," April 13th and 20th, 1893.

King far in the lead and sure of the first prize if the Commodore had let well enough alone; but, wishing to make a big record, he ordered the reef out, and when the job was nearly done a strong puff strikes her, the mainsheet binds, and over she goes; an object lesson to the boys, who smile as they sail by until the tops of their heads look like an island. They finish the race, then all come back and help bail out the Silver King and tow her home with the naphtha launch. Next week we expect to have a regatta out on the Gulf of Mexico.

	Start.	Turn.	Finished.	Elapsed.
Lucy B., Rear-Com. Noblet.....	2 14 10	2 55 45	3 45 40	1 31 30
Silver King, Com. Phinney.....	2 15 10	2 49 29	Upset.	
Dennis, Vice-Com. Disson.....	2 16 15	2 58 00	3 44 46	1 28 31
Gregg, Capt. Gregg.....	2 16 50	2 55 25	3 32 55	1 16 05
Topsy, Capt. Clemson.....	2 17-01	2 56 00	3 35 18	1 18 17

J. P. PHINNEY.

Representative Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your paragraph concerning representative yachts, published March 9, appears to require some qualification. If Valkyrie No. 2 and Navahoe were to meet for the America Cup, nothing could be better or fairer than the paragraph referred to. Unfortunately, Valkyrie will have to meet the best of several trial yachts—Navahoe doing something similar in British waters. Each yacht is the last effort of the yacht designer at the head of his profession in England and America; but, as you point out when instancing Galatea and Genesta, a designer may, and frequently does, produce a slower boat than his best of a previous year. International racing ought, therefore, to be separated from the personal equations of owner or designer as much as possible, and be conducted under conditions which give no advantage to either side. The premier club of a nation alone should challenge, and the date and class named, any number of trial yachts being permitted on either side.

So long as the challenger is, tied down to one boat, and the challenged can try a dozen, the America Cup should remain in New York and the gold cup at Ryde. THALASSA.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with members' names, signal number of their clubs, and also notices of advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1892-93.
COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: J. R. Lake.
REAR-COM: H. L. Quick.
PURSER: F. L. Dunham, Brooklyn, N. Y.
EX-COM: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: T. H. Stricker.
REAR-COM: W. C. Witherbee.
PURSER: C. P. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.
EX-COM: C. V. Winne, W. R. Huntington.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: Geo. L. Parmele.
REAR-COM: F. A. Sears.
PURSER: F. B. Lewis, Box 99, Hart's.
EX-COM: Paul Butler, W. U. Law-son, R. Apollonio.

NORTHWEST DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: J. N. MacKendrick.
REAR-COM: F. Mims.
PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.
EX-COM: C. E. Archibald, J. H. Carnegie.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Applications sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Fureka, Kan.
Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Rear-Commodore—F. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. H. Gardner, S. N. Maxwell.
Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Ware, G. C. Case, M. D. Smith.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

3. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst.
10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge. 24. Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach.
14-17. East Div. Meet, Haddon's Id.

JULY.

1-15. At Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River. 16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.
4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Fred. A. Mann, Chas. L. Allen, Almond F. Townsend, Frank A. Smith, P. L. Rider, Frank N. Houghton, Edwin C. Dexter, Nelson H. Davis, Chas. S. Day, Frank P. Kendall, W. E. Haslam, George M. Bassett, W. H. Buxton, Henry J. Kettell, Worcester Mass. ATLANTIC DIVISION: E. W. Tanner, New York.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE meet of the Eastern Division will be held at Haddam Island, about 15 miles south of Middletown, on the Connecticut River, from June 14 to 17 inclusive, the races taking place on

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Syracuse Rifle Club.

SYRACUSE, March 30.—The following are scores made by members of the Syracuse Rifle Club at Maple Bay yesterday, distance 200 yds., standard American target:

Off-Hand.											
Stillman.....	9	8	10	7	9	7	8	7	8	8	82
Grossman.....	8	7	6	9	8	10	6	10	7	77	
Smith.....	10	5	7	5	10	9	10	8	9	577	
Seely.....	8	7	8	10	7	7	8	5	9	74	
Coleman.....	7	9	9	10	10	5	3	5	5	72	
Ball.....	7	7	7	5	8	7	7	5	7	69	
Lathrop.....	6	2	8	8	6	6	5	5	5	48	
Rest.											
+Leighton.....	9	8	11	9	11	12	11	12	12	107	
Nearing.....	12	11	9	8	8	10	9	8	10	93	
Lathrop.....	7	9	9	7	6	10	8	9	7	81	

* Telescope. † Double rest and telescope.

	Sec.
--	------

* Telescope. + Double rest and telescope.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly handicap shoot of the Excelsior Club for the club medals was held at the headquarters of the club on Tuesday evening, March 28. The shooting of the members was on the whole very good. John Speicher, with his handicap of 6 points, seems to have dropped into a very soft spot. The scores of the members will be here appended to their classes. 10 shots, possible 350, 25 yds.:

First class:	
Speicher.....	233+6-244 Hansen, scratch.....244 Hennessey.....232+4-236
Second class:	
J O Boyce.....	241 J Hughes.....240 C Bauchle.....230 C L Pinney.....229
Third class:	
Thomas.....	235+6-241 Duff, scratch.....235 Bins.....211+11-222

International World's Fair Shoot.

Chicago, Ill., March 30.—The Chicago Sharpshooters' Association now has out its programmes in English and German, announcing details for an international Columbian prize shooting at Chicago June 1 to Sept. 1. The conditions may best be learned by reference to the programme, which has the following:

"The Chicago Sharpshooters' Association has arranged and will hold in its park an international Columbian shooting festival during the three exposition months of June, July and August. The shooting days will, however, be only confined to each Sunday and Monday during these three months, and at the end of the third month (August) enough consecutive days will be added to enable each shooter present to finish his scores; but the first Sunday in September shall be the closing day of the contest, when also the distribution of prizes will commence.

"As a memorial of this event a solid gold medal, symbolizing the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, will be awarded on the bullseye targets to each participant, which can be claimed by him when shooting his first bullseye. Besides these medals a series of cash prizes is set aside for the highest number of bullseyes scored out of 100 shots on these targets.

"The following series of resolutions was passed at a regular meeting of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association:

"The rules and regulations of the Western Sharpshooters' Union (see below) will be ruling.

"Only rifles of and below .40cal. (10½mm.) and such as shoot more than 200 balls to the pound are allowed.

"Intended participation must be made known to the secretary two weeks in advance. This must, particularly, be observed by larger bodies of shooters, as the number of targets is limited, and the non-observance of this might result in an overcrowding at the targets.

"The shootingmasters of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association will superintend the shooting and will be assisted by a shooting committee, which again will be supplemented by one member from each outside society taking part.

"The treasurer has to furnish a bond to the amount of \$5,000, and is held to deposit all incoming moneys every Monday and Tuesday for account of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association at a designated bank.

"The Chicago Sharpshooters' Association, owning real estate and personal property to the amount of \$80,000, will be responsible for the strict and faithful fulfillment of the shooting programme.

"The results of the shooting will be published every Monday and Tuesday in the newspapers.

"The shooting committee is vested with the right to examine the books, has the right to investigate and settle disputes which may arise, also uphold general order.

"Shooters from all parts of the world are allowed to take part.

"The shooting shall take place during the Exposition months of June, July and August, on Sunday and Monday during these months, and at the end of these three months on as many consecutive days as may be necessary to allow every shooter to finish his scores; but the first Sunday in September shall be the closing day of the festival."

Some criticism has been passed on the Chicago Association for not making the shoot a solid event, held on consecutive days. All this was considered, so say the officers of the Association, and the present plan decided upon as being the fairest for all, and as tending to make the shoot more nearly really international one. Not all foreign shooters might be on hand for any one week or any two or three weeks, whereas, by leaving a date open for three months, all the visitors arriving within the three months could be accommodated. Another serious reason against a consecutive shoot was the lack of proper room to handle a crowd of shooters, there not being butts enough for all, nor room to erect sufficient butts. The Chicago men hope that when this is all understood that they will be set right, and will receive the cordial support of all their brethren in this and other lands. The best comment on the attractiveness of this event is the publication of the money prizes offered, probably the most considerable put up for any years. Some of these are as follows:

Bullseye target, distance 600ft. (ditto, bullseye in a 12in. circular black). Ticket, \$25, entitles to 100 shots. Gold Columbian Medal, value \$15. First prize \$100, second \$90, third \$80, fourth \$70, fifth \$60, sixth \$50, seventh \$40, eighth \$30, ninth \$25. Two prizes of \$20, three of \$15, four of \$10, five of \$8, eight of \$7, ten of \$6, twenty of \$5, thirty of \$4, fifty of \$3.

A TEAM CONTEST.

A very interesting affair should develop from the proposed team contest, which is offered in the programme thus:

"A team consists of 12 shooters, entry for each shooter \$5, 5 shots each.

"The intention is to make this a competitive shoot between States. In case a State can furnish more than one team they will be numbered team No. 1, 2, 3, etc. The same rules will apply to Canadian, English, Scotch, Irish, German, Swiss, or teams of any other nationality. The proper medal to be awarded to each team shall be a gold medal, 2½ in. and cost of medals will be deducted from the total proceeds on this targets, and balance will be divided among half of the highest teams. The first highest will receive 20% of the total balance and the others a declining percentage, according to number of teams taking part."

All interested in the International Rifle Shoot should address for all particulars Mr. C. Schott, Sec'y, 13 N. Dearborn street, Chicago. Mr. Schott is doing all possible to help his associates bring this event to a conclusion perfectly satisfactory to the riflemen of all nations.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

E. HUGH.

Greenvilles and Hudsons.

GREENVILLE Rifle Club vs. Hudson Rifle Club, shot on the latter's range, Menday, April 3; distance 25yds.:

	Greenville.	Hudson.
M Dorrier.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
H Gotthardt.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
J Dadds.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
G Purkiss.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
W Collins.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
C Boag.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
Geo Plaisted.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
H Chavart.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
C Schelein.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
W H Robedoux.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

Captain, W. H. Robedoux; scorer, H. Limbeck.

	Greenville.	Hudson.
Chas Hutch.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
A Malz.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
H L Hansen.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
A Braun.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
G W Graf.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
C E Bird.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
Jno Reblan.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
H Malenbrock.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
F Sessman.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
A Steuber.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

Captain, H. Malenbrock; scorer, J. J. Pfaffenberger.

The final match will be shot on Excelsior range, April 13, to decide the winner of the series. The EAGLE.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

WASHINGTON PARK, N. Y., March 29.—The Independent Corps opened its season shoot for the year 1893 in this park to-day. The attendance was unexpectedly light, but those members who were present kept up a lively fusillade until the close of the shoot. George Grause made the first center shot (red flag), and captured the premium of \$10. Gus Zimmerman made the most bullseyes (45) and B. Walther the most points.

Wm. Hayes had 38 bullseyes, B. Walther 29, George Krauss 18, Alex. Stein 17, I. Martin 15, E. Fisher 13, Fred. Timon 8, F. Meyer 6, Heyman 3, M. Lower 4.

Ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: I. Martin 116, E. Fisher 113, Wm. Hayes 111, Alex. Stein 109, Geo. Krauss 105, Geo. Jantzer 105, Edv. Bornhoft 104, F. Meyer 98.

Man target: Messrs. Hayes, Zimmermann, Martin, Stein, Simon and Heyman had a lively race for the champion medal on this target. The honor fell to Mr. Hayes. The following scores are appended: 3 shots, possible 60: Wm. Hayes 53, I. Martin 57, G. Zimmerman 53, Alex. Stein 53, Geo. Krauss 53, M. Heyman 53, Geo. Jantzer 53, E. Fisher 51, F. Simon 50, M. Bittschier 50.

New York Revolver and Pistol Club.

A MEETING for the election of officers was held April 1. Henry Oehl, was re-elected President; B. Walther, Vice-President; F. Hecking, Secretary. It was decided to hold weekly out-door shooting after May 1, during the summer. The weekly practice scores: Geo. E. Jantzer 89, Geo. L. Hoffman 85, B. Walther 85, H. Oehl 84, F. Hecking 81, A. Bertrand 80, E. Walsh 86.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The Greenville Club held its regular weekly shoot for class medals on Friday evening, March 31. One more shoot will wind up the season, and then the medals will be distributed to the fortunate winners in the

respective classes. Colin Boag and C. Scherline are a tie for the first medal, and each contestant has a score of 10 shots to shoot at the next regular meeting, consequently the final result next week, is looked forward to with much interest by all the members. The following appended scores were shot; 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Wm. Robedoux 242, G. W. Plaisted 241, Colin Boag 239, C. Scherline 234, Geo. Purkiss 233, Jas. Dadds 231, Wm. C. Collins 230, Jas. Boag 229, H. Gotthardt 231, Geo. Vreeland 231, John Hill 224.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

The members of the Turtle Bay Club met again on Thursday evening, the 30th ult., for the weekly practice shoot. This club has every prospect of being able to turn out some extra good marksmen in the near future. The club has thus far confined its practice to the gallery, but it now has in contemplation a system of two men team matches between the members, to be shot on one of the Park ranges on Long Island. The following appended scores were made by the members competing, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 20yds.: G E Jantzer.....246 249 243-738 H Walther.....239 239 234-712 J Oehl, Jr.....245 245 242-732 H Lingelbach.....226 221 237-684 C H Plate.....242 243 237-723 J Oberle.....224 225 228-677

Excelsior Rifle Club.

A VERY small contingent of the Excelsior Club put in an appearance in the Greenville Schuetzen Park this afternoon for the outdoor practice. The members of the Excelsior Club were not very fortunate for any open air sport that it requires unusual inducements to get any sort of a party together, except there is a good warm stove close at hand. The shooting to-day on the part of Mr. Hansen was first class. J. O. Boyce was in hard luck, being handicapped with an imperfect fitting bullet in his .40cal. Ballard. C. Thomas made some brilliant spurts at times with his little .25-20 Maynard; he is only 17 years of age and to-day was his second 30yds. target. The following appended scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 20yds.: L P Hansen, Ballard, 38-55.....24 24 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21-220 J O Boyce, Ballard, 40-65.....21 23 21 19 23 23 23 23 23 24-225 J O Hansen, Maynard, 25-20.....20 24 18 21 19 23 24 20 20-210 C Thomas, Maynard, 25-20.....16 20 21 19 20 17 22 21 19 22-198

The Zettler Rifle Club.

On Tuesday evening, March 28, the members of this club met again for the regular weekly shoot for the championship honors and the cash prizes. A Messrs. Dorrier and Walther divided the honors for the highest score for the champion medal, each having made 248 out of a possible 250. The following appended scores were made by the members competing, 10 shots, distance 25yds.: B. Walther 248, M. Dorrier 248, Hy Holmes 247, B. Zettler, 246, M. B. Engel 245, B. Busse 245, C. G. Zettler 244, F. C. Ross 243, F. Schmidt 242, Geb Krauss 237, F. Heintz 236, J. Michelbacher 234.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., March 25.—The Beideman Rifle Club opened its 100yds. range this day by the following scores, conditions 10yds., strictly off-hand, at the standard American targets: J A Michard.....10 8 9 9 10 8 6 5 9 8-81 J L Wood.....7 7 5 9 7 7 8 9 10 9-77 A J Targey.....5 7 7 9 8 8 9 9 9 7-77 W Gilbert.....4 4 6 5 7 5 7 5 7-58 E L Gardiner.....6 10 4 8 5 5 4 4 5 7-55 25yds., targets ¼ in. ring, possible 250: E. L. Gardiner 246, W. Gilbert 230, O. Garrity 220, G. Bosler 216, C. Monday 210.

WALT GILBERT, Sec'y.

RIFLE NOTES.

The opening shoot of the Independent New York Corps at Washington Park on March 29 brought together quite a number of New York's prominent shooters. Among the many who were pegging away at the bullseye we noticed Wm. Hayes, from New Jersey. Mr. Hayes is generally, when in the shooting house, the recipient of much attention on the part of his brother shooters on account of the high esteem in which he is held by the fraternity, as well as for his well known shooting ability. On this occasion the rifle which he was using received fully as much attention as the shooter. The action is of Belgian make and is a sample imported by Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales. The barrel (.38-55) was made and attached to the action by the Marlin Fire Arms Co. A peculiar feature of its mechanism was its simplicity and the ease with which the entire working parts of the action could be detached from the frame and dismounted without the aid of a tool. Should this action by practical use prove to be efficient it will fill the void that has occurred since the Marlin Arms Co. stopped the manufacture of the Ballard rifles.

The close of the season's practice of the Independent New York Corps last fall found two of the members, Messrs. B. Walther and G. Zimmerman to be tied for the champion medal. The departure of Mr. Zimmerman for Europe shortly afterward gave the two gentlemen no opportunity to shoot off the tie. Now that the shooting season has opened again the friends of each are speculating on the probabilities of the result of the coming contest. The matter will no doubt be decided at the next shoot of the club, the latter part of the present month.

The members of the Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville, N. J., are at the present time very much interested in the new club house under construction which is being built for the club, and which will probably be finished before the first of next month. The club expects to dedicate the house in a match with a team from the Puritan Club, of Newark. As soon as the Greenville Club shall have got settled in their new home we shall be pleased to favor the patrons of this paper with a short history of this young but enterprising rifle club.

New Jersey, and Greenville in particular, will, on or before May 1, increase its shooting population. We learn that those well known expert riflemen, Messrs. M. Dorrier and Fred C. Ross, have made permanent business arrangements there, and in the future will make Greenville their place of residence.

The contemplated Bundesfest and International Shoot to take place in New York in the summer of 1894, is already becoming an interesting topic and among the friends of the shoot there are many who are expressing expressions of hope that all of our shooting societies from every part of the country, Germans, Americans, Italians, Scotch or Indian, so long as they have an organized shooting society and are good American citizens, filled with the love of America will participate. To all such the right hand of fellowship will be cordially extended by the New York shooters. The next meeting of delegates for the permanent organization of the Bund will take place at No. 12 St. Marks place, New York city, on Friday evening, April 21. Mr. C. Roedel, No. 712 Seventh avenue, is the secretary of the organization as it now stands, and any society wishing to enter the Bund can communicate with Mr. Roedel, who will place all communications before the next meeting.

The frontispiece to the programme of the International Columbian Shooting Festival at Chicago contains a fac-simile of the Columbian medal which it is proposed to distribute among the shooters during the festival this summer. Upon the front of the medal is depicted Columbus in the act of raising the Swiss standard upon the soil of the New World. The inscription on the medal is in the following words: "Italian of his nationality! Suppose that in the thirtieth century, A. D., some enterprising savant searching for the site of the Chicago of the nineteenth century, should unearth one of these medals? Chicago would add 400 years to its history and the Swiss would be in it for sure."

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had the poorest attendance for months at their regular monthly shoot at Deeter Park on Wednesday, March 23. Only nine shot for the "Claus" diamond badge and three special members' prizes, 7 birds each, club handicap. C. Engelbrecht won the badge and first prize, W. Vorchab the second and H. Gasteiger the third. A good sweepstake shoot followed. The scores: H Gasteiger.....10101-4 C Engelbrecht.....112311-7 R Plaster.....110111-6 J A Still.....200122-5 W Sevens.....322202-6 J Young.....102011-5 S Schlemmer.....222011-6 W Vorchab.....111202-6 L Eppig.....110201-4

Towanda Monthly Shoots.

TOWANDA, Pa., April 2.—The Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club will give on the first Friday in each month a monthly shoot. The first of the series will be held on Friday, April 7, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M., and continuing throughout the day. A county and club badge will be contested for. The county trophy is open to all residents of the county. Entrance cost of targets. The club badge for club members only. Sweepstake shooting will fill out the programme. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

April 5-7.—Interstate live bird tournament, Dexter Park, Long Island. H. A. Penrose, Sec'y, New London, Conn.

April 11-12.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, Greensboro, N. C.

April 19-20.—Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.

April 19-21.—Waverly (Iowa) Gun Club tournament. Professionals barred.

April 25-27.—Third grand tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, Wilmington, Delaware. C. C. Kurtz, Sec'y.

May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.

May 2-4.—Williamsport (Pa.) Gun Club annual tournament.

May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.

May 9-12.—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

May 16-17.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, Lansing, Mich.

May 16-19.—North Baltimore (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.

May 16-19.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Lansing, Mich.

May 17-18.—West Newburg Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburg, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.

May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsman's Association, Omaha, Neb.

May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.

May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, league contest at live birds, at Maplewood, Pa.

May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.

June 1.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.

June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.

June 20-21.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.

June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peckskill Gun Club, Peckskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peckskill, N. Y.

July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.

July 4.—Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League tournament at Amherst, N. Y., under auspices of Riverview Gun Club. Rob't M. Hartley, President.

July.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at St. Louis, Mo.

August.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Philadelphia, Pa. H. M. F. Worlan, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburg.

October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Baltimore, Md.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

From advance proofs of the programme of the Michigan State shoot to be held in conjunction with that of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooters' Association at Lansing on May 16, 17, 18 and 19, we call the following: The Association shoot will be held on the 16th and 17th under the Rochester Gun Club section. The Michigan Association makes the "Michigan system" with side purses will be used. The following is a brief description of this system: A race will consist of 30 or 30 birds, in two or three sections of 10 each, entrance 10 cents a bird or \$1 for each section of 10 birds. Rebate to each shooter 10 cents a piece for his kills throughout the race. In a 20-bird race, after paying the rebate for kills in the first section, divide the balance, per capita, to apply on the second section. In a 30-bird race, rebate as before and divide the balance in 3, 4 or 5 purses according to number of entries. In a 30-bird race, rebate and divide per capita in first and second, and use the balance for purses in the last section. Charge three cents for targets and use one cent for each target scored to make a purse or purses for the best shots, as follows: With 20 entries or less, one purse; over 20, two purses. The side purse may be for any amount with three, four or five entries, and no rebate. The sportsmen of the State have a bill before the Legislature legalizing the shooting of live sparrows from the trap, and the bill is expected to pass and be signed in time to allow sparrow shooting at this tournament.

The members of the Saratoga Gun Club are beginning to agitate a lively movement in favor of securing the management of the 1894 tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and will bring some heavy arguments to hear at the Rochester Gun Club section. The Saratoga Gun Club is one of the strongest in the State, and whatever promises it makes will be fulfilled to the letter. The town is well supplied with hotels and the club can secure the lowest of rates for shooters and their friends. The club grounds are second to none. Taken as a whole Saratoga would be a good place for the 1894 tournament. At several conventions they have waived their claim with the understanding that at some future time they would receive the support of delegates from other places, and at the June convention they propose to press their claim.

DULUTH, Minn., March 28.—The Duluth Gun Club has been reorganized and will in the near future build a magnificent new house. A committee has already been appointed to secure a suitable location and discuss plans for the coming season. There are several clever marksmen in the club, and phenomenal records will be no surprise. The Central Gun Club, a young and successful organization, have also appointed committees to look for a suitable site at Spirit Lake, where they intend erecting a suitably large house. If the records recently made by the members of this club are any indication, they will set a pace for the best marksmen at the head of the lakes. Several clubs will soon be organized in neighboring cities.

The prospects are that a big crowd of shooters will attend the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association at Greensboro, N. C., on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. The Association programme will be the same as that at Savannah. The State championship race will be hotly contested. An additional feature of the tournament, to be presented on Tuesday, will be a match for the team championship of North Carolina. The conditions will be 5 men per team, 15 targets per man, entrance \$10 per team. The purse will be divided 60 and 40% and the Association will add \$20 to first money. At least seven teams are expected to enter. It is hoped that all the subscribers to the Association will have their exhibits at Greensboro.

We have received advance sheets of a tasty programme to be published by the Minneapolis Gun Club, for its fourteenth annual tournament May 23-25 inclusive. The events each day will comprise two 15 targets each, one at 10 singles and 3 pairs, one at 10 singles and 3 pairs and two at 20 targets each. The aggregate amount of entrance fees each day will be \$10. On the first day the purses will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; on the second day five equal moneys and on the third day 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Beside the money there will be twenty-five cash and merchandise prizes for averages. The cash prizes will run from \$40 for first average down to \$7.50 for the tenth average.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. W. R. Curtis, of Saratoga, N. Y. Mr. Curtis was a gentleman with the true instincts of a sportsman, and one of the leading trap and field sports of Saratoga. He was secretary of the Chatham Gun Club, and the moving spirit of that body, and in him the lovers of trap shooting lose a man hard to replace. His remains were escorted to the depot by the Chatham Artillery and other kindred organizations of which he was a member, and from there taken by his brother to his old home in Massachusetts, to be interred in the family vault.

BATAVIA, N. Y., March 25.—There was a large attendance at the meeting at the Chatham House on Tuesday evening for the purpose of reorganizing the Batavia Gun Club. The meeting was presided over by Dr. W. B. Whitcomb and the minutes were kept by Alexander Wyness. The following officers were elected: President, J. L. Stein; Vice-President, L. F. McLean; Secretary, D. N. Dwight; Treasurer, Dr. W. B. Whitcomb; Captain, P. Tompkins; Directors, A. Wyness, A. W. Skelly and Chas. Blumerick.

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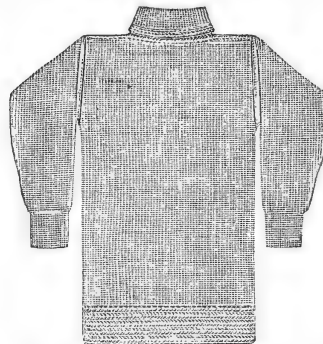
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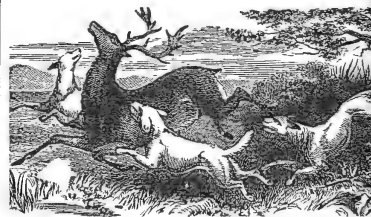
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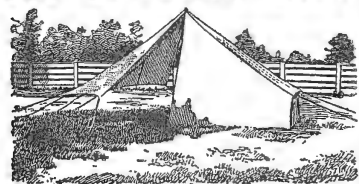
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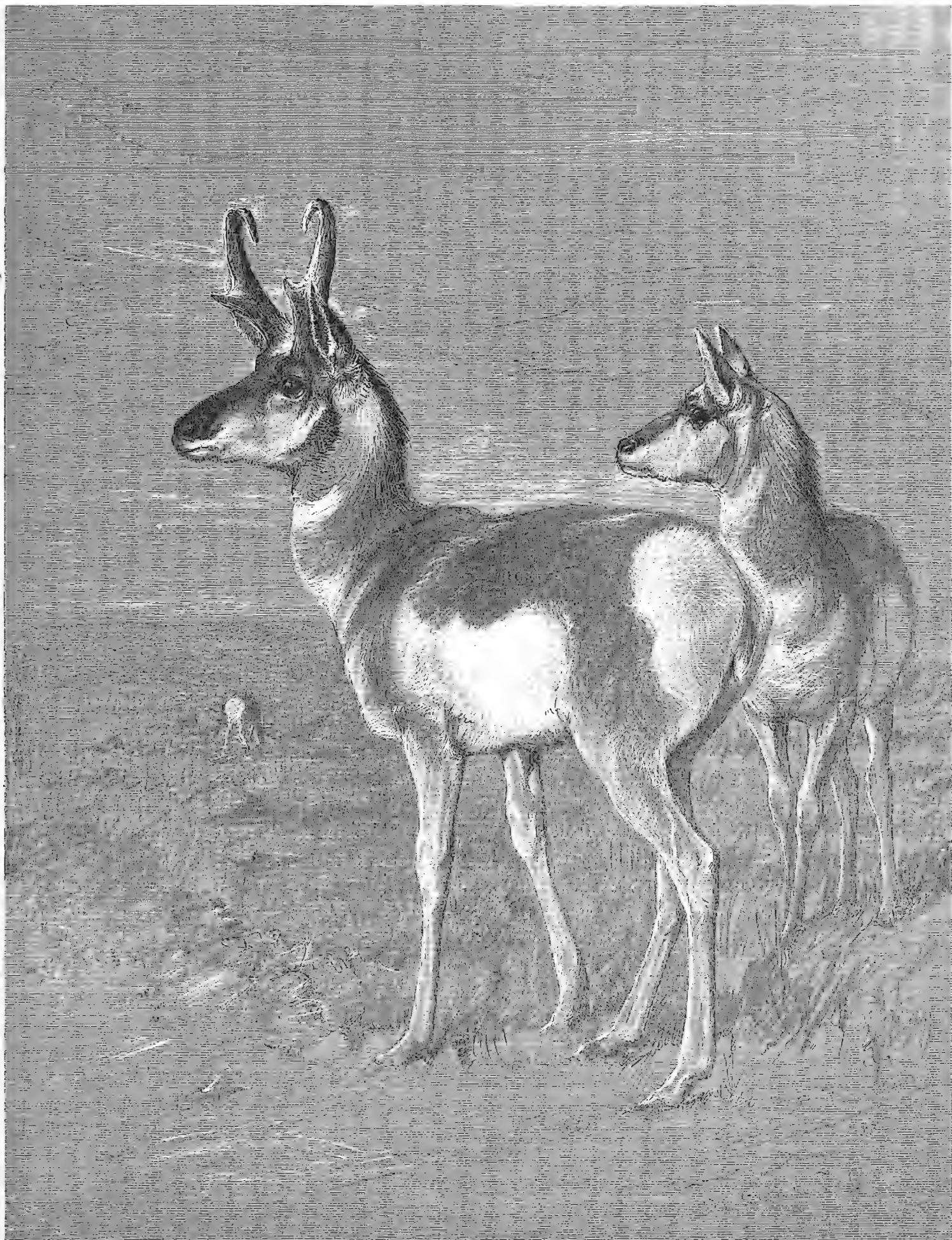
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ANTELOPE.

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VOL. XL.—No. 15.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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A TROUT LAW INTERPRETATION.

THE Attorney-General of New York has just given an opinion, which we believe to be an incorrect interpretation of the law in the case. It relates to the possession of trout in close season.

The statute of 1892 prescribes: Trout "shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the 1st day of September and the 15th day of April following, except as provided by Section 166."

Section 166 applies to Long Island and reads: "Trout shall not be fished for, caught, killed, sold or possessed between the 1st day of September and the 1st day of April following."

The law thus provides that trout may be taken and possessed in the State only between April 15 and Sept. 1, and on Long Island between April 1 and Sept. 1. But the Attorney-General rules that trout caught on Long Island in the open season for those counties "may be lawfully transported to any point within the State."

This ruling appears to us to be in direct conflict with the ruling interpretation of similar laws. By that interpretation the prohibition of trout in the general State close season must apply to all trout whether caught in the State outside of Long Island or on Long Island or in other States; and there appears to be no more ground for excepting Long Island trout than there would be for excepting New Jersey trout.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.

NUMEROUS congratulations have come to the FOREST AND STREAM upon the final success of the prosecution of Delmonico's restaurant concern in this city for the serving of woodcock out of season. These welcome words are by no means limited to New York State. Our ventilation of this notorious case had made it one of widespread interest; its progress was watched by readers everywhere, and the result has been received with widespread satisfaction. It is to be hoped that the salutary lesson of the Delmonico fine may be equally far-reaching.

The demoralizing influences of the District Attorney's delaying of this case have not been fully comprehended. The FOREST AND STREAM's activity in the affair has not been in any sense a campaign against Delmonico personally. Our determination to see him forced to pay the penalty was based upon an appreciation of what immunity for him would mean in both city and country. Other New York restaurants, emboldened by the scandalous ignoring of this suit by the public prosecutor, were selling game out of season continually. They reasoned that if Delmonico could go unpunished, they would go unpunished. Again in the country, particularly in Protector Kidd's district, it was coming to be said quite commonly, and with a good show of reason, too, that while some "poor devil" of a grouse snarer or trout netter would be punished fast enough, the protector did not appear to do much with a rich and influential offender on Fifth avenue, New York. To silence this vicious talk and to take away from offenders of all classes the defense they had in Delmonico's immunity was the end sought. That payment of \$450 last week was and is will be an object lesson. It means that the laws which are righteously enforced against the humblest individual are designed for all and will be righteously en-

forced against all. It means that no one can have cause to plead unjust discriminations.

Now that the docket has been cleared of the Delmonico case we trust that Protector Kidd will bring to early trial the suits he has in preparation against other restaurant proprietors in this city. Let the good work go on.

At the regular monthly meeting of the New York (City) Association for the Protection of Game, last Monday evening, it was voted "That the thanks of this Association be tendered to Dr. Willett Kidd and Col. Robt. Townsend for the successful termination of the suit against C. Delmonico." It will strike most persons who are familiar with the peculiar history of the Delmonico case that this is an extraordinary expression to come from a game protective society. The thanks extended to Dr. Kidd are well deserved, and to tender him thanks is a becoming recognition of his pluck and pertinacity and persistence and perseverance. But Col. Townsend, the Assistant District Attorney, never did the first thing in connection with the case to entitle him to thanks from a game protective society nor from anybody else except the defendant Delmonico. He persistently ignored his duty in the matter, betrayed a scandalous ignorance of it, dilly-dallied and shilly-shallied with it for months; finally took action only when pushed and prodded into doing so, and at last reached "the successful termination" much as a man tied on the cowcatcher of the Empire State Express might reach Buffalo. Now that a victory has been won for game protection, no thanks are due the District Attorney's office, and we fail to see what good end may be gained by glossing over the record made by that office in the Delmonico prosecution.

THE DEAR PEOPLE.

SENATOR ARNOLD, of the Massachusetts Legislature, must have curious notions about "sportsmen." In course of an argument for the Gilbert trout bill the other day, Mr. Arnold said: "We are here to legislate in the interest of the people, and not in the interest of the sportsmen, who can afford to expend its weight in gold for every trout caught." The golden truth is that not one sportsman of ten thousand who go fishing could afford to expend its weight in gold for every trout he catches; and this talk of Senators and lesser lights is the veriest bosh. No public man who cares to be considered tolerably well informed on matters of everyday observation should permit himself to prate of a diversity of "interests" of "sportsmen" and "the people." There is no such diversity. The sportsmen are the people. Take the shooters and the fishermen in any city or village of the land and they will prove to be just as representative of the several classes of the community as are the first ten men you meet on the streets going about their business. When you hear a man haranguing about his solicitude for the interests of the people as against the interests of sportsmen, you may put it down either that he is ignorant of the facts or else that under the guise of anxiety for the dear people he is endeavoring to promote the selfish interests of one or two or at the most three individuals at the expense of the community. And if ever such a man has a little bill in the Legislature bearing on game or fish, the people will do well to watch it closely.

If it is true that there are thousands of wealthy sportsmen who could afford any luxury obtainable with money and who are never called upon to consider the item of expense in gratifying their tastes, it is equally true that there are other thousands who are compelled to count the cost of an outing very carefully, and must arrange and plan to find time and money to go shooting and fishing. We may not rightly put forward a representative of either one of these two classes as the typical American sportsman. As to the fullness of the pocket-book there is no typical American sportsman.

But the important point to keep ever in mind, when as representatives of the people we stand up in our legislatures to discuss game and fish bills is this—that the American sportsman of to-day who is least able to look out for his interests as a sportsman, is the one of restricted financial resources, and it is his interests, then, that must be protected by legislation. He cannot, as does his wealthy brother, put money into railroad fares and devote weeks of time to expeditions to the end of the earth in quest of sport. If he has any fishing at all it must be in home waters. He cannot go five hundred miles, but he can go

five miles. He cannot spend a week, but he can enjoy fishing for a day or for a Saturday afternoon. No man under the blue heaven enjoys it more than he. No one is better entitled to enjoy it. No one has more at stake in the protection of fish than he has—the protection of fish in home waters. No one ought more promptly and vigorously to oppose legislative measures granting special privileges, the practical operation of which means the destruction of fish in these home waters. No one ought more emphatically to resent misrepresentation of himself and his interests by leather-headed demagogues who champion special privileges, in the name of the people.†

SNAP SHOTS.

There is manifested a growing disposition to limit the public stocking of trout streams to public waters. We spoke the other day of a Massachusetts law requiring as a condition precedent to giving out trout fry a pledge that the streams in which they are planted shall be open to the public for fishing in the open season. A bill embodying a similar requirement has been introduced at Albany. The enforcement of such a rule would not necessarily mean the throwing open of private waters; it would mean that if individuals want their trout streams stocked for individual benefit this must be done at individual expense.

It is seldom that a single article in the FOREST AND STREAM appeals to so large a number as of those who are likely to follow with interest the descriptions of "House-Boats and House-Boat Life" in this and the following number. The aquatic "cranks," the yachtsman and the canoeist will find hints and suggestions for future pleasure afloat, and the camper and outer, the hunter, the fisherman and the tourist are no less concerned in these cheap, pleasant and convenient floating homes. The house-boat, in one or another of its many forms, is adapted to nearly all localities in the United States, and now that Americans are coming to a recognition of their many advantages, these craft promise to become both plentiful and popular.

The Izaak Walton Fishing House has been accorded a site near the Fisheries Building and is now in process of construction. Capt. Collins tells us that he hopes to have it in readiness for May 1; and he makes the neat suggestion that it may look small alongside of the great structures in Jackson Park, "but, estimated from the influence it will exert in promoting good fellowship among men, and serving as a shrine for anglers to gather in and around, in all that it teaches us of the lasting reverence of humanity for love and gentleness, and as a reminder of days spent in delightful and healthful recreation, it will be to many of us about the 'biggest thing' at the 'biggest show on earth.'"

A waiter in a New York restaurant, kept by one Burns, was arrested last week on a charge of having defrauded his employer out of a considerable sum of money by forged checks of customers. Now, this man Burns has been carrying on a large business in illicit game birds out of season, serving them in open and brazen defiance of the law. The inquiry is as pertinent here as in another case cited by us not long ago.—Is it not asking too much of an employe, who is made *particeps criminis* in an unlawful business, that he shall be honest with his employer?

The case brought a year ago against the cold storage warehouse in this city for possession of game has been compromised by the payment of a fine of \$1,000. It will be recalled that the cold storage people promised to test the law by carrying the case up to the highest courts. We said at the time that the law would stand the test. Presumably the cold storage warehousemen have come to the same conclusion.

Contributions for the "Nessmuk" memorial fund have been received from the following:

MR. J. B. DAVIS, Ann Arbor, Mich.
MR. GEO. ANDERSON, The Dalles, Ore.
MR. R. S. IREDELL, Akron, O.
HERMIT, Gloucester, Mass.
MR. T. G. DABNEY, Clarksdale, Miss.

The Audubon monument in Trinity Cemetery, this city, will be unveiled Wednesday afternoon, April 26. Prof. Thomas Eggleston will deliver an address at the unveiling; and in the evening Mr. D. G. Elliott, ex-president of the American Ornithologists' Union, will deliver an eulogy of Audubon before the American Academy of Sciences.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

A Personal Paragraph.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—In glancing over the FOREST AND STREAM of March 23 last evening, I found a communication from Judge Greene, wherein he explains his position on the question of the protection of game, and his recent efforts in the passage of a law to that end and purpose, and thereby exonerates himself completely from the implication in some of my recent scribbles, that the sportsmen of Oregon and Washington were derelict in their duty, permitting the wholesale destruction of pheasants. I might perhaps give a Scotch judgment in the case, "collectively, not guilty, but don't do it again." But in the special implication that Judge Greene has been derelict, I shall have to apologize, as from his defense it is evident that he has not been idle nor indifferent to the wanton destruction of the noble game in question. Thus do we do good in our generation and don't always get credit for it; we will, however, give the Judge due credit now and take it all back.

Pheasants and Quail.

Speaking of pheasants, I would like to ask Judge Greene if he has had any experience as to the assertion that wherever quail abound, the pheasant is exterminated or driven away. The question has come up here in the proposition to stock Goat Island, an island in the very center of our harbor, with pheasants. It is stated that the pheasants have to quit wherever quail are, and preparations are being made to capture and remove from the island all the quail before placing the pheasants on it.

It seems to me a perfect absurdity that a bird as large as a pheasant could be "knocked out" by a little chap of a quail, especially as we all know what a spunky and belligerent bird the pheasant is. It is the general belief that the game cock was bred from the pheasant; at any rate, I know from personal experience that the bird is a fighter from way back. I had a pair in my stable yard, and when I went out that way in the morning, and through the yard, the cock would make for me, and oppose my progress, and fight like a little son of a gun, and if a stray rooster from a neighboring yard came foraging over the fence, he never got back again without help. So it seems too ridiculous to talk about a quail standing any chance with a pheasant, as spunky as little top-knot is. No doubt he is a good one as far as he goes, but he don't go quite far enough.

Pheasants and Climate.

It is a settled conviction in my mind from personal efforts in the way of raising pheasants that climate has very great influence in the question. My experience, I would say, has been in the south at Jekyll Island, Georgia, more particularly, where we gave the birds the greatest care, even going to the expense of importing a man from England, especially, to care for them. The first year was a great success as far as hatching out went, the eggs being placed under the common barn-yard hen; and we turned loose nearly a thousand. But they have never seemed to increase; in fact, I doubt if there are as many to-day as we turned loose the first year. This I attribute to the great heat of the summers there, and to the insects that abound in the southern hammocks. The pheasant is evidently a very hardy bird, and can stand almost anything in the way of a hard climate, *vide* that of Oregon this last winter. Not that I would for a moment insinuate that the climate up that way is not almost tropical, and that oranges cannot be raised in mid-winter, and that flowers do not bloom every day in the year; I don't think the pheasant cares much whether they do or do not; but he is evidently well satisfied with his lot if he can be let alone out of season, and as Judge Greene and his associates have taken his part, we are content, and will say no more about it.

Raging Trout Streams.

I know it is very mean to rejoice over the misfortunes of others, but I can't help chuckling at the utter knocking out of the poachers and lawless small boy this year on the trout question. The streams have all been raging torrents, and fishing has been impossible, and although to-morrow will be the opening day, there won't be a trout caught. So the pot-fisherman and the squab granger have not only been perforce obliged to respect the law, but cannot even yet find a stream in fishing order, whereas he must be wretchedly unhappy, especially that he couldn't break the law—the meanest part of the business. He probably won't care to fish at all now, no fun in it when he is not defying the statutes. The floods have been so extensive that a great area is still under water, and the fish have the largest field for exploring, and have had a chance to invade the farmer's dooryard with unfortunate results, it is feared, as they are liable to be caught inland by the receding waters and destroyed, as has been the case on former occasions, and made poor fishing the following year.

Index Expurgatorius.

On page 249 (March 23 number) you give a very pretty photo of a trout stream and bordering forest, being, as stated, the fourth prize in the amateur photo competition. To my mind it should come much nearer number one, for it is beautiful; but I enter my protest to the title, "After the Speckled Beauties." Years ago I assisted at a meeting of jolly good fellows, all sportsmen, when we devoted one entire very rainy day to the purification of the language of sportsmen from stilted and hackneyed terms. We entered into a solemn compact, each one and all, to devote ourselves to the cause and to enforce the expurgation of certain time-worn and threadbare terms, even though it involved force of arms and possibly interviews with the police judge; and I distinctly remember that the term "speckled beauties" was at the top of the list. I, therefore, in compliance with my oath, protest against the use of this time-worn and venerable allusion to so respectable a fish as a trout. There were other equally objectionable terms that we taboed, such as "My hair stood straight up," "I felt my hair raise at the sight," "I drew a bead on him," calling a gun "Old Betsy," etc. I cannot remember them all now, but I do take cognizance of speckled beauties, and rise to a question of privilege to say, drop it. It is of the past. It is worn to the bone. Let it rest and give us a rest.

The Decoy Doe.

I note the calamity that befel your correspondent

"Mux" in making the bet he did on the fate of the decoy doe, mentioned in my story of her usefulness to her owner up at the Sacramento River Soda Springs. The other man had the dead thing on him, for he knew from experience no doubt that no man ever had a pet he particularly prized, a fine dog, for instance, that some scalawag to whom the dog was superior in intelligence, did not shoot it, usually with the excuse that it was killing sheep; and a deer above all things was the most likely to be killed almost in the dooryard. These cases are as liable as a flock of tame ducks in the vicinity of a stream, where they are often encouraged to get shot at a price considerably above the market. It is also a lesson to "Mux" never to bet; I have been told that it is a very demoralizing practice.

I was going to say something about the photo of the gentleman sitting under the tree with rod and fish basket, smoking the long pipe, but I have already exceeded my limit and must defer him, but I envy his calm serenity and perfect enjoyment of the shade and rest after evidently a good morning's sport. I will venture to say that he has a well filled basket. No man can wear that expression of perfect content with no fish. It is not in the nature of things. I don't suppose it really makes much difference to some insects whether they get there or not, but it does to a man, and it is dollars to cents that our friend has arrived. The position, the pipe and the expression prove it.

PODGERS.

A SPORTING SYMPOSIUM.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON AND HIS DEACON.

Prelude.

It is agreed betwixt the Deacon and myself that we shall each tell the best story we know about the other for the benefit of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, each to select his own subject and method of treatment, and neither to take any offense at the recital of the other, as indeed how could we, considering that we have been sporting friends over both gun and rod for the last thirty years, and in all probability shall be till both hunting and fishing are no more for either the one or the other. As the toss of the penny has given me the privilege to tell my tale first I shall begin without further ceremony.

I.

The Parson's Story About the Deacon.

My friend the Deacon has a beard—mark that well, for thereby hangs my tale. A good long chin whisker it is, such as few men can raise; very distinguished looking, well sprinkled with gray now, though it was black as the raven's wing when I first made the Deacon's acquaintance. In those early days of our friendship, observing what assiduous care my friend bestowed upon his handsome beard, I did much fear it might become a source of worldly pride and vanity, but I never suspected how much amusement it was one day to afford me, and how much piscatorial perplexity it was to occasion my friend the Deacon.

Well, it was a pleasant September day, now some years ago, and we were out on the river bass fishing. Our luck, as often happens the bass fisherman, had been indifferent. The fish "were there"—that we very well knew—and "there" they were going to stay, too, for all our tempting bait, for they were not in the humor, however much we might be, and in fishing, if anywhere in the world, "it takes two to make a bargain."

So, the Deacon sat in his boat anchored beside a rock, and I sat in mine, likewise anchored beside a rock, about fifty feet away. The day was drawing toward a close; the long shadows were beginning to fall; everywhere around us was the witchery of a calm autumn evening. I was dozing over my rod when, all of a sudden, click-click went my reel, and almost at the same moment click-click went the Deacon's. After a hard and exciting tussle we each brought his fish to boat, a fine gamy capture of some two or three pounds weight.

Our luck now became good, and our sport was fine. By and by, while waiting for another strike, I heard the Deacon's reel running, and looking in his direction I beheld a most singular and laughable spectacle. The Deacon's beard had come too close to his reel, and had somehow got twisted up with his line, and a 3lbs., nay, a 5lbs. bass was pulling away like mad.

And there sat the poor Deacon, a picture of perplexity, both hands desperately grasping his rod, with his head bent down close to his reel, wincing and "ouching," afraid to stop his reel for fear of losing his fish, and afraid to let his reel run for fear of losing his beard. Was ever fisherman in a more truly embarrassing and uncomfortable position?

Now, I know I ought to have pitied the Deacon, and I did; but my sense of humor quite overmastered my sympathies. For the soul of me I couldn't help laughing, it was so comical. I acknowledge with shame, however, that under the stress of a peculiar temptation to merriment, I added, I fear not a little, to my friend's discomfort by my laughter, and still more by my words of counsel and advice, impossible under the circumstances to follow.

"Give him a leetle more line, Deacon; just a leetle more. He's a big fellow, and he'll break away if you don't let him run."

"Can't give him any more line," grumbled the Deacon, "not an inch more. Can't you see what a fix I'm in?"

"Well, if you can't let him run, reel him in—but slowly, slowly, Deacon."

"Don't you see I can't reel him in—"

"What was that last remark of yours, Deacon?" For I was more than half sure that my friend had made use of some words of an apocryphal sound, but nothing more, I was fully persuaded, than his emphatic "Scissors and buttons"—a peculiar expressions to which he always resorted in extreme cases. "Go for him! Haul him in! Easy, my boy! Don't get excited, Deacon!"

The Deacon actually shook his fist at me—the first and only time in thirty years!

The fish now took to skulking at the bottom of the river, and the Deacon sat there, beautiful as a picture, with the evening shadows around him, meditating apparently on the vanity of earthly things in general and of a fisherman's luck in particular—when, with a sudden rush, the beastly bass made a leap into the air in a frenzied effort to shake himself loose. But meanwhile the Deacon had got out his knife and had actually sawed off the half of his glorious beard, and was now a free man again and ready when the rush came. His blood was up. Fire was in his eye—and tears, too; and the way he handled that

fish seemed to me; the solitary spectator of the battle, a furious testing of the Deacon's temper as well as of his tackle. His rod bent and swayed; his reel clicked and rang; his line saved the water and whizzed through the air. Inch by inch man and beast fought for the mastery, and it was beautiful to behold how gradually the Deacon's tackle and experienced skill, reinforced by his suppressed irritation over the trick the beastly fish had played him, were gaining the day. At last he towed the played-out bass to the side of his boat, scooped him in with his long-handled net, a powerful five-pounder—threw down his rod into the bottom of the boat, and shouted to me:

"Let's go home!"

"Better wait till it gets quite dark, Deacon. Do you think your wife 'll know you?"

We went home. When the Deacon took up the collection the next Sunday in church, everybody wondered what had possessed him to cut off his long beard, but nobody knew except the Parson.

II.

The Deacon's Story About the Parson.

That's a right good story the Parson's writ about me, and none the worse because it's true, every word of it, and I guess some words that aren't there, too, which I hope 'll not be counted against me. But what on earth is a poor mortal to do when your beard gets a tangled up that way with your reel and a blamed fish begins to yank it out by the handful? I reckon Simon Peter himself made use of rather strong language once in a while when his nets got tangled, and it's no wonder a poor Deacon like me should forget himself a little when in such an uncomfortable fix. "Human nature is human nature" the world over—especially when you're fishing.

Or hunting. For my story isn't about fishing, but about hunting, "coon hunting" I call it; and then the Parson laughs, for he knows my story about him quite as well as I know his story about me, and maybe just a trifle better.

The Parson's fond o' cider. Put that down first of all, because thereby hangs my tale.

We were out quail shooting one fall day some years back and at night we put up at a farm house, where the Parson was well acquainted, having often stopped there before. No matter about our luck with the birds; I'm not talking about that just now, having much better sport to relate.

When night came we were put to lodge in separate rooms, both on the ground floor, only the Parson was in a room at one side the house and I in a room at the other side.

It was a grand moonlight night. Everything was so quiet and still, and the air was so cool and keen, a fellow could sleep without rocking, and I got into bed as quick as I could for a good night's rest.

But the Parson couldn't sleep without cider. Mighty fond o' cider the Parson was. I used to fear he might get a bit too fond of it, at least when it was a leetle hard like. And the Parson he'd noticed a barrel of cider laid up for use on a pair of trestles by the side of the house, just outside the window where he was put to sleep. Now, if that barrel had been on my side of the house instead of his, what I am going to relate would never have happened; but so it was that when the Parson was all ready to jump into bed, he went to the window and raised it to let in a little fresh air during the night, and standing there in his night clothes a few minutes looking out into the farmyard, all bright as day, nearly in the clear moonlight, he unfortunately spied that barrel of cider.

"Ah!" said he, "I wish I had a glass of that cider—I wonder if there isn't a tin cup or a tumbler near by that barrel somewhere? Guess nobody'd see me if I'd just step out this window and tap a leetle—just a leetle—before going to bed?"

No sooner said than done. Out the Parson stepped from the window—the window sill was but a few feet from the ground—and made softly and straight for the cider.

But the barrel had been "laid up for use," as we say, and was not "on tap." The bung was in tight. No tin cup was anywhere around, and it was too far and too bright moonlight to venture to the barn after a rye straw, and even if he had a straw there was no hole in the barrel into which to put it.

"Any man in his senses—and in his night-gown besides—would have let that barrel of cider alone. But the Parson was thirsty and began to pull at the bung in the end of the barrel, thinking just to loosen it a trifle and let just a little run—when, whish! the bung flew out and the Parson fell back soused to the skin with the whizzing cider! Fearing the whole barrel would run to waste, he picked himself up, looked around in vain for the bung, ducked his head and ran up stream, as it were, against the current, and finally succeeded in getting his thumb in the bung-hole.

And now the real fun just began to begin. For his thumb not being big enough to stop the bung-hole, the cider squirted out this way and that—whish! fizz! zip! now in his face, now down his neck and back, and again full in front, until he was at last forced to call me with that well-known whistle of his which I had heard for thirty years past, but never under such peculiar circumstances as these.

I was just dropping off to sleep when I heard it—and so I reckon were the dogs too. Perhaps they had been asleep already, but the Parson's whistle woke them, and out they came, five of them, pell mell, lickerty-scoot, bow-wow! and spying the man in white they put up their hair and forthwith gave tongue and chase.

Abandoning the cider to its fate the Parson fled, jumped into the open window, the dogs in full chorus after him. Into the bed (a feather bed at that) he plumped just in the nick of time to save his bacon, for the dogs had followed him in at the window and were now leaping upon the bed, and jumping off and running under and yelling like mad, by the time I had got into some of my clothes and come on the scene.

"Scissors and buttons, Parson, what's the matter? Have you flushed the whole covey with the full pack, run a coon to cover under the bed, or what?"

"No," said a voice from under the feather bed, "not a coon under the bed, but a mighty wet one in it. Call off those confounded dogs and I'll tell you."

I kicked the dogs out the window and shut it down, and then the Parson came out from under cover like a half-drowned rat and told me this story about himself, right there in the pale moonlight, but made me almost take an oath I'd never tell—and I never did till now.

Next morning the farmer said he'd "Heered them dogs a barkin' like forty and guessed that old weasel was about agin."

"May be it was a coon?" I mildly ventured to suggest.

"Wall, no. I reckon it couldn't well been a coon, 'cause coons don't, as a ginerel thing, git so nigh to the house."

I was greatly tempted to inquire whether he ever knew coons to be fond of cider, but I forbore.

The next Sunday I stayed away from church, because I knew very well that though the Parson could preach the sermon soberly enough I never could take up the collection without smiling.

DANVIS FOLKS.—II.

Home Again.

JOSEPH HILL must have had a late breakfast and been a long time harnessing his horses, for the morning was far spent when he made his serene appearance, which had for some time been heralded as with the rattle of drums by the clatter of his hay wagon. At last they were fairly set forth on the final stage of their journey. The little city was behind them, the roar of the cataract becoming fainter and fainter on their ears, and before them arose, ever a little nearer, their own mountain, towering into the drift of clouds. The gusty south wind blew so chillily that Uncle Lisha drew his bell-crowned beaver well down upon his ears and buttoned closer his many-caped drab surtout, and Aunt Jerusha, muffled in a melon hood and blue camlet cloak, with a buffalo skin tucked about her, was none too warm. Withal they were unmercifully jolted, tumbled now together, now apart, on the board seat which they often could only keep by hard holding. Yet in spite of any discomfort, their old hearts grew lighter with every shortening furlong of their homeward way. They were continually shouting inquiries to Joseph and he shouting back disjointed answers above the din of the wagon, all together making an uproar of voices and clatter that might have alarmed neighborhoods less accustomed to such sounds.

They were impatient of every delay; when Joseph would halt a moment to pass a few words with some teamster that they met, he was reminded by a hint that the afternoon was waning. They would not waste time in stopping to eat lunch, but ate as they bounced along the rough road. If the jolting sometimes cheated the opened jaws of an expected, gyrating mouthful, these old people partook with the appetite of children of the good, home-cooked fare that Maria Hill had bountifully provided for her husband's refreshment.

"These aire fried cakes is complete," Uncle Lisha said, as he captured another doughnut from the dodging pail and gave it to his wife.

"Yes," she said, regarding it with benign approval, "they be proper good, an' Marier twists 'em jest as she useter. Taste better 'n them raound things wi' a hole in the middle at some folks make," and Uncle Lisha understood that their son's wife was as good as named by this general term.

"Them was invented for folks 'at goes afoot tu Kerry on a string er string 'em on a fish pole er a gun berril, an' they're raal handy," he explained.

"I don't keer," she answered, "I don't wanter be a tryin' tu stay my stomerk wi' holes. Gi' me solid victuals."

But once Uncle Lisha did call a halt. They had satisfied their hunger and were brushing the crumbs from their garments when they entered the hill country, where a cold mountain brook braided the strands of its clear current along the roadside, frequently crossing from one to the other beneath rude, wooden bridges.

"Whoa, Jozeff," he shouted as his delighted gaze returned from roving up evergreen slopes and climbing rocky peaks, to rest upon the sparkling water, "le' me git aout. It's three year sen I hed a drink o' what you might call water, an' I'm drier 'n a graven image. Naow I'm goin' tu ha' some." As he spoke he clambered down from the rear of the wagon and waddled like a thirsty duck to the brookside. Carefully setting his hat upon a stone he got upon his hands and knees and drank long and eagerly from a pebbled-bottomed pool, while the bubbles went to wreck upon his nose and sprinkled his face with unheeded spray.

"Ahhh," he sighed, raising himself a little to regain his breath, "that squenches me clean tu the soles o' my boots;" and again he set himself to lessening the volume of the brook.

"Naow, Jerushy," said he as he got upon his feet and wiped his face with the ample bandanna that he stowed in his hat crown, "gi' me the kiver o' that tin pail an' I'll treat ye."

He passed the brimming pail cover over to his wife, while Joseph, casting a glance down stream, remarked:

"Why, Uncle Lisher, I b'lieve you've dranked the brook dry. Seem's 'ough I c'd see the traouts a-kickin' on the gravel daown yender."

"Like's not, Jozeff, I had a thirst 'at was wuth ten dollars in money, an' I've squenched it. Why, good airth an' seas, Jozeff, what they call water aout West is wet, an' some kind o' fish live in't an' you c'n wash you in't arter a fashion, but when you come tu drinkin' on't, you haftu make it intu tea, er mix it wi' whiskey—but it spiles the whiskey. Wal, le's be gittin' along. I'm in a hurry tu git hum, an' I swan, I'm a good min' tu set on the front seat so's tu git there quicker."

They were nearing their own township, and the landscape was becoming more and more familiar. The forlorn aspect of the naked trees and fields tawny with dead grass or stubble or black with furrows of fall plowing did not diminish the interest of the travelers in every feature of the lanscape, for unlike Joseph, who had seen it all so lately as yesterday, they scanned eagerly every farm and homestead, recognizing every old landmark and discovering every change.

"That ort tu be the Johns' place," said the old man after a long look at a farmstead that had come into view, "but

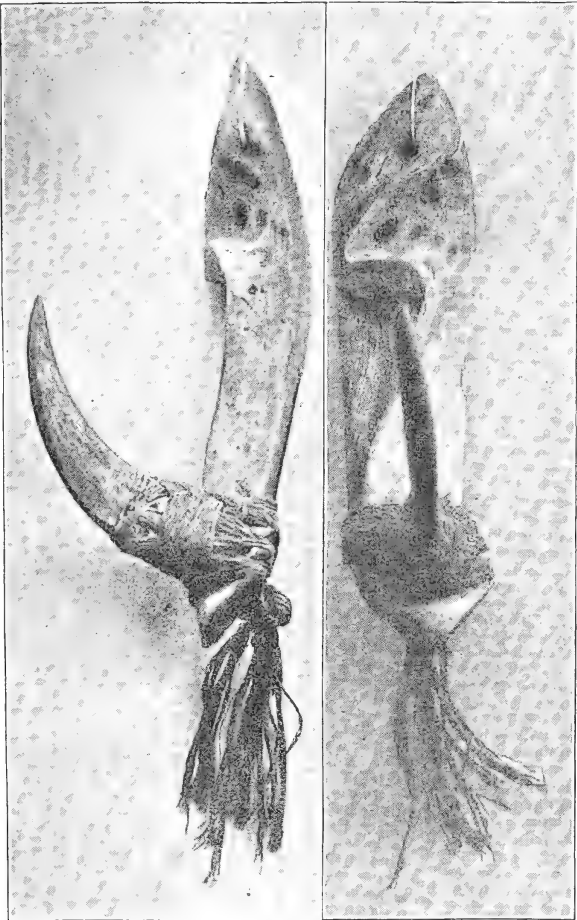
somehaow it don't look nat'ral. Why, 'f Johns haint ben a-buildin' on him a haouse. Who'd ever a thought o' him duin' that, tight'er'n the bark tu a tree an' yit never had nuthin' tu du nothin' with. An' 'f he haint ben cuttin' off half his sugar-place, the dumb'd fool. I'd never thought o' Johns duin' that."

"Ol' Mr. Johns died las' year, er year afore mebbe, I d' know," Joseph explained, speaking over his shoulder. "Abner heired it all, an' he's cuttin' consid'able of aswath with the ol' man's prop'ty."

"Ahhh, thet 'caouts for it," the old man said, "most allers the way. Ol' folks pinchin' an' savin' for young folks tu squander. So poor ol' Johns is dead. You don't say. Wal, wal, an' hed tu leave all his savin's. I uster shoe-make for him, an' he'd allers hev his'n an' his wife's an' boy's boots an' shoes made a size tu small to save luther."

"Naow don't, Lisher," his wife expostulated mildly, "he's dead an' done wi' boots an' shoes."

"An' I haint no daoubt it's a comfort tu him t' git red o' the expense. See them critters," pointing to a long straggling flock of crows that, close above the tree tops of the Johns sugar place, staggered southward in slow, laborious flight against the buffeting wind, "but nex' spring they'll be as glad as we be tu git back here an' gether the crow tax an' pull corn an' raise hob an' their young uns an' git shot at. An' here we be to the top o' the Johns hill, an' there's ol' Tater hill an' the Hump julluk ol' frien's a risin' up tu welcome us, not a mite altered nor a day older tu look at. I hope there haint no livin' frien's changed no more."



A SANDWICH ISLAND FISH-HOOK.
In the possession of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

At the thought of such possibilities a shade of sadness touched his radiant face. "The Hump's got his white cap on," pointing to the snow-sheathed helmet of the majestic mountain, for a moment disclosed by a rift of the driving clouds. "Time your taters was dug," says he. An' by thunder, I begin tu git the smell o' the balsams an' spreuces. Good airth an' seas, I c'd holler an' I c'd sing, an' I'm a dumb good minter," his heavy voice increasing to a roar that threatened something alarming if it should rise to greater volume.

"Lisher Peggs, du, fer land's sake, behave. Folks'll think your bein' brung home crazy."

"Let 'em think," shouted he, "'twont hurt 'em none, I'm goin' tu. Hooray. Sing, Jerushy, sing I tell you.

"Come, Philander, le's be a marchin',
Ev'ry one his treu love a sarchin';
Chuse your treu love, now or never,
See that you don't chuse no other.
Fol de rolde fol de rolde day."

Aunt Jerusha could not forbear adding her quavering voice to his roaring refrain, and then, with tears on her wrinkled cheeks, laughed hysterically, exclaiming, "What tew ol' fools we be."

Joseph laughed in enjoyment of their exuberant happiness and hummed to himself a bit of the old song with some intention of adding his voice if they should strike up again. Then urging on his horses the wagon went rattling down the long hill at a pace that jolted all the tunefulness out of Lisha's voice, while his hat already shaken down to the bridge of his nose, threatened presently to quite extinguish his utterance. Carefully showing the cherished beaver upward with both hands till he regained sight of his surroundings; he remarked in quieter tone, "There's the Dan'l Perkins place jest as it was when I see it last."

"Why land o' Goshen, so it is," cried Aunt Jerusha, "an' Miss Perkins has got her milk things aout sunnin' this claudy day. Raises sunflaower seeds to feed her turkeys jest's she allers did. See what a sight o' stalks in the garden. They must ha' looked harnsome when they was in blow. But I'd druther feed turkeys corn for me t' eat. Ily things sunflaower seeds be. An' there's the turkeys goin' t' rhust on the ridge o' the ruff, jest as c'tented 's if day arter t' morrer wa'n't Thaxsgivin'. I wisht' Miss Perkins er him'd come aoutdoor, I du hanker so tu see someb'dy 't I know. But there's the ol' yaller dawg," as a stiff-legged old dog came waddling down the footpath toward the road, asthmatically and mechanically performing his self-appointed duty of barking at every passing team; having accomplished which, he waddled back to the house, congratulating himself with labored wags of his rigid tail. "I c'n see faces in the winders, but I can't tell 'em. Why on airth don't some on 'em come aou' door? But I s'pose they don't know who we be?" sighed Aunt Jerusha, again looking forward, after painfully twisting her neck to keep the house longer in view.

"Tew more hills an' you'll see hausen and folks'nough 't you know," said her husband cheerfully, "ef 'taint got tu be tu dark by then. An' there's a hoss, colored and gaited kinder famil'ar," he continued, while his eyes became fixed on a sleek, black horse that was soberly coming down the hill which they were ascending. "Good airth an' seas, Jerusha, it's ol' Bob an' that aire big 'John Dart a drivin' on him," and in the next minute he said as the teams met, "Wal ol' Bob, haow be ye, ye tarnal ol' critter? Don't ye know yer own folks?" while the old horse pricked his ears at the sound of the unmistakable familiar voice.

"Whoa, Jozeff, I got to git aout a minute."

Joseph, never loth to stop, pulled up his horses and the old man, getting to the ground with clumsy haste, went around to Bob, caressing the white nose which was thrust into his horny hand, and would have kissed it if there had been no one to see him. "Johnswort haint made your ol' white nose sore this year hes it? You know your own folks don't you? Slick's an otter haint ye, an' haint growed ol' a mite, not a mite; hes he, Jerushy?" as he patted his way along the old horse's glossy, black sides toward the wagon and its occupant, to whom he now stretched forth his hand.

"Haow dy du, Mr. Dart, you an' ol' Bob looking fustrate?"

"O, tol'ble," responded the giant, shaking the old man's hand with a painful grip that for its heartiness was heroically borne, "but pinin' away to a cartload; and be you well, and you, Mis' Peggs? Kinder tuckered aout trav'lin' Putty tough on folks o' your age trav'lin' so fur. You never ort tu gone West an' I'm mighty glad y're back in ol' V'mont agin."

Joseph urged his horses forward, but before they began to climb the second hill the shadows of evening were thick in the hollows and creeping to the hilltops in gathering volume, till the bounds of gray woods and tawny fields grew undefinable in the even hue of dusk and the outlines of the wooded ridges were blurred against the somber sky. When the promised point of observation was reached the valley of Danvis lay before them in the thick darkness of early nightfall, the gloom relieved only by the broken chain of house lights that here and there defined the lines of highways, and in a thicker cluster of links marked the place of the village.

A moment after they had reached the hilltop, the expectant silence of the pair was broken by Lisha in a tone of disappointment. "Wal, I swan, we can't see nuthin'. It's darker 'n a wolf's maouth. But I c'n pick aout the lights. There's the Forge an' Hamner's an' the store, an' there's the blacksmith's shop, an' there the lower rhud goes off north. An' the fust haouse on it is Darker Stun's, an' then comes Gove's—wonder ef that's Peltier pokin' aout tu the barn wi' a lantern—an' there's Lovel's, where we're goin', an' there, 'baout a hundred rods furdur north, ort tu be aour lights shinin', one in the shop 'n' nuther in the haouse part; but they won't never be lit agin, I s'pose. I wisht they was an' these tew humless an' humly ol' creeturs was in the light on 'em, she a-fussin' raound her kitchin, him a-whackin' away 't his lapstun, all his frien's a-loafin' raound, smokin' an' tellin' stories. But they won't be never."

"Why, yes, Lisher, you'll shoemake agin an' hev yer frien's comin' an' visitin' jes's they useter," said his wife, her voice modulated to the tender tone with which she would have comforted a child.

"Yis, yis, I'll shoemake, but it won't be as it useter was. Ol' times don't never come agin. Ye look back an' ye look forrad tu 'em, but they never ketch up tu ye, nor meet ye, ho, hum, sussy day."

"Ain't that light tu Solon Briggs's?" asked his wife, recalling him to the locating of homesteads.

"An' there's yourn, Jozeff, and Joel Bartlet haint a-hidin' his'n under a ha' bushel, for there it shines afore all men. An' there's Pur'n'ton's, an' le' me see, why that aire leetle glim o' lighs off t' the left is Antwine's. Ev'ry identical haouse lit up but aour. But we're alive an' kickin' yit," he added more cheerfully; and so he completed the round of his mental visitation, during which Joseph had contributed items of uncertain information as each neighbor was named.

"An' so yer father's hel' his own tol'able well, hes he, Jozeff? I swan tu man, I dread meetin' on him, for he'll gi' me Hail Columby fer comin' back wus'n he did fer goin' away. But ef I c'n on'y git him tu takin' Ti, he'll le' me alone. He hes spells o' takin' Ti yet, don't he, Jozeff?"

"Wal, yis," Joseph answered with a tone of resignation. "Reg'l'ar, oncte a week, an' I dont know but oftener; seems 's 'ough. Sometimes I most wish him an' Ethan Allen hedn't never took the pleggid ol' fort, seems 's 'ough I did a most."

Presently, when they could see on the steps of the store, which was also the postoffice, the expectant group awaiting the mail, staring into the gloom out of the dim light shed through the dusty panes and the sprinkled rays of a tin lantern, they turned the corner and took the road

northward, familiar even in the darkness. Mingled with the gusty roar of the wind, they heard the note of a hound swelling and falling among the rugged corrugations of the nearest hill, a persistent, plaintive voice, as sad and lonely as the cry of some perturbed spirit doomed to nightly wandering.

"Thetsaounds julluk Sam's ol' Drive," said Uncle Lisha, after giving an attentive ear to the sound. "I hope Sam's got in, fer I wanten cum kerslap ont' the hull caboodle on 'em, an' s'prise 'em aif tu onct. There," as the sudden report of a gun was blown short and echoless down the wind, "there goes his gun, tu call the haoun' off. Drive slow Jozef, an' give him a chance tu git hum ahead on us, an' don't make no nise."

To drive slower was almost to stop, but Joseph accomplished the feat and still made some progress. They were nearing the Lovel homestead and could see the lights of the kitchen windows shining across the dooryard and fading out at the roadside, in shadows of the naked lilacs. Then they heard the scraping of feet on the doorstep, the door opened and a brighter bar of light gleamed forth streaked with the longer shadows of two long legs, as Sam's tall form was briefly shown in silhouette against the bright interior, then disappear, with the old hound pushing in past him. When the wagon stopped in front of the house, unheard by the inmates in the uproar of the wind, the travelers saw a woman's shadow passing to and fro across the half-curtain of the window and knew it was Huldah's, and by the clatter of the dishes that she was laying the husband's supper.

"Good miniter holler tu her tu set tew more plates," Uncle Lisha whispered, smothering a chuckle in an asthmatic wheeze. "Come, Jerushy, pile aut as spry's ye can," he continued, getting to the ground, and reaching up his hands to help while he braced himself to aid her descent. "Bear yer hull heft on me. Why, ye don't weigh no more'n a straw hat. There, yer hosses'll stan', Jozef, an' naow you go ahead an' ask them 'f they c'n keep a couple o' poor, leetle young uns 't you picked up on the rhud, over night."

"Tew young uns? Oh, Sam Hill!" Joseph ejaculated, and they could hear the loose-bladed jack-knife and wooden pocket combs rattling in his pocket with the suppressed laughter that shook him.

"Yis, young uns," Uncle Lisha repeated, "an' tell 'em they haint no parents an' haint hed no supper, an' don't ye laugh. An' be quick, fer I can't wait," giving the last injunction as Joseph reached the door, and they halted close behind.

Joseph entered without knocking, after the neighborly fashion of Danvis, and the door closed behind him as he uttered the salutation, "Evenin'."

"Evenin'," came Sam's hearty answer from where he was stooping over the cradle of his sleeping baby, and they heard Huldah's cheery welcome and Timothy Lovel's voice as he came in his stockings from his place behind the stove to set a chair for the guest.

"Consarn him," Uncle Lisha whispered when he heard the loud sigh of satisfaction which announced that Joseph had seated himself. "Naow he'll set an' set tu all etarnity 'fore he gits tu what he's arter."

"Wall, ben huntin', hey?" Joseph drawled. "Git one, did ye?"

"Yes, got one," was the answer.

"Not when I heerd ye shoot, sence dark?"

"No, callin' Drive off then. Shot one fox 'fore noon an' started another, but he run the hull len'th o' Hawg's Back an' never come back till dark."

"Consarn the dumb fox, he'll be a huntin' on him half the night," Uncle Lisha growled under his breath, half angry that Sam should be talking of such trivial matters with his old friends so near.

"I heerd the dawg an' I heerd ye shoot," Joseph put in at the first break in the story of the fox's hunt, "'s I was comin' 'long, jest gittin' back f'm V'gennes, went daown w' a lhud o' shingles for Morrison, yist'd'y."

"Did ye stop t' the office?" Sam asked with sudden interest. "No? Wal, I must go over arter I git suthin' t' eat an' see 'f the haint a letter f'm Uncle Lisher. The old people silently exchanged punches of each other's ribs. 'It's cur'us he haint writ. I hope the' haint nothin' happened."

"The' will suthin'," Uncle Lisha whispered, hoarsely, "I'll go in an' shake the pegs aouten Joe Hill's boots, 'f he don't up an' tell his leetle lie pooty quick."

"I was comin' 'long kinder mawdrit for me, over beyend the Johns place I b'lieve it was. I do know but 't was this side o' Perkinses, I ruther guess it was. Anyways, the 's a but'nut tree, an' onderneath that but'nut tree the' was tew leetle young uns," Joseph raised his voice, "yis, sir, tew as pooty little young uns as ever you see. ['Dumb your picter, Joe Hill,' whispered Uncle Lisha, shaking his fist at the door], he a-crackin' but'nuts w' a stun' an' a-feedin' on 'em tu her, and there they sot, she a-cryin' an' him a-crackin'. An' they tol' me, I don't know but what they lied, but they tol' me they hadn't got nothin' t' eat an' hen't hed no father an' mother, all day. ['Joe Hill, I never tol' you to tell no sech a lie,' the old man said in a smothered growl.] They'd come f'm 'way off somewheres, an' they're goin' 'way back here somewheres to some o' their folks er suthin', an' I jest fetched 'em along. An' I come in tu see 'f you couldn't kinder keep 'm over night, 'cause ye got we're kinder full t' aour house, an' M'ri, she haint got what ye might call ri' daown tough yit, an' think, says I as I come along, I'll ask Samwel an' Huld'y tu take 'm in."

"Be they a-settin' aout in your vagin all this time?" Sam asked, sharply. "Why on airth don't ye fetch 'em right in? Poor leetle cubs, a-shiverin' aoutdoor whilst we're a-gabbin' in here, com'fable! Fetch 'em right in," and he made a quick movement toward the door.

Huldah stayed him with a hand upon his arm, and with an anxious glance toward the cradle, asked, hurriedly: "They haint got whoopin' cough ner nothin', hev they, Mr. Hill? The's whoopin' cough an' measles round."

"Wal, no, Huld'y," Joseph drawled. "They're healthy as boneset, an' come tu think on't, they haint so turrible leetle. I do know but what they're pooty nigh growed up."

"Joe Hill, what on this livin' airth be you talkin' abaout? Be you crazy or hev you ben a-drinkin'?" Huldah asked in a sharp tone of mingled vexation and astonishment, while Sam fixed a bewildered stare upon their visitor.

"Good land o' Goshen," cried Aunt Jerushy, "I can't stan' sech foolin' no longer," and with trembling, impatient hands fumbling at the looped iron door handle, she

raised the latch and entered. With a yearning for womanly touch and sympathy that could find no expression in words, brushing past Sam, she went with the quick, jerky step of an agile old woman and arms outstretched, straight to Huldah, and the fresh young face and the other, wrinkled with age, were hidden together beneath the melon hood.

"An' naow," quavered Aunt Jerusha, withdrawing her face a little from Huldah's, and eagerly, though with tearful eyes, searching the room, "where's thet baby?"

Uncle Lisha had entered close behind her and roaring his accustomed expletive, which it was good to hear again, was now shaking hands with every one, at last even with Joseph and Aunt Jerusha, never letting go a hand till the possessor of that member was dragged where the next was awaiting his grasp. The old hound, awakened by the unusual commotion, scrambled out backward from his place beneath the stove, with a prodigious clatter of his stiff toes, and after sniffing at Uncle Lisha's knee, set up a bellow of welcome and belabored every one's legs with sounding blows of his tail. The baby, aroused by the noise, swelled it with his own lusty outcry, while Aunt Jerusha fluttered back and forth, hovering now over the child, now over the stove, and lamenting her hands were too cold to take him. At last, by hulloabes and commands, quiet was partially restored, Aunt Jerusha was divested of her cloak and hood by Huldah's ready hands, Uncle Lisha was laboriously unsheathed from his tight-sleeved turtlet by the united exertions of Sam and Joseph, and Timothy Lovel stood aloof, an interested spectator, helpful in holding the bell-crowned beaver.

When the travelers' chest, bandbox and blue cotton umbrella were brought in, the men drew their chairs to the stove and set themselves to the business of visiting, and the two women exchanged whispered confidences while the elder made excursive advances toward the baby's acquaintance and the younger busied herself with preparation of an ampler supper. Joseph Hill would not stay to sup with them; he told M'ri he said at he'd be hum tu supper an' she'd be a keepin' on't for him, 'so promising to bring his father and wife over soon to see their old friends, after his lingering fashion, he took himself away.

The tall clock that in former years had placidly ticked away innumerable sad and happy moments of these old people's lives, had escaped their notice till, with a wheezy purr it began deliberately to strike the hour. Uncle Lisha checked a half-spoken word to listen. "Jerushy, du you hear the ol' clock?" he cried, and the two went over to it, fondly examining its dull, brazen face, and opening the narrow door, displaying the ponderous weights so often coveted by Sam in his boyhood for the treasure of shot which they were said to hold.

"An' here's suthin' else I wanten hev ye look at," said their host, and taking a candle he led them into the after-thought of builders known as a lean-to, whither Huldah followed and Timothy Lovel came to stand in the doorway with an amused smile ready to flicker upon his quiet countenance.

There was revealed the old shoemaker's bench at a long, low window, beneath which was fastened a folding wooden scone with a candle in it, some familiar chairs, veterans with disabled legs, and the old shop's cracked stove. This familiar furniture, with some rolls of leather and a few blocks of unsplit pegs, gave the room, but for its unuse and cleanliness, much the appearance of the old shop. To complete the likeness there was only lacking a clutter of lasts and tools, an accumulation of rubbish and an odor of tobacco, mingled with the smell of leather that already pervaded it.

Even as it was, it gave the old man a thrill of delight that nearly took his breath away. He could only gasp, "Good airth an' seas," and plumped himself into the leathern seat as if he had again found rest and peace. Instinctively he stretched forth his hand to the place where his tools should be. Looking up at Sam and Huldah with a smile more expressive of thanks than any words could be, he said:

"Ol' times can't never come back agin, but it seems as 'ough this, wi' a leetle seasonin', would enanmost fetch 'em."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A Sandwich Island Fish Hook.

LAST week we illustrated an early form of spoon-hook devised by civilized man: to-day is shown a much earlier specimen of pearl shell fish hook, the handiwork of savage art. It was brought from the Sandwich Islands many years ago, and to-day among the most treasured angling possessions of FOREST AND STREAM is this hook of lustrous pearl from the coral reefs of the Pacific. The illustration is exact size of the original.

Curious Cullings.

A whale's throat is so small you could choke him with your fist, and he feeds on the smallest things in the sea, obtained by sucking the water in and straining it through whalebone, which hangs in thick clusters from the roof of his mouth like festoons of moss in a cypress swamp. The rinsed water is gotten rid of by what is called "blowing" or "spouting."

Lobsters are green until cooked, when they turn red. Ditto little crabs in oysters, which are seldom seen until after the stew.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously devised intestines and other organs such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell nearest the hinge.

Dolphins are reported as fond of playing about ships. The true dolphin is a fish about 5ft. long, and is celebrated for his surprising changes in color when dying.

The steamer Albatross obtained many specimens of deep sea fish off the coast of California. They were soft of body and covered with phosphorescent spots to enable them to see in the dark.

The pilot-fish is a common fish for ocean travelers to see, at it often accompanies ships, and as sharks also do this, it is said to be a pilot for them.

The drum-fish is so called from its power to make a peculiar drumming or grunting sound under water.

The flying gurnard obtains in the Indian seas. Its pectoral fins are so large that in springing out of the water to escape an enemy the wide, quivering fins are able to sustain it in the air for a limited period.

FISHY.

Natural History.

THE MOUNTING OF HEADS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From present indications the collection of mounted heads and animals at the coming World's Fair will be the largest ever shown at such an exhibition. That it will prove one of the best depends to some extent on the committee in charge. To an ordinary individual, perhaps, a stuffed head is simply a stuffed head. A Maine deer rammed full of rags and marked a barren ground caribou would be accepted as such.

At the exhibition in New Orleans during the winter of '84 and '85 I saw a collection of mounted heads exhibited by a Montana taxidermist. As I remember, every part of the work on these heads showed the most scrupulous care. In fact, if any fault was to be found it was on account of too fine a finish. They were so glossy and smooth that it would suggest they had been blanketed and groomed like a thoroughbred horse.

Directly opposite the booth where the heads were hung was a group of deer, and such a group! They looked as though they had been stuffed with brush or kindling wood and then exposed for a couple of months to a Western blizzard. They stood in all manner of positions. Some were bow-legged, others knock-kneed, the hair pointed in all directions, and everything about them was about as bad as possible. I remember the remarks of a well known sportsman who was present. Some of them were rather forcible, and he finished by saying: "It is a good advertisement for those heads putting such a lot of stuff right in front of them."

To return to the exhibition at Chicago. Doubtless there will be many fine, well-mounted specimens, and it will be remarkable also if there are not some poor ones. Take the average work as turned out by ordinary taxidermists. It is safe to say that but a small percentage of it is done in a natural and life-like manner. On moose heads, for instance, out of fifty mounted heads, taken as they come, how many of them will really look like a moose? Few of the professional taxidermists have seen the subjects they work on, either in life or when freshly killed, and in mounting an animal or a head they follow ideas of their own, resulting in unnatural looking specimens.

Of late years many of the guides in Maine and elsewhere have taken up mounting heads of animals they kill or which are killed by the sportsmen they guide. Usually a guide who spends much of his time on the hunting grounds has pretty good ideas of how the game he kills looks when alive, and in mounting a head generally turns out well-proportioned work. Nevertheless I have never seen a specimen of their work which had been properly prepared before mounting.

A year ago I was shown two moose heads which had been mounted by a guide who is said to be a good taxidermist. They had been sent to a friend and had not been long mounted and were not dry. There was such an odor from them that you could not stay in the room where they were hanging, and the hair could be easily pulled out in handfuls. In time the odor would disappear and the hair set, and they might last a long time, but I should not care to warrant them. I know a guide who has mounted a number of heads. He set up a couple of buck heads one day while I was at the camp. There was one thing about his work, he did not waste any time over it. The deer had been killed within a few days and the heads skinned, and he went to work, sewed up the mouth, rubbed some dry arsenic on the inside, filled out the skull with plaster of Paris, pulled on the skin, stuffed the neck with anything handy, put in the eyes, brushed it over, and it was done. I asked if he did not flesh the skin over or pickle it. He said no, the arsenic will fix that all right. Certainly they did look pretty well at that time. I think there would be a decided change in a month or so when the ears curled up and the skin had shrunk.

When you kill a fine specimen which you wish to save, perhaps it is the big bull moose you have been long looking for, no doubt he has cost you many a hard tramp, much exposure and a good many dollars. Take my advice and have the head mounted by a thorough workman, and you will have a trophy you will be proud to show and which will last and bear close and critical examination. It is poor economy to send it to some one who will mount it at a low price, with the chance of its becoming wormy or moth-eaten in a few years.

My own work as an amateur in mounting heads has been confined almost entirely to heads of my own killing such as moose, caribou, deer, bears and smaller animals. Some of my friends who have seen my specimens have been kind enough to call them very good; to me they are fairly satisfactory; I can see room for considerable improvement. I have spent a week working on a large head after others have called it well done. Again I have mounted a head and let it get thoroughly dry, and not being entirely satisfied have taken it apart, soaked out the skin and remounted it. I have had some opportunities of looking over big game when alive and immediately after it was killed. A bull moose trotted out on an open bog within 40yds. of where I was sitting, and stood for some time. Not having my rifle I could only look at him. I can see him now as he then stood slightly quivering with his head well up. I have no recollection of how his body looked as I put in all the time studying his head and antlers.

When hunting any large game, I carry some large sheets of paper and carefully trace the outlines of any heads I get, also taking measurements with a tape. In tracing the head of a moose in this way, I think it should be done as quickly after killing as possible, as I think the shape changes in a few hours on account of the muscles of the mouffle, nostrils and lips relaxing. A bull I killed a year ago last fall, whose head I laid on paper and traced a few moments after he was dead, I found had changed quite a good deal after getting it to camp late in the day. Also carefully examined three heads several days after they were killed, and which had been brought out of the woods unskinned, and noticed the mouffle, lips and nostrils had fallen considerably, giving a flat and flabby look to the nose.

No doubt some fine heads are lost through lack of knowing how to take care of them when first killed. When I first went to Nova Scotia I found the custom was to send out a guide with a head as soon as one was obtained. A friend who has killed several moose lost his finest speci-

men by sending it out in this way. It reached a taxidermist in less than three days after killing, yet it was thoroughly spoiled. A very large moose, with fine antlers, was killed by a Boston sportsman. The skin of this head came very near spoiling; nearly all the hair came off the ears and the neck had to be patched and filled out with another piece of skin. It does not require much skill to skin a head, and a few pounds of salt and alum are often a necessity.

C. M. STARK.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

CHUKOR PARTRIDGES IN ILLINOIS.

MACOMB, Ill., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The five pair of partridges (*Caccabis chukor*) I imported from Karachi, India, through the Hon. James Currie, U. S. Consular Agent, arrived here in the very best condition. Not a bird was lost on the way. They left Karachi Feb. 14, arrived in Liverpool March 13 and arrived in New York March 28. It is truly wonderful that these birds should travel 12,000 miles by sea and rail and arrive here in such splendid condition. It only shows that they are strong and hardy and have great power of endurance. Col. Ramsdale, of the English Army in India, writes to me that they will stand any climate on the face of the globe.

They are about two-thirds as large as our prairie chickens. The cocks and hens are marked very much alike. The cocks are larger than the hens. I shall keep them inclosed this year and if they don't lay I shall turn them all loose another year and take my chances with them. The 10 birds cost delivered here about \$75. I hope the sportsmen of the country will take an interest in these beautiful game birds and introduce more of them, for I believe they will take the place of some of our game birds that are fast disappearing. I give the following description of these birds, given by Murry, on the edible and game birds of British India. W. O. BLAISDELL.

The chukor (*Caccabis chukor*) is marked: Above pale bluish, or a live ashy, with a rufescent tinge on the back; sides of the chin, face, throat, fulvous, pale chestnut or rufescent, and circled by a broad black band from the forehead through the eye along the side of the neck on to the breast, meeting its fellow from the other side and forming a large pale chestnut, or rufous pectoral gorget; a pale white line behind the eye; ear coverts, chestnut; sides of the lower mandibles and chin with a black spot; breast, bluish ashy, slightly tinged with rufescent; abdomen and under tail coverts buff; the flanks from the axil deeper buff, each feather ashy at the base, with two dark bands; the interspace is buff, and terminates broadly with chestnut; wings concolorous with the back, the ends of all the primaries except the first marginal to nearly the tip or outer web, with buff, some of the secondaries also; axillaries, buff; pale rufous except the central feathers, which are concolorous with the back.

Length, 14 to 16in.; expanse, 21 to 25; tail, 4 to 5; wings, 6 to 7. The female slightly smaller. Habitat, throughout the Himalayas to the Afghanistan; common in Persia and along the Arabian coast. Breeds from May to July. They make their nests under the shelter of grass tufts or bushes, and lay from 12 to 16 eggs.

Game Bag and Gun.

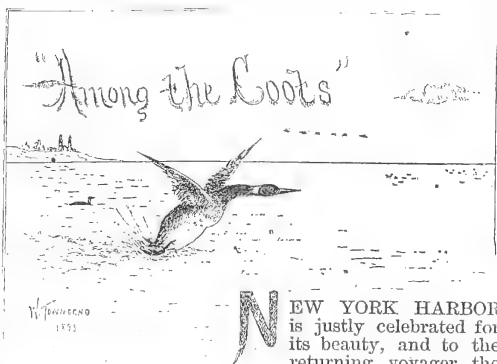
"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

NOTABLE SHOTS.—VII.

Another Rooster Ricochet.

HASTINGS, Mich.—The remarkable rooster shot in last FOREST AND STREAM recalls one that I made when a boy with my first Winchester .44. My mother wanted me to kill a young rooster, but objected to my shooting it, on account of tearing the body, but I insisted that I could cut off his head with a bullet. I found him sitting on a fence with an orchard of apple trees for a background. At nearly right angles, about 200yds. off, lived a neighbor. At the crack of the rifle down came the rooster, and on picking him up I found that I had made a clean shot, cutting off the head as well as could be done by the ax. But I saw that the bullet had cut the bark in the crotch of a tree in direct line of fire. Knowing that my father would object to that I at once put some wet clay on and traced the ball to where it had knocked off more bark on another tree. It had this time turned off sharp to the left, directly in front of the house of our neighbor. Somewhat startled I walked across the road and entered the front yard, and there in a crab-apple tree, directly in front of the open door, opposite which two ladies sat sewing, I saw where that blasted old bullet had entered the body of the tree. I said nothing of the cause of my entrance, and after a few remarks returned to where I had left both gun and rooster. The pride of my good shot had disappeared and I returned to my work a much wiser boy. I once made a fine shot with a Winchester which gave me much satisfaction, but turned some ridicule and much laughter on me. There were two of us plowing. In the middle of the next field sat a woodchuck. We were joined by a couple of neighbors, who, on seeing the woodchuck, urged me to go to the house, get my rifle and shoot it. At last I consented and walked a quarter of a mile and back. The woodchuck was still there, and the boys said that he had several times walked about and eaten clover. There was no cover, and from where I shot from a rest the distance was 300yds. I took a careful sight through the open sights and pulled trigger. "You have hit him!" shouted my friends. Sure enough he was on his side. But knowing from sad experience how a badly wounded woodchuck will kick into his hole I started as hard as I could tear along. As I got near I saw that he was stone dead, and on getting right up to him saw that he had been dead a day or two. Such a yell came from the boys: they tossed up their hats and rolled on the ground. But in the midst of my chagrin some satisfaction came from the fact that the 210grs. ball had gone through his head. A cousin had killed it and then fixed it up for me that day while I took my noon-day sleep. For a long time I got it right and left in jokes, but it nevertheless added to my reputation as a crack shot.

BRYAN, THE STILL-HUNTER.



NEW YORK HARBOR is justly celebrated for its beauty, and to the returning voyager, the sight from the deck of an incoming steamer as she enters the lower Bay, especially during the early hours of a bright autumnal morning is one that is rarely equalled.

Our waters used to swarm with myriads of wildfowl, which were loth to leave until winter forced them. The large increase in the number of arrivals and departure of all sorts of craft during late years has made a difference in regard to our web-footed sojourners. Continually disturbed, they have largely deserted the Bay for the more quiet waters of the Jersey and Long Island coasts. The white-winged coot, however, still remains in fair numbers, and with a fresh breeze good sport may be had with them from a "quick-handling" sailboat.

To me the ideal method of hunting these hardy fowl is to follow them with a steam yacht or launch. Steering well to windward of a flock the gunner glides toward them at a rate of speed they have not as yet learned to gauge. When within 60 to 80yds. "a jingle of the bell" and down you rush upon them, securing a fine shot at reasonable distance as they rise.

On one occasion it was my privilege to enjoy such a trip as a guest on board the trim steamer Sentinel, bound for the Horseshoe to lay over night that we might get under way betimes next morning.

Passing the Narrows with the flash of the sunset guns from the forts, we seemed to fly over the calm surface, a faint vibration of the yacht in answer to the throb of her engines giving a delightful sense of motion.

Far into the glow of sunset we steamed. Overhead the gulls were circling high in air, a good augury for a breeze on the morrow. At last the Horseshoe, a sounding splash, the rattle of anchor chains, and we swing at rest.

After dinner in the cosy cabin we take our cigars on deck, and within feel of the grateful warmth of the funnel are soon lost in contemplation of the quiet scene.

Now and again from the southeast there floats over to us, borne on the light air, the complaining voice of the surf as it dies on the outer beach. To the west and north the dark line of the Jersey shore bounds the horizon. All is calm and peaceful. A loon calls! Far away in the darkness we hear the *pouf! pouf!* of a school of porpoise at play, and once the stillness is broken as a sturgeon leaps. The romance of Cooper's "Water Witch" seems to brood upon these waters, and the dark outline of an anchored vessel inshore of us might well serve as the reincarnation of that fascinating craft, whose skipper was wont to tempt the fair maid of "Lust in Rust" with smuggled laces and finery from foreign lands.

The hum of a breeze in the rigging as I watch the operation of "getting the anchor" next morning makes the blood tingle with eagerness for the coming sport. As daylight grows and objects become more distinct I observe a pair of loons some distance out, and beyond them the glass reveals a long line of dark forms where the coots we are in search of are feeding.

One bell! We are under-way. As we jog along the nearer loon with an uncanny laugh of derision takes wing. With splutter of feet and wing-tips he urges his unwieldy shape along the surface until, the proper impetus gained, he rises and swings back on our wake to the spot where his mate still floats.

Selecting a handful of cartridges I move forward, and, crouching low, make preparation for a shot.

We are now plunging through the white caps that glisten and dash against the bows, flinging their salty showers to right and left as we strike them aside. The coots are rising on every hand as we approach and their dark forms are darting through the air ahead of us in all directions. Yes, I see him! A single bird just out of shot is swimming lustily, now rising on the swell, now sinking in the trough, but all the time working to one side out of our course. Now we are upon him, a flash of white on either side, as he spreads his wings and next moment he is buzzing off. Now! A streak of foam shows for an instant as the shot cuts the water behind him—missed! Again! ah! Souse he goes into the waves. A turn of the wheel sends our graceful craft down to him, and, as he floats alongside, he is quickly gathered into the net in the hands of a watchful sailor lad.

Back again on our course. The wind sings with a deep, low note in the muzzle of my gun; there is a wild exhilaration in the onward dash of the yacht, as though she actually entered into the spirit of the moment.

A sharp turn to starboard and we are bearing down upon a flock. Once more the flash of white-barred wings, two sharp reports and three more coots are gathered.

The hours pass like magic while the sport continues until the dying away of the breeze compels us to desist. We are again headed for the Narrows and home and the entry of a successful day is made in memory's log book.

Good night, captain! Good night, sir!

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

A New Model.

THE Marlin Firearms Co. will put on the market next month their model of 1893 safety repeating rifle, which differs in several important particulars from any repeater now manufactured. This model will be made in two sizes, .32-40-165 and .38-55-255, and will be the only repeater using this ammunition. It will use cartridges varying in length from the standard maximum to the empty shell, and will also shoot the .32-13-98 and .38-20-155 Marlin short-range cartridges, which are adapted for indoor or short range work. The standard length of bar-

rel will be 26in. and a rifle with octagon barrel of this length will weigh about 7½lbs. On account of lightness, flat trajectory and hard shooting, rifles of this model should prove very popular with hunters. The cartridges are standard sizes and can be procured in most localities. Loaded with express bullets the .38 would be a formidable weapon for almost any kind of large game and especially valuable for deer hunting.

VENISON FOR A CHANGE.

BEATRICE, Neb., April 7.—It happened in this wise. I was up in the Wyoming bad lands, those dreary, soul-killing natural ruins, sketching, holding my claim and killing what meat I had to have. The Bighorn Mountains lay to the west about seventy miles, snow-capped and nearly always cloud-covered. To-day, however, they stood out bold and clear against the deep blue sky that only the Western plains and mountains can conjure up. I wanted a sketch of the distant range; so packing my kit and shouldering my Winchester, I headed for a big lava butte, about two miles south of my "shack," which afforded an excellent view. After finishing my picture I sat lazily gazing over the dull stretch of butte country all around me, broken everywhere by deep, narrow valleys, covered with sage brush and cactus, furrowed by the snows of many winters, everywhere the same, sparsely covered between the sage clumps with a short, hardy grass which makes hay without the trouble of cutting.

The sun was still an hour high, and threw long, slanting shadows over the sere, natural meadow, where butte or lava boulder interposed.

There to the north is something moving, too small for cattle, too large for coyotes! What then? The field glass is focussed, and two antelope show in the circle of the lens. I'm out of meat at the ranch, and antelope steak don't go bad if you have a good appetite. A long cañon breaks up through the hillsides, and I can get within 40yds. Guess I'll eat 'lope for supper!

I climb down off of the lava boulder and start at a swinging pace along the bed of the gulch, my moccasins make no sound on the sandy ground, and I am out of sight of the game. The cañon gets deeper, narrower and very crooked. The light here is just right to lend a ghostly, chilly aspect to the fantastic lava cinders, and makes the thickets of choke cherry, killinick bush and the nervous quaking asp look rather too suggestive of bear, mountain lion or the gaunt specter of the cattle country, the great gray wolf. However, none of these animals are seen, but on turning a sharp angle in the cañon I come face to face with two splendid black-tail deer! Our surprise is mutual. I forget all about the rifle with its ten deadly cartridges which I hold in my hand, and stand gazing in mute admiration at the two superb animals, which boldly return my stare at a distance of twenty feet! The antelope are forgotten and my first thought is, "What beautiful creatures!" Almost the same size, both heads surmounted by a stately set of antlers. I am so close I can see every curve of the graceful bodies, the color of the eyes, the dilation of the nostrils and the quiver of the strained muscles as they stand stock still, just as they stopped when they first sighted me. They look too handsome to kill, but a hungry man with no fresh meat in the house knows nothing of beauty. Slowly the Winchester comes up until the sight covers the edge of the white streak which covers the front of the throat and relieves the sameness of blue-black which predominates. The sight is steady as a stone wall—no "buck fever" there. A touch on the trigger, a bright flash, then a roar that seems to split the hills, and down goes my first deer with a broken neck. The other one makes three startled jumps up the side of the cañon, and calmly stops, turns broadside and looks back over his shoulder for his mate. The empty shell flies out over my shoulder, another cartridge slips into the barrel and a snap shot misses the second buck, sending him bounding up the steep side of the cañon like the wind. Then I fire again. He stops, sways a little, and down he goes.

I am alone with these two superb animals, beautiful even in death. Alone in the ghostly, gruesome cañon, among the fire-rent ruins of unknown ages with my first deer. I hurry after the pack horses, for I have no intention of leaving any of my meat for the coyotes to snarl over. What can't be used fresh can be jerked in the sun for a less auspicious day when the only fresh meat is smoked bacon! On the way home I pass within 20yds. of the antelope, but then antelope is not very good meat anyway—not when you have blacktail deer and plenty of it. I killed several more deer and some antelope too while in those hills, and sometimes out of season, though not against the game laws of Wyoming. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have ever been unfortunate enough to "hold a claim" sixty-five miles from the nearest depot of supplies, lived on "salt pork and soda biscuits," they at least will excuse the unsportsmanlike killing of game in summer to relieve the monotony of the everlasting bacon. Though I had many chances and was out of fresh meat, I never was guilty of killing a doe antelope or deer while in the hills.

EL COMANCHO.

Texas Notes.

LA PORTE, Tex., April 4.—There is a great variety of birds here and there are a great many of some varieties. Three weeks ago, from where I now sit, I could look out on San Jacinto Bay, 100yds. distant, and see thousands of ducks, but they have nearly all left for the North. Just across the bay on the marshy islands the snipe is at home. In their season we have curlew and plover in countless numbers, wild geese in goodly numbers, quail plenty, chickens rather scarce. Across the San Jacinto is the country called the "big thicket," where abound wild turkey, timber wolf, deer and bear; also panther, it is said. The country here is new and undeveloped.

H. W. B.

New Jersey Flight.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., April 10.—Some hawks and a few flickers have been killed at Morgan (Cheesequakes), and a flight is looked for this week if warm westerly winds prevail. Ducks have not been plentiful this spring. English snipe dropped in at the head of the creek on Friday, and a bag of 16 is reported from the Raritan marshes on Saturday. A few have been shot near Little Washington, South River. The birds are likely to stay until a storm comes.

J. L. K.

GOSSIP FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Game Season of 1892.

It is, perhaps, not too late for a little gossip concerning the shooting season of '92. It was an off season for grouse in this vicinity, but there was better shooting further west, and I was fortunate enough to get some of it. During the spring migration in '92 I saw more ducks than have passed here any season in the last twenty. Among them was a flock of pintails or "sprigs," the only specimens I ever saw in this Province. But they did not get around in the fall. A market-shooter, who rolled in wealth in '91, had to go out of the business a month before last season closed. It was a good snipe year, but better on the upper St. Johns than around here, and the same is true of woodcock. I spent nearly three weeks in the lake region of York county, of which, perhaps, I may have something to say in the future.

Woodwork of Guns.

Each shooting season brings its lessons. There is some sense and much nonsense written concerning the merits of guns made in different countries. But something in that line well worthy of note lately came under my notice. Two of my friends were caught out in a drenching rain. One had a \$60 hammerless made in a country which I will not name. The other had a hammer gun which cost \$40 a dozen years ago and was made in another country. The wood on either side of the break-off strap of the hammerless swelled to such an extent that the top-lever would not work freely, while that on the hammer gun never started. A few days ago I examined a hammerless from a factory not far from the one that turned out the other mentioned above, and in some places the wood had shrunk away from the iron of the action a good thirty-second of an inch. It is quite plain that some firms use imperfectly seasoned wood for their gun stocks, and they cannot call a halt too soon for their own good. Sportsmen, as a class, are a shade more critical than they were twenty years ago, and they are not slow to make a note of occurrences like the above.

Reloading Shells.

Not many years since, we Canadians all used foreign madshells. But our paternal government placed a heavy duty on them to encourage home manufacture. I used the Canadian made product in '91, and had about 7 per cent. misfires, each of which caused me a good chance at game. When reloaded, they were wholly unreliable. Again, in the season just closed, I used 100, mostly at the trap, and had three misfires. The manufacturers seem so afraid that some one will try to reload them, that they make the heads too flimsy to insure a discharge at the first using. The paper in them is all any one could ask. I saw a cartridge of this same make which had lain three days at the bottom of a lake. After being dried a little on the outside, it was placed in a gun and fired.

I recently bought some nitro powder cartridges, loaded in the cheap, conical base, American shell. Though these cost only fifty-five cents a hundred, they are much better than the Canadian made case, which retails here at seventy-five cents. A well known writer said, about a year ago, that no manufacturer would make a cheap reloadable case, as it was not to his interest to make them durable. It seems to me it would pay him fully as well, as to have his shells discarded in favor of a higher priced brand, which could be reloaded often enough to bring the purchaser out more than even. I have fired seven shots from an Eley shell, that retailed at one cent. I have fired three shots from a Squires shell that sold at a half cent; and have no doubt it could have been used again.

"Pulling" Sportsmen.

Mr. B. Waters, in a recent note, commented on the tendency of certain railway employees to "pull" sportsmen who travel over their lines. The evil is widespread. It seems to have its root in a very general opinion, that all sportsmen are, or ought to be, millionaires, and they are worked on that basis. Last fall I witnessed a little altercation between a sportsman and a smart young purser on one of our steamboat lines. The man and his wife had been on a camping tour and had about 80lbs. of dunnage in three parcels. The purser demanded "two bits" freight on the largest parcel. The man protested that they were all the personal luggage of two passengers, who paid full fare, and that their combined weight did not reach that which one passenger was allowed to carry free. The purser reminded him that the sum was small one to kick about and he reminded the purser as to where the kick originated and concurred in his view, whereupon the purser blurted out, "You have a tent there, we don't carry tents for nothing." And the other blandly inquired how he knew there was not a tent in every trunk on board the boat, and cut short further discussion by tendering his name and address in case the official wished to attempt collection by legal process. As they separated one of a knot of men standing near called out to the passenger: "Did you work it on him?" "No," said the other, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and following with his eye the "all hands round" movements of a flock of bluebills the steamboat had routed, "he did not work it on me."

New Brunswickers in Florida.

Speaking of camping reminds me that William and Harry Chestnut, of Fredericton, two FOREST AND STREAM men whose names were immortalized in these columns not long since in connection with the Pot Cover Trap Club, have been camping out in Florida since Dec. 8. I heard from them about the 1st of February. They were then 350 miles south of Jacksonville, in the Everglades. They had killed two deer and quite an assortment of wildfowl. They will be home early in April, and ought to have quite a yarn for us stay-at-homes.

About Wolf Yarns.

"Prowler," in some notes published in your paper early in the winter, mentions a desperate conflict in the woods near Oromocto, between W. H. Dykeman, a Jemseg blacksmith, armed with a sheath knife and revolver, and two wolves. By "the twinkle in Brer 'Prowler's' eye" as he tells the yarn, he more than half doubts its truth. And well he may. But I believe in putting the saddle on the right horse. I am very well acquainted with the aforesaid W. H. Dykeman. He is no great friend of mine. Neither is he a very bitter enemy. I freely admit that when he is in a jocular mood he does not always get his facts straight. But it was very difficult for me to believe that

he was foolish enough to try to stuff people of common sense with any such improbable tale. A few days ago I interviewed him concerning the correctness of the story as published in this paper. "Yes," he said, "barring a few small and apparently unimportant details, it is every word true. Except that it was thirty-two years last Christmas since I saw the wolves; that I was unarmed; that the brutes showed no disposition to attack, but only paused for a moment to look at me, and that when I yelled at them they got away so fast you could not see their tails for snow, the story of the fight is all correct."

In justice to "Prowler," whose notes I would be glad of the privilege of reading oftener, I may say that I believe that the story came to him in his capacity as journalist through the medium of the St. John Telegram, in which it was first published. There is a young man at Jemseg, and his identity is no secret either, who periodically furnishes that paper with items faked and distorted with the evident intention of hurting the feelings of certain persons. Less than a year ago he wrote up the marriage of a son of this same Mr. Dykeman, and styled the son a daughter, changing the name slightly to suit the changed character. The strong arm of the law should be invoked to suppress such a foolishly "smart" individual, and should this fail, a boot toe applied with energy and frequency to the terminus of his spinal column might produce the desired effect.

Another Great Shot.

I showed the "Johnny-Get-Your-Gun" series of notable shots to my friend, Mr. Milton Hutchicar. "Why," said he, "none of them is a patch to the shot I made in '78, the last year the wild pigeons came around here. You see I had crept up behind a bush within 20yds. of a flock of pigeons sitting on the stakes of a worm fence, near the corner of a buckwheat field. As I was about to fire the pigeons jumped and I only killed five, but I killed a red squirrel and a ground squirrel sitting on the ends of alternate panels and directly in range, and a snipe that jumped about 20yds. further on was wing-broken. Sixty yards away, on the edge of the woods, a flock of ruffed grouse were dusting in an ant-hill, and blamed if a stray shot did not penetrate the brain of one of these and kill him."

In these days the man who tells the first story places himself under a fearful handicap. L. I. FLOWER.

EXPERIENCE WITH A BAY LYNX.

In the fall of '87 I found myself temporarily located in Concho county, Texas, where I was engaged in the study of the domestic sheep—his habits, diseases, etc. Having plenty of spare time on my hands, I set out a number of beaver traps on the banks of a small water hole (a part of the North Brady Creek). During the day I could catch all the fish (black bass, cat and sunfish) that were required for camp use, and it was when thus employed that a neighboring ranchman came down from Eden to try his luck at the gentle art. For baits he used chunks of prairie dog, the remainder of which animal he hung up in a pecan sapling. The next morning I walked down to the creek and found the dog missing. On examining the tree large claw marks were plainly visible. I hurried off at once for another trap which I placed on the outlying branch of a cedar about 15yds. up the steep side hill which terminated at the water's edge; a little beyond the trap I fixed a cot and retired to await results.

At about 8 o'clock on the following evening I started, as usual, to inspect my traps, when my attention was attracted by a very peculiar sound, somewhat similar to the rotation of a circular saw; it came from the hillside, but having quite forgotten the trap on the tree, which, by the way, was only an ordinary single-spring rat trap and very small, I was very much puzzled, but of course made direct for the sound. The night was as dark as could be, so I climbed very carefully up the hill, and soon arrived at the overhanging branch, probably a foot or more above my head. By squatting down and getting the branch in a line with the sky I could see the outline of an animal somewhat larger than a coon, and presently I saw by his round head and short ears that a wildcat or bay lynx was my prisoner. Off I went for a stick, but only found a rotten one; with this, however, I returned and struck at the cat, who dodged the blow and sprang at me, evidently intending to land on my head, but I was not there, luckily, and the chain brought him up with a jerk. He passed so near my nose that I concluded I had enough of this sort of fun in the dark and returned to camp for a lantern and an ax handle; thus equipped I easily dispatched him, and although I forget the exact measurement, I remember he was a very large one.

I kill a goodly number in traps every winter and spring, but take care not to get my face too near until they are quite dead. A. P. F. COAPE.

A WAR-TIME SHOT.

WHEN the boy came in the other day and showed the mother of his boy the first gray snipe of the season, I was reminded of two things. First, that I was getting old, second, of my first English snipe.

It was in 1862, and the "old 9th" was in camp at Carolina City. Among my traps was a double-barrel shotgun, sawed off to fit my army trunk, and many a bunch of robins or brace of ducks had it brought to our mess—when I had loaned it out. Between the camp and Bogue Sound there was a little strip of meadow under the bluff, and some of the men reported that gray snipe were to be found there. Stepping up to regimental headquarters I saluted the colonel and asked permission to leave camp for a little while to get a few English snipe. Colonel Stewart, afterwards General James Stewart, Jr., chief of police of Philadelphia, asked me if I had ever shot that particular kind of game, and on my replying in the negative said, "All right, sir; you may go, and I will give you a new hat if you kill two out of the first five you shoot at."

Giving him notice that he might order that hat at once, I went down the bluff, and had barely reached the meadow when it seemed to me that a hundred spectral corkscrews arose at once, and each one whistled "scape" in turn as I successively tried to get aim at them. They all escaped. Two or three times I repeated this performance, and then determined upon a change of tactics. I would follow with my aim the very next bird that rose, no matter how he flew, and would pull on him if he was a mile away. "Scape," and I began the movement. It seemed to me that I wobbled my gun after that bird until every particle of twist was out of my barrels, and just as

I was about to give up he dropped to the ground and I could see him. Bang! without thought of ethics, and I walked over to pick him up. He had dropped beside another, and the two lay there together. With no desire for further sport I walked into camp, reported at headquarters, and the following colloquy closed the performance:

"Well, colonel, I will take that hat."

"What hat, quartermaster?"

"The one you agreed to give me if I killed two snipe out of the first five I shot at. Here are the two."

"Did you shoot at five?"

(A considerable pause.)

"No, sir, but I will before sundown, for they are as thick as mosquitoes out there."

"No more permission to leave camp to-day, quartermaster."

T. B. A.

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J., April 6.

The Wiping Out of the Wild Pigeon.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich.—Here is a clipping evidently written by some one that cannot distinguish between a sportsman and a sport, a gentleman and a prize fighter:

John Sims, writing to the Lakeside Monitor, tells what has become of Michigan's wild pigeons. He says: "The forest fires are the one great thing that destroyed our wild pigeons in Michigan. The next great thing that helped to destroy them are those who now call themselves sportsmen. They had men hired to trap them with a net and ship to every State in the Union to be shot and slaughtered by the sportsmen for their traps. The sportsmen alone, or game butchers, who destroy game for mere sport, went hand in hand with forest fires and wiped our wild pigeons out. I defy a sportsman to read this article and deny it. If he does he is one of the kind of sportsmen who hunts nine months in each year, and when caught swears to a lie in front of a jury to get rid of paying a fine for violating the game laws. I know some of this class."

He is right in saying that it was slaughter the way the pigeons were trapped years ago for trap-shooting tournaments, but is mistaken, I believe, in supposing that the forest fires had anything to do with wiping them out. Of course if fires occurred during nesting time, the young birds would be killed, but our forest fires invariably take place in the fall or along in the summer after nesting is over with. Possibly the writer of this article may belong to that class of "mossbacks" who years ago used to profit during the nesting season on the money they could earn working for these netters, who employed dozens of men and boys in packing and shipping pigeons that were netted and sent to New York and Chicago markets. I have seen carload after carload shipped in this way from all around Traverse City and other points in northern Michigan. There is no doubt that the indiscriminate netting and slaughter of pigeons during the breeding season has been the means of exterminating them. Last summer when fishing on the Little Manistee I saw a few bunches of pigeons now and then, but no large flocks have been seen for a number of years. M.

Market-Hunters Bagged Them.

HADDAM, Conn., April 7.—I promised (alas for the promise) and intended (a certain place is said to be paved with good intentions) to give you a few items during the last open hunting season in my locality. The birds were not plenty, and the quail were soon thinned out by market-hunters. There were four coveys within a mile of my house, where I had hoped to have some quiet sport, but these market-hunters bagged 31 of them the first day of the open season. Owing to our swamps and thickets many partridges escaped the gun, and there was not the usual amount of snaring, and as partridge can withstand our snows and cold, I think more than the usual number survived the winter. Quail must have suffered severely. I know of but two bunches in my vicinity which survived, and those I caused to be fed during the winter. Woodcock were fairly plenty, and, though not getting large bags, I had some quiet sport. A.

Missouri Small Game.

SEDALIA, Mo., April 2.—Although we have had the coldest weather here this winter that we have experienced for several years, the quail and prairie chickens have wintered well. I have noticed several large flocks of both quail and chickens during the last week, but should we experience the electrical storms that Prof. Hicks prophesies for the months of April and May, I am afraid the first setting will not produce any young birds. NDIROD.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.—III.

His Testimony as to Spirits.

THE weather during the day had been dull and gloomy. In the evening it was no better, it being cheerless and depressing. The wind in fitful gusts wobbled through the treetop under which we were lounging, with a sighing mournful sort of a twang. Even our pipes had a dyspeptic turn; the ashes were knocked out of mine. I rolled over and asked the old man if he believed in ghosts and spirits. The old gentleman straightened up a little, gave his boots an extra pull and unraveled as follows: "As for sperrets, that depends; if the article is a good one and you can git the right combination, a little sugar, lemon, nutmeg and hot water, I am a solid believer."

"So far as ghosts go, sometimes I don't know, then agin I can't tell. A few years ago I was a-cutting and piling drift wood on the lake shore, when a party from the village came down to fish through the ice. It were a cold raw day. They told me that if I'd let them use my fishing shanty and they had any luck, they would give me some fish. Well, at it they went. Just as I was a-picking up at night to go home, they fetched me a pickerel that would-a-pulled down 6lbs. good and strong. I brought him home and put him up in the croch of that apple tree over there. Then I done my chores, eat my supper, got the pickerel and thought I'd clean him; but he was froze hard as a brick, so I run a string through his gills and hung him up back of the stove to thaw out. Just then a neighbor came in, wanted me to go with my team the next morning and help him haul some logs out of a bad place where his single team couldn't fetch 'em. In them days we always helped one another when there was a call for

it. Well, we talked a few minutes; he went home and I went to bed, forgot all about what I had started to do.

"I'd got a good grip on the sleep and was a-plowing ahead on the gallop, when my wife woke me up and said there was some one at the door. I lit a candle and hurried to the door, for it were a dreadful cold night; but there weren't anybody there. Back to bed I went quick, and after prodding the old woman a bit about eating so much supper as to make her dream 'bad, was soon asleep ag'in; but not for long, for my wife she nudged me ag'in and whispered in my ear, 'John, there is certainly some one at the door.' I listened a bit 'nd heard a noise jest like some feller was a-knocking on the door with mittens on his hands. I were a bit vexed, slid out of bed, pulled on my pants and boots, but did not strike a light, grabbed a big cane which stood at the head of my bed, hurried to the door, opened it and jumped out ready to knock the stuffin' out of anything. But, my dear sir, there weren't anything there to knock. I run around the house; not a living critter could I see, nor even any tracks in the snow. Well, I did feel sort o' queer, kind o' half-way between puzzled and scared.

"To bed I went ag'in, and was just dropping off, when the old woman she nudged me hard and whispered, 'Hear that! jest listen; there it goes ag'in!'

"I sat up in bed, and jest as plain as day I could hear a dull sort of a thump! thump! I begun to feel agerish like; mought have trembled a bit; then I hollered, 'Who's there?' No answer.

"I kinder shivered for 'bout half a minute; didn't know just what to do, when there was the darndest racket out in the kitchen you ever heard; sounded as if some one was a-kicken a tin pan all around the room; and my dog, he came a-yelpin' and howlin' into the bedroom and crawled clear under the bed, where he kept up a whinin' and a yelpin. My wife screamed and crawled down under the bed clothes. I had not only the ager, but the chills—sweating chills good and strong. I was rattled, badly rattled; jest had sense enough left to crawl out of bed, grab my gun, which was loaded, and creep carefully to the kitchen door. There was certainly some feller out there bare-footed and he were having a hull dancing school all to hisself. I located him as near as I could in the dark, then without making any noise brought my gun to my shoulder and let her go.

"The flash of the gun were just long enough to let me see what the trouble was. I went back, lit a candle and then went to the kitchen. There, right in the middle of the floor, was that are cussed pickerel having the liveliest kind of a circus all by hisself. He were a cutting up in great shape with his flippy-flop hipity-hop jest as lively as if he had jest been pulled out of the water. With a stick of firewood I busted that are show quicker 'n you could say shoot.

"You see I hung him up in a good, warm place to thaw out directly over the old woman's dish pan, right under the pan being a good warm out o' the way place the dog used to sleep. As that infernal pickerel began to thaw out his old cussedness crept back into him. Between the flappings of his tail and the workings of his jaws he broke the string, then dropped on to the dish, and both fell on to the dog.

"That, you see, was one of the times when I didn't know nor couldn't tell." A. W.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SALE OF TROUT IN CLOSE SEASON.

MR. CHAS. F. CHAMBERLAYNE, of Boston, recently sent out a letter of inquiry to Fish Commissioners asking what they considered would be the effect of a law preventing the sale of artificially raised trout in the season when the sale of wild trout is forbidden—i. e., after the manner contemplated by the Gilbert trout bill in the Massachusetts Legislature.

Pres. L. D. Huntington, of the New York Commission, writes: "The effect must be bad. We find the provision of our law prohibiting 'possession' of equal, if not of more, importance in the protection of game and fish than the taking or killing of them. To allow possession and sale of artificially reared trout during close season would leave an opening that would virtually defeat the benefits derived from it, as all trout found in possession would be artificially reared (or at least so claimed by the possessor), irrespective of waters from which they had been illegally taken. In my opinion, to allow possession and sale of artificially reared trout during the close season would be equivalent to abandoning it."

Sea and Shore Fisheries Commissioner E. W. Gould, of Maine, writes: "Such a law would have a far-reaching effect, very disastrous to the inland fishing interests of the country at large. The State that would permit the enactment of such an injudicious law would of necessity be to a great expense to properly enforce such a law—i. e., to differentiate between a wild and artificially reared trout in a legal manner. It would open a market for the sale of trout from other States and give the fish hog a chance to get in his nefarious work and ultimately bring about a serious depletion of our inland State waters. Any one who has been intimately connected with a vigorous enforcement of the laws restricting a wanton destruction of our fish will see at a glance the many and serious complications that would arise from the passage of such a law as proposed. A cry of injustice would go up from the farming community; they would say, 'Why are we thus oppressed, and allow one man to sell his trout that costs him something to rear and prohibit us from selling trout that costs us nothing?' It would also stimulate the establishment of artificial breeding ponds by unprincipled dealers to be utilized as a cover under which to sell wild trout. But I think you will have no cause to fear such a calamity as the passage of such a law, for your Governor has a very high sense of right, and being a true sportsman, is peculiarly fitted to view this question in its true light."

Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, writes: "I do not think it good policy to allow artificially reared trout to be sold in our market in the close season. It is practically opening the market to the pot-hunter and the poacher."

Commissioner John W. Titcomb, of Vermont, writes: "I fear the effect of allowing artificially reared trout to be sold in close season would give more opportunity for fishermen to violate the laws for protection of wild trout, and that market-fishermen would be tempted to catch the wild trout for the market during the close season. Under the present laws we experience some difficulty in preventing the killing of trout in close season for shipment

to private customers in New York and Boston. While you do not ask the question, I will further state that I should deem it very unwise to make an open season from Feb. 1, as proposed in a bill recently introduced in your Legislature, if I am informed correctly. I have never read the Gilbert trout bill and do not know what restrictions are contained in it for the protection of wild trout, but as a sportsman and believer in protection of all our fish and game, I fear such a bill would prove detrimental, not only to the interests of Massachusetts, but to the neighboring States."

Mr. Fred Mather, of the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery, Long Island, New York, writes: "It seems to me that the sale of artificially raised trout out of season would open the door for frauds in many ways, but I have seen this argument set forth at length. Some years ago a man named Furman advocated selling trout out of season in this State, but he had no following. It might be pertinent to ask if there is a demand for trout out of season by consumers, or if the agitation of the question is mainly by trout breeders. It does not appear to be possible to so regulate the traffic that wild trout will not suffer, nor does it appear to be detrimental to the public to restrain their appetites for trout until the season opens for wild trout."

Commissioner W. H. Griffin, of New Hampshire, writes: "In my opinion it would be impossible to make a law that would give much, if any, protection to the wild trout while the sale of artificially reared trout was allowed."

ANGLING NOTES.

The Pike.

THE pike, *Esox lucius*, called also lake pike, great northern pike, great northern pickerel, or—and this is the name by which it is perhaps best known, taking one section of the country with another—pickerel, is a fish that occupies a queer position in the estimate of men called fishermen. The regard or disregard in which the pike is held illustrates as forcibly as anything I know, the saying, "Many men of many minds." In England, where the name pike is rigidly adhered to for this fish, except that in case the fish is under a certain size it is called a jack, there is but one species of pike—or for that matter in all Europe—and it is so highly esteemed as an angle fish that many books have been written about, and devoted solely to it. In Germany, where it is called *der hecht*, the pike is cultivated artificially; the only country on this green earth where it is so cultivated. Probably no fish has had so much written about the derivation of its name as the pike, unless the mascalonge of the same family be an exception. It has been supposed that the term pike came from the Saxon word *pik*, meaning sharp-pointed, having reference to the shape of its head; also from the French word *pique*, because of the sharpness of its snout, and Nobbes, the father of trolling, says that *lucius* is derived from *lukos*, the Greek word for *lupus*, because "the wolf is the most ravenous and cruel among beasts, so the pike is the most greedy and devouring among fishes. So that *lupus piscis*, though it be proper for the sea wolf, yet it is often used for the pike itself, the fresh-water wolf." Pennell, writing of the fish, quotes Ansonius, living in the fourth century:

"The wary Luce, midst wrack and rushes hid,
The scourge and terror of the scaly brood,
Unknown at friendship's hospitable board,
Smokes midst the smoky tavern's coarsest food."

And adds: "It seems as if from the earliest times the character, so to speak, of the pike has commended itself especially for treatment both in prose and verse, and the number of quaint anecdotes, mythical legends and venerable superstitions which have clustered around it give the pike a special and distinct interest of its own. I confess that to myself there has been always something singularly attractive in the very qualities which have made its chroniclers more often detractors than panegyrists. The downright, unadulterated savagery of the brute attracts me; he is no turncoat, vicious one day and repentant the next. Nothing that swims or walks or flies does he spare when his appetite is whetted by the sharp wind sweeping

"The half-frozen dyke,
That hangers into madness every plunging pike."

Weighed in the Balance of the Game Laws.

Possibly the fish and game laws give an idea of the region in which a fish is bred. In New York State the pike was not protected specifically by name until a few years ago, when, under the name of pickerel, it had a close season provided to cover its breeding season in two lakes in the northern part of the State. Of course it found shelter under the clause that no fish should be taken except with hook or line. After the pike had enjoyed a close season for a couple of years in the lakes referred to, the law was amended with the intent to permit the shooting, spearing and catching of pike at all seasons in these very lakes.

The State Sportsmen's Association suggested that there should be a close season for pike throughout the State, and following this a member of Assembly gave notice that he would introduce a bill making it legal to kill pike in any manner at any season. Vermont's law reads: "Nothing in this law shall be construed to prohibit the shooting of pickerel or pike (not wall-eyed pike) with a gun held to shoulder, from fifteenth day of March to the first day of May in each year."

This means that the pike may be slaughtered on their spawning beds. The laws of New Hampshire, Iowa and Pennsylvania provide a close season for the pike which covers the spawning period, but the other States, so far as I have observed, give the fish no protection except that it must be taken with hook and line; and some States do not go as far as that. There are plenty of fishermen who esteem the pike as highly as any fish that they have the opportunity of angling for, and I happen to know personally of several men who regard it above all other fish on the hook. Having friends who consider it a game fish second to none with which they are familiar, and enemies that would remove it from the waters of the earth, the pike appears to be between the devil and the deep sea whenever there is a discussion concerning protective laws for our fishes.

Habits and Size of Pike.

The pike is a spring-spawning fish, spawning in March and April, and one of the most prolific of the fresh-water hook and line fishes. It is commonly estimated that an

average pike will spawn 100,000 eggs, and Buckland counted 595,000 eggs in a fish of 32lbs. If my memory serves me the late Dr. Sterling counted a still greater number, something over 600,000 eggs in a ripe pike, but I have no recollection of the weight of the fish, and would be obliged to read scores of his letters, perhaps, to find the right one. At spawning time the pike proceed in pairs to the slack-water creeks and overflowed land near them, and the eggs are deposited in shallow water and left to their fate. This is the time that the pike are shot in the day and speared by jacklight in the night. The eggs are glutinous and adhere to anything they touch and hatch in about two weeks. From the very nature of the places selected for spawning the fry are as secure from enemies as any fish fry naturally hatched can be. Much has been said of the growth of pike fry which is chiefly guess work, but Herr von dem Borne wrote me last year that he has had pike reared from the egg that at five months of age were about 17in. long and weighed 2½lbs. This weight was brought about on a diet of small-mouthed black bass fry. The bass pond was dry and allowed to fill. The pike fry worked through a gravel screen one foot thick, placed for the very purpose of keeping the pike out. The pike being discovered, the pond was drained and 57 of the pike were found. They had eaten several thousands of black bass fry. The weight that I have given of a five-months pike is not unusual, Herr von dem Borne tells me, for he has observed it a number of times under conditions that establish the age and weight beyond doubt. Black bass at this same age in his ponds are about two inches long. After spawning the pike are in miserable condition and return to the river or lake and are found on the shores until July, when they take themselves to the sand bars and sand bottoms, and later, in August and September, to weeds or grass bottom. A dead treetop fallen into the water is a favorite lair of the pike, which is a solitary fish except at breeding time. Catch a pike from an old treetop where it is lying in wait and another will take its place. I once caught six pike in six successive days from the same old top. The largest pike caught in this country, so far as I know, was caught in a pond in Pennsylvania, and its weight was 35lbs. The largest pike taken in recent years from the waters of Great Britain was caught by Mr. Alfred Jardine (whose name is intimately associated with pike tackle and pike fishing) in 1879, the fish weighing 37lbs. English and German writers have recorded pike that have been taken weighing as high as 70, 80 and 90lbs., but the grandfather of all the pikes was one caught in 1862. An officer of the Tyrolean Rifles informed Dr. Genzik that he was present at Bregenz when a pike of 145lbs. was weighed, and Dr. Genzik himself saw a pike that weighed 97lbs. after it was dressed. Since the above was written the *Fishing Gazette*, London, has come, which contains the account of a 37lbs. pike caught in Ireland on March 22. The fish was weighed by Mr. Marston and measured by Mr. Jardine.

As a Food Fish.

As a rule the pike does not occupy a high place as a food fish, and yet among some people it stands as the very elect of table fishes. Like every other fish the flavor of the pike depends chiefly upon the water in which it lives and the food that it eats. A pike from a warm, muddy pond rank with weeds must taste of the muck even as a large-mothed black bass will under the same conditions, but a pike in the autumn from a clear, pure lake is a dish, properly cooked, to set before a king. The meat is hard and sweet, and if fresh from the water, as it should be, is flaky, white and delicious. One of the finest trout lakes in the Adirondacks, a lake famous for its deep red-colored trout, with creamy curds between the flesh flakes, was stocked with pike by vandal hands. The pike destroyed the trout, and their flesh became pink in color after the manner of the trout, and I ate them on several occasions when in that condition, and certainly they were an excellent table fish. A real pike lover, one who loves to catch them and eat them, will say that a pike for the table should be shorn of its outer skin, for in it the rank flavor is concealed if the fish comes from any but pure water. The so-called inner skin is a thin membrane, but it is sufficient to hold the flesh together when it is cooked.

As a Hook and Line Fish.

More pike are caught in this country by trolling a spoon perhaps than by all other methods combined. A strong hand-line and a spoon are always ready and they require no further outlay except a club to kill the fish. There is precious little sport in trolling for pike with tackle that requires only an expenditure of man's strength to get the fish. In July, when the pike are on the sand they are in good condition and they may be taken with rod and reel and minnow bait, which style of fishing affords some sport, first to find and hook the fish and then to land it. In the autumn, when the water is cold, the pike are at their best, but they are in deeper water on the grass and may be taken by deep trolling with minnow gang, which requires more skill than surface trolling with spoon bait.

Fishing through the ice in winter for pike with tip-ups and minnows is sport that I believe in, and it is a style of fishing that belongs to the pike, but the fish laws of some of the States forbid fishing with more than one line, and yet in the same States you may see in summer a scow boat anchored on a pond with half a dozen baited poles sticking out from the sides of the boat in as many directions, and perhaps an equal number of hand lines with corks watched over by a single occupant. No note is taken of such fishing by the law officers, but an equal number of tip-ups with baited lines through holes in the ice would land the owner before a magistrate for using "set lines" or for using more than "one line held in the hand." The Supreme Court of New Hampshire held that tip-ups were legal and if they were declared legal in other States the fish laws would be in better favor. As to the game qualities of the pike, some fight like demons and some die like dogs, but as a rule they fight. I was one day returning from an expedition after bait in the inlet stream of a big lake, and as the boat passed over a piece of grass I trolled at the bottom and hooked a pike of 21½lbs. that made no fight whatever. I simply drew the fish to the surface and the oarsman killed the fish with an oar. A few days later I hooked a 12lbs. fish on a light line and he fought hard enough for himself and the larger fish.

A. N. CHENEY.

Many of the wonders of the deep may be gotten sight of by a walk through Fulton Fish Market, Peck slip, New York. And for one no trip to New York could be complete without it.

WISCONSIN TROUT STREAMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having noticed the article in your issue of March 9, on the "Brook Trout of Wautoma," by R. W. Hubbell, I am prompted to add my testimonial in behalf of those fine fishing waters. Wautoma is in fact the centre of a fine trout district, all developed in the last ten years, through the efforts and perseverance of such men as Judge Bugh, who for a number of years represented this district in the State Legislature.

There are about a dozen streams and tributaries in this vicinity, all well stocked with trout, which run much larger in size than those in the natural trout streams further north.

Wautoma may be reached by making about a twenty mile drive from Berlin on the C. M. & St. P., or by driving about the same distance from Princeton, the present terminus of a branch of the C. & N. W.

Now that the open season is again at hand, and the spring awakening brings to us all dreams of pleasant places, leaping trout, and bright sunshine, and in our reveries we are carried again to the scenes of last season's triumphs, and when the desire to go afishing amounts to a fever which consumes all arguments of business, I hope my friends of the rod and angle will pay this favored locality a visit.

The P. O. House, kept by W. A. Bugh, is a comfortable, home-like village hotel, plenty good enough for any true angler. Around the great stove in its cheerful office, or on its broad veranda, are gathered every evening the local and visiting sportsmen, discussing the day's success and the relative merits of the fishing at Gallagher's Bridge, Denning's, or Lunch Creek. The professional guide is met with only in his most primitive form, and is in no way a nuisance. A few villagers there are who may be induced at a moderate recompense, to forsake his potato hoeing, and with grub worm or other humble lure, will generally take more fish than the most accomplished visitor.

A wide bridge on the main street spans the stream a few rods below the hotel; under this I have often peeped while waiting for my breakfast or team, and watched a dozen or more speckled beauties swimming in native freedom. Good fishing may be had just below the village when the mill is running, but parties usually drive out about three miles to the main stream. Lunch Creek is a fine quiet stream flowing through brush and meadow land, a little further from town. Ten miles to the southward is another deep stream well stocked with rainbow trout, from which the 5lbs. 7oz. trout alluded to in Mr. Hubbell's article was taken. Visitors will hardly expect to take many trout of this size, but there are plenty caught of 2 and 3lbs. weight.

I could regale my readers with tales of wonderful catches, at the serious risk of being put down as a disciple of Ananias, and so will simply say in conclusion, "go and try it." Some may object to my thus assisting in giving away a good thing, but the territory is so large, and the care taken in protecting and restocking each year by the residents so thorough, that there is little danger that these streams will ever be greatly over-fished. E. J. BURNSIDE.
Ripon, Wis.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

THE opening of the trout season in Massachusetts is again proving to have been altogether too early, especially for the northern and western part of the State. The streams and ponds in the northwestern sections of the State are still in a condition not favorable to fishing with the fly, and but very few trout have been taken. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, of the Chamber of Commerce, and who lives in Byfield, has tried the streams faithfully in that section for trout, but with most unsatisfactory results thus far. He is a great lover of the angle, as well as an expert, and if there were trout to be had he would be pretty sure to get them. He spent Fast Day, April 6, on a stream where, he says, he has generally succeeded in taking trout. He tried them faithfully, by every means of angling that he is acquainted with, but with no trout. Coming away from the stream, he concluded that it was altogether too early, and that he would try them later. If he could see any trout "lying around loose," and he had had his "tom cod tongues" there, he would have tried "fonging them." Mr. David S. Plummer, with his son, spent Fast Day on a good brook in the town of Orange, with a result of only three trout. He, too, concludes that Fast Day came too early this year, for on the same brook a year ago he had good sport on the day appointed by the Governor for fasting and prayer. The chances are, however, that Gov. Russell went afishing himself on that day this year. But he can be excused, since he is a great lover of angling, and since he has asked the Legislature to abandon Fast Day altogether, and make a good, handsome legal holiday instead, when everybody can go afishing and not be in danger of offending the over particular. The solons of Beacon Hill have not granted his request, however.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, with his friend Harry Crocker, were on a famous trout brook at East Falmouth on Fast Day. They had good sport, taking twenty-nine trout, weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1lb. They could have done much better but for the fact that the brook had been fished several days in succession before they were there, with a result in one case of some eighty trout to a line. Like all the rest of the sportsmen who fish the streams on the Cape, they do not like to have the name of the brook published, though this one is a brook not open to the public. Mr. J. Russel Reed fished somewhere in Wareham on Fast Day, but with what results I have not yet learned. M. Geo. D. Appleton, son of Geo. B. Appleton, of Appleton & Basset, showed a very handsome dozen brook trout in the window of the firm for several days last week. They were taken from a cranberry bog stream on the Cape, in the town of Bourne. This is said to account for the beautiful red markings of this string of trout. Those who fish these cranberry bog streams declare that this red shading of the trout they get is a feature of those waters. They even go so far as to say—with a wink in their left eye—that it is "the juice of the cranberries, you know."

Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, writes me that he is glad that the Legislature of that State has at last adjourned. It has been a heavy task to watch and prevent foolish and harmful legislation. He says that, with the exception of the change in the game laws permitting the killing of cow moose, he does not consider that any serious harm has been done. The

appropriation for the propagation and protection of fish and game has been increased, together with the fines being decreed to the work; so that the Commission is in really better shape than ever before. He thinks that Dr. Wentworth will be an able and an earnest addition to the Commission. His letter also says that the Commission has a goodly supply of sea and Sebago salmon fry, with a large number of trout fry. These will be kept and fed till next October, before being turned loose in the lakes and streams to take care of themselves. The Commission followed this plan at Auburn last year with good success, raising fully 75 per cent. of the fry to the size of the redfin chub, or 3 to 4 in. in length. Fish reared to this size are counted much better than turning them out the first year, to be destroyed by all sorts of aquatic enemies. Their operations of rearing will be carried on this season at Rangeley, Auburn, Sebago and Oakland.

Commissioner Stanley is a great lover of the rod and line, as well as much interested in the culture of fish, and the restocking of depleted waters in Maine. This has doubtless led to the erroneous idea that he is Fish Commissioner, while his colleague is Game Commissioner. The Commission of that State is not divided in that way. Both commissioners are equally commissioners of fisheries and game, and they work together. But it is a fact that late in the life of Mr. Stillwell the great burden of labor fell on Mr. Stanley's shoulders, owing to the ill health of his colleague.

Mr. Geo. H. Cutting, a Richardson Lake, Me., guide and lumberman, wrote under date of April 7 that he had just come out from the lakes, where he had been putting in ice for Camp Stewart. He found the ice 28 in. thick of clear, blue ice. The woods are full of snow, and it was so cold there that he could not paint boats. One boat house, standing under a hill, had to be shoveled out of a big snowdrift, the roof being covered. This almost assures a very late opening of the Maine trout lakes this season. The thickness of the ice, when compared with other seasons, would indicate that it would be June 1 before these lakes would be free from ice. But doubtless warm weather will intervene to reduce the ice rapidly, bringing the season up to a little later than the average, which is about the 15th of May, for these lakes to clear. Mr. John Bartleman, who has spent several seasons at the Mountain View House, at the foot of Rangeley Lake, is the first sportsman on the ground this year, having reached Rangeley last week. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Figures for Gov. Altgeld.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 8.—Gov. John P. Altgeld, who thinks a Fish Commission that costs \$7,000 a year is "a useless and expensive board," would do well to look over the following figures, given me by Mr. W. P. Andrus, secretary of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission:

"Minnesota appropriates \$10,000 a year for our Commission," said Mr. Andrus, "though next year we expect \$15,000. Our Legislature seems anxious to get all the information it can on these matters and shows a marked tendency not only toward liberality with the Commission, but also toward the making and enforcement of stricter laws. In this it is warranted, if you like, not only for reasons of sport, but for commercial reasons. Few know the actual commercial value of the fish and game of a State. In the last two years of our work in Minnesota we have planted fish enough to come, at a value of 6 cents a pound, to \$500,000. I submit that this is a good investment on \$10,000, or even \$15,000."

"We attempt to protect the deer of our State, and commercially they are well worth it. In 1891 there were shipped out of Minnesota, not to speak of the amounts used within the State, 10,000 saddles or carcasses of venison, which averaged \$10 a saddle. In 1892 there were shipped 6,300. This would make a total value for two years of \$163,000 for one sort of game alone. Such a source of revenue ought not to be wantonly wasted, if for commercial reasons only."

Mr. Andrus was the original promoter of the movement to secure a uniformity in the game in Minnesota, the law Dakotas, Iowa and Wisconsin. The law was passed in South Dakota, was vetoed in North Dakota, was badly cut up by the Legislature of Wisconsin, has reached its third reading in Minnesota Legislature, and will be taken up in the next session of the Iowa Legislature. It is a good law, and is especially strong in the executive clauses.

Mr. Andrus takes up the value of only one sort of game, and leaves quite out of the question the birds and wildfowl which are sold and held or shipped from Minnesota. Yet I know of one freezer in a Western State which holds between 6,000 and 10,000 dozen quail, worth \$2.50 a dozen; 2,000 dozen prairie chickens, worth \$7 a dozen, and the owner alone knows how many plover, snipe and ducks. I presume it far within bounds to say that 30,000 dozen ducks are killed annually in Minnesota, worth \$2 to \$6, or perhaps \$12 or \$15 a dozen for the rarest grade, the canvasback, only a few of which are killed, of course. Furthermore, as to the freezers. I know of two more in the same State, and of another just across the line, in another State, and of several here in Chicago. The game trade of Chicago probably runs \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000 this year. The fish trade figures are not so easily obtainable, but they are enormous.

It would certainly seem, would it not, John P., that these fish and these birds sell for some money, to say nothing of the sport in the question?

Now, there isn't a State in the Union that does not have fish and game laws. The principle of preservation is the same for either fish or game. Every other State in the Union thinks it worth while to protect this property of its own.

Does John P. Altgeld, confessedly ignorant on all these points, know more than the game and fish commission of Minnesota, more than the people of Illinois who created the Illinois fish commission, and more than the people of all the other States which have created and kept up similar institutions? Before he ventures to squander, or to help squander, this part of the wealth of the people of Illinois, will he kindly give us some reason, any reason, any sort or size of a fractional reason why we should think him so very wise?

A Sad Accident.

A deplorable accident happened on last Monday, which will leave Mr. Henry L. Hertz, one of Chicago's best known sportsmen, a cripple for life. Mr. Hertz was at-

tempting to board one of the abominable Chicago cable cars, when a sudden jerk threw him under the wheels. His left foot was so badly crushed that amputation at the ankle was necessary. It will be recalled that Mr. Hertz lost a brother not long ago through an accidental gun shot wound in the leg. This happened at Pistaqua Lake, not far from the Northwestern Pleasure Club, of which Mr. Henry Hertz is a member. Mr. Hertz has long been prominent in the affairs of the Fox River Fish Association, and is an enthusiastic angler. A successful politician of the better type, he is also an exponent of a broad and thoughtful sportsmanship. His misfortune will not debar him from the joys of the outdoor air, and until he is able to be about his many friends will give him ready sympathy.

Judge Caton's Reminiscences.

That venerable and hearty jurist and sportsman, Judge John Dean Caton, contributes an article in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, from which the Chicago *Tribune* makes the following extract:

Until 1833 Chicago had practically no existence except in name. True, for many years it had been a place where furs had been bought from the Indians and trappers, and goods such as their simple wants required had been sold; but beyond this, what we call commerce did not exist. A fort had been established in the early part of the century, and had been occupied by a few United States troops, but it had been abandoned in 1812, and it was still remembered by the first settlers that those troops and their families had been fallen upon and slaughtered by the Indians before they had gone two miles from the fort, and while they were still within the heart of the present City of Chicago. I am now writing on the very spot where that slaughter took place, on the very soil which drank the blood of the women and children who fell by the tomahawks and knives of the "braves," while their husbands and fathers were being shot down from behind the sandbags bordering the beach of the lake. This event had made Chicago known and talked about more than a score of years before 1833, but had been practically forgotten by a new generation; and probably not one in a hundred, even of Americans remembered name of the place.

Judge Caton's Chicago residence on Prairie avenue stands near the spot where once grew the old cottonwood tree about which transpired the central and closing scenes of the historic Fort Dearborn massacre. A memory and an intellect such as his could have no readier inspiration for speaking of the past. A brief carriage ride down this same beach that saw the massacre, and what inspiration meets him for the present! Chicago, 60 years ago an unknown waste of marsh and sand, now in three weeks throws open the doors of the grandest international exposition the world has ever known! It was potent soil, this sand. To Judge Caton, an actual resident, how strange, how real, how impossible must seem the Aladdin palaces of the White City. If the White City shall need apology, let Judge Caton speak it, who lives over the heart of a massacre which was not a reaping but a sowing of life, yet which happened only in the yesterday of nations.

At the Fair.

The Fair itself goes prosperously, and all sorts of impossible things are happening there daily in the most matter-of-fact way. This week somebody unloaded a lot of geese, over on the wooded island where Billy Hofer's Boone and Crockett free hotel is. It is said that during the spring the lagoons will receive additions of pelicans, egrets, flamingoes, scarlet ibises, etc., etc. All these birds will have a wing bone cut so they cannot fly away.

In the U. S. Fisheries Dr. T. H. Bean is reveling among all sorts of salty things, harpoons, blubber spades, mackerel plows, lobster pots, nets, trawls, sails, boats, *et id om*. The Gloucester, Mass., exhibit lately shipped is not yet here, but the floors are full of boxes, bales and boatloads of other sea goods, all carefully guarded by a bisected dummy harpooner who looks twice as natural as life.

Among the many boat models which lie behind the glass doors of the big case in the U. S. Fisheries there sits a tiny cedar canoe, which many would think also a model and not an actual craft. Yet this was the actual boat of one of America's quaintest sportsmen—"Nessmuk," of beloved memory. This boat, the old Sairey Gamp, will be loaned to FOREST AND STREAM, and will appear after May 1 in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, which has the best place in the Anglers' Pavilion of the World's Fair Fisheries building.

Always Ahead.

It seems probable that the FOREST AND STREAM installation will be the first one in place in its building. At this writing its big Pompeian red screen is up and finished and is surmounted by a *fac simile* sign after the style of the cover head of the paper, moose head and all. This sign is 17ft. long, 4ft. high and is made of white birch. Stop when you see the sign. FOREST AND STREAM will be ahead then, just as it is now.

A number of fine mounted heads are now in place in the FOREST AND STREAM installation. I would rather be out snipe shooting than nailing up horns, and that is how I come to know. Next week some more things will be nailed up and nailed down and nailed on, and by May 1 the FOREST AND STREAM house will be ready to receive its hundreds of visitors and to show them some things they never saw before. The visiting sportsman who does not call will be black-listed.

Dr. Henshall has assigned for neighbors to FOREST AND STREAM the Natchaug Silk Co., makers of fine silk bait-casting lines, and just beyond Brother Johnson, of the Waltonian Manufacturing Co., will show a number of fly-tiers actually at work in making artificial flies. The pavilion will be a great rendezvous for sportsmen. For one price of admission to the Fair they can look at Col. Gay's Quaker trout, across the other aisle from FOREST AND STREAM, and at Capt. Collins's two pet alligators from Borneo.

More than 150 Turks, 200 Egyptians, 50 Singhalese, a lot of Japanese, Arabs, etc., arrived in town this week. So, also, did three Zulus, each 6ft. tall. The civilized and savage races of the earth will all be represented. There are now on hand twenty donkeys from Cairo, Egypt, and nine burros from Colorado. A donkey is only another kind of a burro, as comparative philology easily establishes. Probably the Colorado sort is one of the lost tribes of Egypt. Scientists will watch this reunion with interest.

Got a Pull.

Mr. Knud Knudson Knudsonson has started to row from Bridgeport to the World's Fair. His confidence begets the thought that he must have a pull somewhere.

Beware the Umbrella.

The daily papers this week report a singular case of suicide. The victim, it is said, "strapped a gun to the belstead and leaning against the muzzle he discharged the

gun with an umbrella, which killed him instantly." Beware the umbrella.

Nice Story.

The daily papers also tell us this week of a Chicago mad dog which, when pursued, "sunk its teeth into a plank and was unable to extricate itself until a policeman shot it." This is a nice story, but I fear savors of the hoop snake sort of literature.

Jacksnipe.

The jacksnipe are now up all over the country. From Shelby, on the Kankakee, I hear of Mr. Von Lengerke's bag of thirteen early in the week, and from the Goose Pond country, near Warsaw, Ind., I note Mr. Chas. Douglass's score of thirty-four one morning. Mr. J. P. Roberts, of Roberts' summer hotel at Neenah, Wis., has gone to Lemont and Summit, on the Alton road, after snipe. Indeed nearly all its snipe shooters are out to-day, and early next week we shall hear of many bags. The thermometer stood 85° two days this week, a most unheard of thing. The birds came in on the full moon and with the warm wave.

Tarpon on the Fly.

Mr. Roberts was near Enterprise, Fla., on his Southern trip this winter. He had good quail shooting there, bagging forty-six one day. He reports seeing numbers of young tarpon, not over 2ft., long, rising and taking flies much as trout do, and often springing clear of the water.

A Husky Gobbler.

Dr. Rogers, of New Albany, Miss., so favorably remembered by all who attend the Southern field trials there, is one of the most prominent sportsmen of his section and a rattling field shot. Recently Dr. Rogers was blown up in a sawmill accident, but it is hard to down a good man, and he has now recovered, though the sawmill is in ruins. In a letter to Mr. Waters, of this office, under date of April 7, Dr. Rogers says:

"I fired my first since my injury on yesterday morning, and succeeded in bringing to bag a *Meleagris gallopavo*, commonly known in these parts as a 'gobbler.' He was a dandy, 25lbs., with a beard 10in. long. How is that? I send you his beard, as I know your contact with the world has made you cynical."

Any true sportsman would risk a boiler explosion to kill a turkey like that.

Heavy Run of Bass.

The spring run of bass at Mokence, on the Kankakee, is heavier than for years. The natives are sparing them in outrageous fashion. Dr. E. H. Sammons and Mr. G. F. Anderson report this to me, and so has Mr. Kinney, of Mokence. The local men are afraid to act.

Winter Sport.

Mr. H. R. Woodall, of Norfolk, Neb., writes as follows: "I want to spend the winter months next winter in the South where I can get good snipe and duck shooting, and as I have never been South I thought perhaps you could give me the desired information. I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for years. It is the finest sportsman's journal printed in America."

Houston, Tex., has fine snipe grounds near by and there is good mallard shooting along the Trinity River. The Big Thicket of the Sabine offers a variety of game. Beeville, Tex., some distance further west, is in a grand game country. Abbeyville and New Iberia, La., are splendid points for a winter trip. E. HODGH.

175 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO.

New Hampshire Trout.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—Our Legislature has adjourned *sine die*, and as soon as I can get a copy of their acts and resolves I will send you one for the *Book of the Game Laws*. Mr. Neal, the business agent of the Concord Monitor, has just been here and tells me that the open season for trout has been restored to May 1, as it should be. This puts us in accord with Maine and Vermont, on either side of us, and is early enough for this latitude. He says that a number of acts of various kinds were passed, some good and some bad. Among them was one for the establishment of three new State hatchery houses for trout, making ten in all for New Hampshire, viz., Sunapee Lake, Newfound Lake, Plymouth, Laconia, Keene, Conway, Colebrook, Meredith, New Durham and Manchester. Pretty well for a small State, and it shows that trout culture in New Hampshire is not such an utter failure as a certain "ancient mariner" is wont to pronounce it. Beside the well known success in Sunapee, Newfound and Squam, Mr. Neal tells me that the "win-ninish" which I took up to Connecticut Lakes a dozen years ago, of which trip I wrote you an account at the time, have thriven finely, and that many were taken last season in First Lake, some reaching 6 or 8lbs. in weight. This is encouraging, and Commissioner Hodge put in more last year, and will also stock the lakes with landlocked smelt for food for the *Salmonidae*. In addition to these fish the brooks of the State have been well replenished with the *fontinalis*, and if we can preserve our forests we can preserve our fishing. I have great fears, however, for the next year or two, that the ova on the beds have been destroyed by the terrible freeze we have had this winter, when all the shallow brooks were frozen solid to the bottom. I can corroborate your other correspondents about catching fresh-water mussels on the hook. I have done it myself in Connecticut River when a boy.

Von W. P. S.—Did I ever congratulate you on your new heading? It is a great improvement, and the various designs suggested by your corps were all capital, particularly Mr. Lacy's.

Trout in Connecticut Small Streams.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 7.—Trout in this section are, as some rascal said about hanging, "played out" of the small streams. The last two summers have been exceedingly dry, reducing the streams and either preventing the trout going to the heads of streams to spawn and raise their young, or forcing them into the Connecticut River to find sufficient water in which to live. In favor of the latter theory I might say, I engaged a man to bring me some alewives this morning from a net he had set in the river over night, and when he came he had with the other fish a trout weighing 11oz. he had caught in his net. I went out April 1 and got but 9 small trout in a stream where I should have got at least two dozen. I have ordered some trout fry for the streams, and if I never live to catch them, I hope some good fellow may.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.—A large attendance marked the occasion of the monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association on the evening of April 8, at their rooms, 1028 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The successful manner in which the entertainment committee conducted the reception to the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries and reunion of the Association elicited a vote of thanks from the Association.

The membership committee reported having formulated an address, stating the claims of the Association to public sympathy and support in the following circular.

A resolution of thanks was read from the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners for courtesy extended them by the Association in placing its rooms at their disposal for the purpose of its meeting, March 24.

A bill authorizing the placing of a dam in the Delaware River below Easton had been passed by the New Jersey Legislature, and upon the fact being learned that a similar bill was before the Legislature of this State there were many and prolonged expressions of condemnation upon the passage of such a measure. After long and arduous labor the Fish Commission had entirely freed the river from obstructions, and it should be the duty of all citizens interested in the public good to protest against obstructing such a great supplying source of food fish as the Delaware River. Such being the sense of the Association, a committee was appointed to draw up a resolution embodying the fact, to be sent to the Legislature.

The able paper upon the work accomplished by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, compiled by its president, Mr. Henry C. Ford, and read before the Association, was ordered to be printed and sent to all counties of the State, it being deemed of great importance in an educational view and would aid in strengthening the work of the Commission.

M. G. SELLERS, Secretary.

A CURIOUS TROUT POND.

IN the plantation of Eliottsville, not far from Monson, Me., there is a little sheet of water called Davis Pond. Although this pond has long been well known to the inhabitants of that region, it was not until the fall of 1889 that trout were discovered in its waters. Up to that time it was supposed to afford a home only to minnows, bream and other humble fishes.

But at the time referred to a lumbering camp was built in the vicinity, and one of the crew, a man by no means conspicuous for his veracity, reported that he had seen enormous trout on a spawning bed in Davis Pond. He was not believed, however, until he produced tangible evidence in the shape of a five-pound speckled trout. Therefore, with our consent the honest lumbermen proceeded to lay waste that spawning bed with set line and snare and spear, until the natural game protectors of that region, Henry Lane and the Davis boys, put an injunction on these unlawful proceedings by threatening prosecution and worse if any more trout were taken out of season.

No more was heard of the big trout until the next summer, when persistent fishing showed that there was a time between sunset and dark when these monsters of Davis Pond would take a fly; and at this time of day many were captured.

The largest one ever weighed tipped the beam at 64lbs., but (it was always so) others yet larger were lost. Charles Davis says he lost a 10-pounder for sure, and Charles has good judgment and tries to be truthful. At all events, the 64-pounder was a nice fish, and many others ranging from 4lbs. to 6lbs. have at different times been taken from this pond.

The fishing was good in 1890, fair in 1891, and in 1892 only very few large trout were taken. But since the discovery of the large trout, and the capture of many of them, small trout have made their appearance in the pond, and now a day's fishing there will yield a fair catch of half-pounders, with perhaps no very large ones. What is the explanation of this? Were these large and old trout cannibals?

F. S. BUNKER.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Creel Straps.

I HAVE just received the catalogue of a well-known tackle dealer in London—and I may say I am pleased to get it annually, for I generally find something new in it—and as I turned over the leaves of the book my eye caught the figure of a man with a fish basket or creel on his hip, suspended by straps not of the customary pattern. Under the figure was the legend, "Farlow's improved basket and girth." The sight of the "improved girth" reminded me of what a relative of mine said to a good old doctor of divinity of this State. This relative, a judge, attended the doctor's church and they were good friends and neighbors, and meeting on the cars one Monday morning as one was starting for court and the other to attend an assembly of some sort, the judge said, "Doctor, that was an excellent sermon you gave us yesterday morning, an excellent sermon. I thought it was very good the first time I heard it." The good doctor laughed as he replied, "Judge, you have an excellent memory, an excellent memory. I have always thought your memory was very good, and now I know it." So with the improved basket strap, I might say I have always thought it was excellent, for it was invented by my dear old friend Judge Fitz James Fitch, as near as memory serves me, some thirty years ago. I think he was fishing at the time in the Catskills with Dr. Fessenden N. Otis, of New York city, and that the invention of the creel strap came about through a make-shift to relieve a sore shoulder caused by a heavy basket of trout. The ordinary strap goes over the right shoulder, and it used to be the fashion to have a cloth loop and button on that shoulder to hold the basket strap in place, and even then the basket would swing out of place. The strap invented by Judge Fitch is webbing for the shoulder, say two feet long, the ends of the web being gathered and sewed into two rings. Below the rings are leather straps, one of them with a buckle, the leather straps to go through the holes in the basket and are then buckled together. Also in the rings the ends of a waist belt of webbing are sewed. The web to which the basket is suspended is placed on the left shoulder, and then the waist belt is buckled or snapped to together, and the basket is in place to stay just where you put it. One who has never used this combination strap will be surprised to find what an improvement it is over the old kind.

A. N. CHENEY.

Bass in Clackamas River.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a desire on the part of the majority of the members of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club of this city to introduce the black bass (large and small-mouth) into the waters of the Willamette River near this city, and at a point about the mouth of the Clackamas River. Before making any positive move in the matter we would like to hear impartial views from your readers as regards the advisability of introducing black bass into a stream inhabited by trout, also as to the depth of water they inhabit, and such other information as will aid us in arriving at a decision in the matter. The main object is to obtain a game and food fish that will admit of us enjoying a day's outing within an hour's trip of the city.

D. L. WILLIAMS.

[We desire to have the opinion of our readers on this important subject, and we expect to find that there is great diversity of judgment as to the advisability of introducing black bass into trout waters. The only successful instance of the kind known to us is found in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, a large body of water receiving tributaries in which trout spawn, and even in Sunapee there is a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of planting black bass.]

The basses are among the most predaceous of fresh-water fishes. They fear nothing, and devour even their own young in large numbers. A 4in. bass will eat his brethren of 3in. at the rate of two or three daily when on the feed. The Clackamas with its great schools of young salmon and trout would suit the bass wonderfully well, but the result to be expected would be the extermination of the weaker fish.

We do not advise the introduction of black bass in the Clackamas. It would be far better to plant them in lakes or ponds and streams which contain none of the salmon family, or, if necessary, to construct artificial ponds and rear the large-mouthed kind for the benefit of angling. This is practicable and involves no risk of destroying the noblest of the fresh-water fishes. Ponds can be built without much expense, and the rearing of the fish is not a costly undertaking. This subject has been very fully discussed in recent reports of the Fish Commissioners of Maine and New Hampshire.]

A Gamy Weakfish.

THAT chunky little white bass out in White Lake, Mich., may have had a good time towing that \$26 rig down to the outlet three miles and a half, as related in the April 6 issue; but the weakfish, of which a gentleman of the Teutonic persuasion told me over on Bedloe's Island last fall could give him long odds, both on time and distance and still beat him out of sight.

Three of us, strangers to each other, were whiling away the afternoon in sweet communion, for the bass left our blood-worms severely alone, and it came the turn of the jolly-faced son of Germany to speak. Said he:

"I had a yoonk vrent vot vis shoost marriet, unt v o day he goes by Brinness Pay mit a new rot unt a new reel unt eferydings new. Vell, so soon he vos get rigged oop unt he lay hees rot agross te boat so he lighd hees pipe, he gits sooch a shtrike vot dakes dot rot unt eferydings in te vorter unt he don'd see it some more. Vell, den he vos so mad he say no more he goes vishing; but he goes home by his vife unt he tells her: 'I vos tone. No more I goes vishing. Do-morrow vos Sunday. Vell, vere you vant go? Verefer you say you vant go, ve go by dot place.'"

"Unt she say: 'Vell, ve go by Gooney's Island.' So they go by Gooney's Island, unt he say: 'Vell, vot you vant do?' unt she say dey dakes leedle shvim. Den dey goes in der vorter unt she vos goot schvimmer unt she schvims right out. Boody soons he hear her say: Gome kervick mit dot boats! Somedings vos got me! unt he schvims out unt vetch her in.

"Den she say somedings vos all dangled oop mit her veet, unt dey vind vishline dere. Bulls oop dot vishline unt ovid gomes pig veakfish!

"Hi yah!" she say, 'dot's my vish. I getch me dot vish!'

"Holt on," he say, 've see vot ish on oder end of dees line.'

"Bulls leedle more, unt oop gomes hees fery same rot vot he lose by Brinness Pay yesterday! 'Py chimineddy,' he say, 'dot's my vish! I getch me dot vish by Brinness Pay yesterday!'

"Unt sure enough, fon Brinness Pay Saturday, all de vile by Gooney's Island Sunday." O.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The Onondaga Anglers.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Onondaga Anglers' Association last evening indicated a renewal of interest in the organization. Gen. D. H. Bruce, the recently elected president, was present and made an interesting talk on the prospects of the season. A considerable number of applications for membership were received and will be acted upon at the next meeting. The committee appointed to take charge of the prize contest for securing new members reported that four prizes had been obtained. First prize, a split-bamboo rod donated by Fred Devine of Utica; second prize, an automatic reel, given by the White & Ross Manufacturing Co. of Olean; third prize, a waterproof silk line, donated by the United States Net and Twine Company of New York, and the fourth prize, a set of trolling spoons, given by the Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Akron, O. The secretary was instructed to extend the thanks of the association to the donors. It was decided that the meetings of the association should in the future be held on the first Monday evening in the month instead of the first Thursday evening as heretofore. Congratulations of the association were extended to Dr. Kidd upon his success in pushing the celebrated Delmonico case to a successful conclusion. J. N. Babcock was selected to represent the club at the meeting of the executive committee of the State organization which meets at the Yates next Thursday.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

Aroostook Salmon.

CARIBOU, Me., April 2.—I send you to-day a snap shot of a salmon jumping at the dam on the Aroostook River in this village. Salmon were quite plenty here, but did not rise to the fly very well, only three being taken, two grise and one salmon 104lbs., which I had the good luck to land after three-quarters of an hour's struggle. Good judges say the Aroostook River is one of the best natural salmon rivers in the country.

L.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

April 11 to 14.—Continental Kennel Club, at Denver, Col.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

ONE had only to drop into the Mechanics' Building any time on Friday to know that the show had been a success in nearly every respect. With an actual entry of 786 dogs in the building the show was almost a record one. While I have seen in several breeds better quality, notably the toy classes, which were very poorly represented, the show on the whole must be counted about the best the club has given. There seemed to be much better feeling among exhibitors and officers of the club, and it must be said that the latter gentlemen worked like beavers to please all and have the affair go through properly. The weather was capricious, but on the whole the attendance was well up to the average. The bench show committee consists of Messrs. E. Brooks, J. W. Newman, H. A. Harris, Geo. A. Fletcher and D. E. Loveland. On Messrs. Brooks, Fletcher and Loveland fell most of the executive work. The benching was the old wooden sort and anywhere else but in this building it would look out of place, but the floor space is so vast that the heavy boarding does not look so clumsy as it would in a smaller building. On the opening day there was a peculiar piny order that was very grateful; at the same time there was some dilatoriness in getting the work finished up. The fastenings for the dogs did not seem so secure as the Spratts arrangement, being the common staple and ring affair. Under Mr. Reed's supervision the building was kept clean and tidy, Sanitars being used. The rings were well served, considering the way the numbers ran, but judging progressed slowly and was not completed till Wednesday evening. Dr. Davidson had a difficult task, his classes being very heavy. It is only human to err, and if this veteran judge did leave out a dog here and there we must remember that his errors are infinitesimal compared to the good decisions he has made. Other judges did no better, some of the terrier and collie decisions being hard to understand and were freely commented upon. We saw more members of the N. E. K. C. taking an active interest in the show than formerly, and we are pleased that "Kennel Secrets" has been written, if only for the fact that it brought the genial Doctor more closely to the exhibitors, and he seemed to be just in his element. Another well known writer that seemed to enjoy himself was Mr. Wade, who was generally the center of a joking group. The luncheon and dinner given by the club was fully appreciated, and especially so as there were no speeches made. The club came out a little ahead, and for that they must feel thankful. But to turn to the dogs.

MASTIFFS (*Arthur Trickett, Judge*).—We have seen better displays in this breed at Boston, but still the entry that faced Mr. Trickett, though almost entirely local in make up, showed some pretty good individual specimens. Mr. Trickett, more familiarly known as "Arthur," made his first appearance as a judge of the breed that he was identified with so many years when Minting, Ilford Caution, Lady Coleus and the rest of them won the blue ribbons under his good generalship. We scarcely remember Mr. Trickett's first appearance in the ring, but imagine it was at Providence in 1887, when Minting and Lady Dorothy were first shown. For the past few years St. Bernards have, owing to Mr. Moore



ST. BERNARD EBORACUM.

Owned by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa.

giving up mastiffs, claimed most of his attention, though he still keeps up an interest in the older breed, and we should say will be found a serviceable judge of both mastiffs and St. Bernards, a fact that dog show committees would do well to bear in mind. In challenge dogs, Merlin, as usual, occupies a solitary position, while the bitch class proved blank. In open dogs (7) first went to the New York winner, who is improving, his ears are large but his head well shaped, neither too short nor bulky, stands on good legs and while his body is well ribbed still he would do with more depth, that will come later. Ilford Caution II. is light in body, faulty behind and is beaten in forelegs and head by the others. Ingleside Beaufort, son of Black Prince, has a rather weak narrow head and his straightness of hocks is also much against his chances. Bruce, fourth, is a bit too long in head, muzzle plain, ears faultily carried, otherwise he is pretty fair. In bitches (6) the whole lot were badly fronted, first went to Gerda II., whose bad pasterns and feet are her worst features as she has a nice head, good strong body and plenty of quality. Eider, second, has a rather narrow head, though well formed if muzzle was deeper and squarer, nice body, faulty forelegs. Ella, third, the winner last year, is small sized, head the same and not volume enough, light in bone and body. Lady Beatrice, fourth, has a poor front, pastern and bone not straight, and has a lump over eye, plain head but good body and hind parts. On the whole not a very good lot. Puppies,

Lady Diana scored, though I think Emperor Maximilian might have changed places, better head, though his muzzle is extremely short, but very square and good depth, in bone and body he also excels, but is straight behind, which perhaps accounted for the decision, neither have good tails. Emperor William, vhc., should have more breadth in skull and muzzle and his body needs time, his pasterns and feet are also defective. Dr. Lougest won the kennel prize and Ingleside Minting beat Merlin and this he can do in head, bone and hindlegs.

ST. BERNARDS (*Jas. E. Greene, Judge*).—This was also Mr. Greene's first appearance in the ring and he acquitted himself with all the aplomb of a veteran. While his decisions may be accounted for and in the main were good, he was a little too heroic in upsetting several previous decisions, decisions which, owing to the importance of the dogs in the kennel world, attracted much attention and some adverse criticisms. In challenge dogs Kingston Regent, of course, showed up to make the kennel, for it was a foregone conclusion his mate, Sir Bedivere, would win. The latter was scarcely in the bloom that he was at Washington, a bare patch on his back did not enhance the appearance of his coat. Princess Florence trotted in alone for the next blue ribbon, and, we regret to say, Her Highness was looking far from herself. Her coat needs attention and she did not stand on her legs as we have seen her do. Open dogs (18) had some good ones among



MASTIFF MINNIE BEAUFORT.

First at Detroit and Indianapolis Shows, 1893.
Owned by Dr. L. Younghusband, Detroit, Mich.

them; in fact, there were four better than seen at any show since New York. That capital little dog Altoner, to the surprise of most of us, won the blue. That Altoner is a good dog and will make a better one we have repeatedly asserted, and if the judge is irreconcilably opposed to legs that are not as they should be, why the decision may be accounted for. Still, legs are not every part of a St. Bernard; heads are just as difficult to raise, and depth of body is another point that is most desirable. Marvel does not stand true on one leg and is a little out with the other. His hind-legs, too, are a bit straight, but no one can deny his claims to first when his grand head is felt, and his sturdy, deep frame and good coloring are characteristics that cannot be overlooked. True, Altoner is a better-legged dog all round, has excellent head and expression, but not nearly the depth and volume of the other; neither is he so well ribbed, and is shallow in body and not so well ribbed. Eboracum, third, I spoke of at Philadelphia. He is certainly improved and by fall will probably be a much better-coated dog. He loses to both those put over him in skull and muzzle; his front is excellent, but his hind legs are not bent in hocks sufficiently; still, he is a good dog. Marquis of Ripon runs him close and but for a little chorea would leave the question a very open one. He is a marvelously improved dog and was well shown. He has a good, massive head, well shaped, and with the dark facings and a little less loose skin would be hard to beat. Imperator, reserve, a son of Alton, has just a fair head, better skull than muzzle. He is flat-sided, feet come together and turn out and his hind legs are not above criticism. Gov. Russell, vhc., is a well-grown youngster that shows lots of quality. His color might be darker and he should be more bent in hocks. Sir Milo, hc., has a poor expression, lacking in blaze; light body, nice bone and front. Prince Draco, c., has a long, plain head, is nearly white in color and turns his feet out.

The bitch class (7) was scarcely so good, the winner proving to be our old friend, Lady Sneerwell, who beats the charming Florette, second, in depth of body, length and bone, and is a bigger bitch, with a more massive head, though not perhaps so correctly shaped or so good in expression as the other. Suffrona, third, is rather plain faced, not taking after her mother in this respect; not stop enough; her feet are not truly set, but she is a grand-bodied bitch, plenty of length and is good behind and in bone. Lady Elizabeth, fourth, was short of coat, good, straight bone in front, not a bad shaped head, but expression poor; would be improved with blaze; good body. Princess Saffron, reserve, is quite a nicely made bitch all round and could have been put over the last one without doing any harm. Countess Elizabeth, vhc., has a houndy sort of head, muzzle faulty, but nice body and bone. The puppies most of them had been removed from the show before we took our notes.

In smooths Melrose and Miss Alton again furnished the challenge winners, each being alone in its division. Open dogs did not fill up very well. Melrose King, of course, with his good head could not be denied. He is a bit faulty behind; excellent color and front. Alton, Jr., was out for the specials only and bided his time. The brindle Belisarius is known. He loses in head, expression, body and front to the winner, but is a trifle better behind. Marco II. shows a lot of coat, is faulty in muzzle and is a rather plain brindle dog. In bitches (2) the bitch Melrose Belle we spoke so well of at Baltimore, won nicely from Melrose Judith, a daughter of Sir Bedivere out of the renowned bitch. She is rather plain in head and shelly in body, and takes after the mother in color, fair bone, bit straight in hocks. Lady Alton was also reserved for specials. I thought Rex Bedivere the best of the two puppies, Cato not having so good a head as the other, though certainly Rex has the family dip in the back.

The two bitch pups, Lady Judith and Judith's Ruth, are only fair, and I like the second best, especially in head, better muzzle and stop, neither are good on legs and have the Judith dip in backs. The competition for the best kennel brought into prominence the argument as whether this prize should be given for best four, or four or more. The opinion seems to be general that the best four or certain number should constitute a kennel. In this instance there was little choice but to give the prize to Mr. Moore's team, he showing no less than ten to the New York St. Bernard Kennels' four, and as his stock is good, he naturally won. The award, however, that placed Lady Alton over Princess Florence we cannot indorse. Off in coat condition as the rough bitch is, still her massive head and great advantage in depth of muz-

zle, grand neck, shoulders, chest, nearly double depth of body, magnificent loin and quarters should surely offset any advantage the smooth bitch has in expression and legs. Lady Alton is not nearly so good in body, having the Judith dip behind the shoulder, where Florence is as strong as a house. Lady's coat is also against her as a smooth, and she stands back on pasterns, in fact many points can be advanced to show that the decision was all wrong.

GREAT DANES (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—Not a very good show of these dogs, being one of the lightest entries of the season, the Cumberland Kennels having retired for the present. There were no challenge entries, and in the open (6) the Gloversville entry, a capital fronted dog, but straight in hocks and wretched tail, won; his skull is too round and full, and muzzle should be stronger, and he is also throaty; he beats Hepburn Hero in front, but the latter excels him in other points. Wenzel, third, is going off and looked light in body. That capital, well built bitch Hepburn Vera won with something to spare in the next class, Nora, second, being beaten in front, head and substance. Owl's Nest Topsy, third, was not in her stall.

BLOODHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Belhus had little difficulty in accounting for Bruno, whose rather plain head, not enough wrinkle nor depth and length of face, is sufficient to account for his secondary position; he has good legs and leather. Bennison had a walk over in bitches, Nellie Bly having died since she was entered.

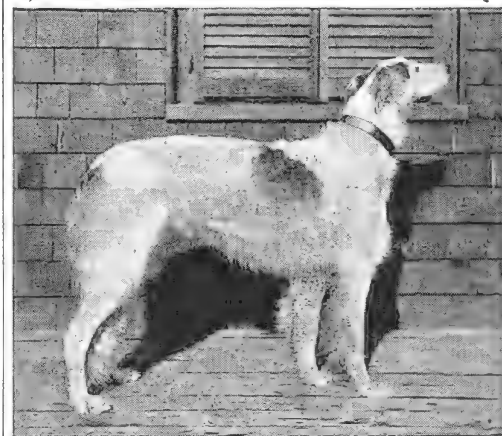
DEERHOUNDS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—Thanks to Mr. Thayer, these classes were redeemed from oblivion by the entry from the Hillside Kennels. Most of them were seen at New York. Robber Chieftain, in the challenge dogs, was placed over Warrior, a decision not generally indorsed, the older dog being out of coat and beaten in body and ribs by Warrior. The decision that placed Romola over Theodora cannot be cavilled at. In open dogs, Hillside Raven, a well-made, powerful animal, scored over Argyle in head and ribs. Hillside Sylvia and Ruth are both well known in their division. Hillside Feodora came in for the yellow ribbon. The solitary puppy was thought not to be good enough for notice.

GREYHOUNDS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—The entries were small, but choice. Gem of the Season and Bestwood Daisy supplied the challenge winners. In dogs a capital made bound in Honor Bright scored well over Heumore King in loin, front, quarters and ribs. Watcher was not noticed. The bitch class (5) was filled by well-known animals. Southern Beauty, the winner, is a beautiful bitch, with capital head, neck and arch of loin, perhaps sloping a trifle too much, good legs and feet, would perhaps do with a little more rib; a capital bitch, standing over a lot of ground. Wild Rose loses to her very much in loin, being flat there. Reserve, Miss Dollar III., she should stand stronger on pasterns and would be improved by more spring of rib. The puppies were indifferent, second being withheld. Mr. Purbeck scooped the kennel prize, and considering the extensive journeyings of the kennel lately, they were very creditably shown.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—The Seacroft Kennels had another hog killing, or should we say wolf killing, for they owned the classes and won everything with the dogs that have been round the circuit. Sorvanets was absent. The dogs were well shown, Turner having taken good care of them on the circuit. Mr. Huntington's flock was not entered.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Boston always counts on an entry or two and this time five well-known animals took part in the competition. Cleveland, the winner last year, repeated the performance, Deacon winning second, though I liked the latter's head better. At the same time there is little to go upon in criticising awards in these dogs. Type is nearly as much astray as in that other American institution the Boston terrier. Old Rump took third; he begins to show the sere and yellow. Rump was the only entry in bitches.

POINTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Many of the best dogs seen out this year were on hand and the classes were well filled. The exhibitors, however, know less than they did before, for many of the awards upset previous rulings. No one kicked when Duke of Kent II. scored over old Pontiac in challenge heavy dogs and Revelation at last won for Mr. La Rue before changing ownership. In open dogs (16) a previous winner, Duke of Dexter, won over Robert S., who



RUSSIAN WOLFHOOUND GROUBIAN.

Winner of first, Washington, 1893.

Owned by C. Stedman Hanks, Boston, Mass.

stands wide in front, with feet together, out at elbow one should say, bit cheeky and plain in muzzle. Darego, third, is heavy in front, plain in muzzle and full in skull, well supplied with bone and nicely turned quarters. Grandee, fourth, would have a better head if he had more stop, good body and bone. Hylas of Naso, reserve, led several vhc. dogs; Auctioneer, for instance, has a heavy, coarse front, is back on pasterns, but well built from shoulder back. Bang is cut out too much before the eye and is leggy, though good in bone with nice ears. Devon Sancho could be better in shoulders and head. Ridgeview Pamie, with all the honors of his New York victory fresh in his memory, was put aside with an hc.; this was surely wrong, his place was near the top, if not on the first rung, he can beat Dexter in front and behind. A nice field dog, Mainpring, was given c., but deserved more. In bitches (9) Dr. Haire's new bitch Devon Fan scored; diligent search failed to find her. The benching of these sporting dogs was simply execrable and a disgrace to a well-arranged dog show; the numbers might just as well have been put in a hat and nailed up as they were drawn out. Lass of Kippen took second; she was fully described at Pawtucket show. Dame Bang, third, deserved her position, as she scores well over Lady Tammany in head and expression. Naso's Belle, vhc., has heavy, straight shoulders and would have a better head if squarer in muzzle. Peggie, in the same division, was shown fat; she could do with more bone, her hocks being weak, she is also

light in muzzle and short-necked. The others call for no mention.

In light-weight challenge dogs Launcelot scored once more, Ossining being his competitor; he is beaten in substance behind shoulders; neither have good heads nor true forelegs. Champion Fan N. was absent in bitches. In light-weight dogs last year's winner, Arthur, properly repeated his victory, his nearest competitor being Ridgeview Faust, well known now, and the Pawtucket winner Dash A. came next. Skip, fourth, is a black with a mean expression and none too well built in body; loin flat. Ridgeview Donald, reserve, is a much better animal; he is faulty before the eye and could be better in front. Sike, vhc., is light in body and dish-faced. Ned of Beaufort, vhc., has a coarse skull and is not deep enough in muzzle; he also should have more substance throughout, especially in body. Duke's Joe, hc., should not have such a wide front, and at the same time his body is shallow and light in loin. Turning to light-weight bitches we find Wild Lily, the winner last year, in the same position; she is rather light in muzzle but is a stylish, well-formed light-weight. Bloom, second, is a more typical bitch, I think, and has a better head and more substance. Devon Pearl, another new one, a daughter of Devon Fan, loses to the other in head and front. Queen Nell, fourth, in beautiful form, would do with more stop; head rather plain and ears carried wide. Ossining's Flush, reserve, is not deep enough in chest and has a flat, plain head. Dolly is also rather flat-faced. Merry Lad I could not find. Westminster Blanche, hc., has a snipy, weak muzzle and ears are badly carried; her legs are the best part. A likely looking puppy is Duke of Pontiac, who won in dog pups; he has a little too much stop, but good legs, feet and body and should make a pretty good one. In bitches another of Geo. Lovell's breeding took the "Spratts;" she is of the same litter as the dog pup, but not so good in muzzle as the dog, but is equally well built behind that. Strebor Augusta, second, has a dishd, light muzzle, and is not very good in front. We were pleased to see Mr. Lovell win the kennel prize, but we fail to see where Duke of Dexter beats either Arthur or Duke of Kent, losing to both in several points.

ENGLISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Although the quality was not as good as in some former years, the classes were splendidly filled by a lot of very useful setters. In this breed the New England Field Trial Club came out strong, and benching their dogs together made a very imposing array. The handsome Kent II. was alone in challenge class. Old champion Paul Gladstone put in an appearance, but not to take part in the fun. The old dog really looked well, and though he goes a bit dicky behind now, he still looks as if he could raise a good gallop. He is nearly 11 years old, and has been an active life. Our old favorite, Blue Nell, beat Donna Juanita in challenge bitches; better in head. The dog-class was a scorcher. No less than 33 trailed round the ring. A judge would need be infallible to judge this lot without making a slip or two. First went to the New York winner, Sheldon, followed by the Earl, who droops in quarters; is otherwise well shaped; brow perhaps a little too prominent. Handsome Prince L., a frequent winner lately, took third from Count Noble's Boy, fourth. He is a slackly made dog behind the shoulder, is a bit out at elbows and coarse in skull. Norman, reserve, has quite a nice head, but is not sprung enough in ribs; nicely made dog otherwise. Domingo could do no better than vhc. his time. He is faulty before the eye and has a narrow muzzle. His feet and stifles are not above suspicion. Don Alonzo, from the same kennel, was also vhc., and another well known dog, Glendon, was also in the same class, and so was the well known Reverdy, who is a little too coarse and big for ordinary usage. Bow Bondhu gets her tail too far up; a strongly made bitch, though she is back on her pasterns. Tennessee Vandal, hc., is fairly well formed; faulty front and muzzle. Kent III., also hc., should fill out into a nice one, as he possesses a sweet expression and well formed head. Sam of Darlington is coarse in skull and back on pasterns. Real English, the winner of first, New York, was left out of it completely; he does not walk quite strongly behind, still his cure was a wonderful one, and John Brett deserves every praise for his patience, the dog is of excellent type and what we require and should certainly have been well up. In bitches (23) the winner proved to be Victress Lowellyn again. Maid Marion, a pup we saw last summer, took second, lots of quality, only needs time in body, head excellent and of correct type, good legs and feet. Blue Jennie, third, is small, plain muzzle, faulty action, is a sort of orange tan, blue belton. Alice Gray, fourth, a capably made bitch, rather flat faced, needs more stop, is a very pretty bitch. Jessie Noble II., reserve, was a winner at Pawtucket show. A lot of vhc. dogs followed, neither of which would do for farm company. Queen Kent has a heavy skull, Star has a flat, plain face and quarters droop; Our Pet is a nicely made bitch all round, shown fat, she could be improved in muzzle a little and hind action. Doretta, hc., is narrow in body and has a plain, weak muzzle. Fanny Gladstone is a nicely formed bitch, barring want of a little more stop and bend of stifle. Prima Donna, one of our best bitches on the bench to-day, was entirely overlooked, getting nothing. Some good puppies were shown. Dash Kent won in dogs, and partakes a good deal of his sire's characteristics, especially in head. In bitches Maid Marion won. Roscroft Kennels took the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—These classes were well filled, too, and many of the well-known faces seen at the shows this spring were on hand to greet us again. The benching of these dogs was enough to exasperate a saint, never name a kennel editor. The Oak Grove Kennels were in one part of the building, Seminole Kennels in another, and then down another row altogether went the rest of the parade. This should all be stopped. Champion Tim scored another blue ribbon and a medal in challenge dogs, and Kildare followed, beating Seminole this time. The week previous the positions were reversed. There were seven dogs out for this medal. In challenge bitches old Laura B. scored again, downing her hitherto successful rival, Norna. In open dogs Young Tim scored over Montank, Jr., from the same kennel. This is a bit of a reversal. I like Montank's head better, especially skull. Kildare Elcho, third, is faulty in loin and quarters and muzzle not square enough. Pemberton, fourth, is a good mover, feet turn out, eye light, but head well formed; rich color. Mack D., reserve, has a coarse head and is too leggy and rather flat-sided. Glen Jarvis, vhc., is well known, leggy and large size. Henmore Shamrock was absent. In open bitches (11) a number of well-known animals took part. The Marchioness, a frequent winner lately, took premier honors, Maid of Borstal coming next; a nicely-formed bitch, faulty in muzzle. Shandon Belle, third, has a well-shaped head, feet turn out a little, body good, excellent behind; a very pretty bitch that might well have been higher up. Rose Morton, fourth, we have commented on frequently. She needs more stop. Delphine, reserve, is also an old acquaintance and deserved her position; and so did another well-known bitch, Alice Kent; faulty in muzzle and would be improved with more spring of rib. Claremont Heather, hc., and Molly Glendyne II., c., brought up the rear. Quite a good class and very even. Quincy, the winning dog pup, is a bit dumpy in skull yet, King Sure, second, is too fine in muzzle and ears flat high. A neat little bitch in Jessequin secured the bitch prize. She stands very narrow in front, is light throughout yet. Miss Inchiquin, second, is not quite straight in front. Oak Grove Kennels, by force of number, wrested the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—It struck one very forcibly that there was something wrong in this breed when we did not see the familiar faces of Ben and Ivanhoe, Leo and the Duchess; the milk in the coconut flowed when

I saw that medals, not coin, were the attractions in the challenge classes. This let Rexmont and Becky Sharp in for challenge wins. In open dogs that well-made one Ranger B. was again placed over Count Noble; Dixey, third, having a rather plain head and stary eye, and is dark in tan; otherwise well made. Archibald, fourth, is well known now. Gordon Grouse, reserve, is too full in skull, nice muzzle and tan; coat should be flatter. In bitches, Fan, the winner at Pawtucket, beats Lady Maud in skull and muzzle. Minnie T. has smutty tan; should have more stop; is well marked on legs and feet. Queen Noble, fourth, is light in tan, stands on good legs, but should have more rib. Ven, reserve, is slack in back, and if she had more stop would have a good head. Juliette, vhc., is plain in muzzle, heavy in front and wavy-coated. Fairmont, spoken of before, was the winning dog pup, but the judge thought second quite good enough for the bitch pup Fairmount. C. T. Brownell, we were pleased to see, won the kennel prize. This breeder sticks to his Gordons year in and year out and is one of our oldest exhibitors and breeders.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—We believe that the entry here is a record one, or at any rate equals Mr. Dufferin's large entry a couple of years ago. We wish we could say more for the quality, however; it was very mixed, and there seems to be no true conception of type, especially in body, so many of them run long, and as sure as they do you generally get the head coarse and long. Bassets and beagles, though both commence with a B, are as wide apart in type as dogs can well be. Breeders should get rid of their straight-legged bassets; this is nearly what some of them are. In challenge dogs, Frank Forest, looking very well, scored over Racer, Jr., especially behind. Roy K. absent. In bitches, old Lou, getting very cranky, just won on her shape, and should now be retired. Emeline, good bitch that she is, though she loses a little in head, can beat the old bitch in other parts, and especially in action.

In the open dogs (9) the standard was used freely and many dogs had to walk the plank and out. Among others Pulbro Crafty, who won under the same judge last year, had to forego competition, on account of his height, his kennel mate Thunderer, however, pulled (literally) through and eventually won; he is a plain sort. Diamond Forest, second, is too long cast, not rib enough, good bone and front. Puzzle, third, is big and coarse, fair shaped head, is too big. Jerry, reserve, is also coarse in head and is not very typical. Rambler II., vhc., well deserved letters, as his head is fairly good, but his feet turn out, however. In bitches (10) the competition was keener. Oracle, the winner, is a little slack in back, but excellent in front and shape of body and coat, skull is a trifle broad and heavy. Lufra, from the same kennel, second, should be deeper in muzzle, is long in body, nice skull and forepart. Gypsy A. is well known, big, long body. Prudence, reserve, another of the same sort that we don't want in the breed, they are not right type and should not be shown. Chesterford Beauty, formerly Minnehaha, was thought no better of than at Baltimore. We cannot see where any one can put this bitch alongside of Lonely for instance, her body is long enough and her legs are bad and action worse; she has a good type of head and that is all.

In the smaller dogs Joe H. proved the winner. He beats Paderewski, second, in front. Clyde, third, is wrong at both ends as a show dog, but he takes no dust in the field. Laddie, vhc., is pinched in muzzle, bad front, narrow, long body; is just one of that weedy type that the Covert Kennels want to eradicate from their stock. They are not right and are doing harm. In bitches Lonely could not be denied. She has kept herself wonderfully well and is an object lesson for breeders to pattern after. Maida, second, has a nice head and expression, light loin and quarters, but a very pretty bitch, with lots of quality. Topsy S., third, is well known. She has gone off a little from earlier form. Spot Reed, reserve, is a nice stamp, and were she straighter in front and shorter in muzzle, would dust the best of them. Fanny Reed, well known, took vhc. here. It was a little warm for her in this company. Norah K., vhc., is a bit out in front and long in body; head should be shorter, too. Queen Racer deserved her two letters. The puppies showed nothing very startling. Start, the winning dog, is not straight in front and rather long, and his skull needs toning down. Rockland Kennels took the kennel prizes.

DACHSHUNDS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Zulu II. and Janet furnished the challenge winners. Janet looked much better than at New York. In open class, two capital young dogs with outrageous names, Plethysamus and Icthyosamus, were shown by Mr. Manice. They are young yet, but give promise of being more than good; they are sons of Pterodactyl. In bitches, Princess beats Linda in length of head, body, skin and intense type. The puppies were the same as in open classes, the pup whose name begins with P winning the \$250 challenge cup for best American-bred.

BASSETS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—A nice lot of these. Rowton Wag, the winner, beats in depth and length of head, better in muzzle than second, Minetta, and better body. Primrose Juggler showed more type and quality and better head and leather than the lot; he is deeper in chest and better ribbed too. Folly is fine in muzzle, narrow-chested, and is faulty behind.

FOXHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Most of them were half American and English in type and were of all sorts. Prince proved the winner in dogs, beating Tom, second, especially behind and in straightness of pasterns and in ribs. Brave's Boy has not depth enough of chest; was very throaty. The others need no comment. Waltham Jewel and Elite I could not find. If shown they can beat many of those mentioned. In bitches Judy is a nice-headed bitch, good length, ribs and neck and legs and feet. Fanny, second, is a little heavy in shoulders, stands back on pasterns and has a plain, roman-nosed head.

COLLIES (C. H. Mason, Judge).—The turn out was a good one, and our best were to be seen. Competition was keen, and hearts were sore thereafter. In challenge dogs Roslyn Wilkes, getting cheeky, won over The Squire, who loses in skull, but I think has an advantage in substance, coat and body. In the absence of Flurry II. old Cora II. picked up another blue ribbon, this bitch is a most lucky one. The dog class (18) was a warm lot. After the sorting the issue for first place lay between Wellesbourne Charlie and Goldust, the former won. While Goldust has the cleaner, longer head, he must give way to Charlie in expression and eye, then in front he is not so straight, and comparing bodies Charlie has a good deal of advantage in depth and substance, behind he is better, being more bent in hooks, and in carriage of stern there is no comparison. With this in his favor, the judge had no choice in the matter. Goldust needs showing in good coat and flesh, as we are informed he was when shown at Liverpool, where he scored so heavily.

Renown, third, is outclassed with these two, and had Chesterford Hero and Marvel been in better shape they should have had his place, either of them, they having wonderful coats, longest and densest in the show or that we have seen for some time, heads good, showing lots of quality, shy shovers, but when matured will have to be reckoned with. I like Marvel the better of the two. Scotson, vhc., thick in head, but a Dublin Scot coat and appearance. The others need no particular mention. In bitches first went to Gypsy Maid, who is too short from ear to eye. Ormskirk Sisie, second, is full in skull and not good on pasterns. Highland Floss has a better head than either and were she in better coat could beat them well. Chrissy, vhc., is well-known and Bertha II., vhc., is a little round and full in skull, short of coat. Reserve went to Donna, of nice quality, skull a little wide, but excellent front and dense coat. Mother Shipton

was the best of the h.c. division and I thought hardly treated, as her expression is very pleasing, she has a good coat, nice texture, good ears, but is going a bit in pasterns. Gypsy Maid was the best puppy shown. Seminole Kennels took the kennel prize and Wellesbourne Charlie the "president's cup."

POODLES (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Strongest show of these smart customers seen out for some time. There is a growing interest in them and the breed is quite worthy of more attention than it has had heretofore. In open French dogs Milo won from Poo-Bah, who is a little mixed in coat, good loin, beaten in head by the other. Sambo, third, has a nice coat, a little out of condition, just over, good head. In bitches Chloe, first, is well known, and so is Dinah, second. Bellone, third, was in whelp; she is a little deficient in muzzle. Frou Poodle, reserve, is woolly coated and not rib enough. In Russian poodles the well known Lion and Dexter competed, the latter entered wrongly, but transferred. They have been commented on and were placed as before. Mr. Trevor won the kennel prize and Mr. Hunnewell the brace prize for browns, a color that seemed to take well.

BULLDOGS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—The entry here was memorable for the first appearance of the crack, His Lordship, and he did not disappoint the admirers of the bulldog. Leonidas and Saleni furnished the challenge winners. Leonidas has gone off somewhat. In the dog class His Lordship had only Wal Hampton to beat, which he does in depth of muzzle, stop, skull and body and wonderfully good front, but the competition was made the occasion for a little fun, the judge stringing Frank Dole, who handled His Lordship, and James Mortimer, who held the rein over Hampton. It seemed to be a very tight go between them, and Dole turned very pale when the red ribbon was handed him, but the instant correction of the error brought the well known smile to Frank's face; still the shock was so great that he forgot to wink his *alter ego*. Rustic Sovereign, third, was well out of this little joke. Billy, vhc., has a fairly good head, straight at shoulder. Dr. Rush, vhc., big, coarse head and ear, not out enough in front, flat-sided. White Venn, a capably made bitch, was alone in her class. Her ears are large and fall over too much; capital forelegs and just enough out at shoulder; good layback, wrinkle, stop not deep enough, well broken up and plenty of loose skin. Puppies were not promising. Woodlawn Park Kennels won the kennel prize.

BOSTON TERRIERS (Dr. N. A. Knapp, Judge).—It is useless for us to go into this breed, the types of winners themselves were all mixed and the rest of the entries were of all shapes, sizes and noses. The "bully" type seemed to prevail and an unanswerable argument against the breed's admission to the A. K. C., for which that club is very much to blame, may be advanced from the fact that one of the B. T. judges puts a so called Boston terrier, Countess, which is a very good imitation of a bulldog, first, and we find that she comes honestly by her "mug," for her dam is a full blood bull bitch, sire a Boston terrier, grand sire a bulldog and grandam a bull bitch, and if the truth were known there are a lot of the so-called Boston terriers masquerading under the same false colors. Groton Tiger, first, in light weights, is as near the type they seem to want to get than anything else. Duke, a puppy winner, is an excellent imitation of a bull and was evidently in the wrong class, being better than the real bull pups shown.

PUGS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Very poor entries. Seminole Dixie, poor fellow, was passed over, and Midget beat Nellie Bly in head, ear and body. Ivy Boy, first in dogs, beats Tip Top in front, bone, muzzle and body, though second winner has best skull, wrinkle and ear. The bitch and puppy classes were drawn blank.

TOY SPANIELS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—The King Charles spaniels were not conspicuous in quality. Romeo, the winner, beats Laurietta in muzzle, good coat, tan and action; the bitch is a nice headed little thing in excellent coat and condition. Cockney Charlie, third, won here last year, he is not high enough in skull, but has a good short deep muzzle. Little Lady was the only Blenheim shown; she is a trifle high on leg, but is well formed and had she a deeper stop would have a capital head. Two inferior Japanese spaniels were shown. In miscellaneous heavy-weights a nice typical Newfoundland in body and coat, won; he is rather long and light in head. A ram-looking Chow Chow got second; somebody called it a buff Cochon. The selling class contained a little of everything and four firsts were given. H. W. L.

(Special Report).

SPANIELS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Field Spaniels—Newton Abbot Laddie was the only entry in challenge dogs and Bridford Ruby the same in corresponding bitch class. Both were in bad condition. In open dogs, Brush was first, with Otto Obo, transferred from the open cocker dog class, second. The last-named has a better head than the winner, cleaner before the eye, but loses in body, coat and field spaniel character. Both have fairly good legs and feet and move well. In open bitches, Rosedale Bess won easily from Dainty. The former is well known, the latter does not want to be. In field spaniels, livers, Mount Vernon Prince, a very moderate specimen, was alone and took the ribbon. In any other color, Jock was the only entry, and the prize was rightly withheld.

Cocker spaniels, challenge dogs, two entries, Fascination and Middy. The former won. If the latter keeps on improving it will be a close thing should they meet at the fall shows. Challenge bitches, three entries, Black Duchess winning. She showed more type and quality than Amazement or I Say. If shown in first-rate condition, with her nice head and good body, it will take a good one to beat her. In open dogs, first went to Duke Grant, with second to Donovan, transferred from the any other color class, and Rex T. third. The winner, although not a good one, shows quite some quality; his fault being a general coarseness. He stands on good legs and feet, and beats Donovan in head and body. The latter won handily over Rex T., whose good condition no doubt put him over Duke Obo, reserve. I liked Brantford Jet for the vhc. Although a wreck of his former self, he beat Smike, vhc., in head and body. Both are not quite right on legs and feet. In open bitch class, Miss Chip won well in hand from Lady Pete, second, with Carleton Cleo third, Woodstock Dora reserve. The winner is well known and is improving. She beat Lady Pete in head, body and coat. Both have very fair legs and feet. Carleton Cleo, third, was closely pressed by Woodstock Dora, whose condition, however, was not of the best, and no doubt told against her.

In any other color dogs Bim won, with Othello second and Cherry Punch third. It was a close thing between these three, and looking at them on their benches I liked Cherry Punch best, Othello second and Bim third. In corresponding bitch class Mary Queen of Scots was alone. She wins easiest when there is no competition. In puppies Tess won. She seems to be going off a little in head and in front, and will require some nursing to keep her right. She won with plenty to spare from Mona, who lost to her in body and coat. Neither are right in front. Juanita, reserve, seemed to me to have been badly treated when looking at them on the bench, but on taking her down I fully agree with the way Mr. Mason placed the class. Jack of Clubs, unnoticed, might have had a card.

Clumber Spaniels.—Prince Karl, the only entry, did not show enough Clumber to satisfy the judge, and he withheld the blue and awarded the red. I do not blame him.

In field spaniel specials Mr. Keesbey won the Oldham cup with Rosedale Bess. This was no doubt owing to his other entry, Bridford Ruby, having a sore foot. She could not walk round the ring. George Bell won the kennel and brace prizes for cockers. Mr. Mason handled the spaniel classes in

his usual manner, and seemed to give general satisfaction. It is a treat to see such a good spaniel entry at Boston.

EMO.

(Special Report by the Judge.)

BULL-TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Challenge dogs over 30lbs. were drawn blank. Challenge bitches over 30lbs., first awarded to Enterprise, who wins in condition, skull, face, body, bone, legs and feet. Dogs 30lbs. and over, Young Marquis first; this dog wants length of jaw; in neck, shoulders, ribs, loin, quarters, bone, legs and feet he is a dog much above the average, still slightly wanting in quality. Second, Diamond King, here showed himself badly, acting in the ring more like a shy puppy; he is not as clean in head as formerly, skull fair, good eye and jaw, legs, bone and body; if anything a little long in back; a dog that still will do some winning. Third, Prince Gully, well beaten by the winner. Bitches 30lbs. and over, British Queen, first, beats Flirt, the second prize winner, in size, jaw, skull, body, bone, legs and feet. Challenge dogs and bitches under 30lbs., Dusty Miller, first, could be improved in skull and flatness of cheek; fair eye and jaw, also outline of body, good loin, fairly good quarters, legs and feet. Marguerite, the other entry, loses so much in eye and in general build and body is far too heavy and cloddy for her size. Open class dogs under 30lbs., third to Autocrat Victor; only fair and others still more moderate. Bitches under 30lbs., first, Mermaid; she is fair in skull, jaw and eye, good ribs and loin, moderate in legs and feet. Puppies, first to Mermaid, well in front of White Wonder II., second.

FOX-TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Challenge smooth dogs had an entry of four, Starden's King, Ripon Stormer, Raffie and Ducky Trap, the latter was absent. Starden's King won first, shown a little too fat. This dog is improved in quality since last year, and is not going coarse, as many expected; he beats Stormer, reserve, in skull, eye, jaw power and leanness of cheek, also set on of ears, is also good in ribs, level in back, powerful in loin and quarters, his hocks should be a little more bent, in lay of shoulders, set on of forelegs, roundness of bone and best of feet, this is a dog that wants a lot of beating when shown in hard condition. Stormer shows cheek enough, good jaw, may be flatter in skull, carriage of ear wide, good bone, nice neck, ribs and loin. Raffie I thought not looking his best, still a nice little terrier, but do not like his hindquarters. In challenge bitches first went to Miss Dollar, looking better than at New York, a trifle heavier in condition, rather weak in jaw, very gay in carriage and now quite a good coat, right in skull, slightly staring in eye, fair ears, good in neck, shoulders, legs and feet, with nice depth of chest, right in back, quarters and hocks, her carriage and "gas" will always assist her. Donna, reserve, whose type all round I like better, but to-day she was not looking herself at all, seemed quite seedy and carried quite a faded look, which, I trust, is only temporary. Grouse II. is gone heavy in head, wide in chest and too thick set in body to win in this company. Age will tell with all of us.

Open dogs, first, Warren Tip Top; this dog shows quality in head, good skull, cheeks and jaw, right in eye, nice ears, well carried, perhaps a little short in neck, well sprung ribs, good loin and quarters, level in back, hocks well under him; a good youngster, shown a little too heavy in condition. He wants showing lighter, which will give him liberty and leanness in shoulder, good in coat. Second, to Beverwyck Punster, fair jaw, nice eye, slightly full in skull and improving in expression, nice ears, lean neck set into sloping shoulders, straight in front, good feet, little light at pastern, depth of chest and spring of ribs good, fair hindquarters, nice set on of tail, improving in coat. Third to Raby Pallis, a long-headed dog, slightly "bitchified" in face, wants keenness in expression, good skull, only fair in eye, ears quite large enough, right in neck, shoulder, front and legs, moderate in feet, good back, ribs and loin, plenty of coat that might be a trifle harsher; a very gay terrier and makes the most of himself. Fourth, Raby Trigger, a little plain in head and expression, more than fair in ears, neck, shoulders, body, legs and feet, too soft in coat; Warren Layman, beaten in jaw, bone, still a very nice terrier, with good front legs and feet. Open bitches, first, Dominica, much too heavy in flesh, which spoiled her good outline and made her look more cloddy than she really is; a grand terrier when shown lighter and harder, wants beating in head, jaw and eye, intense expression, best of ears, bone, legs and feet, nice neck, good shoulders, right in ribs and body, back and thigh, stern well set; a good shower and looks a worker. Second, Warren Duty, beaten in length of head and expression; this is a genuine terrier, in neck, shoulders, ribs, quarters and activity, very fair coat, good legs and feet. Third to Ripon Regina, fair head, eye, jaw and ears, getting heavier in front, at times stands wide, only fair in legs and feet, body and outline good, fair in coat and actions. Fourth, May Storm, nice in size and little behind the third prize bitch. Dawson, full of style, very straight, a showy bitch wanting in coat, body and bone, properly mated should breed winners.

Wire-haired, challenge dogs. First, St. Broom, much improved since New York, both in condition and coat, now a real good terrier fair in head, good jaw, might be smaller and darker in eye, ears may be carried closer, right in neck, shoulders, legs and feet, possibly a little wanting in bone, and is high enough on the legs, good body, well sprung rib, nice loin and thighs, trifle straight in hocks, good stern, very fair coat, can even be improved, good action and best of showers, to this dog was awarded reserve, to Starden's King for the best fox-terrier in show. Challenge bitches.—First, Sister Pattern showing age but still a rare old pattern, best of skull, jaw, eye and expression, well shaped ears, good neck, ribs, legs and feet, well sprung ribs, in body and loin not looking so well as at New York, being shown heavy in pup; this bitch has the correct wire-haired jacket, hard and dense, free from wool and openness. Open class dogs.—First, Oakleigh Bruiser, not improved since New York, looked here dull and sleepy, and in hind action is faulty, in body and outline he is good, fair in head and ears but wants expression, his lay of coat shows he is a bit of a creole, being too close, still fair in texture, a handsome terrier and a valuable stud dog. Second, Dandy Jack, good head but wanting in expression, fair in legs, feet and coat, right in size and outline, not the best of quarters, to-day looking very well and deserved his position. Third, St. Brittle, a nice little terrier, wanting in jaw power and expression, fair in shoulders, body, legs and feet, not hard in jacket. Open bitches.—First, Jess Frost, little thick in cheek and none too long in jaw, fair eye and ears, after this she scores in neck, front, bone, feet, good ribs, body, loin, thighs and hocks; her coat is extra good in lay and texture, a wire-hair, not a poodle. Second, Suffolk Tassel, good skull, fair jaw, eye and expression, not the best of ear carriage; in shoulders, legs and feet more than fair, nice body, little light of bone, coat should be harder, a quality one, that will still be in the money. Sister Nettle, third, much improved since New York, was well beaten by the winners but deserved her position. Sister Mop is none too long in head, a little large in ear, soft in coat, nice in size, front, bone, legs and feet.

Smooth puppies, dogs, first, Warren Layman; second, Beverwyck Boy, a nice headed dog, fair in eye and ears, not improving in shoulders and a little long cast; good in bone, legs and feet, but a bad shower; third, Hillside Pitcher, beaten in head and ears, but wins in front and lay of shoulders, also loses in loin. Hillside Royal may some day beat the winner in this class; at present is high on leg, light in body and long enough in back. Time will no doubt do much for him. Bitch puppies, first, one of Mr. Thayer's, a nice all round youngster, who beats Seacroft Myrtle in bone, type and expression. Wire-haired puppies.—First, Ruth, a fair seven months' puppy, at present promising in head, shoulders, coat, character, legs and feet, with luck should make a

fair one; second, St. Brittle, previously mentioned. Others in class need not be described.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—First, challenge class, King of the Heather, a good old sort of the right type, not improving in head. Open dogs, first, Amphion, a dog with a good head, punishing jaw, good coat, length of body and action, easily beating Laddie, second, in head and length; Sir Robert, with a poodle coat, won third for lack of competition. Open bitches, first, Ainsty Daisy, beats Heather Peggy II. in coat, head, bone and type.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—First, Kilroy, a grand head, eye, ears and expression, fair legs and feet, good in body, bone and jacket; second, Kilcree, beaten in head; in other points close up. Three was absent. Open bitches, first, Wankie Diana, a good youngster, excellent in head and ears, also expression, only wanting time to mature; second, Culblean, good in head, but here beaten in that point by the winner; the second scores in body, and as may be expected from her age, in texture and coat.

IRISH TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Challenge class, first, Jackanapes, shown in good form; improves in skull, good jaw, ears, neck, shoulders, legs and feet; right in ribs, loin and quarters; a free mover; a good jacket, beating Boxer IV. in eye and head. Challenge bitches, first, Dunmurry; nice skull, eye and jaw; fair shoulders, wanting in bone; fairly good legs and feet; well ribbed body; good loin, quarters and hocks. Second, Salem Witch; a fair terrier, but rightly beaten in this company. Open dogs, first, Merle Grady; a much-improved dog; nice in skull, good jaw, eye, and a dare-devil expression; a well-placed shoulder, good legs and feet, ribs, back, loin and quarters; racy and a true representative of the Emerald Isle. Second, His Honor, a more than average youngster, at present wants beating, but I have my doubts if he is one of the improving sort. I trust I may be mistaken. Third, Crib; good expression, getting thick in head, bossy in shoulders, not straight in front; in body and quarters above the average, also texture of coat, in color getting quite too pale. Open bitches, first, Chaney Lass; fair head, little full in eye, well-carried ears; should be leaner in shoulders; good in body and quarters; fair coat. Second, Nora II., only moderate and well beaten.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—In dogs first went to Broomfield Sultan. This dog without a doubt is the best representative of his breed in America; in fact I think he can beat the English champions Prince Eric and Derby Bess. Sultan retains his good head, neck and quality; in body he is much improved; in other points he is a high class terrier, and one to be proud of. In bitches, Queen III., first, not in good form, a bitch of correct shape, good head, and when shown fit, wants a beating. Broomfield Madge, second, beaten all round; Gypsy Girl absent.

TOY TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Barnaby Rudge, first, a little rough in coat, still of good texture, scores all round in head and jaw, carriage of ears and length of body. There is little to choose between second and third, Islay and Endcliffe Maggie, the former winning in texture of coat.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*) were very moderate and need not be described.

SCHIPPERKES (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Prince, Jr., first, fair in head, ears and coat, wanting in ruff or frill on neck.

BLACK AND TAN TOY TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Yasson, first, wins in head, body outline and tail; second and third close together.

MISCELLANEOUS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Under 25lbs., first, Dewr, the Welsh terrier, gone thick in head and heavy in shoulder, good coat, fair legs, feet and bone; second, Sheffield Lad, a Pomeranian, good head and ears, in size quite large enough, fair tail, not in the best of coat. T. S. B.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, N. Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, Miss S. L. Nickerson's Count Noble; 3d and reserve, C. T. Brownell's Dixey and Bud Gordon; 4th, Woodland Park Kennels' Archibald. Very high com. Bitches: 1st, H. H. Morris's Fairweather; 2d, W. A. Small's Diamond Forest; 3d, S. J. Pettigall's Puzzle. Reserve, S. James's Jerry. Very high com. Kennecbe Valley Kennels' Rambler II. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Waddingfield Kennels' Oracle and Luffa; 3d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A. Reserve, Shrewsbury Kennels' Frudence. Very high com. H. Ramsdell's Pride of Cressbrook. Dogs (under 13in.): 1st, Geo. R. Doctor's Joe H.; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Paderewski; 3d, R. S. Turpin's Clyde. Very high com. Rockland Beagle Kennels' Laddie. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lonely; 2d, Ringwood Kennels' Maida; 3d, W. A. Small's Topsy S. Reserve, G. F. Reed's Spot Reed. Very high com. Shrewsbury Kennels' Fanny Reed, Rockland Kennels' Norah K.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Godendorf's Start. Reserve, Glenrose Kennels' Bravo. Very high com. H. F. Atwood's Forest Rex. Bitches: 1st, R. B. Baker's Juliette II.; 2d, C. A. Godendorf's Beagle. Reserve, W. F. Rutter's Rosebud. Very high com., Ringwood Beagle Kennels' Fan Tan.

FOXHOUNDS.—AMERICAN.—Dogs: 1st, W. B. Foster's Prince; 2d, F. M. Sullivan's Tom; 3d, Connecticut Valley Kennels' Brave Boy. Reserve, I. C. Newell's Loud. Very high com., F. M. Whipple's Ned and Spot. Bitches: 1st, W. B. Foster's Judy, 2d and 3d, Connecticut Valley Kennels' Fanny and Crafty.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel, Dr. Longest. Best dog or bitch, Ingleside Minton. Best moving pup, Ingleside Minton. Best American bred pups, Lady Diana and Emperor Maximilian. Best trio, same two with Emperor William.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel, E. H. Moore. Best local dog (novice) Gov. Russell. Best American bred dog or bitch, Alton, Jr. Best rough or smooth dog, Sir Bedivere; bitch ditto, Lady Alton. Best American bred smooth dog, Alton, Jr. Bitch ditto, Lady Alton. Best American bred rough-coat dog, E. H. Moore's Altoner, ditto bitch, Saffrona.

GREAT DANES.—Best dog or bitch in open class, Heppern Kennels' Heppern Vera. Best bitch in show, Heppern Kennels' Heppern Vera.

DEERHOUNDS.—Best kennel, Hillside Kennels.

CRESTED DOGS.—Best kennel, A. W. Purbeck.

RUSSIAN WOLFDOGS.—Best kennel, Seacroft Kennels.

CHEESAPEAKES.—Best dog, Cleveland.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, Geo. W. Lovell. Best novice, Bennett's Flirt. Best sired by Pommerly Sec, Queen Nell. N. E. P. T. Club's best pointer dog, Duke of Dexter. Best bitch, Wild Lily; second best, Devon Fan.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best owned by a member of English Setter Club, J. V. Lawson's Blue Nell and Jon. Lewis's Victress Llewellyn.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best English setter entered by a novice, Mrs. Nelson McIntosh's Blue Jennie. Best placed at a field trials, Our Pet. Best in show, Sheldon.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best entered by a novice, F. H. Powell's Pemberton.

SPANIELS.—Best kennel, Geo. Bell. Best field, R. P. Keasly's Rosedale Bess. Best brace, R. P. Keasly's Bridford Ruby and Rosedale Bess. Best brace cocks, Ancient & Modern Kennels' Fascination and Amazeant.

BEAGLES.—Best kennel, Rockland Beagle Kennels. Best pack owned by a member of the National Beagle Club, Rockland Beagle Kennels.

BEAGLES.—Best kennel, R. B. Baker's Juliette. Best over 13in., with a field trial record, Frank Forest. Best bred by exhibitor, Oracle.

FOXHOUNDS.—Best entered by a novice, W. B. Foster's Prince. Best pack of six, Connecticut Valley Kennels.

DACHSHUNDS.—Best owned by a novice, Miss Dorothy Manice's Princess. Best American bred, E. A. Manice's Pletychosamus.

CORGI.—Best kennel, Seminole Kennels. Best entered by a novice exhibitor, Mrs. I. Firth. President's cup, Wellsbourne Charlie. Best American-bred bitch in open class, Seminole Kennels' Crissey.

POODLES.—Best novice, Jet. Best kennel, H. G. Trevor. Best brace of browns, Hill Hurst Kennels.

BULLDOGS.—Best kennel, Woodlawn Park Kennels.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Best kennel, Retnor Kennels. Best brace under 12mos., Mermaid and White Wonder II.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Best kennel, W. H. Carroll. Best novice, Ship. Best under 12mos. old, Duke. Best dog or bitch in show, Countess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best, Starden's King. Best bitch in open class, Dominica. Best brace, Starden's King and Miss Dollar. Best kennel, J. E. Thayer (smooth). Wire-haired ditto, H. W. Smith. Best novice, Rockdale Spark. Best wire-haired, St. Broom. Best brace wire-hairs, St. Broom and Sister Pattern. Best wire-haired puppy, Ruth.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—Best in show, Kilroy. Best brace, Wankie Kennels. Best kennels, Wankie Kennels.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Best kennel, Walter Comstock. Best American bred, Merle Grady. Best entered by a novice, Sam A. Fletcher's Jack Desmond.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Best entered by a novice, Mrs. Ellen Plant's Teddy.

TOY TERRIERS.—Best entered by a novice, Mrs. Esther Deffley's Rack. Best toy spaniel entered by a novice, Mr. Augustus Prescott's Laurieette. Ashmont Trophy, Wellsbourne Charlie.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Future of Dog Shows.

CHICAGO, April 8.—With the increase in the number of dog shows held annually and the limited season in which shows can be held, there comes a problem for the American Kennel Club to consider in respect to dates. The active dog show organizations will soon outnumber the weeks available for dog shows in the cooler seasons of the year. The rule of suppression or coercion, by a refusal to recognize a show or its wins, will lose its force. In fact, exhibitors now do not care a rap whether the A. K. C. recognizes the wins of an independent show or not. They do care for a liberal prize list.

A few years ago, when dog shows were numerically much fewer, it was impossible to quickly get a large number of wins, simply because there were not shows enough to afford the opportunities. With the present large number of shows, a good dog ceases soon to be a bread winner, for he is too quickly in the challenge class where medals of rare economy in material and construction abound. A good dog can soon get wins enough where the opportunities are in dozens. The threats of punishments, often shaken at exhibitors in admonishment and at independent managements to force them into line and jurisdiction, by constant use and repetition has become hollow, and with age forceless. The reader has but to look up the statistics of the past season, and get the opinions of the largest exhibitors to be satisfied of the accuracy of this position.

Another venerable tradition earnestly urged as a fact by men who have no knowledge that it is a fact, since it is only their opinion, is that two successful dog shows cannot be held in any one season in the same city. How do they know it is so? While the conservatives are wisely asserting that it cannot be done, duly governed in their utterances by the letter of the constitution and by-laws, some organizations will turn to some time and hold two shows in one city in one season. Every city as a matter of course can not hold two shows in one season. But it does not deny that the ideas and conditions of five or ten years ago are those of to-day. In Chicago this year the Mascoutah Kennel Club decided not to hold a show, giving as a reason that it did not care to hold a show which would interfere with the dog show of the World's Columbian Exposition. It was a most feeble grasp of the situation. The club had about as much relation to the World's Fair show as it had to a show held in England. The Mascoutah Club was part of the established circuit. It appealed for gate money to the people of Chicago. It appealed to the exhibitors in the same manner that any other show would, that is, to their interests.

The World's Fair show makes a bid for international competition. I depends on the people of the world for gate money. It is not a Chicago affair in any manner excepting the one of locality. The show is in no manner arranged as a Chicago management. A Chicago or a Detroit or an Indianapolis show have no bearing one more than another on the World's Fair show. While the Mascoutah Club was in a state of rest from a false sentiment of courtesy or timorous apprehension a club organized and did hold a show, a successful one, too. Yet it had no more reference, near or remote, to the World's Fair show than it had to the Egyptian pyramids.

I do not wish to be understood as being opposed to the A. K. C. I am opposed, however, to matters which are unsound or ideas which are antiquated, as shown by the sentiment of exhibitors or the workings of the judicial machinery of the club. There is no impropriety in the discussion of public matters. Indeed, some of the now officers of the A. K. C., in times not long ago, were quite outspoken in their criticism, etc., of it.

As showing the drift of public sentiment I desire to quote briefly from an editorial in the *Dog Fancier*. Mr. Eugene Glass, the editor, writes good, hard sense on all these subjects and shows an accurate knowledge of the situation. My desire is to give him credit for his excellent definition of the bench show situation. After touching upon the difficulty which a new organization now has in securing acceptable dates and the advantage which precedent and prestige give the older clubs in holding their regular dates, he says:

The fact is there are not enough dates to go around. Meaning, of course, the dates at suitable seasons of the year. Only a few weeks in the fall can be counted upon, for the field trials take up most of the fall season. The holidays intervene, and then the severe months of January and February, so that March, April and May are the only free months, for in June the hot weather puts a stop to successful dog shows. Counting up the time, then, we have less than twenty weeks to distribute among all the clubs so that no dates will conflict. This time is insufficient, for but one show can be given in a week. The United States is a large territory, and it seems as though no injury would be worked by dividing the dog show circuits. The line might be drawn north and south, making an eastern and southern district. Certainly in the East there are enough successful clubs to fill the circuit, and they are springing up so rapidly in the West that the same may soon be said of that district. The mere division would not confine exhibitors to their own district, it would simply make it possible to give two recognized shows on the same dates. That two such shows would be successful has just been proven by the Detroit and Chicago exhibitions; both were excellent. Detroit, especially. Certainly in the East there are enough successful clubs to fill the circuit, and they are springing up so rapidly in the West that the same may soon be said of that district. The mere division would not confine exhibitors to their own district, it would simply make it possible to give two recognized shows on the same dates. That two such shows would be successful has just been proven by the Detroit and Chicago exhibitions; both were excellent. Detroit, especially. Certainly in the East there are enough successful clubs to fill the circuit, and they are springing up so rapidly in the West that the same may soon be said of that district. 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place will be his home hereafter. Mr. Nowotny is an enthusiastic sportsman and a supporter of field trials, besides being a most companionable gentleman. May prosperity attend him!

There are a great many exhibitors of dogs in this country, judging from the list which is affixed to the protest—the one of present memory.

Whoever constructed the fake list of World's Fair judges learned one thing—he learned how little he knew about what methods and judges are acceptable to the exhibitors. As an adviser hereafter he would do well to first seek advice.

In an uncanny eagerness to score a "scoop," it is well hereafter to start with a fact. A factless scoop is "grand, gloomy and peculiar."

Mr. W. I. Buchanan impresses me as a very clear-headed, just man. I do not believe that he will permit any of his departments to be used as a tin kettle to make a dog run. Give him a chance, boys.

Now that the list of judges is not official, the protest of course ceases to have force. It was a real hearty, vigorous creation, and had all the speed, size and momentum which denote that it is well for all meddlers to get out of the way.

That reminds me how much a real successful independent show looks like a real successful A. K. C. show to a man who loves the welfare of the dog.

By the way, how disheartening (?) it is to the average dog man to have a win which is not recognized, and \$40 or \$50 thereto which is recognized. He can't negotiate the win, but the money will buy stud books and pay things. The day of the "recognized win" waneeth.

I have been observing some of the recent judicial or official decisions of the A. K. C. on cases before its astute arbitrators. I really believe that Blackstone, Kent, et al., with a nimble weathercock thrown in, are not "in it."

How would it be, in the way of punishment, to suspend every man who signed, read or winked at the protest.

There is a strong movement afoot to form a field trial club in Kentucky. There is every probability that such an organization will be effected. The National Fox Hunters' Association is taking steps to perfect its organization, the more active advocates of it being in Louisville, Ky.

There appear to be some questions of right of way in the A. K. C. schedule. B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

A Dog Show for Saratoga.

The Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club met at the Commercial Hotel April 5. The meeting was presided over by the vice-president of the society, Allison E. Curtis. L. W. Clute, secretary of the kennel department, reported that he, on behalf of the club, had made application for membership to the American Kennel Club, which had referred the communication to the executive committee, and it would be acted upon at the May meeting. It was decided that the first annual exhibition of the club would be held as near as possible to the dates Jan. 16 to 19, 1894, providing the dates are agreeable to the American Kennel Club. John J. Wandell, George L. Corliss, John E. Hodgman and Daniel Eddy were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions for the \$1,000 guarantee fund. The committee was given power to call for assistance if necessary. The secretary, Will D. Eddy, was instructed to notify out of town members that such a fund was being raised and to solicit contributions from them. The following were elected members: Wharton Meehan, W. H. Waterbury, C. B. Thomas, W. H. Gibbs, G. R. P. Shackelford, G. S. Mott, W. M. Martin, D. S. Cooper, H. Brezee, Frank Anabel, W. H. Ernst, E. S. Spencer and W. Searing of Saratoga Springs; Dr. G. M. Roberts of Castleton, Vt.; W. Curtis of Schuylerville, and A. Edson Hall of Greenfield. It was decided that all judging should be done by comparison; that the selection of judges be left with the board of directors, and that the kennel secretary correspond with judges of dogs and report at the next meeting.

Death of Revel III.

One of the best pointers that ever came to this country joined the large majority March 14. This was champion Revel III., whose name has become a household word among pointer men. She was whelped Feb. 3, 1883, and was imported to this country by Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, who afterward sold her to Mr. Chas. Heath, in whose kennels she died. She was imported in 1888. Mr. Heath has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of her record: Champion Revel III. (8063), whelped Feb. 3, 1883; died March 14, 1893. Winnings in England: 2d, York, 1884; 1st and cup for best in pointer or setter classes, Barnstable; 1st, Crystal Palace, July, 1884; 2d, Hull, November, 1884; 3d, Birmingham, December, 1884; 1st, Crystal Palace, 1885; 1st and special for best pointer in show, Brighton, June, 1885, and 1st, Sheffield. Winnings in America: 1886, 1st, Pittsburgh; 1st, Newark, and five specials; 1st, Boston, and four specials; 1st, Hartford, and champion, New York. 1887, not exhibited. 1888, champion, New York. 1889, champion, New York. 1890, champion, New York, Chicago, Boston and Buffalo. 1891, champion, New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Boston, and *American Field Cup*. 1892, champion, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Her last appearance was at New York in February last. She then looked in good health, though not her old self by any means, which was remarked at the time. Of course in the natural order of things her owner must have expected that she would soon pay the debt of nature; still, when a favorite dog passes away the loss is none the less severely felt, and Mr. Heath has our sympathy.

The New Beagle Trial Club.

The New England Beagle Club held a meeting in the press room of the Mechanics' Building on Thursday afternoon last. Officers were elected as follows: President, F. W. Chapman; Vice-President, H. S. Joslin; Secretary and Treasurer, W. S. Clark; Executive Committee, F. W. Clefield, Henry Hanson. Field trials will be held next fall, but the time and place were not definitely decided. The following classes will be made: Dogs and bitches, 13 to 15in.; dogs and bitches, 15in. and under; Derby for dogs and bitches pupped on or after Jan. 1, 1892; champion class for dogs and bitches, 13 to 15in.; champion class, dogs and bitches 15in. and under. Dogs eligible to compete in the champion classes must have won a first prize in some recognized field trials. The challenge classes will be run after the others. Messrs. F. W. Clefield, E. O. Cornforth, A. D. Fiske, Howard Almy and John A. Peabody were admitted to membership.

Measuring Beagles.

The uncertainty of beagle measuring was fully demonstrated at the Boston show. The beagle bitch Oracle was sent out of the ring as over-sized, but was returned to the ring and measured again among the others and found to be under the number, was judged and took first. There should be some hard and fast rule as to how the beagle's head is to

be held while measuring. If held naturally a beagle will measure anywhere from a half inch to an inch higher than if the head is pulled out and held nearly level with the back. To our mind the dog should stand naturally, for any dog that requires manipulating to go under the wire is certainly over the prescribed 15in.

The Ashmont Trophy.

One of the most interesting competitions of the show was that for the Ashmont trophy. The Scottish terrier Tires has won it twice, but a wise precaution prevailed, and Mr. Mason did not judge Scottish terriers at this show. The competition took place at 4 P. M. on Friday, and was very interesting. Great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, dachshunds, collies, bulldogs, poodles and sporting spaniels were the breeds represented. Among the later ones left in were the bulldogs Saloni and His Lordship, dachshund Janet, collie Wellesbourne Charlie and deerhound Robber Chieftain. The collie, the deerhound and His Lordship made the final effort, and excitement ran high. Mr. Mason making the most of the occasion. The dogs were cleverly handled, Frank Dole had His Lordship, Henry Jarret Wellesbourne Charlie and Alfred Heald looked after the chances of Robber Chieftain. Back and forth they went—the judge with an air of the whole universe on his shoulders—till suddenly drawing the ribbon he broke the tension by placing it on Wellesbourne Charlie's back. Mr. Jarret received the congratulations with becoming modesty and took a look at the diamond locket, which he must win three times before he can call it his very own.

The World's Fair Judges.

The FOREST AND STREAM is enabled to state to day that the list of judges for the World's Fair show has been presented to the Director-General and to the Committee of Awards by Chief W. T. Buchanan, in keeping with the suggestions made to him through the American Kennel Club, and Mr. Buchanan has no doubt whatever that the list submitted by him will be confirmed. As Mr. Buchanan has already made public through the FOREST AND STREAM (see last issue) that the list as published in a Chicago paper was in no sense official, it is presumable that it was not the one sent to him by the American Kennel Club. The following are the names added to the list of those who condemn the "fake" judges' slate as published: F. W. Chapman, Seminole Keenels, A. C. Bradbury, H. A. Harris, C. A. Parker, Jas. E. Hair, R. K. Armstrong, Wm. S. Hastings, Fred'k M. Lyon, A. A. Savage, Edward Brooks, H. B. Tallman, Nelson McIntosh, E. Knight Sperry, Arthur R. Sharp, Howard Davidson, G. E. Osborn, F. W. Whitlock, John Brett, J. W. Lawson, W. P. Medberry, L. A. Pearle, F. E. Lewis, Edwin H. Morris, Andrew J. Lewis, Robert Leslie, Frank F. Dole, Chas. D. Roberts, Herbert M. Howes, A. W. Purbeck. These are names of prominent exhibitors at Boston show and fully show the feeling that is rampant in regard to this "cut and dried" affair.

A Bull-Terrier Club.

A number of gentlemen interested in the formation of a bull-terrier club met at the N. E. Kennel Club show at Boston, Friday afternoon. An organization was effected with the following list of officers: President, Frank F. Dole; Secretary, Herbert M. Howes; Treasurer, Herbert A. Harris; Executive Committee, the above officers, *ex-officio*, Dr. J. Frank Perry, H. Fred Church; Delegate to American Kennel Club, Herbert A. Harris. The sense of the meeting was that the name of the club should be the Bull-Terrier Club of America. A committee consisting of the president, secretary and treasurer was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws and submit the same to gentlemen desiring membership. This will be mailed to all bull-terrier breeders in the country and they are earnestly requested to join and make this specialty club a success. The membership fee has been placed at \$10 per year. Copies of the constitution may be had of the secretary, Herbert M. Howes, box 1751, Boston, Mass.

Rawdon B. Lee's New Book.

We have received Mr. Rawdon B. Lee's new book, "A History and Description of the Modern Dogs (Sporting Division) of Great Britain and Ireland." The work is excellently turned out, and is adorned with numerous studies of ideal dogs in wash drawings by the noted artist, Arthur Wardle. An extensive review of the work is out of the question this week; but in glancing through the book we were particularly interested in the chapter on pointers, which will be appreciated by all pointer men. Every sporting breed of dog, from the bloodhound to the dachshund, is exhaustively treated and much valuable information afforded as to origin and the changes in type up to the present date, giving the names of principal past and present breeders and exhibitors of the different breeds. The book will be for sale at this office.

New England Field Trial Club Dinner.

A very enjoyable dinner was given by the N. E. F. T. C. at the Thorndike Wednesday evening. About forty lovers of the setter and the pointer allowed their thoughts to stray Assonetward for an instant and then returned to their plates with renewed relish for the good things provided. Dr. J. W. Hayward, president of the club, presided, with the secretary, Mr. Lovering, opposite. After dinner the annual meeting was held and the constitution and by-laws were gone over. The next field trials will be held Nov. 14 at Assonet, Mass., and Messrs. N. Wallace and W. Tallman will act as judges, and the club could not have made better choice. The Derby Stakes will be \$200, \$100, \$50 and \$25. Nominations, \$5, to close June 1, and second forfeit, \$10, to close Oct. 1, and \$10 additional to start.

The Late J. M. Tracy.

We understand that this year Mr. J. M. Tracy, had he lived, would have been elected to the National Academy. Additional particulars have been received relating to this artist's life. It seems that he was forty-eight years old when he died and was born in Huron county, O., and eventually entered college at Evanston, Ill., staying until the outbreak of the war. During the war he was seriously injured by the concussion from an exploding shell. It is not generally known that Mr. Tracy, while in Paris, studied under Ivon and afterwards with the master, Carolus Duran, from association with whom he gained his style in portrait painting. It was at his brother-in-law's place in Ocean Springs, where he had a studio erected on the lawn, that his sudden death took place. It is not generally known, but none the less a fact, that when the disaster of the ill-fated Lady Elgin occurred many years ago in the Lakes, Mr. Tracy, though a young lad at the time, was instrumental in saving several lives from the wreck at the peril of his own.

A Hanger On.

Prof. Bachelor, who seems to have taken Mr. Parker's place at the dog shows, diverges from the usual evening dress fashion affected by Messrs. Parker and Hampton, appearing in the ring as a clown. This unconventional costume admits of his taking a violent part in the act when his "business" dog shows his strength of jaw and tenacity of purpose by holding on to a thick rope. Bachelor makes the most violent exertion to force the dog to loosen his hold, but all to no purpose. He swings him round his neck, bangs him on the floor, and then as a climax gives him a yard of hemp and swings him round and round some three feet from the ground till

dizzy. The dog once held on to a rope suspended from a beam, tugging all the while, for one hour and ten minutes, when he was taken down. This was the result of a wager that he could not hold on fifteen minutes. Another act in which this tenacious animal takes a grip is done at country fairs, where Bachelor, by the aid of blocks and ropes, is hauled up in the air 40 or 50ft., with the dog tugging at the seat of his trousers.

Devotion of a Dog.

The Newfoundland is again the hero. An oil well worker at Oakdale, Pa., was left sleeping in a house by his four companions. In some way the bedclothes caught fire, and the man inhaling the flames was rendered helpless and was soon a charred remnant of humanity. Meanwhile, as soon as the fire broke out, the favorite dog of these men, knowing that one of his masters was still in the house, went to the bedside and tried to arouse him, not knowing the man was already dead. The poor brute in his vain attempts to arouse the man was overcome by the flames and dropped dead. When the man's body was found that of the poor dog was also discovered stretched at the foot of what was once the bed.

Sale of Fan N.

In the hurry of the shows we neglected to chronicle the sale of champion Fan N., the well known pointer bitch, by Mr. W. H. Hyland, of North Tarrytown, to Mr. R. A. De Ruse, of New York. The price given was a long one, but at the same time Mr. Ruse has secured a good bitch.

Canadian Fox-Terrier Club.

Mr. H. P. Thompson, the secretary informs, us that Messrs. T. S. Bellin and Clarence Rathbone, of Albany, N. Y., have been added to the official list of judges to the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club.

The American Field Trial Club's Trials.

The second annual trials of the American Field Trial Club will be run at Carlisle, Ind., beginning on Wednesday, Nov. 15, with the Pointer Derby. One thousand two hundred dollars in prizes will be given. The grounds at Carlisle are second to none in the United States, with birds in abundance. They are but two hours' drive from Bicknell, and are consequently very accessible to parties running at the United States Club's trials. Printed matter will be ready for mailing shortly.

The other morning, while coming up Thomas street, passing through the most crowded portions of the dry goods district in this city, plowing through the deep snow which lay in the streets, and dodging the plunging horses, the wheels of the trucks and the dry goods boxes being thrown about by the porters, we saw an unexpected sight—a dog carrying a pack. Trotting down the street toward us were a white setter and a small yellow Great Dane coupled together. The Dane carried on his back two good-sized bundles done up in newspaper, which hung down on either side, and about balanced each other. They were slung across the back just back of the shoulders by strings which were fastened to a small leather strap girth about his chest. The strings admitted of considerable swinging by the packs, and the dog could not have carried the load all day without becoming very tired and perhaps chafed, but he seemed to feel no inconvenience when we saw him, and trotted merrily along with head up in the air. It is a good many years since we have seen a dog carrying a pack, though in the old days on the upper Missouri it was common enough to run across camps of Assinaboines, where all but the smallest dogs carry a load. Often the transportation was by means of travois, but the larger dogs were frequently packed, and very good pack animals they were, too.

It has been wondered what became of the balance of the 14 dogs Lieut. Peary started with on his long trudge over the ice caps of the Arctic Circle. It has just leaked out that while Lieut. Peary and his party escaped the charge of cannibalism, which has been brought against other explorers, the big dogs which he shows in his lectures are openly charged with the gruesome practice. When the party began the return journey the load was lightened, but food was pretty scarce, and as it was absolutely necessary that the dogs should be well fed, the pack was lightened, and one by one the dogs were prepared as food for their fellows. It was the old story of "one little, two little, three little Indians" over again. At last the number of dogs became so reduced that the big sledge was too much for them. That is when the old sled that had done duty from the start was abandoned and the small sled which is also exhibited by the lieutenant was constructed. That was so small that the remaining five dogs found it very easy work for the remainder of the journey.

It would be interesting to know what a dog thinks of his master and in what light he regards him. Dr. Louis Robinson, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, advances a peculiar opinion on the subject. Remarking upon the fact that certain men, to propitiate their unknown gods, thought that roasted meats and fruits, because they themselves liked them, would also be acceptable to their gods, thus reasoned by analogy from the known to the unknown. "This," said Dr. Robinson, "would teach us to bear in mind that there is, affecting the dog's point of view, almost undoubtedly such a thing as cyno-morphism, and that he has his peculiar and limited ideas of life and range of mental vision, and therefore perforce makes his artificial surroundings square with him. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god, but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient man, who loves, hates, desires, rewards and punishes in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature."

Mr. J. Herbert Watson has bred his well known bitch Dry time to his equally well known coursing dog Royal Crest. Such a union should really stir up the Eastern Coursing Club to action in regard to a meeting. We understand that Mr. John Brett has been approached with a view to his slipping at a meeting in the near future. Coursing men, from what we can gather, are just ripe for another struggle with the "jacks."

The Philadelphia Kennel Club was to hold a meeting at the Aldine Club, April 11, preceded, as usual, by a supper. While returning thanks for an invitation, we hope these meetings will result in some action toward holding a show in the near future. Why not join forces with the State Fair people again and have a show in the fall? The P. K. C. people are hampered by no restrictions in regard to dates and rules.

Meets of the Meadow Brook Hounds as announced by Mr. Frank Gray Griswold, M. F. H., are for the following afternoons during April: Thursday 13th, at Meadow Brook; Saturday 15th, at Roslyn; Tuesday 18th, at Westbury; Thursday 20th, at Mineola; and Saturday 22d, at Meadow Brook, on which date a grand subscription dinner is to be given.

An interesting communication from Mr. Manice informs us that the noted dachshund champion Janet is again in season. This in itself would not be so very wonderful, but we

understand that this bitch has not been in season for two years, during which time she has seldom, if ever, been well, and several veterinarians have said she would never be well again unless she came in season and was mated, owing to some womb trouble. To Dr. T. G. Sherwood, the FOREST AND STREAM veterinarian, however, Mr. Manice credits her recovery, for she has been under his constant care for three months. She was returned to her owner in perfect condition, and within five days of her return her period of oestrus commenced, and she will be bred to either Jay or Icthyosaurus.

There were loud complaints at Boston about the way the dogs were benched. The average visitor turned his catalogue and in trying to find the different dogs in the same class traversed more than double the distance he would have had to do had the numbers been in rotation as they should be. Dogs of one breed were benched among others and confusion reigned supreme. This delays the judging and spoils the *tout ensemble* of the show. Of course, it is immaterial to say that it makes double the work for reporters than it would otherwise and leads to mistakes in criticisms.

Lady Lee, the dam of the noted beagles Forest Hunter, Butterfly, Prudence, etc., has just whelped six to the old dog, champion Fitzhugh Lee.

Mr. H. Astor Carey is the name of the society man who purchased the bulldogs His Lordship and White Venn. He has just bought Mr. James R. Keene's magnificent stable on Coggeshall avenue, Newport, R. I., and will erect his kennels there.

At Boston Mr. F. F. Dole bought the cocker Othello from Mr. Wells. We understand also that \$800 was offered Messrs. Toon & Symonds for Tice and by them refused.

Dr. Glazier purchased from Dr. Lougest at the Boston show the third prize winning mastiff bitch Ella.

Dr. Lougest, not content with his mastiffs, also struck out among the St. Bernards, and purchased the dog Imperator from the Boston St. Bernard Kennels and also the two pups Lady Judith and Judith's Ruth from Mr. G. P. Wiggins.

At Boston show Mr. "Cy" Wilcox exchanged his pointer bitch Queen Nell, winner of fourth in open class, for A. A. Savage's Peggie, by Go Bang out of Meteor's Madge.

Dr. Wesley Mills has sold his well-known Gordon setter Hilda to Mrs. John L. Lebolt, Lorain, O. The noted pointer Devon Nell goes to Mr. John M. Barnes, North Adams, Mass. Elfrieda, another eligible to the challenge class in Irish setters, was bought by Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

The president of the A. K. C. has not improved his position by his action toward the Boston show. It seems he sent his entries from Hempstead on Saturday evening, March 18, but, as he says, finding that Mr. Mason was to judge at the show, though not entrusted with the fox-terriers, he wired the club on Sunday, telling the committee to cancel his entries and return his check, giving plainly as his reason that he did not know Mr. Mason was to judge at the show. The club refused to accede to his request, and a nice point has arisen as to whether they were justified in doing so. Anyhow, Mr. Belmont, it is said, stopped payment on the check and further threatened that if his entries appeared in the catalogue he would get out an injunction to stop the show. His entries did not appear in the catalogue. The affair has aroused a good deal of bitter feeling, and it was the general opinion that, as president of the A. K. C., Mr. Belmont should certainly know who is to judge at a show where he intends to exhibit, and further, that as president of the A. K. C. he should not allow personal animosities to enter into his conduct in relation to dog shows. Taken in conjunction with the prevailing opinion that the A. K. C. is responsible for the "fake" judges' list, it has not conducted to a better feeling toward that august body.

A rather amusing incident occurred at Boston, amusing when one takes into consideration the conduct of one of the principals at the Baltimore show. Mr. Bell, not finding a C. card over one of his dogs, procured one and nailed it up. Another exhibitor, seeing him do so, remonstrated with him, saying he had no right to do so. This having no effect on Bell he appealed to Mr. Read, who took the card down. Mr. Bell procured another and repeated the act, with the same result. Then another was tacked up, and the afore said exhibitor, we are told, essayed to take it down. This Mr. Bell would not allow and words ensued, the exhibitor calling the Toronto man a "pup." Mr. Bell spurned the soft impeachment and forthwith hid himself to Mr. Brooks, saying he had been insulted and demanding reparation. A policeman was called in and the offending exhibitor was requested to make his absence conspicuous. The O. E. left the hall vowing vengeance and "George" smiled a smile of triumph. The action cannot be commended on either side.

Mr. Bell has signed an apology to Mr. Watson for his various "assertions" made at the Baltimore show, which is considered ample reparation for the insult received. It has been forwarded to Mr. Watson with permission to publish. This should meet Mr. Watson's views, and with its publication let the matter drop.

Col. North's greyhound Fullerton has been found. There are no further details than the mere mention of the fact, but it is reported that the dog was never at any time far from home. In connection with this the San Francisco papers had the following dispatch: "A great sensation has been caused in sporting circles by the inexplicable disappearance of the famous racer and winner of the Waterloo Cup, Fullerton. The horse was taken from the stable of Col. North, at Eltham, Saturday."

Mr. E. W. Briggs has been chosen to take the place of Hon. Ramon E. Wilson, who resigned the presidency of the Pacific Kennel Club. He is said to be a good man for the position.

The Bovic, which arrived in New York April 4, brought over eight foxhounds and a number of horses to be used in a hunt which takes place in the production of the "Prodigal Daughter." Surely this is the age of realism.

The American Pet Dog Club seems to be at last secure in its position, and all members are putting forth every effort to make their coming show a success. Although it is termed a pet dog show, it will not be confined entirely to pet dogs; fox-terriers, cocker spaniels, dachshunds and beagles will also take part. We fancy that the latter breed being exhibited in a pet dog show will give a handle to the broom with which the upholders of the old working cocker wish to sweep away the modern toy cocker. Be this as it may, the show itself promises to be a "bang-up" gathering. It will be held in the Lenox Lyceum, and there is sure to be an air of "Canine 400" round the affair. The judges who have been asked to officiate are Messrs. Mortimer, Mason and Lacy, and it is known the first and last named have accepted. A meeting was to be held last night, when final arrangements would be made and a premium list arranged.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Hamilton

Kennel Club was held in Mr. Stewart's office recently, and the question whether the club should hold another show this fall was discussed. It probably will be if the money paid by the guarantors of the last show is refunded or other arrangements made. Dogmen generally look forward to another show at Hamilton and the club can count on good support.

Two hundred and ninety dogs were registered in the American Kennel Club stud book during the past month, being represented as follows: Beagles 12, bull-terriers 5, Chesapeake Bay dogs 5, Clumber spaniels 1, collies 17, foxhounds 3, fox-terriers 8, great Danes 2, Irish terriers 5, Italian greyhounds 2, Japanese spaniels 2, mastiffs 7, pointers 43, pups 10, Scottish terriers 1, cross-bred setters 1, English setters 50, Gordon setters 12, Irish setters 23, spaniels 16, rough St. Bernards 56, smooth St. Bernards 9, Yorkshire terriers 1.

Mr. R. B. Morgan, of Akron, O., who came on to the New England Kennel Club show as the guest of Mr. Harry Dutton at his beautiful home in Medford, has been commissioned by prominent Boston sportsmen to secure a shooting preserve of not less than 10,000 acres in either Tennessee or Arkansas the coming season. Mr. Morgan's experience and knowledge of the game and shooting of the South well qualifies him for the above. Mr. Morgan while here sold his best English setter bitch to Mr. Louis Cabot, of Boston.

We draw the attention of field sportsmen to the notice in our business columns of the Eastern Field Trial Club's Derby. The cash prizes are \$500, \$250 and \$150, and the Breeder's Cup, \$100, to breeder of winner of first. Entries close May 1; \$10 to nominate, \$10 payable Sept. 1 and \$10 to fill. The club will not run the trials at High Point, N. C., this year, having secured grounds at Newton, N. C., a short distance from Salisbury, on the Western line. The grounds are said to be good and excellent hotel accommodations can be had.

Arthur Trickett, who has been manager of Mr. E. H. Moore's kennels so long, has decided to make a change. There is no trouble at all, but Mr. Trickett, we think, would like to get nearer New York. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Trickett is a jewel as a kennel manager.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we note that Brant Cocker Kennels offer prize-winning cockers; Lock Box 87, pointer dog; U. R. Fishel, Scotch terrier pups; G. Irvin Royce, greyhounds; A. W. Pleasants, foxhound; J. Hope, dachshund; J. H. Mills, foxhounds and rabbit dogs; H. L. Jeffrey, Skye terriers; J. Winchell, two choice mastiff bitches and pups; Berlin Kennels, greyhound, St. Bernard and mastiffs; W. H. Hyland, pointer Touchstone; Thasmo Kennels, kennel stock. S. W. Everett wants dogs to train on quail.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

The letter previously published in some of the sporting papers and sent to the club by Mr. F. H. F. Mercer demanding reinstatement having been read, and also one from Mr. Little, in reply to a letter from the President, giving his version of the case, it was decided, after a brief discussion, that no action be taken in the matter.

The executive of the Canadian K. C. held a protracted meeting on Thursday night; it was long after midnight when an adjournment was made. The president, Dr. Wesley Mills, occupied the chair, the other members of the committee present being Messrs. A. D. Stewart, Dr. J. S. Niven, H. B. Bedington, T. S. Davey, C. A. Stone, J. S. Mitchener and H. B. Donovan, secretary. So many objections have arisen against the holding of a trial show in Toronto that the project has been abandoned and Mr. Stewart, the Canadian superintendent, will receive entries up to April 20. These entries will be passed upon by the executive committee at a meeting to be held in Toronto on May 3, at 3 P. M. The sub-committee in whose care were the details of the proposed selection was discharged.

H. B. DONOVAN.

The Irish Setter Club of America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to announce the appointment of the following committees of the Irish Setter Club of America to serve for the present fiscal year:

Field Trial Committee—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Dr. G. G. Davis, Mr. Ray Tompkins and Mr. C. T. Thompson.

Bench Show Committee—Dr. L. C. Sauveur, Mr. James B. Blossom and Mr. Ray Tompkins.

After mature consideration I have decided to make the above appointments, believing that I have selected members of the club who are well fitted to serve on such committees with distinction, and who will devote their energies toward the advancement of the Irish setter in general.

It is my intention to take advantage of this opportunity to call the attention of all who are interested in Irish setters to the Irish Setter Club of America, which has held two annual field trials and intends to hold another this fall and one each fall hereafter. The club is on a solid foundation, and now that the breakers have been passed there is no reason why every breeder, owner and others interested in the breed should not at once join the club and give his assistance to the club in the advancement of our favorite breed of dogs.

At the last annual meeting, held at the New York dog show, Mr. C. T. Thompson, Dr. Sauveur and myself promised to put in five new members each during the present year, and others promised to put in one or more each, with the understanding that should we not be able to secure such members we were to pay an amount equal to their annual dues into the club. How Dr. Sauveur and Mr. Thompson have succeeded I have not heard, but I find that I could safely have promised twenty. Already about fifteen Irish setter enthusiasts whom I have approached upon the subject have signified their intention of joining the club, and not one-fifth of the field has been worked over. Come, Irish setter men, send in your application to Dr. G. G. Davis, the secretary and treasurer, 1338 Walnut street, Philadelphia. The annual dues are but \$5 and there is no initiation fee. Help to swell the numbers and make the Irish Setter Club of America the leading specialty club in this country.

W. L. WASHINGTON, President.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., March 30.

The Boston Pointer Upset.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ill health and unlucky circumstances prevented my intention to see the second best show of the year at Boston, and I regret it now doubly, as it has prevented me getting direct information from our venerable "Honest John" about his general upset of decisions in the pointer classes. There is no judge under whom I would prefer to show my dogs than Mr. Davidson, for whose sound ideas in regard to pointers I have the greatest regard, fully knowing his capability in this respect. But for this very reason I should like to see some of the sporting papers get a report by him of his classes, as his awards are in most cases so much at variance with other judges who have passed upon the same dogs, that they do not permit the plea of difference of opinion, being so radically opposed to their judgment. If he is right the former judges don't know anything and we owners and breeders have a right to know which is which. If a Panic is justly beaten by a Duke of Dexter I want to know it, as it would be a vast difference to what I wish to attain. If Dare Go can beat Panic and even Hylas of Naso can do it, well, I think pointer

breeders should be under great obligations to Mr. Davidson in stopping them before they have traveled any further in their wrong attempts. Not that I consider Panic a wonder. I should like, for instance, to model his head a bit cleaner; but where is Duke of Dexter or Dare Go better there, and, after the head, where can they beat Panic and Hylas of Naso? This hyper-pronounced pointer type, everything to extreme in the dog—too much of it in head, too much of it in his pivot shoulders, is he better than Panic?

I am not objecting to Mr. Davidson's judgment nor do I want to defend those who have judged them, although they are both friends of mine, and Mr. Anthony is especially esteemed by me for his sound knowledge of the pointer, but I have often differed with him, as also with Mr. Tallman, about many dogs, yet in my judgment neither of those dogs can beat Panic, and as, if Mr. Davidson is right, their judgment must be wrong, it is due, for the benefit of the breed, to hear the judge's reasons. The same applies to Donald; outside of Arthur, who can beat him squarely, I would like to hear Mr. Davidson's ideas how Faust can too, good little dog that he is, his throatiness outweighs Donald's inclination to a severe stop, and Faust's splay feet ought to balance with Donald's slightly bent pasterns, but what and where else can Faust only touch Donald's superb body and last, but not least, quality. I do not admire Panic nor Donald unconditionally, but I think it ought to be made public why third raters in our opinion can, under such a qualified judge as Mr. Davidson was, beat dogs we had the temerity to think were way above those by all odds. I do not know if any of my brother fanciers do concur with me in my desire, as they seldom care to put their fingers in the "pie," but as there is a grave principle of breeding and—judges at stake, I hope we will succeed in getting a report from Mr. Davidson, and it will be worth reading.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., April 8.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club was held at Mechanics' Hall, Boston, on April 6. President Heffeger presided, and the following members were present: A. B. F. Kinney, R. D. Perry, O. F. Joslin, W. B. Stone, T. W. Eddy, H. S. Curtis, O. A. Benoit, S. M. Winslow, C. A. Bigelow, H. C. Newell, E. W. Gill, Richard Seely, S. Decatur, G. P. Berry, N. Q. Pope, H. A. Dwelle, L. E. Conant and Bradford S. Turpin.

The report of the committee on the revision of the running rules was accepted and the rules adopted.

Voted: No hound shall compete for prizes under the rules of this club that has been hunted or kept within a radius of ten miles of the place where the trials are to be held, within two months preceding the trials.

Voted: Damage done by any hound at any club meet shall be paid for by the owner of the hound. If not paid for, the hound shall be debarred from further hunting.

Voted: The field trials for '93 shall begin on Monday, Oct. 23, and the venue will be announced later.

Voted: New England members of this club shall observe a close season for foxes, which shall extend from March 1 to Oct. 1.

H. A. P. Smith, Digby, Nova Scotia, was elected to membership. Adjourned. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec.

New England Field Trial Club.

TAUNTON, Mass., April 7.—A meeting and dinner of the New England Field Trial Club were held at Hotel Thorndike, April 5. The 14th of November, 1893, was fixed upon as the opening day of the next field trial. It was decided to divide the Derby Stakes into four prizes, \$200, \$100, \$50 and \$25, and the All-Age Stake into three prizes of \$200, \$100 and \$50; that the nominations for the Derby be \$5, to close June 1, and that the second forfeit be \$10, to close Oct. 1, and that \$10 additional be paid the day before the start; that the nominations for the All-Age Stake be \$10, to close Oct. 1, and that \$10 additional be paid the day before the start.

On the recommendation of the board of governors, N. Wallace and W. Tallman were selected to act as judges at the trials next November.

The following new members were elected: C. C. Kammerer, Boston; S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill; Horace A. Belcher, Somerville; Atwood Collins, Hartford; Harry W. Smith, Worcester; Walter J. Clemson, Taunton; Dr. James S. Howe, Boston; Phillip H. Butler, Boston.

A set of running rules was adopted, also certain changes made in the constitution. WM. M. LOVERING, Sec.

English Bulldog Club Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been requested to inform you that at the next annual show of the Bulldog Club of England, to be held at London May 30 to June 1, a class will be provided for dogs or bitches owned by residents of America, with a first prize of £10. Intending purchasers of dogs abroad will find it to their advantage to instruct their agents to enter such dogs at this show, as it would take £10 off the purchase money of the winner. It is hoped that some owners will venture to send their dogs from this side to show their appreciation of the liberality of the parent organization.

Mr. Frank W. Crowther, Hon. Sec., Bulldog Club, Enfield Lodge, Enfield, N., London, England, will receive entries and answer any correspondence which may be addressed to him on the subject. E. A. WOODWARD, Sec.-Treas.

Returns Thanks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On behalf of the officers and members of the City of the Straits Kennel Club I desire to thank the press for the support given both before and during our recent dog show.

The disadvantages we had to contend with were more than counterbalanced by the hearty support received, and we attribute the success of the show largely to the interest taken by the press. GUY D. WELTON, Sec'y C. S. K. C.

DETROIT, Mich., April 5.

Dachting.

The new auxiliary yacht Intrepid made her trial trip on April 6, Mr. Phoenix and a party of friends being on board. The trip was very successful, the speed attained being very satisfactory.

Marietta, the steel steamer yacht designed by H. J. Gielow for H. B. Moore, was launched at Pusey & Jones's yard, Wilmington, on April 1 and towed to South Brooklyn for her engines.

Saracen, 30-footer, has been sold through Stewart & Binney to Wm. Whitten, of Brookline, Mass. The same firm has sold the cat Cadbird to E. P. Pond.

The latest report concerning the schooner Miranda is that she will not sail for San Francisco, but has been chartered for the summer.

Una, schr., will be rebuilt under the direction of H. J. Gielow. She was sunk in collision last fall off Execution Light.

Psyche, sloop, has been purchased by J. G. Ramsdell and J. J. Murphy, of the Philadelphia Y. C.

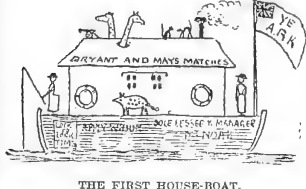
Wild Duck, stmr., has returned to Boston from her winter cruise in the West Indies.

Golden Fleece, steam yacht, has just been officially re-christened Satanella.

Isis, cutter, has been sold by Carl Miller to Warren Watson.

HOUSE-BOATS AND HOUSE-BOAT LIFE.

I.—Auxiliary House-Boats.



THE FIRST HOUSE-BOAT.

and models, and an unprecedented advance in the development of pleasure craft, however, there is one type which, in spite of many obvious advantages, has been almost entirely neglected, and which is only beginning to receive that attention which it really deserves as a most convenient, economical and pleasant means of enjoying a healthful open air life about the water.

The history of the house-boat in America is much like that of the canoe; the latter in its primitive form, the Indian birchbark or dugout, is distinctly American, and yet it is to the river Thames and to the British canoeists that the introduction of canoeing in its modern form is due. In the same way the primitive house-boat dates back to the early days of American history and the Indian wars, a typical craft of this description, on one of the lakes of central New York, plays a very important part in Cooper's novel of the "Deer Slayer," and these crude house-boats or even house-rafts gave comparative comfort to many an isolated family of settlers. The house-boat of today, however, is found in its perfection on the river Thames, and there at least house-boat life has approached the standing of a social institution.

The Thames house-boat, with its gayly striped awnings, its flower boxes, flags and Chinese lanterns, is known all over the world, thanks to several modern novelists and many newspaper writers, so much so that the mere word "house-boat" at once suggests an idyllic life and no other, at least glance the task of definition and description would seem a very easy one.

As will appear later, however, there is a wide difference among the authorities as to the proper meaning and scope of the term, and no small amount of ingenuity is required to frame a definition that shall be accepted by all. In one sense every yacht or vessel is necessarily a house-boat, in that she possesses in the accommodations for her crew, all the component parts of a house on solid ground; and while one could hardly mistake a schooner like the Yampa or a steam yacht like the Corsair for a Fifth Avenue residence or a Newport cottage, the links in the connecting chain are so numerous and so closely graduated that it is very difficult to locate the exact spot where the identity of the vessel is lost in that of the dwelling.

The house boater of the Thames, who certainly must be recognized as an authority, would probably repudiate with indignation the claims of the "house-boat" to include in its family of "auxiliary" house-boats, such as the Pinson, Caiman, Studio, and even that of our esteemed correspondent, "Podgers"; but he would be hard pressed to make good his contention in the face of "Podgers's" presentment, even if he were successful in proving that the first mentioned craft were strictly yachts and not house-boats.

While recognizing as entirely proper the use of the term in its more limited sense, as applied to the stationary craft of the Thames type, it is essential to include in anything approaching a comprehensive treatise on the subject a number of craft which are very closely allied to yachts; and as some line of demarcation between the house-boat and the yacht is necessary, we propose to draw it to include only those vessels in which the form of superstructure, and in most cases that of the hull, and the requirements of the dwelling rather than of the sea-going or navigable vessel. To illustrate this distinction, in any modern yacht the arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the crew are as complete and elaborate as in the finest houses; comfortably furnished apartments, bath-rooms and running water, perfectly equipped kitchens and store-rooms, with ranges, ice boxes and other essentials for luxurious living. At the same time all of these arrangements are subordinate to the demands of the naval architect, the prime requirements of safety, seaworthiness, stability and speed compel the owner to put up with rooms of limited dimensions, irregular shape, and devoid of large windows, and the same subordination of the features of the dwelling to those of the ship controls the whole design.

In the case of the house-boat, however, the designer, even though a naval architect, works with a freer hand. While he produces a craft that will float, that will not capsize, and that may even be sailed with reasonable speed under favorable conditions, at the same time he departs widely from the conventional ship form, his hull is practically a box or scow, and on it he rears a rectangular structure which at once proclaims the relationship of the entire craft to the house rather than to the boat.

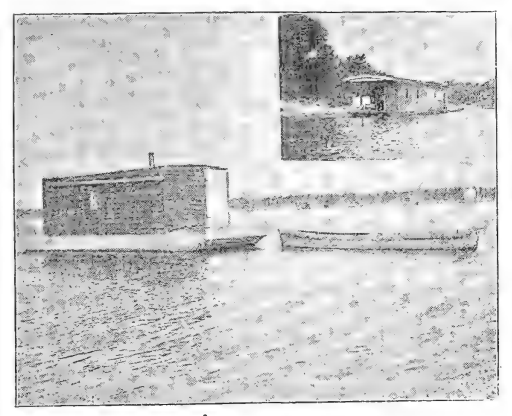
This, large or small, making a speed of seven or eight miles under sail or steam, or anchored for the whole summer in some quiet nook, is the house-boat of civilization, but the house-boat family is a very large one if we take the world over, the rivers of China alone teeming with small craft, each inhabited by a family, the members of which are born and pass their whole life aboard, seldom setting foot on dry land, and knowing no other home than the rude sampan with its bit of reeds and primitive hearth for the family fire.

Every great river, the Mississippi, the Danube, has its distinctive fleet of house-boats or shanty-boats, inhabited by a numerous floating population.

Over six years ago the FOREST AND STREAM published a warm plea for the house-boat, accompanied by a very attractive design, both by Mr. Frank W. Weston, a Boston architect; but the article was evidently ahead of its time, as it attracted far less attention than it deserved, and failed to awaken any widespread interest in the subject. Within the past three years, however, the daily papers and the magazines have given considerable attention to the house-boat, and the increasing number of inquiries which reach us for information indicate that Americans are about to take up the subject in earnest. The many advantages of the house-boat are set forth at length by our various correspondents in this and the following number, and we need not recount them here; we hope, however, that they may induce others to band and to make known their experience. We propose in the present number to describe some of the larger auxiliary house-boats, and next week to give the plans of various sizes of the simple boat, without power.

The largest and most pretentious of American house-boats is the steam craft Caiman, owned by Pierre Lorillard, and built in 1891 by Fusesy & Jones, Wilmington, Del., from the plans of Gustave Hill. She is 100 ft. long, 30 ft. beam, 10 ft. draft, 100 hp. engine, 10 ft. top and 20 ft. at bottom, and 5 ft. 6 in. depth, the guards overhanging 1 ft. on each side. The superstructure is of wood, two stories high, the hold being used for stores, etc., the first floor or main deck for the engineer and servants, and the second story containing the owner's apartments.

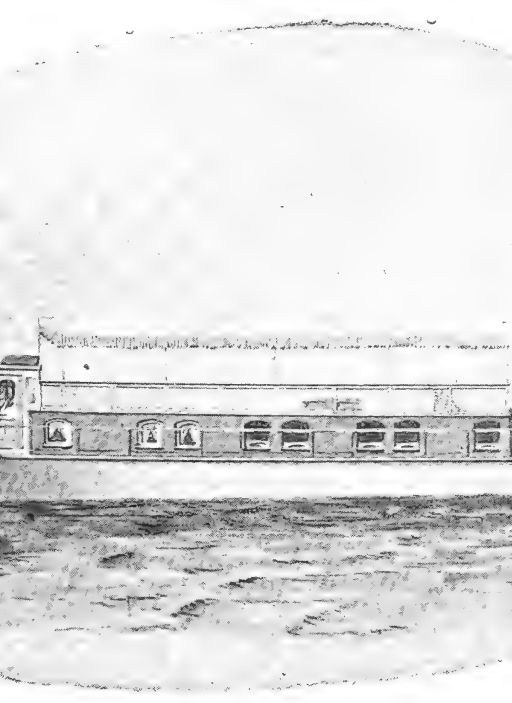
The arrangements are shown in the plans, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of *Music and Drama*, in which they originally appeared. The forward deck is enclosed, making a space where horses can be carried. The engines are triple compound, 5, 8 and 13×8 in., driving twin screws 38 in. diameter and 6 ft. pitch. The main floor is elegantly furnished, and the house is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. The Caiman has been in use for two winters in Florida waters, making a most comfortable home; in addition to the size of



TWO AMERICAN HOUSE-BOATS.

the rooms, and their light and ventilation, as compared with a steam yacht, she has the advantages of light draft and of self-propulsion at a fair speed.

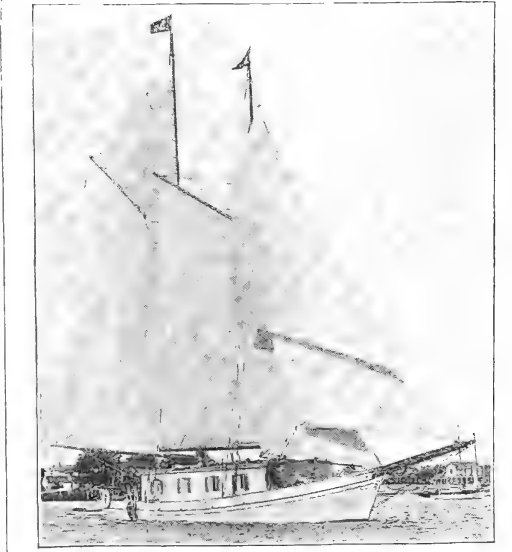
A smaller and different steam house-boat is the Pinson, built last year in France by the Société des Ateliers et Chantiers d'Argenteuil, for use on the European canals. The Pinson is 65 ft. 7 in. over all, 11 ft.



AUXILIARY TWIN-SCREW HOUSE-BOAT. DESIGNED BY CLAY & TORBENSEN.

6 in. beam, and 3 ft. 4 in. draft, with a two-cylinder high pressure engine, each cylinder 54×74 in., and a three-bladed bronze screw 3 ft. 4 in. diameter and 5 ft. 4 in. pitch. She has excellent accommodations and a speed of ten miles.

Messrs. Clay & Torbensen, the steam launch and yacht builders of Gloucester City, N. J., are among the first of the builders to appreciate



SAILING HOUSE-BOAT "STUDIO." Owned by M. F. Tobie, Brooklyn Y. C.

the possibilities of the house-boat in American waters, and have prepared several designs, one of which we produce by their permission from their new catalogue. This boat is 67 ft. over all and 16 ft. beam, with twin screws, the engines being in the extreme after end, leaving a large amount of space in the body of the boat for saloon, staterooms, etc. The kitchen is fitted with a range, set in brick, and the

ordinary appurtenances of a house ashore. The estimated speed of this boat is five to six miles.

The application of sails to a house-boat may vary in extent from a simple squaresail set when the wind favors and it is desirable to shift from one semi-permanent berth to another, up to the full schooner rig. A craft of the latter type is found in Gravesend Bay and about the adjacent waters of Sandy Hook and New York Harbor, being in constant use as a yacht almost as much as a house-boat proper, though from her general arrangement and the nature of her cabin house she must be classed with the latter craft. The Studio was planned by her owner, Mr. M. F. Tobie, of New York, a naval veteran, who finds his chief pleasure still in a life aloft, although engaged in active business in New York. She was built in 1890 by Terry Bros., of Keyport, N. J., and was originally 40 ft. over all, 28 ft. l.w.l., 13 ft. beam, 3 ft. 6 in. hold and 1 ft. 6 in. draft. Her house proper was 28 ft. long, and painted to represent brickwork, but above it she carried a full schooner rig. She has a centerboard 14 ft. long, and in spite of her scow bottom and flat floor is quite a sailer, being enrolled in the fleet of the Brooklyn Y. C. and sailing with the other craft of the club cruises. As the result of a couple of seasons' trial, she was lengthened forward 5 ft., her bow being improved, and her house was cut down somewhat, but it is still a house rather than the cabin trunk of a yacht. Below deck, or perhaps more properly indoors, she is very elaborately fitted up, the large amount of space being utilized in a roomy kitchen and store-rooms and in state-rooms, cabin, etc. Her home port is the club station at Gravesend Bay, where the Captain and his little daughter keep open house, but she may be seen during the season under way on the bay or anchored for the time in some secluded spot.

Captain Tobie is a strong adherent of the sailing house-boat as opposed to the stationary craft, his ideal naturally being the Studio.

Our old correspondent "Podgers" is also a house-boater of many years' standing, and one of the sailing division, too, but his ideal craft is quite different, his views on the subject being set forth in the following chapter, which we quote by permission from his forthcoming book, "Yachts, Yachting and Southern Cruises."

California in the winter season, as every true sportsman there knows, is the paradise of the nimrod who cares for quail, duck, and snipe shooting. When I say winter it does not imply numb-fingers and a red nose as the penalty of the sport.

To follow a bevy of quail up the steep ascent of a mountain side or gulch is work that causes a healthy glow, if not an occasional spasm to blow and mop the moist brow of the hunter. As to duck shooting, he can sit in a boat shoved into the tules, making a blind by bending their tall tops over his head and boat, which, being cradled as it were by the supporting pressure on either side is kept steady, and does not throw him off his balance and overboard, if in his excitement at a passing bunch of sprightly birds he fires straight up as they pass over his head. The kind of ducking boat used being narrow and sharp at

each end, it can be shoved well into the tules, and can be pushed back again, which is a struggle with a square stern boat. The finest duck shooting in the vicinity of San Francisco is at the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which empty into Suisun Bay, a marsh extending from river to river for three miles above their mouths, speckled with deep creeks, or, as they are called, sloughs (slews), all navigable at nearly all stages of the tide, with a high growth of tules on either bank, under which a boat may be hidden, and good shooting obtained, as the ducks fly over or up and down the creeks.

Until recently it was necessary after a day's shooting to have a long pull to find shelter and lodgings, unless the shooter was up there in his yacht, which could anchor in convenient proximity, but even a yacht, unless of large size, does not afford space and all the comfort desired, when returning from a day's tramp wet and muddy and a wee bit tired, and especially are all small yachts deficient in the comforts of a warm cabin or fire, whereby to dry wet clothes and take off the chill of the evening, or mayhap a sharp north wind not felt while exercising but decidedly manifest when the day's labor is over. Considerable experience in this discomfort led me to plan and forthwith proceed to build a nondescript craft, half boat, part house, an ark it might be called, not

planned after Noah's exactly, and more than two of a kind eventually came aboard.

The preliminary step was the construction of a flat or scow with raking ends, length 50 ft., width 16 ft., depth 3 ft.; upon this, or rather let down into it, a house was built, 30 ft. by the full width of the boat, 7 ft. high, with two large windows on one side, on the other a tier of berths, nine in all; on the starboard side a transom, cushioned, and serving the purpose of sofas by day and sleeping at night. A partition or bulkhead was thrown across, making a cosy state-room with a double bed, washstand and conveniences, with a window for light and air. This was the reserve for ladies or distinguished guests. A passageway on the right to the forward deck, with a smaller state-room as the quarters for cook and steward. At the after end, on either side of the passageway to the after deck, was a large roomy kitchen and pantry; a large old-fashioned open Franklin stove at the forward end, between the two doors, an extension dining table, a couple of large easy chairs, and several old-fashioned Boston rockers, a warm carpet, a soft rug in front of the stove, several bracket lamps and a large center hanging lamp completed the "tout ensemble."

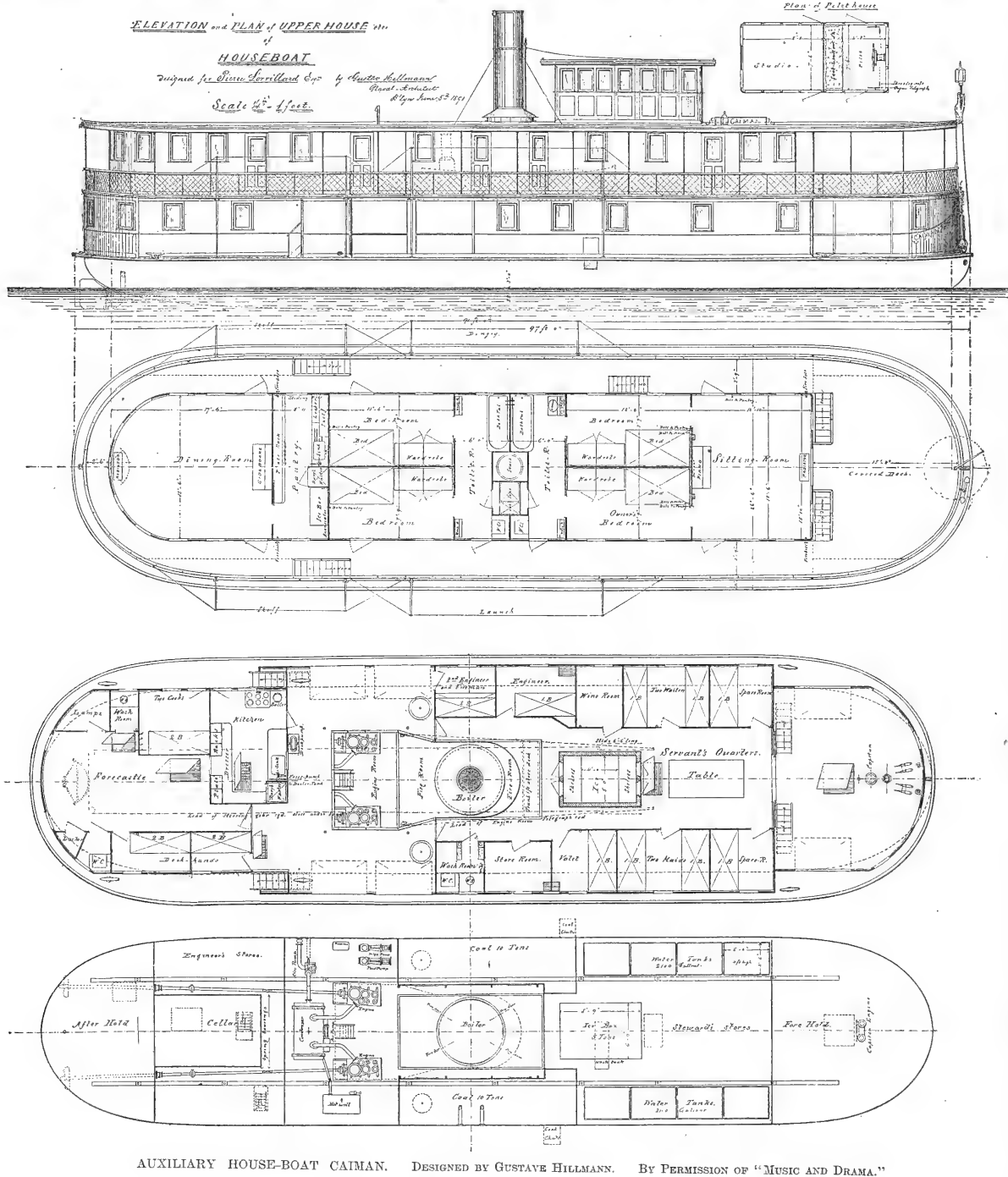
After a hard day tramping through wet ground for snipe or a long row up the creeks, to come aboard at dark, wet and tired, shed rubber boots and soiled garments, get on dry clothes after a dip of the feet over the side, and a good wash at the tank outside, hanging shooting clothes up under the projecting roof, making all tidy, then to come down the three steps into the cabin or "saloon" and see the table spread with a clean linen cloth, a cheerful fire in the stove, the lamps burning brightly, and our old cook and steward and crew combined in the person of that incomparable old salt, Captain Cutter, just placing a roast goose or a couple of pairs of mallards on the table, smoking pot, with the announcement, "Dinner, gentlemen," was enough to make one say there is something in this kind of a life worth living for, and such was a dinner in the cheerful cabin of the old Mud Hen way up there in the tules. How we commiserated and sympathized with friends who were not there to enjoy it all with us.

Then, after the dinner, to which good cooking and good appetites gave a zest, came the cigar and pipe. The table was cleared off, (contributed by a lady) set in the center. Some played cards, but the old guard, the old comfortable, took to the rocking chairs or lounged on the cushions, and gave themselves up to the perfect sense of enjoyment of a cigar or the meerschaum, looking into the bright firelight or watching the rings of smoke ascending. Waistbands were slacked up, slippers feet were elevated to the fender, or mantel, and if outsiders could have peeped in on us at such a moment they would have said, if there is peace and comfort to be found in the wide world it is here.

What glorious times we did have on the old craft. She was not a beauty, and her name was not originally the Mud Hen. She rejoiced in the more sentimental one of Tule Belle, but some unappreciative fellow that did not shoot gave her that derisive appellation and it stuck to her ever after, varied by such disrespectful cognomens as Inebrius, Old Torpid, Fly-up-the-Creek, etc., but it was not until that these facetious gentlemen never failed to accept an invitation to come aboard and more frequently to come without any.

The Tule Belle was intended just for a floating shooting box, to be anchored up the river in a good location and remain as an objective point to which we could run up on Saturdays by rail or steamboat, having the man in charge meet us with the skiff at the landing. Then when we wanted to move her, which was seldom, we hitched on to some passing tug and took up another location.

At first the Mud Hen had no other means of moving about except by



steam power to tow her, but later, after selling my small steam launch, I put a mast in her and sloop-rigged her, put the old-fashioned leeboards on the sides, and with a fair wind it took a very smart craft to catch her. She would scud away before it in a manner most surprising to the bay boats that we encountered. She was not much on the wind of course, except when having the tide with her, then she would work to windward fast and we could always get somewhere with her. It was, of course, grotesque yachting, but there was a deal of fun and lots of comfort in it, for no matter where we brought up we were at home.

If it looked like bad weather we could run under the lee of an island or into a creek, as she drew but 20 in. of water we could run up any slough or on to a mud bank into the tules (our name for a tall species of cat-tails or rushes) and there we were. Let it blow high or low, we were as snug as bugs, and what jolly days we had and cheerful pleasant evenings.

frequently cruised 200 miles or more on a trip up the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers and Suisun Bay and tributaries, and never came to grief in low or calm. She was always reliable, and while a run one to look at, had more comforts than any \$30,000 yacht could boast.

Whenever the yacht fleet had a Saturday afternoon "meet" and a short cruise to some picnic ground, it was the Mud Hen that had the prettiest girls, for she was the supply craft, the tender and general rendezvous. We ran her nose up on the beach, put out a plank, and the girls could run aboard and consult the mirror, arrange tousled hair, and generally the table was set on board, and such crab salad as was evolved from her pantry! She was a necessary adjunct to the fleet.

On one occasion the cruise was extended over Sunday, the objective point a shallow bay. It was a flood tide and we had no difficulty in reaching the spot just at evening. After dinner the guests on board the several yachts came on board the Mud Hen for a frolic. Guitars, violins and flutes helped to eke out the entertainment. A dance being proposed, the chairs and table banished, and for two hours the girls and boys had a good time, until some properly-minded matron suggested that it was nearing Sunday, and ordered the festivities closed. Then came the return to their respective yachts. They had come in boats from each, which were made fast to the Mud Hen, all around her, reminding one of a country church meeting and the horses all tied around the house. It was a beautiful moonlight night, not a cloud.

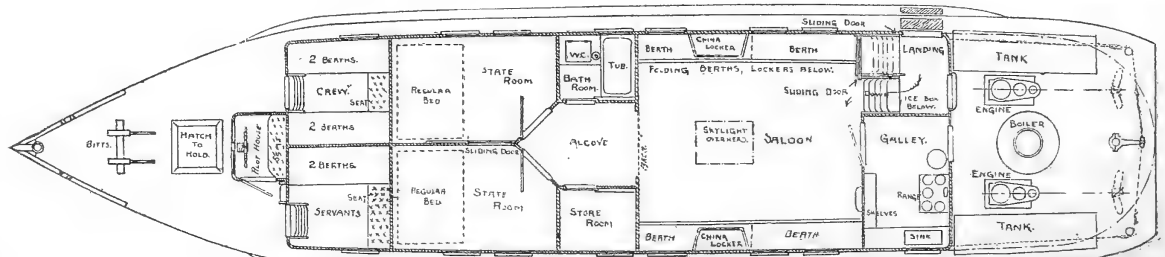
The girls, after the usual flurry of putting on wraps and hoods, and giggling and laughing went on deck, and a scream from all called attention to the fact that it being spring tides every drop of water had run out of the bay and every yacht was standing bolt upright in a sea of mud. Some were a quarter of a mile distant. The question was how to get those girls home. A plan was at last devised. We had several small light flat-bottomed ducking boats. All the long rubber boots were utilized, and the girls put into the boats by twos, one of us behind to shove the boat over the slippery mud to its destination. It was of course soft and it would not do to let go one's hold on the boat, or down you would sink. You rested the weight on the boat and pushed with the feet. It was an odd sight that beautiful night to see a half dozen boats scooting across the mud, the girls screaming and shouting, calling across the mud to know how they were enjoying the sleigh ride. They were all safely put aboard

their respective yachts, and so what was seemed at first a dire catastrophe was converted into a frolic.

Whatever became of the Mud Hen? Well! she got to be so popular that the shooting side of my friends declared that it was simply on imposition on me, and insisted on making it into a club, so a party of twenty, called the Tule Shooting Club, fell heir to her, and she continued to do business at the old stand for several years, until finally the club came to be a very swell one, and an expensive club house was built and the poor old craft was relegated to a position on four legs above tide water and became the dog parlor for the club's dogs.

I cannot conceive a more sensible method of spending a winter South than to have a craft after the style and pattern of the Mud Hen, built right here or at Jacksonville, where lumber is cheap, and made a floating home. I should, however, for those waters rig her as a schooner and have a centerboard, or if the case is objectionable, put two centerboards, otherwise leeboards, one on each side outside of the main planking and inclosed by an outside casing or planking, running to nothing, to hide the cases. Easily done and perfectly effective, getting rid of the centerboard in the cabin entirely. A craft so built and rigged can run down the coast with perfect safety, run into this place, go on down to Key Biscayne, into Indian River, and for that matter around the cape and along the west coast and into every port. She need not necessarily be sharpened forward. She will pound more in a seaway probably than if sharpened, but you are outside but a small part of the time, and as for safety I should not hesitate to go anywhere with such a craft.

In San Francisco Bay all the grain carriers are of this pattern, perfectly flat on the bottom, a little sheer at ends, and drawn in, narrowed at bow and stern somewhat, but still square. A long rake from bottom to deck. These craft go outside and beat up about as rough a coast as you can find the world over, to Oregon, and bring down heavy lumber cargoes, thus refuting by actual demonstration the idea of their unseaworthiness. We don't, of course, advocate them as the perfection of sea boats, nothing so perfectly flat can be, but for use in shallow waters they are simply perfection, being fast sailers, roomy, cheap and comfortable.



What crew would be required? You would want a good steady man that knows the waters, as a sort of sailing master, if not competent yourself. A sailor cook is a man who understands lending a hand to get up sails and anchor, presuming, of course, that your sailing master is not a fancy fellow but a practical sailor, two all told, no more. You pay your cook \$30, your mate \$40, a steward or waiter \$30, or say \$100 a month wages. Your table, according to your purse and taste, \$8 a day should supply it for all, that makes \$250 a month for the expense of a moderate sized family and crew, as cheaply as if you staid at home, and compare that with hotel bills, without crediting health and the enjoyment.

New Jersey Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held at its club house, foot of Tenth street, Hoboken, on March 30, and brought out a large attendance of members. The treasurer submitted his annual report, which set forth at length the receipts and disbursements for the past year, showing the club to have a balance of \$300 and over. The trustees, in whom the property of the club is vested, through Com. E. W. Ketcham, their chairman, submitted an exhaustive report of the doings of the club for the past year, telling of the alterations and improvements that had been made in and about the premises, and making some valuable suggestions for the guidance of the club.

The meeting reported a fleet of forty-one sailing yachts, from the large sloop to the small catboat, of seven steam yachts ranging from 105 to 35 ft. in length, of two catamarans, making a total of fifty vessels.

At a previous meeting of the club certain resolutions were adopted concerning the death of one of the original members of the club, Mr. R. Dumatheray. At the meeting last Thursday a handsome memorial brochure was presented to all the members by his widow.

The date of the twenty-second annual regatta was fixed for Saturday, June 10, and will be sailed over the usual courses of the club in the Upper and Lower bays. The regatta committee was instructed to make all necessary arrangements, including the chartering of a suitable steamer for the regatta. It is probable that a steamer will also be procured for the America's Cup races.

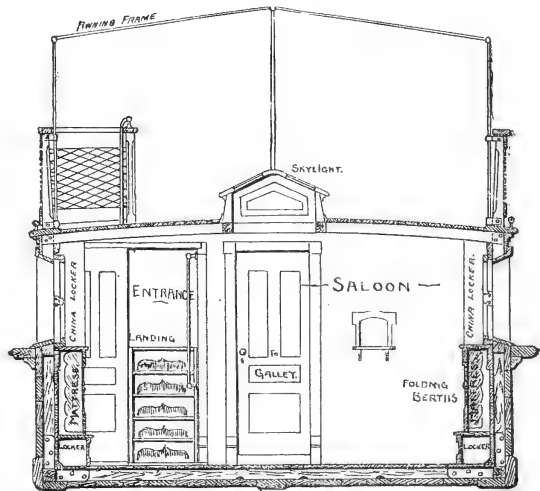
The following officers were elected: Com., F. S. Ketcham, sloop; Charm, Vice-Com., A. W. Wenzel, sloop; Recorder, Sec'y, Frank H. Benjamin; Treas., E. W. Ketcham; Financial Sec'y, B. A. Deetjen; Corresponding Sec'y, Louis Wunder; Meas., H. L. Schneider. Regatta Committee, E. W. Ketcham, Louis Wunder and J. E. Clark. Trustees, E. W. Ketcham, E. A. Stevens, T. Butts, John Ortlieb and Alfred Wenzel. Delegates to Yacht Racing Association, G. E. Gartland, Louis Wunder, F. H. Benjamin. The club starts so early with every prospect of having a brilliant and successful season.

Southern Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the regular annual meeting of the Southern Y. C. (the second oldest yachting organization in the United States) the following officers were elected: Thos. Sully, Com., steam yacht Helen; Alex. Brewster, Vice-Com., sloop Mephisto; L. O'Donnell, Rear-Com., sloop Florence; H. Brown, Treas., F. M. Hall, Sec. Governors' Committee, James Rea, Wm. Lynd, N. E. Baumgardner, C. T. Yenni, H. O. Benedict. Membership Com., C. R. Van Winkle, E. L. Piac, L. R. Garcia, J. M. Huger, Jr., M. J. Farrell. The date of the annual regatta was changed from the first Tuesday in June to the second Saturday in May. The club is in a very prosperous condition, and the coming season bids fair to be the most hotly contested one since the days of Lady Emma-Silence \$1,500 prize regatta. The club owns many fine modern yachts, the work of Burgess, Stewart & Binney, McGiehan, and other noted designers, also one of the fastest 22-footers anywhere, the Nyanza. This fleet little sloop has, according to time calculations of races here and all over the North, the fastest time to her credit of any yacht of her class. There is talk among the club members of sending Nyanza to Minneapolis with a full Southern crew, to represent the South at the summer carnival. Yachting here is on a boom; everything looks very bright for a most interesting season. The FOREST AND STREAM is always on file at the club house and is considered great authority with the members. TALLY HO.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

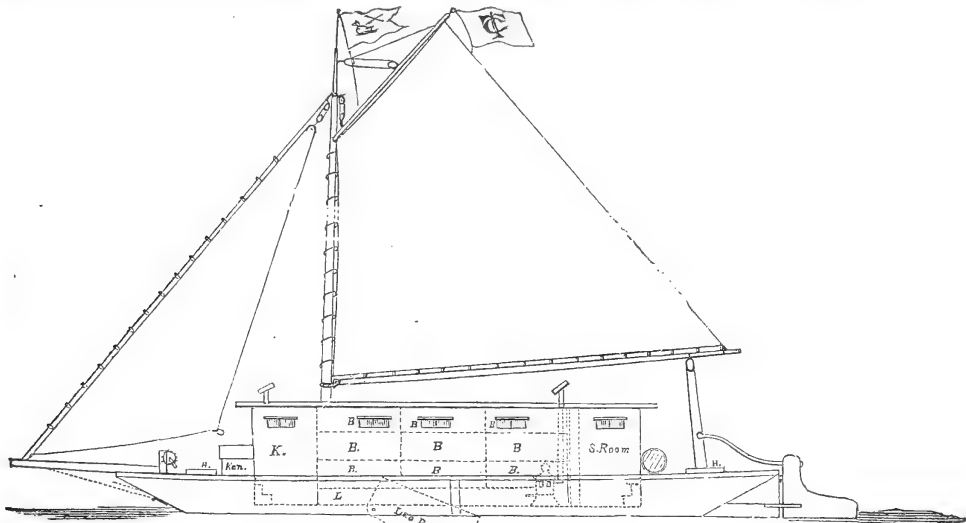


PLAN OF CLAY & TORBENSEN'S AUXILIARY TWIN SCREW HOUSE-BOAT.

A Vacation Voyage.—IV.

[Concluded from Page 285.]

THE wind had blown strong from the west all day, but at sunset it was veering to northwest. This enabled us to stand out of the bay close-hauled, skirting the southern shore, but it made a rough sea to encounter. The sky was dark and threatening and soon the dangerous shore to leeward disappeared in the gloom. The Flora was heeling down to the breeze and threw the spray half way to the fore throat when she met the steep seas. Having lashed the sweep to the



TULE BELLE. "PODGERS'S" HOUSE-BOAT.

B.—Berths. K.—Kitchen. H.—Hatches. L.—Hold.

coaming and coiled sheets and halliards fore and aft, the "crew" and the skipper joined Vag in the cuddy. It seemed snug indeed below on such a night, though one would roll out of the weather berth. The rush of the wind under the sails and the hammering of the seas against the bends made a pleasant music. What trust our little plunging craft deserved in us and how often had she proved her staunch, weatherly, qualities. We had learned to love her dearly for the personality she had acquired in our eyes.

And nothing more delighted the mate than to hold the tiller at such a time. Covered from head to foot in dripping oilskins he sat perched high on the weather coaming and listened for the surf to leeward. He deemed it risky to follow the treacherous shore where it begins to turn to the southward, so kept her full and by until at last the faint red beacon on the Charlevoix pier head came in view. Then, knowing that the last point had been passed, he raised the fin and put her dead before the wind.

Next morning when the bridge opened to let us pass into the upper harbor, we knew by the way the group of loungers pointed at us that Caldwell's version of the regatta was generally accepted. It was Sunday, so after drifting lazily over to our anchorage, we lowered sail and made all "shipshape and Bristol fashion."

"Skip, come out of the cuddy, they've lowered a boat from that big cruising yawl over there, and a fellow is pulling right toward us." Then the skipper heard voices through the open hatch. "Howdy, boys, been North, have you? Fine morning. I'm master of the Margaret yonder. Yes, I guess there'll be wind from the southwest before long. That boat of yours looks like one of the kind that stays with you, eh? My name is Dan Moloy; I came up here from Chicago to take the yacht for the season and it's awful dull here now. Won't you fellows come aboard and have dinner with me? We'll take a little run in Pine Lake this afternoon. My owner will get here in a few days, I expect."

Dan had begun with, "Well I should, how—" when the mate's broad palm was placed where it interrupted the rest of the sentence. "Very glad to know you, Mr. Moloy. I think we have no pressing engagements to-day and will be pleased to take you up on that offer. About noon? All right, there are three of us." And then when the dip of the oars sounded faint in the distance, Bert released his hold on the irrepressible crew with an admonition to be more careful if he expected to keep our secret.

At the appointed hour we clambered noisily over the Margaret's rail, toggled out in our very best, and were greeted by her master at the companionway. "Glad you came, boys, shake; step right below. There's no one but me and Jim aboard. I shipped him for steward the other day and now I'm looking for a couple of foremast hands."

We felt confident that Mr. Moloy's politeness would protect us from any embarrassing questions about the race he supposed us to have won, but at first it was hard for us to appear at ease. The glittering

windlass. Whatever order might be given, Jim would seize the nearest line and cast loose or belay as the case might be. Finally he let go the topsail halliard to help her in stays and was banished in disgrace to the galley. But a moment later we caught a glimpse of him through the skylight going over the brass work for the twentieth time.

The Margaret was a large, handsome cruiser of the most approved deep water model. It seemed very strange to us, who were used to taking soundings with our centerboard, that such a yacht might take the ground where the eye found not the suspicion of a shoal. The flush deck, the swing table and the short spars were a revelation to

And this was but one day of the six that we spent in these congenial waters.

The next day was pleasant enough until noon, but then it began to rain and continued to do so until night. After lunch Bert and Dan went ashore to get some provisions and to call at the post-office. The skipper waited for them until he had finished his novel and then turned in with the faithful Vag at his feet. When he awoke it was broad daylight and the startling conviction seized his mind that he was alone in the cabin. He indulged in some deep thinking that morning, as he afterward admitted, while preparing his lonely breakfast. Still, hand sailing was all very well, but it seemed rather an abrupt change and then too he felt that he was not without some responsibility for the others. Having waited an hour or more and no news had of the missing crew it became too lonesome to longer remain idle. So the skipper made sail and boxed around the harbor a little just to see how it would be if he must end the cruise by sailing the yacht home alone. But this, too, became oppressive in time, so he lunched, fished the hatch and went to a bathhouse to wash.

It was about 12:30 when he returned to the yacht and found his troublesome crew seated in the cockpit trying to open a can of meat which they had found in a locker.

"Well, who went your bail?" he managed to gasp out, "and why don't you wait until dinner is formally announced?"

The crew doubled his exertions with a fair prospect of breaking his jack-knife while the mate seemed lost in abstraction. But at last he returned to a sense of reality and confessed some time, but if you love me don't let it get out at home. You see, me and the deck hand went to the post-office and there I came across a fellow named Robinson. He lives here, but I didn't know it and hadn't seen him since I lived at Traverse City. And Robbie said we'd go up to the house, it was so wet and nasty. Well, and here his interest in the faraway something across the harbor nearly made him forget the other's presence.

"Well, his sisters made the time go rather quick, you know. But Dan said he guessed it was time to pull out. Then Robbie told us no use to go back in the rain, that we must stay all night and he would wake us at six because he was going to Norwood early. And that's all there is of it."

"That's all there is of it?" "Yes, that's all, except that we woke up about half an hour ago and slipped out of the house and came down here. We thought we ought to account for our absence."

"Why, how nice; but I hope you didn't deprive yourself of sleep just to come down and report!"

"It was first-rate bunking, but I rather think Robbie played it on us that time," said Dan sorrowfully.

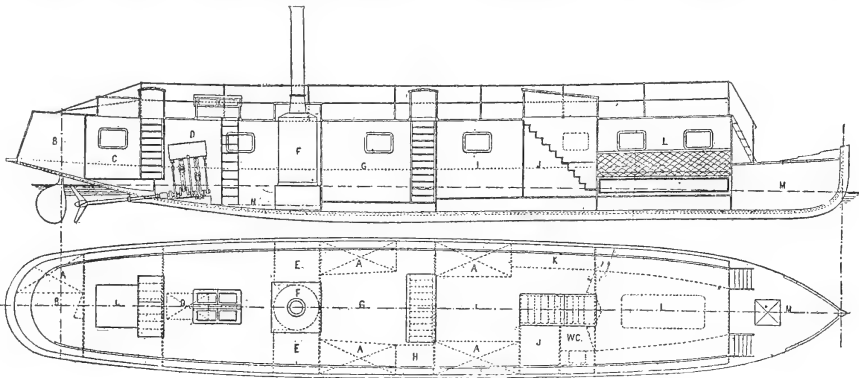
But this idyllic existence was not forever we knew. There still remained ports to be visited, an X on the chart, and we were beginning to long for blue water. And yet we were loath to leave. We had excused ourselves whenever a race was proposed, so our reputation as cup winners was not in the least tarnished. On the contrary, our presence seemed even to give it new impetus, if such were possible, while our silence on the subject won us the highest esteem for modesty. Then, too, we felt that leaving Charlevoix would but mark the beginning of an end.

Thence before us lay the south, with its interminable shores of sand bars, and astern was all we loved so well, the spice of adventure and the romance of foreign shores.

It was with a light west wind and an ugly lump of a sea that we finally quit Charlevoix. This time we passed inside of Fisherman's Island, a low, barren, wind-swept rock, and then the wind freshened and we began the long run up Grand Traverse Bay. At midnight we anchored near the head of West Bay, at Traverse City. But this place, with its general air of business, its railroad and the blithe music of the saws in the mills along the water, was little in accord

us, and, as I remember, produced a very favorable impression.

If any doubt lingered in our minds as to the Flora's standing as a flyer it quite disappeared the next morning, when two gentlemen from the Belvidere came down with a tape line and craved the privilege of taking her dimensions. "This sailing under false colors is more fun than a shipwreck," the delighted crew asserted, and he only expressed our unanimous opinion. Several times we met Caldwell,



AUXILIARY HOUSE-BOAT PINSON. FROM "LE YACHT."

AA.—Beds. B.—Servant's room. C.—Kitchen. D.—Engine. E.—Bunkers. F.—Boiler. G.—Guest's room. H.—Toilet. I.—Owner's room. J.—Toilet. K.—Closet. L.—Saloon. M.—Fore deck.

the unwilling author of our popularity. The corners of his mouth were turned down, but there was an unmistakable twinkle in his eyes.

The only drawback that attended this peculiar condition of affairs was the perpetual show that we felt we were making of ourselves; it was a trifle embarrassing at times for the skipper to find himself the envious object of admiration, but he pointed out as the hero of an event which he had never entered; but the mate carried out his part in a way that made lavish amends for any deficiency exhibited by the others. We were especially careful when boxing about the harbor to show foresail only, if any other craft was near with which our speed might be compared. We knew that Caldwell could be depended on to support the story which his own ingenious brain had evolved, but it would have been exceedingly embarrassing for us if some little upstart of a catboat should overhual us in the harbor. Perhaps the very insecurity of our tenure to a reputation, the knowledge that our pleasant dream might be abruptly concluded by a letter, just as a letter had originated it, made the fun more vivid while it lasted.

One morning, with a fresh breeze from the northwest, we hoisted sail, slipped moorings, headed for the narrow channel to Pine Lake, and passed Buzzy Point with sweeping canvases and a long straight wake astern. It was a beautiful cloudless day and we were bound up the lake in exploration. As the Flora glided over the foam-flecked surface, with light hearts we lounged in the cockpit and enjoyed our glorious freedom. Soon we reached the smelting furnaces of Ironston, where South Arm, as this portion of the lake is called, branches off to the right. We were scudding past the pleasant shores that rise like river banks, green from the water's edge.

"Mate, I'll tell you what, if you'll wash a shirt for me I'll covenant and agree to wash dishes twice for you." It was Dan who broke in upon our lazy daydream with his rude reminder of one of the most abhorrent of the limitations upon our freedom.

"Take it off and I'll make the attempt," was the answer.

"No, I mean the one in my valise," but I'll forgive the insinuation."

So the grave Bert poured a bucket of water on deck and was soon engaged in his serious labor.

"Ho! Soap overboard, down helm!" We were going a clean eight miles an hour when the mate sung out. Without trying to keep his eye on the lost treasure, he hastily dropped the centerboard and seized foresheet in one hand and staysail sheet in the other.

"That's well, ready about, lighten headsheets," and she was soon heeling as to intersect her former course.

"Keep her off, helm up, steady," shouted Dan from his position at bowsprit heel. "Now watch for it to leeward." As we swept past, the mate made a successful dip with the bucket and landed the prize. In a moment the yacht swung off before the breeze and was on her course to the shore.

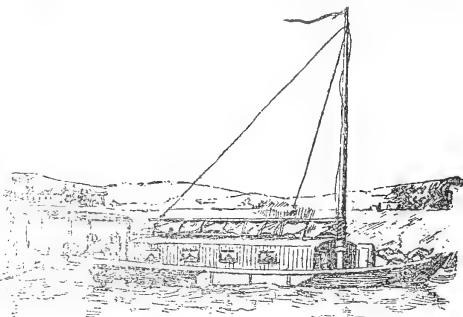
"Ha, precious treasure, and the only link that connects us with civilization! It floats, it floats, forty-four and ninety-nine one hundredths pin," and the White Elephant resumed his labor.

We proceeded up the winding lake until about fifteen miles from Charlevoix, then moored the yacht under the lee of a sandy point and spent the rest of the day gypsy-like on the beach. There was a plentiful supply of wild berries in the wood, and we found that by diligent application we could pick them fast enough to prevent our hunger from increasing and still have time for an occasional dip in the lake.

When evening came the breeze had died out and we were ready to return. Bert said he would take the first watch, so the other two turned in. Soon the night wind came up fair astern and the occupants of the cuddy were entertained by the efforts of the mate in keeping her wing and wing. This he was determined to do, but when he left the helm to wing out the foresail the mainsail would jibe. Then the foresail would jibe, or perhaps on the contrary the foresail jibed first and was followed by the mainsail, or as occasionally happened, both went over together. The crew fell asleep with a broad grin on his face, and knew no more until a lantern was thrust into his face and the deck beams hit him a vicious rap on the head. The yacht had arrived at her familiar anchorage, the hook was down and sails furled.

with our free and easy dilettanteism. We wandered about for a few hours, and left to retrace our course down the bay. Northport, where we arrived at daybreak, the sleepy, forgotten village detained us part of a day. The wind was fresh from northwest, so in the afternoon we held northward toward the open lake, but anchored under the lee of Lighthouse Point, well out toward the end, to wait until night should come. Our wait was not tedious; we took advantage of the occasion to visit the lighthouse and were shown into the lantern by the proud keeper.

This trick of lying by during the day if you have a head wind, and edging along at night with the land breeze, was one by which we had



A SHANGHAI HOUSE-BOAT.

profited more than once. The sun was just showing over the hills to port and the wind was beginning to swing back to the southwest, when the Flora slipped into the harbor at South Marquette Island, next morning. This peculiar, crescent shaped haven, situated on the east side of the island, which lies about twelve miles from the mainland, is familiar to every one who has seen rough weather on Lake Michigan. The course of the lower lake commerce lies inside the island, from whose empty harbor may be seen all day long and by their lights at night, all that passes through the straits, following each other as in some grand pageant. But when that tempestuous months of early autumn arrive, the island awakes to full activity: from the north and the south the over-laden steamers and the weather-beaten schooners will congregate in the little basin until their masts are numbered by the score.

When we arrived there was nothing in port but a steam barge and her consort loading gravel for Chicago. We beat to the sandy point that projects from the south, and anchored almost under the shadow of the tall white lighthouse. There is excellent holding ground, the bottom slopes down from the beach as steep as sand will lie to a depth of twenty fathoms. The lighthouse keeper told us he had known a schooner coming in for the first time that let go an anchor with too short a scope of chain. Down to the bottom it shot and surprised all hands by taking both ends of the cable with it.

Later in the day the wind became stronger. Just a half mile to the east we could see the hearing whitecaps roll. Soon a little steamer, fairly covered with lumber, sought shelter at the island, and was followed close by a great white-winged schooner from the north. We supposed she was laden with coal, for her deck was low and she was



(To Forgive Divine).

THE POETRY OF HOUSE-BOATING.

brass on deck and the elegance of the furnishings below almost took our breath away. But once more the mate's insuperable nerve carried us over the shoals. You would have thought, to see him examine the barometer and scowl at the inoffensive steward, that he had lived all his life on a 300-ton ocean rover.

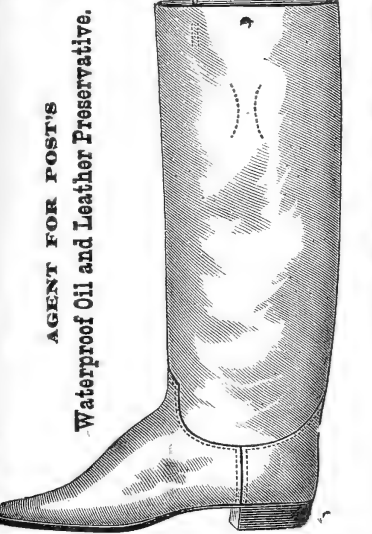
This "doctor" Jim we found a very amusing character. "I came in on an ore vessel last week," he said, "and we stuck on the bar outside and the water came through the roof all night. So I struck. 'This here's the sweetest hooker I ever laid eyes on,' and then he rushed off to polish some of his galley utensils. When we had made sail Jim was going to lift the stream anchor hand over hand, but was surprised to find that he could not even haul the cable taut without the

6 "bit" system may be indulged in some of the events. I ask space

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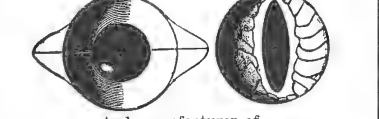
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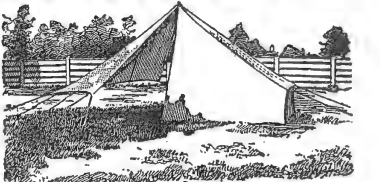
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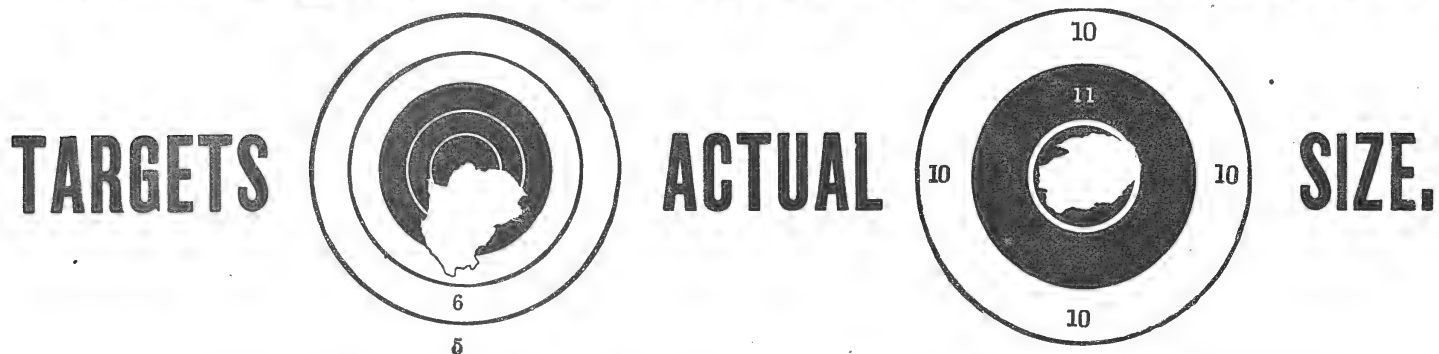
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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page V.

A TAG FOR THE DUKE.

THE Duke of Veragua, who is of direct line of descent from the great Columbus, has come to New York to participate in the festivities of the Columbian celebration and to receive, as is fitting to the rightful heir, some measure of the honor and glory accorded to his distinguished ancestor. In the name of the sportsmen of America we salute the Duke. Speaking for the shooters, the hunters and the anglers, we extend to him the assurance of our unbounded gratitude that, when the Genoese gave to Ferdinand and Isabel a New World, it was one so richly abounding in the resources of field and stream; and we proclaim our abiding satisfaction that of the game and fish of this continent which at first by providing subsistence for the new comers here made life possible to be lived, some fragmentary store still remains to be counted among the luxuries which make life worth the living.

The Duke will find this continent not so well off for game and fish as it was on the occasion of the first visit to America by one of his family, but if the Veraguas are sportsmen, and will do us the honor to prolong their stay with us until the crisp days of a North American autumn, we will undertake that feathers shall be put up worthy the matchlock of their ancestor's arquebus, as of the best modern gun from armorer of Castile or Arragon. Or if the Veraguan fancy incline to the sheen of the salmon, the glow and luster of the trout, or the glint of the bass, here in America we will show them such dancing mountain streams and placid lakes as the Old World may not boast—nay, not even amid those rugged fastnesses where first rose the Cid and made his glorious stand against the infidel.

The dignitaries of Manhattan have presented to the Duke de Veragua an elaborately-engrossed scroll of parchment, conferring upon him the freedom of the city. Empty honor! We extend to him the freedom of the continent—its waters and fields and woods, from ocean to ocean. Free to him shall be its trout from Pennsylvania to Oregon, the bass of Wisconsin, the landlocked salmon of New Hampshire, the pickerel of New Jersey, the channel bass of Florida, where rolls the surf as Columbus first beheld it on the silver sands of San Salvador. Free to a Veragua shall be the partridge of the old fields of South Carolina, and free that other partridge of the New England hillside. He may wander at will on trail of deer, caribou or moose in the forests of Maine, or pursue the bounding deer through the trackless wilderness of the Alleghanies, New York's North Woods and Michigan's wilds. If Veragua's pleasure is to be found in yet more arduous pursuits, there are the bears in the Mississippi canebrakes and in the mountains grizzlies, whose shaggy hides might well test the tough steel of a Toledo blade; elk, antelope and mountain sheep will be found in the Rockies of Wyoming; and on the summits of Montana, Washington and Oregon the clumsy goat, his pelt a prize not unworthy the quest of a Knight of the Golden Fleece, nor yet the winning by one in whose veins run the blood of him who won a world.

It was not given to the great Christopher to subdue the

wild creatures of the New World; he never dreamed of the western mountains, much less of the magnificent antlered creatures inhabiting them, but to this scion of his race are opened wider and richer opportunities, and as he shall improve them, and as one trophy after another shall be won by his skill to be taken home to Spain as tangible memorials of the sporting resources of this country, the Duke de Veragua will understand why the sportsmen of the New World rejoice in the best hunting countries, the best game and the best fish on all the round ball.

"The freedom of the city" indeed! How paltry a bauble is that. Compare with it this freedom which FOREST AND STREAM extends, the freedom of the game covers and the angling waters of a continent, nor do we speak presumptuously, nor without the most deliberate weighing of words when we assure the Duke that the freedom shall be the fullest, without reservation or limitation, save as by our codes of game laws which have somewhat tardily been adopted and are now more or less in force in this Columbian era. He shall have the best there is, even if that best be inclosed within the barbed wire confines of a game preserve, for what club the most exclusive would not remove its trespass signs in favor of one of the line of the discoverer of the whole continental preserve—and as for those States and counties where no non-resident, not even Christopher Columbus himself, might shoot or fish untagged, even there the Duke de Veragua shall shoot and fish both, if he will, not tagless, indeed, but with every minutest letter of the law duly complied with and the tags furnished, if this may be permitted us, by the FOREST AND STREAM, for what is "freedom" if not free, and what is hospitality if stinted. Such at least would not be the hospitality characteristic of the sportsmen of this country nor such their extended freedom of Columbia, misnamed America.

This distinguished foreigner shall not be hampered by any of the invidious and vexatious non-resident discriminations, which in certain sections of our great and glorious country are enforced against the ordinary every-day common American citizen, born under its Stars and Stripes. We shall undertake to see to it that even in Dorchester county, Maryland, the Duke de Veragua shall have the same freedom to shoot partridges that he would enjoy if, in addition to coming of the line of Christopher Columbus, he had married a Dorchester county girl. The Duke shall have his tag.

WORTH TRYING.

IT appears to be pretty clearly demonstrated that the Mongolian pheasant can stand the winters of New England and northern New York, and that he has nothing to fear from climate on this coast. This has been demonstrated not by a single experiment, but by several.

It is now well known that the pheasants turned out some years ago at Tuxedo Park did well and scattered themselves over a great range of country in New Jersey and southern New York. They are killed from time to time in Rockland and Sullivan counties, N. Y., and seem in the wild state to be slowly on the increase. Some pheasants imported two or three years ago to Flanders, L. I., by Mr. H. D. Auchincloss, have done well out of doors and are increasing. Last season Mr. W. Austin Wadsworth, of Livingston county, N. Y., turned out ten birds and they survived the bitter weather of the winter just past. On another page Mr. Wallace, of Connecticut, gives another instance of their hardiness.

We are familiar with the rapid increase of this beautiful species on the West Coast, where all the conditions are in its favor; where climate is milder, food more abundant and easily had, and enemies fewer. But with strict protection a somewhat similar increase might take place in the central West and even on the Atlantic coast.

Pheasants are great wanderers, and a few turned out at any point will spread themselves over a wide extent of country; they are also great runners and will sometimes refuse to lie to a dog, but at other times they have to be kicked out of the brush just as our own quail and ruffed grouse do.

We know of no experiments with any exotic game which have proved so promising as those with this pheasant, and it would seem worth the while of sportsmen's clubs generally to take the matter of their introduction in hand. The fact that the birds will lay their eggs in confinement and that the young can be hatched out under domestic fowls, greatly simplifies the experiment.

THE TROUT OPENING.

ON Saturday last the legal opening for trout for the State at large took place, and as usual there was a fine show of fish in Fulton Market at Mr. Blackford's and elsewhere.

The day before had been one of severe storm, one and a half inches of water having fallen in the twenty-four hours. This was followed by clearing weather and a cold wave, so that it was really much more comfortable in the market looking at Mr. Blackford's slabs and tanks than it was by the brook side.

Nevertheless, there were not wanting many anglers who wet their lines on the opening day, but most of these found the streams tremendously swollen and heavy with mud and soil, so that the results of their efforts were not large.

But from now on it is time to go a-fishing. The grip of the frost king is loosened for the year. Now the weather will be growing milder and milder, and

"On low seas over night the spring comes gently walking."

From this time on, he who goes afield with his rod will see many things to give him pleasure, whether he returns with creel full or empty. On the hills that bound the valley through which his brook flows are scattered the pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus and the blue ones of the hepatica. In the swamps which he threads as he follows the stream's course are the graceful anemones and the yellow blooms of the dog tooth violet. From every tree top he hears the mellow song of the building robin, and the twitter of the bluebird as he shifts his light load of song from post to post along the fences. From the willows and alders along stream and pond rise now and then flocks of newly arrived blackbirds whose quaint efforts at song are yet sweet to the ear.

The perfume of flowers, the smell of the meadows, the fresh, fragrant odors of the woods delight another sense, not less than the flood of warm sunshine in which the angler delights again to bask.

It has been said a thousand times that it is not all of fishing to fish, and the taking of a few trout is perhaps the least part of the pleasure of that angler who goes afield in the early days of spring, but after all, it is the fish that give him his excuse for his outing and all the delights that come with it, and if it were not for them he would still be sticking to his desk and carrying on his daily work. So it is that we all welcome the day of the trout opening, for it gives us an excuse to look again at nature awakened anew from her long winter's sleep.

THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.

ON Wednesday of next week there will be unveiled in Trinity Cemetery, this city, a monument which has been erected to the memory of John James Audubon. This unveiling completes the labors of those who for several years have been striving that some appropriate memorial should be raised to the great artist-naturalist, who did more than any other one man to acquaint Americans with the birds of their own country.

It is more than five years since the preliminary work of the Audubon monument committees began. The project for a monument to the naturalist was a direct growth from the founding of the Audubon Society, which was started by FOREST AND STREAM for the purpose of combating the pernicious fashion of wearing the feathers of native birds as ornaments. Committees were appointed by various scientific societies, among which the New York Academy of Sciences and the Linnean Society were prominent, and a general interest was felt in the subject. It is true that at times the work dragged, but the energy of those who had it in charge never flagged, and their labors are at last crowned with success.

At the exercises to be held at Trinity Cemetery next Wednesday, Professor Egleston will deliver an address, turning over the monument to the authorities of Trinity Cemetery. At the exercises to be held in the evening at the American Museum of Natural History, in Manhattan Square, an eulogy of the great artist-naturalist will be pronounced by Mr. D. G. Elliot, himself an ornithologist of eminence.

It is a source of satisfaction to all ornithologists that this monument is at last erected, and that it stands within a short distance of that home where the great naturalist passed the latest and, perhaps, the happiest days of a long and changeable life, surrounded by loving children and grandchildren, and having for his companion that noble wife to whom so much of his success was due.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"LIGE."

I.

I LIKE to think of Lige as I first knew him; the child of nature; the soft, tender-hearted man; the genial, easy-going, don't-care fellow; the interesting and entertaining friend. Not a care or thought for the morrow disturbed the serene monotony of his life; he lived alone in an old farmhouse, where he cooked, ate and slept, unharassed and untrammelled. Not a relative in the world that he knew of, everybody was his friend and he was the friend of every one. Kind, gentle and lovable; though the outer shell was rough and unkempt, the heart was ever kind and sympathetic. When I came to know him thoroughly I loved him. Rest here in this heart, old friend; I embalm you in my memory as you once were.

I first met Lige on a day like this on which I am writing; perhaps this brought him to my mind; I don't know; it makes no difference with the story. It was a soft, warm day in the opening of spring, gentle showers were falling, cooling the air and coaxing the buds to open and grass to grow. It was a good day for fishing, I was tired; oh so tired of business. Who has not had the mad impulse come over him to rush away from the wearing round to the woods and meadows, there in the quiet of nature to expand and grow backward to the boyish joys again? If there is one who has had no such impulses, who cares not to haunt the fields and woods for even a brief holiday, I pity, though I cannot understand him.

I had fished all day. Never before had the old Nepash so rewarded me for my efforts; I had fish enough to satisfy the most grasping, and I threw myself down to drink in the quiet and beauty of the scene about me. So absorbed was I in the loveliness that I was not aware of another's presence until I was greeted with, "What luck, stranger?"

I looked up and met the gaze of a pair of quiet gray eyes that sparkled under huge shaggy brows, large features, grayish brown beard and hair that sprawled at will 'neath the broad-rimmed soft hat that bore the marks and dents of many tussels with its owner.

We grew communicative; I told him of my business and enumerated for his edification the tons of coal, iron and steel, as well as ponderous grindstones we used in the manufacture of edge tools and plows, as well as other facts and figures of magnitude calculated to convey awe and wonder to the unfilled mind of an economist in thought timber, all of which he received with proper ejaculations of astonishment and negative shakings of his head in confirmation of the surprise conveyed in his tones. And then he told me of his life alone "Back here a mile or so," of the charcoal he burned and the hoop-poles he cut; as he expressed it, "Charcoaled it spring and summer, and hoop-poled it fall and winter." Nor did he neglect the trout and game interests. He told of muskrats he trapped, and he often got minks and sometimes—though rarely—an otter; foxes and coons were "midding plenty." He waxed warm when he talked of fall hunting and I felt all the glow of a sportsman as I listened to his inspiring talk. We met here on equal footing and lingered lovingly over the topic until the day grew gray as the sun went over the hills, and when the shadows in the valley had lengthened and become absorbed by the gloom of evening we parted with a warm clasp of hands and an expressed desire on his part for a visit from me a week later, to spend the night at his house and have a day of sport from the very source of the old Nepash, miles above the spot where I usually struck in. The frogs sang to me as I bowed my way home, and though tired with my trip yet the feeling was a good one and I laid me down and slept with peace in my heart toward the world at large and Lige in particular.

A week later Ben and I planned a trip to the country where lived this new friend. Ben is my particular crony; just the one to go away with on a hunting and fishing trip; funny fellow he is, too, in more ways than one; though a great lover of fishing and a good fisherman, he cares nothing for hunting. I don't believe he ever fired a gun, but he would go with me to carry the game bag and provisions and to keep up my spirits if they flagged a moment, and so I considered Ben as my right-hand man; a dear good fellow, a humorist and everything enjoyable when I had a day off and wanted a companion, and thus it fell that I wished Ben to share the joys of this trip with me. I felt that Lige could not object to the unannounced presence of Ben; with a woman this unceremonious breach of etiquette would never do, but there was no woman at Lige's house; he was a bachelor.

I shall never forget that visit. Lige came down the road a mile to meet us, greeted us with all the exuberance of spirits a boy might have shown, and was delighted that I had brought Ben. Poor Lige—but we reserve the telling of your sad fate for the next chapter. Let the sunshine of your life come first, while we hope that the clouds may break away and not overshadow your life forever.

Up toward Lige's house we rode, light at heart and frolicsome as boys let loose from school. Never did I feel more at rest or happier. All was quiet and harmony, with the birds trilling their evening songs and the gentle lowing of cows softened by distance. A feeling of peace and true joy took possession of us.

We soon arrived at the old farmhouse. What a picture it was to me. I failed to take it all in then, but I dream over it now, and with eyes shut tight I see every angle and corner and every broken clashboard.

We followed Lige to the large barn where our horse was, stabled with a bed of bright rye straw, and we left him contented and happy over his supper of oats. A large, old-fashioned, roomy porch, made by the roof projection at the back, invited us to a rest on its floor, where, with feet hanging off, we sat and talked and smoked the evening away. About 9 o'clock a whippoorwill flitted low across the meadow that lay wrapped in slumberous shadows and light glimmerings under the new moon. Low and sad came the notes "whippoorwill, whippoorwill," and without prearrangement our talking ceased and we listened. "Mighty lonesome that sounds," said Lige at last, "but not so lonesome as when I sit here alone." I agreed with him that it must be lonesome sometimes, at which remark he seemed to take some ex-

ception, for he said quickly: "Mighty good, though, after all, to be lonesome sometimes," and I agreed with him again, for I had often seen the time when I preferred to be alone and lonesome when I couldn't somehow manage to bring such a state of affairs about. When we were ready for bed Lige gave us a real old-fashioned tallow dip and brass candlestick. I nodded my satisfaction to Ben. "Lodgers will please not blow out the gas," I said, and Lige, evidently not understanding my levity, half apologized for not doing better by us and said he'd "never got the hang of karryseem." "Good night, good night, friend Lige; sleep tight."

Lige called very timidly the next morning as though fearful of waking us. I awoke with a start. Had I slept over and would I be late at the office? "Oh, no," I remembered, "it's our day off," and I heard the tall old clock in the hall peal the strokes on its huge brass bell; and outside the birds were singing. A voice from below rouses me from my reverie. Ben has left me and descended. Lige calls me to prepare for breakfast. As I go down the old-fashioned staircase with its quaint square bedpost balusters and rails, I note the fragrance of lilacs through the open door, and catch a glimpse of a paradise of green, sparkling dewdrops, dandelions, adder's tongues, grasses, and an old well sweep with Ben sousing his face and head in cold water he has just poured from "the old oaken bucket." Yes, here they were—the moss-covered bucket and well-sweep.

•We went in with Lige, who had waited for us on the old porch, a scent of coffee and browned cakes greeting us and whetting anew our already sharpened appetites. The trout were well cooked in cracker crumb batter, and we ate in comfort. Somehow the scent of that breakfast, the yellow of the ochered floor, the dark smoky ceiling, the fresh breeze through the open door, the perfume of lilacs, the "peace-with-all-mankind" look on Ben's features come to me now in a fantastic whirl and I fail to detach them one from another, they go together in my memory when I think over the joys of that May morning.

We were ready for fishing at last and struck out across lots for the head waters of the Nepash fully three miles away. The joys and full sense of wild free life that we experienced that day I have not time nor space to relate in detail. One such day braces the hand, eye and heart of a man for weeks to come. We made a halt at noonday by the side of a clear bubbling spring beneath the partly uncovered root of a large elm. Lige pulled from the bag strung on his shoulder a can, a wire toaster, tin plates, knives and forks, a box containing salt, butter and pepper, a loaf of bread, and then a chunk of salt pork came from the magician's inexhaustible bag. By the time the coffee boiled he was ready to broil his fish, which he did to a turn. Then having eaten, we lay down on the grass, with hands behind our heads watching Lige smoke his pipe and listening to his talk, well satisfied to listen; it was too much exertion for us to do more.

Down we went all the afternoon, alternately lapping by each other on the stream, Lige with his home cut pole, and hook baited with a worm doing great execution, though Ben and I were not far behind. The day drew slowly to a close without a cloud to disturb the harmony of our outing. Leg-weary we reached the homestead and partook of Lige's evening meal of cold boiled beef and cabbage. Then we started for home, well satisfied, well paid and in good spirits, with pleasant memories and trout.

Many such days came to us in the years following, and cool, frosty mornings in the fall found us tramping the hills and woods with our dogs and guns, "after anything," as Lige expressed it, "as wore hair or feathers," and the evenings found us before his open fireplace, where we smoked and talked the night away.

And all these things must end. I often felt the premonitions that denoted a coming change, and wondered just how it would be brought about. Poor Lige! We fought our great loss in your sad affliction. But I need not anticipate. Let the facts come in their routine. There had been little hunting for me one fall, and Ben, having no great propensities in the shooting line, had remained at home, and so it happened that for six months we had not seen nor heard from Lige except once when he came to town with eggs in the winter. I saw him there from the office window, and hastily throwing up the sash called, inviting him in. He shook his head, pointed significantly up street and walked away. I looked in vain for something that might give me a clew to his strange conduct, but there was nothing in sight except a tall, slim woman dressed in black. I was puzzled and Lige's behavior bothered me.

Spring had come and the trout brooks I knew were singing songs of welcome release from icy bondage. I felt that I must get away for a day; but there seemed no opportunity whatever, and day after day came and sped again, and still I seemed no nearer realizing my desires for an outing.

II.

The mails came in with unflagging regularity and found me up to my eyes in work. Was this state of things to last forever? Out on the hills I could see from my desk that the trees were growing greener and leafier every day and the far meadows spoke of grasses that were springing into new life and color hour by hour. I knew that brooks were flashing in the spring sunshine, and that trout were waiting to be caught. Would they wait much longer for me? I was afraid not. I sent the boy for Ben that I might discuss with him the situation. He came, but pleaded business as an excuse for not going. I graphically described in glowing colors the joys he knew so well without the telling. For a time he was really obstinate, shook his head, could not go—would not. But just as I was about to give up he said, "Where'll we go?" In the sweet joy of the winning I let him talk and listened to the programme he deftly unfolded. He knew just the place. It was Lige's of course. We would drive over that very night, sleep at the farmhouse, and be ready as of old for business in the morning. Then we talked of the days we had spent with Lige, and the evenings in his house, smoking our pipes before the large old-fashioned fireplace amid flickering flashes and shadows, and talk, with home-brewed cider and apples and hickory nuts. I remember that I grew intensely nervous after the arrangement was made. Every moment unexpected hindrances occurred to put back my work; but never for one moment did I give up the idea of going. I should go if it took a leg.

We were off at last. For a wonder we were out of town without a hitch. We said but little for the first five miles. May had laid her beauties all around us; the cold blasts of April had gone and soft breezes fanned our faces. How quiet everything was. The jar of heavy machinery and rattling of trip-hammers had gradually drifted from our hearing, and the monotonous and wearing gratings of the big wheels had gone and left in their places a restful calm which only those who have exchanged the one for the other can understand or appreciate.

At last we reached the farm of our old friend. I was restless. I knew not what I was dreading; but something whispered of a change—a disappointment. A board notice on the brook bank in sprawling, uncouth letters stared me in the face:

NO FISHING Allowed HERE.

I looked at Ben. "Not like Lige," I said. But Ben explained away my fears, and believed that Lige was saving the fish for us. And so, trusting and hoping, but in grave doubt nevertheless, we went on, and did a prodigious amount of thinking. We were rapidly nearing the house. No signs of Lige had dawned on our horizon. To all appearance the farm was deserted. But then Lige might be away. Of course he couldn't be expected to stand around watching for our coming when he had received no intimation of our visit. And so we chirked up a bit as we discussed the pros and cons. I was thoroughly startled, however, when Ben grasped my arm, pinching it severely, and, pointing at something with the other hand, told me to stop the horse. Wondering, I did so. I could see nothing to warrant his fixed gaze; but at his earnest cry, "See this!" I looked again in the direction indicated, but as before, nothing rewarded my eager gaze. "The flowers," he said. Then I noted a bed of pansies under the front window. Ah! I began to understand his agitation—there must be a woman on the premises. We looked blankly at each other. Our castles had already taken a tumble. Our bachelor friend must be sick or—or dead perhaps—or had a housekeeper. In any event our hopes were blasted. Where would be the enjoyable evening Ben and I had depicted and looked forward to?

We heard the soft and even cut of a saw back of the house as we drove into the yard. A little further and one of our fears was set at rest. Lige was not dead. He was sawing wood. The saw flew monotonously back and forth, and only a nod from the sawyer denoted that our presence was known. We slowly descended from the wagon and attempted to be jovial, but Lige confined his advances to a cold "How-r-ye?" and kept steadily on with his work. To Ben's inquiry whether we could stay all night, he pointed to the house, "Ask her;" and then went on again with the saw pushing, without a word of greeting or cheer.

Such a welcome was paralyzing. We had looked forward to glad surprise and joy on Lige's part, and warm hospitality as of yore. But we hitched our horse and walked toward the house. We dreaded the task before us but must see it through. The door was opened and a tall, angular female of a decidedly vinegary aspect told us coldly to "come in." We soon learned that she was married to the man sawing wood. "He was a shiftless fellow, but she meant to make him over; he was saving his stent now; he wouldn't get through before 8 o'clock, neither, and then he had two cows to milk; time was money, and it had got to be if they ever got anything out of the place, and at their time of life. Yes, we could stay to-night and to-morrow for a dollar each; she couldn't afford to wait on nobody for nothin' and wasn't goin' to; the nimble sixpence was worth more to her than the slow coming promised dollar, and she meant to 'git' it every time. Yes, Lige could go fishing with us for two dollars; if his time wasn't worth that we could go alone; but if we did go alone we needn't fish in their brook unless we paid one dollar each for the privilege; that was the long and short of it. Lige had been easy going and his friends had 'bout eat him up [I looked at Ben], and he had took his pay in thanks, but that day was passed; 'wouldn't happen again, not as long as she lived, she guessed."

We waited for an interval in her talk and then informed her that we would stay on her terms. Lige was told to finish his "stent," put out our horse and then milk the cows, but we took care of the horse and milked the cows, thinking that thus we could purchase Lige's time and have a good smoke and talk with him out back of the barn after 8; but we were disappointed, for just as he finished his last stick he was invited into the house to churn, and we strolled out in the evening mists to smoke and ruminate alone, though not before we saw Lige shoot an appealing glance into his wife's hard face.

We did not see him again that night, for on our return to the house, our hostess, taking a brass candlestick and tallow dip, bade us follow, and we went up the old-fashioned staircase after her, feeling much as we used to when as small boys we were put to bed nightly by our mothers. We were left with a cold "good night," and found ourselves in a large bedchamber full of the scents of damp and decay. Though everything was neat and clean, yet all was somehow stamped with an indescribable funeral appearance. Gloomy and vast was the room, and its walls were hung with an old-fashioned dark-tinted paper on which were full-blown roses of dull brown color. Stains of long ago, caused probably by leakage of rain through chestnut shingles, appeared frequently on the wall. The rising wind was stirring the trees outside and a limb scraped and pounded the house in a way to lead one into the belief that a terrible gale was blowing. A colored print of Napoleon on a white horse looked grimly at us from over the gilded frame of an old-fashioned mirror, from the top of which a red house with blue trimmings and surrounded with yellow grass beamed cheerfully, as if to reassure us. Four prim rush-bottom chairs, the seats newly painted white, a tall, old-fashioned mahogany bureau, a four-post rope bedstead on which, dome shape, rose the two feather beds and comfortables, completed the *tout ensemble*.

We maintained a grim reticence, but, thanks to the sweet restorer, sleep, we soon forgot our troubles, until a thundering knock at the door dispelled our slumbers and a strong female voice announced that breakfast was nearly ready. We sprang from our beds eager for sport. Ben jerked up the green paper curtain, but no sun's rays gladdened the room. It was yet dark, I looked at my

watch; barely 4 o'clock. When had I been up before at that time? What had I sacrificed for this day's sport and the work piling up on my desk at home? I mustn't think of it, I should go crazy if I did.

We hurried and dressed and were soon down-stairs. A grateful scent of cooking met us half way. We went into the "best room" and sat down on the horsehair chairs to wait. We dared not open the front door to go out, nor enter the kitchen where she was, and so we waited, alternately slipping off and pushing ourselves back on the horsehair chairs. Had it been light enough we might have looked through the family photograph album, which occupied a central position on the mahogany table. We talked in undertones, and then only on topics that might not offend if overheard.

At last we were invited to enter the kitchen. Lige had already eaten, so as to get his chores done in time to go with us. His time would be ours for ten hours after we heard the bone mill whistle up the valley, and that blew at 6 o'clock. We hastily bolted our eggs and salt pork, drank the rye coffee, very weak at that, and were soon ready to go down to the barn to look after our horse. We were told not to "hender" Lige or he wouldn't get ready to go at 6. We concluded not to go to the barn, for fear of "hendering," but walked out over the dewy farm, and when far away discussed the situation. I regret to be obliged to say that we even considered the expediency of leaving at once, looking up a stream for ourselves and cheat the woman out of her prospective \$2, but the thought of poor Lige's disappointment was too much for our tender hearts and we concluded to go the whole programme.

At last full and clear we heard the whistle up the valley, and went back to the house. Lige was ready and had a white birch pole in his hand to which was attached a green grass line with sheet-lead sinkers. "You'll need a sinker," he said, "where we're going the water runs like Jehu," but I did not put on one for all that.

We were off at last. Oh the exhilaration of the moment. Out from a gloom and business life worse than we had at home we went into the doubly blessed roving life beneath God's wide dome of blue that stretched so wide reaching overhead. Lige began to thaw; and discoursed learnedly on fish and fishing. Was this the same man who sawed and churned last night? He apologized in a meek shamefaced way for treating us so meanly and for being married. How he come to get married he didn't know. She had evidently married him and now his cares and labors were taking him to the grave. Would it be wrong for him to run off and leave her? he asked, and where could he go to? We could give him no advice, no consolation, but told him to drop his cares and troubles for the once and have a good time. I am glad he took our advice and had one day of respite for which we paid.

We fished to our heart's content and came home hungry, and with baskets well filled. We ate our supper, paid our bills, gave Lige some cigars, came home, and though we think of him often we never visit him. Occasionally we see him drive by, baskets of eggs and a box of butter in the wagon, but his wife is always with him. Once I stood by the window as he went past, I caught his eye and nodded; I thought I detected an answering gleam, and I still think that as he flicked an imaginary fly from the old mare, the motion was a signal of good will to me—but I am not quite sure. ALBERT LEWIS.

A TWO DAYS' OUTING.

At last the time arrives and we are off, and after a railroad ride and a steep climb over a Connecticut hill road we come in sight of our destination, an ideal farm house, from which is had a beautiful view of the valley, with here and there a house nestled among the trees, the richly clothed Salmon River hills; and far beyond, to the westward, mingled with the azure of the sky, one can, on a clear day, catch the darker blue of the Berkshires.

My companion was Mr. John T., a gentleman in all that goes to make up that much abused word, a man who never shoots another's birds, who, if fishing in advance on a narrow stream, always leaves enough good water to enable his companion following to have an equal chance with himself, who believes that the rum bottle and the rod never will assimilate, and who, though middle-aged in years, is a boy in heart in all that pertains to the manly use of rod and gun. Would that his kind were legion.

The only drawback to the stream is that there are very few places where one can use a fly. It fell to me to make the first cast and scarcely had the squirming temptation touched the water when it was seized, but the extradition papers were in my charge and were speedily served on his lordship, and he soon reposed on the bottom of the creel. It was only an 8 in. trout, but it was a beauty, and hopes were high as the weather was perfect, a southwest wind and a cloudy sky, and we knew that in previous seasons many a lordly specimen had battled in vain for his life in the very section of the stream we were entering. So we waded on, taking here and there a fish, and often returning them to the water, for the brook seemed to contain plenty of fingerlings and very few that warranted keeping. On we went with varying success until warned by the watch that it was time to retrace our step.

On comparing creel we found that out of all we had taken only nine had been retained, and none of them would weigh over a half-pound. But 'tis not all of fishing to catch fish. Rather is it the sense of absolute freedom from the cares and worries of every-day life, the laughing stream, the intangible, yet subtle, aroma that floats on the air, with here and there a dash of spruce or hemlock.

Waking with the birds and with hope still in our hearts we started the next morning for a more distant and less accessible section of the stream, containing also the big pool, always good for at least a half dozen of the spotted treasures. But we soon saw that the day would be against us, as a cloudless sky and no breeze portended a sultry day. Still we bore in mind the early bird proverb, and, jointing rods, we set about our sport in a manner that deserved a better reward than we received. We had fished all the way to the head of the pool with the same unvarying reward—nothing. I had carried this pool in my mind's eye for a month previous to our pilgrimage, and I will describe it as it should have looked, but not as I found it. The whole fall is about 15 ft., composed of about fifteen steps, and as the water comes leaping from step to step it makes one mass of spray, which, struck by

the sunbeams, reflects the colors of the rainbow. The pool that catches and imprisons all the loveliness is oval in shape and dark and deep, with one side overhung by a high bank and shaded by massive hemlocks. Who can blame the spotted monarchs of the stream for making their home under its deep shade, from whence they dart with a tiger-like ferocity upon any luckless cricket that hurries by. This is the pool as I had it in my mind, but alas! the change since last I had seen it. The water barely rippled over the steps and the bottom of the pool could be clearly distinguished, except under the evergreen-lined bank. Walking down the steps we made three or four casts into the pool without a rise. This influenced my partner to move on down the stream, while I planted myself on the middle stair of the fall and concluded to "bide a wee" for one of the trout that I was almost sure lay under that bank.

Taking the one lonesome cricket from the bait box, I carefully impaled it on the lightest leader I had, and after making one or two preliminary casts to get length of line, I dropped it gently at the lower end and on the bank side of the pool and commenced slowly to reel in. I had perhaps reeled in 5 yds. when I got a rise that almost precipitated me into the pool, as my footing was anything but secure. He had fastened himself, however, and after a short struggle I had him exhausted at my feet in the pool below me. Now comes the foolish part of it. In the excitement of the moment, instead of walking down the steps and towing him to solid ground where I could have a good foothold, I attempted to pull him up to me where I stood and was just about to lay my hand on him, when with a flip of his tail he disappeared in the pool. How big was he? I never attempt to give the weight of escaped fish, but I will say that I should have had to have lifted the cover of the creel to get him into it. I fished that pool for the next half hour in the vain hope he or some of his companions would make me another call, but the reward was one 8 in. trout caught in the rifle just below the pool. Regaining my partner, who had caught but one above the limit, and the sun by this time showing brightly, we concluded to reel up and make for the house.

And now for the sequel: My host, commenting on our poor luck, said in a casual way that he guessed we would have better luck if one Rich had not been netting them below the mill dam, as he (Rich) had taken over 100 lbs. of trout and shipped them somewhere. Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. If Mr. A. C. Collins will write me I think I can give him the name of a man in that vicinity who will give him proof of the above statement. Anyway, we had a very enjoyable time, and returned home with hand and nerve steadier to take up the old routine of life where it was broken off. A. F. D.

INDIANS AND THE BIG GAME.

BEAVER CREEK, Wyoming, March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in a February issue of FOREST AND STREAM an article headed "Market Hunters, Indians and Deer." My subject is hide-butchers, Indians, elk and antelope.

It is about 150 miles from the Shoshone Reservation on Wind River, to this place. This is their main hunting grounds, around the head waters of Green River, and also some of the tributaries of the Snake River. Only five years ago when I came into this country you could see antelope by the thousands. Now there are not many hundreds. Imagine 600 Indian hunters roaming over the country all summer and fall, killing all the game they possibly can, for the hides only, for they save very little of the meat comparatively. You can see their camps in every direction. When one party vacates a camping ground it is soon taken by another. So the same places are hunted almost continuously. Any one with sense and reason can foretell what the result will be, and that result will be in the near future.

The elk and deer will escape their slaughter much longer, as these range in the timber in the summer and fall, and high up in the mountains, where it is more difficult to go with their ponies, and where they cannot gain access with their ponies the game is perfectly safe from them, for they are not noted for their pedestrian qualities. If they cannot get there on horseback it is a dead certainty they have not lost any game in that direction. But in the spring when the elk work up from their winter range, the bulls separate from the cows, following up the mountains as fast as the snow will permit them, while the cows remain in the foot hills among the quaking aspen groves and in the willow bottoms along the streams, where they have their young, and there they remain until their calves are strong enough to follow them higher up into the mountains. If it should happen to be an early spring, so that the Indians can get over the Continental Divide from Wind River before the cows and calves move up, then the destruction begins, for after their winter's fast they are generally poor and weak and consequently stupid, not using the sagacity against danger that they use later in the season.

One instance came under my observation four years ago near the head waters of Green River. The Indians succeeded in getting over from Wind River in the early part of May. I was hunting for bear and was camped near four lodges of Indians (that is, four buck Indians and their families). I came into their camp one day and one of the hunters happened to be home and could talk and understand English pretty well. I said to him, "How many elk you kill here?" He said, "May be so twenty," counting by holding up all his fingers four times. "How long you been here in this camp?" "Six sleeps" (six days). I asked him then how many the other hunters had killed. "May be so all the same," meaning that they had killed about as many. I did not doubt his word, for on going back to my camp I met another hunter returning. He had a pile of skins on his pony and he was on top of all. "You have got a big lot of elk," I said. "Yas, me catch em heap elick." I counted them and he had six hides that he had got that day. They remained in the same camp three or four days longer, and then started to another camp to destroy more game.

Now we may safely claim that those four Indian hunters killed 100 elk in that one camp. Most if not all were cows. According to nature the most of those cows had or would have had calves. Besides this number they would wound and cripple others; for a large portion of the game they kill they never get the hides of, for they run off and die. Any one that knows the condition of game in the spring generally knows that the carcass is a poor excuse

for food and the hides are almost worthless. Yet the poor animals die all the same.

The Indian Agents claim that the Indians have a perfect right to hunt on unoccupied government land, and they certainly do it here, both on occupied and on unoccupied land without restraint. The laws of the State of Wyoming prohibit any one from killing for hides and also restrict to three a week. Whether the Indians come under the same law or whether the government considers them privileged characters I have not been able to learn.

One of the employees of the Wind River Agency was over here last summer looking after the interest of the Indians on their hunting grounds. He claimed that one party had claimed the right to deal with Indians, trading for their buckskin and hides on the reservation, and that he can ship them off openly. It seems strange to me that the Federal Government allows each State to make her game laws and then privilege some to break it, when the laws of Wyoming prohibit any one from buying or selling or have in possession any tanned or untanned game skins. If such is the case there is a kink somewhere that ought to be pulled out. MOUNTAINEER.

SAMUEL S. HAMLIN.

A PERSONAL acquaintance with Mr. Samuel S. Hamlin, whose death occurred at his home in Elmira, N. Y., Sunday, April 9, in the 76th year of his age, leads me to say a word in your columns regarding him.

Mr. Hamlin was a perfect representative of that class we younger men delight to designate as "sportsmen of the old school." Although a very busy man from his youth up to the time of his retirement some years ago, and a very successful man in a business way, he still found time to indulge his taste for field sports; and it was a rare treat to sit down with him and listen to his tales of long ago. He was a great admirer of FOREST AND STREAM and I think had taken the paper from its inception, and when he learned that I was an occasional contributor, I know he thought all the more of me. He was the Sam who figured so prominently in Dr. Up DeGraff's charming book "Bodines," that so delighted the fishing world a dozen years ago, and to Mr. Hamlin was the book affectionately dedicated by the author. Endowed by a sturdy New England ancestry with a strong constitution, advancing years failed to abate his love for the field and brookside, and with ample means and leisure at his disposal, he traversed a large part of the United States indulging his favorite pastime. Only a short time ago he was telling me of a recent successful turkey hunt in Virginia involving a long tramp, and his enthusiasm kindled like a boy's as he detailed each act of the day's sport to its final culmination.

The lakes of western New York were a great delight to him, and in his little steam launch on Canandaigua, he whiled away many happy hours with a few chosen friends. My first meeting with him was at Honeoye Lake where, in company with his favorite three nephews, a couple of bright autumn days were delightfully spent. It mattered not that the ducks failed to decoy, everything went well with us.

Mr. Hamlin was a conscientious, liberal, Christian gentleman. His acts of charity and kindness were legion, and he has passed away, leaving the example of a life well spent that none need fear to emulate. I only wish a worthier pen than mine might enbalm his virtues in FOREST AND STREAM. H. W. DE LONG.

DANVILLE, N. Y., April 14.

Natural History.

Song of the Western Meadow Lark.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not got Audubon's, Baird's, Coues's, or any standard work on ornithology, and would like to know if the meadow lark of this part of the West (northwestern Nebraska) is a different species from the meadow lark east of the Missouri.

In size and color I can see no difference between the meadow lark of my boyhood days and the meadow lark of Nebraska, but their song is entirely different. The meadow lark of eastern Iowa whistled one refrain over and over, and if there was not music in this song it was very cheering to hear on a March morning after a long, cold winter.

Our Western lark begins its song almost the same way, and then it sounds as though it was trying to sing with its throat full of water, and will whistle five or six short bars and stop. But it is forever singing, or trying to, both day and night. In June, when moonlight, it can be heard any hour of the night.

Why this difference of song in these birds, which as I said before, seem alike in both size and color, and only a difference of four or five hundred miles between them.

J. W. A.

[The Eastern and the Western meadow lark have been regarded as different species or as two varieties of the same species. They are similar in size and color, but the Western form is duller, paler and grayer than the Eastern. It is probable that the two forms grade into each other. The songs of the two are certainly different, as stated by our correspondent, who in eastern Iowa may have heard the Eastern form, and in western Nebraska certainly listened to the Western. In one of the New York magazines some years ago Mr. E. E. Thompson, the artist, had a very interesting paper on the "Song of the Western Lark."]

Pine Grosbeak in Minnesota.

ELY, St. Louis County, Minn.—Will say I find grosbeak here every year, the entire winter. This year they are not quite so numerous, but the males are more red than usual. Their feed here is the seeds from the cedar and spruce, with a goodly supply of buds from the aspen or poplar. Who has seen our crossbills? I usually see them here by the hundreds, but in all my travels this winter (and I am in the woods all of the time) I have seen but two of these hardy little fellows.

ONE OF THE UNRELIABLES.

Michigan Bird Arrivals.

DETROIT, Mich., April 11.—The robins put in their appearance here March 12, bluebirds March 6, meadow lark March 12, red-headed woodpecker March 11, song sparrow March 12, red-wing blackbird March 12, bronzed grackle March 12, Canada geese March 24, phoebe March 26 and killdeer March 12. B. SWALES.

A TEXAS COLLECTION.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Texas a man may possess a ranch to which he can go and bring away with him a carload of everything that pertains to game. And such is the position of our friend S. B. Witchell, of this city. He is the happy possessor of a fine tract of land in the Nueces Cañon, some sixty or seventy miles west of this city. Nimrod of sacred lore may have been a mighty hunter in his time, but he did not know anything of Texas or the Nueces Cañon. This cañon is in itself the *ne plus ultra* for hunting. No part of this grand State can show finer hunting grounds; it may justly be styled the hunter's paradise.

Mr. Witchell is a great promoter of the art of taxidermy. In the accompanying photograph may be seen as the central figure a fine specimen skin of the Bengal tiger, a Mexican jaguar or *tigre*, from the Sinaloa Mountains, also an Asiatic leopard on the left and a black leopard at the bottom, a Texas-raised white Angora of silky softness, a monster pair of Texas steer horns, a Texas armadillo and a black Texas bear. Amid all this display stands the figure of Mr. Robert Hall, of Cotulla, Texas, now eighty-two years of age. He fought in all the Texas, Mexican and Civil wars. With all this Mr. Hall is strong and hearty, and acts as "Witchell's pilot." Mr. Witchell himself completes the group.

Another collection, and one which is by far the greatest curiosity, is a large collection of horns and antlers, horned frogs, alive and dead, well preserved in natural form and color, with a large variety of other animals. Mr. Witchell has large ideas of the commercial possibilities of the rattlesnake. He is now arranging for the manufacture on a large scale of an assortment of ornamental curiosities from rattlesnake skins, such as belts, ladies' bags, girdles, card cases, and neck scarfs with rattles for pins. I send you one of the rattlesnake scarf designs; probably it would attract much envious notice if worn on Broadway.

Mr. Witchell was awarded six highest premiums and two gold medals for his trophy displays at the Dallas exposition.

Speaking of snakes, the dormant winter stupor of the northern rattler is not part of his existence down here. I have found them while on my travels over the southwestern prairies and in the "brush" during December and January, moving about with as much, if not more, agility than in the midst of tropical summer.

One time, while I was connected with the Government service at Laredo, I was on a mission down the river. My guide, Wm. Cannon, who had been in the U. S. military service during the Mexican war, and who was familiar with every water trail, cow path or dirt road in the country, said to me: "There is a rattlesnake in that bunch of grass," pointing to a dwarfish mesquite bush and tall grass. We fastened our horses some distance away and, revolver in hand, approached the spot, where the music of the rattlers were now heard. Mr. Cannon found a forked stick, and bending down the grass pinned the reptile's head down and told me to fire into the open jaws. But I begged to be excused from that part of the performance, and taking hold of the stick I let Mr. Cannon do the execution. We took the rattles, which consisted of eleven rings, leaving the dead snake on the ground. The next day on our return we found the inverted skin of the snake hanging over the limbs of a bush, but nothing was seen of the body. Surprised at this, my guide told me that he had seen the tracks of Mexican unshod horses for some time in the road, and was convinced now that Mexican herders had passed; they had seen the snake and skinned it for the purpose of eating the meat, which they claim after the head is cut off is as fine a morsel as any eel.

At another time, when I was accompanying a train of some eight or ten ox wagons loaded with goods from Brownsville to the Upper Rio Grande, a dinner halt was made in an open prairie near some pyramidal shaped rock piles, fifty or sixty feet high, seemingly remnants of some eruption. The rocks were bare and weather beaten, but between the irregular shaped openings and crevices mesquite and cactus had grown. We were young then, and a desire for investigation was at once put into practical execution. Climbing and stumbling to within 25 ft. of the top, I stopped on hearing some singing noise not much different (as I thought) from that of a large grasshopper; and I started to investigate as to what was making the music. I kicked about with my heavy boots and spurs and pushed away the scrubby with the aid of my riding whip, and saw under one of the overshadowing rocks huddled into one large mass at least twenty large rattlesnakes shaking their tails while making ready for defensive positions. Introductory compliments were dispensed with and the descent by leaps and jumps from rock to rock was an act that would have brought applause in a well regulated circus. The return to the rock pile was indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Paul Stein, a druggist, and for a long time a resident of San Antonio, used to make it a practice to get all the live rattlesnakes brought to the city. He had a cage of strong woven wire with trap door, in which he would keep as many as six or eight large snakes at one time. By some contrivance he would get a snake out and grasping it tightly around the neck with the head above his thumb and first finger, holding it at arm's length away from him, he would call on bystanders to come and see his pets. Mr. Stein had rat and mouse traps continually in position to catch food for his snakes.

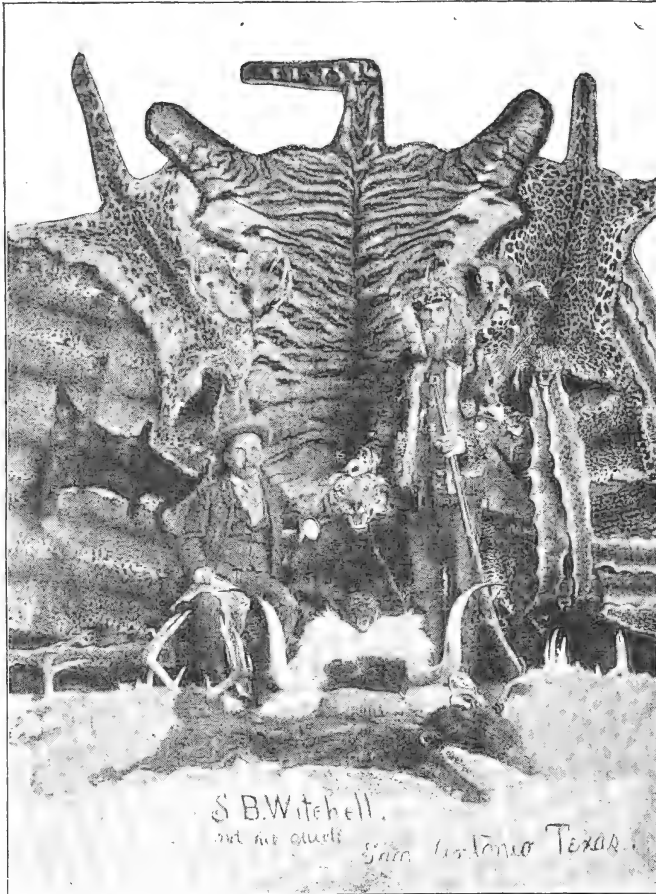
An amusing incident was told me by a man who was actively engaged in the westward building of the Texas & Pacific Railway in the early 70s. "It was in early morning just before dawn," said he, "our camp was all astrid and preparing to go to work when at a short distance

our attention was drawn by some unusual noise. It was the flopping of wings on the ground. Looking closely we could see an owl which had caught a rattlesnake by the tail. It drew the snake some 10 ft. into the air and let it drop, and this was repeated many times until the owl seemed to have tired out or disabled the snake, and then flew off with it. It was a curious sight, and is even now very vividly before my mental vision." SHORT.

TEXAS COYOTES.

ABILENE, Taylor County, Texas, March 15.—Your picture of the coyote reminds me to inform you that this animal, unlike the other wild carnivores, is greatly increased in this region. Two years ago I seldom saw one when in my saddle; a year ago I saw them often, and now I can hardly walk in the pastures without seeing several. I hear their serenades every night, and more than once of late they have let fly with their music in my yard, within a stone's throw of my bed-room. On two occasions lately, on looking out of my window about dawn, I have seen the creatures prowling about my premises. A few nights ago they entered the town of Abilene and killed and devoured two suckling calves in a gentleman's yard. Their increase is a subject of general remark.

Their great incumbency upon us is mostly due, I think, to the decline of the sheep business. A few years ago that business was a great industry in this country, and the flock-masters kept a sharp lookout for the wolves,



A TEXAS COLLECTION.

Messrs. S. B. Witchell, Robert Hall and trophies.

poisoning them by wholesale. Owing to the pressure of the Australians, wool declined till there was no profit in growing it, hence our flocks have been sent to the shambles and the occupation is practically abandoned. There being none left taking interest enough to poison the coyote, his strong recuperative powers are threatening to overrun the country with him for a while. At the same time his food supply is greatly diminished. The deer and antelope disappeared before the sheep, and he is now driven for his living to the uncertain chase of the jack rabbit or capturing the prairie dog by stealth, and pilfering in the towns and villages at night. I am persuaded that they come into my yard to steal my chickens, and they have surely caught a good many of them. One of my neighbors was fond of cultivating the turkey, and he had quite a flock of them which roosted on a fence near his house. The coyote recognized his opportunity in this flock. He cultivated them so well that my neighbor has not now a turkey to his name.

The coyote does not attack cattle, because he knows if he should do so he would have hundreds of fierce bellowing creatures upon him in an instant. He will, of course, pull down a suckling calf if he finds it unattended, but this is a treat he rarely enjoys. In a country where large carnivores are numerous, cattle are very watchful of their young.

In other days the coyotes I was accustomed to see were generally in good order, as we say of a fat hog or steer, but now he is lean and has a dejected look. I think his culminating point has been reached and that henceforth he dwindles away.

N. A. T.

LANSDOWNE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My congratulations to you on the success of the suit against Delmonico.

GEORGE D. B. DARBY.

SENSE OF DIRECTION IN ANIMALS.

BETHEL, Maine.—In a long experience of a hunting and trapping life in northern Maine, many curious facts, tending to show a direction sense in some animals are apparent and interesting.

The very able article by C. F. Amery, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 29, 1892, on this subject, recalled many instances of the kind in our own observation in our old, long ago hunting life. Many wild animals have what we hunters used to call a beat; for instance, in setting a line of sable traps over mountains and along their sides, when we struck a track in the snow we set a trap, and in about two weeks we were sure to get a sable. They made large circuits of the region and were sure to come the same way again, even though there had fallen a foot of snow since the track was made.

So also with the fisher, although they traverse thick forest growth over mountain ranges and through dismal swamps, yet when they return to their former haunts they follow almost the same line of travel as when last in a given place, a trap set within a few yards of their former signs is almost sure to take them in a week or two. So of the fox, which lead the dogs a half day's journey from hill to hill over and around mountains and return near their starting point; also the hare when pursued will return to the very spot from whence they started; and bears which den in the deepest recesses of the forest, in cliffs of the ledgy mountains, and follow down to the valleys in spring time and perhaps roam

hundreds of miles during the summer in all directions, but mark their straight course back to the same mountain and very same den for the next winter's hibernation.

But the moose have direction sense above all other wild animals, they know longitude, we hunters used to say. They go from mountain to mountain in rainy or snowy weather, straight as an arrow, no matter how dark, when a man would be bewildered and lost in an hour. In the month of June bark will readily peel from almost any tree. At that time the moose will strip up long pieces of the bark of the willow and maple. Hunters observe these works of the moose, for where these signs are found they are sure to find the moose the next fall, and hunters follow these fall signs to the very yards of the moose on the mountains. They travel from mountain to mountain, the shortest way, through dense woods many miles, and through swampy valleys, while intelligent man has to climb trees to make discoveries of his course or use a compass. The fact is, moose know longitude.

J. G. RICH.

Acquired Habits of California Quail.

ONE of the best illustrations of modified habits acquired by change of environment is afforded in the following interesting statement of a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, who remarks: "Nothing in the varied bird life of the farm is more interesting than the modifications in the habits of the California quail, caused by the development of orchards. When the pioneers came to this district, all the quail were dwellers in the rolling lands about the rim of the valley, or in the rougher champagne country east, between the cañons. Great bands of cattle kept the valley pastured so close that quail found better living in the hill country. Still, they were the round-plumed valley species, not the slender-plumed quail of the Sierras, and when American hunters began to thin them out, scattered coveys sought the willow copses along the creeks, and the shelter of the acres of wild mustard. In twenty years more, every well-sheltered wheat farm had a few quail, grown very shy and cunning, who dwelt in the pastures and bottoms, and foraged in the fields of wheat and corn. The farmer lads often hunted them down to half a dozen pairs, or entirely destroyed their foothold on all river ranches, but the willows made so good a shelter that others came from the cañons. Then the orchard period came, and better protection for quail, so that they forsook the willows altogether, and took up their abode in the vineyards, the berry fields, and the nursery rows, becoming in a few seasons so tame that they now pick up grain with the chickens, and fly up into the walnut trees, beside the farmhouse, every night. Sometimes they display even a greater degree of confidence in the new regime than these matters imply, and hide their nests under the fuchsias and heliotropes in the garden."

Mongolian Pheasants are Good Swimmers.

FARMINGTON, Conn., April 11.—I find upon my return home from the South, where I have passed the winter, that my Mongolian pheasants have wintered most excellently; they are in fine condition and most beautiful plumage.

They seem very tough and to stand the severest weather without trouble. Most of the winter they remained out in the open pens, with but a few bushes to protect them from the snow.

During a large freshet they were caught in the high water and compelled to swim for nearly an hour before they could be caught and taken to a dry place. It seemed to make no difference, the next day they were as happy as eves.

They have not commenced to lay yet, but they are commencing to act as though they would in a very short time. I had to separate the birds, putting three hens and one cock in a pen. The cocks were trying to kill each other. They seem to be great fighters.

My impression is, from what I have seen of them, that they can stand our New England winters just as well as the ruffed grouse do.

N. WALLACE.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

THE TAG SYSTEM.

As Found in Maryland.

BALTIMORE, April 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have but recently looked through your valuable work, Book of the Game Laws, likewise securing what additional data I could on game and fish protection in the United States, with a view of submitting for adoption that which is particularly applicable for the better protection of our Maryland game birds and fishes, we being about to form a State league for such purpose.

I was particularly struck with the absurdity of our many county non-resident laws, some of them exacting as tax an amount sufficient to make shooting prohibitory. This "tag system," as you term it, is a most pernicious one and should by all means be abolished. In forming our league we had expected to have recourse to our Legislature for assistance in securing such enactments as would strengthen us in the protection of our game. And while engaged in this good work we should, and probably will, enter a protest against the State and county non-resident laws, there being no earthly good accomplished by them. I have met but few men in favor of them, and the only plea they can make for their retention is, they act as a means of warding off market-gunners, and in the counties adjacent to our city prevent hordes of would-be nimrods from tramping through their fields and truck patches, pilfering and mutilating their property.

To the first plea I can only answer that market-gunners and pot-hunters are no respecters of laws. The damage wrought by would-be sportsman is slight if any. The only time he turns out in force is upon Thanksgiving Day, then indeed is he in his glory shooting black game and in fact anything feathered that may chance his way, not even ignoring a stray barn-yard fowl. I much opine to the suggestion of your correspondent "Sinkboat," who tells us that one county makes a non-resident shooting law, because its neighboring one has done so. No matter how they originated, we must see that they are repealed.

In some counties I know the law is a dead letter, but in others a set of loafers and little-minded mercenary sharks are always on the watch for sportsmen, many of whom go wholly ignorant that such laws exist, only to be pounced upon by the aforesaid shark, who is after his informant money, and cares not a whit about protection of game. Common sense should teach our country cousins that the gentleman in quest of game is a source of revenue to them, paying most liberally for all he gets, never killing birds or fish through mere wantonness, always ready to help them in the enforcement of just and sensible game laws. They should welcome a sportsman on every and all occasions, and be able to recognize him, even with half an eye. Those of them whose hearts are shriveled and contracted could resort to the trespass law and post their land, being assured a sportsman would shun it as though infested with plague. I myself am the owner of a farm, and one of the conditions under which I lease it is no sportsman to be refused access to its acres.

I trust soon to be able to inform you that the embargo has been lifted, the "Chinese Walls" are down, and that Maryland extends a hospitable welcome to all lovers of legitimate sport with rod and gun. MOUNT ROYALL.

"Marrying into the Tribe."

THE WHEATLANDS, Maryland, April 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: I cannot refrain from thanking you in the name of your many readers for your very humorous and witty editorial entitled "Marrying into the Tribe." Poor Sam Lovel, what an escape he made. But do you know that he was a fortunate man, in that he was a partridge shooter. If he had been fond of shooting wildfowl, not all the beauty of the fair dames of Dorchester county could have saved him, unless indeed he had won the affections of one of the belles of Hooper's Island, a part only of the Straits "deestrect," had he been unfortunate enough to pull trigger at any stray swan, goose or duck in the briny waters of Tar Bay, for there is another remarkable law in this county of Dorchester which may be called a local law within a local law. This delectable act says: "The bona fide residents of Hooper's Island shall have the privilege of shooting wildfowl for family use in the waters of Tar Bay," etc. As I know of one party who killed forty-four geese in one day, don't you think that he must have been an exemplary citizen, living up to our State motto, which may be rendered by a free translation, "Increase and Multiply." But I rather pity a man who has to have forty-four geese for dinner "for family use."

You will note that by this law, not only the rest of the county are prevented from shooting in the waters of Tar Bay, but also the rest of the inhabitants of the Straits district, under forfeiture of boats, guns, decoys, etc., besides a fine or imprisonment. This Tar Bay by the bye is a body of water lying above the open Chesapeake in part, Barren Island only landlocking in part the other portion of it.

An act of the same kind was framed, but not pushed to its passage some years ago, giving the inhabitants of one of the districts of Queen Anne county the same privilege in the waters of Eastern Bay, at the expense of the rest of the county. While the originators of these local laws might have thought they had an excuse for them in the fact that the portion of the peninsula was a good deal annoyed by market-shooters from the cities some years ago, the excuse, and it was a poor one, no longer exists, as there is no longer game enough in the peninsula to repay the market-shooters for coming here. And note the fact that the game has been killed off, not by shooters from a distance, but by residents. Is any other commentary wanted on the supposed protective features of such laws, especially as every county could have the same ample protection to property owners that we have in Talbot county? Our trespass law reads: "Any one who shall trespass with dog and gun upon any posted or advertised property, or who shall return to any property after being notified to leave, shall be subject to arrest and fined upon conviction, with imprisonment until the fine is paid," etc. I have forgotten the amount of the fine, but it is consider-

able. Is not this enough law to keep objectionable parties from trespassing without recourse to such unconstitutional measures as our local game laws? SINKBOAT.

A Wisconsin View.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: In a late number of your paper I saw several communications in regard to "tagging" or licensing non-resident shooters and fishermen. I gathered from the articles that you had lately published an editorial against such a practice which I did not see. You pronounce it un-American. So also is the crime that makes such a law at all proper.

In England the more game that falls to a gun in a day the greater the achievement, and such also seems to be the ideal sport of some Americans, and I claim it is un-American. I live in Wisconsin, once a paradise for a sportsman. We have yet some deer and some of the best fishing grounds in the United States. Years ago the game hogs, market-hunters, etc., flocked into our duck marshes and lakes both spring and fall from Chicago, St. Louis and from as far east as New York and Boston, shot ducks by the wagonload and shipped them to market, or in a few instances to their friends at home. Wealthy men from Chicago brought two guns each and a helper to load and handle the guns. Ducks are a mere memory now and so are the duck butchers—a rankling memory.

The deer slayer is still with us. He arrives on the ground a week or so before the season opens and usually has one or two deer to show at the end of the first day of the season. The deer will soon be gone and the deer butcher will join the duck butcher.

By years of intelligent labor and the expenditure of thousands of dollars the State Fish Commission has stocked hundreds of streams in the State with trout and bass, and this, with the natural supply, makes our whole State a fisherman's Mecca. In the spring comes the fish hog from the East and the South. Such fishing many of them never saw before, and they catch in many cases hundreds more than they can use, and those who are not bold enough to ship them out of the State, contrary to law, let them rot on the banks of the streams and lakes. Chicago is the great maw that swallows thousands of trout illegally carried out of the State. One party of Chicago fishermen, not being able to catch trout fast enough, hired the farmer boys in the neighborhood to fish for them, and in that way were able to carry home with them several hundred trout.

Now, if "tagging" non-resident fishermen will stop this kind of work I say put a "tag" on them, or, if necessary, put a ball and chain on them.

I should like to see a law in our State making it an offense with a severe penalty to kill or catch more than a certain quantity of game and fish in a day and to compel the non-resident shooters to wear a "tag" (or a red plug hat if necessary to make him known as a non-resident), and allow any officer of the law or town or county officer to search his luggage at any time while en route out of the State. Also put a heavy penalty on violations of the law by express companies.

This may sound pretty harsh, but I shoot considerable game outside of my State and would be willing to suffer the penalty in a foreign State if it would help save the game.

This does not apply to sportsmen, and no one of that class need feel offended. But if this happens to strike through the thick hide of a game hog he may take it as a prophecy of what he is going to bring upon sportsmen.

If any non-resident comes to me with the credentials of a sportsman I am at his disposal with my horse, dogs, guns and boats. G. A. BUCKSTAFF.

APRIL TALK ABOUT BEARS.

BETHEL, Maine, April 7.—Bears have mostly left their dens now, and are tramping about promiscuously by the side of brooks and swampy places seeking for any green thing, and keeping one eye open for early frog, and will, soon as the snow is gone, overhaul the rotten logs for ants and worms.

They are also sharp fishers, and will manage to secure a tempting string of brook trout long before we bipeds think of trying our luck.

I once came upon a large black bear quite suddenly, and found him stretched out on the shell of a large pine log which lay across a brook—several fish heads lay on the log, and upon examination I found the way he did it. There was a large knot hole through the shell of a log, and bruin thrust his foot through into the water—holding his paw still and open, and as the fish nibbled at his foot he would suddenly close on him and bring him up.

Should you meet a bear in the woods about this time of year, he would immediately rise on his haunches in great majesty and give an enormous snort, then he would whistle and champ his teeth, in such a manner as to make it necessary for you to pull your hat down on your head—but don't run—bears are apt to think you are calling them when they see you running from them, and have something good for them to eat, and they will follow you and try to keep up. Stand your ground and keep your eye on his eye—don't flinch, even if he should make a few lively jumps toward you on his hind legs. Stand and eye him—he is not coming clear to you—it is only to try your mettle—he is sizing you up, and will himself sneak off before long, although it is very tempting to make a rush yourself in the opposite direction.

The female bear with cubs is an exception, and caution and coolness are necessary in their presence.

"He that is able to run away
Will live to hunt another day."

A gentleman on his way from Anglers' Retreat down river, one fall, met a large cub bear; he had no weapon about him; he stopped in the path in the woods, and directly the mother bear and another cub came rushing along. The man, who was from the city and had never seen a loose bear, let out his voice the full bigness of his lungs, and at the same time spread out his umbrella, which he had with him, upon which the big mother bear stepped back a few paces and the cubs ran away. The old bear, however, gave a few extra jumps toward the man in a moment, and was on the point of embracing him, when, just in the nick of time, one of the guides came running down the road, being attracted by the cry, and Mrs. Bear gave a loud growl and suddenly left to see to her family. Only for the fortunate appearance of the guide at this juncture there might have been a first-class funeral.

Some say a bear cannot climb a tree small enough to

reach his arms around, but this is a mistake, for I once caught a good-sized bear in a heavy trap, and he climbed a fir tree thirty or forty feet tall and strung the trap over the top of it, which slipped down several feet and brought up on the limbs, although the tree was not more than ten inches through at the butt. The tree had to be cut down to get the bear.

I once caught a bear in a trap near the shore of a lake, and he climbed a tree that was separated in three parts and spread out, the crotch being some ten feet from the ground. On his trying to come down, the trap brought up in the crotch and let him down so his feet just touched a log underneath. I found him in this position. When his hindfeet touched the log he would give a jump and up he would go his length, and then down again. Thus he kept jumping and dancing, and every time he jumped he would scream loud enough to scare the owls out of the woods.

I was camping at the head of Mollychunkemunk Lake with my wife and two children one night during my fall hunt, and during the night we heard a bear bellowing at a tremendous rate every fifteen minutes during the latter part of the night. I was sure the old fellow was in one of my traps I had set up north some five or six miles, as the sound was like a bear in a trap, so as soon as daylight I started off to tend my traps. After an hour or two I reached my first trap, and sure enough it was gone, and such plowing up moss and tearing the trees was frightful to behold. I followed the signs as far as I could, feeling sure I had some large game worth looking after and that there was just enough danger in it to make it exciting, for, mind you, there is frequently another bear come to see what the row is about, and if you have caught a cub bear the old mother may be there and not a very desirable situation for one hunter alone.

I followed on, and the diggings and tearings led me to a fallen pine tree lying up some feet from the ground, and being perhaps 100ft. long. On to this tree the creature went, and on to it I went, my excited brain tuned to the highest pitch; I followed to the end, and could see no place where the animal had jumped off. I retraced my steps, keeping a sharp lookout on either side of the tree for a sign. When about mid-way of the tree I heard a scream near my head—such an unearthly scream, different from anything I ever heard before in my life—it raised my hair which fell to the ground. I jumped nearly or quite 10ft., turning partly around in the air, facing the music when I struck the ground, and looking up, behold! a large-sized bear hung in a tree by his hindfeet, his head nearly reaching my head as I passed under him. I got such a thorough scare that lasted me for two days.

The tree grew near a log and the bear reached one of the lower limbs and swung himself into it. He had not been in the trap long, and was very savage. J. G. RICH.

TACOMA'S RESOURCES.

IN our issue of Feb. 23 Dr. J. A. Beebe, of Tacoma, related the hunting and fishing resources of the vicinity of his home. A Northwestern critic of Dr. Beebe, in our issue of March 30, deposed that there was not such a plenitude of game and fish near Tacoma as had been stated, and he suggested that our correspondent there had viewed things through rosy glasses. Now Dr. Beebe sends us, as he says for our own satisfaction, a tabulated list, which is so interesting in its bearing on the points in dispute that we print it here:

TACOMA, Wash., April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: I hate controversy and never knowingly incite it; and nothing could be further from my intentions than to try to cumber the pages of the brightest sporting journal in the States with a useless contention. I send you these little items of memoranda collected to-day after reading "El Comancho's" diatribe. I never before once thought of "keeping tab" on big game catches, and these figures were picked up in an hour among a few of my friends to whom I showed the Seattle gentleman's criticism. I do not ask you to give anything of mine space in this connection, as it is no earthly advantage to anybody to argue the matter. I send you this data as a personal defense to your ear alone, feeling safe in the fairness of your judgment. Every one in this country knows that nothing good ever comes out of Nazareth (Tacoma), and that the name is a red flag to a Seattleite. Maybe this explains the matter.

	Distance from Tacoma.	Electric car, Steamers, N. P. R. R.
1892	Miles.	
Sept. 20, Alex. Foreman, J. T. L. & Co., buck.	2 1/2	E. C.
Sept. 10, John Holgate, 2 days, 300lbs. trout.	28	Steamer.
Sept. 23, Prof. LeBoytean, 1 day, 65lbs. trout.	28	Steamer.
Sept. 23, John Leisure, 1 day, 38lbs. trout.	28	Steamer.
Sept. 23, Henry Latham, 1 day, 26lbs. trout.	28	Steamer.
Sept. 23, Dr. Beebe, 1/2 day, 13lbs. trout.	28	Steamer.
Oct. 20, Arthur Bridgeman, deer.	20	R. R.
Oct. 21, Henry Spence, deer.	20	R. R.
Oct. 21, Henry Spence, bear.	20	R. R.
Oct. 23, Dodge and Eberly, buck.	10	E. C.
Oct. 23, Five whales remained in harbor 4 hrs.		
Oct. 30, Dr. Beebe, buck.	12	E. C.
Nov. 8-12, Walt Willock, 4 deer (30 in season).	14	Steamer.
Nov. 10, Beebe & Bridgeman, 1 deer, 135 grouse	14	Steamer.
Nov. 10-11, Dodge and Denham, 2 deer.	8	E. C.
Nov. 13, Spence & Vandegriff, 7 deer (2 days).	20	R. R.
Nov. 10-13, Thurston Co. camp party, 5 deer.	8	E. C.
Nov. 25, Beebe and West, bear.	12	Steamer.
Nov. 29, W. Summers, cougar.	10	Motor.
Dec. 30, Ed Flannigan, bear.	4 1/2	E. C.
1893.		
Jan. 21, Henry Spence, cougar, 7ft.	20	R. R.
Jan. 21, Beebe, wildcat.	20	R. R.
Feb. 17, Small boy (12 yrs.), Tyee salmon.	1/2	R. R. wharf.
April 1, Ed Pettigill, 3 Tyee salmon.	4	Steamer.
April 1, C. E. S. Holmes, 3 Tyee salmon.	1/2	Boat.
April 2, Fred Edwards, seal.	1/2	Wharf.
April 4, Walter Fife, steel-head salmon.	1/2	Wharf.
April 5, Walter Fife, trout.	12	E. C.

Any item will be verified under oath by the parties named.

Fred Edwards killed a 56-pound seal at railroad wharf Sunday, 2d inst.

Fifty-pound wolverine shot Thursday eight miles south of the city.

Yesterday C. E. S. Holmes caught, nine miles from wharf, 6 salmon, aggregate 118lbs., and George Barber caught 19 trout nine miles from Court House, Tacoma. H. M. O'Brien 320 trout same day.

Messrs. Dodge and Denham, of the Rod and Gun Club, say that I may safely affirm that over 50 deer have been killed within twenty miles of Tacoma during the season.

"El Comancho's" picture of the forest is fairly accurate, but there are very nice sections where the conditions are not by any means so favorable. J. A. BEEBE, M.D.

A CALIFORNIA PRESERVE.

THE Directors of the Country Club, of San Francisco, Cal., have made an interesting report of the club's history for the year 1892:

The fishing in the club's waters, they say, was steadily good during the whole season. The Olema, Bear Valley and Alamillo streams have shown a greater abundance than in the years before the club's control. We have been rejoiced at the success resulting from the stocking of our lakes. In April, 1891, 14,000 Eastern trout were put in Trout Lake, and last year these fish were of the almost uniform size of 12in. in length and three-quarters of a pound in weight each, and, according to the natural rate of increase, we may look for them in the next fishing season of the length of 15in., and from 1 to 1½lbs. in weight. Trout Lake last July was for the second time stocked with 17,000 Eastern trout, and these fish are now 7in. in length. Bass Lake, which is located a short distance from Trout Lake, was stocked with black bass from Crystal Springs Lake in 1890, and from Menlo Park Lake in 1891. From tests made the past year, we are confident that the members will enjoy fine sport the coming season. Crescent Lake, also located near Trout and Bass lakes, was stocked last August with 30,000 landlocked salmon, and there would seem to be no reason for doubting that as good results will follow as in the case of the other varieties of fish.

Trout Lake has been stocked with 31,000 New Hampshire trout, Bear Valley Creek Dam with 19,000 rainbow trout, Black Bass Lake, Ocean Lake, Little Lake and Wild Cat Lake with black bass, and Crescent Lake with 30,000 landlocked salmon.

There have been turned out 30 Mongolian pheasants, 600 Arizona quail and 100 Chinese quail.

There has been little or no poaching on the preserve grounds during the past year. Pleasant relations have been maintained between the club, the neighbors and the preserve tenants. Our keepers have accomplished good work in the trapping of vermin, which does more toward increasing and protecting game than the invasion of many poachers. On March 1, 150 traps will be put out by the keepers.

GAME AND FISH KILLED.

	This season.	Total since July 4, 1890.
Quail.....	1,733	4,558
Snipe.....	473	2,076
Ducks—canvassacks.....	31	50
Mallard.....	13	83
Spring.....	10	144
Widgeon.....	62	217
Teal.....	25	172
Black jack.....	3	19
Black swan.....	—	1
Geese.....	—	3
Rail.....	95	191
Wild pigeons.....	3	11
Doves.....	4	79
Plover.....	4	17
Curlew.....	1	1
Yellow-legs.....	5	5
Robins.....	22	112
Rabbits.....	4	4
Beaver (previous to March 31, 1891).....	1	1
Brook trout.....	1,135	5,171
Eastern trout.....	284	334

Since Feb. 11, 1892, there have been killed on the preserve 1 bear, 3 coyotes, 48 wildcats, 87 foxes, 60 coons, 31 skunks, 84 hawks.

The preserve contains about 76,000 acres, with 60 miles of ocean front. The roads for driving are all good, and the scenery unsurpassed. There are numerous lakes and trout streams, and an abundance of quail, snipe and duck. The sea-fishing and salmon fishing in Tomales Bay are features.

NOTABLE SHOTS.—VIII.

MARLBORO, N. H.—In twenty-five years' experience of shooting ruffed grouse I have killed two birds at one shot on two different times. The first time, my old setter pointed under an apple tree, when two grouse swung around to the right and one to the left; shooting at the right first and then at the left I had the experience of killing all three birds without moving out of my tracks, a pleasure that rarely falls to the sportsman in a lifetime. I felt five years younger.

The other time the old dog roared some birds about one-fourth of a mile, when he established a point at the edge of some spruce. I saw a grouse run, and as she sprang from the ground I shot her down. While picking up the bird the dog pointed again in a hollow just beyond, where I found a dead bird.

I am glad the traveler Uncle Lisha has returned.

J. S. M.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Speaking of good shots, I made one last Monday. A flock of butterballs had decoyed, and as I ran up they took wing. I let the left barrel go and knocked two down, and with a quick second brought three more down, making a total of five out of the flock. I think there are more ducks this year than for many years. I also saw eight or ten large flocks of plover, whether golden or otherwise I cannot say.

FRED SHELTON.

VELASCO, Texas.—On the interesting subject of "notable shots" I have one to relate. While hunting jacksnipe about a month ago my pointer made a play at a bunch of sage bushes where I was not looking for game. When I told him to go in a quail and snipe got up close together and fell to my right barrel. This is the first time I have heard of those birds affiliating, as their haunts and habits are quite unlike.

M. P. M.

Tennessee Live Quail Exportation.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Chattanooga, Tenn., says: The fact of the matter is that the true sportsmen in Tennessee are not scattered over the State enough and there are too few of them. Men who hunt for the love of the sport alone are mostly found in the cities, and although they can as a general thing get the influential members of the House of Representatives to aid them in their measures for game protection, yet they are outnumbered by the "hayseed" members from "Wayback," who imagine that people "up in their county" should be allowed to kill anything and everything in the shape of fin, feathers and fur "whenever they feel like it."

The great evil here is the exportation of live quail to other States, and in this matter sportsmen in other States are to blame, for if there was no demand there would be

no supply. Northern and Eastern clubs make a point every season of advertising for live birds and it is presumed they are used for field trials. Pot-hunters here and backwoodsmen, who care for nothing further in the line of work than distilling wildcat whisky, hunting deer at all times and netting quail, find ready customers for their birds in small store-keepers in cities and provincial towns who deal in anything they can see a dollar in. If FOREST AND STREAM would endeavor to put a stop to the importation of game birds, for the purposes named, in Northern and Eastern States the netting here would cease. If it is allowed to continue for a few years more a quail will be a *rara avis in terris* and be found only in odd places, or, perhaps, like the great auk, will become extinct.

Game Protector Barber.

ALBANY, April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith an item clipped from the Warrensburgh (N. Y.) *News*. I send you this more particularly for the reason that Mr. Barber, the protector herein named, was the subject of considerable adverse criticism in the matter of an alleged attempt to kill a salmon at the Mechanicville fishway. I believed then and believe now that Mr. Barber was at that time intent upon detective work, as I know him to be thoroughly honest. I have not the slightest idea but that he intended to do precisely as he claimed in his letter to your paper. The *News* says that an item about the killing of two deer in South Johnsborough caught the eye of Protector Barber, who at once began an investigation:

He came to this place about three weeks ago and after making a few inquiries took a trip through Johnsborough and Thurman, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing hard-wood logs. His eyes and ears were wide open, however, and by dint of judicious questions pried here and there he succeeded in accumulating sufficient evidence to warrant further proceedings. On Thursday of last week, accompanied by Constable E. T. Hayes, he went over the route which he had previously traveled as a hard-wood buyer and subpoenaed a large number of witnesses to appear before Justice Herrick at the Adirondack House in this village Friday afternoon. As a result of the investigation held at that time warrants were issued for the arrest of Pasco and Burch. It was shown by the evidence that one of the deer in question was shot by Pasco; that the meat was buried near the barn of Gilbert Pasco in Johnsborough, and that the skin was found in the possession of "Sam" Pasco. Burch was implicated in the affair by assisting "Sam" to carry the deer from where it was concealed. The evidence produced before Justice Herrick had been cleverly gathered, and was so conclusive that the culprits were glad to settle the case by paying the amount mentioned above. Mr. Barber's ability as a detective is beyond question, and would-be violators of the law in Johnsborough and vicinity will probably realize hereafter that although located in Greenwich he is able and intends to keep an eye on this locality. In his work of gathering evidence Mr. Barber was rendered valuable assistance by our local Viduo, Constable Hayes, whose skillful handling of several intricate cases has made his name a terror to evil-doers in this vicinity.

Mr. Barber was appointed upon my recommendation as game protector 10 months ago, and I have been to some pains to look up his record during that time. Since June 1 last he has convicted over 70 parties of violating the game laws; has collected over \$1,100 in fines; sent three parties to jail, and has now 12 cases pending with reasonable chance for success in nearly all of them. In addition to the foregoing he has during the past two weeks convicted four parties (including the two named in the clipping sent herewith) for killing deer out of season or having venison in their possession, and has collected fines to the amount of nearly \$400. The foregoing is taken from the records on file in the office of the Fish and Game Commission.

M. SCHENCK.

They Teach Caution.

CINCINNATI, O.—A correspondent in a recent issue of your valuable paper writes of accidents liable to happen to sportsmen by accidental discharges of firearms. In camp at St. Mary's Reservoir. Sam Marshall and I were sitting on a box in the center of the tent. Will Roberts, a hand I had brought with me, had picked up my shotgun, unnoticed by us, and was trying to force a swollen shell into the chamber when the gun was discharged, the contents passing between Sam and myself and through the side of the tent, leaving a hole about the size of a silver dollar. Again, while shooting mallards in a large cornfield, I was lying on my right side, my shotgun pointing toward my feet. There came a flock of mallards, and I grasped my gun, which happened to be cocked. The loud report and a hole in the ground about an inch from my right foot taught a lesson. At the bulkhead of the St. Mary's Reservoir one man held the scales for another to hang his gun on to be weighed. The man had forgotten to extract the loads and when the gun was hung on the scales by the trigger guard it was discharged, the whole load entering Berger's foot above the ankle, almost tearing it off. The victim now hobbles about on a wooden leg and is the jolliest soul around the bulkhead. Many of your readers will remember him.

F. B. MAGILL.

Foreigners Elude the Nova Scotia License.

YOUR council beg to call your attention to the fact that there are numbers of non-residents who arrive here by steamer as soon as the season opens for hunting. They have their guides waiting for them, then take the train and are off to some out of the way place to hunt without taking out a license. It has been suggested by many persons living in different parts of the Province that your society petition the Legislature at the coming session to make the license fee for large game \$50, an amount that no honest sportsman will object to pay. It takes most of the license money collected to send men to the woods to hunt up these strangers, and in most cases they are advised that some one is on their track and pack up and get out of the Province by a different route from the one by which they came.—*Report of Inland Game and Fishery Society.*

A Cortland County Preserve.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* O. V. Kellogg yesterday made public announcement that he had become the owner, and had the exclusive right to shoot, fish and hunt upon 275 acres of land lying adjacent to this village. Mr. Kellogg proposes to devote the land and water contained in the above tract to the propagation and protection of fish, birds and game.

The Cortland County Sportsmen's Club is composed of two branches. One branch pays particular attention to the protection of fish and game and the other to trap-shooting.

The club is made up of bright, alert, big-hearted fellows and the future looks bright along the two distinct lines of endeavor noted above.

M. C. H.

Does Cold Affect Nitro Powders?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Looking over some old copies of FOREST AND STREAM I came upon an article on nitro powders and their loss of power under certain conditions. During the past January and cold weather a circumstance took place I could not then account for. In Illinois I would go with my beagles rabbit hunting. As the leaves and grass are gone I would have to shoot a fair distance shot. I did not kill or get my rabbit, as I would in November or December. I was using the same make and brand of cartridges as in the fall months, and the ammunition was satisfactory then. I do not want to go back to the old black powder again, but I think in extreme cold weather we shall have to. In the month of January I was often out with the beagles and gun when the thermometer was at zero and rabbits in my shooting coat would freeze. I carry my cartridges in my shooting coat pocket. They would be cold and then the gun barrels were very cold. Was this extreme cold not the cause of the nitro powder's want of force?

J. B.

Game at Park Rapids.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 7.—There was some fun made of a letter from Park Rapids, Minn., describing the shooting in that locality. On a recent visit I found that the shipments of deer from that one station exceeded 500 saddles during the open season. I met at Osakis three brothers who shot there last fall and killed thirty-one deer, one bear and some three hundred pheasants or ruffed grouse.

A neighbor of mine with two companions also went there for deer, and killed in ten days eleven deer. Sportsmen who want to hunt deer next year had better make a note of this. Take the Great Northern train from St. Paul in the morning and reach Park Rapids in time for supper. The ducks are in here in great shape and the markets are overloaded. Still I find but few sportsmen that care to kill them in the spring. Everybody seems to be waiting for the trout season to open to "go a-fishing."

F. A. K.

Ontario Wildfowl.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., April 12.—Wild geese have been more numerous in this vicinity during the past two weeks. Many sportsmen have gone in pursuit of them, but without success up to date.

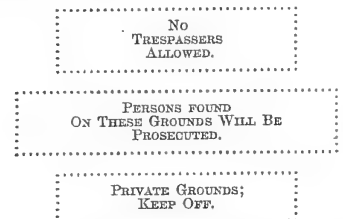
The salutary effect of the law against shooting ducks in spring is observable in the largely increased numbers of black ducks now to be seen in our marshes as compared with the time when spring slaughter was permitted.

R. S. BELL.

Preserve System in Maine.

NO MAN with eyes in his head can have lived in Maine for two years past without seeing the laws openly defied. * * * Now, if a near-sighted newspaper man can see and hear of all of these violations inside of two years, an alert game warden, sworn to defend the game of the State, should know of a great deal more, particularly if he lived near where poachers make their raids. Yet, take any twenty-five warden in Maine, and it is doubtful if they average to make one arrest a year. If they do the fact is carefully kept from the newspapers. And all this time the papers are full of accidents that occur to men who are committing illegal acts. Hamlet never found a more rotten state of affairs when he returned to Denmark to attend to his father's funeral, than exists regarding the game laws in Maine to-day. Meanwhile the man of means who will have hunting and fishing at any cost are gradually taking up all the good ponds and streams and forest land, and making them over into private "preserves." Only this week word reaches this paper that the land adjacent to Tunk Pond and the pond itself have been sequestered from the world and devoted to the exclusive use of a few men who have means to protect their rights. Hereafter no citizen of Maine can go on to that sacred territory without first getting a permit from the owners, who live out of the State. This is the natural result of lax and badly enforced laws. It is the poor man who wishes to live honestly that suffers; it is the wealthy who can afford to pay dearly for their luxuries who control all in the end.

As much as the writer dislikes these new English ways he believes that the game of Maine is safer under the care of game keepers or on a preserve than it is to-day under the feeble protection of Maine. The game of Maine belongs to the people of Maine, and not to the men who own the land. The people of Maine could have held it forever as their property had they legislated wisely and selected proper guardians. The people failing to do this the millionaire comes in and does the next best thing. The people of Maine can no longer fish and hunt in their old haunts; the rich men who control the land will come to Maine every year and take a good number of Maine residents to help them. The boy who moves out of Maine this year returns twenty years from now he will no doubt see the brooks in which he used to fish strung along with signs like this:



It may seem hard to him at first, but if he will follow the history of Maine's game laws and their enforcement and non-enforcement he will see that it is the natural result of the conditions that prevailed.—*Bangor News, April 7.*

CONGRATULATORY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We all "feel good" with you over the happy ending of the Delmonico case. You have won a splendid victory.

D. H. BRUCE.

NEWTOWN, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is an evidence of what a bulldog hang-on will do. I congratulate the FOREST AND STREAM most heartily. It has reason to be proud.

O. O. SMITH.

DETROIT, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been jubilant all day over your Delmonico woodcock accomplishment. But for FOREST AND STREAM those contraband birds would have been as dead as Julius Caesar. Your resuscitation of them deserves to be sung in verse as was the saintly miracle performed by blessed Santiago, when he restored to life the Alcayde's defunct, beheaded and roasted rooster and its mate from the platter on the dinner table:

Cluck! cluck! cried the Hen right merrily then,
The Cock his clarion blew;
Full glad was he to hear again
His own cock-a-doo-dle-doo.

May FOREST AND STREAM with its revivifying powers ever come to the aid of the Protector Kidds.

J. H. S.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to congratulate the FOREST AND STREAM for its grand work in getting the Delmonico case settled.

A. C. COLLINS.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

OUANANICHE TACKLE.

It is not very difficult amid these surroundings to redeem the promise made FOREST AND STREAM for some details of the practical work and of the tackle and flies I have successfully used in ouananiche fishing.

A caribou head with snowy neck and thirty-five pointed antlers, shot on the Humber, looks down with superb disdain for the fate that hung him on the walls of my den.

Over the mantel is the tip of a "Wells" split-bambo rod, which was riven and twisted until its fibres hung like threads in landing on Pine Lake, with Dick Jessup, of Ontario fame, two black bass at the same time, one weighing 3½ and the other 3¼ lbs.

Up there is the little 4½ oz. rod which stabbed and landed the ouananiche at Cinquieme Chute, wielded by the dainty hand of the Lady Rose. Feast your eyes upon it! Rod, reel, line and cast, it only weighs 14 oz.

Yonder, amidst a galaxy, hangs in particular a fly tied on a 2-0 hook, which made Mr. Smith laugh until the tears came when we were exchanging views over the camp-fire on the Nepigon. Nameless, giant-proportioned, fashioned after no living thing—the creation of some girl in the factory. But still the fly that allured and stabbed trout after trout, four-pounders at that, at far-famed Pine Portage, with Louis Bouchard, no less famous as a guide, in the stern of the canoe. When every fly of distinguished make or name had swept the waters in vain, until Mr. Smith was ready to give a king's ransom for the prodigy.

Upon the floor lie a half dozen rods put together for a sibilant switch for inspiration. Upon my table lie so many fly-books that it shames me to think that I have not yet stopped laying up treasures wherein verily the moths will revel.

If, however, I should only speak of trite matters which all anglers know, I can only express regret and hope that some one not so happily situated may fall across these lines.

First and foremost, let us talk of the rod. A 10ft., 6oz. rod is, all things considered, the best adapted for work in the heavy waters in which the ouananiche lives. A heavier rod is likely to fail to yield pliantly and quickly in the frantic leaps of the fish, or apt to tear out the fly in the mad dashes through the rapids often 30 to 40 yds., sometimes fully 60 yds. As the ouananiche oftenest fight toward the angler, the rod should be held thrown well backward, with a large bow. In holding the fish in and preventing the dashes, more should depend upon the management of the reel than in any greater resistance of the rod beyond that inherent in the 6oz. split-bamboo. It still needs delicate touch and good judgment when to let the reel free or to hold the strain on the struggling salmon.

Let me not be vainglorious and unduly boast of my favorites as I speak of my own treasures. A 4½ oz. ash and lancewood rod with lancewood tip (Mr. Wood's design) is the favorite among favorites. It is very light and slender, pliant as a coach whip, but in good hands will stand all tests, afford keenest sport and excite deepest admiration. Indeed the wonder excited by its frail appearance when shown has given me a great deal of pleasure.

A Leonard 6oz. split-bamboo rod is one which I have put to severest strain right under the falls and found it maintain the line with that tension which holds the fly in the salmon's mouth thirty, ay, forty minutes, though it drop out, as I have seen it do over and over again, the instant the strain relaxed as the fish was netted.

For one who likes the quick, lively fight, I would not, however, advise a lighter rod.

How necessary the proper tension is, may be realized, when you find that the four-pound ouananiche will often only rise to a fly tied on No. 10 hook. I believe the 4oz. split-bamboo rod will afford the greatest sport and I have ordered one without windings for the trial. It is not likely that the fish can be quickly killed or that the rod may not be too light, but the fight will be evened up so as to make the rod do its best.

The reel should be multiplying, holding sixty yards (I believe in the Silver King) and, of course, a waterproof silk line, not larger than "F." The leader should be of the best salmon gut with not more than two flies tied about four feet apart. I take a six foot salmon leader, tie a loop on it so as to give the dropper an independent swing of about 18 in., and thus give the two fish plenty of room to play, with the strain direct from fish to rod. I warn you that the gut and tie must be of the best quality, for I have had it snapped like thread by two gamy ouananiche stabbed on one cast.

Frankly, I do not believe two 3lb. ouananiche can be brought to net on one cast at the same time. I, at least, have never succeeded, although many times have I stabbed two on the same cast and seen the line come back with

only a knot to mark where the leader had been tied.

When the *beau saumon* is struck he rises furiously in the air and the other (already stabbed) feeling the sting of the barb, jumps, so the spectacle is seen of two fish simultaneously madly leaping; then a quick snapping jar vibrating and shivering down line and rod, with its sudden relaxation, tells the story of both fish gone, seldom without both flies and leader. Few sights are more glad-some than the simultaneous leap of two ouananiche stabbed on the same cast, and few more dispiriting than their loss.

Lures, by which I mean artificial baits other than flies, may be successfully used. Notably phantom minnows of any size, and spinners or spoons in any form. Indeed the ouananiche seems crazed when so struck more than when stabbed with a fly, and a mad battle ensues in which the quarry is almost unmanageable until literally worn out.

Now as to flies. The *beau saumon* is fickle and capricious to the verge of disbelief. Last year at the Hotel Roberval, with 70 ouananiche weighing from 3 to 4½ lbs. stretched on the piazza as a practical demonstrative exhibit, I showed the flies which tempted the gamy fellows and saw incredulity written upon the faces of the anglers, equalled only by the quaint humor of the Indian guides laughing over the struggles of the fish to escape their doom after being stabbed by such flies. Flies of such like and form as are indeed only seen in the shopman's window.

There are times that the fish will rise all round with an utter disregard for the most artistic handling of your flies, indifferent alike to every combination of feather. You will see them in the clear waters furiously rush at the flies without at the final moment striking them, as if at the last instant they apprehended the counterfeit sought to be imposed upon them. They will rise to the fly in any way that it can well be cast. At times the flies should be

"Roberval"—a dedication to the Hotel Roberval. The body will be Nile green whipped with yellow silk cord and dark green tail; green wings with dark mallard over wing; hackles of green and gray hues. I hope to report the practical success of these theories.

All salmon flies tied on No. 6 to 8 hooks are worth carrying, in particular I recommend Jock-Scott, Silver and Blue-Doctor, Durham-Ranger, Cock-Robin, Thunder-and-Lightning, Admirals, Lion and Captain.

Among the trout flies I have successfully used are Professor, Grizzly-King, Conroy, Dark-Caddis, Romaine (which are dark green flies), Montreal, with jungle cock wings, Bees and Parmacheene-Belle.

Again I advise you to have your flies tied with a helper. Now as to the places or pools. I like "ledge fishing" best. I mean either on the rocky points jutting out from the shore or upon the reefs rising through the foam in the swirl and eddy of the rushing waters below the falls.

This gives one *terra firma* beneath him and enables the angler to give undivided attention to the rod and to mark the movements of the fish. I believe it is the best, if not the only way that the ouananiche can be landed on the light rods. Usually I select a place where I can work the flies against the current to a point where they would disappear in the surge and swirl of the falls and then cast back down the current, and when the rise came it was with such force and vigor that I seldom failed to hold the fish. Or get some spot where the flies would pass around a point or rock, and then in the eddy and boil of the waters the ouananiche would dart at the fly with a momentum that took the tip under the water ere one could realize the fight was on.

Often when you have failed in this method (or are tired of it) you will see the ouananiche rising through the patches of foam often as large as twenty to thirty square yards! Then let the guide take the canoe, lay in the bow

for a cushion a quantity of fragrant plumes and branches, nicely stripped from the large wood, go out and cast your flies upon the brilliantly gleaming snowy mass of bubbles. It is unalloyed pleasure to see how lifelike flies look as they pass upon the foam. You can make them jump, leap, fly, flutter or wearily drag—see them reflected in countless bubbles and enjoy the apparent intelligence of rod and cast.

The canoe dextrously managed by master hand circles around the white patch as you cast your flies whirling over and lightly falling upon a white mountain of yeasty foam. A dorsal fin clearing to the strained vision for briefest interval, the *beau saumon*, between the rise and stab. And then—and then.

Ere you know it the guide has squatted in true Indian fashion in the stern and you are on your knees. The tip of the rod pliantly yielding is bathing in the waters and the reel chanting a melody that is now a dirge to the sinking heart—then a

hymn of praise to the elated soul.

In the midst of the whirling, surging, angry flood, with the canoe dancing hither and thither like a cockle shell—now drifting down the flood so quickly that the shores seem like a fleeting panorama—now forced against a current that sweeps the foam to its gunwales, so angrily, so fierce, so turbulent, that the shores looked never so safe to your wistful gaze—around and down the torrent—around and against the current—up in the teeth of the waters, until the spray of the falls beats against your face and drips from your mustache. A mad rush straight toward the canoe, a sweep of the paddle, the canoe whirls round and goes down on the flood, the *saumon* dashes on and you breathe more freely. Up now with the rod, quick down with the tip as the *saumon* leaps, now in with the slack, let the reel free, in with the slack, and finally and at last—how long it seems in coming—in some quiet cove Josef Robinson (if you have been lucky enough to get him) is asking for the balance to weigh the conquered warrior, and you are wondering how he netted the *beau saumon*.

A word more. What is the best hour? I believe cloudy days are the best. Keep your flies idle and then get the hour or briefer interval just before the storm breaks, when the clouds are lowering and the mist from the falls is swept down upon the waters. When the insects flutter helplessly in the windy gusts and are beaten down upon the foam. That brief prelude when the scattering drops indicate the approach of the storm and the ouananiche seem imbued with electric life. Then the dashes for the flies are fiercest and the fish fights with an inconceivably savage ferocity. Then the fight goes on amid the drenching rain, to which you are oblivious, but which is more detested by your guides. Then you go back to your camp tingling with excitement over the last brush, though you are wet through and through. And you feel that you will indeed enjoy the last cigar in camp while *le petit saumon*, spitted with strips of breakfast beacon, is being prepared *à la brochette* for supper.

ROWDY ROD.

Where Rainier Looms.

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: Please find postal note for \$4 for renewal of paper. I wish to say that I like the paper much, and do not fear to have it in my family, neither am I ashamed to have it seen on the center table.

D. T. DENNY.



NOW FOR TROUT.

Fifth Equal Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

PHOTO BY DR. J. J. MILLS, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

allowed to sink a few inches and then flicked ahead a foot or two—then cast like salmon fishing—the long cast far out in the current with the dip, dip of the rod when the art is in the strike rightly following the rise, then casting upon the surface and making the flies leap or skitter upon the foam or eddies, when the grandest of all sights is seen, the leap of the ouananiche taking the fly fairly in the air with a savage ferocity inflicting a stab by the automatic action of the rod.

At the Fifth Falls (which I wrote up for FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 8, 1892) I had three rods rigged up with different casts, one in hand and the others lying on the rocks. When the *saumon* rose at the flies but did not strike, I immediately took the flies from the water and laid down the rod. After waiting a few minutes I took up one of the other rods and cast with it for about five minutes and then picked up the rod having the fly at which the rise had been made, and seldom indeed did I fail to get the fish.

Under such circumstances the angler should have a variety of flies in the camp and not at home when seeking the ouananiche. The new-comer at the Island House, Grande Decharge, goes to Paul Savoir, the head guide, for judgment on the flies in the book! Times past numbering Paul will say, "Him no good. Some good last year—not now," so on through the book, condemning favorites, shattering hopes and rudely crushing many a hobby!

As a general rule the ouananiche seeks winged flies and will not rise to hackles. My favorite sizes are tied on No. 6 and 8 sprot hooks, a little extra winged and full-bodied, and above all tied on the best salmon, mind you, salmon gut!

Still, I carry flies tied as small as No. 12, although it is exceedingly difficult to net the fish because the barb is too small and tears out.

The sober-hued flies are the best and most reliable, yet, *mirabile dictu*, I have stabbed them on flies that made my guides shout, "Fooled the salmon!" What better can I do than quote Mr. Roosevelt? "One-half the most skillful fishermen assert that the fly need resemble nothing on the earth or in the waters under the earth!"

One thing in particular I have noticed which I intend to put in practice, that flies with green as the prevailing color were especially attractive and successful in luring the salmon. Tom Conroy is tying a fly on 6 and 8 sprot hooks under these ideas, which will be called the

WHERE THE OLD TROUT HIDE.

The rosy lips of morning kiss the blushing cheek of spring,
The first bluebird of summer is already on the wing,
The pussy willow heads are nodding in the gentle breeze,
The buds are swelled to bursting on the sappy maple trees,
The wine of life is mingled with every breath you take—
All nature is responding to the summons to awake.
And the resurrection lifts you like a mighty rolling tide,
As you early seek the deep pool where

The
Old
Trout
Hide!

How unwillingly you left them when last year's season closed;
How you labored for that big one, who only calmly dozed
In the shadow of the rock there, while he winked the other eye.
"Do you take me for a baby, to be tickled with a fly?"
How dignified and lazy as he came forth from his lair,
And smelled your scarlet-ibis and your royal-coachman there!
How every speckle glistened like a ruby in his side,
And you almost got to swearing where

The
Old
Trout
Hide!

There never was a fisherman, so I've heard the old folks say,
Who caught the biggest fish. Always sure to get away.
And it's just as true in trouting as it is in other things,
That blessings seem the brightest when they spread their golden wings
And soar where you can't touch them; but only stand and wish
That you had them in your basket, with the other little fish.
If wishes were but fishes, how your heart would swell with pride,
As you landed that three-pounder where

The
Old
Trout
Hide!

Yet after all the sportsman, though he doesn't catch his fish,
Catches all the life and sunshine that a happy heart can wish;
Old Mother Nature takes him and smooths life's wrinkle out.
So get your rod and basket, for this morning's made for trout;
You'll go back to your labor, to your dry and musty books,
In your soul a little laughter, of the laughter of the brooks;
In your heart a little singing, like the singing of a bride;
And you got your inspiration where

The
Old
Trout
Hide!

J. H. LA ROCHE.

IN QUEST OF BASS.

NEW YORK, April, 1893.—Last summer I determined to take a week from the office and spend it with the black bass. After diligent inquiries as to the location of the best fishing grounds I started for Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. I found to my disgust no black bass were being taken. I was assured that there were plenty in the lake, but they would not bite at the most alluring bait offered. I remained three days, and was obliged to content myself with sunfish and minnows (I had not caught the former since boyhood days, when a bent pin and a piece of cotton thread was the most expensive outfit I used).

On the last day of my stay a gentleman caught a 5lb. pickerel, which so tickled him that he had it photographed. The photo was then handed around to prove that there were fish in the lake. That was enough for me. I left on the next train for New York. I was of course dissatisfied. I could ill afford the time, but finally determined to visit the Muskoka Lakes, and in due time was flying toward Canada. Leaving a \$5 bill on the Canadian side of Suspension Bridge as a guarantee that I would return my gun to the United States, and my gun in Toronto in lieu of \$25 for a license to shoot a few ducks (of which I did not see a single specimen), I finally arrived at Bella Falls Hotel, Muskoka Lakes. Here I made the acquaintance of two young gentlemen from Buffalo, N. Y., who proved very agreeable companions.

We caught in the eddies (below the falls, on the Muskquash River, an outlet of the lakes) a large number of what the natives called pickerel, but which were wall-eyed pike; these varied in size from 1lb. to 6lbs. in weight. My companions, like myself, had come to the lakes on bass intent, and were disappointed at not catching any. They said, at the hotel, the bass had been biting poorly that year, still, parties came in with strings I envied. We determined to try Clear Lake, at the end of a pull of three miles from the hotel, and a long portage through the woods. It was a windy, dreary day in September, the occasional light rains that fell had the effect of only slightly dampening our ardor, as under the burden of a heavy boat we slipped through the argillaceous soil; but we were after bass and did not mind a wet skin or Canadian mud if we could only hook a few. We were told by a farmer that as the wind was blowing heavy down the lake there could be no lee shore, consequently the bass would not bite; we, however, rowed over to a sunken tree, the roots of which were still fastened in earth, and we made fast to a branch protruding above the surface of the water.

While my companions were making fast I baited my hook with a live frog, and dropped it down beside the submerged trunk, allowing the frog to sink in about 12ft. of water, without a strike. I raised it to make another cast, when suddenly the line straightened out like a whipcord, and a few moments later a fine 2lb. bass leaped into the air, savagely shaking his head to dislodge the cruel torture. After playing him a little I succeeded in gently drawing him within reach of the landing net which was slipped under him.

My companions and myself now eagerly ran each of our hooks through the lips of a frog, and quietly dropped them into the pool. As before there was no strike until we attempted to withdraw them, when a simultaneous yell from us three Indians announced each had hooked a bass. It only required a fraction of time before those three cunning fishes had our lines hopelessly snarled; two of the bass got away and owing to our lines being tangled each thought the remaining bass was fastened to his line; as it broke from the water and shook the hook from its mouth, disclosed a 4lb. beauty, and our lines hung limp and lifeless. (It is suggested that I say the bass was a 5-pounder, but I am not going to have my veracity called into question for the sake of a pound.) It is needless to

say each of us claimed the honor of having hooked the big fish.

Regardless of the ominous clouds that were rising around us, we continued to fish, for the other two were selfish enough to refuse to draw in their lines; consequently, to the amusement of the bass, we continued to get our lines snarled with each other. I succeeded in landing another bass before the heavy shower that had been threatening us for some time drove us to the shelter of a near-by farmhouse.

We had landed five bass and lost fifteen. We vowed we would return to Clear Lake the next day and renew the contest, but the rain kept us indoors for the two succeeding days. It was now imperative to return home.

I have figured that my two bass cost me, exclusive of fishing tackle and loss of business while from the office, \$50 a piece, though, doubtless, I should credit a portion of that sum to the enjoyment derived from the trip, change of scene and a renewal of health.

While at Muskoka I ascertained that the fishing in Lake Nipissing is superior to any in Canada. As spring approaches an indescribable longing seizes me for the thrill of battle with the bass, and my thoughts turn longingly to Nipissing. My wife says I will finally bring up in Hudson Bay or at the North Pole, and suggests that I write to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to direct me to some stream nearer home where I can get good bass fishing.

I have no time for experiments such as Hopatcong. I would prefer to go five hundred miles to where I would, undoubtedly, get good fishing, than go a mile from my office and fish an hour or two between bites.

E. J. TUCKER, M. D.

[See note of Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., bass fishing in this issue.]

A Megantic Dinner.

SOME fifty members of the Megantic Fish and Game Club sat down to an informal dinner at the Hotel Brunswick on Thursday evening last. Dr. Heber Bishop being absent at the preserve, Mr. W. C. Prescott presided. The object of the meeting was to choose a nominating committee, and to give those who were not able to be at the annual dinner in New York an opportunity of hearing just how the club stands, and what it is proposed to do in the way of improvements. Mr. Prescott outlined the work of the past year. Numerous camps have been constructed, improvements made in the club house, and boats and canoes purchased, until to-day the condition of the preserve is very satisfactory. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, treasurer, showed in his report the following figures:

Total receipts.....	\$9,986.76
" expenditures.....	7,057.53
Balance, cash.....	2,929.22
Total valuation of club property.....	\$11,872.00
Cash balance.....	2,929.22
Due from members.....	2,900.00
Total.....	\$17,701.23
Liabilities.....	2,415.00
Balance.....	\$15,276.23

Mr. Chapman also earnestly advocated the building of hatcheries on the club's preserve. He believed that the fishing of the future is to be kept up by this means. The committee appointed to nominate twenty-five members from which the fifteen directors must be selected was: Chairman, A. W. Robinson, James Brown, C. A. Kilham, James H. Lake, Seth Perkins. These gentlemen will decide upon the provisional list. From this list the members are expected to select the board of directors by ballot. The annual meeting of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation will be held on May 9.

After the conclusion of the business meeting speeches, songs and toasts occupied the attention of the members until a late hour. SPECIAL.

Proprietors of Water Resorts.

WE believe that at the present time illegal fishing is going on in all the lakes and bays in western New York. This illegal fishing will continue throughout the summer unless the authorities adopt different tactics and search for poachers with greater diligence. The game protector in this district seems to be an active and energetic official, but the difficulty is that he has, in the aggregate, a great amount of water to watch, and though some of the law-breakers think otherwise occasionally, it is a fact that he can be in only one place at a time. The fishing around Rochester ought to be unsurpassed. The lake, the river and numerous bays out to be full of fish. But as a matter of fact the fishing is poor because of the constant use of nets and other unlawful devices by those who care nothing for the game laws. It has always seemed strange to us that the proprietors of resorts on the lake and bays have not been vigorous opponents to illegal fishing. One would think that selfish considerations at least would cause every one of them to be a fish and game protector, for, of course, if the fishing were good the people would crowd to the resorts and patronize them liberally. It is to be hoped that during the coming summer every man who loves a day's outing with rod or gun, every person interested in a lake or bay resort, and every officer of the law will make a personal effort to prevent violation of the game laws.—Rochester Post-Express.

Salmon Fishing and Salmon Painting.

THE ice left the Penobscot River, in Maine, as far up as Bangor, last week. This opens the celebrated salmon pool again. But up to the date of writing no salmon had been taken. The season is late. The first salmon was taken last year from that pool April 12. Mr. Fred W. Ayer, who has the best salmon record of any sportsman who has ever fished there, had the pleasure of landing the first one. He has been in Boston and New York of late, but on the news of the ice going out he immediately started for Bangor. Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the salmon artist of this city, has just finished a most beautiful painting of a *Salmo salar* for Mr. Ayer. It is an excellent representation of a "fresh run" salmon of good size, and will pass admirably for a Penobscot salmon. Mr. Brackett says, himself, that he thinks it is the best salmon picture he has ever painted. The coloring, with the iridescence and the spots, make up a feature to delight the heart of any salmon angler of less means and success than Mr. Ayer, while the background of river, falls, rocks and mist is true to nature. The pose is easy, showing the magnitude of the fish to the best advantage. The picture may be on exhibition in Boston for a few days. SPECIAL.

Rough Traveling for Poachers.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 15.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The road of the illegal fisherman is getting to be a pretty expensive one to travel, as a number of local statute breakers have just found out.

Last week Geo. Salisbury paid \$100 for illegally catching fish in Otselec River. A. T. Dickinson and son, of Virgil, paid \$100 for violating the fish laws. Fred Turner and E. Thompson, of Truxton, paid \$28.88 each for a similar offense. For fishing out of season Eugene Smith paid \$25 fine and \$16 cost; Alf Smith and N. Vandemburgh forked over the same amount of fine and costs each, making a total of \$123 paid by these three worthies for the fleeting pleasure of slyly casting a line in Norton Brook. M. Driscoll, for catching suckers in Tioughnioga River parted with \$25. John Sager paid \$25 for catching trout in Factory Brook.

It is said that a number of other suspected offenders are so busy watching game inspector E. D. Crosley of this county that they are not getting their meals regularly. It's just this sort of straight up one side and down the other law enforcement business that is yearly increasing the game fish supply of Cortland county.

Seventy thousand brook trout fry have been recently deposited in neighboring streams. The fish and game club of McGrawville, through its hustling secretary M. C. Bean, got 10,000 of the above number.

Anglers were early on the move this morning, but as pretty nearly if not all the streams are running full of snow water no big catches are anticipated. M. C. H.

Effort in a Right Direction.

OFFICE OF THE ASSOCIATION, No. 1028 Arch street, Philadelphia.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association is aiming at educating the public earnestly to support the present fish laws, which now to a large extent are erroneously interpreted as operating in favor of and solely for the benefit of sportsmen from the larger cities. Such belief greatly wrongs this class of persons, discredits the intelligence of those who framed the laws, ignores the hard work faithfully and gratuitously done in the interests of all inhabitants of our State who ever use fish as food, and nullifies much of the actual result derivable from the outlay and labors of our State and National Fish Commission. Were it not for these laws, the propagation of fish by the State hatcheries and the labors of the fish organizations in behalf of stocking streams with various kinds of fish, those who complain "they are deprived of their right to catch fish" (at times and by methods most agreeable to them), would have no fish to "catch."

As an association we are glad to be able to report that angling is becoming popular, because of the increase in game fish that makes it possible, and because persons who once enjoy the pleasure as anglers of "catching fish in style," become converts in favor of fish protection, having learned there can be more pleasure in catching one on a hook than bushels in a net. M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

A Previous Salmon.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 8.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Mr. J. J. Evans, who lives just above town, awoke about 2 o'clock last night to the fact that something unusual was transpiring at his boat, moored to the bank of the Willamette, a few yards from his house. Thinking that possibly some marauder was taking undue liberties with his personal property he dressed quickly and repaired to the river. Imagine his surprise when he found a fine salmon of about 15lbs. weight gasping in the bottom of his boat. It being close season until after sundown tomorrow evening he dumped his lordship back into his native element and returned to the house, not in the happiest frame of mind or disposed to congratulate the salmon on this manifestation of his earnest desire to get up higher. Mr. Evans's veracity is unquestionable.

This occurrence reminds me that three or four years ago, while the ferry boat was crossing the Columbia at Vancouver a large salmon sprang out of the water and upon the boat, where it was captured. There may be nothing unusual about these occurrences, but I think that they indicate that the salmon are either quite plentiful or decidedly energetic. S. H. GREENE.

Bait-Casting for Bass.

CAPE GIRARDEAU COUNTY, Mo.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I subscribed for the FOREST AND STREAM a few months ago and have become so much attached to the paper that I feel that I cannot do without it. A number of local sportsmen to whom I have shown copies have expressed a decided preference for it over another journal of field sports which they are now taking; so you may expect some new subscribers from this vicinity. I have been very much interested in the articles on "bait-casting" by Mr. Abbott, of Chicago, and I write this letter in order to beg him to give through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM complete directions for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with that method of fishing. I have just purchased a split-bamboo casting rod and outfit for trolling, but I think bait-casting must be more effective as a means of securing fish, and what is of far greater importance in my estimation, more sportsmanlike. The fishing season may be said to have opened here last Friday, April 7, when about fifty black bass were caught at one place on White Water. PISCATOR.

Bass of Lake Winnepesaukee.

NASHUA, N. H., April 7.—Thinking perhaps a word about New Hampshire black bass might interest you, I inclose a photograph of four specimens I took with an 8oz. rod and line off Bear Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, between 10 and 12 o'clock, Aug. 22, 1892; these fish were weighed some three hours after they were killed and did not vary more than 2oz. from the figures on the cards—4lbs., 4½lbs., 5lbs. and 6½lbs.

One would suppose a person with that string of fish would wear a great big half-moon smile, but in spite of good luck, a sort of late-to-dinner expression will creep over one's countenance after being in a boat from 5:30 A. M. to 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

The aggregate weight of these fish is no unusual catch; in fact a friend and I took 84lbs. from these waters between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., July 27, 1891; but I had never before been fortunate enough to take from northern waters four small-mouth bass in succession that would average as large as these. IRA F. HARRIS.

Waterloo Fish Protective Association.
WATERLOO, Ia., April 1.—The Waterloo Anglers' Club has merged into the Waterloo Fish Protective Association, which starts in with an active membership of fifty-five, which will be increased by at least a score more. At a meeting held April 4 the following officers were elected: President, C. F. Fowler; Vice-President, Geo. B. Rowell; Secretary, J. C. Hartman; Treasurer, W. R. French. A per capita assessment of \$2 was levied and the executive committee empowered to employ two wardens to watch the Cedar River and other streams within the county. This has been done and the first fruits was the arrest of a man Saturday for killing a pickerel. The fellow paid \$14.85 for his fish. We pay the men we have employed \$10 per week each, and one of them has been vested with police authority, so that he can arrest a violator on the spot. The club proposes to see that the fish laws are strictly enforced and will also co-operate with Fish Commissioner Griggs in restocking the Cedar each year. CLARK.

Might Develop Into a Kekoskee Story.
STUART, Iowa, March 20.—I am a reader of your FOREST AND STREAM, and I have not seen anything in it like my experience. This winter has been an extra cold one, and as the ponds and rivers have been frozen about 2ft. thick for two or three months, the fish have had no air. On the pond I saw a big fish close to the edge, where the ice was thin. I took a club, broke the ice where he was, and reached under and pulled out three fairly good-sized fish. I made the hole bigger, took a fence board, put the board in the water and swished the water. It dragged the fish out from under the ice. When one would come out I would put my hand under him and pull him out. If I dropped one it would stay where it dropped and I would reach under and get him again. I got 52 that way in about two hours. In the night I would go over with a lantern. The fish, little and big, would be up at that hole getting air. I got about 200 in three days. F. H. G.

Pere Marquette Waters.
SAGINAW, Mich.—The first of May I expect to be on Kenne Creek with the rest of the boys for trout. The Pere Marquette Club, owners of the above stream, hatched on our own premises this winter over 50,000 trout, and the water is literally alive with wild fry as well. There being so much food, they thrive wonderfully. In fact, the fish that have hatched naturally (otherwise the wild fish) are about double the length of those that we hatched artificially. I will have a record for you showing the loss in hatching and planting, for we counted the eggs in, counted the young fry out into our nursery, and will from there count the yearlings as we put them into the stream, so we will have "a tab" on the whole thing. This is the kind of weather, such as that, when in the olden times, as a boy, I used to have my eyes peeled for wild pigeons, but it has been many years since a flock has been seen. M.

Buzzard's Bay Fisheries.
A BILL sent to the Governor by the Massachusetts Legislature provides that, "No traps, weirs, pounds, yards or stationary apparatus of any kind for the taking of fish shall be set, used or maintained in the waters of Buzzard's Bay, or any harbor, cove or bight thereof, and the mayor and aldermen of cities, and the selectmen of towns bordering on said bay, shall have no power or authority to grant licenses to construct fish weirs, or to set, use or maintain any other stationary apparatus for the taking of fish in the waters of said bay, or any harbor, cove or bight thereof; but nothing herein contained shall be construed to forbid or make unlawful the maintaining of traps, pounds or weirs under licenses heretofore granted in accordance with Sec. 70 in Chap. 91 of the Public Statutes until the expiration of the terms for which said licenses were granted."

Finland Fishing.
DR. OSCAR NORDQVIST, referring to our account of angling in Finland, published March 9, reminds us that the saibling has never been taken by rod and line within his knowledge. The pike-perch, also, is not strictly a game fish in that country, although it is sometimes taken by bait or the spoon. The common European ide is the only variety of its kind in Finland and is one of the gamest of the fishes. The golden variety, so well known in the United States as an emigrant from Europe, does not occur in Finland. Dr. Nordqvist is now studying Canadian fisheries and will soon leave Canada for the World's Fair.

The Grande Batiscan.
MR. W. P. GREENOUGH, who advertises fishing privileges on the Grande Batiscan River in Quebec, has long been a contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, and if any one interested desires to know something more of the waters in point, we suggest a reading of Mr. Greenough's account of "Another Explanation" in our issue of Nov. 24, 1892.

Sullivan County Waters.
LIBERTY FALLS, N. Y.—The noted Mongaup trout stream is the best stream for trout fishing in Sullivan county. For pickerel Stevens Lake, 1½ miles, is excelled by none. E. A. G.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s Personally Conducted Tours to Washington, D. C.
No city in the United States gives so much in return for a review of its buildings and surroundings as Washington, and the month of May being the most delightful of all months in which to visit the National Capital, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with its usual foresight, has arranged for two personally conducted tours to leave New York on May 4 and 25 respectively, under the escort of a tourist agent and chaperon, each tour to include a period of three days. Tickets, including transportation, meals en route and hotel accommodations, only \$13.50 from New York, and proportionately low rates from all other stations. Application for information and itineraries should be made to the Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents, or Tourist Agent at No. 849 Broadway, New York, or No. 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn. —Adv.

Fishculture.
Fishculture History.
Editor Forest and Stream:
* In your issue of March 2, under the heading "Trout Culture," Mr. Milton P. Peirce gives some advice on the subject in which he claims to have "several years' more experience upon the subject than any other American." Within the past few years Mr. Peirce has made this assertion several times, but none of the older fishculturists know of his early work. The records show that Dr. Garlick began trout culture in 1853, Ainsworth in 1859, Norris about 1863, Green in 1864, Stone in 1866, Mather in 1868, while Slack, Collins and other pioneers followed close after. Hon. Emory D. Potter, the friend of Dr. Garlick, never heard of Mr. Peirce until a few years ago, and none of the men named, who are all living except Messrs. Norris, Green and Slack, knew of any fishcultural work done by Mr. Peirce until he began carp culture some time after 1878. It is in order for Mr. Peirce to place himself right on this question, and show when and where he preceded the gentlemen named and where the records of his work are to be found. That careful writer and patient investigator, Prof. G. Brown Goode, makes no mention of Mr. Peirce in "Epochs in the History of Fish Culture," published in Trans. American Fish Cultural Association, 1881; nor does Prof. Malmgren mention Mr. Peirce among American pioneers in fishculture in his history of the art in all countries, published in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1883. Mr. Peirce should, not for himself alone, but for the correction of history, give the facts, with the dates and authorities, showing his work in the field of fishculture, and then he will be accorded the place he vaguely claims as the eldest living American fishculturist. But, as he has not been engaged in trout culture for many years past, it is difficult to understand how he has had "several years more experience," etc. He is best known to the fishculture world as one who has decried trout culture in most all forms, in spite of the progress and the continued extensions of this branch of work from Maine to California, and who has also decried carp culture, except when carried on under his own perfected system. While I confess ignorance of the labors of Mr. Peirce in fishculture, although somewhat familiar with the history of the subject, no doubt he will make this all clear and show that I have overlooked some records and am not as familiar with the subject as I should be. The historians of fishculture have not assigned Mr. Peirce the place he claims and it is to be hoped that he will put such evidence before the historians of the future that his proper place among the early workers in the field of fishculture will be satisfactorily established, even at this late day. HISTORICUS.

The Best Line to Denver
From either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Only one night on the road. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers, reclining chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—Adv.

Bicycle Sundries.
The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. are in a position to manufacture bicycle sundries of every description. If you have a new patented article which you desire to have manufactured, correspond with them. Address all letters to the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., 313 Broadway, New York.—Adv.

The Kennel.
Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.
DOG SHOWS.
April 19 to 22.—Fifth Annual Dog Show, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 5 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
May 30 to June 2.—American Pet Dog Club, Lenox Lyceum, New York. Marion E. Bannister, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Vote for a Clean Paper.
Editor Forest and Stream:
I desire to enter my protest against such matter as is constantly being given space in one paper or another treating on the supposed misdoings of others. The most of such stuff and vileness is entered under a *nom de plume*, but in some instances sufficient redeeming manhood is maintained and the writer makes himself known. Such goods as we have of late been measuring by the yard has in my estimation only one real purpose to serve, *i. e.*, to cover or avert suspicion of the writer's own misdoings. When a man is pure and honest he does not usually devote his time to discovering who is impure and dishonest. He rather shuns the latter class. "Birds of a feather flock together" is very fittingly applied here. Among so-called dog men I firmly believe there are a sufficient number to be a majority that are true and loyal sportsmen, and I am vain enough to believe I belong in that category. The point I wish to reach is, why does this majority tolerate the objectionable minority that is constantly backbiting and haggling and spitting and scratching, making the sport a nuisance instead of a pleasure and pastime to true sportsmen? Why would it not be a good scheme to establish and print a sheet at the expense of loyal fanciers and breeders for the express purpose of absorbing all such nasty stuff and thereby keep our legitimate papers that we take home clean and pure and fit for members of our families to read. I think it is high time that a firm stand be taken on this subject now, and would urge that those in the majority will express their candid views and rely upon the protection given to honorable men by honorable papers. H. L. KREUDER.
NANVET, N. Y., April 11.
[We thought it was about time that some one of standing in the kennel world called a halt on the "mud-slinging trusts." If a man is so hard-headed that he doesn't know when he knocks that member against a stone wall somebody should be kind enough to tell him of it and so prevent a funeral. The FOREST AND STREAM feels secure in its position and the course it has marked out, and that it has gained the confidence and esteem of the best men in the fancy is ex-

emplified by the above letter, which we know only voices the sentiment of a large community of dog men. As a matter of fact the kennel columns of FOREST AND STREAM are made up of material matter by human beings, for human beings. There are bipeds with disturbed vision who never see anything unless it is an error, mistake, slip, *lapsus linguae*, or inadvertence. A thousand and one good things are not only unappreciated and unnoticed, but actually and absolutely unrecognizable by them. They have not the capacity to see the good; they are blind as bats to excellence. They can recognize and enjoy only the fallible. They gloat over an unimportant misstatement, joy over trivial errors, and are satiated beyond the telling with bliss at a comma turned upside down. And, bless them, they think themselves born into the world with a holy mission to cry out in lamentation—not so say blackguardism, at the hopelessness of the condition of the man who lets the comma go inverted. They don the sackcloth, spread on the ashes, cry out to put the flags of the nation at half mast, and wade chin deep into a morass of lamentation because the FOREST AND STREAM kennel editor said a dog's tail was carried 49½ degrees when it was only 49°. If they actually excited in others the millionth part of the intense pain they themselves seem to undergo over this portion of a degree, the kennel world would go out in the blackness of oblivion and our kennels would be draped with crape.]

The N. B. C. Trials.
THE energetic president of the National Beagle Club has sent the following prospectus to the members for their approval. Mr. Kreuder has personally labored with this question, and that he has evolved a very fair schedule must be admitted. After the last trials FOREST AND STREAM advocated a champion class or classes, and now that there are so many first prize winners of previous trials such competitions can well be held and open competition be restricted to those that have not as yet attained premier honors. Mr. Kreuder has submitted this prospectus now that members may state their views, so that at the next meeting of the club the matter can be settled intelligently and in accordance with the views of the majority. The classes proposed are:
Open Class A.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.
Open Class B.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.
Derby Class C.—For dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892.
Champion Class D.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., having been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.
Champion Class E.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under having been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.
Absolute Winner Class F.—For first prize winners only of classes D and E.
Conditions.—Class A.—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. Fee to start, \$10, of which \$3 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance to be paid prior to starting of class. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$40; third prize, \$20.
Class B.—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. Fee to start, \$7, of which \$2 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance to be paid prior to starting of class. First prize, \$30; second prize, \$20; third prize, \$10.
Class C.—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. Fee to start, \$5, of which \$2 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance to be paid prior to starting of class. First prize, \$20; second prize, \$10.
Class D.—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893, for dogs and bitches having been placed first at trials of 1890, 1891, 1892 or 1893, held by N. B. C. Fee to start, \$10, of which \$5 forfeit must accompany entry. For first prize winners of class A or C entries close during trials and before starting of class. Fee to start, \$10, which must be paid prior to starting of class. First prize, \$40 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent; third prize, 20 per cent.
Class E.—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893, for dogs and bitches having been placed first at trials of 1890, 1891, 1892 or 1893, held by N. B. C. Fee to start, \$10, of which \$5 forfeit must accompany entry. For first prize winners of class B or C entries close during trials. Fee to start \$10, which must be paid before starting of class. First prize, 40 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.; third prize, 20 per cent.
Class F.—Entries close after classes D and E have been run off. No entrance fee. The winner to receive the club medal and title as absolute winner of 1893 trials. It is understood that making entries for this class shall be optional with owners or representatives of dogs eligible for competition. Unless two or more entries are made the class shall be declared off. All entries shall be measured by field trial committee before starting class A. Judges shall have power to withhold any prize for want of merit. No dog show. Trials to begin 10 A. M., Oct. 23, 1893.

We scarcely think that with the champion classes an absolute winner class is requisite or desirable. The title of champion for each division of height should be sufficient, as so many "ultra" winners will make confusion when the lucky owners do their advertising. Believing that open discussion is good for the cause we shall be pleased to publish any further suggestions that the beagle men may think fit to bring forward. Beagle men generally, we imagine, will be pleased to do away with the bench show part of the trials. It is unnecessary and a waste of time.

Death of Bloodhound Belhus, Jr.
Editor Forest and Stream:
My English bloodhound Belhus, Jr., is dead. Pneumonia carried him off after two days of illness, in spite of the fact that I had the best veterinary surgeon in Washington and did everything possible to save him. Dear Belhus would try to speak to me and ask for relief, which I was unable to give; and during his sickness his intelligence was almost human, and so pathetic that it brought tears to the eyes of all who witnessed his sufferings. He was undoubtedly the finest dog around Washington, and he leaves many who will miss him. If Belhus, Jr., was a fair sample of the English bloodhound in disposition, then brother sportsmen, I can tell you that they are truly a noble breed of dogs in every respect. Kind and affectionate and wonderfully intelligent. During the year that I owned Belhus I never heard him even so much as growl at a living thing, man or beast. He was a splendid trailer, and many pleasant runs have I had with him, sending a boy out with perhaps forty-five minutes' start, then following the dog on horseback. I feel that never again can I love a dog as I loved him. I am heart-broken, and do not think a nobler or better dog ever lived. After winning one more first prize he would have entered the challenge class, there being only one dog, Victor, who could win over him. I donated his body to the U. S. National Museum, where it is now being mounted and prepared for sending, with the Government exhibit, to the World's Fair. GEO. F. POLLOCK.
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 16.

The Pet Dog Club's Show.
Editor Forest and Stream:
The American Pet Dog Club held its monthly meeting at the residence of the president on Wednesday evening last and selected a partial list of judges, which included Messrs. James Mortimer, Charles H. Mason, Dr. Cryer and Harry Lacy. No allotment of classes was made, as it is intended that the most competent corps of judges ever selected for such a show shall be chosen and that there shall not be any reason for hurrying over the classes, as at some New York shows in the past. It is expected that many pets of great excellence that have never been on exhibition before will be at this show, for upward of a hundred promises have been received. These, with those owned by members of the club, a strong detachment of Boston terriers, cocker spaniels and other dogs generally used as household pets, will probably make up an entry beyond the capacity of the Lenox Lyceum, where the show is to be given on May 30, 31, June 1 and 2. E. H. M.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Fake List.

CHICAGO, April 15.—In again referring to the fake list of judges, a list of unsavory memory, made so by the peculiar circumstances of its shadowy production, it is a matter for keen regret that the fake list has produced such injurious results to the dog show interests of the World's Columbian Exposition. It is to be deplored that such a fake list was published. There is a vast gulf between journalistic energy and enterprise; and a mere bluff threat, which results only in a weak fake.

The Feeling of Exhibitors.

That the list and the manner of its begetting were most repulsive to a large and important part of the dog fanciers of this country, the protest against it, signed by a formidable number of well known and influential owners and exhibitors, positively attests.

Had there been no fake list published there would have been no protest. The two were simply cause and effect. Beside the direct manifestation, as shown by the protest, there are the incidental and related circumstances of widespread discontent, dissatisfaction and distrust of a management and of a paper which practices such novel methods.

The Expose.

In FOREST AND STREAM of April 6, as the readers will remember, the fake list was exposed and denounced as such. It was stated therein that it was published in a Chicago paper. That paper, the *American Field*, has replied, and with peculiar awkwardness has in general terms denied it, but specifically admitted it. This will be fully shown hereafter.

The matter of judges and their appointment was and is of great interest to the dog fanciers of this and other countries. To be first in publishing the official list of them would be an act of commendable journalistic enterprise, provided that the list were honorably secured. To publish a false list as a true list is a fake. It would be imprudent, however, for the chief of a great department to permit any one paper to have special favor in the news of department matters.

The Exposition is National.

Both by fact and assumption, there is warranted a belief that the World's Columbian Exposition is what its name implies. In its entirety, it is not run in the interest of Chicago or any city, State or country, nor is any department of it supposed to be run in the interest of any individual. Yet, according to the statement of the *American Field*, that paper has a most sweeping influence with the chief of the Agricultural Department, Mr. W. I. Buchanan; inasmuch that he discriminates in its favor against all other papers, in respect to important news of general interest. Mr. Buchanan offered to give a false reason in order that the *American Field* be protected from the injurious effects of its own blunder. This is from the editor of the *American Field's* own statement, which see quoted hereinafter. I simply refer to it as a statement. This exclusion of all other editors, exhibitors, owners, etc., is not in the spirit of the World's Fair or any department of it, nor is it a policy which will insure the success of the dog show.

How It Happened.

In a column of explanation and defense published last week, a remarkable effusion of labored matter, the editor of the *American Field* maintains that the list he published was the true list. He takes contradictory positions on the matter which may briefly be stated as follows:

(1) He earnestly claims that he is very "particular in his statements," and that its record of over seventeen years proves it. He then assumes that thereby he has secured the confidence of the public.

(2) He asserts that it would be very foolish for him to state as correct what he did not know to be correct, and which he would have to contradict in a week or two.

No one will dispute that it was foolish to do so. It was very foolish.

(3) He states that the list was the one given to him by Mr. Buchanan with the added information that such list had been sent to the Board of Control for adoption.

(4) He admits that he had never been informed that the Board of Control had actually adopted the list, but merely that it would adopt it.

(5) Mr. Buchanan's letter, informing said editor that the board had not adopted the list, arrived after said editor had published the list. Said editor says that this blunder, if anything was said about publishing the list, would be put in the light of "newspaper push and energy." In other words, knowledge which the editor had obtained through rank discrimination and which by a stupid blunder he had published prematurely, was by the chief of a great department to be worked over into a commendable action.

Why?

In this connection it may be pertinently asked why the editor of the *American Field* did not, on the following week, correct the untrue list? He had been informed by Mr. Buchanan that it was not the list, since it had not been adopted. He permitted it to stand through the intervening time till driven to an explanation by the *exposé* in FOREST AND STREAM of April 6.

Seventeen Long, Weary Years.

Does this go to show that "Our readers will bear witness for us that no journal published is more particular than the *American Field* in its statements, and its record of over seventeen years proves it?"

Previous good character is sometimes used as evidence in a plea for mercy, but never as conclusive proof of innocence. Considering the numerous wrangles which the *American Field* has had in recent weeks on questions of sportsmanship and of veracity, the same readers, to whom it appeals, would seem to be wrong persons for good witnesses. The "past seventeen years" are not relevant now. They are past. The *American Field* never published a false list of World's Fair bench show judges before in the past seventeen years. It will hardly be so eager to publish another in the next seventeen, let us hope.

The editor of the *American Field* questions our authority. Mr. Buchanan, on April 4, told me that the published list in the *American Field* was not the official list. That no official list had been made, nor would be made for some time thereafter. That the published list was one which he and Dr. Rowe had discussed. That he did not know the list had been published till some days after its publication. Is not that good authority?

In view of all this, does the following, quoted from the *American Field*, have a ring of sincerity or merely the sound of an incantation to heal a torn skin? "It is this very fact that the *American Field* satisfies itself always before making an assertion that it is correct that has secured for it the confidence of the public." Let us look further.

The Deadly Parallel.

March 25.
WHAT HE SAID.

"The following is a list of the judges and the breeds they will judge at the World's Columbian Exposition bench show," etc. (Here follows a statement of the names of the judges, breeds, etc.)

April 15.

WHAT HE SAYS HE SAID.

"We assert again that the list we published was the list selected by Mr. Buchanan and sent by him to the Board of Control for adoption."

In what particular does the set and unqualified statement

of March 25 resemble the statement of April 15? The former states specifically that "The following is a list of the judges," etc., the latter states that "the list we published was the one selected by Mr. Buchanan and sent by him," etc. Does that look as if "it is the very fact that the *American Field* satisfies itself always before making an assertion that it is correct that has secured for it the confidence of the public?"

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in the very issue of the *American Field* in which that above statement was made, there appeared a column article, signed by the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the late Michigan Kennel Club, complaining of the injustice done that club and the inaccurate statements concerning it in the *American Field*. So much for the tearful plea of sympathy by the editor of the *American Field* on account of his assertion regarding his past anxiety in respect to correct statements.

"Push and Energy."

The reader will note that the list was published in the *American Field* of March 25. The editor admits that he had it as early as March 14. Is that push and energy? He states the following as "the facts as they exist":

As happens very frequently when we have been kept up late on Tuesday night, on Wednesday we looked in the office for a moment or two only, to see if the paper was running on time, and did not give attention to letters or anything else, therefore we did not read until Thursday a letter from Mr. Buchanan saying that in consequence of the financial condition of the Live Stock Department, the list had not been adopted; and, although it would ultimately go through sure, it would be better to withhold the publication of it. We wrote Mr. Buchanan immediately, and explained that even had we got it on Wednesday, it would have reached us too late, as the paper with the list of judges was at that time being printed and mailed.

In reply, Mr. Buchanan wrote us that he was sorry the list had been published, but as it would go through the Board of Control no harm would be done, and if anything was said about our publishing the list, he would ascribe it to newspaper push and energy.

These are the facts, and Mr. Buchanan will corroborate our statements with the copies he kept of the letters referred to. If Mr. Buchanan, alarmed by the Detroit protest, withdrew the names, that is a different matter altogether, and has nothing to do with the genuineness of the list we published, for that list contained the names of the gentlemen selected to judge, and which had been sent to the Board of Control for adoption.

Why did the *American Field* have the list so long in its possession if it was the true list? That it was "exclusive" no one will care to deny. It was, in its way, both "exclusive" and refreshingly novel.

More "Push and Energy."

Mr. Buchanan stated that he and Dr. Rowe had discussed the list together. The list when published had no official existence. A very remarkable statement of Dr. Rowe is that Mr. Buchanan would ascribe the publication of the premature list to "newspaper push and energy."

What "push and energy" was there in having in possession two weeks or thereabouts a list of judges which was secure through official discrimination? Why should it be so ascribed when it was untrue? Was it in accord with the proud statement that "the *American Field* satisfies itself always before making a statement that it is correct, that has secured for it the confidence of the public?" Where is the high sense of honor in such a pitiful conspiracy to patch up a blunder? Is such becoming an editor who poses as being a true friend to doggy interests, an exponent of sportsmanship, a terror of evildoers, an advisor of the weak, a leader in progress, an accomplished gentleman, etc.?

The careful reader will see much between the lines of the *American Field's* true explanation.

The Admission.

The fact that a fake list was published is indirectly admitted by the *American Field*, and much more is acknowledged than ever was charged. It is fervently to be hoped that the Western editor, who on Wednesdays "looked in the office for a moment or two only to see if the paper was running on time," will look into facts hereafter and be a just and truthful editor in fact as well as in pretense. This perhaps is asking too much of a gentleman who has had seventeen years of unbroken anxiety as to the correctness of his utterances.

At this juncture, it may be said, in sober seriousness, that jealousies, deceptions and unpleasant discussions should have no place in the arrangements for the World's Fair bench show. No one paper should have a monopoly in any way. No one club should be the sole advisor. No one man should hold precedence over all others. It should be a show for the people. Every paper should in respect to it stand on equal terms. Every club which so desires should be heard. It should not be a medium to pander to selfish personal interests. Make it what it purports to be, a show for the people.

April 17.—I had the pleasure of an interview to-day with Mr. W. I. Buchanan in respect to the bench show of the World's Columbian Exposition. I learned then that there was no intention whatever to discriminate directly or indirectly in favor of any journal or person. The judges' list is intended to be satisfactory to exhibitors, and is now under consideration. Mr. Buchanan assured me that the recent protest was founded on a misapprehension of the circumstances, and that the publication of the recent alleged list of judges was premature. In the meantime, exhibitors who contemplate showing at the World's Fair can go on with their arrangements with perfect confidence in the management. Mr. Mortimer has begun his duties already, although he is still at Hempstead, L. I. His assistant will be here before many days to attend to preliminaries. Mr. Buchanan is heartily interested in having a successful show. The opinion which has gained footing with some owners that there are organizations or individuals which have greater influence than they should have, is erroneous. From now on, as news is of real value, Mr. Buchanan assured me that all the sportsmen's journals would be kept fully posted on bench show items of interest.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

B. WATERS.

Cockers at Boston.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there was any one thing that was unjust, outrageously so, it was the judge's decision in the other than black cocker class in the Boston show. A pretty bold statement, I admit, when we take into consideration the ability of the gentleman, and the trusts which he has held. But if the statement is bold, it is not, I suppose, by any means, for the act is close on its heels. Mr. Bell (the man who never takes a letter) had Randolph and Ned Ragland, the former a rangy, sway-backed cocker with a greyhound muzzle, which he got legitimately I suppose, who received vhc, and the other, Ragland, a canine conspicuous by his abbreviated pedigree, who with his "breeding unknown" marched off happy in the possession of c. While I do not claim to have a world-beater in Trotter, I do claim to have a dog that is better in a minute than a whole carload of Randolphs and Raglands would be in a week. I should never be heard from in this matter if the difference in the dogs was less obvious.

Worcester, Mass.

J. M. O'BRIEN.

We very much regret to hear that the well-known field spaniel Beverley Negus is down with spinal meningitis, paralyzing his hind parts. It is not likely this good spaniel will be seen on the bench again, and Mr. Foster has our sincere sympathy. He can, however, console himself in the possession still of another good one, Judex by name,

THE DENVER DOG SHOW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the seeming disadvantages with which a show held so late would have to contend, the Denver show was a success. It had 287 entries, of which a few were duplicates, and about 25 were absent. The show was held in the same building as last year—Coliseum Hall, on April 11, 12, 13 and 14.

Mr. John Davidson judged all classes and did his work expeditiously and well. There was no dawdling or posing for gallery effect. There was some delay on the second day in getting the classes into the ring, but the judging was finished on that day.

The quality of the dogs was quite good. Some of the breeds were excellent, notably Mr. Shallenberger's kennel of St. Bernards, the St. Patrick kennel of greyhounds, and quite a good exhibition of pointers, setters, collies, fox-terriers and other terriers.

The show was given a society feature and was patronized by the best people of the city. The weather was pleasant on every day but Thursday, on which day it snowed steadily till dark. This was most unfortunate, as that day was a special one, ladies' day. The attendance was very light till evening, when the people began coming in in a steady stream, and the silver dropping into the till made a steady clink, clink, clink, in the tones of which there is really much music. The club came out nearly whole on the venture, possibly a little behind. It is heartily to be hoped that it came out ahead, for the working members are earnest and game promoters of the dogs' welfare. They were most liberal, too, considering their resources, in making their prize list. All the special prizes were hung up without any string on them, and indeed some of them were made with a full knowledge and intention that outside dog men would win them. The prizes, furthermore, were all offered by the club. There was none of the undignified and beggarly solicitation to dealers and manufacturers for special prizes. There is no reason why such prizes should be asked or given. There were no specials offered for the best cross-eyed dog with a red collar, owned by John Smith, or one with similar conditions. The special prizes of \$200, \$65 and \$35, \$300 in all, for the largest and best conditioned entry were most liberal prizes, and deserved the strong support which they brought out. J. H. Naylor had about 80 dogs, B. F. Lewis 45, and C. F. Frenzer had enough to take third prize. The dogs were all in good condition, Mr. Lewis's especially so considering their long campaigning in the spring circuit.

By a misunderstanding the hall was rented on Monday night for the purpose of holding a ball. This prevented the dog show managers from getting possession till 3 A. M. on Tuesday, although they had rented it from Monday morning. The mistake crowded a lot of work into a very short time, yet the benching was all up early on Tuesday forenoon. The waxed floor was a source of constant annoyance. Although heavily covered with sawdust, the dogs on the first day slipped continuously at nearly every turn, the larger breeds sprawling out helplessly betimes. Some of the dogs were so fearful of slipping that they showed badly. On Wednesday it was less slippery and the dogs consequently showed to better advantage.

Several dogs at this show qualified for challenge competition, among them being the pointer Glamorgan, the setter Ben Hur of Riverview, the mastiff bitch Ethel, the Irish setter Blarney, Jr., the beagle dog Doctor and the collie bitch Louie Long.

The dogs were fed on Spratts' patent biscuits.

The managers of the club were most attentive and courteous. Among the most constant on duty were the secretary, Mr. F. W. Rand; the president, Dr. J. M. Norman, and Messrs. Hewitt, Bartels, Dingle, and others of the dog show committee.

Mr. C. H. Withington was a most industrious and attentive superintendent. Although new to the position he succeeded well, and with the experience gained can do well in a future attempt. The attendance was good.

MASTIFFS.—There was a fairly good number, nine in all, but the quality was inferior. Mode had a walkover in the challenge class. He is easily the best mastiff in the show, though sway-backed and light in loin. In open dogs Hector won over The Moor. The former has a coarse, badly-carried ear, narrow back, light body, loose, open feet, good shoulders and chest, coarse tail, mouth pendulous at corners. The Moor's ears are coarse and set too high, eyes show raw, too much wrinkle and dewlap, leggy, lacks depth of body, coarse tail. There were five bitches, not one of which was ordinarily good. Ethel easily won first in the class. She has been described in previous reports. The rest of the class was made up of undersized, poor specimens. Carlotta won second. There was but one puppy, Queen Bess, shown.

ST. BERNARDS.—Champion Aristocrat was alone in the challenge class for rough-coated dogs. He was looking a little thin in flesh. Saladin easily took first in quite a fair class of open dogs. He is an excellent mover and remarkably active. He was described in FOREST AND STREAM's Chicago show report. Second went to a large dog, Ben Lomond, Jr.; he was too thin in flesh, but ill-health, from which he had recently been suffering, was the cause of the thinness; he has a massive head, good back and body; his feet might be more compact and he is perceptibly cow-hocked, although he shows fair activity of movement. The reserve went to Don El Paso; faulty in pastern and hocks, not deep enough in muzzle and coarse in ear. The rest of the competitors in the class were small and faulty. Alta Berna easily won first in bitches; she is a remarkably sound, large bitch. A description of her was given in FOREST AND STREAM's Chicago report. Second went to Chugg, a good mover, light in muzzle, head too small, good legs and feet. The rest of the class was about average, with a few poor ones. There were five puppies. Prince, first, is high behind, out at elbows, cow-hocked, has a rolling gait and loose, open coat. Beauty, second, is light in bone, narrow in skull and has coarse ears.

In the open class for smooth-coats, Alton II, the Detroit winner, took first easily. He was too thin in flesh to show at his best. His forefeet turn out and are too open. He is perceptibly sway-backed. Sir Leo, second, has good skull and ear, lacks depth of muzzle and is not good in hocks. In the bitch class, Columbia Venus won over Fernwood Queen. The former has a small head, but otherwise is well built. The latter had about the same faults. Mr. Shallenberger had a very superior kennel exhibit of St. Bernards, and nearly all the St. Bernards shown were well bred, which speaks well for the popularity of the breed in the far West. Alton II took the special for the best American-bred St. Bernard, and Mr. Shallenberger won the kennel prize.

GREAT DANES.—There was much to criticize in the quality of the classes, but it may be summed up briefly by saying that they were each and every one poor specimens. Some of them had some remote features of great Danes, and numerous independent, unclassified features. There was but one entry in open dogs, and the prizes were withheld. In open bitches there were four entries, of which Neverzell was absent. Razzle was first, Topsy second, and Maida was third. To criticize them would be merely to expose faults in them from nose to tail. The prizes could have been withheld for want of merit.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Surpass, a faulty specimen; won first. There was but one other entry, Jumbo, and he was too lacking in merit to win, hence the prize was withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS.—The well-known Jack Shepard, shown in good condition, had a walkover.

BARZOIS.—There were three dogs and two bitches, all owned by Mr. Hacke. They were all extremely thin in flesh and in poor coat. All have been repeatedly noticed in the reports. Zloem won over Pospekt in dogs and Ormida

won over Viewga in bitches. They were again the subject of some discussion in connection with wolf-killing, though in a more dispassionate and favorable manner. In a conversation with Mr. C. Schaeffer, a wealthy ranch owner of Colorado who was identified with the wolf-killing contest last year, he told me that he had five cross-bred puppies by one of Mr. Hacke's barzois dogs, out of a deerhound bitch, three of which were good fighters and two were good helpers in a fight. Mr. Schaeffer ridiculed the idea of any two dogs successfully fighting a gray wolf. He does not believe that two dogs of any breed can kill a gray wolf. When the dogs make the attack on the wolf Mr. Schaeffer said that the hunter kills the wolf as soon as possible. Such is the sole purpose of the pursuit of the wolf. There is no intention to have a wolf and dog fight. The wolf is killed at the earliest moment to save the dogs from injury. Mr. Schaeffer thought most favorably of the barzois as wolf-killers if the dogs were properly trained for the purpose.

GREYHOUNDS.—The greyhounds were strong in numbers and remarkably good in quality. The St. Patrick Kennels being conspicuous in both quality and quantity. The only entry, Master Rich, in the challenge class, was absent. Eight faced the judge in the open dog class. Monk Bishop, a symmetrical, muscular dog, won first. He is good in head, neck, body, legs and feet, and has but few faults, not one of which is bad. His appearance is slightly marred by several bad scars, mementos of a collision with a barbed wire fence. Boomerang, a muscular dog, well made but somewhat coarse, won second. He shows a great deal of quality. The reserve went to Adonis, too heavy in muzzle and shoulders; good back and body. Van's O'Rell was given vhc. He is flat in ribs, light in bone, head good. In bitches, the famous Pearl of Pekin won first in a good class. She was not looking her best, having but recently weaned a litter of puppies. For this reason she was withdrawn from the competition for the special prize. Miss McGinty, second, is a trifle light in head. She has a well shaped, strong back, good quarters, shoulders, legs and feet. Irish Lass, the reserve, is also a good bitch, though a bit flat in ribs and might be better in forelegs. In puppies, Bon Bon, a remarkably fine turned puppy, easily won first. Bo Peep, second, was not so symmetrical or well built as the winner. All in all, the quality of the greyhounds would rank with the best in the country. Monk Bishop won the medal offered by the National Greyhound Club for the best dog or bitch, and the kennel special was won by the St. Patrick Kennels.

FOXHOUNDS.—But one was shown, an ordinary specimen with badly carried ears, some wrinkle, and poor head, lacking in foxhound expression.

POINTERS.—These classes made a good showing. In challenge class Count Graphic had no competition. There were six in the open dog class. Glamorgan won first over Boxer, both of which have been described before. Rock II. was the reserve. There were but four in the bitch class. Sall II., a well-known bitch, was in good condition. She won easily over Dido A., too fat, wide spring of ribs, ears too high. In puppies, Jumbo was first. Beppo's Dash was second. The former is coarse in head, ears not well carried, well shaped body, legs and feet good. There was no division of classes by weight.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—In the challenge class champion Cincinnati was absent, Toledo Blade was withdrawn and champion Albert's Nellie had a walkover. She won the special. There were five in the open dog class. Ben Hur of Riverview was in good condition, as, in fact, were all Mr. Lewis's dogs. Ezra Noble, a cobby dog, won second. The reserve went to Prince Rohan, plain in head, and too long in leg. In bitches, Nellie Breeze won first. She was in good condition. Easter Lily, second, has a good back, loin, quarters, legs and feet; she could have greater depth of chest and spring of ribs, and would have a better head if there was a more pronounced stop. Bessy got the reserve. There were but three in the competition.

IRISH SETTERS.—They were good in quality though hardly up to the high average of the breed. There was no entry in the challenge class. Blarney, Jr., won in the open dog class (6). Shamrock Bruce won second, the same position as at Detroit.

the challenge class. There were five entries in the open dog class, but Blackie and Jett II. were disqualified for being overweight. Pickpania won first. The remainder of the class was not noticeable for merit. The open bitch class numbered ten. Norah II. won first, second going to a fairly good red, Brownie, good in body, a trifle leggy and light in muzzle. The reserve went to Lake Shore Sadie. Not vhc. is appleheaded, light in bone and high on legs. Lady Dufferin got vhc. Pickpania, in a class of eight puppies, won first. Brantford Rufus, second, is light in muzzle and too high on legs. Captain, reserve, is an ordinary specimen. Jersey Cocker Kennels won the reserve. Their Bendigo took the special.

COLLIES.—Quite a good exhibit was made. Maney Trefoil had a walkover. He was not in good coat. In open dogs (7) Robin Gray, first, has a good head. His coat was good, but somewhat open. In fact, all the collies appeared to be shedding. Second went to a very superior puppy, Max. He is undeveloped. With maturity he will improve. In bitches



ENGLISH SETTER BITCH BESSMOND.
Owned by E. Raymond, Warsaw, Ind.

Louie Long won easily. She is now eligible to the challenge class, this being her fourth win. Spoiled Miss was second. Robin Gray won first also in puppies, and Max was second.

POODLES.—There were four. Berri, well known, won first in challenge class. Ben L. first in open. Second went to Beauty, a specimen which was more like a Maltese terrier than a poodle, and should have been transferred to the miscellaneous class.

BULLDOGS.—There was but one entry, Jack Spratt, and he was absent.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Sir Monte II. again met his old competitor, Crisp, and they were first and second in the order mentioned. Queen Lill, first, had badly cropped ears, which somewhat marred her appearance. Legs and feet excellent. White Gypsy, the Chicago winner, won second.

DACHSHUNDS.—Hundesport Bergmann, Lina K., Diamond Joe, and Milwaukee Jewel were placed first, second, reserve and vhc. in the order mentioned, the same positions as at Detroit.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Rosa Canina had no competition in the challenge class. In open dogs Rexford Spot, good in head, body and legs, excepting a rather large left ankle, won first over Belvoir Fan. Lady Roseberry won first in bitches, but was closely pressed by an lmos. old puppy, Chicago. Lady's superior development was all that favored her. Chicago is good in head and carriage of ear, has excellent legs and feet, and is as corkey a little terrier as the best. She won first in puppies easily, second going to Tombow.

IRISH AND SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Ashley Plug over The Colored Preacher; Bonnie Leech, the reserve. In bitches first and second went to Bessie and Salem Witch.

OTHER TERRIERS.—There was but one Dandie Dinmont shown, Meg R., soft in coat. In Skye terriers Florence May had a walkover. In Yorkshires, Minnie York was first, Tatters second. The latter was out of coat, but it has a remarkably good color, and would probably have been first but for the lack of coat. The reserve went to Dick York. In black and tans, Rochelle Oolah, third at Chicago, won first. Betsy won second. Bebe was the reserve. All are deficient in tan markings. Under ribs were an ordinary lot of apple-headed specimens.

PUGS.—Bob Ivy had a walk over in the challenge class. In open dogs Duke Howard won over Meddlar. In bitches, Princess May won over Kash's Ella.

BLENHEIM AND KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Calumet Alice was first. King of Diamonds, a Blenheim, won second.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—There was not one of the three shown worthy of a prize. All were over size and coarse.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There was nothing of any merit in this class. Dame Ursa, a bob-tailed sheep dog, won first. Knight, a Japanese spaniel (so-called) won second. B. WATERS.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, S. S. Badger's Hector; 2d, W. P. Riggs's The Moor. Bitches: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel; 2d, D. Cross's Charlotte. Reserve, Mrs. C. Goulding's Chatty. Very high com., D. L. Stiles's Butch. Com., Mrs. C. Bock's Countess. Puppies: 1st, J. S. Kelly's Queen Bess.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, A. C. Shallenberger's champion Aristocrat. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Saladin; 2d, Mrs. F. E. Shepherd's Ben Legend. Jr. Reserve, Myrtle Hill Kennels' Don El Paso. Very high com., Dr. E. P. Hershey's Fernwood Ralph and D. Fletcher's Silver King. High com., J. J. Huddart's Fernwood Count and J. S. Ferguson's Chang, Jr. Com., Mrs. F. E. Shepherd's Melrose. Bitches: 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Alta Berna; 2d, G. W. Whitmore's Chugg. Reserve, E. Jones's Nellie J. Very high com. (2) and com., L. Yardley's Nell J. and Bess J. and Nellie Q. High com., Myrtle Hill Kennels' Charity. Puppies: 1st, L. Yardley's Prince J.; 2d, Mrs. W. W. Williamson's Beauty. Very high com., E. W. Merritt's Maximilian M. Com., Mrs. J. S. Ferguson's Royal.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II.; 2d, Miss M. E. Cook's Sir Leo. Very high com., H. S. Waldo's Victor. Bitches: 1st and 2d, A. C. Shallenberger's Columbia Venus and Fernwood Queen.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Bitches: 1st, C. H. Withington's Razzle; 2d, Peter Ternes's Topsy. Very high com., Mrs. F. S. Robbins's Maids.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, John Condon's Surpass; 2d, withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard.

BARZOIS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d and very high com., P. H. Hacke's Zloem

Pospelt and Odinor. Bitches: 1st and 2d, P. H. Hacke's Ormeda and Viewga.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, St. Patrick Kennels' Monk Bishop and Boomerang. Reserve, C. J. Cashar's Adonis. Very high com., Dr. Q. Van Hummel's Van's O'Rell. High com., J. H. Gower's Lord Severettie. Com., G. H. Moore's Duke. Bitches: 1st, 2d and reserve, St. Patrick Kennels' Pearl of Pekin, Miss McGinty and Irish Lass. Very high com., Dr. Q. Van Hummel's Verdure Clad. High com., C. W. Phillips's Modjeska. Com., G. H. Moore's Hiawatha

Stella. Puppies: 1st and 2d, St. Patrick Kennels' Bon Bon and Bo Peep. Reserve and com., G. H. Moore's Moore's Flash and Duke.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, T. C. Bradford's Major.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Count Graphic. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan; 2d and high com., Dr. J. R. Daniels's Boxer and Signal. Reserve, G. Connell's Rock II. Com., C. M. Hampson's Black Prints. Bitches: 1st, T. Donoghue's Sall II.; 2d, J. C. Harrington's Dido. Reserve, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Duchess. Very high com., Mrs. S. Wilbur's Fanny. Puppies: 1st, H. E. Chubbuck's Jumbo; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Beppo's Dash.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Washtenaw Kennels' champion Albert's Nellie. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview; 2d, L. Shuster's Ezra Noble. Reserve, H. E. Chubbuck's Prince Rohan. Very high com., O. P. Weisgerber's Gah's Point. High com., C. A. Murphy's David Hill. Bitches: 1st, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze; 2d, R. W. Doilyns's Easter Lily. Reserve, J. H. Hunter's Bessy. Puppies: 1st, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze; 2d and high com., J. Jones's Dodo and Xantippe.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, T. Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Shamrock Bruce. Reserve, R. C. Broughman's Omaha Patsy. Very high com., Mrs. F. S. Flint's Terry. High com., K. A. Pence's Bob Plover, F. E. White's Tom Moore. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland; 2d, W. H. Beazell's Kildare Winnie. Reserve, W. H. Hill's Desmond's Hebe. Puppies: 1st, 2d and reserve, F. E. White's Maid of Erin's Duff and Jesse Fremont. Very high com. and high com., W. H. Fetta's Champ and Gypsy.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly and Ivanhoe. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke; 2d and reserve, Highland Kennels' Highland Kent and Highland Rex. Bitches: 1st and very high com., Highland Kennels' Highland Vola and Highland Carmencita; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise. Reserve, Mrs. Emma N. Bein's Topsy II. Puppies: 1st and high com., Highland Kennels' Highland Kibride and Highland Blanche; 2d, Theo. F. Bates's Spring. Reserve, Gus F. Bein's Count Noble.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, D. L. Mechling's Punch; 2d, J. Lansing's Vic.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, E. G. Fink's Trouble.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, Master Summers' Weston's Bustier.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Tim Donohue's Newton Abbott Torso; 2d, John Smith's Coup's Gyp. Bitches: 1st, F. Van Dorn's Dandy; 2d John Smith's Dorothy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Bendigo. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpania. Reserve, Lake Shore Kennels' Nick Ott. Bitches: 1st, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Nora H.; 2d and high com., A. W. Pancoast's Brownie and Ditton Brevity. Reserve and high com., Lake Shore Kennels' Lake Shore Sadie and Blackie Van. Very high com., G. H. Moore's Not and Jersey Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Jersey Cocker Kennels' Pickpania and Brantford Rufus. Reserve, H. K. Hellis's Captain. Very high com., J. H. McTague's McTague's Cherry and Lake Shore Kennels' Lake Shore Sadie. High com., F. Van Dorn's Beppo.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Maney Trefoil. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and very high com., J. Purse, Jr.'s, Robin Gray, Clyde and Sandy; 2d and reserve, Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Max and Psycho. High com., Mr. Winthrop's Tom. Com., W. J. McDonald's Oscar. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Louie Long and Spoiled Miss. Reserve, J. Purse, Jr.'s, Princess Shiela. Puppies: 1st and reserve, J. Purse, Jr.'s, Robin Gray and Sandy; 2d, very high com. and high com., Carlwrie Collie Kennels' Max, Puritana and Iris. Com., Mrs. W. W. Taylor's Frudy.

POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, Mrs. J. Hanson's Beauty.

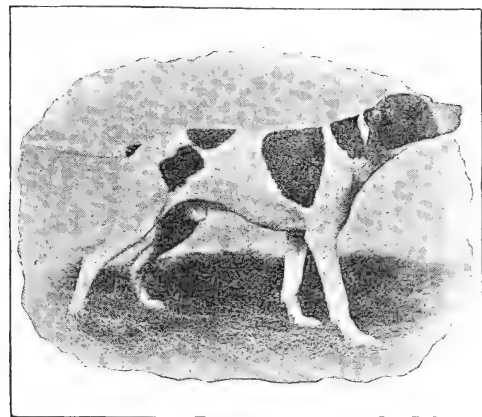
BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Chautauqua Kennels' Sir Monte II.; 2d, Luzboro Kennels' Crisp. Reserve, C. A. Lee's Dennis. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Fry's Queen's Lill; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gypsy. Reserve, F. L. Dever's Burston Kit. Very high com., C. W. Waterman's The White Wasp.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, 2d, reserve and very high com., W. Loeffler's Hundesport Bergmann, Lina K., Diamond Joe and Milwaukee Jewel.

BEAGLES.—1st, Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' Doctor; 2d, Omaha Beagle Kennels' Prince. Reserve, W. G. Harding's Hawkeye.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. F. Frenzer's Rosa Canina. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Highland Kennels' Rexford Spot; 2d, Argyle Kennels' Belvoir Van. Very high com., J. Henderson's Jo Jo. Com., W. D. Todd's Shot. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symond's Lady Roseberry; 2d, Leinster Kennels' Chicago. Reserve, R. E. Fishburn's Venus II. Very high com., C. F. Frenzer's Lizzie. High com., F. M. Shouler's Tuggy. Com., W. N. Thompson's Gipsy. Puppies: 1st, Leinster Kennels' Chicago; 2d, A. Rhys's Tommy. Reserve, W. T. Thomson's Colin McEae. High com., D. Whyte's Vandel. Com., J. T. Curzon's Quito.

IRISH AND SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, R. Elliott's Ashley Plug; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher. Reserve, A. F. Hertzler's Bonnie Leech. Bitches: 1st, A. F. Hertzler's Bessie;



POINTER SPOTTED BOY.
Owned by Mr. Chas. Proctor, Union City, Ind.

Omaha Patsy, the reserve, has not a clean cut head but is a fairly good dog. Three competitors were present in the bitch class. Lady Cleveland was the winner of first. She was in good condition. Her muzzle is somewhat pinched, body well ribbed and fairly good symmetry. Second went to Kildare Winnie; is light in muzzle and bone, not first rate in pasterns, body well ribbed, good loin. There were five puppies. Maid of Erin, a small bitch, won first. She is better in forelegs than Dakin, winner of second, and has better symmetry. Dakin shows a trifle of coarseness comparatively. Jesse Fremont, the reserve, ordinary.

GORDON SETTERS.—Duchess of Waverly won in the challenge class over Ivanhoe and Leo B. Duke won in open dogs. Highland Kent, second, is deficient in short ribs; he stands over on left pastern, poor tan, good body, back and fair symmetry. Highland Rex, reserve, shows coarseness. In bitches, Highland Yola, shown too thin in flesh, won first. She is light in muzzle and might be straighter in forelegs. Princess Louise, second, is light in bone and plain in head. There were four puppies, which were not noticeable for superior quality. Dr. Dixon won the kennel special and Duchess of Waverly won the special for best dog or bitch.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Two were in number. The winner, Punch, is quite a good dog. Vic, second, shows age and is common in quality.

SPANIELS.—Irish water spaniels had but one entry, Trouble, an inferior specimen. Bustler was the only Clumber spaniel shown. In field spaniels, Newton Abbott Torso and Coup's Gypsy, first and second in open dogs, were the only competitors. The latter does not possess the best of legs and might be better in coat. There were two open class bitches, Dandy, first, is high on legs, short in body and pinched in muzzle. Dorothy has a narrow muzzle and a trace of a topknot. There was a fairly good exhibit of cockers. Champion Bene Silk being not for competition, Bendigo had a walkover in



"READY FOR JUDGING."

2d, Toon & Symond's Salem Witch. Very high com., A. F. Hertzler's Topsy. Puppies: 1st, A. F. Hertzler's The Rattler.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, A. Rhys's Meg R.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Thos. Kirkpatrick's Florence May.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and reserve, Dr. N. E. Oliver's Minnie York and Dick York; 2d, Mrs. B. Smith's Tatters.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. Fred. Rommell's Rochelle Oolah and Betsy. Reserve, Mrs. L. R. Forrest's Bebe.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—1st, G. H. Moore's Topsy Bird; 2d, W. O. Brinker's Tony. Reserve, C. H. Faxon's Midget.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard; 2d, Edgar Adams's Meddlar. Reserve, W. H. Bacon's Jay Bacon. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Princess May; 2d, W. H. Bacon's Kash's Ella. Puppies: 1st, Ed. Triplett's Judy; 2d, Denver Florist Co.'s Charlie Westlake.

BLENHEIM AND KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and reserve, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice and Calumet St. Cyr; 2d and high com., G. H. Moore's King of Diamonds and Queen of Diamonds.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Equal 1st, G. W. Whitmore's Snowflake and G. H. Moore's Della. Very high com., G. H. Moore's Deppo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, Denver Florist Co.'s Jumbo (Sussex spaniel), and Chas. Rosser's Dame Ursa (bob-tailed sheep dog). Very high com., Wm. D. Todd's Knight (Japanese spaniel).

Mr. M. L. Caswell, of Waltham, Mass., is concerned over the loss of his English setter Queen Monarch, by Foreman-Grace B. The bitch strayed or was stolen from her home, Belfast road, Augusta, Me., April 1. Any one who may hear of such a bitch will do a sportsmanlike kindness if they will inform the owner or this office, and a liberal reward will be paid. The bitch is in color a belton, with black markings on head, one side all black, black ears, and one tusk broken from upper jaw on the left side. She was to be bred to Breeze Gladstone, her period of oestrus being nearly due.

DOG CHAT.

Bedgebury Lion Coming.

Following so close on the heels of His Lordship's advent in this country, the news of the purchase by the Retnor Kennels of such a noted bulldog as Bedgebury Lion will afford another sweet morsel of gossip for the bulldog men. There are few men interested in bulldogs who do not remember Bedgebury Lion's sensational debut at Olympia in 1889, when he defeated British Monarch as best in the show. Since then his career has been one series of triumphs gained at the very best of the English shows, and in only one instance was he defeated, and then by His Lordship at the South London show in November, 1892; he, however, has had the satisfaction of beating His Lordship three times before and once since at Cruft's show in February last. Mr. Trenor L. Park endeavored to purchase this dog as a puppy and before his debut, but Mr. Beresford-Hope, his breeder, realizing that he had at last, after many years, succeeded in breeding a good one, desired, naturally, to share some of the fame that would attend the career of such a dog, and so refused to sell.

Bedgebury Lion is white with a brindle patch on cheek, was whelped Aug. 16, 1888, and weighs 50 lbs. He is by Alder, man out of Lydia, by Bandy out of Nell, by Sancho Panza out of Daisy; Bandy, by Billy out of Mr. Hinton's Rose; Alderman, by Bruce II. out of Daisy II., by Tiger out of Slut; Bruce II., by Gamster out of Sly. His winnings are: In 1889—1st, open and puppy, Olympia; 1st, open, Brighton and Southampton. In 1890—1st, open, Bath Bulldog show; 1st, Agricultural Hall and Aquarium Bulldog show; 1st, challenge, at Tunbridge Wells, Brighton and Crystal Palace (defeating British Monarch at latter place). In 1891—1st, challenge at Cruft's, Bath Bulldog show, Southampton and Crystal Palace. In 1892—1st, challenge, Cruft's, Bath, Islington, Aquarium and Crystal Palace (defeating His Lordship at Cruft's, Bath and Islington), and was placed second to His Lordship at South London in November. In 1893—1st, challenge, Cruft's, beating His Lordship, and at Bath. These winnings do not include specials, which would swell the list to nearly 100. Bedgebury Lion will arrive with Mr. Park on May 1. The Retnor Kennels are to be congratulated on their purchase, and the Bulldog Club should also receive due congratulation, for to its energy is no doubt due the present excellence of the bulldog classes at our shows and the *esprit* of its members. The Retnor Kennels are situated at Morristown, N. J., and are principally known in connection with bull-terriers, of which breed they own such well-known dogs as Dusty Miller, Enterprize, Diamond King, Winning Wagtail, etc.

Irish Setter Red Rose.

The Irish setter bitch Red Rose (champion Biz—champion Lady Clare) has been bred lately to Kildare Beverly (champion Elcho, Jr.—champion Ruby Glenmore) and the result of this mating will be looked forward to with interest. Red Rose has produced more high class Irish setters than any bitch living, and a short record of her breeding will no doubt be of value to those interested in the breed. She was first bred to Barney O'Shea (Rory O'More—Nora O'More) and had two litters by that dog, neither of which were up to the standard. Next she was bred to champion Elcho, Jr., and the result of this mating was the famous trio, champion Kildare, champion Seminole and Beau Brummell, in the challenge class, the only ones of this litter that have been exhibited. Red Rose was not bred again until she was served by her son Kildare, and had three dogs and six bitches by him. Two of the dogs of this litter were stolen and are supposed to be dead, and two of the bitches were spayed and one was killed. The remaining four have been shown, viz., Duke of Kildare, the dog, won first prizes in both novice and open classes at the last New York show and has but one more win to make before entering the challenge class. Challenge Queen Vic also won in both classes at New York this year, and continued on through the circuit without suffering defeat, and has been pronounced one of the best Irish setter bitches of the day. Belle of Kildare won second to Queen Vic in the novice class at New York and in the open at Baltimore. The last of these four, Queen of Kildare, has been shown only once, when she easily won first. This was truly a remarkable litter. Rose was next bred to Sarsfield (champion Garrover—Curren Bell II.). But three of the puppies lived. Rose Sarsfield, in the challenge class, is the only one of this litter that has been shown, and her record is well known. Next she was bred to Darby II. (Chieftain—Nelly X.) and a grand but small litter of puppies was the result, but unfortunately they all died before maturity. She was bred last to Mr. Fowler's Duke Elcho (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid) and her ten puppies are now nearly a year old and are said to be developing finely, none having as yet been shown, though all of them are doing excellent work afield. A remarkable feature of Red Rose's breeding powers lies in the fact that although she has been bred to dogs of various types she has uniformly thrown puppies of the highest order, and which have, without exception, possessed valuable field qualities.

Dogs in Maine.

The last Maine Legislature made a change in the laws relating to dogs over four months old. Under the new law every dog owner must obtain a license at the office of the city clerk. The license fee is \$1.15 for dogs and \$3.15 for bitches. The owner of a dog is required to keep a collar around the neck of his dog marked with the owner's name and registered number or be subjected to a fine of \$10. The Mayor, within ten days from May 1, is required to appoint a constable whose duty shall be to kill all dogs that are not licensed and collared, and the said constable shall draw a fee of \$1 for every collarless dog he kills. To make the constable have a just appreciation of his office a penalty of not less than \$10 and not more than \$50 is provided for the willful neglect of this duty on his part. Maine is a prohibition State, and therefore its people are fruitful in resources, but with a constable that gets a dollar for killing and is docked ten for not doing so, the canine paradise reserved for dogs from Maine, we fear will soon be crowded.

Death of Ch. Beaumont.

Mr. James B. Blossom's champion Gordon setter Beaumont died April 11, of pneumonia, after an illness of only four days. Previous to this he was well and playing with the younger dogs. By many judges he was considered the best and most typical Gordon setter living, and by some the best of which we have any record. Among Gordons he occupied the position of champion Elcho, Jr. among Irish setters. His list of winnings is very long, commencing in Great Britain, where he became a champion, and rounding up his triumphs with the gold medal at Olympia in 1887. He was brought to this country in 1888, and by his list of winnings our readers will see how he was prized at the bench shows. He was very stylish and excellent in the field.

San Francisco Dog Show.

We have received the premium list of the third annual dog show to be held by the Pacific Kennel Club at San Francisco, Cal., May 3 to 6. The prizes in all classes are \$5, \$3 and diploma. In pointers and Irish setters challenge classes are made with a \$5 prize. Puppy classes are provided, but unless the entries in a class number five, in which event prizes of \$5 and \$3 are provided, diplomas only will be given. The special prizes are numerous and range all the way from a quarter dozen shirts and a pair of "pants" to \$15 cash for the best

trick dog. The Pacific Fox-terrier Club and St. Bernard Club offer cups, the former giving ten and the latter six. Mr. George Raper judges all classes. Entries close April 29 with C. A. Haight, secretary, 628 Market street, San Francisco. The show promises to be the best ever held on the coast, the coming of the English judge lending additional interest to the occasion.

Fullerton.

Fullerton, grand courser that he is, cannot be said to be gifted with the homing instinct nor with an over sufficiency of brains. What greyhound? Directly he finds his brains he runs cunning. The *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) quotes an interview a *Star* reporter had with Col. North, Fullerton's owner, respecting the dog's tramp and subsequent recovery. Col. North said: "The man who caught him was a rural postman by the name of Richards. I have paid that man £40 of the £50 reward promised. Poor Fullerton was in an awful condition when brought here on Saturday last. His bones were sticking out through the skin, and altogether the poor dog showed what a rough time he had been through. Why, he had been turned away from doorstep and barn, kicked and cheived as if he were the mangiest cur in creation. He tried pulling up at a barn, he was cheived from there; then he was kicked out of a public house, and ultimately he came to sleeping on doorsteps. An awful fate, you will say, for the most popular and petted dog in England. The poor fellow must have lived on himself during those seven days of vagabondage. He was found at Limsicott, some twenty miles from here 'cross country. The postman picked him up out of pure charity and kindness. He saw the poor dog limping along the high-road, footsore, weary and obviously half-starved, and took him in tow. A groom of Mrs. Thomson's happened to be driving along at the time, and spotting the dog, cried out to Richards: 'Why, that's the dog Fullerton!' Richards didn't know Fullerton from any other dog, and the groom said: 'Come, I'll give you half a crown for your dog.' The lad chimed in with the offer, and then the groom honestly enough told the lad all about the dog. Fullerton's delight when called by his name was quite pathetic." When asked how the dog was, Col. North remarked: "Well, he's recovering from his terrible experience—that is all that I can say. The dog was as weak as a cat when brought here. We didn't ask him to walk. He was brought up here in a cab from the railway station. He is getting round now, but of course it will take some time to recover from the effects of his seven days' starvation. His bones were sticking out through his back. I doubt if the poor fellow had a decent meal or even an approach to one all through that week. Anyhow, we've got him now, and we don't intend to lose him."

Gordon Setter Trials.

The first English Gordon setter field trials were held April 5, on the Hatfield estate, owned by Lord Cranbourne, in England. Dr. J. H. Salter and Mr. George Lowe acted as judges. Only five Gordons came to the front, but these afforded satisfactory work. The entries, most of them, according to the *Stock-Keeper*, were dogs well known on the show bench, and their work conclusively proved that a show dog can also be a good field dog. In the stake for Gordons not exceeding 20 mos. of age, there were two entries only, Mr. R. Chapman's Heather Jane and Mr. E. Bishop's Ranging Kate. After rather unsatisfactory work Ranging Kate won. In the All-Age Stake Mr. R. Chapman's champion Heather Nap and Mr. R. T. Tatham's Brooklyn Romp, a winner at last year's Kennel Club show, were put down together and had a long trial. The judges could not decide the heat and the dogs were given a rest while Mr. Bishop's Jessie B. ran a bye. Then the brace ran again, but judges not being able to split them, Jessie B. was given first and Heather Nap and Brooklyn Romp divided second money. The weather was fine, but owing to the scarcity of rain there is little cover and scent lay bad. The trials were voted a success in spite of the poor scent, game being plentiful, and it was decided to hold another meeting next year.

Collie Club Show.

The Collie Club held a specialty show at the Westminster Aquarium, London, April 5, 6, 7, and though it was scarcely a notable success owing to indifferent arrangements, 110 entries were gathered together. There were several interesting competitions. Mr. Fowers was the judge. In the veteran challenge class old champion Eclipse and Sly Fox fought their old battle over again, and victory rested finally with the latter, who is said to be the fresher of the two, but inferior to Eclipse in collie expression and character. In the class for dogs that have won four first prizes, three cracks paraded, champion Southport Pilot, Sefton Hero and Great Gun. Sefton Hero won, though *Stock-Keeper* inclines rather to Great Gun, who carries the better ear and moves better than either of his opponents, and in expression and collie character he also is very good. Sefton Hero excels in coat, but carries his ears a little too forward. This dog afterward took the special for best in the show. Lady Christopher, another winner, is said to have gone wide in front. Of course there has to be a "coming crack" in such shows, and the one that made his debut this time is Lord Clivebrook, shown by Mr. W. H. Day. He is a black and white, of good size and excellent make, with a good, sensible, old-fashioned head on him, and "a simply perfect coat—in fact he is one of the best young sheep dogs seen out for some time."

Lexington (Ky.) Show.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club, of Lexington, Ky., do not intend to be left in the "cold," or rather we should say "dust," having in mind the sample found in Lexington, Ky., at the show of 1891, but will hold a show Aug. 30 to Sept. 2, being the dates assigned to them by the A. K. C. The show will be held in the Tattersalls Pavilion, than which, Mr. Roger Williams tells us, no better building for such a purpose is to be found in the county. A liberal premium list will be arranged, and those who visited the show in 1891 know that the occasion will be made an enjoyable one for visitors.

Rather Hard.

We found this in a Providence journal: "Boston has a dog show and is filled with pride because of its modest success. Her citizens had begun to fear lest the power of organizing victory over any adverse circumstances had departed forever from among them."

Collie Lost.

A collie answering to the name of Stanley has strayed away or was stolen from his home in Seventy-seventh street. The dog is black on back, changing to a light tan on lower part of body, white on head and had on a small brass-studded leather collar. Any one hearing of or seeing such an animal will do a kind action by notifying this office.

Grand Rapids Show.

The Grand Rapids Kennel Club are beginning to think another dog show would be advisable, so held a meeting April 5 to make preparations. They will go it alone this year, holding their show in September apart from the West Michigan Fair. Another meeting will be held June 7.

A Monster Dog Show.

It is rumored that the Rhode Island State Fair Association

have in contemplation a dog show that will excel anything of the kind yet held in the country. They will erect a building having an area of 18,000 square feet specially for the dog show. Messrs. Fred E. Perkins and David S. Collins are said to be at the head of the movement, and application has been made to the A. K. C. for membership. The prizes are to be larger than any yet given.

The Pacific Kennel Club seems to be a progressive body and to have placed itself during the past year on a solid foundation. At a meeting held April 5, with the new president, Mr. Briggs, in the chair, several new members were elected. Better still, the treasurer reported \$612 in the treasury, with \$450 as a guarantee fund for the show, so that club will open their doors on May 3 feeling comfortable regarding expenses.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club, of Chicago, show that they are still alive to the interests of the dog by offering cups at the World's Fair show to the value of \$500. Medals will also be offered by the club. From what we can gather the special prize list at the World's Fair show will greatly exceed anything yet seen and will require considerable attention from the management.

Another straw showing the authenticity of the "Jate" judges' list comes from Dr. Derby, who was slated for mastiffs. He has written Mr. Buchanan that professional duties will prevent his leaving New York at the time of the dog show.

The first meet of the new Monmouth Hunt Club took place at Lakewood, N. J., April 11. Among the riders was Mr. Fred Hoey, the fox-terrier man, mounted on the noted hunter Warwick. The run was over the aniseed trail and laid over a good country, giving plenty of stiff jumping. These are the hounds lately imported from England and of which James Blute is the huntsman. They gave a good account of themselves and instead of running into reynard at the finish they landed on a haunch of beef suspended in front of the Lakewood Hotel. It is not stated who got the brush.

Mr. James L. Anthony has resigned as an officer of the A. K. C. and also from Pointer Club.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog at his feet.

Several fanciers intend crossing the "pond" this summer. Mr. H. A. Harris, owner of Mermaid, Raby Palissy and other good dogs, will run over after the World's Fair show, and so will Frank F. Dole. The owner of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, Henry Jarrett, will also, probably at the same time, pay a visit to his English friends.

In the European edition of the *Herald* appears the following letter which, though it has a vein of humor, must find an echo in the hearts of many true dog lovers: "Editor of the *Herald*: In reading of the Nice Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I am constrained to ask if it includes cruelty to dogs inflicted by society ladies. I am one who believes that a dog's life is made up of the joys and sorrows growing out of chasing his feline adversary up trees, being pelted by the stone throwing boy, getting scratched, having his ears cropped, taking part in the rat pit, the hunt, the chase, etc. I also believe that whoever fondles a dog from its birth, dresses, combs, washes and feeds it like a child, and causes it to become inflected with dyspepsia, gout, etc., and so destroys its nature that it no longer enjoys raw meat, fleas, cat fights and all the cognate joys which make up a respectable and natural dog's existence, is guilty of a crime against nature and of excessive and uncalled for cruelty, which should be severely punished. Will you kindly inform a constant reader what is the position of the Nice society on the foregoing points? I am one of those who believe that a dog is a dog, not a child to be aired by nurses, fondled by unnatural women and made incapable of enjoying the pleasures that God created a dog to experience.—R. W. T., (Cadiz, Spain, March 11, 1898)."

Correspondents who write for prescriptions for sick dogs should be particular to give street and number.

Mr. Henry Lacy, the noted English black and tan terrier breeder, intends visiting the World's Fair dog show and will bring Rhode's Oban, winner of 23 first and 4 specials; Rhode's Una, winner of several firsts, and a Russian wolfhound that has also been in the money.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has built a range of excellent kennels at his place at Cragston, N. J., for the good lot of collies he is getting together. Mr. Armstrong, the manager, tells us that some further importations are being thought of. It would not surprise us to see Rufford Ormonde wend his way to the Mosquito State.

During the Boston show the blind children of the Perkins Institute as usual paid a visit to the dogs. Much regret was expressed that Helen Keller was not among the visitors this year. Wednesday and Thursday delegations under the care of Mr. Wade visited the show. The children were allowed to fondle the dogs, and the bulldog His Lordship and Wellesbourne Charlie were especial favorites.

A "Burnleyite," which means in common parlance a man from Burnley, Lancashire, England, is, according to the *British Fancier*, coming to the land of the dollar. He brings with him two well known fox-terriers to *dazzle* our eyes. Our contemporary further asks what *apology* the Burnleyite offers for his freak. In the absence of further information of the dogs' names we must conclude that the italicised words will convey some information to fox-terrier men as to their identity.

Dr. Lougest, Mr. Wiggins tells us, has not bought the two St. Bernards, Lady Judith and Judith's Ruth. So probably it was Bessie Blaine and Peg Woffington, the rough pups, that the Doctor purchased.

Mr. J. McMillen informs us that his Boston terrier Dolly won first in under 20 lbs. class at Boston, the Boston Terrier Club first prize for that weight and also the medal for best bitch in show. Referring to the catalogue we can find no mention of a prize given by the Boston Terrier Club for terriers of the above weight.

According to the *British Fancier* the Woodlawn Park Kennels have secured a crack collie bitch. This is Scottish Gem, who is said to have created a sensation at Dumfries, where she won four first prizes. She is said to be a well bred bitch, and will considerably strengthen the Saratoga kennel, which is now becoming so strong in several breeds.

A number of communications on kennel matters have been received during our absence at the different shows this spring, and we must claim our correspondents' indulgence for not having been able to attend to them before.

The local show held in Columbus, O., by the Fanciers Club, recently has created a great interest in dogs in that locality, and Mr. Pitts writes us that they will hold a good show next year under A. K. C. rules. There were about 181 entries and what is more satisfactory to the management, the club cleared \$400. There is also some talk of the State Fair people taking up the dog question and holding a show in the fall.

By the way, we should think, since the new cropping rule comes into force in the English Kennel Club, cropped dogs having to some extent lost their value, that it would be now or soon a good time to secure better Irish terriers than we have at present. This game breed is becoming more popular every year over here.

The celebrated Irish terrier Bishop is dead. Death resulted, it is said, from a kick or blow causing an internal rupture, the dog dying after forty-eight hours' illness. Though this young dog made his debut last year only, he has since scored fifteen firsts and specials. He was owned by Mr. Fred Breakell, who at one time refused \$500 for him.

Mr. A. E. Pitts, whose late love was the pug, of which breed he has owned some good specimens, has lately gone in for a longer faced sort, having purchased from Mr. C. S. Hanks the Russian wolfhound Zlobelis, and expects to go largely into the breed as soon as he can devote more time to them.

Dr. J. Frank Perry, we understand, has purchased a controlling interest in the *Fanciers' Journal*. Henry Jarrett has been made treasurer, and Mr. C. H. Mason, having succumbed to the inevitable, will be kennel editor. Directors are Dr. Perry, Charles T. Thompson and Henry Jarrett.

The complaint of the Spaniel Club in behalf of Mr. Oldham against Mr. P. J. Keyes, of Ottawa, has been referred back by the A. K. C. to the Spaniel Club with the advice that that club bring the case before the Canadian Kennel Club. We are in a position to assert that the whole affair, as we surmised at the time, has arisen out of a mistaken sense of what Mr. Keyes wrote. Mr. Keyes was merely speaking figuratively when he said that "the dog owned by Mr. Bell could win at New York." Mr. Keyes did not even have Mr. Oldham in his mind at the time, nor is he sure that he knew he was to judge. We think that Mr. Oldham is quite willing to accept this view of it.

Among the new business offers this week in our kennel columns we notice Geo. Meister has Gordon setters for sale; John A. Balmer, English setters; J. T. Mayfield, English and Irish setters; Geo. Douglas, cocker spaniels; Edward Booth, choice St. Bernards; C. G. Browning, cocker pups; W. H. Child, trained English setter; J. E. Woodland, English setter; Anton Ballin, smooth St. Bernard; Jacob Hope, dogs of all breeds.

Mr. La Rue's letters, in which he informed us of the sale of Dame Bang to Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., Cincinnati, O., and Revelation to Mr. Wm. Hawkins, Monterey, Mass., have been in type some time, but owing to the demands on our space must, with others, lie over another week.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, CAN.—I am sorry to hear that Mr. Wm. Brodie, whose short residence in Canada has brought him many warm friends, is about to leave us to again take up his abode amid his native heather. Mr. Brodie brought out several winners here which otherwise would probably have languished to fame unknown. He promises to keep your correspondent in touch with doggy matters in the old land.

The wire-haired fox-terrier Dark Eye will be placed at stud by his new owner, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, who will offer as an inducement to the owners of brood bitches, at the Toronto show of 1894, the tidy sum of \$100 for the best fox-terrier, 20 months or over, sired by Dark Eye or his smooth dog champion Blanton Trump.

An executive meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held on May 3. The business to come up is as follows: Selection of dogs for the World's Fair and matters relating generally to the Fair. Communications regarding Mr. Geo. Bell's conduct. Encouragement of field trials. Matters referred from the A. K. C. Revision of the constitution. General routine business.

The Bowmanville St. Bernard Kennels have disposed of several of the Prince Bute—Maypole imported (in utero) litter. One, Lord Mountspeer, has gone to Mr. C. Hilbert, Gretna, Manitoba. Another, Sir Oliver, to Mr. Chas. Henderson, Parkdale, Ont. The pick of the lot, a dog said to be a wonder, is being retained for stud purposes.

The Toronto Kennel Club has decided to hold a two-days' show, May 13 and 13, in the Granite Rink, a large, well-lighted, sanitary building, situated in a good part of the city and most suitable in every way. The show will be open to Ontario, perhaps Canada, and where six or more entries are made in a class, the money will be returned to the first and second dogs. Few preliminaries have as yet been arranged, but the judges will be Messrs. George Bell, spaniels, St. Bernards, greyhounds, great Danes, mastiffs, all terriers except fox-terriers, foxhounds and beagles; A. D. Stewart, fox-terriers, bulldogs, pugs and miscellaneous classes; J. Maughan and E. Tinsley, setters and pointers.

Mr. George M. Hendrie, of Detroit, the president of the City of the Straits Kennel Club, was the lucky winner in Mr. Stewart's raffle, and is now the owner of My Fellow.

The partnership existing between Mr. W. B. Palmer and Mr. J. Kennedy did not last very long, as they will each again "paddle his own canoe." Mr. Palmer retains Obo III. H. B. DONOVAN.

That Baltimore Trouble.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The several allusions to the trouble between Mr. Bell and myself which have appeared in your kennel notes must tend to create the impression that I was and am in the wrong. The writer of these allusions is not in possession of the facts, for he would then support my position.

Mr. Bell, while nettled by my putting back one of his dogs at Baltimore, threatened me with exposure of past misdeeds in the public press unless I changed the award. I could by considerable stretch make allowance for this under the excuse of a "burst of passion." But after having as much as two nights to sleep on it and cool off he was still repeating a whole breath story to the effect that he had called me to my face a — and that I had not resented the profane and obscene epithet. Do you wonder that I declined to treat with him direct, but placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Diffenderfer, after refusing to accept an apology for only the "burst of passion" business.

What was demanded and with much reluctance and word paring acceded to was an apology and acknowledgment that he never used such an expression, or in other words that the story and every repetition of it was a deliberate falsehood.

JAMES WATSON.

[For the first time we have been put in possession of the true facts of this case, and we must concede that, owing to circumstances, Mr. Watson was in great measure justified in carrying the case to the A. K. C. In the first instance, though the way that the president, revoking Mr. Terry's proper action, handled the affair afterward led to confusion. Also, that there was no excuse for Mr. Bell's telling others, the FOREST AND STREAM representative included, that he had used obscene expressions to Mr. Watson when he never had. We do not wish in any way to screen Mr. Bell, but rather think that his conduct and the conduct of any one who insults the judge should meet with instant punishment.]

Canadian Dogs for the World's Fair Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In last week's issue you print the copy of a circular lately sent out by Dr. Wesley Mills to the members of the executive committee of the C. K. C. Having published the president's circular he kind enough to publish my reply to it, which I annex hereto. A. D. STEWART.

Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal:

Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your circular of March 30. In answer to it I have to say that although I was present at the meeting of the executive committee, held last September in Toronto, at which the five members of the C. K. C. were chosen to judge at the coming trial show, and although I indorsed the scheme which at that time appeared to be a feasible one, I have since come to the conclusion that a mistake has been made, and if it is possible at this late date to make a change, I think it should be done.

I may say, speaking generally, that I think the committee made a mistake in deciding to hold the trial show at all, and unless the present feeing changes materially, I fear that comparatively few dogs will be sent to Toronto to be passed upon by the C. K. C. judges. I say this because I have heard personally and by letter from many of our most prominent breeders and exhibitors, and from nearly all of these come objections in one form or another.

Some object to the limit placed upon exhibitors which prevents the showing of more than four dogs in any one class. Others object to paying express charges on prize dogs which are well known to the exhibitor, and which, if they are to be sent to the trial show, will be chosen without being sent to the Toronto show at all. Others have bitches in whelp or nursing puppies; some have dogs sick or out of coat; others have young stock which they do not wish to exhibit until they are brought into the ring at Chicago; and some have puppies which although now poor looking may in four or five weeks have so improved as to be worth entering.

These are serious objections and worthy of consideration, but they are as nothing compared to the assertion of some prominent breeders who allege that they have positive assurances from Hon. W. I. Buchanan, of Chicago, that Canadian dogs will be received at the World's Fair show, whether selected or approved by the C. K. C. judges or not.

I have written to Mr. Buchanan to ask whether there is any truth in these assertions, but so far no reply from him has reached me. I beg to point out, however, that if dogs entered by Canadian exhibitors, that the World's Fair show are to be received outside of the number selected by the C. K. C., there can obviously be no use in holding the trial show.

I find also that a very strong feeling exists (and in this, as you know, I have always shared) against allowing any of the judges to pass upon the merits of their own dogs, and many exhibitors are in favor of engaging one (or two) competent and outside judges to select the dogs, as being more likely to act impartially in making the selections than Canadian judges could be expected to do. I do not say that I agree in this feeling, but I point out that the feeling exists and is well worth considering.

I also find an almost universal feeling against allowing you to act as a judge, and you will pardon me if I say that in this feeling I share. I have no objection to your acting as a judge, but I have no objection to the Canadian judges, and I have no objection to the judges who are one of the number. Your performance in the judging ring at Ottawa last year was "the last straw which broke the camel's back," and no one who saw the farce or heard of it could ever have confidence in your abilities as a judge again. I did not object to your name when you proposed it yourself at the committee meeting in Toronto, because I had not seen your judging, and because I thought that those who were entered at your judging were prejudiced in favor of the dogs you performed for three days at Ottawa I changed my mind, and I now object most emphatically to your being allowed to pass upon the merits of any dog.

As far as I am concerned personally I am not making a single entry for the World's Fair show, as my kennel has been dispersed and I have no dogs at present, and I care little therefore who the judges are. I have no objection to the judges, but in the interest of the exhibitors, and for the honor and good name of the Canadian Kennel Club, I must object with all the force with which I am capable to your being allowed to act as judge, believing that your retention in that capacity would utterly ruin the show and prove a source of lasting discontent.

A. D. STEWART.

P. S.—If, as I hope, Mr. Buchanan should decide not to accept any Canadian dogs, and if the dogs selected by the C. K. C. the entries at the coming trial show may be larger than I expect at the present time, but this will be simply because the exhibitors have no other alternative than to send their dogs, and not because they have any faith in your ability as a judge.

That Fake List of Judges.

AND now the Chicago editor who rushed into print in his eagerness to tell something he did not know persists in his declaration that that "fake" list of World's Fair dog show judges was correct. And this in the face of Mr. Buchanan's direct statement to the FOREST AND STREAM's Chicago office that the list published by the Chicago man was simply of names under consideration; that no official list had ever been made or would be made for a week or two. Not only that, but in the face, too, of positive declarations in person to the kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM by no less than six of the alleged judges that they had never been notified of their selection nor given an opportunity to accept the position if they would; and of the positive declaration of another—the seventh—that he could not accept if he should be asked. It's all very funny, but the funniest of it all are the Chicago man's contortions, now that his foolish fix has been exposed to the derisive gaze of the world. The moral: When there is Chicago news to be given it will come to the FOREST AND STREAM from our Chicago representatives on the ground.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. B. G., Norwiche, Conn.—I have a spaniel 8 months old that has a bunch on under side of its neck nearly as large as a hen's egg. It came on suddenly, is not sore and seems movable; is hard to the touch. What is it and what is a remedy? Ans. I suspect a puppy with a similar bunch, and after it died I cut the bunch open and it was meaty (locked like a kidney), and it had a vein through it, which when cut bled very freely; ran out in a stream, in fact. What is the cause? Ans. Probably an enlarged gland. Remove the hair and apply tincture of iodine to the lump daily.

Rex, Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have a pointer 8 months old. His four large teeth in front are starting to decay near the gum. I feed him on rolled oats bolted down like mush. Will he get a new set? Are the rolled oats injurious to the teeth? Ans. Wash the mouth out daily with carbolic lotion (1 to 30). Give meat (cooked and raw) in addition to present diet. Give the following:

- ℞ Ferri et quinin, cit..... 3 ss
- Tr. nucis vom..... 3 i
- Aq. ad..... 5 vi
- Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

Yachting.

THE various suggestions offered by Lord Dunraven as to flags on buoys and similar minor details of the races are mostly practical and to the point; but if he is at all familiar with the history of the races for the Cup within recent years, he should know that the various regatta committees of the New York Y. C. have proved themselves fully capable of dealing successfully with all minor details of starting, timing and marking courses. This part of the work has been well done in the cases of Genesta, Galatea and Thistle, and will probably be as well done this year. The courses have been marked by large flags or balls of one color, the starting guns have been timed accurately and the signals which accompany them have been displayed promptly and correctly. The finishes have been accurately timed, an extra vessel being on hand in case of any possible delay of the judges' boat. After witnessing every Cup race in 1885, '86 and '87, we fail to recall a single instance in which complaint might be made against the immediate

management of the races. In the case of the Thistle races there was a complaint on the part of a few because the races were not started in a calm at the announced hour, and also because of a windward and leeward in place of a four-sided course; but these complaints had no better foundation than the irritation of defeat. This year the club has agreed to start the races at any time when one competitor desires it, so that all possible cause of complaint on this ground is removed.

LORD DUNRAVEN's suggestion of an earlier date for the races is a very good one, and will doubtless be carried out if the new defenders are completed in good season; but much depends on the New York Y. C. cruise. If all four boats are seen in good form in the many races of the cruise, the trial races for the final selection of a defender will be a mere formality and quickly disposed of. If, however, it happens that some of the four are not in perfect form on the cruise, or that time is needed for alterations and then for a careful series of trials, the final selection may not be made before the latter part of September. Both parties would naturally prefer the earlier date, and the Cup races may yet be sailed by Sept. 15.

THE Atlantic Y. C. has promised, through Com. Banks, a valuable trophy for a race of the four 85ft. cutters, the date and details not being yet decided on.

At City Island.

Now that the sun is getting up earlier and going to bed later; now that the robin and blue-bird are back in their as yet leafless haunts, busily active in securing a favorite perch in a tree that the balmy south wind will soon kiss into greenery, my soul is filled with that insatiable longing for the sea that curls all desires into one feverish wish to be at sea. Never is the voice of mother Ocean so rich in pleading tones; never are her waves so blue, or her stretches of azure so enticing, as when the scepter of rude winter has fallen, and brave young spring comes with light step and radiant mien to rule and enrich the kingdom of the dethroned and departed tyrant.

To be once more afloat! But ere we can feel the canvas-crowned fabric swaying and tossing beneath our feet to the rhythmic movements of the restless waters, we must worry through this month of sand-papers, scraping and painting. Days of strained backs, blisters and paint-bedaubed fingers. When the sound of the creaking iron as well as the voice of the turtle are heard in the land, and the scent of the varnish mingles with the perfume of the early violet, April, the month of repairs, of selling and buying, and of contracting large bills, glides not too soon into the merry launching month of May.

It is my pleasure at this time of the year to steal a day from the busy grasp of toil, and leaving the dusty, noisy haunts of business behind, take a curious mind and light heart away to the waterside, where the yachts perched high on shore are being overhauled and rejuvenated. Old friends they are, many of them, whom it is a pleasure to meet and greet again. To sit in the shadow of their sides and talk over their histories; to recount the triumphs that made glorious their youthful days; to tell of their fought battles, and victories won in countless ways on many waters.

My last pilgrimage was to City Island, and there with two who love the yacht, was spent a day that somewhat atoned for what we yachtsmen suffer, when fettered in the icy gyves of winter our wide domain is a forbidden realm. City Island has had in the last few years, what to me, is an undesirable brightening up. It is no longer the quiet place that it was in the old days, when the nearest railroad station was a good six miles away, and the handiest way to get there was by water. The clam and oyster were then the sole topics of conversation, for outside of the ship-yard no other means of gaining a livelihood was known to the lanky islanders in those primitive days. But that cursed invention that has destroyed rustic simplicity the world over, refused to spare this gem of the Sound, and now City Island is just like any other place distant twenty-five cents worth of riding from Manhattan.

As a place for yacht clubs and yacht builders it has no rival on the North Shore. It is accessible both by land and water, and boasts of one of the best anchorages along the coast. Before long several of our struggling yacht clubs will be turning an eye on the park lands that border the inner channel, and petitioning the city to let them make good use of the shore. The two bays that flank the neck would make good boating water, much better than the dirty Harlem river, and there is room for all the oarsmen and canoeists in Christendom. While wandering from yard to yard I jotted down a few notes as to what is going on, that may be of interest to the curious, who are not so lucky as to have a day to spend among the repairers and builders.

Dagmar—formerly Titania—is almost finished, and ready to launch. I honestly say, that she is improved in appearance, as my dislike of the full bow is deeply ingrained, and besides I never could see any beauty in that abbreviated foremast rig. She may be a speedier vessel, but that is a question to be answered next June. For her owner's sake, it is to be hoped that the costly metamorphosis will not be barren of agreeable results. If he will accept the advice of a man who has seen more than one spar go, he will have a spare bowsprit and foremast on hand, for if experience is of any value, I am bold enough to back me up with the prediction, that if the Dagmar is raced, she will need one or the other before the season is over. Her shrouds are set up with turnbuckles; they look rather light for the work expected of them, but then, you know, the equalizing of strains is a science with our modern designers.

The Clara, Bedouin and Jessica are lying beside her in the same yard, and the latter is for sale. In the matter of better accommodations for boats and crews, the yard is well supplied with length in this country, and a man who is looking for something to live in will find her just what he wants.

Wood is still busy on the two steam-yachts. The one for Mr. Coggeswell is almost ready for launching, and will I hear go overboard shortly. She is a wonderful piece of designing, and a splendid specimen of what the firm is capable of turning out. The planking on both boats is the finest job I ever saw. The hulls are covered with life aloft enjoyable. Asbestos suits and sponge head coverings will be fashionable summer wear in the engine room. Some would-be-experts are of the opinion that the yacht is too short for the power. But then, who designs or builds to satisfy experts?

In the Byles yard the roomy cruiser Pelican belonging to ex-Commodore Connolly is fitting out. She will be dressed in white this summer, a seemingly change and one that will improve her appearance. The Burgess cutter Mops, just ahead of her, is also putting on a fresh coat of white. The steam yacht Ola has a new pilot house, and looks decidedly better for it; the addition having somewhat mended the fancied resemblance to a street-car, that made her so easily recognizable last season. The sloop Fleet laid up here has been sold. The fo, one of the first of the small ones to be in commission, is hauled out for a bottom painting.

Mr. Centro's Medusa has been in the hands of the Hawkins people for some time; she has a new stem, topsides and rail. A splendid ship the Medusa, and not at all like her owner's first venture in the cutter line—the Vindex, that is drawn up close by. The Vindex enjoys the distinction of being the only yacht in these waters that has Cincinnati for a home port—a port that she can never sail to. The old schooner Una that smashed into a steamer last fall is out here, and her exposed bow timbers are a study. She was launched when light construction was unknown, and consequently the wood was not spared. Taken as a whole, things are not as brisk as one would expect on the island, but a week or two of sunshine will wake the yachtsmen up and the boats will take to water by twos and threes. T. F. D.

We have received the rules and allowances, etc., of the Y. R. A. for 1893, published by Harrison & Sons, London, containing the revised measurement rules, the list of members and yachts, the measurements of the yachts, and minutes of meeting. The most interesting portion of the book is the summary of decisions of the Council in protested cases, notably the Dacia—Natica match last fall. The evidence and diagrams make these decisions quite valuable in similar disputes.

The new steam yacht Impatient, designed by H. E. Dautzenbaker, of Philadelphia, and built by S. F. Bannan, Holly Oak, Del., was successfully launched on April 13. She was built for Mr. W. M. Singery, of the Philadelphia Record to replace the steam yacht Restless, lately sold to Western owners. She is of oak throughout, 51ft. over all, 7ft. 6in. l.w.l., 12ft. 6in. beam, 6ft. hold, with quadruple expansion engines 7, 10, 14 and 20in. by 10in.

Sailing is the appropriate title of a new yachting paper edited by Mr. W. Q. Phillips, of Toronto, the first number of which has just reached us. The paper is a weekly, and will be devoted to yachting and canoeing in Canada, and particularly to yachting on Lake Ontario. The first number promises well and we wish it all success.

HOUSE-BOATS AND HOUSE-BOAT LIFE.

(Concluded from Page 323.)

II.—The Stationary House-Boat.

Our article last week dealt with what may very properly be called the auxiliary house-boat, the residential features being supplemented by motive power, either steam or sails, with the view of frequent change of moorings. The term stationary is not quite correct in the



GROUP OF HOUSE-BOATS, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

sense in which we now apply it to the other class of house-boats, as one striking advantage of such a home over a fixed habitation on shore is the ability to change one's neighbors and surroundings at will. We have used the word in default of a better to distinguish the large class of house-boats which have no means of motion of their own, except the very primitive ones of oars or poles, but which must depend on a towing-boat of some kind, a hired tug, or a friendly steam launch, whenever they wish to shift their moorings.

We do not propose to attempt to decide the vexed question as to which is the true house-boat and which possesses the greatest number of advantages, but instead we shall let the advocates of the Thames type speak for themselves. The following article, before alluded to, was written for the *FOREST AND STREAM* by Mr. Frank Weston, a Boston architect, and first appeared in the issue of Jan. 27, 1887. Although Mr. Weston has endowed his craft with masts and rigging, it will be seen that he is not an advocate of the sailing house-boat.

In England the house-boat has of late years multiplied so rapidly that its genus can now be met with snugly moored against the banks of nearly every picturesque lake and navigable river, or swinging to an anchor in quiet coves and cozy inlets of the sea wherever a sheltered harbor and pleasant surroundings can be found.

But the pleasure and luxury of life on a house-boat, its freedom, comfort and healthfulness, and its immunity from the host of cares and annoyances which beset the summer cottage owner, or hotel boarder on shore, are not yet thoroughly appreciated or even understood in this country. Occasionally a returned traveler from England brings with him the story of a brief sojourn on one of these pleasant floating dwellings, and treats his hearers to an enticing description of the morning plunge into the sparkling waters, the sun bath on the upper deck, the keen appetite and the tempting breakfast, with the summer breeze playing through the cabin windows; the morning smoke under the deck awning, the row in the launch up the river, the lunch at the neighbor's in the next house-boat, the return with the tide and the ladies at the oars, the perfect cooking of the dinner which awaited them, the enjoyments of the musical evening which wound up the pleasures of the day, and the deep and dreamless slumber in the luxurious stateroom preparatory to kindred enjoyments on the morrow.

In his eager rush from place to place the Europe-trotting American does not, as a rule, see much of all this; but occasionally one more fortunate or wiser than his fellows comes back with a story like the above, and puzzles his hearers with the query: "Why has not the house-boat been introduced into this country?"

The house-boat, as its name implies, is a house and a boat in one. Like other houses and other boats, it is costly or otherwise according to its size and fitting and the means and desires of its owner. For a few hundred dollars a single man who finds pleasure in "roughing it" can own a house-boat, in which he can compass his simple enjoyments in a thoroughly satisfactory way. Add to the above figures until they become say a couple of thousands and a house-boat can be procured in which a gentleman and wife will find in saloon, stateroom, bath room and domestic conveniences, completeness and even luxury, which cannot be duplicated for twice that expenditure on shore, while to the fortunate few who can contemplate the addition of yet another cypher, can be insured a floating palace which, for its purposes, no yacht at three times the cost can compare.

Though comparatively costly in the first building, for it would be unwise to construct it in any but the best manner, the house-boat has many features of economy which are denied the summer dweller on *terra firma*. No costly lot of land has to be bought to build it on, and the maintenance of fences, walls, lawns, terraces, fruit, flower and kitchen gardens do not figure on the expense account. In domestic management the house-boat is freed from the wasteful tyranny of the Bridgets. The peaceful serenity of the house-boat mistress is not disturbed by any questions involving the issue of "Sundays out" or the desirability or otherwise of Bridget's "young man," for all the work on board is usually done by men, and from stemhead to rudderpost the genus Bridget has no necessary place.

In small house-boats, one man to act in the role of cook, steward and general utility is sufficient. A larger boat may make advisable the addition of a boy to wait at table and "help round," but even in the family house-boat of say four staterooms besides the saloon and domestic offices, two good men will not only do the work with ease, but if kept too busy with the tender to and from shore, will find lots of idle time upon their hands.

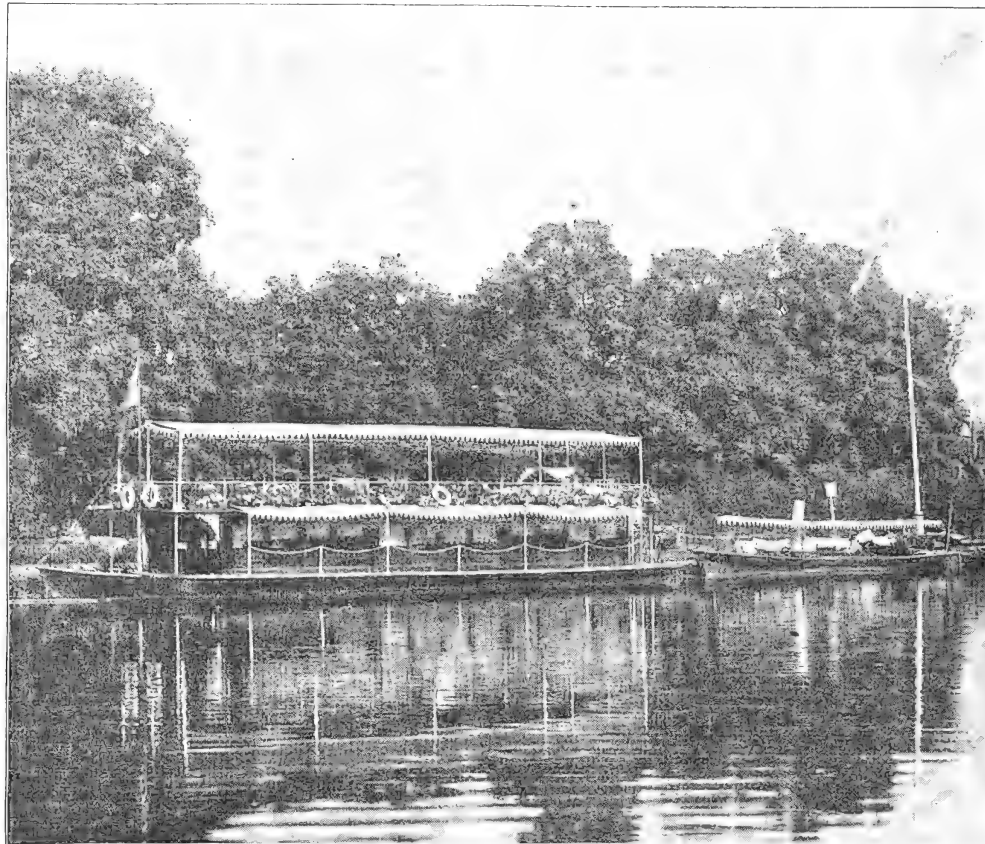
In furnishing the house-boat, the expenditure necessary for furnishing an equivalent house on shore need not be exceeded, and in "running" the house-boat the same rule will apply. Perhaps the last remark is not sufficiently strong, for in point of fact, the intelligent service of the men on board, as against the almost invariable incompetence of hired "summer help" on shore, will, in the majority of cases,

family. Here the man performed all deck duties, while the wife, with her husband's occasional assistance, took charge of the kitchen and entire "indoors," and this house-boat lays to an anchorage under the lee of a small island some little distance from the shore, a steam launch is added to the man's responsibilities.

Another house-boat, one of the smaller kind, has for its occupants and owners, two clerks, than whom no more enthusiastic house-boaters can be found. A convenient inn on the river bank furnishes their meals and guards their property while during the day they are attending to their business in London, and as these clerks (who are, by the way, very jolly and exceedingly hospitable fellows) attend to their own bed making, dusting, and other domestic duties, they avoid the ex-

pense of hired help and live a life of exceeding independence and enjoyment. In their case economy and contentment evidently go hand in hand.

But even house-boats (though always economical in the sense that small expenditure gives comparatively large returns) can be conducted in a costly manner. The writer calls to mind one case, a large



ON THE THAMES. HOUSE-BOAT AND ATTENDANT STEAM LAUNCH.

and exquisitely appointed vessel which usually summers (or used to) in the romantic regions of the north of Scotland, to which a domestic staff of eight adults and eight boys is attached. The business of the boys is to look as pretty as possible in their natty man-o'-war uniforms, and to row the owner, his family and his guests from place to place in the handsome eight-oared galley in which all such excursions are made.

When the boys are not at this duty an admirable course of study improves their minds and fits them for the more serious duties of the life before them. The boys themselves are selected from the street waifs of Edinburgh, Glasgow and other cities, and the wise extravagance of their employer may, and probably will, save eight souls from prison or worse. With such a numerous retinue, a servant's house-boat is a necessity, and one is in this instance moored well out of earshot of the other; at night the servants, save one man on watch, withdraw to their own boat, where ample sleeping accommodations are found, and where the large cabin used by the boys as a school room gives them facilities for the social evening which ordinarily winds up the pleasant duties of the day, for one of the unwritten laws of house-boating is that everywhere, above and below deck, in the saloon or in the servants' quarters, at all times and under all circumstances, Happiness, with a big H, shall reign.

It would not be surprising if, to the minds of those who may be here gathering their first information on the subject, comparisons between house-boats and yachts should present themselves, but the truth is, no such comparison can fairly be instituted. As a house-boat the yacht is of necessity both incomplete and unsatisfactory; while as a yacht the house-boat proper has no claims to consideration at all. The desire or the need for the one cannot possibly be satisfied by the possession of the other, and although the enjoyments pertaining to each are of close relationship, that very fact establishes an *entente cordiale* and emphasizes the absence of any competition as to merit or desirability.

The majority of yachtsmen find their chief pleasure in sailing, in moving their craft from place to place by the agency of wind or steam, and more especially of the former. Of these an influential minority own vessels of sufficient size to "keep the sea," to cruise from port to port and to risk the chances of wind and weather. On

board such vessels the spaciousness and completeness of the below deck accommodations and the convenience of the appointments enable one to live and reside with considerable comfort.

But even on the largest yachts the "domestic," so to speak, arrangements are not of a nature which admit of such craft being devoted to family uses for any extended periods without considerable discomfort of a certain kind and some inconvenience. On small sailing craft, the designs for which ought not to be influenced by any considerations whatever, save those of speed and safety, the sacrifice of the former probably and of the latter most certainly, must always attend an endeavor to combine small tonnage, great speed and disproportionate below deck accommodations. Yet strangely enough the endeavor almost invariably continues to be made, and a craft as unsafe as it is uncomfortable, and therefore wholly unsuited to family yachting, is the result.

From this it naturally follows that yachting is mainly restricted to the sterner sex, and the married yachtsman is compelled to consent to temporarily "shelving" his family ties, duties and pleasures, or else has to forego enjoyments in which those who are nearest and dearest to him cannot conveniently share.

To the married man then, the man with a family, the institution of the modern house-boat should surely commend itself. It literally bristles with those good qualities which appeal to him most strongly. In its perfect safety the fond mother and father are relieved of anxieties which on other pleasure craft often take the keen edge from their enjoyment. Its roomy and well-fenced deck affords ample and secure playground for the children, where they can indulge unrestrictedly in the healthful use of limbs and lungs in the open air, and at the same time be assured the most absolute immunity from undesirable associations. As a house it can be in every way as complete and convenient as a dwelling on shore, and in some respects (no fatiguing stairs for instance) it can be even superior; while as a boat, not even the largest yacht—when at anchor—can be considered in any particular a more satisfactory abode.

The house-boat has many features peculiar to itself and not shared by other pleasure craft. One of these is its inability to move from place to place without outside assistance. To some this might appear in the light of a deprivation, but by the genuine house-boater it is regarded as a privilege. And such indeed it is, for stability of location as well as stability of model all go to add to the enjoyable features of the "house" part of your craft without detracting from those of the "boat." The ability to change the location of your house when it is desirable to do so, and the lack of temptation to do so unless it is desirable, are items which have a very direct bearing on your comfort and enjoyment. Your naval architect, free from all problems involving centers of effort or sail-carrying power, has given you a form of hull in which great initial stability and prodigality of cubical contents have been most successfully combined. And your interior architect taking up the thread where his brother dropped it, has so divided, apportioned and decorated the space at his command, that it has become in arrangement a very marvel of convenience, and in design and adornment a realization of beauty in a

way which would not have been possible had the exigencies of boiler space or other means of self-propulsion entered into the calculations.

And the moving of the house-boat is not, after all, a matter of much difficulty. A skilful utilization of wind and tide and the assistance of a couple of men in a rowboat are often all that are necessary, except when great distances or too swiftly opposing currents have to be traversed and in such cases the ubiquitous towboat will take your hawser and bear you with rapid ease to your destination at an expense which, comparatively speaking, may be termed trivial.

But, it may be urged, to live on a boat and not be able to sail would be as incomplete as to live on shore and not be able to ride or drive. Before arriving at any such hasty conclusion there are many things which should be taken into consideration. At one moment (if such a conclusion has to be admitted at all) it is only a question of compensating advantages, and no houseboater will for a moment allow there is opportunity on that point for argument. You cannot but concede that, were you living on shore, you would not take your house for a ride or drive, but you would order your horse or your carriage. So, on the water, you do not take your house-boat for an outing, but if you wish to row you take one of your tenders. Should the breeze be propitious and sailing be the direction of your desire, your staunch, swift and uncapsizable single-hander hugs impatiently and pleadingly at her moorings near by. And what a boat! No example of an endeavor to crowd a quart into a pint measure is she. You have on your house-boat every accommodation you require for your residence, every comfort, every opportunity for ease. Your sailboat on the contrary is your opportunity for healthful and enjoyable work. Absolutely uncapsizable, a beautiful combination of the elements which insure safety and speed, what can compare with the pleasure of sailing in a craft like this, the tiller in your hand, and perhaps your own little boy at the sheet, proud of his responsible post and alert for your slightest order? As you speed away with a free sheet, your house-boat, with the absence flag flying at the cross-trees, looks fully as beautiful to your eyes as does your friend's big schooner, which has just come to an anchor outside you in the deeper and rougher water, and when, after a run to leeward, you haul on the wind for your homeward reach and your boy takes in the sheet until you stop him with a gruff "belay," you give her a good rap full and lay the lee rail well down to the water with no fear as to what may happen to pots and pans below, no smoke from galley fire to blow into your eyes, and no anxiety as to the cook's comfort, or the welfare of the soup, the joint or the pastry, for you know that on board that other craft which rides on an even keel over yonder your cook is busily happy, with your savory dinner sending its enticing odors from oven, pot and pan, and that if this breeze holds you will be there in less than half an hour to attack it.



"W. B.'s" HOUSE-BOAT, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

show a marked advantage in favor of the purse and temper of the house-boater.

One of the pleasantest of the larger English house-boats is owned by a retired East India merchant, and has, or had for its crew, three coolies. One is monarch of the kitchen, another looks after the "below deck" and the third is responsible for the "on deck" arrangements from entry port to signal halliards. This boat lies moored stem and stern so close to a bold bank in a lovely river that a swinging draw-bridge reaches from entry port to shore.

In another case of which the writer has very pleasant memories, a family house-boat with three staterooms, the service is most excellently rendered by a man and his wife, old and trusty servants of the

And then as you dispose your knees beneath the cabin table and enjoyably begin to assuage the pangs of your ravenous appetite, your memory may perhaps revert to many a jolly, even if uncomfortable, meal "underway" in your bygone yachting days. Assuredly as you contrast the now with the then, your infinite content with the present will not be diminished, and later, with a little choice Margeaux to moisten the post-prandial Havana, you will lay comfortably back in your easy chair, or loll on the transom cushions while your eyes wander with lazy content over your surroundings. There is ample roominess in your cabin, but that does not in the least detract from its air of coziness; and there are vases scattered about and filled with fragrant buds; while living ferns and flowers are growing in the hanging baskets and filling with perfume the ozone-laden air which enters through the cabin windows. And the last benison of the expiring day, the flood of sunshine which comes slantingly through the skylight, kindles the rugs on the floor with more vivid colors, lights up the open piano, glides the fireplace, flashes from the mirror, glorifies the pictures which are hung upon the wall, and laughs its approval of the ornaments on the mantelpiece, the knick-knacks scattered around, and the thousand and one accessories to comfort and enjoyment which, however out of place and impracticable on board a yacht, are in place,

to give a promenade and lounging place all the way round. From the roof at each end boat davits should extend to allow the tenders to be hoisted up for the night, which will prevent their getting alongside and making night hideous by bumping. Note—An ark is a sort of big bass drum and the slightest contact produces a sound in the stillness of the night "fit to wake the dead."

Under the eaves there should be a tank to hold water for the culinary department and another for the washstand, or one tank can easily be made to serve for both. These are filled by bringing a barrel of water alongside and pumping the water up into the tanks. On rivers and lakes of course this would be unnecessary. It is only on salt water that the barrel is requisite as an intermediary. The interior may be fitted up as elaborately or as plainly as fancy (or the purse) dictates. A good general plan is, a large living, dining and smoking room. From this a passage leads to the after gangway, having on one side the kitchen and pantry, and on the other a small room for a servant if one is kept. In some of our arks the "Jap" (all the ark servants are Japanese) goes ashore after the dishes are washed, and is seen no more until the next morning in time to get breakfast. While the "ark-nauts" are away, swimming or boating, or only loafing, the Jap puts things to rights, making beds, sweeping out, etc. These beds usually

architecture, but no two of them alike. In the evening the air is vocal with the twang of the mandolin, or the plunk of the more plebeian banjo, while the summer girl and her temporarily best fellow tune their voices in (more or less) melodious concord. Big hanging lamps throw their light through stained glass windows, and are reflected in the phosphorescent ripples as we row by on our way to visit a friend or sit on the verandas idly blowing the after-dinner cloud.

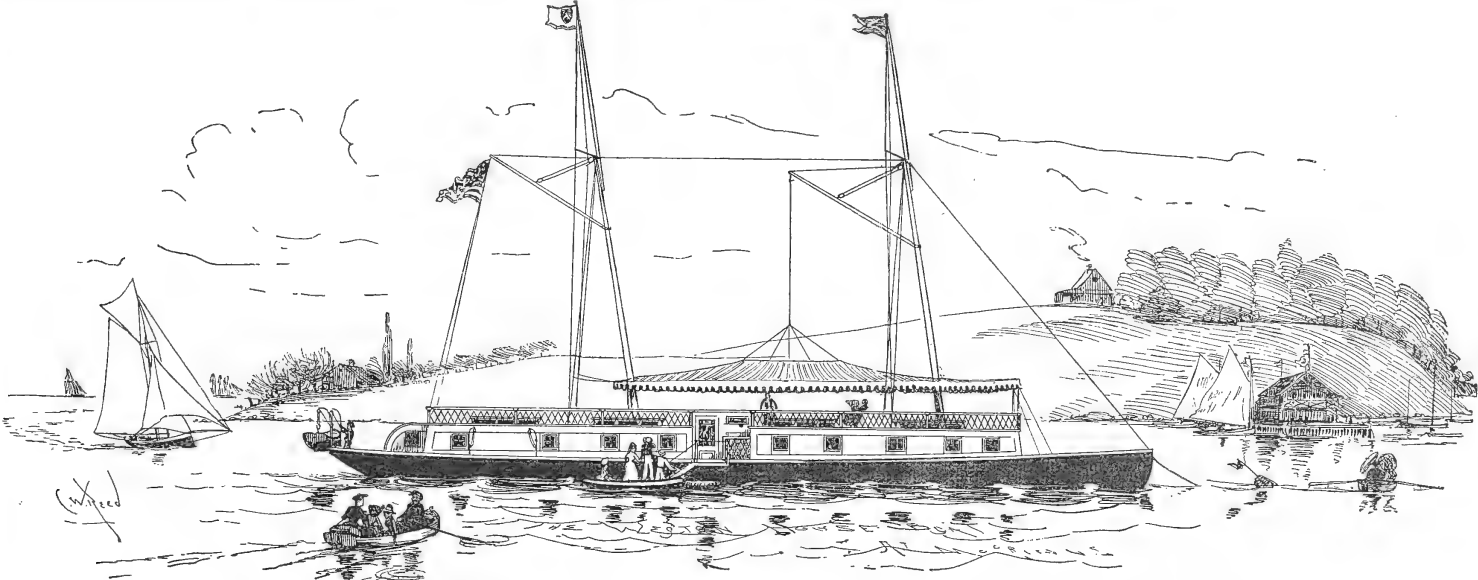
When one grows sleepy, the tender is hoisted up at the davits, the lights put out, we tumble into our bunks, and, lulled by the scarcely perceptible rocking of the ark, and the gentle lapping of the wavelets alongside, sleep as if that were our manifest destiny.

The accompanying plans show the sizes of the California ark, and may be useful to intending house-boaters in other localities.

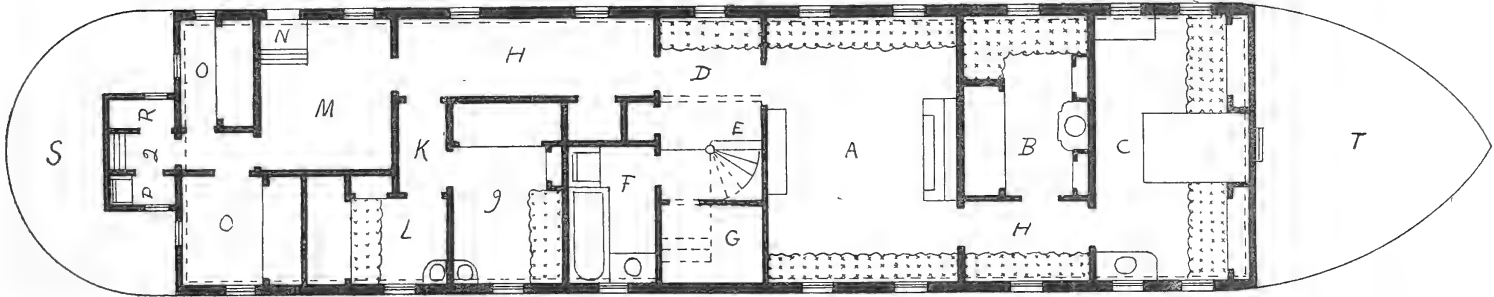
I have not attempted to go very deeply into details of construction, as that is a matter upon which any local shipwright or even house carpenter can furnish all desired information.

The smaller of these arks is calculated to accommodate two with some degree of comfort. The float is 8x16ft., the house 8x8, the quarter-deck, where smoaking is allowed, 6x8.

If built of inch stuff 1ft. wide with the seams covered with ornamental battens 3in. wide, the house will require only three roof timbers

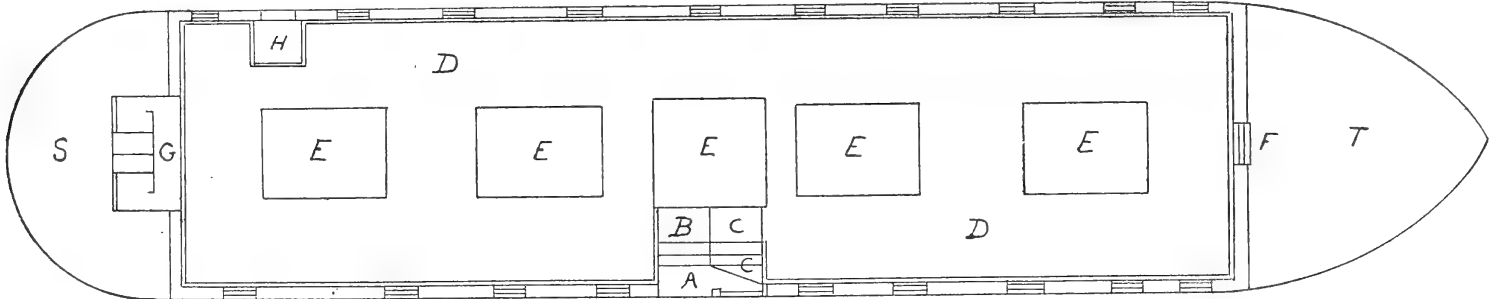


AT MOORINGS.



CABIN PLAN.

A, Saloon, 12x17, with piano, sideboard and transom sofas. B, Guests' stateroom, 8x12, with berth, sofa, 2 wardrobes and washstand. C, Family chamber, 10x17, with double bed, 2 sofas, 2 wardrobe bureau and washstand. D, Reception room, 6 1/2 x 8 1/2, with sofa. E, Stairs to entryport. F, Bath room, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, with w. c., washstand and bathtub. G, Store closets under entryport. H, Corridors. I, Stateroom 7x11 1/2, with 2 berths, washstand, wardrobe and sofa. M, Galley or kitchen, 8 1/2 x 9 1/2. N, Entry to galley. O, Servants' quarters, 4 berths. P, W. c. Q, After hatch. R, Icehouse. S, After deck. T, Forward deck



DECK PLAN.

A, Entryport. B, Cockpit. C, Steps to deck. D, Deck, 17ft. wide, 70ft. long. E, Monitor tops to skylights. F, Steps down to forward deck. G, Whaleback over hatch. H, Galley entryport. I, S, After deck (stores under). T, Forward deck (stores under).

THE WESTON HOUSE-BOAT.

practicable and eminently satisfactory, on board your well-appointed house-boat.

Just at the time when this article was first suggested, we received the following letter and the accompanying sketches and photos from an old and valued correspondent, a San Francisco yachtsman and a member of the house-boat colony of that city, his tiny craft being the second one from the right in the picture, with a yawl-rigged boat, the Muggamma Chuddee, beside it. The same small house-boat is shown in another view, with her owner and family and aforesaid Muggamma Chuddee on the beach. The letter:

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the FOREST AND STREAM has turned its attention to almost everything within its province with great impartiality—barring of course a weakness for cutters—there is one class of vessel that I think has not received all the notice its merits entitle it to. The merits and demerits, advantages and faults of the "hundred tonner" and "half rater," the canoe and the "sneak box" and the punt have all been discussed at length in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but as far as my knowledge extends the gentle, retiring and unobtrusive "ark" or "house-boat" has been singularly neglected. Being one of those who go down to the seaside in arks, it occurs to me to put in a small wee plea for this kind of aquatic property.

Some sort of description of the "house-boat" will, I suppose, be the proper thing at this juncture. Firstly, it consists of a float or flat-boat from 16 to 60ft. long (this and all other dimensions and details of this craft are governed by the length of the proprietor's purse) and from 8 to 40ft. wide, and from 17in. to 4ft. in depth. This is built entirely with an eye to strength and durability, and with no pretensions to model; the sides straight, the ends sloping at an angle and the deck perfectly flush and level. Upon this floating foundation is erected a structure about 8ft. high at the eaves, and from 6in. to a foot higher in the center. There should be no ridge, but the roof should extend in an easy curve from side to side and be covered with painted canvas like a steamer's deck. This will shed water like a duck's back in the heaviest rain storms. The eaves may be carried out over the sides and ends for shelter if desired, and the deck should be so carried out

consist of a couple of bunks in each corner of the main room as wide as an ordinary double bed, with spring mattresses and all the modern improvements, curtained off and affording accommodations for eight sleepers if necessary.

As to the cost of this affair, it, like the dimensions, is a matter to be regulated by the financial ability of the projector. I know one that cost complete, considerably less than \$200, and another whose owner didn't get off much under \$3,000. One of the best we have was built by the owner and his friends (clerks in stores) in their spare time. It took a good while to do it, and I'm not at all sure her owner ever will stop work on it, but he and his friends have been living in it all this season. An ark can be just as simple and plain, and just as elaborate and as ornate as you please, so long as the "boat" part is well built, tight, and strong all its well: that is the *sine qua non*, there must be no skimping of material there. The spikes must be long enough to hold the planks, and the planks thick enough to hold the spikes and the caulking.

Now as to the uses of the ark, they are diverse, but governed, of course, largely by the environment; one may be towed up some quiet stream where the fishing is good, or where milk and eggs are within call, and left in charge of madam and the young ones, who can amuse themselves rowing, swimming, or doing nothing, while paterfamilias lies him to the neighboring railway station on his way to the city and slavery. As the headquarters of a hunting party the ark may be moored in some quiet bay or creek, or on some lake far enough from shore to avoid the blood-thirsty mosquito, but near enough to allow one to place himself in touch with civilization through the medium of the telegraph and railway whenever it becomes necessary.

My own ark is moored in a beautiful landlocked cove about five miles from the city, half a mile from the ferry, and a quarter of a mile or so from the yacht club house, and under the shelter of a high promontory which effectually protects us from the trade winds, and the summer fogs, which roll in like a dense curtain through the Golden Gate, almost every afternoon. This protecting bluff is covered on its lee side with a dense growth of "tejon" and scrub oak, from amidst which peep out dozens of more or less pretentious villas; anchored about me in all directions are some twenty arks of various styles of

and a frame of 2x8 scantling at deck and eaves to nail the top and bottom of the siding to, and a piece tying the corner posts together to prevent the roof over the quarter-deck from springing; the roof covered with light canvas and well painted will not leak in a deluge. This thing can be sculled at a respectable speed if it becomes necessary to move to avoid paying "ground rent" or taxes, or meeting your creditors.

The other structure is intended for the use of any number up to eight, being double the length and width of the first. Her strength would have to be proportionately increased, while the finish, appointments and cost may be carried to any extreme prompted by your purse or experience. Her framing would have to be much more elaborate than in the case of the smaller one, being, in fact, not unlike that of a small house.

I will not attempt to give any estimate of cost, as figures based upon the market here would be of little or no value to the majority of your readers.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The following letter takes us from San Francisco to Florida:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose sketch of a boat or scow that I used on Indian River a few winters since. Of course it is quite different from the house-boat seen on the Thames, about Kingston and Richmond, but then the cost was no comparison.

On reaching Daytona, Fla., I at first thought of buying or chartering some cabin boat and living on her through the winter, but I remembered the sleepless nights and contracted quarters on such a craft when in Florida years before, and concluded to try a new plan.

Securing the services of a good house-carpenter (boat-builders want their own way) I selected some well seasoned hard pine at the local saw mill, and in a week's time we had a scow 24x8, all caulked and bottom covered with tar, and a house high enough for head room 7ft., of thin stuff plowed and matched, roof slightly crowned, covered with drilling and two good coats of paint, making it weather proof; windows and doors I bought ready made at a small cost. I then pur-

chased at the local stores an outfit of bedsted (full size) mattress, covering, etc., together with an oil-stove and a few cooking utensils, groceries, etc., I was all ready to move into my new quarters. Of course the boat was the subject of much adverse criticism from the natives, and I was the recipient of no end of advice, but I had built boats before and was used to that sort of thing.

For a tender I bought a well-proportioned little skiff or "flatie" about 14ft long. She was easy to row, and by putting in a small centerboard and rigging up a spritsail, I found I had no occasion to use the oars when there was a breeze, which was almost every day. The nights were usually calm except during a norther. I was fortunate in securing an old mushroom or mud anchor and some fathoms of chain, enough to hold the craft in any situation I was likely to be anchored.

To abbreviate, I found the boat a great success, anchoring far enough out in the river to insure quiet. I spent a few days at each town along the river, dropping down with the tide gradually, as far as the Inlet, from this to Mosquito, some 12 or 15 miles. I was towed by one of the small steamboats running between Daytona and Titusville, at a moderate cost.

Mosquito Lagoon is pretty wide and exposed, so I worked down to the Haulover Canal with a favoring north wind and through into Indian River, and across to Titusville. Here I anchored some two weeks, and securing an old spar and piece of canvas I rigged up quite a respectable mast and square sail, and bolting a lee board on each side, I found with any kind of fair or quartering wind my houseboat was as manageable as some catboats. I steered with a large oar on a pin over the stern.

From Titusville I cruised the entire river almost, as far as St. Lucie and Eden, stopping as long as I felt inclined at the various places en route. I was obliged to return North unexpectedly and sold my en-

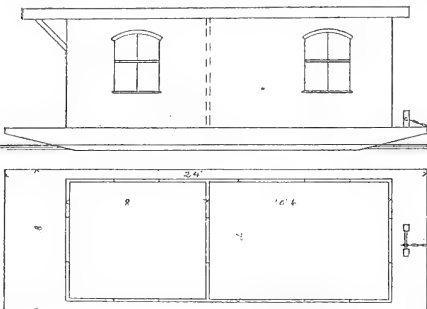
kept a little dark. This well should have a cover or lid and should be placed where it is least in the way.

The shanty-boat can be moved with very little trouble in water not less than 6in. by fastening the stern of your skiff tightly to the front end of the shanty-boat, leaving no slack, as this has a tendency to draw your skiff back at every stroke of the oars. Now, get into your skiff, and by long, steady strokes your boat will glide along faster than you have any idea of.

In the winter, when I shoot ducks over the air-holes in the ice, I put

in the last few years—being an idle man. Consequently, I was very well acquainted with love and marriage—as mirrored in these precious productions—and talked fluently on the subject, though little versed in society small-talk.

Suddenly, I know not why or whence, only that it was my fate, I felt a wild desire surge up in me to make love to this woman. I tried to stifle it—I might as well have attempted to stay the flow of Niagara. My tongue seemed to separate itself from me—to begin a separate existence. In a dazed way I listened to what it said, as though it was



A FLORIDA HOUSE-BOAT.

tire outfit at almost first cost to a man clearing a piece of land for pineapples, who, I learned afterward, hauled the boat on shore and made it a permanent residence.

Regarding the cost, as near as I can remember, boat all complete, tender, anchor, sail, etc., cost about \$150. I am sure my expenses for groceries and other eatables were not over \$1.50 or \$1.75 weekly. Fish, oysters, oranges, etc., cost nothing, visitors being usually allowed to help themselves to oranges lying on the ground in most of the groves. Occasionally the mosquitoes were troublesome, but I had a good net and never lost my sleep on their account. I would add that the boat was divided into two rooms, forward being the reception and sleeping room, and aft the kitchen and general repair shop.

Any one wintering on Indian River will get more comfort from this plan than living at a hotel or cramped up on a sail boat or yacht. The scow dived but tin. Perhaps after a year or two she might have settled deeper in the water, but not much.

E. D.

The following description of a hunter's "shanty-boat," which comes to us from Cincinnati, is likely to prove useful to many of our readers, as it is easily constructed at a very small cost:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the columns of your valuable paper that the houseboat or shanty-boat (as it is more commonly called) has come into question. For the benefit of those who can afford to spend a few weeks shooting

it on runners and take it within 100yds. of the air-hole. If there is a little snow on the ice I cover the entire boat, windows and all, with white muslin, which makes the boat almost invisible. Then after covering myself with a bed sheet I take a small stool with me and walk to the edge of the air-hole and place my decoy on the ice; I would only have to get about 10ft. from these to be unseen by the ducks.

I have killed many ducks in this way, the most of them being gold-eyes and geese, the latter I only used for feathers. If I got cold I would only have to go to the boat to get warm and would be back in five minutes. When the day's shooting was done I would take out my skiff, which was also on runners, and slide off into the water and gather in my game.

When spring began to show I would strip my boat of her muslin and take her to some secluded spot near the mouth of a creek, for these creeks afford good feeding grounds for the pintails and mallards in the spring, when the ice is breaking up. When the shooting was over and I wished to return, I would put my skiff inside of the shanty-boat, lock her up and give the key to some near farmer, paying him a little to go through her occasionally. When the next season came she was all ready. I always build my own boats. DUCK-HAWK.

Our various correspondents have depicted the pleasures of a houseboat life in glowing colors, but there is an obverse side, and in justice to those of our readers who may be tempted to become "arkonauts," we cannot do other than describe it to them through the following pathetic tale from the *Lock to Lock Times* by Mr. F. Whelan Boyle, of

"THE FATAL HOUSE-BOAT."

It was just four years ago, the second month of a lovely summer. June had supplied a foretaste of a gorgeous July. I was fond of boating; indeed, I was more than fond of it—it was a passion with me, and at this time of year I almost lived upon the water, punting about by myself generally, or lazily lolling in the stern of a little skiff of which I was the owner, skipper and crew.

I had heard of Henley, of course. I had pictured to myself the delights of the regatta week, but never till then did I think seriously of sharing them. At last I had made up my mind that I would go, and for one brief week enjoy the water carnival.

Once at Henley, surrounded by the life and color which in July makes it an elysium where those favored of God may disport themselves, I was carried away by the airy joyousness of the place. I declare after a few hours I felt positively happy, and when I met Jones of St. Johns—we had been at Cambridge together—I shook his hand quite cordially. He asked me where I was staying. I happened to be putting up at a quiet little hotel a few miles from the town.

"What?" said Jones when I told him, "Why, you miss half the fun, my boy. A houseboat is positively the only thing here. I tell you what. We have a vacant berth in the Winkle; Brown—you remember Brown of Trinity—has disappointed us; come and take his place and I promise you we will make you jolly."

I went on board almost immediately, if indeed it can be called going on board, a craft that has little in common with a boat except that it floats. The Winkle was one of the handsomest establishments on the river—a veritable little palace, and yet not so little, neither, for there were twelve of us on board, and we were by no means crowded. We were as well constituted a party, myself excepted, as any hostess could wish. Six ladies of various ages were complemented by six men, also of various ages. Two of the former were married, one being the mother of Jones, whose father was also on board. Two Misses Jones and two other young ladies completed the fairer portion of the party. The men were of the regulation pattern—just the same as one would expect to meet—and they did not interest me. I wish to goodness they had. Why did Providence place on board that fatal boat five utterly common-place men, with no ideas beyond stocks and shares or a good dinner, and half a dozen young women—not beautiful—but, still, women. It was evening—a lovely summer evening, deepening into night—than which nothing I know is more delightful. Numberless Japanese lanterns shed a soft light upon the river. The strains of a piano mingled with the more decided tones of a banjo, and a rich tenor voice chanted a nigger melody from a boat near. We were all on the roof, dinner being but just over, in *solitudes a deux* for the most part, as far as the limits of a houseboat deck admitted of solitude.

I sat at the feet of the younger Miss Jones, who was gracefully distributed over the surface of a commodious deck chair. When I say distributed I mean the reader to understand that the younger Miss Jones—Bessie as her name—was of somewhat large proportions. I was smoking, Mam'selle Bessie liked it, she said, and so did I, for though I was an inveterate smoker that particular cigar seemed sweeter to me than any I had ever consumed. We talked of various things, of the river and boating, of course. Then we proceeded to discuss the latest novel, one with a purpose, if I am not mistaken. Marriage was its theme. Naturally, we discussed marriage. I had read most of the yellow-backed absurdities which had been published

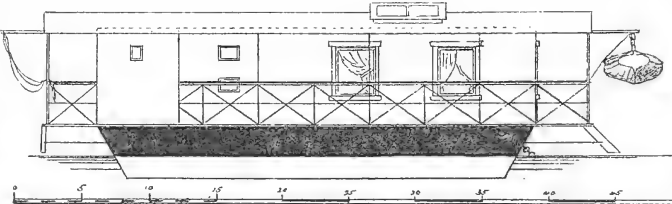
a strange voice; heard, appalled, the flood of amorous words I was compelled to utter. So did Miss Jones—that is, at first. Whether she had had more experience in this kind of thing than myself I cannot presume to say. Anyhow, after the first burst of passion, of which I was the unwilling mouthpiece and hearer, she smiled demurely, muttered something about "so sudden" and began softly to stroke my hair.

I was horror-stricken; and when my fiendish tongue said in a low, seductive whisper, "Will you be mine, dearest?" I almost shrieked.

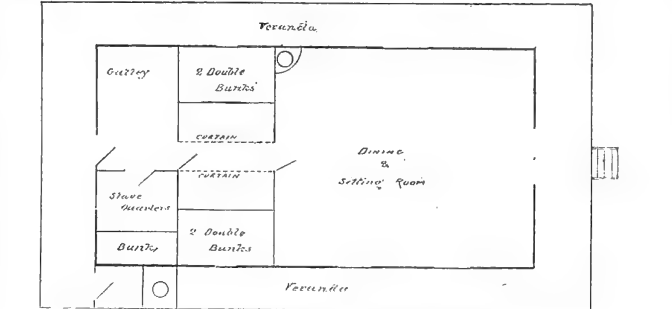
She said she would. She confessed that her young heart (her young heart, indeed! She was thirty as surely as she was a woman) had gone out to me from the first moment we met. It was very sudden, though, and I had better wait a month or two before I spoke to papa.

I would have said—if my tongue had permitted me—that I would cheerfully wait, not only a paltry month or two, but a year or two, or a century or two. As it was, I murmured in a regretful voice, "So long!" and bid her good-night.

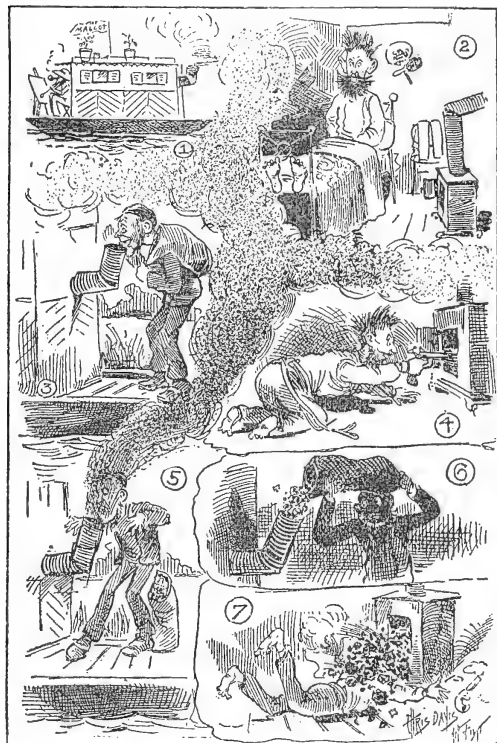
How shall I describe the horrors of that week? If it had ended at the younger Miss Jones it would have been bad enough, and though it might have indicated incipient insanity, I should not have been past



SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE-BOAT, No. 1.



SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE-BOAT, No. 2.

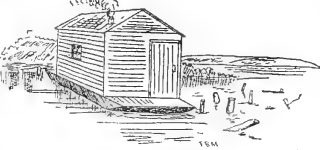


LIFE ON A HOUSE-BOAT.

1. Archibald Fitzplutter studies Thames scenery from his houseboat. 2. He is awakened one night by hearing a sepulchral voice in his sleeping apartment. 3. 'Tis but the harmless voice of the coalman, who has been delayed on his journey and arrives after dusk. 4. Fitzplutter, who is rather nervous, aimlessly fires up the chimney. 5. The chimney being rather foul, the result somewhat astonishes the "coaler." 6. A cry of vengeance is lifted, also the coals. 7. And they are shot down on Mr. Fitzplutter, who has a painful impression that he is taking part in one of Brock's benefits.

each fall and spring and wish to get all the possible comfort and pleasure out of it at a very little expense, let me say, build a shanty-boat on the lake on which you are accustomed to shoot. I have spent six winters in one of these boats on the St. Mary's Reservoir, O., and find it the most comfortable way of living where one does a great deal of shooting. My boat is 18x28ft, inside the cabin with a deck of 4ft. at each end, also a door at each end, and a window on each side. This boat is fitted up with four bunks, a cook stove, pantry, leaf-table and stools. There is plenty of room under the decks to put decoys, etc., when your boat is locked up.

A shanty-boat is not complete without a well. This should be 2x1ft. and 2ft. deep. Slops, etc., can be thrown through this which will immediately settle at the bottom of the water. It will rarely, if ever, freeze in the coldest weather. I have also taken some fine fish for food through the well in my boat; they can not see into the boat if it is



A HUNTER'S SHANTY-BOAT.

all hope. But it was far, far worse than that. I seemed to be consumed with unmeaning love for every female creature with whom I came in contact. I say seemed, for I felt none of it. I could not believe for five minutes alone with a woman without expressing an extravagant passion for her, and deluging her with sickly sentimentalities.

The second day I proposed to the elder Miss Jones, who accepted me (there couldn't have been much confidence between the sisters), and to the two other young ladies, who didn't. The third, still unsatisfied, I laid siege, in tongue alone—for I was as innocent of wrong as any man—to Mrs. Jones, and suggested elopement. On the fourth I was kicked out of the boat during the progress of an important race, and my luggage thrown into the river. On the fifth, as I was on my knees vowing all kinds of love to the chambermaid at the hotel where I had gone on my eviction from the Winkle, my father entered the room and led me gently away.

I have never spoken to a woman from that day to this. As long as there are women in the world I must never re-enter it. I bear no enmity against the sex, far from it, but I believe that if I were to meet with the man who introduced me to the amorous atmosphere of that fatal houseboat in some quiet corner my madness would take some other and more violent form than that which now distinguishes it.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

The annual Fast Day race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed on April 6 over the following course: Around a flagboat off the Marine pier, leaving it on starboard; around a mark off the middle shaft, leaving it on the starboard; thence to finish; five miles. There were ten starters, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katydid, J. F. Small.....	15.00	2 08 45	0 83 45
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins.....	14.11	2 10 56	0 55 51
Transit, S. N. Small.....	14.09	2 15 13	0 59 58
Annie, E. H. Rich.....	14.08	2 16 36	1 01 16
Tuxedo, O. B. Greenlaw.....	14.03	2 17 20	1 01 45
Bubble, J. B. Bullard.....	14.11	2 24 00	1 02 06
Bother, L. P. Helsier.....	14.10	2 27 24	1 02 14
Iota, J. T. Powers.....	14.00	2 27 59	1 14 50
Cutty Lark, M. M. Torrance.....	14.08	Withdraw.	
Princess, S. Ware.....	14.10	Withdraw.	

The judges were Thomas A. McGuire, W. O. Elliott, W. F. Berry, and James Bertram.

The Seavanhaka Cor. Y. C. has chartered the steamer *Albertina* for the use of its members on the day of the naval parade, April 27, the boat to leave the foot of Twentieth street, North River, at 10:30 A. M. The club has started a class of instruction in "First Aid to the injured," under the direction of Fleet Surgeon J. West Roosevelt.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

TARPOX SPRINGS, Fla., April 1.—Some weeks ago the Edgewater Y. C. got up a regatta and invited the Tarpon Springs Y. C. to participate. Our boats accepted, went down to Dunellen and won each of the four prizes. Last week our regatta committee held a meeting and made arrangements for a union regatta, to be sailed on the Gulf of Mexico April 8. The day was perfect and the steamer Ellen made it easy for the townspeople to go down and see the regatta. As Com. Phinney was still confined to his room the Silver King and Imp were out of the race unless some friend sailed them, but Mr. Clemson had the Silver King rigged and found a crew to sail her to victory.

The preparatory whistle was blown at 10 o'clock P. M.: five minutes later the starting whistle informed the boys they must start within 5m. Rear-Com. Noblit, as usual, rushed the Lucie B. over the line first, followed by the Silver King, the balance of the boats going over well-bunched together.

It was a beat to the first flag and Capt. Roberts quickly showed the boys what the Silver King could do by rounding first; then with sheets broad off he pushed her around the buoy, jibed over and rounded the starting point, making the first 4-mile run 5m. quicker than the Lucie B., who was well ahead of the balance of the fleet.

The wind had hauled to northwest and the tide began to run out strong, yet, strange to say, the sailing master of the Winnie Davis was the only man to notice the change and took such advantage of the tide and wind as would give him the second prize, much to the disgust of the others, who had badly beaten the Winnie Davis on the pier-head before the race started. The result shows that talk is cheap and the best judgment wins.

The Silver King has been called the Boston bean-pot, but if her shape does not suit people she seems able to show her stern to all the boats on the west coast, both large and small. The result of this regatta proves that you can't most always sometimes tell who will win the prizes until the returns are in. Before the start the owner of one boat was so sure that with Capt. Cook and 10m. 38s. allowance he could win first prize that he kindly offered to refund the prize he was to win back to the club, but at best he could only get his boat into fourth place, and lost that prize by fouling the stake. Summary:

Silver King, Phinney	16.09	1 11 30	3 01 42	1 50 12	1 43 41
Cynthia, Smith	21.06	1 13 00	3 13 00	2 00 00	1 59 28
Lucie B., Noblit	17.11	1 10 22	3 07 52	1 57 30	1 52 41
Topsy, Clemson	15.10	1 11 28	3 15 52	2 04 14	1 56 13
Winnie Davis, Handy	18.07	1 12 12	3 07 38	1 55 26	1 51 25
Mercury, Rubelmann	19.06	1 14 16	withdrew		
Dennis, Disston	14.03	1 11 45	3 16 30	2 04 35	1 54 02
Gregg, Gregg	19.09	1 13 38	3 10 25	1 55 55	1 54 25

First prize, Silver King; second, Winnie Davis; third, Lucie B.; fourth, Gregg. Regatta Committee, Phinney, Disston, Noblit, Knapp, Clemson. Judges, N. S. Patten, L. T. Safford. PAYSON.

The Cup Races.

The following letters have passed between Lord Dunraven and Mr. J. D. Smith:

MARCH 25, 1893.
DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst. The conditions for sailing the matches for the America's Cup are quite satisfactory, and the only suggestion I have to make is that perhaps six hours is rather a short time for completing a leeward and windward race. I may take this opportunity of pointing out the desirability of distinguishing the stakeboat or marks by some large flag, which should not be an ensign or any other flag likely to be flown by any tug or vessel watching the races.

As regards dates, I should be very willing to curtail the time necessary in trying the yachts competing to defend the Cup or for preparing the selected vessels for the races, but I would point out that if the first race is not sailed until Oct. 5 it will be getting very late in the season for the voyage home by the time the Valkyrie can be fitted out for sea. As you will have the whole summer before you, I should be glad if your committee can see the way to fixing the date for the first race about the middle of September, or as soon after as convenient.

I hope I may be able to get across in time to see some of your regattas and trial races, which will be interesting. Thanking you and your committee for your most kind offers of assistance, I remain yours very faithfully,
JAMES D. SMITH, Esq.

Chairman Smith sent the following reply: NEW YORK, April 12, 1893.

MY LORD: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of March 25. The suggestion you made therein will receive the consideration of the committee. I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,
JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman America Cup Committee.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.
The work on the four Cup defenders is progressing very satisfactorily now. The Paine boat is nearly half platted. The Stewart & Binney boat will go ahead rapidly now that the steel for keel and floors has been received, as the frames and deck beams are all bent. The Rogers boat, whose beam is now given as 24ft., with a draft of probably 15, is plated, riveted up and decks are partly laid, so that she should be ready for launching in about 10 days, or a couple of weeks earlier than first proposed. The Morgan-Iselin boat is in frame.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Com. Colt, owner of the schooner Dauntless has been sued by Arthur B. Clafin for \$7,400 for alleged damages to the steam yacht Puzzle, chartered by Com. Colt in October, 1889. The owner of the Puzzle claims that the yacht was run aground, damaged and finally abandoned at Punta Rassa, Fla. Com. Colt, in denying this charge, claims a sum of \$6,100; \$2,600 paid for charter, \$8,800 for repairs and \$700 for a yacht to complete the cruise in after the Puzzle proved unseaworthy. At the request of Com. Colt Judge Barrett has commissioned E. Q. Locke, at Key West, Fla., to take evidence.

Lieut. Wm. Henn has written to the London Times in eulogy of the Life Saving Service of the United States, as well as lighthouse service. Lieut. Henn had occasion to make a practical test of the Life Saving Service off the Florida coast two or three years since, and in the present letter he shows that he is neither forgetful nor ungrateful.

The new edition of "Manning's Yacht Circular," in addition to the usual large list of yachts for sale, contains a very complete run to the water routes between New York and Chicago, with charts of the lakes and canals, tables of distances and full information as to tolls, pilotage, lockage and anchorage at Chicago.

Random, steam yacht, designed by Geo. F. Lawley and built by the Lawley Co. for F. B. McQuesten, was launched on April 13.

The date of the Knickerbocker Y. C. open regatta has been changed to Wednesday, June 14 in place of June 17.

Onedra, steam yacht, E. C. Benedict, sailed from Nassau for Havana on April 6.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

Com. W. H. Cotton offers as a prize for a special race to be sailed at the meet in August a set of silk signal flags, to be competed for under the following conditions: Open to general purpose or cruising canoes; distance, 3 miles; time limit, 2 hours; sail limit, 55ft.; ordinary single drop centerboard or leeboards for open canoes; open canoes to be classed as cruisers.

American and Canadian railroads have arranged a rate of fare and one-third for return; canoes and duffle up to 150lbs. in the United States and up to 200lbs. in Canada free, as baggage.

The Year Book is half printed and will shortly be issued. It will contain a very good portrait of ex-Com. Winne. Miss E. Pauline Johnson has written a poem specially for the 1893 book.

The Cataract C. C., of Kingston, had an enthusiastic meeting last week for election of officers. The boys seem determined to win what they can to make things pleasant at the meet. A large camp may be expected.

The new and fast steamer Empire State will run from Clayton to camp daily, leaving Clayton at 10:30 A. M., and returning will leave camp at 4:30 P. M., doing the 15 miles in one hour.

Au Sable River, Mich.

SAGINAW, Mich., April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: In "Canoe News Notes" in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 16 Mr. H. A. Batsford recommends the Au Sable River, of this State, for the canoe trip. The writer with one or two companions, contemplated this trip for the past three seasons, but were deterred by reports of logs in the river, which, it was said, would in all probability bring the trip to an ignominious end. Will Mr. Batsford kindly say, if he can, if there is any danger from this source, and, if so, at what season or part of the season it is greatest? Our object would be the scenery, canoeing and the ride down a rapid river, in this case from Grayling to the mouth. Any information from the gentleman above referred to or from any one who may be posted will greatly oblige
THOS. SMITH.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE meeting of the Associated Canoe Clubs of the Passaic River was held on April 12 at the Arlington C. C. house, the following delegates being present: L. Crowell and E. C. Shepard, Arlington C. C.; G. P. Douglass, Lanthe C. C.; W. H. Smiley, George Manley and T. E. Perley, Orange C. C.; T. Frost, Hoboken C. C., and D. W. Bain, Rutherford C. C. Frank McLees of Rutherford was elected chairman of the association for the coming year and William H. Smiley of Orange secretary. The Jersey City C. C. tendered its resignation as a member of the association. It was decided to hold the annual meet at Dundee Lake from May 27 to 30 inclusive. The following committees were appointed: Regatta Committee, T. Frost, Chairman, Hoboken; G. Manley, Orange, and B. R. Roome, Arlington. Camp Site Committee, D. W. Bain, Chairman, Rutherford; G. L. Crowell, Arlington, and G. P. Douglass, Lanthe.

The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. will have an extensive exhibit in the Fisheries building at the Fair, including eight boats as follows: Scarecrow (Vol-au-Vent); Genie, special sailing St. Lawrence River skiff; Grade, a St. Lawrence River fishing skiff; Lake Champlain square stern rowboat, English Thames rowboat; yacht tender; Ahdeck, "general purpose" sailing canoe; Canadian paddling canoe. All have silver or gold-plated special fittings, and some have imported white and red silk sails. The Scarecrow has a polished brass fin-plate and rudder, and her decks and cockpit are of fine mahogany.

A meeting of the Eastern Division was held on April 12 in Hartford, at which it was decided to hold the division meet at Haddam Island, from June 16 to 19 inclusive, the races taking place on June 17. The regatta committee includes Raymond Appollonio, E. H. Barney and F. P. Sherwood.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: John T. Richards, Gardiner, Me. ATLANTIC DIVISION: Israel P. Libbey, Washington, D. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

RIFLE NOTES.

Don't forget the meeting of delegates, which takes place to-morrow evening (Friday, 21st) at No. 12 St. Mark's place. All shooting societies are included in the call.

The Independent New York Corps will visit Chicago and the Fair in the week ending July 6. On July 4 the society will give a banquet to the Chicago shooters.

The Independent Corps has decided to cast its influence in favor of the United Eastern Schuetzen Bund. This act makes the possibility of the grand festival in 1894 more of a certainty.

If the three members of the Harlem Club who have expressed a desire to meet three of New York's best marksmen would consent to chip in for a trophy, they could no doubt get on a match that would test the relative merits of both aperture sights and their holding ability. What do you say, Harlem?

The Miller Rifle Club closed its winter gallery shoot for class medals last Wednesday. The winners for the season are as follows: First class, D. Miller; second class, F. Kloepping; third class, A. Stadler.

The Greenville Rifle Club is unfortunate in having several of its members on the sick list. Jas. Dodds is down with pneumonia, and his friends are much worried as to his condition. Only three members met for the Friday night shoot on the 14th inst. C. H. Chevant made 245, W. C. Collins 242, C. Boag 242.

Mr. C. B. Bishop, of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, left New York last week for an extensive trip through the South.

The German-American Rifle Club, with headquarters at C. Horney's, No. 122 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn, will hold a prize shoot on April 23 and 24. The programme calls for 13 prizes, ranging from \$15 to \$2, three tickets for \$1, two best to count.

Expert Shooting.

THE three days' rifle tournament held by the Harlem Rifle Club at the headquarters, 2,100 Third avenue, was brought to a successful close on Monday night, the 17th inst. The Harlem Club, while not large in membership, is fortunate in having a few energetic and progressive leaders, who find their greatest pleasure in the use of the rifle, and when the cares of an active business life will permit their hours for recreation are devoted to this sport. The scores of the shooters competing for the club prizes show remarkable excellence. The 6 shots in the scores of Henry Holges and M. Dorrier were all on the circumference of a lead pencil. In the case of Mr. Dorrier's it required a glass to decide whether the shots were centers (25) or not. As we remarked in our "Rifle Notes" last week the riflemen who visited the Harlem Club during the tournament were treated in a most hospitable manner. The gentlemen of the reception committee made a most elaborate outlay in the way of refreshments. That their labors were appreciated goes without saying. All the prominent shooting societies in and about New York will be found represented on the prize list, which is appended. 3 shots per ticket, possible 75, 2 best to count, 2m. bulleye, ¼ in. center. All ties divided, prizes ranged from \$30 down to \$2:

H. Holges	75 75—150	C. G. Zettler	71 73—144
W. Rosenbaum	74 75—149	M. Ellis	71 73—143
J. Bodenstab	74 74—148	V. Krayer	70 72—142
C. Hutench	74 74—148	G. W. Plaisted	70 72—142
M. Dorrier	74 74—148	J. Rehban	69 71—140
B. Walther	73 74—147	H. Zettler	69 71—140
J. A. Roynen	73 74—147	L. Vogel	68 71—139
F. Fisher	73 74—147	C. E. Bird	68 71—139
G. Zettler	72 74—146	E. Kelbie	68 71—139
F. Ross	73 73—146	V. Horn	69 70—139
E. W. Busby	72 73—145		

Turtle Bay Club.

THE Turtle Bay Club had its annual Thursday night shoot at the club's headquarters on the 16th inst., under the leadership of Capt. Geo. E. Jantzer. The members continue to roll up good scores. The following scores were made by the members present, 10 shot scores, 3 scores to count:

George E. Jantzer	243 245 246	W. Steine	228 237 240
J. Oclis, Jr.	242 245 245	J. Oberle	229 236 238
H. Walter	240 245 247	J. Kramerer	228 236 239

Miller Rifle Club.

THE members of the Miller Rifle Club met at headquarters on Wednesday night, the 13th inst., and had a lively contest for the medal, presented by Captain Fisher. David Miller succeeded in making the winning score in this week's competition.

The scores are appended; 10 shots, possible 250: Capt. E. Fisher 243, D. Miller 241, F. Kloepping 239, P. Lieht 230, M. Kruse 231, M. Suhl 237, M. Meyers 236, E. W. Dewey 230, J. Flugh 230, H. Vanderheyden 229, W. Prine 227.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Zettler Club on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., was fairly well attended. The shooting of the members was as usual well up toward the possible. The scores are appended below: M. Dorrier 240, Henry Holges 249, R. Busse 245, M. B. Engel 245, C. G. Zettler 243, G. W. Plaisted 243, B. Zettler 242, Gus Nowak 242, S. Heintz 235.

Empire Rifle Club.

THE members of the Empire Club held their regular Tuesday night medal shoot, at the St. Mark's Place range. The scores appended in their order: Wm. Rosenbaum 240, Chas. Zettler, Jr. 240, W. Miller 235, A. Rosestrauss 238, H. Yettler 238, M. Meisenholder 235.

Harlem Rifle Club.

THE regular Friday night (April 14) shoot of the Harlem Club was held at headquarters, No. 2,100 Third avenue. The following scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: C. H. Hutch 248, J. A. Boyken 245, J. Bodenstab 244, V. Krayer 244, W. H. Cochran 241, E. W. Busby 236.

Rifle in Milwaukee.

THE Milwaukee Rifle Club's practice over the 200yds. range last week resulted as follows:

Stanhope	76 75 75—229	Story	75 70 71—216
Campbell	70 78 72—220	Petit	67 50 72—198

BADGER.

The Revolver Championship.

WITH both Messrs. Petty and Heintz ready and anxious to battle for the possession of the Wipans trophy and the revolver championship at the agreed date on Thursday last, the match did not come off. Through a misunderstanding the official targets did not reach the shooting gallery, and so after a fair wait some very pretty practice targets were made. The shooting displayed fully justified Mr. Petty's prediction that he was going to reduce the record both for single shots, for strings of 6 and perhaps on the grand total of the 18 counting shots. The delay in the regular championship record is to be regretted, particularly as it came about through no neglect of the contestants, but rather to their serious annoyance. Another day fixed and a care to have no repetition of the blunder will add another chapter to the story of the Wipans trophy and open the way for another of the line of challenging applicants.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., April 15.—The following shows the weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending to-day, conditions 100yds., strictly off-hand, standard American targets:

J. S. Wood	6 7 8 9 9 6 8 9 8 7—76
A. J. Yergey	9 6 4 4 10 9 10 9 8 7—77
A. S. Gardiner	8 5 9 7 8 7 5 7 8 7—73
W. Gilbert	6 4 7 4 5 9 8 5 9 4—61

N. GILBERT, Sec.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

April 25.—Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League, second tournament, at New London.

April 25.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, under auspices of the Amsterdam Gun Club.

April 25-27.—Third grand tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, Wilmington, Delaware. C. C. Kurtz, Sec'y.

April 27.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club, live bird and target tournament.

May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.

May 2-4.—Williamsport (Pa.) Gun Club annual tournament.

May 3.—West Shore Gun Club tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.

May 4-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.

May 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association target tournament, at Passaic, N. J.

May 9-12.—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament; \$2,000 cash guaranteed.

May 16-17.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, Lansing, Mich.

May 16-19.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Lansing, Mich.

May 17-18.—West Newburg Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburg, N. Y.

May 20-21.—Anaconda (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

May 21-22.—Anaconda (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.

May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsman's Association, Omaha, Neb. F. O. Parmlee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.

May 30.—Moxleywood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Springfield, N. J.

May 30.—Sportsmen's Gun Club tournament, at Wilkingsburg, Pa.

May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.

June —.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.

June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.

June 20-21.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.

June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peekskill, N. Y.

July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.

July 4.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament at Amsterdam, N. Y., under auspices of Riverview Gun Club. Rob't M. Hartley, President.

July.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at St. Louis, Mo.

August.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. B. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburg.

October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Baltimore, Md.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

CLEVELAND, O., April 10.—We are desirous of forming an idea of the improvement in the skill of trap-shooters of the country, and at the same time revive the good old style of shooting from five unknown traps, one man up, and in order to obtain these results we offer four prizes of \$25 each to be contested for one each month during the season of May, June, July and August. The conditions of the contest are to be as follows: The race is to be a team race of four men to a team, all to be bona fide members of the same regularly organized gun club, 50 bluecocks per man, thrown from 5 expert traps, one man up at a time, unknown traps, as indicated by a trap-pulling indicator, known angles, traps to be set and contest to be governed by American Shooting Association rules as revised by C. W. Dimick. To the contest making the winning team may have its choice of \$25 in cash, a set of 5 expert traps or a set of Paul North's electric trap-pulls. Prizes will be paid and scores published as soon as possible after the end of each month. All scores to be signed by each contestant, by referee and judges and mailed to us.

THE C. TARGET CO.

(per Paul North).

The Williamsport (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club publish an attractive programme for their seventh tournament, to take place on May 2, 3 and 4. The shooting each day will be at both live birds and artificial targets. Target events will be started at 9 A. M. and the live bird events at 10 A. M. each day. The live bird events will be in order as follows: 5 birds, \$5 entry; 25 birds, \$20 entry; 5 money; 3 pairs, \$5 entry; 7 birds, \$7 entry; 10 birds, \$10 entry; and a \$2 miss-and-out. The target events on the first day will be three at 10, one at 12 (walking match), one at 10 singles and 5 pairs, three at 15 and two at 20 targets. Second day, three at 10, four at 15, one at 5 pairs, one at 20 and one at 25 targets. Third day, three at 10, one at 10 singles and 5 pairs, one at 12, two at 30 and one at 25 targets. In the six regular events each day there will be four money prizes and in the four extra events five money prizes. There will be three average prizes each day. Keystone and Kingbird targets will be thrown from expert traps at Walter Shooter's City Hotel on Pine street, where a reduced rate has been arranged for Mr. Shooter is an active member of the club and knows how to treat sportsmen in order to keep them in good form.

The Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting on April 14 and elected the following officers: President, H. G. Eversley; Vice-President, F. E. Robertson; Secretary, W. E. Ayer; Treasurer, A. J. Ayer; Captain, L. L. Crosby; Directors, L. L. Crosby, C. B. Willard and F. R. Penber. The regular shooting season was opened yesterday and weekly contests will be held. A sliding handicap has been arranged so that all shooters averaging 70 per cent. or better are allowed 10 birds, and for every 10 per cent. less than 70 per cent. a shooter is allowed 2 extra birds. This is intended to place all on as near an equal footing as possible. The winner of this contest is to receive a silver cup. The members are all striving to make the tournament of May 2, 3 and 4 a decided success, and will endeavor to please all who come. On Fast Day, April 6, the club went to Orange, Mass., for a social shoot, and were well received. The club has obtained from the State Fish Commission 10,000 brook trout fry which they share in the brooks this summer. They intend to see that a competent fish and game warden is appointed, who will suppress all violations of the fish and game laws.

BALTIMORE, April 15.—Having noticed in FOREST AND STREAM that

The Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association had located one of their shoots in Baltimore, October, 1893, and assuming, as we had an application before the board, that our club was to have that shoot, I wrote to the secretary of the association asking the date to be fixed for the first week in October. I have a reply from Mr. W. Fred Quinn, treasurer, saying the association was at a loss to know how to best AND STREAM got the note that a shoot was to be held in Baltimore in October, and that the committee have not decided on any locations for their shoots after the one to be held in May at Lansing, Mich. The members of our club are much interested to know definitely, and at an early date, whether or not the club is to get the shoot, so I shall be pleased to hear from you on information on this subject. I would encourage the club to get the shoot, as it will be a great benefit to the Standard C. G. of Baltimore. [Concerning the above, we received our list of dates from John Parker, the association manager. Mr. Parker did not state whether the October tournament would be given to the Standard or Baltimore gun clubs.]

A match shoot at 25 live birds each, 35yds. rise, between Henry Langstaff, the well-known snipe shooter and general wing-shoot; an 18-year-old amateur named Maier, and a Mr. Haskett, was shot on the edge of the meadows at the foot of Chestnut street, Newark, N. J., last week in the presence of a large crowd of friends. When the tenth round had been shot it was apparent that the result lay between Langstaff and Maier. The former had missed two and Maier only one. At the twentieth round they were a tie with 17 kills each, and up to the 25th bird neither had any advantage. Langstaff went to the trap, fired and missed a hard bird, and Maier went to the mark and scored a kill, winning the match. F. Farrelly was referee and Peter Langstaff judge.

New Yorkers are strongly in favor of the suggestion toward running live bird events each day during the State shoot in June. There are a large number of shooters in the State who could not be prevailed upon to shoot at artificial targets, and at former shoots they have been obliged to either remain at home during part of the tournament or else walk about the grounds with their hands in their pockets until "live bird day" came around. This year it is hoped that they will be enabled to take part in each day's sport.

There will be a "lively time at Frenchtown, N. J.," on Friday, 21st inst., according to the heading of a card sent us by that gentleman, expert and boniface, William C. Appgar, the major-domo of shooting affairs in and about the above picturesque village. Shooters will congregate at Appgar's Hotel and will find 500 "clinking" good birds on which to try their skills. The events in order will be at 4 birds, \$5 entry; 6 birds, \$6; 8 birds, \$8; 10 birds, \$10; and 10 birds \$10. The fun will begin at 9 A. M.

The Rosslyn Fishing and Gunning Club, of Alexandria, Va., was chartered on April 11. J. W. Owens, of Washington, is president, and T. G. Smith secretary, and Mr. S. G. Brent, of Alexandria, is named as agent of the club. Its purposes are said to be to promote social intercourse among its members and for maintaining a library and reading room. The capital stock is to be \$1,000, divided into shares of \$5 each.

The grounds of the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club at Passaic, N. J., will present a handsome appearance during the shoot of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association on May 10 and 11, when ornamented with the tents of the subscribers, which are pitched on the high ground near the club house. The grounds themselves are one of the most picturesque locations in the country, and the club house is a neat affair.

The New London Gun Club will engineer the second monthly tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League to be held at New London next Tuesday. The programme comprises seven 10-target events, three 15-target events and one at 20 targets, beside the 3-man team race, 30 targets per man, for the championship of the league and cash prizes. Event No. 8, at 15 targets, entry 30 cents, will be for contributed merchandise prizes.

Edward Banks, the well-known Altoona correspondent of the *Harbinger Telegram*, and one of the cracks of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, has assumed a position on the staff of the *Altoona Gazette*, and will give special attention to the shooting department. It is safe to say that the sport will receive a boom in that section of Pennsylvania, and that any news which escapes the "four eyes" of "Ned" will not be missed.

The following scores were made in three 5-bird sweeps, \$5 entry, shot on Class's Morristown grounds on April 12: Simmons, 3, 4, 5; Leonard, 3, 4, 5; Stein, 1, 2, 3; Class, 4, 4, 5; Rudolph, 2, 4, 5; M. E. Gomery, 2, 3, 4, 5. The club will begin a sweep at 25 targets, \$3 entry, two money's, Montgomery broke 20, Smith 18, Blake 16, Simmons 17, Leonard 14, S. ein 10 and Rudolph 17.

The amateur by whom are meant those who rank from 75 per cent. downward—should turn out in force for the "Jack Rabbit" events at Wilmington. Remember that you get 10 cents for every target you break. If you break 6 you get 50 cents; if you break 6 under the old system you get nothing.

George McAlpin, formerly one of the best known and most expert live bird and target shots in Virginia, has entered the office of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of this city, and has taken up his residence in Bayonne. He was at one time a member of one of Richmond's crack cavalry tilting teams and won many prizes at this sport.

OSKALOOSA, Ia., April 11.—The Oskaloosa Gun Club will hold a three-day shoot on their grounds, open to the world—May 2, 3 and 4. Live birds and and bluebirds will be used. On May 4 Mr. C. W. Budd, champion of Iowa, and Mr. Rexroat, of Illinois, will shoot a 100 live-bird race for \$100 a side.—C. V. HOFFMANN, Sec.

The Rochester Gun Club have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, D. Darling; Vice-President, J. A. Bear; Secretary, G. Doty; Treasurer, Herman Krohn; Directors, M. E. Gerry, H. Kuhl, Paul Prieb. The club will begin practice soon and some improvements will be made to their grounds.

Howland Gasper, the young trap shot of this city, has invented and patented an ingeniously contrived dial annunciator for use in hotel offices. The dial is connected with the call bell in each room and registers each call made.

New Jersey will be represented at the Knoxville shoot by E. D. Miller, T. H. Keller, Chas. Smith, Neaf Appgar, M. F. Lindsey and R. H. Breintnall. "Uncle Billy" Sigler and Eddy Collins may also make the trip.

The following are the officers of the Pekin (Ill.) Gun Club: President, H. A. Reuling; Vice-President, Charles Mack; Secretary and Treasurer, Julius Jaekel; Financial Secretary, James Haines, Jr.

The West Shore Gun Club held its weekly shoot at Syracuse, on April 11, each shooting at 50 targets. Montgomery broke 36, Duguid 35, Leferer 35, Luther 28, Duncan 20, Martin 18.

Lewis C. Platt, Jr., secretary of the White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club, will hold an open-target tournament at live birds and bluebird targets on April 27, and assures a good time to all who attend.

Live bird shooting is at an ebb in Georgia. The shooters throughout that State have so little trouble to find good game shooting that they care little for the shooting of pigeons from the trap.

The combined tournaments of the Michigan State League and the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, to be held in Lansing, should be one of the representative affairs of the season.

The team shoot at live birds between the Union and Maplewood Gun Clubs will take place at Springfield, N. J., instead of Maplewood, N. J., as previously stated. The date is May 30.

The big exhibition tent and contents of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association will be taken to Chicago during the Illinois State shoot in June.

The third monthly team contest of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League is taking place to-day on the Independent Gun Club grounds at Plainfield.

Jersey will send a strong contingent to Wilmington next week. They will start from home on Monday, so as to be in time for the first gun-fire on Tuesday.

The Cold Springs Gun Club, of Buffalo has elected Wm. Scott, President; Jacob Koch, Vice-President; Geo. McArthur, Secretary, and Wm. Daw, Treasurer.

The Johnstown Gun Club will engineer a shoot of the Eastern New York League next Tuesday and anticipates a big turn-out of shooters.

"Snapper" Garrison wants another "go" at Phil Daly, Jr., being dissatisfied with the result of the recent Red Bank match.

Berkeley Oval, the home of the Oval Club, is destined to be one of the greatest trap-shooting grounds in the vicinity of New York.

C. A. Bogardus and Thos. Malone are matched to shoot at 100 live birds each for \$500 a side, at Rockford, Ill., on May 27.

"Herr Bilderbach" and "Harry-lire-a-hall" Hartlove will look after the pleasures of the visitors to Wilmington.

FOREST AND STREAM will make its headquarters at Willis's Hotel during the Wilmington shoot. Call and see us.

Al. Heritage is formulating plans for a three days' shoot to be held at Marion.

Saratoga shooters are making big preparations for their May tournament.

Col. Courtney, with a full stock of Leferer guns, will be at Knoxville.

"Boker" W. G. Clark, of Altoona, will be at Wilmington.

C. H. TOWNSEND,

MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

Second Tournament at Greensboro, N. C.

GREENSBORO is a very pretty city, situated in the central part of North Carolina, and is known as the City of Flowers. A great deal of interest is taken in trap-shooting here, not only by the trap-shooters themselves, but the merchants and citizens in general. Several ladies graced the tournament by their presence, coming out after dinner and remaining all day. The outside shooters present were E. C. Hall (Ward), the popular president of the Baltimore Gun Club, of Baltimore, who attended the Savannah shoot and liked it so well that he came here also and shot all the way through; H. B. Lemcke, the well known trap shot of Savannah, and president of the Independent Gun Club, arrived in time to take part in the second day's shoot; Wm. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., the well known live bird crack; Wm. Wagner, of Washington, who makes hosts of friends wherever he goes, and W. F. Summerson, a popular sportsman, of Staunton, W. Va., arrived together Monday night. Charlotte, N. C., was well represented by six of their representative shots, Col. J. T. Anthony, A. R. Stokes, John Carson, Geo. A. Howell and W. H. Justice, Wilson, N. C., was also here in full force, Messrs. R. C. Briggs, C. E. Moore, W. C. Gorham, J. W. Gardner and Wm. Wall, came only to stay one day and see how a modern tournament was conducted, and left Tuesday night very much pleased.

The gun club here is composed of enthusiastic shooters and thorough gentlemen. Among its most active members are Geo. J. G. Glenn, Pres.; E. L. Gilmer, Sec'y and Treas.; J. P. Jordan, H. L. Lee, G. Daniel, C. W. Tate, E. W. Tate, Geo. Fitzsimmons, J. L. Joyce, J. W. Fondra. The worker and hustler here is E. L. Gilmer, one of Greensboro's rising young citizens, to whom thanks are due for the kind interest and generous assistance he extended to make the tournament a complete success.

One of the features of this shoot was noticeable; there was not one load of black powder fired. The surplus first day was \$98; first money, \$34.30; second, \$20.58; third, \$13.72; fourth, \$14.70; fifth, \$3.82; sixth, \$5.58. As in Savannah, all interest of the tournament was centered in the one-man up events. Everybody was pleased with programme and spoke in high terms of the management.

Scores of First Day, April 11.

Extra sweep, 5 targets: Mitchell 4, Summerson 3, Stokes 2, Anthony 2, Howell 2, Carson 2, Jordan 1, Daniel 5, Todd 2, Gorham 0, Fonda 1.	
No. 1, 10 targets:	
Lee.....111011111-9	Jordan.....101001111-7
Daniels.....110110111-8	Gunn.....101111011-8
Mitchell.....101111111-9	Fonda.....111111111-10
Anthony.....011001111-5	Fitzsimmons.....111011111-9
E. W. Tate.....011001111-5	Gorham.....101001111-6
S. Summerson.....011010111-7	Justice.....001101111-7
Stokes.....111110011-8	Wall.....011010110-6
Howell.....111111111-10	Todd.....111011011-9
Moore.....111000111-9	Gilmer.....110110011-9
Wagner.....111011111-9	C. W. Tate.....000010000-1
Carson.....111011111-9	

No. 2, 10 targets:	
Fonda.....011001001-5	Howell.....011001110-6
Lee.....111011111-9	Wagner.....110101100-5
Mitchell.....111011101-9	Fitzsimmons.....010100001-4
Carson.....111011101-9	Todd.....101010101-6

Amateurs:	
Jordan.....000110111-6	Gorham.....101000001-4
Anthony.....110001010-5	Moore.....100001110-5
Stokes.....001111111-8	Gilmer.....110110111-8
Daniel.....011111011-8	E. W. Tate.....111110101-7
Wall.....111111101-9	Justice.....110111111-9
Summerson.....111001101-7	C. W. Tate.....101101010-6

No. 3, 15 targets:	
Mitchell.....0110111110110-11	Justice.....1011101101010-10
Stokes.....1101011111111-13	Jordan.....1110111101110-12
Lee.....0111011010111-10	Gorham.....0100000100000-2
Moore.....0110100001011-6	Glenn.....0101100010110-8
Wagner.....0110101110111-7	E. W. Tate.....0110101110111-7
Fitzsimmons.....1100010101010-8	Ward.....1001000101011-8
Daniels.....1100001010111-9	Todd.....1111101101011-11
Wall.....10011110111100-10	Fonda.....11111110110100-10
Briggs.....1010000000101-4	Carson.....01101001111010-9
Anthony.....0110010101001-8	C. W. Tate.....0101101101010-9
Howell.....0011101101001-9	Gilmer.....11101010001010-8
Summerson.....111001101000-9	

No. 4, 5 pairs targets:	
Anthony.....00 10 11 11 11-8	Gorham.....00 10 11 10 10-4
Wagner.....00 11 10 11 11-7	Wall.....00 11 11 10 00-6
Jordan.....00 10 00 00 00-2	Todd.....00 10 11 10 01-7
Fitzsimmons.....00 11 11 10 10-8	Lee.....11 10 10 10 11-8
Daniel.....11 11 11 10 10-8	Summerson.....11 00 10 10 11-7
Stokes.....00 11 10 10 11-6	Fonda.....00 10 10 10 10-4
Mitchell.....11 10 11 10 10-7	W. Tate.....11 01 10 01 00-5
Carson.....11 00 11 01 10-6	Glenn.....01 10 10 10 11-6
Justice.....01 11 10 10 11-7	C. W. Tate.....10 10 10 10 11-4
Howell.....11 00 10 10 10-5	Gilmer.....10 00 10 10 11-4

No. 5, 10 targets:	
Mitchell.....011001111-7	Justice.....111011111-9
Lee.....100110110-6	

Semi-experts:	
Carson.....110011111-8	Stokes.....110101111-8
Daniel.....010011111-7	Gilmer.....111100001-5

Amateurs:	
Fitzsimmons.....010101111-7	Jordan.....100010011-5
Howell.....010101111-7	E. W. Tate.....001110111-7
Anthony.....110111111-9	Glenn.....101110101-7
Summerson.....110101001-5	Todd.....110101101-7
Wagner.....110111111-9	Fonda.....001001011-4
Moore.....111110101-8	C. W. Tate.....110011011-7
Gardner.....100000101-4	

No. 6, 15 targets:	
Wall.....00010111010110-8	Carson.....0000001010111-7
Wagner.....10101010101101-10	Howell.....01000000-7
Todd.....01010011010111-9	Lee.....1111111101111-13
Ward.....00010011010111-8	Jordan.....1111111100011-12
Stokes.....01000010101111-8	C. W. Tate.....00101010101101-8
Gorham.....000010101010101-4	E. W. Tate.....0110101010101-9
Fonda.....101010101010101-4	Gilmer.....011010101010101-9
Anthony.....11110110101011-11	Glenn.....00111010101001-9
Mitchell.....1110001110001-9	Daniels.....1110101111011-12
Summerson.....00101000110001-6	Fitzsimmons.....111010110010101-7
Justice.....1111100101011-11	

Team match, 20 targets:	
Greensboro Team No. 1:	
Jordan.....111011100111111-17	Anthony.....0100010001011110-11
Gilmer.....111011101111111-17	Carson.....010010011010101010-10
Lee.....1111111111011111-17	Justice.....11011110001010111-14
Fonda.....111011010000101111-14	Stokes.....11011011001001111-14
Daniels.....111111000101100110-13	Todd.....1101101110101010111-14

Greensboro Team No. 2:	
Glenn.....01011011100010111-12	Wagner.....1011111111111111-18
Fitzsimmons.....1001010101010101-12	Mitchell.....1111111111111110-19
Joyce.....01100110111111111-12	Brown.....111101010010011111-15
C. W. Tate.....101101101001111110-14	Ward.....111110110001111111-15
E. W. Tate.....01100111111111101-6	Summers.....10100010110100001-10

No. 7, 10 targets:	
Justice.....011010111-7	Anthony.....110001110-6
Wagner.....111111101-9	

Semi-experts:	
Carson.....111011101-7	Moore.....111101000-6
Stokes.....111110001-7	

Amateurs:	
Todd.....111011111-9	Jordan.....101010100-5
C. W. Tate.....100001001-4	Daniels.....111111111-10
Fitzsimmons.....111011101-8	Glenn.....101111101-8
Lee.....111111111-9	Mitchell.....101101101-7
Fonda.....000000000-0	W. Tate.....111101101-7
Howell.....101110111-8	Gorham.....0101111110-7
Gilmer.....100001110-6	

No. 8, 20 targets:	
Lee.....10100011001100311-12	Fitzsimmons.....101000110000000101-10
Wagner.....0111130011111111-13	Daniels.....1100111111110001010-12
Stokes.....0110111111111111-13	Todd.....11010111000101010-12
Mitchell.....01210110121210101-13	Gorham.....00010001000000000-8
Jordan.....010100111010101212-13	Ho. ell.....02100110020111101020-11
Justice.....0000010001011100-8	Wall.....101010101002010100-8
Anthony.....001011110201000101-11	Glenn.....0010000001010101101-10
S. Summerson.....100101001110010000-9	C. W. Tate.....1100001002000121-11
Ward.....101010101010101010-12	Carson.....02000111010101010-12
E. W. Tate.....0101010101010101-9	Gilmer.....11011210101221101-16
Fonda.....112101010101010101-9	

No. 9, 15 targets:	
Lee.....11111111110110-13	Fonda.....10101111011110-11
Jordan.....0110001101111-10	Anthony.....10101010101011-9
Glenn.....11111011110110-11	Justice.....010000001011-7
C. W. Tate.....1010111110110-10	Wall.....0001010101001-7
Howell.....101011110110-11	Fitzsimmons.....111101111011-9
Glenn.....10101111011011-11	Carson.....0011010101001-7
Daniels.....111010111110-12	E. W. Tate.....111101010111-11
Mitchell.....100101110111-11	Todd.....100110111111-12
Summerson.....111111110000-11	Wagner.....001011111111-15
Stokes.....111110100111-12	Gorham.....001010101001-7
Ward.....111110110111-13	

Extra sweepstakes. No. 1, 10 targets:	
Mitchell 9, Anthony 9, Moore 8, Lee 5, C. W. Tate 6, Justice 7, Summerson 6, Todd 7, Howell 7, Stokes 5, Carson 10, Daniel 6, Glenn 7, Gilmer 6, Ward 7, Wagner 10, Fitzsimmons 7, Gardner 3.	
Extra No. 2, 10 targets:	
Todd 7, Mitchell 8, Summerson 7, Carson 9, Gilmer 8, Daniel 7, Ward 7, Stokes 10, Fonda 8, Wagner 10, Glenn 8.	
Extra No. 3, 5 pairs:	
Todd 5, Daniels 3, Fonda 4, Gilmer 7, Glenn 6, Fitzsimmons 3, Jone 5, Anthony 6, Howell 6, Summerson 3, Wagner 8, Jordan 7, Stokes 7.	

Second Day, April 12.

The weather to-day was cold and cloudy, with occasional showers of rain, but it did not dampen the ardor of the shooters in the least. The most interesting event of the day was the championship race for the M. T. S. A. trophy, emblematic of the individual State championship, which was won by Garland Daniel, of Greensboro. Mr. Daniel had not been in the first was not looked for as the winner. Mr. Lee and Mr. Jordan were close seconds. If Mr. Lee had shot as good a race in the start as he did at the finish he would have won, and only for one of Mr. Jordan's shells going clear through his gun, which threw him completely off, he would have been in it also.

The last event was a special team race between Charlotte and Greensboro, which was won by Greensboro. The surplus-to-day was \$82.20; first money, \$32.20; second, \$19.52; third, \$12.88; fourth, \$13.60; fifth, \$8.28; sixth, \$5.52.

The tournament closed by all the shooters giving three cheers for the association and its manager, John Parker. The McAdoo House was the headquarters for the shooters, and, though somewhat crowded, Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo exerted themselves to their utmost to make their stay a pleasant one.

This tournament has been the means of organizing at least two new gun clubs in North Carolina. Blue rock traps and targets and North's electric pull were used. As in Savannah the club has purchased an electric pulling outfit.

J. L. Fonda made some wonderful shots with his second barrel in the last 20-bird race, breaking one target at least 70yds. all to pieces, using No. 8 shot and wood powder.

No. 1, 10 targets:	
Mitchell.....111111011-9	Howell.....111111111-10
Stokes.....100110101-7	E. W. Tate.....111

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Fonda 10, Daniels 5, E. W. Tate 8, Justice 8, Mitchell 10, C. W. Tate 9, Gilmer 8, Anthony 7, Wagner 7, Jordan 7.

Appreciation from Greensboro.

GREENSBORO, N. C., April 13.—To the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association: The members of the Greensboro Gun Club desire to express to you our appreciation of your kindness in having favored us with one of your shoots. The programme was pleasing to all participants, being a decided improvement over the usual programmes in which many shooters have lost interest. We also desire to congratulate you upon having such a competent and popular representative as Mr. John Parker to manage your shoots, his management being perfect. We feel confident your programmes will become very popular. (Signed) J. D. Glenn, President; E. L. Gilmer, Sec'y-Treas.; J. F. Jordan, Captain; H. L. Lee, G. Daniels, C. F. Joyce, George Fitzsimons, C. W. Tate, E. W. Tate, R. E. Causey, J. L. Fonda.

GREENSBORO, N. C., April 12.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association: As a member of the Greensboro Gun Club and as a citizen of this city, I wish to return thanks to your association for the very pleasant and successful shoot which has just closed here. To your worthy representative Mr. Parker is due the credit of conducting the shoot in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction. He merited and received praise from those who attended as well as those who took part in the shoot. As the winner of the beautiful trophy which you offered for the best shot in North Carolina, I wish to acknowledge my personal gratitude. I shall treasure it among mementoes which are talismanic of seasons of sport and pleasure. With best wishes to your association, I remain, very respectfully,

GARLAND DANIELS.

THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

There Will Be One—Definite Plan Arranged—Cause of the Delay—Proposed Association Abandoned—Trap-Shooting Injured in the Meanwhile—Biting Comment from the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—Worn out and disgusted by the delay in organization and action of the World's Fair Trap Shooters' Association, and by the lukewarmness of those who should have been the friends of a movement whose only animus was a friendship for the trap-shooters and the sport of shooting at the trap, the members of the executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, at a meeting held Wednesday evening, took the matter into their own hands, appropriated the title of "World's Fair Shoot" for their own programme for June, resolved to help this open tournament to the extent of their ability, left the proposed association without a title and without its main reason for existence, and delegated to it the option of completing its organization or not, as it may later see fit. That any further action will be taken by the members concerned in the proposed association is highly improbable. That Chicago will in some small degree maintain her honor and offer the trap-shooters of the country a shoot of unusual size and of unusual financial attractions is upon the other hand now a practically assured fact.

In the meantime, the delay, the discussions, the backbiting, the little jealousies, the paltry bickerings which have come up in connection with the attempt to hold a big and harmonious shoot have unquestionably hurt the sport of trap-shooting and broken the integrity of the trap-shooting body alike in Chicago and in the country at large. That this should be the result of an effort absolutely unselfish and disinterested is deplorable in one sense, but in another highly fortunate. It shows the shooters the uselessness of a friendship which is false, the puerility of an effort which is lukewarm, the babyishness of a spirit which waits for an easy reward dependent upon other men's work. This lesson is a good and useful one. Meanwhile the trap-shooters at the World's Fair shoot will not shoot for \$30,000 added money, nor for \$3,000. They will shoot in sweeps the value of which will depend upon the attendance. This attendance will be invited in a practical way later to be announced in the Illinois State programme.

There is no reason in the world for supposing that the World's Fair shoot as now determined upon will not be a great and successful tournament. The hour and the place establish that. Therefore, let all shooters, in and out of Chicago, forget their differences and unite in good manly fashion, without jealousy, without envy, without unpleasant memories, to hold a little carnival of sport whose first quality shall be that of harmony and good fellowship. They can afford this, once in 400 years. If they do not have so much money to shoot for, they will know where to put the blame; but regret at this should be buried in the pleasure of a meeting which, it is to be hoped even now, will be one typically representative of a large branch of the sportsmanship of America.

THE LAST ASSOCIATION MEETING.

It will be borne in mind that only about \$1,900 of the stock of the proposed World's Fair Association was pledged. The laws of Illinois require all the stock to be subscribed before the organization of a stock company can be completed. To open books for subscription would mean that \$30,000 of actual stock would have to be placed, piece-meal, little by little, all over the country, before this organization could be completed, and before a wheel could be turned toward holding a shoot. If \$24,999 were pledged and the cash up, this company could not elect an officer or spend a single dollar, because it would not have complied with the law. It is folly to suppose that on a mere guess the stockholders would save time and get to work immediately for a plenipotentiary tournament, to be held by a body known to whom, at a date left undetermined. The only practical plan was that proposed by Mr. Donald at the meeting of Jan. 12, which was accurately reported nowhere but in these columns. Mr. Donald has organized several successful stock companies, and his voice of guidance was a practical one. Mr. Donald explained the necessity of an accommodation plan for the purpose of saving time and getting to work immediately. The Secretary of State is indifferent whether a shooter is a trap shooter or not. The trap shooters, however, do not choose to be governed by anything but the voice of their associates. To this end, the wise motion prevailed that those shooters actually present should express their wishes, the same to be the guidance for the accommodation holder. Votes to this end were taken. This was all there was to the so-called "illegal" action, which a shameless misrepresentation condemned in several columns of vague rant about the matter.

Mr. Organ said at the meeting of Jan. 12 that he could place the remaining stock, but he later failed to do so, for good reasons, and then a deep and peaceful calm settled on the affairs of the association. A good many of these Chicago people don't care to go ahead and put up money for a shoot which is likely to do nothing but abuse in return. They are not so much interested in the shoot as they are in the original subscribers declared that they didn't care to go on if their unselfish work was to be called selfishness. An affair of this kind, with little or no financial profit in it, is very hard to hold together at best. It takes very little to cool down so indifferent an interest and the indignation of the few grew into a coolness on the part of the many. The coolness grew as the delay went on, the stock being still unpaid.

Things were in this state when Mr. Percy Stone came on the executive committee of the Illinois Association. Mr. Stone also is a practical business man and has organized two or three stock companies, notably the Standard Lumber Co., of Chicago, whose rating the curious may find in the commercial agencies. Mr. Stone said, briefly, "I can place that stock and have that association running in just eleven legal days from now." It being the wish of a few to see the shoot go on and come to a successful fulfillment, a meeting was held and the secretary of the original meeting was instructed to issue notice to all the subscribers of stock for a meeting to be held Wednesday, April 12, at 8 P. M., at the Sherman House, Chicago. The subscription of stock was as follows: R. B. Organ 10 shares, F. C. Donald 10 shares, J. W. Knox 1 share, John J. Kleinman 1 share, W. L. Shand 10 shares, E. Bingham 10 shares, E. Hough 1 share, C. O. Heikes 10 shares, A. Drake 1 share, F. R. Bissell 3 shares, C. B. Dicks 10 shares, W. H. Cobb 10 shares, R. Merrill, of Milwaukee, 10 shares, H. B. Meyers 10 shares, W. N. Low 10 shares, P. A. Place 3 shares, L. M. Hamline 10 shares, J. E. Price 1 share, Chas. D. Gammon 20 shares.

Notices to the above were duly sent out by Secretary Shepard. Mr. Stone was on hand and ready, at his word, to complete the subscription of the stock. Had there been any adequate backing by the Chicago signers the association would be a legal fact to-day, before it the problematical future which it always had, but with it the approval of sensible men who believe in work, not visionary talk. As it was, however, there responded to the call only a few, Mr. R. B. Organ, Mr. W. L. Shepard, Mr. C. Donald, Mr. P. F. Stone, Mr. J. M. J. Eich and the writer. Among these are some very busy men who could not afford to waste their time. These promptly declined to further try to do anything for shooters which shooters would not try to do for themselves.

Mr. Stone declined to place the stock under the circumstances, and there the matter ended, just when it was upon the point of a successful issue.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

There were present, it so happened, nearly all the working officers of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, to wit, Mr. Organ, president, Mr. Shepard, secretary-treasurer, and for the board of directors Messrs. Donald, Eich, Stone and Hough, only Mr. Edbrooke being absent. The president at once called a meeting of the committee, Mr. Donald, chairman of the board, taking the chair. Action was then taken as above announced. The formal motion was as follows: "That the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association announce a World's Fair Shoot, to be held under the auspices of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, to be given immediately after the tournament of June 1898, and to continue two weeks or longer, open to the world." This was carried after long and patient discussion, wherein it was resolved to aid this open shoot in every way possible in order to make it a success. Further business was transacted as follows: A proposition from Mr. Fred. Erb to do all the retrieving at the State tournament with his dogs was declined. It was decided to make the club team championship trophy a solid silver cup, value \$100. The secretary was instructed to refuse the dues of the Carman Gun Club so long as young Babcock should be a member.

A communication was read from Messrs. W. Fred Quimby & Co., of New York, requesting the privilege of erecting a tent upon the grounds, for the purpose of displaying guns, etc. It was moved by Mr. Hough that the privilege be granted. Seconded by Mr. Eich and carried.

The secretary was instructed to write to the Cleveland Target Co. that the executive committee concurred with Mr. John Watson in the matter of using the bluerock target in the tournament. The meeting then adjourned.

A FAIR STATEMENT.

This is the last step taken in the matter of the World's Fair shoot, and so far as I know the above is a perfectly fair statement of all the different steps preceding this. I have been at pains in recounting some of this, for it is due the shooters of the country that they should know all the steps and all the facts, and know the open full and free of Mr. Stone's weak sister, who is a natural dissatisfactor and being deprived of a grand World's Fair shoot with many thousands of dollars up for prizes. I do not think such a statement can be found in any paper but FOREST AND STREAM.

A FEW OPINIONS.

It would be quite wrong, I believe, to throw cold water on the World's Fair shoot as it now stands, or to call it in advance a failure. All forms of sport, those of the rifle, the rod, the sail—every branch of field sports indeed—will have prominent celebration here this summer. So also will the sport of trap-shooting. The World's Fair shoot will be a great one. Still there are many who think that a bigger shoot could have been given by a stock company. I think this, though I question very much whether a successful shoot could have been held so late in October. Suppose we admit for the sake of the argument only, what is not really the case, that the World's Fair trap shoot is a failure. The question naturally arises, What was the cause of the failure? In my humble opinion the "failure" is chiefly to be charged to the most unbusinesslike delay in completing the legal organization of the proposed association in exactly the way that was originally proposed. Others think that men won't work for other men for nothing, and that the movement was fore-doomed to failure. Still others think that the men who ought to have some fun and a red flannel rag for their tired sore throat—think that the abusive editorials of the *American Field* had something to do with it. Curious, in a journalistic way, as to what could make a newspaper man commit a piece of foolishness so injurious to his own interests. I was interested in a few expressions of opinion I gathered during conversations on Wednesday last.

B. J. Morgan, President I. S. S. A.—"I can tell you the bed-rock reason why Doc Rowe wrote that editorial. You don't any of you know, but I do. It was because I appointed the FOREST AND STREAM representative on my executive committee."

F. C. Donald, of Ex. Com.—"Original and unconquerable asininity made him do it."

M. J. Eich, of Ex. Com.—"I can't see why Dr. Rowe should feel that way, but let it go. I don't want to stir up these things up."

E. W. Tate, of Ex. Com.—"Fshaw! What difference does it make?"

W. B. Leffingwell, of Clinton, Ia.—"I was very much surprised to see the editorials in question."

W. L. Shepard, Sec'y I. S. S. A.—"It is a shame that gentlemen should be so misrepresented as we were in the *Field*. I would sign a protest to that effect."

W. H. Mussey, of Chicago.—"Would the third vice-president have taken the presidency if it had been the chance? Well, now, would a duck swim? If Rowe didn't, it would be the first thing he ever didn't take that didn't cost anything."

These were all with whom I talked that evening, but there is a general and robust objection in all trap-shooting circles hereabout, at least, to the false and injurious statements made in this editorial comment of the paper. I have referred to it, I never, in all my newspaper experience, saw so wretched and absurd a newspaper blunder. The paper which is false to its own constituency is driving nails into its own journalistic coffin. To do this it certainly has my free consent, indeed my hearty approbation in it. This is a free country, and a man can bury himself if he wants to, and not even be remembered very long. Such journalistic mistakes bring their own rebuke and make their own comment. After they are made it is hard to retrieve the lost ground, for the shooter's faith and confidence in a paper are gone, and its motives discovered to be really personal, mean and spiteful. The day of that paper speeds thenceforth rapidly to its waning. Much of the truth of this, and much of the popular resentment the editor of the *American Field* seems, now too late, to realize, for he resorts to the old country journal dodge of "dummy letters," all of course, approving the wisdom of his policy in glowing terms. One of these, I have a pleasure in quoting, is from Detroit, and is written by a "Veteran Sportsman," who forgets to give his name. This "Veteran sportsman" is a mighty close cousin, methinks, to old Vox Populi. "Veteran Sportsman" refers to the FOREST AND STREAM representative, I am told, as an "adolescent screed." I presume "adolescent Swede" is what he meant, anyhow it is better English. The A. F. never was very strong on English, except of the fall fence sort. Now, if this is a person of the name of the mind you, Detroit, who will kindly send me his name and address, I don't know but I might be able to make him a pleasant call some day. He might like to see the adolescent screed—Swede, I mean.

The fact is, this Veteran Sportsman sits at the same desk with Nicholas Rowe—"Doctor" N. Rowe. "Doctor" Nicholas writes a glowing editorial with one hand—usually with his left hand, I am legally forced to believe—and with the other hand he writes a hearty approval of said glowing editorial. It is a very commendable effort that the "Doctor" comes out strong. Here is where he doth indeed get in his work. "Veteran Sportsman," "Constant Reader," "Old Shooter," and all the others, long-time friends and acquaintances, hail to ye! Ye come out of the more earnest hand of the two. I wonder if the innocent readers of the country know how much bogus advice is poured into their throats by a paper padded full of dummy names. That such dummy letters are used unsparingly on the *American Field* I am in a position to know very well. They are tolerated as a method in reputable journalism. They are not used on FOREST AND STREAM.

OTHER PAPERS.

Other papers condemn the course of the *American Field* as injurious to a movement which would be beneficial to sport and beneficial to the reputation of Chicago. The *Chicago Evening Journal* (daily), an old and conservative paper, roundly scores the "sore-heads" who tried to kill this shoot. The *Sportsmen's Review* prints a well-written editorial on the "Dog in the Manger," which says the self-important "Doctor" hard and rudely along the spine. Others, dailies, are now inquiring about the case and more comment may follow. The press of the nation is proud of Chicago after all and does not wish to see her name besmirched. An effort to kill one of her enterprises is an attempt to besmirch her name. There has been a bit of a war on my mind, for some reason or other, as I was writing down Mr. Donald's remark about "unconquerable asininity." I don't know as much about the "association of ideas" as I used to when I studied philosophy in school, but the story goes.

A QUANT LITTLE BURRO STORY.

It happened this way. A party of us were out bear hunting, up in the mountains of New Mexico. Night came on, we went into camp. Picketing our pack animals near by, we made a fire, cooked supper, ate it and spreading our blankets near the fire, lay down for a brief season of that happy content known only to hunters and those of easy consciences. We had malice in our hearts toward none except the bear family. The thought of fear did not enter our minds. There seemed nothing to molest us. We had lain quietly thus for a time, our minds fixed on the plans for the following day, and little dreaming of any intrusion. All about was quiet. The fire burned snapping and merrily. We were happy.

All at once there came an apparition, a demon of fright. A huge gray form of commanding height appeared upon the circle of the firelight. Two great eyes flamed forth upon us. A roar whose like none of us had heard before broke the echoes all about us into crazy fragments.

It was an awful moment. Thoroughly frightened, each man of us grasped his rifle, sprang away from the fire, and sought the nearest tree. We took to the woods. We were scared. What was it? What could it be? That voice, how terrifying. Was it grizzly, mountain lion, or royal Bengal tiger? Providence alone knew. It was a new one on us.

We stood around, trembling and anxious, for some time. We did not know just why we were scared, and we couldn't seem to find out. At length, as we gazed nervously toward the spot whence had issued that prodigious, weird, wild, uncanny, indescribable sound, there was a rustle of the leaves, and there appeared within the lighted circle a familiar form. Diminutive, with long ears, with no great personal charm, but a nerve that surrounded him like a Renaissance halo—he recognized him, it, well, the cause of our unreasoning fright. It was Jack, one of our burros!

Our royal Bengal tiger had no stripes. He wasn't built right for a tiger. Our unknown terror of the mountains had a game leg and a sore ear. It was very mortifying, to think we had been scared by this. Still, it came so unexpectedly, we hardly could be blamed.

When we came in from out in the woods, Jack brayed again in welcome, but we were sore angered with him, and would none of him. We led him back where he belonged, with sundry facilities of his progress, fore and aft, which latter he so laid to heart that he never thereafter, to my knowledge, again tried to break in upon the society of gentlemen.

We never could tell what made Jack break in and holler in that way, but we allowed it was because he felt kind of lonesome. We had always treated him as a pet. We always fed him, and watered him, and scratched his back, and kind of jolled him along, you know, because he was useful, in his place, and not a half bad sort of burro, considering the advantages he had had. The trouble with him was that, we being a trifle short of burros, he misconstrued us and got so blame conceited and stuck on himself that he thought he was running the whole ranch. He would do anything. In his moments of desire for human companionship he would break right into camp. I don't doubt that he sincerely thought he owned that camp. He didn't.

NO COMPARISON OF THE TWO.

At this stage of the game I know right well what a good many people are going to think. They think I am going to say that because some of the members of the World's Fair Trap Shooters' Association were scared away by the loud, wild wail of neglected egotism, I am going to draw a parallel between that scene and the scene in camp, and so come on to say, in good stereotyped journalistic fashion, that the editor of the *American Field* was the ass who caused the unnecessary fright. Those who think thus are much mistaken. I am going to do nothing of the kind. I disclaim all intention of being so disrespectful, nay, so unjust. I shall draw no parallel and make no comparison. Indeed, there is no comparison between these two animals. Moreover, I trust that I have not lived openly so long as now to be accused of having forgotten a friend, no matter how humble, albeit misled, that friend may have been. There were worse burros in the world than Jack.

On the other hand, so far do I feel from instituting a comparison here, I can call up many respects in which these two are altogether dissimilar. I once knew Jack to kill a goat. He was a good shot with his left hind leg. No one ever accused "Doctor" Rowe of being a good shot with anything, and he never killed a head of big game in his life. There is no comparison here, you see, though I confess I am left a little open to the charge of others. I don't know, if it should come to a comparison, but I have said there should be a comparison, and none is necessary. Yet again I am troubled in my mind as to that posing as an authority. But then, Jack didn't. I must be just to a friend.

CERTAIN SIMILARITIES.

It is true, I confess with considerable shame, Jack could not cast a fly, or a bobber, or a worm, or a fish if it jumped into his boat, but in this the best the editor of the *American Field* could get out of him would be a tie, for he can't do any of these things himself. I don't think Jack ought to pose as an authority on any of these things.

Jack couldn't break a dog without kicking it. He couldn't pole a boat, or row one, or paddle one, or shoot on the wing, or stalk a deer, or skin a muskrat, even. Still, he didn't write about these things, or pass up articles on the wings of others. I don't know, if it should come to a comparison, but I have said there should be a comparison, and none is necessary. Yet again I am troubled in my mind as to that posing as an authority. But then, Jack didn't. I must be just to a friend.

No, there are too many dissimilarities to be making any comparisons here. For instance, if it came to going across country after the hounds, Jack would be in it, and the "Doctor" wouldn't. Jack saw many a hare come out of the brush in New Mexico. The editor of the *American Field* never saw one coursed, anywhere, in his life.

THE STAR BURRO OF THE SETTLEMENT.

Indeed, barring his intense and obtrusive egotism, for which I always felt that our mistaken kindness was largely to blame, Jack, the star burro of our settlement, was no means a bad fellow, and a good comparison. Why, there is no comparison, I repeat, where, all other matters of sportsmanlike accomplishment being as in this case a practical tie, one animal yet surpasses the other so clearly in honesty, in sincerity, in robustness of character, in virile purpose, and in all that makes one worthy of a friend. Authority? Guide? Mentor? Leader? Counsellor? Bah! The game is played out. The imposition has gone far enough.

For writing this I may be called bitter. I don't feel bitter. I feel plenty sweet and good. But I have the same right to bitterness which every man who attended that association meeting had, every one of whom was insulted by the lying editorials of a man who, having no claim on earth thereto outside of his own vanity, sets himself up as an authority and oracles on matters in which he is really nothing but a preening ignoramus. Should such statements seem bitter to the editor of the *American Field*, or to "Doctor" Nicholas Rowe, he can resent them as he likes, but he should remember that he was the first to offer the attack. The FOREST AND STREAM representative sought no office in these matters, nor did he feel any jealousy. It was his wish to work with the *American Field* and all other papers in perfect harmony, for the good of the World's Fair shoot. The records of the meetings will show this clearly. I have raised no hand against the majority. With that my allegiance ceases. Against a spiteful egotism which takes the form of falsification and which is injurious alike to myself and my friends, I can raise hand prompt and sure enough.

COME TO THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

Meanwhile Chicago is still doing business at the old stand. Come out and see our new Illinois State rules. We shoot ten-gauges and twenty gauges at the same distance out here, as per the wise notion of this same oracle, by the way. Still, there are a few of us left. We are going to try to hold a little shoot here, if we can get permission. We will have a few J. Watson pigeons and several kegs of bluerocks. We won't have \$30,000 to shoot for, as we hoped and as we should have liked, but we will have a little something, and there will be a welcome, if we can get permission to have a welcome. We will try to have a pleasant time, and there will be much to see. We can't have any international championship shoot for big money, as we hoped, but we will open a few 10 bird sweeps, \$1, if we can get permission. Chicago is the only city in the world having the two-handed editor, which is a third vice-president, which writes with both hands, and bust with its off-hand. It also is the parent of the new Illinois State rules.

Come to the World's Fair shoot, boys. Come in from out in the woods and gather again around the fire and be comfortable. Of course this was rather awkward, but we didn't know that—that this was going to do it. Come on in, don't be afraid of this. It won't hurt you. Besides, we're going to take it out and leave it where it belongs—in the darkness, whence it emerged for reasons buried too deep for discovery in the inscrutable char of nature.

The dog-in-the-manger spirit has always been held the type of senseless malice, but even the dog in the manger can be speedily forgotten. Come, and if we can't eat corn we'll eat hay.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago, fourth floor, first desk to the right. Later—Additional complications may arise from scarcity of pigeons in June. John Watson reports birds hard to get and dreads inadequate supply. FOREST AND STREAM will advise the shooters of the country fully and fairly as to this, so they may know what to expect at shoot. E. H.

Wheeling vs. Columbus.

WHEELING, W. Va., April 8.—I close you the scores of team shoot between the Sherman Gun Club of Columbus, O., and the Island Gun Club of Wheeling, W. Va., which took place at Columbus on April 5. The day proved to be pleasant, though the shooting was made somewhat difficult by a tricky wind. The sweepstakes were well patronized, the entries running as high as \$3 and not less than \$1 in any match of the day. The six members of the Island Gun Club were received and treated with unbounded hospitality by the Sherman Gun Club and the Columbus boys will ever hold a warm place in the hearts of the West Virginia shooters who were fortunate enough to be present. The absence of Dr. Geo. M. Waters, the prime mover and major domo of shooting affairs in and about Columbus, was greatly regretted by all and was the subject of sympathy, as the doctor was confined to

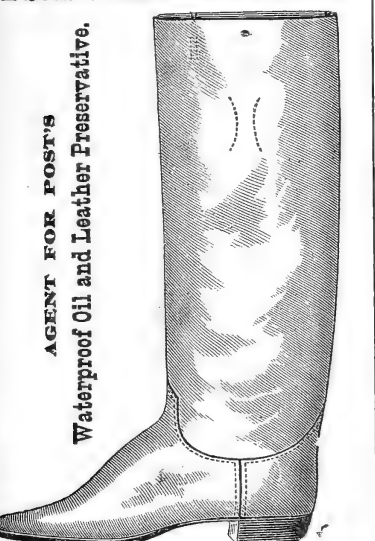
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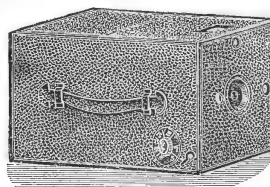
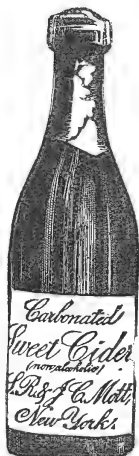
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VOL. XL.—No. 17.
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On and after May 1 the Western office of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. will be permanently located at 909 Security Building, cor. Fifth avenue and Madison street, Chicago.

THE COMING WEEK.

AS WE write there sounds in our ears the booming of heavy artillery down the Bay. The caravels, modeled after the frail barks in which Columbus crossed the ocean, and the war ships which, to-day, will take part in the naval parade near this city, are arriving, and the great guns of the forts at the Narrows are belching forth their salutations to the navies of many nations.

Before another week shall have passed and another issue of FOREST AND STREAM have met the reader's eye, the great Fair, which for more than a year has occupied so large a share of the world's attention, will have been opened by President Cleveland and will be in full operation.

The occasion is a momentous one, and to all the nations of the earth it has a profound significance. Here on this soil, first made known four hundred years ago, the poor and the suffering of all races have been made welcome and have found a home. The broad fields and forests which stretch from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, feed, clothe and shelter by their products not only the sixty millions of our own people, but also a considerable portion of the civilized world.

The United States now extends to visitors from all the nations of the world a welcome to her shores—a welcome never equalled for its magnificence and its cordial earnestness. The youngest of the nations, proud of the achievements of its short life, has something of the enthusiasm of youth as it stretches out its hand to the older peoples of the globe.

The fair at Chicago will attract to that great city a vast multitude of visitors from all quarters of the globe, but of these by far the greater portion will be our own people, and among them will be many thousands of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Such visitors will naturally turn with especial interest to the exhibits which have to do with the form of sport of which they are especially fond, and in these departments they will find much that will interest them. The manufacturers of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, boats and canoes will all be glad to show their most improved implements and inventions; the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit in the Anglers' Pavilion will display a remarkably interesting selection of sportsmen's literature, and in the Boone and Crockett Club Hunters' Cabin will be found a typical Rocky Mountain hunter's home presided over by an old-time mountain man.

ALL ornithologists, and all bird lovers, whether they be ornithologists or not, will feel gratified that the Audubon monument has been completed. The family portraits which accompany our account of the dedication ceremonies will interest many of our readers, but of even greater value are the reproductions of the early drawings of the naturalist. These, with the plate engraved from his great work, mark three stages of the artist's development and show the steps which led from attempts more or less rude up to the perfection of art seen in the "Birds of America."

A SUGGESTION.

WITH the advancing spring comes the opening of the boating and the fishing season, and those who have not done so, are looking to their tackle and to the equipments of their boats and getting them in shape for use during the warm weather.

In thus renewing their outfit they must apply to the manufacturers and dealers of such goods, whose advertisements are to be found in our columns. In these days a newspaper would look very oddly which did not have any advertisements in it, and in these departments of outdoor sports, as well as in others, FOREST AND STREAM has a goodly list of advertisers.

To the best of our knowledge these dealers are all reliable as regards the articles they have for sale and honest in their business methods. Our advertising columns are never open to any we have reason to distrust. We believe this list to be the best and most complete to be found anywhere, and we are told that it is often consulted by others than our regular subscribers as giving the fullest information to be had anywhere in regard to the specialties named. We feel sure that all who are in need of the articles advertised can thus have their wants supplied in the most satisfactory manner and at as slight a cost as is commensurate with the quality of the goods.

We know that the majority of our readers are in touch with our advertisers, and this friendly relation should be extended as much as possible, for this is for the manifest advantage of both buyer and seller. A considerable portion of our readers, however, live at a distance from the centers where the finer grades of sportsmen's goods can be obtained and must of necessity send long distances to secure them, while many articles of the highest merit can be bought from only one or two supply points.

In writing to advertisers this caution is to be suggested. As a rule dealers are willing and glad to answer questions put to them by persons wishing a closer knowledge of their wares than can be obtained from an advertisement, but these dealers are always busy men, whose time is valuable, and they should not be troubled by unnecessary or foolish questions.

He who consults an advertiser, therefore, should make his letters brief and to the point, asking his questions so that they will be understood and if possible so that they can be concisely answered. In reply he will be likely to receive just the information he desires.

LAST YEAR'S CANADA FISHING.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, presents some interesting facts concerning the fishing during 1892.

On Cape Breton Island the rivers yielded very little sport in the first part of the season owing to the drought in July. Salmon were plentiful in the sea adjacent to the river mouths, but the streams were low and the fish entered them in very small numbers. For the same reason the trout fishing was poor and the anglers were sadly disappointed.

A change was made in the system of employing fish wardens. Special guardians are engaged temporarily at times when their services are needed, and the permanent force has been dispensed with. The wardens devote a portion of their time to patrolling their districts and make weekly reports. The cost of protection has been reduced by this means and the plan so far has proved satisfactory.

In the Nova Scotia district, comprising the counties of Cumberland, Colchester, Pictou, Antigonish, Guysborough, Halifax and Hants, salmon were reported more numerous than for several years past, both in the fishing season and the spawning time.

The New Brunswick trout brooks and lakes were visited by many sportsmen and no decline in the number of fish was observed. Salmon were found to have increased moderately in Charlotte county. The run in the St. Croix River was larger than usual, and many salmon passed through the Magaguadavic fishways into the streams above.

In Quebec the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Moisie and Godbout, attracted the greatest number of salmon, this region appearing to be favorite ground.

In 1892, for the first time, a close season was established in Manitoba for tullibee, goldeyes, pike, mullets and muscalonge. Tullibee (a kind of whitefish) are protected from Oct. 5 to Dec. 15, and the rest from April 15 to May 15. These close seasons are supposed to correspond with the spawning seasons of the fish. The gold-

eye is better known to FOREST AND STREAM readers as the toothed herring. Manitoba fish have been destroyed in large numbers in the drains connecting swamp lands with Lake Manitoba. The fish ascend the channels when the waters are high, and when the flood subsides they are left to decay on the meadows. Screens are to be constructed at the mouths of the drains to prevent the ascent of fish.

In many lakes of the Northwest Territories, according to Inspector Gilchrist, fish were slaughtered in immense numbers. The fishery overseers were few, the means of travel limited to horses, and the distances to be traversed are great. Assistance will be given in future by the mounted police as special guardians. During September and October trout are killed in incredible numbers, and now that the streams between Calgary and Kootenay River are accessible by rail, it is highly probable that these streams will soon be as barren of trout as Bow River is now. Hundreds of fine trout were left to rot on the banks of Old Man's and Kootenay rivers during the season by so-called sportsmen who fished for count. Even the fingerlings of the small mountain streams fell into the hands of the human sharks.

It seems as if Satan and all his emissaries had conspired to exterminate the salmon wherever it is known. Inspector John McNab visited Section Lake, in British Columbia, to investigate the alleged killing of baby salmon by the Indians of the locality. He found that during the migration of the young fish from the lake to the river, on their way to the sea, they are caught in traps and wicker baskets in immense quantities. We have verified this statement, as some of the captured fish were sent to a representative of FOREST AND STREAM for identification. They were chiefly the red salmon or blueback, the most important kind in Fraser River.

In that region the offal from the canneries and the refuse from saw mills are vexing the souls of the guardians of salmon. Truly these noble fish have a bitter struggle for existence, and unless the power of the law is enforced in their behalf, the waters that now teem with them will soon fall into the category of fishless rivers.

SNAP SHOTS.

In another column we print a most extraordinary statement of a surreptitious change made in a game bill before the Colorado Legislature. A single letter in the bill is said to have been altered, and so the whole purpose of the act was defeated. This seems hardly credible, but if it is true, the Colorado Legislature stands in great need of looking after by the many good and true sportsmen and game protectors resident in that great and growing State. There is no doubt that public sentiment in Colorado is earnestly in favor of wise game laws properly enforced, but this sentiment must manifest itself beyond the possibility of a mistake, before the butchers and game and fish hogs will cease their efforts at tampering with the laws. Colorado enjoys the rare distinction of having still a few buffalo running wild within her borders and her rough mountains and tangled forests still shelter mountain sheep, elk and deer in numbers. Her citizens cannot afford to see this game destroyed in season and out of season through the miserable selfishness of butchers and skin hunters.

The Wisconsin Commissioners of Fisheries have fallen into line with a protest against permission being granted persons who receive fish from the State to create preserves and refuse to permit the public access to the waters in which the fish have been planted at public expense. They recommend "the repeal of the law which enables persons to have a monopoly of streams stocked by the State."

The Chattanooga Times is deserving of generous credit for its services in securing much needed protection for the deer of Tennessee mountains. Early in the session of the Legislature it began an agitation for a better law than the old one, and under the leadership of the Times a bill to that effect has been made law, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of the moonshiner elements.

No game or fish bills of any very general interest became laws in this State during the last session of the Legislature, but a number of amendments to the forestry, game and fish laws were introduced, and some of these passed and received the Governor's signature. We shall give an abstract of these in a short time.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—III.

Among Old Friends.

It was with devout thankfulness that Uncle Lisha and his wife found that the time which had seemed so long to them had wrought few changes among old friends and familiar scenes. If they could but have taken up the broken thread of their far-spent life in the old brown house and shop, the measure of present contentment would have been full. Yet they inherited, in some measure, the adaptability to change which has come through restless generations of pioneers, to the Yankee race, and they were content to be the welcome inmates of the Lovel's hospitable home.

It was pleasant to be so near the old home, and it comforted them to know that human life had quite gone out of it when they forsook it. The capricious November weather having fallen into an unexpected mood of mildness on the day after their arrival, they walked down to the old place and found it little changed since they had last seen it, except by the air of complete desertion that pervaded it.

They pushed open the unlatched door and entered with an awed sense of being the ghosts of their former selves, yet apparitions that would affright no one, nor scarcely disturb the squirrels that hoarded their stores in the garret, nor interrupt the woodpecker's tattoo on the gable clapboards, nor awaken the woodchuck from his long nap under the flooring of the shop. Upon this floor, that was indented with his own and innumerable other heel-marks, the old cobbler saw the rubbish of leather scraps almost as he had left it, but for the blue mold that had gathered on it, quite overpowering with mustiness the odor of tannin and wax that once pervaded the dingy little den.

Thence the two went into the house part, in which their married life had begun, where children had been born to them, where they had toiled and grown weary and rested, whose low-browed rooms were hallowed by days and years of happiness and sorrow and the slow healing of bereavement.

In the kitchen, from the blank fireplace, with its ashes of the last fire they had kindled there already showing a green film of moss, the crane stretched out to them its naked, sooty arm, whether interrogating or supplicating seemed not clear to them. Out of the smoky ceiling the empty iron hooks reached toward them as if asking the old burdens of crooknecks and dried apples. Amid them the empty stovepipe hole stared down at the unworn patch of floor the winter stove had covered, in silent reproach. Their own hushed voices sounded hollow and unnatural.

In vain they strove to rehabilitate the rooms in imagination with their old furniture; they could not make them homelike nor bring any warmth of their old life to dispel the pervading smell of unused, unpainted wood, except once when Aunt Jerusha opened the kitchen cupboard and there came out of it a faint, embalmed odor of loaf cake and gingerbread that made them both hungry.

Groping in the furthest corner of the upper shelf for some forgotten relic of the old life, her fingers touched some soft, yielding fabric, and then drew forth a rudely-fashioned little rag doll, whose ink-marked features had almost faded into the dingy hue of the homespun linen face. With fond, speechless wonder they looked upon it for a moment, and with one accord went over to the east window, where, with eyes dimmed with something more than age, they saw the scarlet sumach bobs shining out of the wilderness of the little hillside graveyard through the haze of the calm autumnal day. For a brief space the deserted house seemed again to be their home, and the scurry of the squirrels overhead, the patter of a little child's feet. Thankful to leave it with the impression of such a presence, they went out, closing the door reverentially behind them.

They went down the tangled, untrodden path to the little gate, that was still held shut with a chain weighted with a rusty plow-point. Here they were suddenly confronted by Gran'ther Hill, as erect as when they had last seen him, though leaning a little more heavily on the staff that so often emphasized his words.

"You tarna ol' critters," he whistled hoarsely through a smile as grim as toothless jaws could show, while he stretched forth a cordial hand to them. "Be ye a tryin' to resurreck yourselves, or what be ye duin' a hantin' raound here where ye'd ortu staid? Didn't I tell ye, Lisher Peggs, 'at the rattlesnaikes 'ould chaw ye, an' the fever 'n' aig 'ould shake ye, an' the Injins 'ould skelp ye till ye'd wish't ye'd staid where ye was? Hey? Didn't I? Didn't I know? An' don't ye know now 't I knowed? What?" as Uncle Lisha attempted to explain that he had not been beset by any such enemies. "You tell me th' didn't no snakes bite ye? You couldn't feel 'em a chawin' yer ol' so' luther hide. But they did. An' I'll bate it killed 'em, erless they got sick o' the taste on yer, which I shouldn't blame 'em none. Yis, ye did hev fever an' aig, an' didn't know it 'm the nat'ral rattlin' o' your ol' bones. An' ef the Injins didn't skelp ye 'twas cause they got sick o' the job an' gin it up. Take off yer hat an' lemme see what luck they hed a peelin' yer ol' bal' skelp. Wal, then what did ye come back fer? Seddaown on that lawg 'f ye haint got 'bove sech settin'. They du say the' haint no lawgs on them perraries, an' tell me," and he seated himself on an elm trunk that years ago had defied Uncle Lisha's efforts to split it, and, with an impatient gesture, waved his friends to a place beside him.

Aunt Jerusha dusted a place for herself with her checked copperas and white home-made handkerchief, while Uncle Lisha carefully parted the tail of his coat and sat down.

"Ahem," he cleared his throat to explain. "The fact on't is, I got sick on't an' so did Jerushy."

"You—got—sick—on't!" cried the veteran with ineffable contempt, "an' sneaked off. Wal, I'm 'shamed on ye, fer disgracin' yer State. A Green Mountain Boy a-gettin' sick on't an' a-sneakin' back hum'. Why, man alive, don't ye s'pose we got sick on't tu Ben'n't'n an' almighty sick on't, tu, wi' the Hessians a-pepperin' on us, an' the sun a-blazin' daown hotter'n Tophit? But we didn't sneak off. No, sir, we stuck her aout, an' we licked 'em. That's haow we done in them times."

"Lemme see," said Uncle Lisha, searching his memory for some missile to cast at his contemner, "haow was't tu Hubbart'n? Yis, an' tu Ticonderogue when Burgwine come?" triumphantly hurling a second question before the first had fairly struck.

The veteran glared at him a moment before he growled hoarsely, "Lisher Peggs, be you a nat'ral borned idjit, er don't ye know nothin'? Don't ye know 'at Hale sneaked off wi' his rig'ment, an' left Warner an' Francis tu stan' the hull bilin' o' Hessians wi' the'r'n, an' they was tew many fer us tu stan' agin, an' we hed tu run in spite o' Warner's cussin', which it was nigh 'baout as hot as the Hessians' firin' an' Francis was daown, an' Warner run hisself, an' when Seth Warner run 't was time fer most folks tu scratch gravel. Hubbart'n, hump, 'f I'd staid there I'd ben killed, an' who'd there ben tu fight tu Ben'n't'n? An' 'baout Ti," he continued more calmly, "why, ye see, Sinclair let 'em git their cannern top o' Sugar Loaf, 't wain't none o' my duin's, an' then the' wain't nothin' for 't but tu clear aout, er get took, an' the' haint no use o' that."

"Jes so," said Uncle Lisha, beaming triumphantly on his adversary, "an' no more the' wain't no use in us a-stayin' aout West an' dyin' jest aout'n stinkin' pride. An' so we gin up sensible, jest as you did tu Hubbart'n an' Ti."

"An' ye done almighty well, Lisher, so ye did," said Gran'ther Hill, heartily, "an' I'm glad ye hed sense 'nough tu. But," he added, emphasizing each word with a tap of his staff on Lisha's shoulder, "don't fergit I tol' ye so."

"Day fore yeste'day," Uncle Lisha said, turning the conversation into a pleasant channel, "we come past o' Fort Ti, an' it most seemed 's 'ough I could see you an' Ethan Allen an' 'mongst ye, a marchin' up to 't in the gray o' the mornin', an' a-takin' o' it, though it don't look wuth a-takin' er a-keepin' naow."

"An' by the Lord Harry, you'd ort tu see us," cried Gran'ther Hill, who at once began for an unnumbered time the recital of the exploit, in which he took greater pride than in any other wherein he had borne a part. "It's many a year sen I seen the ol' fort," he said in conclusion, long before which his listeners had grown restless, "an' they say it has gone tu rack an' ruin, which it is a shame tu the nation we took it for an' gin it tu. But this grubbin', tradin' generation haint no pride in things 't was id in the days when the' was men. They'll brag on 't Fou'th o' Julys an' 'lections as ef they'd did it the selves, but they haint no pride in nothin' but makin' money an' gittin' 'lected, an' all fence sheep pasters an' onderpin haousen wi' the' gran'ther's gravestones 'f they're handier 'n cobblestuns an' querries, damn em."

"Le's grup tu Samwil's," said Uncle Lisha, breaking the silence that followed this outbreak of indignation. "He's got some cider 't's turrible good for the time o' year," and he arose to lead the way.

"You don't say?" cried Gran'ther Hill, getting to his feet with wonderful alacrity. "Wal, I guess I will, for I be got kinder dry talkin' an' it seems as 'ough a mug o' saound cider 'ould tech the driest spot."

In his haste to put this cure for thirst to proof, he was presently leading his companions, stepping out briskly to the air of "The Road to Boston" performed by the violent outputting and indrawing of breath that now served for the whistle long since mustered out of his toothless jaws. The quick step soon brought them to Sam's door, with Uncle Lisha scant of breath and mopping his brow with his handanna, though Aunt Jerusha had borne the forced march wonderfully well.

The veteran beamed upon him a grim smile of doubtful approval. "You must ha' ben a good sojer, Lisher," he said. "You don't keep step wuth a soo markee, but ye never could ha' run ef ye'd a wanted tu."

Entering, they found Sam stretching yesterday's fox-skin upon a board, while the baby, between his knees, played with the dangling brush.

"Mornin', Cap'n Hill," said Sam heartily, and Huldah came out of the pantry, brushing flour from her hands on her white baking apron and offered one, rosy through its dusty bloom, to the ancient guest.

"Take a seat, Cap'n Hill," she said, shoving the great splint-bottomed chair toward him and cuffing the feathers of its patch-work cushion into hospitable softness. "How 's all the folks up tu your haouse? your son's wife an' the child'n, be they well? Sed daown in the rockin' chair, Aunt Jerushy, an' Uncle Lisher, you take t'other arm chair. They're well, be they?"

"Well? Wal, I guess they be by the rumpus they make, wus'n a hull tribe o' Injins. M'rier stan't it better'n I could er would. By the Lord Harry, I wish't I c'd bring up them young uns. Fust thing I'd skin 'em. Gi' me that boy o' yours, I know he's a boy by his actions a touselin' that aire fox-tail; 'f 'twas a rhuster feather, he might be a gal. Gi' me that aire boy Huldah Pur'n't'n, an' I'll make ye suthin' tu be praoud on. See the leetle sar-pint wrastle that fox-tail, an' smell on 't's ef 't was a posy. He's got hunt in him, I tell ye, jelluck a haoun' pup. It's tew bad tu hev him grow up a tarna, unmannered, consaited fool, all young uns does nowdays, but he will 'f he haint gin tu me. I don't know o' nob'dy else left fit tu bring up a young un, tu lick 'em an' larn 'm 's they'd ortu be."

"I do know, Cap'n," said Sam, smiling proudly on his first-born and dragging him a little to and fro by the brush, still grasped by the chubby, dimpled hands, "I guess we don't want him skinned jest yet, he haint prime."

Gran'ther Hill acknowledged the joke with a chuckle. "Don't ye wait till he sheds his fur, er the cub won't be wuth shucks. Come 'ere, bab'," and he took from his pocket a steel tobacco box, bright with wear in spite of a mottle of rust specks. "Come 'ere an' see the pooty-pooty," shaking the box, which with its inclosed bit of hard nail rod tobacco made an inviting rattle.

The baby's blue eyes grew round with pleased wonder and he tugged at the fox skin to take it with him to the newly offered toy, but when he could, not crept back between his father's knees.

"Jullook o' that," cried the old man, "he won't leggo a fox skin for terbarker in a box 'at was in Ben'n't'n battle, an' was hit by a Hessian bullet, an' saved my laig, ef it didn't my life." And he exhibited a dent in the cover. "I tell ye that boy's a borned hunter. What ye named him, Sam? Gin him a good, short, hones' name aouten no go, between, er hev ye named him all the names o' all yer relations, 'cordin' tu naowdays fashin? Aour young uns was tellin' o' one o' them Noakes boys 'at goes tu school, 'at when the master ast his name up an' answered, 'Guy Azro Joab Jethro Uncle James Ferris Noakes.' What ye think o' thet fer a name? One good solid chunk o' fust name was 'nough fer Geo'ge Washin't'n an' Ethan Allen, an' Seth Warner an' Josier Hill, by thunder. But I most fergot my ar'n't. Naow, what I

want 's a mug o' cider tu m'isen my mortal clay, which I've dried up a gabbin'."

"I gin him a invite, thinkin' he'd be welcome," said Uncle Lisha in an apologetic undertone.

"Why, sartainly," said Sam; "Huldah, won't you get me a pitcher whilst I light a light?"

"I didn't need no invite on'y tu know you hed it. When cider haint free plunder tu neighbors, all the good ol' times must be gone by." He smacked his lips as he heard from the cellar the squeak of the tap, the responsive rush of the cider into the pitcher, running up the gamut from emptiness to fulness in a hospitable tune which, he remarked with satisfaction, was not cut short when the tap was redriven, by a hollow sound portending drouthiness in the immediate future. After tasting the proffered glass with an approving smack, he withheld his lips to bestow the ambiguous compliment that every Yankee is in due politeness bound to give his host's cider in every season from its sparkling youth to sour age.

"That aire 's mighty good cider for the time o' year."

Warmed with a second glass, he looked over its rim at the baby still playing with the fox skin. "A reglar borned hunter, julluk his father. I'd ortu take an' bring 'em both up an' larn 'em tu shoot, fer the'd ortu be some hunters a growin' up. Hunters makes sojers, an' the'll be need on 'em sometime. It does beat all nat'ur what cussed foolish ideas folks hes come tu hev about huntin' bein' low daown an' goo' fer nothin'. Don't they know 't huntin' was half folkses livin' in ol' times an' larn't 'em tu fight Injins as well as other varmints? When I was a boy, a boy went a huntin' 'ssoon 's he could kerry a gun, an' hed tu rest it agin a tree tu shoot, an' when the time come he was all ready tu be a sojer. Look a' Ethan Allen an' Seth Warner an' Peleg Sunderlan' an' Remember Baker an' Bob Cockrun an', straightenin' himself in his chair and striking his breast with his fist, "wal, I won't call no names, but look o' the hull bilin' o' Green Mountain boys, ev'ry man jack on 'em a hunter by spells. Be they men fer these creetur's tu stick up the'r new fashined noses at? Look a' the boys, yis, an' the' growed up young fellers, naow. Don't half on 'em know een'd of a gun f'm t'other, an' turn aout tu trainin' wi' sticks an' brooms. S'pose the' come a war, where'd we be? Er jest a wolf? I wish't tu the Lord the' would a wolf come an' kinder wake up the blasted folks. Guess they'd find aout the's some use in knowin' haow tu shoot a gun."

"I'm half thinkin', Cap'n Hill, the' is a wolf hengin' raound on the mountains. I've seen some signs 'at looks that way," said Sam, fastening the stretched skin with the last nail.

"Sho'. Th' haint nuther," Gran'ther Hill growled incredulously, "you wouldn't know wolf sign 'f you'd seen it."

"Wal, mebbey," Sam admitted, "but I more'n half b'lieve th' is."

"Wal, ef th' is, someb'dy's sheep 'll ketch it 'fore spring, fer the' haint no deer. Ef he'd on'y kill tew or three o' Joel Bartle's, wouldn't th' be a weepin' an' wailin' an' a-gnashin' o' teeth? An' him a-thinkin' a man wi' a gun on his shoulder 's goin' stret tu Tophet. Er 'f he'd kill an' ol' breedin' yoe fer yer father, Huldah. He's turrible sot agin huntin', an' thinks the devil owed him a gretch an' paid it in a huntin' son-in-law. My sakes, wouldn't it set 'em a-hummin'?" He cackled a dry, cracked laugh as he looked out the window across the fields to the quiet home-steads and imagined the commotion into which the advent of a wolf would throw them. Suddenly the chuckle ceased, the senile mirthfulness of his visage faded into a blank stare of consternation.

"I swear," he whispered hoarsely to himself, but so loudly that other ears were reached, "ef there haint heth Pur'n't'n womern a-comin' wi' her gal a-towin' o' her. (I wish 'twas the womern 'at got lost, an' they hedn't never faound her). Wal, I got tu be a-go-in'," he declared, and rising in flurried haste departed in spite of all hospitable entreaty, with as much precipitation as he had quitted the disastrous field of Hubbardton. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

INDIANS AND THE BIG GAME.—II.

BEAVER CREEK, Wyo., April, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three years ago there was a hide butcher's paradise from twelve to forty miles below here on Green River; but like the old adage, what was fun for the boys, was death to the frogs; and it was sure death to the game here. It was an unusually hard winter. The snow commenced early and lay deep on the ground, consequently the elk and deer were crowded in a much smaller space of country than usual on the winter range. Then the slaughter commenced and continued until the poor creatures could move back toward their summer range. If we had had another similar winter succeeding it, I think the elk here would have been in the same predicament as the buffalo on the plains to-day.

No one took any steps to prevent it by law with the exception that the railroad company was prohibited shipping to a certain extent. But popular feeling was so strong against the hide butchers that it had a tendency to check the destruction. Besides the seasons have been favorable for their protection, and if they could be protected from the destroyer in the future, all would be well.

I passed over the ground in the spring, after the hide slaughterers had got through with their work. The scene that was presented before me would make most any true sportsman feel like hanging somebody. There were dead elk carcasses in every direction, many with their hides taken off, and plenty that had not been used even so far as that. Large numbers had been killed on the river while it was frozen over. When the ice went out it left many lying along the bank, while bunches of carcasses had dammed up the sloughs in places. It was reported that one party alone had taken 600 hides. One person told me he knew of the same man selling over 1,000; of course he bought from other parties.

One man boasted to me what a fine killing he had made on a bunch of elk, and tried to impress upon my mind what a fine shot he was. I saw the place where he killed them. The carcasses still lay there. He ran a bunch between 40 and 50 head out of the willows on the river bottom on to the side of a hill into the deep snow in March; and there they were at his mercy. He did not have any. They were far enough apart to get the hides off, and that was all. He claimed to have killed about 800 the same way. At that time of year and being a hard winter, the hides were almost worthless, and to make them more so they were thrown on to the snow with the flesh side up, so that they were all curled up to about the size of a open newspaper.

Besides the Indians and hide butchers they have another scheme for extermination, and that is by capturing alive and shipping them to game preserves east and west of here. It may be a benefit to those points where they go, but it will not preserve the game in this section. Last season two car loads were shipped East. One went to Austin Corbin's game preserve in New Hampshire. I believe it was a success to those concerned, and this winter Tom, Dick and Harry are after elk calves, running them in the snow with snowshoes, horses and dogs. Where they catch one and save it they kill two or three more, and their main object is to get all the females they can. If those preserves are not supplied in two or three years I am afraid they will have to go somewhere else for their supply, for the game will be scarce here.

Where the game has not been disturbed too much it has done excellently this winter, for up to this time the weather has been very moderate. The mountain sheep range I have never seen better; hundreds of acres blown bare above timber line, with plenty of grass upon it. The feed on the elk, deer and antelope ranges is also plenty.

MOUNTAINEER.

“PODGERS’S” COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—All hail to you! All honor and credit to the FOREST AND STREAM for its victory over reluctant District Attorneys seeking how not to do it! Three cheers and a tammany for this triumph! and to the FOREST AND STREAM do we return “much thanks” for its dogged perseverance and never-let-up persistency in the woodcock case. You cannot, shake your gory locks and say we did not do it, for you did, and your proverbial modesty shall not screen you, and if my credit was good for a bran new tile anywhere in Broadway, the editor and even the head-ing of the paper should have each one. I have lived to see one case of prolonged avoidance brought to book and the supremacy of the game law made manifest. If I was given to celebrate joyful occurrences in the flowing bowl, much I fear there would be a case of severe headache in the morning, for I have just read on the editorial page of the FOREST AND STREAM the announcement of the end of the Jarndyce and Jarndyce woodcock case and the payment of the fine.

Four hundred and fifty cold dollars, eh? Rather an expensive supper that! and the host paid the bill. Woodcock bills are proverbially long, and this one is no exception. Who will tender the entire staff of the FOREST AND STREAM a woodcock supper (in season) to commemorate the victory? I will engage to pay the man to wheel the editor home at the close of the proceedings, as I don't think I would be in a condition to do it myself, if present. There are times and occasions when man may be justifiable in losing the use of his legs, and this would be one of them, but at this distance I should have to do it by proxy, and no doubt I could find one on much less provocation to do some tall artistic work in red paint.

We do not have woodcock on the Pacific coast, but all sportsmen here have felt much interested in the case and rejoice in the victory of the FOREST AND STREAM in the face of the determined opposition it had to overcome; but at last success has crowned its efforts, and in the words of the poet we say, “Bully for you!”

I am greatly obliged for the suggestion of your contributor, the “Doctor,” how to suppress a man who will persist in making puns on unseemly occasions, *i. e.*, by going into an explanation of his puns and thereby knocking him out. But how about it if the puns have no point to be explained? The Doctor's friend must have been an exception if he made any that had. To fire puns at a man when he is all anxiety to fire at ducks is of itself a flagrant offense, and justifies expending a couple of cartridges on him and thereby make him see the point—of the gun, at him. No right-minded jury would bring in any other verdict than justifiable pun-ish-meant.

I notice that there is a growing tendency on the part of contributors to bear, deer and double shot stories to enlarge the sphere of the marvelous—not that I would for a moment insinuate that any sportsman or writer for the FOREST AND STREAM would exaggerate. But don't you think we are being called upon to hoist in some very wonderful modern instances? It has been remarked that truth is stranger than fiction, and allowing the evidence, the wonder grows that truth is so wonderful. I never take up the FOREST AND STREAM nowadays that I do not expect to read of such exploits in the way of chance shots as to make one wonder whether the cow counties have all been heard from and if all the double shotters have got in their work, and if it is not time for the treble and quadruple fellows to tune up the lyre and sing of their exploits. Shall we not go back now to the beginning and open the chapter with the sworn to yarn of the fellow that by mistake left his ramrod in his gun in shooting at a long row of pigeons sitting on a limb, and spitted an even dozen?

I have not shot a cartridge away in two years, having been so discouraged at the wonderful shots that are being made. For what, and where, will us old timers be who have ever been content to get one bird to a barrel, and not always doing as well, when we read in every FOREST AND STREAM of doubles and two of a kind to each barrel, end on, athwart ships and at every other angle of the compass. It has a tendency to make one feel he was born too early when things were in a primitive state and our boyhood days were associated with the guns of our fathers—flint-locks, then percussion, then breech-loaders, and lastly hammerless and magazine weapons.

When promenading down Broadway I have often stopped to look in the window of a certain gun store and stood a quarter of an hour admiring a double barrel flint-lock, put there, doubtless, to show what our daddies used and how we have progressed. The gun in question is beautifully finished and one can fancy with what pride its owner exhibited it to his shooting friends, and what talk there was of the Squire's new “shotgun”, as all were then called, and by the rifle shooters “scatter guns.”

As I say, I am discouraged and believe I will leave my trio of double-barrels in their cases, for what chance have I, a very ordinary shot at best, to knock over three or four birds “stern to” in a straight line, and unless I can “Where am I at” in these days?

I see that “Piseco” has retired from the competition and does his shooting by proxy. I can sympathize with him in his preference for piscatorial pursuits, and there is where I feel myself the equal of any fellow disposed to tackle me on that weakness. Shooting I cannot claim as my strong point, but when it comes to fishing—well, I won't boast. I well remember “Piseco's” contributions

from Alaska, and his fishing there, and have often hoped to meet him, for I see in him a kindred spirit, one who prefers the rod and reel to the hammerless.

The last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM that has come to hand is a good number; not that all are not good, but this is particularly so.

Mr. Thos. H. Farrell's article on the Mongolian pheasant is especially interesting and instructive.

The article on “Suckers,” by Leonard Hulit, carries me back to my boyhood days and many a ducking when standing on a rolling sawlog with a spear (grains) watching for them to work up the stream below the old saw-mill, and when making a dart for them usually with such earnestness as to follow the spear overboard, with the consequent ducking, which counted for nothing if I secured the fish. There were two kinds, one of which we called shad suckers, and were considered very good table fish, and really did have a flavor very similar to the shad.

My experience in suckers did not end with my boyhood days. I have encountered them all my life and always had a longing desire to put the grains into them, but they generally reversed that game on me. It would have been very satisfactory to have had the species under water and devised some means of keeping them there. I rather think the majority of readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are very familiar with the suckers in great variety.

There are many other good things to review in this last number, but I perceive I have already taken up more than my share of your space. But don't forget my suggestion to start in on “remarkable occurrences.” It would not do, I suppose, to head the column “Munchausenisms.” I won't suggest that, as I may come in myself with a “yarn” some fine day. You might call it our column for “Things that Happen Out West,” “Out West” being exceedingly indefinite, has to stand a multitude of sins as it is, and a little more of the same sort would not hurt much.

PODGERS.



THE OLD AUDUBON TOMB.

Natural History.

MAINE'S VANISHING GAME.

BANGOR, Me.—As “M.” of East Saginaw, Mich., has very sensibly discussed the wild pigeon question in FOREST AND STREAM of April 13, let me add a few words about the wild pigeon of Maine. When I was a small boy, thirty years ago, and used to carry a surveyor's chain in the woods of Maine, wild pigeons were fairly plentiful. On an average I would see from two to three flocks, of from fifteen to fifty, every late summer and autumn day I was out. Then they grew fewer year by year, until about 1876 or 80, a man might hunt for weeks without seeing a pigeon. I had made up my mind that, like the dodo and the great auk, the wild pigeon of Maine at least was extinct. In the fall of 1888, however, I saw several above Moosehead Lake. Again in 1889 and 90, I found still more in Washington and Hancock counties, and in 1891 several flocks of from ten to twenty-five were seen in Holden and Eddington within ten miles of Bangor. Last year I failed to find any, though several Bangor gunners reported seeing them.

Now comes the “nub” of my hypothesis. As soon as the wild pigeons fell off the blackbirds began to gain in numbers. Every year the flocks grew; they invaded the orchards, they pilfered the cornfields and haunted the treetops in flocks of from 100 to 500 for weeks. The boys shot, snared and trapped them, and the farmers “shooed” them with maledictions; but still they came and kept coming more and more. Early in the eighties I left Maine, and, save for short visits, did not live here for six years. On my return in 1887 the horde of crow blackbirds had diminished. The flocks were smaller and fewer to the flock; and many of them were winter residents, living in the deep arbor vitae swamps through the coldest weather, and coming out lively in the spring. Thus they have diminished in numbers year by year, until this spring I have not seen more than 100 in all my wanderings.

So from casual and very much localized observations I conclude that pigeons and blackbirds are like rival circus companies, and all reciprocally, each taking an innings for from ten to fifteen years, and then giving place to the others. Of course, there is no logical connection between the two facts. Blackbirds and pigeons belong to widely distinct classes in ornithology, and all they have in common are their gregarious habits. Of the two the pigeons are far more prolific, I believe, and would naturally stand a better show in the struggle for supremacy.

But the pigeons, while swifter of wing, are not so alert as the blackbirds, particularly during the migrating season, at which time, the old residents say, the slaughter of pigeons was terrible.

Our spruce partridges are nearly all gone now; our ruffed grouse are losing ground every year, as also are snipe and woodcock, while our upland plover come later and go earlier as the seasons pass. The Messina quail will not stay with us, Bob White refuses to be naturalized, and all bird life which a sportsman likes to squint at over a breechloader is growing less plentiful and more shy. What is a Maine gunner going to do? A few deer, less caribou, and least moose still linger miles out of our reach. Foxes and rabbits are plentiful, but our hounds and beagles are killed for chasing deer. Must we all get popguns and peg away at the English sparrows, the only imported bird that has yet succeeded in America?

TOM FORD.

The Devil of the Woods.

READERS of the natural histories and woods people generally will doubtless be interested in the following letter from Manitoba by Mr. Thos. Johnson, in regard to the habits of the wolverine:

WINNIPEG, March 22.—I inclose you a cutting that may interest you. I have made quite a study of this animal (wolverine) and found that the title of “glutton” and its reputation for eating enormous quantities of food are erroneous. We had one in captivity here, when I had every opportunity of observing its tendencies in that direction, and I also know a good deal about it in its wild state. I have no doubt that the reason every authority I have read have fallen in the error of thinking it a voracious eater is its habit of despoiling everything it can get at in the shape of food besides what it eats up entirely. Every kind of ingenuity had to be used to prevent this by trappers and others when traveling in a district where wolverines were known to have been. The deposit from this creature has a very offensive odor.

It is not only guilty of this selfish habit of stealing or spoiling all you have in the shape of eatables, but its bump of destructiveness is simply awful. I don't wonder at the squaws shuddering when you mention the name of what they term the little “black devil.” Their tenacity of life is also marvelous. Mr. Matheson, the Hudson Bay Company's factor at Patportage, told me that he once lassoed one and tying the other end of the rope to his saddle he galloped for some miles without its having any apparent effect, and he had to shoot it. An old Ojibway squaw was in the store when Mr. Matheson was telling me his story and having asked her some questions about wolverines (through an interpreter) I had repeated to her Mr. Matheson's story, at which she got off the first Munchausen story that I ever heard an Indian tell.

She said that one of the band she was with caught a wolverine and desiring to torture the animal they skinned it alive. The day was very cold, about 40° below zero, so cold that the Indian's hand got numbed and Mr. Devil in Black skinned across a river they were near, and she said would certainly have escaped them had he not fallen down the opposite bank—frozen!

The pelt makes a most excellent robe, especially for parlor foot-ropes. One quality it possesses I don't know of in any other robe; you can dance or stamp on one all day and by giving it a shake it looks new again.

Come up here and I will show further particulars about wolverines that will make you think with me that his Satanic Majesty has either his double or his son in the woods of British North America.

The clipping in question has not the name of the paper appended, and can not be credited, but reads as below:

THE WOLVERINE.

Naturalists have disputed the classification of this animal since the days of Linnaeus, who placed it in the bear family and named it *Ursus luscus*, a majority, however, have pronounced the wolverine of North America and the glutton of Siberia and northern Europe to be one and the same. On this continent the wolverine is known by several names, the Hudson's Bay bear, the carcajou, the quick hatch and *le diable des bois*. The last is the most appropriate of all, for certainly no more fierce and devilish creature exists than the wolverine. The Indians and hunters abhor the beast. He is their *bête noir*, their spoil sport; immediately that a line of traps are nicely placed, along will come a wolverine and spring every trap and steal the baits. He never gets caught, he is far too cunning for that. Should he come upon an unguarded camp in his travels he devotes all his energies to destroying everything in and about it. Provisions, clothing, blankets, even the tent and tent ropes are cut, torn and destroyed in pure maliciousness. A wolverine is known to have destroyed six bags of pemmican and nine sacks of flour which were cached by a C. P. R. engineering party, scattering the contents all over the ground. This appears to be a relentless hatred of man and all pertaining to him.

He is a formidable looking customer and one that one would be shy to encounter in the open. About the size of a prairie wolf or red fox, but shorter and stouter in build, short muscular legs ending in large paws armed with enormous and powerful claws, which seem out of proportion to the size of the animal, a small bear-like head, with small beady eyes and prick ears. A mouth, which is continually distended in a snarl which shows two rows of gleaming teeth suggestive of lacerated flesh and crunched bones. His color is dark brown almost black on the back and belly but several shades lighter on the sides, his tail is long and bushy. The fur is soft and is highly prized on account of its color and fineness as well as for its rarity.

It is seldom that the wolverine is captured alive, in fact it is difficult to get a shot at one at all so extremely cautious is he. Traps and dead falls are open books to him and it is only by exercising the greatest ingenuity that the hunter can secure a wolverine pelt.

The Zoological Gardens, London, England, boasted the possession of a live specimen of the glutton a few years ago. Of course naturalists say that the wolverine is a glutton and *vice versa*, but if the description given by Rev. Mr. Wood, of the “Zoo's” glutton is a true one it was not a wolverine. The reverend gentleman, after describing the animal's appearance, remarks that the “expression of the face is rather pleasing than otherwise.” Now, the expression on a wolverine's face is that of a fiend, but perhaps Mr. Woods belongs to that class of persons who are easily pleased.

As far as the writer can learn there is at the present time but one wolverine alive in captivity, and that one is in Winnipeg. It was captured with infinite trouble when a kitten—would you call it?—near Whitecourt, on the C. P. R., by Bob Meyers, the well known trapper and hunter.

The gentleman who owns it took it in charge at the time of its capture and did all that kindness could suggest to tame the wild little creature, but in vain, it was as savage then as if full grown, and no effort has succeeded in training it in the slightest degree. It is said that some of the Eastern zoological gardens exhibit wildcats or lynx as wolverines, and many persons confound these animals with one another.

Mr. McDonald, of the Albion Hotel, is the proud possessor of the “only wolverine,” and he takes great pleasure in showing his pet to visitors.

E. HOUGH.

Meeting of the Canada Institute.

AT the meeting of the biological section of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, on Monday, April 17, the following gentlemen were elected as officers of the Natural History Society for the ensuing year: President, John Maughan; Vice-Presidents, G. G. Pursey, C. Armstrong and Arthur Harvey; Secretaries, I. B. Williams and S. Hollingsworth; Treasurer, Arthur Harvey; Curator, James Noble; Members of Council, J. Maughan, Jr., E. V. Ripon and James H. Flemming. A very interesting lecture on the “Osteology of Birds” was given by Prof. R. Ramsay Wright. He introduced his lecture by pointing out some of the differences of the modern classification of birds from the systems adopted by the older naturalists, and then proceeded to point out various points of resemblance between the skeletons of birds and reptiles, and showed how, in the gradual evolution of birds from reptiles, the various bones have been changed and modified. He took up successively different parts of the skull, neck, backbone, wing, leg and foot, and illustrated the subject with diagrams and numerous beautifully prepared specimens from the university museum.

AUDUBON MONUMENT CEREMONIES.

The ceremonies connected with the dedication of the Audubon monument took place yesterday in Trinity Cemetery in the afternoon, and at the American Museum of Natural History in the evening. The hour set for the opening of the exercises was 3:30, and by that time a large number of spectators and invited guests had gathered about the monument, which stands in Trinity Cemetery, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, and directly opposite the gate which opens from 155th street. On the platform which was reserved for invited guests were Dr. Morgan Dix, representing Trinity corporation, the Misses Audubon, granddaughters of the naturalist, and many members of scientific societies in and near New York, among whom were Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, Dr. Eggleston, Mr. D. G. Elliot, Dr. J. A. Allen, Prof. Bickmore, Mr. William Dutcher, Mr. L. S. Foster, Dr. C. S. Allen, Geo. E. Ashly, Clark Bell, W. Beutenmuller, E. P. Bicknell, Prof. A. Brineman, Hon. Addison Brown, Prof. C. T. Chandler, Frank M. Chapman, Hon. Edward Cooper, Hon. Chas. F. Daly, Prof. C. A. Doremus, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Thos. A. Edison, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Prof. Walter Holladay, Prof. T. W. Hooper, Dr. O. P. Hubbard, Hon. John Jay and many others.

Invitations to the ceremonies had been issued to members of the American Ornithologists' Union, members of the Scientific Alliance of New York, of the American Museum of Natural History, subscribers to the fund, officials of neighboring colleges and scientific societies, and a few city officials.

Dr. Thomas Eggleston made a brief address, in which, on behalf of the contributors to the fund, and especially on behalf of the New York Academy of Sciences, he expressed his gratification at the completion of the monument, and turned it over to the Rev. Morgan Dix, representing the Trinity Cemetery corporation. It was then



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON,
His Youngest Son.

unveiled by Miss Audubon, a daughter of the naturalist's eldest son, Victor Gifford. Dr. Dix spoke feelingly but briefly in accepting the monument.

The monument is a monolith, terminating in a Runic cross, of North River bluestone, which stands on a pedestal of the same and this upon a granite foundation. On the northern face of the pedestal is sculptured a bust of the naturalist in very high relief, with the name Audubon in raised letters beneath it. On the east side are carved hunting implements, guns, a game band and powder horn; on the west side a palette and brushes, and on the south face is an inscription:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN JAMES AUDUBON
IN THE YEAR 1893
BY SUBSCRIPTIONS RAISED
BY THE
NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

At the base of the shaft on the north side is the text from the *Benedicite*:

O, all ye Fowles of the Air, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever.

Above this, running up to the cross are carved a number of figures of different birds. On the south side of the shaft are figures of mammals, a bison, an elk, a beaver, and others, and beneath them, at the foot of the shaft, another verse from *Benedicite*:

O, all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

The height of the monument is about 16ft., and the whole effect is very graceful, pleasing and artistic.

In the evening at the American Museum of Natural History Mr. D. G. Elliot pronounced an eloquent address, in which he said in part:

"Should we desire to see the beginnings of ornithology we must look for them in the period when our old earth was yet young, when that strange creature, more bird than reptile, more reptile than bird, which left its remains in the slab of Solenhofen, the *Archaeopteryx*, winged its feeble flight over the unfamiliar landscape of the Jurassic age. Evolved from wholly reptilian ancestors, this, so far as we know, was the first creature provided with wings composed of feathers which could bear it up in the atmosphere. There were no artists upon the earth in those days to transmit to us the portraits of animals then

living, but nature has carefully preserved these creatures in stone to remain forever, objects for our wonder and our admiration. Unknown ages rolled along and man appeared on the scene, but in the evidence of their exist-



J. J. Audubon

ence the pre-historic races have left behind them no relic of stone or bone or ivory containing any representations of birds. Only when we reach what may be deemed modern times do we meet with colored portraits, although it is now more than three thousand years since artists painted their portraits. A fresco of six figures taken from a dome in Egypt, and now in the museum at Boulak is so fresh and depicted with such marvelous fidelity of form and coloring, that four of these figures can without hesitation be referred to two species living in the old world to-day, one of which has a very near relative in our own land, and known to many as the brant of our western prairies. There were probably most learned and excellent naturalists among the learned people on the banks of the old Nile, but their names have been lost in the overthrow of their nation, and it was not until the fourth century before Christ that the first serious ornithological author appeared in the person of Aristotle. He was followed in the first century of our era by Pliny the elder, and then we come to the sixteenth century before we find any at all familiar to us. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries produced a host of naturalists, some prominent in ornithology, and it was toward the close of this century that he appeared upon the scene in honor of whose memory we are assembled here this evening.

It was at the resurrection period, the most beautiful season of the year, when all the groves were echoing with melody issuing from countless feathered throats, and the air was redolent with the perfume of the flowers, that on the 4th of May, 1780, in the then French province of Louisiana, on his father's plantation, John James Audubon was born. A few years after his birth Mrs. Audubon accompanied her husband to San Domingo, and there perished during the insurrection of the negroes. The elder Audubon returned to France with his family, and the naturalist's son was sent to school, but young Audubon spent his time in the fields and woods collecting objects of natural history, and made about 200 drawings

of birds. Declining to enter the army of General Napoleon, his father sent him to America to look after some property called Mill Grove, which he had near Philadelphia. Here he led an idle existence, and most of his time was occupied in hunting and fishing and drawing. In a description of himself written at this time, he says: "I had no vices, but was fond of shooting, fishing and riding, and had a passion for raising all sorts of fowls, which source of interest and amusement occupied all of the time."

He would wander over little known portions of the land, intent only upon the discovery of some new feature of the capture of some specimen already known but not yet added to his collection. In after years, looking back upon this happy period of his youth he says, "Why could I not have kept to this delicious mode of living?"

One morning he entered the residence of his neighbor, Mr. Wm. Bakewell. He was shown into the drawing-room where a young lady rose to welcome him. This was his introduction to Miss Lucy Bakewell, his future wife, who proved to be a most fitting mate to such a man as Audubon. Affectionate, patient, sympathetic, entering with her whole heart into her husband's pursuits. Self-sacrificing, ever ready to encourage him when oppressed by disappointments, jealous of his reputation, cheerfully submitting to any privation, enduring without a murmur long separations from husband and children, and accepting at times the uncongenial labor of teaching to gain means to advance the publication of his book, she was a type of that woman of whom it is written, "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed," and whatever wreath shall be twined for the brow of the naturalist, sprays from it must be taken to form a similar crown to adorn the head of his faithful devoted wife.

He was married in April, 1808. Later he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law under the firm



MADAM AUDUBON.
His Wife.

name of Audubon & Co., and after passing through many experiences and vicissitudes, on the 26th of April, 1826, he sailed from New Orleans to Liverpool, and reached his destination on the 20th of July. In Edinburgh he met Mr. Lizar, who offered to bring out the first part of the "Birds of North America," and on the 28th of November he was presented with proof of the first plate. He now issued his prospectus of the "Birds of North America." There being no text to his book he began to prepare an ornithological biography, in which he was assisted by Mr. Wm. McGillivray. In three months the first part was finished and offered to some publishers, none of whom would give a shilling for it, and he issued it himself. In the autumn of 1839 the "Birds of North America," the most magnificent ornithological work the world has ever seen, with the ornithological biography, being finished, he came back to America.

In the spring of 1849 he started on his last expedition to visit the Yellowstone River to procure material for his work, the "Quadrupeds of North America." Two years afterward appeared the first volume of this great work. The other two were prepared mostly by his sons, Victor and John, the last one appearing in the year Audubon died. In this hasty sketch of the naturalist's life I have touched upon some of the most important and interesting incidents of his career, exhibiting in various lights the impulsive, peculiar disposition of the man, which urged him often to enter upon impracticable and unwise undertakings, and yet perverted him never from the steadfast pursuit of his material. He was born to accomplish a certain task, and no matter what the condition of his life may have been, nothing could divert his mind from the subject in which his whole heart was wrapped, nor any privation discourage from following the study of his beloved birds. He was a woodsman, not a scientific naturalist according to the idea prevalent to-day. As an artist and pupil of David we must judge him, and the master's influence is frequently seen in his plates.

As a naturalist we must not judge Audubon by the standard of to-day any more than we ourselves shall be measured by that employed by naturalists half a century hence. He was an ornithological artist, not a scientific naturalist, and no one appreciated this fact and was more ready to acknowledge it than the simple, frank and enthusiastic author of the "Birds of North America." He never made pretenses to be more than he really was. He never claimed to be anything higher than a lover of animals, but in this road he occupied the foremost place and has gathered imperishable fame. He was a painstaking observer, a field naturalist, who, daunted by no difficulties, penetrated the unknown forests, encountered with cheerful courage unknown perils, privations, hunger, cold, storms and heat to procure specimens which afterwards were made to live again in the pages of his great work. He was the type of that class of naturalists whose



THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.
Unveiled Yesterday.

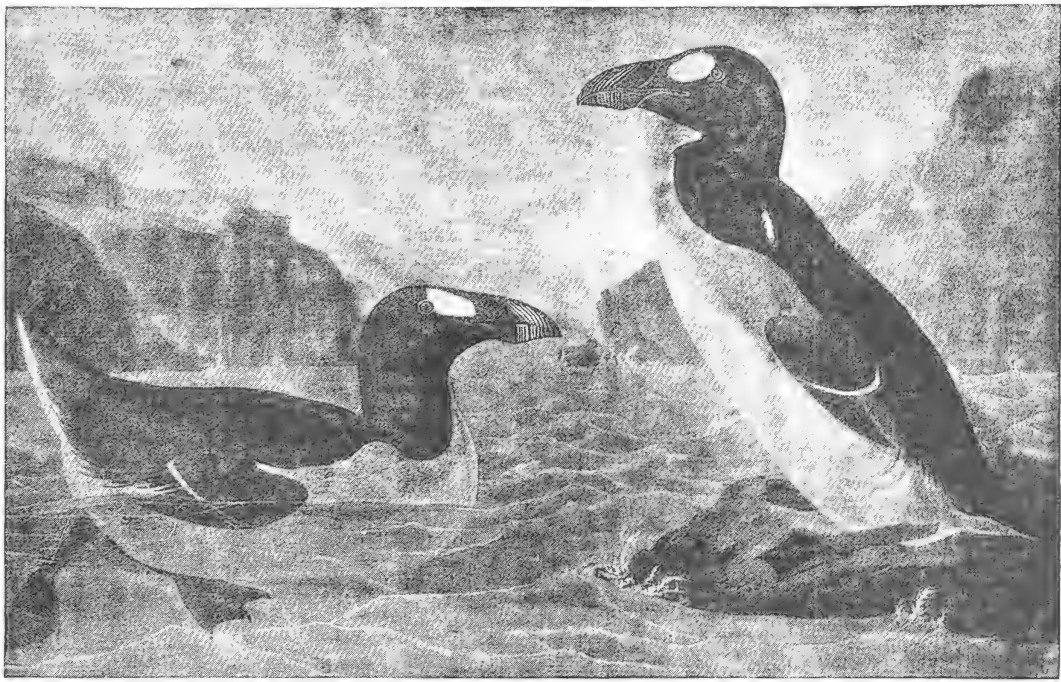
labors produce the means by which his more scientific brothers are enabled to reach definite conclusions.

There is not much left for me to tell. Audubon returned from his last expedition in October, 1843, and immediately began to work upon his "Quadrupeds of America," the first volume appearing two years later. He lived on his place now known as Audubon Park, at that time far removed from the bricks, dust and grime of the great city which he could never tolerate. The first volume of the Quadrupeds was his last work. He retained his simple habits, passing much of his time in the woods or at his easel, but he was now verging toward three score and ten, and while he loved all his pursuits, was as eager as ever, the number of his accomplished years had tempered the ardor of his energetic spirit, and the fire of his youthful passion was gradually lapsing into a fitful glow. "My life was peaceful and happy, surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends and possessing sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes toward the Supreme Being and feel that I am happy."

One day he discovered that he could not adjust his glasses so as to find a focus upon his canvas, and from that moment he began to fail. The devoted wife who had always been his main stay throughout his checkered career now never left him, read to him, and during his walks about the grounds which stretched to the banks of the Hudson, was always at his side, but the once erect, lithe and agile figure was now lost in the feeble form of an aged man. Toward the last another shadow fell upon him and his mind

failed, and his eye, noted for its brightness, became dim, and during the remainder of his stay on earth, like a little child he was led by the hand.

On the 27th of January, 1851, the summons came, and as he lay upon his bed surrounded by his family his eyes regained their luster, as though they penetrated the valley



THE GREAT AUK.

Reproduced from "The Birds of America."

American Felidae.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.—In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM a correspondent from the Rio Grande country argues that there is, or was, a large cat in that section, which is neither the puma nor the Mexican tiger. I think he is undoubtedly mistaken.

I have used every means at my command for the last four or five years to get the run of the Mexican fauna, and so far as I can learn there are only two large cats. The tiger (*Felis onca*) or jaguar is the larger. I have never heard him called jaguar, though it seems to be a Spanish or Indian word. Can any one give its origin? Here he is spoken of always as *tigre*. He lives in the thickets of the hot country, and is not much of a fighter. Almost any dog will tree him, and he then offers an easy shot. Indians often still-hunt him with an old smooth-bore and at night. The lion or cougar or puma (*Felis concolor*) is exactly the same here as all over the continent. His range is wide and his size and color vary slightly with his habitat. He is dangerous when crowded, and often makes it warm for dogs. Besides these we have two or three species of the ocelot—possibly they are only varieties—and the two kinds of lynx.

Mr. E. W. Nelson, of the Department of Agriculture, is in Mexico working up the animals. He will have an interesting report to make when he is done. AZTEC.

THE decision of the Secretary of the Interior, revoking the permits lately granted to private persons for cutting off 50 per cent. of the timber land of Montana, was an important one and a wise and beneficial one. The wilderness is going fast enough.



THE GREEN WOODPECKER—AN EARLY DRAWING.



THE COOT—AN EARLY DRAWING.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

QUAIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THOMPSONTOWN, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are some cases in which words are inadequate, for example, in commendation of the clean, decent, courteous FOREST AND STREAM. But then it don't need it. Again other kinds of words fail to characterize the combined cussedness of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, as exhibited in the recent proceedings on the game laws. In my opinion the formulated bill was about as near the best that could be prepared, to suit every one, yet a member told me that one afternoon during its consideration it seemed to him that half the members of the House had an amendment to offer. Most ridiculous of all, an amendment passed to stay quail shooting for three years.

Why such an amendment was offered is incomprehensible unless through ignorance, on the supposition merely that the past winter was fatal to quail life. I know that, during the winter, a general howl went out that quail had perished by wholesale, as they did during the winters of 1848-49, 1856-57, 1866-67, which were the only winters which wrought total destruction. Very many of the intervening winters were very much more severe than last winter, and yet the quail survived.

I was out during and after the zero weather and after the snow drifts, and found the quail strong and abundant. Since spring has opened I find the quail more numerous than a year ago, when they were more plenty than any year since 1876. I have the same information from friends in other parts of the State, who use the same means of informing themselves that I do, and are similarly interested, making protections and feeding when necessary. A three year stay may result in an abundance of quail this and all of the three years, and a total destruction when the stay is off. If any part of the State is without quail, it is more from the lack of natural shelter than from the weather. The migratory or semi-migratory habits of quail from sheltered portions of the State is sufficient to restock sections where the birds have been destroyed. I find by actual count within the past ten days four times as many quail on my own land as were left Dec. 15, 1892.

Will the rabbit shooters respect the quail law any more than they have done heretofore after Dec. 15, while the rabbit shooting was allowed?

I presume the information of town and city sportsman, if not simply guessed at, was derived from farmers who are supposed to know all about the game upon their land. Such information is very unreliable, as any shooter has frequently found out while getting permission to shoot, as all regardful sportsmen will do. The land owner is very likely to aver that there are no birds on his place. One ludicrous case occurred to me. I stood facing the farmer, who stood upon a high porch, assuring me that I could hunt, but would find nothing. Suddenly he said, "Your dog is snake-charmed." Turning around, I found Blanche, daughter of Bismarck, rigid at a bunch of old-fashioned shrubbery not thirty feet from the house. From eighteen to twenty birds got up, and while retrieving a rabbit jumped out and tumbled over. I had a splendid day on that farm. For years I have not asked whether there is game, only for permission to shoot.

JUNIATA.

WITH A YOUNGSTER IN THE WOODS.

HAVING agreed to go as guide with a party on a moose and caribou hunt, I thought I would take in my own moose and caribou hunt on the same trip. My grandson, Naty C. Fogg, who is only fifteen years old, and who has acted as a guide at my camps the past season, and having had the best success in fishing and hunting of any young guide that I ever knew, I was thinking all the while that I would let him go with me on my moose and caribou hunt; but did not mention to him my intentions. As soon as he was sure that I was going he began to quiz around, and finally said to me, "What's the matter with me going with you on your hunt?" But I did not answer him decidedly at first; I wanted to find out how anxious he was to go, as I knew such a trip would be rough on a boy of his age.

We finally agreed to start for Patten on Dec. 12, and the party of sportsmen were to join us the last of the week. The point I was going to take the sportsmen to was Gowdnehung Lake, fifty miles to the west of Patten, and there were lumber camps within five miles of the lake. After engaging a team at Patten to take the party along when they arrived, we started on to the Trout Brook farm, thirty miles from Patten. Here we found about a foot of snow and a sharp ice crust on it, which made it almost impossible to still-hunt. We stopped here the remainder of the week, and, not hearing from our party, on Sunday I told the boy that he had better go to Mr. Dudley's camp, which was within five miles of the lake we were intending to go to, and stop there until I came. He went in company with some men that were going to work at the camp. The next day I concluded that the party was not coming, and I took my hunting sled, that I had made while waiting for the party, and started, getting to camp about 2 P. M. When I got to camp the cook told me the boy had killed two caribou, and had been in for his dinner and gone back to finish dressing and take care of them. When he came in he told me his experience in the hunt. He had first found their trail, and the crust made such a racket with his snowshoes on that he took them off and followed in their path. As he came out into the old tote road he heard a rustling, and out came six caribou into the road and ran from him, and he opened fire on them and shot several times before they rounded a turn in the road. And when he came round the turn he saw two that were hard hit and had given up the race, but as his gun was a .38-40 he had to shoot them again. They proved to be two cows, and he counted six ball holes in one of them.

We were not prepared for camping out unless the party came, as everything was left for the team to bring with the expected party, but we got a single blanket, some pork and bread and some tea, and an oyster can to boil it in, and a woodsman's tin plate for a spider or fry pan, so the tin plate and oyster can were our cooking tools, and

we started on our snowshoes with each of us with a small pack on our backs for Gowdnehung Lake.

I knew that there was an old logging camp standing on the shores of the lake where we expected to stop a couple of nights. We found the camp all right, but with no doors or windows nor any place to build a fire. We tore up the floor, so as to build a fire on the ground, and then made a large hole in the roof for the smoke to go out, and made us a place to sleep, or rather stay, with the old boughs that were in the berths. But when we built a fire we soon found that the smoke hole we made was of but little use. The wind coming from the lake would whirl down the smoke hole and fill the camp full of smoke. We shed lots of tears that night. I got but little sleep. The boy managed to sleep most of the time. If it had not smoked I could not have slept, for I had to keep watch of the fire as there was danger of the camp taking fire and burning us up. As soon as there were any signs of daylight the oyster can was filled with water and the tin plate, with a split stick for a handle, was filled with slices of pork for frying. One dipper answered for both of us. The bread we had was frozen hard as a rock, but we thawed it before the fire and dipped it in the pork fat and drank our tea. Then we were ready for a cruise.

But I have forgotten to tell you of the caribou we saw on the lake when we first got there. I had told the boy that I expected to see caribou on this lake, and when we first got there and he went out to the lake to cut a hole for water, he came back and said he had seen two caribou some mile and a half up the lake. We took our guns and went out, it was cloudy and a few flakes of snow were falling. The boy's eyesight was better than mine and he said that he could see three, but I could not see anything. He pointed out where they were on the opposite side of the lake, so we went across and followed the shore on the opposite side. He then said one was going out into the lake, I could now see the game; he made a halt and the boy said that he had laid down. We followed close to the shore. After a while the caribou got up, and when he did so the boy laughed and said it was a fox, and sure enough it was; and the other two came out from the shore and started up the lake on the run. I did not laugh much at the boy, for the first sight I got of them I thought that they were caribou, and as the old saying runs, "They loomed up like a skunk in the fog."

On our cruise the next day we saw the tracks of seven moose, three at one place and two at two other places; but we did not follow any of them as I thought they were cows and smaller moose. We returned to camp that night to put in another such a night as I have described; but during the day we had had several snow squalls and the weather was getting much colder. I told the boy that we would get out of this the next morning and he was agreed to it. The wind was now having such fun with the snow on the lake that at times we could not see six rods; but one thing was in our favor, the wind was on our backs, and we trapped across the lake lively for a boy and an old man, but the boy reached camp first, his legs being the nimblest.

During the night the camp caught on fire. I, of course, awoke and I took my hands at first to throw snow on the fire, the wind still howling. I checked the fire a little and found that my fingers were freezing. I warmed them a little and then had to go to the roof of the camp to put out the fire. There was over a foot of snow on the camp, but the fire was on the inside and too high for me to reach from the ground.

The next morning we started back, as I thought I knew where there was a better site for us to camp and get a bull moose. We stopped at the lumber camp a few days to make up our sleep and look around a little. I was sure I could find moose easily enough on the same ground where my brother and I killed two last year; but I wanted a fall of snow to kill the sound of the crust. While we were waiting we followed several droves of caribou and started them without even seeing them.

On Monday of the last week of the open season we took the same kind of supplies and camp kit I have described and started for another old camp. It was a warmer camp and a better place for a fire, but the weather was very cold and there was a high wind. We took our hunting sled with us this time. We had our choice to follow an old road or go on the ice on a brook. The caribou tracks were plenty on the brook and it looked as though a drove of twenty had gone up the brook several days before, and two had gone some time during that night. Each of us had on a pair of wool mittens and buckskin mits outside, and were well bundled up, but the boy froze his cheeks and ears. When we got to camp we left our sled, etc., ate our lunch and started to look for signs of moose. We went about two and a half miles to where I expected to find them, and discovered new tracks. The weather had moderated some, but it was still cold. I told the boy that it was so cold and late in the day that we would go to camp and try the game the next morning. I told him that it was a bull all right. We started for camp and had not gone over fifty rods, the boy being some rods behind me, when I heard him shoot. I turned round and asked him what he was shooting at. He said, "I guess I have killed your moose. There was some big animal looking at you, and I fired at him, and by the way he went his shoulder was broken."

We went a short distance and found a big bull caribou, but he had shed his antlers and it was healed over where they came off, so he must have shed them in November or the first of December. We built a little fire and soon had his skin off and dressed his carcass and started for camp. I did not forget his hide, as we only had one pair of thin blankets. We collected wood for the night, boiled our oyster can full of tea, and had our bread and fried pork, but we changed the tin plate for a fry pan we found hanging in the old camp. We spread out our skin for an under blanket, and with a good hardwood fire we got along very well, but it was frosty just the same.

The next morning we started for the moose; the wind had changed and I thought I knew just where he was, and went to the place against the wind. I was afraid that we had started him the afternoon before. We wore our snowshoes, but intended to take them off as soon as we were sure that we were on his fresh track. He had been feeding for some four days on not more than two acres of ground, and we had passed within a short rifle shot of him the day before, but the wind blew so hard that he did not hear us, or, if he did, he did not scare and did not scent us. When we first struck his yard I kept to the outside, as he had criss-crossed in all directions, and I

expected the boy to keep in sight of me. I had not gone ten rods when I saw him looking at me. I brought up my rifle and pointed at his breast. It missed fire. The moose wheeled, but I was too soon for him. He got about ten rods and fell, when we came up to him lying stretched out on his side. The boy stood and looked at him a minute and then said: "I wish we had a camera; I guess our game bag is all right, if it is hard hunting." The first move now was to start a fire and get the moose on his back for skinning. Soon as we got him skinned we selected some meat for a roast or lunch. We had some salt with us, and roast moose meat we found good for hungry people. It took us quite a while to dress him and quarter him for hand-sledding out. Then we took the hide and some steak and started for camp, with the anticipation of a good supper and a warmer bed. When we were ready for bed we put the wool blankets on us and the moose hide for an outside comfortable. We slept warm, but the hide in the morning, which was flesh side up, was frozen like a rock.

The next day we tramped a trail from the brook to the moose and caribou, and hauled the caribou and two quarters of the moose. At night we thawed out our moose hide and turned it hair side up. This prevented it from freezing.

The next morning I sent the boy to Trout Brook to get a team to come in and get our game, and I went and hauled out the remainder of the moose. During the night a very large moose had passed by within a few rods of the one we had killed. I went to Trout Brook Farm that night. The boy had engaged a team, and the next morning he went back with us to follow that big moose for a while. But it was ten miles from the farm to the moose, so he did not have long to follow the game as he had to get back to the farm that night. He did not take his snowshoes and he only followed about a half mile and came back, and said it was too hard work to follow without snowshoes; but I thought he did not care to follow such an ugly looking fellow unless I was with him, and if it had not been so near close time I should have gone with him until he did kill one.

Saturday night brought us to Patten with our moose and three caribou. It was just six days from the time we had started for this moose and big caribou until we landed them in Patten, forty miles from where we killed them. I have made up my mind that I will never go into the woods in December without taking plenty of bedding and provisions on the start. I should have done so this time, but was expecting a party to follow with all necessities, but unexpected business prevented them. On this hunt I did not travel over much of a territory, but I saw the tracks of fourteen different moose, mostly cows and small moose, that I did not disturb at all; we only followed the one I killed.

I find that there are many more moose in Maine than is believed by many or the most of our people, and every means of preventing them being killed in close time should be put in operation. While I was on this hunt I heard, from what I consider a good, reliable party, of seven moose being killed last winter. I am going to investigate the matter, and if that number was killed at that place I can find them out.

LOWELL, Me.

J. DARLING.

TURKEY HUNTING IN MIDDLE GEORGIA.

LIVING at Macon, the central city of Georgia, where many sportsmen live and likewise many pot-hunters, I have found my favorite game (quail) greatly reduced in numbers. I have bagged only about 150 birds this past season. The game season for Bibb county closes March 1, in some adjoining counties April 1 and in some May 1, the last being subject to State law and the others to local county laws.

My largest bags were eighteen and nineteen, both having been made on score of two out of three shots bagged. My shooting this season has been a little better than every other shot bagged; and as we have much underbrush and covert shooting, I consider this very satisfactory.

I have been shooting 28in., 16-gauge Parker hammerless. This bore, with 36grs. E. C. powder and 1oz. No. 8 shot, is *par excellence* for quail shooting.

Now to the turkeys. A few miles below us, on the Ocmulgee River, on which Macon is situated and along which the E. T. V. & G. R. R. runs, wherever the swamp is large enough turkeys abound; and on nearly every large creek flowing into the river from the east side, for some miles up the creek and in the old fields and pine woods adjacent thereto, they range in the fall and winter in goodly numbers, though not often in large flocks. In the county below and east of this (Twiggs) there are some very successful turkey hunters, and I have several friends among them who invariably ask me to go down and take a hunt with them whenever I meet them. I took one unsuccessful hunt last fall, the rain having broken up our hunt. We hunted them then with a pointer dog, and generally are successful in that way.

W. H. F. (the very efficient sheriff of Twiggs and splendid fellow generally) is one of the most successful turkey hunters of all my acquaintances. Several years ago he killed sixty in one season, or during the year. One season, out of large number killed, he had ten successive gobblers that averaged 20lbs. gross weight. One day he killed six and could have killed more, but had as many as he wanted. Such success does not always attend the turkey hunter, as he sometimes walks or rides many weary miles and does not see even a feather. I can testify to that experience a number of times myself.

They tell a good joke on Will about killing two bronzed turkeys. He was visiting his plantation and while on the way found a fine flock, killed two, went to his plantation, had the turkeys dressed and next day carried them home. On the following day his brother dined with him, and while they ate this brother remarked that a great many people claimed that wild turkeys were not as fine eating as the domestic turkeys, but he knew that no tame turkeys could equal that delicious fowl as he then enjoyed it. Well, shortly after Mrs. W. called to see Will's good wife, and while there she informed Mrs. F. that Will had killed two of her turkeys. "Oh, no," she says, "that can't be so, Mr. F. killed two wild turkeys a few days ago." But her visitor insisted that they were her bronzed turkeys. As soon as her liege lord came home she asked him whether or not it were true, and why he had not told her. They were two miles from home. But Will has not heard the last of it yet.

W. H. F. was in the city not long ago and arranged to meet me at Adams Park station on E. T. V. & G. R. R.

I went down as agreed and not finding him there I went four miles below to take a hunt with another great turkey hunter. We went to Savage Creek that afternoon. My friend M. P. is 6ft. 6in. high and weighs 215lbs. I guess you would have smiled could you have seen us on our way to the hunting grounds. I am only 5ft. 6in. high and weigh 130lbs. He is a great hunter and is as familiar with the turkey's habits and ranges as any one I know. He has killed scores of them and has the patience necessary to kill a turkey, if any one has. In proof of this let me illustrate. The day before I went down, about 8 o'clock A. M., one of the plowmen had notified him that a turkey was gobbling on a creek at the far side of the field. He secured his gun and went at once, and though he had not eaten any breakfast, followed the turkey all day, never more than 100 or 150yds. from him, making him start and gobble, but never succeeding in calling him close enough for a shot. At sundown he heard the gobble fly up to roost and after he had gobbled a few times located his tree. After the twilight hid his approach to the tree he quickly worked his way underneath it and shot the 21-pound gobble out of it. Since I was there he has killed another, working at him till 11 o'clock before getting a shot. Don't you call that patience? When we entered the river swamp below Savage Creek we had to cross several wet places, and as P. had on rubber boots he called to me to hand him my gun, then stooping forward said, "Mount on my back." I refused, but he said, "Oh, get up," and in a few moments I was on dry land. This was repeated several times.

We failed to locate any turkeys that evening, went to Adams Park to spend the night, and at daybreak were on the turkey ground again. The birds were making the woods vocal with their sweet notes, and as the glorious king of day was approaching from the east two gobblers sounded the welcome *gobble, gobble*, that so thrills the hunter's being.

P. looks after one above the creek and I give my attention to the one below. In a short while after I begin calling I hear a shot above the creek. The one I am after is a wary old fellow and I soon learn that my chances to get him are very poor. Patiently awaiting his hoped-for coming I find him moving at right angles but getting nearer. My hope rises, but I soon realize that he is moving back toward the starting point. I leave my position and start to work around ahead of him, when to my surprise, after going a short way, I hear P.'s gun and then his call. I make my way rapidly to him and find him standing over as handsome a gobble as I have seen in a long time. His beard was over eleven inches long and he weighed seventeen pounds net. Two days later I found him as good eating as he was fine looking. Mr. P. had fired and missed a flying shot at his turkey and then killed mine after seeing I could not call it to me.

W. H. F. went down near Adams Park, but there was some misunderstanding, it seems, about our meeting. I have, since then, heard from him, and with many regrets that I wasn't there, as I learned that he killed two fine turkeys that day. I intended giving them another trial that afternoon and the next A. M., but a very heavy rain-storm forced me to, very reluctantly, abandon the hunt and take the first train home. There are a good many deer at that point and some bears. One party made a fine double near Adams Park, killing a large and smaller bear, one with each barrel of a shotgun with buckshot.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION AGAIN.

BERLIN, March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. O. H. Hampton is in error when he assumes that if one gun will give a better pattern with nitro powder than with black, and another gun produces the opposite result, this phenomenon must either be due to the gas pressure near the muzzle of the barrel or to the bore of the latter.

There are a great many other causes, each of which may account for such a singular result. Mr. Hampton certainly deserves credit for his endeavors to solve at least one of the many questions still surrounding the behavior of shotguns, but the theory advanced by him is not in accordance with the facts as obtained by me and others who have devoted more or less time to researches in the direction pointed out by him. He may, however, take one point as pretty well settled. The most even and uniform pattern is obtained with such explosives as produce the least initial gas pressure and continue to exercise a uniform pressure in a gun barrel from the moment the powder commences to develop the gases until the shot charge has left the muzzle of the gun. As a rule the coarse-grained black powder will approach this condition the nearest, and hence it will and does give the best average pattern.

All explosives produce a higher gas pressure in and near the cartridge chamber than at the muzzle of the gun, but as a rule the black powder will distribute its pressure more evenly along the entire gun barrel than a nitro explosive.

Nitro powders generally develop the gases much too suddenly; the force of the gases is brought to bear on the shot charge almost simultaneously, and before it has reached the muzzle. The quicker the combustion of the powder takes place, the more suddenly the gases are developed, and the less the probability for a satisfactory regularity of the pattern.

But Mr. Hampton is curious to know why some guns will nevertheless give the best pattern with nitro powder. No one is capable of answering this question satisfactorily, for all explanations are based on theories only. These theories may approach the real truth and they may not, still, as long as we have not the means at command for determining the question conclusively and convincingly, we must in this instance like in many others rely on such theories which appear to be plausible. One of these theories is that the expansive quality of the metal of the gun barrel has much to do with the pattern, and another is that the bore governs to a great extent the penetration, irrespective of the explosive used. This last theory may be traced back to the fact that all chokebore barrels will as far as the pattern is concerned, do better than cylindrical bored barrels.

Mr. Hampton further fails to understand what I mean when I say that the merits of a gunpowder must to a great extent be judged from the uniformity of the gas pressure, since evenness of pattern is governed by regularity of the gas pressure. On this point I can fortunately furnish a more satisfactory explanation. Black powder as a rule gives a very even gas pressure; I have measured the gas pressure of hundreds of black powder charges and have found that the pressure did not vary more than 5

per cent.; the patterns showed the same degree of evenness. On the other hand, the difference in the gas pressure of some nitro powders runs as high as 300 per cent., and every charge which produces an exceptionally high pressure as a rule showed a poor pattern. There can be no doubt that a powder producing such great variations in the gas pressure can never be relied upon for uniformity of pattern, and no nitro powder in the market will, as far as evenness of gas pressure is concerned, compare with a good quality of black powder. This assertion may be construed as if I were prejudiced against smokeless powder as such. This is not the case. I have not fired a charge of black powder for sporting purposes for years, and use the smokeless powder exclusively and in the shotgun as well as in the rifle, and have not the least desire ever to fall back upon the old explosive. I use the Walsrode powder for trap-shooting and for game shooting.

Mr. Hampton explains how he proceeded to ascertain whether the pellets of a charge of shot would cross in their flight through the air or not. I made the same experiments and arrived at the conclusion that they do not. Had Mr. Hampton used the same number of shot instead of using Nos. 6 and 8, I think the results of his experiments would have been different. It will not do to use two different numbers of shot, for the reason that the heavier pellets naturally will fly faster than the lighter and drive the latter to the side. The pellets as loaded by Mr. Hampton likely became mixed before they even left the muzzle. The pellets next to the sides of the barrel are subjected to a higher friction than the pellets in the center; they show as a rule more or less deformation before leaving the gun. The friction has absorbed some of the force imparted to them before they reach the air, and a deformed pellet again has to combat with more resistance in the air than one which has retained its spherical form.

I have made extensive experiments recently to ascertain to what extent the various powders are affected by cold or damp. How they compare in regard to recoil pattern and penetration. The result of these tests will be submitted to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* in a short time, and I hope that my report will answer some of the questions for which Mr. Hampton seems to nourish a special interest. Meanwhile I extend to him a hearty "Waidmann's Heil."

ARMIN TENNER.

BERLIN, Germany.

BUSINESS WITH A BEAR.

In the winter of 1876 Joe Pettengill, myself and the dog Jack took it into our heads to go on a gunning and hunting trip up in letter E township. I think it was in the month of March, so we got together our traps, shock, etc., including one double old style shotgun and an axe. We were to go on snowshoes. Joe was comparatively unused to the woods, but had seen some service and could snow shoe. The dog was a hound of the old style and well acquainted with bears. Our chief object was, if possible, to secure a few fisher pelts.

We started one day bright and early over the hills into the great woods of No. 6, which borders the Great Lakes. Jack was kept behind until we found a likely trail. We tramped until noontime without finding game, but had gathered some spruce gum. I was using a pair of new snowshoes, which were badly hung and gave me much trouble; they would now and then come off or trip me up occasionally.

About noon we came to a stream and selected a good spot and made a roaring fire. We found that the tramp had fitted us out with first-class appetites. After lunch we gathered up our sacks and struck still deeper into the gloomy dark spruce forest. No one but those who have tramped in these great pathless evergreen forests in winter know how silent and desolate they are. Joe was ahead passing over a bluff when my snowshoe came off. Jack took to whining and I told him to go and find a bear, so he struck for higher ground. In about five minutes Jack gave some unearthly howls. I knew well what was up and told Joe to run and see what Jack had, while I got rigged up and started as soon as I could. I hallooed that big tracks had come out from under an old root or stump. Joe said it surely was a bear and our meat.

I hurried up as best I could, but those plaguy snowshoes were half coming off. I had the gun and was much needed at the front, so when I came to Joe I asked for a bullet, as he was supposed to have them. But as luck, or no luck, would have it, he had forgotten to take them. Jack had got about 100yds. away and was barking like mad. We pulled on and after going a few rods off came my snowshoes. I handed the gun to Joe and told him to run and shoot the bear in the ear, and the small shot would kill him.

I took Joe's axe and got on the snowshoes. I had just started when I heard the gun. Joe hollered, "Jack, come out or you will be killed." I rushed along and when I came in view, such a sight; it was like a snow plow to see an enormous bear plowing through four feet of snow. Joe was trying to load the gun, one barrel having failed to go off, but he had about as bad an attack of bear ague as ever any one had. He was actually putting into the gun a big brass army button he had cut off his coat. I called for the gun, but he insisted that he could kill him with the button. I ran down after the bear with the axe on one side and got up to the bear by a bush, and with the other hand I fetched him one with the pole of the axe on top of the head, when he dodged down into the snow a little; and I fetched him another, when he rose up on his hind legs and whirled and grabbed for me. I dodged back, and over I went out of my snowshoes and down the hill on my back about 6ft. below.

Joe now came to the front like an artillery charge and whirled around, and whang went the gun. I climbed up and dug out my snowshoes and got into them, for no one could go at all without them. Joe got some shot into the gun and rushed up and fired, hitting the bear over the eye, the first not having hit him at all and the button did little more. This charge knocked the old bear down. But he was up in a minute. Joe says, "Give me the axe and I will kill him in a minute." So he handed me the gun and took the axe. Joe ran up behind the bear; I told him to keep out of the bear's clutches, but he ran up and struck him with the pole of the axe on the middle of his spine, as he said to break his back. But it was like striking a cotton bale. Bruin took this as an insult and made a grab over backward to gobble up Joe; but Joe gave a back jump with his snowshoes as high as his head. The bear's claws came within an ace of Joe's pants, but he sung out "No you don't!" I said it came near being "Yes he did!"

I came in with the old gun about quarter-full of shot and powder. I got up by the side of him, keeping Jack away to save him, the bear all the time snorting at me; I put the gun back of his ear and fired. He pitched over but in an instant he stood on his hind legs and snapped his teeth fearfully. Joe was cutting a big club that he said would surely settle his hash. I took to loading up the old gun, with the bear snarling in my face; and I tell you it came near destroying all I knew about which ought to go in first, the shot or the powder. But at last (it seemed an age) I got the gun loaded.

But the old bear had improved his time and took to an old leaning tree and started up about 25ft., and on to the standing tree on which the slanting tree had lodged, and began to back down the standing tree. I got to the foot, ready to give him a warm reception. Down he came until his hind feet struck into the snow, when he turned on me and showed his teeth with a grunt. It was a bad sight for weak nerves, and as I was hampered with those clogs on my feet and could not dodge nor run, I lost no time, and placing the gun to one of his ears about 4ft. away, fired. Down he went into the snow. Up came Joe with the axe and big club. He gave the bear a crack on the nose with the axe and I went for him with my hunting knife and cut his throat. The bear was dead, but I tell you I never want to try that over again, to try to shoot a bear with an old muzzleloader without balls, shooting on snowshoes. If I did I should want them to stay on.

We had a big time hauling that 400lb. bear out of the woods. It was well into the night before we arrived at a house.

ADDISON YOUNG.

BYRON, Me.

ACCIDENTS WITH FIREARMS.

In a late number of the *FOREST AND STREAM* a correspondent suggests that we tell of our "errors and accidents" in the use of the gun. The carelessness of many people is deplorable. Since I have been in West Virginia I have witnessed four accidental discharges of the gun while hunting. It was not the discharge of my gun I may say, but of the guns of others of whom I was in company, but they were all discharged close enough to me to kill me instantly. Two of the accidental discharges were from the gun of the same man. Once he was getting over a fence, and again the hunting party were grouped and talking. The third discharge was when my companion set his gun over a board fence, the hammer striking the lower strip. By the way, he came near shooting his head off. The fourth discharge was when the man made a mistake in putting his finger on the wrong trigger in letting down the hammer. I remember during the war that my brother had an army pistol, and accidentally discharged it when persons sat all around the room.

I will mention a case of fatal accident in Centerville, N. Y. Pete Calhoun came from a family of hunters. He was a little fellow, tough as a knot, and almost lived with his gun in the woods. One day he came in from a hunt, and as he was getting over his door-yard fence his gun went off and tore away his shoulder. When the doctor came to see him he said: "Doctor, I have hunted for many years—often drunk—and never got hurt, but now I have killed myself while sober and at my door." He died. I may state, incidentally, that Pete, though ignorant and uneducated, had been a guide for "Frank Forester" (Herbert).

A man named West, living in West Virginia, sent a load of shot through and through his biceps muscle while pulling his gun through a fence by the muzzle. I was astonished, however, at the small size of the hole made by the full charge of shot, and about as much surprised that the wound did not cripple him, nor prevent him from going about at once, as though nothing had happened. He was a tough one.

I close with this oft repeated warning: Keep the muzzle of your gun away from yourself and everybody else.

N. D. E.

A press despatch from Rome, N. Y., dated April 23, says: "Frederick Besock, with two friends, William Mack and Eugene Elliott, started on a duck hunt early this morning. Near the Four-Mile bridge on the Erie Canal the hunters came to a small creek which they jumped across. As Besock landed across the creek the trigger of his shotgun struck a fence and was discharged in his abdomen. He died while being taken home. He was about 30 years of age and leaves a wife and four children."

We Should Say He Had the Right.

ONCE at Merston there is a good deal to be seen—a plant that covers several acres and a finer utilization of lumber than is common. The principal proprietor, W. B. Merston, is something of a unique figure. Besides being a rattling good business man—one of the kind that, seemingly never in a hurry, gets through a pile of work—he has artistic tastes, and is a nimrod who rolls around from one hunting field to another in a private car. Under his feet in his office there is a rug that was made in one corner of Asia, with people and animals on it proportioned about as a three-year-old child would do it. The hunting car, "City of Saginaw" is side-tracked on the premises. In the office there is a regular dead menagerie and aviary. There are stuffed animals and birds in profusion. And it would be possible to hunt up in the building a rod square of photographs representing hunting scenes. It was incidentally mentioned in these columns a few weeks ago that Mr. Merston manufactured delicate little tables—Turkish tabourettes, as he calls them. It was stated that a lady could put her bouquet, perfume outfit, or even her feet on them when she felt as men feel when they rest their feet on their desks. You strike another soft spot in Mr. Merston's heart, when you look admiringly at his band resaw that is always at work in his factory. This saw evolved, as it were, on the premises. One resaw machine after another was found wanting, and this one gradually grew up to take their place. In ten hours it has cut 30,000ft. of 1x10 boards. But don't think that this concern runs to hunting, tabourettes or band resaws; those simply compose in part the ornaments which are attached to a great solid business. In 1892, 37,213,000ft. of lumber went through the planing machines, was shipped in the form of various products, and brought into the front door of the office in the way of checks for \$971,000. Don't you think a man who shoulders such a business as that has a right to shoot ducks and deer for three or four weeks in a year if he has a mind to?—*Northwestern Lumberman*.

THE ONE BIRD ALWAYS REMEMBERED.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—This is the place. There is the old mill—deserted. The wheel is going to decay, but the stream runs on as it did. There is the penstock that brought the clear, cold water from the shaded nook. As I look around me, while the sun of autumn sheds a mild radiance over the scene, the thrilling interest and the companionship of other days are revived, and I live again in the past. Those were pleasant times. There is the home of the grouse, the life and ornament of the woods.

That heavily wooded hillside, covered with the pines, the hemlocks, spruce, and other evergreen and forest trees, is where the ruffed grouse finds a home. On the opposite side of the valley there is a delightful wilderness of vegetation, bordered with old apple trees, the fragrant fruit scattered over the ground; and in the distance is the cider-mill. All is silent and still, save the sound of the hunter's gun or the wood-chopper's ax, providing for the coming winter. It recalls Read's verse:

"All sights were mellowed and all sights subdued;
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
And in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow."

The scene brings to memory the circumstances of the first grouse I shot. This to some may seem a trivial thing—the shooting a bird; but to me at the time was a notable event. I had often hunted partridge, but always unsuccessfully and had many times returned home disappointed, save for the pleasure of the charming surroundings and the healthful exercise it brought. These failures were not due to a scarcity of the birds, but to my want of skill with the gun, and my lack of knowledge of the habits and ways of the birds, and their ability at that time to outwit me; but at last I succeeded.

On this occasion, accompanied by my brother, I went down to the old farm in Clifton Park, and while we were walking through the woods together I said to him, "It is my highest ambition, to-day, to shoot a partridge." Soon after I heard a rustling in the dry leaves under the thick evergreens that bordered the wood. I followed the sound for about 50 yds. to an old road that ran into the field, when away went a grouse with a tremendous roar. Raising the gun quickly I fired in the direction it went and was electrified to see it fall. Rushing out after the bird fluttering over the ground I picked it up, and taking it by the feet held it very securely. In the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment I waved it over my head, shouting out to my brother that I had got him. We rejoiced together. Under such circumstances our grouse shooting began. On the next occasion when we were out, which it may be believed was not long after, I shot two grouse and my brother also shot one, his first. DORP.

A MASSACHUSETTS LAW.

THE lovers of fish and game protection have scored another victory in Massachusetts. The achievement has been made mainly through the instrumentality of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and for once the market-men have been taken rather by surprise. It was the intention of the act of 1891 that buying or selling or having in possession any game bird or animal after the commencement of the legal close season on such game should subject the buyer, seller or possessor to the force of the law, but for some unaccountable reason that part of the section was omitted. The dealers in game have taken advantage of this oversight in the framing of the law, and have boldly had in possession, sold and exposed for sale, game birds, after the close season. But an amendment has been secured of Section 1 of Chapter 142 of the Laws of 1891. The measure has passed both branches of the Legislature, and was signed by the Governor on the 12th inst. The amendment inserted reads as follows:

And whoever buys, sells or has in his possession any of the birds or animals named in this act and protected thereby, during the time within which the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, whenever or wherever the aforesaid birds or animals may have been taken or killed.

The amendment also inserts at the end of the section the words "or had in possession," so that the section as amended reads:

Section 1. Whoever takes or kills a pinnated grouse at any time, or a woodcock, or a ruffed grouse, commonly called a partridge, between the 1st day of January and the 15th day of September, or a quail between the 1st day of January and the 15th day of October, or a wood or summer duck, black duck, or teal, or any of the so-called duck species, between the 15th day of April and the first day of September; and whoever buys, sells or has in his possession any of the birds or animals named in this act and protected thereby, during the time within which the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, whenever or wherever the aforesaid birds or animals may have been taken or killed, shall be punished by a fine of \$20 for every bird so taken, killed or had in possession.

The law under which arrests are to be made is a strong one, and the game dealers are both surprised and alarmed, though they must have been aware that they were running a great deal of risk in selling game after the legal close season on the same. The enforcing act, approved by the Governor on the 17th of March, reads as follows:

An act to authorize officers qualified to serve criminal processes, and the commissioners of inland fisheries and game and their deputies, to make arrests without warrant for violation of fish and game laws.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows: Section 1. All officers qualified to serve criminal processes, and the commissioners on inland fisheries and game and their deputies, are hereby authorized and empowered to arrest without warrant any person whom they shall find violating any of the fish and game laws; provided, however, that persons engaged in the business of regularly dealing in the buying and selling of game as an article of commerce shall not be arrested without warrant for having in possession or selling game at their usual places of business.

Section 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

The game dealers in the Boston markets are evidently greatly disturbed and alarmed. Game has disappeared from their stores. As to what they have done with it or will do with it, they are silent. It is suggested that it will be shipped to New York, or some other cities. One dealer rather good-naturedly says that he has shipped his birds to the World's Fair. It is known that they have thousands of dollars worth of game in cold storage. The amendment to the laws is good. For a long time it has been understood that unscrupulous dealers have been in the habit of buying game in the close season, though well aware that it must have been illegally killed. The amendment makes the law very plain, and its enforcement will be a great step toward preserving what is left of game in the Bay State. It is also a good measure for the adjoining States, which generally have laws preventing the selling of game in close season. Heretofore there has

been an inducement to illegally kill game in Maine, because once smuggled into the Boston markets it could be sold without restraint. Now the illegal market for Maine game has been pretty effectually dammed, so far as game birds are concerned.

Spring shooting has not been as much of a success as usual this year along the Massachusetts coast. Mr. Gordon Plummer, of the Boston Leather Company, is one of the most successful brant shooters in the city. He returned last week from a fairly successful shoot. In his party were W. E. Plummer, Jr., A. B. Clark, of Peabody, Dr. Hanson and E. F. Sturges. They brought back some fifty brant, besides a lot of ducks and other sea fowl. They went "down the south shore," they say, not caring to give the location of their success to other shooters.

Mr. Frank Small, of Provincetown, Mass., is much interested in the propagation of game on the Cape. Some time ago he received 800 quail—from California, I believe—when the weather was yet too cold and the snow too deep to put them out. He kept them in confinement for a while, the best he could. But they died too rapidly to please him, and he resolved to take his chances in liberating them at once, though aware that the chances were against such a step, the spring having scarcely begun. He calculates that nearly 100 had died before liberating them. For a while he saw signs of the liberated birds, but later all have disappeared, and Mr. Small fears that all have perished. SPECIAL.

NOTABLE SHOTS.—IX.

ROCKLAND, Me., April 2.—There seems to be an abundance of shooters who have killed two woodcock on the wing at one shot, but where are those who have killed two grouse? Why are they silent?

I have hunted woodcock every fall for nearly twenty years, but have never known of two being killed at one shot by any one where I have hunted; but I do know of three pairs of grouse being killed on the wing.

One pair was shot last fall by my friend D. C., one of our best shots, and what he doesn't know about the tricks of that tricky bird, none of us younger ones need try to teach him. One day late in the fall, after the leaves had fallen, D. C. flushed two grouse, one on either side, and as they flew off he saw that they would cross within gun-shot. So he calmly waited, and just at the right moment off went the old 10-bore and down fell two dead grouse.

At another time Parks, Josh and I were hunting up an alder run, when Parks sang out that Vic was pointing up run and he wanted us to come over to his side. But we said no, that we would take our chances where we were, for if he failed to kill, the bird would fly to cover and would be sure to come our way. In a few minutes Parks shot and sang out for us to look out for the bird, as she was flying toward us. But no bird came in sight, and we called back to him that he must have killed it, as it could not have got out of the run without our seeing it. He replied that he did kill one of them, but that two had risen and flew directly toward us. We said that it was certain that no bird had come out of the run and asked him to send Vic in again, which he did, and in a few minutes she came out with the second bird. He said that both birds were in line when he shot, but until Vic brought in the second one he had no idea that he had killed them both.

The third pair I killed myself. Josh and I were out one day having pretty fair luck, and for once the balance was in my favor, and as that was unusual, Josh was getting a little rattled. We were hunting a side hill, Josh below and I nearly at the top, when my dog Mack came to a point between us. Josh went in near the dog, thinking that he might get a shot from there, when up jumped the grouse about 20 yds. off, and gave me a left-quartering shot. As I raised my gun to shoot I heard other birds rise, but shot at the first one and killed, and Mack soon brought him in, and as he dropped him I heard what sounded like a fluttering bird up to my left. Mack also heard it and was off, returning in a few minutes with another dead grouse. Josh soon came up and when I told him the result of my shot he went into the air and swore that he had rather have my luck than a license to steal. DOWN EASTERN.

[We have seen two grouse killed by one barrel on only one occasion. Three birds were routed from under a fence in a swamp, and flew down it close together. The two last ones were killed by the shooter.]

CORTLAND, N. Y.—Mr. B., of this town, tells me of a notable shot he once made. It was in the early spring-time, and the clamorous crow was flitting about the farm with a large degree of boldness. Opposite to his father's house, across the highway, lived a connection of the family. The carcass of a young calf was placed some ten rods in the rear of the barn and at an acute angle to the highway which ran past the two farmhouses. The crow bait was thus located at a right angle, or nearly so, to the house occupied by the aforementioned relative. The morning after thrusting out the bait the sable-coated corn-pollers were congregated about the delicious morsel in goodly numbers. Young B. discharged an army musket loaded with a heavy charge of black powder and a miscellaneous assortment of leaden slugs into the gatherers at the feast, killing seven of the ebony revellers and, as it was subsequently discovered, nearly killing his aunt, busy with her household duties at her home across the way. One of the bullets had struck a "hard-head" stone near the "bait," glanced off at right angles to its line of flight, passed through the side of the farmhouse and flattened itself against the dining room door casement, striking within two feet of the astonished and deeply mystified aunt. M. C. H.

A Different Kind of a Shot.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.—There was no hoghead ricochet involved, and I wish it distinctly understood that I am not trying to "raise" that story.

I had come in from a round after deer among the hills, and was on my way to the cornfields for a try at the cranes. I had my shotgun strapped on the saddle in its case and was still carrying my .45-90 express rifle. Some cowboys routed out a flock of cranes as we were riding along a ditch lined with trees, and they came over our heads. This is a bird that can only rise by circling. His wings are so set that for the first few hundred yards of his flight he can only get about 50 or 60 ft. from the ground. But by the time they reached us they were up rather high. My companion let drive, but scored a miss with both barrels. I had dismounted, and in sheer dis-

gust at not having my gun ready, blazed away with my rifle. To my surprise I heard the distinct whack of the bullet and saw a tuft of feathers drop. The big bird set his wings and slowly came to the ground. When we reached him he was dead. The big express bullet (hollow) had shaved off one leg close to the body as clean as if done with a butcher's cleaver. Its diameter, where cut, must have been at least 3 in. I did not know which to be most surprised at, hitting him at all, or the effect of the bullet. AZTEC.

On and after May 1 the Western office of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. will be permanently located at 909 Security Building, cor. Fifth avenue and Madison street, Chicago.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Heavy Flight.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 22.—This spring has been notable for its heavy flight of the migratory birds. More ducks passed over this country than for three years past, and jacksnipe have not been so abundant for a time much longer than that. Heavy bags of the latter bird have been common up to within the last four days. On Wednesday last there began the prolonged cold storm which has prevailed during the remainder of the week all over the West and Northwest. We have had snow here for two days, and an unspeakably miserable rain the rest of the time. As a result of all this, the snipe are now probably scattered far and wide. On Wednesday they were wild as ghosts, and even if they come back it will probably be long before they settle enough for good shooting, and by that time the flight will be due to appear much north of here.

On last Monday there were simply thousands of snipe on the marsh three miles below Calumet Lake. Last week Mr. Ben O. Bush and a friend killed 114 in three days at Hanna on the Kankakee. John Watson, R. B. Organ and a friend killed six dozen a week ago to-day. Mr. C. E. Irvin writes me from Warsaw that he and three friends killed 96 last Monday, and he has been telegraphing me ever since to come on over. At Walkerton, at Koutts, at Shelby and other points on the Kankakee Marsh, fine bags have been the usual thing until this wretched blizzard spoiled the fun. The probabilities say warmer weather now, and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

One Hundred Parkers.

Capt. A. W. DuBray, in charge of the exhibit of Parker Bros., arrived in town three days ago. He tells me that he has on hand for the display, 100 Parker guns. "These are not special guns," said he, "prepared with extra care for this exhibit, but guns taken out of stock, with not a file mark of special finish on them."

What an interesting display the gun men alone will have to show the sportsmen of the country.

Noted Indians.

Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief so prominent in the fateful Custer massacre, is now in Chicago and will join Buffalo Bill's show. The old Indian is permanently lame. The British officers and fighting men who have met the fighting savages of India and the Sudan, and who now are assembled here 200 strong to hold a military tournament, might look with some curiosity on this leader of the ancient enemies of the U. S. troops.

Sitting Bull, the Napoleon of the Sioux, who planned the battle of the Little Big Horn, has joined the majority of warriors, but his cabin, full of bullet holes made by the Indian police, who killed him that morning on the Grand River, is now here at the Fair.

Many Boats.

Very interesting is the display of boats in various parts of the Fair. In the Fisheries, Norway and Canada vie with each other. Fishing boats, birch barks, dug-outs, all sorts of native boats are to be seen. Aside from this, the great Manufacturers Building will show the beautiful output of individual firms engaged in the boat trade. Much of this later.

Sixty gondoliers from Venice arrived in the city this morning. They will play at gondoliering on the lagoons this summer.

There are too many Turks, Arabs, Chinese, Bulgarians, Englishmen, Kanakas, Malays and Hindoos in town now to attract much attention any longer. You can't walk without stubbing your toe against some be-fezzed, or be-slipped, or be-turbaned alien, the expression of whose face for the most part is to the effect that he wishes the climate might be d—d. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

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Can These Things Be?

THE following extract from the *Evening Sun* of Denver, Colo., if true, reveals a most extraordinary condition of things in that State:

A lobby was formed by a gang of hunters who slaughter game in great quantities, to defeat House bill No. 386, which protects game against marauders. Money was doled out to the "corporation gang" and the bill was as good as killed by the changing of a single letter. The letter "f" in the word "food" in Section 12 was changed to "g," making "food" "good."

The section reads as follows: "Section 12. No person shall kill, wound, ensnare, trap or have in possession any deer, elk or antelope or parts thereof within this State for any purpose whatever, at any time, except that those deer, antelope and elk which have horns may be killed and had in possession between Aug. 1 and Nov. 1 of the same year for good purposes only, and then when necessary for immediate use, governed in amount and quality by the reasonable necessity of the person or persons killing the same. * * *

In the original bill the word "good" read "food" and made sense, and would have prevented a hunter from slaughtering the game, but a little money made the little change, and the deer and elk antelope for "good purposes" are made the prey of conscienceless hunters and men who exterminate them in a few years.

Governor Waite signed this bill as it now stands with all its dangerous provisions. There is no telling how many bills have been ruined in this way.

A Tale of Kansas.

EL DORADO, Kansas, April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A year ago last fall Judge C. A. Leland, William H. Ellet and others, were on the Arkansas River, west of Wichita, goose hunting. Geese from the north alight in great numbers along the Arkansas wheat fields to feed on their way south. They feed during the day, and at dusk go to the islands and sandbars for the night. One evening, just as it was getting almost dark, Mr. Ellet noticed a goodly number on a sandbar at the head of a small island. The river banks are low and there is but little protection. Circling around the island he got a fair shot with both barrels, just as the geese commenced to rise.

He killed or wounded sixteen geese, capturing fourteen, two getting away in the darkness of the evening. All the fourteen taken to camp were full grown, some of them being very fat.

Mr. Ellet, some years ago, killed three deer at two shots—right and left. Col. Murdock, of the Wichita Eagle, and D. D. McDonald, of this place, took seventeen black bass from the Walnut in sixteen minutes last fall, the smallest weighing 1½ lbs. It was evening and the bass were biting ravenously. They baited their own hooks with live minnows, but did not string the fish, throwing them in the bottom of the boat as they were caught. I sat in the end of the boat timing them as I threw them live minnows as they wanted them. The reason that I was not in it was that I had taken down my rod preparatory to quitting. An honest farmer sat on the bank within three rods of our boat, is alive and well, counted the catch, marked the time, and will support this statement. McDonald had a Chubb 15oz. bass rod, while Col. Murdock used a steel one. Of course they "yanked" them in without any foolishness. T. B. MURDOCK.

Rifle Facts and Theories.

I SUPPOSE some people will say I am a "crank" on the subject, but I can't help it, and only hope I may be the crank which will set the wheel of inquiry moving. I should be very glad if some other rifle "cranks" would answer a few questions for me, and set my mind at rest on the subject.

1. Will a slow twist and shallow grooves, such as are seen in the '86 model Winchester, give a greater velocity than a more rapid twist and deeper grooves, the same charge being used?

2. How does the rate of twist affect the trajectory?

3. Will a bullet from a rifle with a quick twist penetrate further than one from a rifle with slow turn?

4. Are Sharps rifles more accurate than the '86 model Winchester?

5. Can any one kindly tell me the reason that the Winchester Co. use such exceedingly shallow grooves in all their rifles, at least from .22 up to .50 caliber? They probably have very good reasons for it at all ordinary hunting ranges, but I like to know why. Other rifles have slightly deeper grooves, rather more rapid twist, and seem to me at least to give better results, i. e., more delicate accuracy. I think I could give a pretty good guess at the right answers to the questions I am asking, but there is nothing like being sure. I want some of the "veterans" to be kind enough to take this matter up and hope others will ask questions. I flatter myself I know something about rifles, but am woefully ignorant in many respects concerning them. I think FOREST AND STREAM will make a change for the better in some of my ideas, and will at least give me some new ones.

L. D. VON IFFLAND.

Another Two-at-a-Shot Record.

TRANQUILITY, N. J.—I have noticed two instances in your valuable paper where two woodcock have been killed at one shot, but not in either case did the experts say how they did the miracle. About forty-five years ago I did the same trick just as easily as rolling off a log, and I will tell you how. I was out on the 3d of July looking for birds, and crossing Little Swamp was walking in a cow path, when up jumped an old bird and I had her well covered, and at that instant a young bird started in the same direction. From some cause I dropped my gun below the young bird, and in the act of shooting I noticed the old bird 10 in. above the young one and 40 ft. ahead, so I divided the difference and killed them both at the one shot. C. S. S.

Ontario Bird Notes.

BELLEVILLE, April 12.—During the winter we were visited by the pine grosbeaks, also by a pair of strange birds, said to be northwest magpies. Local ornithologists tried, but in vain, to secure a specimen. Robins, crows, blackbirds and other spring immigrants arrived from their winter homes about the 1st inst. The robins were the first immigrants to be noticed here. R. S. BELL.

CONGRATULATORY.

WILKES BARRE, Pa., April 11.—Hearty congratulations on the successful issue of the Delmonico woodcock case. It would never have been heard of again, after the first notice, if FOREST AND STREAM had not taken it up. It is a great victory for you and for law-abiding sportsmen generally. E. W. L.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Accept my sincere congratulations on the happy result of the long-delayed Delmonico case. Having got through the apparently endless woods of legal procrastination, you have a good right to crow. R. E. ROBINSON.

CHATTANOOGA, April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I congratulate you on your Delmonico victory. Now watch the deer. I know for a fact that a hotel keeper in Buffalo, N. Y., served venison six weeks after the close of the season, and had a couple of bucks hanging up in his pantry, but the bill of fare read, "Antelope steak," "Curried antelope," "Antelope pot-pie," etc. Dr. Kidd might also catch Delmonico on fish almost at any time, especially on brook trout.

LOOKOUT.

"Superb Service and Elegant Equipment."

This is pronounced by every one who travels the Richmond & Danville Railroad. The passenger traffic of this line has increased wonderfully within the past year. The famous "Washington & Southwestern Limited" operated between New York and New Orleans, Memphis, Augusta, Charleston and Savannah, has increased the business to such an extent that to accommodate the travel another Pullman vestibuled schedule equally as fast as the limited will be put on between New York and Southern cities within a few days.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.

The Return Trip.—I.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

AGREEABLY to promise, I again come before the readers of this interesting and enterprising paper with my return trip from the North Shore of that great reservoir, which sends its cool and crystal waters from the snowy regions that lie against the great Arctic belt, through that connecting range of lakes—Huron, Erie, Ontario—into the picturesque St. Lawrence, which goes wandering along shores ever beautiful, into the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

It was an early August morn, with a gentle north-east wind, a light sun that beautified the landscape, a sky enveloped in the most delicious of opaline tints, and a sea in the gentle moan of a lullaby, when we arose with our hearts firmly set for the return trip from Jackson's Cove, even if we had to depend solely for our motive power upon the aspen blades.

After a hearty breakfast, which was not at all hurried in its preparation, the emphatic order went out for a prompt dismantling of the camp, which the boys did not really relish, as they desired to tarry till a favorable breeze offered. We, however, would have no trifling delay, and so they started in to execute the arbitrary decree after they had washed up the china ware. Their movements, when they commenced work for embarkation, lacked activity, but in a short time, seeing that we were on to their slothful tactics, as well as getting into a savage humor, they got down to earnest labor, and then everything went with a hurricane rush.

Provisions were dashed into their respective boxes; the Sèvres landed, with an utter disregard of its priceless value, into its compartment; knives, forks and spoons went merrily jingling into their allotted places with the ring of honest hundred-per-cent. coin, and then the silver service, embracing only a teapot so antiquated that its value could alone be computed in three figures, was jammed along with the tableware, as if it were nothing but common American tin, made during the McKinley campaign. All the kitchen utensils and provisions being ready for their covers, a lively nailing of the same, and they were in due form for shipment. The tents came next, and down they went with a whirlwind speed, and on being folded and corded, were also billed for export duty, as were the beds and bedding.

Everything now duly prepared for the boat, the boys, after mopping the perspiration from their lofty brows and rugged faces, loaded up, and commenced carrying the innumerable boxes, bundles, packages, etc., to the glittering beach, and which they threw down with a perfect indifference to breakage. Their blood was up as well as ours, but we knew when they got to swinging the heavy oars in a placid sea, they would be as meek as Mary's little lamb.

Having everything at the landing, the loading of the boat commenced, and as it was no small job it somewhat allayed the feverish blood of the more industrious half-breeds. The heavy boxes of provisions first went into the boat, then mattresses, tents and kitchenware found safe lodgment upon them, and in the interstices at the sides went our satchels, rod cases and other small packages which go to make up the essential comforts of camp life. When the last piece of our cargo was aboard and in place, Peter really "smole a smile," and the astronomer's face, although dripping wet from toil, shone out with the radiance of a sunburst. They were again in happy spirits, and the panacea of the oars was not at all necessary for allaying their heated blood. It was seldom they displayed any moroseness, and when they did, it was not as an usual thing manifest to an extent that disturbed our serenity. As we have said in our last letter, they were good men, the best we ever had, and would not hesitate to employ or recommend them to others.

The boat being ready for departure, each one of us, as an absolute ruler of the camp, should have gone over our quarters to see if anything was remaining, but this time the precautionary measure was omitted, much to our sorrow, as the sequel will show. The boatmen, who were now in as big a hurry as we were, stripped to the buff, and on taking positions cheerfully cried out, "All aboard!" and aboard we got, and then as soon as the river was in direct line for our course, they sent her cleaving the unruffled waters with a merry cadence that tinkled like the notes of a silver bell. The boys even took the tranquil situation of the elements good-naturedly. There were no head winds to battle with and no scuds to fright the soul of the ever profound delineator of the heavens. They chatted merrily as they dipped their oars, and even Peter of the mournful voice attempted to rival the notes of a sweet piping bird that charmed as from a swaying reed. Ned and I buried ourselves in our books, and as I was in the midst of the great chariot race of "Ben Hur," you may well imagine the far-reaching beauty of shore and cliff which lost itself in bright light, were for the nonce relegated to oblivion.

The lake had become as smooth as molten silver, and the sun came down upon us with such powerful rays, that a damp handkerchief in our felt derbys was absolutely necessary for comfort. Not till the Arab steeds had won the race did I lay my absorbing book aside, and then when I took in the alpine hills, and the solid bulwarks that lined the shore with towers and bastions shattered like the ruins of an inclosure demolished by artillery, did I fully realize the grandeur of the Divine Master. Here the terrible, the sublime, and the beautiful meet together in the same view, the eye roves from mountain to mountain and then falls upon the dreamy

loveliness of the green forest as it rushes down into the valleys and to the shore. "It seems as if nature had here wrought results beyond a conscious purpose. It is a place where majesty and beauty have their own excuse for being. You forget yourself in the unconsciousness of nature. It would seem as if you could go no further, and even the desire is lost in the glory that is before you." It is rugged, grand and supernal, beautiful beyond compare, when its living green is painted in morning or sunset dyes, but when the live thunder leaps from crag to crag, and the lurid lightning flashes upon the inky clouds, then there is a picture of sublimity—

"Up where the airy citadel

O'erlooks the surging landscape's swell,"

that needs a Doré properly to illumine.

We had been gone for about three hours before any incident arose worth mentioning, then there came little ripples, scarcely discernible, merely pulsations of a zephyr breeze, and so light and strangely tranquil as to cause no comment. Soon, however, another and another came with increased tremor, and as I anticipated, the prophet of the stormy god arose and said, "Me no like it." Then he rested a while on his oars, took a survey above, looked along the shore as if for a place of refuge, and after a moment or two resumed the steady dip with the blades. He was evidently serious, profoundly so, but he was silent and oppressed. Finally the breeze perceptibly stiffened, and as it was a head one, the work at the oars became more toilsome. He was fairly dying to unburden himself, for he doubtless had formed a forecast relative to the weather that he wished to announce. Ned by way of relieving his analytical (?) mind inquired:

"What of the weather?"

"No good, blow sure."

"It is simply a noon breeze and will soon die away," said Peter in response.

This settled the weather question for a while, and nothing more was heard but the regular stroke of the oar, and the surge of the water at the bow; stronger and stronger grew the breeze, and harder and harder the work for the earnest toilers at the row-locks. At last Emery suggested going ashore on what appeared to be a few hundred feet of gravelly beach, and wait awhile and see what would be the result of the elemental disturbance. As Ned and I were indifferent about the matter, we agreed to the proposition as much to relieve the men as aught else. In we went, and when we reached the shore, instead of finding it a gravelly beach it was, much to our surprise, very uniformly paved by nature with large white boulders of at least ten or twelve inches in diameter. The bank was moderately steep, but with the boat unloaded we could manage to pull it up. Emery, however, espying a few rocks just below us, which made a very small cove, thought it a good place to harbor the boat, and there he took it. We sat down on the hot glistening boulders and interestedly watched the boys maneuver with the shapely craft. Emery wanted things one way and Peter another, and so the two had a perfect circus of it for a while in their polished language. Emery ordered the load out of the boat and Peter in hot and frenzied haste commenced throwing it with considerable violence on the shore, and in one or two instances into the water. Thinking it about time to call a halt, we insisted that no more things should be tumbled out, but that they remain undisturbed for the present. Peter, in explanation, said the old man wanted to boss him too much, and as he was captain of the craft, he would have no more of it. As they were nephew and uncle, we knew the incipient revolution would soon blow over, and the clarion of peace ring out in soothing notes.

We remained here fully an hour, during which time we took our lunch. The breeze soon let down and we again loaded and launched our craft and out into the broad lake, which was but slightly roughened, and onward for the islands of the Twin Sisters.

The meridian sky was rich in its deep azure, with here and there a few lace-like clouds edged with tints of surpassing beauty, fleeces "fit for angels' robes," and which

"Are fair resting-places

For the weary dead on their way up to heaven."

Off where we strike Agum Harbor, two sail-boats, like infantile toys, showed up in the sparkling surface, with their canvas scarcely discernible and almost motionless. Nothing aside from these could our strained vision perceive unless it were the white pinions of some hungry fish-hunting gull as it wheeled in the bright sun. The boatmen were silent as sentinels, while we lolled on the soft bundles at our backs, gazing far ahead with radiant hope, where the horizon blends with the waters, as if looking for a lost Atlantis, or the fair land in the sunset regions where the sea has music sweet in its gentle roar.

On reaching the Agum Islands the boatmen, whose faces were flushed and in beads of perspiration, rested a few moments from their wearying work. Peter, after bathing his face and taking a goblet of water, suggested stopping long enough at Agum to permit him to grind a couple of dull-edged axes. This being agreeable to us we consented, but there was evidently something else that the crafty Peter desired in this visit, and that was, I opine, a chat with the Hebes, the daughters of Mr. Schilling, the Hudson Bay agent. As Peter was a widower, it was but natural that he should delight in the company of these lovely half-breeds. It being but a mile and a half ahead to the abode of these fair divinities, the boys, when they took the oars, swung to their work quite vigorously, and soon had us to the destination desired. On landing in the immediate front of the graces' comfortable home, Peter hurriedly grabbed the axes, followed by Emery, and made hasty steps to the woodland mansion. Ned was a good second in the race, as he also had an axe of some kind to grind, but it was with the agent alone, and not wishing to remain in the blistering sun, I followed in Peter's footsteps and brought up on the front porch, where the girls were all engaged in some kind of needlework, while the mother was at the doorway busily knitting a gill-net for the fall fishing. Peter spoke to the girls as he quickly passed to the grindstone in the rear, Ned made a detour to the stone, while I took a chair that was kindly proffered, and did my best to entertain these really handsome half-breeds. One of them called Fanny had raven tresses of incomparable beauty, a soft and pensive grace that suited well her forehead high, and a form as faultless as a queen.

"Plato himself had not survey'd

Unmov'd such charms as she displayed."

She had been fairly educated and was the only one of the three who could speak English fluently. When I

related something that made her smile she instantly turned to her sisters and interpreted it, and then they smiled in unison. Peter, who was at the grindstone, hearing our merriment, was exceedingly anxious to take a hand in it, but as I had a monopoly of the girls he bashfully kept away. The axes being sharpened he timidly joined our circle, made a remark or two in Chipewewa, and then he and Emery strode rapidly to the boat. Ned by this time emerged from the store with a bundle on his shoulder and also struck a beeline for the beach. I lingered quite a while, as I was really pleased with the charming frankness of the lovely girls. Ned finally hailed for me and then I regretfully bade adieu to these winsome half-breeds. Peter told Ned when he came that I was a gay old masher, and that he stood no chance whatever with the girls while I was there, as I was entertaining them with the recital of fairy tales and witchcraft, always themes of delight to the Indian and half-breed. He, however, was determined to pay court to this charming trinity, stating that he would visit them some evening while we remained at the island, as it was only four miles distant. He wanted no white man's rival, and particularly one with the unblushing effrontery I showed myself master of. He was a little jealous, that was all.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On and after May 1 the Western office of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. will be permanently located at 909 Security Building, cor. Fifth avenue and Madison street, Chicago.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

For Better Fish Laws.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—It is proposed that there be held at the World's Fair an Interstate meeting looking toward the general enactment of better fish laws. The despatches have the following:

"The initiative was taken last Friday, when the Miles Fishing Club, of Miles, Ia., and the Mount Carroll Fishing Club, of Mount Carroll, Ill., met at Brown's Lake in Jackson county, Ia., with Fish Commissioners W. J. Griggs, of Iowa, and S. B. Bartlett, of Illinois. The two clubs formed a joint organization, of which Col. J. W. Miles was made chairman. Suitable resolutions were adopted. The following persons were chosen as an executive committee of the Interstate Fish Protective Association: J. W. Miles, George C. Heberling, S. Watts, George F. Bucher, James McCray, George L. Hoffman."

The U. S. Fish Exhibit.

The World's Fair news bulletins had the following as to the U. S. fish exhibit: "There are being placed in the aquaria several carloads of Illinois river fish, including the crappie, dogfish, sheephead, carp, pike, etc. From Lake Erie come a number of wall-eyed pike, garfish, suckers and water-dogs covered with skin instead of scales. One feature of the display consists of a fish hospital. In the tank devoted to this purpose methods of treating various diseases of the food fishes will be shown. At present the hospital contains a number of trout whose gills are inflamed from a fungus trouble. The treatment in this case consists of immersion in a strong solution of salt. The cases are rapidly improving."

"Live fish by the carload are being received at the aquarium for the government live fish display in the east annex of the Fisheries building. The finny tribes of all the world are represented in the collection, which is a particularly fine one. The decorative work on the aquarium is just being completed. It has been in charge of a half-dozen artists familiar with such work from an extensive experience in arranging like displays at former expositions. Prof. Forbes, who is superintending the installation of exhibits, thinks they have eclipsed their own best work at this exposition, and one is ready to believe it after a glance at what were three weeks ago bare, unadorned tanks, only remarkable for their great capacity. Now each tank presents the proper environment for the special variety of fish which is to live in it next summer. Some tanks present miniature cliffs, reefs and overhanging embankments cleverly wrought in cement. Submerged grottoes present themselves in others; while still others present water-logged tree trunks and stumps, so deftly formed as to defy detection of the deception except by close examination. Every detail, even to different colored mosses, lines of bark and grain, is so faithfully reproduced as to be photographic in accuracy. By the system of aeration used the picturesque effect is greatly heightened."

In the Anglers' Pavilion.

In the anglers' pavilion of the Fisheries building Col. John Gay is now making famous progress with the aquaria of his Pennsylvania exhibit. The tanks are now nearly completed, and the heavy framework which supports them is rapidly being covered with bark. I don't know where Col. Gay got that bark, but it is a good article. Taken on the whole, the installations in this building are backward, and it does not seem possible that May 1 can see the whole in order. Still, the floor is filled with boxes, and it will only take a day or so to put all in order when the crush begins.

The Main Fisheries.

In the main building the work on the 50ft. hump-backed whale progresses well. One of the whale's flippers is lost, strayed or stolen, and some anxiety is felt for its safety.

Australia has her installation well in hand, though the wires still show in the rocks below her group of sea lions. Canada of course is interesting, with her boats and fishes. On the whole, however, the Norway installation is the finest thing in this building. The whole fishing industry of the land of the midnight sun is shown in detail. Moreover, there are a number of paintings by a Norwegian artist which are magnificent works of art. These marine views are mostly devoted to the depicting of the life of the fishermen. One must go far to see on canvas such action, such life and motion in the water, such perspective and such technique in the handling of the figures. Norway is sure to hold much interest.

The Fly-Casting Club.

The Fly-Casting Club held its annual meeting Monday evening, April 10, at the Grand Pacific. Minutes were

approved. Capt. J. W. Collins and Dr. J. A. Henshall, who were elected honorary members on March 17, were duly notified by advice to the secretary. Mr. W. H. Thurston was elected a member, as was also Mr. S. A. Howes, manager of the Osgood Boat Co. The resignation of H. J. Baker was accepted. A letter from C. B. Rushmore was read, advising of good fishing (with the fly?) for bass, pickerel and carp at Kerwin on the B. & O.; Little Calumet River.

The secretary-treasurer's report showed a balance of cash on hand of \$104.22. Applications to the number of 102 had been received for membership, 82 having qualified and two resigned, leaving a total membership of 82.

Resolutions were adopted protesting against Gov. Altgeld's position as to the abolishment of the State Fish Commission. Ordered for signing and sending. A motion of sympathy and regret was passed for Mr. A. H. Harryman, the first president of the club, now at home in another State, and lately of ill health. Election of officers followed, with following result: G. W. Strell, President; W. A. Brooke, Vice-President; F. B. Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer; Executive Committee, J. S. Rossiter, G. A. Murrell, W. H. Babcock. The executive committee was given full power to build the Walton Fishing House and to arrange a programme for the summer.

No Changes in Illinois Laws.

On April 13 I wrote the Secretary of State to learn whether or not any of the bills proposing changes in the fish or game laws had become laws in this session of the Legislature and have received the following reply: "None of the bills before the Thirty-eighth General Assembly on this subject have become laws.—H. H. Hinrichsen, Secretary of State."

Early Fishing.

One could have bass fishing now if he cared for it. A good string of bass was lately taken in Cedar Lake, near Ora, Ind. Nothing yet from Fox, Wis.

In Wisconsin and the North Peninsula the snow water was all gone ten days ago, and it didn't go through the streams. It sunk into the ground. The heavy snows of last fall fell on unfrozen ground and there was no frost in the ground this spring. This keeps the water down and the season is early. Some few catches of trout have been made, none of much moment.

Yellowstone Trout Fishing.

Mr. M. H. Bryan, president of the Helena (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club, in a neat and useful little folder has the following to say, date of March 1:

"It is a curious fact that comparatively few sportsmen know of the variety and gaminess of the fish to be found in the streams and lakes of the Yellowstone National Park, or the opportunity for pure sport which this wonderful section affords."

"These waters seem to be the very home of the trout, which are so plentiful that we doubt there can be found any stream in the country which presents more temptation to the fisherman. The different varieties of trout that can be found there, in themselves, afford the true sportsman not only sport, but information as well, while the grayling, a fish so rare in this country, and which is found here in great numbers, adds extra pleasure to the day's sport. These waters are so seldom fished, that it is believed in them can be solved the question, 'To what size will the trout, when allowed to live, grow?' In the waters of the Upper Yellowstone, trout weighing 8lbs. have been caught. It would seem that a country which has become by reason of its natural beauty and wonders, the haunt of the tourist, would be fished out by this time; but it must be remembered that these pleasure seekers generally go there to see the country, grown so famous, and seldom bring their rods and tackle with them."

"Each of the different hostleries in the Park is within easy riding and driving distance from one or more of these streams, so that the sportsman, even while fishing in waters so seldom disturbed by the swish of the fly-rod, is always assured of a good resting place, for the night."

"In Blacktail Deer Creek, near the Mammoth Hot Springs, good fishing can be obtained, and trout weighing a pound each are very abundant; and in Glen Creek, above the Golden Gate, the Eastern brook trout planted by the Fish Commission some years ago are now large enough to afford good sport. It is but a day's ride from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the headwaters of the Gallatin River. In this and its various tributaries trout and the rare grayling are abundant and take the fly readily."

"From the Firehole Basin the forks of the Madison River can be easily reached over a wagon road, and here again one has the grayling as well as the trout. The road from the Upper Geyser Basin to the Yellowstone Lake passes near Shoshone Lake, where lake and Loch Leven trout are found, having been planted by the Fish Commission. The largest catches can, however, be taken at the outlet of the Yellowstone Lake. Yancy's, accessible from the Mammoth Hot Springs or the cañon, forms a convenient point from which to make excursions."

"The Yellowstone River itself affords nearly fifty miles of the finest trout fishing within the borders of the Park; the East Fork and smaller streams are easier to fish and the trout not less gamy; at Tower Falls the swift current and deep pools make ideal fishing."

"The Park is on the very summit of the Rocky Mountains and is about 7,000ft. above sea level; in fact, the springs, which are the sources of the streams, are themselves within the Park, thus making the waters cold all the year, insuring a gamy fish. One of our members in a day's fishing last summer landed 99 trout, weighing a trifle over 50lbs. for the catch."

A Good Year.

From all accounts, this bids fair to be a good fishing year. The early run is large, perhaps due much to the efficient fishway work in this region in recent times.

Michigan Fly-Fishing.

April 22.—When Mr. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was in my office the other day, I made him stand and deliver the following information as to fly-fishing points in the South Peninsula:

KALAMAZOO RIVER.

Fishing for small-mouthed black bass is good, between Marshall and Allegan, distance about 100 miles by course of stream.

Good points are Battle Creek to Augusta, Augusta to Kalamazoo.

Fine fly-fishing can be had at Galesburg, nine miles east

of Kalamazoo, on Michigan Central R'y. Write H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich.

ST. JOSEPH AND THE GRAND RIVERS

Are also good bass streams. Mendon on the St. Joseph and below Lansing on the Grand about Grand Ledge are good points.

MUSKOGON RIVER FOR TROUT.

All tributaries of this stream have been stocked with trout and the trout fishing is especially fine in and about Muskegon, Mich. The humble worm is mostly used for bait, but large creels of big trout are the consequence thereof.

TROUT.

About all of the spring streams in southern Michigan have been stocked with trout. Trout fishing is good in Kalamazoo county. Spring Brook near Kalamazoo is the best known stream, and there thousands of trout are taken each season.

Upper Peninsula Trout.

Mr. B. W. Goodsell says that along the new branch of the Milwaukee & Northern road, built northwest from Iron Mountain, fine trout fishing can be had in the Paint, the Fence, or almost any of the streams crossed by the road. It is mostly necessary to camp, but the trains will stop to let off or take on campers.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club held a special meeting Thursday evening. A tournament committee, to consist of the executive committee, with the addition of Dr. Henshall as managing director of the World's Fair tournament, was fully empowered to arrange for the tournament branch of the summer's entertainment. It is gratifying to be able to announce also that a site, and a very excellent one, has been assigned the club for its Walton Fishing House, this site, which it is to be hoped will be the last one, is on the east arm of the north lagoon, a short distance from the east wing of the Fine Arts Building.

At the World's Fair.

One week more and the gates of the great Exposition will be thrown open. During these closing days the crush and hurry of preparation is intense indeed. Capt. Collins, Chief of Fisheries, is a very busy man, but smiling withal as he looks about upon the installations now so rapidly nearing completion in his department. It would be "telling" to name all the interesting things now in place here, and a long telling, too. Work in the Angling exhibit seems to lag. The exhibitors claim that they cannot yet show case goods from the mills. Everything is crowded. Nevertheless in one week from Monday next the gates will go open upon an exposition nearly ready, and the few smoothing touches will be put on while the wheels go round. Of the things and events of interest to those absent or not yet ready to start for the Fair, FOREST AND STREAM will weekly spread the story. The center of interest in every line of activity is for now at this big White City. At this focus the development of the sporting interest can best be seen and learned.

These are great days, not so much for their brass and bunting, nor for their worthy thrills of patriotism, nor for their historic reflections, as for the determining and checking up and certifying of the many branches of human knowledge through this inimitable and extraordinary opportunity of comparison. We don't know what we know until we see what other people know. Here we can compare our locomotives with those of Great Britain, our paintings with those of France, our guns and rods and flies with those of England.

The opportunity is invaluable for not only the business man or the curiosity seeker, but for the sportsman in every rank of sport, and the latter has as legitimate a right for its improvement as the former. Certainly the most unusual attractions have been prepared solely in the interest of the latter, and among the mass of mixed material will be found much more worthy of sorting out and mentioning.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

On and after May 1 the Western office of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. will be permanently located at 909 Security Building, cor. Fifth avenue and Madison street, Chicago.

Adirondack League Club Opening.

THE executive committee of the Adirondack League Club announce the completion of the new club house, Mountain Lodge, and its opening for the reception of members, their families and guests, at the beginning of the fishing season of 1898. The club house will be ready for the use of members on Tuesday, May 16, and will remain open until Nov. 1. On Tuesday evening, June 6, a club dinner will be given in the large dining room, to celebrate the opening.

Members who will go from New York to attend the club dinner on June 6, should notify the secretary, at 203 Broadway, New York, in order that proper railway accommodations may be obtained. It is probable that the 7 P. M. train, on June 5, will attach as many sleeping cars as may be needed, and detach them at Fulton Chain station on the Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railroad early in the morning, so that members may rise and proceed to the club house at their convenience. The distance is but four or five miles.

Captain Otis, the manager, should be advised in advance whether or not a guide will be wanted by the member or party, and if they have preference for any particular guide, his name should be given.

Forest Lodge, the club house on Honnedaga Lake, will open as usual on May 15. Only members of the club, their families and guests are entitled to the privileges of the club houses, and the hunting and fishing rights of the preserve. Each member may invite a non-member as a guest for a period of two weeks each season. Guests' tickets may be obtained of the secretary on application, by giving the name of the guest and the period of his proposed visit.

FISHING was a favorite pastime of young Egyptian gentlemen, and the occupation was not confined to young persons alone nor thought unworthy of men of more serious habits. An Egyptian of rank is frequently represented in the Scriptures as catching fish with a rod and line.

FISHING SEASON IN CANADA.

I READ that bears are out again in Pennsylvania, having made their spring appearance there as early as the middle of March. I don't know how far the season may have advanced in the Adirondacks, but up here in Canada, at all events in northeastern Quebec, bruin is still in winter quarters. Mr. B. A. Scott, the Mayor of Roberval, became anxious last month for the safety of the tame bear that was to have been seen last summer around the Roberval Hotel, and so dug him out of his hole beneath the snow. When drawn from the barrel in which he was hibernating the bear opened one eye and looked at the intruders, subsequently devouring a piece of meat that they offered him and then asking for more, after which he quietly curled himself up again to resume his interrupted snooze, and was left as before beneath a deep covering of snow. That is the last that has yet been heard of him. As a rule, when bears first wake up to business in the spring of the year they are anything but ravenous, and live for some time on the tender sprouts of budding plants, the grubs which they find in the decaying trunks of trees, such berries as have survived the winter, with an occasional fish or frog. They seem to feel that after the long period of inactivity enjoyed by their stomachs, it would not be possible to digest a haunch of venison or a shoulder of mutton, and are therefore somewhat particular as to their menu. The rather extraordinary appetite of Mr. Scott's bear when awakened last month was construed by woodsmen as indicative of a late spring and of bruin's intention of remaining without further refreshment for some time to come.

The late spring we decidedly have; the ice upon Lake St. John being reported still to be nearly two feet thick, while plenty of snow remains at present writing, especially in the shade of the woods. If, as expected, and as generally happens here in the event of a late spring, the warm weather comes on with a rush when it first sets in, the ice may yet break up on the lakes as early as usual, which is generally from the 8th to the 12th of May. The most prolific trout fishing of the entire season will then be in order; but at first, at all events in the lakes, while the water is high, bait-fishing is the more successful form of the sport. Members of American clubs owning fishing territories here are usually advised by telegraph when the ice leaves their waters, and those anglers secure the best sport who can manage to arrive here immediately thereafter. The same thing is true of both Lakes Edward and St. Joseph, where the largest trout are taken in May and in the early part of June. For the spring fishing for ouananiche, whether with bait in Lake St. John or with the fly in the mouths of the Ouiaichouan and Metabetchouan, the best time is from the 20th of May to about the 15th of June. The plague of flies is avoided at this time of the year, but this fact is not much advertised, simply because the hotel does not open for some time after the commencement of the fishing season. The angler who goes to Lake St. John, however, will find comfortable enough accommodation in early spring in farm houses close to the fishing waters. I forgot to say that the fishing of both Lake St. Joseph and Lake Edward is open to the public. The latter mentioned lake usually offers the better sport, and is the rendezvous of Kit Clarke and other well-known anglers.

In the hope that they may prove useful to fishermen who desire to try spring fishing in Canada, I will endeavor, in the course of a few days, to send you notes of various experiences here last spring with different flies in different waters.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, April 12.

FROG-CASTING FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that Mr. Abbott and "Eurus" have started the ball rolling in regard to bait-casting vs. trolling I feel at liberty to give my ideas, as they have hit on my hobby, "frog-casting." First, I wish to ask Mr. Abbott if in his long casting he can make his frog fall on to the water head first. I emphasize the word "make," for this is perfectly under the control of the caster, but I have not been able to do it by ordinary casting. If Mr. Abbott can he will shed my remarks as a duck does water.

In ordinary bait-casting, where one reels the line in till the leader touches the tip, one has very little control over the bait, except to shape its course and drop it at the distance he wishes by thumbing and by dropping the tip. This does very well for minnows and baits in which the manner of touching the water is immaterial, but whoever saw a frog jump into the water backward?

I have had a bass take a frog before it touched the water, but it would never have done so if the frog had come hurtling through the air backward, or side on, or all doubled up. I have had many strikes in an instant after the frog touched the water, but only in those cases when he landed right, head first and with a soft "chunk." If he landed with a splash or a slap no bass would take him until after he began to move and strike out to swim, which would remove all doubts of his identity, and a swirl in the water and possibly a flash of dark green would prelude the soft hissing of the line as it ran through the guides 10ft.—20ft.—then a little pull as the bass shakes his head in changing the position of his frogship or swallowing him—then the strike!

In fly-fishing there is simply the rise and simultaneous strike, but in frog-casting the seconds (they seem pretty long ones) that elapse between the swirl of the bass as he takes the frog from the surface and rushes with it to his nest in the weeds, and when he changes it round in his mouth or if he has caught it head in, before he really swallows it, are full of anticipation. This time is to me the most exciting and interesting of any fishing experience, for after the strike, if you have set your hook well, there is something of routine work in bringing him to the landing net, of course with exciting incidents and peculiar rushes interspersed.

But the judgment that is required when a bass takes the frog is unlimited. In a day's fishing one will hardly get two strikes and rushes just alike, and one's treatment of them must vary accordingly. For instance, you are using a small frog and a large bass takes it, if he goes away head from you, strike. If he goes down or comes toward you, wait. If a small one takes it, wait in either case, as also if you are using a large frog. But how can one tell if the bass is large or small if he don't see it? Partly by intuition, partly by signs. A large bass seldom breaks water when he takes the bait, but makes an angry swirl, in proportion to his size, smaller ones up to 2lbs.

will come partly or entirely from the water with a splash or slap, and I have noticed as a general thing that the smaller the bass the greater the noise. Also that the size of frog used in no way controls the size of fish that will bite, as last summer I caught a one-pounder on a bullfrog whose body was fully 4½ in. long, while I landed a 7½ lbs. large-mouth on a little spotted grass frog of 1½ in. body.

Of course the time of striking a fish cannot be governed by any arbitrary rules, but in the method of making the strike depends a great deal of success or failure to land your fish. A quick sharp jerk will lose more fish than it hooks; while a long, strong pull will set the hook through bone and meat.

If one holds his rod out in front of him, tip well down, line just taut and arm almost straight; when ready to strike and then brings his hand back nearly to his shoulder and raises the tip of his rod, both in one movement, he will not only set the hook firmly in whatever part of the mouth it may lie, but he will feel his fish and usually turn it, and from that time can guide it to suit the water it may be in.

Now as to the mode of casting I claim that the ordinary way of bait-casting is not suited to frogs. But not wishing to provoke argument I will simply give my way of casting the frog. I use a rod just sufficiently stiff, varying it to suit the size of frogs used. If fishing from a boat I make a back and a front cast, under the tip, that is I swing the frog out in front, then by a side motion of the rod bring him past me and back of me and let him carry out some line, then to make my actual cast, I draw out some line from the reel and hold in left hand and by a similar motion of the rod aided by its spring, bring the frog past me and out in front, and as he reaches the spot desired, let go of the line in left hand and the frog reverses ends and comes easily and naturally into the water. If fishing from the shore or wading I make the same under-hand cast, but with more line in left hand. In this way I keep my frog alive and swimming, and his soft drooping on the water brings the bass to him out of curiosity; while a heavy splash will send them away and one must wait for them to circle and come back. Thirty to 50ft. or over can easily be cast in this manner and I have found little necessity for more.

I consider the frog so used one of the most killing baits for either small or large-mouth bass, and right here I should like to say a few words in defense of the large-mouth or Oswego bass. Before residing here I had fished almost entirely for small-mouth bass only in the West, at St. Clair Flats and elsewhere, and I expected but little sport from the big-mouths round here; but I have had a change of heart forced upon me and have found that they possess an amount of cunning and trickiness that makes up for the reckless courage and vim of the small-mouth. And in cold spring-water lakes I have had them make a fight that would challenge a small-mouth of equal weight. One that took my frog just as the moon was rising one evening left the water five times and made three long runs before I brought him to the net and he still had enough reserve energy to have kept it up longer, but I was ready for supper; and that reminds me that a large-mouth bass if dressed and cooked properly is a dish fit for the best of sportsmen (and no man deserves better). Skin your fish and split down the back and remove backbone and if you wish, the ribs. Then rub the two pieces of pink flesh with pepper and salt, roll in flour, or rather, stew slowly in butter. Try it! But don't cook him with his skin on and bones in and then blame me.

AMPHIBIAN.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

OREGON NOTES.

THE open salmon season commenced April 10. Remarkably heavy catches all along down the Columbia are reported. I was told yesterday that the boats were averaging about eighty fish per day. I am sure that I have never seen in the Portland markets a finer lot of Chinooks. When the weather settles a little, what fun there will be at Willamette Falls.

Many of us would like to see the open season for trout commence May 1 instead of April 1 in Oregon. Nature and old Neptune have taken the matter in hand this spring and are accomplishing, for this season at least, what ought to be the general law. Here it is the middle of April, and no trout to speak of. The incessant rains and continued cool weather since the first of March leave the streams in such a condition that nothing less than two weeks of very good weather will give the country boy and pan fisherman an opportunity to use their detestable salmon roe to any particular advantage. It may seem that I have a personal interest in this matter, and so I have. All fly-fishermen have an interest in it, and it is but natural that we should take a sort of fiendish delight in seeing the April bait-fisherman wait for the second table along with his betters.

What sportsman of the Northwest does not know Judge John W. Whalley? We recognize him as one of the oldest and most "reliable" all-round sportsmen in Oregon. We look upon him as a kind of father-in-law, for you know that we, every one of us, are wedded to either rod or gun, and he is their master if not their pater. He is very practical in some things, very theoretical in others, but always under all circumstances and in all conditions as full of fun as an egg is of meat. Good fellowship is his hobby and kindness of heart his chronic condition. He is the best story teller on the West Coast, and to hear him tell it, he is always ahead on every proposition; or in other words the judge never gets left and wins on every deal. Here is an instance: The day before yesterday he went up above Albany after snipe and got five. Happening to meet him at Court yesterday I asked him about his trip, and naturally (for me) fell to considering it from a financial point of view. I always like to know all the particulars, as the cost for the knowledge might come in handy some day you know.

Here are the items as given by the judge: Railroad fare, \$5; hotel bill, \$2; team, beer and luncheon, \$10; cigars, \$1.50; waiter at hotel, brushing clothes, 25 cents; patch for snagged rubber boot, 50 cents; shells (a very windy day you know), 50 cents; loss of time (attorney in full practice), \$20.

I called his attention to the fact that, taking his own figures, his snipe has cost him \$7.95 each. "But," said he, "you have not allowed me the proper credits." Then he fell to figuring and turned in the following "contra credits": Recreation, \$10; medicine and doctor bills avoided, \$50; snipe, 50 cents; a clear profit of \$20.75.

It occurred to me that he placed rather a high valuation on recreation and health for a man that never saw a sick day in his life. Doubtless if the snipe had cost him \$100 each, he would have simply raised the price of health and recreation proportionately and proved himself a clear winner just the same. However, may his shadow never grow less.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, OREGON, April 14.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.

FOR many years Murdock Lake, some twenty-six miles south of this city on the Illinois side, has been famous as an angling resort. A couple of years ago, however, a ditch was cut to the lake and part of the water drained off. Besides this the old club had so persistently caught out the fish that the once popular resort was given up and the old club removed to the St. Francis River. The high water of last year reached Murdock Lake, and as a consequence it is again full of game fish and some very large catches have been made this spring. The restocking of this fine body of water has led to the re-organization of the Murdock Lake Fishing Club under the following officers: President, Gen. E. A. Moore; Vice-President, G. H. Knight; Secretary, G. H. Rawlins; Treasurer, M. L. Houts. The above four are also directors and in addition there are three more, namely: P. H. Felker, Henry Feldbush and Dr. Fike, of Waterloo, who is one of the fish wardens of the State of Illinois. The new club will be chartered under the Illinois law and sixty shares of stock will be issued at \$10 per share to the club members, the number of which is limited to sixty, and is already full. It will be remembered that Murdock Lake has a record of the largest croppie caught by hook and line in the country, it weighing over 3lbs.

The King's Lake Fish and Game Preserving Association, commonly known as the King's Lake Club, has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. T. Jester; Vice-President, William J. Baker; Secretary and Treasurer, George J. Chapman. The club membership now numbers 150 and the limit is 200. There has been good duck and snipe shooting on the grounds this season and fishing will be better than ever when the water becomes settled.

Our neighboring city of Carlyle in Illinois, has a very prosperous club under the style of the Carlyle Fishing and Hunting Club. The concern has a capital stock of \$10,000 and has purchased Abbott's Lake, with 65 acres of ground near the city of Carlyle. The lake is small, covering only 10 acres and has a beautiful little island of 2 acres. The water has been well stocked with fish and furnishes excellent sport. There is a new club house costing \$1,560 built in modern style with all improvements and also a boat house 34x30ft., and other summer houses. The island will be connected with the main land by a rustic bridge, and a drive will be made around the lake. It is proposed to lay out a lawn tennis court, a race track and bowling alley are also talked of. Most of the members belong to the city of Carlyle, there are a few who belong to the city of St. Louis. The board of directors are as follows: G. Van Hoorbeke, August Schlafly, F. P. Bacon, Henry Bender and H. A. Niehoff.

ABERDEEN.

THE "B. A. SCOTT" FLY.

IN your issue of April 6, under the heading of "Angling Notes," Mr. A. N. Cheney refers to the now famous ouananiche fly the "B. A. Scott." Permit me to say that this gentleman is positively wrong when he claims that the "B. A. Scott" is an imitation of Miss McBride's "Gen. Hooker," which he describes as follows:

Gen. Hooker: Body bright yellow and green ringed alternately, red hackle (and this means chicken red); wings, tail feathers of the ruffed grouse. Mr. W. Holberton describes the Gen. Hooker as having light brown mottled wings and a green body with yellow bands.

Now for the genuine B. A. Scott and my pattern: Body pale yellow (almost white) and blue ringed alternately, brown hackle; wings stone gray (plain), duck's down of the bluebill preferred, hook No. 8.

I fail to see the likeness between these two. Moreover, the duck feather will retain its rigidity in the water, while the grouse feather will lie flat on the hook.

Three years ago, in August, Mr. B. A. Scott called upon me. He was looking for an imitation of a midget fly which had proved to be the natural food of the ouananiche in the latter part of July and beginning of August, a minute description of which convinced me that it would prove a killer. Some fair substitutes were found, the best being the queen-of-the-waters, black-fairy, grizzly-king and golden-spinner. Meanwhile we set to work and had tied what is now known as the "B. A. Scott." The first lot were immediately mailed to Mr. Scott. Having tried them he did not hesitate to proclaim them the best fly known for ouananiche at that season. With Mr. Scott's permission we named the fly after him, and this is the history of its origin.

This fly will kill when such flies as the Jock-Scott, silver-gray, Halifax, silver-doctor and fairy will fail. A peculiarity in ouananiche, this is the absence of scarlet, red or white. The B. A. Scott has made its mark as a trout fly and is getting very popular among trout fishermen. Another killer or hooker, as Mr. Cheney calls them, is the "Parmachenee-belle," which I believe to be a creation of the latter-mentioned gentleman, and I congratulate him on it. I have known it some five years, and then they came from Mr. Chas. Orvis. Since that time I have had them from T. J. Conroy, Abbey & Imbrie and English and Scotch firms, with the result that I have six distinct patterns and as different as they can possibly be, but they are all killers and called by the same name.

Ice on the lakes north of here is still 3ft. thick. We expect, however, to get our first fishing about May 20.

GEORGE VAN FELSE.

QUEBEC, CAN.

Dynamiters at Work.

By a despatch from Fort Hunter, N. Y., it is learned that four men, named Jack Morgan, Edward Rivers, John Rockefeller and James Ambridge, all of Amsterdam, have been arrested on the charge of killing fish in the Mohawk River by the use of dynamite cartridges. Thousands of fish, it is said, were killed by these men. The prisoners were held under \$250 bonds for trial Wednesday. Fishermen are indignant over the acts of the dynamiters. The prisoners will also have to answer to the charge of fishing on Sunday.

A Sandwich Island Fish Hook.

TAKOMA, D. C., April 7.—Under the above title I read a very interesting note in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 13, '93 (pp. 315, 316), and enjoyed the excellent photographic figures that accompanied it. I have in my private collections a fish hook from the Sandwich Islands, precisely similar to the one in your illustration, with the exception that it chances to be nearly one-third larger in size. This relic I obtained as a gift from an officer of our army, to whom in 1887 I had given a sick leave for six months and a recommendation for a sea voyage. He went that year to the Sandwich Islands, and among the objects he purchased there was this fish hook. From him I learned that those hooks are still commonly in use by the natives on the coast. They bait them with various kinds of baits and employ them in shark fishing, at which amusement they are very successful. In selecting the shell from which this pattern of hook is manufactured a piece is always chosen for the "shank" which has upon its anterior aspect one or two of the raised internal convolutions of the shell. These are well seen in the *FOREST AND STREAM* photograph, and the object of the manufacturer is to have a strong undulating surface there to which the fish line can be more firmly and securely strapped. The curved portion in front is also of the same material, but chosen from an entirely different part of the shell. It is simply ground to a point, subconical in form, curved and polished. No attempt is ever made to make a "barb" at its extremity. The hook part is securely laced to the "shank" by means of a cord made of some kind of a vegetable fiber, and a stiff tassell of the same is allowed to project below. It must be evident that a shark once struck with an unbarbed hook of this kind should be pulled quickly inboard or ashore, the line being kept constantly taut, or else he could easily free himself again.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

Bangor Salmon Pool.

A DISPATCH from Bangor, Me., on Friday, the 21st, says that the first salmon of the season had just been taken from the pool. This is nine days later than last year, when the first salmon was taken on the 12th of April. Since the 21st there has been a storm and a rise of water, which has doubtless hindered the run of salmon, till the water clears again. Boston salmon fishermen do not seem to have waked up to the fact that salmon are running at Bangor. A year ago there were several anglers in waiting, but this year they do not seem to be going. I met one of them on the street the other day. He remarked that he did not like the salmon fishing at Bangor. The river is full of boats of all sorts, with all sorts of fishermen in them. But the chap with a birch pole and 100ft. of strong string prevails. After all, this chap is about as well off as the fellow with the best of rods and rigs. The fishing is all done by letting the fly or bait drift down the rapids. When the fish is hooked the boat is allowed to drift down the rapids after the fish till he is secured.

SPECIAL.

Bass of St. Mary's Reservoir.

CINCINNATI, O., April 14.—Three years ago while fishing in the St. Mary's Reservoir, I caught an exceedingly large bass; I fastened a strong string firmly to his lower jaw and tied him out in the water for three days. The third day he was nearly dead so I took him out and Sam Marshall and George Swarts weighed him; he tipped the scales at 7lbs. Have any of your readers ever caught a larger one in the Reservoir?

F. B. MAGILL.

First of the Tarpon.

FORT MYERS, Fla., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I caught my first tarpon to-day after a very hard struggle of 45 minutes. It weighed 100lbs., and was 6ft. 1in. long. Mr. Fay, of Chicago, caught his first one to-day, weight 125lbs., and Mr. Little, of Philadelphia, caught his twenty-first. Saw three at Naples on 12th, caught that day by B. Dunn, of Rochester, weighing 157, 110 and 100lbs. respectively.

CLARENCE HOWLAND.

Not Yet.

GRAHAMSVILLE, Sullivan County, N. Y., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout season has hardly opened yet in this section. In consequence of the heavy drifts of snow upon the mountains—in some cases six to seven feet deep—the waters of the different streams in this vicinity are too cold and too much swollen for trout to bite freely. I do not expect any good fishing until about May 1.

E. A. CRAWFORD.

Club Rules Desired.

The members of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club would be glad to receive copies of the printed constitution and by-laws of the various rod and gun clubs, State sportsmen's clubs and game protective clubs, which can be mailed to Mr. D. L. Williams, P. O. Box 85, Portland, Oregon.

Thousands of Catfish.

THERE is a curious sight at the William Penn, Schuylkill county, Pa., dam, and many people of the town have made special trips to see it. The surface is covered with the dead bodies of thousands of catfish, many of which are seven inches and more in length. In one of the outlets a gentleman of the town who visited the dam on Sunday counted 500 as fine specimens as any fisherman ever caught on the hook. How so many of them died at one time seems to be a mystery to some, but it is explained that the water, which is not very deep, was frozen to the bottom of the dam during the winter. Arrangements are being made to have the fish removed.—*Shenandoah Herald.*

A New-Subscriber Offer.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the *FOREST AND STREAM* one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the *FOREST AND STREAM* during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work *Bird Portraits for the Young* (the price of which is \$3).

Omaha and Kansas City

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
May 30 to June 2.—American Pet Dog Club, Lexox Lyceum, New York. Marion E. Bannister, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 30.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

The Cocker as a Sporting Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Well, well! So "Solus" is out with a gun. Not only is the cocker degenerated, but also the men; so that a poor old fellow cannot write his innocent plaint to his favorite paper without some little snip with a Latin tail for a name jumping on him in a most disrespectful manner.

And he is going to keep guessing who this learned Solomon is?

Dear dear! I'm sure I didn't know I promulgated any learned views. I only meant, dear Mr. Editor, to tell what very good times I had over a real cocker spaniel years ago, and to express my honest regret that, in my honest opinion, the present dogs were not half as good as the old ones.

Far be it from me to force my opinions on any one; but let not even "Solus" think I write without some knowledge of the present black cockers. I owned a short time a black bitch which was said to be a good specimen of the present style of dog, and which was also said to be well bred by persons who should know, and I know she was in no sense as good or as useful as the old ones.

Why cannot "Solus," if he will rail and sneer and quote, at least quote properly. Let him re-read and ponder, and he will learn that the words he refers to allude to a looking-forward-some time-to-be-in-the-future-dog-show and dog, and not to the present cocker at all.

And "Solus" thinks "there are those who will be glad to point out to him where the modern cocker is in many points superior to the ancient one," does he? They may be glad to do so, but they could never persuade me what I know by actual experience is not so.

Do I understand that "Solus" will breed for any customer, provided he won't write to *FOREST AND STREAM* first, a dog to order? Well, this is, to me, an entirely new idea, and perhaps one reason for the degeneracy of the cocker spaniel that I did not know.

I'll bet a new 64-cent silver dollar that "Solus" has a dog or dogs to sell, and that my poor, innocent little letter in some way doesn't seem to describe the stock on hand.

COCKER.

Which is the Best Spaniel for Work?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Fellows, in your issue of Feb. 23, says that a cocker with a big head cannot go and stay, and seems to insinuate the same ideas about a field spaniel. Now I think a narrow-headed, sniped-nosed, spindle-legged spaniel an utter abomination, and as the spaniel breed is meant for work and nothing else I say it is as bad in one type as in another. There are two good old sayings to this effect: "That the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and "That an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory." The latter I believe, in fact, is in mind the proof of a dog's shape, broadly speaking, is in his work. Now it happens that I came by a spaniel like Mr. Fellows's, in an unexpected way, that I believe as a workman is almost perfect, both in shape and use, and I suppose "Uncle Dick" will allow that a spaniel that is not a workman is useless. I inclose his photo (which hardly shows him to the best advantage) to let our cocker breeder feast his eyes on 40lbs. of solid practice and will now proceed to give his measurements: Height 16in., weight 40lbs., length from nose to root of tail 36in., girth of chest 34in. (stick a pin in here), loin 25in., girth of skull 16½in., muzzle 10½in., forearm 5in., thigh measured round the stifle 17in., neck 16½in. Now let us dissect these points and find out their value. What is a spaniel's most important feature? A good nose by all odds. What kind of breeds have the best noses? Pointers, setters and hounds. What kind of muzzles have these dogs? Square muzzles. What kind of dog is least noted for its scenting powers? A greyhound, which has a very pointed muzzle. Then I say a square muzzle for a spaniel, with a well-defined stop. What is his next most important point? Obviously, endurance. Then I say a spaniel should possess tremendous chest room, *vide* my measurement above. Can you pick out his next attribute? Yes, easily, strength. He should have plenty of bone and substance, to which should be attached large, hard muscles, coupled with a strong loin, so rendering him better able to stand fatigue.

Is there anything else? Yes, and very important, too. A spaniel, above all dogs, should have lots of intelligence, which means bird sense; therefore I claim a broad, roomy skull is very requisite; so you see we have got to have a big head (not a swelled head). To this must be coupled a muscular, strong neck to support the head and carry the game; and lastly, a good, hard, long jacket fitted to resist the elements and the brush. Without desiring to eulogize the dog in the above picture, because he happens to be mine, but first to show that such make and shape as I have advocated means a "business" dog, I will describe his work in the field. I am bound in justice to the dog to say he is the best I have ever seen, and I have shot over a good many; his bird sense and endurance are simply marvellous; in fact, as a stayer he is tireless, and sometimes he shows almost a human intelligence. In my first day this season I used Ben, the subject of my sketch, and three cockers of Mr. Fellows's type, and at the end of the day the cockers were so utterly done up that I was almost obliged to get them carried home, while the field spaniel was quite ready to begin again. The cockers, I must tell you, did very little work. Ben has indomitable pluck and courage, facing the thickest covert; a special feature of his is, that for a spaniel he is a splendid jumper, making nothing of a four-foot jump. This he gets from his perfect back and bulldog-like loin. His nose leaves nothing to be desired, I having seen him wind birds 50yds. away. He is covered with hard-packed muscle, and also has a very willing disposition. Ben's only theoretical defect being a rather short coat, although this dog is built like a prize cart horse, his pace for a short distance is beyond belief; he saves piles of rabbits that have only been slightly wounded, and I believe many that have not been touched at

all. Is it not foolish to use a cocker when a field spaniel, or, we'll call it a practical type dog, will do the work fully fifty per cent. better. I suppose not until we get spaniel field trials will these various fancy types be thrown over, then we shall see the survival of the fittest.

CECIL COX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 23 "Cocker" writes a very sensible letter which I wish to indorse, all but the last paragraph. I think he has explained why the old style cocker was better for work than the modern one that is never seen only at a dog show.

I for one do not believe that "Solus" or any one else can ever point out to "Cocker" or to any one that ever used a cocker where the modern cocker is in it at all with the working dog. I shoot only over cockers, and I am prepared to prove the modern small field spaniel that wins at our shows as a cocker is of no use afield after the second hour, if he lasts even that length of time. Please do not answer over a *nom de plume*. Let the world know if you have a right to talk about working cockers.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., April 10.

Judging Great Danes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The superior quality and rapid increase in the number of great Danes exhibited at shows during this spring over previous years are evidence of the popularity this breed is gaining with dog fanciers. A few years ago the race was hardly known here, and at present questions like these: "What do you call that breed? Are they vicious?" are so often heard that the persons addressed become tired of answering, and at shows the reply, "Please buy a catalogue," may be in order. There are, of course, not many persons in this country who are sufficiently well acquainted with the characteristic points of these dogs to judge them intelligently, and I declare that one of the poorest judges officiated at New York and Baltimore.

At New York, where at the last show the best great Danes did not win, Mr. Muss-Arnolt said to me, "I heard that you expressed your dissatisfaction with my decisions," and my reply was, "Certainly I did, and so did all who know the breed. You should not have offered your services as a judge, and I am sure that at New York you were judge for the first time, and that at Baltimore your last judging will be done. My Stella is better than the winning bitch." We then went to Stella's stall, where I asked him, "What fault do you find in her?" He pointed to her cheeks, and I remarked: "Yes, nice head, well developed cheek muscles according to standard of points. What else?" He did not find anything. Thereupon we went to the winning bitch, on which I showed him several faults.

At first I thought that only his being unacquainted with the type and points of the great Dane had been the cause of Mr. Muss-Arnolt's perverse decisions, but I got a different opinion about him when I read in his report on the New York dog show, published in your issue of March 2: "Third, very bad tail curve, got almost too much, and his coat and general appearance has not much of great Dane character, even if his owner thinks, as he says, he and Stella were the only great Danes in the show. I agree with him if he says great mongrels."

If the above were true, a judge awarding prizes to "great mongrels" would act dishonestly and should be kept out of the ring. But it is a mixture of nonsense and falsehood; I never said that she and Stella were the only Great Danes in the show.

The *Kennel Gazette* of June last contains in the judge's—Mr. Mortimer's—report of the Washington show the following criticism: "Stella, the winning bitch, is a very cleanly made puppy of the right type that will yet be heard from. She also won in the puppy class from Bismarck II., beating him decisively in type and quality." It was my intention to exhibit Stella in Washington again, but believing she would be in heat then, I did not enter her. Although I am a member of the Maryland Kennel Club, I did not exhibit any dogs in Baltimore, because I will not enter my dogs where such a person as Mr. Muss-Arnolt judges. Breeders and fanciers of great Danes noticed with satisfaction that Mr. Muss-Arnolt's judging was upset at Washington by Mr. Mortimer, and especially that such an inferior dog as Wenzel was taken down from the pedestal on which Mr. Muss-Arnolt had unjustly placed him.

The Great Dane Club of America, at their recent meeting in New York, recommended to the kennel clubs several men as judges, at the head of whom Mr. Muss-Arnolt was placed. Most of them have only owned one dog, or a few for a short time, and are generally considered not qualified to act as judges. These men should have sense enough not to render themselves ridiculous and injure the breed they administer by undertaking a task for which they are unfit. When I read the names of the persons recommended, I thought the club members were joking, and it is to be hoped that kennel clubs will also take it as a joke. To the Great Dane Club of America belong some very clever enthusiastic gentlemen, but it seems not only to me, but others, as if some of them in their zeal, are apt to over-run the goal.

J. H. H. MAENNER.

BALTIMORE, Md.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Eastern Field Trials Club has decided to hold their trials of 1893 at Newton, N. C., about forty miles southwest from Salisbury, N. C. The hotel and livery accommodations are very good, and the country is a fine large open country, full of stubbles and just sufficient woods, hedges, etc., to afford plenty of shelter to the birds. It is the banner wheat county in North Carolina, and so plenty of grain is raised here, the natural food of the quail.

The club has invited Messrs. W. W. Titus, of Waverly Miss.; Simon C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., and J. B. Stoddard, of Thomasville, N. C., to judge the trials of 1893 and they have accepted. I trust the public will compliment their acceptance with a large field of entries, as comment on their ability, integrity and experience is unnecessary.

At a meeting held Feb. 23 it was resolved, "All persons handling a dog or dogs in the public stakes of the Eastern field trials must first obtain a license from the board of governors, which will be furnished on application without charge; said license to remain in force during the meeting for which it is issued."

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec'y-Treas.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., April 21.

Dogs for Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 6 the question is asked what breed or cross-breed of dogs is most likely to prove successful in hunting the bear. Thinking therefore it would interest some of your readers I want to tell you that in my native country (Hungary) one hunts the bears with the dachshund. I had myself the chance five years ago to shoot one bear before these courageous and determined dogs, and saw the Count Andrássy and several other Hungarian sportsmen shoot the bear trailed by the dachshund.

MAHAR, N. J., April 10.

COUNT R. PALFFY.

The mastiff Ingleside Beaufort was bought at the Boston show as a companion dog for the authoress Mrs. Margaret Deland.

Will Let Some Other Man Try.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While indulging in a little spell of retrospection this evening, I am forced to conclude that I am a "Jonah" regarding prize winners at bench shows, and cannot understand why my luck has never changed. I go back over the list of pointers that I have owned since the days of Phil (that I bought from my old friend "Andy" Waddell), and notice that while they were my property they were, as a rule, badly left, but when I disposed of them they seemed to go right up into the champion class, and win everywhere with never-failing regularity. Among them I remember Donald II., Rosa, Queen Bow, White Rose, Pommery Sec, Lady Graphic, Pontiac and Revelation (Dame Bang has been more fortunate, sweet little dog that she is), several champions of record, since I sold them. They certainly did not change either type or form after they left my hands, still they would win. I have therefore summed it up and decided to retire from the bench show ring, as regards pointers, and see if I can produce a winning setter by way of a change, and have therefore tendered my resignation to the Pointer Club, sold my alleged bench show pointers, and wish every pointer good luck. Those that I own hereafter will be strictly field dogs, and never be disgraced by being subjected to defeat on the bench by duffers that don't know a game bird from a door mat. And I must say, the more I read "Stonehenge" the more I incline to the belief that type, correct or incorrect, has but little weight in the distribution of awards by the judges of to-day, exceptions always granted. I do not mean to criticize another man's judgment because it does not agree with mine, but for the life of me I cannot figure out what type to show to get a blue ribbon. I carefully examine a dog that is winning, get close measurements, and am fortunate enough to get one almost precisely the same, sometimes better in some respects, and enter the ring to be judged by the same gentleman who was so highly pleased with the other dog. He merely glances at my "sure thing," and hands all the ribbons to dogs of entirely different type, and I am once more in the dark as to why, etc.

I have sold champion Revelation to Mr. Wm. Howkins, Monterey, Mass., and Dame Bang to Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., Cincinnati, O., and have no doubt that both dogs will be heard from in the near future. These sales were also suggested by the peculiar actions of the gentlemen managing the World's Fair dog show. I would not enter a dog under such "mystifying" rules, nor to be judged by any one unless properly selected by popular vote of the owners and handlers of this country. I claim that this show is, or was intended to be, a national affair, and it is simply ridiculous that one man, Mr. Buchanan, should assume the responsibility of appointing superintendent and judges without consulting intending exhibitors and getting a published expression. My information and belief is that his slate was made up while being entertained at the late New York show, and his appointments, if as published in another journal are correct, it is not difficult for us to imagine where he was "at home."

There is a remedy left for owners. "One may lead a horse to water but one cannot make him drink." A kennel exhibit may be given in Chicago in June next, but without entries it won't be a "howling" success.

Two things are necessary to insure enough entries to make it a go, namely, the selection of judges by a vote of bona fide owners and the abolishment of the fifty cent compulsory certificate rule. I cannot imagine why the A. K. C. should charge fifty cents for information which has already been paid for and published, and don't believe the owners will stand imposition even to the extent of fifty cents. The A. K. C. as I understand do not need funds, having a handsome cash surplus. As to the selection of judges, let names be submitted and published by the different sportsmen's journals, then votes sent in and the men receiving the highest number be officially appointed. I will wager that such a course will be eminently satisfactory and that when the "round up" is taken the names of John Davidson and Hon. John S. Wise will appear more frequently than some others.

I don't want to be personal or waste time in making the wishes and demands of dog owners understood, and trust that this hint may be productive of immediate good. If not, I shall try another tack, for I do not want the public swindled by an alleged dog show when it is easier to give a genuine good one.

GEO. W. LA RUE.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 10.

Where Is the Cocker as a Working Dog?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I quite agree with what "Cocker" says in your issue of March 23 as to the desire to breed the cocker spaniel by bench show exhibitors so small and fine that he is perfectly worthless for the field and only fit for a lap dog. I cannot, however, agree with him that breeding the cocker black has anything to do with unfitting him for the field, and can assure him that there are lots of good field cocker spaniels left yet, and black ones, too. Granted that a liver and white or black and white dog can be seen in the covert later in the evening than his solid-colored brother, but that is neither here nor there, as the majority of woodcock shooters will, I am quite sure, agree with me that the black cocker can be seen long after the hunter is able to see to shoot the birds. In my opinion the black cocker and black field spaniel have no equal for woodcock and partridge (ruffed grouse). I would say to any person wishing to own a good cocker spaniel, and the same time to have him a first-class field dog, to make choice of a puppy from 4mos. to 6mos. of age, let him be black in color, of hunting parents if possible, cobby and of rather heavy build, straight in the legs and well in proportion all through, neither with a large head and small body or small head and big body, although of the two evils the latter is the least. Make choice of the merry, playful little fellow, the pup that will come up to you and not turn and run for his life if you make a motion or speak to him. Neither the puppy that appears very timid and nervous. As for weight take one that when matured will weigh from 24 to 30lbs. Having made your choice, take your puppy home, do nothing but feed and make friends with him for two weeks. We will now suppose the puppy is five or six months of age. Take him out for his first lesson on to a nice green lawn, when the grass is cut short, if you have such a lawn; if not, take him into your yard or garden, but be sure to be alone, allow no other dogs to be present, nor children. Now, procure a small ball made of soft rags, show the ball to the puppy, put it into his mouth and hold it there a minute or so at a time; after having done so several times, attract his attention to the ball and then throw it from you a few yards, tell the puppy to find. He will take no notice; most likely he will try to commence a romp with you. Take him gently by the neck and drag him to where the ball is, pick it up and draw his attention to it, place it in his mouth saying "good dog, fetch!" and drag him to the place you throw the ball from. Repeat this several times at each lesson, but do not keep him at it too long, for if you do he will become tired and sulk. Give two lessons per day, and probably in a week's time he will have learned his lesson perfectly and will fetch and carry the ball like an old dog. Now change the ball for a small stick 6in. in length and proceed as with the ball. Keep him at this for several days, and when you have him proficient at this work, procure a woodcock or snipe (Wilson's); a partridge will not do, it is too large, and the puppy instead of fetching it, will start immediately to tear and mouth the bird.

Having got your woodcock or snipe, take the puppy out as before, show him the bird, keeping your hand well over it; if you do not the chances are that with one snap (which he is almost sure to make) he will take half the skin and

feathers off the bird, and likely carry the head with this mouthful. When the puppy has done smelling and trying to bite the game, place it in his mouth with one of your fingers (do not be afraid, he will not bite you), and with the other hand, holding him by his neck, lead him up and down the lawn half a dozen times, still holding the bird, with your finger in his mouth; having your finger in the dog's mouth will prevent any attempt on his part to bite or chew the bird. In a week or so you will find that the puppy will fetch and carry the bird just as well as he will the ball or stick. Having brought the little fellow so far, and made him efficient in the above, chain him some place where he cannot see you, then trail the bird along the lawn and leave it there. Having done so let the puppy loose, and tell him to seek and find, when you will be astonished, as well as pleased, to find how quickly the little fellow will take up the scent, get the bird and bring it to you. You will want your spaniel not only to retrieve from land but from water as well. Take him to any creek, lake or pond that you have in your neighborhood, and if you have or can get a dog that takes the water, bring him along, as your puppy will learn to retrieve from the water in half the time, for his company. On your first trial at the water with your puppy he will most likely content himself with running up and down the bank or shore barking at the other dog. All right, do not on any account push or shove him in; throw a stick two or three times into the water, telling him to fetch it. The next day when you bring him to the water he will do a little better, and condescend to wet his feet and legs; in another day or so he will make the grand plunge and thoroughly baptize himself, after which you will have no more trouble with him, as far as the water is concerned. Always, when you throw a stick or anything into the water for him to retrieve, stand a few yards away from the shore, so as to teach him to bring whatever it is to you and not leave it on the first land he comes to, as so many half-broken retrievers do, which act is most vexatious when the land happens to be a small island.

Having got your puppy to retrieve nicely from the water, take him to where the water is only 10 or 20ft. to the opposite shore. First throw a stick across on to the land opposite and get him to retrieve it from there, of course swimming each way. Do not allow him to run around, which he will probably try to do, if it is possible. When you have got him to retrieve the stick (which he will do in a lesson or two) use the woodcock or snipe in the same way. You will find your puppy will retrieve the bird just as readily as he did the stick. Your spaniel will be now about eight months old, and you will of course have got the puppy at such a time that it will be now September. Take him to the coverts without loss of time, in the company of an old, proven dog, if you can; if not, take him by himself. He will pester around at first, and stand and look much surprised on flushing his first bird, and will be a little timid for a short time at the report of the gun. Never mind, fire away, he will soon get over that, and will improve every day right along; so that by the close of the following season, if you live in a good locality for woodcock and partridge, you will own a black working cocker that money will not buy from you.

I saw champion Miss Obo II., at the Toronto dog show, 1891, for the first time. She was not a bit like the cocker I expected to see, nor did I consider her like any of the cockers in the show. At the same time she is my mean ideal of what a working cocker ought to be: built in perfect proportion in every respect. I measured her three times, as the first and second measurement I thought must be incorrect. I made her each time 14in. high, she also appeared to me to be well up to the limit of 30lbs. She is not as heavy in bone as some cockers, but her legs are quite heavy enough for a working cocker; cockers to sit upon a bench may require bone, and legs as heavy as a small Newfoundland dog, but I know for a fact that working cockers do not. Strange as it may appear, Miss Obo II. has been, I believe, pronounced by judges the best cocker spaniel that ever came to America.

To-ho and charge, I never teach a cocker, as it is not necessary. I might here add that if your spaniel is very hard in the mouth, and persistently insists on biting the birds, stick a ball of rags full of pins, with the points outward, and inclose the ball in the skin of a woodcock with the feathers on, and let him retrieve this a few times.

SPANIEL.

COOKSTOWN, Can.

Handsome is as Handsome Does.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For sixteen years I have been either directly or through the local newsdealer a subscriber and earnest reader of your paper, but never during that time have I seen anything that so called for the just censure of every lover of clean sport throughout the land as the cuts on page 191, present volume. If I was a sporting man I might derive some pleasure from the pictures there presented, but being a sportsman I can but condemn the base use to which your journal has been subjected. Surely a paper can have no regard for the ardent and true sportsman which seeks the patronage of the sporting man, the bruiser and the corner tough.

Publishing, as "exceptionally meritorious" in a dog show, a class of brutes the pictures of which not only show the extreme depths to which the animal kingdom can descend, but reminds one of the ancient heathen gods whose very repulsiveness caused the uncivilized sporting man to fall prostrate at their feet and blindly worship them. Can there be anything found in the "prize beauties" pictured on this page but what is sickening to any man who has not lost the last particle of manhood with which nature has endowed him?

How much more revolting this becomes to the clean sportsman when he compares the pictures on 191 with those on page 190, and feels the insult in seeing the lowest type of brutality found among animals placed on an equal footing with the sportsman's best friend, his dog, and this, too, in a sportsman's paper.

Is the end yet or will we see in future numbers pages devoted to the "ring" and "pit." For myself I can say that I shall never patiently submit to such degradation; better a thousand times to cut loose from all that suggests it than be dragged with it to the depths to which it must inevitably descend. What have my brother sportsmen to say?

S. K. TISDEL.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 21.

The Homing Instinct in Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A case which illustrates to some extent, at least, the "homing" instinct of the pointer came recently to my notice. A gentleman of this city, finding himself cramped for room, presented his pointer dog to a party residing some 16 miles north of here, the dog going to his new home about a year ago. Last week he appeared at the door of his former master's residence, seemingly overjoyed to get back. He remained until 3 P. M. the following day, when a member of the family saw the sturdy fellow start off up the street at a telling pace. An hour and a half thereafter, according to a letter just received, the dog reached his Lansing home. Prior to this round trip venture the pointer had been over the road only when conveyed in a closed vehicle to his present owner twelve months ago.

M. C. H.

ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1892.

[The above letter has been overlooked. It is worthy of attention, and we think that the publication of other instances of a similar nature would prove interesting to our readers.]

A farmer who wished to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary: "Enter me for a jackass."—*Tid-Bits*.

Our Bulldog Pictures.

We scarcely know whether to treat Mr. Tisdell's letter, in another column, seriously or not. At first we supposed he intended to be humorously sarcastic, but finally we were forced to conclude that he formed one of that large portion of deluded mortals who simply judge by appearances and do not take the trouble to see any further than their noses. That he should have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for so many years rather aggravates than mitigates his breach of good taste. That he has not scanned the pages of the kennel department is also deplorable, else would he have learned that of all the harmless, well-intentioned and good-natured beasts which are classified as dogs in the animal world the bulldog stands as near the head of the class as any one could desire. The simple fact that his profile does not partake of the "Grecian," as exemplified in a pointer or setter, may be a misfortune, for which he is in nowise responsible, the use to which he was put in a long-past barbarous age demanding such formation. If Mr. Tisdell will look around among the many acquaintances and friends such a man of keen discernment must have, he will find that good looks do not always conceal a kind heart or a high grade of intelligence. There are many men, ourselves included, whose style of physiognomy would scarcely entitle them to a place in a beauty show, still by nature they may be trusted to shine in that high moral atmosphere with which our correspondent evidently surrounds himself.

Mr. Tisdell associates the bulldog with the "bruiser" and the "corner tough." Why should he? Has he ever seen a dog like one of the dogs so admirably portrayed in our issue of March 2 in the company of one of these gentry? We opine not. The very formation of the animal's muzzle would lead men who indulge in dog fights to discard it at once. Besides, the bulldog's very tenacity of grip and cumbersome body would be fatal to its chances in a fight with any ordinary "business" dog. The bulldog's face is his misfortune, but there is no dog along the whole gamut of dogdom with whom we would rather trust a child than a thoroughbred bulldog. Let the child pull him and tease him as much as it will, the bulldog, oblivious to pain and in its habitual good nature, will never retaliate.

A Mr. Wilton J. Rix, in the *English Illustrated Monthly* for March, has an article in which he controverts the popular fancy that the bulldog is a vicious and undesirable member of the canine family. In the course of his interesting article he truthfully demonstrates the bulldog to be the reverse and concludes with "The unprejudiced inquirer cannot fail to discover that as a true and faithful companion, a quiet, well-conducted and withal reliable guardian, few dogs can be found to equal a good, thoroughbred bulldog," and such are those, the pictures of which Mr. Tisdell complains of. So far from the bulldogs being the companions and fancy of men of degraded instincts, we will enlighten our correspondent as to the names of a few of the gentlemen who are not ashamed, but proud to own such animals and who know their worth. Knowing these men as we do, we can readily understand the feelings with which they will read Mr. Tisdell's letter. Col. John E. Thayer, of Boston and Lancaster, Mass., has always been an admirer of the breed, and this gentleman is too well known to need any defense of character or standing, and so is Mr. John Mathews, of New York, whose recently erected mansion on the banks of the Hudson, as an instance, proclaims his refinement and good taste in every particular. Mr. Woodward, of Chicago, the owner of the dogs in question, is also a business man of good standing and a man of refined bearing. Then what about Messrs. Cole, Cugle, Kendall, Capt. John Phelps, son of Minister Phelps; the late Mr. Russell, and Ed Porter, gentlemen in the right sense both. Then in England the Woodwiss family, Cyril Jackson, F. Crowther, etc., all gentlemen of standing in their communities. Is it necessary to go further in this direction? We have said enough to show that our correspondent must look deeper than he has done and remember that as with men so with dogs, it is not "all gold that glitters." A doggerel, in a late issue of *British Fancier*, a verse of which we quote, forms a fitting close to this protest:

"As in the man, so with the dog of the real old British type,
So long connected wrongly with the public house and pipe;
The British bulldog now reclaimed by those who love to see
Their friend, the dog, approaching to what every man should be."

Beagle Type.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to say a few words to the beagle men through the good old FOREST AND STREAM. I arrived home from the Boston dog show with little Spots safe and sound. To say I enjoyed myself only tells one-half, for I met many that I was acquainted with before, and had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with many others that are interested in our merry little hound. Then again to look over the beagles to see their faults, as I saw them, and to hear the opinions of better judges than I am, was a good lesson.

I wish I might say something to the beagle men about breeding, if I do not tread on tender toes. While I have bred my share of the best ones, I do not claim to know it all, but will say to those intending to breed their bitches this year—don't breed to the first dog you come across just because he is called a beagle, and then expect to raise prize winners, when there are such dogs as Fitz H. Lee and Frank Forest in the stud, and you can see what their get are and what they are themselves. I do not say there are not other good ones, but use the very best to be had from stock that are in it both in the field and on the bench, and then you will be never getting such dogs as Lonely, Emeline, Topsy S. and others of that stamp. Don't breed to the long-backed, long-faced, long-legged or the little weedy kind, for they are no good and are sure to hurt the coming beagle more than you can realize at the present day. In the breeding of Lonely to Frank Forest I shall look for grand results. Let us have, two years from now, such a lot of beagles that "Honest" John Davidson will have to look for the poor ones with his glasses on.

BARTON, Vt., April 17.

Death of Lady Alice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is not my desire to burden the public with all the goodness embodied in my lovely St. Bernard Lady Alice, but simply to inform you that she was instantly killed on the 19th inst. by an electric car in this city. I cannot and never shall fully realize that she has left me forever; having brought her over with me seven years ago from England, and we have never been a day separated, it is easy for those who have owned and loved a dog to imagine my feeling at present. All I can say is, may God never afflict any one who has a real appreciation for the dumb brute as has been my lot.

HARRIETTE MACKENZIE HUGHES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 21.

Who Owns This Greyhound?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to find the owner of a greyhound which has stranded on my shore. It was struck by a locomotive last Tuesday, but is not, I think, permanently injured, as no bones are broken. It is a fine dog, and evidently was lost or had been stolen, and I think the owner would be glad to find it.

I don't know how to find him, unless he is, like myself, a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

B. A. VAIL.

RAHWAY, N. J., April 24.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Field Trials and Entry Fees.

CHICAGO, April 22.—I received the following from a gentleman prominently identified with field trials:

"Will you kindly mention, at the proper time, to the officials of the American Field Trial Club that their proposed entry fee to their Derby—\$5, \$10 and \$10, making the total \$25, when their proposed prizes are \$150 to first, \$100 to second and \$50 to third—is out of all proportion to the amount of the prizes."

In several other instances I have heard a similar opinion advanced on this subject. On the other hand, the club may have some special reasons for so arranging the entry fees. It is a fact that a deficit in last year's trials fell on the members to be made good. If there should be a balance on the good side this year after the trials are run, it would then be but about an even balance. Still, Mr. Beck, the secretary, can give a more definite explanation, if there is such called for.

The Disposition of Dogs.

Both as showing the growing interest in dogs and to bring out a more extensive knowledge on so interesting a subject, I quote the following questions from a letter written to me by J. E. Le Rossignol, professor of psychology, Ohio University. The questions are:

1. Is bad temper hereditary?

2. Is training or environment of greater importance than heredity in determining the good or bad temper of a dog?

3. Are good temper and bad temper, respectively, characteristic of any particular breeds of dogs?

4. What is the proper method to employ in overcoming hereditary bad temper in a puppy?

5. What kind of treatment is calculated to spoil the temper of a puppy?

6. What would be the effect of castration upon the temper of a dog?

Do the answers to the above questions apply to the case of horses?

Could you recommend me any professional dog or horse trainers who are able to answer these and similar questions?

A much better knowledge of canine nature would be acquired if these and related questions were often considered. There are many experienced sportsmen whose opinions and knowledge derived from personal observation and experience could be communicated, and such writings would be interesting and instructive. The subject would be novel and would require careful thought to treat it properly. It would tend to place the dog on a higher plane than what are considered instinctive animal organisms. No writer, in making a fair analysis of the phenomena of doggy life, can make the slightest advance in establishing a theory that all acts are instinctive. In fact, no writer can tell what instinct is.

Mr. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., made us a sociable call yesterday. He said that there were prospects of a permanent bench show organization in western Michigan.

Mr. John Davidson was in Chicago on Wednesday. He left for his home on the night of that day. He remained in Denver two or three days after the bench show for the purpose of coursing and wolf hunting.

Mr. D. F. Pride, of Santa Ana, Cal., made this office several pleasant calls last week. Up to last September this city was his home. His visit to Chicago has demonstrated a fact which was well known—that his friends here are legion. Among the trap-shooters no one was more popular than the ever kind and genial "Fred," and at the traps few were more expert. Field sports with dog and gun were also his favorite recreation. Mr. Pride was formerly business manager of a paper here, but the change in business has been much to his gain and happiness and the paper's loss.

"Trials A."

If I desire to call the attention of owners and handlers to the trials of the United States Field Trials Club, which are to be run at Bicknell, Indiana. The Derby entries close on May 1. The value of this stake is \$1,800. It is unnecessary to enlarge, at this juncture, upon the benefits and profits which accrue to the doggy interests through the medium of field trials. No club is more earnest in the good work than is the U. S. F. T. C. It has hung up a total of nearly \$5,000 in its fall and winter trials. It is wide-awake, enterprising, thoroughly informed in all the details of field trial rules and management, and it deserves the most liberal support and encouragement. No sectional lines have any consideration in its competitions. It is all that its name implies. Dog owners and handlers, East, West, North and South, should see to it that this Derby starts with a liberal entry. It is the first time in the history of field trials that any one club has assumed so much responsibility. American sportsmen, to their credit be it said, always recognize enterprise and merit most generously. Of course, other clubs may be watching the success of this new movement in field trial management. Any lack of proper appreciation may not only deter the U. S. Club from giving two trials in one season again, but it may deter all other clubs from ever attempting a similar venture at all. The sportsmen of the North have always been most generous in their support of the trials in the South and the sportsmen of the South have been liberally appreciative of the Northern trials. This year ought to be a record breaker. Make your entries, gentlemen. Give the Gordon setter, the Irish setter, the pointer and the English setter a full chance.

I already have been informed, for my own personal information, of a sure winner in the field trials in which she runs. Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, one of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s expert and genial lieutenants, has the bitch, and he is my informant. She is not for sale. Her name is Hope's Queen, by Gath's Hope—Queen Noble. I am sure this is the earliest winner of the season. This faith in a dog's powers is a good sign. It is peculiar to all sportsmen. I like to see it. It is not alone a mild return for the faith, loyalty and affection which the dog bears his master, but it means good, well-contested field trials.

B. WATERS.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—Dr. Armstrong, a well known medical man of this city, is starting a kennel of spaniels, and has bought from Mr. W. Barclay, the breeder of champions Falcation, I Say and I Guess, who has been successfully shown both here and in England, etc., three puppies, one dog and two bitches, by champion Falcation out of My Joe. Dr. Armstrong being a sportsman the dogs will be given a chance to try their abilities afield as well as their prowess on the bench.

One of the bull-terrier Principio's get, Duke of Wentworth, Dr. H. S. Griffin tells me, has been sent to Dr. McNulty, of Duluth. Both Edgewood Robin and Kathleen Mavourneen have recently been bred to Principio.

Mr. R. P. Ross, of Whitewater, Miss., during a visit to the East purchased several dogs as the nucleus of a kennel, including St. Bernards and collies, from Mr. P. Hart, and cocker spaniels from Mr. H. Parker Thomas, both of Belleville, Ontario.

It is always pleasant to record the popularity of dog own-

ers, especially of one so well liked as Mr. J. Lorne Campbell. Mr. Campbell has left Simcoe to reside in Toronto, and was tendered a banquet on the eve of his departure by his town-folk. Mr. Campbell was permanent president of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, has been reeve of the town and for two years served as mayor. He has been connected with the Canadian Kennel Club since its inception, having been for years on the executive, and is a past president of the club. He for many years has been interested in Gordon setters, and showed extensively and successfully; the well known Becky Sharp being up to a recent date an inmate of his kennels.

Mr. Frank Stanton, well known to guests at the Queen's Hotel here, and who owns a St. Bernard or two, has been obliged to resign on account of ill health, and leaves for the Pacific coast to recuperate.

Quite an interest was created at a dog case tried in the Division Court here on Friday last, before Judge Morgan. Some years ago Mr. Thompson, of Woodstock, presented Rev. Father Murphy, of Ingersoll, with a St. Bernard puppy, which the latter named Barry and transferred to His Grace Archbishop Walsh. Barry, Father Murphy told me, was shown in Buffalo some four years ago and won in the puppy class. Presumably the same dog was exhibited here last fall and was given an h.c. card by Mr. Mortimer in the open class, but then under the name of Big Bob, and shown under the ownership of H. E. Jenkins. Not being present in court until near the conclusion of the case (which occupied nearly an entire day), I did not hear the first part of the evidence, but from a local paper I find that about two years ago the dog was lost and nothing seen of him until recently, when he was found in the possession of H. E. Jenkins, a commercial traveler, of 16 Bulwer street. The latter called the dog Bob, but it was identified as the missing Barry. By an order



MR. H. S. DEVAN, SOMERVILLE, TENN., AND ENGLISH SETTER WHYTE B. Winner All-Aged Stake, Southern Field Trials, 1893.

of the court the dog was replevined by the Archbishop, and the action yesterday was to determine his ownership. A large number of witnesses were examined, who swore that Bob was Barry, and a photograph of Barry was also used as evidence. On the other hand, Mr. Jenkins swore that he bought Big Bob, the name by which he calls the St. Bernard, in May, 1892, from one Jonas Foster, who is now in the States. He produced a receipt for \$5 and a watch, the consideration alleged to have been paid. He also produced Bob's pedigree, which showed him to be orange and white in color and entered in the Canadian Kennel Club's stud book. He was whelped March 4, 1889, at Coatesville, Pa. His sire was Celtic Refman, and his dam Maggie of Pinegrove, the genealogical line of grandfathers and granddams on both sides. The judge decided that Barry was Bob and Bob was Barry, and ordered that he be returned to the Archbishop.

Big Bob, however, though shown in Toronto with the letters C. K. C. attached to his name in the catalogue, is not registered, or even listed, and the secretary has written Mr. Jenkins to substantiate his claim to registration and produce the pedigree.

The premium lists of the Toronto Kennel Club are now ready and will be mailed to any one applying to the secretary, Mr. Fraser, 82 King street, East, Toronto. Ninety-two classes are provided, exclusive of puppy classes, which will be made where asked for and covering all breeds. Specials of \$5 each are offered for best dog in the sporting and non-sporting divisions, and a good list of cups, etc., is now under way and will be issued later.

Mr. C. E. Ireson, Toronto, has sold the imported greyhound bitch Lady Bernard II., by Jack MacPherson (MacPherson—Stargazing II.) out of Lizzie Agnes (Pathfinder—Echo). She is a fawn, whelped in 1888 and was bred by Mr. F. Lay, Barnard Castle, Durham, England. Dr. W. Schall, of Moline, Mich., is the buyer.

H. B. DONOVAN.

Crisp—Attraction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your most excellent report of the late Indianapolis show you say, "Special for the best bull-terrier in show, Crisp." Upon reference to the printed catalogue I find the same thing.

I wish to state that I did not award a special to the best bull-terrier in the show, but to the best dog of that variety. Therefore I did not put Crisp under Attraction. Just how this special was originally worded I do not know. After I was through judging the classes as they were in my book I asked for the special list, but was told that it was in the hands of the printer. Late in the afternoon I was told they had the list in the office. An officer of the club called off the specials while I wrote them on a slip. Right here I suppose is where the mistake occurred. My slip read for the "best bull-terrier dog."

Without saying anything as to the relative merits of Crisp and Attraction, I deeply regret that the mistake occurred.

F. C. WHEELER.

Coursing at Huron, S. D.

(Special Report.)

THE dates set for the initial meeting of the Huron Coursing Club were April 11 to 13, but a combination of the elements prevented running off the entire programme on those days, and the meeting continued from the 11th to the 15th. Tuesday, April 11, opened up cloudy and stormy, but notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, two courses were run off, but before the third pair were slipped it commenced to storm so badly that further coursing for that day was out of the question. The next day it snowed all day and everybody stayed indoors, impatient to get out and view the exciting sport that was sure to follow. Thursday the weather moderated a little and six courses were run, although the weather was still severe. On Friday good fair weather came up to the scratch and the first round was finished and the second run off. On Saturday the entire programme was completed.

It is to be regretted that the management made the dates so early, for if it had been placed a week or so later just as good sport would have been had and good weather would have been guaranteed. It is but seldom that South Dakota has really bad weather, but wintry winds will blow and snow is liable to fall up to the 15th of April in an exceptional season.

Everything seemed to conspire against the successful and smooth running of this meeting from the weather down to the management.

The work of Arthur Massey, who acted as judge, was not well done. He rode altogether too slow, many times letting the dogs get out of sight when he could have easily ridden up in full view of them. In three or four cases the judging was exceptionally bad, it being in flagrant opposition to the true condition of the courses.

The slipper, C. A. Huntley, seemed to be too much interested in some of the dogs to give all a fair show and his work was anything but satisfactory. In some instances the dogs were slipped right on top of the jacks, thus giving no show for a "run up," the prettiest part of a course. His shouting out in favor of one of the dogs during a course was in bad taste.

There was one good feature of the meeting, a feature which is true of all coursing meetings in this State, and that is there was a superabundance of good jacks. They literally swarmed on every hand and it was no trouble at all to raise them. During the first afternoon fifteen jacks were sighted in the initial run. The ground was in the finest possible condition. Coursing sportsmen from all over the State were on hand and the Huron populace seemed to take great interest in the meeting, from three to four hundred of them going out to view the sport.

There were twenty-eight entries made. Mr. H. G. Nichols, of Mitchell, made four entries, Denver Duke, that ran at Mitchell last fall; Mullie's Babe, a 13mos. old puppy, very speedy and showing very clever work; Tyro, an 11mos. puppy, which surely this fall will be a grand dog; also Roetzel's Fanny, another dog showing clever work, but not fully in condition for the meet.

Messrs. McNickle and Emerson nominated Fanny B. This dog is not very speedy, although she worked very close to a slow jack.

Mr. Coyne, of Huron, made four entries, Romona, Flying Fancy, Loomassie and Reno. Flying Fancy showed herself to be a very clever little hound, speedy and a close worker. Romona, although winner, was not speedy, and it is something remarkable how she went through the stake.

Melrose & Durbin, from Alcester, S. D., were on hand with Yellow Carter and Sweep. The first mentioned dog went into the slips in bad shape, as he had an injured foot; the last was in moderately good form.

Mr. Payne of Hecla, S. D., entered Guess and Roy's Canary. Canary is, to do some punning, literally a "canary," as the bitch did some very clever work and was put out in the third round in a very peculiar manner. She is speedy while the other dog, Guess, is only fair.

Mr. J. H. Rev, of Mitchell, entered Fleet, DeSarte and Sir Hugo; a trio of splendid dogs. DeSarte showed herself to be one of the speediest in the stake, beating her opponent nearly pointlessly, but the decision was against her; another one of those peculiar decisions. Sir Hugo ran in good form. He got a gruelling in the second round and was well put out by Flying Fancy in the third. Fleet was a little off feed and was in poor condition when placed in the slips.

Mr. Ward, of Huron, entered his Mike, a big staghound; he was, in fact, too large to be of any use whatever as a courser.

Mr. C. H. Vinton, of Redfield, entered Cyclone; Cyclone is a good dog, large and powerful, and did some good chasing. Mr. J. M. Curtin, of Redfield, entered Skip, a good young dog, but not fitted for the stake. Mr. Melvaine entered Carter C. and Brindle Duke, both dogs being in the pink of condition. Mr. McNickle entered Laplander; he was speedy for a turn or two, but could not last. Mr. Richter, of Woonsocket, entered Silver and Mr. McWhorter, of the same place, entered Kitto. These two dogs were in good condition, Kitto winning third. Mr. Parke, of Alcester, entered Silver and Lead; Lead was in good form and ran a game dog, winning fourth money. Considerable betting was done the first round between Lead and Brindle Duke, champion of the State.

SUMMARY.

Huron Coursing Club, champion stake for 32 greyhounds owned in South Dakota. Entrance \$5, \$135 added by the club.

First Round.

Nichols's Denver Duke (pedigree unknown).	beat	McNickle & Emerson's Fanny B. (General Jack—Gyp).
Coyne's Romona (Lord Never-settle—Partera).	beat	Nichols's Mullie's Babe (Denver Duke—Lady Bly).
Rew's Fleet (Master Rich—Black Bess).	beat	Payne's Guess (Robert—Bet-tie).
Coyne's Little Nell (Carter H.—Nell).	beat	Melrose & Durbin's Yellow Carter (Carter H.—Nell).
Rew's Sir Hugo (Lord Never-settle—White Lips).	beat	Ward's Mike (Unknown).
Vinton's Cyclone (Brindle Duke—Queen).	beat	Nichols's Tyro (imp. Prince—Sport).
Parke's Silver (Unknown).	beat	Rew's DeSarte (Lord Never-settle—Prima Donna).
Coyne's Flying Fancy (Norwegian—Buenafitro).	beat	Familton's Flip (Unknown).
McWhorter's Kitto (Unknown).	beat	Coyne's Loomassie (Trales—Dick's Darling).
Richter's Silver (Unknown).	beat	Melrose & Durbin's Sweep (Unknown).
Payne's Roy's Canary (Major Glendine—Humming Bird).	beat	McNickle's Laplander (Trales—Dick's Darling).
Nichols's Roetzel's Fanny (Keno—Jennie).	beat	Melvaine's Carter C. (Carter H.—Nell).
Coyne's Reno (Prince Gen.—Reno Belle).	beat	Curtin's Skip (Brindle Duke—Queen).
Parke's Read (Unknown).	beat	Brindle Duke (Unknown).

Second Round.

Romona beat Denver Duke.	Kitto beat Silver.
Little Nell beat Fleet.	Roy's Canary beat Roetzel's Fanny.
Sir Hugo beat Cyclone.	Lead beat Reno.
Flying Fancy beat Silver.	

Third Round.

Romona beat Little Nell.	Kitto beat Roy's Canary.
Flying Fancy beat Sir Hugo.	Lead a bye.

Fourth Round.

Romona beat Kitto.	Flying Fancy beat Lead.
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Final.

Romona beat Flying Fancy.	
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SOUTH DAKOTA.

DOG CHAT.

World's Fair Dog Show.

The bulldog classes at the World's Fair show will be one of the chief sights of the show, and Mr. Thayer's peace of mind, if he judges, to use a phrase of the fancy, will be "well broken up" before he gets to the end of his task. With such dogs as Leonidas, King Lud, the new ones Bedgubury Lion and His Lordship and those that Messrs. Pybus-Sellon and D. Woodiwiss are expected to bring over, in the ring, to say nothing of the fair contingent Saleni, Duchess of Parma, White Venn, etc., the bulldog men will have a royal sight to feast their eyes upon. By the way, we hear nothing of any revised premium list. Perhaps it would be just as well to stick to the one published in the general live stock list of July, 1892. It has the charm of simplicity anyhow. But unless there is some different regulation as to entry fee the catalogue will assume mammoth proportions and the benches will be filled with yawning gaps. A prominent bull-terrier breeder has just been here who admits that he will enter every dog he owns just to get the free advertising and probably send six of the twenty-five entries he will make. The other nineteen entry fees will, under the present regulation, be returned to him, and the management be so much out of pocket for nineteen stalls provided. The entries close May 20, and all entries must have been the property of the exhibitor on or before May 1, 1893. One of the rules in the premium list to which we may draw attention reads: "In the event of death of any animal entered for competition, or of such injury as to disqualify the same for exhibition, the chief of the department of live stock may authorize the substitution of another animal, provided that such substitute was in all respects eligible at the date of filing of the original application." It is about time the judge's list was given out, so that exhibitors can make their entries accordingly.

A New Influence.

We are told in the *Recorder* that all St. Petersburg has gone wild over something new, a dog which goes off into hypnotic trances. This remarkable animal belongs to M. Durov, who was awarded a gold medal by the Paris Academy of Sciences for his original investigation and discoveries in the science of hypnotism as applied to animals and its effects upon them. Several tests have been made of the animal in the presence of no less a person than Dr. Afanasley, of the War Department. One of the tests consisted in placing several articles, as a pencil, cigar case, handkerchief, cuff buttons, etc., on the floor. Then the dog, having been thrown into a hypnotic trance by him, M. Durov requested one of the audience, which consisted also of several other physicians of renown and some newspaper men, to think about something and what the dog was to do with it, then to write it out on a piece of paper and show it to the rest of the audience, excepting, of course, himself. This was done, and the dog having been brought in, what was the astonishment of the whole assemblage to see the animal go up to the cigar case, pick it up and bring it to the one who had been indicated in the wish. Another test consisted in laying several cubes with figures on them in a certain order in a closed box. At the same time several pieces of paper were put upon the floor bearing like numbers on each. The dog was then called in and required to place the pieces of paper in the same order as the cubes were laid in the closed and sealed box. This he did, to the astonishment of all assembled. The strangeness of the whole procedure is increased when it is remembered that M. Durov knows no more about what is being done or wished than does the dog, and is, therefore, entirely unable to in any way prompt him.

Pet Dog Club Show.

Although the show which the Pet Dog Club intend giving May 30 is primarily an excuse to get together a representative lot of pet dogs, such as the fair sex is supposed to delight in—pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and so on—they do not intend to be selfish, and will open the door for most of the smaller breeds. At a meeting of the executive committee at the president's residence on Wednesday, April 19, the name of Mr. German Hopkins was added to the list of judges. The following varieties were decided on for the premium list: Cocker spaniels, poodles (corded and other than corded, and provision was also made for different colors), bulldogs, all weights; bull-terriers, all weights; basset hounds, dachshunds, beagles (the entire National Beagle Club's classification), fox-terriers (rough and smooth), Irish terriers, black and tan terriers, white English terriers, Dandie Dinmont, Scotch, Skye, Bedlington, Clydesdale, Welsh, Boston, Yorkshire and toy terriers, pugs, King Charles, Blenheim, Prince Charles, ruby and Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, schipperkes, Mexican hairless, Pomeranians, Maltese terriers and miscellaneous under 25 lbs. The date for closing of entries was fixed for May 22. After May 1 the headquarters of the bench show committee will be at Lenox Lyceum, Thirty-fourth street, New York, where application for premium lists may be addressed.

Sale of Beau Brummell.

The Glenmore Kennels, owned by Mr. E. C. Bishop, of Coffeyville, Kan., have disposed of the well known Irish setter Beau Brummell, one of the numerous aspirants for champion honors now in the challenge class, to Mr. C. E. Hughes, Portland, Oregon. Beau is so well known that a recapitulation of his bench record seems hardly necessary; however, in 1891 first prizes were awarded him at New York, Baltimore, Pittsburg and Washington. Under the Glenmore Kennel ownership, he has since been benched but once, in which instance champion Tim carried off first honors. Mr. Hughes has a truly good field and stock dog in Beau and it is questionable if his equal has as yet crossed the Rocky Mountains. Western fanciers will be sure to patronize him liberally. The consideration received was large. We regret to hear that Mr. Bishop is selling off his dogs. Some great bargains are sure to be picked up in the dispersal of such a kennel, that contains dogs like Coleraine, Finglas, Elcho's Maid, Ruby Glenmore, etc.

Ossining Lost.

Mr. W. H. Hyland is in trouble now. His well-known pointer Ossining strayed away from his place at North Tarrytown last Saturday. He is supposed to have been picked up by some one. The dog is white and liver; liver marking on each side of head and ears, small white blaze up face, muzzle white, liver spot at root of tail, body white and liver-ticked. Any one finding such a dog and who will communicate the fact to Mr. Hyland will do a sportsmanlike action. As a means of identifying the dog, Mr. Hyland will forward a photograph of Ossining to any one who may be fortunate enough to come across him.

Valuable Collie Importations.

When we stated some weeks since that the Cragstone Kennels, owned by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, would soon have some new importations we expected news of a startling purchase every day. We are not disappointed. At the Collie Club show Mr. Powers, acting for Mr. Panmure Gordon, who in turn acted for Mr. Morgan, purchased Sefton Hero, who had just won the challenge cup, for \$2,500. This was not enough, so Lady Christopher and Carlton Phylis were added at \$2,500 more. This is without doubt one of the most valuable lot of collies imported to this country, and they represent a

clear cash purchase. Sefton Hero is counted by many judges about the best on the other side at present, Great Gun and Ruford Ormonde being his rivals. There is some little squabble between the Collie Club and the late owners of these dogs as to commission on sales, a rule obtaining at most English shows that sales effected at the shows or through the secretary's office are subject to a commission of 10 per cent.

Brown Poodles.

We notice that Mr. Hunnewell, Jr., is placing his brown poodle Pooh-Bah at stud in our columns. The brown poodle is a rarity in this country, and in fact—so we are told—there are not many to be had anywhere. In the opinion of many, a rich brown-colored poodle is even handsomer than the black, and very much more so than the white. The poodle seems to be coming more into notice in this country as a show dog, and with increased competition there is every likelihood of their numbers being increased by the best specimens that can be procured. Owing to the trouble and care required to properly show and keep, the corded poodles do not seem to be in such favor as their more sprightly and "crisper" looking cousins, the Caniches.

Field Trial Dates.

Our attention has been called to the fact that the two bound trials, those of the Brunswick Fur Club and the National Beagle Club, if the dates now proposed by the latter club stand, will be run the same week, beginning Oct. 23. There are several foxhound men who intend taking in the beagle trials this year, and as the Brunswick Fur Club have already claimed Oct. 23 for their trials, it would perhaps be wise for the N. B. C. to choose the week after. By that time the leaves will be falling, and it will be easier for the judges to see the dogs.

English Field Trials.

The English Kennel Club field trials were held on the estate of Capt. Prettyman, Orwell Park, Ipswich, April 11. The dry weather made the scent bad, but the trials are said to have been a great success. Dr. Salter and Rev. R. O'Cal-



— READY FOR PRIZES OR FUN.

Harry L. Goodman and Great Danes Ch. Melac and Major McKinley.

laghan were the judges. In the Pointer Derby, eight entries, Messrs. Lowe and E. Puissant's Drake of Merles won, Mr. Lander's South Durham Ruth second, Mr. W. Arkwright's Kissing Crust third, and Mr. J. T. Hink's Doxy Friar fourth. The winners of the Setter Derby were Mr. P. Baron's Master Frederick first; second, Mr. W. H. Cooper's Isinglass; third and fourth, Mr. F. Warde's Aldon Trip and Aldon Tam. In the All-Age Stake Mr. W. Arkwright's pointer Tap was the winner after some interesting work, Mr. C. Austin's Irish setter Tim Sullivan second, Mr. Arkwright's pointer Blanche of Bromfield third, and Messrs. Lowe and Puissant's pointer Drake of Merles fourth. It will, therefore, be seen that the pointers and Irish setter got a fair share of the spoils.

Toronto K. C. Show.

The entries for the Toronto K. C. local show close May 9 with Mr. W. P. Fraser, 82 King street. The entry fee for members is 25 cents and non-members 50 cents. Special prizes of \$5 each will be given for the best sporting and non-sporting dogs in the show. The three best trick dogs will receive valuable collars and there will also be a selling class for dogs marked \$20.

Fanciers are realizing the more than ordinary advantages the *FOREST AND STREAM* offers as an advertising medium. Our list of stud dogs has been increased this week by W. Hawkins's well known Westminster Drake. The Hill Hurst Kennels place their poodle Pooh Bah, and Mr. H. A. Harris sets forth the merits of his bull-terrier White Wonder, one of the best in the country. The others for sale are: Glenmore Kennels' noted Irish setters; Kildare Kennels, well bred Irish setter; Geo. W. Lovell, broken pointers; E. H. Perry, well bred Irish setter pups; J. J. Scanlan, prize-winning Irish setters; S. Darbey, prize-winning black curly-coated retrievers; E. A. Carrier, broken blue belton English setter; W. H. Hyland, well bred pointer pups; Box 85, Lewellyn setter; C. B. trained Chesapeake Bay dog; C. F. Dolan, fox-terrier pups; C. D. Roberts, pointers; Rev. R. MacKnight, St. Bernard dog.

A meeting has been called by lovers of the dog in Portland, Ore., with a view to organizing a kennel club in that city. If the club is formed it is likely that a small show will be held and advantage taken of Mr. Raper's presence on the coast to secure him as judge.

The Duke of Newcastle, who with the Duchess owns so many fine Russian wolfhounds, arrived in New York on the Trave and is stopping at the Brunswick. Mr. Gambier Bolton, the well known animal photographer, accompanied him. The Duchess will join the party at Chicago.

According to *Stock-Keeper*, Spratts Patent has recently shipped the Scottish terrier Busy to Mr. Little, of Baltimore, Md.

The Scottish terrier is making new friends every day. Now we are told that Mr. Frederick Ames is going in for the little

die-hards. A reporter in the *Field* (Eng.) having said Scottish terriers should not be "perfectly straight in front," has led to quite an outcry from several breeders, who maintain that the little terrier should be without reproach in this respect. In the *Stock-Keeper* there is also a discussion going on regarding the correct size of these terriers. Several of the winners of the day, champion Kildee for instance, are several pounds over the 20 lb. standard, and the cry is that they are too big. It seems, however, unlike the pointer, that it is easier to breed the bigger dogs good than the little ones better.

These names were added to the fake list, protest up to noon on Friday at the Denver show: I. N. Porter, G. W. Whitmore, L. F. Bartels, E. C. Hamilton, Kellie Cookson, Dr. J. M. Norman (president Continental Kennel Club), J. C. De Blinn, M. D. Milward Hewett, Chas. H. Faxon, Chas. F. Frenzer, G. H. Moore and Dr. S. Bock. They are all exhibitors or well known dog men.

We draw the attention of handlers and others interested in field trials to the new rule adopted by the Eastern Field Trial Club, to the effect that all handlers at their trials must secure a license from the Board of Governors. This license will be issued free of charge and will remain in force during the meeting of this year. The selection of such well-known and able field trial handlers as Messrs. Titus, Bradley and Stoddard for judges marks a democratic era that is as acceptable as it is politic; and we fully expect, with new grounds and more progressive management, that the old club will regain and hold much of the interest which should attach to one of the oldest and strongest field trial organizations in the country.

Mr. Arthur Trickett, so well known in connection with Mr. Moore's kennels at Melrose, Mass., has severed his connection with the kennels and is now in New York ready for a new engagement. Mr. Trickett cannot count on a very long vacation.

Dr. Perry writes us that the syndicate which has purchased a controlling interest in the Philadelphia Journal includes Messrs. Chas. H. Mason, Henry Jarrett and himself, and that while he may have been largely instrumental in securing the same, his interest is no greater than that of all the other gentlemen concerned with him.

We take pleasure in publishing this week a picture of Mr. H. S. Bevan and his setter Whyte B. Both are well known to field trial men and sportsmen generally as honest and good workers in the field. Mr. Bevan has made an enviable record as a handler since he came to this country and has gradually surrounded himself with a high class of dogs, and his success at the Southern trials was begrudged by no one.

The greyhound Tasmania that ran so well in the Waterloo Cup was bought in at auction recently for \$1,900.

The Rhode Island State Fair Association, which, as stated in *FOREST AND STREAM* last week, intends giving a large show this fall, is already making its arrangements. Though the management scarcely expect to give such a show as New York or Boston, still it is to be the largest yet given in connection with any agricultural association. The building erected for the purpose is to be a permanent one. Mr. Walter J. Comstock, the well known Irish terrier exhibitor, has been chosen by the executive committee, superintendent of Department D, which includes the dog show. His personal duties will be those of chairman of bench show committee and a competent superintendent will be engaged for the dog show. The prize list will be a liberal one and the best judges in the country will be secured.

The New England Field Trial Club would do well to secure some Mongolian pheasants and turn them down on their grounds. These birds are hardy, and Mr. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., has successfully proved that they will stand a New England winter and thrive on it. Birds and eggs could be secured now and the best plan would be to hatch the eggs under hens and then turn the pheasants down a few days before the trials. This would be a good move on the part of the club.

For the information of several "nibblers" over here, we may say that Mr. H. Lacy's Rhodes Oban, the black and tan terrier, has been purchased by Lieut.-Gen. Dean, of Birkenhead, England. It is a peculiar fact in this connection that Prince Eric, Gen. Dean's dog that was placed over Rhodes Oban at Sheffield, which act caused Rhodes Oban's temporary retirement, is now advertised at stud with Rhodes Oban, and the latter is quoted as "acknowledged by all judges to be the best black and tan terrier before the public." How circumstances alter cases sometimes.

According to a Denver paper the Russian wolfhounds from Mr. Hacke's kennels were judged on their benches, being deemed too savage to allow of their being judged in the ring. As this paper had it, "They were judged in their stalls for fear they would tear each other to pieces if taken into the ring." Such is the irony of fame.

The dog show at Seattle, Wash., promises to create no little interest. The affair takes place May 17 to 19, and Mr. George Raper, who is now luxuriating in the novel, to him, atmosphere of southern California will adjudicate upon the classes. The show is under A. K. C. rules, and the entry fee is \$2. The prizes are to be \$4 and \$2.

We received "An open letter to Mr. Davidson" from the owner of the foxhound Elite, but owing to the demands on our space it was crowded out, and as it has already appeared in another paper, its publication now will serve no good purpose. We may remark, however, that Elite, as we stated in our report, was hardly treated at Boston. One critic accuses him of having a pointer head and is pleased at his setback, although acknowledging that he has not seen the dog off the bench, and, therefore, does not know how good he is in legs, body, etc. If some of the snipy, weedy-looking articles put down as American hounds had a little more of the "pointer head," there would be an improvement and a little more similarity of type.

To-day one of the most thoroughgoing sportsmen in this country celebrates his silver wedding. Col. J. R. Purcell was married April 27, 1878. This sportsman has run his dogs at field trials, shown them on the bench, and in spite of luck that would dishearten almost any enthusiast, the colonel still comes up smiling and relieves his feelings with some quaint, poetical flight of fancy. We are sure that all our readers who know Mr. Purcell will wish him and his wife every happiness and a godspeed toward their golden wedding.

Mr. Morris informs us that the Gordon setter puppy Fairmont received first at Boston. We took the awards from the judge's book, and this stated "first, withheld"—at that time.

We are indebted to the Swiss Mountain Kennels for a very pretty and well arranged catalogue of the kennel. It is adorned by several excellent half-tones of the celebrities of this well known kennel, some of which have already adorned the pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*. The success of this kennel only proves that there is yet another avocation which may be successfully followed by women, and to a lover of

dogs may be made a most fascinating and healthy pursuit. Handled in the common sense, businesslike manner in which the fair owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels runs her dogs, a kennel of well selected dogs may be made a source of considerable profit.

We are pleased to have such indorsement of our views, expressed in our report of beagles at Boston, from so well-known a breeder as Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed is on the right track and has the right breeding type, and his may be improved with more substance and bone. We do not wish to instruct our ancestors how to extract the marrow from the fruit of the hen, but an outsider, it is said, sees most of the game, and that is why we would rather depend on an all-round judge's opinion of a dog than upon the opinion of specialists who are so, necessarily, imbued with the type of their own stock.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Woe Louie. By W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn., for brown Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped Jan. 24, 1893, by Bunco out of Sallie Sale.

Young Bunco. By J. A. Austin, for dark brown, with white tips, Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped Jan. 24, 1893, by Bunco out of Sallie Sale.

Guido. By R. T. Cooper, for brown Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped Jan. 24, 1893, by Bunco out of Sallie Sale.

Woodland King and Wood Nymph. By Jas. Black, Sheepshead Bay, L. I., for white and black greyhound dog and black bitch, whelped March 7, 1892, by Prince Albert (Macpherson—Brighton Lady) out of Dolly Dollar (Pinkerton—Mrs. Goldfield).

Nell of Avondale. By T. W. Clelland, McAlester, I. T., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 8, 1892, by Grover Foreman (Warwick Albert—champion Daisy Foreman) out of Nellie Miller (Druid's Grub—Lady Fiddlet).

Avondale Kennels. By T. W. Clelland, McAlester, I. T., for his kennels of pointers and setters.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Alma—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch, whelped Jan. 24, 1893, by Cashier—Mabel E. to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Topsy K.), March 31.

Queen—Jack of Trumps. H. Smith's (Monroe, N. C.) English setter bitch Queen to T. W. Clelland's Jack of Trumps (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), Jan. 14.

Fan C—Count Vernon. T. W. Clelland's (McAlester, I. T.) pointer bitch Fan C. (Pomery Sec—Larock Elso) to G. Stephenson's Count Vernon (Duke of Vernon—Luna T.), Feb. 16.

Dudley Juno—Earl Douglass. Belle Isle Kennels' (Detroit, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Dudley Juno (Mount St. Elias—Bohemian Girl) to their Earl Douglass (Lord Bute—Ellen Terry), March 16.

Princess Nina—Earl Douglass. Belle Isle Kennels' (Detroit, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Princess Nina (Major H.—Swiss) to their Earl Douglass (Lord Bute—Ellen Terry), March 10.

Maggie Bee—Lucy Bee. T. W. Eddy's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Maggie Bee (Kink—Lucy Bee) to J. W. Murnan's Vanguard (Gladstone's Boy—Flame M.), March 8.

Betsy Spaulger—Starden's King. John Moorhead, Jr.'s fox-terrier bitch Betsy Spaulger to Hillside Kennels' Starden's King, March 24.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Dolly Dollar. Jas. Black's (Sheepshead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Dolly Dollar (Pinkerton—Mrs. Goldfield), Dec. 30, eight (five dogs), by his Flash (Huic Hallos—Phebe Mayflower).

Grace Briant. Jas. Black's (Sheepshead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Grace Briant (Aberbriant—Grace Bidley), Dec. 28, nine (four dogs), by his Flash (Huic Hallos—Phebe Mayflower).

Fanny V. Croseth. A. E. Hamilton's (Pensacola, Fla.) pointer bitch Fanny V. Croseth (Devonshire Kent—Rooney Croseth), March 27, eight (four dogs), by T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

Fernwood Urania. Belle Isle Kennels' (Detroit, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Fernwood Urania (champion Victor Joseph—Fernwood Inez), by their Earl Douglass (Lord Bute—Ellen Terry).

Queen. H. Smith's (Monroe, N. C.) English setter bitch Queen, March 11, six bitches, by T. W. Clelland's Jack of Trumps.

Mabel E. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman), March 29, three (one dog), by their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Dudley Lilla. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 2, 1892, by Earl Douglass out of Berna II., by Belle Isle Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to J. M. Farrell, same place.

Launcelet—Judith whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 20, 1892, by T. T. W. Clelland, McAlester, I. T., to Chas. I. Miles, Coalgate, I. T.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

H. E. R., Charleston, W. Va.—Dashaway, by Frank out of Nellie O'More, by Rory O'More out of Gay, by Elcho out of Fire Fly; Frank by Ted out of Kate Moore; Ted by Milo II. out of Lizetta; Milo II. by Milo out of (imp.) Mamie; Rory O'More by Rufus out of Friend, Rufus by Shot out of Linda; Friend by Flash out of Stella.

W. G. S., Maryland, Md.—I have a neighbor who has a very valuable farm dog which has internal canker. It is a very bad case; will you please prescribe. Ans. Try the following, if it is not successful write again:

Liq. plumbi sub. acet. 3 iv
Aq. ad. A little to be poured into the ear twice a day.

A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—My setter pup has a constant twitching of the right front leg, the result of distemper. Will you kindly advise me, what I can give him to relieve him of this trouble. Ans.:

Syr. hypophosph. co. 3 iii
Tq. arsenicalis. 3 i
Aq. ad. 3 vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day. Continue for three or four weeks.

W. H. J., Salt Lake City, Utah.—The smallest of the hound family bred in this country is the beagle. In height they do not exceed 15 in., classes being made at shows and field trials for those under 15 and 16 in. As trailers they are unexcelled, Dachshunds, or German badger hounds, are also used for trailing and are very good for the purpose. Owing to the crooked formation of leg and longer body they are not so fast as the beagle, and the lower on the leg they can be got the more they are prized. See our advertising columns for breeders.

A. A. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.—I have a valuable Gordon setter dog, not quite two years old. About two months ago he was taken with coughing, which was accompanied with gagging. These attacks disappeared after a time, and he became lame in his right fore foot; ameness appeared to be in lower joint. This lameness is giving way to one across the hips or back, as he seems to be losing control of his hind legs. While lying down he frequently whines as if in pain; he rises with difficulty. Appetite fairly good. During all this time there has been a slight discharge from the eyes. At times he will run and play and appear to be in his old form, but soon gives evidence of all the above symptoms. Ans. Try the following mixture:

Ferri phosph. 3 iss
Tq. Nuclei vom. 3 i
Liq. arsenicalis. 3 i
Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day. Also give dessert-spoonful of cod liver oil twice a day.

"A Forest and Stream Sportsman."

OTTAWA, Kan., Editor Forest and Stream: I was talking with a friend a short time ago, and the subject of the game laws and game protection was brought up. Speaking of this I never used to believe as you do about these things, but I have been taking the FOREST AND STREAM three weeks now, and I am thoroughly converted to its doctrine. I believe it is right in everything and I am going to be a FOREST AND STREAM sportsman. F. B.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

- APRIL.
6. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, under 15ft., South Boston.
9. Manayunk Model, Opening, Schuylkill River.
23. Cor., San Francisco, Opening, Tiburon, Cal.
23. Cor., San Francisco, Squadron Cruise and Reception.
25. Corinthian, Atlantic City.

- MAY.
1. Manayunk Model, Regatta, Schuylkill River.
6. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Sausalito.
7. Cor., San Fran., Cruise with San Fran. Y. C. Fleet.
12. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
13-14. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Vallejo.
26. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
27. Phila., Opening Cruise, Del. Riv.
27. Rochester, Opening Cruise to Sodus, Charlotte, N. Y.
28. Pavana.
30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay.

- JUNE.
3. Savin Hill, First Champ., Dorchester Assoc.
3. Williamsburg, Opening.
3. Quincy, Club Race, Mass.
3. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
4. Pavana.
5. Phila., Open Reg., Del. River.
8. Monaquiot, Open, Weymouth.
10. Larchmont, Spring Regatta, Larchmont.
10. New Jersey, An., N. Y. Bay.
10. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
10-11. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, with Encinal Y. C. Fleet.
12. Brookline, An., Gravesend Bay.
14. Knickerbocker, An., Open, College Point.
15. New York, An., New York.
15. Rochester, Review & Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
17. Commonwealth, Cup, Boston.

- JULY.
1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch.
1. Savannah, An., Oyster Bay.
1. Beverly, Marblehead.
1. Williamsburg, Club Cruise.
1-4. Cor., San Fran., Martinez, Suisun and Vallejo.
3. Indian Harbor, Special, Greenwich, Conn.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.
4. Rochester, An., L. Y. R. A., Charlotte, N. Y.
4-5. Citizens Association, Open, Detroit, Mich.
8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.
8. Beverly, 2d Open Sweeps, Quisset.
8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops and Cutters, College Point.
8. Monaquiot, Cash Prizes, Weymouth.
8. Savin Hill, First Cup, Dorchester Bay.
8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston.

- AUGUST.
2. Monaquiot, 1st Cham., Weymouth.
4. Savin Hill, 2d Cham., Dorchester Bay.
4. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham.
5. So. Boston, 2d Cham., So. Boston.
5. Beverly, 2d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
5. Knickerbocker, Club, Cabin Cats, College Point.
5. Riverside, Pen. Regatta, Riverside, Conn.
5. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
5. Commonwealth, Ladies' Day, Boston Harbor.
5. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass.
5. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
5. Massachusetts, Open, Under 23ft., Dorchester Bay.
10. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
12. Beverly, Marblehead.
13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon.
14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
16. Monaquiot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.

- SEPTEMBER.
2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass.
2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 3d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.

- OCTOBER.
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.

The new Navaho is now practically completed and in the charge of Capt. Charles Barr and her crew, sailing nearly every day about Narragansett Bay with Mr. Carroll on board. Her centerboard has not yet been shipped, and she is still none too stiff. "She will be docked very soon at Providence and some changes will be made in her ballast, lead being transferred to the outside of the keel.

It is but natural that the smaller yacht clubs about Boston, with a large and mixed fleet of old and new boats, should have met with various difficulties in the matter of measurement; at the same time there is no evidence that these difficulties are due to any one rule in particular, especially to the length and sail area rule, rather than to a combination of circumstances largely independent of measurement. Several of the clubs have labored with the measurement question during the winter, and we publish elsewhere the report on which one club has based the adoption of a waterline length. While we believe that members of the committee have acted deliberately and carefully, we fail to see any argument which they have advanced against the length and sail area rule, or in favor of a simple length rule. They certainly have failed to prove the proposition advanced by some of the opponents of the length and sail area rule, that it favors a boat of exceptionally low power; or in other words, that the high-power boats of last year were beaten by the rule and not on their merits. Another proposition advanced in the same way is also entirely unsupported by fact or argument, namely, that the designer is unduly restricted by the length and sail area rule.

The Barr Brothers as Citizens.

On Friday, April 7, Capt. John and Charles Barr, the racing yacht skippers, presented themselves before Justice Putnam of the United States Court to take out their final citizenship papers. The famous skippers got their first papers two years ago, and then it was understood that it was only necessary for them, in order to get final papers, to wait two years, which period expired on the 6th ultimo.

The Barrs were accompanied by Mr. P. T. Jackson, treasurer of the Eastern Y. C., and Mr. A. G. McVay. These gentlemen were witnesses as to the character and residence of the applicants, and they were present when the Barrs took out their first papers.

Justice Putnam called both captains to the bench and began to question them as to occupation, time of residence here and also regarding their families.

"What vessels have you sailed on since living in this country?" was one of the questions his Honor put to Capt. John Barr.

"The Clara, the Cinderella and the Gloriana."

"Is the Clara a British or an American built vessel?"

"British yacht, though she was owned by an American and carried the American flag."

"You were dizen of a British bottom, then, during the time of your residence here, and I do not see how I can accept you."

After Capt. Charles Barr of the Navaho had told that he had sailed on the Minerva, Justice Putnam said that he did not see how he could accept him either.

Justice Putnam then sent for a copy of the United States revised statutes and read to the Barrs section 2,174, which is as follows:

"Every seaman, being a foreigner, who declares his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, in any competent court, and shall have served three years on board of a merchant vessel of the United States subsequent to the date of such declaration, may, on his application of any competent court, and the production of his certificate of discharge and good conduct during that time, together with the certificate of his declaration of intention to become a citizen, be admitted a citizen of the United States; and every seaman, being a foreigner, shall, after his declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States, and after he shall have served such three years, be deemed a citizen of the United States for the purpose of manning and serving on board any merchant vessel of the United States, anything to the contrary in any act of Congress notwithstanding; but such seaman shall, for all purposes of protection as an American citizen be deemed such after his declaration of intention to become such citizen."

Justice Putnam then said: "I will not give a final decision now. There are several points of law involved, and I will hear you further through your counsel."

So far as can be ascertained in the clerk's office of the United States Court, it is the first time that such conditions have arisen regarding the taking out of papers. Capt. John Barr has, with his family, resided in Marblehead for over three years. Two years ago he built the house in which he now lives. His children attend the public schools there.

Capt. Charles Barr has lived in this country for over six years, and, like his brother, owns real estate. He has served about three years on different American vessels, including a trip to the West Indies in the schooner Glina, quartermaster of the Galveston steamer Seneca and captain of the American 46-footers Owenee and Wasp.

The Minerva was built on the Clyde for Mr. C. H. Tweed, of New York, son-in-law of ex-United States Senator Evans, and carried the American flag. Her last owner when Capt. Charles Barr was in charge was Mr. John Lee Carroll, brother of Royal Phelps Carroll, the owner of the Navaho.

A most remarkable thing about the matter is that the Barrs, John and Charles, are now in the employ, respectively, of Gen. Charles J. Payne and Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, both of these gentlemen being descendants of signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Another fact is that, although the Barrs did sail on the Clara and the Minerva since arriving in this country, they have always been in them in American waters, cruising from port to port.

The Barrs have secured Mr. F. M. Stone as counsel, and they will appear before Judge Putnam on Wednesday next at 2 P. M., when the final hearing will take place. Certainly the Barrs have the sympathy of the entire yachting public.—Boston Herald.

Measurement About Boston.

In common with other local clubs, the Savin Hill Y. C. has experienced more or less difficulty over the measurement question, and a committee was recently appointed, on whose recommendation the old Atlantic Y. C. rule of length at two per cent above the l.w.l. was abandoned and a simple waterline rule adopted in its place. We are indebted to a member of the committee for the following report of a committee "to investigate the question of changing rules for racing measurement for boats in the Savin Hill Yacht Club."

Mr. Commodore Stone's committee have carefully considered the subject matter to be embodied in their report, as understood by them, and beg leave to submit the following:

The result of their investigation of the racing measurement rules of the prominent yacht clubs in this vicinity are that the "waterline and sail area rule" of the racing season of 1892 is to be very generally adopted for out of season racing of 1893.

In view of this fact, and as we consider it in the province of the committee as understood by the vote creating the committee, we would recommend the adoption of a rule to supersede the present rule for racing measurement for boats in this club.

Our reasons for a change are that the present rule, although no doubt well intended, has in its application failed to accomplish beneficial results, and is also unwieldy and unsatisfactory, very difficult to obtain, requiring perfect conditions of wind and sea, is not in harmony with the racing measurement of the prominent clubs in the vicinity, and does not give that perfect freedom to the designer that would encourage the development of the best and most progressive ideas in naval and yachting architecture.

In consideration of the foregoing facts the committee would recommend the adoption of "load waterline length" as the racing measurement for boats in this club, believing this rule to be the simplest and best, and to give the most complete freedom to the designer, and that the ultimate results would be to secure the most perfect type of naval and yachting architecture, and waiving all personal prejudices and preferences believe its adoption at the present time to be in line with, if not in advance of the leading clubs in this vicinity and to be in the interest of the future prosperity of this club in particular, and the yachting world in general. Respectfully submitted,

LORING SEARS, Chairman,
W. B. BIRD,
A. A. SWALLOW,
A. L. KIDD,
Committee.

LOAD WATERLINE MEASUREMENT ADOPTED BY THE SAVIN HILL Y. C.

L.W.L. measurement shall be taken from the point of immersion forward to the point of immersion aft, providing that if any part of the keel or deadwood extends beyond these points, such extensions shall be added to the l.w.l. as taken from the point of immersion forward to the point of immersion aft, above the water shall be taken from the l.w.l. The crew need not be aboard, but if aboard must be stationed amidships.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Rogers cutter is now well advanced at the Herreshoff shops, the plating completed ready for painting, the decks laid and the joiners at work below. Navaho is nearly completed and will soon leave the yard. Miss Sutton's one-rater Morvewa was launched and tried last week, and will soon be shipped. The Austrian one-rater is completed, and the Southampton 2½-rater is well along.

The yacht building by Lelofs for Com. Faxon, of the Quincy Y. C., is 21ft. 6in. over all, 18ft. 1.1. 8ft. 5in. beam. She is built for racing, with 9-16in. planking, no scag, and a 150-pound metal plate. Her mast is 29ft. 6in. heel to truck, boom 25ft. and gaff 16ft. 6in.

The launch of the Lais, the new 40-rater designed by Will Fife, Jr., and built by Hansen & Son, of Cowes, for Mr. John Gretton, was set for Monday of this week.

Messrs. Laphorne & Ratsey have lately patented a new method of cutting sails, somewhat similar to that by which the "angulated" or cross-seam is cut, but the "web" of the cloth runs parallel to the foot and leach; or in other words, the seams and bights being at right angles to the foot and leach of the sails, the two sets of cloths meeting on a middle line. In this way the stretch along the foot and leach is minimized.

According to current report, the Chicago Y. C. has been the recipient of a very curious gift; nothing less than the immense Krupp gun now on exhibition at the Fair. What possible use a Krupp gun can be to a yacht club we are at a loss to understand.

Alpha, the Herreshoff 21-footer, was loaded on a car and housed in, and left Boston on April 22 for Lake Minnetonka, where her new owner, E. T. Phipps, will race her. Wilson & Silsbee are making a new set of sails for her, though the old suit went with her.

On April 17, as the steam yacht Gretchen was on her way down the Potomac from Washington to Fortress Monroe, she caught fire and would have suffered serious damage but for the aid tendered by the lighthouse tender Holly.

Esperito, sloop, has been chartered through Parslow's Agency to E. R. Thomas, of the Yale Cor. Y. C.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.		CENTRAL DIVISION.	
Officers:		Officers:	
VICE-COM: J. R. Lake.	VICE-COM: T. H. Stryker.	VICE-COM: T. H. Stryker.	VICE-COM: T. H. Stryker.
REAR-COM: H. L. Quirk.	REAR-COM: W. C. Witherbee.	REAR-COM: W. C. Witherbee.	REAR-COM: W. C. Witherbee.
PURSER: F. J. Dunneil, B'klyn, N. Y.	PURSER: G. E. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.	PURSER: G. E. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.	PURSER: G. E. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.
EX-COM: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge.	EX-COM: C. V. Winne, W. R. Huntington.	EX-COM: C. V. Winne, W. R. Huntington.	EX-COM: C. V. Winne, W. R. Huntington.
EASTERN DIVISION.		NORTHERN DIVISION.	
Officers:		Officers:	
VICE-COM: Geo. L. Parmelee.	VICE-COM: J. N. MacKendrick.	VICE-COM: J. N. MacKendrick.	VICE-COM: J. N. MacKendrick.
REAR-COM: F. A. Sears.	REAR-COM: F. Minns.	REAR-COM: F. Minns.	REAR-COM: F. Minns.
PURSER: F. B. Lewis, Box 89, Hartford.	PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.	PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.	PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.
EX-COM: Paul Butler, W. U. Law-son, R. Apollonio.	EX-COM: C. E. Archibald, J. H. Carnegie.	EX-COM: C. E. Archibald, J. H. Carnegie.	EX-COM: C. E. Archibald, J. H. Carnegie.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Applications sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address ing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Eureka, Kan.
Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Rear-Commodore—W. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.
Secretary-Treasurer—P. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. E. Crawford, S. N. Maxwell, Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Ware, G. G. Case, M. D. Smith. Applications for membership should be made to the Secy-Treas. on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

MAY.	
27-30. Passaic River Meet, Dundee Lake.	
JUNE.	
3. Red Dragon, Delaware River.	17. New York Ann., Bensonhurst.
10. Brooklyn Annual, Bay Ridge.	24. Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach.
13. Atlantic Ann., New York Bay.	
16-19. East Div. Meet, Haddon I'd.	
JULY.	
1-15. At. Div. Meet, Captain's Island.	15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
20. Red Dragon, Delaware River.	
AUGUST.	
11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.	
SEPTEMBER.	
2. Orange Ann., Arlington, N. J.	4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.
4. Inthan, Ann., Passaic River.	16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

Tavie Canoe-Yawl.

The canoe-yawl Tavie, owned by Dr. John D. Hayward, of Liverpool, is one of the smaller class of ballasted canoe-yawls, being 17ft. 6in.



over all, 4ft. 7in. beam, 1ft. 9in. from rabbet to deck, with an iron centerboard and 56wt. of lead ballast. Her cruising rig is a main and mizen, both lugs, of 121sq. ft. In her Dr. Hayward has done a great deal of cruising about the Mersey and the adjoining coast.

A Canoeing Episode.

CHAMBERS ISLAND lies a few miles southeast from Cedar Keys. I had been camped there several days fishing and hunting. Having exhausted the resources of the place in that line, I struck camp one fine morning for a run south. It did not take long to stow the canoe, and I was soon lying along before a fresh breeze from the north.

The canoe danced merrily along; now and then a porpoise showed his black nose, sometimes a flock of gulls circled overhead, anon a flock of pelicans were to be seen standing on some little reef just at the surface of the water, and looking as sedate as a company of horse guards.

I was making fair speed and soon reached St. Martin's Reef. Clouds began to gather, the skies grew black, the wind changed from a steady breeze to little fitful puffs from all points of the compass; by and by came rain, little spatters at first, but gathering way it soon came down in a genuine Florida shower.

I made myself as comfortable as possible, stowed sail as the wind was all done, and paddled along, looking and hoping for camp. But I was in a perfect little wilderness of islets, low and covered with mangroves. No land could I find that would be suitable for a camp.

I found a passage through, and after picking my way through several more tortuous passages I found a lee under a small island, with good water clear to the shore, which was of shells.

Pulling the canoe up, I started to explore a bit. The rain had long ceased, but the bushes were still wet, and as I was as wet as I could be, that did not matter. I soon found enough clear, level space for my

purpose, and before many minutes a fire was burning, and very bright and cheery it looked, too; for I was wet, cold and hungry.

It did not take me long to pitch the tent or change my wet clothes for dry ones. Supper was prepared, and sitting down to hot biscuits, good butter, chipped beef and smoking tea, I forgot all my late troubles, the drenching rain and the discourteous answer of the boatman, and I was once more happy. After supper of course the pipe, my old, faithful friend; with that lighted, my back to a tree, my feet to a roaring fire, I envied no man.

The morning came all the brighter for the rain of the day before, and when daylight fairly came I was able to look about me; I had struck a veritable bonanza of a camp ground. The island was small, perhaps 50yds. long by 20yds. wide, and nearly a perfect oval; the sides were quite steep and covered with bushes, while the top was flat, very level and composed entirely of pure white sand.

Growing on this plateau were three immense cedar trees, which completely sheltered the whole space.

At the water's edge was a fringe of reeds and just inside of the reeds a row of cabbage palmettos, running entirely around the island. It was a pretty spot, and while I was preparing and eating my breakfast I admired it greatly, wondering if any one in the land had as fine a dining-room as I. While stowing the canoe I heard the puffing of porpoises; looking up I saw them were nosing along a narrow channel of deep water which ran half around the island and past where I was at work.

It was but a moment's work to get out the big navy revolver, and as they broke water scarce 6ft. away from me a lucky shot planted the ball between the eyes of the foremost. There was a circus. Crazy with pain, the big brute tore around, throwing mud and water in every direction. He soon ran himself high and dry on a large flat short distance away. I caught the hatchet and wading across prepared to give the finishing touch. I did it, too, but just as I hit him he commenced his ground and lofty tumbling. I got one crack that made me see stars, then another, and another—and porpoise, hatchet, mud and canoeist were all mixed up. I found that the circus I had been looking at was but a side show to the circus I was engaged in. But he was done for all the same, and so was I, and instead of going along to the southward as I had proposed I had to stay in camp another day.

Washing my muddy clothing and drying out that which was wet by the rain employed me all day. But nothing was lost, for when night came I had dry clothing, an abundance of camp wood, some fat birds to broil and lots of porpoise. The next morning I got away and ran to Bay Point, but that will do for another story. S. D. KENDALL.

Mahn-a-Wauk C. C.

UNUSUAL activity prevails at the Mahn-a-Wauk C. C. house on the lake shore, and the preparations indicate lively times during the summer and fall. A large delegation of Milwaukee men at the W. C. meet at Ballast Island in July. The regatta committee has prepared a series of sailing and paddling races that will be inaugurated May 13 and continue weekly during the season, Saturday being the day selected. For July 4 and Decoration Day an extra programme will be arranged. Handicaps for both the paddlers and sailers are being figured now, and each event will bring out the entire membership of the club, as both cruisers and racers will be placed on an equal basis by giving time allowances. The new canoe Electra, built for A. W. Friese, has arrived and looks like a flyer. She carries an immense cloud of canvas. The Ford Jones canoe, purchased by Huntington, is expected every day, and the Avis, Emil Hansen's fin-keel, the winner of the 1892 W. C. A. trophy, will be here the latter part of the month. Commodore Mathes has a Class C canoe ordered and will be right in the swim this year. The Mahn-a-Wauk have a large fleet of canoes and expect to win a share of the honors at Ballast Island in July. Among those who will attend the W. C. A. meet are Ed Holmes, F. B. Huntington, A. W. Friese, H. F. Bosworth, Emil and Hugo Hansen, Richard Merrill and George Nash. The club will leave July 14 for Detroit, where Mr. E. A. Davis, president of the Davis Boat and Oar Co., will meet the boys and convey them to Ballast Island on his steam yacht Catharine.

A strong effort is made this year by the Milwaukee canoeists to induce the Western Canoe Association to nullify the rule barring the standing rig, which is preferred by A. C. A. men to all others on account of lightness, ease in stepping, and reliability. The standing rig suits better than any other and is unquestionably faster. An idea has prevailed that it is unsafe to use, but that feeling has been dispelled here, and the boys wish to have the prize of using rigs that are accepted as being the best in other organizations.

Among the visiting canoeists who have been at the Mahn-a-Wauk's house this week were E. G. Rutty, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Nat Cook, of Dayton, O. BADGER.

Western Canoe Association.

The following applications for membership in the W. C. A. have been received by Secretary Huntington: H. F. Johnson, W. J. Reynolds, A. A. Guilbert, Racine, Wis.; R. B. Pratt, S. C. Radford, G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh, Wis.; A. R. McLenehan, Chas. Thompson, W. H. Graw, George R. Nash, H. F. Bosworth, Milwaukee, Wis.; Thos. P. Eckert, Cincinnati, O.; W. P. Jewett, St. Paul, Minn.

Secretary Huntington expects to have the W. C. A. Year Book completed by May 1. Illustrations of Commodore Manger, Emil Hansen, giving his fin-keel avis and a view of the 1892 camp at Oshkosh will embellish the work.

Magalloway River.

Will you tell me through your paper, or any of your readers, where I can get information in regard to a boating trip up the Magalloway River or the Connecticut lakes. Where to start from, and where I can engage a boat suitable for a party of three or four with what luggage, tent, etc., we should need. And how far we can follow the river or lakes with or without a carry? A. H. R.

A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: Edward Quintard, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Geo. M. Shoemaker, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; A. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Field of April 15 contains a very interesting article by W. Baden-Powell on rigs for canoe-yawls.

Mr. George Manley, of the Orange C. C., has designed and built a 15.10:30 racing canoe, with a plate board.

Some members of the various canoe clubs along the Connecticut River, are organizing an association for the purpose of encouraging cruising on the river, and of furnishing information to cruisers.

The latest volume of the "All England Series," published by Geo. Bell & Sons, London, is by Dr. John D. Hayward, of Liverpool, late vice-commodore of the British Canoe Association, and is entitled "Canoeing with Sail and Paddle." It will be found a very interesting and comprehensive description of modern canoes and canoeing, all details of the sport being treated of. Dr. Hayward is now a canoe-yawl man, and the canoe-yawl comes in for a share of the honors. Though dealing specially with canoeing in Great Britain, the book cannot fail to interest American canoeists.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ireland vs. Scotland.

THE first annual match between the Irish Twenty Club and the Caledonian Rifle Club of the Manchester district was shot at the Astley range on Easter Monday. Queen's first stage conditions, seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600 yds.

Irish Twenty Club.		Caledonian Rifle Club.	
Sergt-Maj Shipley 30 26 33—89	Mr Armstrong..... 29 29 30—89	Sergt Handford, 31 31 24—86	Mr Brown..... 28 28 28—86
Sergt Pollard..... 27 28 29—84	Mr Grierson..... 25 28 31—84	Sergt Buckley..... 26 29 26—82	Mr Drummond..... 20 28 28—82
Sergt McCullough 29 24—80	Mr Cruikshank..... 27 27 37—81	Sergt Donnelly..... 24 29 29—79	Mr Walker..... 24 29 29—79
Sergt Bulger..... 29 29 21—79	Mr Munro..... 28 28 23—79	Pvt Everest..... 26 31 21—78	Mr Pattinson..... 24 30 24—78
Corp Wilson..... 30 32 15—77	Mr Edington..... 26 28 19—73	Pvt Donnelly..... 26 24 20—70—803	Mr Black..... 22 27 19—68—100

The International Rifle Match.

The captain of the English Twenty Club has announced that the annual match for the National Challenge trophy between selected "twenties" of bona fide volunteers of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, will be held at the Darnley Range, Glasgow, on June 17, and not at Bisley, in the month following. The match was established in 1864, and since that time Scotland has been victorious on 15 occasions and England 14. Ireland has furnished teams for 19 years and Wales five years.

On Nov. 2, 1892, the American Yacht Club applied to the Commissioners of the Land Office for a grant of 31.83 acres of land under the waters of Long Island Sound in the town of Bay. At a meeting of the Commissioners held Dec. 29, an appraisal of the land at \$7,958 was made. At a subsequent meeting, on Jan. 5, 1893, the application was denied on the belief that it was made, not for the purpose of improving the land, but merely to exclude therefrom the citizens of the vicinity who desire to cross the waters under which the land lies. At a subsequent meeting, on Jan. 26, the denial was reconsidered and a new appraisal ordered. The committee examining into the matter reported at the recent meeting of the Commissioners that there are no navigable channels which can be interfered with if the grant were made. Upon the recommendation of this committee it was ordered that the grant be made upon the payment of \$3,992.75, and that the patent issued contain the same conditions as inserted in the grant to the Red Spring Land Company. These are as follows: "Excepting and reserving to all and every one of the said people the full and free right, liberty and privilege of entering upon and using all and every part of the above-described premises in as ample manner as they might have done had this grant not been made, except to so much thereof as may be actually appropriated or occupied by the applicant or its grantees by docks, wharves, jetties, or other structures erected thereon."

The South Amboy (N. J.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., H. C. Perrine, Sr.; Vice-Com., Leonard Furman; Sec., Samuel Locker; Treas., Joe A. Sexton; Meas., Thos. Baker; House Committee, C. B. Mundy, Peter Coyne and Collin Voorhees; Regatta Committee, E. Degray, Wilfred Sprague, D. C. Chase, M. N. Koll, G. A. Lahue; Membership Committee, J. P. Conover, Edwin Furman, H. C. Perrine, Jr.

A despatch from Rockport, Me., on April 16 states that two men were taken from a wrecked yacht off Loblolly Cove by the Life Saving crew, while another yacht had dragged ashore at the same place.

In the severe storm of April 30 the house of the Bayonne Y. C. on a low island in New York Bay at the foot of Thirty-fifth street, Bayonne, was entirely washed away. Nothing but pieces were found along the beach, two catboats and a lot of spars, gear, etc., showing the fate of the house. The club was formed last spring and the house built. It is probable that a new house will be erected, as the club has proved very successful.

Vesta, the Gielow steamed yacht building at Wintingham's for H. A. Laughlin, is now planked, decked and caulked, and her cabin house is in place. Capt. Wm. E. Fish, for five years mate of the Electra, will command her.

Shadow, sloop, Dr. John Bryant, has been replanked and generally rebuilt. The lines of the Shadow were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 23, 1887.

The Larchmont Y. C. will formally open its club house on May 20.

The Brooklyn Y. C. is considering a plan for a town house in Brooklyn similar to the New York and Seavanhaka clubs, with a station on Long Island Sound in addition to the present anchorage in Gravesend Bay.

"Ropes: Their Knots and Splices," is the title of a very complete little manual of marliners seamanship just published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. The book is thorough and practical, dealing with the nature and qualities of ropes of fiber and wire, and with the various operations by which they are employed about a vessel. The first chapter, on rigging, gives in a simple and elementary form a great deal of information that is indispensable to the novice in sailing, such as the names and uses of the various members of the rigging. The greater part of the book was originally prepared by the late Mr. C. P. Kunhardt as part of a work on boats, but as the book was never completed, the portions relating to rigging has been reproduced in the present volume. The book is very neatly made, and is bound in a plain but attractive cover.

A meeting of the Fox Lake (Ill.) Y. C. was held in Chicago on April 19, at which the following officers were elected: Com., Oliver Sollitt; Vice-Com., J. Albert Mason; Sec., Byron Boyden; Treas., C. J. Pater-son; Chaplain, Jenkin Lloyd Jones; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Karl Sandberg; Meas., Leonard Holmboe; Ass't Meas., Robert Tooker. The following regatta committee was appointed: G. Martin, C. M. Boyden, J. A. Pater-son, F. E. Russell, F. J. Magin, J. J. Gardner, J. B. Delbridge, D. S. Daly, B. F. Smith, J. H. Adams, S. Sollitt, M. P. Borden, W. Ramaker, G. Catlin. It was decided to give six regattas during the year on the following dates: June 17, July 1, July 4, July 15, July 23, Aug. 12. A reception will be held at the club house after each regatta.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Y. C. was held on April 11. The following officers were elected: Com., I. Gutte; Vice-Com., E. Engelberg; Sec'y, G. W. Reed; Financial Sec'y, C. H. Morrell; Treas., C. L. Barrett; Meas., Capt. M. Turner. Directors, J. W. McCarthy, J. W. Sperry, Chas. Chittenden, C. W. Kellogg and Ben Stickney.

Gitana, schr., George W. Weld, has been for some time cruising about the West Indies, those on board being George W. Weld, Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. Maxwell Greave, Providence; Dr. Z. B. Adams Framingham; D. R. Dalton, J. H. DeWolf, Providence, and W. H. Hammond, Boston; Capt. Taylor, the sailing master and a crew of ten. While bound from Havana to Fernandez the yacht was driven out of her course by a heavy gale, and at 7 P. M. on April 19 she grounded on Egg Island shoal in Doboy Sound. She lay aground all night, pounding heavily, but in the morning a tug from Darien, Ga., came to the rescue and took off all hands. Wreckers have since been at work to save the yacht, and has been hauled off and taken to Savannah.

The White Bear Yachting Association, of White Bear Lake, Minn., has elected the following officers: Com., Jas. P. Elmer; Vice-Com., C. M. Griggs; Capt., Carl Taylor; Treas., J. W. Taylor; Sec., A. A. McKechnie. The club sailed a very successful series of races last year, the winning boat being the Osito in the sloop class, with Wapsie second. In the cat class Nushka made the best average, with Secret second.

Nancy, Henry Taggart's "knockabout" boat, has been sold by Stewart & Binney to Robert Saltonstall. Mr. Taggart will build a new boat from Stewart & Binney's designs.

Break, fin-keel, John B. Paine, has been sold by Stewart & Binney to Alex. Cochran, whose sons will race her in the 21ft. class.

Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesebrough have designed two "knockabout" boats for the Eastern Y. C. to be 27ft. over all, 20ft. l.w.l., 7ft. beam and 4ft. draft, with 4,000lbs. of iron on the keel and a sail area of 450sq. ft., the jib tacked to stemhead. There will be a cuddy forward with a watertight cockpit 8ft. long. The boats are now building by E. G. Emmons, of Swampscott, and will be used about Marblehead.

The non-arrival of steel has caused a delay in finishing the plating of the Pine boat at Lawrence's. Mayflower has been hauled out, her lead keel cut up for re-melting, and her interior work removed, as the whole interior will be remodeled. The Waterhouse, 46 footer Carmita has been shored up and her fin has been put in place, but the lead bulb is not yet run. The spar-makers are at work on the hollow spars for the Pine boat, and the spars for the Stewart & Binney boat Pilgrim will be made later on. Waterhouse & Chesebrough have placed three orders with Lawleys, a 42ft. yawl, a 20ft. cutter, and a 12ft. fin-keel racer.

The Queen City Y. C. of Toronto, has elected the following officers: Com., J. W. Schofield (re-elected); Vice-Com., J. J. Quinn (re-elected); Capt., J. S. Thompson; Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Thomas (re-elected); Meas., R. Gardner (re-elected); Sailing Committee, W. Ward, R. A. Langlois, J. Gardner; Auditors, J. Brown, F. Cornish, A. E. Thorne.

The centerboard schooner building at Ferguson's yard, Grotton, Conn., for Richard Mansfield, will be named His Highness. She is a cruising boat 66ft. over all, 52ft. l.w.l., 17ft. beam and 7ft. hold.

Fortuna, schr., Mr. Henry E. Hovey, of the Eastern Y. C., will visit Chicago by way of the St. Lawrence, leaving Boston in June. Owing to her draft it will be necessary to portage her through the canals.

Since the failure of Mr. William Rockefeller to purchase the Atalanta from the Gould estate, various rumors have been current of a new yacht of large size, the latest being that the yacht will be designed and built by the Cramps, and will be second in size to the new Vanderbilt yacht, with a guaranteed speed of 20 knots.

Vamoose, steam yacht, W. E. Hearst, has been altered during the winter below deck, a saloon and staterooms being built aft, in the space formerly occupied by the forecabin, the crew's quarters being moved into the bow. Chief Heilbron is still in command.

Tourist, slip, A. P. Graham, has been rebuilt and fitted with a new outfit of spars and sails at Pryor's yard, and will soon be in commission. Her old single jib has been replaced by the double head rig.

Com. Grover, of the Newark Y. C., has appointed as regatta committee for the coming season Chas. H. Mayhew, F. Bullock and W. H. Vreeland. They have arranged for the following events: May 30, ladies' day; June 3, club regatta; Aug. 19, open regatta, open to yachts enrolled in the N. Y. Y. R. only; Sept. 30, fall regatta, open to all. In addition the club will take part in the cruise of the N. Y. Y. R. A. on July 23-30 and in the Labor Day regatta of the association. A big sweepstakes with a handsome cash prize added open to all jib and mainsail boats will also be arranged for. The club house at Bayonne is now open.

Sachem, schr., has been sold through Hughes's Agency to F. T. Adams and J. G. Moore, of New York.

Olympia, steam yacht, E. C. Benedict, returned to New York on April 22.

Atlantic, schr., Messrs. Marshall and Seeley, reached Bridgeport on April 23, after a cruise to Cuba and the West Indies.

Team Match.

The Friday Night Rifle Club, of Hoboken, met the team of the 69th Regiment, N. Y. N. G., known as the Union Rifle Clubs team, on the Armory range on Friday night. The Jersey men won by 35 points. A return match will be shot on the range of the Friday Night Club this week. The scores are appended:

Friday Night Club.									
G. Wendt.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	235
A. Guerber.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	231
Eucker.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	231
C. Zang.....	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	20	229
F. Murker.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	22	19	225
Davison.....	25	25	24	24	22	22	22	18	222
Sullivan.....	24	23	23	22	22	22	21	19	217
Bruning.....	24	24	24	23	22	21	21	18	215
Ostrand.....	24	24	23	22	22	21	20	15	213
C. Geils.....	24	24	23	22	22	21	20	20	211
Union Rifle Club.									
Hickey.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	231
Stuart.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	21	21	231
J. Percy.....	24	24	24	23	23	22	21	21	228
J. Conklin.....	25	25	24	23	23	22	21	20	227
Loughlin.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	19	227
T. Breslin.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	21	20	221
P. Moor.....	25	25	23	23	23	21	20	19	217
M. Theobald.....	24	24	23	23	23	21	19	15	215
J. O'Connell.....	25	23	22	22	21	20	20	19	214
P. Leonard.....	25	23	23	22	22	21	20	19	214
D. Seaton.....	25	23	22	22	21	21	18	16	211

Zettler Bi-Monthly Shoot.

CYPRESS HILL PARK, New York, April 23.—The bi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club took place in this park this morning. A tricky southwest wind caused some of the shooters to get unaccountable shots, but on the whole the weather conditions were fairly good, as the appended scores will show. R. Harmann came to the front again to-day with a score of 232. Several of the other members distinguished themselves by putting up first-class scores. The scores of the members in the competition are given below, ten shots, two scores to count.

R. Harmann.....	18	24	20	25	20	22	23	22	230
Fred C. Ross.....	24	23	24	23	24	20	23	25	232
G. W. Plaisted.....	23	29	20	25	24	25	23	22	225
Hy Holges.....	23	25	22	21	20	24	24	23	227
Louis Flach.....	20	25	23	25	18	21	18	24	219
J. A. Boyken.....	22	23	24	24	23	22	18	25	224
L. Schmidt.....	25	22	21	21	24	10	19	24	221
P. F. Schmidt.....	21	21	22	21	23	24	17	23	222
M. R. Engel.....	20	10	24	23	24	18	24	23	215
B. Zettler.....	20	29	24	22	20	25	24	17	215
	20	23	23	25	23	21	12	20	210
	20	23	23	25	22	20	22	21	218
	25	30	20	24	22	18	20	24	211
	23	23	23	17	18	20	19	25	214
	20	20	20	22	16	22	20	23	206
	23	24	20	22	23	16	20	22	212
	17	14	21	22	20	21	15	21	193
	22	22	24	20	20	25	18	25	219
	18	14	18	22	18	18	18	16	193
	18	23	20	22	23	21	21	23	213

Hudson Rifle Club.

MARION, N. J., April 24.—The closing score of the year ending this date resulted as per the appended scores. The averages and class winners will appear in next issue. A 10-men team match between the Hudson and Greenville clubs is now being arranged to be shot on Decoration day, May 30, distance 200yds., each man firing 10 shots. Mr. Chas. E. Bird has been re-elected to the secretaryship of the club, and it is the desire of all the members that his term of office will long be filled, as he is second to none in filling such a position, which is also official scorer for all matches, prize-shoots, etc.

First Team.									
J. Rebhan.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	21	23	243
A. Steuber.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	242
C. E. Bird.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	23	242
H. Mahlenbrock.....	25	25	24	24	24	24	23	23	236
A. Malz.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	234
Second Team.									
J. Smith.....	25	24	24	24	24	23	23	22	235
H. E. Boddy.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	21	234
H. Hoersch.....	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	19	221
F. Sessman.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	238
Third Team.									
J. Buch.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	23	238
C. Stadlerman.....	25	24	24	23	23	23	23	22	233
S. Middleton.....	25	24	24	23	23	21	21	20	222
Chas. Ebe.....	24	24	23	23	23	22	21	19	222

Revolver Shooting in England.

The weekly revolver competition of the North London Rifle Club took place at Ilford, April 5. The moving target not being quite ready only the stationary, 20yds., 2in. bullseye was shot at. A gusty head wind, but there being an iron shelter at this range it did not greatly interfere with the scores:

Walter Winans (S. & W.).....	6	7	7	7	6	7	41
Varley (Webley).....	5	7	7	7	6	4	31
Cowan.....	5	5	4	7	2	6	30
Richardson.....	5	3	6	4	7	28	
Carter.....	4	7	6	4	3	26	
Terris.....	2	3	4	5	4	25	

Top scores for the championship: Walter Winans 41, C. F. Lowe 31, Varley 32, Cowan 32, Richardson 28, Terris 26, Carter 26, Treadwell 25.

Hudson vs. Greenville.

The third and last match between the Hudson rifle team, of Marion, N. J., and the Greenville rifle team, of Greenville, N. J., was shot off on the range of the Excelsior Club, in Jersey City, on Wednesday night, the 19th inst. Each team had previously won a race from the other on the home ranges and the third match was shot to decide which should have the honor of winning the series. The Greenville team was short of three of its best men and was obliged to supply their places with men without previous experience in revolver shooting, and the match proved to be a Waterloo for the Greenville team. The scores are appended:

Hudson team—John Rebhan 237, H. Hanson 238, A. Malz 234, C. Huteh 245, A. Brown 239, C. Bird 227, G. W. Graf 237, H. Mehlbrock 234, F. Sessman 224, A. Steuber 232, total 2,335.
 Greenville team—C. E. Bird 231, Geo. Purkes 229, G. Plaisted 227, W. C. Collins 227, Joseph Kaiser 231, J. Boag 223, George Treeland 216, C. H. Chevaut 239, C. Scheline 241, A. Lembeck 203; total 2,339.

Convention of Riflemen.

The meeting of delegates representing the different shooting societies in and about New York, which took place in the hall of the German-American Society on Friday night, brought together a large number of representative riflemen.

All of the principal shooting clubs and societies were there in the person of their delegates. The following societies being represented: N. Y. Schützen Corps, N. Y. Central Corps, Harlem Independent Corps, Heidenreich Rifle Corps, N. Y. Schützen Gilde, N. Y. Schützen Bund No. 1, N. Y. Plattdeutsche Schützen Corps, Independent Germania Corps, Manhattan Schützen Bund, Harlem Schützen Corps, Miller Rifle Club, Zettler Rifle Club, Newark Shooting Society, Williamsburgh Schützen Corps, German-American Schützen Society, German-American Schützen Bund, Harlem Rifle Team and Columbus Rifle Club.

Several other societies forwarded letters of regret that circumstances would not permit them to be represented.

The object of the meeting, as has already been stated in these columns, was for the purpose of organization of the different societies into a Schützen Bund, or United Association of Riflemen.

The German-American riflemen of New York have had in contemplation for some time the holding of a grand international shooting festival. It was the intention to have had such a festival in New York in 1893, provided the Columbian Fair had come to this city. But when it was decided that Chicago was to have the honor, the matter was dropped. When the Chicago Schützen Verein sent forth its prospectus last season for a festival to be held in Chicago this year, the matter again became a subject for discussion among the New York fraternity. Meetings were called for the purpose of getting the shooters together to see whether the New York people would take part in the proposed festival or not. The upshot of the whole matter was that the proposed plan of the Chicago people was not satisfactory to the Eastern societies, and the matter was again allowed to lapse. In the meantime some of the leaders among the New York rifle shooters conceived the idea of having a festival in New York in 1894, and this meeting was the outcome. A vote of the delegates was taken for a united organization of all the societies and the holding of a festival in 1894.

The following committee was appointed for the nomination of permanent officers: B. Walther, Otto Uehlein, A. Richter, H. Offermann,

C. Rehm, C. Fatznacht, C. M. Dreste, Wm. V. Weber and R. Henke. The following gentlemen were appointed as a committee on constitution and by-laws: L. Zeller, Chas. Lowe, Geo. Krauss, Wm. Hayes, Fred Baumann, Chas. G. Zettler, B. Walther, C. F. Roedel, H. Offermann and Edw. Hotz. These committees were instructed to nominate a board of officers and compile a constitution and by-laws, and submit the same to the next meeting, which takes place on May 12.

Capt. August Zimmerman.

THE subject of this notice was born in Baden, Germany, some thirty-nine years ago. When in his teens he shook the dust of the Fatherland from his feet and hid himself to America. With no capital but such as nature had endowed him with, a healthy constitution, pluck and perseverance, he has succeeded in accumulating a fair competence in worldly goods, a large fund of experience and an extensive circle of friends.

His love for outdoor sport early led him in the direction of rifle shooting, and it is in this line of sport that he is to-day acknowledged to be at the head of all experts. His victory over Fred W. Hofele, in a quick-firing match along in the 80's, when he won the first prize (\$1,000) grand piano, at the German Hospital Fair, and in a subse-



quent match with Hofele, which grew out of the above match, first brought Capt. Zimmerman prominently before the public as a marksman. The result of the Hospital Fair tournament caused such a feeling of dissatisfaction to Mr. Hofele that he challenged Zimmerman to shoot a match at 200yds. for most points, or in other words, the man who could get the most shots into the bullseye in a limited time was to be declared the winner. Thos. J. Dolan, was selected as referee, and the time limit restricted to three hours. The result of the match was as follows, 12in. bullseye:

	Shots fired.	Bullseyes.	Misses.
Zimmerman.....	846	601	245
Hofele.....	646	325	321

Capt. Zimmerman won the Tiffany cup at Creedmoor in 1888, and again in 1890, on the highest score ever made for the cup. When in Berlin at the Great Bundes Fest in 1890, in the competition for the Kaiser William trophy, through an accident to Zimmerman's target he lost 3½ minutes, and at the close of the contest he was only 30 seconds behind the winner. During Zimmerman's tour through the German States in 1890 he won sixty trophies.

Early in the fall of 1892 Zimmerman again returned to Europe, and during his visit to Germany he met and defeated several of the best shots in that country. Among them was Carl Bartels, gunsmith to the Royal Family of Germany. In a 100 shot quick-firing match with Bartels, Zimmerman won by 4½ minutes, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. In a match with Mr. H. Horn, the director of the shooting grounds, 100 shots, 200yds., open sights, Zimmerman won by 4 points. An accident in the early part of the match partially disabled one of Zimmerman's hands, otherwise his lead would have been much larger. Later he shot a match with F. Gleichauf, another noted shot. In 50 shots Zimmerman won by 65 points.

As captain of the Lützow Co. No. 13 of the German-American Shooting Society, he has with his team been in the lead in the most of the Society tournaments. He was for a number of years captain of the old Bull's Head Club. He is also an active member in the Independent New York Corps, the New York Central Corps and the famous Zettler Rifle Club.

New York Central Corps.

The New York Central Corps, under the leadership of Capt. A. Richter, assisted by Washington Park on Thursday afternoon for regular monthly practice. The weather proved most disagreeable. Heavy downpouring rain, driven by a strong northeast gale, made the shooting house very uncomfortable for the shooters. The targets at times were completely obscured by the driving storm, so that high scores were out of the question. Fred Schmidt won the champion medal for the most red flags, R. Flierd won the first class medal, John Eisenhardt the second class, F. Leriis the third class, and Emil Berckmann the fourth class medal.

Man Target—First prize, Fred Schmidt, 57; second, W. Seppelfeldt, 56; third, J. Doux, 54; fourth, J. Eisenhardt, 52; fifth, R. Flierd, 51; sixth, F. Baumann 51; seventh, Emil Berckmann, 50; eighth, Fred Schraeder, 48; ninth, J. Radke, 43.

Ring Target, possible 150—First prize, F. Schraeder, 140; second, R. Flierd, 132; third, H. Holsten, 123; fourth, F. Baumann, 117; fifth, M. Fieken, 118; sixth, J. Doux, 112; seventh, H. D. Muller, 110; eighth, W. Teschmacher, 107; ninth, J. Lowe, 101; tenth, C. F. Gennerich, 100; eleventh, A. Richter, 81; twelfth, A. Luck, 49.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, April 23.—Regular practice shoot at the range to-day, Gindles, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindles.....	81	80	74	Hayne.....	81	80	74
Weinheimer.....	77	71	71	Brumback.....	64	72	67
Wellinger.....	36	82	80	Randall.....	73	74	73
Simon.....	80	75	69	McClurg.....	48	43	36
				Joe.....	54	50	50

German-American Club.

The prize shoot of the German-American Rifle Club came off at Home's Range, Brooklyn, E. D. The programme called for thirteen prizes, ranging from \$15 to \$2, three shots for ticket, two best tickets to count for first five prizes. The scores are appended: A. Albrecht, 73, 74; William Rosenbaum, 73, 73; F. Ross, 72, 73; B. Walther, 71, 73; C. Homey, 72, 72; F. Hoffman, 73; M. Vogel, 71; J. Bodenstein, 71; J. Hutch, 71; M. Senc, 70; M. Richter, 70; J. Greenville, 70; G. Worn, 70; M. Pfautsch, 70.

Miller Club Shoot.

The weekly gallery practice of the Miller Club for the Fisher Medal, was held on the club range on Wednesday night, the 10th inst. F. Kloepping made the highest score in the medal competition. The scores are appended: E. E. Fisher 345, A. Kloepping 242, D. Miller 240, Kruse 239, Meyers 239, Caragher 238, Schl 234, Pflug 233, Dewey 230, Leill 230, Hoelster 229, Murphy 219, Kammel 200.

Lutzow Co. No. 12.

This company of the German-American Society, held a prize shoot at the society headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks place, on the 23d inst. Gus Zimmerman is captain of the company; the other officers are Theo. Walters, First Lieutenant; Leo. F. Zitzman, Second Lieutenant; F. Odendahl, Secretary; Leo. Zitzman, Treasurer; Louis Heimbach, Sergeant at Arms. The scores for the prize shoot are appended, 3 shots, possible 75: Gus Zimmerman 72, Gus Ringler 70, B. Zettler 68, Chas. Litschig 68, Chas. Rein 68, Otto Uehlein 67, F. Odendahl 66, H. B. Kalin 65, F. Gamlin 65, F. Neuberger 63, Leo Zitzman 62, Leo F. Zitzman 61, M. Dillman 60, Louis Heimbach 60.

Bisley Competitions for Pistols.

BESIDES the competitions already mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM there will be a military revolver aggregate for the highest scores made in the three revolver competitions (one at 50 and two at 20yds.), a similar aggregate for target revolvers, besides the grand aggregate cup for both styles of revolvers, and a prize for double-barreled pistols at 20yds. stationary target, restricted to pistols of Lancaster make.

This brings the pistol and revolver competitions up to thirteen different series.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE season gallery shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club for 1892-3 is drawing to a close. One more meeting, on April 25, winds up the series, when all those who have finished the required number of scores will come in for their *pro rata* share of the \$150 in cash prizes put up by the club. The scores of the members who were present on Tuesday night, the 18th inst., are appended:

Henry Holges 247, C. G. Zettler 245, M. Dorrier 245, R. Busse 244, M. B. Engel 243, B. Zettler 241, Gus. Nowak 240, Geo. Krauss 240, J. Heintz 239.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE regular Thursday night gallery shoot of the Turtle Bay Club took place at its headquarters in Forty-second street on the 20th inst. The active members in the club still continue to keep up their average. The scores are as follows, club handicap rules:

J. Ochs, Jr.....	246	246	244	J. Krampert.....	241	235	235	711
H. Walther.....	243	240	244	J. Oberle.....	234	230	230	694

RIFLE NOTES.

Mr. J. P. Delhanty, of Pittston, Pa., an oldtime rifleman, well known to the New York shooters, in the early days of Creedmoor, was in the city last week. His genial countenance and sturdy frame still retain their old characteristics.

The manufacturers and dealers are expending a good deal of energy and much money in the effort to boom up the shotgun and its ammunition. Alight it not be to the advantage of the interests of the manufacturers to let loose a little of this outflow in the direction of the rifle shooting fraternity.

In looking over the old scrap books, covering the past fifteen years, one wonders at the low ebb which the tide of rifle shooting has reached. About the only satisfaction there is in coming over these old records is in the belief that those of us who are still in the swim with the rifles have progressed in the matter of averages in our scores. Those of the present day in off-hand shooting with the breechloader are much ahead of the average of fifteen or twenty years ago, in the days of the muzzleloader. And still one will now and then meet with one of the old boys who clings to his ancient love.

At one of our practice shoots not long ago one of the old timers, whose locks are bleached with time, and whose nerve is not as it used to be, stepped up to firing point and discharged his rifle. After waiting some time for the marker to exhibit his shot, he expressed the belief that he had forgotten to insert the bullet in the rifle, and turned away to reload his arm; as he did so the marker came up with the red flag for a center shot. When the shooter's attention was called to the waving flag, he remarked that he had no recollection of ever having made a bulls-eye before without a bullet in his side.

The Greenville Rifle Club elected a full board of officers under its new charter on Friday, the 21st, the full list will be found appended: H. Gotthardt, President; Ed. Barr, Vice-President; Geo. Plaisted, Cor. Secretary; W. C. Collins, Fin. Secretary; Jas. Dodd, Treasurer; J. J. Hill, Sergt.-at-Arms; Wm. H. Robidoux, Captain; C. Boag, Asst. Captain; Trustees: H. Chavaut, Geo. Purkes, J. Boag, J. Hovendon, J. Kaiser; Finance Committee: J. J. Hill, Ed. Barr and C. Boag.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

- May 2-3.—Independence (Ind.) Gun Club tournament. Added money.
- May 2-4.—Williamsport (Pa.) Gun Club annual tournament.
- May 3-4.—Valley Falls (Kansas) Gun Club tournament.
- May 8.—West Shore Gun Club tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
- May 8-12.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Hempstead, Texas.
- May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.
- May 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association target tournament, at Passaic, N. J.
- May 9-1

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The East End and Cleveland Gun Clubs of Cleveland, Ohio, are about to consolidate. "It is what should have been done some time ago," said a member of the East End club who has always taken the greatest interest in that organization. "The way the clubs are being operated at the present time obliges us to pay about twice what we should for the kind of service that we get. If consolidation were effected there would be no necessity to increase the dues, but at the same time with the increased membership there would be more money to devote to the purpose for which the clubs are organized. I think the present method is really a serious handicap to both organizations. If a person desires to take an afternoon to shoot he will find it impossible with the present conveniences to shoot much more than 30 targets and it will take him all the afternoon to do that. It is impossible to keep a shooter at the traps all the afternoon to have 30 chances to break targets. The club needs new and improved traps and the best way to secure them is by consolidation." If the plan goes through there will be live birds kept at the traps in addition to blue rock targets. There will also be a place for the members to keep their dogs, and the purpose will be to provide a range that is thoroughly up with the times. The location will be as handy to a street car line as it is possible to secure it and under the new arrangement that will doubtless be provided for adjusting the traps, it will be as easy to shoot at 100 targets as it now is to shoot at 50.

"WEST MEDFORD, Mass., April 19.—A meeting of about twenty sportsmen of this vicinity was held on April 17, at which it was voted to reorganize the West Medford Shooting Club, which was originally organized March 20, 1875. The purposes of the club are the assistance in the protection and preservation of game, and the promotion of all interests pertaining to trap sportsmanship. The following officers were elected: Officers: S. W. Gifford, president; C. H. Sawyer, vice-president; A. A. Whittemore, treasurer; A. L. Finney, secretary; C. H. Parker, A. A. Whittemore and P. W. Gifford, executive committee. The club starts out with a membership of about twenty-five, and will hold friendly shoots, which will be made occasions of general enjoyment—not a hustle for dollars—and to this end the following resolution was unanimously adopted: 'No sweepstakes or prizes shall be allowed at the time of the shoot. This will eliminate the objectionable feature of professionalists, so disastrous to the good-fellowship of many clubs.' A. L. FINNEY, Secretary."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 22.—I have noticed in the trap columns of your paper, each week, that it is to be hoped we will have a live-bird contest on each day of the tournament, but I am afraid the shooters will be disappointed in this, as we have not had any thought of shooting any pigeons except in the Dean Richmond Trophy race. It is a hard matter to run live bird events and inanimate target events on the same shooting ground and at the same time, as the latter attracts the other live-bird contests usually getting the best of it. As we intend offering very large guarantee purses we do not wish to have any counter-attraction, or have anything on the grounds that will in any way interfere with the target events, although I will admit your suggestion is a good one if it could be carried out. I know there are a great many old shooters in the State, who stand and look on at the target breaking and say to themselves, "Oh, if they only had feathers on."

If we are enabled to secure the pigeons we will possibly offer an attraction in pigeon events on the last day of the week. The committee on rules, that was appointed at last year's convention, have gotten up a new set of rules entirely, for live bird shooting, to govern the Dean Richmond Trophy race and other live bird shooting, but the inanimate target rules are simply the American Association rules, with the exception that 10 and 12-bore guns stand at the 10yd. mark, 13-bore guns being allowed 14yd. of shot, and the shooting will be done from the latter part of May. The new rules are rapid and simple, this system it will enable us to run off three events a day instead of two, and of course compels us to guarantee money for the extra event. From the present outlook we expect to put up not less than \$5,000 in cash and merchandise prizes, and with favorable weather we trust to have a successful shoot.

H. M. STEWART, Cor. Sec'y.

The Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga., at its annual meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. J. Kieffer; Vice-President, F. G. Jangstetter; Secretary, C. A. Lamotte; Treasurer, D. E. Danner; Officers: John H. Kieffer, Executive Committee: John Heideman, C. B. Westcott and E. W. O'Connor. Several new members were elected. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed the club to be in a flourishing condition. It will begin practice for the season of 1893 Thursday at the club grounds on Esplanade avenue. A committee was appointed to arrange for the tournament during May week. After the meeting President Kieffer entertained the members at supper, prepared by Geo. Schwartz.

Some time ago we were told by Mr. A. L. Heritage of Jersey City, that he proposed to hold a 3-day tournament on his grounds during the latter part of May. Mr. Heritage proposed making the programme comprise two days at targets and one at live birds. He also said that if the May shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League should fall to the lot of the Endeavor Gun Club he would make one of the above target days the "League Day," and suggested as the probable dates, May 30 and 31, and June 1. As the Endeavors have drawn the May shoot we may presume that the above programme will be carried out.

We are advised by Geo. S. Atwater that the Glen Echo Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., will hold a target tournament on Friday and Saturday, May 19 and 20, the events to be open to all. This club has elegantly appointed grounds in a picturesque location and its members will exert themselves to make the affair a pleasant one. Shooters who propose attending the Knoxville shoot could not do better than to leave home in time to attend the Glen Echo Club's tournament, take in the sights of Washington and vicinity on Sunday, and leave for Knoxville on Sunday night or Monday morning.

The Rich Hill Gun Club, of Doylestown, Pa., held its regular monthly shoot on April 19 for the club's badge. Edward Dillon was the fortunate man and now displays the trophy upon his bosom. The scores: A. Keller 10, Ed. Dillon 10, C. Pfeiffer 9, C. Headman 8, H. Headman 8, J. S. Hessler 7, Wm. Staib 7, H. Fellman 7, H. Nace 6, F. S. Ahlun 6, W. S. Lewis 4, H. Z. Striker 3. Messrs. Keller and Dillon being tied, they shot three rounds again, which resulted in a victory for Dillon by one point.

A target shoot was held on the North Pinegrove Sporting Club's grounds, at Pottsville, Pa., on April 15, the result being as follows: Thomas Dubbs, of Pinegrove, 24 out of 25; F. E. Danner, of Steelton, 29 out of 40; G. Gamber, of Reiner City, 27 out of 40; F. West, of Reiner City, 25 out of 40; Alexander Dubbs, of Pinegrove, 24 out of 40; David Leininger, of Tremont, 8 out of 15; Chas. Achenbach, of Cressona, 27 out of 40. Referees, Lewis Hutzinger and Adam Boutz.

The regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club took place on April 19 at Woodlawn Park. There were seventeen members present. The score: Class A, 28yds.—C. Plate 7, H. Dohmann 5, John Plate 6, John Schaff 6, C. Mohrman 5, John Schmucke 5. Class B, 25yds.—M. Ellsasser 5, Fred Gure 5, J. C. Schumaker 5, J. C. Schumaker 5, E. Maryarty 7, H. Victor 6, Wm. Lator 6, Class C, 23yds.—Capt. D. Lynch 5, C. H. Lührsen 5, G. Shufelt 3, H. Plate 0.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will hold their second target tournament of the season on the grounds of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wapsonock Park, Altoona, Pa., on June 21 and 22. At that season of the year the Allegheny Mountains show to the best advantage, the summer hotel at "Wopsy" will be open and everybody can be assured of a pleasant time.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., who were obliged to vacate their old grounds in the city, have leased grounds north of Hanover Lake, on the line of the South Meriden railroad. The grounds will be fitted up with all modern appliances and a comfortable club house will be built. The club intends to make this the best shooting ground in the State.

The Wanuke Chemical Company, of Watertown, N. Y., has been organized for the purpose of manufacturing a novel compound from African oils and gums, the formula for which was discovered by Professor Krantz, an eminent German chemist, on his recent tour in Africa, where he found it used by the natives for alluring fish.—Adv.

The weekly shoot of the Standard Gun Club was held at Acton's Park, Baltimore, April 18. The following scores were made out of a possible 50: Bonday 43, Hunt 41, Storr 40, Lupton 38, Ducker 35, Dank-ever 35, Franklin 34, Hawkins 34, King 30, Dr. Smith 31, Dr. Frey 29, Harrison 28, Chase 28, Williams 27, Buckbee 37, Hunter 33.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., has settled down to the season's work and announces regular club shoots on the following dates: May 6, 17, 30; June 14; July 1, 13, 29; Aug. 9, Sept. 6, 23, and Oct. 4. The shoot on May 30 will be an all day affair.

In a match between teams of 8 men each from the Wilmington and Kiamensi gun clubs at Wilmington on April 15, the Kiamensi broke 162 to the Wilmingtons 148. Each man shot at 25 targets, and the wind was blowing a gale.

At Linton Falls, N. J., on April 17, Frank Worrell, of Mattawan and Eugene Magee, of Linton Falls, shot a 15 bird match for \$50 a side and tied on 10 kills each. On the shoot off at 5 birds each Magee guessed to 3 and Worrell 3.

Trap-shooters will have an opportunity to enjoy shooting at live birds or artificial targets at the Williamsport (Pa.) tournament next week. The target events will begin at 9 A. M. and the live bird events at 10 A. M. each day.

There is some prospect for a fall tournament under the auspices of

the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. President Heritage will soon issue a call for a meeting.

The Pastime Gun Club was recently organized in San Diego, Cal. The club has trap grounds near Recreation Park and will shoot every week. J. B. Badgley is president and Frank Stevens secretary.

The Ticonic Gun Club of Waterville, Me., held their first shoot on April 19, each man shooting at 20 targets. The scores were: Preble 19, Green 19, Day 10, Jordan 15, Booker 15 and Barry 14.

Chas. Snyder has been elected captain of the Hillside Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa. The club offers a prize to the member breaking the most targets out of 300 shot at during the year.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament to be held at Passaic, N. J., on May 10 and 11 is exciting considerable interest among Jersey shooters.

Programmes for the State shoot will soon be forthcoming. There will be an immense list of valuable prizes in the State events.

It is understood that the Newark Gun Club is soon to re-organize and adopt some systematic method of practice shooting.

In a recent team match between the West Newburgh (N. Y.) and Marlborough gun clubs the latter won by 5 targets.

Saratoga will catch a big crowd of both experts and amateurs. The \$100 given for average prizes is quite an attraction.

The Coatesville (Pa.) Gun Club has reorganized for the season with 27 members. W. T. Gordon is president.

Harvey McMurchy and M. F. Lindsey have left the Pacific coast and started on their return eastward.

The Knoxville shoot promises to be "the event" of 1893 and every shooter should be on hand.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

New Jersey State League.

The third monthly team shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League took place on the grounds of the Independent Gun Club at Plainfield, on Thursday, April 20, and a bleak and dismal day it was. From early morn until late at night the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew more than half a gale, the air was chill and piercing, and taken all in all it was a good day for remaining at home. But Jerseymen, and especially Jersey trap enthusiasts, are not as a rule frightened by "a bit of weather," and on this particular day five teams of five men each reported for the State championship race. Each man shot at 25 artificial targets, which same were wholly at the mercy of the breezes, flitting hither and thither in most erratic fashion and rendering good scores an impossibility. In fact twenty was high out of the twenty-five scores shot in this race, while in the sweepstakes only one clean score was made, this being a straight ten in event No. 1 by Fred Quimby.

Below are the team scores in full, the Endeavors of Jersey City and the Maplewoods of Maplewood tying for first place on 76 breaks each:

South Side Gun Club, Newark.	
Breintail	110110110100110101011-16
Geoffroy	1011001010101011101000-12
Whitehead	10111110010111101110-19
Hedden	110100101101110101001-33
Heritage	10110000001101010011-71
Endeavor Gun Club, Jersey City.	
E Collins	111101011111110111011-20
Post	111100011010101001011-15
Sealey	0101011000111111001010-14
Quimby	001010001101001010101-13
McPeck	1011100000110111011001-76
Myrtle Park Gun Club, Irvington.	
J B Allen	001000000100101010110-10
Compton	101110011100001001111-14
T Smith	001100010100010101000-9
E N Young	01101010101000101100001-11
Palmer	0001010011010011100101-12-56
Bolling Springs Gun Club and Game Club, Rutherford.	
Richmond	000001011100001010010-10
McAlpin	1100111010010101010100-13
Chas Smith	10100000011111010101-16
P A Jeanneret	0000011001001010100001-9
Huck	1001101101010101010001-15-63
Maplewood Gun Club, Maplewood.	
W Drake	1010101001010101010101-13
C Dean	11110010010101010101-18
War Smith	1000111011010101010100-12
Yeomans	00110101111101010101-18
F Van Dyke	01011100001101010101-15-76
It was intended to shoot a series of ten sweepstakes in addition to the team race, but the weather conditions were such that only four were shot, these being 10 targets each, 51 entry. The scores follow:	
No. 1.	
Hedden	1101110-7
Breintail	101010100-5
Richmond	010101010-6
Van Dyke	101110110-8
C Dean	010101011-6
Drake	100101011-6
Creveling	100010101-3
Whitehead	001101001-5
"Dutchy"	010101010-6
Heritage	101010101-4
Quimby	11111111-10
No. 2.	
Pierson	101010101-5
Yeomans	101010101-5
Siggins	010100101-3
Pail	001101010-6
Collins	01010101-7
Terry	10111010-7
No. 3.	
Hedden	1011011-7
Breintail	1011011-7
Richmond	0101011-6
Van Dyke	1011011-8
C Dean	0101011-6
Drake	1001011-6
Creveling	1000101-3
Whitehead	0011010-5
"Dutchy"	0101010-6
Heritage	1010101-4
Quimby	1111111-10
No. 4.	
Pierson	10110101-6
Yeomans	10110101-5
Siggins	01010010-3
Pail	00110101-6
Collins	01010101-7
Terry	10111010-7

The Whitehouse Gun Club.

The Whitehouse (N. J.) Gun Club held an all day tournament at targets on April 19, the weather conditions being favorable, but the attendance light. The scores follow:

Extra event No. 1, 5 targets, 50 cents entry: Hoffman 4, Bishop 4, Anderson 2, Picken 1.	
No. 2, same: Bishop 5, Anderson 3, Picken 2, Hoffman 2.	
No. 3, same: Bishop 3, Anderson 2, Hoffman 2, Picken 1.	
No. 4, same: Hoffman 4, Bishop 3, Anderson 3, Rockafellow 2, Picken 1.	
No. 5, same: Hoffman 4, Rockafellow 4, Bishop 2, Anderson 2.	
Regular programme, each at 10 targets, 51 entry:	
No. 1.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 2.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 3.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 4.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 5.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 6.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 7.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 8.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 9.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 10.	
Anderson	010101011-6
Rockafellow	111111101-9
Voorhees	011111101-9
Lange	011111101-9
Bishop	111110101-8
Hoffman	100001010-3
Cramer	100101001-4
Wooden	101101001-6
No. 11, same: Voorhees 9, Cramer 8, Rockafellow 7, Bishop 5.	

Change of Date.

PRITTSBURG, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a meeting of the tournament committee of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, held April 19, it was decided to change the dates of the Passaic, N. J., tournament from May 10 and 11 to May 19 and 20. The previous dates would conflict with the tournament at Saratoga, and we deem that shooting does not gain by a conflict of dates when it can be avoided.

The new dates I hope will give general satisfaction. Let me announce also that the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association has decided to hold the third tournament of their series at Altoona, Pa., June 21 and 22. Full details will be furnished in a few days.

ELMER E. SNARE,

Manager Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Shooting at Wapsonock Park.

THE Altoona (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club held the first of its regular series of shoots at Wapsonock Shooting Park on April 19, the weather being damp and chill. There were seventeen shooters on hand, a fine turnout for a club shoot. The events were at ten targets each and the scores were fair despite the fact of the targets being hard breakers. The scores:

No. 1.	
Killits	111111111-10
Kelly	111111111-8
Banks	111111111-7
Senator	101001101-4
Quirk	111111101-8
Clark	111111111-10
W E Bell	111111101-9
Grant	000011001-4
Shank	000010000-1
Doerr	001100010-4
G T Bell	000110000-4
J Steer	000001001-2
T H Holtzinger	010010100-3
Spanogle	110101101-7
Wilkinson	110101010-5
Patterson	101111101-6
No. 2.	
Killits	011101111-8
Quirk	011101101-6
W E Bell	111111101-8
Banks	111111101-8
Kelly	001001010-3
Senator	010111101-8
Doerr	111111101-9
Doerr	111101101-6
Grant	000101101-5
Shank	000010010-3
G T Bell	001101101-6
Holtzinger	110110001-5
Patterson	111101101-9
Sher	100001000-2
Cole	000011111-5
No. 3.	
Killits	010110111-6
Clark	000111110-6
Kelly	111111101-8
Kelly	000010010-3
W E Bell	111111101-9
Banks	000100101-3
Senator	010110111-7
G T Bell	111111100-8
Grant	101011110-7
Shank	101010101-6
Doerr	000100011-3
Cole	111111101-9
Thieme	001000000-1
Herr	000001010-2
Patterson	000100111-4
Shank	101011111-6
No. 4.	
Quirk	011101101-7
Killits	111111101-8
W E Bell	111100011-5
Banks	000011110-5
Clark	111110110-8
Kelly	010010100-4
Senator	101110100-6
No. 5.	
Killits	010110111-6
Clark	000111110-6
Kelly	111111101-8
Kelly	000010010-3
W E Bell	111111101-9
Banks	000100101-3
Senator	010110111-7
G T Bell	111111100-8
Grant	101011110-7
Shank	101010101-6
Doerr	000100011-3
Cole	111111101-9
Thieme	001000000-1
Herr	000001010-2
Patterson	000100111-4
Shank	101011111-6
No. 6.	

The Powder Test Challenge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 2 you published a letter from Mr. M. F. Lindsley, which was written in reply to a proposition I had made to Mr. Elliott to have the comparative practical merits of Schultze and American wood powder fairly tested at live pigeons. Several expert shots were each to use both powders at an equal number of birds, at no time knowing which powder they had in their guns. Mr. Lindsley's letter was worded in a manner to impress those who do not follow a controversy carefully or who do not go into the merits of a powder closely, and who can be caught with bluff, bluster and humbug. Lindsley began his letter by saying that my "proposition was simply ridiculous," but was very careful not to attempt to say why, and wound up with a counter-challenge to test the two powders scientifically "for pressure, velocity, pattern and stringing of shot." He added: "To make this test interesting I will bet Mr. Von Lengerke \$500 to \$250 that the American wood powder beats Schultze in the above test, and I would further provide that the loser pay all expenses of same."

It so happened that I had deposited \$250 with the FOREST AND STREAM when making my proposition to Mr. Elliott. I immediately accepted Mr. Lindsley's challenge as made without reserve, which acceptance was published in your next issue, Feb. 9, and I requested FOREST AND STREAM to apply my check for \$250 as deposited in full for Mr. Lindsley's challenge. I offered to meet Mr. Lindsley at his own office or any other place he might prefer to complete arrangements. I accepted all of Mr. Lindsley's somewhat peculiar conditions, such as using only American-made guns for the test, etc., and even expressed my willingness to have the tests made at his own factory.

It is now over two months since my acceptance was published and my money deposited at your office, and in the meantime both FOREST AND STREAM and I have done what was in our power to make Mr. Lindsley come to the scratch.

Mr. Lindsley's attempt to let moss grow over the affair by profound silence speaks for itself. He has too much at stake to have the public learn the true nature of the so-called American wood powder, which he makes and sells, and thereby remove the peculiar conditions which have made it possible for Mr. Lindsley to keep such an unstable, impure and often directly dangerous mixture on the market so long. To invite and carry out a comparative and scientific test of American wood powder as against Schultze powder, would simply be suicidal, and since Mr. Lindsley's bluff did not work with me, he has been wise enough to crawl into his little hole and pull the hole in after him to be out of my way and the public's gaze.

The many sportsmen who have honestly thought that American wood powder was a reliable and stable article from apparently satisfactory results and the work done with it by the many subsidized experts throughout the country, can now draw their own conclusions and admire the sincerity, honesty and courage of their leader, who can be a good fellow and who was liked and befriended by me for a long time after he misrepresented and defiled me personally.

Mr. Lindsley cannot separate business from friendship. His utterances are not born of honest convictions, he is not able to successfully carry on a defense of his powder and not broad-minded enough to be fair.

However, I hope that in spite of Mr. Lindsley's refusal the proposed powder trials will be made. I shall also see to it that all those who would like to see a more detailed answer on my part which FOREST AND STREAM could not give in full, will be able to do so, as I shall compile the controversy in circular form. JUSTUS VON Lengerke.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Lindsley is and for some time has been in the far West. He is probably in California now or on his way there. We expect his return shortly, and after conference with him shall undoubtedly support him in his position. We have no reason to do otherwise, though we wish the matter had been made one of pure science and not a betting match. AMERICAN WOOD POWDER CO., ELLIOTT SMITH, President.

The Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, ILL., April 17.—Scores made here to-day for the Chicago Shooting Club badge, at live birds, under new Illinois State rules, first miss out; \$2 sweep added:

Ed Bingham.....122220 J M Hutchinson.....0
Geo Kleinman.....0 B Rock.....222220
R B Wadsworth.....122222 B Barto.....0
Rolla Heikes.....220 D Deadeye.....0
April 18.—Audubon Club, for club badge, at 15 live birds each, new Illinois State rules, handicap on birds, number of dead birds added to each man's score opposite his name:
P B Dissel.....1212112211—15 Wadsworth.....22212201112221 +0—14
C S Wilcox.....0111111222000—12—12 J E Price.....208111210100W.
F A Place.....121211022130102—1—13 Tom Stagg.....10020100W.
L Hamline.....2221220222220—1—14 A Torkington102121222111100—12
Hamline and Price tied for badge last shoot and to-day's shoot decided the tie in favor of Hamline. RAYLEIGH.

P. F. McKeon vs. F. A. Kerker.

The triangular match at live birds, which was billed to come off at Pelhamville on Friday between P. F. McKeon, P. A. Kerker, and J. J. Lewis, was only partially carried out. Mr. Loomis forwarded his regrets and requested a postponement, which Mr. McKeon kindly consented to. In the matter of that part of the programme, as applied to the match of McKeon vs Kerker, both parties being on the grounds, and the birds having been specially ordered for the match, it was decided to go on and shoot. The conditions were as follows: \$50 a side,

Kerker 90yds., McKeon 28, 5 unknown traps, 80yds. boundary, 25 birds each man, modified Hurlingham rules. W. J. Greenville was selected as referee, and the match started with Kerker at the trap. The scores are as follows:

Kerker.....	21112201120002211000—12
McKeon.....	212222220121210010011002—18
The birds were an unusually good lot with the luck in favor of McKeon.	
After the close of the above match the following miss and out sweeps were shot off, \$1 entry:	
No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.	No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.
F Kerker.....0 21 121110	W Bricker.....10 20
P McKeon.....0 0 1211210000	J Fay.....0 1122220002
A Kerker.....0 0 0	Bernhoff.....10
Davis.....11 11 10	Hendricks.....10 0
Levy.....0 ..	

Tacoma Boys Win.

SOME excellent scores were made yesterday over the traps of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, the event being a contest between A. G. Courtney of New York, representing the Lefever gun, and W. L. Colville, of the Hunter Arms Company of Batavia, N. Y., two experts from the East, and the members of the home club. The scores go to show that the Tacoma boys are at home even in hot company, Mr. Courtney being one of the best inanimate trap shots in America, having won championship after championship in the Eastern States. Messrs. Eberly and Denham shot as a team against Colville and Courtney, and, as can be seen by the scores below, the Tacoma cracks won by one score. Mr. Ellis made the highest individual score, having broken 47 out of a possible 50 clay pigeons, which is a credit to any professional. The scores:

Dr Smith.....	1110110111110101111111000111111111111110101—41
E E Ellis.....	1111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
E T Denham.....	011111111111111111111100101011111111111111—44
A J Eberly.....	1011011111111111111111011011011011011001111—42
A G Courtney.....	110111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
W L Colville.....	1111011101011111111111000111111101101111111—40
Mr Kimball.....	110110111011111100110111111111111111111111—41

Shooting Match at Coney Island.

R. F. CLAYTON, OF TAMAUCA, PA., WINS THE STAKES.

A party of about twenty-five Philadelphia sports visited Coney Island last Monday and had a fine afternoon sport with the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club members at their grounds. A triangular match was arranged between C. E. Morris of the home club; R. F. Clayton, of Tamauca, Pa., and J. J. McGlone, of Philadelphia. Clayton shot a good race, winning easily, Morris being second. The whole party were handsomely entertained by the Atlantics, and their visit was extended for three days to see the sights. Owing to the scarcity of birds the originally arranged match did not come off. The scores:

C E Morris.....	21022222000121121222221—18
R F Clayton.....	211222212121212010102120—20—38
J J McGlone.....	221111112101111111112121—23
	1212221211111102121021—21—44
	0211202002222212011111—15
	11121110101101101101110—33
Sweepstake, ten birds, \$5, one money—C. E. Morris, 10; R. Newton, 8; C. Snedecker, 8.	

Unknown Gun Club.

FIFTEEN members of the Unknown Gun Club competed for the club championship medal and extra prizes at Dexter Park on Thursday. J. Bohling was the winner with a straight score of seven. The sweepstake shoot at three birds, then miss and out, was very lively between Capt. Ice Hyde and W. Boyd, the former winning on the thirteenth round. The scores:

G Marlborough.....	4	Capt Hyde.....	5	C Ring.....	1
R Sweeney.....	1	J Sampson.....	5	H Lohman.....	3
J Flynn.....	6	E Vroome.....	6	H Boerman.....	3
N Boyd.....	3	J Akhurst.....	5	H Van Staden.....	4
J Bohling.....	7	H Hall.....	6	Dr Little.....	6

Crescent Gun Club.

ONLY ten members of the Crescent Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot of Friday at the Dexter Park grounds. Birds were very scarce, but the majority were fast flyers. Five tied for the medal and first prize, and all ties were decided in the sweepstakes which followed. The scores:

P Jones.....	5	J Vagts.....	5	C Mohrman.....	7
G Ellerhorst.....	7	O Hull.....	7	W Gilman.....	7
O Hilton.....	6	J Rathjen.....	6	J Passmore.....	5
L Hopkins.....	7				

Emerald Gun Club.

TWENTY members of the Emerald Gun Club were present on Tuesday at Dexter Park and held the first shoot of the new season for the gold medals. Several ties in Class A were made which will be decided at the next shoot, the birds being scarce. The scores:

T P McKenna.....	6	C Maesel.....	2	W E Hogan.....	4
J Warfel.....	5	L D Schultze.....	5	P F Russell.....	7
R Regan.....	3	P Fitzgerald.....	5	J H Moore.....	5
E Doenick.....	6	G Grieff.....	5	J Matthews.....	3
L H Gehring.....	4	J H Voss.....	7	Dr Horn.....	5
J Maesel.....	4	T Cody.....	4		

Maplewood Gun Club.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., April 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed find scores of the regular monthly cup shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club, held April 23. Shooting was at 50 single blue rocks, 5 traps: W N Drake.....1110110111111111111111111111111111111111111—41
O L Yeomans.....111—45
W Smith.....01111101101110101010111110010111110101111110—37
E Reeves.....1011011100000101000111100011110001111111111—29
W Van Idesdine.....101111111100110001001101101011111111111111—36
J A Siggins.....101111111010111111111111111111111111111111—40
Dr Fisher.....1001101111111111111111111111111111111111111—41
MOHEGAN.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. A. H., Parker's Glen, Pa.—I wish to know if Schultze powder is safe to use in my 12-gauge hammerless, \$50 grade, Wilkes Barre gun. I have been told that three drams Schultze powder would strain and spoil the gun. Ans. You can use three drams of Schultze powder (measure) in your Wilkes Barre gun with safety.

W. P. M., Velasco, Tex.—Please let me know where I can procure seed of wild rice and celery, also when should I plant so as to grow available for ducks next winter. Ans. We believe that all the dealers we generally recommend have sold out their supplies of these seeds, and if such were not the case we would not advise your planting at this time of year, when the seeds have in great measure lost their vitality. See answer to P. R. C.

L. A. T., Jr., Kendallville, Ind.—I send you to-day by mail the head of some eagle or hawk, which I should like to know the name of. Several of these birds have been seen around our lakes for the last two years. This one was shot to-day. It measures 5ft. from tip to tip. The back and upper part of wings is dark brown. The lower parts of the body are white. The feet are grayish blue, claws black. Several people who have seen it call it a bald eagle. Ans. Osprey or fishhawk (*Pandion haliaetus*). These birds should not be shot, but protected.

E. L. B., Belvidere, Ill.—Can you tell me how to tell the male from the female in Canada geese? Have shot several this spring and have two alive. They look alike, except one is somewhat larger than the other, and would like to know if I have a male and female. Ans. There is very little difference in appearance or size between the male and female of the Canada goose. Possibly one of your birds is a Hutchins goose. If so, it should differ from the Canada goose in size and also in the number of tail feathers. The Canada goose averages about 36in. in length and has 18 tail feathers, while the Hutchins goose only measures from 25 to 30in. and has but 16 tail feathers. They are found associated together.

P. R. C., New York.—Will you please inform me through the columns of your paper of the following concerning wild rice: 1. How late in the season would it be advisable to plant it in Maine, and when would be the best time? 2. In what sort of place and in what way should it be sown? 3. In feeding do the ducks dive for it? Ans. FOREST AND STREAM contained an illustrated article on wild rice Aug. 25, 1892, which it would pay you to read. 1. The best time to plant wild rice is in the fall just as soon as the seed can be obtained. 2. It should be planted on a mud bottom where there is little or no current, and if possible where there is no other vegetation. It will grow in water 6ft. deep, but does best in shallow water. The seeds should be soaked in water an hour or two before planting, as they will then sink at once and not be carried away by wind or current from the place selected. 3. Yes.

FOREST, Boston, Mass.—If I know how many grains of powder in a rifle shell and how many grains of lead in front of it, is there any way that I can tell just how far that bullet ought to travel and do it accurately, or does it lay entirely with the make of rifle I am using; or again, if I pick up my Winchester single-shot .38-90-217 express and want to know just how far it will do accurate shooting, how can I tell of course we take into consideration that I load my shells with the best material or buy them already loaded? Ans. The distance a certain bullet will go when driven by a certain powder charge is a matter for experiment rather than mathematical reasoning. Wind and atmospheric conditions, shape and temper of the bullet, strength of powder, weight and manipulation of the rifle, etc., all have an influence on the trajectory that are very difficult to compute. Theoretically, and without taking these troublesome conditions into account, a bullet fired from a rifle, the axis of whose bore is parallel to the surface of still water, will continue in air the same length of time that a second bullet simultaneously let drop from the height of the bore will continue in air. Gravity acts on both bullets with exactly the same force, and the distance the bullet will go depends, therefore, on its velocity. It has a fixed period of travel, viz., the fraction of time that the bullet let fall occupies in reaching the earth, and according as it has greater or less speed will go a greater or less distance. Taking into consideration the resistance of the air and having determined the muzzle velocity of the bullet, it is not a difficult matter to compute its range. The greatest range is attained when the gun is fired pointing upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. But, as we said before, the most satisfactory way is by actual experiment. Shoot across a body of still water and have some one observe the distance attained by a number of bullets and then measure the distance, preferably by means of a theodolite.

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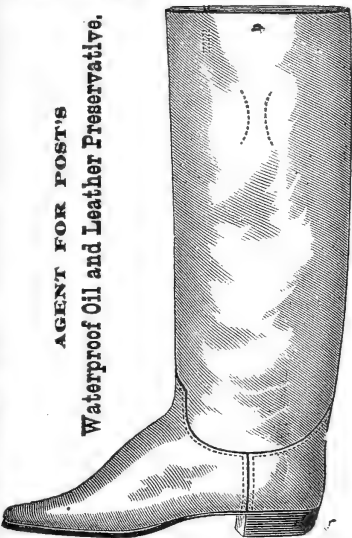
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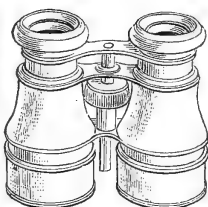
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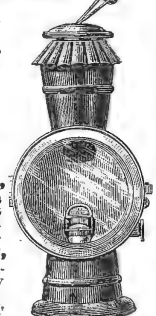
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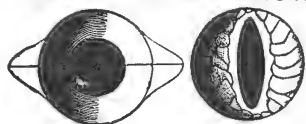
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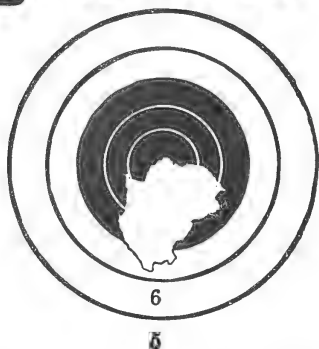
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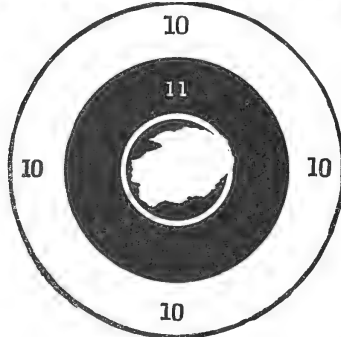
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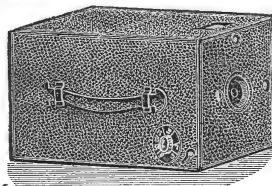
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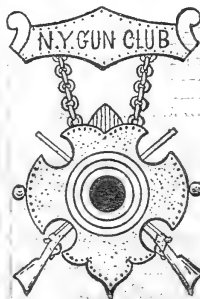
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NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1893.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page VII.

On and after May 1 the Western office of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. will be permanently located at 909 Security Building, cor. Fifth avenue and Madison street, Chicago.

WE call the special attention of our advertisers to the line in our prospectus in regard to the time for receipt of advertisements, which reads, "Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted." Knowing that we sometimes accept copy later than this date, many of our advertisers have gotten into the habit of sending us matter designed for insertion in some special issue, Monday, Tuesday and even Wednesday before the day of publication. This week there were no less than eighteen advertisements received at this office during the twenty-four hours after noon Tuesday. Many of them were important, and the majority requested insertion in, or related to, the issue of this week. None of these advertisements could be attended to, and no doubt the gentlemen who sent them will call us to account for their non-appearance. For their benefit we will state that it is not possible to handle advertising copy after Tuesday morning, and that advertisements sent in Saturday always receive the best attention, and are guaranteed insertion in the following Thursday's issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

THE CONNECTICUT BASS LAW.

A DECIDED backward step is now threatened in Connecticut by a change proposed to be made in the law for the protection of the black bass.

Heretofore there has been a close season for that fish from May 1 to June 10, but as observation has shown that in some of the colder waters of the State the bass are still guarding their spawning beds on the 20th of June, an effort was made to extend the close season over the whole of that month. A further reason for such extension may be found in the fact that, even after the eggs are hatched, the parent fish remain for some time with the school of fry, protecting them from enemies and generally looking after their welfare. This protection before and after hatching is essential to the safety of the annual bass crop.

A bill providing for a close season during May and June was carefully drawn and presented in the House, referred to a committee, approved by that body, and favorably reported. No hostility to the bill has been met with up to this time, and it was thought by its friends that the measure would pass the House without trouble. When it came up, however, it met with violent opposition. Efforts were made to tack on it a number of amendments, and the bill was finally so changed that the close season only covers the month of May. Thus, if the bill should become a law, ten days will have been lost to protection when twenty days should have been gained.

Such shortening of the close season would seriously injure if it did not altogether ruin the bass fishing in Connecticut, which in the past has been very good. There are in that State many waters which have been stocked by private means at considerable expense of time, trouble and money, and which are now open to the public, and give good fishing to all. It is a short-sighted selfishness that would undo all the effort that has been expended in replenishing Connecticut waters, by making it legal to destroy the bass at the season of the year when they most

need protection. It is certainly to be hoped that no such unfortunate change as the one proposed will be made. Instead of this, further legislation extending the close time to the first of July should be had before the present session of the Connecticut Legislature comes to an end.

LIVE GAME FOR STOCKING.

OUR issue of April 20 contained a note from a Chattanooga correspondent alluding to the netting of quail for exportation from Tennessee, to stock exhausted game fields in other States. Elsewhere in the South quail netting is conducted on an extensive scale, notably in West Virginia; and tens of thousands of the birds annually are sent North for stocking purposes. For the most part this industry is prosecuted in direct and more or less open violation of law, for the export of live quail is specifically forbidden.

Last week a Wyoming correspondent wrote of the capture of big game alive for shipment to Eastern game preserves. It will be recalled that a year or two ago an outcry was raised by certain Maine club men on the occasion of the capture of live deer in the snow for Mr. Austin Corbin's game park in New Hampshire. The big game industry too is in violation of law.

How well founded may be the complaints that this exportation of small and large game alive affects the native supply to an injurious or appreciable extent, we do not undertake to say. In the Maine deer case it appeared hardly probable that the capture of a few deer would have any measurable effect one way or the other upon the superabounding stock in those woods. Certainly the purpose of the capture is a commendable one; and since that purpose is not the destruction of the birds and the deer, but their increase, some provision might be incorporated in the law by which the business of transporting game from one section of country to another should be conducted to a reasonable extent legitimately and openly and above board.

Under existing conditions, a sportsmen's club in the North, which orders live birds from West Virginia, for stocking, is virtually inciting, aiding and abetting a violation of the West Virginia quail law. The end sought, it is true, is a good one, and of all violations of the game laws, this is perhaps the one which might be winked at. It is a case concerning which, as the good old Knight of the "Spectator" would say, "much might be said on both sides." And yet the position is one in which the average sportsman would hardly care to place himself.

As the preserve system shall grow—and it is developing with giant strides—the traffic in live game will increase in a proportionate ratio. Foreign species will in a degree supplement the American birds, and if quail netting could be restricted to capture for stocking purposes only, there would be slight ground for apprehension that the traffic would seriously impair the native stock.

SNAP SHOTS.

A CLIPPING from a Texas paper announces that an official of one of the Panhandle counties of that State has made a contract with a Kansas City firm to deliver 30,000 dozen prairie chickens within the next five months. These birds, it is said, are to be sent to Chicago to fill a contract made with parties in that city, so that Chicago may have a supply of these birds during the whole time of the World's Fair. It is hard to imagine that 360,000 prairie chickens could be delivered by any one contractor, but it is certainly worth the while of the authorities of Texas to investigate this matter and to endeavor to protect the birds that still exist in the Lone Star State. The game of Texas, like that of other plains States, has been ruthlessly slaughtered, and to-day there is little of it left in comparison with what there used to be. This little should be preserved by every legitimate means. The destruction of the prairie chicken over so large a portion of the territory where it was once enormously abundant is still fresh in the public mind. This is one of the birds whose extermination over a vast territory has been complete, and unless measures for its preservation are soon taken in sections where it still exists, it seems likely that in the course of a few years it will stand in the same position now occupied by its relative the heath hen of Naushon; that is, may exist only in little colonies which are always growing fewer in numbers and are speedily to die out.

The most praiseworthy quality possessed by the originator of newspaper fakes is ingenuity, and when to this ingenuity is added a knowledge of the subject about

which he is writing, the fakir often succeeds in giving a very realistic air to his inventions. The average gunner will hardly give credit for success in this respect to the originator of the yarn recently published about the Connecticut blind man who, though totally blind, is a most enthusiastic and successful gunner. It is said that he has been blind for many years, but his love of shooting was so great that he would not allow his infirmity to keep him out of the woods, so he went abroad with gun and dog, shooting at the sound when the birds got up. At first he was unsuccessful, but after a while he learned to locate the bird from the sound, and he has now become so expert that nearly every shot tells. Those of our readers who are familiar with the eccentric and buzzing flight of Connecticut ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock, and so know how difficult it is to stop them, even when one is in possession of all his senses, will hardly need to be assured that this tale is one of the many inventions of the fakir. There is no such blind man; if there were he does not go shooting, and if he did go shooting he does not kill his birds.

No great surprise will be felt, we suppose, at the general satisfaction expressed by our readers on the reappearance in FOREST AND STREAM of the "Danvis Folks." In "Uncle Lisha's Shop" Mr. Robinson first introduced us to these living characters of a century ago, and in "Sam Lovel's Camps" their sayings and doings were still further chronicled. So it is that to our older readers Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovel, Gran'ther Hill and the inimitable Antwine are old friends. It is good to see them once more and to feel that their quaint humor and their simple joys and sorrows will bring to us again, as in years gone by they have brought, laughter and tears. So we welcome once more these people, who by their very simplicity and naturalness are so remarkable, and the more we see them the stronger grows our affection for them. To every man, woman and child who has lived along the border between New England and Canada, these characters appeal with a strength that can hardly be measured in words, and many of those who were once familiar with such characters, and then moved far away and lost sight of them, feel in reading Mr. Robinson's sketches as if they had been carried back to the days and the associations of their youth. It is perhaps natural that already we should begin to compare "Danvis Folks" with the two volumes from Mr. Robinson's pen which preceded this series, but it is not time to do that yet. No intelligent comparison can be made until the present series has been completed; but we believe that most of those who have read the three will regard the one now appearing as equal to, if not surpassing in interest and charm, either "Uncle Lisha's Shop" or "Sam Lovel's Camps."

By the recent change in the New Brunswick game law the non-resident license fee provision has been expunged from the statute books of that Province. New Brunswick game is now as free to outsiders as to the residents of the Province, and the neighborly spirit thus displayed will no doubt be appreciated by all Americans.

ARTHUR WOOD.

It is with sadness that we record the death of our correspondent, Arthur Wood, of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Although Mr. Wood's health had been poor for years, no great anxiety was felt about him, and his death was entirely unexpected. He had gone to his office on the morning of April 24, and after complaining of weariness lay down on the lounge and in a few moments breathed his last. Mr. Wood was born in England in May, 1832. His parents came to this country when he was yet a child, and settled in Massachusetts. At the age of 20 he went to Grand Rapids. He served in the war with high credit, and at its conclusion embarked in the business of carriage making at Grand Rapids. This business he carried on successfully up to the time of his death. Mr. Wood was an enthusiastic angler and was long a contributor to FOREST AND STREAM. Many of our readers will have read with interest the quaintly humorous, short sketches under the title "My Chance Acquaintance," at present being printed. Mr. Wood suffered from deafness contracted during the war, and it was perhaps in part this infirmity which made him so fond of angling. The Grand Rapids Democrat says of him:

"Mr. Wood, of all things, was a fisherman. Shut off from the ordinary intercourse of society, he took his rod and in his boat communed with nature alone. He never lost a certain charming warmth of manner which made him friends with young men, and at sixty his greatest pleasure was to sit around and tell a good story—fishing story—which would pass the laugh along. His business career was made successful by honor and industry. In private life he was a clean man; a true friend, a good husband and father."

Mr. Wood's private letters to this office showed him to be a man of most genial, kindly nature, as well as of clear, logical mind. His personal qualities greatly endeared him to all those with whom he was brought in contact, and in the city which for many years he made his home, his death leaves a real gap which will not easily be filled.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.—IV.

My aged friend and myself had been fishing a little, but skirmishing around a great deal in a careless, indolent sort of a manner. Along toward noon we sought the friendly shade of an old sawmill as a good place to cool off, rest and eat our lunch. What was now a dilapidated tumble-down ruin showed plainly that it had once been a well-built, substantial structure, and erected at an early day, as the huge timbers showed the marks of the scoring and broadax.

"Rather an aged concern, but built for business," I remarked, after taking a quiet look around.

The old man said, "It was one of the oldest mills on the lake, built by a man by the name of —; he lived down the lake shore quite a piece. Ever know him?"

"Not acquainted with him, but I have heard him preach," I replied.

"Yes, he was a preacher, Indian missionary, banker, lumberman and a lot of things where there was any money in sight. He was a stirring, pushing old feller, as full of business as an egg is of meat. He was a born schemer, could see more holes in a skimmer than the man what made it, always ready to operate at a wedding, a funeral, land sale or a horse trade; could tell how many feet she'd cut to the acre as well as the best of 'em; count and take in money easy and quicker 'n a flash of greased lightning, but when it come to paying it out he was slower than January molasses.

"I logged for him one winter up the river here. He furnished the supplies and just money enough to keep the men going till the job was done in the spring. I ain't good at figgers and book-keeping, and as I said, the old feller lived nigh on to forty mile from here. We didn't git mail very often then. I was busy on my clearing. He fiddled faddled about one thing or another, put off the settlement on one excuse then another, till fall; then I took a big logging job and went into the woods and didn't come out till the next spring. Then I made up my mind I'd go down to his place and have it out with him. Well, I went down and the first thing I done arter I got thar was the very thing I hadn't oughter a done. I got full. Then I tried to get the old chap down on the dock; if I had I'd a thrown him in the river sure, but he wouldn't go with me, but I cornered him in his office, cussed him, abused him, and called him all the hard names I could think of, and I was well up in that line them days. The old chap took it all good-naturedly and kept cool, while I were red hot; but I soon burned out, left him and come home feeling terrible wicked. I was a talking about it one time up in the village, fer I was that mad I couldn't keep my mouth shet, when a timber hunter axed me where I logged. 'Why,' says I, 'on section —.' 'Are you sure it was on that section?' 'Yes, I am dead sure on't.' 'Then,' says he, 'you were cutting Uncle Sam's timber, for I happen to know that 'ere section has never been entered.'

"I found out that the man was right. Then, thinks I, here is a go, and I'll fetch the old man up with a round turn. I reckon the old feller heard something about it, for in a few days one of his clerks came to my place and told me that the old man was very much put out at the way I talked to him, and didn't feel much like hurrying along the settlement. The chap talked sweet and nice, said I abused the old man shamefully, that after I'd gone he said he never would settle till the tail end of an execution, said he'd never been abused so in his life before, but when told I'd been drinking, cooled off and said he would try and forget it. The clerk said the old man was disposed to do what was right and fair about it, but that I must make out another statement, as the other had got lost or mislaid; if I would do that he would see it were fixed up right away.

"Well, as I said, I ain't 'pert at figgers, and it took me some time, fer it were quite a job, but I got it done and sent it down. Then I waited a good while and didn't hear from it. I was just about thinking I'd write about it, when I got a letter asking why I didn't send that 'ere statement, they had been looking for it for some time. I wrote to 'em I had sent it just as I agreed to. They wrote back I must have sent it wrong, as they never got it and asked me try it again and to send it in the directed wrapper, which they inclosed.

"Arter a while I started another statement and put it in their wrapper. This they got, for in about two weeks I got a letter from 'em saying so, also that I'd better go over the whole business with some one carefully, because they were sure I'd made some mistakes, as I had given 'em credit for more money than they'd ever sent me. Well, I thought that looked kind o' square and honest like, but it were some time before I could get a good figgerer to go over it with. At last our Supervisor did it. We didn't change it much of any, but it was a more ship shape looking affair. Betwixt the dilly-dallying of one kind or another, it was getting along toward winter agin, when I got a letter from 'em saying they knowed I'd made a mistake somewhere, but as they were very busy and short-handed and didn't have the time to look it up, they'd settle according to my statement as soon as ever they could git their tally book, which was in the hands of their tally clerk, who had gone over to Canada to his mother's funeral. Jest as soon as he got back they'd send me a check for the whole amount I claimed.

"Well, sir, I reckoned I were well out of that scrape; that air trouble was over and done for. So I got my traps together, and arter telling the Squire up in the village what to do with the check, painted fer the woods agin, to stay all winter. When I come out the next spring, I were badly disappointed when the Squire told me he had not got any check for me from old —. So I got the Squire to write him a sharp, short letter, asking him why he hadn't sent it as agreed; but I got a shorter one in answer in about two weeks. It said, 'Aint going to send you a check, aint going to pay you a cent, because I don't owe you anything!'

"A neighbor fetched me the letter. I read it, jumped on a horse, and never quit cussing until the old Squire told me ef I didn't shut up he'd have me gagged. Arter a while I got cooled off so as I could talk English, then I told the Squire I wanted to make a complaint agin old — for cutting timber on Uncle Sam's land.

"When did you log for him?" says the Squire.

"Two years ago last winter," says I.

"Too late," says the Squire. 'Time is up and more, too; must make complaint inside of two years. No good now.'

"By the great general jumping jeeswax, didn't I get roaring, redhot mad, boiled over, got black in the face, choked up, fell down in a fit. Squire sent for a doctor. Felt as ef I'd been under a hay press when I come to, but mad as ever.

"The doctor kept me in the house a hull week, but it weren't all lost time. I'd calulated jest what I'd do as soon as I got out agin. I knowed where there was a lot of the logs in the lake, and as soon as ever I were able I floated 'em over on to my side and pulled 'em out on to my land. Thare I let 'em lay a while till they got dry. Old — and his son were a-running this mill then in company, and I sold them logs to the son for two hundred dollars more than the old man owed me, and I kept the money."

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

A. W.

DANVIS FOLKS.—IV.

Among Old Friends.

AN abashed titter broke the brief interval of silence and then Mrs. Purington entered, panting with the exertion of climbing the steep steps, with Sis, in the bashfulness of overgrown awkwardness, following close behind.

"Ef I hev got to come over here every tew three days fer the hull endurin' days o' my life," she gasped in tones whose reproachfulness was emphasized by her labored breathing, "it does seem as ef someb'dy might stick some planks er slabs er suthin' int' the fences to make it easier a-gettin' over. An' these 'ere back steps, it's julluk climbin' a ladder. I should think, Samwill, 'at you might kinder slant 'em someways. It does seem as ef my limbs an' my breath was a-gettin' shorter eve'y day, an' it does seem as 'outh I couldn't stan' it a-trapsin' over here much longer."

"Ef you'd holler er blow a horn when you was a-startin' I might go an' le' daown the fences for ye," Sam suggested cheerily, while he revolved plans for making the fences more impassable.

His mother-in-law acknowledged the suggestion by a sigh expressive of submission to continued injury, and having somewhat recovered breath, waddled over to the newly-arrived guests, whom she saluted with funeral solemnity.

"Haow du you du, Aunt Jerushy, an' haow du you du, Uncle Lisher? You haint well be ye, naow? You du look so wore aout an' tuckered, an' I p'sume tu say you're comin' daown w' that aire Western fever 'at so many dies on. You'd ort to go right to bed, an' take suthin', some boneset tea er pennyroyle er suthin'. I du wish 't I'd fetched over suthin', an' I would 'f I'd knowed you was a-lookin' so. But I do know 's I could ha' stood it tu ha' fetched anythin' but myself. Jest as soon 's I felt able arter I hearn you'd come, I tol' him I mus' come an' give ye a welcome an' make you feel tu hum, 'cause I knowed ye couldn't help feelin' 't you was craowdin' in, an' I p'sume tu say it will unconvenience Huld'y an' Samwill consid'able."

"Taint no sech a thing," cried Huldah, sharply, indignant and mortified. "They're jest as welcome as they c'n be, an' it's them 'at's duin' us a favor. An' they look jest as well as they did when they went away, an' we're so glad tu hev 'em back, mother, you're allers an' forever a tewin'."

"But then," continued Mrs. Purington, serenely unmindful of this interruption, "it haint probable 'at at your age, you'll be spared much longer in this vale o' tears." With the air of having administered consolation to all concerned, she heaved a sigh of relief as she seated herself at the window and lapsed for a little while into silence, sadly regarding the old people who sat burning in speechless discomfort till Aunt Jerusha ventured to say, "The can't nob'dy say 'at we come w'out bein' ast. But," she added with a tremor of fervor in her voice, "the' don't nob'dy know but them 'at's tried it, haow we did wanter come. Ef they did, they would n't blame us."

"An' they don't," said Huldah, flashing an angry glance at her mother, and then shutting her lips tightly together to keep back angrier words, she retreated into the pantry. "Not nob'dy 'at 's got any business tu," Sam supplemented in his quiet drawl.

His father made a show of mending the fire and went out on tiptoe for an armful of wood, having through long experience learned to employ the better part of valor, when a war of women's words impended.

Mrs. Purington put her apron to her eyes and rocked herself from side to side in silent endurance of the injuries that she felt were being heaped upon her.

"I wanter know if this 'ere is Sis Pur'n'n?" Aunt Jerusha asked, lifting her spectacles and looking intently at the girl, who was now shielding her bashfulness behind her sister, coming to the stove with a pumpkin pie. "Wal, it does beat all haow she's growed. Clean up tu yer shoulder, Huld'y, an' favors you an' her father. I'm glad o' thet." Mrs. Purington cut short a grievous snuffle with a sniff of contempt.

"So she does," Uncle Lisha assented after a critical inspection through the round-eyed glasses which he had put on for this especial service, "but Huld'y's chunkeder built."

"Yis, but Sis haint got her shape yit. I tell ye she's feat'ed and complected like the Pur'n'tns and not a mite like the Bordense's." Mrs. Purington sniffed again, and removing the apron from her eyes gazed through the window upon the outer world as if it alone interested her.

"Wal, Sis," said Uncle Lisha, "hev ye ever went an' got lost agin? What a carrummux you did make, tu be sure, a gittin' lost. But it was a mighty good job you did w'out you're knowin' 't was the best you ever done," and he beamed a kindly smile upon Sam and Huldah and the little girl, whose finding had brought them together.

Presently Mrs. Purington's vacant stare became focussed on some object outside and she exclaimed in a tone expressive of awakened interest in present affairs:

"Samwill Lovel, why, fer land's sake don't ye cuddaown that aire lalock, er trim it up, er suthin', so 's 't folks c'n see the pass? Wal, goodness hev massy, if that aire Antwine Frenchman haint a comin'. I was jest a goin' tu ast Uncle Lisher and Aunt Jerushy all about Westconstant an' all the folks there, an' naow there won't be a chance tu put in a word aidgeways w' his pleeggid French gab. Sis, we might 's well be a goin'."

Antoine Bissette entered without ceremony, bearing such important news to Sam that for a moment he noted the presence of no one else.

"Hey, Sam, gat you gawn, wha' you dawg?" Dey black fox jes go on Bahlett hwood not more as two hour 'go. Mah boy he'll seen." Then his astonished eyes became aware of his old friends. "Oh-h-h! Onc' Lasha, Aunt Jerusha. Was you be ghos'er was you be somebode, er was Ah 'il be dream? Oh, bah gosh. Ah 'il never see so, 'for 'stoneesh."

"Good airth an' seas! Take a holt o' my han' Ann Twine an' find aout whether I'm flesh an' blood," cried the old cobbler, and his vise-like grasp and familiar roar left no cause for doubt of his actual presence in the flesh.

"Wal, seh, Onc' Lasha," said Antoine, settling himself together on a chair after the rough encounter of greeting, "You was felt pooty 'live anyway, an' you'll ant gat great many hol' in de wes' bosc of it. No, seh, Aunt Jerusha an' you ant look no more hol' you was t'ree yea 'go. Bah gosh, Ah 'il glad of it."

"Same tu you Ann Twine, an' we're glad tu git back an' hev all aour frien's glad tu see us—thet is, most on 'em" he added, recollecting that Mrs. Purington might wish to be excepted and casting a sidewise glance at her. "You need n't think 'at I begretch ye a welcome, Lisher Peggs, ef I be begretched it in my own darter's haouse?" she said in a grievous voice, while she puckered the hem of her orange and blue calico apron between her fingers.

"Wal, wal," said he, "Ef folks didn't talk they wouldn't say nothin', an' I don't take no pride in what you said," and then turned the conversation again into the pleasanter channel whence he had maladroitly diverted it.

"Wal, Ann Twine, haow's yer folks an' all the child'n? Family growin', I s'pose?"

"Wal, Ah do know, Onc' Lasha, Ah guess dey ant be more as two or t'ree of it more, sin' you'll go 'way. But mah holst gal he'll gat marree, an' he'll gat bebbie, an' Ah'll gat for her grrran'poupa." He rolled the "r" of this new prefix to his well accustomed title as if its flavor was pleasant to his tongue, and he straightened himself proudly in his seat.

"You a grampa," Uncle Lisha said. "Good airth an' seas, man, you'll hafter let yer baird grow tu tell yerself f'm yer gran'child."

"Ah 'il can tol' it bah de nowse," Antoine laughed. "He'll ant spik Angleesh yit, an' probly he'll ant neyer spik it lak Ah 'il was," he added with a sigh that had something of satisfaction in it. "It's hopesin' he won't," said Uncle Lisha, but if Antoine understood this disparaging remark he did not heed it, but went on: "An' Ah 'il fregit for tol' you mah family been grow on 'tudder en' of it. Mah fadder an' mudder come for levee 'long to me."

"What, you ben gettin' on ye a father? Was he borned, tew, sen' I went away? You didn't uster hev none, an' I didn't s'pose you ever hed one in the nat'ral way, but they kinder faound ye in a kittle o' pea soup."

"Oh, Onc' Lasha, Ah 'il 'fraid you'll ant growed gooder no more as you'll grow holler. Ah 'il 'fraid you'll ant go to meetin' in de Wes'. Probly dey 'il ant gat some dere yet, hein? No, sah, Onc' Lasha, Sam fin' mah fader an' mudder daown to de lake w'en we was go feeshin', an' it was sup-prise of all of it. An' den, bombye, Ah 'il have it hol' man's an' hol' hwoman's come levee long to me an' Ursule an' Ah 'il was glad for be hable ta' care of it, me."

"Thef's right, Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha heartily. "an' don't ye never gig back on yer ol' folks." A shade of sadness flitted across the old man's kindly face and his wife breathed a suppressed sigh.

"Ah 'il goin' brought hol' man over for see you pooty soon," Antoine went on, as he whittled a charge of home-grown tobacco from a twist and ground it in his palm. "An' gat you for mek it some boot, so he can beegin for be Yankee. An' Ah 'il can mek you laughed for hear Sam talk French at it. Bah gosh, he 'il holler at it so you can hear it in de Forge w'en he goin'. An' he 'tink 'f he can holler laoud 'nough hol' mans can 'help for on'stan, probly."

"Antwine," said Sam, threatening the Canadian with the empty cider tumbler, and then filling it for him, "don't ye poke no fun at my French. It's the geniwine article, an' thet's the reason you Canucks don't onderstan' it. Ef you was tu go tu France, you'd hear 'em a-speakin' on't jest as I du."

"If dey spik it jes' sem as you was," said Antoine, briefly disposing of the cider, "Ah can go daown on de shore of de nocean an' heard it. Wal, you'll goin' after dat black fox to-day, probly?"

"Who seen it?" Sam demanded.

"Joe Hill tol' me he'll seen it an' he tol' me come toll you but mah 'pinion, he was lie jes' for sup-prise me of Onc' Lasha. Wal, Ah 'il be go, naow." And having fired his pipe with a coal, he went his way, leaving a long, odorous wake of rank tobacco smoke trailing far behind him.

"An' we must be goin' tu, Sis," said Mrs. Purington, "I haint hed a chance tu say a word, but I must go."

"Why no, mother," Huldah protested, "You an' Sis must stay tu dinner."

"No, no, I got tu git back an' git his dinner an' it's a gittin' late. I on'y come over tu chirk ye up, as I hope I hev at last, an' ask ye all tu come over tu Thanksgivin' tomorrow tu aour haouse. We haint goin' tu hev no gret, jest a turkey an' some high bush cranb'ry sass an' punkin pie an' sech, but sech as 'tis we want ye tu jine us, all on ye."

"We wa'n't callatin' tu go home this year nor no-where's," Huldah began faintly objecting.

"Wal, you got tu come. He's clean sot on it an' you must come. Aunt Jerushy an' Uncle Lisher, we want the privilege o' fillin' ye up tu start on w' sech as we've got. An' you must come tew, Timothy."

There was general assent, and so having made hospitable amends for the discomfort she had created, she departed. Panting as she gathered headway in her course across lots, she reminded Uncle Lisha vividly of the fussy little steamer that towed him to the last port of his recent voyage.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

The Hotel Dukinfield.

WE have learned with regret of the burning of Dr. W. R. Capehart's large and comfortable Hotel Dukinfield at Avoca, N. C. Many Northern sportsmen who had visited this place and enjoyed the surroundings and the pleasant people to be met there will feel a sincere sorrow to learn of the misfortune. It is to be hoped that the hotel will be rebuilt, for it was very favorably located and remarkably well kept.

Natural History.

YELLOW-BREAST CHAT.

In the month of June, 1886, one morning while rambling through the woods bordering on Frankford Creek, with my friend Frank J. Hoffman, we noticed a male yellow-breast chat, hopping from branch to branch in a huge oak tree. We stood for a few moments watching the maneuvers of this bird. Every few moments he would alight on a clump of blackberry bushes, and would peer down through the foliage and send forth a plaintive cry, resembling that of a catbird. As we approached the thicket, and began to investigate the attraction, we espied a nest with four callow young birds all dead. They had been drowned by the terrific rainstorm the day before. We were unable to find the female, though we watched and waited for nearly two hours to see if she would return to her dead offspring. I secured the male bird, and I have him and the four young birds mounted, and placed among my collection.

The yellow-breast chat is a very curious bird, in its song

trying to keep concealed from the eye of man, occasionally giving a sound like *chuck, chuck*. The food of the chat consists chiefly of coleopterous insects, but I have often found berries of different sorts in their stomachs, and their favorite food seems to be the fruit of the mulberry. I have never known one of these minstrels to live in captivity more than a few days. GEORGE BOWDWIN.

PHILADELPHIA.

FROM FURTHEST SOUTH.

A Sportsman's Pets.

I RECEIVED a note by a recent mail that is almost good enough for "That Reminds Me." At any rate, it seems too good to keep to myself and so I will transcribe it for the benefit of "Podgers," *et al*.

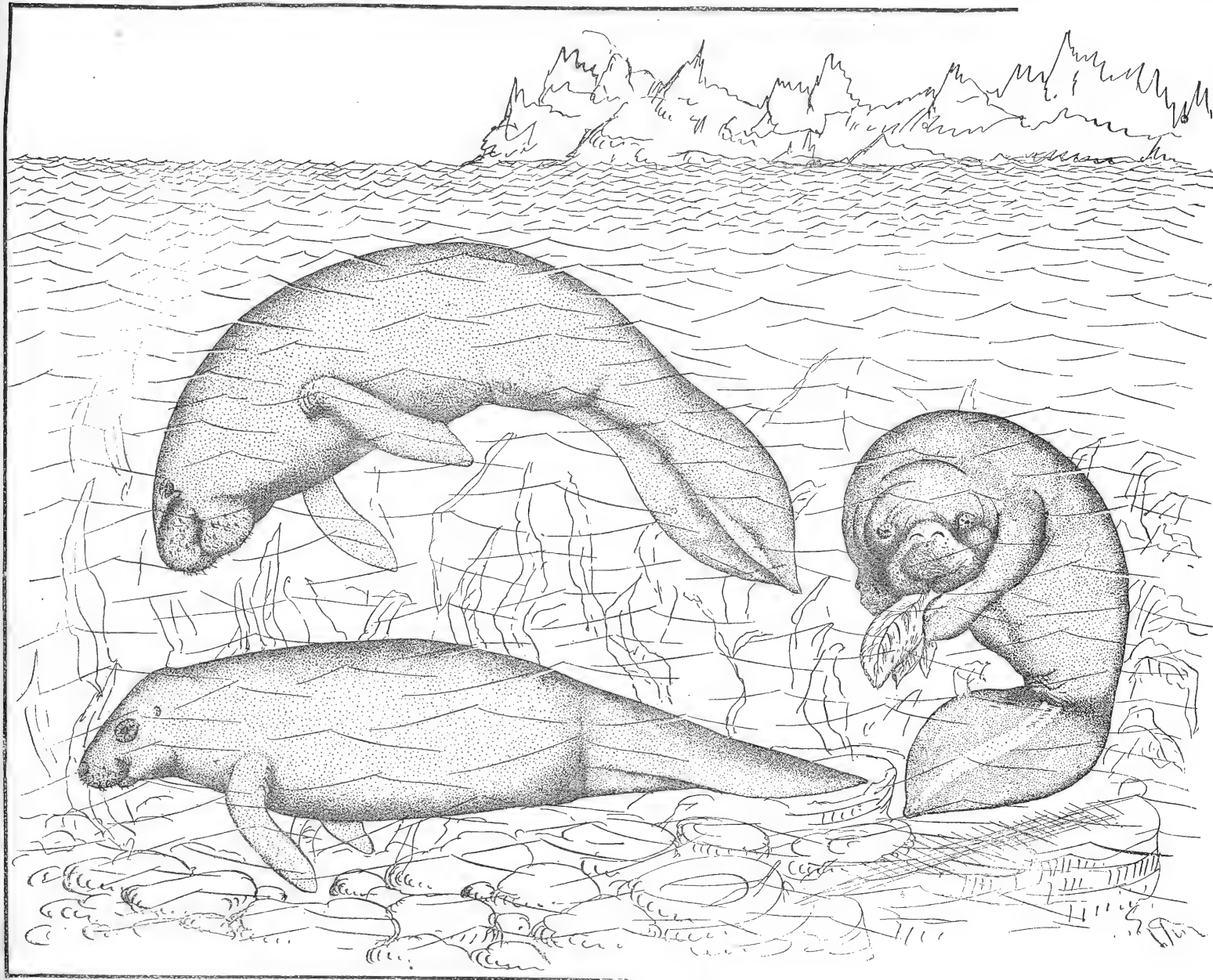
O. K. Chobee, Esq., Biscayne Bay, Fla. :

DEAR SIR—I read your piece on crocodiles and would like to know if you can get me some active young fellow to collect about one hundred (100) for me. I would want them blown in the side with one hole about the size of this (O). I will furnish blow-pipe.

Which moves me to remark that crocodiles unblown as well as blown are rapidly disappearing from these waters. They are being shot for their hides, for their skulls, their

ber of the *Sirenia*, a Florida manatee or sea cow (*Trichechus latirostris*), 10ft. long, 59in. waist measure, and of an estimated weight of 1,100lbs. "Lord Alfred" was captured about a month ago in Bear Cut, where a school of five made their home, by Ed. Pent and Fletcher Albury, the two best guides to the various fish and game haunts of this vicinity. They struck at him with a pair of grains, which, burying themselves in his flat, muscular tail held him fast without inflicting a serious wound. As the grains held the boys were enabled to tow the great beast slowly but surely across the bay, some eight miles, and bring their prize home alive.

Procuring him from them I placed him in a large, spring-fed stream of fresh water that flows at the foot of my lawn, and there he has dwelt in peace if not in contentment ever since. I was absolutely ignorant concerning manatees, save that their meat made capital eating, before the advent of "Lord Alfred," nor have I yet learned a tithe of what I wish to know about him. What I have discovered is that though possessed of a tail shaped something like that of a beaver and as powerful as that of a whale, he is the most harmless and gentle of animals. He is a herbivorous animal, and the strictest of vegetar-



MANATEES FEEDING AND SWIMMING.

as well as its actions, and differs greatly from most other birds with which I am acquainted. It arrives in Pennsylvania about the second week in May, and returns to the South again about the last of August. When he has once found a site for his residence, he is ever on the alert, shifting from one tree to another, watching for a mate to return from the South, as the males always arrive a few days before the females. As soon as he has found a mate he at once commences to select a favorite spot for building his nest. This is generally placed in a thicket of blackberry bushes, or among dense vines, not more than 3 to 4ft. from the ground. Mr. Frank J. Hoffman and I have often amused ourselves for hours at a time, listening to the ventriloquist as he may be called, on account of the power which he seems to have at throwing his voice to a distance.

The chats begin to build about the middle of May. Their nest is composed of dry leaves on the exterior, and these are lined with narrow strips of grapevine bark, fibrous roots of plants and dry grass. The female lays four eggs, flesh-colored, and speckled with spots of brown. The young are hatched in 12 or 13 days. While the female is sitting the cries of her mate are more loud and incessant. When once aware that you have seen him he will mount up into the air 20 or 30ft., his legs hanging down, raising his wings perpendicularly by repeated jerks, and his dancing maneuvers when in the air are very pleasing to the beholder's eye. On approaching her nest she will dart from it like an arrow from a bow, and hop from branch to branch beneath the dense foliage, always

teeth, and from pure cussedness their eggs are being dug up and destroyed wherever found, and unless speedily given some legal protection these interesting reptiles, like their cousins the alligators, will soon disappear from American waters. My pet crocodile, that I had raised from the egg, was destroyed last summer during my absence by some boys who claimed they thought "he wasn't no good."

Speaking of pets, I wish to claim for my collection a uniqueness not surpassed by those who waste their affections upon pet bears, buffalo, moose or elk. I began with baby coons, young alligators and a cage of chameleons. Then came "Crockett" the crocodile, brought to life in my own front yard through the incubating kindness of a sun-heated sandbank. He was quickly followed by "Bright" and "Early," two baby eagles of the bald-headed variety, brought to me from the nest when one week old. They were merely animated balls of down, unable to stand, but with beak and talons of adult size and voices of emphasis. From the first of January until the first of July did I fish daily, and almost nightly, in a vain struggle to satisfy the outrageous appetites of these young beggars. They learned to fly, to soar high among the clouds, to fight, to wake me at daylight by coming up on the piazza and screaming at the front door, "Fish! Fish! We want fish!" But never until I deserted them and went far away did they learn, nor show the least inclination to learn, how to feed themselves.

Most interesting of all, however, because the rarest of all, is my present pet "Lord Alfred," a full-grown mem-

ians, eating all sorts of roots and grasses, but preferring those that grow in salt water, and especially relishing the flat seaweeds known as "manatee grass." He is most active at night when he does most of his feeding.

Although he is keen of hearing his ears are invisible, while his eyes are so small as to give him a porcine expression. The most prominent feature of his head are the nostrils situated on top of, and near the end of, his nose. When under water they are closed by the most perfect of sea valves. These open the moment the extremity of the nose is lifted above the surface, and the creature slowly inhales long draughts of air. When active he exposes his open nostrils to the air about twice a minute, but when sluggish or sleeping I have seen him remain for fifteen minutes beneath the water without breathing.

While feeding he does not swim nor use his splendid tail-propeller in any way, but drags himself slowly along the bottom by means of his flippers, which, shaped like those of a turtle, are located well forward like a seal's. He has no fins or limbs besides these. His hide resembles that of an elephant in color and texture, and is dotted with an occasional hair. About his muzzle these grow more thickly, though even there they are bristly and far between.

Lord Alfred is as fat as butter; so fat that his skin near the tail and arms is ridged and folded with fat. At the same time he eats so little that I fear he is pining away, and am seriously thinking of setting him free to rejoin his sister sirens across the bay.

O. K. CHOBEE.

COCCANUT GROVE, FLA., April 17.

CUCKOO OR RAINCROW.

ARILENE, Tex., March 24.—I have read two articles lately in *FOREST AND STREAM* on the cuckoo in Maine and Canada. Is this the same as *Cacullus emorus* of Europe or a near relative of his? It had been my understanding that we had not that bird in America, or anything like him, and I was surprised to read the articles. If he be the same, came he here as a chance wanderer or was he brought over and naturalized among us? If so he would be, I believe, with the exception of the English sparrow, the only foreign wild bird that has become an American resident. I am very curious to learn more of this bird.

One who writes of him from Bethel in Maine says he appears there about the last of May. He is then a bird of passage, at least as to that boreal quarter. But from what region comes he up to Maine? I never heard of him in the South, though it is possible I may know him by another name. What manner of note makes he? *Cacullus canorus* sings *cuckoo! cuckoo!* as plainly as the human voice can sing it. I never heard it, but am so told by Europeans who were familiar with him in their native country.

But I suspect that the bird addressed as the cuckoo by your correspondents, is the same whom we call the rain crow in the South; a solitary, unsocial, mysterious bird who appears among us when the forest trees are in full foliage, hiding in the thickest coverts of the leaves, rarely seen, but making his presence known by a singular croaking now and then. He is called raincrow in the South, because they say his notes announce a coming shower, and I believe he does croak mostly about such times; not that he takes any interest in the shower, but that the spreading clouds shutting out the light of the sun, are more congenial with his secretive nature, making him a little bolder and causing his thoughts to turn to love. So his croaking is merely his love call to his female companion, more shy and secretive even than he, so well hid in the shades that her lord cannot find her unless she will reveal herself.

I speak of this bird as shy, but he is not much wild. It is easy to get within a few feet of him; but the trouble is he hides so well among the leaves that you can rarely get a glimpse of him except as he flits from one shady covert to another. Notwithstanding, I have sometimes managed to secure a real good look at him at close quarters for a few moments, and was amused at the expression of his large, beautiful black eyes, denoting more wonder than alarm as it seemed to me. I suspect that this bird, like the owl, cannot see very keenly in the full light of day, but he is not at all nocturnal. I have never seen their nests and never found a man who had. As I am practically without books on natural history now, I will ask *FOREST AND STREAM* to give me the name by which this mysterious bird is known to the scientific guild. Is he a member of the cuckoo family?

We have in this country another strange bird who performs the cuckoo song with such perfection that he would readily deceive *Cucullus canorus* himself. I heard it the first time at Marienfeld on the Staked Plain about ten years ago, which place had just been founded by a colony of Germans lately come from Europe. I asked one of them to tell me what the bird was. "Dot ish der cuckoo," said he. "No," said I, "we have no such bird in America. The cuckoo is unknown to American ornithology. Besides, I have been acquainted with the Staked Plain many years and never heard that note before." "So?" said he, "Vell, I tell you it ish der cuckoo, all der same, for I know him vell in der old coudry. Ven dere was no mens and vimmens here, den dere was no use for der cuckoo, and he come not den. But now dot dere be plender mens and vimmens here der cuckoo he comes natural. See?" He could not be persuaded that it was not the true cuckoo.

I now hear this bird almost every evening about dark, but have not been able to get a sight of him. Evidently it is an owl of some sort, but what one I cannot yet say.

N. A. T.

[Raincrow and cuckoo are two names for the same bird or rather for two very similar birds to which the names are applied without distinction. They are cuckoos, that is they belong to the family *Cuculidae*, but belong to the sub-family *Coccygine*, true cuckoos. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* is the black-billed and *C. americanus* the yellow-billed cuckoo. The latter is very likely the species referred to in the above letter. There is a third species, *C. minor*, the mangrove cuckoo in Florida and the West Indies.]

Bewildered Migrants.

MANCHESTER, Iowa, April 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot resist the temptation to tell you of a wonderful influx of birds during a snow blizzard which struck us April 19, and continued with varying severity till the afternoon of the 23d.

Robins by the thousands filled our streets and yards, and snowbirds of several varieties were here in huge flocks. With the above was a sprinkling of sparrows, warblers and other small birds unknown to sight in this vicinity. Fox-colored sparrows, white-throated sparrows, yellow-rumped and palm warblers, joined the robins in the intervals of storm, in a choir of song bewildering to one who had never heard their voices before.

Some of the warblers died from chill and exhaustion and must have been caught in the waves of the storm and been driven here.

On the 23d they began to disappear, and on the 24th there were left us no more than our usual number of robins, though the snowbirds and sparrows linger yet. In the country unusual flocks of snipe and other game birds were seen. Reports from the surrounding towns say that nothing of the kind was seen, and the probable theory of explanation is that we were the favored locality of refuge.

MRS. MARY L. RAME.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held at 8 P. M., at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, on May 17. The paper for the evening will be: "Remarks on a Recent Trip to Trinidad, B. W. I.," by Mr. Frank M. Chapman.

Bobolinks Have Come.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bobolinks, sprightly and powerful as of old, have arrived.

Mr. A. P. Rowley has for the past few years noted the

annual arrival of these birds, and here are the dates of their coming: 1883, May 4; 1884, April 23; 1885, May 4; 1886, May 8, 1888, May 27; 1889, May 7; 1890, April 29; 1892, May 2; 1893, April 29.

The ushering in of warm weather is quite generally associated with the arrival of these gay-coated warblers, in central New York at least, and as a starter to-day has been bright and warm—an ideal spring day, with an atmosphere freighted with the melody of birds and the perfume of flowers.

M. C. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

A DUCK HUNT ON THE SMOKY.

I HAD been hunting around the ranch in Sherman county, Kansas, for four days, shooting jack-rabbits that we had had served in every possible way by the cook. We had jack for breakfast, jack for dinner and jack for supper until we longed for something else, so on the fifth day we arose bright and early, hitched the team to the buckboard and started for the Smoky River to make war upon the ducks. There were three of us, Mort Price, Oscar Farmer and I, all enthusiastic sportsmen. The day was beautiful, and although it was but March 24 it seemed as if the sun would bake us.

We reached the river in fair time, at a point where it had doubled back on itself for three-quarters of a mile. Here Mort and I left the buckboard, and while he took one side of the bend, I took the other. Mort was the first to sight a flock and stalked to within easy range. As they rose from the water he fired both barrels and dropped one drake on the other side of the river, which at this point is only 3 rods wide.

I had dropped in the grass, and the flock, about 16 in number, passed to the right of me. But to the boom of my double-barrel three of their number fell and were left behind. I picked them up and went over to where Mort was stripping to cross the river for the drake he had shot. Although the day was warm the water was cold, and at every step he took he sank a foot in the mud. He got across, however, and went for the bunch of grass where Mr. Drake had fallen, wounded, but not dead, for when Mort was within 10 ft. of the bird it stretched its wings and flew away. My gun was on the ground beside Mort's, and by the time I had recovered from my surprise he was out of range. There was one pretty mad sportsman to be seen crossing the North Smoky about two minutes later.

We were soon on the *qui vive* again and it was my fortune to raise the next bunch of seven fine mallards. They were hidden in the grass and I did not see them until they rose within twenty feet of me. As I threw the gun up I pressed the right trigger and sent one charge into the water. With my left barrel I missed clean and have not yet forgiven myself, for that was the best shot I had that day. We spent two hours in the bend and bagged seventeen ducks and two jack rabbits.

We then drove five miles up the river, lariatied our team, ate our lunch, and while two of us hunted west along the river the other beat back among the bluffs for johnnies, the local name for cottontails. We tramped about three miles but did not see a duck, although they had been flying up the river all the morning. We were all pretty tired when we reached the team again and Oscar was the only one who had bagged anything. He had one jack and three johnnies. After half an hour's rest we hitched up again and drove back to our first place, but found nothing there. Then while Oscar drove east down the river for a mile, Mort and I beat in and out the bend. When near the team we started a flock of an even dozen. Mort fired first, dropped two and turned the rest over to where Oscar was sitting in the buckboard, and one dropped to his gun. A hundred yards further on I raised two redheads, fired right and left and got both. We were now very well satisfied with our day's sport, but it still lacked an hour of sunset, so we left the team and hunted down the river and back over the prairie for a mile. It was nearly dark when we reached the team again, the buckboard was loaded with ducks and rabbits, the three sportsmen were tired and hungry, with a drive of ten miles before them; but we were all cheerful and voted the day well spent, for our total bag amounted to twenty-seven ducks, four jack rabbits and five johnnies.

The nights are quite cool in this country, and when we reached the ranch we were all pretty cold and stiff. But we found a splendid supper awaiting us, with plenty of good strong and fragrant coffee, to which we did ample justice. By 10 o'clock we were all rolled in our blankets and until 8 o'clock the next morning I slept like a log.

GOODLANDS, KANSAS.

ROBERT W. KING.

NORTH DAKOTA GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to add to the list of game birds of this county, which was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* No. 9, Vol. XXXVI., March 19, 1891, with a few notes on same.

To the other varieties of wild geese I would add the blue snow goose, of which I have a fine skin. They are a rare migrant, flying usually with the flocks of snow geese. To the list of ducks I find in my notes that I can add several species that I failed to get in '91, although they were probably here. These are the green-wing teal—a duck that has not been so common as formerly, according to local authorities, owing, I think, to a lack of water, large bodies of which dried up during the years of '89, '90 and '91—lesser scaup, which are not uncommon in the spring; buffle-head, not common. Besides, there is the famed canvasback, which is shot now and then, though they are not as commonly killed as in the years prior to 1888, though I think there are more killed that are classed as red-heads, which I am told are killed in some numbers near Devil's Lake. Whooping cranes and trumpeter swans are not uncommon during the migrations, though they seldom stop on these upland prairies.

Of the smaller birds we have the Carolina rail, which breeds in some numbers in favorable localities; golden plover pass through here in small flocks, stopping to feed on burnt prairie and stubble fields, and also on fields where grain has been sown. Least sandpipers are common. Night herons breed to some extent, though they are hardly

to be classed as a game bird in this country of ducks and geese, and for that matter, neither are any of the rail, sandpipers and plovers, with the single exception of the Bartramian sandpiper, which are called plover and shot in numbers, and they are fine eating.

The fall of 1891 there was an unusually large flight of sharp-tail grouse that struck this county in the early part of November and were quite common until after the blizzards in December. There was a great deal of wheat left unthreshed standing in shocks and stacks, which the grouse took advantage of, as did the jack rabbits, which were very plentiful all the fall and winter. It is a favorite pastime during the nights of the full moon for gunners to go out around granaries and the elevators to shoot these hares when they come up to feed. They get very fat on their diet of wheat, and they are excellent eating in the early part of the season—but they commence to get rather strong during January. On Dec. 9, 1891, I saw a mallard duck flying over and around the town quite early in the morning. What it could have been after would be hard to tell, as all water had been frozen up since the latter part of October, and we had just experienced a severe blizzard for several days. It did not stay long, however, for shortly after I first saw it it was seen flying southeast as fast as wings could carry it.

There have been a great many antelope around the settlements in this county and as far east as Michigan City, on the Great Northern Railroad. Around this town there were three different bunches of them within from two to five miles. One bunch that was feeding within two miles of town were finally driven off about the middle of December and did not come back; another bunch of from fifty to seventy-five were seen for about a week some five miles west, but they left, and did not come back; another bunch that has varied in numbers fed on a flax field from November to February some three or four miles north. They were chased and shot at a number of times and some of them killed, but they seemed to have such a liking for the flax that they could not be driven off. The flax was cut and left in shocks in long winrows, and the antelope would strike one of these rows, which was completely buried under the snow, and follow it from end to end, pawing off the snow and feeding on the heads of the straw only. They fed up to within forty rods of a house, and often passed by much closer. They also fed around stacks of wheat and hay. This herd had a regular runway that they took when disturbed and ran back on to a big prairie, where it was impossible to get on to them.

At Bisbee, a few miles north of here, a party of men surrounded a herd of antelope and captured several alive, which I heard have become quite tame. At Rolla I heard of one that was killed with a pitchfork; it was feeding around a barn there. I also heard of two moose that were killed by half-breeds in Turtle Mountains, near what is called the Inner Mission.

ELMER T. JUDD.

CANDO, N. D.

California vs. Oregon.

Now, Mr. "Podgers," I want to talk to you privately a moment. Why do you's down there in California persist in trying to pick a fuss with we's up here in Oregon? We's wants to be friendly but you's are always slurring we's or twitting us about our misfortunes. What's the use of your insinuations about our "tropical climate;" or our "mid-winter oranges;" or our "perennial flower gardens" and all that. Of course we have lots of flowers but everybody knows that we have no oranges and are short on tarantulas, centipedes, rattlesnakes and scorpions. Everybody knows that all these require a nice warm climate and that a country where the thermometer can indicate 170deg. in the sun ought to be more productive in this line than one with a mean temperature of about 55. However, that old story about the soldier that died down in the southeast corner of California, went to Hades and had to come back after his blanket, is rather gauzy.

What's the use of you's telling strangers that it rains up here thirteen months of the year when you know that we's are so much further north than you's, that we have only twelve months in our year. Of course the pure-bred Oregonian never goes thirsty; but ours is "straight goods," while you fellows have to "irrigate" as it were. I'll bet that you haven't got a woman in your whole State that wears a No. 10 boot or knows how to make genuine Oregon slide butter. Suppose our girls have webs between their toes, they make good wives and good butter.

We's don't care for your oranges. Come up here next fall and I will show you a hundred billion acres of huckleberries and bears. Then too, what's the matter with our Columbia River Chinook salmon and the ringneck pheasant. You's can't make we's mad and we propose to go right on treating you kindly no matter what you say or do. If anybody asks us about your earthquakes we will never intimate that the ague of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys have anything to do with these exhibitions of seismic force. If anybody says anything about your Mojave Desert and Death Valley, we will surely call their attention to the fact that they are 300ft. below the level of the sea and therefore easily irrigated. By all means let us be friendly.

S. H. GREENE.

Eastern Maine Notes.

BANGOR, ME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Like Biele's comet, the flocks of wild geese are going all to pieces this spring. For the past two weeks detached flocks of from three to six have been "honking" about the fields, pulling near clover and flying aimlessly toward every point of the compass, and returning again to be shot at and trapped by the boys. I used to believe that the idea of every flock having a "leader" was a superstition. Now I begin to think it is true. Unless a flock with a "leader" comes along I presume these fragments of flocks will stay around all summer, provided they are not all killed. I shall keep watch and try to find out.

Ruffed grouse came through the terribly cold winter in good shape. Of course they are not plenty, and have not been so for ten years; but I have seen more this spring than for the past two years. It is not cold winters, but drenching rain storms during the breeding season that kill partridges. The female bird is very careless about selecting a site for her nest. So long as it is out of sight, and in a place where she can see out, the conditions are all filled. A heavy rain comes, the eggs are flooded and cooled off, and no chicks hatch. If we have dry weather the latter part of May and early June, there will be plenty of birds each fall. If it is wet the "seed" birds will have to struggle through another winter.

TOM FORD.

A FIVE DAYS' HUNT IN MEXICO.

TIA JUANA is the frontier town of Old Mexico, at the extreme northwest corner. One passes from the fertile, well-kept ranches of California, with their white houses, green barley fields, and orchards of fig, apricot and orange, with one step across the line, into the land of dirty idleness, adobe huts one story high with rush roof and no windows, fields uncultivated, and the inhabitants slothful and indifferent. The change is extreme.

We arrived by the little railroad, having left the Hotel del Coronado on Sunday morning at 4 A. M. An engine and one car took our host, E. S. Babcock, the president of the Coronado Beach Co.; our guide, Will Denton; A. S. Secor, of Toledo, a charming camp fellow and good shot, and myself, to the Tia Juana River. The gray mist of a semi-tropical morning was still hanging like a diaphanous veil over field and stream, the air was cool, and the sombre range of the Sierra Madre formed a dusky background to our first view of Mexico. We crossed the river on a narrow foot bridge and found the wagon waiting. Our destination was the Valley of Neji (pronounced na-hee), fifty-seven miles from the line and up 4,000ft.

The first ten miles of our route lay through the Valley of the Tia Juana. The Customs officers were asleep, and after conscientiously trying in vain to rouse them, we passed on. 'Dobe plain alternated with sage brush cover, and we continued to ascend to the foothills beyond. A rain of the night had made the 'dobe so sticky that the wheels of our vehicle looked like an engine's drivers and progress was slow. The "meadowlark's sweet whistle from the grass" sounded constantly in our ears, the active gopher and squirrel skipped nimbly from our path with tail in air, and eyed us with suspicion as we creaked along. The sun began to tip the snow-capped peaks ahead, and day broke. Many birds strange to the eye of the Eastern sportsman darted up from the road or slipped away like smoke into the chapparal. These were the road runners, shore larks or round swallows, butcher birds, Mexican yellow hammers and hawks galore, particularly the sparrow hawk and Western red-tailed.

As we ascended the road became rougher and in many places we had to relieve the mares by walking. At Gonzales we had to descend a steep pitch into a stream, broad but shallow. This it was necessary to ford. We lightened the load as soon as we found ourselves in difficulties, but the bright shining sand was soft and yielding, and after much urging the off horse lay down in mid stream. Babcock and I hurried to a ranch, a quarter mile away, and found the good-natured proprietor sitting beneath a giant live oak lazily smoking a corn-cob pipe. On the way we sprung a bunch of the bright-colored cinnamon teal from the tules at the stream side and two of them concluded to go with us. By most intelligent gesticulations Babcock held the following sign talk with the Mexican: "We are mired down below. Mr. Denton, with whom you are acquainted, is stuck in the sand, his horse is down, and we would be greatly obliged if you would bring that raw-boned pony of yours over and pull us out." Gonzales "caught on" at once. At any rate he brought the little nag down and we un hitched the gray mare and changed harness, and in fifteen minutes we were eating our cold lunch, sandwiches, figs, prunes, raisins and jam, washed down with Coronado water, diluted with some poisonous aguardiente, which Babcock had thoughtlessly put in the kit.

With the ardor of a sportsman and dilettante naturalist in a new land, I started off before the others along the road or trail which skirted the stream. Killdeer plover skimmed up under my feet, and with plaintive cry dropped lightly again on the sandbar. Three more cinnamon teal came to bag, and I flushed a nice bevy of quail, perhaps thirty, and as they lay in the sage brush started and killed a half dozen. Secor joined me and we began to have some good shooting, when the wagon drove over and its occupants informed us that we had wandered from the trail, and to get in and behave ourselves on Sunday. Valley succeeded valley, some fertile, others arid and bare. The ascent was steady, and we could note the change in temperature. We passed an Indian rancharia, a group of adobe huts occupied by the descendants of the famous Digger Indians. They were picturesque but filthy. We flushed many quail, shot a few for supper, and, like the excelsior boy, kept getting higher, until at sundown we began to see patches of snow about us. Just before dark we saw three mountain quail ahead, and secured two of these beautiful and toothsome birds, one of which, in skin, lies before me. Before it was completely dark we frightened a large flock of pigeons from a live oak close to the trail. Bill called them rock pigeons and said that they had a white ring about the neck—they are larger than our passenger or wild pigeon. We were now at the top of our ascent, on a comparatively level plateau, and the team bowled along at a lively gait in the dark. It seemed like tempting Providence, but the sure-footed beasts went over and through the sage brush, red shank and manzanita as though it were a boulevard lit by electric lights.

Wrapped in ulsters, shivering but happy, we trusted to our guide, who said he could see the wagon tracks of Dave Adams, who had gone up the day before with tent equipment and supplies. We completed our fifty-seven miles by 1 o'clock, having been en route since 4 A. M. We found Dave there, the tents up, and a camp-fire of live oak wood crackling and spluttering.

It took but a few moments to have some rabbit, quail and ducks cooked, some coffee made, and after fixing our blankets and bedding we turned in. Our bag en route this day consisted of ten quail, five ducks and two rabbits—shot from the wagon.

We were awakened at 5 o'clock by the summons to breakfast. The breaking day was clear and unclouded. It was cold, too—a quick transition from the semi-tropic to the frigid zone—and I felt this very strongly as I broke the ice in the pail to get some water. Breakfast over, Babcock started for the upper laguna with Denton, while Secor and I walked down through the marsh to the lower lake. Not 40yds. from our camp we started a fine flock of cinnamon teal, and secured four, and before the reverber-

ations from the hillside had ceased the orchestra of nature was in full play and the air resounded with the melody of a hundred birds. Near by the English snipe in twos and threes kept zigzagging up from the dry tules and marsh, and their musical *scap! scap!* filled the air. The soft, plaintive cry of the teal and the welcome *quack!* of the ponderous mallard gave us a thrill of ecstasy.

A tramp of 100yds. through the mire of these fields dissipated all idea of cold and put us in a happy perspiration. A large flock of mallards rise from the marsh below us and, led by a dozen greenheads, slowly winnow their flight up the field toward us. We crouch in the tules and wait. Nearer they come and are now over us, their chatter ceases as we raise our guns. How they climb the air! The sheen of their plumage and the yellow outstretched legs gleam in the sunlight. The old hammerless speaks right and left, so does the gun of my comrade. Three fat birds bulge our game pockets and make us sink deeper into the mud as we "slosh" along to our destination. We cross through a fringe of willows into the next and last snipe cover. I have seen snipe fairly abundant in the East, but the sight and sound of the hundreds of birds we flushed from this meadow "rattled" me.

I had six or eight down before retrieving, and at last I put my gun at "safe" and refused to shoot until I had bagged my birds. Before we reached the lower end we had run out of shells and had thirty-six birds. Bill was there with the team and our ammunition, and we were there with eight ducks and thirty-six snipe, one hour from the camp. We found that Babcock had shot half a dozen ducks while Bill was fixing his decoys and blind, and there they lay in the bottom of the wagon, among them three fine canvasbacks and a pair of mallards.

It was but a quarter mile to the upper laguna. This lake or pond covers an area of some 30 acres. Patches of tules or reeds, yellow and dead, were scattered all over



GROUSE SHOOTING IN MICHIGAN.

Equal Fifth Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

Photo by Mr. J. C. Thompson, Bay City, Michigan.

the surface. The water was nowhere over eighteen inches deep, and the open spaces were dotted with ducks. I could recognize, as they sat lightly on the water, the noble mallard and canvasback, the latter exclusive and alone, the former mingling with the beautifully painted shoveler and the graceful pintail and widgion.

Secor and I waded out and took positions about gun shot apart in two bunches of tules. The first roar of the gun started the groups in aerial evolution; some of our dead birds are set up for decoys, and the ducks whirl over us twice or three times, and then set their wings and fall like shooting stars toward our blinds.

By 1 o'clock the ducks had ceased flying, or gone off, and we gave them up, cached our birds in the sage brush, and started back to the snipe cover. We found the birds plenty, but not so much so as during the morning. They were wilder and when flushed would often go up to the sloping side hills in groups of from three to six and drop down in the dry ground among the vivid green redshank. We went up and killed a number of birds. It reminded me much of shooting fall woodcock in cedar cover in the East. Later in the afternoon we returned to the laguna and shot a few more ducks until Dave came down to pick us up. On our return to camp, we found Babcock before us with a fine pile of ducks, including mallards, canvasbacks, gadwall or gray ducks, widgion, shovellers, tufted, ruddy, cinnamon, green and blue-winged teal. The total bag for the day amounted to 140 ducks, 110 English or jacksnipe and 6 rabbits—total head of game 256. The ducks feed on a delicate water cress and also on a succulent root called celery, and for gastronomic purposes are unsurpassed.

That night a storm arose, a mighty storm of rain, hail, snow and wind. We were aroused at midnight by the conflict of the elements and the swaying of the tent, which threatened the next moment to enfold us in an icy shroud. What should we do? During this wild raging of the elements we tenderfeet were paralyzed, but the clarion voice of our imperturbable host rang out from beneath his blankets and gave us the countersign, "Call Bill." Secor and I scrambled for the tent flaps and called Bill, who triced up our shaky ridge-pole and made all secure.

The next morning Babcock and Secor decided to go for quail, and Bill and I thought we would make a record on

snipe. But it was another case of "*L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose*," and the thousands of snipe reported from the upper valley dwindled to a paltry 50 or so, and after two hours' heavy tramping we had secured but 26 and a few ducks, and determined to try the birds again at the lower laguna. I took my stand and Bill kept the birds of the neighboring ponds and marshes moving, and I made some remarkable kills, and became quite satisfied with myself. This day I shot my wife's little featherweight gun, 5½lbs., with a light load, 2½drs. E. C. and 1oz. No. 8 shot. I had not intended shooting ducks at all this day. But the gun was a little witch, and under these adverse circumstances, as regards light gun, light loads and small shot, I curled them up at ridiculous distances. At one time I had 8 down, stone dead, floating on the muddy waters.

About 3 o'clock P. M., when we were about to go up into the quail cover, the wagon came down and picked us up. Our bag consisted at the time of twenty-six English snipe and forty-six ducks. The others had met with bad luck and hair-breadth 'scapes in rocky cañons during the morning. They had secured thirty quail and proposed to go a half mile below for more. We joined them, and on our return to camp our bag aggregated seventy-eight quail, forty-six ducks, twenty-six snipe and five rabbits.

The following morning at 5 we broke camp and left Neji for Cariso, a valley twenty miles below, and on our homeward track. We were now to bend our energies to quail and quail only. The ride down was broken by a stop now and then when we came across a covey, and when we arrived at Cariso at 4 P. M. we found our lungs full of mountain ozone and our bag full of quail—thirty-six quail and six rabbits. We had driven all day through the region of the deer and the coyote, but saw none. We did see the grand mountains towering above us, the sapphire sky, the eternal rocks, weather worn and of fantastic shape. We put up at a Mexican's named Duarte, and added ourselves to his already numerous family. His dwelling was an oblong adobe casa, one story high—daughters, dogs and dirt on all sides.

We were given a large, square room or hole—dark as Erebus, not a window, only the rickety door. A step over the threshold put one from sunshine and gladness into a dungeon of darkness and gopher holes. The floor was what munificent nature had provided. A rough oblong table and two banca or benches were brought in, to enable us to sit at the table. The light was furnished by two candles and a lantern. The old woman and man had been made happy and good-natured by Dave, who had gone down ahead of us, and with malice prepense, had plied them with mescal, the fire-water of the land. In their way they did what they could to make us comfortable. Clotilda was the Senorita of the family, and not a bad looking product of the soil. A rather luxuriant moustache did not detract from her masculine beauty. She seemed to have a soft spot in her heart for blonde and handsome Bill.

That night we unrolled our blankets and spread them on the adobe floor. My pillow was too low, so I got some tent pegs from the wagon and built up a foundation for my coats. I was sorry afterwards, for the gophers and rats played tag among them all night.

Up at daybreak and into the quail country and shooting at 6. Dave drove us, and we had the Mexican's youngest son on a horse to ride about and locate quail. The shooting of quail here is quite different from our pursuit of Bob White at home. Here one starts a covey, in size anywhere from thirty to five hundred or more. After firing once or twice the birds lie well and are walked up. The dog stays at heel, and is only used for retrieving. The valley quail is a beautiful species and can discount Bob White in rapidity of flight and quickness in twisting.

We shot all day long with a short interval for luncheon, and moved probably fifteen or twenty coveys. Almost all shots are open ones. The sage cover is only 18in. high, and it is only when the birds get into the manzanita and red shank or among the rocks on a mountain side that one is obliged to take snap shots.

When we turned our horses' heads toward the ranch that evening, the wagon was full of game. Our bag consisted of 304 quail and 33 rabbits. Bill had to sit up until nearly midnight "drawing" them. This cleaning is always done here immediately on the return from a day's hunt. The birds, be they ducks, quail or snipe, are then tied together in bunches and groups and strung on a rope during the night and put between blankets at daybreak. In this way an even temperature is maintained during the twenty-four hours.

On Friday we started for Tia Juana and home. We found but few quail en route. In fact we did not hunt them, for we wished to catch the little engine and car at 1 o'clock, but we failed. We reached the hotel at 3:30 P. M., having driven the whole distance. We secured thirty-four quail and six rabbits on the way. Total head of game for the hunt, 847. INCOG.

Club Election.

BELLEVILLE, April 29.—The annual meeting of our Forest and Stream Club, which was held on Thursday night, was well attended. The officers elected were: President, H. Corby, M. P.; First Vice-President, W. H. Biggar, M. P.; Second Vice-President, Jas. H. Mills; Secretary, Jas. D. Clarke; Treasurer, Chas. Sulman; Directors, W. Clarke, Chairman; R. S. Bell, H. K. Smith, Jas. D. Clarke, W. Ormond, John Haslett and Chas. Hudson; Auditors, J. E. Walmsley and J. S. Bonar.

A resolution was passed declaring against any change in the close season for deer, which will be forwarded to W. H. Biggar, M. P., with the request that he act accordingly in the Legislature, and also ask Messrs. Wood and Hudson to take a similar course.

The club then adjourned. The work of the organization has been well attended to during the past year; the membership is large—about 150—and will be added to considerably; the financial condition is sound, and the prize list will be more liberal than ever before for trap-shooting, rifle-shooting and angling. The wild geese have left us for their breeding grounds. PORT TACK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Out of Tune.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 29.—There are more dukes, dudes and dagoes in this neck of the woods just now than there are jacksnipe, by a good many. The former have to be here May 1, and the latter don't. The weather is hard on all alike, but the birds, having wings, are having a shade the best of it, for they can get away, and have no Columbian sentiment to restrain them from doing so. Any biped that is able to get out of this climate and does not do so, is possessed of more sentiment than horse sense. Your jacksnipe has plenty of horse sense, and he has left the World's Fair behind him, to open or not as it may see fit, he meanwhile flitting to Alaska or Siberia, or some place where the climate is milder than it is here.

The man who makes the weather is getting himself disliked, and this not only by the World's Fair tourists, but also by the hardy sportsmen who still feel the need of an occasional leg-stretching tramp, in spite of the allurements of the graveled ways of the White City. The continued and truly abominable rain, cold and windiness of the recent Chicago weather, have knocked our sweet bells out of tune. They have delayed the work at the Fair, promise to mar the pleasure of next Monday's festivities, and worse than that, have ruined the snipe shooting. It is this latter fact which constitutes the basis for the greatest national kick. I suppose we may as well make up our minds to it. The cold rains have flooded the snipe bogs, chilled the budding aspirations of the tender worm, and therefore have scattered the longbills far and wide. The grass is now high and green and the marshes full of water. When the first warm days come the jacks will collect and go on north, but will tarry here no longer. A few grass plover and golden plover will then be all that is left to go a-gunning after.

Ten days ago the big Leesburg marsh, six miles north of Warsaw, Ind., was in fine shape for shooting, and the birds were there in such numbers that bags of fifty and sixty to the single gun were not unusual. Then came the cold storms and made this marsh, hard bottomed and pleasant as it usually is for walking, more like a fish pond than anything else. This week the lightest bag of the Warsaw men was 109 birds to one party, of these only 55 being jacks, the rest plover and rail.

As mentioned earlier, it has been the greatest season for jacksnipe we have had for many years. The flight of ducks was also good. The run of bass in the Illinois rivers has not been so heavy for ten years. The streams are now all very high and roily; which is a good thing, as it protects the bass when they ought not to be caught.

Local Timidity.

At Mokena, on the Kankakee, hundreds of bass have been taken. The residents raised a great cry about illegal fishing and insisted that the Kankakee Association was not doing its "duty." The Association paid a warden \$40 to go down and relieve the strain at Mokena, but the warden this week says the violations are not amounting to much. The main offense is that of spearing, and although he saw some spearing, he did not see a bass or other game fish speared. The worst spearing is done through the ice, and on the early run, when the water is high and roily. At that time the bass run close in shore, and there is no doubt that many are then killed with the spear. Next spring it would be well for the Mokena men to summon up some local funds and some local nerve, for it is not likely that the Kankakee Association will do so much by them. The Association has spent over \$100 at that point. Mokena has contributed less than \$40 in all, and did not help the warden at all this time, as I understand. The usual local fear of "being known" in a prosecution exists there to the usual damaging extent.

About the Grayling.

Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, O., very well known to the angling readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is in Chicago for a few days. Mr. Battelle is very fond of grayling fishing, and tells me that that lovely fish, though not nearly so plentiful as it once was, is by no means yet extinct. The Au Sable, once famous and long thought depleted, is much protected by its inaccessibility, but still has some grayling. It is a rapid, large stream, and can be worked only by floating down in a boat. No stopping places are at hand on the best water, and the angler must camp out. He can keep on going down stream, but he never can come back up again. This sort of trip is hazardous and hard, and the summer tourist can't stand it. Hence the grayling are much protected by nature.

Mr. Battelle also tells me that he thinks the South Peninsula is going to have fine trout fishing in many of the old logged-out streams which of late every one has left unfished. After the logging drives ceased the streams again ran wild very rapidly, and restocking aided the wild fish, so that the supply is now good.

Elk in Michigan.

Prof. Adolphe B. Covert, taxidermist to the University of Michigan Museum, at Ann Arbor, is in Chicago in charge of the magnificent exhibition of mounted animals, his own work, in the Michigan Building at the World's Fair. Prof. Covert, who by the way is a long-time FOREST AND STREAM friend, blundered into the exhibit now comfortably installed in the space occupied by the paper in the Anglers' Pavilion, and was later so good as to wash the faces and comb the hair of some of the FOREST AND STREAM mounted heads which appeared a trifle the worse for travel. We fell to talking, and I learned something which I suppose will be news to a great many. Prof. Covert says that there are still a few elk left in Michigan.

"I am confined in the showing of specimens to those animals actually found in the State. Not only were elk once abundant in Michigan, but there are still some left. Another supposition is that there are no sharp-tailed grouse in Michigan, yet that bird is to be found in certain parts of the North Peninsula at certain seasons of the year. In my work I often hear of things of interest to shooters which I hardly feel at liberty to tell, and of course I should not wish you to name the localities in this case."

Certainly I should not care to publish the localities mentioned, but there is no reason in the world to doubt the entire accuracy of Prof. Covert's statements, and I fancy the facts will be news to many interested in the fauna of the middle West.

Cross-bred Buffalo Die.

A special to the Omaha Bee from Laramie, Wyo., has the following:

"J. H. Hudson, who started a buffalo ranch on the plains forty miles from here last fall, has been forced to abandon the project of exhibiting a cross-bred bunch of bison at the World's Fair. His breeding stock was a thoroughbred buffalo bull and eight specially selected Durham cows. The calves died soon after birth and in each case the mothers followed within ten days."

The above is contrary to the experience in the C. J. Jones herd. The Polled Angus was the domestic breed most used there.

Not a Pleasant Sight.

The papers are making comment on a remarkable garment sent to the World's Fair as part of the Dakota women's exhibit. It is a cloak, made entirely of the feathers of the prairie chicken. It is thus described: "The cloak is a curious piece of workmanship and was made by a Dakota woman, who spent ten years in getting the material. Some idea can be gained of the number of birds it took to furnish the material from the fact that all the feathers are of a lovely and peculiar hue and only three or four found on each bird. Each feather is held in place by no less than eight stitches. The value placed on this garment by the woman who made it is \$1,000."

I should think that cloak would be rather a sad sight.

No Lodge Poles.

Just at this writing the most anxious man in Chicago is "Billy" Hofer, of the Hunter's Cabin at the Fair. Mr. Hofer has got down to where he finds red tape in large chunks on his claim, and it frets his practical Western soul to see how long it takes to do nothing at the Fair. Not long ago, not over a month, at least, he ordered a set of lodge poles from a Bulgarian artist in wood. After many days they came. They were, as he had specified, about 3 in. in diameter at the end, but unfortunately it was at the wrong end. At the big end they were about a foot across. Billy tried to explain that he didn't want to build that sort of a lodge, but the Bulgarian resented this, and as a result Billy has no poles at all. I advised him to go down to Whiting, toward the sand hill country, and cut a wagon load of poles for himself, but he will probably get arrested if he tries to do that, and will then meet some more red tape. Meantime the cabin is complete, and all its surroundings will be in perfect harmony, especially if Billy gets his poles without getting into jail.

Sights at the Fisheries.

Mysterious things are doing in the U. S. exhibit in the east annex of the Fisheries, and what these may be the curious can only guess, for the gates are barred as yet. In the main Fisheries the work is far along, and the air hums with the intense energy of the work of preparation. Norway is now installed, and able indeed is the hand that guided her exhibit in its place. The marine paintings by the artist Lauritz Haaland grow on one more the more one studies them.

The Netherlands exhibit is an odd one. It shows the herring fisheries of Holland in miniature. A herring boat, manned by red-capped sailors, is shown upon a rolling sea. The waves of the sea are realistic, but they do not move. Apparently the sea is made of green onyx, though it may be Castile soap. Anyhow, it has waves and the boat sits in them, full rigged, and over her gunwale the sailors are pulling a net, and in the net are little shiny herrings, about as long as your little finger nail. Moreover, piled up in a corner of the space are divers kegs of herring, the labels on which make you hungry.

France has not yet made her installation, nor has Great Britain anything in place except the Irish model of the Baltimore School of Fisheries, of County Cork. Australia has her work nearly done. Among the many things of interest here is a great photographic view of Woolloomooloo fish market, Sydney, New South Wales. Pictures, brilliant shells and odd beasts and birds meet one at all hands in this reflex of the antipodes.

Canada has a large space, and has filled it admirably. The angler will linger long and lovingly before the Canadian cases. The fishes are elegantly mounted, and one can feast his eyes upon the bass, the hunge, the painted trout, and lastly the *beau saumon* in all his silver glory. Few things in the Fisheries will lead Canada, and the installation is artistically placed.

Eastern men will view with interest and pride the showing made by old Gloucester port, up Massachusetts way. The product and the record of that salt sea city are displayed in good, hearty fashion.

The private exhibits will also be of much interest. Substantial barrels and cases littered the floor of A. Booth's space when last I saw it, but one may expect a great showing from this great Chicago house. John R. Neal & Co., of Boston, Mass., have a really comprehensive, elegant and tastefully gotten up display. They have models showing the East coast fisheries in all stages, and there are two full-numbered sets of paintings, one showing the haddock and another the cod fisheries, which are not only instructive but interesting from their life and action.

In the Anglers' Pavilion.

The house of the anglers is backward, but in shape for rapid completion in its interior arrangements. Col. Gay, of Pennsylvania, has his glass houses all done, and his fountains cocked and primed. The Osgood Boat Co. has a number of its tidy craft in place, and the Acme people are close by with theirs. Mr. Constock shows a Protean tent in the Osgood space. The Horton Mfg. Co. have a grand case showing their steel rods, and *dos a dos* to them are A. G. Spalding & Bros., with a case of lovely Kosmic rods, whose value runs into the thousands of dollars. Near by the Ohio State exhibit folks are screwing up some mighty life-like looking fish, and others whose houses are not yet ready, are rapidly bringing system out of a riot of raw material. The Waltonian Mfg. Co. were to have had their fly-tiers in place to-day. The Natchaug Silk Co. will put in some of their braiding machines, showing the process of making their silk casting lines.

The "Forest and Stream" Exhibit.

The very first exhibit in the Pavilion is that of FOREST AND STREAM. You will see the rustic letters and the big moose head of the sign royal of the greatest sporting paper of America, the first thing to the right as you step into the building. Before you (unless the edicts of red tapedom decree otherwise, as is now rumored) you will

see against the wall the vast case containing the largest tarpon ever caught on earth, or in the sea. The authorities may technically object to FOREST AND STREAM having the biggest fish on earth, but they can't technically help FOREST AND STREAM from being the biggest shooting paper on earth, and if the tarpon comes down, something else goes up. To the left of the big fish is a case showing bound files of the FOREST AND STREAM from its birth up to the present year. They are bound in red leather, and it is worth the price of admission to look at their backs, they are so pretty. There are also to be seen many other books, all from FOREST AND STREAM Pub. Co.'s book house. These are not all bound in red leather, but are good if not spectacular. There are dog books, shooting books, boating books, angling books, natural history books, camping-out books, all sorts of books. It would have been a great scheme to bind them all in red leather, but we can't have the earth.

The live decoration for the top of the FOREST AND STREAM space is of mounted heads, the mountain sheep, buffalo, white goat, antelope, Virginia deer and caribou being shown, the two latter dominated by a set of elk antlers. The background color is Pompeian red. Other exhibitors have copied the FOREST AND STREAM idea and used this same color, but the FOREST AND STREAM was the first to select this color and show it in the pavilion. It forms a fine background for the white-framed pictures which form so valuable a part of the exhibit. These pictures cover the walls completely from the line of the mounted heads down to within reach of the hand. They are unique, beautiful, admirable. The pictures are all bromide enlargements from actual photographs submitted in the FOREST AND STREAM amateur photograph tournament. They show many striking scenes in the life of out of doors. Beneath the caribou head are two pictures of caribou, one of a herd just crossing a river and one of three little individuals in a little forest glade. The latter, in balance, composition, light and shade, could not be surpassed by a painter after years of study. How the photograph was made remains a mystery.

Under the antelope head is a photo of a band of antelope, wild, bunched up and ready to run. The foot hills country is all there, and you know you have seen the actual thing.

On the left are grouped the upland pictures, on the right the marsh pictures, and on each side of the center are the first and second prize pictures of the amateur tournament. Horicon Marsh of Wisconsin, the sea coast of Texas, the groves of Indiana, the blue waters of the Atlantic, the woods of the North—all are laid under contribution. Many have asked me, "What has a newspaper to exhibit?" Much. There is no exhibition on earth that equals that of the patience, the tirelessness, the enterprise and the energy shown by the newspapers of America. The result of these things for itself FOREST AND STREAM can show. These things do not always mean success, but FOREST AND STREAM can show this most desirable result of all—success.

The "Forest and Stream" Western Office.

Friends and correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM in the West or elsewhere should note the fact that the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Company is now located permanently at 909 Security Building, Chicago. This is diagonally across the block from the former place at 175 Monroe street. The Security Building is the latest of Chicago's model office buildings. It is situated at the corner of Madison street and Fifth avenue, hence in the most desirable part of the city for the purpose of a newspaper office. The building is tall, light, quiet, marble lined throughout, with speedy elevators, equipped perfectly, and indeed faultless for the purposes intended. The increasing business of FOREST AND STREAM in the West called for better facilities for its handling. The bright little quarters now secured will serve admirably as a home for this part of the work, and it is hoped that all who knew 175 Monroe street, and also a great many more, will come to know 909 Security Building. They will all be very welcome. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Texas Jottings.

Give a creole a chicken and a handful of rice, and he will do wonders.

The Chief is of the opinion that good gumbo is the result of a combination of mustard plaster, tobacco sauce and cantharides.

Doubtless all travelers have noticed that in the South the chimneys are built on the outside of the houses. This is very generally the case from Cairo south. Did the Northerner ever think of the reason for this? There are reasons for all such general types in the buildings of any locality. The Southerner will explain that in his country there is more room outside of a house than inside, and he puts the chimney outside to make more room inside. Also, it is much cooler in the house with the hot chimney on the outside, it not being very often desirable to utilize all the heat possible, as in the North. After hearing these really valid reasons, the supercilious Northerner usually has to admit that he "hadn't thought of that."

The terms "red fish" and "red snapper" are used indiscriminately in New Orleans restaurants, but I am not posted enough to say that this is correct. The red snapper is caught on banks out in the gulf. Galveston has a red snapper fisheries company. The "red fish" runs in schools in bayous, and takes the minnow well, fighting strongly. This latter was told me by "Bud" Stephenson, of Stephenson's Lake, Texas.

It is one thing to be able to spell the Southern names, and another to be able to pronounce them. Thus I heard some mention of deer hunting in the "Chafalah" or "Chafaly" (accent on last syllable) swamps, and was for a long time ignorant that the river in question was the Atchafalaya of our school boy days. You never hear anybody down in Louisiana speak of any such river as the Atchafalaya. That is a Northern river purely. An other instance of similar nature befel us at Opelousas. A gentleman who was introduced to us, and who was very kind to us, getting up a shooting party for us, sending his horse and buggy over to us, and in short treating us as if he had known us long and favorably, this gentleman everybody called Mr. Wyo. Yet, if I am not again mistaken, his name was really Mr. Wallior. It's a funny

country, where a man calls Atchafalaya Chafalah, and can't even pronounce his own name!

The sea marsh proper, not to mention the long bayous and swamps that project back into the country for long distances, is from three to six miles wide, and runs practically from Galveston east across the whole of Louisiana. This is the winter home of the main flight of the fowl, the snipe, etc. One can see there such sights as he never saw elsewhere. At our station, twenty-five miles from Galveston, we daily passed the feeding ground of a vast body of snow geese, whose gabbling as they circled about could be heard at a distance of three or four miles. I presume this body of fowl was about a mile by a mile and a half in extent. Beyond them the Canada geese were using, and though I did not go so far as that, the local shooters told me that the Canadas were there in numbers nearly as great. Ducks of all sorts were in the air so constantly and in such numbers that in a short time one ceased to pay any attention to them. The market-shooters would not pay any attention to the "puddle ducks" (marsh ducks), but one morning Billy Griggs and I went out shooting and photographing for a short time and killed fifteen. I think Griggs is the best duck shot I ever saw. In short, he did not miss, and he killed ducks further than I would dream of shooting at them. He used a 10-gauge Parker which looked as if it had seen better days, indeed, all the men around Stephenson's Lake use Parkers. Once two ducks came in, and Griggs assigned me one and assumed the other himself. I missed mine with both barrels. He killed his with one barrel, and then turned around and killed mine with the other. I thought that was a mean and unfriendly thing for a man to do.

Another time John Scales and I went out together, a little wind in the morning giving promise of a decent duck day, which we had not had for a week. We pushed away up into the marsh, and after shooting a few snipe on the way, got into our blind about 2 o'clock. The ducks decoyed beautifully, and we soon got 33 into the boat. John is a good duck shot, as all the men at Stephenson's are, but on one occasion his right hand forgot its cunning. In fact, a flock of teal came in to us, and we fired four barrels and didn't get a teal. I shall never forget the huge disgust John felt over that. "Good God A'mighty! gold darn! We never got nary one of 'em!" said he, and his concern over it seemed so sincere that I laughed hard and sat down on the bottom of the boat, where it was wet.

John and I would have had some more shooting that afternoon had not a fog come up from the Gulf—a heavy, blinding, blanket-like fog which shrouded the marsh in a few moments so that you could not see a man 30yds. All sense of direction was soon lost, and the only way I could have gotten anywhere near home would have been by keeping the wind on my left cheek—which would have been bad had the wind changed. John, however, took us home without a halt, following all the windings of the waterways. Hunters seem to gain a sort of instinct of direction from long experience, such as that possessed by animals. That was a wonderful night, the time John and I came down the marsh in the fog. The wildfowl seemed confused and were flying every way. At every step we put them out (we had to drag the boat much of the way), and the air was full of such a babel of wild sounds as I expect never to hear elsewhere again. The geese of all sorts, the brant, cranes and curlews kept up pretty well, uttering their distinctive calls as they flew. On the wet bends of the marsh the mallards, sprigs, widgeons, spoon-bills, teal and other sorts of ducks kept on flying up, calling, quacking, whistling and cackling until the ear was assailed with a delirium of sound. It was the sweetest discord ever was, and no man will ever hear the like unless he is on the sea marsh in a fog at early evening.

At Stephenson's there were "Bud" Stephenson, Billy Griggs and John Scales, who shot in partnership for the market. They control the Stephenson's Lake marsh, Bud having been raised at the old homestead where we stopped. Naturally they would not like the public to bother them, and at first I do not think Mr. Stephenson liked to have me come to do any shooting, because he wished to treat all alike, and refuse all. I am certain that no stranger could go there and shoot, and I could not send my best friend there to shoot. Billy Griggs got me in, and after we all understood each other we had as pleasant a time as anybody ever had, and I had the best shooting I ever had in my life. It being too mild for the canvasbacks to work, we went to shooting jacksnipe, and the four of us, though usually only three guns were at work, and part of the time only two, killed during the week between two and three barrels of jacksnipe. I gave the others my birds, and only shot for three days, or half days, as we never went out until 11 o'clock, and in a little time could shoot away 50 to 100 shells. At night we would come home with the horses nearly hidden under strings of jacksnipe. One evening Bud and I went on and left Billy Griggs behind, shooting on a little bit of grass ground, not so good in our opinion as the ground where Bud and Billy killed about 150 the day before. Bud and I each bagged 43 and intended to have the laugh on Billy, who never showed up all the evening. Unfortunately, however, Billy killed 60 birds by himself, right on the ground where we had left him, and had good walking to boot. This made us tired than the walking had.

Billy Griggs is probably the best duck shot now shooting, and on snipe he is also good, though I think handicapped by using a 10-gauge. He works very slowly on snipe, just potters around and goes as quietly as he can. In a day he will pick a lot of snipe, and he has the endurance to keep on doing it day after day. He and I shot together two days on snipe and I never was out with a pleasanter or more truly courteous companion.

How many snipe were killed in all I cannot say, but I saw two barrels packed, and in one of them were put 41 doz. snipe. The manner of taking care of the birds is interesting. When the birds were shot they were never carried very long in the game pockets, but were suspended in the air, tied by the neck in small bunches. At night they were carried home tied behind the saddles of the tough little ponies. All night long the birds were left hung up out in the air. In the morning they were packed on long flat slabs of ice, as closely and neatly as sardines in a box. After a layer of snipe had been put down a thin slab of ice was placed over them and another tier laid on that, then more ice. Only two layers of ice were

used, to avoid crushing the birds. The birds were frozen stiff in this way. The ice was brought out from Galveston in the Stephenson schooner and both ice and birds were covered deep under cloths and hay. In packing for shipment a long stick of ice, about 6in. or more square, and as long as the barrel, was wrapped in sacking and stood up in the middle of the barrel. The snipe, each with the head neatly doubled under, were then carefully packed with their tails toward the middle. Additional pieces of ice, also wrapped up to prevent melting, were put about the circumference of the barrel. No snipe was so packed that it did not touch ice. The birds themselves, frozen hard, acted as a non-conductor of heat for the ice in the middle of the barrel. "I could ship these birds to Europe this way," said Griggs. "That chunk of ice in the middle will not be all melted when this barrel gets to Chicago." After the barrel was packed it was rolled on a sledge and by a rope hitched to the pommel of a saddle was skated down to the shore of the bay. There it went into a big flat boat and was lightered out to where the schooner lay at anchor. Thence it went according to the vagaries of wind and tide, across the bay to Galveston and thence by steam to the great market where all snipe are going fast. You may have eaten some of our snipe and have noticed that they were better than the ordinary bird of commerce. Indeed, in my brief experience as a market-shooter, I gained conceit enough to think that we packed birds better than anybody else. From this I reaped no financial gain, but I am not sorry to have seen the systematic and businesslike way in which the best of market-shooters carry on their trade. Griggs told me that they had not lost a bird in shipment.

Most people hang up ducks by the neck. In warm weather, so I learned from my market-shooters' the right way is just the other way, by the feet. Thus the entrails do not crowd down to the tenderest and thinnest part of the body, and the birds will keep a third longer without tainting.

Five years ago they did a foolish thing at Houston. They chose up sides and went out for that abomination—a "side hunt." There were 30 men on a side, and they brought in 7,000 snipe in that one day. One man killed 270. This was on the old Sam Houston battlefield. There have never been so many snipe in that section since. Some of the birds were eaten at the game supper that followed, and some were given away, but the greater portion spoiled and were thrown away. "This," said Billy Griggs, who told me of it, "was 'sport,' I suppose."

Wimberly, west of Houston, is a great country for snipe. The Trinity River, southwest of Houston, is magnificent for ducks, especially for the mallards which swarm there after acorns. Bear, turkey and quails are also in the Trinity River country, but the best place for the big game is in what they call the Big Thicket, northeast of Houston, along the Sabine River, and near Carter Station.

E. HOUGH.

Oregon Pheasants and Quail.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 20.—In FOREST AND STREAM of April 13 "Podgers" asks me to state whether I have had any experience as to the assertion that wherever quail about the pheasant is exterminated or driven away. I have never heard a suggestion of the kind before, and cannot understand upon what theory such an idea could be founded. If my friend "Podgers" has particular reference to the ring-neck or Mongolian pheasant, I believe that he is eminently correct in the declaration that the proposition is a "perfect absurdity." I have known the Mongolian pheasant quite intimately ever since its first introduction into Oregon; and while our local sportsmen are about unanimous in the opinion that where he gets a start the aboriginal pheasant and grouse "must go," as it were, I have never heard of the Mongolian and quail interfering with each other's vested rights, and would be very much surprised to learn that such is the case. The belligerent disposition of the ring-neck is a matter of common notoriety here. It is a well-known fact that the cocks will come out of the brush any time to lick the barnyard rooster that crows a little too much or too arrogantly. He is a very hardy, pugnacious bird; and those who know him best will back him against anything that wears feathers on this coast in a fight to a finish, contest for points, or on the general proposition of "the survival of the fittest." If the common hen hawk cannot molest the family of Mr. Ring-neck while the old man is at home (see FOREST AND STREAM, March 3, 1893), why should the pheasant show the white feather for the impudent but harmless little granivorous quail?

S. H. GREENE.

The Defeated California Law.

DUNSMOIR, Siskiyou County, Cal., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 23 "Podgers" has much to say about an effort made in the last Legislature to pass a new game law. His statement is misleading, to say the least, and he does not mention the clause in this proposed law which should be objectionable to every fair-minded man, and which killed the bill. Had it passed it would have made the State a shooting preserve for the wealthy clubs and their friends, and barred out any one not rich enough or fortunate enough to belong to one of these clubs, from enjoying a day's sport with gun and dog. This clause made it a misdemeanor for any person to hunt in any county in the State, except the county in which he resided, without first taking out a license in each county in which he proposed to hunt, paying \$25 per annum for each license, provided that if he owned land or leased land in any county no license was required in such county. A "little joker" in favor of the rich clubs provided that if a man had an invitation "in writing" from some person owning or leasing land in another county it was lawful for him to hunt without taking out a license. This would have enabled the aristocratic shooting clubs to invite their friends to their preserves without putting these friends to any expense. As there is no game in San Francisco county, and sportsmen from that county hunt in five or six different counties during the open season, you can readily see that this license business would have shut off most of the hunting.

Stack was not a member of the Legislature, but he is president of the State Sportsmen's Protective Association, an organization which did much to defeat this measure, and which numbers among its members just as true gentlemen and sportsmen as the clubs. We have a good trespass law, but the clubs wanted one

that would protect their leased, unclosed marsh land, much of which is tide land cut up by navigable sloughs. They did not get this either. Hence these tears. In your editorial "Tags are Un-American" you voice the true American sentiment, but the California clubs proposed to go even further than Maine and Michigan and to tax the State's own citizens every time they went into a county to hunt in which they did not own or lease land. The leading papers in the State all opposed this measure, and the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, the leading San Francisco dailies, did much toward defeating it, and were tendered a vote of thanks by the S. S. P. A. for this service. This association is steadily increasing in membership and will in the near future be represented in every county in the State, and should any of the members of the last Legislature who supported the county license clause come up for re-election there will be a surprise in store for them at the polls.

It may amuse the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to learn how one of the members of one of the smallest clubs of California catches trout on the McCloud River. A week or so before he wants to fish he hires Indians to dump large quantities of salmon spawn into certain favorite pools. This causes the trout to congregate in large numbers in these pools, and when the sportsman (?) arrives he has no trouble in catching plenty of trout. He uses the same kind of bait and yanks the fish out by main strength.

FAIR PLAY.

Game Notes from Aroostook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to lack of snow this season big game will "spring out" in safety. I have heard of a few deer being run down by dogs, but don't know of a single moose being killed. But it is only the question of a few weeks when they must yield their hides to the backwoods butcher. Early in June moose are in the water, where it is easy to kill him, and much the easiest and safest way to get them out by canoe. Game wardens don't fancy going into far back waters in fly time and the poacher knows he is safe. It is seldom that a game warden has courage and disposition to "pull in" these skin-butchers at any season. Game Warden E. O. Collins, of Caribou, Me., has started in for a record by bringing to book one of the worst of his class for crusting two moose a year ago, and the culprit is doing time in jail in lieu of the fine. It is rumored Collins will take his man at the expiration of sentence for snaring three moose last fall. Not that the snaring was illegal. Ah, no! for the game law does not forbid snaring of anything except grouse; but for killing two more moose than the law allows; and right here let me say that it looks like a "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel" as the law is now. In all the tinkering of our game laws no attention has been directed to this barbarous method of exterminating big game. The snare, steel trap and set-gun, so much in vogue in back settlements—and availed of even by some posing as sportsmen—are unworthy of a civilized age and should be made to go. On the headwaters of the St. John this season is cold and dry, and winter still holds in its grip the streams and lakes.

The water is very low and but little snow. But very few men as yet have come in for stream driving and I don't remember the time when the lumberman's prospects were so poor. I apprehend that summer sportsmen will find much trouble by hung-drives.

PINE TREE.

Bears in the Peach Brakes.

VELASCO, Texas, April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bear hunting in the wild peach brakes of this, Brazoria county, is such hard work that few sportsmen care to indulge in it, and bruin's family would be much larger if two enthusiasts, John Weems, of Velasco, and Ed Sweeney, of Columbia, would keep off the warpath. These two chums have for years made it a rule to kill twelve bears every winter and capture a few cubs every spring. This season they bagged thirteen and made eleven captures.

Negroes living on the San Bernard and Cedar Creeks often catch cubs for sale, the price up to twenty months ago averaging two dollars a head. Recently a number of European ships have come to the new port of Velasco, whose captains and crews bought so liberally for export that a cunning little black cub now brings \$10. The brown ones are not in such demand, being ugly and ill-natured.

TEX.

N. W. Iowa Game Notes.

THE fates seem to be against the game in this section this year. After passing through a winter of unusual severity the birds have alternately been snowed under, drowned, and frozen since April 10, until the prospects for next fall's shooting are very poor. Ducks and geese have all been gone for two weeks or over. The best duck shooting was during the last week of March. But very few jack or whistling snipe have arrived yet, although past time. Prairie pigeons or plover will be here about May 15.

P. C. B.

"Danvis Folks."

AUBURN, Cal., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to express my great pleasure at once more renewing acquaintance with the "Danvis Folks." I had feared, from the reported loss of eyesight by Mr. Robinson, that his pen was laid aside. I am delighted that it was not so, and trust that his physical eyes are again as clear as his mental ones, and hope that they may long continue so.

My youth was spent close to the borders of old Vermont, and, although on the Canada side, chiefly among Vermont people. Therefore, the old shoemaker and his friends remind me of my friends of nearly fifty years ago. For this reason Mr. Robinson's writings appeal to my heart, separated as I have been for nearly thirty years from the old, familiar friends and associations of childhood.

AREFAR,

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a value for \$5. This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which \$3).

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—II.

The Return Trip.—II.

(Continued from page 355.)

THE trip to the Sisters was made in brief time, and camp soon formed. Mr. Schiling, the agent whom we had invited to supper, came to the island with one of his sons, in his birch bark, shortly after we had arrived. We had quite an interesting talk with him about the Hudson Bay Company relative to trapping, etc. He informed us during the conversation that the prices in skins had rapidly advanced. Fifteen years ago otter brought \$4, now \$15; beaver \$2, now \$10 and \$12; bear \$18, now \$25; black fox \$20, now \$55; mink \$2, now 75 cents, a reduction, and muskrat also much lower. He further stated, a surprise to me, that there are nearly as many furs obtained in his territory as formerly. The agencies of the Hudson Bay Company for the purchase of furs, are stationed as follows: Agawa, Michipicoteu, Big Pic, Red Rock, and Nipigon House, on Lake Nipigon, five in all. The salaries of agents are from \$400 to \$600, including rations. Mr. Schiling has been in the employ of the company for fourteen years, and but recently had made a contract for three years more. When at Otter Head a week ago he ascertained that the tug Annie Clark had taken up so far this season fully fifty anglers; in fact, from all accounts, and authentic, there have been more parties fishing on the North Shore this year than ever before. I figured it out after returning to the "Soo," that fully 150 rods had been on the Great Lake thrashing its waters for the trout of radiant dyes. This does not include the anglerworm party who for the last five years have visited the Agawa for their sport.

Two of this company last year made a trip to a small lake some nine miles from the mouth of the Agawa and caught 80 lbs. of brook trout in a single hour, the average weight being 1½ lbs., and could, they stated, have caught an unlimited number. It was simply slaughter, and worms did the red-handed murder. The tramp was a toilsome one over some very declivitous mountains, through dense brush and by fallen timber. They brought this year a Collingwood boat and a small canoe, the latter especially for river use. So fond of the sport are those gentlemen that we should think they would make an advance in the gentle art and try the alluring fly, for we are confident their pleasures would be doubly enhanced thereby. One may as well stand on the artistic plane in the piscatorial, which is so closely allied to all that is beautiful in nature, as to take rank with the blundering pot-hunter, whose methods in capturing the quarry are simply those looking to abundance. "The ethical import of angling is to the true Waltonian its most commendable feature. Surely the heart of that man who is possessed of a lurking passion for immersing himself amid the glories of the primeval wilderness, a transient companion of the loons and whippoorwills, contains no guile. The daylight hymn of forest birds, the silent, pine-shadowed lake, steeped in a dream of moonlight, and the harmonious rustling of wind through river flags are symbols that tend but to inspire and purify the soul."

When the boatmen commenced preparing supper, I heard them chatting away quite lively in French, and in a state of undue excitement. I was satisfied something had gone wrong, so concluded to stop over and ascertain what was the matter. On inquiry they informed me that the two long-handled frying-pans had been left behind at our last camp. Here was a calamity indeed, for without these essentials our meals would be shorn of much that was toothsome. This all came about by neglecting one of our absolute rules, viz., a search through the abandoned quarters after the boat had been loaded and was ready for departure. Mr. Schiling, however, bridged over the difficulty by stating that he would send us one of his frying-pans, if the boatmen would come for it that evening, and furthermore would send two of his boys to Jackson's Cove, for the missing pans, in the morning. This made everything serene, and would permit of keeping the menu up to the high standard of excellence. Peter was delighted with the idea of making the trip to the agent's house, for it would give him ample opportunity to pay court to the handsome half-breeds.

We made a fine spread at supper for the father and son, who enjoyed the abundant meal amazingly, and also gave them some of our choicest dessert delicacies to take to the three graces on their return.

After supper, I took my rod and went to the rocks on the east side of the island, in hopes of arousing and hanging a goodly trout. Mr. Schiling and his son accompanied me, wishing to see the sport if any presented. Reaching the spot desired—a high rock some 15 ft. above the lake—I began the work of enticement. My flies, a hackle and a Henshall, which had not yet been soiled by the water, were sent to the surface which was then in ideal ripples of sapphire shade, just right to a dot for luring. I made a dozen casts or more, with all the skill I was master of, but no response greeted my earnest work, and it really began to look as if the crystal realms were without the coveted fish. Schiling and his son undoubtedly thought so, for they turned and started for the camp, leaving me to realize, if possible, my expectant hopes. Changing position I cast again, and no sooner had my flies touched the waters, than a silvery gleam and a vicious splash came so suddenly as to almost unnerve me. I struck, however, at the proper time, as I thought, and missed, and then my heart beat a tattoo for just a moment, while a shade of disappointment fell upon me. Plainly I saw his scarlet hood and his spotted tail, and that was all the satisfaction I then got out of that tigerish trout. Recovering my nerve as quickly as I had lost it, I once more lifted the flies from the shadowy lake, and then sending them out again, they fell like flakes of snow upon the surface within a fraction of the place where the wolfish trout had snapped at the fly, and much to my delight another flash and dash came, but this time he was caught in the toils and bravely broke for freedom. As I was in need of a netter, I gave a shout, and the twain, who had not yet reached camp came racing back. The young half-breed

taking in the situation at a glance, picked up the landing-net, and climbing down to the water's edge over some broken rocks, took position to lift out the stricken victim as soon as it was killed.

It is needless to minutely detail the fight; suffice it to say that more than once the infuriated trout sprang from the rippling surface and indulged in some lofty tumbling, which to me was both pleasure and excitement. I handled him with excessive care, as I was not desirous of having a defeat before the tawny spectators, who seemed to have their whole heart in the battle as well as myself. I wanted no tale of blundering carried to the home of the captivating trio and therefore strove with all the skill I possessed to make that fighting warrior strike his colors in due time. He had battled too viciously and recklessly to last long, and when his speeding and plunging finally ended, came to the surface quite exhausted, and then the line was recovered, and as he was brought within reach of that bright-eyed boy, whose expressive face was an artistic study, and who stood alert as an athlete, he netted him as soon as I gave the word with marvelous adroitness. Up he came, running o'er the rock, and laid the vanquished at my feet, that I might feast my eyes upon an asymmetrical and beautifully mottled *Salvelinus fontinalis* as ever swam in icy lake or wandering brook.

As my heaven of delight ended with his capture I gave the erubescens fish, which weighed over 3 lbs., to the young half-breed, with instructions to present it to his charming sisters with my kind regards, all of which I learned he gracefully did—and so ends the tale of a trout.

After supper the boatmen went to Agawa with Mr. Schiling and his son to get the proffered frying-pan. As I expected, they did not return till about midnight, and the presumption is the charms of the forest beauties held them entranced till that witching hour.

The next morning the dark clouds were pouring in loose masses, scattering scud-like as they broke, with every indication of falling weather, something we had not had for the past ten days. We had planned to go to the main shore but concluded to wait a further development of the elements. In a few minutes the rain came and soon passed away, and then the sun stole out and beautified the clouds and turned the water to prisms of silver. This was our opportunity, and we embraced it by going direct to the rocks opposite the camp. It was certainly a lovely morning for sport, and the very first cast I made received a response which induced me to vibrate the rod with a suddenness that made the iridescent investigator hunt for another locality in the "vasty deep." He struggled hard for release but the rapacious manipulator at the end of that little seven-ounce split-bamboo held him with a wizard hand till he lay prone on the surface, with his gay colors rivaling the crimson of the drifting clouds above, another victim to the recreation contemplative.

The boat moved gently along, and had gone but twenty feet before I aroused another princeling of the spotted garter, who leaped at the lure with the swiftness of an arrow from a cross-bow, and which velocity, fortunately for him, saved his jaws from the cold steel. He was a stalwart and no amount of coaxing would induce him to another attack, as he had doubtless arrived at that perception wherein he could distinguish a bunch of feathers from a beetle. It beat me, and again we steal o'er the waters, offering as we glide the beautiful poems in feathers, imitations which have been made with an eye to perfection by the daintiest fingers of the gentler sex. Fortune seemed to favor me, for another proud beauty, in a spangled jacket, so greedily admired my dropping flies as to spring for one with a view to a feast, and was soon made aware of the deceit when he found his reddened jaw closing on the arched and tempered wire. He sang the lay of the reel with about the same frenzied effect as all his warlike tribe when they battle with the crafty angler. It was his last lay, however, and like the last dying notes of the swan, his sweetest, as the cruel critic of the spool put it, when he gazed upon its ruby tints as it breathed its life away in the bottom of the boat.

Ned was getting envious, yet still was hopeful that he would soon rival the record of the morn, if not surpass it, but was kept in arrears until I had caught another. He now began to think that his newly-made flies, which he had put on that morning, were not so attractive after all. I insisted that he try one of mine, which he did, and then his bad luck disappeared, for it was not long before he had a rise and a trout. I gave him some common-sense talk about fly-tying and fly artifice, and he must confess that in all the trouting we had had together my ideas on the subject were correct, for I had always roused two to his one with my lures, which were from the best makers in the country. He could tie an ordinary fly, but was away off in his selection of colors, being too much given to a superabundance of one hue in some of his creations; and again, when it was necessary for the reverse, these failed by ample additions. Some anglers take great pride in their creative genius, which is highly commendable, but I much prefer to patronize those who make it a commercial as well as a decidedly artistic business.

After Ned had made his initial catch of the morning, we returned, going over the same ground till we reached what is called the "big rock," about two hundred feet from the shore, and where the coast ran at right angles. Here we commenced and enacted a tragedy in the waters, for it was red-handed slaughter for quite a while. I made one double catch, and Ned picked up a couple of magnificent three-pounders. Reaching a retreating part of the cliff, we came across some small trout which annoyed us considerably on account of our flies being particularly selected for big *fontinalis*. As it was, we hung several of them and spitefully lifted them from the water, and as spitefully tossed them into the boat. It was big fish or nothing with us. I at last got a good-sized one here, and Ned another, and then concluded it high time to discontinue the carnage. The trout ran from 1½ to 3 lbs., and were of the most varied colors, from deep scarlet to bright crimson; from golden orange to peach blush; from rose-colored to deep claret; from mantling ruby to delicate violet—in fact, all the hues from the pink of the shell to the red of the sunset, and so on to the end of that which brightens and fades in the rainbow. He is without a peer in his coat of radiant beauty, and stands alone as the symmetrical athlete of this great lake.

During the day we lost quite a number of the dapper dandies that we thought securely hooked, and also missed a few vigorous rises. I told Ned it was a symptom of advancing years, a gentle inclination to the "slipped pantaloon."

Emery, the astronomer, said the smokehouse would

again have to be brought into requisition, as we had too many of the rosbud beauties for immediate use, and the probability was that the trout, which were now rising finely, would be in great abundance, and it might be as well to limit ourselves in catches, as we did not want wicked waste. The suggestion was entirely unnecessary, as we never indulged in mere despoliation; but having been given in sincerity we so received it.

We were quite weary when we returned from the sport that day, but a good supper, with plenty crowned, soon drove away the fatigue. Taking chairs after the meal, we sought our quarters, about 100 yds. from the dining place, overlooking the lake, and there had a big talk over the battles of the day. Ned, as well as I, regretted parting with several magnificent trout that we were quite sure of securing, not so much a desire for possession as to obviate the unskillful reflection it left with us. "I think," said the veteran, "that I hurried one a trifle too much, and I was positive that I had in one or two instances. How clearly our mistakes of the day came to us, but as we then and there resolved to make ample amends on the next outing, and endeavor to demonstrate the 'gentle art' to a nicety, the regrets soon vanished in wreaths of nicotine incense that ascended from our *regalias* as we watched the twilight gray drawing around us. A young moon at this delightful hour was just peeping out overhead, with power enough to drop a little trickling of silver into the lake, while the stars shone brightly with a very abundant showering of light along the milky way.

"It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushed on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if thought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour."

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ICE-BOUND MAINE WATERS.

THE unusual lateness of the season is the topic of discussion with the trout and salmon fishermen at the present time. The ice still clings in the lakes in the north woods, and on the upper waters of the Maine rivers large bodies of snow are mentioned. Recent letters from Rangeley suggested that the ice cannot possibly get out of the Rangeley Lake waters before May 23, and some of the guides suggest, in writing to their patrons, that the lakes will not be clear before the 25th. Such are present indications; the season, especially in the northern part of Maine, being from 12 to 16 days late.

Doubtless some part of this backwardness of the season will be made up. I, for one, shall be greatly surprised if the Rangeley and Moosehead waters are not clear of ice by May 15. Still the last accounts say that the ice in Moosehead is strong enough to permit of the hauling of wood and lumber over it. Even Lake Winnepesaukee, in New Hampshire, was covered with ice at the date of this writing; ten or twelve days later than last year. Sebago Lake, in Maine, but a few miles from the ocean, is at present—May 1—full of ice. This lake cleared last year on April 5, according to the account of a gentleman who owns a camp on its borders, and goes there every year for landlocked salmon. This gentleman remarked on Saturday that there was then no signs of the ice breaking up.

Newfound Lake, in New Hampshire, is at present locked in solid ice. A year ago, on the last of April the lake was open and several of the big trout or togue, for which the lake has recently become celebrated, had been taken. On Wednesday April 27, last year, Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, with his friend, Col. Hazeltine, took 9 of the beautiful trout, for which the lake has become noted within a few years, from Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me. One of these trout, weighing over 4 lbs., was shown in Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's window, in this city, on April 29. This year the lake was locked in ice of great thickness on the same date.

Fishing in the streams has amounted to nothing in Maine yet. Many of the streams are scarcely clear of ice, and the whole of them have been choked with roil and snow water. Salmon fishing at Bangor has been very poor up to date, only the few already reported in the FOREST AND STREAM having been taken. The river has been running with debris and snow water. A good run of salmon is expected as soon as the water falls a little and becomes reasonably clear. Trout fishing is extremely dull in the streams in northern and western Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, and the fishermen talk rather discouragingly. They believe that some warm weather is needed to lower the streams and reduce the amount of ice and chill in the water. SPECIAL.

Alaskan Herring Season.

The Indians of south-eastern Alaska gather large quantities of herring spawn, which they consume in its fresh state, and also dry for winter use.

The inland waters near Sitka, and southward among the Prince of Wales Archipelago, swarm with these valuable food fishes, and the Indians, besides catching large quantities of the fish, gather the eggs for food in a very simple and ingenious manner.

The spawning of the herring occurs in the spring while the bushes are yet without leaves. Large quantities of brush are cut down and stuck into the sand below low water mark in about two feet of water. At high tide the fish run along shore in vast numbers, and deposit their eggs on the clean branches of the bushes, every part of the brush being thickly coated by the deposit in two or three tides. These bushes are then taken up, and the eggs stripped off into a basket by the squaws, and the bushes replaced to gather another crop of eggs.

No one can comprehend what immense numbers of fish frequent these waters, who has not seen them. They are taken by the natives in traps, and with an implement peculiar to the people of this and adjoining coasts alone. It is fashioned as follows: A narrow board ten feet long by three inches wide cut down to a thin edge on one side in this thin edge are inserted sharp sticks or nails every three inches, the top end left free for the hands.

With this implement in hand the Indian seats himself in the bow of the canoe, and draws it through the water with a quick motion parallel with the canoe and raises it over the canoe behind, turns the machine over and drops the impaled fish into the boat.

The action is very like paddling except the motion to drop the fish. This operation is repeated until the fisherman has gotten all the hawks.

Great numbers of eulachon are taken in this way also.

E. P. H.

IN NORTHERN STREAMS.

REDDING, Cal., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* California is a paradise for the lover of rod and gun, and as they say, "it's a cold day" when some measure of success does not reward the energetic sportsman. "Podgers" boasted that not a trout would be caught on opening day, April 1. Had his prediction been published a little earlier my trip would doubtless have been given up, for I have come to look on his statements as fisherman's gospel, but in ignorance I went and found that he did not speak for the whole State. The waters were raging; the little brook (creek here) that I had selected was a madly rushing river, with a roar that confined all conversation to the sign language. My companion, a budding angler of fifteen, had an inordinate hankering for many packages and complete preliminaries. His alphabetical list of requisites for this one day's sport staggered me considerably when it was first submitted for my inspection. My observation and experience lead me to think that a sportsman's bags and parcels are inversely as the crumples on a cow's horn.

The day was a perfect one, and knowing how and where, we soon began to get "samples," and when counting-up time came I had 124, and my partner ("Podgers's" small boy) 83. All under 6in. were put back when caught, and all over 10in.—well, they are in the creek yet, so far as we are informed. We are not trout hogs; ten families had trout on the bill of fare the next day. I never sold a fish or bird in my life.

Two weeks later, with a fisherman old in experience, not in years, I went to another and a larger stream. I found the water higher than ever. We quit with five dozen that day. Four of these were about 15in. in length, the rest smaller. The mountain streams in northern California are all full of trout. The waters of Shasta and Siskiyou are all easily reached, and some of the most pleasant summer resorts in the State are just on the line that separates these two counties. The only drawback that I think worthy of mention is this, that in California you cannot sit on the hotel piazzas and catch trout.

K. E.

BLACK BASS WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in issue of April 20, the note of Ira F. Harris on "Bass of Lake Winnipisogee" and also the remarks of "E. J. Tucker, M.D.," "In Quest of Bass." Those were four very fine bass of Mr. Harris's, and I imagine the sport afforded in killing them on an 8oz. rod was such as to make the angler's blood fairly boil. I have had the pleasure of a sail on beautiful Winnipisogee, and a view of the surrounding country from Mt. Washington, but I have never had the pleasure of enjoying bass fishing there.

For the benefit of Dr. Tucker, who was disgusted with his experience with the bass fishing at Lake Hopatcong, I will give the record of a few hours' catch at Prentiss Bay, Lake Huron, in September, 1889. Should the Doctor go to the Muskoka country again, he might continue on to the "Soo" or to St. Ignace, and make a trip through the Les Cheneaux Islands. Prentiss Bay is east of the Les Cheneaux group and near Round Island, which as I remember, is the easternmost of this group of islands, just off the south shore of the Northern Peninsula. It could be reached from the "Soo" by "Mackinaw" boat, or, as we went from St. Ignace, by steamer to the lumber camp at Prentiss Bay. If from the latter, a most delightful stop could be made at Mackinac Island, from whence a steamer also runs to the Les Cheneaux, where there are hotels, and the trip could be continued by sail boat from Marquette Island, the largest of the Les Cheneaux group (or by the St. Ignace steamer which stops at Marquette, if the Prentiss Bay lumber camp is still in existence. I understood that they would finish up the lumber then on hand in another year and remove the plant elsewhere. If this has been done, the steamer has probably been discontinued between Marquette and Prentiss Bay), and camp established on Round Island (Spider Island as we dubbed it, as next to the bass the spiders were there in large numbers) where the bass were, and I have no doubt still are, as the place is off the beaten lines of travel and consequently not fished out; in fact, the people at Marquette Island did not know of there being bass at Prentiss Bay. We had made a trouting trip to the neighborhood of Albany Island near Pt. Detour, and discovered the bass en route, noted the spot, and stopped on our way back. That is a most delightful country, and the trip should repay one for the health-giving qualities of the delightful ozone-laden atmosphere.

Below is the record of the catch alluded to, not all the bass we caught, for we made a second trip from Marquette Island for the benefit of the ladies, and spent a week in camp fishing a part of each day, with enough bass to supply the camp, including guides:

3½, 3, 2½, 2½, 3, 2½, 2½, 3½, 3½, 3, 3, 3½, 2½, 4, 2½, 2½, 2½, 4, 2½, 4, 2½—37 bass, weighing 80½lbs.; average weight about 8lbs.

Enough for one day for any man, or two men. Mr. W. B. Beebe of Cleveland, Ohio, who shared with me in this grand catch, and who I believe, also took a record of the weights, will bear me out as to the correctness of the above.

We were loath to leave this grand sport, for the bass were taking the minnow or spoon with a vim, but my friend had been separated from his darling for a week, and the writer, who was a lone bachelor then, as now, was compelled with many regrets to give in. But we vowed to return again, and did so the following week, and of course my friend had to take his better half along.

The second trip yielded fifty-seven bass, if I remember (we did not preserve a record of the weights on this trip), many of which weighed over 5lbs.

We found the best fishing from about 7 to 11:30 A. M.; in fact, we caught none in the afternoon. They seemed to come in from the lake to feed on the shoals, in the morning only, and we could see them in schools on the bottom, as the water there is perfectly clear and pure. We used minnows for bait, which were furnished in abundance by the Indian boys from their camp hard by.

On the whole, give me a rapid-running stream for bass fishing, and I believe the sport afforded by a 2lb. bass in such a stream, with a Henshall 8oz. minnow casting rod will far surpass all of your trolling, still-fishing, skittering, etc., in still water, even with the bass running 4, 5 and 6lbs. A 2lb. bass or a lb. or 1½lb. bass, taken at some of the points on our Susquehanna River, with his bassship

fighting you in a swirl among hidden rocks in some of the madly rushing stretches of this river is, to my thinking, the very acme of sport with *Micropterus dolomieu*. I have fished in the bays of Huron and Ontario, and have taken the large and the small mouth from Greenwood Lake, but they do not afford the same sport as our river bass, and I shall be better satisfied to take fewer and gamier bass, even if smaller, than a larger catch of large bass taken in a sluggish lake, such as Greenwood, and I suppose Hopatcong, though I have never fished there.

There is no need of the Doctor going to the North Pole or Hudson Bay, when we have such grand waters as the Upper Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac and Cheat rivers, within a few hours' ride of New York, all good bass rivers, as the pages of our FOREST AND STREAM have recorded from time to time.

I might add that we had splendid trout fishing at Albany Island the latter part of August, 1889. We supplied camp for several days with 1½lb. and 2lb. trout, and were able to preserve some in moss, which kept them for a week nearly.

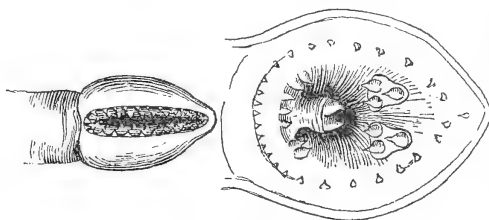
W. W. BLAKE.

BALTIMORE, April 27.

THE LAMPREYS.

A SINGULAR class of animals is that including the hog fishes and the lampreys. These are distinguished by their cartilaginous skeleton, imperfect skull continuous with the back bone, the absence of jaws, limbs, ribs and other elements found in true fishes. They have a suctorial mouth, a single nostril and six or more gills on each side. The body is naked and eel-shaped.

The lampreys or lamper eels have numerous small eggs and ascend streams for the purpose of spawning. The young pass through a long period of larval existence, during which they are without teeth and have rudimentary

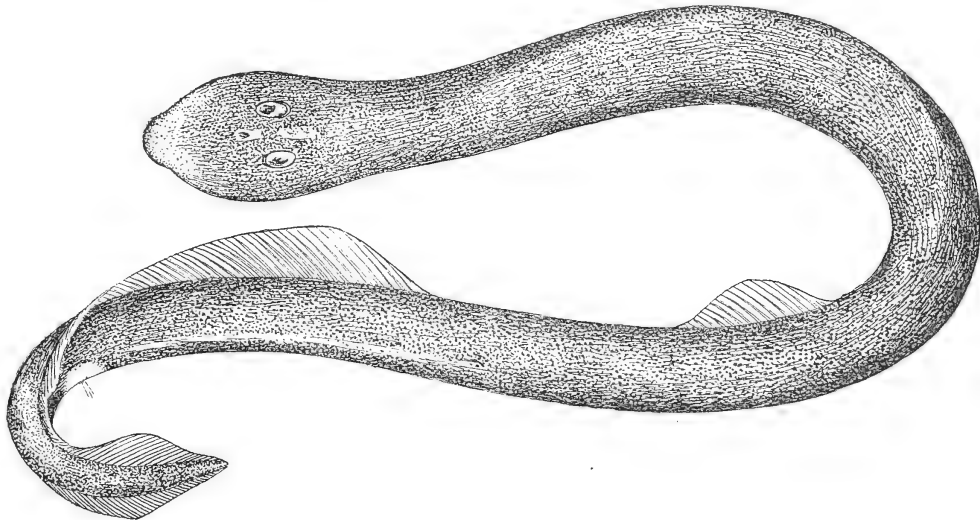


MOUTH OF AUSTRALIAN LAMPREY.

eyes and a contracted mouth, with the lower lip forming a distinct lobe.

The great sea lamprey runs up into fresh water in the spring to deposit its eggs, traveling chiefly at night. It builds up large piles of stones, in which the eggs are concealed. The young are said to return to the ocean in the fall and the adults are supposed to die after spawning, but this needs confirmation.

More than a half dozen kinds of lampreys are known in the United States, principally in fresh waters. The larval



THE AUSTRALIAN LAMPREY.

young are obtained by fishermen in muddy sand bars near the mouths of small streams and form a very good bait for bass, rockfish and other game fishes. Their food consists chiefly of animal substances; they are parasites and burrow into the flesh of shad, sturgeon and other large fish.

Although the lamprey is common in the Mediterranean and was well known to the ancients, the origin of the name is involved in obscurity. It is supposed to have been corrupted from the modern Latin *lampetra*, which, again, is thought to have come from *Lambendo petras*. The name refers to its habit of clinging to stones by suction.

A remarkable relative of our American lampreys is found in Australia, where it is especially known in the Murray River. This creature has the power of living in soft mud during dry seasons, a faculty which enables it to endure the protracted droughts for which the basin of the Murray is noted. According to a writer in *Longman's Magazine*, "As the stream recedes the animal fills its pouch and disappears into the soft mud below, there to remain until the drought has passed away, subsisting on the moisture which it has learned to store in a specialized receptacle at the side of the head."

There is doubt as to the nature of this so-called pouch in the Australian lamprey, but the fact of the animal's ability to exist in a torpid condition in moist mud is well established. In South America occurs a still more curious relative of the lampreys in which a large pouch is one of the leading anatomical peculiarities. The size of the Australian lamprey exceeds that of our well-known sea lamprey.

A MAINE PAPER ANSWERED.

DIXFIELD, April 32.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since I have been on the Fish and Game Commission I have made it a rule not to criticize or answer any communication in regard to fish and game matters in Maine that I read in the newspapers. Neither do I propose to get into any controversy or answer any article that may appear hereafter. In your last issue of FOREST AND STREAM I find an article entitled "Preserve System in Maine," which strikes me as being very misleading, and I cannot help saying a word to straighten it out.

The writer says in regard to the clubs in Maine buying up private preserves: "Meantime the men of means, who will have hunting and fishing at any cost, are gradually taking up all the good ponds and streams and forest lands and making them into private preserves. * * * Hereafter no citizens of Maine can go on to that sacred territory without first getting a permit from the owners, who live out of the State." This writer evidently don't know, "or is not posted" on the laws of Maine.

The facts are that there is no law on our statute books to prevent any citizen of Maine (or outsider) hunting and fishing in any forest or water in Maine, except in ponds of less than ten acres, whether owned by clubs or individuals. As proof of what I say I refer you to a case tried in Piscataqua county in 1882. The decision was concurred in by all the judges. The case was printed in our report at that time, a copy of which I have mailed to you.

The critic also finds a great deal of fault at the way the laws are enforced, and says, "Take any twenty-five wardens in Maine and it is doubtful if they average to make one arrest a year." Here he is again off the track. I can put my finger on one alone who has arrested that number.

The fines imposed on poachers, instead of being hundreds of dollars, run up into the thousands, of which I can give ample proof.

We don't advertise these cases, but had we been asked would have given the information. That there is too much poaching done in Maine I admit. There are a large number of resident sportsmen as well as outsiders who come here; but taken as a whole the percentage of poachers is small.

The slender means we have had at our command, we have used as our best judgment dictated for the best interests of the State, whether successfully or not we leave the public to judge. Maine is now acknowledged to be the banner state for fish and game. If such a rotten state of things exists in Maine in regard to her gamelaws why is she so regarded?

The salmon fishing at the Bangor Pool opened this week; seven were taken in one day with fly.

HENRY O. STANLEY.

Merrimack River Salmon.

THAT there are salmon in the Merrimack this year was demonstrated yesterday when a 30-pound beauty was caught at North Chelmsford under very peculiar circumstances. As the Ayer & Salem freight was passing along that place the engineer, Charles Talbot, saw a big commo-

tion in the water near the shore. He stopped his train, and all hands rushed to the spot. Here they found a large salmon struggling as best he could to free himself from a line about him that had become entangled in the bushes, holding him fast. Mr. Talbot succeeded in getting the fish ashore with a little assistance, and bore it off in triumph. When weighed it was found to be just about 30lbs.—*Lowell Courier, April 21.*

"NESSMUK."

O BARD! like shining Pleiad of radiant days,
Midst constellations of spheres in starry night,
Thy golden words flash like meteors in their flight,
Revealing winsome lore of "Woodcraft" ways.
Thy magic, echoing words the woodlands praise,
In witching anthems awakening the weird wood-sprite,
Mid whispering pines 'round the camp at twilight;
O thy gracious welcome to the camp-fires blaze.
Thy entrancing words shine like a glistening gem
In thy lovely "Forest Runes." What a graceful token!
Writ in Nature's enchanting wooing Muse. O, Poet-wise!
Thy cultured lyrics—these should wear a golden diadem;
And now comes sadness that thy lyre is broken,
With uplifted eyes we think of thee in Paradise.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 30.

ABBOTT CLARENCE COLLINS.

THE real flying fish inhabits the warmer seas and derives its name from the wonderful length of time it can sustain itself in the air. It is not claimed that it flaps its fins, or wings, if you please, like a bird, or that it can change its course.

Forest and Stream's

* Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught,
Fishing Incidents.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 30.—Trout anglers are beginning to wear a cheerful smile and show a disposition to beat some other fellow telling the most glowing fish yarn.

Jno. Doyle caught 17 trout last Wednesday, the combined weight of which was 8lbs. A few other small catches are reported. The sharp and effective work of the game protectors have irritated a good many farmers, I am told, to such an extent that they are posting their land very conspicuously. However, I am of the opinion that the enterprising trout angler will continue to do business.

A friend of mine living near Oneida Lake writes me that pike are to be found in that lovely sheet of water in great numbers this spring. "Not in a very long time," he says, "have they been so numerous." Protector Hawyn, assisted by E. D. Crosley, last week captured 110 fish law violators and 20 nets on that lake. Verily, the illegal fisherman is getting his fingers burned almost daily.

M. C. H.

LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y., April 24.—Last Monday a gentleman caught in our river several nice trout, and I saw one in his basket that weighed two pounds. It was a cold windy day and the stream high. I think trout fishing will be fine with us soon as the weather warms up a little. Ice all thawed out and no jams or gorges this season.

Wm. P. ROSE.

BLOOMINGBURG, N. Y., April 30.—Yesterday was the first fishing this season about here. Will Shearer, of this place, caught 50 fine trout. Frank Redfield, also of this place, caught about 30 fine trout, one that weighed 1½ lbs. The weather is getting warmer with a few warm showers, and this coming week will probably be a fine time to fish for trout.

DELL CASE.

SWIFTWATER, Pa., April 29.—Our stream has been stocked this year as usual and the fishing promises to be good, if we may judge from early returns notwithstanding the cold and inclement weather during the past week. Two Philadelphia anglers took over two hundred fine trout during their four days' visit here. We are keeping a tally of the fish taken, etc., for our own information.

MRS. ARTHUR MACINNIS.

LIBERTY FALLS, N. Y., April 29.—Trout fishing has been good the past three days, and if it is a little warmer and showery next week, it will be the best of the season, as it has been too cold weather till now. One boy caught twenty-eight, that averaged 10in., in three hours in the middle branch of the Mongaup near the old Kilbourne mill.

EDSON A. GREGORY.

LIBERTY, N. Y., April 22.—Weather is too cold for good fishing yet, as we have snowbanks, and on the 20th a snow and hail storm, still Frank Huber brought in four pounds of trout, but it was pretty tough fishing, as it froze all day. Very little fishing has been done yet.

GEORGE COOPER.

NEOSHO, Mo., April 20.—Black bass (both large and small mouth), jack salmon and channel catfish are now biting well in Elk river, 20 miles south of here. Highly satisfactory strings are being caught near Lanagan, in McDonald county, Mo. Our black and rock bass in U. S. F. C. ponds are all nesting at present.

W. F. P.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Parmachenee-Belle

FEW American fishermen but know the Parmachenee-belle, a fly invented by Mr. Henry P. Wells, author of "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle," "The American Salmon Fisherman," etc., and named after Parmachenee Lake in Maine, where that prince of guides and camp keepers, John Danforth, presided over Camp Caribou until the camp passed into the possession of a private club. The Parmachenee-belle is a new fly comparatively, and with one bound, so to speak, it sprang into public favor, not only as a trout fly, for which it was designed, but as a black bass fly as well, and a knowledge of it has spread up and down and across the United States and Canada. All this I was prepared for, but I was not prepared to find that its fame had reached the far-away South Pacific, as a letter in the *Otago Witness*, New Zealand, bears witness. The writer says: "I am to have some samples of the celebrated Parmachenee-belle fly sent to me for trial on the streams in New Zealand. I shall send two or three to each of the angling associations as soon as I get them, so that they will get a thorough trial. This fly is a great favorite in America, and experts say that large trout, from Labrador to Alaska, take it greedily, and at all seasons. Mr. Bainbridge has already made an enormous quantity for English and American anglers. I expect to have them in plenty of time for the beginning of the season, and shall send them round to as many as possible." Mr. Wells will undoubtedly feel a glow of pleasure that the fly of his creation has strayed so far away from home and been received so hospitably by the fly-fishers of New Zealand, and he may be surprised that Mr. Bainbridge has sent an enormous quantity of the flies to America, for Mr. Bainbridge is a fly tyer in Eton, England.

Mr. Wells designed the Parmachenee-belle while on a fishing trip to the home of the big trout in Maine with John Danforth as guide, and he says, "That the large trout looked upon the artificial fly not as an insect, but as some form of live bait, we agreed was probably the fact. Upon this theory that combination should be the most successful which most closely reproduced the colors of some favorite trout food. Why, I cannot now recollect, but the belly fin of the trout itself was selected as the type." Before the Parmachenee-belle was created another fly was designed for stream fishing for smaller trout than are fished for in the Rangeley Lakes region, also with the

idea of representing the belly fin of a trout. This fly is called the fin-fly, and is made with body of red silk, wings white, hackle chicken red, with the roots of the fibres black (a furnace hackle), whisk of same hackle for tail, and gold tag. This I have often proved to be an excellent fly in stream fishing, but it has little resemblance to the Parmachenee-belle.

The Parmachenee-Belle at Home.

I was starting early one morning from Camp Caribou to fish in the Upper Magalloway River, and Mr. Wells and John Danforth were starting from camp at the same time for an exploring trip in another direction. As I got into the boat John said to me, "There is a five-pound trout in Cleveland's Eddy, for I saw him jump out of the water, and I hope you will get him." It would be as improper to talk Hebrew to a Digger Indian, as it would to fish Parmachenee waters with anything but a Parmachenee-belle. When I reached Cleveland's Eddy and began to cast I raised and killed a trout of 1½ lbs., and a few minutes after I killed one of 2½ lbs., and according to this progression I should have been prepared at the next cast for the five-pound fish which John had told me about, but I was totally unprepared, and yet I believe I raised the fish. I was in the bow of the boat and Marshall Linnell, my guide, in the stern with a paddle, and as I made the cast I discovered that I had cast over and across a sunken tree trunk, the top of which stuck out of the water just below me. I could see the stick, perhaps two feet under water, directly in front, and it had some pieces of the limbs sticking out in various directions, and at the instant that I discovered the situation into which the boat had drifted us while killing the previous trout I saw a big trout rise to my fly. He was in no particular hurry for a trout and I checked my fly the moment I caught the gleam of his sides coming from the depths. Marshall was rapidly and silently pushing the boat up stream, and my fly slowly settled in the water, and not a foot away the trout settled with it, every fin moving and gently fanning the water. We could see the trout as plainly as though he had been in the boat, and were both sure that it was John's trout. When the boat was far enough up stream to make the stick dive in the water, I started the fly, and the very instant that I did, the trout took it and I struck, and with the same motion and before he could turn I pulled him over the stub and then gave him his head. He went at once to the bottom and began to execute a wardance that threatened disaster. After a moment I began to reel the fish to the surface, but before I reeled him 5ft. he gave a slight shake of his head, which I felt through the taut line and rod, and then he was gone, and I never saw him again. The great pull that I gave to get the fish over the sunken stub probably tore the mouth so that it was an easy matter to shake the hook out.

Maine Fish Laws.

As I write of fishing in Maine I am reminded of a letter written not long ago by an English angler who gave in the *Fishing Gazette* an account of his visit to the Maine lakes for landlocked salmon and trout. He reached Rangeley Lake while it was still ice-bound and was obliged to wait for a break-up. He says when the ice is gone at first the salmon and trout will not rise to the fly: "The method of catching them then is to troll with a little fish called a minnow." * * * According to the laws of the State no artificial minnow is allowed and no triangles, or hooks back to back, nothing but single hooks in fact; and to their credit be it said, so far as I saw or heard of, the fishers obeyed this law." I mention this because of its tribute to the honesty of the Maine fishermen, but he is in error regarding the use of artificial minnows, for they are not mentioned in the law. An artificial minnow with a single hook would not be unlawful, as I read the law. But as the writer is accustomed to seeing artificial minnows armed with an array of hooks he naturally assumes that they are illegal.

A. N. CHENEY.

A Curious Reel.

POST MILLS, Vt., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you in separate package a reel which you may so admire as to style and workmanship that you would like to show it at the World's Fair in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit. This reel, for bait-casting Henshall style, would not perhaps be a success, but for "slinging a hunk of pork" might be "good enough for the Joneses, who were not used to the best of things anyway." Of the early history of this reel I know but little. It was sent to Thos. H. Chubb some ten or a dozen years ago, and as keeper of the "hall of curios" in the Chubb factory, it came into my keeping. It was in the factory at the time of the fire two years ago, but as usual at fires, every one carried out such common goods as fishing rods or machinery, and this valuable reel disappeared in the "devouring flames." In removing and clearing away rubbish preparatory to building the new factory, underneath the remains of a cheap one thousand dollar machine, which was destroyed almost beyond recognition, was found, to the great joy of all, this reel safe and sound, and I believe a little better than before, for the heat had sort of tightened up the joints.

You may know something of its early history, for I believe it was shown to several before it came here, and there was something about it in FOREST AND STREAM. I can only remember now of those who were connected with it, the name of old Bill Hess.

If it is not suitable for a place in your exhibit to the World's Fair, after showing it to the boys of FOREST AND STREAM, please return it to me, as I am thinking some of going into the reel business and would like to keep this for a pattern.

E. W. RAYMOND.

[The reel is certainly worth exhibiting, and the curious reader can see it at the World's Fair in FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit in the Angling Pavilion. We cannot learn that it has any special history, and it is probably one of the many home-made productions, manufactured in early days by blacksmiths and other metal workers. The peculiar point about this one is that the reel plate is at the side instead of beneath the spool and so is opposite to the crank or handle. Judging from appearances the reel plate was lashed to the rod with a line.]

Bangor Salmon.

BANGOR, Me.—The salmon caught in the pool, a mile above the city, are the largest on record this year. The river opened April 5. No salmon were taken with fly until April 21, when Mr. Libbey, an employe of a Bangor

shoe factory, landed one that weighed 20½ lbs. Since then Dr. Baxter has caught one that weighed 28½ lbs., and P. M. Ayer and several others have taken fish of 20 lbs. or more. The water is still cold and the fish do not bite well. I have been up two afternoons and all I caught was a bad cold. The fish are running big, however, this year; and if the men a mile or two below the dam were compelled to take up their nets there would be fine sport at the pool.

TOM FORD.

Connecticut Trout Season.

MANCHESTER, Conn., April 27.—Some one introduced a bill in our Legislature this winter making the open season on trout the 15th of March. I do not understand what this individual sought to gain by the bill. Of course it was not passed. Two years since some of the ponds east of here were frozen over on the first day of April, and this year April fishing is very poor. Our season should open the 1st of May and close the 1st of September. Then with honest endeavor and proper legislation the streams can once more be made productive. The trouble with us is a few want to own all the waters in the State.

JONATHAN.

N. W. Iowa Fish Notes.

FISHING has not commenced here as yet. Trout season opened April 1, but creeks and rivers were swollen and full of ice. I have heard of no fish being taken. The weather all the spring has been such as to practically prevent seining and spearing in this section, although they have been at it in other places, as a letter from Fish Commissioner Griggs will show. He says he has made over one hundred prosecutions already. Open season on bass and pickerel begins May 15. Good fishing is expected. Some three carloads of Iowa fish have been sent to the World's Fair. They are prize-winners. Look for them.

P. C. B.

Salmon Fishing in New Brunswick.

THE salmon fishing privileges on the Nepisiquit River, advertised in our columns for sale by auction at St. John, N. B., on April 26, were duly offered. The attendance was small, there being only two competitors. The two lots, each a one-fourth share in the Nepisiquit Angling Club's properties, sold for \$5,000 and \$5,025; the third lot, representing Mr. J. De Wolfe Spurr's fishing rights at the Grand Falls of the Nepisiquit, offered at the upset price of \$4,500, was withdrawn.

MR. A. N. LOCKE, of Salem, Mass., who has been a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for fifteen years, offers in our advertising columns this week part of his hunting and fishing outfit for sale. Inexorable time has laid his hand on the old sportsman, and he fears that he will never again wander among the woods and lakes and lonely trout streams that, as he expresses it, he has "loved almost to infatuation."—*Adv.*

THE BEST LINE TO CALIFORNIA from either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Takes you via Denver, Colorado Springs, Leadville, Salt Lake and Ogden. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 30 to June 2.—American Pet Dog Club, Lexox Lyceum, New York. Marion E. Bannister, Sec'y.
June 18 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Hamilton Kennel Club. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Great Dane Judging.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in your issue of April 27, headed "Great Dane Judging," ought to have been properly named "Great Slurring on the Judge;" and if it was not necessary to refute a couple of Mr. Maenner's remarks, I would not reply, thinking it beneath myself to notice such scandalous attacks.

Any man has a right to his own opinion, and I demand this as well, as I expect it of anybody else. I have never spoken more than a dozen words in my life with Mr. Maenner, and all he is alluding to must have occurred in his inventive brain. I never went ten steps with the man to look at his bitch or any others, and all the words I have ever spoken to him, outside of customary phrases, when Mr. Heppner introduced him, was after the judging, saying: "I am sorry I could not do better for you," or so, what any man might say. What an imagination has this man got, when he repeats whole conversations, which never have taken place, at least not with me. Such absolute fabrications and false insinuations ought not to appear in your paper, if you really meant what you have said in your indorsement of Mr. Krender's letter. You know yourself very well, Mr. Editor, that the Westminster Kennel Club is not in the habit of accepting such offered services as judge, as Mr. Maenner insinuates. I had done, and it is the strongest bit of doubtful practice I have lately noticed, inventing such hallucinations to suit his end.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

Which is the Best Spaniel for Work?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Cecil Cox describes what is evidently a very useful spaniel. At the same time I should like to know whether the measurements which he gives are considered as anything extraordinary in a fully matured and well developed field spaniel? For the sake of comparison I should very much like to know the corresponding measurements of a typical dog like Newton Abbot Beau. The discussion at present going on in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the merits of the cocker as a field dog, is a profitable one, as it recalls to the minds of most breeders the fact that the cocker is not a toy, but a workman.

G. RUTLEDGE PRESTON, JR.

CAZENOVIA, Madison County, N. Y., April 20.

Coursing Near Denver.

The following interesting and spirited description of rabbit coursing and wolf chasing was received from the veteran sportsman by our Western office. It is especially interesting as showing what the greyhound will do as a destroyer of wolves, and the desperate gameness and destructive fighting powers they possess. He writes:

According to promise, I let you know how our day's coursing turned out. I regret you could not have stayed a day or two over at Denver. Of course, a suitable horse was the first thing to be obtained. And after a long and varied search among the stables, and seeing all sizes and classes of animals, from the diminutive burro to the coach horse, I found nothing suitable, from lack of condition or other causes. I had nearly concluded to go in a buggy, when Mr. Chas. Barron helped me out of the difficulty by offering me what proved to be an excellent mount, whose mettle had been tried on the race track, and whose performance in this instance left nothing to be desired.

Our arrangements all being completed the previous evening, by seven o'clock the following morning we were about fifteen miles from Denver in an open country without any habitations in sight. Boomerang, of the St. Patrick Kennels, and C. W. Philip's Modjeska, a nice looking brindle bitch, were at once put into the slips. After a long, tedious walk, and nothing being started, they were taken out of the slips and secured. A number of others were then turned loose.

Things were getting dull when the eagle eye of Mr. L. Bartels discovered a coyote sneaking over an adjoining hill. As this was surely a real, not an imaginary coyote, of which we had seen so many, excitement ran high—much too high, in fact, for instead of quietly getting as close to the creature as possible and allowing the dogs a fair start, those nearest to it yelled like Indians and raced after it in a body, frightening it terribly, and giving it a start of at least 400yds. before the St. Patrick dogs became sighted, and giving Mr. Philip's dogs, which were some yards closer, a commanding lead.

Level as a floor for the first half mile, it was a beautiful race, the three white ghosts of the St. Patrick's passing one after another the dark contingent, and rushing on to the terribly frightened coyote like fate. Adonis was slightly in the lead, with Miss McGinty close up, and Irish Lass fast gaining, she being away off to one side and behind at the start. Into a large bunch of cattle he was heading, and just as he reached the outside of the bunch Adonis caught him and threw him around, but he got in among some cattle and the dogs became unsighted and did not become sighted again until he was some hundred yards away over a hill. He finally reached a gully in safety. He saved his brush by bad management on the part of the men at the start. He could not have made his escape had he been approached cautiously. May he live to afford another good race.

Boomerang and Modjeska were again put into the slips, and after another long tramp a regular old white-tail jack rabbit—a hummer—got up within 40yds. on beautiful grounds for a race. Modjeska acted mean in the slips, and to prevent their becoming entangled, Porter gave them a short slip. Modjeska lunged in the slips and lost twenty lengths in an instant. Boomerang went with a fire and determination that I never saw excelled, and terrific speed, turned, wrenched twice, placed Modjeska only for a second, as he rushed past her, turning again, and again placing the bitch, only to be given another go by, where upon other actors joined in the scrimmage, as two blue dogs had dragged the man holding them over the back of the buggy, and Irish Lass and Miss McGinty, the latter with a chain dragging, had broken the side out of Mr. Bartels's buggy in their efforts to get loose. Poor puss had taken the advantage of the knocking against each other and was making a break for liberty, when Irish Lass made a rush like a demon and turned him again into their jaws, she on the outside being the first to get her mouth on him. I was sorry to see such a termination of the course; but he could never have escaped from Boomerang, who is not only very fast, but exceedingly sharp at getting round and stays right on his hare.

Boomerang was then taken up and we were rather cheerlessly headed toward town, scarcely expecting to see anything more, with all the greyhounds following (nine in all), when the searching eyes of Mr. L. Bartels again descried another real coyote. Our previous failure made us more careful this time, and T. F. Bartels assumed command and ordered a circuitous route so as to head him off, he having disappeared over some rising ground into a hollow beyond. After a careful survey he could not be seen, and we despairingly spread out some distance apart, I being on the extreme outside. A yell from L. Bartels caused me to turn in the saddle, and half a mile away, going directly from me, was the coyote, and Adonis and Miss McGinty within a hundred yards of him and rapidly gaining. Irish Lass had been tossed out of another buggy, and was rapidly closing in, as the former two had given him a sharp turn and headed him from his original course. The time lost in nipping and delaying him had also let the dark ones up. As it was beautiful galloping ground and my horse needed no urging, I was cleverly in at the death. When he was knocked over Miss McGinty had him by the left ear close to his head. Irish Lass had him by the neck. Neither of them ever broke their hold until after the coyote was dead.

No bull-terriers ever showed more gameness. Adonis and three of the others had hold of his body, all worrying and dragging at him at once. He was an immense big fellow, and I am having his hide preserved and a watch charm made out of one of his tusks.

So you see, aside from bench show-dogs, the St. Patrick Kennels possess greyhounds that with beauty of conformation have all the qualities for coursing hares and the courage to kill coyotes. It may be a long time before they have again a Monk's Bishop, Pearl of Pekin, Irish Lass, Flying Dutchman and Adonis in one litter. I believe that was the sixteenth coyote killed by the St. Patrick Kennels this season.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Monroe, Mich., April 21.

Last Sunday was a red letter day for Mr. James B. Blossom. His Irish setter bitch Lady Alice whelped twelve pups, nine dogs, to his Bedford. This might not, to the casual observer, be worthy of a special mark, but when it is remembered that Bedford won first in the Irish setter field trials at Lexington, N. C., December, 1892, in All-Age Stake (twenty starters, the largest ever run, beating Finglass, Coleraine, Elcho's Maid and several other winners at previous trials here and in England), and Lady Alice divided equal third prize at same trials, this litter is especially valuable in these early days of Irish setter field trials, if there be any virtue in selection of parents, both of which are handsome and very dark red.

LOS ANGELES DOG SHOW.

(Special Report.)

THE fifth annual show of the Southern California Kennel Club opened at Los Angeles at 10 o'clock last Wednesday morning. In point of numbers it was nearly the equal of any of its predecessors, but in quality of most of the breeds it was far superior. The building in which it was held was spacious and well ventilated, the benches well arranged and the management all that could be desired. Most of the classes were fairly well represented, some of them with animals of real good quality. The most numerous were the fox-terriers and pointers, both of which contained some very good specimens. The greyhounds were fairly good in number and quality. The St. Bernards were fully up to average in quality, but few in number. The English setter classes contained only ten all told, and each one represented almost a different type. The other classes only contained a half dozen or so each.

Mr. Geo. Raper, of England, judged all classes and gave quite general satisfaction, except among the fox-terrier men, who each seemed to think that every dog he showed should have had a blue ribbon.

MASTIFFS.—In the class for dogs, first went to Bishop, a dog of right type, but lacking in size and massiveness. He was good in head, shoulders and feet, but a bit cow-hocked. Woolfin, second, fair in type but small, light in bone and lacked much in substance. Maro A., third, has a weak face and bad ears, and cannot be considered more than a moderate specimen. In bitches, Phyllis won easily over Lomita Hilda, beating her in body, head and substance. In dog puppies first went to Lomita Caution, a very good puppy, seven months old, beating his brothers in bone and skull. Lomita Prince, second, not so good in size as the winner, is still a very good specimen of his age. Lomita Wotan, vhc.,



The Flying Dutchman. Monk Bishop. Irish Lass. L. F. Bartels.
"ROUGH ON COYOTES."

while good in type is very bad in legs, the result of bad raising in all probability. In bitches there was but one to face the judge. Lomita Minting, a rare good young bitch of the same litter as the dogs, she has splendid eyes and barring the fact that she is a little light in muzzle, it might be said that she is good all over.

ST. BERNARDS.—California Bernardo, a good sound all-round dog only sixteen months old, won first. He is as yet a little small for the open class, has a head of the right type, good legs and feet, good loin, proper markings and splendid action. Second went to California Alton, who at first sight looked an easy winner; he is rather too massive in head, seems weak in loin and hindquarters; while he has an abundance of bone, his forelegs are not properly formed. Reglov, a well grown puppy of eleven months, took third. He has good bone, well formed legs and is strong in loin, and if not weak in head when developed he will prove a hard one to beat. The reserve, Judge, Jr., lacks substance and needs more bone and size, but otherwise is a very well made dog. In bitches, Tomah was much the best, being a good all-round bitch, but light in skull and long in face. Lady Delight, second, was better in head, but lost to the winner in body and action. Lady Gladys, third, is rather hollow backed and lacks expression. It was a close race between these last two for second place. Riglov, the only one shown in the dog puppy class, is a fine young dog, winning third in the open class. Zaidee, the only bitch, is good in size and coat but rather heavy in ears, she was given the blue ribbon.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Strap, the winner of first, was the only fair specimen. He is a big, upstanding dog, a little off in head, with good coat. The others all showed outcrosses and were poor representatives of the breed.

GREAT DANES.—In this class the dogs and bitches were classed together. Titan, winner of first, was lately imported from Paris. He is of the right type, with fine head, body, and feet. Second went to Marjel, much the same type as first but not so good in head. Third to Ritaud, a bitch of lighter type all round. Nora, c., is thick in head, indicating a mastiff cross. In puppies Victor was given a second—fully as much as he deserved.

GREYHOUNDS.—There was one dog in the challenge class. He is a good specimen of the right type but is beginning to go heavy with age. In open dogs the blue ribbon went to Donard, a light red, wanting a little in substance and not just right in head, excellent legs and shoulders, but not so good in hips. Falcon, second, is fairly good in form, better in ribs than the winner, but a little bad in his action behind. Leo, Jr., third, is very stylish and rather good in quality, but his feet are badly out-turned. In bitches Lady H. Glendyne, first, is a fine specimen and full of style, but a trifle straight in hocks. Prouts, second, was too thin to show to advantage. The balance of the greyhounds were very indifferent lot.

POINTERS.—There was but one in the challenge class, Kan Koo, given first; has very much of the right pointer type, but is too thick in shoulders and neck and rather straight behind. In profile he has a good type of head, but short and thick in skull and rather coarse. In open dogs, over 55lbs., Jap got the blue. He is a lemon and white of nice quality, much improved since last year, and well shown. He is

rather round in skull, with good back and loin, fair ribs, well-set shoulders, but a little too thick. Commodore, second, has a good head of the right type, but bad expression; good bone, but short in quarters. Third went to Ben, a young dog that will show better in time. He is fairly good all over, but a little snipy in muzzle. The reserve was given to Ko-Ko, a very coarse dog all over, with bad head. The others were quite indifferent. In heavy-weight bitches, Amaryllis is a good bitch of the right type, beating Bess, second, in head and shoulders. In light-weight dogs, Ben Hur won easily. He is a grand dog, with good head, front and shoulders, but faulty in body and thighs. Commodore, second, is a very showy dog, but thick in shoulders and straight in hocks. Honest John, third, is plain in head and rather throaty. He has good shoulders and loin, and nice style in the ring. In light-weight bitches, Kioto took first over Tippetta, second, who would undoubtedly have beaten her if she had behaved well in the ring. Kioto is too short, and straight in shoulders. Third went to Pepper, a black and white, with good body, but very light in head and muzzle, and badly cow-hocked. In dog puppies, Bob took first, a very good puppy, but straight in stifles. Grover, second, is rather backward, but shows good form, and should make a good dog in time. In bitches, Chic M. won easily. She was better all round than Fanny H., second, who showed badly.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—In the dog class each dog represented a different type, neither of which was proper. Cash, the winner, is an upstanding orange belton, light in limb and ragged in hips. He has a fairly good skull, light in muzzle and bad in expression, has good shoulders, well formed but light in bone, good feet. Mercury, second, is small and rather too heavy. His head approaches the right type, but too coarse. He would have looked better if shown in less flesh. Starlight W., third, is too cobby and too short in head, ears set on too high and neck too short; shoulders upright and body short, feet and legs good. Stamboul, the reserve, has a better head, but is quite flat in ribs and very long in loin. Sam K. Gladstone, who got the three letters, has a nice head, rather coarse otherwise and bad in action; would have done better if shown in better condition. In bitches, Countess Noble, who got the blue ribbon, was an easy winner, of a grand type that fills the eye at once; head good, but might be a little cleaner below the eyes and squarer in muzzle; good neck, fine outline and body; good legs and feet, stifles and hocks strong and well let down. Estrella and Betsy Mack, second and third, are of the true English setter type, but too light all over, and lacking in substance.

IRISH SETTERS.—In dogs Glenmore Hoodlum won easily. He is a good type, good in coat and color, but rather loosely put together, being young he will likely improve with age. Mac B., second, is too large and was shown too fat. In bitches Maid of Glenmore was the only entry; she is a fairly good bitch, but not so good as the winner in the dog class. In puppies, Glenmore Hoodlum, described above, was the only entry.

GORDON SETTERS.—These were a poor lot, Lady Clara Jane being the nearest to the proper type of this breed, the others were simply black and tan dogs.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—There was one dog and one bitch, the dog being a fair one, but short in head.

SPANIELS.—In the over 28lbs. lot there was a fair Sussex and moderate Clumber, given first and second. In cockers, open dogs, two faced the judge, Bronte, a good all round dog, but a little coarse, beat Dan Slater, who is not the right type. In bitches Gypsy Jane won. She has a nice body, but weak in face and lacks bone. Denver Dell, second, is too long in body and also weak in face.

RETRIEVERS.—There was but one, a curly coat of indifferent type; he was given a first.

COLLIES.—First went to Fordham Bravo, a fairly good dog of good coat. In bitches Strathmore Hazel Dell, carrying her tail in the air, was given vhc., fully as much as she deserved.

FOX-TERRIERS.—The challenge class brought out but one, Blemton Volunteer, shown entirely too fat, too heavy in shoulders, but otherwise a very good type. In open dogs Le Logos, first, is an evenly-balanced dog of good type, long-headed, good in neck and front, a little long in body, hocks well let down and a good mover. Blemton Reefer, second, is also a high quality dog, stylish in appearance, beautiful neck and outline, fine coat, but hocks a little straight, ears well placed, but carried badly. This defect, combined with light thighs, lost him the blue ribbon. Hampton Tip, third, is a long-headed puppy, short of coat and has a listless carriage. In bitches Bonnie Bess, first, is better in size and nearer the proper type in shape and finish, short back, well-placed shoulders and fairly good legs and feet. Dauntless Suzette, second, is a trifle full in skull and inclined to be chunky, coat short and soft, but quite gay in carriage. Lomita Winfreda is a size too large and none too good in action, skull too thick at base and broad chest. Lomita Patch and Lomita Beck Brummel, both belonging to the same owner, took first and second, Patch having a little better type and better forelegs. Captain, third, and Tough, reserve, were fairly good and rightly placed. The bitch puppies were all ordinary. Pomona was given second and the others not mentioned.

The wire-haired division contained but two, both fair specimens, Todge taking first and Jack second.

Skye terriers were very ordinary, Sally getting the blue ribbon and the other no mention. Toy spaniels had one good Japanese and pugs one very fair dog, Punch, which was given first.

In Spitz, Jack and Bob White took first and second; they were only fair.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 23.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, M. S. Severance's Bishop; 2d, Miss Blakewell's Woolfin; 3d, E. Templar Allen's Maro A. Bitches: 1st, M. E. Bragdon's Phyllis; 2d, J. W. Mitchell's Lomita Hilda. Puppies: 1st and 2d, J. W. Mitchell's Lomita Caution and Lomita Prince. Very high com., Jacob Muller's Lomita Wotan. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Mitchell's Lomita Minting.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Barker's California Bernardo; 2d, F. H. Allen's California Alton; 3d, Dr. A. T. Regensberger's Reglov. Very high com., E. P. Schell's Judge, Jr. High com., Capt. Wm. Poole's Gilott. Com., A. S. Auchincloss's Monk of Snowden. Bitches: 1st, Frank H. Allen's Tomah; 2d and 3d, E. P. Schell's Lady Delight and Lady Gladys. Puppies: 1st, Dr. A. Regensberger's Reglov. Bitches: 1st, Geo. Fugard's Zaidee.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. B. Banning's Strap; 2d, M. J. Doolin's Prince; 3d, Jack Marletich's Turk.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 3d, John G. Borghum's Titan and Ritaud; 2d, Mrs. J. G. Borghum's Marjel. Very high com., John F. Wohler's Nora.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, G. Gordon's Leo. OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Hugh McCracken's Donard; 2d, S. Tyler's Falcon; 3d, K. C. Klokke's Leo Junior. Very high com., J. Tannemacher's Wallace Go

Our special report of the English Setter Club field trials held in Devonshire, is crowded out by more important home news.

DOG CHAT.

Irish Terriers.

Through the courtesy of one of its members, in fact the only American member, Mr. Walter F. Comstock, we are enabled to look through the prettily and appropriately gotten up report of the Irish Terrier Club for the past year. Dr. Carey in the course of his report as to the progress made by the club and its present healthy status says: "There can be no doubt that the Irish terrier has become almost the most fashionable breed of terrier, at least if numbers seen on the benches at all the principal shows during the year are any criterion; the quality has also much improved and the classes now present a much more even appearance, and a greater similarity in type, than was the case a few years back. Coat seems to me to be the point now requiring most attention, many of the dogs seen during the past year are wanting in density and hardness of jacket. Ears are improved, as is color. Size is another point I should like to direct breeders' attention to; it is time now that more dogs under 24lbs. should be produced, and I think that the attention of judges having been specially directed to the club standard weights, will probably have a good effect in the direction of lessening size during the coming years." Among other things we learn that the sixty-guinea challenge cup was offered six times, and on every occasion won by Mr. E. A. Wiener's champion Brickbat. Dr. Carey is happy to say that the Kennel Club has made the cropping regulation into a rule of the club which goes into effect after July 1, and this prohibits the exhibition of any Irish terrier, born since Dec. 31, 1889, if cropped, at any show held under Kennel Club rules. In our remarks on this subject recently we should perhaps have made our meaning a little clearer if we had written "even better." We do not in the slightest degree wish to cast any slur on the excellent lot of "daredevils" our countrymen have shown recently. We believe that the good lot of dogs of this breed such as Dummurphy, Boxer IV., Jack Briggs, Jackanapes, Candour, Merle Gandy, etc., are only the forerunners of strong classes at future shows, and we throw out the hint suggested by this new cropping rule, which will necessarily have a retroactive effect on many kennels which have good dogs that have been "under the scissors" since 1889. It was a hint that we thought some of our terrier men might take advantage of, as such a rule does not obtain over here.

Later we hear that Brickbat has won the cup outright and that the club is now calling for subscriptions to pay for another challenge cup. Brickbat has won twelve successive victories.

The Columbian Dog Show.

We are continually hearing of the inability of intending exhibitors at the World's Fair dog show to secure a premium list, although repeatedly written for. The way things are going it looks as if a muddle is in sight. No authentic list of judges is as yet forthcoming, and the promised revised premium list has not yet made its appearance. According to the date given out in the early premium list the entries close May 20, and that is little more than a fortnight ahead, and then there is no mention of entries having been received yet. A great effort should have been made to secure foreign entries so that native exhibits could have been compared and our strength or weakness ascertained. English exhibitors depend greatly on the list of judges, and with the present uncertainty as to who will really officiate, there is little likelihood of our cousins across the water making any special effort. We should know, too, by this time what the specialty clubs are going to do in the way of specials. In fact the whole arrangements seem to be as incomplete as the World's Fair generally, when President Cleveland pressed the button last Monday. There is another fact which has cropped up and been brought to our notice. Through the rules of the English Kennel Club, dogs are registered which would not have been considered eligible for registration in the A. K. C. S. B. Take for instance the Irish terrier Merle Grady, owned by Mr. W. J. Comstock, of Providence, R. I., which is registered in the English book, but cannot be registered here on account of his grandsire, Bellman's, the well-known prize winner, sire being unknown, still Bellman is registered in the English book, and were Merle Grady owned in England he could be shown at the World's Fair show; as it is he is debarred. Owned by an American he must produce that great grandsire or stay at home, because the A. K. C. will not give him one of those gilt-edged certificates. No doubt there are other well-known dogs that will find themselves in the same box. An inferior animal, however, that can boast of three generations back of names no one knows anything of, nor cares to, is allowed to occupy a bench that might well be filled by a worthier animal. He has the magic number, however, and has the further privilege of paying fifty cents extra into the already loaded coffers of the A. K. C. for something he had already paid for. Americans have great advantages and—disadvantages. Hurry up the judges and premium lists.

Pet Dogs at Shows.

We regret to hear that Dr. W. E. Oliver's noted Yorkshire, Dick York has met with such a sudden death. One of Mr. Hacke's wolfhounds at Denver show nipped him and he was squeezed into the canine paradise that is reserved for all good prize winners. Handlers of these wolfhounds should be more careful of their charges; some of these hounds seem to take a fancy now and then to make a sudden dart at some harmless little dog in a crowded ring. One of the beagles at Pittsburgh, for instance, was nearly killed by a bound from these same kennels. This leads us to think that show committees should by all means provide a small inclosure where toy dogs alone could exercise. Some of these little pets have been delicately nurtured and are altogether too delicate and refined in their natures to be subjected to the careless romping of a lot of big dogs. To see their fear and trembling when set down in such a ring shows what a purgatory it is to such animals. Too distracted to attend to the wants of nature, when put back in their stalls, they suffer untold agony, and disease in some shape is a result if continually subjected to such treatment.

The United States F. T. Club.

Mr. P. T. Madison writes us, too late for last issue, that at the request of many patrons of the U. S. F. T. Club the closing of the entries to the Bicknell Derby has been extended to June 1. Field trial men should appreciate the progressive efforts of the U. S. F. T. Club in giving two trials in one season. Given good weather conditions—in the trials of 1891 the ground was too dry—there is no better game country than that around Bicknell, Ind. The trials are visited by larger crowds of sportsmen than any we have yet attended and the villagers taking an interest in the trials conduces to a good feeling all around.

Sale of Duke of Kildare.

Mr. J. Myrick, Jr., of Portland, Ore., has bought Mr. W. L. Washington's Irish setter dog Duke of Kildare, the winner of first prizes in both open and novice classes at the last New York bench show and in the open class at Baltimore and Elmira. Duke of Kildare is of the same litter as Queen Vic, now in the challenge class, and of the prize winning bitches Belle of Kildare and Queen of Kildare, being sired by champion Kildare out of Red Rose, the dam of Kildare. These four Irish setters are a striking example of the benefit

of judicious inbreeding. Mr. Myrick also brought out a young bitch from W. Washington's kennels named Kildare Flo, by champion Dick Swiveler out of Bessie Zapp, which is said to be a bitch with a future. She shows great bench form and acts very much like the making of a first-class field trial dog. Duke of Kildare is well known as a high class practical shooting dog, and has had three full seasons on game in a district where quail are very plentiful, and has had many hundreds shot over him. Mr. Myrick has lost the Irish setter Ormonde, which he bought last winter, from an attack of pneumonia. Oregon seems to be a great country for Irish setters, and the sportsmen out there have brought out some of our best dogs. The winning dogs at New York in 1891 and 1893 are both now owned in the same town in Oregon.

This Speaks for Itself.

Mr. Huse, secretary of the Boston Terrier Club, sent the following too late for publication last week: "Mr. G. H. Huse, Sec'y, 95 Blackstone street, Boston, Mass.—Dear Sir: I have your letter of April 17, and by way of reply have to advise you that a class for Boston terriers has been added in kennel exhibit with same premiums and conditions as other terriers. Very respectfully, W. I. Buchanan, Chief Department of Agriculture." There is no denying the energy displayed by this club, and we bow gracefully to that energy. Their terriers will have a class at the Pet Dog Club show May 30, and they are at last in a fair way to arrive at some unanimity of type by carrying out the suggestion we made at Boston show, that they discard their specialist judges for awhile and let an all-round judge familiar with terriers decide upon their terriers in the future. This has been done in the case of the Pet Dog Club show. At a meeting of B. T. C. held April 21, it was resolved that Mr. Mason should be asked to judge these classes. Further, it was announced, and this is also commendable in this day of carelessness in such matters, that all the medals offered at late shows had been delivered to the lucky owners of the winners.

Ohio Field Trial Club.

At a meeting of the Ohio Field Trial Club, held April 21, the following officers were elected: President, Henry E. Weber, Canton, O.; Vice-President, John Bolus, Wooster, O.; 2d Vice-President, J. A. De Normandie, New Castle, Pa.; Secretary-Treas, G. V. L. Mullenger, Canton, O. The club is a member of the A. K. C., has a charter and is incorporated under the laws of Ohio, and will be known as the Ohio Field Trial Club Co. The club hold trials annually on its preserve on the Line of the Inter-Suburban R. R., midway between Canton and Massillon, Ohio. Three stakes will be run, an All-Age Stake for pointers and setters, with prizes of \$250 to first, \$150 to second and \$100 to third. Derby, for pointers and setters whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1892, each breed to run separately; first \$125, second \$65, third \$50. The trials will commence Nov. 15. For entry blanks and further particulars address the secretary-treasurer, Mr. G. V. D. Mullenger, Canton, O., or Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, O.

Yonkers Dog Show.

Some time since we spoke of the formation of the Yonkers Fanciers' Club. The club has not lost much time in getting down to business and the well-arranged premium list that lies before us is an example of their energy. In connection with a poultry show, a dog show will be held May 25 to 27. The prizes are represented by glory in the shape of club badges, in color—blue, red and yellow. In addition, providing there are three or more entries in a breed, the club will donate a bronze medal for the best in each breed. A member of the club also offers \$5 for the most tastefully arranged stall in the show. This is all the cash in sight at present, but further specials will, no doubt, be forthcoming and be published later in the catalogue. Mr. C. H. Mason is the judge. The entry fee is \$1 and the entries close May 13. The show is not under A. K. C. rules, but that should make no difference and we trust that a good little show may be the result of the club's efforts. Mr. Emil Garnjost, a fox-terrier breeder, is the secretary and the owner of the Bronx Valley Kennels, James H. Young is the president.

Death of Refuge II.

For a comparatively young fancier in St. Bernards, Mr. Reick, owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, has had his share of the troubles and penalties that beset an owner of a valuable breeding kennel. On Sunday last the noted St. Bernard Refuge II. joined the ever-increasing majority. His death was due to a sudden attack of colic. Refuge II. was bred by Mr. Norris-Elye, and whelped April 3, 1886. His sire was the great Plinlimmon and dam champion Recluse, the dam of Lord and Lady Melrose. He was imported by Mr. Reick about eighteen months since, and although his show career on this side has been somewhat overshadowed by the other celebrated inmates of this kennel, his value as a stud dog was never questioned. Possessed of great bone, a splendid head and many other attributes of a good St. Bernard, his place on the prize lists would have been much higher had his forelegs been as they should have been. At the Agricultural Hall, London, in 1891, he won the stud dog medal. Besides this, he won in England over forty prizes and cups. He was a good dog, and his death is a distinct loss to the breed in this country. Mr. Reick will have the sympathy of his fellow breeders.

Death of Mr. Astor Carey.

The kennel world has no doubt lost in the sudden death of young Mr. H. R. Astor Carey a budding fancier that we could ill afford to lose. Mr. Carey died suddenly from heart disease at the Everett House last Friday night, having come on from Newport to see the naval review. This well known society man had only just become known to the kennel world as the plucky buyer of the bulldogs His Lordship and White Venn. He had just bought Mr. James R. Keene's stables at Newport and a large farm near by, and that he intended to go in for dogs to some extent is proved by his intention of building some fine kennels at the above-mentioned stable. We suppose that His Lordship and White Venn will be disposed of now, but who will be wise enough to purchase is an open question as yet.

Los Angeles Show.

The Los Angeles dog show seems to have attracted considerable attention on the Pacific slope. The entries numbered 167, and the attendance is said to have been unusually good. Among the dogs which created an interest was the terrier Owney, whose record as a traveler on most of our mail trains is well known. He wore a collar marked "Owney, Post-office, Albany, N. Y.," and attached to the collar were tags and medals indicating the many large cities this canine tramp had visited. As there were no regular prizes, merely club diplomas or ribbons at this show, it speaks well for the fanciers' instinct which had so many owners of good dogs to strive for the empty honors regardless of the expenses they incurred. A number of San Francisco dogs were in evidence, and it is to be hoped that this good feeling will be reciprocated at the show which takes place at the latter city this week.

Toronto K. C. Show.

We have received the premium list of the Toronto Kennel Club's show to be held in the Granite Rink, May 12 and 13.

We have already given all necessary particulars, but may again remind our many readers in Ontario that entries close May 9, at 5 P. M. with Mr. W. P. Fraser, 82 King St., East, Toronto.

St. Augustine Coming.

It may surprise our readers, those interested in the St. Bernard, that the crack smooth dog, St. Augustine, will soon be over here. The owner does not wish his name known yet, but suffice to say that he is known in St. Bernard circles and lives in the West. St. Augustine won the 100 guinea challenge cup at the last Crystal Palace show, and is considered by many the best, rough or smooth, dog in England. He is by Apollo out of Dinorah. The West is already strong in St. Bernards, and the importation of such a dog will still further improve the breed. The purchaser has had, naturally, to pay a long figure for him. He was owned by J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, and was whelped Feb. 19, 1890; in color he is orange and white. He was known formerly as Tarash and was then owned by Mr. A. J. Gosling.

Death of Lord Sheffield.

We regret to hear that Capt. Phelps's bulldog Lord Sheffield, the last link that connected poor Mr. Porter with the present kennel world, is dead. The dog did not do well on the circuit, would not eat, and was generally out of sorts.

Setter Bitch Bessamond.

WARSAW, Ind., April 22.—In this week's FOREST AND STREAM you name E. Haymond as the owner of my bitch Bessamond. Please correct the mistake, which doubtless occurred by reason of my name being LEIGH H. HAYMOND. P. S.—I think the engraving very good.—H.

Beagle Club Meeting.

An executive committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, No. 44 Broadway, New York city, on Monday, May 8, at 3 P. M. Members of the committee are earnestly requested to attend, as the arrangements for the coming field trials will be discussed.

The Charlottesville F. T. Kennels have sold the field pointers Consort and Exile, brothers of Rip Rap, to Mr. J. Otto Donner, of New York, for \$750.

We have received quite an extensive catalogue of the Fordhook Collie Kennels. It is well gotten up, adorned with pictures of their collies, and has a good deal of interesting reading on collies in general.

Dr. Foote has sold the following black and tan terriers: Monarch, first Omaha, Brooklyn, New York and Philadelphia, and Rochelle Carmencita, winner of several prizes, to Max J. Baehr, St. Louis, Mo. The wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Miss Brittle, by Brittle out of Vic Broom, he has disposed of to F. S. Kinney, New York.

The members of the City of the Straits Kennel Club are making an effort to secure outside grounds, so as to have a place where the members can train and work their dogs. Mr. Howie Muir, the owner of the deerhounds champion Olga, etc., is said to be at the head of the movement.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club was to hold their annual meeting last Monday evening, at which eight directors were to be elected, afterwards a meeting of the new directory would be held.

At a sale of horses at Tattersall's the other night, Mr. William Easton purchased six couple of foxhounds, draft from the Belvoir pack, for \$75, a cheap lot. They will be sent as a present to Gen. W. H. Jackson, owner of the Belle Meade stock farm, at Nashville, Tenn.

We are indebted to Mr. G. E. Osborn, the well-known owner of the Roscroft Kennels, for a very pretty paper-weight which he is getting out. Under a heavy concave glass is a capital sort of silver print of his English setter Sheldon in the field. There are interesting possibilities in this respect for fanciers generally, and such pictures are a pleasant change from the impossible landscapes and marine subjects generally depicted in this way. The Metal and Glass Ornamental Co., of New Haven, Conn., is getting them up.

We notice that Mr. T. G. Davey this week spreads a treat before the pointer and setter men in our business columns. Such pointers as Miss Rumor, Josie Brackett, in challenge class; Brighton Leda, etc., should not go a-begging. His two prize-winning retrievers, imported from England, are also in the list, as well as some good setter stock.

There seems to be a good market for St. Bernards in Kansas City, Mo. We see that some of the Lawrence Garza (Alton—Judith), out of Ashland Bessie stock, have found many purchasers.

There was a Boston terrier at the Los Angeles show. Its circle of recognition is, indeed, on the increase.

Mr. John H. Mathews is in a likely way to show some more bulldogs of his own breeding. His bitch Grit lately whelped nine by his dog Bahros; about half of the litter are still alive and growing up with the country.

Referring to our business columns we find that yet another sportsman, Mr. L. K. Devendorf, is deploring the loss of his setter dog, which was stolen from his place of business in Washington, D. C., March 2. He has every reason to believe the dog was sent out of town.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—The list of entries given out of Canadian applications for exhibition at the World's Fair is not at all complete and there is little doubt but the full complement of 200 entries will be sent.

Intending exhibitors here are slow in entering until the list of judges—authenticated list—is given out and also the proper and final classification announced. No one seems to be in a position to give reliable information on these points, which are essential, as entries are supposed to close on May 20.

Several breeders in British Columbia intend showing in Seattle, May 17 to 20, to get Mr. Raper's decision on their dogs.

From Mr. John B. Carmichael, of Victoria, I learn that collies are having quite a boom in the Flawery Province, several recent importations having been made. Mr. Stewart, of the Belmont Ranch, who has just returned from England, brought with him a very nice dog by Wooly (by Metchley Wonder) out of Vic (by Rob Roy McGregor). A bitch by Edgbaston Excelsior, brought out at same time, has since unfortunately gone over to the majority. Mr. Chambers, of Victoria, another enthusiast, received on April 20, a bitch by Rob Roy McGregor out of Jennie Deans and is negotiating for a first class stud dog. Mr. Carmichael himself has bought the bitch Metchley Flurry, by Claremont

Garry (Christopher—Nuida) out of Roslyn Lena (Wellesbourne Charlie—Wellesbourne Flurry), with which he hopes to do great things.

Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, in writing me on matters relating to the World's Fair bench show, incloses the following clipping:

"The Northwestern Field Trials Club, acting in conjunction with the Canadian Kennel Club, have been appointed by the commissioner of the Dominion Government to make the selection of dogs for the World's Fair show, which opens with the live stock exhibit of dogs on June 12. The Canadian exhibit is limited to 200 entries, twelve specimens only being allowed from Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

"The following extract from the rules regarding the kennel exhibit will prevent many excellent specimens owned in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories from being eligible: 'Exhibitors of dogs owned in the United States or Canada must furnish with each application for entry a certificate signed by the secretary of the American Kennel Club or the Canadian Kennel Club, showing that the dog has been registered in the stud book of one of these clubs.'

"The Dominion Government will pay all charges connected with the exhibit in Chicago, and also express charges on dogs from Manitoba and the Northwest to and from the show.

"Forms of entry, premium lists, registration blanks, and all particulars will be given intended exhibitors by applying to the secretary-treasurer of the Northwestern Field Trials Club at Winnipeg, Mr. Thos. Johnson, or the vice-president of the club, Mr. Thos. Stone, Calgary, Alberta."

Breeders have been so careless in registering or keeping a correct record of the breeding of their dogs that many in the Northwest now find themselves debarred from exhibiting. It does not appear to be plainly understood by many that "listed" dogs are not eligible for entry. Such, however, is the case and this has kept out many dogmen in the older Provinces, and including several imported animals, whose owners have neglected to procure in time, or who have been unable to get, particulars of the required three generations.

Mr. Irving L. Smith, Montreal, who has bred several very promising setters, has bought the foxhound dog Racer, by Bony (Ringwood—Gipsy) out of champion Vexation (imp. Genius—imp. Nancy) from Mr. B. Gibbs, of Guelph.

I did Mr. Bell an unintentional injustice last week. He is the breeder of champion Fascination, and not Mr. Barclay, as I inadvertently wrote. H. B. DONOVAN.

Where is the Cocker as a Working Dog?

Editor Forest and Stream:

It strikes me very forcibly that the effusion of "Cocker" in your last issue is weaker than before, and scarce worthy of notice. I have re-read and pondered as he suggested, but still think that I read his fairy tale right in the first instance. As to the bet of a 64-cent silver dollar, he so rashly offers to make, that "Solus" has a dog or dogs to sell, in cockers so in money is our friend "Cocker," and it looks to me as if the face value of his dollar is as false as the description he gave of the modern cocker. Leaving him anchored, let us turn to the letter of "Uncle Dick," who has at last found a champion for his peculiar type, and let me see if I cannot reason with my old friend and point out to him how very inconsistent he has been.

As I understand it from one who should know, there are fifty members in the American Spaniel Club, of whom some fifty-eight favor what is called the modern and two favor the "Uncle Dick" type of cocker, which we will call, for distinction, "The very ancient." Now I am one of those who strongly believe in the rights of the minority, but when in a club of sixty there is a majority of fifty-eight, is not the minority snowed under?

Some years ago, when "Uncle Dick" was in the full flush of his opposition to the majority, a club asked him to officiate as judge at their show. Philadelphia was the show, and he accepted the position. Consideration reigned in spaniel circles. "What enter their modern cockers and field spaniels to be judged by 'Uncle Dick,' etc., etc." But in spite of all this there were a few members of the club who wished to try the experiment of showing under him, and so when the day of judgment came there were a few select entries for him to adjudicate on. The classes were composed of some very ancient and some modern specimens, but strange to say, this good and wise judge after very careful consideration awarded the ribbons to the modern, and though for years he had been longing for the chance to show which type he favored, threw consistency to the winds and in each and every instance went back on his preaching. Evidently captured by the marked superiority in head, coat, bone, substance, etc., of the modern over the narrow chest, snipy muzzle, short, thick skull, long, thin legs, etc., of "the very ancient." This is known in dogdom as the quickest change of opinion on record, but showed those most interested that even a man who has been only able to breed the weeds of a breed is still sufficiently able, when put to the test, to tell the good from the bad even if it goes hard against himself, so long as he is a man like "Uncle Dick," who is undoubtedly a spaniel lover.

Staying at a friend's house a few years ago, I had the pleasure of seeing one pointer, one setter, three field spaniels and at least a dozen cockers, some nine of which were modern and the balance "very ancient," work through a briar swamp near by. The dogs were all well under control and were taken to this place, not to find game, but as a test for the spaniels. There was one piece of about half an acre, impassable to man, and which both pointer and setter would not face; without urging of any kind the spaniels worked through it, and I can assure both "Uncle Dick" and "Cocker" that had they been present they would now think as I think, i. e., that the modern is in no way inferior to the "very ancient" if given the same opportunities. When those spaniels were called in and I saw them one mass of pickles, burrs, etc., from nose to tail, I was convinced that the majority of the A. S. C. knew a little and that the minority did not know it all.

There was one small cocker, he did not weigh more than 19lbs., who was the life and soul of the crowd, and one long, low black field spaniel who seemed as if he could never have enough. Their owner assured me that all the spaniels were bench show winners with the exception of the "very ancient" two.

I was not the only spaniel man present, and there are those who no doubt will recall the instance if they read this. And now in conclusion I would ask what is the Spaniel Club to do? Yield to the ideas of the minority and go back to the ancient? Are men like Willey, Mason, Wilmerding, Kirk, Bell, Oldham, Laidlaw and many others to be classed as know-nothings? Entries talk, and when we see Mason at Detroit with twice as many entries as "Uncle Dick" at Elmira, both shows the same week, Elmira A. K. C., Detroit ahead in quality, etc., does it not seem as though cockerdom is on the right road, and that nothing would hurt the spaniel interests of the United States and Canada so much as a change back to the old type of spaniel? It is all very well to say they can hunt. So I claim can the modern, equally well if not better. But we also want something agreeable to the eye, and now that we can have it let us keep it, and still working quietly on, remedy the faults by judicious breeding, and, one of these days, have field trials for spaniels. When that day comes nothing will please me better than to show "Uncle Dick" and his champion that a modern cocker in the field, as on the bench, is ahead of anything they can show in the "very ancient" line.

SOLJ

"Will Let Some Other Man Try."

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading Mr. La Rue's letter in your last issue I think it hits the case of so many dogmen that I think we should say no more or less than friend Smith did when called on to make a speech after his intimate friend Burns had concluded one after his own ideas. Mounting the platform and addressing the audience he exclaimed, "Ditto to brother Burns," and sat down. I think we can all say "Ditto" to friend La Rue's expression and sit down; but if we get an opportunity to vote for World's Fair judges let us vote for old John Davidson, early and often, and I'll wager he won't be near the bottom of the list when the votes are counted.

JAS. E. HAIR, V.S.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 20.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. C. J. Albany, N. Y.—Please give extended pedigree of bull-terrier Surefoot. Ans. Surefoot (E. K. C. 32,238), by Jack out of Rose, by Huss out of Nell. Jack, by Gully the Great (25,469) out of Snowdy.

LAYRACK, Pawtucket, R. I.—Will you kindly give me your opinion in regard to my setter dog. He is 2 yrs. old and from some of the best hunting stock in this section, but shows no disposition to stand his birds; will hunt all day, but does not seem to know how to follow up and stand his birds, although very much excited when one flushes ahead of him. Can he be taught to stand? He would read up any small moving object and point when a puppy, but seems to have outgrown this. Can I get any information in regard to teaching him this from Hammond's book advertised in your columns? Ans. Your dog has not had experience and regular work enough to steady him properly. Aged dogs rarely employ the same methods which they favored in puppyhood. That he will not stand his birds is not at all remarkable. Few high-spirited dogs do so before being properly trained. From your description of the dog's peculiarities, we would advise you to send him to a competent professional trainer. He will require much work to steady him. Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" will give you much information on the subject.

Dachting.

FIXTURES.

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|---|-----------------------------------|
| 6. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Sausalito | 30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay. |
| 7. Cor., San Fran., Cruise with | 30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend |
| San Fran. Y. C. Fleet. | Bay. |
| 12. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 30. Am. Model, Prospect Park. |
| 13-14. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Vallejo | 30. So. Boston, Open, So. Boston. |
| 20. Southern, Sully Cup, N. Orleans | 30. Fall River, Opening, Mt. Hope |
| 26. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | Bay. |
| 27. Buffalo, Opening, Cruise, L. Erie. | 30. Cor., San Fran., Annual, San |
| 27. Phila., Opening, Cruise, Del. Riv. | Francisco Bay. |
| 27. Rochester, Opening, Cruise to | 30. Manayunk Model, Regatta, |
| Sodus, Charlotte, N. Y. | Schuylkill River. |
| 28. Pavana. | 31. Cedar Pt., Opening, Cedar Pt. |
| 30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay. | |

JUNE.

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|--|-------------------------------------|
| 3. Buffalo, Pen., 40 & 35ft., L. Erie. | 17. Commonwealth, Cup, Boston. |
| 3. Savin Hill, First Champ., Dor- | 17. Massachusetts, An. Open, off |
| chester Bay. | Nahant. |
| 3. Williamsburg, Opening. | 17. Beverly, Open sweeps, Mon. B. |
| 3. Quincy, Club Race, Mass. | 17. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap. |
| 3. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass | 17. Corinthian, An., New York. |
| 4. Pavana. | 17. Mos. Fleet, Club, So. Boston. |
| 5. Phila., Open Reg., Del. River. | 17. Phila., Open Race, 15ft. Boats, |
| 8. Monatiquot, Open, Weymouth. | Delaware River. |
| 10. Buffalo, Pen., 35, 25, 20ft., L. Erie. | 19. Williamsburg, Spring Regatta. |
| 10. Larchmont, Spring Regatta, | 21. Quincy, Club Race, Mass. |
| Larchmont. | 22. Rhode Island, Ladies' Day. |
| 10. New Jersey, An., N. Y. Bay. | 22. Schoodic, An., Calais, Me. |
| 10. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 23. Massachusetts, Club, Dorches- |
| 10-11. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, with | ter Bay. |
| Encinal Y. C. Fleet. | 24. Hull Cor., 1st Cham., Hull. |
| 12. Brooklyn, An., Gravesend Bay. | 24. Jersey City, An., Communipaw. |
| 12. Atlantic, An., New York Bay. | 24. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, LI |
| 14. Knickerbocker, An. Open, Col- | 24-25. Cor., San Fran., An. Cruise. |
| lege Point. | 25. Pavana, An., New York Bay. |
| 15. New York, An., New York. | 30-31. Phila., Club Cruise. |
| 15. Rochester, Review & Ladies' | — Atlantic, An., New York. |
| Day, Charlotte, N. Y. | — Marine & Field, An., New York |
| 7. Buffalo, Ladies' Day. | |

JULY.

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|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch. | 10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound. |
| 1. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay. | 10. Corinthian, Atlantic City. |
| 1. Beverly, Marblehead. | 15. Phila., Pen. and Sweeps Race, |
| 1. Williamsburg, Club Cruise. | Delaware River. |
| 1-4. Cor., San Fran., Martinez, | 15. Commonwealth, 1st Pen, Boston |
| Suisun and Vallejo. | 15. Jersey City, Cruise. |
| 3. Indian Harbor, Special, Green- | 15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham. |
| wich, Conn. | 17. Rhode Island, Cup. |

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| 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont. | 20. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Wey- |
| 4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg. | mouth. |
| 4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay | 22. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. |
| Cham., Mon. Beach. | 22. Rochester, Skiff, Charlotte. |
| 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont. | 22. Riverside, Special Cup, River- |
| 4. Rochester, An., L. Y. R. A., | side, Conn. |
| Charlotte, N. Y. | 22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers. |
| 4. Buffalo, Club Regatta, L. Erie. | 22. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. |
| 4-5. Citizens Association, Open, | Beach. |
| Detroit, Mich. | 22. Savin Hill, Union Race, Dor- |
| 8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct. | chester Bay. |
| 8. Beverly, 2d Open Sweeps, Quis- | 25-27-28. New York, Astor Cup, |
| sett. | Newport. |
| 8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops | 28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail. |
| and Cutters, College Point. | 28. Buffalo, An. Cruise, Lake Erie. |
| 8. Monatiquot, Cash Prizes, Wey- | 29. Indian Harbor, An., Green- |
| mouth. | wich, Conn. |
| 8. Savin Hill, First Cup, Dorches- | 29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade |
| ter Bay. | and Cruise. |
| 8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston | 29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull. |
| 8. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. | |

AUGUST.

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| 2. Monatiquot, 1st Cham., Wey- | 16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester |
| mouth. | Bay. |
| 4. Savin Hill, 2d Cham., Dorches- | 19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. |
| ter Bay. | 19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, |
| 5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham. | Riverside, Conn. |
| 5. So. Boston, 2d Cham., So. Boston | 19. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass |
| 5. Beverly, 2d Buzzard's Bay | 19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quisset. |
| Cham., Mon. Beach. | 19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston |
| Knickerbocker, Club, Cabin | 19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, |
| Cats, College Point, Mass. | Goat Island. |
| 5. Riverside, Pen. Regatta, River- | 19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dor- |
| side, Conn. | chester Bay. |
| 5. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. | 21. Rhode Island, Open. |
| 5. Commonwealth, Ladies' Day, | 22. Massachusetts, Club, Dorches- |
| Boston Harbor. | ter Bay. |
| 5. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass | 24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 5. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass | 24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston |
| 5. Massachusetts, Open, Under | 24. Buffalo, Ladies' Day. |
| 25ft., Dorchester Bay. | 26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual. |
| 10. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Char- | 26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham. |
| lotte, N. Y. | 26. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Wey- |
| 12. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull. | mouth. |
| 12. Beverly, Marblehead. | 26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, |
| 13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, | Larchmont. |
| Tiburon. | 26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Pet- |
| 14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsum- | alum Creek. |
| mer Series. | — New York, Cruise, Golet Cup, |
| 16. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Wey- | Newport. |
| mouth. | — Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, New- |
| 19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass | port. |

SEPTEMBER.

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| 2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester | 9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel |
| Bay. | Cruise and Race. |
| 2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off. | 9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, |
| 2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, | All Classes, Lake Erie. |
| Mon. Beach. | 14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay |
| 2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open | Cham., Mon. Beach. |
| Boats, College Point. | 14. Rochester, Review and Ladies' |
| 2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass | Day, Charlotte, N. Y. |
| 2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte | 14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South |
| 2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. | Boston. |
| 4. Lynn, Open, Nahant. | 16. Phila., Open, Delaware River. |
| 4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg. | 16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. |
| 4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay. | 21. Corinthian, Atlantic City. |
| 4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach. | 23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and |
| 6. Cor., San Fran., Atlantic City. | Corinthian Games. |
| 9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, | — Larchmont, Fall Regatta, |
| College Point. | Larchmont. |
| 9. Beverly, Marblehead. | — Larchmont, Special, Schrs. |
| 9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston | and 85ft. Class, Larchmont. |

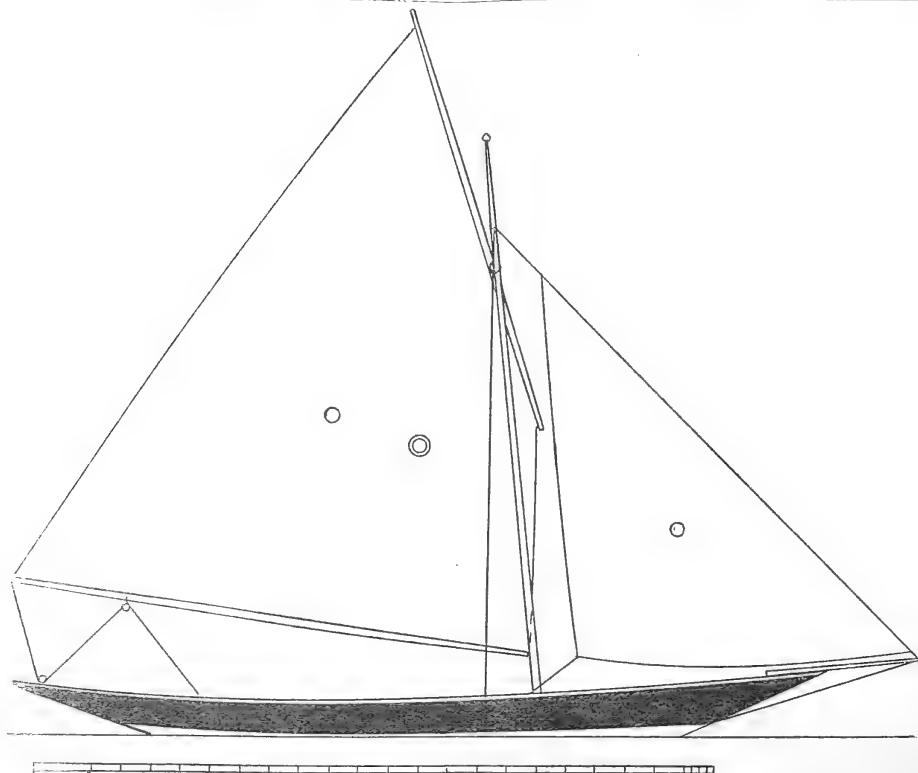
OCTOBER.

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|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise. | 14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, |
| 14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day. | Boston Harbor. |
| 14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise. | |

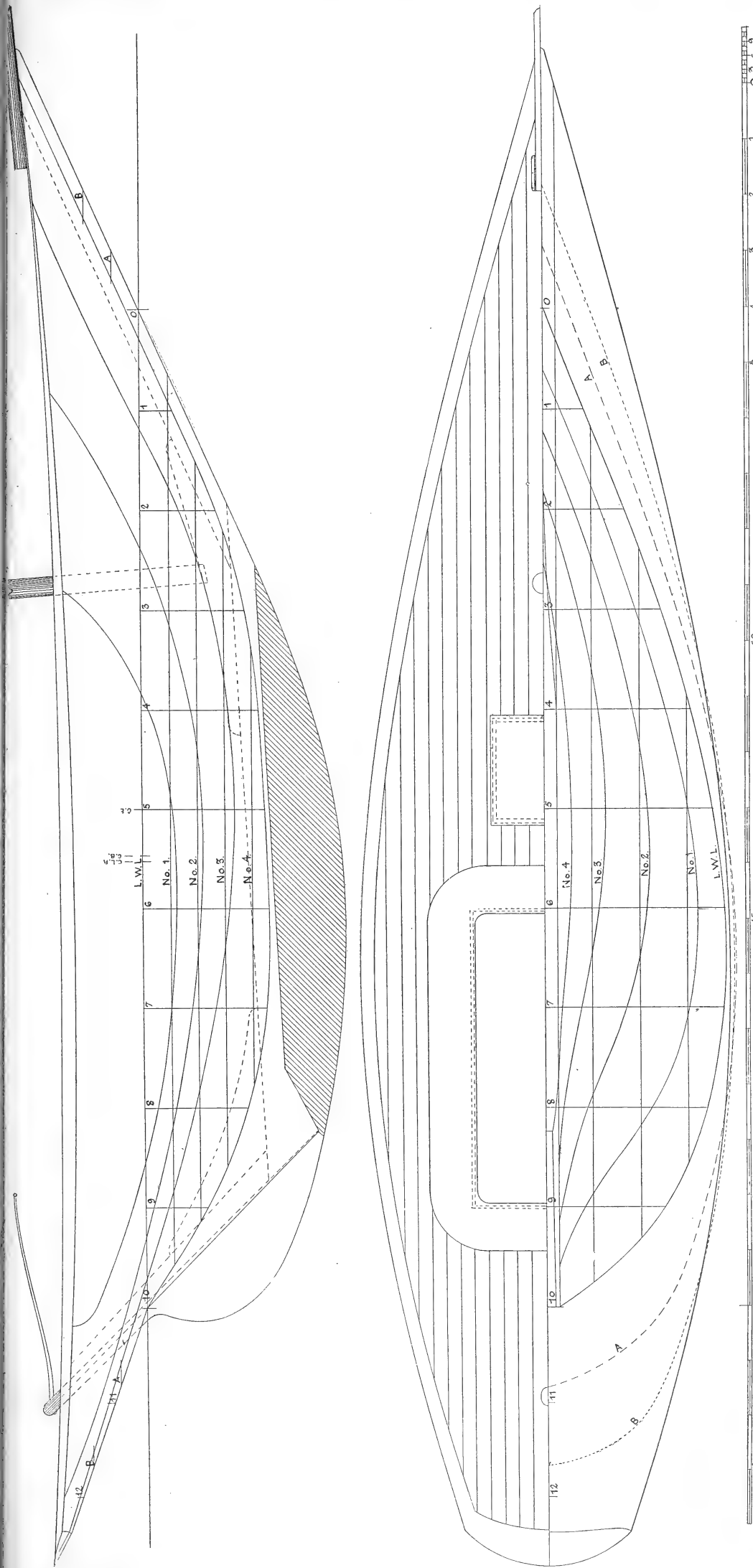
The nautical writer of *Town Topics* has been laboring for some time to convince his readers that the modern British yacht is but a copy of American craft; his latest effort being as follows:

"The marked feature of this year's international yacht racing will be that the contesting vessels are all American, although some of them are building on the other side of the water. This fact will deprive the races of some of their interest, as the contests will simply settle the question whether or not the English designers have accepted our evolution and improved on it. * * * Now, however, the conditions are changed, and the whole fleet of new racers on both sides of the water might well have come from the Herreshoff drawingboard. The new English boats, it is true, are in the way of overhauls, draft and spar plan rather more exaggerated than are ours, but the main features of both sets are so nearly alike that the results of their competition are likely to depend more on skill in handling than on type. However, be the results what they may, we can truly say that we have educated the Britisher."

In reading such nonsense as this, one is led to wonder whether the writer of it has seen either the American or British craft of the last five years; if he has, he should know that the rig of the American cutter has absolutely nothing suggestive of the old American sloop but is merely a modification of the British cutter rig. As to models, the father and originator of the latest racing type is undoubtedly Mr. Arthur E. Payne. The cutting away of deadwood and the hollowing of the midship section, the two marked characteristics of the modern



SAIL PLAN.



racing machine, were both begun by him some four or five years back, notably in such successful fin-keels as Lady Nan and Humming Bird. Herreshoff has gone a step further in the adoption of the bulb-fin, and in extending the ends above water, but it is Payne who has worked out the fin-keel type from the conventional full-bodied cutter. The truth is that both sides are working together in an amicable and profitable exchange of ideas.

On April 30 Navahoe was docked for a few hours at Providence, and her centerboard chain, which had broken in the trunk, was cleared, so that the board may soon be used. The New York Y. C. will send Mr. Carroll off with fitting honors, a dinner will be given prior to his sailing, and a tug will be chartered to escort the Navahoe down the bay.

According to the latest news in the *Field*, Genesta's present owner, Mr. Packer, has been challenged by Mr. Peter Donaldson, of the Clyde syndicate, to a match for the Brenton's Reef cup, which in all probability will go to the new boat, the Fife 85-footer. Mr. Carroll will hardly object to this, as there could be little glory in defeating an old craft like Genesta.

VALKYRIE, the second of the name, was launched at Henderson's yard, Partick-on-the-Clyde, on April 22, being christened by Mrs. Watson, mother of the designer. The yacht's tonnage is given as 220, with a waterline of 84ft.

The naval review of last week had the effect of putting many yachts, especially the steam craft, into commission earlier than usual, and a large number was under way in spite of rain and bad weather. The fashion just now is for white paint, and the old yachts are hardly recognizable in their new spring dress; one has to look two or three times at the Oneida or Electra before being certain of their identity.

The new Intrepid made her first appearance on this occasion, doing credit to her designer, Mr. J. Beavor Webb, who has turned out a handsome and attractive ship.

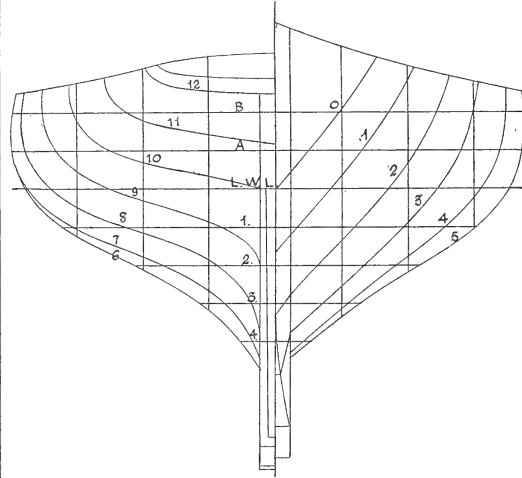
The Fife 85-footer for the Clyde syndicate was launched on May 1, being christened Colluna, the Latin name of a species of heather. Britannia will make a trial trip on Saturday and Valkyrie will be ready next week.

The report comes from Boston that J. Malcolm Forbes, owner of Puritan, has purchased Volunteer of Gen. Paine, and will convert her to the cutter rig for the trial races.

A French "One-Design" Class.

As a corrective of the evils of expensive construction and speedy out-building, a number of English clubs have for some years tried racing in boats of uniform design and construction, all the boats in the class being built from a standard design and usually by the same builder. In some cases the boats are the property of individual owners, in others of the club, being selected by lot or otherwise for each race; in either event the winning depends neither on model nor elaborate construction, but on the personal skill of the crew, and in practice it has been found that this sort of racing gives plenty of sport for season after season, the competition continuing keen. Of course if such a plan were applied to all yacht racing, improvements in design and construction would at once cease; but applied only in special cases, no harm follows, and the results on the whole have been very successful.

The accompanying design, for which we are indebted to the designer M. Mors, through the kindness of our contemporary *Le Yacht*, is for a similar class established by the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, and is intended for the especial benefit of the younger sailor men.



BODY PLAN.

The boat is of 4.20 metres l.w.l. (13ft. 9in.) and is furnished complete for the sum of \$150. In addition to its other good features, the design is specially adapted to the needs of the amateur builder, the form being such that the frames may be readily sawn, largely from straight stuff, while the planking will also be easy, owing to the long, fair diagonals. As better adapted to the possible requirements of our readers, we give a scale for a boat of 18ft. l.w.l., together with the dimensions of the original design. The sail shown is a standing lug, as used in England for the small racers. The sail plan would be small for this country, and in the 18ft. size the proportion of ballast would be considerably increased. We hope to hear that the class is successful in the coming season.

DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS.

	Original Scale.	18 ft. Boat.
Length, l.w.l.	13 ft. 9 in.	18 ft. — in.
Overhang bow	3 7/4	4 8 1/2
Overhang stern	3 7/4	4 8 1/2
Over all	21	27 5
Beam, extreme	5 3	6 10 1/2
L.w.l.	4 11 3/4	6 6
Least freeboard	11 1/2	1 3
Sheer, bow	8 3/4	11 3/4
Stern	3 1/2	5 1/2
Draft, extreme	2 9 1/2	3 8
Displacement, long tons	1.00	2.20
Ballast	.20	
Area, Midship Section, sq. ft.	4.84	8.30
L.w.l. plane	46.16	79.13
Lateral plane	25.13	43.04
Rudder	2.33	4.00
Fore end of l.w.l. to		
Midship section	8.26	10.80
Center of buoyancy	7.52	9.84
Center of lateral resistance	7.60	9.94
Center of effort	6.88	9.00
Mast center	3 ft. 9 in.	4 ft. 11 in.
Mainsail, sq. ft.	115	199
Jib	42	72
Total	157	271
Mast deck to hounds	12	15
Pole	2 3 1/2	3
Boom	13	18
Yard	11 6 1/2	15
Bowsprit, beyond end of l.w.l.	6	3
Spacing of stations, 1/10 of l.w.l.	1.37	1.80
Waterlines	0.382	0.50

STANDARD DESIGN FOR RACING BOAT FOR CERCLE DE LA VOILE DE PARIS.

By M. Mors, 1893.

Launch of the Britannia.

On April 20 the Britannia, racing cutter, built by Messrs. Henderson, of Glasgow, for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, was successfully launched at Parkville, Tenn. The Britannia is a 35ft. cutter, Valkyrie, building in the same yard, and has just been completed except as regards her internal fittings. She has a bow resembling that of Queen Mab. She has also an extraordinary length of counter of nearly 30ft., but otherwise she does not resemble American yachts. Britannia has a long and powerful bilge, and looks as if she would carry her canvas well. Her length over all, her beam and her draft are unknown. Her beam, however, looks to be about 24ft., and her draft about 15 or 16ft., which includes her lead keel of about 80 tons. She shows a powerful bow and a finer stern than the Valkyrie. Britannia looks like a cutter that will show to windward. Capt. John Carter, of Wivenhoe, is in charge with his east coast crew, and as soon as the yacht floated, the mast—an immense Oregon spar—was stepped. It looks some 35ft. from deck to sound, and 2ft. or some inches thick. The spider hook and steel work look exaggerated for strength. The mast head doubling looks exceptionally heavy. The shroud plates are also heavy and bowsprit and crane on top of stem is also extreme. The cutter from her great beam is very roomy inside, but the cabins are only planked up and a month will be required to get her in order. The flare of the bow makes a big forecastle, and the staterooms are numerous. The enormous counter has been utilized for big after cabins and the cutter will have the accommodation below of a 300-ton vessel. Under the cabin floor the bilge runs at once into the narrow floor below, but is not the mere dead wood of American yachts. The lead keel from about the mast sweeps in a curve to the sternpost, where it is deepest. Except for her Queen Mab bow the yacht is altogether a handsome vessel, with a comfortable bulwark. She will show a higher side by two or three inches than Valkyrie. Mrs. Henderson, wife of Mr. John Henderson, christened the cutter, and some hundred people were present to offer their best wishes for a successful career. —Field.

The Fife 40-Rater.

This launch took place on April 18, at Messrs. Hansen & Sons' West Cowes yard. The Lais is from designs of Mr. Wm. Fife, Jr. Dimensions are as follows: Length on L.W.L. about 60ft., length over all about 84ft., extreme breadth about 17ft., extreme draft about 12ft. It will be seen that the yacht has 24ft. overhang above the waterline, but the scull and quarter, being nicely carved and picked out in black and gold, give the two ends of the yacht a very handsome finish. The Lais is composite built, steel frames and American elm and oak planking. She will be sheathed with cold rolled copper. The deck is of Wane yellow pine, entirely free from knots; the center line deck work is of oak. The accommodation consists of ladies' cabin, owner's berth, wardrobe and other conveniences in stateroom, main cabin and cabin for officers and crew. The fittings are of Kaup pine, French polished, and the upholstery in old gold ribbed velvet. The lead keel—which is in one casting—weighs upward of 30 tons, and is about all the ballast the yacht will need. Her spars are of clean Oregon pine; her sails are by Ratsey & Laphorn.

There was a large attendance of spectators to witness the launch, and the greatest interest was evinced in the new yacht—doubtless because this is the first large class racer which has been launched at Cowes for some years. As the owner's engagements prevented him from being present, the christening ceremony was performed by Miss Clara Hansen, daughter of Mr. H. S. Hansen. The builders are to be congratulated on their smartness in building the yacht complete in about four months, and on the manner in which the work has been carried out. Immediately after the launch the mast was stepped, and Lais will be hauled up again to be coppered. —Field.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Jessie, steam yacht, C. H. Murray, built by Bayles, of Port Jefferson in 1890, is out at her builder's yard for a new bow.

Queen Mab, steam yacht, has been purchased by J. T. Lord, of New York.

Captain Hank Haft, who is to sail the Rogers yacht, Colonia, is laid up at his home at Islip with a severe attack of pneumonia.

Crocodile, sloop, has been sold by A. L. Thorne to W. A. Osborn through Manning's Agency.

Monaghan, sloop, has been sold by Edward M. Clark, of New Haven, to C. F. Johnson, of London. She was designed by Burgess in 1888, and is but 45 ft. L.W.L.

Meteor, sloop, has been sold by Col. George Duryea to Mr. Pierce.

The Newark Y. C. has prepared a handsome stand of yacht colors, which will be presented at the close of the season to the yacht winning the greatest number of races during the season.

On April 30 the house of the Shenandoah Y. C. on Green Island, near Troy, was destroyed by an incendiary fire, the damage being \$1,500, with \$1,300 insurance, not including a number of boats burned. Sybil, sloop, has been sold by J. B. King to Mr. Allen.

James D. Smith, chairman of the special committee of the New York Y. C. on the America's Cup races, has sent the following letter to Lord Dunsany:

"New York, April 24.—My Lord—It is my desire that early upon your arrival in America you should meet my associates upon the America's Cup Committee, and the officers of the New York Y. C., and, therefore, with sincere pleasure, I beg to extend to you an invitation to dine with me at such early date after your arrival here as may be convenient and agreeable, that I may present these gentlemen socially and in a friendly yachting spirit. Your obedient servant, To the Earl of Dunsany. JAMES D. SMITH.

While racing with another yacht on April 23 the sloop Ripple, of Stamford, was capsized in the Sound. On board were Com. Toms and Fleet Captain Fuller, of the Waterside Y. C., with two friends. They all clung to the until taken up by the tugboat. The boat was in an exhausted condition by a passing schooner, which landed them at Shippan Point. Com. Toms, being unable to swim, would have drowned but for the aid of his comrades in regaining the boat.

Manning's Yacht List is now nearly printed and will be ready in a short time. The book promises to be fully up to the high standard of last year.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has just purchased through Parslow's agency the passenger propeller Donnerberg, 66ft. long and licensed to carry 85 passengers, for the service between the club wharf on Center Island and the railroad landing at Oyster Bay. The launch Corinthian, used last year, proved much too small for the service and the new boat will be a great improvement. The new class in "First Aid to the Injured" began last week at the town club house.

We have received from the author and publisher, Harvey C. Beeson, of Detroit, Mich., a copy of the fifth annual edition of *Beeson's Inland Marine Directory*. The book contains in addition to a complete list of steam and sailing vessels on the Lakes, and a list of marine engineers, a great deal of valuable information as to canals, distances, custom houses, pilot rules, revised statutes of the U. S., and other matter pertaining to the navigation of the Lakes. The book is a large octavo volume, handsomely printed, and the illustrations are numerous and very good, showing all types of Lake craft, from the yacht Alice Enright up to the largest steamers. Yachtsmen who propose to visit Chicago will find it an indispensable part of their outfit.

The annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was held at the town club house, Toronto, on April 22, Com. Boswell presiding. The following officers were elected: Com. A. R. Boswell, re-elected by acclamation; vice-com. C. A. Brown, re-elected; N. B. Dick; hon. sec., S. Bruce Harman, re-elected by acclamation. Committee of management: G. D. Boulton, F. J. Campbell, H. D. Ellis, George E. Evans, Frank M. Gray, J. Jarvis, Robert Myles, W. H. Parsons, W. C. Thompson, M. de S. Wedd. One of the nominees for vice-com., Mr. A. E. Gooderham, withdrew, leaving the election between Messrs. Brown and Jarvis, the former receiving 51 votes and the latter 34. As Mr. Brown had the majority, though not enough to elect, Mr. Jarvis withdrew. The club's membership is as follows: Honorary life members, 3; life members, 39; resident members, 458; non-resident members, 108; junior members, 81; total, 689.

The wrecking of a dozen small yachts moored in an Illinois Central slip during the recent gale has made the yachtsmen more eager than ever for a yacht harbor where they can tie up their small craft. The plan of a harbor at the foot of Park row is now in the hands of the World's Fair Association, which expresses a willingness to build the proposed harbor, but they do not know where the money is to come from. The yachtsmen living on the North Side in hopes that the Lincoln Park Board will allow the harbor to be built at Fullerton avenue. This plan was brought forward by Commissioner Heuer, who with Commissioners Waller and Goudy formed the committee to consider this matter. —Chicago Tribune.

Arthur Dyer, of Deep Haven, Lake Minnetonka, is building several racing boats, among them one of 37ft. over all to meet the Alpha.

An adventurous voyager, Albert Quimby, of Island Heights, Tom's River, N. J., has started for Duluth, Minn., in the 25ft. sloop Wanda. The party consists of Mr. Quimby and two friends, with Capt. Edward Hires. They will follow the Hudson River and the canals.

The first race of the Atlantic City Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on April 26 in a strong N. E. wind, the weather being very cold. George

won, taking a second leg for the cup, to be won three times. There were two starters and the course was six miles. Alberta was second, though stove in by a collision near the end of the race.

The Buffalo Y. C. has announced the following events: May 27, opening cruise; June 3, pennant regatta, 40 and 35ft. classes; June 10, pennant regatta, 35, 25 and 20ft. classes; June 17, ladies' day; July 4, club regatta; July 29, annual cruise; Aug. 26, ladies' day; Sept. 9, cruising race, sweepstakes, all classes; Oct. 14, closing cruise.

Thrush, 21-footer, designed last year by A. G. McVey, will be raced this season with young John Barr as skipper and a crew selected from the employees of the *Boston Herald*, of which Mr. McVey is the yachting editor.

A new edition of Capt. Howard Patterson's Guide to the Canals has been published by Hughes' Yacht Agency.

The New York Y. C. has nearly completed a new station, to be known as No. 1, alongside the Sea Beach dock at Bay Ridge. A house will be built and a large float moored.

The Portland Y. C. celebrated its 24th birthday on April 26 with a smoker, at which a large number were present.

Floss, steam yacht, has been sold by Messrs. Westinghouse & Kerr to L. Wachsmuth, of Chicago, who has had guards built on her at City Island. She will spend the summer off Chicago.

William Bishop, the well known yacht plumber of New York, died last week at his home in Brooklyn. Mr. Bishop had been in business for many years, and was generally esteemed by yachtsmen.

Captain Charles Barr has received his papers as a citizen of the United States, but the case of his brother, Capt. John Barr, is not yet decided.

A yacht club has recently been organized at Flatlands, Long Island, by the name of the Bohemian Y. C. with the following officers: Com. H. D. Stielman, sloop, Pirate; Vice-Com., Ernest H. McEvoy; Sec'y and Treas., Harry R. Randall; Fleet Captain, Geo. N. McEvoy, sloop, Bohemian; Ship Carpenter, Norman Kellogg.

Henry Astor, of Newport, a member of the Morgan-Iselin syndicate, died very suddenly on April 30.

Orinda, cutter, has been sold by Dr. W. H. Winslow to F. C. Fletcher of the Rhode Island Y. C.

Matthew Cartwright, commodore of the Rochester Y. C., and one of the most popular yachtsmen on Lake Ontario, died last week at Rochester. Com. Cartwright was at one time a part owner of the Scotch cutter Madge.

Wm. Wood has opened a new wareroom for canoes and pleasure boats opposite his place of business, 25 West 125th street, New York. Those interested in boats would find it worth their while to call and examine his stock, which is very complete, and especially as regards St. Lawrence skiffs. He also has on exhibition a 35ft. electric launch. —Adv.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1892-93.
COMMODORE: LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: R. EASTON BURNS, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

ATLANTIC DIVISION. CENTRAL DIVISION.
Officers: Officers:
VICE-COM: J. R. Lake. VICE-COM: T. H. Stryker.
REAR-COM: H. L. Quick. REAR-COM: W. C. Withersbee.
PURSER: F. L. Dunnell, B'klyn, N. Y. PURSER: C. E. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.
EX. COM: M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Lawrence, W. E. Dodge. EX. COM: C. V. Winne, W. R. Hunt, Irlington.

EASTERN DIVISION. NORTHERN DIVISION.
Officers: Officers:
VICE-COM: Geo. L. Parmelee. VICE-COM: J. N. MacKendrick.
REAR-COM: F. A. Sears. REAR-COM: F. Munns.
PURSER: F. B. Lewis, Box 89, Hartfd. PURSER: W. G. MacKendrick, Tor.
EX. COM: Paul Butler, W. U. Law-son, R. Apollonio. EX. COM: C. E. Archibald, J. H. Carnegie.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp should pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Applications sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—G. M. Munger, Eureka, Kan.
Vice-Commodore—F. W. Dickson, Milwaukee, Wis.
Rear-Commodore—F. H. Gary, Oshkosh, Wis.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee—G. H. Gardner, W. H. Crawford, S. N. Maxwell.
Regatta Committee—G. P. Mathes, J. H. Ware, G. G. Case, M. D. Smith.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

MAY.
27-30, Passaic River Meet, Dundee Lake.
JUNE.
3, Red Dragon, Delaware River. 17, New York Ann., Bensonhurst.
10, B'klyn Ann., Bay Ridge. 24, Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach.
16-19, East Div. Meet, Haddon F'd.
JULY.
1-15, At Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30, W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
22, Red Dragon, Delaware River.
AUGUST.
11-22, A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.
SEPTEMBER.
2, Orange An., Arlington, N. J. 4, Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.
4, Ianthé, An., Passaic River. 16, Red Dragon, Delaware River.

The A. C. A. and B. C. A.

The following response has been received by Com. Cotton to his invitation sent to British canoeists.

DANIELLE, Lynn, April 15, 1893.
Lt.-Col. W. H. Cotton, Commodore A. C. A., Kingston, Ont.—DEAR SIR—On behalf of the British Canoe Association I beg to thank you for your very kind invitation to the meet of the A. C. A., which by the publication of your letter to M. G. F. Holmes in the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* will have been brought under the notice of our members. The meet of the B. C. A. will be held this year at Enniskillen (Ireland) in the early part of August, and any member of the A. C. A. who can attend will be most heartily welcome. Mr. Percy Nisbet, our late Hon. Sec., has undertaken the arrangements for the meet and will forward full particulars as early as possible. Yours very truly,
HENRY THORP, Hon. Sec. B. C. A.

South Boston C. C.

The South Boston C. C. held a very enjoyable smoker at its club house, foot of K. street, on April 25, the first one given by the club since the consolidation with the Massasoit C. C. Mr. Rich gave several songs and whistling solos; Mr. Wallace, recitation and song; Messrs. McVey and Walsh, legerdemain; Mr. Murphy, song; Messrs. Lyon and Hurd, fencing; Messrs. O'Brien and Malou, boxing; Mr. Talbot, song; Mr. O'Neill, song; violin solos by Mr. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Ellis, accompanied on piano by Mr. Murray, were enjoyed by all. Mr. Murray's efforts were much appreciated. During the evening a pipe of peace of a size that rather staggered him, was presented to the commodore; all hands took a few puffs. The club has a membership of 45 and it is proposed to make it one of the most successful clubs about Boston. The officers are: Com. G. E. W. Armstrong; Vice-Com. N. J. Fitzwilliam; Sec'y, J. W. Manley; Treas., D. O'Neill; Meas., E. F. Hodge.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Frederick H. Quintard, Robert A. McDonald,

South Norwalk, Conn.; Albert S. Howard, C. C. Coulter, Edward E. Alley, Clinton, Mass. Atlantic Division: James B. Tompkins, Harry H. Dinke, John Buttery, Wm. E. Buttery, Jack Reynolds, Peekskill, N. Y.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

A correspondent writes to know whether it is practicable to make a trip down the Susquehanna River from Harrisburg to Havre de Grace in a 18ft. catboat of 12in. draft, and light enough to carry around dams.

Mr. S. R. Stoddard delivered his interesting lecture on the Adirondacks in New York on April 25. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of views taken by him in the Adirondacks and thence down the Hudson River to the sea.

In response to Commodore Cotton's invitation to attend the A. C. A. general meet in August a letter has been received from the secretary of the Royal Canoe Club, London, England, stating that his club will hold a meet in the Solent in August, and that any American canoeists who can attend will be given a hearty reception.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club Season Shoot.

The Zettler Rifle Club brought its winter gallery shoot for the season of 1892-3 to a close on Tuesday night, April 25. The programme called for fifteen cash prizes, from \$30 down to \$2, and a champion medal for the member making the highest score on the first entry each shooting night. The member winning the medal the most times during the season to wear it until the next season. There was also a special medal, presented by the Zettler brothers, for the member making the most points during the season. There were twenty-five days for shooting, and each member was entitled to four scores on each day, making 100 scores for the season. The target was the Zettler ring target, 3in. bull, 1/4in. center counting 25, distance 75ft. The cash prizes were divided as follows: The first to the fifth for the best fifty scores, the fifth to the tenth for the best thirty-five scores, the tenth to the fifteenth for the best twenty-five scores.

The programme was considered a very liberal one, and it was expected that the members would turn out in full force during the winter and patronize it. But from the start interest was at very low ebb, only fifteen of the members filling out their quota of scores to entitle them to prizes. Messrs. Dorrier and Holges at the beginning of the season began to draw away from the other members, and it was soon evident that the first and second places would lie between these two. The closeness of the average of the scores of the two competitors kept their interest at a white heat, and as each shooting day came around both men were on hand striving to outdo the other. Of the fifteen men in the competition, Messrs. Dorrier and Holges were the only two to shoot the 100 scores called for on the programme. Mr. Dorrier's nerve and holding ability gave him a lead in the early part of the season which made Mr. Holges' position in the race uphill work all the way through. When the last score had been shot and the totals footed up, it was found that Mr. Dorrier had a lead of 159 points over Mr. Holges for the most points for the Zettler medal. For the best 50 scores for the first cash prize Mr. Dorrier also had a lead of 49 points over Mr. Holges. The champion medal also went to Mr. Dorrier, he having won it the most times during the season. The total aggregate of the scores of each competitor will be found appended:

	Scores.	Total.	Average.
M Dorrier.....	50	12,353	247.0
H Holges.....	50	12,304	246.0
M B Engel.....	50	12,218	244.3
C G Zettler.....	50	12,198	243.9
B Zettler.....	50	12,127	242.5
B Walther.....	35	8,535	243.8
F C Ross.....	35	8,502	242.9
R Busse.....	35	8,500	242.8
G W Plaisted.....	35	8,471	242.0
F Schmidt.....	35	8,442	241.2
H Strate.....	25	6,033	240.9
Gus Nowak.....	25	5,994	239.7
Geb Krauss.....	25	5,954	238.1
M Heintz.....	25	5,852	234.2
M Michelbacher.....	25	5,373	214.8

RECAPITULATION.

	Scores.	Aggregate.	Average.
M Dorrier.....	100	24,523	245.2
H Holges.....	100	24,370	243.7
B Walther.....	62	12,612	242.2
M B Engel.....	99	23,940	241.8
F C Ross.....	95	23,086	241.7
C G Zettler.....	95	22,951	241.5
G W Plaisted.....	42	10,139	241.4
R Busse.....	80	19,150	239.3
B Zettler.....	95	22,662	238.5
F Schmidt.....	64	15,338	238.0
Gus Nowak.....	30	7,138	237.9
Geb Krauss.....	24	6,038	236.4
H Strate.....	71	16,740	234.5
M Heintz.....	44	10,336	234.0
M Michelbacher.....	36	7,521	208.9

The following scores were shot by the members present, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: M. C. Engel 247, H. Holges 247, M. Dorrier 246, R. Busse 244, B. Zettler 246, C. G. Zettler 243, J. Heintz 239, M. Michelbacher 228.

North End Rifle Club.

EPHRAATA, Pa., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the North End Rifle Club, after a rest of several months, met on their range within Ephrata Borough limits, last Friday afternoon, for the purpose of reorganizing and the election of officers for the present year, and also to spend several hours at target shooting, either at rest or off-hand, just as the several members desired to do.

The organization for the year was formed by electing the following officers: J. M. Sheaffer, President; W. D. Winters, Vice-President; D. B. Lefever, Secretary; L. M. Wiest, Treasurer; J. A. Stober, Target Master. After deciding upon some minor points shooting was indulged in, the scores resulting as follows: distance 300yds., rest and off-hand, standard American target being used:

	Rest Shooting.
D B Lefever.....	9 8 8 8 9 5 10 7 8 10—82
W D Winters.....	9 9 8 10 9 9 9 10 10—92
J M Sheaffer.....	9 9 9 7 8 9 10 8 8—84
J M Sheaffer.....	8 6 8 10 10 7 8 10 8—87
L M Wiest.....	8 9 8 8 8 10 7 7 7—79
C S Wenger.....	8 10 9 4 6 10 10 7 8 10—82
C S Wenger.....	8 8 9 6 10 9 9 9 7—83
C S Wenger.....	9 10 10 9 9 8 10 9 8—92

	Off-Hand Shooting.
C S Wenger.....	6 10 10 9 7 0 10 7 7 6—69
L M Wiest.....	7 6 9 7 7 6 7 6 8 9—72
J M Sheaffer.....	6 5 0 6 5 7 6 4 9 0—54
J M Sheaffer.....	6 8 5 7 9 5 4 4 6—59
J M Sheaffer.....	5 6 4 9 5 8 0 8 4 7—56

The club decided to shoot for two medals this year, a gold and a silver, the best five off-hand scores and the best five rest scores being added together, the highest man to take the gold medal and the second highest the silver medal. The second Friday of each month will be devoted to off-hand shooting, and the fourth Friday of each month to rest shooting. The club at present numbers ten active members.

D. B. LEFEVER, Sec.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

The Turtle Bay Rifle Club held its first outdoor shoot at Woodsie Long Island, on the 23d ult. The members were divided into two teams, each contestant to shoot three 10-shot scores, distance 50yds., the losing team to pay the expense of the outing. The scores: O G Fuchs.....211 207 227—645
J Krampert.....205 227 201—633—1278
Geo E Jantzer.....214 220 228—662
H Walter.....199 210 210—619—1276
C H Plate.....204 207 207—618
H W Tamm.....218 192 153—563—1211

Miller Rifle Club.

The weekly competition of the Miller Club, for the Fisher medal, was held at its headquarters in Hoboken on the 24th inst. That veteran David Miller again outshot his competitors and captured the medal by the score of 245. The scores of the members in the competition are appended, 10 shots, possible 245, distance 75ft.: D. Miller 245, Geo. Schlicht 237, E. Fisher 237, Henchen 235, Krueger 231, Liell 234, Meyns 232, Simon 232, Sohl 230, Pfugh 230, Caragher 220, Van derheyden 210, Stadler 215.

RIFLE NOTES.

A NUMBER of marksmen from the Excelsior and Greenville clubs held an afternoon practice shoot in Armbruster's Park in Greenville on Thursday of last week. The many improvements that are being made in and about the shooting house for the benefit of the patrons of the park was noted by the riflemen present. Capt. L. P. Hanson was high in the afternoon's practice with a score of 217. C. Boag and H. Chevauch each made 215, C. Thomas 209 and C. J. Ward 203.

Sub-committees from the newly organized Schuetzen Bund are out looking for candidates for the board of officers; several prominent German-Americans are mentioned for the position of president of the Bund.

On the second and fourth Wednesday of the month there will be practice shooting at the Union Hill range, Union Hill, N. J. The targets will be open to all visitors.

During a visit to the Cypress Hills Park last week we noticed that mine host C. Wissel had a set of Zimmerman's ducking scenes framed in a neat and tasteful manner and hung in a prominent position in the park hotel. Mr. Wissel has a weakness for the shotgun and sneak-boats.

The movement that was started some days since to stop the Zettler Club and others from continuing their usual Sunday morning practice in the Cypress Hills Park, was thought by some of the shooters to contain a small sized "coon," in the form of conflicting business interests, but later developments seem to have cleared up the matter to the satisfaction of all interested.

The extremely brilliant shooting of Captain Gus. Zimmerman, at the meeting of the Independent Corps last week, brought him many hearty congratulations from the brother marksmen present at the time. To make 121 points out of a possible 125, on the German ring target, requires unusual steadiness on the part of the shooter, and an extremely close shooting rifle. On the point target with a .414 center, Zimmerman made 8 centers in 10 shots. He shoots a factory lubricated bullet and very seldom cleans his rifle, and it is often a matter of wonder to many old and expert shooters, how Gus can get such fine work out of the lubricated bullet. The most of our experts confine themselves to the use of the patched bullet, and the laborious system of cleaning after each shot. The marksmen of Europe are said to use the lubricated bullet exclusively, and with the best of result.

Ignatz Marten is credited with having a desire to shoot a 100-shot match with either B. Walther or Gus Zimmerman.

F. Fabarius and M. B. Engel, two of the Zettler Club's shooters, are said to be contemplating a match. If such is the case there is no doubt that they would let Marten into the arrangement on a ground floor basis.

The Columbia Rifle Club of Brooklyn, will hold a two-days' gallery prize shoot, at its headquarters, No. 203 Knickerbocker avenue, on May 6 and 7; \$75 in cash will be paid out to the 12 shooters making the highest scores.

Independent New York Corps.

The monthly shoot of the Independent Corps came off at Washington Park on Wednesday, the 28th ult. There was a good attendance of the marksmen of the society, and as the weather conditions were good there were some very fine scores put up. Gus Zimmerman, Hayes, Stein, Simon, Weber, Fisher and others kept the markers on the run the greater part of the afternoon. The rapid firing was very much like the rattle of an old time skirmish line. The undecided tie between Wm. Hayes, B. Walther and Geo. E. Jantzer, from the winter shoot, was shot off to-day on the ring target. The conditions were 5 shots per man, possible 125. Wm. Hayes made 100, Geo. E. Jantzer 94, B. Walther 80. The low score of Mr. Walther was due to the new barrel in his rifle not being in good working order.

On the ring target the following scores were made, 5 shots, possible 125: Gus Zimmerman 121, Ignatz Marten 113, B. Walther 112, William Hayes 111, E. Fisher 108, Geb. Krauss 108, Geo. E. Jantzer 107, Fred. Simon 107, M. Pittschler 100, H. Weber 89. Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Gus Zimmerman 58, Fred. Simon 57, Wm. B. Walther 55, Alex. Stein 54, H. Weber 54, M. Pittschler 52, G. L. Hoffman 62, Geb. Krauss 52, Geo. E. Jantzer 51.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

The New York City Corps, Capt. C. Rehm, held its monthly shoot in Washington Park on Friday, April 28. The organization of the new Schuetzen Bund is having its effect and an increased interest in shooting matters is shown by the attendance of some of the older members. On the ring target the following scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 200 yds.: G. W. Albright 202, Otto Uehlin 196, M. Munz 187, M. Uehlin 184, A. Keller 180, C. Radleff 178, A. Stolzenberger 174. Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: R. Busse 58, C. Radleff 58, C. G. Zettler 57, J. Facklam 56, A. Keller 51, C. Rehm 45. Most flags: R. Busse 9, C. G. Zettler 3, A. Keller 2, C. Radleff 2, J. Facklam 1, C. Rehm 1, Geo. Albright 1.

Winans Trophy Competition.

The postponed match between Messrs. Petty and Heintz for the Winans Trophy, will take place at the range, 13 St. Mark's Place, Thursday evening, June 3. All who are interested in revolver shooting are invited to be present, and a good exhibition may be expected. A copy of the revolver championship trophy has been on exhibition, together with a few others of Mr. Winans's statuettes, at the Sportsman's Exhibition at Sheffield, England, and Mr. Winans has been awarded a medal for artistic excellence by the management of the exhibition.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club came off at the old headquarters in the rink on Friday, April 28. The next shoot will probably be held in the new club house on Calor avenue. The scores of the members in the Friday night competition are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 200 ft.: G. W. Albright 212, Colin Boyd 209, W. C. Robidoux 209, H. Chevauch 209, C. Schelein 208, Geo. Purkess 208, W. C. Collins 203, J. Boag 225, J. Spahn 231, Henry Gotthardt 231, George Vreeland 223, J. Hill 221.

Empire Rifle Club.

The Empire Club, sometimes styled by its friends the "Zettler Jr.s" held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's place, on Tuesday night the 25th ult. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 200 ft.: Chas. Zettler Jr. 243, B. Zahn 237, W. Meisenholder 236, H. Zettler 235, A. Rosenstraus 235, F. Davis 230.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The Excelsior Club finished up its season gallery shoot on Tuesday night, April 28. W. J. Hennessy was the first medalist, J. O. Boyce the second, and R. H. Duff the third. The following scores were shot by the members present, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75 ft.: L. P. Hanson 245, W. J. Hennessy 239-4, 242, J. O. Boyce 237, C. Thomas 231-6, 237, Jas. Hughes 227, R. H. Duff 227, C. L. Pinney 218.

Revolver Shooting in England.

On April 19 at the usual weekly revolver competition at the North London Rifle Club, the following scores were made by the winners of spoons. Gustly wind:

Walter Winans (S. & W.)	6	7	7	7	7	41
C. F. Lowe (Colt)	6	7	6	5	5	36
Capt. Cowan	5	5	5	5	5	33
Carter	7	7	4	5	3	33
Capt. Richardson	4	4	4	4	4	20
Ridgway	2	2	2	2	2	10
Treadwell	0	0	0	0	0	0
The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:						
Walter Winans	41	41	41	41	41	205
C. F. Lowe	36	34	30	26	25	151
Capt. Cowan	34	33	27	23	23	140
Varley	35	32	27	20	20	134
Capt. Richardson	31	29	20			110

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., April 29.—The following completes the weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending April 29. Conditions, 100 yds., strictly off-hand, standard American target.

A. J. Yerger	7	9	10	8	7	9	7	8	8-82
E. L. Wood	7	9	10	5	7	9	7	6	8-77
J. L. Wood	9	8	7	8	5	9	9	9	7-76
E. L. Gardiner	7	6	7	5	7	8	9	8	8-74
W. Gilbert	6	7	7	5	6	4	8	4	5-45

Twenty-five yards, 1/4 ring, 1/4 in. bull, possible 250: A. J. Yerger 242, J. L. Wood 241, E. L. Gardiner 241, W. Gilbert 237.

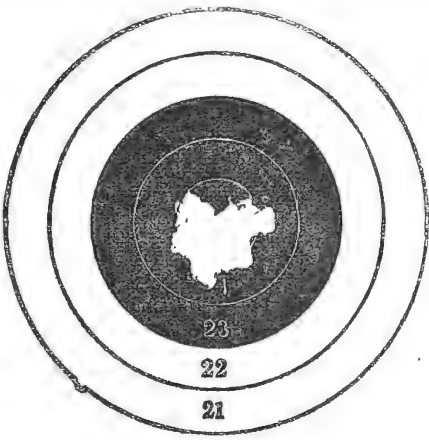
WALTER GILBERT, Secretary.

Full Score at Harlem Rifle Club.

THE Harlem Club held its Friday night practice in the gallery at 2,100 Third avenue, on April 28. An interesting feature of the evening was the shooting of Dr. Boyken and C. Hutch. The doctor's score of 250 points was of unusual excellence. The 10 shots could be entirely covered with a dime. The following appended scores were made by the members present, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75 ft.: J. A. Boyken 250, C. Hutch 249, Val. Kraye 245, W. H. Cochran 236, W. Weeks 236, Mr. J. Ellis 236, E. W. Busby 231.

Pocket Revolver Shooting.

In practice at the range, No. 13 St. Mark's Place, New York, April 22 Roundsman W. E. Petty, the present holder of the Winans Trophy, made some highly creditable scores with a Smith & Wesson pocket



DR. BOYKEN'S TARGET.

revolver, 5 in. barrel. He shot 5 strings on the standard American 20 yd. revolver target at a distance of 20 yds., and made consecutive scores of 93, 87, '83. He used the new Smith & Wesson self-lubricating bullet and full charge, 13 grs. powder and 142 grs. lead. The 5 strings were shot without cleaning.

Messrs. A. G. Heintz, Chas. B. Stockman and Jas. F. Ball, who were present, witnessed the shooting.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

- May 8.—West Shore Gun Club tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y.
- May 8-12.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Hempstead, Texas.
- May 9-11.—Oskaloosa (Ia.) Gun Club tournament.
- May 9-11.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Columbus, O.
- May 9-12.—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament; \$2,000 cash guaranteed.
- May 11.—Forest City Gun Club, Merchants' May week tournament, Savannah, Ga.
- May 15-20.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament, Independence, Mo.
- May 16-17.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, Lansing, Mich.
- May 16-17.—Heron Hill Gun Club tournament, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- May 16-19.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Lansing, Mich.
- May 17-18.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association spring tournament, at Newburg, N. Y.
- May 18-19.—Charlotte Gun Club tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.; \$265 added money.
- May 19-20.—Iberstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association target tournament, at Passaic, N. J.
- May 19-20.—Glen Echo Gun Club tournament, at Washington, D. C.
- May 20-21.—Anacanda (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
- May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
- May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.
- May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsman's Association, Omaha, Neb. F. O. Parmlee, Sec'y.
- May 23-25.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, McPherson, Kansas.
- May 24-25.—Sunbury (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.
- May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
- May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
- May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Springfield, N. J.
- May 30.—Sportsmen's Gun Club tournament, at Wilkinsburg, Pa.
- May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia. June —.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.
- July 3-4.—Multonah Rod and Gun Club tournament, at Portland, Oregon.
- June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
- June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
- June 20-22.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.
- June 21-22.—Iberstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association second annual tournament, Wapnonoch Park, Altoona, Pa.
- June 27-28.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Salem, Oregon.
- June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peekskill, N. Y.
- July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.
- July 4.—Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League tournament at Amsterdam, N. Y., under auspices of Riverview Gun Club. Rob't M. Hartley, President.
- July 4-6.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.
- July 6-7.—Niles (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
- July.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at St. Louis, Mo.
- July.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Indianapolis, Ind.
- Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
- Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.
- September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.
- Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.
- October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Baltimore, Md.

Captain Van Gilder of the Knoxville Gun Club says, that he has promises of entries for the championship team race from Jacksonville and Orlando, Fla.; Columbus, Atlanta, Macon, Griffin and Savannah, Ga.; Charlotte, Greensboro and Asheville, N. C.; Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss.; New Orleans; Montgomery, Ala.; Nashville, Chattanooga, Bristol and Johnston City, Tenn.; Winchester, Staunton and Lynchburg, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Cincinnati, Ohio, and from New Jersey.

OUR POSITION.

THERE is no longer any prospect that a World's Fair Shoot, as such, can be held in Chicago during the coming summer. As an appendage to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, a general shoot under this name will no doubt be carried through, and will be successful, so far as it goes.

We had hoped that in connection with the Fair, a shoot might be held at which large purses might be offered, prizes in fact which should be worthy the occasion. It appeared to us that if this could be done, shooters, gun manufacturers, target makers, and dealers in ammunition would all alike be benefitted, that such an occasion would be for the general good. Large prizes would attract and stimulate the shooters. The winning of a championship or of a prize in some special event at a shoot of this kind would have a real meaning, and the lovers of trap-shooting in America would watch with great interest the doings of the representatives of the sport, gathered from far and from near to take part in the shooting. The educational effect of such a tournament would be great. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the world would witness the contests, and the shoot would accomplish—only on a vastly larger scale—just what the two trap-shooting associations are spending money to do. Dealers in shooting supplies would sell great quantities of their goods, and besides would be extensively advertised without cost, and at a time and place which would greatly help their trade.

It was manifest from the start, however, that to inaugurate and carry out such a shoot on a scale fitting the time, the place and the circumstances, united action would be needed. All the forces that those interested in trap-shooting could command must be marshalled, and must march solidly onward, side by side, with an eye single to the attainment of the object in hand. If dissensions or petty jealousies crept in, if bickerings and discussions divided our forces, nothing could be accomplished; but united, great things might be done.

The FOREST AND STREAM labored faithfully to set on foot the plan of the World's Fair Shoot in the sincere faith that if this project were carried to a successful end, it would not only be a cause of great pleasure to many of its readers, but would also put many thousands of dollars in the pockets of individuals and firms interested in the gun and kindred trades. Another journal did not take this view of the matter, the project was bitterly attacked, and when an attack was made on it, success was no longer possible.

Those who will be least affected by this failure are our readers, each one of whom has only his own individual disappointment to bear. A more serious, because a material, loss is that suffered by each firm engaged in the gun and ammunition trade. To all the more important houses the reduction in sales will be large, and in actual profits considerable, and all this means a decrease in general business and a direct personal loss to each and every dealer who supplies any article used by the shooting public.

The FOREST AND STREAM cannot but regret that so good an opportunity should have been lost to its readers and its advertisers.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THE programme of the Knoxville Gun Club is without doubt the most attractive ever offered in this country, and if the shoot does not attract a horde of amateurs and experts it will not be the fault of the management, who offer them every inducement to attend. It is the first club in this or any other country to offer \$1,000 in added money for an artificial target shoot, and certainly merits a rich reward. The shooting will be a blow-off target, through a hole in a board, by means of an electric pull. The programme each day will be divided into two parts. On the first day there will be seven events at 20 singles, \$3 entry, with \$25 added in each. No. 8 will be the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Co.'s 4-men team race, 25 targets per man, \$6 entry (including targets and 25 Chamberlain nitro shells), the club adding \$100. This race will be shot from known traps, unknown angles. On the second day there will be eight 20 target events, \$3 entry, \$30 added in each. On the third day eight 20 target events, \$3 entry, \$40 added in each. On each day there will be 14 merchandise prizes offered in event No. 5. Event No. 1 of part 2 each day will be a race for the club championship of the United States, five men to constitute a team, every member of a team to belong to one club and no man to shoot on more than one team. Each team shall shoot at 30 targets, 100 each day, \$25 in prize money per team, the prize to be divided into five moneys. The American Wood Powder Co. also offers a diamond scrap pin to the team winning first place, and the Knoxville Gun Club offers a hand-painted china game set to the second best club, these trophies to be shot off for by members of the winning clubs on their home grounds at 50 targets per man, at known traps, unknown angles, the report of each contest to be sent in full detail to FOREST AND STREAM and the American Field. Event No. 2 on part 2 each day will be for two-men teams, 15 singles per man, \$5 entry; No. 3 at 15 singles, \$3 entry, and No. 4 at 15 singles, \$1.50 entry. The average prizes each day will be in order, \$10, \$3, \$7, \$6 and \$4. For the best six averages for three days the prizes will be \$15, \$8, \$12, \$9 and \$6. All 55 per cent. men will be required to shoot from known traps, unknown angles in each event. Others will be regulated by the North handicap.

The Ohio State shoot, to be held on May 9, 10 and 11 at Columbus, will be held on the Sherman Gun Club grounds instead of at Franklin Park as proposed. A recent issue of the State Journal says: "The Sherman Club's executive board desire to announce that after consultation with thirty or more non-resident trap-shooters who are members of the League, they have decided to hold the State tournament on the club's grounds instead of temporarily occupying Franklin Park. During the State tournament of last year the weather was decidedly bad, being cloudy and cold, and under such unfavorable conditions the background appeared to be bad and there was some little objection to the grounds on this point. This year it was the desire of the management to have everything perfect in order that every one might be pleased, and arrangements were made to shoot on other grounds; but after further consideration and consultation with many who will attend the shoot, it has been decided that it will be most expedient to occupy the old grounds. Using the new grounds temporarily would be for two women teams, 15 singles per man, \$5 entry; No. 3 at 15 singles, \$3 entry, and No. 4 at 15 singles, \$1.50 entry. The average prizes each day will be in order, \$10, \$3, \$7, \$6 and \$4. For the best six averages for three days the prizes will be \$15, \$8, \$12, \$9 and \$6. All 55 per cent. men will be required to shoot from known traps, unknown angles in each event. Others will be regulated by the North handicap.

The following programme is announced for the Missouri State tournament, to be held at Independence, Mo., May 15 to 20, inclusive: 1. Ten birds, both barrels; ties, 3 barrels, entrance \$5. 2. Ten birds, both barrels; ties, 3 barrels, both barrels; entrance \$7.50. 3. Open to any number of teams of two, from club members of the State association; 10 birds, both barrels; ties, 3 birds each man, both barrels; entrance \$15 a team, including birds. 4. Special 15 birds, 30 yds., both barrels; entrance \$15, including birds; divided 40, 30, 20 and 10¢. 5. State association medal shoot, open only to one team of four from one club belonging to the State association; 15 birds each man, both barrels; ties, 3 birds each man, both barrels; entrance \$20 for team, birds extra;

\$100 to go to the club last holding the medal, the balance to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10%. 6. Ten birds, both barrels; ties, 3 birds, both barrels; entrance \$10, including birds. 7. Individual championship shoot: special, open to members of the Missouri State Association only, 25 birds, both barrels; ties must be shot to finish, entrance \$6.25, including birds; first prize, an elegant gold watch, donated by the Independence Gun Club; other prizes of guns and ammunition by local sporting goods dealers are also offered in this event. 8. Ten single birds, both barrels; ties, 3 birds, both barrels; entrance \$7.50, including birds. 9. Ten birds, both barrels; ties, 3 birds, both barrels; entrance \$7.50, including birds. 10. Novelty shoot, triple rise to team; entrance \$7.50 for team, including birds. The committee has already secured 5,000 pigeons, so there is no chance of the supply running short.

The Charlotte Gun Club, of Charlotte, N. C., has selected May 18 and 19 for its annual target tournament. This is the Thursday and Friday preceding the Knoxville shoot, so that the shooters en route to that place can cover two shoots on the one trip. Archie E. Stokes, secretary of the Charlotte Gun Club, sends us a copy of the programme, which shows nearly \$900 in added money during the two days. The programme on the first day is 10 singles, known angles, \$1 entry, 15, \$2 entry, \$10 added; 20, \$2.50 entry, \$15 added; teams of five, 25 per cent known angles, \$1 entry, 15, \$2 entry, \$10 added; 15, \$2 entry, \$10 added; 20, \$2.50 entry, \$10 added; 30, \$2.50 entry, \$20 added; 40, \$2.50 entry, \$20 added. On the second day, 10 singles, \$1.50 entry; three at 15, \$2 entry, \$15 added; 15, \$2 entry, \$10 added; teams of five, \$12.50 entry, \$30 added, at 30 singles; 20, \$2.50 entry, \$20 added; 5 pairs, \$1.50 entry, \$10 added; 30, \$2.50 entry, \$25 added. All those winning first money will be obliged to shoot the next day and the 3-trap expert system; those winning second shoot as semi-experts. Those who win first as 3-trap experts will be advanced to 5-trap expert class. Charlotte is a city of close to 12,000 population, situated on the Richmond & Danville railroad, in a picturesque section of North Carolina, and the Club has one of the finest grounds in the state.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 27.—A letter received by the Yale Gun Club says that the Harvard Gun Club wishes if possible to arrange, instead of the match between Yale and Harvard, a four-cornered match between Yale, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard, to be shot under the usual conditions of the Yale-Harvard matches. The date proposed for the match is May 29, and the place the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association. The Yale Gun Club sent to the secretary of the Harvard Gun Club the following communication on April 27: "Joseph Sargent, Jr., secretary of Harvard Gun Club, Boston, Mass.: The Yale Gun Club thinks the idea of a four-cornered match between Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Yale a very good one, and would be very glad to accept, with the usual condition of the Yale-Harvard matches. Would it not be a good idea to shoot for a cup? With four teams entered we could get something rather nice at a very moderate expense for each team. This is simply a proposition which would like to have your views on. We hope the other teams will think the Yale-Harvard plan as we do, and sincerely hope you will have success in carrying it out. Yours truly, R. C. Anderson, Secretary Yale Shooting Club."

"ANACONDA, Mont., April 26.—Members of the gun club get inquiries every day from different sections of the State concerning the tournament to be held on May 19, 20 and 21. The club intends to give a live pigeon shoot, and is now corresponding with people in different States to see if it can get the required number of birds. The State Press Association members are being secured, as are every new shooter who is supposed to be able to shoot, though they generally confine their sport to the killing of men and other large game, it is more than likely that the sporting editors will bring their blunders with them and come prepared to stay for the tournament. It is sincerely hoped that the club will meet with enough encouragement from the business men of the city to make the event worthy of Anacoda, though the club has, so far, not solicited aid from persons outside the city. Nevertheless, the carrying out of a successful tournament is a heavy burden for the few members of the club to bear alone. It is hoped that the Montana champion pigeon shot, W. T. Sheard, of Livingston, will be present, as well as W. B. Benham, of Bozeman, who is also a noted crack shot, and many others who might be named. The Anacoda Club feels competent to shoot with the best."

The following averages were made by members of the Stock Yards Gun Club, of Knoxville, Tenn., for the year closing with May 1. T. J. Gilliam 77, W. West 73, George Keener 70, A. G. Nutter 70, C. B. Baldwin 67, W. H. Sawtelle 66, E. E. Peters 65, L. O. Nutter 65, C. I. Mills 53, R. J. Munroe 47, T. B. Bass 45, J. W. Olander 43, A. W. Gillett 40, M. Steele 40, J. S. Tough 30, B. F. Baldwin 20, F. Welner 150. The club was organized in May, 1892, and has twenty-five active members. The club has, as every new shooter who is supposed to be able to shoot, though they generally confine their sport to the killing of men and other large game, it is more than likely that the sporting editors will bring their blunders with them and come prepared to stay for the tournament. It is sincerely hoped that the club will meet with enough encouragement from the business men of the city to make the event worthy of Anacoda, though the club has, so far, not solicited aid from persons outside the city. Nevertheless, the carrying out of a successful tournament is a heavy burden for the few members of the club to bear alone. It is hoped that the Montana champion pigeon shot, W. T. Sheard, of Livingston, will be present, as well as W. B. Benham, of Bozeman, who is also a noted crack shot, and many others who might be named. The Anacoda Club feels competent to shoot with the best."

The Independent Gun Club of Savannah, Ga., will give an open-air tournament on May 8 and 9, in connection with the Merchants' May week festival. A feature of the shoot will be a team contest for a pennant emblematic of the championship of the South Atlantic States. The club will also add cash prizes for first, second, third and fourth best averages. The president of the club is J. H. Harris, Jr., secretary, C. B. Baldwin, and the club has a splendid grounds with a back ground that cannot be surpassed. The organization is strong, one of its leaders being the well known Harry Lemke, C. B. Westcott and John Ulmer. Those who attend the above shoot can expect a warm reception from the club boys. This club ran the opening shoot of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, at which everything worked like clock work. Its officers are H. B. Lemke, President; J. H. Harris, Jr., Vice-President; E. W. O'Connor, Secretary and Treasurer; John Ulmer, Organizing Officer.

GLIOVERSVILLE, N. Y., April 25.—The Gloverville Gun Club held an interesting meeting last night at the barber shop of W. J. Adams. Several new members were admitted and officers elected as follows: Edward W. Judson, President; W. J. Harris, First Vice-President; H. Cowles, Second Vice-President; Dr. Shaw, Third Vice-President; F. H. Thrall, Treasurer; J. B. Tuckerman, Secretary. The officers were made executive committee. The field day season opens May 5 and closes Oct. 27. The president presented a handsome gold badge to be completed for during the season, to be the property of the member who makes the best record for the season—during the summer to be worn by the member making the best record at each regular field day.

The following was the result of the shoot of the Androsburg Gun Club, held at Leavitt, Me., on April 19: Class No. 1—E. Field 18, F. Cain 18, E. G. Gay 13, C. W. Curtis 14, J. B. Littlefield 9. Class No. 2—J. F. Moody 11, J. B. Daniels 17, E. Sabourin 9, A. A. Mower 8, W. H. Collins 9, G. Collins 16, T. R. Catland 13, A. L. Morrow 18, A. B. Wakefield 11, F. C. Mower 11, A. L. Morrow won the silver prize given by the Androsburg Gun Club. Class No. 3—G. E. Eastman 12, W. H. Gledhill 11, H. Stetson 8, H. E. Dote 11, C. Garcelon 3, W. Frost 5, G. E. Eastman won the silver prize in this class, given also by the club. Field and Cain shot off the tie and Field won the prize, a double action revolver.

Three new members were elected and two propositions were received at the meeting of the Hampden Gun Club, held April 20 at Rock's Hampden Hotel and Gunwood streets, Reading, Pa. The club decided to abandon the grounds in Alsace township and a committee was appointed to select a new site. Arrangements have been completed for a local tournament on Decoration Day at live birds, glass balls and targets, the prizes for which will be \$5, \$10 and \$5 respectively. The club is also desirous of meeting any other local shooting club for a purse after the first tournament in May.

CLEVELAND, O., April 23.—At the annual meeting of the Arlington Gun Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Jackson Allen; Vice-President, Lieutenants, F. Packard and F. Packard; Directors, Wm. Bp. F. C. Feller, A. Lamont, C. Trunk and F. Packard. A handicap shoot for a Parker Gun will take place on the club grounds on May 6, at 30 bluecock targets per man, 5 traps, unknown angles. An all day tournament for merchandise prizes and sweepstakes will be held on May 30.—R. J. Bissett, Sec'y.

"LONDON, Eng., April 20.—It is understood that Ross Winans, the American sportsman, rather of Walter Winans, is to take advantage of a break in his lease next year, to give up all his shootings in Inner-shire and Ross-shire. He has not been north for several years. In the former shire alone his rentals exceeded \$5,000 per annum. The Scotchmen can now divide the land among themselves and leave off abusing Mr. Winans, who used to pay his men double the wages they will receive from their own people."

The Binghamton Gun Club held its initial shoot on the new grounds on April 21. The following officers for the coming season were elected: Directors, N. W. Waldron, C. F. McHenry and John Cutler. A large number participated in the shooting. N. W. Waldron won the club badge by a score of 18 out of a possible 20. The targets used were bluecock targets.

T. H. Keller left home on Sunday for a business trip during which he will visit Pittsburgh, and all towns between there and Lansing, Mich., where he will remain each in time to attend the combined shoots of the Michigan State League and the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting

Association. From Lansing he will work South and arrive at Knoxville, in time to talk Climax and 23-shorts to the contestants at the big tournament.

The Wyandotte Gun Club, of Kansas City, held its semi-monthly shoot on the Chelsea Park grounds on April 18. The medal was won by A. Mount, killing 21 out of a possible 25. The scores were: Mount 21, Aronds 20, Kerr 18, Meyers 16, "Smoky" Smith 16, Smith 16, Estep 13, Grant 11, Smock 11, Reitz 10.

The Gate City Gun Club held its monthly meeting at Kansas City on April 20 in a gale of wind. Each man shot at ten live birds in the medal contest, the scores being: Bradley 10, Kearns 9, L. Scott 9, Richmers 9, Forjuzon 9, A. L. Bennett 9, G. Gordon 8, Nofsinger 7, W. Bennett 7, Elliott 7, Williams 6.

The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club held a "ladies' night," at its headquarters, corner Wyonatt street and Atlantic avenue, on April 26. A musical and literary programme and a banquet were the order. The rooms were handsomely decorated and everybody had an enjoyable time.

Jas. J. McElhone and Rene T. Clayton of Tamaqua, Pa., shot a race against Wm. Greenwood and John Landis of Germantown, on April 27, each team shooting at 50 live birds for \$200 a side. McElhone and Clayton won with 39 kills to their opponents' 35.

The following scores were made by members of the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, on April 25 at 50 targets each: Franklin 44, Smith 44, Hunt 43, Lupas 41, Bondy 41, Coe 40, Jory 39, Clements 37, Sly 35, Williams 28 and Edison 28.

The members of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, of Portland, Ore., say their new grounds are the finest on the Pacific coast. The Willamettes have also secured fine grounds in a spot from which a grand view is obtainable.

The May shoot of the Connecticut State League will be held at Moodus on the grounds of the Machinodous Gun Club. This league has proven very successful and thus for all its shoots have been well attended.

George Atwater says, Glen Echo affords the finest views within a good many miles of Washington, and that those who fail to stop there on their way to Knoxville will miss a rare treat.

At the shoot of the Winsted (Conn.) Gun Club on April 27, Peck broke 16, Hurlbut 13, Aldrich 12, Bidwell 10, Minor 10, Owens 10 and Phelps 10 out of 25 targets shot at by each.

The Princeton Gun Club is holding weekly shoots preparatory to their annual shoot for the intercollegiate championship. They will meet Yale during commencement week.

The Union Gun Club of Springfield, N. J., will be represented at Knoxville by E. D. Miller, Charles Smith, T. H. Keller, W. H. La Rue, Wm. Sigler and R. H. Bretnault.

The following clubs have recently joined the Ohio State League: New Lebanon, Pickaway, Springfield, Dayton, Buckeye, Arlington, Grassy Point and Urbana.

The Compton Hill (Mo.) Gun Club has elected W. E. Field as president, P. M. King vice-president, P. M. Denning treasurer and A. Schenck secretary.

Reading, Pa., has a new organization known as the Continental Gun Club, with twenty members. The club will soon hold a tournament.

The May week shoot of the Forest City Gun Club of Savannah, will be held on Thursday and Friday, May 11 and 12.

The Mohawk Rod and Gun Club, of Troy, N. Y., will have an outing in the Adirondacks during October.

Martinsville, Ind., has a new gun club, of which Dr. W. B. Craig is one of the leading members.

The Michigan Legislature has passed a bill legalizing the shooting of sparrows from the trap.

Don't forget Saratoga dates. They are May 9, 10, 11 and 12.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

THE CONNECTICUT STATE LEAGUE.

NEW LONDON, Conn., April.—Inclosed find scores made at the third annual tournament of the Connecticut State League held here yesterday.

No. 1, 10 targets			
Chappell.....	1010111101-7	Rockwell.....	1111111110-9
Ames.....	1111011000-5	Fowler.....	1110101100-7
F J Potter.....	1001111010-5	U S Cook.....	1010101101-6
Cowee.....	1010010110-4	H S Richmond.....	0111000101-5
Savage.....	1101111111-9	Treat.....	1010101111-6
Merrill.....	010001101-5	Cook.....	0111010101-7
Longdon.....	111110111-9	Wiley.....	100101100-5
Burbridge.....	10101011-7	Edgerton.....	01111011-9
Bristol.....	0111111011-9	Sterry.....	01111011-7
McGinty.....	0000100000-1	Baldwin.....	000010101-4
Thomas.....	0111100000-4	Webb.....	0111101110-6
Mills.....	0000101111-5	Williams.....	1111100010-6
Sanders.....	1001010001-4	C B Jordan.....	0101000001-3
W Longdon.....	1001010101-5		

No. 2, 10 targets:			
Chappell.....	1110111111-9	Rockwell.....	1011111111-9
F J Potter.....	1011111011-8	M F Cook.....	1010101111-6
Savage.....	1011111111-9	Burbridge.....	1011010010-5
Sterry.....	0110101011-5	N S Richmond.....	001011101-5
Merrill.....	1010010101-5	Baldwin.....	1011111110-8
Cowee.....	0010001010-3	Williams.....	1010010100-4
Ames.....	0100011011-9	Webb.....	1010111111-9
Mills.....	1010101010-6	Thomas.....	0110110000-4
Wiley.....	1010110111-8	Fowler.....	0001001010-4
Bristol.....	1111111011-9	McGinty.....	0100000001-2
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10	Jordan.....	00000010001-2
C Langdon.....	1111111111-9		

No. 3, 15 targets:			
Chappell.....	10111101101010-10	Merrill.....	1010011010100-7
Mills.....	01100101100100-6	Ames.....	0111111110000-9
Wiley.....	0010000100100-5	Longdon.....	1110111111111-14
Edgerton.....	1111111111101-14	Thomas.....	00010111110000-9
U S Cook.....	00101101010101-8	W Longdon.....	01010011110011-5
Rockwell.....	11100111101101-9	Hotchkiss.....	10100101000001-6
Cowee.....	11111101010101-11	Richmond.....	10100101000000-5
Sterry.....	10110111111111-13	Baldwin.....	1010111101100-10
Webb.....	000111101101101-10	Sanders.....	01010010111111-10
F J Potter.....	010101101101101-10	Burbridge.....	10101111111111-13
Savage.....	01101111101010-11	Williams.....	001010101000001-5
Bristol.....	01101111100001-10		

No. 4, 10 targets:			
Chappell.....	0110110000-4	Sterry.....	1110101110-7
Müller.....	1110001110-5	Thomas.....	0010101111-6
Edgerton.....	0100001111-5	C Longdon.....	0011000000-3
Rockwell.....	1110110110-8	N H Longdon.....	1001001010-5
Fowler.....	0111111111-9	Sanders.....	0111010111-7
Savage.....	0001011110-4	McGinty.....	0110010101-5
F Potter.....	0110101011-6	Merrill.....	0110000010-5
Bristol.....	0001000001-2	Ames.....	1010010101-6
Webb.....	1000100101-4	Williams.....	0010101001-4
Wiley.....	0000111101-5	Burbridge.....	0101010100-5
Cowee.....	1000001110-4	Baldwin.....	1010010010-4
Treat.....	0101010101-5		

No. 5, 20 targets:	
Chappell.....	11111110111110011-17
Mills.....	010010110110101010-12
Edgerton.....	0111111010111110-16
Rockwell.....	011111101111101010-12
McGinty.....	000101001010010010-10
Savage.....	011110010010011110-12
Potter.....	111010110110101011-14
Cowee.....	111010110110101111-14
W Longdon.....	100101010101011110-14
Sterry.....	011111101111101110-16
C Longdon.....	1111111111111111-19
Thomas.....	0001011111100000-9
Sanders.....	1001010110111111-8
Hotchkiss.....	100101000000001001011-6
Wiley.....	0011111011111011-15
Burbridge.....	100101111110111101-15
Sperry.....	11111010111000011-14

No. 6, 10 targets:			
Wiley.....	1111100111-8	Savage.....	0010001111-5
Edgerton.....	1111110111-9	Potter.....	1111101111-9
Rockwell.....	11011010010-6	M F Cook.....	11001111011-7
Mills.....	1111111111-10	Baldwin.....	1111111010-6
Chappell.....	1111111101-9	Jordan.....	1111100000-5
Sterry.....	01111111001-7	D Connor.....	1101011111-8
Burbridge.....	1100010011-6	Thomas.....	0010111100-5
C Longdon.....	0110011111-10	Sanders.....	1010101010-6
Ames.....	1010010111-6	Hotchkiss.....	1101010001-6
Williams.....	0010101011-6	McGinty.....	1101111111-9
Cowee.....	1110101010-6		

No. 7, team race, teams of three men each, 30 targets per man, for league championship.

Edgerton.....	1011111011101011010101010101-20
Baldwin.....	001010101011011111111000001-18
Webb.....	001000010100100011000010001-24

Strong.....	111111100011101111101011-21
Ames.....	1111111000111011111000010001-20
Connor.....	1110010110101111100100111111-21-65

Willamantic.

Bridgeport.

Saunders.....	11000011011110010010110110-17
Longdon.....	10001101011011010101010111-18
Thomas.....	111111101101010101010111-21-56

Ansonia.

Sperry.....	0110101000010111101000111-18
Hotchkiss.....	101010101101100000111001-17
Currie.....	101010101010101010101111-21-56

New Haven.

Longdon.....	11111111111011011011111111-57
Potter.....	10111001111111111111111011-26
Savage.....	11111110111111010111111111-25-78

Colt.

Sterry.....	01111110110110111111111011-25
Burbridge.....	01111110110110110110110111-23
Cook.....	10111011101110010101011111-22-70

Moodus.

Fowler.....	110111101011111111111110111-26
Cook.....	0000111101010111111111001-19
Richmond.....	11001001011010100010101111-37-62

Bristol.

Allen.....	11111100101010101010101010-19
Mills.....	01111010110110111011011110-23
Rockwell.....	1011111011111001010110010-21-63

Mills.	01111101011110111111011111011111011111111011
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Coney Island Athletic Club Tournament.

The fourth contest in the Coney Island Athletic Club's shooting tournament for the championship of the Kings county gun clubs was held on Tuesday at the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, at West End, Coney Island. The eight teams originally entered were on hand to compete for the cup, with five men on each team, 15 birds for each man. Owing to the delay in getting the birds, the match did not get started until over one hour late in the midst of a driving rain storm. The Parkways started the shoot, followed by the North Side, Crescent, Glenmore, New Utrecht, Atlantic, Vernon and Coney Island clubs. The birds from the start were a good fast lot, but toward the close the rain seemed to cause them to hang to the traps, and as another unfortunate coincidence they were short of birds and the Parkways having completed their score it was decided to let the leading clubs shoot out; the Glenmores and the New Utrechts at the time were on a tie, both having to kill their last 5 birds; they did so and finished with 67 each, good scores considering the weather. The other teams will shoot out their scores at the next meeting, which will be held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, May 23. The scores:

Parkway R. and G. C.	North Side G. C.
J Bennett, 21020222222012-11	J Tiernan, 00011100122012-9
J Blake, 222112112202112-14	J Grau, 002030000000000-2
A Botty, 1011222222222010-10	W Emken, 00012101010101-9
T Short, 212201011111111-13	N Meyer, 01222112012210-11
E Helgans, 2211111212015-13-61	S Lyon, 1001120211-7-38
Crescent G. C.	Glenmore R. and G. C.
J Sheppard, 0122112110222-12	W Levens, 210222222222012-13
J Vag's, 111211101101101-14	J A Eppig, 12002222220111-12
C Mohrman, 2011102211110-12	Schieman, 21211211201211-14
L Hopkins, 3001201022112-10	Englebrecht, 010121112112-14
Winchester, 020122222-55	W Hartye, 1230222211212-14-67
New Utrecht R. and G. C.	Atlantic R. and G. C.
D C Bennett, 12110101010101-11	J Voorhees, 11120102111111-33
Furguesen, 20121211112212-14	D Monsees, 12102112122121-14
D Deacon, 1121112211111-15	E C Morris, 222221211220212-14
C M Meyer, 21110231023210-8	H Balzer, 010112122221230-12
G Nstrand, 1122212222221-15-67	G Morris, 100110021-9-59
Vernon R. and G. C.	Coney Island R. and G. C.
Gus Greif, 1120112111111-14	P Pfander, 110102111212312-13
Dr Little, 101102022222212-12	C Detlefsen, 2101112111211-14
F Thompson, 0012000222110-8	Ike Hyde, 1112121022221-13
W Thompson, 0012121110002-11	C Plate, 111110012112302-12
J Osterhout, 112112111-10-55	Northridge, 220122012-3-60

Referee, Mr. W. F. Sykes.

Long Island Sportsmen's Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Long Island Sportsmen's Club had a good afternoon's sport at Dexter Park on Monday, April 24. Good scores were made, the birds being rather slow. J. Link, C. Wissell and Mr. Schottler had a good race for the club medal, each killing ten. Wissell won on the shoot off. The scores:

J Link, 111212112-10	A Fluegel, 201002211-7
C Wissell, 212211121-10	D Bieher, 0010201102-6
M Schottler, 111212211-10	J Rausch, 1200110011-6
M Goetz, 120121211-9	C Hofer, 200012011-5
J Gunther, 112012212-8	L Kress, 122001001-5
P Kuntzweiler, 110211211-9	C Frese, 121000100-4
W Gendlinger, 021012211-8	B Guesche, 001010010-4

Down Town Gun Club.

TEW members of the Down Town Gun Club held a pleasant afternoon's outing at Dexter Park on Friday, April 23. The competition was for the club's gold medal at 10 birds each. H and T traps, old Long Island rules. Chris Wolf was the winner of the trophy for the third time and the medal was presented to him by the president of the club, Mr. Otto Goetz. The scores:

H Zahn, 0100101001-4	L Maisel, 1000100222-5
C Wolf, 1210112201-8	J Fajen, 0101001011-5
J Schweiger, 0101001011-6	F Huff, 1101020202-6
O Goetz, 0001102100-4	J Flack, 010010102-5
J Breistein, 121100100-5	H Lang, 0201011021-6

Union College Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., April 25.—Inclosed find scores made by members of the Union College Gun Club at their first spring shoot. The day was all that could be desired, and a goodly number gathered at the grounds in expectation of seeing a lively contest; but only four members were willing to enter the sweepstakes.

Sweepstake No. 1, 10 targets:	T V Anthony, 101101111-8
A J Roy, 0111111011-8	G H Miller, 001011110-6
D N Tallman, 111111110-9	
Sweepstake No. 2, 15 targets:	T V Anthony, 1111011010111-13
A J Roy, 101110011111-12	G H Miller, 1001101011011-10
D N Tallman, 111111110110-13	G. H. M.

The Eureka Gun Club.

A MORE dismal, uncomfortable, unfavorable afternoon than that of Saturday, April 29, could not be easily imagined. Yet a good attendance was present, and the shooting did not end till darkness closed in.

The wind, raw and damp, blew a half gale diagonally across the traps from the rear nearly all the afternoon. Sometimes it lulled for a moment, but only to come with a wild gust, which made most erratic flights and poor shooting. To add to the discomfort a cold rain set in, which lasted through two shoots. The traps worked wretchedly bad, and caused many annoying delays. The shooting was at unknown angles, but never were such a lot of unknown angles displayed. They covered all the space between a bird which would skim about 15ft. in a straight line to the ground, and one which towered high in air.

There were some noted visitors in attendance. The genial Mr. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefevre Arms Co.; Mr. W. J. Scott, a son of a member of the great English gun firm W. & C. Scott & Sons, and Mr. A. W. Adams. The shoot was simply a practice shoot. Following are the scores:

Shoot No. 1, 25 blue rocks: Heikes 23, Bingham 19, Courtney 16, Adams 17, O'Brien 10, Steck 20, Drake 9, Waters 7, Robbins 19, Scott 3, Maltby 3, Willard 18, Taylor 10, Patterson 15, Lamphere 16, Prid 20, Thomas 17, 1st, Heikes; 2d, Bingham and Robbins; 3d, Willard.	
Shoot No. 2, club shoot, 25 blue rocks: Heikes 23, Bingham 20, Adams 18, O'Brien 14, Steck 19, Waters 14, Maltby 8, Willard 15, Taylor 12, Patterson 19, Lamphere 13, Courtney 20, Drake 15, Robbins 18, Scott 5, Thomas 15. 1st, Heikes; 2d, Bingham and Courtney.	
Shoot No. 3, 25 blue rocks: Heikes 19, Bingham 23, Adams 15, O'Brien 14, Steck 18, Waters 11, Maltby 4, Willard 17, Taylor 9, Lamphere 11, Patterson 17, Courtney 17, Drake 14, Scott 9, Thomas 17, O'Neil 20. 1st, Bingham; 2d, O'Neil; 3d, Heikes.	
Shoot No. 4, 25 blue rocks: Heikes 22, Bingham 20, Adams 15, Waters 11, Maltby 4, Willard 18, Taylor 7, Courtney 16, Drake 12, Robbins 10, Scott 12, Thomas 19, O'Neil 16, Patterson 15, Lamphere 15, Adams 11. 1st, Heikes; 2d, Bingham; 3d, Thomas; 4th, Willard.	

Shoot No. 5 was started, but targets ran out and darkness intervened, ending the shoot.

B. WATERS.

Dexter Park Sweepstake Shoots.

THE heavy rain of Thursday prevented a great many Long Island wing shots from visiting Dexter Park for sweepstake shooting. Those present had some good sport when the rain cleared off. The scores:

1st, 5 live birds.	2d, same.	3d, same.
T McKenna, 10202-3	0021-2	0021-2
Dr Little, 21202-4	11012-4	10012-3
C Dethloff, 12022-4	00002-1	21122-5
Sweepstake shoots, 10 targets:		
Dr Little, 1 2 3 4 5	T McKenna, 1 2 3 4 5	
8 9 9 5 6	21202-4	1 4 . . .
C Dethloff, 6 . . . 9 5	F Marlborough, 10 6 . . .	
T Short, 5 9 7 9 5		

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

OWING to the previous day's team shoot and the Glenmore's tying with the New Utrechts for first place, the members did not turn out very strong for the regular monthly shoot for the Claus diamond badge. W. Levens and C. Hubbell tied for it with seven straight each, but on the shoot-off Hubbell won. E. A. Vroom, C. Hubbell and J. A. Eppig took the several moneys in the sweepstakes. The scores:

C Engelbrecht (24), 2021201-5	W Levens (28), 1211121-7
J A Eppig (30), 0111112-6	E A Vroom (30), 1121120-6
J Simpson (28), 1001101-4	J Gastriger (25), 1101111-6
Dr Boehm (28), 0112111-6	P Leiblinger (25), 110112-6
C Magee (25), 1010111-5	C Hubbell (28), 1111111-7
F Maier (25), 0111000-3	

Some time since we mentioned the fact of a fox-terrier being used in England to carry electric wires through a pipe. The *modus operandi* is explained in the *Graphic*: Strip's method of working is as follows: The workman lay down in the desired position a short length of the stout iron pipe which is to shelter a corresponding length of the copper wire, along which the electric current will ultimately pass. The iron pipe having been fixed, Strip is called, has the end of the copper wire fastened to her collar, and at the workman's sign goes in at one end of the pipe—"and comes out at the other end," says an intelligent but too hasty reader. Not so, however. The other end of the iron pipe has a bar across it, over which the copper wire must be strained to keep it taut. Strip, having entered the pipe with the wire fastened to her collar, presents herself at the other end to the workman awaiting her there, who thrusts his hand under the bar, unfastens Strip's collar and draws it and the wire out. Strip, when she feels her collar gone, turns round, retraces her steps, comes out again at the same end she went in at, and lies down on the workmen's coats until she is wanted again. During the recent bitter cold weather Strips sometimes longed to shirk, and showed a moment's hesitation when told to enter the dark, cold iron pipe; but the kindness the true English workman is ever ready to show to animals, used always to provide a bone or two to be kept handy for these moments of reluctance in Strip's working day. With one of these tempting morsels the gallant little worker was then encouraged and rewarded, and all went well.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. A. P. Whitneyville, Conn.—Will you please send me directions to make pitch for birch bark canoes. Ans. A preparation of tallow and rosin is, we believe, most often used.

SWAMPSEED, Portland.—Jeffries marine glue is largely used for deck seams. We do not know the preparation you mention, but there are several compositions put up for use on vessels in place of common putty.

J. G. Hamilton, Ont.—Your boat will probably carry 700lbs. in the fin and lead bulb. The fin is secured between two angle irons, which are bolted through strong floors inside the hull. The keel and both angles are then riveted together.

S. D. P. Scranton, Pa.—Does a non-resident of New York, who fishes in a public stream for trout in season not dare take them out of the State? Ans. A non-resident of New York State, fishing in New York legally, may take what trout he catches anywhere he pleases.

G. W. C., Pine Island, N. Y.—Has a non-resident a right to fish or hunt in the State of New Jersey? I understand by your edition of March 23 that they have, but residents say not. Please advise in your next issue. Ans. Your understanding is the correct one. The New Jersey non-resident law has been repealed.

W. L. S., Boston, Mass.—Where in Vermont, in the vicinity of Lake Champlain preferred, can I find good camping grounds with good bass fishing in the vicinity? Ans. We would advise you to go to some point on the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain. In the neighborhood of Manum, or St. Albans, Vt., there is good bass fishing and camping ground.

M. W. W., Chatham, N. Y.—Will you kindly give me dimensions of the German 25-ring target? Ans. For 200yds. the German ring target has a bullseye 12in. in diameter. The whole target, including bullseye, is divided into circles 3/4in. apart, counting from 25 down; 250 is the highest possible for ten shots, and to achieve this score all the shots must touch the 25 circle, which is but 1 1/2in. in diameter.

H. C. T., Tassfield.—What rifle is used mostly in the West as a general all-round rifle. What caliber gives the best satisfaction? Ans. All the standard makes of rifles have their advocates in the West as in the East. Repeaters are more often to be found than single-shot rifles. The .45-70 cartridge is probably the easiest to buy in all parts of the West, and judging from this we should say that rifles of this caliber are the most popular.

F. M. C., Cleveland, O.—1. Where in the Southern peninsula of Michigan should I go for two or three days of grayling fishing? 2. What flies and what size should I use in the middle or latter part of June? 3. The Sturgeon River has trout and some grayling. The Little Manistee, near Kalkaska, has grayling still. The Au Sable is less accessible, but has better fishing for grayling. 2. Oak-fly is standard; gray-drake also good. Use flies not larger than No. 8.

ONJUTTA, Thompsonstown, Pa.—1. I would like to know the proper flies to use for trout at the opening of the Pennsylvania season, and for the different periods of the day? 2. Above what length only do you think brook trout should be retained? 3. How should a leader be attached to the line? Ans. 1. Special flies for April, black-gnat, (or minnow), claret-gnat, gray-gnat, olive-gnat, dark-fox, red-fox, black-back, etc. The gnats are morning flies and the fox evening. 2 Six inches. 3. The leader should have a loop and the line attached by a simple adaption of the flat knot.

T. P. L., Allentown, Pa.—Having been referred to you by W. L. Powell, one of Pennsylvania's State Fish Commissioners, for information, I beg leave to ask you a few questions in regard to the raising of bullfrogs. Can they be raised to an advantage if a good place can be had to do so? What is the proper food to feed them when they are kept in large numbers? What sort of a bed should the pond have? Ans. We know of no successful instances of raising bullfrogs in large numbers. The fact that frogs are cannibals, preying on the smaller individuals of their own species, would seem to preclude anything in the nature of farming—except perhaps under specially favored conditions. Marshes intersected with numerous water channels, in which were to be found abundant insect food, might possibly be turned to advantage for this purpose.

C. W. H., Elisabethtown, N. Y.—1. How can I prepare a hawk, owl, etc., for the taxidermist when at a distance from the city. 2. Also price of same set up by some good taxidermist. 3. Also can you recommend any particular places, and the fox evening. 2 Six inches. 3. The leader should have a loop and the line attached by a simple adaption of the flat knot.

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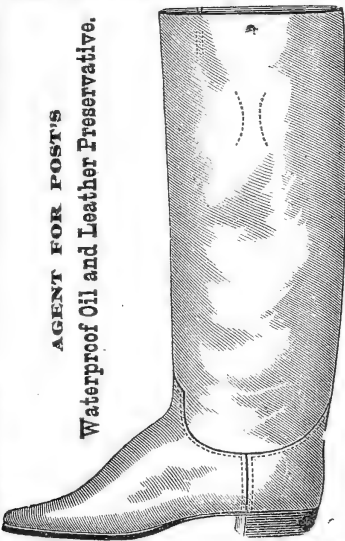
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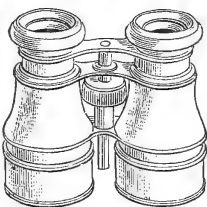
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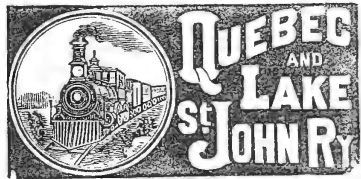
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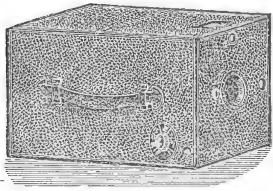
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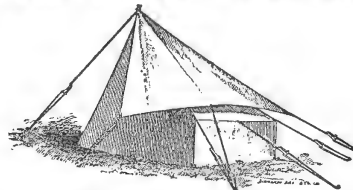
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(*Vulpes fulvus*.)

Supplement to "Forest and Stream," May 4, 1893.



FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 19.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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On and after May 1 the Western office of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. will be permanently located at 909 Security Building, cor. Fifth avenue and Madison street, Chicago.

CAPercaillie for America.

We take pleasure in announcing what we believe to be the first importation of live capercaillie to America, a brace of these birds having arrived in New York from Christiansand, Sweden, on the steamer *Russia*, last Friday. They were consigned to the FOREST AND STREAM and were for the Hon. D. F. Stillman, of Westerly, R. I., to whom we have forwarded them.

In our issue of May 8, 1890, we printed a report of the State Department by the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., Minister to Sweden, in which he recommended the introduction to American forests of the capercaillie (*Tetrao urogallus*) and the black game (*T. tetrix*). In this report Mr. Thomas showed that these splendid species of grouse would probably do well in any part of the United States where the ruffed grouse is to be found, and especially recommended the birds for the wooded districts of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the wooded slopes of the Rocky Mountains, as well as other forest-clad mountains of the West. He showed also that capercaillie and black game had been shipped of late years from Sweden to various parts of Germany, Austria and Hungary, where both species were once abundant but had been exterminated, and also called attention to the well-known fact that the capercaillie had been re-introduced and become established in Scotland. At that time we urged that experiments should be made with both these grouse, which can be obtained in Sweden without much difficulty, and which seem to be sufficiently hardy to endure transportation without great loss.

Accompanying the bill of lading which reached us from Mr. Anderson, the shipper, is the following letter:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send this day two cases of game birds as recommended by Mr. Thomas, of Stockholm, and Mr. C. O. Wibert, of Helsingborg, according to an article published in your paper of May 8, 1890. More game birds will be sent to America. I think the most convenient time to ship would be October and November. I have sent hundreds of them to Southern Europe, Vienna and other places, crated like those I sent to-day, and have only lost 2 or 3 per cent. by death. I have had a great deal of experience with feathered and horned game, and find that they stand transportation better on the water than by railroad, 2 to 1. A special person is looking after the consignment I ship to-day. I am very anxious to hear how they arrive.

The capercaillie is the largest of all the grouse family, the full grown male bird weighing from 10 to 14 lbs., while the female is somewhat smaller. It is a denizen of the pine and fir forests of northern climates, its food consisting largely of the buds and leaves of trees, the needles of pine and spruce, berries of all sorts, seed grain and insects. As our own dusky grouse is said to do in winter, the capercaillie often lives for days in the same pine tree, feeding upon the leaves and young cones. The female makes her nest upon the ground, and lays from six to a dozen eggs. It is said that after the young are hatched and old enough to fly a little, the birds always roost in the trees.

Lloyd in his "Field Sports of the North of Europe,"

tells us that the capercaillie is often domesticated in Sweden, and that he has known birds of this species to be kept for a long time in aviaries built for the purpose. They became perfectly tame and remained healthy, feeding on oats and the leaves of the Scotch fir, large branches of which were introduced into their cages once or more in the course of a week. They were also supplied with an abundance of native berries when these were procurable, and were amply provided at all times with water and coarse sand, both of which were frequently changed. He even says that they will sometimes breed in confinement, and tells us of a case where six were hatched in a cage. Unfortunately none of them survived.

The subject of the introduction of foreign game animals into our covers is one which is constantly attracting more and more attention, and as the preserve system extends, more and more money will be expended each year in the introduction of foreign birds. There can be no question that the hardy grouse of northern Europe would do well in many of the wilder portions of this country, and no doubt the capercaillie in Maine, in the Adirondacks, and in the Rocky Mountain region would live, thrive and increase. It might well be worth the while of our State Forestry Commission, which is in charge of the Adirondack and Catskill parks, to import a considerable number of these birds to be released in this wild region, where they would no doubt do well, and private clubs and associations, of which there are now so many in the country, might also make an effort in this same direction.

To the Hon. D. F. Stillman, however, must be given the credit of having made the first effort to introduce into America a most superb member of the grouse family.

DYNAMITE.

A TRULY heroic measure has been adopted in Missouri to get ahead of the dynamite fiend. This individual is the curse of Missouri fish waters, as of the waters of many another State, particularly in the South. Streams large and small, where fish were formerly abundant, in supply good for all time with reasonable use, have long since been made barren and worthless by the senseless and destructive raids of the dynamiter.

The Missouri Legislature was appealed to in the last session, in a petition extensively signed, to provide a remedy for the dynamite cartridge; and the measure enacted appears to be quite ample in scope. It prescribes stringent regulations for the possession, traffic in and use of dynamite, giant powder and other nitro-glycerine products. No person may deal in these explosives until he shall have taken an oath that he will neither use them unlawfully for taking fish, nor sell them for such purposes, nor dispose of them to a purchaser until the purchaser in turn shall have delivered an affidavit setting forth that he will not use nor permit them to be used for killing fish. The several affidavits must be filed with designated public officers; violations are punished by imprisonment.

The statute is calculated to insure a close record of the trade and handling of explosives; under it there should be little difficulty in tracing the history of a case of fish dynamiting and putting the responsibility where it belongs. At the same time, owing to the peculiar nature of the product so controlled and to its restricted use, dealers may not rightfully complain of hardship or burdensome restrictions to trade.

In adopting this law Missouri has provided a check on what has been recognized as the most destructive agency affecting the food fish supply of the State. Public interest demands the rigid execution of the dynamite license law.

Fish Commissioner John W. Titcomb, of Vermont, who has come to New York with a new and ingenious landing net device, tells us that the trout supply in Vermont waters has been injured more severely than has been appreciated by the freezing of the streams and pools in the last winter. On the other hand, he reports a marked change in public sentiment regarding fish protection. In certain localities, where in former years commissioners and wardens encountered nothing but opposition in their efforts to apprehend netters, the feeling has been so changed that they now find abundant help, support and co-operation. In public sentiment must be sought the only efficient backing for the enforcement of game and fish laws; once this favorable attitude of the community is assured, the laws will virtually execute themselves.

THE FLORIDA "VOLCANO."

A PHOSPHATE prospector, J. Q. Martin, reports in the Orlando *Recorder* that he has solved the long-standing mystery of the Florida "volcano." From time immemorial a cloud of smoke has hung over the Pinhook swamp, a vast morass in Taylor and Jefferson counties, bordering the Gulf coast, and although repeated expeditions have set out to penetrate the swamp and determine the nature of the phenomenon, no one has ever before been successful. We believe that it was while on an exploration for the Florida "volcano" that Mr. C. L. Norton, known to our canoeing readers, fell from a tree with such disastrous results. Mr. Martin, who is an experienced swamp explorer, relates that, cutting a well-blazed path, he returned on his trail from time to time and carried in provisions, until he came to a part of the swamp where the ground was honey-combed with holes, sometimes five feet deep, made by fire, with miry bottoms; and ponds of acres in extent, also hollowed out by fire. The air was smoky, and the stench from dead fish and rotten water terrible in the hot sun. At noon he came where the ground was still burning, and here was the solution of the mystery.

The earth was solely composed of coarse vegetable matter, which burns like tinder when not too wet. In the heaviest rains some fire that has got into a rotten log will smoulder for weeks, only to ignite the ground again when dry enough. At some places a kind of moss grew, which shed water like a rubber coat. A subterranean outlet for rainwater drains the land. Sometimes a heavy growth of pine needles would fall point foremost and often straddle the twigs. When the fire comes to such a place the dry pine needles burn on the bushes to their very tops and the flames next devour the tops of the pines themselves. The smoke is black as night and will ascend for days and be seen at a long distance, and at night to sky looks red. And this is all there is about the Florida "volcano." I could guide any one to the spot. It must have burned for 100 years and there is muck enough to burn for 1,000 years to come.

This is but a sorry realization of the romance with which writers have been wont to surround the volcanic mystery. For the rest it may be added that Mr. Taylor found good hunting; he heard numerous bears and panthers, and killed 100 turkeys and a deer.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE advertising pages of a journal devoted to special interests afford data for estimating the condition of those interests. Determined by the bulk and variety of the advertising contained in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM, the interests represented must be in a healthy and flourishing condition. Our trade announcements relate to all branches of the field sportsmen's activities; nowhere else in this country may be found such a grouping of sportsmen's supplies, and it is not too much to say that in no other journal are the advertising pages read more thoroughly or with greater interest.

Tennessee sportsmen are talking of organizing a State association for the purpose of protecting their interests in the next Legislature. The Chattanooga *Times* is active in promoting the scheme. We have already alluded to the intelligent and efficient service rendered by the *Times* to the sportsmen of Tennessee; it is a pleasure to record such an instance of co-operation on the part of a lay journal. If every daily and weekly in the land shared the views of FOREST AND STREAM respecting our game and fish, this would be a great country for the man with the gun and his brother with the rod. Local game and fish protective organizations will find no more profitable lines of effort than through their home journals, particularly the small country weeklies. The country editor wields an influence which only fools deride; politicians appreciate this; sportsmen would do well to learn it.

Since our last acknowledgment contributions for the "Nessmuk" memorial fund have been received from the following:

MR. H. O. WILBUR, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. C. A. TAFT, Whitinsville, Mass.

The total amount subscribed to date is \$233. The working drawings for the monument have been received; and we hope that the successful completion of the work may soon be announced.

In a recent raid lasting thirteen days, Harrison Hawn, State Game Protector, assisted by E. D. Crossley, of Skaneateles, discovered 110 bona fide cases of violation of the law and took twenty nets. Mr. Hawn reports that this spring the run of pike upon their spawning beds in his district is the heaviest for years.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE GREEN BAY MONSTER.

"B. LAKE!" called the conductor from one end of the car.
"B. Lake!" echoed from the brakeman at the other end.

It was the evening of Sept. 1. It was the first day of my vacation; and never schoolboy enjoyed the beginning of a long holiday more than did I this beginning of mine.

I had traveled all day, and now as the sun was sinking behind the hills, I reached my destination, B. Lake. Gathering up my traps I appeared on the platform of the car as the train stopped at the little station, and almost the first object that met my sight was the sunburnt face of honest John Blake, my old boatman, and as I considered, the best fisherman on B. Lake.

After shaking hands with John and directing where my traps should be sent, I started with him to walk to my hotel.

"John," I said, "how is the fishing in B. Lake this year?"

"Purty fair, Mr. Sherman; purty fair."

"Have you caught many, John?"

"Well, not to say many; but I guess I've caught about my share."

"Any large ones?"

"No, I can't say as I have. None so very big, but some purty fair ones."

"How much did your largest weigh?"

"Well, now along to 'rd the last of August I caught one near the old icehouse that weighed nigh on to thirty pounds. That's the biggest I've caught, but I've seen a big one: I tell you there's an old whopper stays up in Green Bay. Why, Mr. Sherman, he's the biggest fish I ever saw in this lake. I do believe he'll weigh a hundred pounds. I've seen him jump out twice now, and he looks as though he's ten feet long!"

"Nonsense, John; that's a fish story."

"I tell you it's a fact, Mr. Sherman; you never saw such a fish."

"Well, why don't you catch him?"

"That's the trouble; he won't bite. I've tried him time and again, and lots others have tried him, but nobody can get him to bite. Oh! he's a cunning old fellow, I tell you. He's up to all the dodges."

After supper I strolled out on the porch in front of the hotel to feast my eyes with a sight of the lake and breathe the pure air coming over its waters. The proprietor of the hotel soon joined me.

"I suppose you are going to try the fishing again, Mr. Sherman?" he said.

"Yes, that is what I am here for."

"Well, you are likely to have plenty of sport, for the fishing is good this year."

"Have many been caught?"

"Yes, a good many, but there's one that hasn't been caught and he's the biggest fish in the lake. Why, I tell you Mr. Sherman he's a monster, a perfect whale of a muskallonge."

"You have seen him then?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "and that only last week. A party of us were rowing across Green Bay one evening and when we got about the middle of it we heard a splash that sounded as if a Newfoundland dog had fallen in the water. We looked around and there he was about a hundred feet from the boat, splashing on top of the water, and while we looked his big tail raised into the air and he disappeared. I never saw such a fish in this lake. I do believe, without exaggeration, he would weigh over a hundred pounds."

"And they can't catch him?"

"No, he's a sly old chap. They've all been trying him, but he won't bite. I tell you it would be a feather in your cap if you'd catch him."

And I determined that catch him I would if patience and perseverance could accomplish it.

An hour later I walked up to one of the village stores to make a few purchases. The usual crowd of men were gathered there and the usual cloud of tobacco smoke filled the store. As I entered one of the men said:

"I'll bet you he'll weigh over a hundred pounds. Why only last Wednesday night he jumped out within fifty feet of my boat and I saw him plain. He's a regular old whale."

"Why don't you try to catch him, Seth?" asked one of the bystanders. "You can catch him if any man can."

"Haint I tried it? Haint I fished there three weeks steady for him? Haint I rowed around Green Bay mor'n a hundred times, and still I can't get him to bite? But I'll have him yet if I have to fish all fall for him."

"Not if I can help it, Mr. Seth," I thought, "I'll take a hand in that contest myself, and we will see who comes out ahead."

The sun was just coming over the hills next morning as our boat glided out on the lake, and, as if by instinct, headed for Green Bay. Five minutes' row brought us to this now famous part of the lake. Green Bay is a part of B. Lake, almost surrounded by land. The part thus inclosed is possibly a mile long by half a mile wide. The shores around it are covered with a dense growth of low green bushes, which gives to the place the name of Green Bay. As we passed through the narrow opening from B. Lake into the bay an unusual sight presented itself—more than twenty boats were stationed here and there over the bay. Often as I had been on the bay I had never seen more than one or two boats, but here was a whole score, a regular fleet of boats.

"All after the big fish," remarked John.

"How do they know he is here, John? He might be five miles away."

"No," answered John, "muskallonge don't do that. They generally stay near one place a long time. They go away sometimes to find food, but always come back."

For two hours or more we fished, moving slowly around the bay without a sign of the fish. We then left for other parts of the lake, but returned again in the evening to give the bay another two hours' trial. If possible, there were more boats there in the evening than in the morning, and we all fished until dark without a sign of the big fish. So three days went by, three days during which we spent a couple of hours each morning and evening fishing

in Green Bay, but though we gave this place the best hours of morning and evening, we not only never got him to bite, but never even got a sight of him.

I confess my patience was becoming exhausted, and I thought of giving up Green Bay entirely and spending all our time at other places, where there were more muskallonge if not so large.

The morning of the fourth day we pulled over again into Green Bay. We had gone possibly half its length, when suddenly there was a tremendous splash in front of the boat. I turned quickly and was just in time to see the tail of the fish disappear. Ye Gods! If the fish was in proportion to that tail he must be a fresh-water monster. "Pull John," I shouted, "Pull nearer." The boats from all parts of the lake were coming toward us. The news seemed to spread like wild-fire. Soon we formed a regular circle of boats around where he had disappeared. It was impossible for him to swim in any direction without seeing some of our minnows, but if he saw them he passed them all, for though we fished patiently all morning, we saw not another sign of him. But that one sight of his huge tail revived all my energies. I determined to have that fish if possible. All the fish in the lake sank into insignificance compared with him. It was the big fish or nothing. Instead of spending less time on Green Bay, we spent all our time there. We kept boys out exploring the county around for choice minnows, thinking to tempt him; but all in vain. Day after day went by without a sign of the fish. How many mornings we started out filled with hope, only to return at nightfall disappointed, discouraged. At last I suggested to John that we try live frogs, possibly they might tempt him. That night we started out torch-hunting for frogs, and soon succeeded in catching half-a-dozen very large ones. Again hope revived. The next morning we tried them, patiently, perseveringly, but with no better success. If he ever saw them he passed without touching them.

The afternoon of that day I shall always remember. It was intensely hot, so we did not start out until 4 o'clock. Just as we reached Green Bay a little breeze sprang up, which made it delightful after the heat of the first part of the afternoon. For some reason there was an unusual crowd of fishermen that afternoon. The little bay was dotted all over with boats. Several sail boats were out, and one steam "tug" with a party of ladies and gentlemen aboard.

I had but one frog left, and it my largest. I had saved this one until the last, and now carefully put it on the hook.

"John," I said, as I slipped the frog into the water, "that should tempt our big fish if anything will."

"Yes," answered John, "if anything will."

"Well, he must eat, John, and if we can only find what he lives on we may get him to bite."

"That's true, Mr. Sherman, but it's my opinion he feeds at night, and you'll never get him to bite in day-time."

I placed my rod in a position so the line would run clear. I fixed myself in a comfortable reclining position in the boat, lit a cigar and began thoroughly to enjoy the evening. Beyond raising the line occasionally to give the frog air I had nothing to do.

John by a dip of the oars now and then kept the boat nearly over the bar which ran through the center of the bay.

We had been in this position possibly half an hour. My cigar was finished and I was beginning to feel drowsy.

"John," I said, "I believe I could go to sleep if—"

Splash—splash—a streak of silver darted into the air not 50 ft. from our boat. Such a fish I never saw leap out of fresh water. Such a tail I never saw disappear in fresh water.

"Look out! Look out, Mr. Sherman," whispered John, "he's coming this way."

Scarce were the words out of his mouth when my line began to move and the reel to spin.

"Hurry, John, hurry," I called. "He's got my bait. Quick, follow him."

I was on my feet in an instant. John was rowing with all his might. Still the fish was gaining, and I had to give him line. Fifty, seventy-five, a hundred feet he ran like a race horse. Then he stopped. There was a moment of rest, a breathing spell. I glanced around. On every side the boats were coming toward us. The word was out and every one was coming to witness the struggle. Even the steam tug was turning in our direction.

All this I took in in an instant. I had scarcely more than that time, for away started the fish, and such a race as that I never saw a fish make. All the weight I could put on the line had no effect on him.

On and on went John rowing after him with all his might. I think we covered 500 yds. before he stopped again. When he did stop it was a relief. It was a comfort to have him rest. Five, ten minutes he remained motionless, and I confess I was afraid to rouse him.

In the meantime all the boats had approached as near as they could without being in the way. The steam tug lay off to one side, all the lady passengers eager spectators of the fight.

I confess I felt the importance of my position. It was something novel in my experience to play a fish of this size, with an audience of half a hundred. I knew all eyes were fixed upon me, and I knew, too, that I was excited, my hand was trembling more than I cared to admit, but yet I thought I should appear cool to the crowd of spectators. I remember reaching in my pocket, taking out a cigar and coolly (apparently) striking a match and lighting it.

Suddenly the fish started off of his own accord.

"After him quick, John," I called.

After him we went quick as John could send the boat, but in spite of John's best efforts I had to give him line. A hundred feet, two hundred feet, two hundred and fifty feet were out. I had only fifty left. I began to get alarmed.

"Faster, John; faster," I called.

Suddenly the fish shot off like a streak of lightning. The remaining line was out in an instant; the rod bent double; the line stretched and stretched and—snap!

Line and fish were both gone together. A subdued ah! went up from the crowd. Words can not describe the disappointment I felt. Only those who have felt a line part and a large fish escape can understand how I felt before such an audience at the loss of such a fish. Nevertheless it was an honor to even have hooked the big fish, and I felt it the more on my return to the hotel to find that the news had preceded me. That evening I had quite a number of callers who wanted to hear from my

own lips an account of my afternoon's experience. The next day the village newspaper came out. Its first column had the following heading:

"Mr. Sherman the lucky man. The big muskallonge bites for him, and after dragging the boat over half a mile, breaks the line and escapes. The scene as described by an eye witness."

Then followed a glowing and, I must admit, a somewhat exaggerated account of the afternoon's exploit.

I began to feel quite the hero of the hour. I sent copies of the paper home to my friends, at the same time informing them that I was going to get back the line I had lost—and I did.

It came about in this way: About a week later I received an invitation from the Jolly Fishing Club to spend that evening with them, their last in camp, as they were going home the following day.

It was a jolly party that evening around the great camp fire, and the story telling lasted away into the small hours.

As I was thinking of leaving, the Captain of the club called me to one side and handed me a small package, remarking that he believed it was my property. I opened it. What—could it be—was it possible that this was the silk line I had lost on the big fish?

"Has the fish been caught?" I asked.

"He has," answered the Captain.

"And who was the lucky man?"

"Your humble servant, Mr. Sherman, had the pleasure of bringing him into camp last night."

"But why didn't you tell us about it this evening?"

"Oh, you know Mr. Sherman, I am very modest, and I did not want it to get into the papers."

"So you caught him at night?"

"Yes," answered the Captain, "it was after dark last night."

"Just as John said," I replied, "John always claimed the scamp fed after night. Well, you have got ahead of me, Captain, but how much did he weigh?"

"I'll let you see him," answered the Captain, "and you can judge for yourself. Come this way."

He led the way to his tent, in the center of which a torch was burning, and under it on the ground lay the largest muskallonge I ever saw. I looked at him in silence several moments.

"Well," I said, "I congratulate you, Captain. Isn't he a monster? Why, he will weigh over a hundred pounds."

"Yes, he's quite a fish," answered the Captain, "but I don't think he will weigh so much as a hundred pounds."

"Isn't it remarkable that his eye remains bright so long?" I asked.

"Oh, no," answered the Captain, "that is the peculiarity of that kind of fish. He's not the ordinary kind of muskallonge, Mr. Sherman, examine him closely."

I stooped down to look at him.

"By the gods," I said, "his eyes are glass, and his body—why his body is gum. What's the meaning of this, Captain?"

The Captain was shaking all over with laughter.

"Is this the big fish we have all been fishing for?"

"I am afraid it is," answered the Captain.

"And you fellows have been fooling us all these weeks? A pretty storm you'll have about your heads when this comes out."

"But," said the Captain, "I want you to promise me you will not tell it until we get away. Honor among fishermen, you know, and we are all fishermen together. By the way, what rare sport we had that afternoon behind the bushes when the fish accidentally caught on your hook, and as we pulled him in, you and John came following after. We were all sorry when you got so near shore that, to avoid discovery, we had to give him a run and bring away your line."

"But how did you manage it all, Captain? I don't quite understand. How did you cause him to jump out?"

"Well, you see," answered the Captain, "the fish is weighted just sufficient to keep him on the bottom. You see there are two rings, one in the head and the other further back and under the fish. In each ring we fastened a fine wire, then at night we would drop the fish into some part of the bay, bring the lines to shore at a point where we could deep concealed behind the bushes. By pulling the line fastened to the head the fish followed the bottom; by pulling the other quickly, the mouth being opened, it shot upward, even out of the water. You see how simple it was?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I see how simple we all were to be taken in by it."

"But you'll promise me not to say anything about it until we get away, Mr. Sherman."

"Oh, you need not fear," I answered, "I'll say nothing about it."

And I didn't tell it, even after they had gone. And to this day at B. Lake they talk of the big fish I hooked that September afternoon. And the universal opinion is that my hook caused his death, and satisfactorily accounts for his never having been seen since that afternoon.

I accepted that belief, and from that time fished in other parts of the lake, but when the "big fish" is talked about I have very little to say.

F. I. SHERMAN.

A Michigan Verdict.

CENTRAL LAKE, Antrim County, Mich., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The State game and fish warden, Hon. C. S. Hampton, this day secured the conviction of Wm. Tylor, Philip Tylor and Wm. Clark for having on March 25 last, pursued, taken and carried away a deer, contrary to the statute. The penalty imposed by Justice Green of this village, before whom the case was brought, was \$50 each or 30 days in jail.

The parties are all residents of this township, are not known to hunters, and much sympathy was felt for some of them at least. The jury would have been glad to acquit, but they were good men, and could not do it.

Mr. Hampton has made two visits to this place in working up this case, and its result will no doubt be far-reaching in its effect upon the minds of many who have been accustomed to regard the game and fishery laws as practically a dead letter in this region.

Now, we want to see the fishways at Bellaire and Elk Rapids repaired and kept effective, and to have the slayers of fingerling trout punished to the full extent of the law. The spearsmen are shaking in their boots, and well they may, for the hands of the warden or his deputies are liable to be heavy upon their shoulders. Some of them will "catch it" yet.

KELPIE.

Natural History.

WOOD BISON AND MUSK OX.

By courtesy of Mr. George Johnson, chief statistician at Ottawa, Canada, I have been placed in possession of published official notes of Mr. William Ogilvie, Dominion land surveyor, made in Government interest during the past six years along the basins of the Mackenzie and Peace rivers, in the British Northwest Territory, which give much information of especial value regarding the natural products of that vast region including the big game fauna. Of these perhaps the most interesting and the least known are the wood bison and musk ox.

A birdseye view of an area 2,000 miles in length by 1,000 miles in breadth, lying west of the Mackenzie River discovers it to be mainly forested and mountainous, with abundant streams, while the extensive barren ground region lying east of that river and north of the 65th parallel of latitude is chiefly moss-covered plain, interspersed with small patches of willow and coarse grass and pools of water, sloughs, bogs and swamps alternating with bare ridges of rock, frozen up for about six months in the year. Each of these distinct regions has its peculiar fauna. The first is the home of the wood bison, moose, elk, mountain sheep, goat and woodland caribou, and the latter of the musk ox, ice bear, reindeer and blue and white fox, though the country as now found is not comprehensively the bleak, inhospitable, desolate, unknown and inaccessible "great lone land," which it persistently remained for more than two centuries. Within the past ten years its development has kept pace with progress everywhere else. Railroads reach out to its hithermost confines. Steamboats ply on every principal lake and river. Tramways flank obstructions to fluvial navigation. Missions and towns have sprung up around the principal trading posts and at eligible commercial points. Roman Catholic and Church of England bishoprics cover all the territory. Steam flour mills and sawmills hum and whirr afar up under the edge of the Arctic belt. Even vegetables and grains thrive and mature where it was thought they could not possibly endure. The town of Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan River, 1,000 miles northwest from Winnipeg, is but a five days' all rail journey from Ottawa, and with a supplementary jaunt of less than 100 miles across country to the Athabaska River, one can take steamboat at Athabaska Landing and sail down to the Mackenzie River delta, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean in less than 20 days' time!

Such encroachments of civilization and facilities of access make it hard on the musk ox and bison, for even now sportsmen have begun to hunt specimens of horns and pelts for museum collections. It is well, therefore, for naturalists to note what Mr. Ogilvie, surveyor, has to say of the big game of this imperial territory as it is found in its stamping grounds to-day, for only a few more years are likely to change existing conditions essentially.

Imprimis, as to wood bison: Our authority, in his report of 1887-8, on the physiography of the Peace and Mackenzie river basins, after specifying the whereabouts of known bands of buffalo seen the previous winter, reckons their number at only about 180, yet five years later, in his report of 1892, with extended observation and sources of information, he is able to place the number as "probably not exceeding 300 in all." Bands of 50, 25, 30, 13, 25, 20 and 5, respectively, are enumerated. This apparent increase is gratifying in view of the attested fact that the Indians always endeavor to kill the whole band wherever they find them, whether they need food or not. It is their habit to drive the animals into a bog, if one be convenient, where they soon mire and are quickly killed. Fortunately, however, the bison are so wary, and so keen to see and smell the hunter before he knows of their presence, that they stampede at the first alarm, never halting until they are well out of danger. Their flight through the snow, as described by an eye witness, resembles the whirl of a rotary snow-plow with an occasional glimpse of a black spot in the center of it.

The haunt of the wood bison lies north and west of the Athabaska River, across the Peace to the Liard River. Occasionally they have been seen in the mountains back of Fort Liard. They graze in the little upland parks and court the cover of the thickets. The paucity of their numbers, in contrast with their great abundance half a century ago, seems inexplicable, as there is no record of any undue slaughter at any time by natives or traders. As recently as twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing for a few of the Indians in the neighborhood of Dunvegan and St. John (H. B. C. posts on Peace River) to go out and procure in a few days' time sufficient meat to supply their wants for the winter. One explanation of the mortality is that a heavy fall of rain, followed by a sharp freeze, occurred in one of the winter months twenty-five years ago, which formed an impenetrable crust of ice, so that all animals which could not subsist on browse were nearly exterminated by starvation. But it is objected that a rainstorm could hardly have been extensive enough to cover the entire vast territory, and if so where are the bones of the bison?

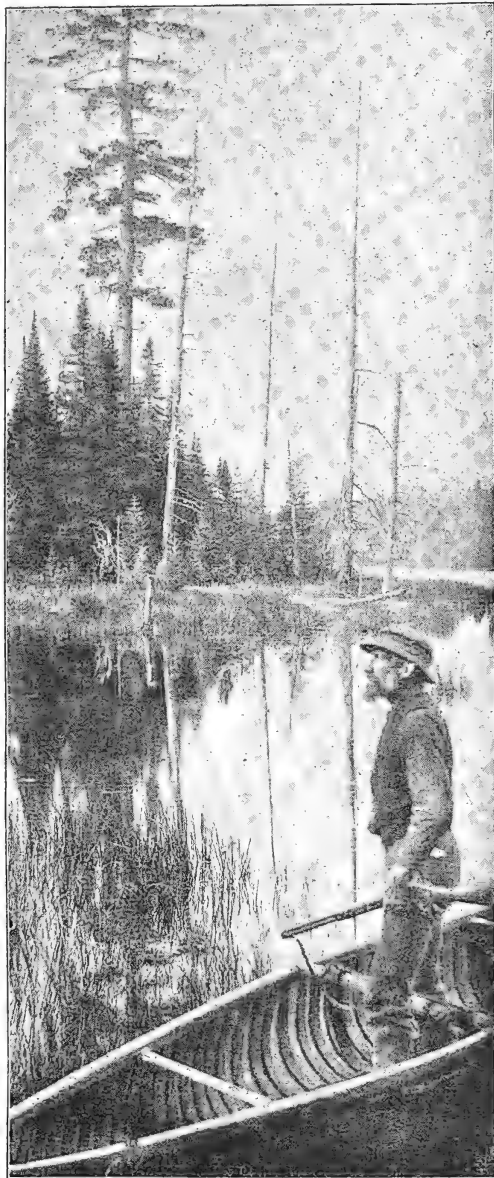
While naturalists hardly admit two species of buffalo, the fact of the wood bison having inhabited a forested country as far back as Hudson Bay Co's historical records go, and not being refugees from massacres of the plains, as has been urged, shows marked change of habit and appearance by environment. Size and color may thus be accounted for.

As for the musk-ox, he inhabits a much more inaccessible country than the wood buffalo. Still to reach the confines of his isolated home is little more than a pleasure trip, with the means of travel now available, and the fame of Mr. Warburton Pike, who recently penetrated to the hyperborean tundra and assisted in the slaughter of sixty musk-oxen and ninety caribou, according to his own published statement, is tempting others to strike out for this field of exploitation and dubious surprise, so that

Mr. Ogilvie, with much concern, is asking whether it is not admissible for Government to prohibit killing by outsiders, except by permit, at any season. Musk-oxen run in bands to the number of thirty in each. They are fleet of foot, but not at all shy and are easily slaughtered by the Indians, who drive them into pens or corrals. The female drops but one calf at a birth, generally in the month of April. It is said that she buries it in the snow as soon as born, selecting some sheltered spot exposed to the rays of the sun for the purpose. Three days after birth the young one is able to run with the dam.

The range of the musk-ox is from Hudson's Bay to the fringe of woods lying along the east side of the Mackenzie River, and from the Arctic coast southward to the east of Athabaska Lake. In winter the bands move southward toward the timber line. Pelts of musk-oxen are found among the collection returns of all of the twenty-eight fur posts situated in the Northwest Territory.

At Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, the Hudson Bay Company has a most interesting museum which was



"LISTEN."

Equal Fifth Prize, Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.
Photo by Col. Cecil Clay, Washington, D. C.

organized in the year 1887, for the purpose of collecting and preserving all the animals and birds and other fauna of the country, as well as minerals, fossils and any curiosities of interest, including aboriginal implements, bones, etc. Capt. Bell, of the steamer Wrigley, navigating the lower Mackenzie, is a taxidermist of great skill, who devotes constant attention to mounting stuffed specimens. Normally, this is one of the most important special museums in the new world, and should receive the aid and encouragement of all lovers of natural history and science. Plants are not represented, but there are some fossil star fish and ichthyic vertebrate of large size. The possibilities of this embryo collection are great.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

SPRING NOTES.

HIGHGATE, Va., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a few additional notes regarding the arrival of birds here:

Phebe bird, April 4, several pairs noted; hermit thrush, April 4, heard in warm thicket on south side of a deep ravine; song sparrow, April 5, one only; crow blackbird, April 6, several seen; blue heron, April 10, one only; wild pigeons, April 20, three seen. We have a few wild pigeons that breed near here that we are trying to protect.

STANSTEAD.

DETROIT, April 30.—In spite of the inclement weather the birds are putting in their appearance. The wood

thrushes arrived April 29, though one was seen April 9; brown thrasher, April 16; barn swallow, April 16; bank swallow, April 16; tree swallow, April 16; crested flycatcher, April 17; purple martin, April 28; belted fisher, April 2; Wilson's snipe, March 28. Yesterday (April 29) I took a set of two Cooper's hawk's eggs from a tall beech, 75ft. up. This hawk is a rare breeder here and this is the first nest I have found. Also took set of four crow's eggs from oak tree 50ft. up.

B. H. S.

AMONG MICHIGAN BIRDS.

THERE are so many secrets waiting to be divulged to one who will patiently look up, or down, in sky, tree, bush, or on the ground, for a little time each day from the early spring to the very end of winter, that it is a pity so few are receiving the benefit such pretty confidences impart to the monotony of every day life.

It is to the many who are not in touch with nature and her lovely children that I would like to tell how observation taught a very loving but ignorant friend of the birds a fact long since established among the wise ones, that they do follow in the wake of civilization.

Expatriation for many years from the land where the robin sings and rears his young had made the prospect of seeing him once more in all his happy cheerfulness a thing to be looked forward to with joyous anticipation, and when in 1886 I began to spend my summers at one of the "resorts" in northern Michigan, I confidently expected to renew acquaintance with him and all the other familiar friends of childhood.

But no, there were no robins there, and only once the long-drawn plaintive notes of the peewee came to break the stillness of the woods. One cunning pair of wrens had built their nest close by the noisy railway station, where Mr. Jenny sang and Mrs. Jenny scolded, just as they do wherever wrens are found the whole world over. Later in the season my note book tells of one or two stray visits from some titmice, but that there were any other singers is quite impossible.

The cottages spread over more territory each year, the farmers in the adjacent country cultivated more fruit and vegetables, and every summer the number of feathered visitors increased until last year the woods seemed full of them. We reached that northern clime the first day of July, and there was robin, hopping about as thoroughly at ease as the "oldest" summer tourist. He built his nest in trees whose branches grazed the most populous of the cottages, and almost every porch at We-que-ton-sing could boast of having given shelter to a brood of Jenny wren's small progeny. Boxes and pretty little houses had been put up on many trees in the park at Chautauqua's center at Bay View, and long before the Assembly opened the little homes were occupied. The evening and morning concerts were regular, and quite what was expected from such singers.

Above them all the lusty voice of robin soared in amusing contrast to the plaintive song of bluebird, peewee, and that grandest of all our woodland songsters, the bell-toned wood thrush. The orchestra was full indeed, for besides those mentioned there were the little sparrows—song, field and white-throat, phoebes, jays, blackbirds, goldfinches, woodpeckers, titmice, cuckoos and many and many a crow. Twice during the summer it was our good fortune to hear the far-off notes of whip-poor-will, whose song is so much sweeter than that of his Southern relative, who cuts his words so short that one longs to teach him how his more accomplished brother sings.

Alas! the woods seem dull and silent, when the birds have ceased to sing, as happens the very first of August, and if one walks about in them, where all before was life and music, a feeling of sadness comes that bears close resemblance to that experienced by one when left almost alone in some great hall at the close of a concert of more than ordinary grandeur. One sees, as in a dream, the crowd melt silently away, and one by one the orchestra file out.

A curious solemn feeling quite overwhelms one, and the conviction settles like a pall upon the thoughts that never again will music like that be heard.

Happily the analogy ceases just here, for the air, the scent of the earth, the sunshine on path, the rustle of leaves and the faces of flowers assure one that when the spring time comes the birds will return to take their places in nature's ever constant orchestra.

H. L. M.

The Woodcock's Ways.

HIGHLAND, N. C., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A correspondent a short time ago asked some questions about the feeding of woodcock. I have noticed them every spring in my garden here quite early in the morning in small companies diligently boring for worms, which they take in large numbers.

This morning, just at dawn, when the moon had got to the western horizon and the light was just sufficient to make things barely visible at a distance of 20 or 30ft., I heard a curious noise outside and got out of bed to find the cause of it. It was close under my window, which is on the ground floor and looks out into the garden. Two woodcocks were fighting furiously, while ten more were busy in the soft soil digging for worms. This part of my garden is a worm preserve, used for gathering bait when fish are wanted in a hurry and the trout are not eager for the fly. By and by the quarreling birds made peace and went to feeding with the rest, and after watching them for several minutes I returned to the warm bed for a short doze before getting up time. Soon after five I got up and looked out of the window, and the twelve woodcock were still busy digging for worms, and kept at it until I went out, when they took their departure.

This bird is not protected in this State, but on account of the season I did not disturb them. Two years ago, I think early in July, in the same part of the garden I saw a pair of woodcock with a brood of young ones feeding about the same time in the morning or a little later, as the light was sufficient to distinguish the markings of

the younger birds. They were distinctly darker than the old ones, and were the most conical creatures one could imagine. The young ones struggled fiercely to bring their worm to the surface, and often failed, the old bird then went to their help and seemed to attend faithfully to the broods. H. S.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN DELAWARE.

I LAY no claim to skill in handling either the gun or the pen, but wish to contribute a little during the off season by a plain, unvarnished tale to the pleasure of my brother sportsmen, the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

I left Chestertown, Md., by rail on Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1892, for a four days' outing with the partridges, determined to go south until I could find a place where there was no snow. My hopes of pleasure depended on two setters, Jake, a veteran, Ben, a black pup of two summers, and a trusty No. 14 gun, warranted to scatter. At Dagsboro, a village a few miles south of Georgetown, the brown breast of mother earth was first visible. I resolved to try my luck there, for one day at least. An obliging storekeeper, with a light open wagon, offered to carry me with him to his home, four miles back in the country. On the way he informed me that a young fellow in his neighborhood had a pointer dog and hunted almost every day, but added confidentially, "He can't kill nothing." I said to myself, "I will put up at that young man's house and cultivate his friendship; he knows where the birds are and has not shot them quite all." As this house was two miles further on, I left my impedimenta at the store and commenced gunning at once, as it was already after 1 o'clock. I was now in old Sussex county, where they still vote for Gen. Jackson, where water always stands still because it cannot tell which way to run, and where almost every woods is a thicket of scrub pine, nearly impenetrable on account of green briars. A lusty young blacksmith with a muzzleloader volunteered to act as guide. He allowed there were no breechloaders about those parts.

Jake and Ben galloped off in fine spirits over a large stubblefield. In the middle of it Ben pointed, Jake backed him firmly. The birds rose when we were 30 yds. from them. I got a good quartering shot and killed two. The blacksmith also discharged his piece and picked up one of the birds with a doubtful smile. I remarked that I believed the other one belonged to me. I followed them to the woods, took a couple of ineffectual snap shots at them among the pines and then we were off for flock No. 2. We hunted over a lot of excellent ground, where, the blacksmith assured me, there were plenty of birds on Thanksgiving Day; but the dogs found nothing. It was cold, cloudy and windy. We tried a thicket. Jake located a flock among a lot of bushes, old logs and green briars, where they had taken shelter. I killed one as they scattered in all directions and knocked down another at 50 yds. which we found after a most diligent search.

Flock No. 3 was in a field grown up with weeds, among which they were feeding. After much preliminary work both dogs pointed about 30 yds. apart. We walked up to Jake, but found nothing. We then hurried across to Ben who was firmly glued to the ground. Nothing there. Then back again to Jake, who was again stiff on his point, but with the same success. Finally we hastened to Ben, who was now standing rigid as a statue. This time half a dozen big fellows rose with a rush. I singled out and killed one. The rest flew a quarter of a mile and settled on the other side of a wild plum thicket. Jake finally located something on a ditch bank grown up with briars. I kicked up two birds, missed the first and dropped the second in a peach orchard. Although Ben ran to the spot immediately and I hurried across to him, yet in spite of us both that bird joined the vast flock of partridges which are shot down and never gathered in.

Flock four was found as twilight was falling. In open ground, grown up with low bushes and sedge, Jake pointed and then commenced roading. The birds were running, but we were between them and the woods. Finally a flock rose, large enough to fill a peach basket. Before, behind and above me they darted, and they rattled me to such an extent that the first barrel was a failure, but the second one found its bird. I followed them to a thicket of scrub pines. I missed the first as a half a dozen flew up, but shot down the next one that rose, as he was making some intricate turns among the feathery branches. On my way to pick him up I kicked up and killed another. It was now nearly night. Ben was missing, but I found him pointing at the edge of the thicket. Three or four birds dashed off into the darkness. I fired at the whirring noise in a general sort of way, but was well pleased to see Ben running after one which had fallen with a broken wing. This gave me nine partridges for the afternoon, and made me resolve to finish my outing in Sussex.

Bidding the blacksmith good-night, after a walk of a mile I found Johnson's. An old lady was picking up chips at the wood-pile. An old man was sitting by a chimney-fire. A few words of explanation and I was made welcome. The house belonged to a farm of 100 acres. On the first floor was a large living-room with an immense fire-place and two exceedingly small bed-rooms. A large garret formed the second story. A good supper in a kitchen 20 yards from the house, an evening by the roaring fire in the living-room, a night in a huge feather-bed in the garret, with the bare shingles just above my head, and I was ready for the second day's sport. The ancient pilgrim had prophesied snow, but as I lay in bed wondering if it had come some little substance falling from a tree upon the roof, and rattling stealthily down over the shingles assured me that the roof was still bare.

Burt, who had turned up some time during the night, was busy, as I came down, fixing the locks of his muzzle-loader. He was a tall, wiry fellow of 23. His work with the gun was being watched with great interest by Abe, a pointer as thin as his master, with a preposterously long tail. The briars had dealt unkindly with it, for the last foot or two was entirely devoid of hair. The kitchen in which we took our meals was typical of Sussex county thrift. The walls were unplastered. There were long

cracks of varying width in the weather boarding. The door, made of half-inch boards, was kept shut with a piece of twine. When closed there was a space of more than an inch around it unaccounted for. The ventilation was excellent. The room was kept warm with a red-hot cook stove, although the mercury had nearly all crawled down into the bulb of the thermometer. In some countries these chinks would have been stopped up, but not in Sussex county.

We ventured out at 9 o'clock, although it was quite cold and threatening snow. We went straight to a woods, where Burt knew there was a flock. Abe found them. Jake and Ben staunchly backed their new friend. I kicked them out from under a brush pile and knocked over one. The rest took a long flight, but we found them in a second woods. I missed a couple of shots in the bushes, but finally knocked down one, which the dogs failed to find. On leaving the woods Ben was missing. Whistling and calling failed to bring him. After 15 minutes we found him lying under a young pine with his nose to a little brush heap. Under it was the wounded bird within a foot of the pup's nose. Remarkable dog that!

After a long tramp with hands in our pockets we found a flock in an apple orchard. They got up wild. I concentrated my energies on one which went off by itself and got it. When I whirled around the flock was out of gun-shot, but we marked them down in a chopping among oak tops with the leaves on. We found them at once. I killed the first one which made a break for liberty. Then I dropped two which flew up from almost the same spot under a treetop a second apart. They fell within 15 ft. of each other. Then I missed the most beautiful open shot, but still felt encouraged.

The next notable event was the three dogs pointing in the corner of a field among young sassafras trees and blackberry bushes. I walked up expecting to find a single bird, when, like a young cyclone, a large flock came out directly in my face. I say it to my shame, but they escaped in the general confusion without losing a single feather from either barrel. Query. Who gets the most fun out of gunning? The man with nerves of steel, whom nothing can rattle, or the one whose heart beats and whose nerves fairly quiver with excitement, making it often a sheer impossibility to single out a bird, but irresistibly impelling him to shoot into the flock with the vague idea of gathering them all in?

Another flock rose before the dogs could locate them, but lit in an old graveyard grown up with young pines, at the edge of a dense thicket. Between the two was a road. Burt took the graveyard and I the road. As they crossed I was fortunate enough to drop one with each barrel. These pine thickets are a splendid protection for the partridges. When they once reach them two or three are, on an average, as many as one will find of a flock. They must light in the trees and watch with interest the fun going on below. The last flock we found just at dark. Jake pointed them. They were running. It was a pretty sight to see the three dogs roading them for a hundred yards, pointing every few steps. They finally got up out of gunshot and disappeared over the tops of the trees. I reached home with thirteen birds. Burt had shot but three times as the right lock of his gun would not act.

After supper Burt was arraying himself in his best to go to a party. In fact, he was at a party every night while I was there. "Burt," said I, "what do you do at these parties?" "Hug and kiss the girls." The old man growled out a reproof. Burt retorts, "You need not talk, you were worse after the girls than ever I dare be." The old lady, taking her pipe from her mouth: "That's so, Burtie, that's so." A general laugh.

Friday's sun rose cold and clear. Burt was busy making a sausage-shaped cover out of unbleached muslin for his dog's tail, which had been suffering severely from the briars. A belt was to go around Abe's loins and a crupper was to run from this down his back to the cover. Abe looked upon this simple but ingenious arrangement with undisguised suspicion. Was his tail no longer to have that upward turn and free swing of which he was so proud? Abe, soon after we started, seated himself on his beam ends and dragged himself along the ground on all fours. The tail cover, from the lack of a stay rope from below, proved a signal failure. Burt confidentially assured me that he proposed to do, to-day, his share of the shooting.

Into the first flock that we found he promptly emptied both barrels, and to his great delight killed two birds. He received my congratulations with a pleased smile and remarked that he now understood how the thing was done. While he was going through the complicated process of loading I followed the flock into the thicket. Here I had the satisfaction of killing two birds right and left in a dense clump of bushes, both of which fell within 50 ft. of me. I invariably change my shells to those loaded with No. 10 shot when I enter a thicket. The birds must always be killed very close and No. 10 is more likely to hit them if the gun is not held true. One ounce of 10s with 2 drs. Trap American wood powder make a dangerous load at a short range.

The next flock flushed wild and flew to the densest of thickets. Scrub pines, holly bushes and green briars made it almost impenetrable. I shot four or five times, and finally came out disgusted without having knocked loose a single feather. Ben held a point in that woods at least twenty minutes, as we could not find him, but he patiently waited for us. I find it an excellent plan to hunt him with a small bell on his neck. He is a wide ranger and can often be heard when otherwise one would in the bushes have no knowledge of his whereabouts. He is so cautious that even with the bell he seldom flushes a bird.

The next flock flew to a thicket of young pines without giving us a shot. Here I killed one behind a pine without seeing it, and knocked over a second and third at short range with snap shots. On our way home, Jake located a flock in a peach orchard within 100 yds. of the invariable pine thicket. Ben came in behind Jake, and Abe behind Ben. The hunters also came in and pointed. As they dashed for the woods I wounded one, but seeing he would reach the cover I knocked him over with the second barrel. In the woods I killed one in a most accidental sort of a way as he was threading his way among the small tree trunks. We reached the house at dark, very tired and hungry, for we neither rested nor ate during the trip, but with a very satisfactory bag of fifteen birds.

Saturday was the last day of the outing. The dogs, ex-

cept Ben, were decidedly stiff and sore. Abe carried his tail with the utmost caution, and gave all briars a wide berth. I was obliged to be back at the house by 2 o'clock, in order to catch the up train. We started early. Jake found three or four birds in the edge of a thicket of scrub pines. It was a slim chance. Burt kicked them up, while I held my gun ready for the slightest show. No one who has not shot among these pines can form an idea of the denseness of their foliage and how quickly a bird is out of sight among them. I was lucky enough to catch one as he plunged into the pines before he got forty feet from the ground. The others it was useless to follow.

The next flock got up wild and went to a thicket grown up with pines and scrub oaks with the leaves on. It was, for Delaware, a nice place in which to shoot, as the undergrowth is not thick. I missed a beautiful shot at a bird which passed me and went away straight as an arrow, but killed a second, third and fourth inside of five minutes. The next covey reached the woods in safety, as they flushed wild, but in the bushes I killed two very doubtful cases, one of which I kicked out of a brush heap and which persisted in flying behind me; the other I saw sitting at the root of a pine, and stepped back involuntarily to avoid pulverizing him, but the little fellow saved me from the disgrace of shooting him on the ground by whisking out on the other side of the tree through the undergrowth. I fired and a shout from Burt announced that I had been successful. Ben now got up a little side show of his own by running a rabbit, which he followed for a half hour and must have driven clear out of the country. A sound thrashing effectually cured him until the next opportunity, when the same circus was invariably gone through with.

I jumped down from a fence right into a covey. One that went straight down was missed beautifully. A second that darted through the fence and made straight for the woods was knocked down. Following them, I killed one as he was indiscreet enough to try to go over the pines instead of through them. Another that darted through the pines I caught a glimpse of for a moment, and pointed and pulled without raising my gun to the shoulder. I killed him. The reader will be kind enough to insert between the lines a goodly number of misses, as a man who wishes to make a good bag in this country must take every possible chance.

The last flock of the season we found in a woods as we hurried to the house. They got away safely in spite of three loads. Following them I killed one that Burt flushed. As it came past, well up, I tried to get my gun on it. It went behind a holly tree, through whose dense foliage I shot at a venture, as it was my only hope. I had the satisfaction of hearing it drop stone dead on the other side. Another shot and another bird and my season of '92 had closed.

I crammed my baggage into my grip, dropped my birds—48 in number—into an old coffee sack, together with 6 which I bought of Burt, his spoils for a three days' hunt, and three rabbits which I had shot during the trip, and then sat down to an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Johnson had insisted on preparing, of which the conspicuous features were roast chicken and mince pie. Then followed a hurried ride to the station behind Burt's colt, for which he had refused \$150, as he proudly informed me. Burt promised to let me know if the birds were plentiful next fall and I was to spend a week with him. He assured me that he would locate every flock in the neighborhood and Abe's tail should be at least six inches shorter.

Alas! the deep snows and the cold weather of January have almost exterminated the partridge in Delaware and the Eastern Shore. I was curious enough to keep a record of my shooting in these thickets. I found that it required a fraction over three loads to kill a bird.

C. W. REID.

THE PHEASANT'S WORTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice with great pleasure your timely remarks upon the beautiful Mongolian pheasant. It is fortunate that increased facilities for transportation, together with enlarged knowledge among sportsmen, have combined to render the importation, trans-shipment and artificial propagation of many of the choicest varieties of the pheasant family not only practical but profitable. It is fortunate also for the preservation of the species that almost all the varieties of pheasants are hardy and capable of adapting themselves to changed conditions.

The introduction of several of the Mongolian varieties into England and upon the Pacific coast of North America has passed the experimental stage, and the rapid dissemination of the bird over wide areas will be the logical result; restricted not by climatic conditions half so much as by the merciless ravages of the farmers' boys.

The three best known varieties of the Mongolian pheasant are the ring-necked (*P. torquatus*), the golden (*P. pictus*) and the silver (*P. nycthemerus*). The last two sub-varieties, together with the copper (*P. semmerringi*), are conspicuous for their extremely long tails and the brightness and beauty of their variegated plumage. Of all the foreigners, however, none commends itself to the sportsman and breeder so much as the first variety, *P. torquatus*. He is the prince of his race—strong, large, unnumbered with extra finery, but exquisitely beautiful just the same; a big, haughty, independent game bird in every sense of the word.

He has the two essential requisites for self-preservation—hardhood and strength of wing. In England his near relative *P. colchicus* does best, as *P. torquatus* does here, though the silver pheasant has been very successfully propagated in Scotland by Lord Tweedmouth, and is fairly hardy out here. The first three varieties enumerated are under protection now in this State, and are doing very well indeed. The first is becoming noticeably more plentiful, and is sure to win if the small boy can be suppressed. One of these predatory and eternal enemies to bird life killed a hen bird a few days ago a few miles from the city. All the birds upon Protection Island wintered well, but owing to an accident the stock of silver pheasants was reduced to seven male birds.

The exceptionally severe weather of last February tried them very hard, but they appear to have stood the test. For reasons deemed prudential, the Oregon and Victoria people have become very shy about letting their protégés get beyond territorial limits, and live birds are, therefore, at present hard to get. This difficulty is about to be met, however, by an importation of fifty pairs from the Orient.

This shipment will reach Tacoma in August, and will be ready for trans-shipment to Eastern preserves early in September.

A dry, clean shelter, sodded yards, plenty of gravel and ashes, cereal food, fresh meat occasionally, with table refuse and fresh water, are the essentials for successful breeding; and as the hens are very prolific, there should be little trouble in rearing the birds. J. A. BEEBE, M.D.

TACOMA, April 28.

DEER IN MAINE.

A SET of branching antlers over my dining-room mantel, the gift of a friend and disciple of Nimrod, had been for several years a constant reminder of the dun-coated, white-tailed denizens of the wildest regions of the Pine Tree State; and while my experience with a rifle had been limited to occasional target shooting, I always burned with enthusiasm and desire for an opportunity for a deer hunt whenever the subject was mentioned.

October, 1891, found me with a long-deserved holiday of twelve days ahead, and I lost no time in getting my kit together and starting for the woods.

Forty-eight hours by rail from the metropolis brought me to the little hostelry at K., the terminus of the railroad and stage route, and here I made the acquaintance of "Win," my guide, and 5 o'clock the following morning found us on the road in a regulation buckboard, drawn by a work-your-passage sort of animal, urged by old John Summer and his pipe; for, be it known to all men, you cannot separate their identity except at meals.

Two hours' ride over the rough country road and the fording of two streams brought us to an old lumber road which led up into the mountains, where we expected to make camp. We took this road, and I soon decided that walking was a luxury compared to the rest and comfort of a buckboard on a lumber trail.

With "Win" I pressed forward in advance of the buckboard, carrying the Winchester to look out for chance shots, for we had already found comparatively recent signs, and the latter with a heavy axe to clear the trail and occasionally relay the corduroy.

As we rapidly passed over the uneven ground, the soft moccasins making no sound upon the frozen turf or ever occurring corduroy bridging, I felt that wild, exuberant feeling which comes to the man who, fresh from the confining atmosphere and checkerboard existence of the city, finds himself in the midst of nature undisturbed; who sees the glories of an autumnal landscape, its brighter coloring relieved by a background of green and black upon the towering mountains, whose snow-clad peaks are partially hidden by the rolling clouds. I breathed in great long draughts of the delicious air, perfumed by the pines and cedars.

Our plan was to make camp in an old and long since deserted logging camp about twenty miles from K., and we expected to reach it with the buckboard, thus saving the usual "sacking." Judge then of our disappointment when within five miles of our journey's end we came into a swamp, where the corduroy had rotted away and passage for the horse and buckboard was impossible. There was but one way out of it and that to "sack" the baggage around the swamp and into camp. We divided the loads. Win strapped 75lbs. upon his sturdy shoulders and carried his rifle and axe; "Old John" took 30lbs. and the kerosene can, and the tenderfoot, with a grim determination to do or die, strapped on 40lbs. and carried a rifle in one hand and a tin "baker" in the other. In all the recollections of my after life those miles, five in number, shall stand as monumental evidence that the traditional 5,280 lineal feet to a mile is an unfounded delusion and that 20,000 is a nearer figure. Slowly we toiled along and about 5 o'clock the low flat roof of the logging camp broke on our view like a vision of the promised land. It was a rectangular building of logs with the bark upon them, a slab roof and inside was an enormous stone fireplace and the regulation tiers of bunks. To our surprise, we found that it was occupied. Two trappers had located for their winter's work and we found them preparing supper. Gladly they welcomed the new-comers and a hearty meal of fried pork and potatoes, delicious biscuits and fragrant coffee, was soon demolished by the hungry trappers. After the meal and a smoke, we unpacked our baggage, put our provisions into the common stock and made preparations for the hunt upon the morrow. Win fixed me up a bed of fresh spruce tips on one of the bunks that was more grateful to my weary limbs than any mattress that the inventive genius of civilization has yet produced.

The trappers were a pair for a study either by the artist or the student of humanity. One was an old and grizzled man of sixty-five, whose weight of years rested but lightly on his iron frame and sinewy strength. He was a talkative old chap, and his constant readiness to pour forth his store of backwoods lore and tales was a great source of entertainment for us. No one could tell a bigger yarn than he, and no matter how wonderful the tale was, he was always ready to cap it with another more improbable. He never "shot" or "killed" anything, he always "let it down," and many were the wondrous feats he had performed with his old 32in. .44-70 Winchester, so one day at dinner when I heard a venturesome partridge drumming close to camp, and after a few moments' absence returned with the quiet remark that I had "let him down," the mirth of Win broke all bounds, and it was a standing joke thereafter. The other trapper was a tall and black-eyed boy of twenty, whose patois immediately announced his French-Canadian parentage, and who answered readily to the cognomen of "Knuck."

Win's quiet humor and perfect mimicry of the patois brought us lots of fun during the long evenings by the camp-fire, and many a wordy war he had with Knuck, while the old trapper and I fairly shouted with laughter at their discussions.

The days passed rapidly, constant tramping through the valleys bringing no results beyond hearty appetites and refreshing sleep, for the dryness of the ground and the heavy carpeting of leaves covered up the treacherous twigs, which snapped like pistol shots when the weight of the foot rested upon them and gave ample warning of our most careful approach.

How we longed for snow, and each night and morning looked at the fleecy clouds with the anxious hope that they might presage a storm, but no snow came, and we were forced to be content with cautious work and watching at the "runs."

Partridges abounded, and we killed enough about camp

to supply our table with their delicious flesh, and several handsome foxes were allowed to sink out of sight unmolested, lest the report of the rifles should drive the deer further back in the mountains. That bears were plenty was evident from the plowed up leaves upon the beech ridges, but we did not come across one, much to our regret.

One day, determined to try my luck alone, and after careful admonition from the guide regarding landmarks and getting lost, I started up a trail for several miles, following one of the trapper's blazed lines and inspecting several unmolested and very wicked looking bear traps. Then I took the bed of a mountain brook for a few hundred yards, working along over boulders and logs in the hope that the roaring stream would drown the noise I made, and that I should come upon some wary buck in that way; but I was disappointed. Then I climbed a bluff to work in the hard growth I fancied lay there, but instead of that I found myself in that perdition of the Maine woods, a bad "blow down." In every way the prostrate trees lay broken and uprooted as if by a battle of the Titans, their roots, trunks and branches hopelessly entangled into an almost impenetrable mass. For four mortal hours I crawled and climbed, and when at last I emerged into the hardwood growth, I felt like an emancipated slave. I realized an exhilarating sense of freedom and of general satisfaction, and felt a profound conviction that the next time I went through a blow-down I would go round it.

That night, after supper and the recounting of the day's events, during which my experience in the blow-down excited great merriment, we all fell to story telling until quite late. The lantern's rays were very dim, the fire had died down to a glowing mass of embers, and the faint light of the moon, occasionally breaking through a drifting cloud, served only to intensify the outer darkness. Savage tales of fights with bears, of deadly encounters with maddened and ferocious moose and caribou bulls had been recounted, and the old man was seated on a log relating a ghastly tale of a battle with a catamount in his boyhood days. Suddenly without the camp, yet in its piercing shrillness penetrating until it seemed in our very midst, there rose a cry of human agony, of incarnate cruelty and animal ferocity. Again and again it echoed and re-echoed across the valley and died away in the stillness of the wilderness. The trapper instantly ceased to speak, Knuck sprang from his couch and listened intently, his hand reaching instinctively toward the rifle, which hung upon his bunk, and the writer felt the hair upon his head stand up as he turned to the guide with a quick look of questioning alarm. Win grinned, said "screech owl," and everybody laughed at me. Determined to get revenge on something for my scare, I seized my rifle, slipped in a cartridge, and opening the battered door peered into the darkness. The little light from the interior of the cabin reflected two glowing balls of fire in an old dead tree not 20ft. away from camp. A hasty aim, the reverberating crash of the old repeater and I heard the thuddet kind of a thud out in the bushes. In the morning I found the owl with his head all ripped to pieces and unfit for mounting.

Each day we worked and tramped, each night hoping that the morning would bring the longed for snow and the certainty of game, but we hoped in vain.

The last day came, old John must meet us the very next morning, for the writer dared absent himself no longer from his city desk and business cares. The case was desperate, and I rose at five, fully determined to strike something to take back as evidence of my prowess. Leaving Win to watch a "likely" runaway I took an old lumber trail and tramped slowly and quietly along, watching every patch of woods for the game I so longed to see, and avoiding every stick and leaf with extraordinary caution. Suddenly I came upon a fresh and good-sized trail, the sharp hoof marks showing distinctly on the hoar frost on the ground. The buck, for such the marks denoted, had stepped out of the undergrowth, and was traveling along the very same road that I was, and only a few moments in advance. I redoubled my pace and caution against noise and almost flew over the frosty ground. One, two, three miles I covered with pent up nerves and beating heart, expecting every moment to come in sight of the deer. Then I lost the trail. Search as I might, there was no trace of where the deer had left the road, and the frozen ground showed no sign that he had gone further up the old lumber trail. So I pushed on, hoping still, and soon I came into a clearing where lay the deserted hovels of the old logging camp. Carefully I looked around and seeing no signs of the buck I wearily and disconsolately made my way to one of the hovels and rested my rifle against its logs, when, presto, out from the other side, with a resounding whistle, leaped the deer, a handsome five year old buck.

Away he went with enormous bounds across the clearing, the white "flag" high in air. I threw my rifle to my shoulder, and as I pressed the trigger he stopped and turned his head to learn the cause of the disturbance. The leaden missile must have told him, for his antlers adorn my office wall.

HEMLOCK BARK.

THE HALLENSEE POWDER TEST.

RED BANK, N. J., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the year 1892 a society was formed in Germany, to test guns and powders. This society issued its report in circular form to its members, and as its report was adverse to our powder, it was immediately grabbed up by rival companies, industriously circulated throughout the world, and is now magnified in some journals into an official government test.

How one-sided and unscientific these tests were in their conduct is at once apparent to any expert, as the most important part to determine effectiveness of a powder, *i.e.* measurements of its pressure with scientific instruments, and without which it would be impossible to have a nitro powder to-day, had been entirely ignored and left out.

The effectiveness of our powder was merely determined by charges increased at will, which has led to very unjust conclusions. These new nitros cannot be tested with double loads, as the gas pressure of increased charges rises out of all proportion of increased loads, and all governments which have adopted these powders, have adopted a new rule for testing their guns; the old-fashioned rule of double loads had to be abandoned for above reasons.

In the latest imperial law regarding the test of guns with nitros, a blank space is left, as this is still under con-

sideration, as it is very evident that the same rule cannot be applied to all nitros, but must be regulated according to their action, and it will be very safe to say, that hereafter the Hallensee will not be permitted to issue reports as they please, made without scientific instruments.

As our powder is identically the same as the government powder, except in its sporting grain, it hardly appears reasonable that the government would condemn our powder and recommend Schultze.

From this unjust test we appealed to the *London Field*, whose impartial stand is world known. The *Field* issued its report on April 1, 1893 (No. 2,101), and not only reported our powder as very safe, but the competing English nitros which were taken for comparison were beaten on every point of merit.

A firm of our standing, established and manufacturers of explosives since 1814, whose products have been decorated many times, cannot and never will put a powder on the market which would be injurious even to ordinary guns, if instructions are followed.

Last fall we asked the American sportsmen in a half page advertisement in your esteemed paper to come out and test our powder at the tournament of the Riverside Gun Club. We have again offered to show its absolute safety in the cheapest grade guns in a public trial, our challenge to Mr. Von Lengerke, the agent of Schultze and "E. C.," to make his accusations good in a public test, has remained unanswered, and the forfeit put up by us has been returned to us.

An examination of our cartridge with its new safety primer, which obviates the faults of the present cap, will show even to the most uninitiated that we are progressive and not made of shoddy, as some people would like to have it. United States experts are pointing already to our shell with its filled-in base, as indicating the coming revolution in the length of the shell. Our record here in the United States, one year without a single accident or complaint, with an output which has already reached 50,000 shells a month, plainly shows that we are not quite so bad as competitors would like to make us.

The Walsrode powder is pushing its way across the civilized world in spite of the frantic efforts to stop it. Whether it will be the powder of the future or only the forerunner of new explosives, time can only tell. With its total absence of smoke, unaffected by either heat or damp, a winner in every impartial test, welcomed by every sportsman for its economy, it will undoubtedly make a strong bid for the powder of the future. We are doing all that it is possible to do to make sportsmen acquainted with this new explosive before we put it in their hands, but fifty years from now the same hayseed who still persists in blowing out the gaslight before retiring, and who pokes wet umbrellas at the dynamo, will injure his gun with new nitros by overloading. This cannot be helped; it is an impossibility. Science cannot stop for hayseeds.

We ask for no favors, but do ask of the independent American sporting journals fair play, and this, I am happy to state, has been conceded to us in every instance.

O. HESSE.

A MEMORY.

THE day was glorious; nature seemed to be in one of her most joyous moods, when I drove the gray nag up to the divide intending to entice my friend D. to join me and go to the haunts of that king of game birds, the grouse. D. was all ready, for he had seen me coming down the hill with Sailor under the buck-board, and we are soon off to the wood, from the west edge of which an entrancing view can be had of Seneca Lake, whose unruffled surface reflects, mirror-like, the fascinating picture of crimson and green about it.

We were after birds and had no time to dream. He on, good dog, and with a yelp of joy he was off. How eagerly he covered the ground; and there! he is stiff. "Look out now! don't let such a point as that be wasted, D." He did go up a little soon, but it availed him naught. The ever ready gun, held by the ever ready D., stopped him with charge of sixes. After some pretty work on the part of Sailor, who, although it is his first bird of the season, brings him in without a ruffled feather, we went on. Soon followed a flush caused by the dog's eagerness, but we marked the bird as he entered the big timber, and taking his line, and the old dog soon began trailing and then made a rather unsteady point. A word settles his nerves, and then before I was ready, up the bird flew and I scored a miss with my right, but retrieved myself by breaking his wing with the left, which is hailed with delight by D., who knows my inability to "get there," and never fails to praise when I kill and never finds fault when I miss.

Light fleecy scuds are now flying overhead and soon a pleasant breeze cools the air, giving relief to the dog, and we trudge on over to Breakneck Gully, where tall hemlocks spread their branches so thickly that they seem to be locked in fond embrace. Down into the alders went Sailor, and soon he had a point. We lost no time in getting down to him, half climbing and half sliding. When all was ready the word is given. On—short but effective. There followed a confusion of rising birds and discharged guns, and when the noise had ceased, six noble grouse had risen and four of them had fallen to rise no more.

"Where is Sailor, D.?" I cried.

"I don't know," he answered. "Well that was a hot place." Presently the dog came in with his head down, he well knew what the dog deserves that breaks and chases. But this time his punishment is a caress; thanks to D., who would not see him whipped and backed up his argument by saying: "You are human and you own that you were rattled. What do you suppose Sailor is, divine?"

We started for home by way of a vineyard, in which a flock of quail were reputed to be living, but they were found in a peach orchard, in the tall "summer grass." Here the old dog did his best, quail being his strong point. About fifteen were flushed and of the six killed, four are to the credit of my gun. I tried to console D. by telling him the plan of division I proposed to make of the spoils, but he decidedly objected and would take only what he had killed. No game hog he, nor pot-hunter, with that debasing thing, a ponderous bag of birds. Some will say, that Hector is a crank, but I stand by my colors and say that the taking of great bags of game shows a selfish mind.

HECTOR.

POWDER AND SHOT MEASURES.

JERSEY CITY, May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In connection with loading shotgun shells the writer desires to direct attention to the inaccuracy of powder and shot measures which has come to his notice. It would seem quite unnecessary in this age of general mechanical progress and accuracy to manufacture and offer for sale measures which are in error as much as 10 or 12%, as well as possibly dangerous when used to deal out large charges of the more powerful nitro powders. In proof whereof note the following: Comparing a new measure nominally graduated from 2 to 3drs. with one having a range of from 3 to 5drs., I find that 3drs. measured by the former more than filled the 3½drs. notch of the latter. Weighing out the range of charges in black and E. C. powder disclosed the fact that the first-mentioned measure is in error by ¼dr., giving that amount too much. Filing off the markings and putting new ones on I have a measure that I can depend upon. I further observe that 2½drs. of powder by measure equals 1oz. of Tatham's No. 8 shot, making precisely 80 loads from a 5lb. bag. Therefore, since there are 10 quarter drams in 2½drs., and 10 tenths in an ounce, it follows that variations in the charge by quarter drams will give shot charges in ounces and tenths instead of ounces and eighths, as combination measures are graduated.

The following table gives weights of equal measures of powder and shot:

2	drs.	powder	equals	in	bulk	8	100z.	shot.
2½	drs.	powder	equals	in	bulk	1	100z.	shot.
2½	drs.	powder	equals	in	bulk	1	100z.	shot.
3½	drs.	powder	equals	in	bulk	1½	100z.	shot.
3	drs.	powder	equals	in	bulk	1½	100z.	shot.
3½	drs.	powder	equals	in	bulk	1½	100z.	shot.

An equal measure of shot therefore weighs 6½ times that of powder. This measure will correctly deal out E. C. powder if lightly shaken down and struck off level, allowing 14grs. per dram.

I may also state that the above table, just as it stands, gives satisfactory loads of nitro or fine grain black powder for medium light weight guns for field wing shooting, using from ¾ to 1oz. of shot for 16-gauge and from 1oz. to 1½oz. for 12-gauge, with the amount of powder set opposite to the respective charges of shot. For the above powders one notch more powder than shot will give very strong shooting, while two notches more is apt to scatter the shot too much. In my opinion there is nothing gained in a cylinder or modified choke gun by using high powder charges, as it results in spoiling the regularity and closeness of the pattern. Just how to load shells, how much powder and shot and wadding, and what kind to get the best result for the various gauges and weights of guns, would afford a profitable subject for some expert, and be of interest and service to the general class of sportsmen, who have not sufficient spare time to make conclusive tests for themselves. T. H. G.

NOTABLE SHOTS.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest the accounts of notable shots which you have published, and would like to mention one which I saw made. Although it was a "scratch," it was none the less surprising.

Two years ago F. and I were rowing down the Brandywine Creek in a rowboat. F. was sitting in the stern of the boat and had with him a Winchester repeater .32cal., with which he was shooting frogs. As we passed by a large open meadow a plover sprang up from the grass and my friend fired at it. It was then about 60yds. off. F. said he did not expect to hit it and so he did not disappoint himself. The bird was now nearly back of us and flying about as fast as a plover can when scared. F., to give him a parting salute, fired at him again. This time the bird was about 100yds. off and still on the move. The bird fell and we sat and looked at each other. We rowed ashore and picked it up, and found that it was shot in the body.

Then F. said he was tired of shooting and thought he would rest on his honors until I made a better shot. He is still resting. LENAPE.

SPEAKING about notable shots, my friend E., who has hunted bear with me for several years, killed three without cutting their hide, in the following manner: The first he ever shot was sitting in a tree about 20ft. from the ground, having been run up by my bounds. I told E. to fire at the head, while I fired at the heart in case of a miss. We fired and down came bruin stone dead. On examination, my bullet hole was plain enough, having gone clean through him, but no other wound could be found. On skinning him, however, we discovered that the skull was smashed to atoms, E.'s bullet having entered the eye, showing only the slightest graze on the lower lid. Being an expansive bullet it stopped and split up inside the skull.

The next bear was in a trap and I took the first shot, breaking his jaw, E. then fired and the bear dropped, the bullet had entered the ear and split up inside the head as on the former occasion.

The third case was that of a small black bear, which, in his efforts to elude the hounds, ran straight in E.'s direction. E. had barely sufficient time to jump aside and avoid a collision. The bear passed and kept his course. E. fired at the retreating beast and knocked him over; in a few minutes he was dead, the bullet having entered under the tail and traversed nearly the length of the body. These facts are true and in each instance there were several witnesses.

Once when a small boy I was out collecting birds for stuffing. I fired at and killed a stone chat while it was dodging from rock to rock; pausing a few seconds to load my dear old single-barreled muzzleloader I went after my bird, and when stooping to pick it up a skylark dropped dead at my feet. It had no shot marks and could not have been hit. I always concluded this was a case of heart disease. A. P. F. COAPE.

CHICAGO, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a short tale to tell of a notable shot which I made, and which is so unlike the ones that have been published in your journal that, instead of hitting all kinds of game by the discharge, I hit nothing and still got what I was after.

I was hunting around a slough in Dakota with my Winchester, trying to kill a few stray ducks. As I was walk-

ing through the tall grass up jumped one of the numerous bitterns which infest all of the sloughs in that State. I despise the rascals for their always rising just in front of you. They look so big one thinks he is flushing something worthy his skill. I was mad at this particular one and I took a snap shot at him just to scare him, and I was surprised to see him fall all in a bunch as though struck by lightning. I went up to him and he was sitting back with his head drawn back just as a snake does before striking. The cuss drove his bill through my shoe as I was prodding him up with my foot. I took possession of him and examined him carefully, and could not find a single scar, wound or bruise on him anywhere.

I was studying natural history at the time, and I took the bird home with me and kept him in a large box, feeding him on frogs which I took the trouble to catch for him. He would never touch one while I was watching him, but the moment I turned my back he would gobble them up with surprising rapidity. He afterwards escaped from me and may be eating frogs to this day.

I have often wondered whether the bullet went near enough his head to daze him, or the noise of the bullet to scare him into dropping.

I once made a loon dive, while flying over the surface of the lake, by shooting at him with my rifle, and I know I never touched him. OLD AVALANCHE.

[A number of instances like the one related above are on record, and it appears not very uncommon for bitterns and night herons to be "scared to death," or at least so frightened that they will fall to the ground. A friend who was duck shooting in a marsh in western Wyoming having discharged both barrels at a brace of passing ducks, discovered a female redhead flying close by his head. Unable to load in time he yelled at the bird, which fell in the water and was retrieved.]

A TOUGH WOLF.

HAVING read about fat wolves and lean wolves in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago, tough wolves are next in order. I have before me a description of a little hunting incident which bears that heading. The writer, Rev. H. Q. Schmieder, is like myself, a minister living in the wilderness of the northwestern territory of Canada, where moose and elk and deer and wolves, fat, lean and tough, abound. When he visited me a few weeks ago he told me of this story of a tough wolf, and thinking it might interest my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I asked him to write it down. This he did, and I have translated it from the German, for the better understanding of the editor, printer and reader. My friend writes:

Hunting and shooting have always been my favorite sport. When a lad of nine summers I roamed through the fields carrying my little weapon and frightening the sparrows, of which occasionally I brought one home for breakfast. After a while I began to think rabbits and partridges might be a more desirable food, and making peace with the sparrow world I declared war on these. Then came my college years. No more hunting and shooting—but studying from morning till night. Solomon says, there is an end to all things, and fortunately there was an end to my college course.

When I had taken possession of my humble block house in the prairie of the Northwest, I secured a 16cal. shotgun, at first only to frighten away the numberless hawks which threatened destruction to any chickens and ducks. Then, finding that the wheat fields were fairly alive with prairie chickens, I began to hunt them, as soon as the law would permit it, and often bagged twelve and more a day, though I had no dog. As occasionally a fox or a wolf was seen in the neighborhood, and when one day the news reached me that a neighboring farmer had in one night lost five sheep, which had been killed by wolves, I made up my mind then and there to go on a wolf hunt.

At the same time a brother sportsman, Mr. T. Karst, informed me that he had seen the carcass of a horse at a lonely spot which was the rendezvous of foxes and wolves, and if I cared to go, he would call for me and take me along. Did I accept? Well! The next day when he came it was cold, 5° below zero, just the right weather for wolf hunters. When we reached our destination we fastened sleigh and horses in a thickly covered place and awaited developments. After some fifteen minutes had elapsed K. said: "There, I see one coming with great bounds, but he is 200yds. away yet—there, he turns to the right and disappears." Not standing as high as he did, I had not seen anything. After a few minutes K. called to me to see, whether the wolf had come out on the other side of timber. There, sure enough, not more than 12yds. from me was the big fellow.

Neither had time to express his surprise—he turned like lightning and I brought my gun to my shoulder just as fast. There was a report and a cry, and a mortally wounded wolf in the snow. But hold on, he was not dead. On coming up to him he showed fight, he showed his teeth and his eyes flashed. K., who meantime had come up too, thought I should give him another dose, but I did not wish to spoil the fur, so I aimed at the head and shot off his lower jaw. The blood was flowing profusely and now he seemed indeed lifeless, so we carried him to where we had left the sleigh, and after having thrown him in we started for home.

There arrived we carried him into the house, and, oh, the joy of my little boys as they danced around that big wolf. As I had asked K. to help me skin the wolf, I went out again with him to unharness the horses. Coming back again I found my wife and children in great excitement: "That wolf is alive yet, he has snored, and he moved too," they all tell me in one breath. I tried to quiet them and told them that a dead wolf would neither snore nor move, to which they would not listen, however. K. now got out his knife and began skinning. Hardly has he loosened the skin of one of the hind legs, when suddenly the wolf threw himself back and forth and uttered such unearthly, blood-curdling howls, as I had never heard before. My wife ran, my children ran, everybody ran. Only K. held on to the hind leg, and I tried to put my foot on his neck and finally succeeded in holding him down, until my stableman brought an axe, with which I managed to crush the skull.

After I assured the rest of the family that the wolf was dead now they returned, but my boys said: "Papa, you must not bring home any more wolves, only rabbits and prairie chickens."

So far the writer and we will all acknowledge that that was surely a tough wolf. E. C. J. K.

Indiana Quail.

RIVERSIDE, Ind., May 4.—Quail have done much better during the past winter than was thought. Many more lived through the winter than was expected. They are beginning to mate now. J. E. F.

Snipe Shooting.

Mr. Crittenden, of the Princess Anne, Virginia Beach, Va., has leased one of the best snipe grounds on the Atlantic Coast, comprising about 1,300 acres of land, and will preserve it in the interests of his guests. Sportsmen who desire good shooting in conjunction with good accommodations would do well to drop Mr. Crittenden a line, as this is a chance for sport not to be had every day.—Adv.

Fishing and Shooting

is the title of a little book published by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which describes in detail the paradise for sportsmen which this rail road has opened up. The kinds of game to be found in various localities are named and also the fishing to be had, and the book is illustrated. It will be sent free on request to the Gen'l Passenger Agent, Montreal, or E. V. Skinner, 353 Broadway, New York.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

TO ANGLERS ABOUT VISITING CANADA.

THE avidity with which the columns of FOREST AND STREAM are seized upon by Americans in search of sport is illustrated by the number of inquiries that have recently reached me concerning the opening of the angling season in Canada, of which I wrote in the issue of the paper of 27th ult. I have endeavored, so far as time and circumstances would permit of it, to be as useful as possible to my brother anglers in the United States, by furnishing them with the information that they individually seek; but it occurs to me that I can probably save myself and others considerable correspondence, and can certainly interest a large number of the sporting fraternity by craving permission to repeat in FOREST AND STREAM what I have conveyed by letter to some of its readers. From a mass of correspondence before me I select a letter of inquiry from a gentleman in Bethlehem, Pa., a portion of which runs as follows:

"Your very interesting article in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 27, in reference to ouananiche fishing in May and June, attracted my attention; so I take the liberty of writing to you, as I intend visiting the Lake St. John region the latter part of this month and beginning of June. I visited the Metabetchouan last August with splendid success, and when I left I made arrangements with my guide to telegraph me when the fish begin to be taken. What I would like to know is when to get the best fishing at each place, namely, Lake Edward for trout fishing, the mouth of the Metabetchouan; and if the steamer runs to the Grand Discharge at that time, I would like to take a few days there."

The steamer does not run regularly to the Grand Discharge during May, nor yet during the first few days of June, and even if it did I would not advise anglers in search of sport to spend any time there before the middle of June or thereabouts, for the ouananiche are not due in the Discharge from the rivers until June 8 to 12 at the earliest—that is to say in any number. My Bethlehem correspondent has acted wisely in arranging with his guide to telegraph him when the fish commence to be taken. I always await similar advices by wire from B. A. Scott, Mayor of Roberval, before running up to the lake for my spring fishing, which I enjoy most in the mouth of the Ouitchouan. I am quite sure that Mr. Scott would similarly oblige any brother angler applying to him for similar information. Present indications point to the improbability of the ouananiche fishing opening this year more than a very few days prior to June 1. The trout fishing in Lake Edward often commences between May 10 and 15, but this opening may also be delayed this spring by the backwardness of the season. But while *fontinalis* and the angling fraternity in this Province are, this spring, strangers yet, and separated by the thick ice covering of our northern waters, and the law prohibiting fishing through holes cut in it, our western neighbors have been taking trout in open waters for nearly a month past. My friend, Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., sends me a Victoria (B. C.) newspaper, by which I see that in the Province by the Pacific, the fly-fishing was reported excellent during the second week of April, and Col. Haggard himself had been having good sport for some days in Lake Cowichan, out of which he took sixty-six trout in two and a half days, which averaged in weight but a fraction less than a pound apiece. In Ontario and the prairie province of Manitoba, fly-fishing is already reported good, and Hon. John Costigan of Ottawa has enjoyed good sport in the Du Lievre.

Lake Beauport, within twelve miles of Quebec, whose brightly tinted trout have of late years increased considerably in both size and number, as a result of protection, promises to become quite a popular resort during the approaching summer, and some of the cottages are to be occupied by families from the United States.

QUEBEC, May 3.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Mink on a Hook.

MONCTON, N. B., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you an account of mink fishing in Kent county, N. B., while fishing for trout. It is genuine: "A New Industry.—On Saturday last, while Johnnie Palmer was fishing through a hole in the ice near Mill Creek Bridge, he hooked and drew up a fine mink. As the fur is of an excellent quality, Johnnie expects to get \$2 for the skin. Now, is not this industry worth prosecuting? Even supposing only five were caught daily, it would pay well, and so far as is known, the Government has not yet established a close season for fishing mink through holes cut in the ice." It is supposed the mink clawed at the bait and hook fastened into the foot, and the animal was pulled up through the hole in the ice. R. P. D.

Flounders at Barnegat, N. J.

BARNEGAT, N. J., May 8.—About 300 flounders were caught here yesterday by Messrs. Peterson, Grant and Brown. The fishing is poor just now. W. C. I.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

"FOREST AND STREAM" WORLD'S FAIR BUREAU.

THERE are sixty-five millions of people in the United States. Stand the population up in line, divide the line into squads of 125 or 150 each, and take out one person from each squad; then you have the state of things last Monday. It was only a collection of broken squads that staid home. The rest were at Chicago and at the World's Fair. While so much of America converges here, shall we talk wholly of jacksnipe and of trout? It would not be journalism; for out of that world's per cent. now gathered here, there is too strong an inner per cent. of sportsmen eager to see what sportsmanship means to-day, and what it will be after the studies and comparisons of the World's Fair are past; and out of the home-staying per cent. there are so many who wish to know about things they are not yet privileged to see. No words will fully do for this. No words, and indeed no picturing of any sort can bring to the mind the impression made by the genie city itself as it lies out in its simple power. It compels the eye and the soul most strongly for itself. Neither could any writer nor any artist depict what lies within the great white buildings, even had he all the white paper or all the canvas that he wished. The condensation of interest is too much. The focus is too strong. It blinds, it confuses. No lime light can reproduce it. Still, the paper which does not recognize this focus of interest, and which makes no attempt at a record of this most thrilling story of the years, stamps itself as hopelessly un-American and quite unworthy of place in a calling whose main requisite is that of thoughtfulness. Some sort of a record, and such as time and space may permit, FOREST AND STREAM will offer to the readers who rely upon it to be always up with the times.

June a Good Time.

Matters at the Fair are now rapidly reaching the stage of completion, but are not yet fully completed. This makes little real difference, for no one can see the whole in a day, or in a week, and any one building will be enough for a day's occupation; still, in view of these little finishing touches yet to be, and more especially in view of the wretched weather of early spring here, it is perhaps safe to say that June will be the best month for a visit to Chicago. The weather will then be more settled, and so will room rent and restaurant charges. Moreover, June is the best fishing month in the Wisconsin and Michigan North Woods. Come to Chicago in June, see the Fair, and then take a fishing trip. If you do this, 1893 will be a red letter year in your book for a long, long time.

Two Un-American Things.

The Fair is not American, but cosmopolitan, as one learns early in his first visit to it; but there are two things about it which impress me as un-American. One is the sword carried by the Columbian guard. As an ornamental part of the uniform, this snickersee may be very well, but as an instrument of peace it is worthless, and as an instrument of war—well, I should think it would make an American angry to have a sword flourished over him by an officer.

My other grievance is the camera license. You have to pay \$2 every time you take a camera into the grounds, and it mustn't be larger than a 4x5 camera, and you have to sign an iron-clad agreement not to make stereoscopic views or anything else out of the pictures you take—indeed, I am not clear that they allow you to take any pictures at all after they get your \$2. This is an unfortunate idea. It is monopoly too much. The people helped in part to pay for these buildings and it is their right, in part, to survey them, if they do so without injury, and to study them and to bear away the lessons of them. The amateur photographers of this country are now so large a body, and their craft is so useful and so natural an one upon an occasion like this, that it seems the privilege, or more properly speaking, the right of seeing the Fair with a camera might have been guarded a little less selfishly. Outside of this, I question whether a man has not as much right to view these great buildings through the crystal lens of a camera as through the crystalline lens of his eye. The latter is for himself only. The former may be for his friends or family who are not able to use their own eyes there. The facts that all exhibitions tax cameras, or that there is money in doing so, hardly reconciles me to the \$2 a day, the 4x5 and the iron-clad agreement—which latter, in my humble opinion, doesn't amount to a pinch of snuff, legally speaking.

Lunch "On the Grounds."

To take lunch at one of the restaurants on the grounds required a long purse this week. Pork and beans was a dish only millionaires could afford. The management very promptly sent away these forty thieves, and they will lower prices or leave the grounds. Outside the grounds the prices are about as they always were, and not at all unreasonable. In speaking of this I am constrained to remember an incident that once befell when I happened to be journeying with a facetious friend. We were just outside of Cairo, and a little late, and the porter came through with the usual inquiry, "Will you wait till the station, sah, or take breakfas' on de car?"

"I will take breakfast on the car," said my friend. He

did so, and a very hearty breakfast, too, but when the porter presented his buffet bill he refused to settle.

"I thought you told me this breakfast was on the car," said he.

"It am, sah, it wuz, sah," said the porter.

"Well," said my friend, "if it's on the car, why don't you take the bill to the car? Don't bother me this way."

Even after the porter was later paid, he didn't exactly realize the point of this, but when it struck him he laughed for half a day. It used to double him all up, clear down into Mississippi. I fear the French waiters here will not be so fine of wit as that, and that the best way to take lunch "on the grounds," is to carry it along in your coat-tail pocket—unless the restaurants reform. Still, I wish that the ladies and gentlemen who have formed the habit of making the FOREST AND STREAM space a picnic ground, would please brush the crumbs off the chairs



CAPT. JOSEPH W. COLLINS.

Chief Department Fish and Fisheries, World's Columbian Exposition.

when they get through. Part of the force is absent-minded, and also has new trousers this spring.

Instructive Exhibits.

There is always something fascinating in the outlines of a well made boat under sail. Many visitors gather about the display of the St. Lawrence Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., which shows eight boats, running from the 16ft. single-hand canoe up to a 20ft. fin-keel. The boats are very handsome. The exhibit is under the charge of Mr. Loeb, of A. G. Spalding & Bros. There being a rumor that the Spaldings had bought out the St. Lawrence people and so made their first step into the boat trade, I saw Mr. Gerould, manager for the Chicago house, and asked him about it.

"We have not bought out the St. Lawrence folks," said he, "but we may possibly have some of their stock. You may say that our relations with them are very intimate."

This is in the Anglers' Pavilion, whose exhibits I have already briefly mentioned in part. On beyond, where Mr. Comstock has painted some green grass on the boards to make his tent scene more realistic, I found in said tent a low hanging cot, two of which the Protean accommodated nicely. Perhaps I am losing my nerve, or getting old, but it did seem to me that I would rather sleep on that cot than on the ground. Incidentally we hauled out the cot and six of us stood up on it. This belongs to the exhibit of the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co., who show a fine lot of furniture of the contortionist, collapsible, condensable sort, but all able to carry weight.

Near by the above, Mr. Head, representing Mr. J. B. Thurston, patentee, shows a nice and apparently very useful device, called an "interlocking rod ferrule." The female ferrule is split and carries a sliding ring which closes it tightly when pushed up over the male ferrule after introduction of the latter. The wood of the rod does not run down into the male ferrule, which tapers slightly. It is claimed for this joint that it is tight, and can always be released with ease, not being affected by swelling of the wood.

Steel Rods.

The Horton Mfg. Co. have in a fine lot of their Bristol

steel rods, and in the product they seem to have mastered the torsional action or "side bend" which is so great a quality of the split bamboo. The steel rod of to-day is quite different from those of earlier years, and is light and graceful to a degree once unthinkable for so stern a material.

Split-Bamboo Rods.

The Kosmic case shows thirty rods of magnificent finish. One, a trunk rod in blue satin case, is marked \$500. One baby rod, 7½ft. long, weighs only 1½oz., but has a card saying \$75 is necessary to take it. Yet another rod, of the same price, weighs only 2½oz., though it is 8½ft. long. There is a "Tourist fly-rod" valued at \$200, a 5ft., 5oz. single-piece frog-casting rod with ivory grip, at \$250, and a line of all sorts, fly and bait, at lesser cost. The sections of unglued bamboo are shown in illustration of the process of manufacture of these sterling tools. The Spaldings also have in their case a half-mount of a 9lb, 2oz. brook trout, taken at the upper dam, Rangeley, "on a 6½oz. Kosmic." This is a very pretty case indeed.

A Horsehair Braid.

Just in front of the glass case wherein the State of Missouri has some old-gold catfish, the head of a bass that weighed 14½lbs., and a full line of other celebrities, there is a little braiding machine presided over by a boy about the size usually known as "kid." The boy braids a line made of silk and horsehair mixed, something of the sort one I. Walton used to write about.

An Ancient Spoon.

Near by, the horsehair "kid" is the interesting show case of the J. T. Buel trolling baits, small, but complete, and showing many different styles of artificial lures for use in trolling. Perhaps the most interesting thing there is the big German silver table spoon, with a single hook soldered in the end, and with half the shank left on for attaching the line. This spoon is not pretty, and looks as though it had seen better and cleaner days, but it has a history. Its card says, "The original spoon hook. Designed by Julio T. Buel, 1834." Here again is progress shown, almost dramatically, and certainly usefully. Such are the uses and benefits of a World's Fair.

State Exhibits.

Missouri and Ohio confine their fish exhibits mostly to mounted specimens under glass. Wisconsin will have aquaria and a fine exhibit, but is very backward. Pennsylvania will probably lead in this building. Col. Gay now has the work nearly done in his fine department. Much thought and much money have been spent in this work, and the result is artistic in its conformity to the intentions of the exhibit. The decorations of the lower section, where the aquaria appear, is of rough cork bark, the upper decorations being of cedar bark. The arch to the main entrance is covered with cedar bark, and the arch proper is surmounted by the keystone emblem of the State. Col. Gay has got the aquatic whisksers all on his aquaria, but no fish as yet, his water works being not yet finished. When he turns on the hose he will have a cascade, a river, a dam, and a Rogers fishway in full operation shown in the dam. The other day there was a ladder left standing by a workman along the face of the rock wall where the cascade is to be and just above the Rogers fish ladder. A waggish bystander explained to a friend that the fish went up over the dam by the fish ladder, and up over the cascade by the plasterer's ladder. This is now one of the standard jokes of the Pennsylvania exhibit.

A Limitless Fund.

There is a limitless fund of interest for sportsmen, and the attempt to cover the great field thoroughly is a discouraging one at the start. Next week one should look into the great Manufactures Building, and try to find what all the gun men are doing. The Government fish exhibit in the east annex of the Fisheries deserves separate mention.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, CHICAGO.

There is not a department at the World's Columbian Exposition but what has an endless array of attractions. There is not one, however, in its special field, which is more interesting and complete than that of the fisheries. The different implements of the sport and trade, from the tiny trout hook to the harpoon; from the small minnow nets to the large nets used in deep-sea fishing and which are at one swoop capable of taking whole schools of fish; and from the tiny canoe to the large fish boats are all there. To attempt any general description would be worse than useless. Every exhibit requires time and study to appreciate it. Every exhibit has its own special history and development. The sub-divisions of each branch are endless. Nevertheless, there is hardly a detail but what is illustrated by an object lesson of some sort, mostly a complete illustration.

I was exceedingly fortunate in finding that Capt. J. W. Collins, the Chief of the Department of Fisheries, could spare a half hour last Friday in showing me around and giving a general explanation of the exhibits. In reply to the question as to how his department in respect to installation would compare with other departments, he said:

"Exhibits are more advanced in this building than any other one on the grounds. Excepting the Russian and Brazil exhibits, which are now en route, they may be said to be practically complete. Two or three States are behind hand on account of late appropriations and bad weather. Oregon is in such a position that it cannot complete its exhibit till after the spring pack of salmon. However, under rules of exhibiting, perishable goods can be brought in late."

"What time did you begin the duties of your office, Captain?" I asked.

"I organized my office here in January, and it has been something of a hustle ever since. I sent out from 500 to

1,000 circular letters some days, and I reached every important fisherman in the world."

Captain Collins then explained how his knowledge of details in the fishing world had been of great assistance to him in arranging matters expeditiously and how he had outlined it all before he left Washington.

He then made a running commentary in a general way on the most important features of the different exhibits. There were photographs of scenes showing the methods employed in the menhaden fisheries. Pictures illustrating the important stages in codfishing, from baiting to unloading the cargo. There were models of nets set for use. One seine was set and illustrated how a school of fish were taken all at once. The boat in which Ida Lewis performed her daring life-saving act is on exhibition. A catboat used in the scallop fishery and the implements of the occupation were next described. The North Sea fisheries were represented.

A large space was devoted to showing the city of Gloucester, Mass., in miniature, with its fishing industries described and illustrated by text and picture. It is one of the most interesting in the building. Around it are several pillars, on the sides of which are interesting historical and explanatory matter. One side of one post bears the following: "Exhibit intending to show the chief industry of Gloucester, Mass., by models of different types of her fishing vessels from 1623 to 1893, reproduced in miniature on a scale of a half inch to a foot, or one-twenty-fourth of original size. Those of 1893 are from models of late well-known designers of Boston, Edward Burgess and D. J. Lawler, and by a Gloucester fisherman, George M. McClain, each of them being prize winners in their class in a fisherman's ocean race, sailed in a violent storm in 1892, during the 250th anniversary celebration of Gloucester. In the rear of the vessels are wharves, fish-houses, marine railways, etc., showing in miniature old and new methods of its business. In the rear of miniature exhibit are shown fishing gear, seines, nets and implements, outfits, fish packages, curiosities of the sea, waterproof clothing, etc."

The contrast between the model of the ketch, wrecked on the coast of New England in 1623, and there buried in the sand till two or three years ago, when it was washed out of the sand and thus discovered, and the modern fishing vessel is vast. All these matters are so broad in scope that they will require special elaboration later on.

The installation has been greatly delayed by the difficulty in getting cars which are on the grounds, in place to unload them. It is sometimes difficult to find them.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, May 6.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Fitch Creel, Girth and Strap.

My reference to the improved creel strap caused Judge Fitch to write me an interesting letter concerning the birth of the strap which should in fairness bear his name if it is to bear the name of any man as the inventor. He says: "I have read *FOREST AND STREAM* in which you vindicate my just claim as the inventor of the left shoulder and girth strap. It led me to fix the precise date of the invention if I could, not as a matter of vital importance so much as curiosity, knowing that the investigation would revive memories of by-gone days and of dear and cherished friends who were with me at the time—few of whom survive. First I read an article in my scrap book that I wrote in April, 1882, in which I describe the strap and the circumstances attending the invention which were substantially as narrated by you, and fix the time as being 'near the end of May, 1859. Two parties of anglers numbering three and four, respectively, all acquaintances and worthy 'Yorkers,' spent two weeks on the Beaver Kill." The parties were Wm. Adams, John G. Sundberg and myself, constituting the first; J. Spruicer Van Cleef, Wm. Black, Jr. (son of Wm. Black, of Ball, Black & Co., the then leading jewelers of New York), E. B. Monroe (son of one of the company, and now or lately president of the Safe Deposit Company in the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Building, New York), and Dr. Daniel Kissam, the second party. We had met before at the same place, and on this occasion by appointment. Of all these attached friends, but three are living: Van Cleef, Monroe and myself. In my fishing 'score,' collated in the past ten years from old diaries and various memoranda, I put under score for 1859 this note:

"On one day of May bout I caught 121 saving trout, weight 254lbs." That was the strap's birthday. Next I referred to two photographs, taken when the art was in its infancy, and immediately after I caused to be made the first strap of the kind of which I have any knowledge, with a view mainly of showing the strap. I named the pictures "Going Out" and "Coming In," and by attitude endeavored, quite successfully, to convey the idea suggested in the names. One of these I inclose. You will see in pencil on margin, "1858." The strap shown in the picture was of webbing with leather loops where it was attached to the rings. After a day's experience in the rain I found the shoulder strap absorbed too much water, so I had it covered with "aqua scutum," like that used in the making of my fishing coat, which is not represented in the picture. So I have not yet fixed upon the exact year of its creation, though of the opinion that the date on the picture is correct." It was quite natural that a knowledge of the Fitch strap and girth should spread among the fly-fishers who in that day followed the trout streams of Sullivan, Ulster and Delaware counties, and it was not long before a tackle dealer in New York made the strap and gave it his own name, and as I recall the incident, I think it was Judge Fitch himself, who, curious to see what kind of a strap Smith had invented went into the shop only to find his own strap sold under another man's name.

Tacoma Fishing.

The statement of Dr. Beebe in regard to the hunting and fishing about Tacoma, Wash., and the criticism which followed, and the data which followed the criticism, reminded me of a photograph of fish and the fisher which I possess, taken in one of the streets of Tacoma. The fisherman is Dr. McLennan and his catch is the result of an hour's fishing for salmon. I do not know the exact number and weight of the fish suspended on a pole between Dr. McLennan and his boatman, but I can count at least eight and as the fish are tied in two bunches, so it is not an easy matter to count them, there may be more than

eight of them. My brother sent the photograph to me from Tacoma, not as a remarkable catch but to fill out what Dr. Beebe's critic might call an assorted lot of fish stories, which he told in a letter, and for every one of them he vouched. Gen. Wm. Y. W. Ripley, of Rutland, Vt., well known as a salmon fisherman on the salmon streams of Canada, wrote me a letter from Tacoma, after fishing there for salmon, and spoke of the fish in much higher terms than I expected from an old fly-fisherman. If I mistake not, Gen. Ripley introduced the phantom minnow as a lure for salmon, at any rate, he used it with success in the waters about Tacoma.

Hudson River Fishways.

Chief Fish and Game Protector Pond called upon me a few days ago for a social visit and we discussed several matters pertaining to his department, one being the fishways in the Hudson. It is probably known to readers of this journal that the fishway in the Troy dam is boarded over and useless, for I think I have mentioned it once or twice, and such of the salmon as go above Troy go over this dam during high water, as they have been seen to do, or through the sloop lock in the dam on the city side of the river, as they have also been seen to do. The trouble with the Troy fishway is that the dam itself gave way in a measure and threw the fishway out of position, and no attempt was made to repair the damage until two years ago, and fear of high water then caused operations on the dam and fishway to cease before the fishway could be repaired, and therefore it was boarded over to protect it, and it must so remain until a season of low water, but that is work that comes under the department of public works. The next fishway above Troy is at Mechanicsville, and without the fishway the salmon cannot pass the dam. Major Pond visited this fishway late last fall with Protector Kennedy and found it filled with driftwood and gave directions to have it cleaned and kept open. If this has been done the salmon should be able to run to Fort Edward, for Mr. John A. Dix, of Thomson & Dix, told me that he cleaned the fishway in his dam at Thomson's mills last fall, and in the future would keep it open, and that is the next fishway and dam above Mechanicsville. Major Pond told me that he would make every effort to keep the fishways in order. I have always found him to be a capable, energetic officer, and I have little doubt that the salmon will be seen this year at Fort Edward. I received a lot of salmon fry from Cold Spring Harbor and planted them in Clendon brook April 25, as fine a lot of fry as I have received in the ten years that fry have been planted in this stream. Superintendent Mather was here at the time and we went to the headwaters of the stream to plant the fry. I had a letter from Protector Kennedy, from Hudson, dated April 30, in which he said that no salmon had yet been caught in the nets in the Hudson that he had heard of, although he had no doubt that some are caught below Hudson, but it was a difficult matter to find out the fact, unless the netters were honest enough to return the fish to the water. Last year Mr. Kennedy caught, as I remember, about a dozen salmon in his own nets within two weeks' time, all of which were returned to the river uninjured.

Opening of the Trout Season.

The legal season for lake trout fishing opened in Lake George May 1, and the ice went out April 29, although some portions of the lake had been open for a day or two before. On the first day, Monday, there were plenty of boats out in spite of the rain, and from that time until the close of the week some remarkable catches were made. On Wednesday a rough estimate of the fish in the boats in sight at one time from the Sagamore Hotel dock weighed 300lbs., the figures being given by the fishermen in each boat. Two trout of 15lbs. each were caught and one boat had a trout which had not been weighed for lack of scales, but was estimated to weigh 18lbs., which is about the maximum for Lake George. Mr. Eber Richards, of Sandy Hill, caught 50lbs. of trout in part of one day and had but five fish. The trout fishing in this lake has improved very rapidly under the system of stocking by the Lake George Association; but this promises to be the banner year, and the trout are at the surface. A boy of six years, a son of "Wint" Finkle, a fisherman, caught two trout weighing over 6lbs. each. It is much too early for trout fishing in the streams, as the brooks are high with rain and snow water. A few, a very few, trout have been caught in the brooks by worm fishing, but it is much like fishing for suckers and will be for a week or two more.

A. N. CHENEY.

Later.—A lake trout of 19lbs. has been taken on Lake George; this breaks the record for the lake.

THAT PREHISTORIC REEL.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I think I can give you a little light on the history of that "curious reel" that E. W. Raymond writes about in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, but not enough to trace it to its origin, for I am of the opinion that it is one of the first efforts of the Mound Builders to invent a "whanger" to winch fish out of the water with the aid of a line. Eight or nine years ago, as near as I can now recall the time, B. K. Brant, then of Hamilton, O., and one of the "Kingfisher" party, found it on a sand bar under the big railroad bridge spanning the big Miami River above Hamilton—rusty, corroded and weather beaten, as it now is, and presented it to me as a curiosity in the matter of reels.

As we went North that summer for the annual camp in Michigan I showed it to "old Bill Hess" (W. T. Hess) while the train stopped a short time at Grand Rapids, and the moment the fun-loving "ole critter" got his eye on it he demanded it outright to send to his friend, Tom Chubb, as a pattern for his reels, which he said would be sure to "boom his business." As none of the Kingfishers were ever known to refuse or begrudge anything to old Bill Hess, he got the reel and sent it to Chubb with, I have no doubt, a very characteristic letter, and now it turns up after these years to remind me of some very dear old friends and some pleasant "episodes" of camp life. This is the history of that crudely worked piece of iron as near as I can remember it. However, whether fashioned by the Mound Builders, or hammered out by some fishing country blacksmith, who, from a "lack o' siller" was unable to buy a better one, I will be glad to see it at the World's Fair (if I get there) for the associations connected with it, if for nothing else. Yours very truly,

KINGFISHER

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—III.

The Return Trip.—III.

[Continued from page 386.]

We were aroused early the next morning, and ever anxious about elemental conditions, stuck our head out of the tent before dressing. A smoky haziness was observable all around, while the sun came down with a tropic glare, indicating not only a warm but a very hot day. We, however, despite the heat, were exceedingly eager to be afloat, confident, if the ripples held, that it would be a red-letter day for us among the dandies of the scarlet spots.

Immediately after breakfast we took the boat and went to the mainland, working along it until we reached some grounds we had not yet fished over. We caught two going there, and on striking the promising waters, Ned made a double catch, which gave him considerable pleasure in their wild play, and after having killed them and brought them to the side of the boat, was fearful the astronomical Emery, who had the net in hand, would lose one or both. Ned instructed him how to operate, but he did not catch on at all, so after getting one in the net, he lifted him in with the other dangling on the outside and endeavoring to struggle off. Ned was so horrified at the clumsy work that he was perfectly speechless, but owing to the kicking trout being so well hooked, it also was dumped into the boat.

"That discounts anything in angling I ever saw," exclaimed the irritated Ned, after the fish were aboard and he had recovered his speech.

"*A coup de maître*," I cried out, with a pain in my side from merriment.

"I got 'em. Aint they in the boat?" replies the astonished astronomer.

"Yes, you got 'em badly, too; but never more be better of mine," and with this he dismissed the subject, and then commenced, with unusual vigor, whipping the waters as if desirous of ridding himself of the pent up indignation that possessed him. I laughed so heartily over the amusing exhibition that Peter finally became infected with it, and he also had to yell out. Emery's face was now of a roseate hue, realizing, at last, his blunder, but while he could tolerate Ned's chafing, he was determined his nephew should not indulge in the hilarity without a protest, so the aroused astronomer went at him with such a violent attack in French that Peter somewhat subsided by way of mollifying the mortified reader of the celestial highway. It was a very laughable incident, and ever and anon when the uncle's back was turned, Peter would pantomime the awkward dip to me, and then smile all over.

Emery may read the signs of the heavens and the zodiac, and "tell a hawk from a heronshaw," but he can't dip a double catch even a little bit.

The farce of the dangling trout having concluded with a roar, the tragedy of "the trout and the fly" opened with a persevering fidelity that promised glorious reward to the *dramatis persone*. Ned, with murder most foul in his heart, seeing a monarch of the Naiad realms sticking his royal red nose out of his front door, for the purpose of examining a ruby fly that was passing by, pierced him with a needle-pointed stiletto so fatally that he expired in a short time in a frantic endeavor to extricate the subtle weapon. This was the first act of the crimson tragedy, and after a few minutes' intermission, the second act commenced with other murders of the royal family of *fontinalis*, all of which were committed with a dash and daring that evoked unstinted applause. To drop simile, will relate that the brook beauties were out in great numbers, many of which met with a sanguinary fate. I hooked one, which acted as if he would never surrender, and began to think I had a foul hold on him. I let him wander whither he would, under a taut line, until patience became a lost art, and then determined to see how the gamy fighter was held. Pull and pull it was, but it was futile, he being a deep dweller, and would not show his colors to mortal eye under forfeiture of liberty. After waiting some time for him to manifest signs of departing vitality, I realized a disappointment, for it came not. Ned cautioned patience once more, and then I gave him run after run, but he never wearied a bit, and this satisfied me he was hooked foul, and determined me to bring him to the top. It was hard work on that little rod—a Chubb—but he gradually came, inch by inch, and once or twice I was compelled to let him slide in order to save rod and line.

After one or two more attempts, the stubborn and gallant warrior, who fought under the mantling banner, came far enough to the surface to show his spotted robe, and then with one accord we declared the barbed steel had pierced his side. Still I let him race again and again, until every one announced his capture an all-day job. Ned, in the meantime, while I was playing my athletic prize, had caught one, and had been the last five minutes endeavoring to persuade another to investigate his lures. Word now went out from all to bring up the fouled trout. At it I went, and after divers attempts, finally brought him to the surface with his displaying almost as much strength as at first. Peter, at an opportune moment, made an adroit dip of the still struggling fish, and when he landed him in the boat, great was the surprise to observe that he was not snagged at all. He was a three-pounder, and the gamiest habitué of the icy realms I ever captured. I have regretted ever since that I did not play him under the rules, that I might ascertain his complete fighting time. This I should have done had not the verdict been in the negative. I verily believe that trout would have fought fully half an hour, just twenty-five minutes more than the ordinary fighting time of his class. Ned at last called a halt in the slaughter, satisfied that more captures would be wanton waste. Again to camp we proceed with our glittering spoils as admiring objects.

Our outing that morning was one of unalloyed pleasure that will ever lie in the "chambers of the brain," and when we are relegated to the old arm chair, will again flash out at command, and the dappled beauties in their coats of crimson and gold reappear in battle as of old. The circling flies, the feathery fall, the skillful flutter, the wolfish snap, the hum of reel, the bend of rod, the frantic race, the lofty leap, the death struggle, the victory, the deep excitement and all the minutia of the pleasant pastime again return as vividly as ever and

"Rise to transports past expressing,
Sweeter by remembrance made."

We went softly rippling along to the twin isles, over

the smooth folds of the swell, with every face a picture of content. Even Emery had forgotten the part he played in the farcical dip, while Peter was so overflowing with good humor, that he set his mournful voice in an endeavor to interpret the light melody of some frivolous French ditty. He pleased himself and doubtless the astronomer, but Ned and I would have howled a protest if the morning's sport had not put us in humor to endure almost any kind of voice or song, or even the grind of an organ just then would have been tolerated. As sunshine follows rain, generous delight follows good trouting, hence Peter's vocal strains were left undisturbed to echo o'er woods and water or distract Pan, the sweet fifer of the reeds.

"Well, here we are at camp once more," says jolly Ned, "and now for dinner, and a good and ample one," fell upon my ears as the boat grated on the shore in the dividing channel of the Twin Sisters. I was heart and soul in the culinary instruction, being hungry enough to gnaw a bone.

After dinner our trout were dressed, and all but enough for immediate use were strung and placed on a rack over a smudge.

Growing weary of books and cards, which had occupied our time for a few hours, we ordered the boat and went to the main shore, by way of breaking the monotony of camp life. Arriving at some choice waters we made a few casts, hung one beauty that escaped, and then another taking my scarlet-ibis was hooked and landed after the usual paroxysms of bewilderment. At this period Mr. Schilling and his son put in an appearance in a canoe, with the missing frying-pans. We insisted on their going with us and remaining for supper, which they cheerfully did. He stated his boy—the one accompanying him—killed a big black bear at our last camp, Jackson's Cove, just before going ashore to look for the pans. The young hunter in giving an account of the adventure said: "I see something black move 'bout bushes on shore, and said that bear. Soon he walk out and look right at us. I said, 'Brother, hold canoe steady and I shoot.' Then I pick up gun, take aim good between shoulders, pull trigger, bear snort, fall down, struggle a bit and then quiet. I say he dead, brother say play 'possum, then I load up, land canoe, get out with gun, tell brother hold canoe ready. I go 'long careful, ready to shoot. Soon I got there and saw he dead. Give one kick and he no move. Brother now come and we drag bear to canoe and put 'im in. He make big load, fill canoe, and make water come most over top. Then I hunt frying-pans, find 'em and start home happy. We paddle hard, 'fraid it blow, but it smooth all way. Skin bear at home, and father gave all meat to Indians who have big feast—and that all." The young narrator, as he went through the exciting incidents, accompanied them with an expression facial and otherwise that held us rapt till the close. We rewarded him for the recovery of the pans, to a degree that made his eyes twinkle with unspeakable gladness.

The boys, always pleased with company, made a royal spread of the supper, which our tawny guests enjoyed with admirable gusto. Mr. Schilling stated during the meal, that his family had never been on the island, and that on next Saturday, two days hence, would bring them over, weather permitting. We told him not only to bring them, but insisted that they dine with us, as we were always provided for guests. He very courteously accepted the invitation. The boys were in high glee over the expected arrival of the Schillings and particularly of the three handsome girls. After the departure of the agent and his youthful Nimrod, Ned and I consulted as to the bill of fare for the approaching banquet, and after struggling over it till near bed-time, arranged the following:

MENU.

POTAGE.

Julienne.

Broiled brook trout, à la Maître d'Hôtel.

Cream of asparagus.

Pommes en surprise.

Boiled brook trout, Diplôme.

Pommes duchesse.

Smoked brook trout, Astronomical Emery, à la camp Superior.

Boiled ham, champagne sauce.

Baron of beef, à la Armour tin can.

Brown potatoes, very brown.

Breast of pheasant, plump à la Parisienne.

French peas, à la tin can.

Roast goose, in dubio.

Lemon sherbet, in futuro.

Potted pigeon, in nubibus.

Mashed potatoes, boiled potatoes, brown potatoes, all-round potatoes.

Chicken salad.

Plum pudding, à la tin can.

Native huckleberries.

Island strawberries.

Ginger snaps.

Angel toast.

Ben's water crackers.

Sault Ste. Marie hard tack.

Nuts, raisins, ad libitum.

Café noir.

Cigars.

When the boys came that evening to make our beds, we read them the bill of particulars for the feast, which we thought would meet with generous commendation. It was, however, the reverse, as they both smiled over it. Peter, after recovering his serenity of countenance, dashed our hopes of the prospective magnificence of the dinner by stating, "all they want is a pot of potatoes and a dish of beans. You, gentlemen, eat first, and we will set around afterwards on the rocks, and take our dinner. I'll arrange that," and then they stalked away somewhat confused, if not tickled, over the elaborate cuisine we had so carefully selected for the forthcoming banquet. "It is no use," I said to Ned, who was bowed down with disappointment, "to attempt to pay homage to beauty by playing the role of Lucullus. Think of the suggestion of that red-handed barbarian. Beauty and beans upon a wave-washed rock. What an unpoeetical greeting to Neptune as he dashes by with his foaming steeds; what a sight for the naiads and nereids, as they arise to the surface in sportive play, and what a subject for some future Tintorette. Beauty and beans, forsooth! Much rather beauty and beast, but beauty and beans, avaunt, and leave my sight forever, I'll have none of thee! And now let's to bed, with a prayer that the vision of beauty and beans may not re-appear and make each respective hair stand in horror."

Strange to say we slept soundly that night, having been lulled to forgetfulness by the endless moan of the waters that beat upon all sides of us.

Arising the next morning fresh as daisies, we took a glimpse, as usual, of the upper and surrounding elements. The sky was mottled in fleecy folds of snowy whiteness, while the lake was smooth as burnished steel. We thought it useless to fish in such a sea, but nevertheless went, expecting to return without a fin. This time we coasted along the west shore for about a mile, receiving only one rise, and that from a nursing. Ned suggested we try an

islet of rocks just opposite camp, where he said he had had unexampled sport some years ago. Accepting the suggestion the boat was headed for the place, which on reaching we went ashore, and then climbing up a slippery and steep side of the gigantic rock, commenced casting. On my second cast I aroused an old patriarch, which I hooked, but which, unfortunately for me, soon cut off the communication, and left without the formality of a polite adieu. A half dozen large trout slowly came with him, when he took my fly, which led me to believe I was in a generous preserve. Again and again I whipped the waters, and for the first two or three offerings a number of them would follow the flies a short distance, then turn tail as if they had discovered the counterfeit. Concluding to change my stretcher I put on a black hackle, and when it made its maiden visit to the shaded lines, was eagerly snapped up by a vicious-biting golden fin, who paid the penalty of his greediness with his life. It was a good three-pounder. In a short time I caught another of about the same size, a regular acrobat, who made three lively leaps from the surface, and just before landing turned a complete somersault. His mouth disclosed an ugly rent, indicating that some unlucky angler had been having an active fight with him. This was all we caught at the rock, and the lake still continuing without a ripple, returned to camp to seek other diversions.

About 5 o'clock in the evening we started on another trip to the main shore for an hour or two's angling. On arriving I was left on the flinty monument I had fished from in the morning, with Peter as netter, while Ned took the boat with the astronomical Emery, and went along the west side. Repeated casting from the apex of the rock failed until I changed my position, then I succeeded in catching a three-pounder, who took my fly when about to lift it from the surface. He fought like a tiger, and fully recompensed me for the trip. Again I commenced whipping around the circumscribed space wherever I could get a strong foothold, but they were not on the rise, and so laying aside my rod, sat down and watched the trout and other fish as they leaped from the sun-kissed waters. They arose on all sides, and were of all sizes. The *S. fontinalis* flashed up into the sunlight with a spangled glitter, while the herring, which were quite numerous, shone like bars of dazzling silver. The dull-colored fish, which lazily vaulted, were principally suckers and pike. "There goes a boss trout, here a little silver-side, and yonder a heavy pike," were the exclamations that fell from our lips, as they continued their holiday pranks on the shimmering surface of the great lake. On Ned returning with the reported capture of a two pounder, we boarded the boat and returned to camp, assured that unruffled waters will never satisfy the aspirations of an ardent angler.

The sun went down that evening with an angry glare that foreboded a change in the quiet weather, and long before we sought our blankets the heavens were alive with swift clouds of a decided slate color, that dimmed the large and brilliant stars which, in the early hours, glittered in flakes of white upon the lake. Emery, as he went by us on the way to his tent, stopped awhile and read us the signs of the heavens. As we were somewhat in accord with him, no dispute arose relative to his indications. "Something break loose soon," were his parting words to us, and that was just what Ned and I thought. The clearness of the atmosphere had departed and a heaviness seemed to possess it. Being in good quarters, and having had quite a spell of pleasant weather, the breaking of a storm-cloud just then had no terrors for us and would have been received quite composedly. The tent being well anchored with heavy rocks it could stand anything but a terrific cyclone. We retired with expectations of rain during the night. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAINE FISHING IN MAY.

THE ice still lingers in the Maine trout lakes and ponds, and at the time of this writing there are no indications that the Rangeley waters will be clear before the 15th, or later, or that Moosehead will be clear previous to that time. There is one exception, however. Sebago Lake, celebrated for its landlocked salmon, cleared of ice on the night of May 4. Fishermen tell me that this lake cleared last year on May 5. On receipt of the news that Sebago was clear of ice, several Boston fishermen were soon on the way for a trial for the big landlockers. It had been reported for some days that the smelts were running, and this indicated that the salmon would bite. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, was the first to have the news of the departure of the ice, and with his friends, Dr. Defriez, Mr. Kimball, I. H. Caliga and Chas. H. Kilham, he was off for Portland on the evening train of Friday. One or two other parties followed them the next day.

Not only the lingering of the ice, but other causes will conspire to make the number of sportsmen going to the Maine waters less than usual this year. In the first place there is the world's fair at Chicago. Many Boston fishermen will give up their spring trips, at least, with the World's Fair in anticipation. Some of the parties of other seasons will be entirely broken up for this reason. Other parties will go, but old time members will be missing. The Stevens party, owners of Campe Vive Vale, in the Narrows of Richardson Lake, will be off as usual as soon as the ice is out. But this party is not likely to be composed of any but Mr. C. P. Stevens and his nephew, Mr. F. B. Stevens. Mr. E. J. Shattuck, of the printers' ink house of Geo. K. Morrill & Co., who has been so many years with the Stevenses, will take his family to the World's Fair this year and leave the fishing trip out, much as he dislikes to give it up.

The Magee party will make its spring fishing trip this season to the Rangeleys. The party is thoroughly organized and has visited the same waters regularly for many years. It is likely to be made up this year the same as usual. Mr. A. N. Parlin, of the Magee Furnace Co., is the leader. He is likely to be accompanied by Mr. John Magee, founder of the above company, with his wife and daughter. Mr. Magee is over seventy years of age and has scarcely missed his annual fishing trip for many years. Still his health is not of the best and he, with his estimable lady, almost fears the exposure. May he not be deprived of his fishing trip this year is the hope of his friends. The party is likely also to contain Mr. Frank A. Magee and wife, Mr. Rufus F. Greeley and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Amos M. Kidder, of Plymouth. The Magee party will change its location somewhat this year, going

to the Birches, Capt. Fred Barker's camps, in Moosehucmaguntic, instead of Haines's Landing, as on former seasons. It ought to be mentioned that Mr. A. N. Parlin is interested with Mr. Austin Corbin in the great game preserve in New Hampshire. He has purchased a brick farmhouse overlooking the preserve, and has added to it and improved it till he has a most beautiful place for a gentleman of taste and leisure, as he is. He says that their herds of big game have wintered finely and that a host of fawns from moose, deer and elk are expected this spring, with a number of buffalo calves. The cow moose exhibited in Boston last winter by Peter Leroy, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time, was purchased by Mr. Parlin for this preserve. The poor little baby moose, "subdued" by horse-tamer Gleason at the Casino some time since, Mr. Parlin would have purchased had he known that it was obtainable.

Mr. Wm. J. Follett, of the Boston wool house of Geo. Follett & Co., Boston and New York, with his friend Robinson, had extraordinary good luck with trout at Falmouth the other day. It was in the cranberry bog streams that they fished, and they "happened to strike them just right." They caught thirty-two trout, the largest weighing 2½ lbs.—a very large trout for those waters. Mr. Follett is convinced that they struck a run of trout that had come up from the salt water. The fish were especially fine. He succeeded in landing the big one without a net. He took a net from Boston, but the people of the Cape laughed at the idea that there was anything that could not be landed without a net.

The Foster party, one of the first to be off for the Rangeleys, is likely to be considerably lessened in numbers this season. Probably Mr. Foster, of the firm of Lamkin & Foster, will make his fishing trip, but others who have been members on former seasons, are likely to be hindered. Some will go to Chicago, while Mr. Field is sick.

A Bangor dispatch of May 4, says that Mr. Edward A. Buck of that city has taken the largest salmon ever taken in that celebrated pool. It was taken with fly and leader, so the dispatch says, and weighed 30 lbs. Unusually good success with large fish is being had at Bangor this year.

Miss Eleanor Dean, daughter of Chas. A. Dean, of Boston, is reported to have taken this spring a tarpon or silver king, in Florida waters, weighing 120 lbs. Notwithstanding the tremendous size of the fish, the lady is reported to have brought him to the boat without aid.

The Kennebec, Maine, Fish and Game Association has in it 5 hatcheries, at the outlet of Ellis Pond, North Belgrade, about 75,000 trout and salmon that are being kept to a proper size for restocking MacGraw, Ellis, East, North, Great and Long Ponds, in Kennebec and Somerset counties. The sportsmen of that vicinity have at last waked up to the value of the waters they have close at hand, if only stocked with trout and salmon. The last Legislature passed a law closing these ponds for five years to landlocked salmon or trout fishing. The same law also prohibits the taking of white perch from the waters named, for sale or to be offered for sale, under a penalty of \$10 for each offense. The association has also had printed and posted, on all the roads leading to the ponds, a large number of notices, calling attention to the statute.

A Keene (N. H.) dispatch to the Boston papers says that on the night of May 2 the State fish hatching house, on Beech Hill, was broken into and the water turned off, destroying 150,000 trout and other fry, which were to have been distributed this month.

May 8.—A very handsome string of trout were shown at Appleton & Basset's on Monday. They were the catch of Dr. John T. Stetson and his friend S. W. Rich, better known as the manager of the Phillips & Rangeley R. R. before its lease to the Maine Central. They caught the trout in a preserved brook in the vicinity of Wareham. The largest weighed 2½ lbs., while there were a dozen that weighed at least 2 lbs. apiece. This is one of the finest catches of trout this season from that town.

At the time of writing the L. Dana Chapman party, at Sebago for landlocked salmon, had been heard from and three salmon had been taken.

The date of the going out of the ice from the Rangeley Lakes for a period of 11 years will doubtless be of interest to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. The dates correspond with the dates of the dispatches to the Boston Herald each year announcing that the ice has gone out. In 1882 the ice went out on May 12; 1883, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 3; 1887, May 16; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, — the blank is yet to be filled. Reports received on Monday would indicate that the date can scarcely be earlier than May 15, and more likely the 18th to the 20th.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, is getting ready for the spring fishing, as soon as the ice is out. He will visit his beautiful camp on Moosehucmaguntic Lake this season, as usual. This time Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is likely to be with him, as well as Mrs. Frye. At least, they walked into Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's tackle store the other day, where Mr. Henry Litchfield, so long known in the tackle trade, was made acquainted with the Senator from the Granite State. He sold him a fly-rod and outfit, Senator Frye remarking that his colleague was a beginner. Others think they heard the Maine Senator slyly remark that the New Hampshire Senator should not have his tackle to learn with.

SPECIAL.

The Law in Vermont.

RUTLAND, Vt., May 1.—State Fish and Game Warden Fisher, assisted by John T. Preston, nabbed three fishermen while in the act of drawing a seine in Missisquoi River, a spawning ground to Lake Champlain, where the wall-eyed pike are very plenty just now. These men were taken in the act of hauling the seine out of the water with ninety-two pike and other fish.

Fish Warden Polley, of Fair Haven, last week took five fyke nets out of Lake Champlain below Benson Landing, two on the New York side of the lake and three on the Vermont side. WHELOCK.

The most ancient known work on fishing is said to be the "Haleutics of Oppian," the work of a Greek poet, A. D. 198, from which it is learned that many articles on fishing, thought to be modern, were known then; while from Athenæus it is learned that several writers wrote treatises or poems on fishing centuries before the Christian era." F.

LARGE-MOUTH AND SMALL-MOUTH.

CINCINNATI, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you the "versified" notions of Uncle Billy Hall, a member of our Cuvier Club here, on the "Mutability of the Black Bass." Uncle Billy is a bass fisher of forty years' experience, has fished nearly every stream within a hundred miles of Cincinnati, and is the most persistent "wading bird" known to this region.

Of late years he has been studying black bass, and has come to the unalterable conclusion that small-mouthed bass under certain conditions change to large-mouths, and that large-mouths under certain other conditions will swap back into small-mouths.

He claims that Ross Lake, a considerable body of weedy, shallow water near the city, was several years ago stocked exclusively with small-mouthed black bass, and now there are none taken from it except big-mouths. Something more than three years ago he took out of Ross Lake 1,150 big-mouthed bass—little fellows 2 and 3 in. long—and placed them in a pond of good, pure water near Madisonville, this county; it was a new pond and these were the first bass put in it, and he says that last year he took quite a number out of it with rod and line, weighing from 1 to 1 lb., and that every solitary mother's son of them were small-mouths. If you have a mind to publish his verses, which I am permitted to send to you, it may be the means of stirring up a hornet's nest; or rather a "bass nest" among the admirers of little-mouth and big-mouth.

KINGFISHER.

MUTABILITY OF THE BLACK BASS.

Some ichthyologists who claim
That small and lazy large-mouth bass
Are not and never were the same,
May live to see both in one class.

We, from a stream, young small-mouths take,
Place them then in poor pond water,
There let them roam at will to make
Large-mouths three or four years later.

And let us place young large-mouth bass
In good, fine water to remain.
Allow three years, or more, to pass,
We welcome small-mouths back again.

Late tests, most practical in kind,
The best, and hardest to combat,
By which the difference, we find,
Is caused by change of habitat.

FROSTY POW.

THE TAMING OF THE BULL.

COL. J. G. CRISP, a very prominent and popular citizen of Kansas City, Mo. (and a man who never jests about such things?) is responsible for the following very interesting account of a rather savage onslaught by a wall-eyed pike upon a Jersey bull, which, Col. Crisp avers, occurred under his immediate observation, and he is ready at any time to make oath as to its accuracy:

The Colonel's taste is somewhat bucolic, mingled with an intense fondness for angling, as is evidenced by a well stocked farm owned by him near Kansas City, on which there are several magnificent fish ponds that are pretty well inhabited with a variety of nice fish, chiefly wall-eyed pike—the product of some breeding specimens the Colonel obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission some years ago.

Among a herd of choice Jersey cattle belonging to the Colonel was a very insolent bull who did just as he pleased, and was so ferocious that it was sure death to get on the same side of the fence with him. His good-natured owner had exhausted every means in his power to subdue the unruly brute, and found him unconquerable. One day while the Colonel was seated on his porch he saw the bull standing on a little peninsula that sloped gradually off into one of the lakes, apparently very much annoyed by what are known in that section as "heel flies." Finally the flies became intolerable to the bull and he took to the water. He waded out to a depth of about 2 ft., when, of course, the flies left him and the colonel paid no more attention to him.

After several minutes had elapsed, the Colonel was startled by the piteous bawls of the bull, and casting his eye in the direction from which the sound came, saw him struggling desperately as if he were trying to free himself from some powerful grip. Hurrying to the scene of trouble, Colonel Crisp discovered that the bull had attempted to drink, and when he put his mouth into the water, a large wall-eyed pike about 4 ft. long, which was lying quietly near the shore in wait for small bait, mistook the bull's nose for something to eat and seized on to it with the grip of a bulldog, and then the fun commenced. The bull struggled with all his might to get loose, but it was not worth the while, the wall-eyed pike had him. They rolled and wallowed about in the water for some time, and finally the bull gave up in despair, and Colonel Crisp declares that that bull was never so glad to see any one in his life as he was to see him at that time.

Figuring on a Fish.

J. E. Gunkel, John W. Toulerton, Master Carpenter, of the Lake Shore, and Dewitt C. Baldwin, representative of the Red Line Transit Co., were sitting together the other day enroute to Detroit. While passing over the bridge which spans the river Raisin, at Monroe, some one said it was reported that there were more fish entering the rivers this spring than for many years. At that moment Mr. Toulerton saw something unusual in the water immediately below. It was the dorsal fin of a fish, following the deepest channel up the river.

The window was raised and all three gentlemen took a good look at the exposed fins.

"Now," said Mr. Toulerton, "you see the length and height of that fish's fin, what is the length of the body?"

While they were looking Toulerton dropped his eye glasses into the water below. A moment later the train was gliding through the country and the gentlemen began to figure. The size of the fin was indelibly impressed upon their minds. Gunkel and Toulerton are old veteran fishermen, and several gentlemen passing the three expressed sympathy for Mr. Baldwin. When the train arrived at Newport notes and figures were compared. They were not satisfactory. Mr. Toulerton declared that Baldwin should figure by the "single rule of three" instead of taking the shorter distance and going at it on a geometrical basis.

"Well," replied Mr. Baldwin "here's a simple problem

any Warren street school boy can solve. You have a divisor, quotient and remainder, now find the dividend—that fish measures exactly 9 ft. in length." Toulerton declared they didn't figure that way in Adrian. They changed their seats and were again buried in deep study. They both affirmed that Gunkel was "away off" in his calculations and his figures were the result of imagination instead of personal arithmetical methods. The time was spent in figuring until the train arrived at Gratiot avenue, Detroit. John Toulerton's final answer was, and he declared he wouldn't take off an inch, 13 ft. and 4 in. Dewitt C. Baldwin's estimate was 9 ft. and 3 in. Gunkel taking the two results subtracted one from the other, and he replied the length of that fish's body must be 4 ft. and 1 in.

Toulerton and Baldwin paid no attention to Gunkel's estimate, asserting that his knowledge of fish cut no figure with men who had been accustomed all their lives in giving estimates. The gentlemen separated in the Lake Shore depot, but agreeing to return together on the late train. The train left the Brush street depot on time but without Gunkel. When at Monroe, Toulerton was agreeably surprised to see Gunkel enter the coach and hand him his eye glasses with silk ribbon attached, all in perfect order. Both Toulerton and Baldwin eyed Gunkel closely.

"How did you get the glasses?" asked Mr. Toulerton.

Gunkel replied that when they parted in Detroit they cast certain reflections touching his reputation as an angler, and the more he thought the matter over the greater came his convictions that he had better take the afternoon train, go to Monroe and catch that fish. He got the assistance of an experienced fisherman, and after some trouble found the fish struggling to get over a riffle—he caught him.

In the dorsal fin Gunkel found the eye glasses, with the silk cord attached around the bony substance. The fish proved to be a sturgeon and measured exactly 4 ft. and 1 in. in length.

Toulerton and Baldwin refuse to speak to Gunkel, and if his name is mentioned they simply shake their heads.

Mr. Baldwin says he was surprised that Gunkel didn't find the glasses over the eyes of the fish.—*Toledo Bee.*

OHIO FISH LEGISLATION.

TOLEDO, O., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ohio Legislature adjourned on the 27th ult., having accomplished little in the way of revision and improvement of our fish and game laws. Early in the session a joint commission was appointed by the Senate and House for this purpose, and a number of bills were reported, several of which were based on the petitions and suggestions of the friends of fish and game protection. But the commission as a body proved apathetic and indifferent, and, with a single exception, all these bills were put over from time to time as they came up in the calendar, till the day of the adjournment found them buried too deep for resurrection. The exception was Senate bill No. 548, and it is now the duty of all sheriffs and deputy sheriffs in Ohio to arrest all violators of the fish and game laws of the State. It is also made the duty of any constable in the State, in addition to his regular duties, to keep diligent watch in his respective township, or in any township in the county in which he is commissioned, and arrest or cause to be arrested, wherever found in the county, all violators of any of the provisions of the various sections of the fish and game laws. Each sheriff, deputy sheriff or constable shall receive one-half of the fines collected for each conviction he procures; the other half shall be credited to the county fish and game fund, and be used toward paying sheriffs, deputy sheriffs and constables for convictions procured.

Senate bill No. 547, which contained some excellent amendments, and was a revision of a number of the existing sections of the laws, failed to receive even serious consideration in the Senate, and did not reach a vote in the House.

Northern Ohio, including the entire lake front from Toledo to Cleveland, has no representative on the State Fish and Game Commission. On the other hand all the powerful and extensive commercial fishing interests are planted along the lake shore, and he would be a dull-witted man indeed who could not understand the resultant situation so far as fishing legislation is concerned.

JAY BEEBE.

Adirondack League and Bisby Consolidation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A movement which has been for some time on foot for the consolidation of the Adirondack League and the Bisby clubs has culminated in a union which promises to be of great value to both, and to make the consolidated organization the most extensive and important of all the preserves in the Adirondacks. The League Club owns and controls about 150,000 acres of the most valuable hunting and fishing grounds in the great wilderness, including a long stretch of the south branch of Moose River with its many tributaries of streams and lakes. This territory, until its purchase by the League Club, was the favorite hunting ground of the Bisby members. By the consolidation the Bisby Club acquires the same rights of hunting and fishing that the League Club possesses, and the League Club gains the valuable privileges possessed by the plant at the First Bisby Lake, which embraces their large and excellent club house, well-equipped fish hatchery, cultivated land, boats, and the best all summer fishing to be found anywhere in the woods. The Bisby plant is situated at the very gateway of the Moose River hunting grounds, and its acquisition by the League Club gives their members the most convenient access to these grounds. The Bisby club house is about midway between the two principal club houses of the League Club and makes a convenient half-way house for parties going from one to the other. There has been from the first a close affiliation of sentiment and personal respect between the members of the two clubs, and they have vied with each other in acts of hospitality and courtesy. While the Bisby Club disappears from sight as an organization, its members will always cherish the most pleasant memories of the rare enjoyment they have had at their lovely retreat, which is still their own, though hereafter it will go by a new name. Their surrender is such only as a bride must make when she takes the name of the man of her choice. The consolidation has been made in this case on a financial adjustment which each of the parties regard as fair and equitable. "Long may they wave,"

S.

ONE WAY OF KILLING A SALMON.

HAVE you, my friends, ever killed a salmon? If you have, you doubtless did it in the so-called "scientific" manner—played the fish until you tired him out, then gently drew him within reach of the cruel gaffer, who safely brought him to land.

Such had been my method until July, 1891, while fishing on the shore of the beautiful Margurite River in Cape Breton. Then the conditions were decidedly changed, and through force of circumstances I learned what it actually means to kill a salmon.

One cool, bright morning, two ardent anglers started out for the usual daily fishing. We carried but one gaff, and it was agreed that in case either hooked a fish, the other should gaff him. This plan worked well for some hours, though we met with but indifferent success.

Being tempted further and further down the stream, I became separated from my friend, although, as I supposed, within hailing distance. With but little hope of raising a fish, I whipped the pool beside me over for the second time. When the furthest point was reached a change came over me! I found business on hand! A fine fresh-run salmon had struck and was fairly hooked, and the reel was playing the symphony so sweet to the true angler's heart. I turned to my friend who had retained the gaff, but he was not in sight. The fish rushed this way and that—now down—now up, repeatedly leaping out of the water, flashing like silver in the sunlight.

The thrill of the strike thrills through me now,
And the whirr of the reel I hear,
As he madly sped with the silken thread,
And plowed through the waters clear.

While fighting and watching him, I shouted and called—but heard no response. The wind was contrary, and the sound could be heard but a short distance. The mighty fish leaped and rushed again and again,

Hard to the music of the reel!

but, ere long, his struggles became fainter. The flexible rod had apparently done its work, and were the gaffer but there, the salmon would soon be safe. But, alas! He came not, and the battle must be fought single-handed and alone!

My mind was full of anxious thoughts. What could be done? How much strain would this single leader, once tested at 6 lbs., now stand? The bank was rough and shelving. There seemed but one way, and that a very risky one, but I must take the chances and "beach him."

While hesitating and trying to decide, the fish had worked back into the current, seemingly with new life and a determination to conquer. Another but shorter fight, brought him into quiet water once more.

Then reeling up as much line as possible, I selected the smoothest place in the edge of the pool, turned the salmon's head toward it, and with all the force I dare use drew the fish toward the bank.

When about one-half of the body was out of the water, the leader parted! Imagine my dismay! Quick as thought the rod was thrown back, and as the grand 12 lb. hero flopped back into the water, I threw myself bodily upon and back of him, and with hands and knees held the noble fellow and threw him upon the shore, fairly killing him!

Anglers—you do not know of the excitement and glory of killing a salmon, unless you have done likewise!

H. O. WILBUR.

Peelee Island Bass Fishing.

TOLEDO, O.—A private letter from Dr. McCormick, of Peelee Island, just across the Canadian boundary line through Lake Erie, informs me that the black bass season will open there on May 15, as usual, and that the Peelee (Chicago) and Dayton clubs will be on hand in force the day beforehand, also as usual.

JAY BEEBE.

OTTAWA, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your inquiry of March 24 last, I am to inform you that the issue of special angling permits for bass fishing round Peelee Island will be issued for this year only.—WILLIAM SMITH, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

"Forest and Stream's" Fishing Postals.

SHOHOLA FALLS, Pa., May 5.—Mr. Weiss caught 40 fine trout this week. Mr. McKean caught 80 trout in four hours. The fishing is backward this spring. Streams are high and weather cold. Prospects are good for next week if weather gets warm. Trout are in fine condition.

G. W. HART.

RUTLAND, Vt., May 1.—The trout season in this vicinity is very late, as the snow is still on the hills and in the woods.

WHEELLOCK.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., May 1.—One of my guests this morning caught 19 trout, weighing 18 lbs., in Dingman's Creek. Streams are yet a little high and water cold. Next week promises very good fishing.

PHILIP F. FULMER.

HIGHGATE, Va., April 24.—The ice is now well out of our streams and small lakes, but the heavy body of snow on the mountains will make the trout fishing late.

STANSTEAD.

The Patent Bait

manufactured and sold exclusively by Messrs. Welch & Graves, of Natural Bridge, N. Y., is one of the most original inventions ever made. By means of this device the small fish used for bait is kept alive and secure from harm indefinitely, and at the same time magnified. It is said to be very killing.—*Adv.*

Minneapolis and St. Paul

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars.—*Adv.*

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST and STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST and STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

Fishculture.

Valuable Papers Burned.

COLUMBUS, O., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About 2 o'clock A. M. of the 21st ult., a nearly new building at the rear of this number was destroyed by an incendiary fire. It was, at the time, used for storage, and all the contents were consumed. I had stored therein several boxes of letters, running into the thousands, the larger portion of which related to fishcultural matters, some dating back to 1854. They were from all the leading civilized countries of the earth, and next to the accumulated correspondence of the U. S. Fish Commission were undoubtedly the most valuable collection in this country. With the rest, I had a trunk full of specially prized correspondence from various parts of the world, all related to fishculture. I had in this trunk some rare and valuable documents, pamphlets and translations. I also had in boxes complete files of FOREST AND STREAM from the second year of its publication, with marked covers of numbers containing my own articles. None but the long-time readers of FOREST AND STREAM can fully understand how highly I prized this accumulation. I also had there remnants of stocks of books and pamphlets of my own authorship, all of which are a total loss. I supposed these boxes were in the safest possible place.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

Postscript.—Since writing accompanying communication concerning fire, I have read in FOREST AND STREAM of this week a disrespectful anonymous attack upon my reputation, which will at least amuse the early readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Of course I am too old a newspaper man to notice anonymous attacks to the extent of a reply. I always give prompt attention, especially to those pleading ignorance, over their own signature. M. P. P.

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 17 to 20.—Seattle Kennel Club, F. R. Atkins, Sec'y.
May 30 to June 2.—American Pet Dog Club, Lexox Lyceum, New York. Marion E. Bannister, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]
Owners and Passes.

CHICAGO, May 6.—There is a great deal of interest at present in the matter of passes, by the exhibitors who contemplate entering their dogs in the dog show of the World's Columbian Exposition. In this connection the following will be instructive.

In an interview a few days since, Mr. Buchanan told me that it was contrary to the rules of the Exposition to issue a pass to an exhibitor on the mere fact of ownership in a dog or dogs entered. To conform to the rules, the owner who applies for a pass must do so on the ground of being the caretaker of his dogs, or that his presence is necessary in some such capacity.

It is useless to ask for a pass on the fact alone of ownership. In such way a pass can not be secured. As an attendant, the owner, it he makes application will have no difficulty in obtaining a pass which will be good during the five days of the dog show.

The Judges.

The powers in authority were, up to yesterday, still wrestling with the problem of a list of judges. The list at that juncture might be made at any moment or might not. It was then under consideration by the National Commission. The birth of an official list of judges is not the effort of an idle moment. It must comport itself with the dignity and importance of the occasion. The forthcoming list was first selected by the Committee on Awards in connection with the Director-General, and is to be approved, before it has official life, by the National Commission, before which august body it was last Friday. The revised programme has been some time ready, but the publication of it has been in abeyance awaiting the official appointment of the judges. It will be issued soon whether the judges are appointed or not. It is possible that the date of closing the entries will be extended from May 20 to June 1. There is hardly a doubt but what the judges will be appointed before the dog show is past.

Notes from Tennessee.

In a chatty letter from that well-known owner and handler, Mr. H. S. Bevan, of Somerville, Tenn., I take the following interesting news items:

"Mr. J. M. Arent, in the matter of his suit against the Illinois Central R. R., for killing one of his dogs, has not yet reached a final settlement. At the meeting of the Supreme Court at Jackson, Tenn., the decision in his favor was reversed and the case remanded. This on account of a witness stating that Mr. Llewellyn had said that the great-grand-sire, Count Wind'em, of the dog (which was killed) was the best setter he had ever owned or bred. The case is to be tried again at Bolivar, Tenn."

"Mr. B. M. Stephenson has purchased Laftonia (Paul Gladstone—Latonia) and Ruby (Diamond—Topsy Noble), from Mr. Baughn, Ridgeville, Ind. Mr. Tucker has purchased an Antonio—Daisy Hunter and a Rod's Ace—Fanchette Noble dog from Messrs. Hunter and C. M. Rounds. These are said to be world-beaters."

"Mr. A. P. Gilliam will handle dogs for the Manchester Kennel Company only this next year."

"Gloster died in New York about three months ago. He fell dead in the field."

Mr. Bevan also mentions that he has purchased a half interest in a setter bitch by Eugene J.—Dell Rivers. He says: "Mr. Tucker was anxious to secure her for a Derby entry for Mr. Lorillard, after seeing her in the field, but I preferred keeping her in my own kennel."

The legal case to which he refers is one decided some months ago in favor of Mr. Arent, the suit being for damages for the killing of one of his dogs by a train on the I. C. R. R. The jury before which it was tried awarded \$500 damages.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, the celebrated field trial handler, made

this office a call to-day. He showed all the healthfulness and good spirits which come from an active outdoor life in pleasant pursuits. He has sold off many of his dogs and left North Carolina permanently as a place of residence. Chicago will be his home for a few weeks.

The winter in North Carolina, he told me, was very severe, and destructive to the birds. Whole beveries were destroyed by the cold, combined with the scarcity of a food supply, the latter caused by the heavy snow. Beveries which survived these severities were poor and weak. In such a state they would be an easy prey to hawks and other enemies. Field trial clubs whose preserves are in that section would do well to investigate this matter.

The Northwestern Field Trial Club.

The following reprint explains the recent doings of the Northwestern Field Trial Club:

The annual meeting of the Northwestern Field Trial Club was held recently, when the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Patron, A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, President of the National Field Trial Club; Pres., Thomas Stone, Calgary, Alta; Vice-Presidents, W. T. Hunter, Wheatland, Dak., and W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; Sec'y-Treas., Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.

The board of management of the trials elected for the year were the above officers and Rev. W. H. Spence, Thos. A. Montgomery and James C. Phillips. As previously announced, the trials will take place at Morris, Man., commencing Sept. 4. There will be two stakes, a Derby and All-Age, \$5 to enter and \$10 to start in each stake. The whole of the entry and starter fees shall be given in prizes, less judge's expenses. Assuming the entries and starters number the same as last year this will give near \$1,000 in prizes. Entries for the Derby close June 15 and the All-Age Stake July 15. Entry forms and all particulars can be had from the secretary-treasurer.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. B. Goodwin a number of times recently in this city, before I learned his identity as a sportsman. He has a large exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building at the World's Columbian Exposition. Mr. Goodwin's home is in Rhode Island. He will be remembered by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as one of the prominent field trial pioneers. At one time he owned the great setter Grosedale, and others of equal celebrity which competed in the field trials of a decade or more ago.

The signs of the times in the dog world seem to indicate that it is a bad year for oracles. B. WATERS.
909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—When the following case was reported to me I was uncertain whether to use it here or to send it to your "Fishy" column. However, you can judge. On April 29, my correspondent states, and his story is vouched for by eye witnesses, a pug bitch owned by Mr. P. Curtis, a hotel keeper at Dixie, near Cooksville, on the C. P. R., whelped the multitudinous litter of (don't faint) thirty puppies, of which, a few days since, twenty-eight were living. Ask your Chicago correspondent to bring on his next.

A lengthy meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held on Wednesday, 3d inst., at the Queen's Hotel here, beginning at 3 P. M., and lasting, with an hour's intermission, till after midnight. Dr. Wesley Mills occupied the chair, others present being: Dr. J. S. Niven, and T. G. Davey, London; H. Gorman, Sarnia; A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; T. G. Mitchener, C. A. Stone and H. B. Donovan (Secretary), Toronto. All the afternoon session and part of the evening was taken up with the selection of dogs to represent Canada at the World's Fair show. About 150 have been finally decided on, and these, with several still in abeyance and the dogs from distant Provinces, will make up to nearly the desired quota of 200. Spaniels, of course, predominate, closely followed by setters and pointers, with other breeds bringing up the rear. On motion of Dr. Niven, seconded by Mr. Davey, it was decided to offer C. K. C. diplomas to first, second and third dogs in all stakes at all field trials run in Canada. The letter following from Mr. Mercer was read:

OTTAWA, April 18, 1898.—H. B. Donovan, Esq., Sec'y Canadian K. C.—Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of yesterday would say that I would be obliged by your sending me a certified copy of the rules of the C. K. C. at the time when I was disqualified, also of those in force in October, 1891, and a copy of Mr. J. L. Little's (certified) as read before the meeting of 6th inst. Yours faithfully, F. H. MERCER.

The secretary stated he had declined to send Mr. Mercer the papers asked for without the sanction of the executive. Moved by Mr. Gorman, seconded by Mr. Davey, that in the opinion of this executive it is not the duty of the secretary to furnish the certified documents asked for. Carried.

Moved by Dr. Niven, seconded by Mr. Mitchener, that a list of members in good standing be supplied to any one requiring same at a fee of \$3 to pay for the clerical work. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Gorman, seconded by Mr. Davey, that a list of members in good standing be published in official organ the month previous to date of nominations. Carried.

Several changes were made in the constitution and by-laws and ordered to be published in *Gazette* for discussion and final adoption.

Mrs. C. M. Nelles, Brantford, and Dr. Armstrong, Toronto, were received as members.

During the C. K. C. meeting Mr. A. D. Stewart was taken seriously ill and was unable to proceed home that night. From a letter received from him to-day (Saturday) I am glad to know that he is much better, though not entirely recovered. Mr. Stewart complains of being greatly overworked lately, but hopes his proposed trip to Europe will set him up again.

Owing to Mr. Stewart's intended tour, and no one else caring to tackle the preliminary hard work, and no suitable building being ready, no show will be held in Hamilton this fall.

A meeting of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club will be held in Toronto on Friday next, during the holding of the local show.

The executive of the C. K. C. trusts that every exhibitor at Chicago from Canada will see that his dogs are in the best possible condition at the time; clean and in as good coat as may be. Breeders who send their dogs in a dirty state and in close, small, foul-smelling boxes will please note. As the weather at this time will doubtless be exceedingly hot, and dogs from many parts of Canada will be confined to their crates for a long period during transportation, it should be seen to that ample ventilation is provided and crates constructed so that sufficient air may be supplied to their inmates.

Mr. Stewart has sent intending exhibitors a circular and form to be filled out which contains many good points applicable to all making entries. He says:

"I intend to get out a special catalogue of the Canadian dogs exhibited at the World's Fair bench show, and in order to make it as full and attractive as possible I wish to get a complete list of the winnings of each dog exhibited. I am unable to compile such a record at present, on account of the careless way in which most of the entries have been filled out, so I send you now a form which I will be glad if you will fill out very carefully. Please put down

every prize separately, and give the classes in which they were won, and also the place and the year. You will see at once that it is no use to say "First at Kingston, New York, Toronto and Detroit," because it does not say whether the prizes won were in the puppy, novice, open, or challenge classes, nor does it say in what years the prizes were won. Another point on which I desire to be accurately informed is whether your dog is registered in the A. K. C. or C. K. C. stud book. The number alone is of no use to me unless I know to which stud book it refers."

The form to be returned contains blanks for answers to the following questions:

From; address; name of dog; stud book and number (say whether A. K. C. or C. K. C.); date of birth (give exact date); if date of birth is not known, say so; name of breeder; if breeder is unknown, say so; if dog has never been shown, say so; list of winnings, either bench show or field trial."

H. B. DONOVAN.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

AN executive meeting of this club was held May 8, in the office of the A. K. C., 44 Broadway, New York, commencing at 3 P. M. Present: H. L. Kreuder in the chair, John Bateman, H. F. Schellhass, H. W. Lacy and Geo. Laick, secretary. The report of the auditing committee on the last secretary's accounts, etc., was accepted and committee discharged. The votes for club judges were then opened, Mr. H. F. Schellhass acting as teller. Six judges were to be chosen as a guide for bench show committees. About a dozen members of the club received votes, Messrs. Dorsey, Lewis and Lacy receiving the highest number, 12 votes each, and the executive committee being empowered in case of a tie to decide in which order they should be placed on the list, a ballot resulted in their being named in the following order: Pottinger Dorsey, H. W. Lacy, Joe Lewis, John Davidson 11, W. S. Clark 9, H. L. Kreuder 8. A letter from the secretary of the Pet Dog Club was read asking for specials at the coming show. It was decided, in view of the expense of the coming field trials, not to give a special. New members were then elected. F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., proposed by H. L. Kreuder, seconded by H. W. Lacy; A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., proposed by F. W. Chapman, seconded by C. S. Wixom; Frank F. Dole, proposed by H. L. Kreuder, seconded by H. F. Schellhass.

The date and place for the field trials were then considered and after some discussion it was decided that the trials be held at Nanuet, N. Y., Monday, Oct. 30, and the claim for that date be filed with the A. K. C. This will not interfere with the Brunswick Fur Club as the original date suggested would have done. A communication had been received from Ellicott City, Md., desiring to have the trials there, but as no definite information was given and there being few members in that direction it was thought best to stick to Nanuet, as Mr. Kreuder promised every aid in his power, and the beagle men know what that means.

The question arose whether the executive committee should settle the classes for the field trials or leave this to a field trial committee. An informal discussion took place on the classes and it is likely that the prospectus sent out by the president will be altered in some minor respects, and the absolute winner classes be omitted. The following composes the field trial committee for 1898: J. W. Abbott, W. T. Tallman, E. Gerry Roberts, John Bateman, H. L. Kreuder, H. W. Lacy, Geo. Laick, H. F. Schellhass, F. W. Chapman, B. S. Turpin and Pottinger Dorsey, and they will be invited to meet in a month or so to decide all business connected with the trials. Messrs. Kreuder, Bateman and Schellhass then audited all bills up to date and they were ordered to be paid. The club specials offered last spring were won as follows: Keystone Kennel Club's piece of plate won by Mr. Kreuder's Lonely, Baltimore special won by Lonely, Elmira special, best bitch winning second, won by F. W. Chapman's Gypsy A., Boston special for best kennel, Rockland Kennels, have all been forwarded to the winners. Meeting then adjourned.

Those "Fake Pictures."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Re chat concerning "Fake Pictures" in your issue of March 23. The facts of the case are about as follows: A Skye terrier named Bruce was exhibited at the Keystone Kennel Club show in Philadelphia, and did not secure a first, second or third prize, and was represented in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* by a cut which was a reproduction of a cut of champion Iron Duke, a noted prize winner, owned by Mr. Thomas Young, of Birmingham, England, a prominent Skye judge and breeder. I noticed a statement of the case in English *Stock-Keeper*; and having, as I think, the best brace of Skyes in America, the injustice of the matter struck me quite forcibly at the time, and I want to show you how it has affected me since. I was presented with a photo of Iron Duke by Mr. Young a year or two since, and now he writes me that I am the only person in America who has a copy, and wishes to know if I am connected in any way with this reproduction. I have written the editor of *Inquirer* asking him to clear me in the matter, and no doubt he will do so. But should he treat the matter in the easy, offhand manner that your article does, you can readily see in what position I will be. I think it is all right for newspapers, sporting or otherwise, to give cuts of representative specimens of any breed as such, but to represent them as any other dog, especially an inferior one, is not square. C. H. SMITH.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

[We can clear Mr. Smith of any suspicion of blame in this matter. The cut of Iron Duke, said to be Bruce, that appeared in the *Inquirer*, is an exact copy of the pen and ink sketch by R. H. Moore that appeared in the English *Stock-Keeper* Dec. 5, 1890, and the rest is easy to surmise.]

Beagle Type.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Geo. F. Reed's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of April 27, on beagle type, is to the point. He speaks words of caution to beagle breeders and advises them to breed to the right dogs. We have too many weedy, long-backed, snipy beagles, showing no beagle character; and great care should be taken in the selection of stud dogs. None but the very best should be used, dogs that are well formed, strong in loin, with good bone, good legs and feet, and showing beagle character. When well formed bitches are bred to such dogs the result will usually be gratifying. I trust that the union between Frank Forest and Lonely will fulfill the expectations of their owner.

I have selected several good beagle bitches and intend to breed them to my imported Laick's Rattler. Pearl has already been bred to him, and I am looking forward to some extra good one from her. In the selection of these bitches their disposition and general formation were taken into consideration. They are strong in loin, have good legs and feet, lots of bone, and are of the truest breeding.

With this line of breeding laid out, I confidently expect some great results, and while I have bred some of the best known beagles in the past, I am not content, but will try and produce some still better in the future. GEORGE LAICK.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., May 8.

Business.

CATSKILL, N. Y., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received a great many letters from my small advertisement in your paper and had good sales and realized extra prices from it. You will have my advertisement soon again. F. M. THOMAS.

Mr. Raper's Opinions.

MR. GEORGE RAPER has been under the fire of the ubiquitous interviewer lately. He arrived in San Francisco from Los Angeles on Saturday week last. From remarks attributed to him in the San Francisco *Call* we gather some interesting reading. The greyhound men on the coast had heard of Mr. Raper's connection with greyhounds, and the show of this breed at San Francisco was likely to be much better than in years past. Speaking of Fullerton Mr. Raper said that in many particulars he was a far superior dog to the world-renowned Master McGrath. The latter was decidedly homely in appearance and, although a remarkable dog on the coursing sward, his appearance on the bench would never command favorable attention, that is if placed in competition with a class of dogs of the Fullerton kind.

Speaking of the shows held in New York and other large cities east of the big mountains, Mr. Raper said that the pointer, so far as sporting dogs were concerned, outnumbered his competitors.

"The sportsmen of the East are gradually giving the setters the cold shoulder because they can traverse more country and go a longer time without 'wetting up' than either the English, Irish, Laverack or Gordon setter. At Eastern field trials a dog that cannot range fast and wide is not now considered worth having; consequently Eastern sportsmen are breeding a racy class of pointers which will answer their purpose best and win honors at field trial meetings."

We have seen little evidence of that cold shoulder. "In Germany," he went on to say, "and England it is quite different. The heavy pointer dog is the most popular among German sportsmen, although of late years medium-weight pointers are growing into favor. In England the pointer is the most popular, and next in favor is the English setter, then the Irish and Gordon. At the English trials retrievers are always on hand to retrieve the game killed over the competing dogs. You know it is not the custom in that country to allow either pointers or setters to retrieve game killed over them. The smooth-coated retriever, which is a cross between the Labrador dog and the retriever, is now used almost exclusively for retrieving purposes in England."

Being asked about the non-sporting dogs Mr. Raper said that there was a big field for improvement in the class of terriers that have been exhibited in this country, and the fox and Scotch terriers in particular. The collie has been very much neglected in this country, and the small numbers of collies that have been exhibited at the shows in the East do not at all compare, from a bench-show point of view, with the shepherd dogs of England and Scotland."

Concerning big dogs, such as St. Bernards, great Danes, mastiffs, etc., Mr. Raper said that the recent importations from foreign countries have materially assisted to develop a high-class quality of heavy-weight dogs, and in this particular a noticeable improvement was manifest this year in Eastern shows.

Mr. Raper will depart for Seattle after he has passed judgment on the dogs that will be exhibited at the Mechanics Pavilion next week. He will judge the Seattle show and then depart for New York, from which place he will proceed to Germany, so as to be on hand in season to judge the dogs that will be exhibited at the Munich show, commencing June 8.

World's Fair Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to notice briefly some comments published recently, referring to myself, the substance of which is that I am accused of signing the protest against the fake list of judges with a view of getting an appointment myself, more particularly since I expressed an objection against Mr. Muss-Arnolt as the judge of great Danes at the forthcoming bench show of the World's Columbian Exposition. I ask the reader to note that nearly all the writings thereon are inferences drawn from suppositions and conjecture. Motives are manufactured and ascribed to me as if they were my own. In short, each writer assumes enough to prove his own individual guesses. Each one has a different guess. I am accused further of the unpardonable offense of aspiring to be a judge at the World's Fair. Assuming that such is the fact, is there anything other than commendable in such an ambition? Were it true that I had a great longing to judge I absolutely would decline under existing circumstances were an appointment offered to me. The whole matter is degenerating into an unseemly wrangle. There is an absence of system, skillful management and a knowledge of the situation of matters in the canine world.

While decrying my liberty to express an opinion the gentlemen who criticize me take the widest liberty in expressing their own opinions. As an important exhibitor I cannot imagine any reason why I should not have opinions and the freedom of expressing them, and also preferences, if it so pleases me.

In regard to Mr. Muss-Arnolt, I have nothing against him personally. I object to him as a judge. I know he is a gentleman, honest and sincere. I do not believe that he is competent to judge great Danes. Were I alone in this belief, I might feel that I myself was in error. But I am not alone in my objections. Was there ever more dissatisfaction that at New York?

If Mr. Muss-Arnolt is right, then Messrs. Mortimer, Mason and Davidson are wrong, for these gentlemen have all reversed his decisions; they disagreed radically from him. If he is right, then objections to the three judges I have mentioned are in order. When there are such opposite views, all cannot be right. I feel that, as an old exhibitor, I had and have a right to express my views and preferences. Make your choice now, gentlemen, to suit yourselves. I have the undisputable right to make my entries or not to make them if the judge is one I do not approve. This much, I think, the great Dane men will concede. Conceding that, there are several others who will make use of the concession.

If all the other breeds have the same wrangles in their interest, what a great show it will be?

HARRY L. GOODMAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Instinct and Reason.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Everybody has heard or read of the homing instinct of dogs, but the wandering instinct of some of them is a still more curious characteristic. When living in the woods of northern Michigan, three miles from a railroad station, one day coming home, as I left the cars, a yellow dog jumped off with me and followed me home. He stayed a week or so and then left, and I saw him no more until some time after, being on the cars twenty miles from home, I saw this same yellow dog get aboard at a station and make himself very much at home. He came and renewed his acquaintance with me, and although I did not get off at my usual place the dog did, and when I returned in the evening the dog was at my place and stayed a few days, when he went off again in the usual manner. The conductor afterwards told me that this dog was one of the most frequent travelers on the road, going back and forth, visiting at different places, and always coming to the various stations on time for the cars. This continued for three or four years, when I left the vicinity and saw the dog no more.

A touching incident of a bulldog once occurred to me that disproves the mistaken impression commonly existing in regard to this breed. A large bulldog belonging to a neighbor, in the same locality above mentioned, was getting very old and had lost his teeth, so that he was unable to defend himself against former vanquished enemies, who now seemed to delight in worrying poor old Major, the friend and companion of my neighbor's children, with whom the dog had

gone to school for years and had made himself their voluntary care-taker. Not one could leave the house but Major got up and accompanied them; he shared their play, and drew their little sled and romped in the snow with them. Major became a good friend of mine and one day when at his master's house the dog came and sat at my feet. The owner told of the dog's age and of his decrepitude, "It was time that Major should be put out of his misery. Poor fellow! he has not a single tooth left, he can't eat or fight any more, and all the other dogs impose on him. We shall have to shoot the poor fellow and give him an honorable funeral. Shant we, Major," said he, as the dog got up and laid his head on his master's knee and whined piteously. "I bet that dog knows what you are saying," I remarked. When I left the dog went with me to my house and staid a little time with my boy, who was often one of his playmates. Then he left and was seen soon after by one of my workmen on the shore of the lake, near the village, where he was cutting wood. He saw the dog swim out to the middle of the lake, where he sank, and was seen no more until the body was washed to the shore a few days afterward. Did that dog, remarkable for his intelligence, know what had been said to him and take this means to avoid what he knew was about to happen to him? H. S.

HIGHLANDS, N. C., May 1.

"Our Bulldog Pictures."

Editor Forest and Stream:

S. R. Tisdell's scathing article on the bulldog pictures and your able defense of same have no doubt been read and thought about by most of your readers, and there isn't a doubt but what the sympathies of the majority are with Mr. T. I have often said that a dog is somewhat of an index to the character of his owner, except in cases where the dog is for some special purpose. In the case of the bulldog owners you mention the dogs are owned because of the owners' fondness for monstrosities or because bulldogs are the fashion. It is evident that these gentlemen do not keep bulldogs because of their good looks, their affectionate dispositions, or their intelligence, for they are exceeded in all these virtues by the setter, the spaniel or the collie. Among the men I know who keep bulldogs because they like that kind of a dog is Mr. A. At the corners of all his fields are "No hunting" boards; no one who knows him ever hunts on his lands or asks the privilege of hunting. He always has trouble with his hired men, and has nothing to do with his neighbors. Some years ago his dog attacked a little child, and would have killed it but for timely rescue, but the dog was allowed to live. A few days ago the dog attacked a boy, and when clubbed off by his owner, turned upon and bit him, but the dog still lives. Mr. B. is another lover of bulldogs, and says "no hunting" also, but instead of being unsocial, like Mr. A., makes use of apparent friendliness to gain disreputable ends. Mr. C., another bulldog man, is noted as a quarrelsome fellow, a backbiter, having no friends and apparently wanting none. Mr. D. has a bulldog that without any provocation severely bit the little son of Mr. D.'s hired man. Mr. D. is a man of strict integrity, but never makes a social call on any of his neighbors.

The above are a few instances among many. Give the "tough" his choice between a bulldog or a collie; which will he take? Which would he prefer to witness, a fight between savage bulldogs or a field trial contest between high class hunting dogs? What is a bulldog good for, anyway? As a watch dog? Burglars have proved dozens of times that they care nothing for him. One little black and tan terrier is worth a brace of bulldogs any night. If he is good for anything except ugliness and stupidity, let us know what it is. You say he is not responsible for his ugliness, the use to which he was put in a long past barbarous age demanding such formation. Doesn't that show that he comes of very bad stock? And what training has he had since to in any way ennoble him? He is, as you say, a relic of a barbarous age, and the quicker he disappears the better.

O. H. HAMPTON.

WILLIAMSBURG, IND.

[We have had our little say. We now depend upon the owners of the bulldogs to defend their breed. It should be an easy matter.]

San Francisco Dog Show.

THIS show opened May 3 with 360 dogs and is considered a great success. The awards made by Mr. Raper received up to going to press are as follows:

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, G. McNabb's Ingleside; 2d, Gen. W. H. Dimond's Liver; 3d, D. H. Everett's China. *Bitches*: 1st, J. W. Mitchell's Lomita Minting; 2d, W. S. Whitwell's Venus. *Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Mitchell's Lomita Cautious; 2d, Dr. R. Lord's Lewis; 3d, H. Schmidbauer's Sam. *Bitches*: 1st, Mitchell's Lomita Minting. Very high com., C. F. Martin's Queen.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Borglum's Titan; 2d, Borglum's Richard; 3d, Dr. P. Muffe's Hector. *Bitches*: 1st, J. G. Borglum's Marjell; 2d, G. Bertin's Mirtha; 3d, B. W. Marlin's Hager. *Puppies*: No 1st or 2d; A. W. Cornwall's Ko-Ko third.

ST. BERNARDS.—Rough—Dogs: 1st, John G. Barker's California Bernard; 2d, F. H. Allen's California Alton; 3d, Dr. A. Regensburg's Region. *Bitches*: 1st, Summerhayes & Koenig's Fernwood Inez Zurich; 2d, E. F. Schell's Lady Delight; 3d, Capt. W. Pool's Victoria. *Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, Regensburg's Regio; 2d, Capt. Pool's Columbus; 3d, B. F. Lacy's Lion. *Bitches*: 1st, L. S. Owen's Lady Grace. *Smooth-coats*—*Bitches*: 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, J. F. Jordan's Fidele J.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st, R. B. Monk's Nero; 2d, J. B. Banning's Strap; 3d, M. J. Doolin's Prince. *Bitches*: 1st, Abilstrand's Flora; 2d, C. Pardis's May; 3d, Mrs. J. R. Theller's Queen.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, George Dougherty's Peter Jackson; 2d, Hugh McCracken's Donald; 3d, C. S. Wieland's John W. *Bitches*: 1st, H. McCracken's Lady H. Glendyne; 2d, P. D. Nolan's Valley Queen; 3d, C. S. Wieland's Cleverness. *Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, P. F. Samrat's Stamboul; 2d, Canavan's Extra Pale. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d, 3d, Canavan's Eureka, Stamboul Queen and Yreka.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, E. J. O'Kell's Stag; 2d, B. D. Lacazette's Leo; 3d, H. J. Jonett's Scott. *Bitches*: 1st, H. W. M. Sandback's Lassie; no second.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, F. W. Sanderson's Paddy; 2d, Albert Bulger's Carlo; 3d, Clarence Walter's Jack. *Bitches*: 1st, W. H. Staniel's Julie. *Puppies*—Dogs: Mrs. E. A. Rix's Tasso. *Bitches*: 1st, W. S. Hobart's Jeanette; 2d, G. Goodenow's Lady Cloud.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Eratson's Landlord. *Bitches*: 1st, J. E. Watson's Landress.

POINTERHOUNDS.—1st, C. H. Koback's Premier IV.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: No entry. *Bitches*: 1st, Henry Huber's champion Sally Brass II. *OPEN*—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, H. Spencer's Buck S; 2d, A. P. Kerechoff's Jap; 3d, Mrs. B. F. Napthal's Pat. *Color*: 1st, James Watson's Old Black Joe II; 2d, C. M. Osborn's Professor Lad and B. Povers' Wade Hampton. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, L. M. King's Rose K; 2d, W. J. Golcher's Jill; 3d, J. H. Sammis's Hornell Bess. Very high com., H. R. Brown's Donna Sensation and Henry Brulon's Miss B. *Dogs* (55lbs. and under): 1st, T. E. Walker's Ben Koo; 2d, William Dornier's Bruce R; 3d, J. E. Watson's Jim F. *Bitches* (50lbs. and under): 1st, H. M. Tonner's Amethyst; 2d, C. J. Miller's Bess; 3d, Howard Vernon's Meg Merries. Very high com., E. N. Lowry's Fly and Dave Berwick's Betsy B. *Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, H. M. Tonner's Amador; 2d, B. A. Truman's Kent of Crotchet; 3d, A. Larsen's Dick. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Tiedman's Marion G; 2d, E. W. Briggs' Little Nell; 3d, Leonard Goodwin's Chic M. Very high com., A. B. Truman's Patti of Bloome.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, E. Bosqui's Pop C; 2d, G. A. Van Derbeck's Kash; 3d, C. A. Loud's Dictator. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and 3d, P. Linsville's Flaker L., Florine and Dottie May. Very high com., Gardiner's Estrella and Betsy Mark and Loud's Zippie Zip. *Puppies*—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Loud's Bunch. *Bitches*: 1st, L. Corrigan's Lady R; 2d, C. A. Loud's Dame Trot Noble.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d, and 3d, J. W. and H. V. Orear's Dick II, Rock II and Orear's Grouse. *Bitches*: 1st, Orear's Bijou; 2d, Miss Sohneck's Mirza.

This ended the judging for the first day.

DOG CHAT.

Benching in Rotation.

* We must enter a strong protest against the loose way in which the dogs are being benched nowadays at our shows. Several years ago the same outcry was made and it was understood that dogs should be benched in rotation in future. The W. K. C. seem, however, to have started the backsliding, and it has obtained more or less at every show this season, Indianapolis being an agreeable exception, and culminated at Boston, where really there was no semblance of order. In many breeds there was hardly a number in rotation and in some cases it was almost impossible to find animals when wanted for the ring. This delays judging and often no doubt a dog is marked absent when all the time he is in the show but cannot be easily traced. This we have repeatedly found to be the case in making our notes after the judging. Keepers are not as a rule the most painstaking individuals, and rather than hunt up a dog that does not come handy to their search they report him absent, the stall under his number being empty. A case of this sort occurred at Boston. The dog was placed in a wrong stall and overlooked, when judging time came on he was marked "wrong class," so evidently some other dog had been taken in instead. The dog was afterward found and the class rejected. This dog's proper stall was thirty numbers away from where it should have been. The benching all through that show was badly arranged. Of course we understand that the exhibit of the N. E. K. F. T. C. upset things somewhat in sporting classes, but the trouble was not confined to these breeds alone. Another season we trust that this important matter will be properly adjusted, and particularly at the coming World's Fair show. Even an exhibitor with two dogs in different classes will contrive to get them together, when their numbers may be really the length of an aisle apart. Another thing in connection with this "bunching" is the carelessness with which dogs of a kennel are chained. It is not every kennel man that will take the trouble to see that when his dogs jump on the bench from exercising that they settle down under their proper name and number. This leads to confusion and often misleads the reporters which last abused individuals cannot be expected to know by sight every dog that travels the circuit. This matter of benching should be considered in the new rules for dog shows, and the A. K. C. pay some attention to the subject.

New Jersey Kennel League.

A meeting of the executive committee of this club was held at Newark on May 5, when the following were present: W. O. Kuebler, E. H. Morris, Frank Link, M. A. Hanchett and E. A. Dillhoff. Mr. W. O. Kuebler occupied the chair. The diplomas won at the sheep dog trials and whippet races were ordered to be signed and sent out. The committee on similar events for the World's Fair made a report, which was accepted, and the committee was discharged with thanks for the efforts made. The American Kennel Club delegate reported acceptance of his credentials at the annual meeting of that club; further, that remarks tending to injure the standing of the league, and prevent a further course of usefulness were made by a representative of another club. In this connection it was resolved that in sending a report of the meeting to the press, it be stated that there are 70 members, and that the roll does not include any of the officers of the disqualified N. J. Kennel Club. It was resolved that Mr. E. H. Morris, Hackensack, N. J., be appointed a committee to take charge of negotiations for a special car, suitable for the season, for the conveyance of dogs from the State to the World's Fair, and that if space be left dogs owned by friends of the members be taken. Mr. W. O. Kuebler was asked to appoint a committee to arrange the annual meeting and dinner during the present month. It was resolved that after the annual meeting the initiation fee be made \$5 as per provision in the constitution.

Death of Beagle Emeline.

Another good dog has gone to happier hunting grounds. We refer with regret to the death of Mr. H. L. Kreuder's Emeline. We feel more than a passing interest in this announcement, it having been our pleasant duty to award several prizes to this good beagle, whose light was only eclipsed by that of her new kennel mate Lonely. Emeline was very heavy in whelp to Mr. Kreuder's champion Frank Forest, and was due in ten days. Her owner says something went wrong with her internally early on the morning of May 6, and after having several fits she expired about 2 P. M. the same day. Emeline was bred by Mr. P. Dorsey and is by Lee II. out of Flirt, was whelped May 1, 1890, and purchased when a small puppy for \$10. Mr. Kreuder tells us that the day prior to her last he thinks he would have refused \$500. Her winnings were first, puppy class, New York; second, open, Baltimore; and second, Hamilton, 1891. First and special for best bitch, New York and Nantuet; first, Brooklyn, 1892; first, Gloversville; first, New York; second, Philadelphia, to Lonely; first, challenge class, Baltimore and Washington, 1893. Her late owner writes: "She was very near to me, and her place will be very hard to fill."

New England Field Trials.

The arrangements for the New England Field Trials are progressing. It should be remembered that the entries for the Derby close June 1. First forfeit \$5, second \$10 on Oct. 1, and \$10 additional to start. The prizes are \$200, \$100, \$50, and \$25. Birds, Mr. Brooks tells us, have wintered fairly well. The club has secured a house on the grounds and will have kennels for the dogs, and accommodations for judges, handlers, press, etc. This will be a boon and be much appreciated, more so than the proviso our correspondent naively adds, "that every reporter must drink a quart of rye per day or else be fired;" personally we would rather feed it to the birds; it would make them stronger on the wing than last year. There is little doubt, however, joking aside, that the trials this year will score a big success, and we trust the field trial men from other States will enter some of their dogs. A dog may not come up to the speed requirements of Southern clubs but would probably find the New England country more adapted to his style. Owners should bear this in mind. The judges, Messrs. Wallace and Tallman, are acknowledged experts.

Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club.

A meeting of the above club was held May 2, with Vice-Pres. Edward Rosa, of Schenectady, in the chair. The poultry judges selected are Messrs. F. B. Zimmer and J. H. Drenstedt. Benching and hiring of judges for the dog show was left to the directors. A committee of six was appointed to secure specialists. The rules and regulations were so amended that three entries in the poultry department and two in the kennel department will be required to secure first prizes. Otherwise the first prize will only secure second money. The new members elected included W. H. Boeker, Ralph Russell, Wm. S. Ostrander, Philip E. Rice, Samuel J. Mott, Emmett Carragan, Chas. F. Wells, H. J. Eppler, C. H. Gage, R. W. Fitchett, F. H. Smith, Dr. I. G. Johnson and C. H. Holmes. The next meeting will be held on the first Tuesday in June.

Death of Harry C.

Many field sportsmen will be pained to hear of the death of such a good dog as Harry C. He died last Sunday of acute pleurisy. Harry C. was a handsome English setter

and considered a stylish, high-class dog in the field, though in many ways an unlucky dog. He had his off days, which sometimes came at a critical moment when records were to be made. Mr. S. C. Bradley, his late owner, writes: "Harry C. with his kennel mate Rowdy Rod was as a brace the best I ever expect to shoot over; and to mount a good saddle horse and follow them in their work through the fields of North Carolina would bring a sportsman's heart near paradise. As companions they would win the love and affection of the hardest heart. To lose Harry C. when just in the prime of life is very discouraging and a great loss." Harry C. was sired by Roderigo out of Countess House; whelped June, 1888. He was well known as a field trial performer, having won third Eastern field trials Derby in 1889; second Central field trials Derby in 1889; divided third Central field trials All-Age in 1891; third Eastern field trials All-Age in 1892; first Philadelphia Club's All-Age in 1892.

Ch. Spinaway.

One cannot but admire Mr. L. C. Whiton's persistent efforts to secure a litter from his greyhound champion Spinaway, that he hopes will do justice to the bitch and her breeding. After paying the largest stud fee demanded for any dog, \$200, and incurring the additional expense of a voyage to England and return, his efforts proved of no avail owing to Fullerton's impotence. He returned the bitch to the Short Flats Kennel, and mating her with Young Fullerton, a brother of the celebrated courser, this time he has been more fortunate and the result is two puppies, five of which are dogs. They are all brindle in color and were whelped at the Marlboro Kennels, Lawrence, L. I., and should the puppies be well raised Mr. Whiton will have the nucleus of both a good show and field kennel. Young Fullerton is said to be the fastest dog in England, and we all know how good the Neversettle and Partera blood, from which Spinaway springs, is in the field. We trust Mr. Whiton will have the success with them that he deserves.

An English Visitor.

We are sorry to have missed Mr. W. H. Rothwell, of Rochdale, Lancashire, England, who called at this office the day he sailed for England. Mr. Rothwell has been on a visit to Chicago and is a well known fox-terrier fancier on the other side, being the owner of no less a dog than Milnrow Process. Last Sunday Mr. Rothwell saw Mr. Belmont's kennels and also the Grove Kennels, owned by Messrs. Purroy and German Hopkins. Mr. Rothwell thinks well of both kennels, some of the bitches being good, but the dogs are too strong in head—skull properties. He left us a capital photo of Milnrow Process, which presents a very smart-looking terrier. Mr. Rothwell sailed on the Servia on Tuesday.

Must Not Be Hurried.

The following dispatch appears in the *Evening Telegram*, N. Y.: "CHICAGO, May 9.—Perhaps there will be no dog show at the World's Fair after all. The American Kennel Club wants the judges of dogs appointed at once, and Chief Buchanan, of the Department of Agriculture, has made such want known to the Live Stock Committee of the National Commission. This matter was considered by the Live Stock Committee last evening, and it was decided not to recommend that the club's request be granted." We asked Mr. Vredenburg about this, and he stated emphatically that the American Kennel Club had sent no such notice, nor had there been any meeting authorizing him to do so.

Pointer Club Meeting.

A special meeting of the Pointer Club was held at 40 Broad street, New York, last Monday at 3 P. M. Present: Messrs. John S. Wise, G. Muss-Arnolt, George Jarvis, G. F. Webster and C. F. Lewis. Resignation of president, Mr. J. L. Anthony, was received and accepted. Mr. Adrian C. Pickhardt was elected a member and also elected one of the executive committee in place of Mr. Anthony. A resolution was adopted that members in arrears for dues 90 days should not be allowed to compete for club specials. Mr. George La Rue's resignation was also accepted. Another meeting will be held June 8 and a president elected. The club has 43 members.

Fox-Terriers.

A writer in *Scottish Fancier*, over the pseudonym of "Utility" says, "Any one with a knowledge of fox-terriers for the last fifteen or twenty years should know how the type of the fox-terriers has swung backward and forward like a pendulum. The original rough-and-tumble huntsman's terrier was refined until it was openly hinted that an Italian greyhound cross had been introduced, when the revulsion of feeling brought in a hardy-looking, cobby stamp, like old Raby Tyrant. Since then we have gradually drifted back, until perfection is a dog that should weigh 24lbs., but only weighs 18lbs., as he has neither bone nor brisket."

Dog Law in Pennsylvania.

The act of 1889 has proved very unsatisfactory to the sheep growers of Pennsylvania, and it looks now as if a new bill will be passed by the present legislature. It has already passed the House, and is now in the Senate. It provides that the county commissioners shall annually levy a tax upon each dog of not more than two dollars and of not less than fifty cents. This money shall then be paid into the county treasury as a dog fund, to be applied to payments of losses of sheep. If more than \$200 of the fund remains over at the expiration of the year, the money reverts to the county treasury for county purposes. Under the act dogs are made personal property.

Mascoutah Kennel Club.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club held its annual meeting May 1 in room 814 Monadnock Building, Chicago, at which the following officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., W. J. Bryson; First Vice-Pres., W. Borden; Second Vice-Pres., E. W. Bangs; Treas., Clifford S. Payson; Sec'y, John L. Lincoln. Directors, to serve three years—W. J. Bryson, Arthur Meeker, Charles Schwartz, G. A. Schwartz, Frank Floyd, W. A. Daniels, W. B. Linn.

A New Gordon in the Field.

Mr. Edwin H. Morris has just received per steamship Exeter City the second prize Gordon setter bitch at the last Cruft's show. She was then out of coat, having just had a litter of pups, or would probably have been first. He also had on this same ship a Sussex spaniel of the most celebrated strain, being sired by the dog Mr. Jacobs used to the last and said was the best sire in England. Mr. Morris does not want to tell any more about this dog, as it is a dark one for World's Fair honors.

The systematic way in which Mr. A. D. Stewart is arranging for the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair show strikes us as worthy of emulation. Preparations seem to go on irrespective of the dilatory work of the W. F. show people in respect to the coming show. There is, and we suppose where there are so many men and interests it is unavoidable, so much red tape about the whole of the preparatory work. At 5 P. M. on Wednesday, May 3, we received from Mr. Waters, our Western staff correspondent, the following telegram: "The list of World's Fair bench show judges is being considered by the National Commission to-

day and they will probably be appointed to-day. The revised programme will be issued immediately thereafter. There is a probability that the closing of entries will be postponed till June 1." Later advices from Mr. Waters state that the judges' list has not yet been decided upon. With entries closing on June 1 there would still be ample time before June 13 to get the catalogue ready. As the promised revised premium list is not yet forthcoming it may be well to again suggest that the rule regarding returned entry fees for absent dogs be rescinded, and while the entry fee might still be kept at the same amount the fee be a forfeit, in the usual way, whether the dogs show up or not. This will do away with a lot of clerical work and keep the catalogue within reasonable bounds.

Dr. Hoyt, of Sharon, Pa., sends us a capital cabinet photo card containing fifteen acrobatic scenes, in which his little Italian greyhounds are taking part. Any one who knows how difficult it is to obtain good photographs of these shivering little "dudelets" of dogdom, will appreciate the cleverness with which these pictures have been secured, and the high state of training to which the dogs have been brought.

We have received photographs of the Cumberland Kennels' great Danes champion Melac, Minerva, Charmion, Jennie, Zellar, Norman and Theseus, names which have become familiar during the past show season. Some of the pictures are good, while others, such as Melac's and Minerva's, do not by any means do justice to these dogs. The pictures, however, are a welcome addition to our collection of canine celebrities.

We understand from Mr. W. J. Johnson, an Englishman, who came to this country last September, that his brother will bring over some of Lord Aylesford's fox-terriers for the World's Fair show. He will arrive about the end of this month.

There is no more enthusiastic mastiff man in this country, if we except Mr. Wade, than Mr. C. E. Bunn, and it is peculiarly gratifying to find he has succeeded in breeding a litter of five pups, all dogs, from his celebrated bitch Caution's Own Daughter. The pups are now nine days old.

Dog poisoners are rampant in Hamilton, Canada. Several good ones have already been poisoned. Among them Harry Brey's beagle bitch Juno, which won first in the Hamilton show in 1891, beating some well known and good ones. She created a good deal of attention then but was never shown afterward.

The Cragstone Kennels, owned by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and of which R. K. Armstrong is the manager, one would think would be content to rest on their oars this year at least. Not so, however. They are after a greater yet than Sefton Hero, but the price set, \$7,500, is thought too high, further news than this we cannot as yet disclose. The new kennels will be completed in a fortnight. Besides the collies bought at the Collie Club show, Mr. Armstrong tells us there are some more on the ocean, particulars of which will be given later. With this new active blood in the collie world, this breed, neglected somewhat lately, except by two kennels, will take on a new lease of life we hope.

Mr. D. P. Robertson, of Brooklyn, who has been spending the winter in South Carolina, had his valuable pointer dog eaten by an enormous alligator. But Mr. Robertson killed the alligator, which weighed nearly 700lbs. The pointer was well known in Brooklyn and was a pet of "Boss" McLaughlin.—*Exchange*.

A good many people have asked us where the Lenox Lyceum is, the venue of the Pet Dog show to be held the end of this month. It is situated at Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, New York.

Mr. R. G. Stewart, of Washington, D. C., has just imported the smooth fox-terrier Holster. He is by Kermicham Lancer out of Qui Vive and was whelped July, 1891. Bred by Mr. F. L. Evelyn, England. *The Field*, England, said of Holster in a March last issue: "He has a hard close coat, good legs and feet, nice terrier expression, and withal quite a useful sort." Although only shown four times he has beaten some of England's best, including Dane Forester, Milnrow Process, Hunter Honeymoon, etc., and won second to Vice Regal at Manchester, first and second at Leominster and second Kennel Club show, Islington. Mr. Stewart will shortly place him at stud.

Refuge II was opened by Dr. Sherwood after death and a large ball of hair was found in his intestines, and this was the cause of death.

A correspondent in one of the suburbs of New York requests us to state that he has recently purchased a setter dog which subsequent investigation leads him to believe has strayed away from his former owner. The dog in question is well bred and broken, but perhaps a little gun-shy. Any one who will accurately describe the dog, give correct date as to time of disappearance and produce undoubted proofs of former ownership, can communicate through this office with the present owner by addressing "W." care of FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, N. Y.

Mr. "Al" Eberhart, while enjoying his A. K. C. vacation, still has an eye to future business. Going to Lima, O., he bought the Irish terrier bitch Biddy Mahone from Frank Dale. His Nora II. is due to whelp this week to Valley Boxer. The Dandie Sarah has brought him four good bitches by Amphion and to-morrow Ainsty Daisy is due to whelp to King o' the Heather. Mr. Brooks will soon have a kennel of workers that will, no doubt, afford him lots of pleasure, as the owner of the Heather Kennels is a sportsman and does not believe in bric-a-brac dogs.

Mr. Ed. Brooks is extending his kennels at Hyde Park, Mass., and they will soon be finished. The other day he bought the Irish terrier bitch Biddy Mahone from Frank Dale. His Nora II. is due to whelp this week to Valley Boxer. The Dandie Sarah has brought him four good bitches by Amphion and to-morrow Ainsty Daisy is due to whelp to King o' the Heather. Mr. Brooks will soon have a kennel of workers that will, no doubt, afford him lots of pleasure, as the owner of the Heather Kennels is a sportsman and does not believe in bric-a-brac dogs.

Mr. James Mortimer tells us that he knows absolutely nothing about the arrangements for the World's Fair show. Mr. Mortimer has been generally credited in different papers, both daily and class journals, with getting up that "fake list," but he assured us, very emphatically, that he has had nothing to do with it. Further as a little item regarding the way things are managed in Jackson Park, Mr. George Gall, who went out to attend to preliminaries, etc., has to pay admission every time he enters the grounds. This emphasizes the important information Mr. Waters sends in this week regarding passes.

We recently published particulars of the new dog tax law in Maine, and now we find that there is much kicking in the country towns against the payment of the tax. It seems

that notices were not posted as required, because the law did not take effect until too late, and this has caused the difficulty. An eminent Maine jurist has given it as his emphatic opinion that notice or no notice, the tax can be legally collected. The dog owners are trying to shirk the tax because of the defect in the law mentioned above.

A dispatch from Minneapolis, Minn., states that a meeting was to be held on the 10th (yesterday) to organize a kennel club. As a result of the organization a dog show will probably be given in connection with the summer carnival.

The Lincoln Park commissioners have purchased recently a St. Bernard from Mr. Harry L. Goodman, to be put in company of the baby lions with a view to fraternizing them. This opens up a new sphere for the "holy breed," and a not altogether delightful one for the St. Bernard, unless it be of the proportions of a Lord Melrose, or Lord Bute.

The Homing Instinct in Dogs.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In connection with the homing instinct of dogs, I send you an instance that outranks anything of the kind that I have ever read or heard of. A family moving from the township of Plympton, Lambton county, Canada, to the northwest, via Chicago and St. Paul, took with them a liver-colored spaniel dog. This animal disappeared at St. Paul, and in two weeks from that time was back at his old home in Canada. Among other difficulties to be overcome would be the crossing of the St. Clair river. Now, as it seems improbable that he could travel that great distance in two weeks, the question is: how did he make the journey?

ALLAN DUNCAN.

WYOMING, Canada, May 3.

Not Against the Greyhound Judge.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

During the time of the Continental Kennel Club show I signed the "protest" against the judges appointed for the World's Fair show. Being a greyhound fancier many no doubt take it that I signed said "protest" because I wished to oppose Roger Williams. Such is not the case. I signed it because I did not approve of the method pursued in appointing the judges. Also, because, like many others, I thought John Davidson should have been recognized. In justice to Roger Williams I would state that the Western men appreciate his appointment because he is a Western man and because he is competent.

L. F. BARTELS.

DENVER, Col., May 5.

Separate Rings for Toys.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your article in last issue as to bench shows providing a separate exercising ring for toy dogs, is just exactly correct. It should be done at all shows, and can be at a very slight expense. I've had several narrow escapes at several shows when big dogs tackled my toys. Being in the ring with the dogs and jumping between them in time was all that prevented disaster.

AL. G. EBERHART.

William Rabbitts, Jr.

We have not heard much of Mr. William Rabbitts, Jr., since his marriage, he not having devoted much time to business. Mr. Rabbitts is, however, again on the warpath, and is at liberty to communicate with high-class manufacturers with a view to bringing meritorious goods to the front. There is no man better known on the road, for he has fraternal acquaintances over territory from Atlantic to Pacific and Canada to Mexico. He will soon begin his trip through the United States, calling on druggists, grocers, sporting, goods dealers, seed merchants, etc. His permanent address is Post Office Lock Box 306, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Golden Flash. By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal. for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 9, 1892, by Brockenhurst Tyke (Brockenhurst Chance—Fairly) out of Hillside Spinster (Spaulger—Pigeon).

Lady Graphic II. By Banks & De Russy, New York city, for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 10, 1892, by champion Pommerly Sec (champion Graphic—Lady Vinnie) out of Lady Graphic (champion Graphic—champion June S.).

Lottery. By Banks & De Russy, New York city, for black and white pointer dog, whelped April 25, 1892, by champion Pommerly Sec (champion Graphic—Lady Vinnie) out of champion Fan N. (Fauser—Corsicana Tobe).

Albert's Pansy, Lilly, Violet, Rose and Bluebell. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for three blue belton and two black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped April 10, 1893, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Albert's Daisy (Albert's Garry—Fanny San Roy).

Albert's Snow and Albert's Dan. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for white and lemon and white English setter dogs, whelped March 30, 1893, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Fanny Lewis (Jim Gladstone—Nina).

Albert's Uno and Albert's Cora. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for blue belton and black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped March 30, 1893, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Fanny Lewis (Jim Gladstone—Nina).

Albert's Prince and Albert's Ning. By Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., for blue belton and black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped March 30, 1893, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Fanny Lewis (Jim Gladstone—Nina).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Albert's Queen—Albert's Beau. Goff & Miller's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Albert's Queen (champion Breeze Gladstone—Albert's Duchess) to Dr. Hair's Albert's Beau (champion Count Howard—champion Donna Juanita), Feb. 20.

Dixie B.—Albert's Beau. S. Bates's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Dixie B. (Mack B.—Pet Bervin) to Dr. Hair's Albert's Beau (champion Count Howard—Donna Juanita), March 4.

Girl—Bow Bondhu. G. S. Raynor's (Riverhead, N. Y.) English setter bitch Girl (Evel—Dora Dale) to Dr. Hair's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep), Feb. 28.

Devon Fan—Devon Sancho. Dr. Hair's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Devon Fan (champion Banker—Village Juno) to his Devon Sancho (Molton Baron—Juno), April 13.

Sunbeam—Blenion Reefer. A. L. Cresswell's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Sunbeam (Rustic Royston—Silverdale) to J. B. Martin's Blenion Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel), Feb. 16.

Governor—Blenion Reefer. G. Berrill's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Governor to J. B. Martin's Blenion Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel), March 25.

Judy—Blenion Reefer. D. Shannon's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Judy (Le Logos—Vixen) to J. B. Martin's Blenion Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel), March 26.

Chatham Queen—White Wonder. H. M. Hoves's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Chatham Queen (champion Jubilee—My Queen) to H. A. Haines's White Wonder (Gully the Great—Kit), April 8.

Pearl—Luick's Rattler. G. Luick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Pearl (Trailer II.—Spot) to his imported Luick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), March 24.

Rideau Romola—Obo. Jr. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Romola (Bob Obo—Cleo) to their Obo, Jr. (champion Obo—Nellie), April 13.

Fury—Rideau Rivet. H. C. Bates's (Kingston, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Fury to Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rivet (Dudley Dandy—Bodkin III.), April 4.

Rideau Flossie—Bob Obo. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Flossie (champion Obo—Gipping Floss) to their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), April 3.

Rideau Rhea—Black Jacket. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Rhea (Bob Obo—Cleo), to Corktown Kennels' Black Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah), April 4.

Flora Kay—Bob Obo. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flora Kay (Obo, Jr.—Princess Tiney) to their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), April 4.

Rideau Renah—Black Jacket. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Renah (Bob Obo—Flora Kay) to Corktown Kennels' Black Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah), March 20.

Duchess—Rideau Rivet. S. Simms' (Ottawa, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Duchess to Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rivet (Dudley Dandy—Bodkin III.), March 18.

Idle Obo—Corktown Cupid. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Idle Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo), to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Obo, Jr.—Dot Smiler), March 20.

Nellie Mac—Duke of Dexter. C. D. Roberts' (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Nellie Mac (Beaufort H.—Fanny) to his Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), April 17.

Uno King Don—Duke of Dexter. R. W. Pope's (Gardiner, Me.) pointer bitch Uno King Don (King Don—Fatti M. II.) to C. D. Roberts' Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), March 28.

Duke of Dexter. C. B. Pineo's (Bar Harbor, Me.) pointer bitch — to C. D. Roberts' Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), Feb. 2.

Drytime—Royal Crest. J. H. Watson's greyhound bitch Drytime (British Still—Haytime) to his Royal Crest (Greenick—Royal Rate), April 7.

WHELPES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Alice. J. B. Blossoms' (New York) Irish setter bitch Lady Alice (Redstone—Lady Noreen), April 30, twelve (nine dogs), by his Bedford (Almstrud—Aureole).

Fanny Lewis. J. H. Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Fanny Lewis (Jim Gladstone—Nina), March 30, six (four dogs), by his Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep).

Albert's Daisy. Dr. Hair's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Albert's Daisy (Albert's Garry—Fanny San Roy), April 1, five bitches, by his Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep).

Minute. G. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Minnie (Trailer II.—Daisy), March 9, six dogs, by Rosebrook's Rover (champion Trailer II.—Spot).

Kate. Multnomah Kennels' (Portland, Ore.) pointer bitch Kate (Tim—Guiferna), March 31, seven (four dogs), by W. C. Kennerley's Brown Stout (Graphic—Hops).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Snouflake. Lenon and white pointer bitch, whelped June, 1888, by champion Tannum out of Juno II., by Dr. J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to Broux Valley Kennels, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Fanny San Roy. Black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped November, 1887, by champion Pembroke out of Fanny San Roy, by Dr. J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to A. G. Hooley, New York City.

Fan N. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped March 2, 1887, by Fauster out of Corsicana Tobie, by W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to R. A. De Rusey, New York City.

Rideau Reckon. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1892, by Rideau Rivet out of Clytie, by Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to L. W. Breek, Kingston, Ont.

Uno King Don. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 2, 1889, by King Don out of Fatti M. II., by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to R. W. Pope, Gardiner, Me.

Strebor Don. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 13, 1892, by Duke of Dexter out of Uno King Don, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to F. R. Hoyt, Watkins, N. Y.

Dexter's Flirt. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 30, 1892, by Duke of Dexter out of Benet's Flirt, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to W. C. Hathaway, Plymouth, Mass.

Strebor Martha. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 13, 1892, by Duke of Dexter out of Uno King Don, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to W. W. Burridge, Lawrence, Mass.

Strebor Flora and Strebor Tutti Frutti. Lemon and white and liver and white pointer bitches, whelped July 13, 1892, by Duke of Dexter out of Uno King Don, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to Fred Loucks, Sharon, Conn.

Brockenhurst Tyke—Hillside Spinster whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 9, 1892, by A. B. Townsend, Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, to J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal.

Simon—Luna whelps. Black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped Jan. 13, 1892, by G. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., one each to E. P. Eastman, Lancaster, N. H., and to W. H. Wilkesbarre, Pa. We should say we have passed his usefulness as a stud dog. Beagles not registered.

Dick Swivel—Dietie whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped Nov. 18, 1892, by Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., a dog each to Mrs. Anna Meeker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. S. Boody, Camden, N. J., and D. Laughlin, Utica, N. Y., and a bitch to Mrs. J. L. Cole, New York City.

Kildare—Kildare Joan whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped July 31, 1892, by Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., a dog to Dr. C. H. Stevens, Charlestown, Mass., and a bitch to C. H. Sunderland, New York City.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to the contents of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, England. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

In regard to prescription in answer to A. A. B., Grand Rapids, Mich., issue of April 27, our veterinarian writes: "You omitted the water, doc., that prescription."

E. F. D., Toronto, Can.—Mr. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., owns champion Grand was 12 yrs. old last July. We should say we have passed his usefulness as a stud dog. Beagles not registered.

BILL, New York City.—Willie H., whelped June 26, 1886, by Rhodrick (9238, Vol. V.) out of Spotty (9319, Vol. V.). Modest Girl, whelped May 10, 1888, by Drum II. (9233, Vol. V.) out of Yun Yum, by Minnie out of Lead.

E. S. B.—Could you kindly tell me in your next issue the pedigree of —, and also if he has been in any dog show and who his owner is? Aus. As you are advertising for sale this dog in to-day's issue, you should know as much about him as we do.

C. A. B., Fort Dodge, Ia.—The Chesapeake Queen, owned by the person you named, is not registered. There is a Queen (25,071) owned by W. A. Fonda, of Fanti, Ind., bred by H. H. Smith, Malvern, Ia. Whelped Aug. 20, 1891, by Barnum out of Ruby III. Extended pedigree of this one can be given if required.

SUBSCRIBER, Colverline, Va.—1. Irish setter Maid is by Brag (2368, Vol. II.) out of Effie, by Tollstone out of Ruby II. (2631, Vol. II.). Tollstone, by Grouse out of Fanchon. Brag, by Bob (543) out of Duck (697), 2. No. Let the pup run. You can correct him when you start regular training. 3. There is little choice; should prefer the Ben Hill pup. 4. The dachshund is considered a capital dog after rabbits; consult our advertising columns for good stock.

F. L., Sharon, Conn.—1. I have a pointer dog one year old. He does not carry his tail quite straight, but so that it is sore all the time. 2. Some people tell me to cut the end off at the first joint. He is almost white but his body is full of liver ticks. Will they show through this year when he sheds his coat, or when do you think they will. Aus. 1. Dress the wound on tail with tincture of benzoin and bandage. 2. Probably at shedding.

X. Y. Z., Richmond, Va.—1. You can find no better book than "Kennel Secrets" in which you will find much useful information in addition to that about puppies. We can supply it. Price \$3. 2. No. Pure English setters are white, white and black, white, black and tan; never red. 3. It probably would if the parents were of good field stock. But we see no reason to cross the two breeds. Keep them pure. Your kind wishes are appreciated.

I. W., Colchester, Conn.—Will you please advise as to a puppy about 18 mos. old, which is very thin and system all run down. I have tried several worm medicines, which have failed. He does not seem to have any appetite. Aus. Give the following mixture:

Tr. ferri perchlori..... 3 i
Liq. arsenicalis..... 3 ss
Aq. ad..... 3 viii
Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day. Also give a teaspoonful of cod liver oil twice a day and a little raw meat daily.

J. W. G. D., Chestnut Hill, Pa.—I have a spaniel (dog) that was lost about two weeks ago, when found two days afterwards his hind legs were paralyzed, I think from a blow. He was very tender along the back, from which I think he was hurt. He also hurt him to be lifted up or moved about. The only comfortable position for him to be in was when he was sitting up straight. He had no feeling in his legs or feet (hind ones) that I could see. He was also very weak, having had nothing to eat for three days and being exposed to a cold rain for a day and a night. He is naturally a hardy dog and well used to rain and cold weather out hunting. This way we have been treating him is this: His back was bathed with witch hazel, until the soreness had gone (about a week), and since then he has been well rubbed (dry) along his spine and hind quarters. His bowels have been kept open with castor oil and buckthorn. I don't think he has any power over these or his bladder, but I am not positive on this. He has also

had a nerve tonic, 3 times a day. He gets a good deal of milk, a little raw meat and macaroni, and stale bread and milk toast. His appetite is very good. He has improved somewhat, all the soreness has gone, and he can be punched and rubbed all over without pain. He also can lie in any position comfortably. He can wag his tail and draw up his legs (hind ones) when pinched or tickled, and can also stretch them out. When placed on his feet he can stand sometimes without being helped, but has no power to walk with his hind legs. He pulls himself about with his front legs and is able to lift his hind quarters about half off the ground. He has also gotten strong again and looks otherwise in very good condition. When lying down on his stomach he keeps his hind legs out underneath him on his left side, they never seem to be out on the other side. When placed on the right side they seem stiff. There seems to be no swelling or sore spot anywhere. Kindly let me know if there is anything further that I could do for him. Aus. Give the following pills:

Ext. nucis vom.....grs. ii
Ergotine.....grs. xii
Make 12 pills. Give one three times a day.

H. A. B. P., Manchaug, Mass.—My mastiff dog was found dead a short time ago, in about three inches of water on the edge of a pond. He was not swelled in any way; he had been gone about eight days before he was found, and when found he was lying in a natural position such as he took when sleeping. He had about seven pounds of raw meat per day and the water he had been in the habit of drinking was not strictly pure. He was allowed to go where he pleased, and could have had fresh water from the numerous neighboring ponds had he so desired. For several months he has drooled considerably and was frequently sick during the day, so he would not eat his meat. Can you give me, from this description, an idea of the cause of his death. When taken out of the water, smelled very badly. The dog was muzzled. Do you know of any poison that acts in the way we have described, or do you think he died from black-tongue or blain. The dog was four years of age. Aus. The drooling may have been due to disease of gums, teeth or tongue, or paralysis of the cheek. It is impossible to tell the cause of death.

S. F. R., Danville, Pa.—I have a valuable spayed setter bitch that cannot hold her urine. Will you kindly inform me if it can be cured; if so, how? Our veterinary surgeon says not. I do not want to lose her if a cure is possible. Aus. The inability to hold the urine may be due to the spaying, in which case it would be incurable. Try the following mixture:

Perri phos.....3iv
Tr. nucis vom.....3i
Tr. belladonna.....3ii
Aq. ad.....3vi
Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

J. K. N., Delphos, O.—We have a St. Bernard dog about eight months old that is troubled with an inflamed condition of eyes, extending from cornea to inner canthus and afflicting the conjunctiva. The left eye seems worst; has had it since birth. There is also some pus in inner canthi. What shall I do for it? Aus. Try the following lotion:

Zinci sulph.....2i
Acid boracic.....3i
Tr. opii.....3ii
Aq. distil ad.....3viii
Mix. Lotion. Apply to eyes frequently with a piece of sponge. I presume the eyelids are not turned in.

Canoeing.

An Adjustable Steering Gear.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM of March 2, 1893, appeared an article on the Dorion adjustable rudder head. I submit the inclosed sketch as an improvement, it being applicable both to a rudder head or to a deck yoke in canoes or boats carrying a mizzen. For this use B is divided into two distinct parts, c is a plate fastened to the yoke and d the socket for ball joint, screwed either to the yoke or to the deck.

At first sight this may seem more complicated or more difficult to construct than the Dorion, but it will be found that by using Babbitt metal an amateur with a little ingenuity can produce one. In casting the socket a glass marble of proper size can be used to mold the inside. The glass can also be used for making a plaster Paris mold for casting the ball; when doing this a bolt can be cast into the ball and then screwed into the piece which acts as a socket for the tiller handle. To disconnect the tiller from the ball socket it is only necessary to take out the two screws e in plan B.

R. EASTAN BURNS.

The Susquehanna River.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: Under the head of Canoe News Notes in your paper of May 4 I find one of your correspondents asking for information about the Susquehanna River from Harrisburg to Havre de Grace. If you will kindly tell him to address me and propound his question I will be only too glad to give him any information, as I have made the trip twice, and also wrote quite a lengthy article on the Susquehanna in your paper several years back.

MARR. W. FACHS, Sec. Harrisburg, C. C.

Your correspondent's cruise was published in the issues Jan. 15-22, 1891. Charts of Chesapeake Bay can be had of D. Eggert's Sons, 76 Wall street, New York.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION—Raymond Buck and R. H. Clarke, Jr., New York City. Northern Division—Norman F. Fraser, R. Sutherland and J. A. Dalton, Cataract C. C., of Kingston.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Jackson (Mich.) C. C. was held on May 1, the following officers being elected: Com., S. B. Mettler; Vice-Com., G. G. Case; Sec., F. M. Yerrick; Meas., E. L. Smith; Directors, W. W. Todd, F. C. Mead, C. A. Blair, F. H. Helmer, C. E. Markham, S. B. Mettler, G. G. Case, F. M. Yerrick, E. L. Smith; Regatta Committee, Clyde Brown, C. A. Blair, Frank Smith.

The South Boston and Massachusetts C. C. consolidated last month and held their first smoker on April 25, at the club house, under the name of the South Boston C. C., the name by which the club in the future will be known. Music (vocal and instrumental) legerdemain and a fine athletic exhibition were among the evening's entertainment. We hope to have a good season, and will try to make it lively if possible. The following officers were elected: Com., G. B. W. Armstrong; Vice-Com., N. W. Fitzwilliams; Sec'y, J. W. Manley; Treas., D. A. O'Neill; Meas., J. Hodges.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.
12. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
13-14. Cor. San Fran., Cruise, Vallejo
20. Southern, Sully, N. Orleans
26. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
27. Buffalo, Opening Cruise, L. Erie.
27. Phila., Opening Cruise, Del. Riv.
27. Rochester, Opening Cruise to
Sodus, Charlotte, N. Y.
28. Pavonia.
29. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay.
30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay.
30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Am. Ideal, Prospect Park.
30. So. Boston, Open, So. Boston.
31. Fall River, Opening, Mt. Hope Bay.
31. Cor., San Fran., Annual, San Francisco Bay.
31. Manayunk, Model, Regatta, Schuylkill River.
31. Cedar Pt., Opening, Cedar Pt.

The Boston Herald of May 7 contains a very fair and impartial summary of the course of designing and racing since the Volunteer—Thistle races, giving due credit to both sides, and with none of the rampant spread eagles that is affected by so many American yachting writers. While he has a hard rap at British conservatism, the writer points out that the prevailing type of late years, such yachts as Liris, Pappoose, Tomahawk, Saracen, Kathleen and Gosson, are essentially of the British type. We are glad to see that the Herald is at last awake to the advantages of the 40ft. class, as the smallest size in which racing can be regularly carried on about the coast, and at the same time large enough for all purposes of practical experiment at a much lower cost than the expensive 46-footer.

From all accounts, the schooner Atlantic has fully realized the pre-

dictions made at the time Mayflower's trip across the Atlantic was under consideration. As it has happened, Atlantic is the first of the so-called "Big Sloops" to go out of sight of land, and in a gale which she encountered, those on board this modern combination of beam and low lead were tossed about like so many dried peas in a bladder, unable to find rest even on the floor.

The purchase of Volunteer by Com. J. Malcolm Forbes, Eastern Y. C., reported last week, proves to be a fact, and the yacht will later be changed to a single-sticker, the original rig being restored. Com. Forbes is reported as saying that he purchased the yacht (only for cruising, but he is likely to gratify the general desire to see her beside the new boats, even though her length should prevent her final selection to meet Valkyrie.

Mrs. CARROLL has had Navahoe constantly under way, her board being shipped and the boat finally turned over by her builders. The schooner Iroquois, 80ft. l.w.l., has been about Bristol and Newport, and the two have sailed together, and circumstantial reports of their races have appeared in the daily papers. The truth is that only those directly connected with Navahoe are in a position to know whether she has yet come up to expectations, and whether the report is true that she will have more lead added outside her iron bottom. Both of the other Herreshoff boats, the two Cup defenders, will have their lead keels bolted on as in a wooden yacht, a very unusual proceeding in a metal ship.

It would undoubtedly be a satisfaction to all yachtsmen who desire to see the prizes lost or won on the merit of the sailing, rather than to retain possession by unfair conditions or some favorable circumstance, if the challenger in each case could be picked from the fleet at the end of the season, after defeating her fellows, but no practicable means of attaining this end has yet been suggested.

In an article which we reprint in another column, the Field comments on the chances of Navahoe and Valkyrie in their respective ventures, and expresses an opinion with which we agree, that each is likely to be defeated by the home fleet. The chances must always be against the one yacht which goes from her home waters and strongly in favor of the several opponents she must usually meet. This holds true when it is merely a matter of a few hundred miles, as has been proved repeatedly in contests between New York and Boston, and the case is emphasized when an Atlantic voyage enters as a factor. Such instances as Madge in 1881, or Minerva, crossing the Atlantic and defeating the whole home fleet for two seasons, or of Wenonah and Wee Win on the Clyde and Solent last year, are more exception and are likely to occur only in the case of a small yacht that at the start attracts little attention. When a yacht is deliberately built to challenge for an important prize efforts are at once put forth to beat her, and usually with success. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that Navahoe may be decidedly superior to her opponents and may repeat the performances of Wenonah; but in our opinion the large yachts on each side will be much on an equality in actual merit of design, and the controlling factors will be their special adaptability to local conditions and the added opportunities over the visitor for "tuning up" by means of trial races.

Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.

THE Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was organized in 1888, at a time when the racing of yachts from 30ft. upward engrossed the attention of all clubs, and when the growing field of small craft was receiving little attention save from those directly interested in canoes, canoe-yachts and single-hand cruising. The intention of the founders was to form an organization that should be general rather than local, following the scheme of the American Canoe Association rather than being modeled after the ordinary yacht club. In accordance with this plan the work of the fleet was limited to no one place, members were enrolled from various localities, and the different races were held at points convenient to different sets among the members, on the Sound and about New York Bay.

The fleet was successful from the start in securing and holding a good membership; but it has always had to contend with a serious difficulty in the lack of a definite policy for the encouragement of the craft to which it proposed to devote itself. The boats enrolled in its ranks were of many different types, and the fleet was organized with all sizes, models and varieties of racing and cruising craft between. Many of the boats did not race at all, others wished to race under some cruising restrictions, while others again were fitted only for racing under the fewest possible limitations.

The earlier races were patronized by the majority of the fleet, but of late the entries have been reduced to the recognized racing craft of the local yacht clubs, and a contract has been made for a desirable fleet of cruising craft, such as the first idea contemplated.

Within the past three years a great change has taken place in yacht racing, the 40ft. and 30ft. class having disappeared to be replaced mainly by much smaller boats, so that the larger clubs have been glad to devote themselves to the 35ft. sailing length class and other small craft. This has to a certain extent interfered with our function of the fleet, and of late has made it a serious question as to the future policy of that organization. Not a few of the members have favored the scheme of a permanent station which would place the organization on much the same basis as the regular yacht clubs; while others have opposed the idea as foreign to the first purpose for which the fleet was organized.

As will be seen from the following circular just sent out by Com. Grant, the new plan has been adopted and will at once be put into execution, with every prospect of success. The fleet will still be devoted to the interests of the smaller class of yachts and cruisers, and thus will appeal directly to the owners of these craft as including men of similar taste and owning boats of no greater size. There are many good sailors in small boats who are averse to parade their craft in such tiny craft in a yacht club whose fleet is made up of nothing under 40 feet waterline, and all of these will find congenial fellowship in such a club as the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet. Com. Grant's circular is as follows:

New York, May 1.—To the Members of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, Greeting: It gives your commodore much pleasure to announce that the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet has secured for itself a safe harbor and harbor. Heretofore, as you are aware, the fleet has had no local habitation, and, though always received by its larger sister clubs with hearty welcome and uniform courtesy, it has sadly missed a club house of its own, where hospitalities might be extended to all and where its members might find their own folks living over their own domain. A site has been secured on beautiful Echo Bay in the "Cove" near the New Rochelle Rowing Club, and a contract has been made for the erection of a modest but comfortable club house, which is expected, will be thrown open for a house-warming on or before Decoration Day. The executive committee is pleased to report that the money now in the hands of the treasurer is sufficient to meet one year's rent of grounds and the cost of the buildings. For the care of the club house and maintenance of the same during the season, dependence must be placed upon prompt payment by our members of their annual dues. Therefore, the time for the payment of dues has been extended to June 1, after which date any delinquent member, upon the treasurer's report, will be dropped from the rolls without further notice. Address of the treasurer, J. A. Stow, Mills Building, New York City.

In the possession of a home and harbor, there is every reason to look for a substantial increase in the membership from the single-handed class, to whom this organization extends a hearty invitation. We would respectfully request from each member that he will make special efforts to secure new candidates for the fleet, and without delay report the same to our secretary in order that nominations may be acted upon at the May meeting of the executive committee. In compliance with our constitution, Article 7, Section 2, the following gentlemen are now thrice coming up for membership at that meeting: Wm. Kirk, Glen Cove; Daniel K. Hall, Jr., Glen Cove; F. S. Dorius, 20 Nassau street, proposed by Thos. D. Tabor, Vice-Commodore; Harold V. Cleaver, 20 Broadway; J. Douglas Sparkman, 60 Broadway; Phelix Duffy, Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Ferris Currier, New Rochelle, and William L. Ballard, 32 Nassau street, proposed by the commodore. To make success permanent, and to keep ourselves within the limits of the funds in the treasury, the intention of the executive committee, but, without the encouragement and support of every member, its efforts will be in vain. Very truly yours,

FRANK S. GRANT, Commodore.

The old Studio Building on West Tenth street, New York, is really the cradle of race designing in this country, at least there that is where Cary Smith was located, following his profession of a marine painter in company with other artists, where he made the design on paper for the cutter Vindex, in 1871. The stir which this new model and new method created grew into a furious battle a few years later, and when Intrepid was designed for Mr. Lloyd Phoenix in 1878, the yachtsmen were divided into two factions, the local and the progressive men who upheld the designer, and the great body of yacht owners and "prominent yachtsmen" who still swore by the builder at his wooden model. It was by slow degrees that the tide was turned by such yachts as Mischief, Fortuna, Valkyr, Cinderella and on down to Froquois and Yampa, all designed in the same dingy and dreamy way, and the studio building has been the scene of the most famous room for models and drawing boards, both growing larger as Mr. Smith has progressed from yachts to the largest passenger steam-

boats. The incongruity between the atmosphere and surroundings of the Studio Building and the work of modern designing and marine engineering has become more and more marked, until one day a couple of weeks ago Mr. Sturges, in his modest way, laid down in 1884, and made sail for a new anchorage up on top of the big Havemeyer Building on Cortlandt street, with plenty of light and air and a view of half the harbor. His work at present is mainly in the line of larger passenger steamers, and the continued success of the R. J. Peck is likely to keep the new office busy.

Mr. Paul Butler, the present owner of the famous America, will keep the old schooner in commission this year.

The new flagship of the New York Y. C., Com. Morgan's steam yacht May, will probably sail this week from England for New York.

The Rogers cutter Colonia is nearly ready for the water, and will probably be put over on the high tides next week. The Morgan-Iselin boat is now plating up, the entire plating, save a wide sheer strake, being of Tobin bronze.

We have received from Mr. Chas. G. Yale, of San Francisco, a little pamphlet giving the season's programme of the local clubs, the Pacific, San Francisco Corinthian and Euclid yacht clubs, the Oakland C. C. and Oakland Navy, a total of nearly a hundred races, cruises and such special frolics as the Pacific yachtsmen are noted for.

Emerald, the schooner designed by H. C. Wintringham for J. Roger Maxwell, was launched at the Messrs. Moore's Crescent Ship Yard, Elizabeth, N. J., on May 10.

The St. Lawrence River Y. C., of Montreal, has arranged the following series of fixtures for the season: May 24, cruiser; June 3, A class (over 30ft.); 30ft. and 21ft. class; June 10, 25ft. class 18ft. and skiffs; June 17, A class, 30ft. and 21ft. class; June 24, 25ft. class, 18ft. and skiffs; July 1, Sir Donald A. Smith \$500 challenge cup in morning; steam yachts in afternoon; July 8, A class, 30ft. and 21ft.; July 15, 25ft., 18ft. and skiffs.

Iris, steam yacht, has been sold by Com. A. J. Poole, Chelsea Y. C., to Vice-Com. J. A. Proctor, Kennebec Y. C. The yacht has been fitted during the winter with a new cabin.

Aquila has been chosen for the 104ft. composite steam yacht which the Lawley Co. is building for Mr. Arnold Thayer, of Brooklyn.

Lapping, cutter, built by Lawley in 1882, for Mr. Forbes, has been sold to Arthur Almy, of Providence. Lapping is of the old Itchen length class type.

The wreck of the fast launch Yankee Doodle has been located by divers after a search of two weeks, and she has been raised and taken to Philadelphia, where she will be rebuilt or a new hull will be built for the same boiler and engines, which are still serviceable, though badly rusted. The wreck was found in 20ft. of water, covered by a scow load of mud dumped on it, and about 600ft. below where she was burned last fall.

Audax, yawl, designed by John Hyslop for H. W. Eaton, was launched at Read Bros.'s yard, Mill River, on May 2. She is 43ft. over all, 30ft. l.w., 10ft. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft.

Wasp, Mr. Rogers's 40-footer, has been chartered to E. R. Coleman, of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., who is fitting her out and will race her this season.

Wood & Son some time since shipped to Chicago the two life boats for the U. S. Government, and Mr. Frank Wood has lately been in Chicago looking after the proper display of the exhibit at the Fair.

We have received from the author, Mr. George Terrell, a copy of the Thames Yachting Almanac for 1898, published by Horace Cox, London, giving a list and a brief history of the various yacht and sailing clubs on the Thames, and a calendar of all the races scheduled for the coming season, with charts of the up-river courses. The river boasts in all of twenty clubs.

According to a brief note in the *Field* the 40-rater Queen Mab has had her centerboard removed and other alterations made at Cowes. So far as it goes, this is a confirmation of the current report that the centerboard, after being tested last season, was found to be of little or no use.

Vendetta, Admiral Montague's new 40, will have her lead in the form of a bulb keel, though she is not a fin-keel in model or construction.

Barracouta, Mr. Willoughby Weston's steam yacht, was launched at White & Son's, Cowes, on April 17, and made a trial trip on the following day.

The Massachusetts Y. C. will open its summer quarters on Rowe's Wharf, Boston, on May 15 in the evening. The new club house at Harrison Square will be opened on the same day. The winter quarters at 15 Hayward place, Boston, closed on May 8.

On May 1 the small schooner *Elsie*, owned by P. W. Merchant, was stolen from Marston Harbor, being picked up two days later by the Greaves by some Swampscott fishermen. She had been abandoned with sails partly set and anchor down.

The sailing committee of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., Capt. Grant, E. H. Ambrose, J. H. Fernside, T. W. Lester and W. H. A. Wallace, has arranged the following programme of club races: May 24, 21 and 25-footers; June 10, 30 and 40-footers; June 24, 21 and 25-footers; July 1, cruising handicap race; July 8, L. Y. R. A. regatta; July 22, 30 and 40-footers; Aug. 5, White Wings cup, all classes; Aug. 12, cruising handicap race; Aug. 19, Marguerite cup, 25 and 40-footers; and the 21-footers cup; Sept. 2, Monck cup, 40-footers; Sept. 16, 21 and 25-footers; Sept. 30, 30 and 40-footers. In addition to the cash prizes a flag will be presented to the boat making the best average in the different classes, except in the cruising handicap; the Jarvis anchor will be given to the boat making the best average in the 30ft. class, and the Dufferin de la Motte 25ft. class. All prizes will be sailed in the bay except the Monck cup, which will be sailed off the pier.

The two yacht clubs of Lake Minnetonka, the Minnetonka Y. C. and the Excelsior Y. C., have amended their respective measurement rules as follows: Minnetonka Y. C.—1893: Measurement Rule—Length shall be taken 3in. above the water line. The water line shall be determined by ballasting the boat to her usual trim when the crew are not on board, with no less than 2lbs. of ballast for each square foot of mainsail. The inside ballast to be placed as directed by the measurer, who shall keep a list of the weight of the ballast. The ballast shall be ballasted in any race as to make her classified length more or less than the extreme limits of her class, when the crew are not on board. Time Allowance—(b) The sailing length of a boat shall be the square root of its sail area. Exception—(1) It shall not be computed at less than the minimum length of its class. Number of Crew—Rule IX.—Crew—(a) A cat-rigger boat may carry any number of men, provided their aggregate weight does not exceed 140lbs. for 20-footers and 160lbs. for 21-footers. (b) A boat of any other rig may carry any number of men, providing their aggregate weight does not exceed 140lbs. for each square foot of total sail area. Excelsior Y. C. measurement rule.—Owners shall mark the load water-line length of their yachts on both sides of the bow and stern in such manner as the official measurer may direct, which marks shall be used in determining the sailing length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim, including racing crew on board at and about the mid-over-all length. Time Allowance—(b) The sailing length of a boat shall be the water-line length added to the square root of sail area, the sum divided by two. Number of Crew—Boats may carry one man for every 5ft. or fraction thereof of sailing length.

Capt. Bixby, United States Army, has returned from a week's visit to Vineyard Island Sound and vicinity, where he has contractors engaged in removing several wrecks which have been obstructions to navigation. The principal of these is the yacht *Alva*, and the captain regrets to report this craft yet intact and practically in as good condition as she was when the wreckers left her two or three months ago. The sea appears to have little effect on the hull, and dynamite is little more destructive. The contractors have, in the past month, detonated nearly 1,000lbs. of dynamite, most of it upon the *Alva*, the damage thus far done is to punch a few small holes in her deck and sides, the two coal barges *Storm King* and *Zulu*, which collided with the yacht and then sank, are distributed about the bottom of the sound, so that they form no obstacle to other than crabs and flounders. The work upon the *Alva* will be continued as weather permits.—*Providence Journal*.

The Toronto Sailing Skiff Club has removed into its new quarters at the foot of Main street. The club house is an excellent building with a main room 30x24, which is at present the second largest club room on the bay front. There are also board and dressing rooms, each 10x12. There is a dressing and locker room on the ground floor for the use of the members, and also a large space for boats. The balcony leading from the main room extends the whole length of the building, being 45ft. long and 13ft. wide, and from it can be had a command view of the harbor. Above this, in the centre of the building is an officers' lookout 12x12. This is built for the convenience of race officials. The entrance to the club will be both from the east and west. The platform on to the water is 55ft. long, which will give ample accommodation for steamers to tie up. Mr. Sautter, the builder, who is a member of the club, is to be complimented for the fine and handsome structure he has erected on such short notice. The following fixtures have been arranged for the season: Saturday, May 27, handicap race, open to all club boats under 25ft. corrected length. Races for first class skiffs, 19 to 17ft. waterline, will be sailed on the following Saturdays: June 10, July 15, Aug. 5 (World cup), Sept. 2. For second class skiffs, under 17ft. waterline, June 24, July 29, Aug. 9 (World cup), Sept. 9. For special classes, 25ft. and under corrected length, June 24, Aug. 12, Sept. 9. Open races—Handicap, open to all comers under 25ft. corrected length, June 17, Sept. 16. Cruising races—Saturday July 1. There will also be two

other cruising races, the dates to be named later. The classification for skiffs will be water-line length measurement, corrected length. There will be three prizes for each race in each class, besides a flag which will be presented to the three first boats in each race. The membership of the club has been rapidly increasing since March 1, there being at present nearly one hundred members on the roll.—*Toronto Mail*.

The business heretofore carried on by Messrs. Gardner & Mosher has been formed into a stock company which will undertake all work in connection with the designing and building of yachts.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The Zettler Rifle Club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday night, May 2. As this was the time set for the distribution of the prizes from the winter season shoot the attendance was somewhat larger than usual. After the prizes had been distributed there was a general inclination to do a little shooting. A team match was thought to be a good scheme, and Messrs. Dorrier and Ross were induced to act as captains, and two teams were made up. The first match resulted in a victory for Capt. Ross's team. The second match went in favor of Capt. Dorrier's team. At the close of the second match the hour was so late that it was decided to postpone the shooting off of the ties until the next meeting. The scores of the competing teams are appended, 5 shots per man, possible 125:

First Match.	
F O Ross, Captain.....	121
D Walther.....	122
H Holges.....	121
G W Plaisted.....	121
R Busse.....	117
A J Christian.....	114
F Fekking.....	119-839
F Fabarius.....	106-814
Second Match.	
M Dorrier, Captain.....	121
D Walther.....	119
H Holges.....	121
C G Zettler.....	120
G W Plaisted.....	118
Gus Novak.....	118
R Busse.....	119
A J Christian.....	114
F Fekking.....	118
F Fabarius.....	113-827
M B Engel.....	120-826

The members of the club met in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on the 7th inst. for their third practice shoot. The weather conditions were just such as the rifle crank delights in—a good clear light and wind sufficient to sweep away the smoke.

There was a goodly number of shooters present and many good scores made. Geo. Joiner, one of the old-time Creedmoor shooters, was out and tried his hand with an old muzzleloader. Judging by the score, Mr. Joiner is inclined to believe that he has lost too much of a combination of age in man and gun. Barney Zettler surprised all hands, himself included, in his shooting to-day. He has of late got into such a habit of making ordinary scores that his friends had come to the conclusion that Barney had become *passé*. His shooting, however, shows that he has a little reserved shooting force left yet. B. Walther, the president of the club, was out too, but his gun was out of order. The Hollander left his gun and another veteran rifleman, David Miller, of Hoboken, came out to the park in order to get his rifle sighted and ready for the prize shoot, which comes off here on the 14th and 15th inst.

In the competition to-day Messrs. Ross and B. Zettler tied for the highest individual score. The scores of the members will be found appended, 10-shot scores, three scores to count:

F O Ross.....	20 25 24 20 21 25 20 23 24 22-222
B Zettler.....	20 25 24 20 21 25 24 23 21 22-222
Richard Harmann.....	20 19 23 22 21 21 25 24 23 21-228
B Zettler.....	21 17 23 22 21 21 24 23 24 22-219
B Zettler.....	24 23 19 24 22 25 19 24 21 25-239
B Zettler.....	25 21 25 22 20 23 20 20 19 20-215
B Zettler.....	22 24 20 23 22 21 23 21 27 20-217
B Zettler.....	24 24 20 24 22 23 21 23 24 22-228
Geo W Plaisted.....	19 24 18 18 24 20 10 23 23-211
B Zettler.....	21 20 20 21 24 24 21 23 22 22-218
B Zettler.....	23 25 23 23 23 22 18 23 18 23-221
H Holges.....	18 20 23 22 22 22 22 25 17 21-213
B Zettler.....	24 24 25 17 17 21 21 20 22 22-216
B Zettler.....	23 23 19 20 23 25 20 21 23 23-220
L Schmidt.....	25 14 20 20 20 23 21 21 23 20-211
B Zettler.....	21 19 23 21 22 21 21 21 23 20-212
B Zettler.....	21 21 16 24 20 23 21 21 23 21-212
M B Engel.....	14 24 17 22 23 17 24 23 17 25-205
B Zettler.....	20 22 23 17 16 17 23 23 24-209
B Zettler.....	20 24 19 20 20 20 20 20 24-214
C G Zettler.....	22 21 20 20 18 23 19 20 20-207
B Zettler.....	20 21 21 21 22 22 20 20 15-207
B Zettler.....	21 25 25 20 23 19 24 18 19 25-219
Geo Krauss.....	18 24 18 22 20 18 24 18 24 18-204
B Zettler.....	20 20 20 17 17 23 21 23 23 23-207
B Zettler.....	19 22 16 19 15 23 22 21 21 18-208
B Zettler.....	23 24 13 22 8 14 11 17 18 12-151
Jos Günther.....	24 9 22 21 11 10 13 13 13 10-149
B Zettler.....	21 30 15 25 17 19 7 18 12 16-173
Geo. Joiner.....	21 0 0 14 20 14 16 23 23-129
B Zettler.....	21 16 23 22 18 21 19 21 15 23-199
B Zettler.....	22 8 20 23 23 19 25 21 14 22-197

Marten vs. Libinger.

For two years past Messrs. Ignatz Marten, president of the Long Island Real Estate Exchange, and Philip Libinger, the brewer, both of whom are well known and prominent among the Eastern District business men of Brooklyn, have had a match on hand to shoot for a diamond trophy. Various circumstances have come up from time to time to prevent the two shooters from coming together to shoot off the match.

Wednesday, May 3, was finally agreed upon as the date upon which the match should be shot off, and Decker's new Schutzen Park in Coney Island, L. I., the place where it should take place. Invitations were sent out to all the prominent riflemen in and about New York to be present and witness the contest. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been a large delegation of shooters present, but as the weather clerk had not been consulted in the matter, he took it into his head to make things very uncomfortable for those who had any desire for travel on that particular day. A few intimate friends of the gentlemen engaged in the contest braved a heavy northeast storm and went out to the park, hoping that the weather would clear before the time set for the match should arrive. It was decreed otherwise, however, and the few devotees of the rifle who ventured out to the park in question had to do at the expense of wet feet and various other disagreeable features.

The two contestants in their shooting abilities are very evenly matched, and it was thought that the contest would be both close and interesting. The second round in the match, however, was the rock that wrecked the hopes of Libinger and his friends.

Libinger's cartridges were loaded with the bullets seated well into the shell and hard crimped, and the consequence was that on Libinger's second shot one-half of the shell went out with the bullet. The same thing happened in the third shot, giving him two misses in three shots. While Marten's shooting was anything but brilliant, Libinger's misfortunes and consequent poor holding gave Marten such a lead that it was out of the question to make up the lost ground. The conditions were 25 shots per man, German 25-ring target, distance 300yds. The totals are as follows: Ignatz Marten 460, Philip Libinger 326.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The first official outdoor shoot of the Excelsior Club came off at the Greenville (N. J.) Schutzen Park on Friday afternoon, May 5.

The competition between Messrs. Boynton Hughes, Hanson and Speicher was very close and exciting. When the last shot of the quartette had been fired and the totals counted up it was found that the honors were divided between Messrs. Speicher and Hanson, with 210 to the credit of each. The scores of the members in the competition are appended: 10 shots, possible 250, distance 250yds.: P. P. Hanson 210, J. Speicher 210, J. Hughes 205, C. Thomas 203, O. C. Boyce 202, William Weber 179, M. Ryer 99.

Greenville Rifle Club Gallery Shoot.

The Greenville Club held its first weekly gallery shoot in the new club house on Friday evening, May 5. To say that the members were pleased with their new quarters hardly expresses their feelings. Fifteen members were on hand to compete for the club trophies. The scores are appended: W. H. Robedoux 247, M. Dorrier 246, George Purkiss 245, F. C. Ross 243, W. C. Collins 239, C. Boag 239, H. Chavaut 236, G. W. Plaisted 236, C. Schelein 236, J. Boag 235, J. Kaiser 233, J. Spahn 227, J. Hill 226, W. Pfeiffer 214, A. Lembeck 212.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Zettler Club's two days' prize shoot opens in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, May 14. The programme shows a liberal outlay of cash prizes. The ring target contains 20 prizes from \$40 down to \$1. The main target 15 prizes from \$20 to \$2. The bullseye target 18 prizes from \$20 down to \$1.

The Empire Club offers any shooter visiting its range, No. 12 St. Mark's place, on the regular shooting nights, the following cash prizes: \$10 for a score of 250, \$8 for a score of 248, \$5 for a score of 246, and \$2 for a score of 244. The entrance fee is 25 cents per score. This ought to give some of the gallery experts an opportunity to earn a little pin money.

The friends of Messrs. Marten and Libinger would be pleased to see the two gentlemen come together again in a rifle match. Mr. Libinger certainly can make a good average score when the conditions are normal. He is not satisfied with the last shoot, and so far as Mr. Marten is concerned, it seems to be a case of "Barkis is willin'." We therefore see no reason why the friends of the two gentlemen should not have their wishes gratified in the near future.

The Eastern Shooting Association or Schutzen Bund will meet on Friday night, May 11. The sub-committees from the nomination committee have been hustling for candidates for the permanent board of officers, and it is to be hoped that they have been successful.

Speaking of fake targets, we were very much interested in an anecdote we heard Barney Zettler relate one day last week of how he in the presence of witnesses pretended to make a full score of 10 shots. Barney said that every one of the witnesses would swear that they saw the target shot, and yet it was a case of optical illusion.

I met in my travels last week a rifle crank, a man who in business matters has a good reputation for truth and veracity. He averred that a few days before, at a distance of 23yds., on a machine rest, he put 50 consecutive shots in a 2in. circle. I reminded him of that old, old story of the boy and the hatchet, but the look of injured innocence that he cast at me made me feel weary.

Chicago Rifles.

DEATH OF MR. SCHOTTE.

Chicago, Ill., May 4.—The interests of rifle shooting in Chicago and in the country at large, suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. C. Schotte, controller of the Chicago Schutzen Verein, and secretary of the International rifle tournament to be held in Chicago this summer. Mr. Schotte died last Friday, April 28. He had been ill for some time, but died at last suddenly and unexpectedly while up and clothed, and in the attempt at carrying on his daily affairs. He was a large-hearted man, and one of large abilities. His mastering of details had done much toward pushing the World's Fair rifle shoot to success, and his strong influence will be sadly missed. His funeral was marked by a large concourse of mourning friends.

A GOOD RIFLEMAN GONE.

Mr. A. McBean, once of St. Louis, but lately of Chicago, one of the best of the riflemen of either city, and a gentleman who has taken great interest in rifle shooting and rifle matters here, leaves Chicago this week and returns to St. Louis, where he may make his home for a time at least. Mr. McBean hopes to be on hand for the shooting in the World's Fair rifle tournament, in whose interests he has been a very useful factor. E. Houghton.

The Hudson Rifle Club.

Score of Hudson Rifle Club shot on range at Marion, N. J., Monday, May 1, distance 25yds. Regular weekly competition:

H L Hansen.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 24 24 23 23-244
J Rehban.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 24 24 23 23-243
A W Steuber.....	25 25 25 25 25 25 24 24 24 24-242
C E Bird.....	25 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 23 23-238
H Mahlenbrook.....	25 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 23 23-238
F Sessman.....	25 24 24 24 24 24 23 23 23 23-234
C Staderman.....	25 25 24 24 23 23 23 23 23 23-233
J Buch.....	25 24 24 23 23 23 22 22 21 19-227
S Middleton.....	25 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 20 20-220

It is expected that the Hudson Rifle Club will have their new uniform by June 1 and appear in full uniform at all the outdoor prize shooting festivals which will be held during the summer months.

PLAISTED.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, May 7.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day. Conditions, 300yds., off-hand, at the standard target. The shooting was below the average on account of a strong, fluctuating wind.

Gindele.....	82	80	83	Martin.....	61	58	56
Weinheimer.....	69	69	65	Randall.....	72	75	75
Wellinger.....	50	63	77	McClung.....	26	43	34
Stegner.....	68	67	66	See.....	61	58	69
Schels.....	65	64	64	Hazen.....	73	61	61
Boumback.....	76	68	62	Puthoff.....	58	63	64
Payne.....	81	79	79				

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

The first official outdoor medal shoot of the Turtle Bay Club was held at Woodside, L. I., on May 7. Five members participated in the competition, five scores of 10 shots each to count, distance 50yds., 25cal. rifle. The scores are appended:

Geo E Janzer.....	223	230	224	231	225-1138
J Gels, Jr.....	211	221	215	212	221-1082
H Walter.....	203	208	218	229	215-1073
J Krampert.....	219	202	204	213	205-1056
J Oberle.....	204	197	204	203	200-1008

Greenville Rifle Club.

The season shoot for 1893 of the Greenville Rifle Club, Greenville, N. J., opened in Armbruster's Park, on Saturday, the 6th inst. The club has just got settled in its new club house, and the members are enthusiastic about rifle shooting. The scores of the members present in the outdoor practice are appended: 10 shots, possible 250, distance 200 yards: F. C. Ross 222, C. Boag 220, H. Chavaut 214, J. Boag 213, W. Robidoux 206, C. Schelein 198, J. Hill 190, M. Becker 182.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

At the meeting of the Turtle Bay Club on Thursday night last, the men indulged in a two men team match for the refreshments for the members present. The result of the contest was that Geo. E. Janzer and his partner had to do the honors for the evening. The satisfaction of the opposing team was expressed in a manner usual to such affairs. The conditions were three scores to each shooter, the aggregate of the whole to count:

H Walter.....	240	242	240-722
J Krampert.....	239	231	243-703-1425
J Oberle.....	233	230	229-691-1423

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

May 15-20.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament, Independence, Mo.
May 16-17.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, Lansing, Mich.
May 16-17.—Herron Hill Gun Club tournament, Pittsburgh, Pa.
May 16-19.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Lansing, Mich.
May 17-18.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association spring tournament, at Newburg, N. Y.
May 18-19.—Charlotte Gun Club tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.: \$25 added money.
May 19-20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association target tournament, at Passaic, N. J.
May 19-20.—Glen Echo Gun Club tournament, at Washington, D. C.
May 20-21.—Anaconda (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

May 19-21.—Anaconda Rod and Gun Club tournament, Anaconda, Mont. Open to all comers. Howard Rockefeller, Sec'y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to prizes. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.
May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Omaha, Neb. F. O. Parnell, Sec'y.
May 23-26.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, McPherson, Kansas.
May 24-25.—Sunnyvale (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.
May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
May 26-27.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Springfield, N. J.
May 30.—White Plains (N. Y.) tournament.
May 30.—Highland Gun Club tournament, at Moline, O.
May 30.—Muskegon (Mich.) Gun Club tournament.
May 30.—Sportsmen's Gun Club tournament, at Wilkesburg, Pa.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.
June 1-2.—Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., second tournament.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester, N. Y. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
June 20-22.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.
June 21-22.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association second annual tournament, Wapconong Park, Altoona, Pa.
June 27-28.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Salem, Oregon.
May 28-30.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peekskill, N. Y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Salt Lake Gun Club, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has 30 members, all of whom are enthusiasts. The club shoots every Friday afternoon for a medal. Their officers are John Sharp, President; W. H. Treman, Vice-President; D. E. Brockback, Secretary and Treasurer; William Christy, Captain; John M. Sharp, First Lieutenant; W. B. Margetts, Second Lieutenant.
We are advised by Geo. S. Atwater that the tournament of the Glen Echo Gun Club, of Washington, will begin on May 18, instead of the 16th, as before announced.
This will make the dates 18, 19 and 20. The programme has been arranged so as to conform as nearly as possible to the Knoxville programme, so that those who stop at Washington en route to the Knoxville shoot will have good practice at the same styles of shooting they will have to do in Tennessee. The Glen Echoes have secured fifty merchandise prizes from local business men.
The Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, Chas. Young; First Vice-Pres., John Strong; Second Vice-Pres., Joseph Beck; Treasurer, Richard Hughes; Secretary, John A. Reid; Executive Committee, J. S. Sackman, Ben Downs, Frank Hutchins and R. S. Black. Messrs. S. Van Bird, Joe Beck and J. A. Reid were appointed an auditing committee to audit the secretary's and the treasurer's books. Chas. Young and John Strong were elected delegates to the State tournament and Ben Downs and J. Sackman alternates.
The Catawissa (Pa.) Gun Club has moved to W. G. Yetter's field above North street. The club shoots every Thursday.
The members of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association will have a surfeit of shooting during their sixteenth annual tournament, to be held at Washington Park, Independence, Mo., on May 15 to 20, inclusive. The annual convention will be held on the 15th, at 8 P. M., when officers will be elected and the enforcement of the game laws discussed. The programme for the tournament was given last week. The Midland Hotel will be the shooters' headquarters.
The Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club announces a programme of ten events each day for their target tournament, on May 24 and 25. The events are at 5, 10, 15 and 20 singles, 5 pairs and 6 singles, and 2 pairs. The entries run from 30 cents up to \$1.25. There will be two events each day with \$10 added in each.
The following has been received anent the coming tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association at Rochester, June 13 to 16 inclusive. The programme for our tournament is about completed and will be ready for mailing about the 20th inst. We have arranged for the week \$5,000, the prizes (merchandise and cash) aggregating for the week \$5,000, the guarantee footing up \$3,000 and the merchandise \$2,000. An outline of the programme for each day is appended: Monday, sweepstake shooting all day; Tuesday, first event, \$500 guaranteed, entrance \$5; second event, merchandise contest, entrance \$5; third event, \$500 guaranteed, entrance \$5. Wednesday, first event, \$500 guaranteed, entrance \$5; second event, \$100 miss and out, entrance \$2.50; third event, \$400 guaranteed, entrance \$4. Thursday, first event, \$500 guaranteed, entrance \$5; second event, free merchandise contest, no entrance; third event, \$400 guaranteed, entrance \$4. Friday, the championship team race, Lefever diamond medal and Dean Richmond trophy contests. In the merchandise event on Tuesday there will be \$1,500 worth of prizes, including two Parker hammerless guns, a Lefever hammerless, an L. C. Smith hammerless, a fine cabinet Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine; also one of the Singer Sewing Machine Co.'s best machines, and other valuable prizes. In the free merchandise contest there will be many valuable prizes, aggregating about \$500. The price of targets will be 3 cents each.—H. M. STEWART.
No better-natured or more modest, unassuming man can be found in the ranks of trap-shooters than he who is known to those who attended the Wilmington shoot as Harry "Hire-a-bill" Hartlove. Mr. Hartlove is a good shot at either targets or live birds, from a trap or on any kind of field game, although he never pretends to be above the average skill. Every man, however, has his one conceit and in Harry's case it relates to his ability (?) to shoot "crap," at which game he considers himself a master, while his friends declare that he does not know a little bit about "shooting the game." Billy Fieles says that until he and H. A. Penrose took Harry to Staunton, Va., the latter will never understand the game.
Parties who have live pigeons for sale would do well to correspond with H. M. Stewart, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Buildings, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Stewart is corresponding secretary of the New York State Association and wants to secure a big lot of birds for the June tournament.
Programmes have been received for the ninth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, to be held at Victoria, B. C., June 14 to 17, inclusive. The annual convention will be held on June 14, at the Briard Hotel. The shoot will be held at the Victoria Driving Park, blue rock targets, expert traps and electric pulls to be used. On the first day the events will be two at 10 singles, \$1.50 entry

\$40 added in each; 15 singles, \$2.50 entry, \$50 added; 20 singles, \$3.50 entry, for the individual championship \$350 badge; teams of two, 10 singles each, \$6 entry, \$50 added. The average prizes will be \$20, \$15, and \$10, in events 1, 2 and 4. On the second day, two 15-target events, \$2.50 entry, \$50 added in each; 10 single live birds, \$5 entry (ties at 15 singles), for the Globe championship trophy of gold with diamond setting, value \$350; 10 singles and 3 pairs, entrance \$2.50, \$50 added. A \$50 gold medal, \$15 and \$10 cash will be average prizes for the two days. Third day, 10 singles, \$1.50 entry, \$40 added; 15 singles, \$2.50 entry, \$50 added; trophy team contest (teams of three), 20 singles each, \$6 entry, for a \$350 solid silver tankard; 5 singles and three pairs, \$2 entry, \$30 added. There will be ten average prizes for the three days, running from \$25 down to \$5. Fourth day, club team contest (teams of 6), 20 singles each, \$30 entry, first prize \$120, second prize \$80, guaranteed if four teams or more enter; 10 single live birds, British Columbia gold badge, value \$100, entry \$5. On this day there will also be a special event, open to provincial clubs for the 1893 medal presented by the Hamilton, Ont., Powder Company, 50 singles, entry price of birds. During the four days the added moneys and average prizes will aggregate over \$700.
BALTIMORE, Md., May 3.—The Pimlico Gun Club has been organized, and the following officers have been elected: Roderick D. Coe, President; Major Wm. D. Robinson, Vice-President; Dr. Lewis F. Fry, Secretary; Dr. Heber Smith, Treasurer, and E. B. Coe, Field Captain. There are seventeen members. The club has secured shooting grounds near the rear of the bicycle track, on Pimlico avenue. The members will practice at target-shooting on Thursdays and Saturdays. It is their purpose to give a live pigeon-shooting match on the first Thursday of each month. Members claim that there will be no violation of the law against cruelty to animals, and they state that the secretary of the Maryland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be invited to witness the first shoot. They state that should a bird escape instant death, it will be pursued and killed as soon as possible, so as to prevent wounded birds from suffering.
All shooters are invited to take part in the Decoration Day shoot of the White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club to be held on the fair grounds at White Plains. The members of the club will contest for a gold medal, and there will be a series of live bird and target events open to all.
Glen Echo, on the Potomac River, almost five miles from Washington, is said to be one of the attractive places within reach of the capital, and George Atwater says the Glen Echo Gun Club's shooting quarters are the finest in the world. The club house, or more properly speaking the hotel, stands on the brow of a cliff between the edge of which and the house is a platform 100ft. long and 75ft. wide, which overhangs the water, being supported on piles formed of tree trunks. On the edge of this platform are the traps. The background for the

We publish herewith an excellent half tone cut showing the genial faces of a number of prominent shooters of the Greensboro (N. C.) Gun Club. This club is one of the strongest in the State, and that its members are popular sportsmen is shown by the attendance at the recent tournament held there by the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association. The leading spirits in the club are E. L. Gilmer and J. F. Jordan, who not only unite their sporting interests, but who are connected in business as well under the firm name of Jordan & Gilmer, wholesale dealers in fine leaf tobaccos. J. L. Fonda, another prominent member, is Southern representative of the Clark "O. N. T." Thread Company. Garland Daniels knows something about the art of target smashing, as is shown by his winning the North Carolina championship at the Manufacturers' tournament. All the others are able to hold up their ends of a contest, despite the fact that some of them appear youthful. The club will be represented by a strong team during the Knoxville tournament.
The Anaconda (Wyo.) Rod and Gun Club will give a tournament, open to all, May 19, 20 and 21. The secretary is Howard Rockefeller. The tournament will be conducted for live bird shooting under revised American Association rules; also for targets, except the rise for all bores of guns will be 17yds. Bluerock targets will be used; and all shooting from 5 known traps, unknown angles, and on the rapid-firing system.
The Muskegon (Mich.) Gun Club will hold a target tournament on Decoration Day.
The Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold a tournament next month.
At the monthly shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., on April 29, Dr. Harvey Tredell won the medal on 18 breaks out of 20 targets shot at.
The Celestial City Gun Club, of Pekin, O., have elected Henry Brandes, President; George Smith, Secretary, and Philip Arnold, Treasurer. This is a new organization which starts out with an active membership of 16.
The Ottawa Shooting Club has elected Col. Louis Smithnight, President; Directors, A. L. Moses, Dr. J. E. Cutler, N. P. McKean, C. J. Sheffield, C. W. Bingham and J. N. Henderson.
The Highland Gun Club, of Moline, Ia., will hold a tournament shoot on Decoration Day.
The third tournament of the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Machinodous Gun Club, at Moodus, on Tuesday, May 23.
The Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., will hold a target tournament, on June 1 and 2, at Globe Park. The main event will be at 100 bluerock targets each, \$10 entrance, to run during the two days. The management expect sixty entries when there would be seventeen cash prizes, ranging from \$70 down to \$5. Each day there will also be two 10-target, one 15-target and one 20-target event. Other events to suit the shooters. Entries for the 100-target event, accompanied by \$2.50 forfeit may be sent to Jonas U. Cassell, Norristown, Pa., on or before June 1.
Committees in charge of tournaments and members of trap clubs in general are usually willing to acknowledge that the success of their shoots are due largely to the "booming" they receive from the sportsmen's journals. Some of them, however, do not seem to be aware of the fact that these journals can say little if anything in support of a shoot unless they are first apprised of the nature of said shoot. In a number of instances we have received notices that a certain date was claimed for the tournament of a certain club, and after inserting the same in our list of Trap Fixtures, would hear no more from the club until too late to help them "boom" their shoot. For instance, our last issue went to press at 3 P. M. on May 3. On the same day we received a copy of the programme of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League, whose annual tournament, began on May 9 and closes to-day. On the same day we received a programme of a shoot to take place in California on May 7. Both of these were too late for use, and these are only a pair of many like occurrences. We are willing to help along all clubs at all times, and if they wish to help us to help them, they must remember to send us programmes so they will reach us at least two weeks before their shoot takes place. Oblige us in this respect and we will be liberal in our "puffing."
The Reading Shooting Association will have a tournament at Matz's Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa., on Decoration Day. C. H. TOWNSEND.
Colt Medal Shoot.
HARTFORD, May 6.—Following are the scores made by the Colt Gun Club at their medal shoot, 25 Keystone targets:
White.....111110110001010101011—16
Decker.....1111101111111111011011—22
Manross.....111111111111111111111—25
Pearl.....00010010010010010100010—8
Green.....111011100111111111111—24
Hotchkiss.....100101011111111111111—19
Olinsted.....110111111101111111111—22
Alger.....1111101101100111111101—20
Vivantes.....1111111011001111111101—21
S. Hills.....1101110111011001111111—18
Treat.....1111100111110011111111—21
Willey.....111001101101111111111—30
Melrose.....111111111111111111111—23
McGinty.....111111111111111111111—23
Cook.....110101101101111111111—21
Risley.....110111111111111111111—24
Belden.....1001011011010101010101—15
McMullin.....101011110010101010101—17
W. Johnson.....001111001100100110111—17
Burbidge.....111111101111111111111—24
M. F. C.
Fountain Gun Club.
OWNS to the stormy weather the members of the Fountain Gun Club did not turn out very strong on Wednesday, May 3, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. Only five were present to make the best averages for the annual class prizes. Each shot at 10 birds, 25yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules. H. W. Blattmacher was the best with 9. Dr. Wynn and A. Eddy being tied for second with 8. Some good sweepstake shooting followed. Blattmacher and Dr. Wynn divided the money in the first for the best two scores. Dr. Wynn won first in the second and left Dr. Wynn and J. E. Lake to shoot their tie out for second money. It took 13 more birds to settle it, Dr. Wynn winning. The score:
Dr. Wynn.....1001211212—8 1311—5 32011—4
A. Eddy.....111011230—8 11109—34
W. Lafr.....112000101—6 01230—3 0123—4
J. E. Lake.....1201203—3 22100—3 0123—4
H. W. Blattmacher.....212221011—0 11111—6 2111—6



J. F. Jordan. Geo. Fitzsimmons. H. L. Lee. E. L. Gilmer. J. L. Fonda. C. W. Tate.
E. W. Tate. G. Daniel. James D. Glenn.

GREENSBORO GUN CLUB SHOOTERS.

targets is the sky. During the tournament on May 19 and 20, the shooters will be accommodated at Cabin John Bridge Hotel.
The Charlotte Gun Club, of Charlotte, N. C., should have a good attendance during its shoot on May 18 and 19. All the Greensboro, Staunton and Lynchburg shooters will stop there en route to the great Knoxville tournament of the following week.
The spring tournament of the West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association to be held at Newburg, N. Y., on May 17 and 18, will be an attraction for New York and other shooters. At last fall's tournament of this club the management was first-class, and the comfort of the guests was carefully looked after. The grounds are situated in an attractive location with a good background for either live bird or target events.
The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' target tournament at Passaic, N. J., on May 19 and 20, should draw all the shooters of the New Jersey State League. The Passaic grounds are splendid ones, and the members of the club are well known as first-class enter-tainers.
No less than seventy days' tournament shooting has been scheduled for this month. These represent twenty-nine separate tournaments.
The Wilmington (Del.) News of May 1 published a history of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, embellished with a portrait of President Chas. Fehrenbach.
The Bath (Me.) Gun Club has elected Geo. E. Thompson President; Chas. Furber, Vice-President; J. C. Higgins, Secretary and Treasurer, and A. S. Merrill, Captain.
On the night of April 24 thieves entered the telegraph office of M. S. Anderson, secretary of the White House Gun Club, and stole his L. C. Smith hammerless 12-gauge gun, No. 30,879, and a Maynard rifle, 25-cal.; also all his reloading tools, etc. Mr. Anderson offers a suitable reward for any trace of them.
The Wauregan Gun Club will hold its monthly live bird shoot at Pelhamville to-morrow.
The Myrtle Avenue Gun Club of Irvington, N. J., has secured new grounds on Elmwood avenue.
A kingbird shoot will be held at the Syracuse Gun Club grounds next Tuesday, May 16. Birds two cents, included in entrance. Rapid fire, unknown angles. Events Nos. 4, 6 and 8, Jack Rabbit system. Other events divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Take Crouse avenue cars. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. H. R. Becker, Manager.
William R. Hobart has severed his connection with the American Field.
The East End Gun Club, of Richmond, Va., has elected Capt. Jas. R. Sheppard, President; E. L. Ford, Vice-President; John J. McDowell, Secretary and Treasurer.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., May 6.—Mr. W. A. Alderson and his friend, Mr. Knight, both of Kansas City, were in Montgomery Ward & Co.'s when I happened to call there last Wednesday. Mr. Alderson was prominently identified with field trial matters in the West a few years ago. *En passant*, it is a pleasure to mention that he still owns good dogs and intends breeding more. But his anecdote about some trap shooting is what will be most interesting to the reader. It was something after this fashion. A man who lived near Wichita, Kans., kept about 200 carrier pigeons. They became very offensive to the neighbors. He had determined to get rid of them. It so happened that a St. Louis gun club, which shall be nameless, became their purchaser. The pigeons were intended to meet sudden death from the deadly aim of the club members at the traps. In a few days about 150 of the pigeons returned to the original owner. Thus is a new field opened for the use of carrier pigeons, if they can be sold an indefinite number of times to the same club to shoot.

The following is an interesting account of heavy shooting taken from the *Daily Evening Post* (Pekin, Ill.): "Among the strangers attending the shooting tournament in this city is a man named Edwards, weighing 200 lbs., and one Courtney, who tips the beam at 278. They are a jolly pair and afforded a great deal of amusement for those present at the shoot yesterday. They took part in nearly every shoot, and after the programme great many special shoots were held. Near the close of the afternoon one of the gentlemen suggested getting up a heavy-weight team, as there were several large men present. No sooner was the matter spoken of when the team was made up, six men being entered. Their combined weight was 1,588 lbs., distributed as follows: Edwards 291, White, the ex-saloonkeeper, 295, Courtney 278, Hindert 278, Sheriff Friederich 235, J. B. Irwin 232. The men selected their guns and stripping off their coats stepped forward to the mark. Edwards shot first and broke his bird. Then came White, who has done very little shooting. He leveled his gun for the bird, gave the signal and the trap was sprung, but the gun failed to explode, he having pulled the wrong trigger. He was given another trial and when the trap was sprung fired away with both eyes shut. Several feet below the bird a contestant was given 10 birds, and at nearly every shot some amusing incident would occur that would call forth a loud cheer, and during this event the people enjoyed themselves more than they had during the entire day. Irwin has also done very little shooting with a shotgun and never before over traps, but he handled the gun in very good style. For some cause or other he did not succeed in getting the birds and the making was clean. A score as White up to the ninth shot, when he hit the bird square in the center, breaking it into a hundred pieces. For this work he was greeted with tremendous applause. At the close of the contest the score stood as follows: Edwards 7, White 0, Hindert 5, Courtney 10, Friederich 5, Irwin 11.

The Los Angeles Wing-Shooting Club elected the following list of officers: President, E. E. White; Sec.-Treas., J. B. Winston; Directors, E. Unger, E. B. Tufts and Dr. W. R. Bird. The club held its first shoot this season April 23. The scores were small.

The programme of the Jack Rabbit Tournament of the Janesville Shooting Club is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of the secretary, H. H. McKinney, Janesville, Wis. The tournament will be held on May 30 and 31.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The programme of the nineteenth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association is arranged with many novel and improving features. It is concisely written and shows original thought. It shows also that shooting matters are developing, and that the Association is up to that development. It keeps up the old tradition that Chicago shooting is a contest of skill. It breaks up the mechanical features of the shooting, and while it makes the shooting hard it gives the amateur a chance in it. Useless old ideas are discarded.

The merchandise prizes are no part of it. The Association is a dignified, self-supporting organization. Trap-shooting has long since outgrown the evolutionary stage where charitable gifts are necessary to give it life.

The burst walk-around, rapid-fire system has no encouragement in this programme. With known traps and known angles, it made clean scores a certainty to those who could get sufficient practice to acquire the mechanical skill which that style of shooting admits.

Dropping for place is energetically discountenanced and penalized. The management reserves the right to bar objectionable entries. Each shoot is so arranged that there is no cinch for the rounders. There is no jack rabbit shoot for the experimenters. In short, the management has thrown every possible safeguard around the competition, which will bring it within the realm of true sport.

The nineteenth annual convention will be held at the Sherman House, at 8 P. M., June 5. Beginning on that day, the tournament will be held at Watson's Park, Burnside. The World's Fair shoot will begin at the close of the State tournament. The events are as follows:

First contest, Board of Trade diamond badge, value \$500, and \$100, \$75 and \$50.
Second contest, L. C. Smith cup, value \$500, and \$75, \$50 and \$25.
Third contest, the Club Team Championship, open to teams of four men from any club, a member of the State Association; ten live birds; entrance, prize, cash \$100; first prize, sterling silver cup, value \$100; second prize, cash \$75; third prize, cash \$50; fourth prize, cash \$50; special prize, four opera glasses, one to each member of the winning team.

WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT, SWEEPSTAKES TOURNAMENT, OPEN TO ALL.

Under the auspices of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. (The management reserves the right to bar objectionable entries, but no reputable man of any rank or any nationality will be barred.)

Rules.—All live bird contests in the following programme will be shot under the new Illinois State Rules.
Dropping for place.—Any shooter found dropping for place in any event shall be debarrd from all further interest in that event in case of the first offense. Upon detection a second time in a similar offense, he shall be ruled off the grounds.
First contest, Death of the Monotone System, open to the world, at 20 bluebirds, \$5, four moneys, everything known, walk around.
Second contest, at 20 live birds, \$20, birds included, four moneys.
Third contest, at 15 bluebirds, \$5, 5 unknown traps, known angles, four moneys.
Fourth contest, at 15 bluebirds, 9 singles and 3 pairs, \$4, four moneys.
Fifth contest, at 7 live birds, \$7.50, birds included, three moneys.
Sixth contest, at 15 bluebirds, \$5, walk around, 5 known traps, unknown angles, 4 moneys.
Seventh contest, at 10 bluebirds, \$3, 3 moneys, each class tie to be shot down to 3 men.
Eighth contest, at 12 live birds, \$10, birds included, 4 moneys.
Ninth contest, at 15 bluebirds, \$9, birds included, 3 traps, unknown angles, 4 moneys.
Tenth contest, "Jack rabbit shoot," 15 bluebirds.

Should time offer at the close of the above programme, further contests will be arranged to suit the convenience of the gentlemen on the grounds.

THE DOUGLAS GUN CLUB.

The Douglas Gun Club of Chicago, held its first shoot this season on Wednesday, May 3. The principal event was the shoot for the club medal, or medals, there being three of them, first, second and third, one each for the three members making respectively the ten best scores of the season.

The afternoon was most unfavorable for good work with the gun. The weather was raw and damp. A solid mass of black clouds obscured the sky, and a light fog added to the badness of the light. A spark ignited the roof of the club house, which was of inflammable material. Fortunately the fire was quickly extinguished, the interior of the roof through a crack and thus was discovered before it had a chance to spread. It was quickly extinguished.

The club held a meeting after the shoot was ended. Mr. C. Lansdon was elected captain in place of Mr. J. Morton, who resigned. Mr. B. Waters was elected an honorary member. The next shoot takes place Saturday, May 7, at Burnside, at 10 o'clock.

The club is an active one and the weekly shoots are well attended. All the shoots, except the club medal shoots, were light sweepstakes. No. 1, practice shoot, 10 bluebirds; Lansdon 8, Church 6, Barto 7, Johnson 5, Morton 1, Bingham 10, Patterson 7, Lamphere 5, Stabford 5, Harris 5.
No. 2, club shoot, 25 bluebirds; Bingham 20, Harris 11, Barto 12, Church 20, Stabford 11, Lansdon 18, Johnson 10, Morton 12, Patterson 13, Lamphere 15. First, Church; second, Lansdon; third, Harris.
No. 3, 10 bluebirds; Lansdon 9, Church 5, Barto 6, Johnson 7, Morton 2, Bingham 5, Patterson 6, Lamphere 4, Stabford 8, Harris 5.
No. 4, 10 bluebirds; Lansdon 8, Church 7, Barto 8, Bingham 9, Johnson 5, Morton 3, Patterson 7, Stabford 5, Lamphere 7, Harris 6.
No. 5, Lansdon 8, Church 9, Barto 4, Bingham 9, Johnson 3, Morton 5, Patterson 5, Stabford 6, Lamphere 6, Harris 5.
No. 6, 10 bluebirds; Lansdon 9, Church 7, Barto 4, Bingham 6, Johnson 7, Morton 5, Patterson 7, Stabford 6, Lamphere 5, Harris 1.
No. 7, 10 bluebirds; Lansdon 9, Barto 6, Bingham 9, Johnson 5, Morton 3, Patterson 8, Stabford 5, Harris 7.

THE GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

This popular club held its first shoot this season on Saturday, May 6. There was a remarkably large attendance. There is an *esprit de corps* in this organization which insures keen competition, good fel-

lowship and the presence of a large number of members at each shoot.

Messrs. F. E. Adams and R. S. Mott were elected to membership at a meeting held toward the close of the shoot.

The weather was clear, though the shooting was made a bit difficult by the wind, which was strong enough to make the targets fly irregularly at times. Known traps and unknown angles were the conditions in each shoot, except double birds.

No. 1, sweepstake, 15 bluebirds; O'Neil 10, Burgess 5, Drake 5, Patterson 8, Hicks 10, Palmer 13, Pilz 9, Blatherwick 6, Baird 9, Ackerman 6, Adams 11, Mott 4, Lauterbach 10, Hodson 9, Northcott 8, Richards 9, Pond 0, Tefft 10, Bowers 10, McColligott 7, Bortree 9, Smith 6.

No. 2, sweepstake, 10 bluebirds; O'Neil 8, Burgess 6, Drake 7, Patterson 8, Hicks 4, Palmer 7, Pilz 9, Blatherwick 3, Baird 5, Ackerman 4, Adams 7, Mott 2, Lauterbach 6, Hodson 5, Northcott 6, Robbins 7, Coppennoll 9, Scott 5.

No. 3, club medal shoot, three medals, three classes, A, B and C, 25 bluebirds; O'Neil 23, Drake 14, Patterson 19, Hicks 18, Palmer 18, Pilz 17, Northcott 19, Ackerman 13, Adams 20, Baird 14, Mott 18, Lauterbach 20, Hodson 10, Robbins 20, Coppennoll 19, Richards 18, Smith 17, Tefft 22, Bowers 14, McColligott 5, Bortree 15, Young 13, Cruver 11.

No. 4, sweepstake, 15 bluebirds; O'Neil 10, Burgess 11, Drake 8, Patterson 9, Hicks 11, Palmer 12, Pilz 9, Eich 11, Ackerman 7, Adams 9, Mott 9, Lauterbach 7, Hodson 10, Northcott 9, Robbins 11, Coppennoll 9, Scott 8.

No. 5, sweepstake, 15 bluebirds; O'Neil 7, Burgess 9, Drake 9, Patterson 22, Hicks 13, Palmer 11, Pilz 13, Ackerman 11, Adams 9, Mott 8, Lauterbach 10, Northcott 3, Robbins 9, Coppennoll 8, Scott 4, Richards 1, Pond 4, Tefft 10, Bowers 8, McColligott 4, Bortree 11, Smith 6, Skinner 4, Eich 12.

No. 6, sweepstake, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., 10 singles and 5 pairs; O'Neil 17, Drake 9, Patterson 16, Hicks 13, Palmer 13, Pilz 13, Ackerman 10, Adams 10, Baird 13, Northcott 14, Robbins 11, Coppennoll 16, Richards 13, Taft 15, Bortree 8, McColligott 11, Bowers 14, Young 9, Cruder 3, Scott 7, Skinner 17, Eich 17. First, Skinner, Eich, O'Neil; second, Patterson, Coppennoll; third, Taft.

B. WATERS.

The Tournament at Independence.

INDEPENDENCE, Ia., May 3.—The tournament of the Independence Gun Club, held in this city May 2 and 3, was not very well attended, owing to the rainy weather. Rain has fallen in this locality twelve out of the last fourteen days, and the roads are almost impassable. What shooters were in attendance had a first-class time and went home well pleased. Among those in attendance were C. M. Grim, Clear Lake; G. P. Hughes and Ed Chigren, of Fond du Lac; J. B. Irwin, of Van Shaff and Staghey, of Waverly; McBride, of Victor; McGoolge, of St. Paul, Minn., and Budd, of Des Moines. The targets were thrown about 60 yds., and the shooting was very difficult and but few straight scores were made.

First Day, May 2.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Shaffer.....	5	9	8	15	9	16	6	6	9	12	13	9	9	12	6	6	6	6	6
Chingren.....	10	13	15	11	19	20	9	5	15	13	14	10	11	13	10	15	13	8	8
McGoolge.....	6	9	11	10	10	10	3	13	9	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Baird.....	2	7	7	6	11	11	3	13	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Bain.....	2	7	7	6	11	11	3	13	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Rackerman.....	5	10	10	10	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McGoolge.....	8	8	13	15	8	16	7	6	14	10	14	8	6	9	7	13	12	12	12
Hughes.....	5	11	14	12	11	14	21	6	8	12	13	13	9	11	12	10	14	14	5
Budd.....	6	10	14	12	11	18	24	7	9	14	14	8	12	13	8	12	14	9	9
Grim.....	7	10	13	14	10	19	23	9	15	15	10	10	12	14	9	15	13	13	13
Frazier.....	9	8	13	10	10	17	22	9	12	13	11	9	10	12	9	14	15	15	15
McBride.....	9	11	11	14	10	19	23	9	15	15	10	10	12	14	9	15	13	13	13
Hageman.....	7	11	10	10	16	6	6	6	12	13	9	12	11	11	14	14	15	15	15
Reck.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Ickle.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Donovan.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Frank.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Hagerman.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Rausch.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Hofer.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8

Second Day, May 3.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Grim.....	10	13	15	10	15	14	15	9	8	13	8	14	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Budd.....	8	12	17	10	12	13	11	7	9	10	5	14	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
McGoolge.....	9	15	14	14	8	13	11	9	6	14	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Hughes.....	9	15	14	14	8	13	11	9	6	14	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Staghey.....	8	12	14	10	13	10	10	7	13	5	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Pratt.....	9	15	14	14	8	13	11	9	6	14	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Chingren.....	6	14	17	10	15	12	10	7	8	13	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Northcott.....	9	15	14	14	8	13	11	9	6	14	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Hageman.....	7	11	10	10	16	6	6	6	12	13	9	12	11	11	14	14	15	15	15
Ickle.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Donovan.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Frank.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Hagerman.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Rausch.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Hofer.....	12	14	10	15	15	15	12	12	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8

White Plains Scores.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., April 29.—We herewith inclose you the scores of our shoot on the 27th inst. Owing to the day being stormy the attendance was small and the shooting poor. No. 1, 10 bluebirds, \$1 entrance; Platt 7, Lee 8, Sutton 8, Gray 7.

No. 2, same: Platt 7, Lee 9, Sutton 9, Gray 6.

No. 3, same: Lee 6, C. Sutton 8, Platt 5, Betti 6, Halpin 3, Odell 5, G. Sutton 4, Ward 8, Gray 7.

No. 4, same: Lee 7, C. Sutton 8, Platt 7, Betti 1, Halpin 7, Odell 7, G. Sutton 6, Ward 6, Gray 4.

No. 5, 15 bluebirds, entrance \$1.50: Ward 14, Gray 7, C. Sutton 9, Platt 8, Odell 8, Lee 13, Halpin 11, C. Sutton 11, Betti 5.

No. 6, 10 bluebirds, expert rules, entrance \$1: Halpin 4, Lee 4, Gray 2, E. Ward 5, G. Sutton 6, Lord 1, C. Sutton 5, Platt 8, T. Ward 0, Rowley 6, Betti 4.

No. 7, 10 singles and 5 pairs, entrance \$2: Lee 11, Platt 7, Halpin 9, Ward 11, G. Sutton 9, E. Ward 16, T. Ward 12, Lord 10, Gray 10, Odell 12, Betti 11, Loease 11, Huff 4.

No. 8, 10 bluebirds, entrance \$1: C. Sutton 7, Lee 7, Halpin 8, W. Ward 6, Platt 4, Huff 4, T. Ward 8, Rowley 9, E. Ward 4, Lord 7, Betti 2, G. Sutton 0, Odell 5.

No. 9, same: Paulding 5, E. Halpin 7, Rowley 7, T. Ward 8, Platt 4, E. Ward 6, W. Ward 9, C. Sutton 7, Odell 2.

No. 10, same: C. Sutton 7, Halpin 8, T. Ward 6, Rowley 7, Platt 5, Odell 6, Huff 5, E. Ward 4, Paulding 3, W. Ward 7.

No. 11, 5 live birds, entrance \$5: Halpin.....1111-4
Paulding.....1100-2
Platt.....0010-2
E. Ward.....0010-2
Odell.....1010-2
Lord.....1111-5
T. Ward.....1110-3

No. 12, 25 bluebirds (expert rules) for gold medal:
W. Ward.....10011010110111111111-18
Halpin.....10110111111111111111-19
Sutton.....00110111111111111111-15
Platt.....1111101010011111111111-15
T. Ward.....1111101010011111111111-15
Paulding.....0111101010011111111111-9
E. Ward.....1101111011111111111111-18

On the shoot off for the tie Halpin got 8 and Sutton 7.

L. C. PLATT, Sec'y.

Second Day, May 20, \$250 guaranteed.—No. 1, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed; No. 2, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed; No. 3, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$40 guaranteed; No. 4, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed; No. 5, 25 targets, 3-man team race, entrance \$5; No. 6, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed; No. 7, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed; No. 8, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$35 guaranteed; No. 9, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed; No. 10, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$25 guaranteed.

All surplus money divided as follows: 55 per cent. added to purses; 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in Class A to those shooting in Events 3 to 10 inclusive; 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in Class B to those shooting in Events 3 to 10 inclusive; 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in Class C to those shooting in Events 3 to 10 inclusive.

All averages paid each night.

Target money to be deducted from purses when entries will allow.

RULES.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association rules will govern all tournaments given by the Association. All events will be shot under the Novely rule.

Novely Rule.—Five traps will be used in a straight line, 5 yds. apart, placed 14 yds. from the score, with 3 traps in a straight line, 10

THE WILLIAMSPORT TOURNAMENT.

TAKING the Philadelphia & Reading R. R. from their new depot at Twelfth and Market streets, Philadelphia, on Monday, May 1, your correspondent had a beautiful ride up the Schuylkill Valley to the headwaters of the Delaware river at Tamaqua, where we were joined by Mr. Rene Clayton and John Rehrey. If any one wants a ride through the mountains will just take this road they will see from Port Clinton to Tamaqua a line that must have taxed severely the brain of the engineer that laid the road out. The distance is just twenty miles and it has 115 curves in that distance. After leaving Tamaqua we begin to climb the hills, among which on every side can be seen the great arched coal breakers with their immense piles of culm, which show what large quantities of coal have been taken from the hills, and one would think from the looks of things that the hills must be all hollow. Winding in and out through these coal dumps you strike the Susquehanna River at Sunbury and then you are in the wood district. Along the shores of this river you will see immense logs and rafts, and it makes one think to see them that it will only be a short time before our forests will be all gone and we will have to find something to take the place of lumber.

At Williamsport there is one boom and the logs in some places are piled up at least twenty feet high. This same boom is seven miles long and makes the river look as if it was all wood instead of water. Arriving at Williamsport at 10:50 P. M., we took the coach to the Bark Hotel, where we were welcomed by Mr. Chas. Duffey, who since the death of his father, Col. Chas. Duffey, of Tamaqua, Pa., has been in charge of the hotel here. Here E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J.; Wm. H. Wolstencroft, of J. Hane, of Philadelphia; J. O. H. Denney, of Pittsburg and Harry Thurman and wife, of Germantown, Pa. A number of other shooters are at the City Hotel, with Walter Shooter, and they all speak well of the new place. At 9 o'clock we all started for the Athletic Park, where we found Mr. N. Hughes, the major domo of shooting affairs of the place, and everything ready for the day's sport, but one mistake was made, and that was in trying to run live bird events and target events at the same time; the two will not go together as was demonstrated to-day; for while the live bird shooting was going on the target traps were almost idle. The rain of Monday night had made everything soft, but Hughes had a couple of loads of sawdust on hand, and with this and a lot of boards the shooters were kept dry.

The regular target was six in number, two of 10 birds and two of 15 birds, and a set of 30 birds each, the price of the targets deducted from the purses was 8 cts. each, and 1/2 cts. each was given for the best 3 averages for the regular events. The averages for to-day were won by Wm. H. Wolstencroft first; E. D. Miller second; H. Thurman third. Among the shooters here are Gus. Grief, of New York; Thomas Ely, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., the champion pheasant shooter of the state; M. McMillan, of Mahanoy City, Pa.; Ruff Clayton, of Tamaqua, Pa.; J. O. Denney, of Pittsburg, Pa.; John Duffey, of Harrisburg, Pa.; J. H. Vetter and H. Harman, of Catawissa; E. D. Miller, Springfield, N. J.; Wm. H. Wolstencroft, and Harry Thurman, of Phila.; John Raehny, of Weissport, Pa.; Robert Clayton, Luzernborough; H. M. Pettibone and W. S. Pettibone, of Kingston; Ed. Boone, Chas. Lutz, Frank Quick, J. H. Mercer, of Bloomsburg; Wm. Edgar, Catawissa; J. F. Torbert, of Jersey Shore; E. T. Heman, Shenandoah; W. C. Smith and G. F. Zetler, of Altoona; and of the club members on the grounds are: N. A. Hughes, A. Smith, W. Armstrong, F. R. Weed, Major Lucas, who is cashier, Geo. Post, assistant, Boyd Rothrock and Walter Shooter. The first event started at 9:30 A. M., and the shooting was kept until 6 o'clock P. M. Although cloudy all day no rain fell. All ties were decided.

The second day opened as the first one, cloudy, and about 3 o'clock the rain began to come down, too hard for comfort; so, as the prospect for the third day were very gloomy, it was agreed among the shooters to postpone that day's shoot until more favorable weather. Among the new shooters to-day are: John Shaaber, J. Smack and H. Melot, of Reading. First average to-day was won by E. D. Miller, second and third by J. Rohrbach and Gus. Grief. Out of the 6 averages for the two days American wood powder won 5, E. C. powder 1.

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 Keystones, 5 traps:	
Runk.....	0010110000-8
Miller.....	0010111111-6
Smith.....	0111111110-7
Nendy.....	1000001001-4
La Riew.....	0111111111-9
Hughes.....	0111111111-9
Thurman.....	1111111111-10
Clark.....	0000000000-0
Duston.....	1001111110-7
No. 2:	
Runk.....	101011111010-11
Miller.....	111111111111-15
Duston.....	111001011010-9
Smith.....	111111110101-13
Rohrig.....	101101101111-10
Quick.....	001101011011-10
Boome.....	110111111111-13
Thurman.....	111110101111-13
No. 3:	
La Riew.....	111111111111-20
Miller.....	101011111111-18
Thurman.....	111111111111-20
Quick.....	100111111111-18
Duston.....	1011111110111011-17
No. 4:	
Thurman.....	1010111111-8
Boone.....	1111111111-10
Miller.....	1111111101-9
Quick.....	1111111101-9
Duston.....	101101101111-10
Quick.....	001101011011-10
Boome.....	110111111111-13
Thurman.....	111110101111-13
No. 5:	
Miller.....	111111111111-20
Thurman.....	111111111111-19
Dust.....	11110110111011-17
La Riew.....	111111111111-20
Grief.....	01101111101111-16
Quick.....	01111110111111-18
No. 6:	
Grief.....	111111111011-14
Duston.....	111111111011-14
Thurman.....	111111111000-13
Miller.....	111111101111-14
La Riew.....	111011111111-14
Quick.....	101111111001-10
Hughes.....	000111111111-9
Harman.....	000111111111-9
Extra No. 1: Smith 9, Yetter 9, Hughes 10, Runk 9, Snap 10, Rehrey 9, Boone 10, Lutz 9, Grief 5, Henry 14.	
Extra No. 2: Clark 10, La Riew 13, Miller 14, Burton 8, Runk 11, Hughes 11, Henry 12, Grief 10, Lutz 7, Thurman 14.	
Extra No. 3, walking match: Smith 8, Hughes 11, Runk 8, Thurman 9, Snap 8, Grief 9, Henry 8, Rehrey 30, Boone 7, Miller 11, La Riew 8, Clark H.	
Extra No. 4: Thurman 8, Henry 9, Grief 9, Smith 10, Renny 10, Gran 8, La Riew 10, Miller 10, Lutz 7, Clark 6.	
Ex No. 5:	
Thurman.....	111111111111-15
Grant.....	110000101010-7
La Riew.....	111010101111-13
Miller.....	111111111111-13
Duston.....	111111111111-13
Clark.....	111111111111-13
Thurman.....	111111111111-13
Hughes.....	111111111111-13
Smith.....	111111111111-13
Runk.....	111111111111-13
Extra No. 6, 25 birds, \$2.50:	
Thurman.....	111111111111111111-22
Clark.....	111100101111111111-19
Miller.....	111111111111111111-24
La Riew.....	111111111111111111-25
Snap.....	110111101111111111-21
Rehrey.....	001111111111111111-22
Duston.....	111111111111111111-23
Hughes.....	111111111111111111-24
Smith.....	111111111111111111-20
Runk.....	111001111111111111-21
LIVE BIRDS.	
No. 1, 5 birds, entrance \$5:	
Rehrey.....	11110-4
Ely.....	11011-4
Smith.....	0121-4
McMillan.....	1222-5
Rehrey.....	1222-5
Ren Clayton.....	1212-5
Armstrong.....	1212-5
Shooter.....	0210-3
White.....	1101-3

No. 2, 25 birds, entrance \$30:	
Smith.....	110111101112210111111-21
McMillan.....	11011122102002120211110-19
Ren Clayton.....	0110120112022121202213-20
Rehrey.....	110001011122220201111-19
Nendy.....	11000010112022201211001-15
La Riew.....	1202020222122222222222-23
Duston.....	11111221000112220201111-20
Miller.....	2022112102011011121212-21
White.....	0110112101020110102022-17
Clark.....	1021111201120112012022-17
Mercer.....	110222210011011212211-21
Ely.....	1112111101211122112210-21
Ely's last bird just out about 1 ft.	
No. 3, 3 pairs, entrance \$5:	
Smith.....	10 10 10-3
Ren Clayton.....	10 10 10-3
Nendy.....	11 00 10-3
Hughes.....	10 01 00-2
Rehrey.....	11 01 00-2
Ely.....	11 11 11-6
Miller.....	10 11 11-6
Mercer.....	01 00 11-3
Duston.....	10 11 11-5

Second Day's Scores.

No. 1:	
Smack.....	1101101111-8
Miller.....	1111111111-10
Huff.....	0000010011-3
Thurman.....	1111111111-8
Clark.....	10011011-7
Shaaber.....	1101101111-6
Grant.....	1111101111-9
Melot.....	0001100011-5
No. 2:	
Thurman.....	101111111110111110-17
Smack.....	111001010110111111-14
Miller.....	111111111111-14
Thurman.....	1000001000100011-8
Clark.....	0001011111111110-15
Rohrbach.....	0101111111101111-16
Smack.....	1010111111111110-12
Miller.....	01011110111111-12
Thurman.....	111111111111-12
Rohrbach.....	01011110111111-12
Nendy.....	11111110010111-13
Clark.....	00110011111111-12
Henry.....	01011111011111-12
No. 3, 15 birds, \$1.50 entrance:	
Smack.....	10101111111110-12
Miller.....	01011110111111-12
Thurman.....	111111111111-12
Rohrbach.....	01011110111111-12
Nendy.....	11111110010111-13
Clark.....	00110011111111-12
Henry.....	01011111011111-12
No. 4, 10 birds, \$1 entrance:	
Smack.....	1000101011-4
Rohrbach.....	1111111111-8
Thurman.....	1111111111-10
Miller.....	1111111110-8
Clark.....	1111101111-8
Grant.....	0000010111-4
Henry.....	1111101111-9
Duston.....	0010111111-7
No. 5, 25 birds:	
Rohrbach.....	011111111111101111101-82
Miller.....	1111111111111111111111-24
Thurman.....	11111111111111111111-22
Clark.....	0001010110010011010101-22
Smack.....	11011111111111111111-22
Duston.....	10111111111110101010-19
La Riew.....	11101111111111111111-22
Grief.....	11111111101111111111-22
Melot.....	11111111101111111111-21
Shaaber.....	1110010111010111101011-18
No. 6, 15 birds:	
Rohrbach.....	11111111111111-15
Thurman.....	11111111101011-12
Miller.....	11111111101111-13
Clark.....	11111111101111-14
Hughes.....	01010001101010-7
Nendy.....	01101101101111-10
Grant.....	00000001100010-4
Extra No. 1: Rohrbach 12, Smack 6, Shaaber 11, Thurman 9, Melot 13, Clark 12, Nendy 12, Miller 14, La Riew 9.	
Extra No. 2, 10 pair: Rohrbach 11, Thurman 14, Miller 14, La Riew 13, Nendy 8, Grant 12.	
Extra No. 3: Thurman 15, Rohrbach 14, Nendy 15, Runk 13, Huff 19, Miller 14, Henry 13, Fayette 11.	
Extra No. 4: Thurman 10, Huff 7, Runk 6, Mill 9, La Riew 9, Fayette 9, Rohrbach 6, Henry 6.	
Five live birds, entrance \$5:	
Shaaber.....	121-5
Thurman.....	1212-5
Smack.....	1211-5
Nendy.....	11222-5
Melot.....	11200-3
Clark.....	10121-4
Shooter.....	21020-3
La Riew.....	23212-5
Duston.....	21111-5
Mercer.....	12230-4
H. T.	

The Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Eureka Gun Club on Saturday. A. G. Courtney and D. F. Fride were among the visitors. Mr. Courtney representing the Eureka gun, which he says is "the best on earth." The weather was disagreeable, with a heavy wind and rain. The club will soon have their new house finished and will then do all in their power to entertain visitors to the city.

No. 1, 25 singles, known traps, unknown angles:	
Heikes.....	1111111111101111111111-23
Bingham.....	1101111111101011111111-16
Courtney.....	1010101011011011111111-17
Adams.....	0010111100101001100010-10
O'Brien.....	1110111111111110011111-20
Steak.....	100001000001010110001-9
Drake.....	0000001001010000010000-19
Waters.....	0010111111111111111111-19
Robbins.....	0010000010000000000000-19
Scott.....	0000000000000000000000-22
Malby.....	1111010111111111111111-18
Willard.....	1000010111111111111111-18
Taylor.....	1000010111111111111111-15
Patterson.....	0100101011111111111111-15
Lamphere.....	1000010111111111111111-16
Priddle.....	1110101011111111111111-20
Thornley.....	1011011110000111111111-17
No. 2, club shoot, same as above:	
Heikes.....	1111111111111111111111-22
Bingham.....	0110101011111111111111-20
Adams.....	1111111110100100111111-18
O'Brien.....	1001110101111110001011-19
Steak.....	1000101111111111111111-14
Waters.....	1000101111111111111111-14
Malby.....	0010000101010101010101-8
C E Willard.....	1111100001101010100101-15
Taylor.....	0011011110110010100101-12
Patterson.....	1010101011111111111111-19
Lamphere.....	1000100111111111111111-20
Courtney.....	0110111111111111111111-20
Robbins.....	0001010101011111111111-15
Scott.....	1100111111111111111111-15
Hook.....	0101011111111111111111-15
Thomas.....	1101100010111111111111-15
No. 3, 25 singles, known traps, unknown angles:	
Heikes.....	0101010111111111111111-19
Bingham.....	1111111111111111111111-23
Adams.....	1001111111111111111111-15
O'Brien.....	1100101110111111111111-15
Steak.....	0100010111111111111111-18
Waters.....	0101011000100101010101-11
Malby.....	0000000110000000000010-4
Willard.....	1111111000111111111111-17
Taylor.....	10000101100011001001-9
Drake.....	1110101011111111111111-17
Robbins.....	0110101011111111111111-14
Scott.....	1010100100000000011001-9
Thomas.....	1000100010111111111111-17
O'Neill.....	1111101011111111111111-20
No. 4, 25 singles, known traps, unknown angles:	
Heikes.....	1111111111111111111111-22
Bingham.....	1000110111111111111111-23
Adams.....	1000110111111111111111-23
O'Brien.....	1010010110101010101011-15
Waters.....	0000101000100111010100-11
Malby.....	0000100110000000000000-4
Willard.....	1101101111111111111111-18
Taylor.....	1001000000010001111000-7
Courtney.....	0010101111111111111111-16
Drake.....	1000101111111111111111-16
Robbins.....	0110101111111111111111-10
Scott.....	1010010100001010101110-12
Thomas.....	1101011111111111111111-19
O'Brien.....	1111101011111111111111-16
Patterson.....	1010000110111111111111-15
Lamphere.....	0110011001111111111111-11
Adams.....	0110011000010101111111-15

Pacific Coast Shots.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: The first tournament given by Messrs. Clabrough, Golcher & Co., at the Oakland race track yesterday, was well attended. Shooting was under A. A. rules, rapid firing system. Both attendance and entry list were much larger than at any previous shoot ever given here. The shoot commenced promptly at 10 o'clock and continued until dark. The traps were perfect and the scores, although not large, were, in the majority, good, taking into consideration that many of the men faced the traps for the first time and that the grounds are the most difficult in the State.

First event, 10 singles, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; the ties on ten were divided:	
Quinton.....	1111111111-10
Slade.....	1111111111-10
Allen.....	0111111111-9
Fox.....	1011111101-8
Rickerson.....	0101111101-7
Karney.....	1011100111-7
Whitney.....	1011101010-7
North.....	00011011-6
Lake.....	1111101000-6
Forster.....	0111100101-6
Cate.....	1010010111-6
Cronan.....	0011101010-6
Shields.....	0001110111-6
Ed Cate.....	1000011101-6
Bearart.....	0101111101-6
Bassborn.....	0110001101-5
Daniels.....	0101010101-5
Bruns.....	1010000111-5
Potter.....	1010011101-5
Prize shoot, 25 singles:	
Quinton.....	1111011101111011111110-30
Robinson.....	1111111111111011010111-20
Coleman.....	11111111111110110111-20
Bolander.....	11111100010110110111-18
Cate.....	10101001101101111111-18
Allen.....	11111100101011011111-18
Uhl.....	0101111111111010010111-17
Burns.....	1011100010100110110111-17
Murdoch.....	11111000010101101111-17
Thorn.....	1011111110110110110001-17
Beckert.....	1001111010101010101011-17
Pruett.....	1010011011011011101101-17
Karney.....	1010110110110110110101-17
Potter.....	0010101111101011101101-16
Whitney.....	11111000001111010110-16
Allison.....	0101101011000011111111-16
Bartell.....	1010110011111100110101-16
Adams.....	11111111111111111111-16
Cord.....	1110111001010101101011-16
Kellogg.....	0010111111111011011001-16
Golcher.....	1010100110101010111111-16
Daniels.....	1110110110100100001111-15
Worth.....	1001011001101011011101-15
Baker.....	1010100110101010110111-15
Elliott.....	1010111110

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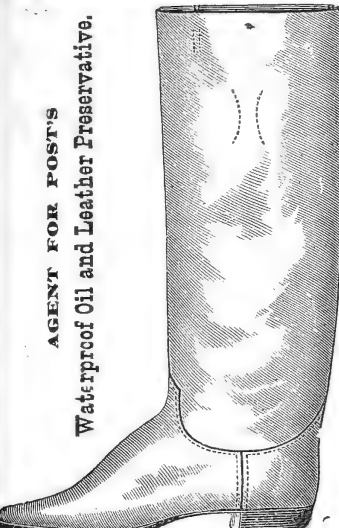
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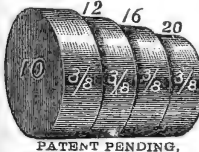
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TROUT FOR SALE.

YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Lake Trout, Brown Trout, California Trout & Landlocked Salmon.

EGGS AND FRY

of the same in season. For information inquire of

J. ANNIN, JR.,

Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

Berkshire Trout Hatchery

have for sale healthy BROOK TROUT ranging in size from young fry to four pounds weight, suitable for stocking public and private waters.

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A DAY WITH THE QUAIL.—PHOTO-

graphs of a day afield with dog and gun, printed in F. & S. Oct. 20th, 1892. No. 1, "The Point; No. 2, "The Shot;" No. 3, "The Retrieve." Every reader of F. & S. should own a set of these 3 beautiful photos. Size 16x20. W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. 22

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Orders should be booked immediately. For Sale.—Mongolian, Japan, ring-neck, Hungarian, German and English pheasants, also Eng. pheasants' eggs. Live and dead game a specialty. E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers St., N. Y.

LIVE WHITE HARES (Lepus americanus)

captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at \$3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. I. G. RICH, Bethel, Me.

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LOVERS OF OUT-DOOR LIFE WILL BE INTERESTED IN A CHARMINGLY ILLUSTRATED BROCKET ENTITLED

A CANVAS COTTAGE.

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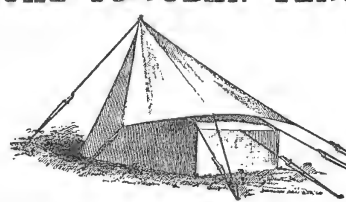
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Patented U. S. and Canada. The best tent in the world for sportsmen. Lightest, most compact, best ventilated. Never blows down. Never leaks. Only one pole required, which can be furnished in three joints, and patent light iron tent pins; also patent pack sack with shoulder straps, making a compact outfit which can be checked as baggage.

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THOMAS J. CONROY, Sole Agent,

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With Silver Plated Locomotive Reflectors

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Adjust-able

Attach-ments.

UNIVERSAL LAMP,

For Sportsmen's use. Combines Head Jack (Front and Top), Boat Jack, Fishing, Camp, Belt and Dash Lamp, Hand Lantern, etc.

EXCELSIOR LAMP,

For Night Driving, Hunting, Fishing, etc. Is adjustable to any kind of dash or vehicle.

Send stamp for illus. Catalogue, and address all orders Lamp Dept.



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IN THE
Triton Fish and Game Club,
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There has just been incorporated under the above title the finest fishing and gunning association in Canada. This preserve consists of 102,000 acres, having within its borders over fifty lakes and a score of rivers and mountain streams, all of which swarm with trout ranging from 6 lbs. (*Salmo fontinalis* only.) The virgin wilderness teems with small game. Of the larger kinds the caribou abounds. Moose and black bear are fairly plentiful, as also beaver, otter and other fur-bearing animals.

The Triton Club is situated 100 miles north of Quebec, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, and is reached in twenty-four hours easy journey (by rail) from New York City. (See prospectus.)

A limited number of shares is offered to gentlemen of unexceptionable references.

As a summer resort for both gentlemen and ladies the Triton Club offers great attractions, in addition to the best fishing and shooting to be had on this continent, at a very low cost.

The shares are \$250 each, and are an absolutely safe investment. Intending purchasers should carefully examine Sec. 4 of constitution, also pages 12 and 24 of by-laws about membership certificates, agents, membership cards, route and mode of payments.

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AND THIS PAPER.

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I offer for sale a portion of my Adirondack preserve, from 1,000 to 2,000 acres of land, with four lakes. Three log cabins on the property, good road to two of the lakes, easy trail to the other two. This property is suitable for a club or for private resorts. One lake is stocked with salmon trout, the others with speckled trout, 30,000 planted last May, and shall plant as many more this year. Will sell any one lake with a portion of the land. Address DR. J. DE V. MOORE, 157 Park Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

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1,200 feet above the sea; dry climate; bracing air; no malarial influences; refreshing sleep in the oozes of hemlocks and balsams; exceptional opportunities for rest and recreation. Superb land-locked salmon, trout and black bass fishing. Safe boating for ladies and children. Refined society. Very accessible from New York and Boston. For sale and to lease in Soo-Nipi-Side Park, 1 1/2 miles on lake shore; restricted for 50 years. For prospectus, etc., address THEODORE R. SHEAR, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, No. 29 Wall st., New York, or HENRY C. WILSON, 53 State st., Boston, Mass. 21

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PARADISE FOR SPORTSMEN.
CEDAR ISLAND, Virginia.

Atlantic coast, just above Hog Island, where President Cleveland has been shooting. It is easy of access, and contains about 3,000 acres, high land. Waters abound in fish, oysters, clams, etc. Splendid sea and bay sailing. Four miles of ocean front. The best shooting ground for duck and wildfowl on that coast. For full particulars apply to Wm. FINDLAY BROWN, Attorney at Law, 411 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19

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Map of the Adirondack Wilderness. Pocket edition on map-board paper. \$1.00. "It is the most complete map of the Adirondacks region ever published."—Forest and Stream.

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For the World's Fair, or all outing purposes. Weighs 19oz. Holds 250lbs. Quickly adjusted. No detachable parts. Price \$1.00, postage prepaid.

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MUSKOKA LAKES.—The best place on the continent for fishing, shooting and camping. All varieties of fish and game.

PARRY SOUND AND GEORGIAN BAY (reached via Penetang, Midland, Collingwood, etc.).—For black bass, pickerel, deer, partridge, bear, otter, etc.

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LAKE SUPERIOR (via Collingwood, Warton, Sarnia in connection with steamship lines).

The charges for hotels, guides and camping at many of the fishing waters named above are extremely low. Full particulars of same are published in a pamphlet descriptive of the "Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Grand Trunk Railway," which will be forwarded free on application to the company's principal agents, or to the General Passenger Agent at Montreal.

N. J. POWER, General Passenger Agent,

L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager.

A BLANK DAY.

BUT IT WAS NOT ON THE

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

The sportsman of the North often has a blank day. Indeed, no Northern shooter knows much about shooting until he has shot in the South, where the superb natural conditions have left the game in undiminished plenty in the covers.

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to the Rockies. Go to the wide river bottoms of Mississippi or Louisiana and you will get one.

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to the Great West, but to the Great South, in Mississippi and Louisiana, where the unbounded woodlands hold abundance of these noble birds.

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This line reaches the best and most famous fishing grounds in America for salmon, uananiehe, muscalouge, black bass, brook trout, lake trout, white fish, pickerel, perch and other fish. Information in regard to the fishing grounds and how to reach them will be cheerfully furnished upon application to

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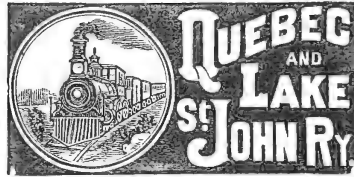
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A trip for a limited number for fishing and hunting in the Far North. The great salmon and sea trout rivers of Labrador and Newfoundland will be visited. Caribou and Arctic game, bear, walrus, etc.; northern waterfowl. Guides for hunting and boats for fishing provided. The party leave Boston July 10, and occupy about three months. Earlier return will be afforded by the Northern British Mail Steamer. Address CAPT. JAMES A. FARQUHAR, 33 South st., Halifax, N. S. Refers by permission to Mr. R. J. Myers, 237 Broadway, New York City. 21

Routes for Sportsmen.



Opening of the Chicoutimi Extension, 1st July, 1898. The new route to the far-famed Saguenay and the only rail route to the delightful summer resorts north of Quebec, through the

CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS. Parlor and Sleeping Cars. Magnificent scenery. Beautiful climate. Hotel, 1000 val. Lake St. John, best class accommodation for 300 guests, and is run in connection with the "Island House" at Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, in the center of the "Uananiehe" fishing grounds. Daily communication by the new fast steamer across the lake. The fishing rights of Lake St. John and tributaries, an area of 20,000 square miles, are free to guests of the hotels. After 1st July trains will connect daily at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers for Quebec. Day-light trip. A beautifully illustrated guide book free on application. For information as to hotels, apply to hotel managers; for folders and guide books to ticket agents of all principal cities.

ALEX. HARDY, Gen. P. & P. Agt. J. G. SCOTT, Sec'y & Manager. Quebec, Canada.

Alive with Game.

IF YOU WANT GOOD SPORT, PLENTY OF IT AND NO BLANK DAYS, SEND FOR THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S PAMPHLET.

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Snipe Shooting

PRINCESS ANNE HOTEL,

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OPEN JANUARY TO SEPTEMBER

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ATTEAN LAKE

You can get more game and larger trout than anywhere else in northern Maine. No stage or buck-boring. First-class table, new camps, boats and canoes. Only 19 hours from New York; 15 hours from Boston. Write for circular giving rates, etc., to

ITHAMAR HOWE, Prop., Moose, River, Me.

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At Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia,

will be open for sportsmen and hunters from May 1 till end of season. No better trout fishing or moose hunting dry be found in Canada. Forty lakes with finest of trout fishing within a radius of five miles of the camp. Write for circulars.

M. SJOSTEDT, Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia.

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Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire.

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Attention Bass Fishermen!

Gill House, Henderson Harbor, is the place you have been looking for for years. This is a place where you can take your families and have all the pleasures of country life and get the best black bass fishing in New York. For circulars address H. H. GILL, Proprietor, Henderson Harbor, N. Y. 23

Bromfield House, Boston.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

MESSENGER, Proprietor.

FIRST CLASS TROUT FISHING,

in my beautiful large spring water pond. Boats supplied. For terms apply to EDWARD KANE, Proprietor, Stony Brook, Suffolk County, L. I., N. Y.

On Lake Champlain.

St. Albans, Vermont.

"SAMSON'S" LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Fishing and Health Resort, opens May 15. 24

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head and Ananomic streams. House steam heated. Summer home for families. Three hours from city. THOS. H. STITES, Ananomic, Pa.

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THE BIGGEST JUMP

Made in any profession has occurred in Taxidermy within the past year. Visit our show rooms on April 27, examine our Chicago Exhibit and compare them with the mounting of one or two years ago. Ours is "Life" while the others are "Stuff."

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 20.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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The Kennel. San Francisco Dog Show.	Answers to Queries.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM has a much larger circulation than any other journal in this country in a corresponding field. Its subscription list is for the most part made up of permanent subscribers—men who read the paper year after year. Established twenty years ago as a paper for the sportsman in his home, this journal has been and is fulfilling precisely that purpose. To-day it is read by the sons of the first generation of its readers, being handed down and maintained as a cherished family institution. Never in its history has the FOREST AND STREAM been a medium of more solid value to advertisers than it is in this present year, 1893. No one feature reflects and demonstrates more clearly the solid and dignified position occupied by the paper than does the solid and dignified character of its advertising pages.

ABOUT NATURAL RIGHTS.

SINCE the close season sale of trout is for the present a dead issue in the Massachusetts Legislature, it would be hardly worth while to prolong discussion of the principles involved; and it will be time enough to consider our Cape Cod correspondent's scheme of tagging artificially reared fish, when the trout industry shall have assumed greater importance than it appears likely to acquire for years to come.

The wisdom and justice of the law forbidding the sale of trout in close season are not to be determined, however, by a consideration of what our correspondent terms the trout culturist's "individual right." The statute has its basis in public policy; and the interest of the community must be held paramount with respect to fish and game in precisely the same way as it is with respect to other subjects of legislation.

It is a curious fact that an individual will submit to restrictions upon the use of his various possessions and never whimper; but when limitations of a similar character are put upon his use of game and fish, he cries out that his "natural rights" have been invaded. Men talk about their natural rights to fish and shoot as if these particular natural rights were more sacred and more inviolable than any other natural rights, for instance the privilege of nudity enjoyed by Adam and Eve. In an earlier stage of social development, it was man's natural right to strut abroad stark naked; but the crank who should insist upon prancing around in exercise of that natural right to-day would very quickly find himself in jail or the lunatic asylum.

In fact natural rights, and property rights, and individual rights are modified, limited, narrowed and restricted in a thousand and one particulars; and with respect to lands and houses, and horses and cows and calves, quite as much as with respect to quail and partridges and trout and bass. The land owner who resents statutory interference with his use of the trout reared in his ponds, proclaiming his natural or individual right to do as he will with his own, forgets that he is subject to law in the enjoyment of all the rest of his property. His grain he owns, yet he may not convert it into whisky. If a dairyman, he may not feed his own cows on swill, nor put water from his own well into milk from his own

cows; the calves of his own cows he may not peddle for veal under a prescribed age. If his cows or horses fall sick of certain maladies, though the stock is his own, he is compelled by law to destroy it. All these and more regulations are enforced upon the individual, and whether they are complied with gladly or grudgingly, no one ever dreams of holding out against them on the strength of "natural," or "individual" or "property" rights. It is only when game or fish is concerned, that we hear anything of rights. Yet in principle, foundation and operation these statutes are all alike; they are within the "police power" of the State, a system admirably described by Judge Cooley in these words:

"The police power of a State, in a comprehensive sense, embraces its system of internal regulation, by which it is sought, not only to preserve the public order and to prevent offences against the State, but also to establish, for the intercourse of citizen with citizen, those rules of good manners and good neighborhood which are calculated to prevent a conflict of rights and to insure to each the enjoyment of his own, so far as is reasonably consistent with a like enjoyment by others."

In its application to game and fish the police power prescribes that the individual may do with them what he will, but only so far as the common interests shall permit. If it be against public policy to market trout in close time, the individual must forego his own personal interests for those of the community. He may not set up any plea of a natural right to do otherwise.

DELMONICO DAINTIES.

NINETY-SEVEN times out of a hundred, when FOREST AND STREAM writers wish to make it understood that the hotel or camp cook served good food, they tell us that "it would have done credit to Delmonico," "Delmonico was nowhere," or the happy partakers "had never tasted a better dish even in Delmonico's." The conventional Delmonico standard of culinary and gustable excellence appears to have been given vogue a quarter-century ago; similar allusions to it may be found in the *Spirit of the Times* sketches of that period, and so generally has it been adopted that it is commonly appealed to even by many who in all their lives have never been within five hundred miles of the famous restaurant. As a matter of fact it is said by the initiated that there are a dozen or more places in New York where one may find better cooking than at Delmonico's; but it is probable that for another quarter-century to come the meal which proves so appetizing because eaten with woods zest will be heralded as worthy of Delmonico's.

There is another side of this, of which we know less, but that is only because we have not the gift of reading men's hearts. In the wilderness Delmonico's stands for a paragon of good cookery; in town it is often the woodland meal that holds the exalted place in one's estimation. Who may doubt that, if we might read the thoughts of him who vainly strives to coax a relish for city restaurant delicacies, we should discover him sighing for the savor of those robust viands which appeased the appetite of that October night, when one heavy foot was dragged after the other, until the fire glow gladdened his eyes and the savory odor of the venison greeted his nostrils.

SNAP SHOTS.

Now that the United States Supreme Court has sustained the validity of the Anti-Chinese Act, we would like to have a ruling from some competent body on the constitutional aspects of the non-resident tag law made by the Supervisors of Yates county, N. Y. This enactment declares that it shall be unlawful for any non-resident of Yates county to shoot game in the county without having obtained from some justice of the peace a \$10 license "for the privilege of so doing." The penalty is \$25, and the Yates county folks are even less generous than the Dorchester county, Md., people, for there is no such concession to aliens who have married into the tribe; you have to pay the \$10 even if your wife was a Yates county girl.

In a brief note accompanying a reproduction of our cut of the moose in harness, the English *Land and Water* says that this is the first time it has ever heard of a moose in shafts. The statement, of course, springs from a confusion of names, the moose of America being the elk of Europe. It is sufficiently well known that centuries ago the elk was quite commonly used for driving in Norway and Sweden. So common was its use, in fact, that a law was at length made forbidding under heavy penalties the

use of this animal for driving. Such a law was deemed necessary because the escape of criminals was often accomplished by their being driven beyond the border in moose sledges. In our own country, for the last hundred years, moose have been occasionally used for driving, and in the Western States of late years it has been quite common to see a moose at a county fair trotting a match against a horse. Not very long ago such an exhibition was given at one of the Nebraska fairs. The night before the trotting there had been a heavy rain storm, and the day following was sultry and extremely hot. The moose and the horse trotted one heat, the former coming in a little bit ahead, animals, drivers and wagons being splashed to the eyes with mud. At the close of the second heat, the horse was seen trotting nobly toward the judge's stand, but the moose did not appear at the turn, and it was discovered a little later that on coming to a pool of water on the track about half way around the circle, it had refused to go further and had lain down and wallowed in the mud. Of late years tame moose have become so common that it seems that there should be no difficulty in getting up a team for driving purposes if any one desired to try the experiment.

The American counsel before the Bering Sea Tribunal of arbitration have presented a novel contention respecting the property rights of the United States in the seals of the Pribiloff Islands. They argue that the seals breed on American territory; that when they leave this territory and wander away hundreds of miles upon the high seas, they have always an *animus revertendi*, a "disposition to return" to the breeding grounds; that because of this tendency to come home again they are the property of the United States; and that as such property they may be defended against capture the world over, even when outside of the recognized jurisdiction of this government. This is ingenious reasoning; but if it were accepted as sound, it would upset our game and fish laws and turn things topsy-turvy. Under such a ruling, for instance, the wild ducks bred in Canada and migrating south in the autumn, but always with an *animus revertendi*, a disposition to return to Canada in the spring, would be the property of the Canadians; and if a gunner down in Virginia or North Carolina should shoot any of them on their way down or back, Canada would promptly demand reparation; and for every Canadian duck killed on Currituck we should have an international incident on our hands. We would all rejoice to see the Pribiloff seals put under United States protection, on land or on the high seas, but when it comes to applying such logic to ducks, the opposition would poll a large and enthusiastic vote.

If we were to accuse Messrs. Lawrence, Butler & Benham (fur dealers of Columbus, O.) of having stolen bodily, hoof, hide, hair, horns and hump, our White Goat, from the illustrated supplement of Feb. 2 last, they would perhaps retort that they had not committed theft, since there can be no larceny of wild game. Nevertheless we venture to say to Messrs. Lawrence, Butler & Benham that, having appropriated our goat illustration for use in their advertisements in the May magazines, they have shown themselves decidedly unpatriotic in labeling it a "Japanese Angolia." The white goat may not be a phantom of beauty, but all ugly as he is, we cherish him as a true-blue American institution, peculiar to the crags and peaks of our own wild and wooly West. There is nothing Japanese about him, not even his pose; and no good citizen, unless having an invoice of furs to work off under a fancy name, would shear his own land of the white goat's glory to give it to the heathen.

A correspondent who relates that he went into the mountains from Ovando, Mont., and near Fish Lake within a day and a half slew a doe, a buck, another doe and her fawn, and two cow elk, then refrained from shooting any of the two dozen deer subsequently encountered, because he was "glutted by the sport"—and did not care to kill more than he could give away. Let us be thankful that some line is drawn, even by the gluttons who must be glutted; and that, as Charles Kingsley might have phrased it, of butchering big game as of all other carnal pleasures there cometh satiety at the end.

As an adjective "doggy" is quite bad enough, but "dogly" is worse. In due time we shall have "pugly" and "Skyely."

DANVIS FOLKS.—V.

The Country Post Office.

THANKSGIVING festivities were over and Uncle Lisha had been several days among his old neighbors, yet in deference to them, as in turn they were his entertainers and guests, and to himself as a returned traveler, he continued to wear his best clothes with heroic endurance of discomfort.

"I ben dressed up so long I begin to feel like a minister," he said, as he rapped the ashes from his pipe on Sam's stove hearth one morning when he had finished his after-breakfast smoke. "Ef I don't shuck myself auten my t'other clo'es putty soon, I shall be a-preachin' er duin' suthin' onbecomin'."

"Sho, Lisher, no you won't nuther," said his wife, casting an admiring glance upon him and then fluttering across to remove a speck of lint from his trousers with a moistened forefinger. "But you have got to take 'em off, Lisher Peggs. There's a gret grease spot half way t' yer knee. That's some o' Mi's Pur'n-ton's Thanksgivin' turkey's gravy. An' you got a gaub o' punkin pie on your weskit. It's a massy you didn't hev yer cut on, er you'd ha' spilt it."

"Ketch me a-tacklin' Thanksgivin' wi' my cut on. But I be goin' to shuck my high duck clo'es jest as soon 's I go to Solern's an' Joel Bartlett's an' daown t' the store. I'll du that fust I du du, but fust of all I got to seddaown an' write George a letter. Hev you got s'm ink an' a sheet o' writin' paper an' a pen, Huldah?"

Diligent search was rewarded by the discovery of a sheet of foolscap, the great freestone inkstand was taken down from the mantle and its half-dried contents diluted with water, and the quill pen made last winter by the school-master was brought from its long rest and sucked into amenity of possible use. When the breakfast table was cleared to give Uncle Lisha an ample place for operations, he drew his chair to it, hooked his toes inside the front legs, set his elbows wide apart on the table, and fencing in the paper with his arms, glared down upon it as if he would compel the words or his message to appear on the blank surface.

Except the little baby and the hound, each member of the little audience had at infrequent intervals suffered the pain of letter-writing, and they awaited in sympathetic silence the first throes of the old man's self-imposed torture, wherein hand and brain bore equal part. Aunt Jerusha's needle clicked almost inaudibly, scarcely a clatter of the dishes in the pan denoted Huldah's occupation, while Timothy Lovel performed the usually noisy operation of feeding the fire without a sound and Sam as silently drew the slide to get a coal for his pipe.

When Uncle Lisha had reckoned the day of the month on his fingers, he probed the depths of the inkstand with his pen and entered with cautious determination upon his labor. Except for the slower movement, the sound of his pen-strokes was much like that of his flote when he scraped the pegs from the inside of a boot, and as he painfully fashioned each letter, his tongue went about his rounded mouth, and he emphasized the down strokes with a corresponding movement of his head. Holding the first line for inspection half way in its straggling formation, he roared out in vexation.

"Good airth an' seas. Ef I haint gone an' writ Danvis the 24th."

"You haint," cried Aunt Jerusha, darting from her seat like a frightened hen and fluttering over to his side, where she adjusted her spectacles and scrutinized his work. "Why, that haint nothin', Lisher, you jest write, 'of November' arter 24 or jest Nove, for short. An' that's a turrible harnsome D, most like print."

Mollified by this comment, Lisha set about rectifying his mistake, while Aunt Jerusha went back to her rocking chair. When the old man was fairly settled down to his work, Sam and his father went to their husking in the barn, and Huldah having finished her dishes, sat down to sewing and a whispered conversation with Aunt Jerusha, their guarded voices and the buzzing of the last blue bottle fly of the season in the sunny window, quite overborne by the slow scratching of the pen and the vexed ejaculations of the writer when there was an uncommonly vicious splutter of his complaining implement.

"There," he cried at last, with a great sigh of relief, "I've got to the end o' the dumb'd turkey tracks. They look 's ef someb'dy 'd ben shootin' at 'em wi' a shotgun all the way along," he commented as he scowled upon the sheet from various points of view. "Here, Jerushy, read it over, but don't ye read it aout loud, an' then see ef you c'n du it up. Women 's handier at duin' up 'n what men be. They're uster duin' up sheets an' clo's ev'ry week's 'nin'."

"It's just like printin', 'Lisher Peggs, an' I c'n read it right through," as she slowly followed the lines to the end, "an' I do know no way tu better it 'thout you spelt Thanksgivin' wi' a big T, an' I do know but a big G on 'count of us bein' so thankf' tu git back."

Envelopes were not known in Danvis, and it needed the united endeavors of the old couple and Huldah to properly fold the letter and to tuck it into itself. Then Uncle Lisha lost the only available wafer in a back corner of his mouth whence it was not rescued until it had become a shapeless pulp, and there was nothing for it but to seal the missive with a lump of spruce gum which was stamped with the handle of a pegging awl. The super-scription was written and carefully dried over the stove. Then Uncle Lisha laid the letter into the crown of his beaver hat, wadded it in place with his bandanna, put the hat on his head, struggled into his high-collared, tight-sleeved blue coat and set forth toward the office with the dignity due to his important mission.

Though his feet were incased in his tight best boots, the familiar path was pleasant to him as to his eyes were all the wayside objects, the old wall paring with its gray lines, the sumach thickets now stripped of all their autumnal glory but the enduring scarlet of the bobs, the rail fence zigzagging among rank golden rods whose riches were taking flight on white wings. A red squirrel tacked along the top rails in alternate nearer and further attendance upon him, yet keeping continually abreast till he came to a great butternut tree, and scrambling up its grooved bark, began jeering at his wayfaring comrade as impudently as his forebears had, in bygone years. His gibes did not disturb the old man's equanimity as they might have ruffled the boy's. He smiled up at him amusedly, and turned the squirrel's mockery to anger by picking up a brown nut and cracking it on the big rock that stood, as such are sure to do, the convenient adjunct of

the butternut tree, and having cracked it, ate it under the very eyes of the self-assumed owner of all the nuts in Danvis.

The kernel had not the sweetness of those that Lisha had hopelessly stained his youthful hands to get sixty years before, yet it had something of the sweetness of the stolen meat and he assured himself:

"A Danvis but'nut was better'n one o' them Westcon-stant shagbacks, that, big as they was, cracked disapp'intin', like airthenware, an' was more disapp'intin' when you come tu eat 'em."

There was a well-remembered beech, whose unshed golden brown leaves were beginning to bleach to a pale tint wherein a flock of silently industrious jays displayed brief glimpses of bright color. The spread of its wide branches and the girth of its huge trunk seemed scarcely increased by fifty years of lusty growth since he carved the letters "E. P." and "J. C." entwined in a love knot on the smooth bark, yet initials and emblem and date of the dead old year, were moss-grown scars. The old man smiled in kindly pity on the half-forgotten folly of the youthful lover, and then looking about to see that no one saw him got out his knife and scraped the moss from the letters and love knot.

Then he stumped briskly forward, brushing the frost-blackened Mayweeds with hasty footsteps till he was startled by a vagrant partridge that burst from a clump of weeds close beside him and sailed on set wings away to the woods.

"Good airth an' seas," he exclaimed, as he watched the bird's arrowy flight, curving down to cover at the roadside, "ye might 's well kill me as skeer me tu death. Oh, if you'd stop still an' I'd seen you an' hed me a gun, I'd ha' got you. An' I druther hev you 'n tew peratree chickens."

Crossing a little bridge, he presently came to the home-stand of the Goves, on whom he called and found a warm welcome. After Mrs. Gove had bustled about to seat the visitor in the most comfortable chair and to send the youngest girl to call her father from the barn she sat down opposite her old neighbor and devoted a few moments to a careful consideration of his appearance.

"Wal, Uncle Lisher," she said, with an exhalation of satisfaction, "lookin' at you, an' not lookin' back, it don't seem 's 'ough you'd ben gone six month's. You haint altered a mite. An' is Aunt Jerushy as chirk as you be? I wanter know, well, the Western kentry has agreed wi' you, uncommon."

"It 'greed wi' aour health better'n what it did wi' aour feelin's, we toughed it aout 's long 's we could stan' it an' back we come tu bother aour o' neighbors endurin' the rest o' aour days." His eyes came down from roving along the limp skeins of pumpkin hung to dry upon poles above the stove and settled with an inquiring look upon her face.

"You haint never bothered nob'dy an' you won't never," she said heartily, and then bustling toward the door. "I wonder what's a keepin' Levi; finishing a bundle, probably, but I'll go an' git him."

"No, don't ye. I can't stop but a minute, an' I'll jest g'waout an' say haow de du. Fact on't is," he said impressively, "I ben writin' a letter 'n I'm a kerryin' of it tu the pos'-office. But where's Peltier?" he turned at the door to ask.

A troubled look overcast Mrs. Gove's cheerful face. "I do know where Peltier is. Mebby he's gone lookin' at his mink traps an' mebby he's over tu—the village. Peltier's in a mis'able, mopin' way, Uncle Lisher. He's ben dis'pinted. Expectin' tu marry a gal, even so fur's tu go tu git merried, an' she was gone wi' another feller, an' it's nigh about ondone him. He mopes an' he goes tu Hamner's, an' I'm afeared he drinks. I wish't you'd talk tu him, Uncle Lisher, he allers sot so much by ye, mebby, your talkin' 'ould mount tu suthin'. Me 'n his father an' Sam's don't take no holt on him."

"Peltier was allus one o' my boys," the old man said, "I made him his fust boots an' showed him haow tu ketch his fust traout, an' he'd hear to me. I will talk tu him, Mi's Gove."

Levi Gove was too industriously inclined to quit labor for visiting, and after a brief but loud interchange of greetings, carried on amid the rustle of cornstalks, the old man went on his way to the store.

There he found the merchant and postmaster, as lank, alert and clean shaven as ever and as constantly saying "yes" in varied inflections of assent or query, and he was effusive in the cordiality of his welcome.

The contents of the store were so unchanged that it seemed to the returned wanderer as if trade must have been dull during the three years of his absence. There were the bunches of whip-lashes, the home-made hickory stock and the finer ones covered with leather or braided linen, the two strings of globular Boston bells still vainly inviting customers with the immovable smile of their brazen lips, the dusty, fly-specked tinware, the placards advertising Sherman's lozenges which it was declared that worm-affected children cried for, and Hive Syrup, Down's Elixir and Spavin Cure, all displayed in the dusty windows just as he had left them when he had no expectation of ever seeing them again.

The whole interior was almost as unchanged. The cracks in the rusty sides of the great box stove had lengthened a little, the service of another crippled chair, prolonged by nailing a strip of shoebox cover athwart its legs, the incrustation of dust a little thicker on the floor, the polish of the counters a trifle heightened by the elbows and posteriors of customers and loungers and the marks of their heels worn deeper on the sides, but the shelves bore the same illuminated rolls of calicos, ginghams, jeans, hard times and cotton, and at the top, above them, out of danger of breakage, were rows of blue-edged plates and figured tea-sets, paper boxes of spool thread and bundles of leather and yarn mittens. A few loaves of sugar in dark purple paper wrappings hung from a beam overhead, beside dust-pans, brushes, brooms, mopsticks and washboards, each in its familiar place.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Peggs. Haow's everything an' everybody aout West, Mr. Peggs? All a-gettin' rich, I p'sume to say? Yes? A great kentry, but you didn't feel tu hum. We won't go back on o' V'mont, will we, Mr. Peggs? Leastways, I won't, for all I've ben tu New York city an' clean into the weste'n part of York State, I won't go back on my natyve State."

Uncle Lisha sympathized so fully in this allegiance that he was treated to a glass of frothy mead, and then with a sudden recollection of his most important business, he carefully took off his hat and drew forth the letter.

"There's a letter," handing it to the postmaster, "I wanter hev go tu my son, George Peggs, in Wesconstant. I suppose it will go all right, won't it, Mr. Clapham?"

The postmaster held it at arm's length above the level of his eyes and scrutinized it from that point for a while, then laid it on the counter and leaning over it on his elbows as intently scrutinized it from above.

"Yes, Mr. Peggs," he said confidently, "that letter'll go tu its destination, without a doubt. Yes, wonderful tu think on, haint it?" as he slowly wrote the post mark on the corner of the letter, "haow a message can go from home to the far distant West in ten days or a fortnit. Yes, eighteen and three-quarter cents is the postage your son'll hafta pay, which he won't begretch it, for hearin' from his ven'able parents."

"It's a dumbd sight more'n its wuth to read, but I would n't ha' writ if for that. I' ruther tap tew pair o' boots."

When the letter was safely deposited in the drawer devoted to outgoing mail matter, Uncle Lisha readjusted his spectacles and inspected the contents of the showcase that stood on the end of the counter, flanked by a wooden bowl of flints that still held their place against the invading percussion caps. The glass-covered treasures were as of old, several pairs of yellow wooden pocket combs, shutting into each other, jewsharps on three-cornered wooden blocks, an array of jack-knives with checked bone handles, half a dozen razors, a tin shaving cup with a square compartment built out one side, some cakes of perfumed soap, bundles of fish line, a box of very much mixed hooks, and paper boxes of caps, emblazoned with the letters "G. D." and an inscription said to be in French, which some doubted, for Antoine could not translate it when it was read to him. Beside these still lay the spring-top copper powder flask, a little more worn by the handling of impecunious admirers, and its companion in unsaleableness, the wonderful shot pouch with a brass charger, both too expensive for the Danvis market. There was an exhibition of the choicest candy of the establishment, sticks with red and white spiral bands, bullseyes of like variegation, and sugar hearts so big and sweet that they might be hoped to soften the heart of any maiden.

"See anything you'd like to purchase, Mr. Peggs?" and Clapham sidled behind the counter and examined the contents of the show case as interestedly as if he had just discovered it, "them razors, now, is just chop. I've used one o' em four year an' it's as good as 't was the fust day. Yes? Wore out yourn a-travelin'?" and while speaking he took out a razor and combing his scanty locks with his fingers and having selected a hair from the harvest thus secured, succeeded in splitting it after several efforts. "It's keen as a brier. Yourn all right? Yes? I p'sume to say the one 't I sold you. Them's about the best combs 't I ever hed in my store. They kinder coax aout snarls 'thout pullin'. Yes, shavin' brushes. That shavin' soap 'll make fater 'at a cat 'll eat for cream an' never know the dif-funce till she's troubled wi' wind on her stomerk."

"I guess I don't want none. It's too high duck parfume tu go with the smell o' sole luther. What's these ere sugar hearts wuth?" he asked, tapping the glass above them with his forefinger.

"Them's a cent apiece, heow many shell I put ye up?" "I guess I'll git one on 'em fer Samwill's boy an' I guess I'll git a cent's wuth o' snuff fer Jerushy, an' lemme see, a snuff bean, she lost hern a comin' hum."

While the storekeeper wrapped the articles in frugal bits of newspaper, Uncle Lisha's roving eyes alighted upon a bundle of furs dangling from a nail in the back part of the room, and being of the fraternity of hunters, his interest was at once aroused.

"Buyin' some furs, be ye?" he asked, going over to the peltry and handlings skin after skin of muskrat, mink, raccoon and fox and parting the fur of each with his breath.

"Wal, not to no great extent yet," said Clapham, coming to him with the parcels. "Fur haint none tu prime yet, but I take it off folks hands jest tu 'commerdate. But there's one remarkable fine skin, Mr. Peggs, remarkable and uncommon," and he drew out a dark gray skin and displayed it with great pride while Uncle Lisha readjusted his spectacles for a close inspection.

"That is a mighty harnsome coon skin, I do know 's ever I see a darker one."

"Coon skin, Mr. Peggs? I'm s'prised that a man of your experience an' judgment should call that a coon. It's a gray fox, sir, and I paid the vally of half a dozen coon skins for it."

"Mebbe, but I never seen a fox wi' rings on his tail."

"It's a peculiarity o' the gray fox," insisted Clapham.

Uncle Lisha only snorted his disbelief as he replaced his glasses in their steel case and shut it with an emphatic snap.

A bloomer off duty at the forge came lounging in, and to him the merchant appealed for some admiration of his late acquisition.

"It's a poaty fair kind of a coon skin," said the bloomer, helping himself to a handful of chestnuts from a half bushel that stood on the counter.

"It's a gray fox, I bought it for a gray fox, an' that's what it is," Clapham said severely.

An amused grin spread across the unwonted cleanliness of the bloomer's face. "Bought it fer a gray fox," and his brawny form doubled over the counter in a fit of laughter out of which he ejaculated, "O, by Jeems Price, if that haint a good one."

The sound of his laughter brought in others alert for anything to break the monotony of life, and as they stared from one to another, searching for the cause of mirth, their faces assumed a blankness of expectancy ready to be illumined with a laugh.

"Look at the gray fox skin that Clapham's ben a-buyin'," cried the bloomer, pointing at the skin which its owner, though no longer proud of, stood by in sullen defiance.

"Du you pertend tu call that a fox, Mr. Clapham?" inquired one, and getting no answer appealed to the bloomer, who nodded assent. "Why, good land o' massy, 'taint nothin' but a darned old dog coon." With a universal assent to this verdict the company broke into a boisterous laugh. At the first lull of merriment Clapham snatched down the questionable peltry and said with savage solemnity, "It's a gray fox, gentlemen, but it's makin' altogether too much talk an' I aint goin' to keep it on exhibition no longer," and throwing it spitefully up the stairway to the chamber, he slammed the door and shut off further inspection.

Amid a renewed burst of merriment Uncle Lisha withdrew quietly and took his way homeward.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

ONE OF NATURE'S TRAGEDIES.

THE rattling *chur-r-r* of a kingfisher as he flies past my boat to light on his favorite perch, the top rail of an old worm fence that extends out into the water, wakes me from a half doze I have been indulging in, and raising up to look at my watch I find it is after eleven o'clock, nearly time to move out and give the bass their mid-day lunch. It is a hot day in July and I am lying in a boat whose bow is pulled up on the sand under a tree that gave me shade an hour ago, but now the sun has crept up to my waist and my wading boots are uncomfortably hot. I was out this morning before the sun showed himself over the hills, a mile away, ready to offer a frog to the early bass, and five nice ones that are swimming sullenly in the water at the stern of the boat are the results.

The lake surface is as smooth as a forest pool. The dragon flies skim lazily over it, darting down to touch the water, then up again. They even indulge in free fights and drop struggling on to the water with impunity, and this tells me "my time is not yet," for no bass during his feeding time will allow that. So I fill my pipe and send the smoke up toward the blue above and lazily listen to the voices about me.

A green grasshopper is sawing away, and the shrill *zing* of his cousin sits the hot air. The *che-wink, che-wink* of a restless ground robin in the brush heap back of me answers the *put-wut, put-wut* of a tip-up that has come up the sand so close that I can see the sparkle of his bead black eyes as he nods and bows to the water at his feet. All nature seems to me in a lazy, good-natured mood, and there is no fitting prelude to the little tragedy that is shortly enacted before me.

A small brown sparrow comes from the brush and lights on an overhanging bush with a *chip-chip-chip* to his mate. It is not a mournful note of farewell, but seemingly an invitation to come and join him in a "wee drop." He hops down to a limb that projects over the water, takes a little in his bill, then raises his head to let it trickle down his throat, and before taking another sip he preens his feathers jauntily. Then he stoops again—to meet an ugly open mouth that breaks from the water with a rush that carries its owner a foot in air, and as he comes back with a splash, I realize that I have witnessed one short act from "nature's tragedies."

But did the villain get his just desserts in the next act? Well, no. I knew that that bass was satisfied for the time being, for he was not a large one, and odd as it may seem, I did not even try for him—not that day, but the next time I came out I took out a 2lb. 10oz. bass from in front of that bush, and the chances are that he was the villain.

AMPHIBIAN.

EL PINOLILLO.

EVER since "Podgers" made his "defy" some time ago for anybody to trot out an animal that he could not enlighten us about, I have intended to try him with this Mexican product. He is having such an interesting time now studying the California trout hog that I fear he will not be able to give me proper attention. About a year ago I wrote in a somewhat slighting tone about this terror of the *tierra caliente*. I hereby take it all back. I was not aware that he read FOREST AND STREAM, or I should have been more careful. I hope that if the editor finds anything in this screed that might give offense he will kindly pass a blue pencil through it, or throw the whole thing into the waste-basket.

In the course of human events I went to Micos again. I don't think I was to blame for that, considering the fun I had the first time. Two other fellows went with me, and walked right into the ambush that had been in preparation for a year. We killed two deer, four or five turkeys, some pheasants and a lot of smaller stuff. The woods are full of game. I am sorry to say too, that we were forced to annihilate in strict self-defense a few millions of our friends the enemy, but we are willing to apologize for this, if they will let us off easy the next time.

The uninitiated would suppose, as I did last year, that the pinolillo is just a tick. He certainly has that appearance; in fact, he seems to be a very small tick. But he has a red hot, double-gear, electric-touch-the-button boring attachment that shows him to be in the very front rank of tickdom. The following reputed facts in his evolution are respectfully submitted to "Podgers" and other scientific observers. Pinolillo No. 1 grows old and corpulent, and when other animals would expect to die, he simply climbs a bush. He sits there in profound meditation a while, then quietly humps his back till the skin cracks. Then, instead of coming forth all made over, like so many other bugs do, but still just plain No. 1, he walks forth numbering about 200,000, all fresh as a daisy and uncommonly hungry. These enterprising youths, endowed with all the full-bloom faculties of No. 1, including the above-mentioned borer, climb out on a branch overhanging a convenient woods path, where they do the great monkey bridge act with variations. One grips the limb and the rest hang on to him, swinging merrily in the breeze. About this time Mr. Hunter comes along. The whole line gets into a fine regular vibration, and as he comes below the tail man yells, "Let go above," and they land gracefully and unanimously upon his ducking trousers.

If he is not in a hurry he brushes them off, but it doesn't make any difference, and he will strike a bigger and a hungrier lot before he has gone ten steps. Along with taking the sporting papers and engaging in other enterprises, they have made a careful study of the modern hunting dress. They know exactly where to find the handiest opening to the juicy hunter within. He feels a nip under his wristband or in the region where shirt and trousers join, and claws his enemy loose. Mr. Pinolillo smiles aloud and says "Oh, that's all right; much obliged. That place was getting a little dry anyhow." Then he begins to prospect for the tip end of another nerve. When his victim gets into camp he rolls up his sleeves and scratches. If he has not been carefully brought up he uses strong language. He strips and rubs himself down with petroleum, ammonia or aguardiente. If his hunt is over he throws away his clothes, puts on others and takes the first train for home. He thinks that is all, but it isn't. The subject of our sketch was not learned to write, but he makes a round red spot which unmistakably means

"his mark." The hunter's arms and legs look like turkey eggs for a week. Some of the spots if rubbed a little too much, will remain months.

The Texas cowboys used to tell me that the coyotes would not eat the body of a "greaser," because it was always so strong with red pepper. It seems likely that the beast of prey under consideration has so long had a diet of greaser flesh that he has acquired the strict *chile* flavor himself, and has special facilities for communicating it in injections. I submit this as a working hypothesis, at any rate.

One incident of my trip should go on record, though I fear it would go against me if this piece should be printed and get into the hot country. Wilson, who was with me, killed a deer one afternoon. He came to the station to get a man to help him bring it in, but managed to lose his bearings. So we all had to turn out and hunt that deer. It was in a thicket of palms and undergrowth, the night was warm and the pinolillos were in all their glory. On getting back to the station where we were camped I found my clothes absolutely brown with them. In order to avoid any controversy with them that night, I slipped out of my trousers and hung them on a picket. Next morning we went for the turkeys before day, and I made no discoveries. On my return about 9 o'clock the agent took me in to see the show. On the top of that stake where my overalls had hung was a nob, somewhat larger than an egg, of frantic pinolillos, each one punching his neighbor's head and remarking in classic phrase, "Where is he at?" A pair of pantaloons without a man inside was a little disconcerting. Before I knew it the unfeeling mozo had given them a douse of coal oil. This is one of the few substances that give the pinolillo that tired feeling. I am sorry. They were having a lot of fun. And besides I knew where they were. But I think there were enough left for scientific purposes.

AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico, April 11.

A Habit of the Horned Toad.

RIVERSIDE, Cal.—Last winter I was much interested in the discussion in your paper as to whether the rattlesnake spit or not. I have killed several and have never seen one spit, but I have heard many people assert that they do. But here is a question which I submit to your readers, hoping that some of them can solve it. To-day I caught three horned toads, and during the afternoon, when I was fooling with them, one of them suddenly bled profusely from one eye, at least so it seemed to me; and ten minutes later I was sure of it, for as I was standing up straight, teasing him with my foot, I saw one eyelid close and then suddenly a stream of red fluid (I call it blood for want of another name) spurted straight at my face, and some of it struck my hat, which made the throw surely six feet high. Later in the day he did it again, but not so high that time. Now, what is this red fluid? Is it blood or poison, or neither? I hope that some of your readers can answer this. I am told that it is a common thing, but nobody knows what it is.

A. H. H.

[The habit is not unknown. As far back as 1871 it was noticed in the proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, for at one of the meetings Mr. A. R. Wallace read extracts from letters of Mr. John Wallace, of Stockton, Cal., in which he says: "Under certain circumstances, apparently as a means of defense, this creature squirts out from one of its eyes a jet of bright red liquid, very much like blood. This I have observed three times from three different individuals, although I have caught many that did not do it. They do not generally use this defense when first captured, although I caught one a few days ago which squirted the liquid a distance of 6in. over the back of my hand, and another ejected it when I flourished a bright knife before its eyes."

In the proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, Vol. XV., pp. 375 to 378, Dr. O. P. Hay has a brief paper "On the Ejection of Blood from the Eyes of the Horned Toads." He details a number of cases in which he has seen this ejection take place, and by a microscopic examination of this red fluid, learned that it was really blood. The fluid appears to be thrown out when the animal is teased or greatly frightened. Mr. S. F. Denton, of Washington, had a stream of blood thrown into his eye with such force that some pain was produced, and he estimated the quantity of blood thrown out as between a teaspoonful and tablespoonful. No serious result to the eye followed. The Mexicans are said to call these animals sacred toads "because they weep tears of blood."

The object of this habit appears to be defensive, but it has not been satisfactorily explained.]

Catch Basins Excavated By Fire.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discovery of the true cause of the mysterious smoke in Pinhook swamp, Taylor county, Fla., near the Gulf coast, which has for so many years puzzled the curious and stimulated repeated attempts to investigate, is not only a matter for congratulation, as all correct solutions are, but it has important scientific value, because it affords ocular demonstration of the manner in which those numerous water-holes and shallow lakes in eastern North Carolina and Virginia have been formed, and of which aboriginal tradition has hitherto been the sole testimony.

Of these Drummond Lake in the Dismal Swamp, Virginia; Lake Phelps, in Tyrrell county, and Mattamuskeet Lake, in Hyde county, North Carolina, are the largest. The latter is twelve miles long by five feet deep. The Indians have always maintained that these basins were excavated by fire, and abundant evidence of this fact is afforded by the presence of large areas of burnt and charred wood buried several feet deep in the soil adjacent to their borders, showing where insidious fires have gradually worked through the muck, moss and mold down to the substratum of white sand which underlies it. It is quite possible, however, that the depressions were formed long before the occurrence of the fires, though at a period not geologically remote, when all this coastwise country was merely a succession of sand dunes formed by the wind and waves. Fires which occurred after these areas were forested or covered with rooted and moss-grown swamp or marsh would have left some debris or sediment on the lake floors, whereas their bottoms are composed wholly of clean, white sand except in spots, and are not miry, as might be expected.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15.

Some Feathered Scalawags.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I write to make a few remarks on feathered scalawags. Of course the butcherbird stands "first and foremost" of all the feathered villains, but I have lately discovered that the bluejay is entitled to a place in the same category.

When I took up my abode in the "land of flowers" and democrats I felt inclined to treat the hook-nosed butcherbird with lenience and respect, but I very soon found I was entertaining devils unawares. They had a nest in one of my orange trees, and although I noticed that the mockingbirds seemed to have a horror of them it was some time before I realized their cussedness. I one day saw a great commotion and fluttering on the ground and discovered that a butcherbird had dragged a dove from the nest when nearly fledged and was killing it, while the mother dove was vainly interfering.

I at once tore down the nest and shot the villains, and this vicinity has never been wholesome for them since.

Another time I saw one of them flying from the lower limb of an orange tree to the ground and back repeatedly and found he was killing a young chicken nearly as large as himself. But his chief employment is robbing the nests of other birds. Only a few days ago I saw one go to a mockingbirds' nest in spite of all they could do to prevent him, but as he took nothing away with him I presume he had taken all the young birds before. The rascal ought to have a mark set upon him that any one finding him shall slay him, for no bird can safely try to raise a brood in his vicinity.

But not until a few days ago have I known the bluejay was a rascal of the same stripe. One of my tenants heard a screaming and saw a jay in great excitement hammering away at something on the ground, and on going to see what the matter was she found a young dove that he was killing. Her brother, a very intelligent and observing man, who has a place in the country, says the bluejay is almost as bad a nest robber as the butcherbird.

The well known trick of the latter—impaling grubs and young birds on a thorn—is very common here; but I never knew that the hawk was so considerate till I saw an instance of it with my own wide open eyes.

A pigeon-hawk pounced upon a dove and carried it into a row of oleanders near the house, and I got my gun—as Johnny did—and followed him, and when he sailed out I stopped him. I then heard a faint fluttering where he came from and found the dove at its last gasp, hanging with its head neatly inserted in a fork of the tree, with a horizontal limb about six inches below the fork. It was as nice an arrangement for pulling the bird to pieces comfortably as could have been found, and I believe the whole business had been prearranged, for such another place could hardly be found in a day's hunt. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, May 6.

A Wearied Migrant.

BOSTON, Mass., May 9.—Editor Forest and Stream: A very strange thing happened here to-day. A bird was found by a member of our family sitting on our backyard fence. I was called to identify it and you may imagine my surprise to find an oven bird (*Sturnus auricapillus*).

It was evidently an adult as the birds have only just come and also because the golden streak on the crown was very brilliant and the streaks on the breast were very distinct. Probably the bird was tired with its long trip from the land of the tarpon and canvasback and was resting, for I approached within 3ft. of it before it flew. When I scared it, it flew away heavily. A laundress who was hanging out clothes in the next yard tossed a piece of cloth within 6in. of it, and it "never moved." Where he sat was not more than 6ft. from a window where people were continually passing.

Let us hear from other friends of nature, about birds that have been found in strange places, as if exhausted by their migration. TWELVE-BORE.

Description of a New Prairie Hen.

Tympanuchus attwateri.—SOUTHERN PRAIRIE HEN.

Diagnosis.—Similar to *Tympanuchus americanus*, but tarsus feathered only on the upper two-thirds or less; upper surface considerably lighter colored, head and neck of males including the neck-tufts strongly suffused with cinnamon rufous. Size smaller.

Geographical Range.—Gulf coast of Texas and Louisiana.

Type Adult Male.—U. S. National Museum, No. 128,480, Refugio Co., Texas, March 27, 1893. Dimensions: Length, 15.00; wing, 8.10; tail, 3.00; bill from nasal groove, 0.50; tarsus, 2.15; middle toe without claw 1.75in.

Type Adult Female.—U. S. National Museum, No. 128,481, Aransas Co., Texas, April 25, 1893. Dimensions: Length, 13.75; wing, 8.00; tail, 2.95; bill from nasal groove, 0.48; tarsus, 2.00; middle toe without claw, 1.65in.

Collector.—H. P. Attwater, after whom I have named the species. CHAS. E. BENDIRE.

The Name Jaguar.

SEWARD, Neb., May 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: In reply to "Aztec's" inquiry in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 27, I beg to say that the jaguar is the Europeanized form of the Guarani word *yaguaret*, which means big dog (or big wolf). The *Canis azarac* is called *yaguaragazu* in Guarani. The word came to us through the Spanish missionaries to the Upper Parana country. All Spanish-Americans call the jaguar *tigre*, as also the puma *leone*, a pardonable vanity, for has not every country also its "Switzerland." AUGUST ROGY.

It was a Celebrated Case.

THE New York game protector, Mr. Willett Kidd, and the FOREST AND STREAM periodical are to be congratulated on the successful result of their endeavors to enforce the game protection law of the State against the restaurateur Delmonico, of New York city. For having in his possession eighteen woodcock killed out of season Delmonico has been compelled to pay a fine of \$35 apiece—total, \$450. This result was only attained after persevering efforts, prolonged through many months. The delay was due to the culpable neglect of Prosecuting-Attorney Nicoll, of New York, who would have permitted the culprit to escape had it not been for the interest of Judge McCarthy, who took up the case himself. We trust that the game and fish laws of all the States may be enforced as effectually, and a great deal more promptly.—American Naturalist for May.

AMONG the "Nesmuk" fund credits that of Mr. John W. Hutchinson should have assigned that gentleman to Brooklyn, N. Y., not to Brookline, Mass.

Game Bag and Gun

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

WINTER HOME OF GAME.

LAKE BARROWS, April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is generally believed that the higher the altitude in the mountains the more snow there will be in the winter and the more severe the weather. I have camped for the greater part of two winters above what is called the Big Bend of Green River, near its headwaters. Between the bend—up the river—and the first lake there is a strip of open country on or near the river which is 10 or 12 miles long and from 3 to 5 wide. Here large game, such as elk and deer, remains every winter—and this season a small bunch of antelope had the impudence to try it—while from the bend down the river, for 20 or 25 miles, it is almost impossible for any animals to remain on account of snow. At the lake the altitude is 8,000ft., and when the snow is from 15 to 18in. deep on the ground there it is from 3 to 3½ft. deep 18 or 20 miles below.

When you stand at the lake you can look up and plainly see the country above timber line on three sides of your position. That country you can reach in one or two hours good climbing, though it may take you a little longer if the day is warm. Now, how is it that a locality so high up in the mountains is so much more favorable to game in winter than neighboring sections which are lower down?

In order to prove that game has not suffered for want of feed this winter, I shot and killed a mountain sheep on March 10. Its kidneys were entirely covered with tallow, and its hams and ribs were fat enough for any one to eat.

The sheep range above timber line most of the time, but some days when I am out I see, feeding near together and low down, elk, deer and sheep. They look full and contented.

One day last February I worked my way on snowshoes above timber line and found there a bunch of about fifty elk, cows and calves. I was greatly surprised to see them, and they seemed equally so at my appearance. The mountains near by were quite bald, and the wind blows great gusts most of the time and sweeps the snow off acres of ground, leaving a short, thick grass exposed. The elk appear to think that the sheep were not going to get all of this. If the climate satisfied them, it did not me, and I was not long in coming down from these heights.

I have been waiting for the bear to wake up, but April has been pretty cold so far, and they seem to be over-sleeping themselves. This locality is a few miles north of where Mr. Ira Dodge had his bear fight last November, of which he gave an account some time after in *FOREST AND STREAM*. I saw in one of the March issues of *FOREST AND STREAM* that Mr. Dodge refers to his fight again, and threatens to retaliate on the grizzly kings of the mountains; but when he claims that he will do it with that little 6-pound gun he left standing against the fir tree, I am afraid he will himself get left at a fir tree or some other tree. The gun that would serve me such a trick as that I would have no further use for. Fighting a grizzly in reality is not much fun sometimes. You have to do some tall thinking when he comes your way with blood in his eye, and you have to do it quickly. MOUNTAINEER.

[It is not easy to explain why the snow lies deeper in one place than it does in the other. The exposure, the width of the valley, its direction or a dozen other conditions might cause the snow to accumulate lower down. Our correspondent himself states that the high bald hills are swept bare by the winds. This snow must go somewhere. Is it piled up in the valley lower down the stream?]

ON A SYCAMORE ROOT.

I WONDER if readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* ever think of the Indian Territory as a game country. The best part for hunters of all kinds of game is the central portion. Oklahoma on the west, settling up so rapidly, has driven the game back east toward the M. K. & T. R. R., thus making the western part of the Creek Nation a capital region for shooters of fowl and larger game. Shall I tell you of the great bags of prairie chicken, quail, ducks and turkeys? No. I will speak of them some other time, and instead will tell you of a panther hunt which occurred not long ago.

One evening I went after quail in the little glades and brush patches on a large creek, a tributary of the Canadian River. I had fairly good sport and had quite a large bag (quail being in abundance here) when the sun began to sink in the distant treetops, but being like all other shooters, I suppose, I could not go so long as it was light enough to shoot.

I was standing in a little glade, with my gun in readiness, while my dog (a large English pointer) was beating out the edges of the brush for scattered quail. Just as the dog was passing on the lower side of the glade, which was between me and the dense heavy timber of a deep bottom beyond, I heard a screech or yell over in the bottom, not 200yds. away, which I would have taken to be the hoot of a great owl had it not been for the dog. He was hunting intently when he heard the outcry but stopped short, with his hindquarters dropping down in the grass and head raised, snuffing the air as if in doubt whence the sound came. Again that peculiar cry came on the still evening air, re-echoing through the bottom and glades. That settled it for the dog. He left that side of the glade and came creeping toward me, turning his head from side to side to sniff and look back. When he got to where I stood he turned about and sat down, looking first into the bottom and then up into my face as if to ask an explanation. I reached down and patted him and spoke to him, which seemed to re-assure him somewhat, but he did not offer to move out again.

Slipping a heavy charge of buckshot in the left barrel alongside a charge of eights in the other barrel, I went into another glade higher up to see if I might not get another bird. But it was of no use. That dog would not go six feet away from me, although he is a keen hunter. Shouldering my gun, I started for the ranch house, and the dog, walking a little in advance, kept continually looking behind us.

I never like to be the first to start a panther scare, so I

said nothing to the folks at the house about my adventure until one of the boys, who had been turkey hunting, reported panther tracks in the bottom not a half-mile from the house. Then I told them of my adventure, and just as we were speculating concerning it, an Indian came in and said he had seen a "posee lonnee" (big yellow cat) as he came through the bottom.

A hunt was immediately planned, and Winchester, six-shooters and shotguns were put in good working trim. A hog was killed and dressed, the liver and lights carefully wrapped up and put by till evening.

After a hearty supper that evening men, dogs and horses were gathered at the ford of the creek. After a consultation it was agreed to send two Indians about a mile up the creek with the hog liver and drag it down the bottom to a point about two miles below the ford. The hunters were stationed along the track or line where the liver was to be dragged to watch for the big cat, which, when he got a scent of the bloody liver, would very naturally follow the track of it. The dogs and mounted men were stationed on a point about midway of the drag to be in readiness to charge to the signal at any point along the line. It was understood that when the beast was sighted it was to be fired upon and the Muskegee war-whoop sounded, and that would be the signal for a charge by the mounted men, dogs and hunters to that point.

I had first choice of positions because I had been the first to discover the presence of the panther in the vicinity, so selecting a point where the creek ran near the bluff I seated myself as comfortably as possible and prepared to watch. Pretty soon the Indians came past my stand dragging the bait or liver.

As soon as the rustle of their feet in the dry leaves died away in the distance down the bottom a feeling of loneliness and an indescribable dread took possession of me, and I almost wished I had not selected so good a place to see a panther. The stars shone over the top of the cliff with a cold metallic glitter, the advancing night grew colder, and with every sense painfully on the alert, the stillness, unbroken save by the sounds common in a deep bottom on a still, frosty night, became horribly oppressive.

Sitting there, at the roof of a huge sycamore, with gun across knee, I began while the time away by imagining all sorts of shadowy, indistinct forms in the bottom around me. While thus engaged I bethought myself to look back on my right when, ugh, there was a great yellowish bulk crouching not ten yards away!

How in the world such a large creature could creep up so near without so much as cracking a twig or stirring a leaf is more than I can tell.

All my blood seemed to settle right down and stop. But for a fleeting moment only. With a convulsive movement gun came to shoulder, and both barrels of the heavy piece went with a lurid blaze in the darkness, and a crashing report which reverberated, echoed and rebounded along the beetling cliffs for miles up and down the deep bottom.

Springing to my feet I let a yell out of me that, stimulated by fear and triumph all at once, would have done credit to any Indian in the territory. It brought the rest of the hunt about me, almost before I had time to reload my gun and examine my victim.

But when the dogs and the rest of the party came up there was nothing more to be done. I had by a lucky shot literally blown the head off the savage midnight prowler.

BAR LOCK.

NOTABLE SHOTS.—XI.

EASTON, Md.—Several years ago my neighbor, Capt. M., and I were shooting partridges (quail). We had flushed a covey that scattered along the edge of a wood. There was a thicket of saplings and undergrowth along the field before coming to the large timber, and the birds had pitched in this undergrowth. We approached the edge some 40yds. apart, following different birds we had marked down. My dogs overran a bird in front of me that rose out of shot and flew to my left along the top of the undergrowth. An instant after, Capt. M., who was on my left, flushed a bird that flew straight from him toward the large timber. This bird he shot at but missed and, without knowing it, killed the bird that rose in front of me. His dog did not retrieve, so I walked up to him and ordered my dog to "fetch dead." M. remarked, "You need not send your dog in for I missed that bird." I replied, "I know you did, but nevertheless you killed a bird." He had to believe it as the dog soon brought the bird to me, but he could not understand how it happened until I explained that the bird that rose in front of me had intersected the line of flight of his bird almost at right angles at the moment he fired. Taking all the circumstances of the case it was the most remarkable shot I can remember in a long experience in shooting.

SINK-BOAT.

LINDENVILLE, O., May 3.—In reading under "Notable Shots" in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 6, I see an account of two deer being killed at one shot. That reminds me of a shot I made in Otsego county, Mich., in '87. After crossing a cedar swamp one day I sat down on a log to watch a runway. After sitting about five minutes I heard a noise back of me, and on turning around saw three deer about 100yds. off coming toward me. When they were about 50yds. from me a large doe which was in the lead stopped, and the second, which was a yearling doe, walked up on the opposite side of the first and stopped when its head was about the middle of the first one's neck. The third deer, a fawn, stopped about three rods behind the first two. I raised my .45 Winchester to my shoulder and shot. The bullet struck the first in the neck—breaking it, and then striking the second went through its shoulders and down they both went without making a jump. Throwing in another cartridge I held it on the two that were down for fear one or both might jump up. While in this position the third came running in between us, and I think I could have shot that if I tried. After waiting a few moments I went up to them and found them both dead.

K. D.

MANCHESTER, Iowa.—Speaking of notable shots, one day out duck shooting this spring, and when I was going round a large marshy pond, I flushed three jack snipe in very heavy grass. I fired one barrel, and to my surprise dropped all three snipe. I had three drams of Schultze powder and one ounce of No. 8 shot.

H. S. T.

VENTURA, Cal., April 27.—Speaking of notable shots, I

was hunting deer in the foothills several years ago. While resting on my way to camp I noticed a flock of California quail feeding in an open spot of loose gravel some 200yds. down the trail. Thinking to give them a fright I fired a ball from my rifle into the midst of them. Three of the birds were left fluttering on the ground, and upon picking them up I found that not one of them had been hit by the ball. Evidently they all had died from a sudden attack of "gravel."

A. J. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Between Seasons.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 6.—There is some slight indication that a thaw may set in here by August if we have luck, but the unfavorable weather has kept every one indoors for the past week. Two weeks more and the fishing for '93 should begin. The waters all over this section continue very high. We are between the seasons now.

One of the most fortunate of our snipe shooters this season was Mr. Frank E. Lawrence, who bagged eighty jacks at Wilcox's, four miles this side of Koutts. This, however, was earlier. The birds are gone now, or so far along in their mating that few would care to shoot them so late.

One Does Not Equal Three.

Gradually I have personally come to believe that one ought not to shoot ducks in the spring. That is also the belief of *FOREST AND STREAM*, though that paper is catholic, and not rabidly intolerant in its positions. For that erratic, depraved and unprincipled bird, the jacksnipe, I confess my sympathy is more reluctant, but when you come to figure it all out, the principle of shooting snipe in the spring is much the same as that of shooting ducks in the spring—indeed, Warden Bortree thinks it is exactly the same. On the whole, I believe I will not go out after snipe next spring. Some one else can have my snipe, and if it be true, as the great American logicians have it, that some one will kill anyhow all the birds I don't kill. The truth or reasonableness of this supposition I really cannot see, but whether it be true or not, I'm going to chance it, and let my birds go for my logical friends to kill.

Of course, everybody really knows that it is all nonsense to say that "Some one else will kill them if we don't." Everybody knows it is nonsense. There is a crooked streak in human nature, whereby a fellow loves wondrous to try to fool himself—he can't really fool himself and it would be the poorest business in the world for him if he could, but he loves to try to fool himself and finds, oh! so easily, excuses for doing just what he wants to do. Now let us see. Suppose I stop shooting ducks and snipe in the spring and say so out loud. My voice is no more important than any one's else and I don't know any more about these things than anybody else. Yet it is almost a certainty that somewhere, among my acquaintances or out of my circle, either to my knowledge or without my knowledge, there will be some one person who will follow an example even so humble and unpretentious as my own. There will be some one, out of all the world full of men, who will stop shooting in the spring because I do.

Now, this unknown friend of mine, who after a while is going to come and stand by my side, has just as many friends as I have, and probably a good many more. Out of all his friends there will be one who will come up and stand by his side. I beg my first friend, the great American logician, to note that there are three of us now and not one. By the terms of his proposition, he must kill not only all the snipe I don't kill, but all those which all three of us don't kill. I don't believe he's going to do it. I don't believe that one is equal to three or to the multiples of three, to which an intelligent movement might finally amount. I don't believe the great American logician is going to believe, either, that one is the equal of three, and I just take this method of trying to make it harder for him to fool himself, as he does when he says that the way to keep birds alive is to shoot them.

But, it may be said, there is no certainty that my convert is going to materialize. Oh, yes, he is. He will appear. I know how this is, by my own case. For a long time I have had an uneasy conscience about shooting in the spring. Since I have been connected with *FOREST AND STREAM* I have shot ducks in the spring, though not for a long time now. I never knowingly have violated a State law, but even this spring I have broken down the belief of my own conscience as to natural law, and have gone gunning after that ancient enemy, the jacksnipe, killing in all about a dozen, I believe. In short, although a widening knowledge of the game supply of the country taught me that the game birds of all kinds are passing swiftly away forever, and although I presume I am as open to conviction as the average man, I never did yield to the bare logic and plain good sense of the situation, and let go of my gun very reluctantly. Of course, I wouldn't shoot snipe and try to cover up the fact, and I wouldn't do one thing and pretend to do another. That seems to me a very unmanly form of spring shooting, or of any other delinquency. On the whole, though I knew the facts well enough, I don't, but I would have shot some snipe next spring, if I had luck, had I not received a personal letter, directed not against my actual shortcomings, but those of my friends. A little thing sometimes sets one thinking. This letter happened to come from Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. For the purposes here, it doesn't make any difference who it came from, or might have come from. It reads as follows:

MAY 2, 1893.—My Dear Sir: I first intended to bluntly leave out any friendly heading and say "Hough, I am ashamed of you!" This remark would have been occasioned by reading your "heavy flight" story in the issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 27. You are bewailing the fate of some friends of yours who could not keep on slaughtering snipe, in consequence of heavy weather. If I had the power I would express a Manitoba blizzard to you every day to protect the snipe from the spring shooter. "Wretched blizzard," you say. "Glorious blizzard," say I. I have only one wish, and it is this: Whenever the spring shooter goes out after any kind of game birds that are just preparing to multiply, I hope a blizzard will appear and make his fingers so numb that they cannot pull the trigger.

I'll forgive you this time, but for the sake of true sportsmanship, never again uphold spring shooting.

There are two ways of taking a letter like that. I could receive as many will receive this open letter of mine, and say: "It is none of your blame business, Mr. Johnson, you lemme alone;" or I could sit down and do a little thinking of a sort more direct than that inspired by the generalities of right, and logic and good sense. I preferred to take that letter in the latter way. The same choice offers to any reader of this letter, which I

have written solely because I got the other. Most of the readers will say, "It is none of your business;" but I reason by analogy that, as I put up my spring gun on account of a letter, at least one of my friends is going to put up his gun on account of my letter, and in turn, one of his friends is going to do the same thing.

Let my friend, the great American logician, take note that there are now not three of us, but four. We don't think we know it all, and we don't insist on recruits, but we don't believe our friend is going to kill 100 snipe just because we refrain from killing 20 each. He can't kill all our birds, that's nonsense. Some few of them will wiggle through and get north, and breed and increase and come back with families.

This army grew from one to four since I sat down to write. I know it, I am sure of it. Even though it be a silent army, why should we not wish and hope to see it grow, fourfold, and again fourfold, and many times fourfold? Let us be honest, let us remember that the most pitiful of all dishonesty is when a fellow tries to fool himself. Now, what we know is this: It does not protect a bird to kill it, and some one else is not going to kill the birds that we don't kill.

An Interesting Suit.

May 12.—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, of May 10, has the following telegram in reference to the Tolleston Club, one of the wealthiest and best known sportsmen's organizations of Chicago:

CROWN POINT, Ind., May 9.—Green B. Smith, Attorney General of Indiana, and Thomas S. Wood, a prominent attorney of this city, have begun a suit against the Tolleston Club of Chicago, and divers other parties, to recover about 4,000 acres of land on the Little Calumet River, in Lake county. The State claims that it has never sold this land, while the defendants claim the land as riparian proprietors. The case was set down for trial yesterday and the State was ready for trial, but the defendants obtained a change of venue, and the case will be pressed for trial by the State's attorneys for the June term of the Porter county Circuit Court.

The Tolleston is a Chicago club, with holdings in Indiana. In this it is in the same category with such clubs as the Mak-saw-ba, English Lake and others. Should this case go against the Tollestons, similar suits could be brought against the other clubs located on what are known as the meandered lands, and the title of the latter could be sent meandering. The Tolleston Club, however, is a hard fighter, and usually knows what it is about. The lower Indiana clubs need have no uneasiness for a while yet at least. The Tolleston Club has won more hard legal battles as to the rights of sportsmen and sporting preserves than all the other clubs of Chicago together. It will win this one, or go far with it. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Three and Five Year Close Times.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just read the correspondence of "Juniata" in your April 27 number, which expresses the opinion I have long held in regard to prohibiting the pursuit of game, especially quail, for a successive number of years. I have just heard that Ohio has passed a law preventing shooting quail for five years. The cold winter, doubtless, furnished an excuse for a certain class who do not care to shoot and who do not want any one else to, to have a law as mentioned above. Last fall quail were scarce here, owing, I really believe, to the excessive heat of the previous summer, which destroyed the germ of the egg. But, notwithstanding the severe winter we have had, I would be willing to wager a ten dollar bill if I were a betting man, that there will be more quail next fall than there were last season if the coming summer should not be excessively hot. I saw a vigorous covey of quail lately just outside the city. People seem to be wonderfully scared about the mortality of birds as a result of cold weather, but really their imagination has more to do with the matter than their observation or their reason.

Now, particularly, about the laws of which "Juniata" speaks, I assert that prohibition of shooting quail for a number of years in succession is not only unreasonable but an imposition. Suppose by the prohibition that quail should become five times as numerous, what then? At the end of that time all the hunters would be at fever heat, and as a result of their long pent-up enthusiasm there would be a slaughter of the birds commensurate with the long delay the sportsmen had necessarily suffered, and the number of birds would be brought down to where it was before. Law makers, put this fact in your pipes and smoke it. If, as the laws were in Pennsylvania and Ohio, there was any likelihood whatever that quail would become extinct, there might be an excuse for prohibiting shooting for a successive number of years, but with the shooting season short and the laws regarded it is foolishness to suppose the prolific quail will be "played out" if shooting is allowed once every year. Let there be game associations to prevent trapping and shooting out of season, and let the people be educated to righteous principles so that men will scorn to pull a trigger or cast a line unlawfully; then no man could complain of an insufficient amount of game from year to year. One great decimator of the quail is the mowing machine. I close by reiterating that the three and five year law is not only unnecessary, but most unreasonable. Those who make that law think they know, but they don't know. N. D. E.

Snap Shooting in Cover.

OGONTZ, O.—I am an old man, and my shooting days are nearly done. I keep two guns, one a full choke and the other a cylinder. If I could combine the good qualities as occasion demands in mixed shooting the gun so secured would be a prodigy. I am a snap shot when the occasion demands, and am as sure of my game as though I had any amount of time to sight. However, that is an acquisition that comes to one with many years of practice. In a 12-gauge open shooter I use 3½ drs. powder and a scant ounce of shot, No. 8 or 9, and if a bird gets up I shoot if I see him without looking at my gun unless I have time to do so. In cover shooting we see our game at close range or not at all. It is perhaps no great performance, but in my last eight shots at ruffed grouse I got 7. I think sportsmen would get better results with good open shooting guns and less ammunition than is to-day practicable with their full chokes and so much waste of powder and shot and so much hard kicking. I have shot all sorts of charges and all kinds of shoulder guns, and must admit that enough is enough and too much is superfluous. I fear the quail were greatly decimated by the extreme cold weather in this vicinity. M. M. B.

The Colorado "Good" Food Law.

DENVER, Col., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice in your issue of April 27 reference to a change of the word "food" to "good" in the new game law of Colorado. Such an error is unfortunate, for it may occasion contention, although I do not think it possible to destroy the efficiency of the statute by such a change. The section is as follows:

Section 12. No person shall kill, wound, ensnare, trap or have in possession any deer, elk or antelope or parts thereof within this State for any purpose whatever at any time, except that those deer, antelope and elk which have horns may be killed and had in possession between Aug. 1 and Nov. 1 of the same year for good purposes only, and then when necessary for immediate use, governed in amount and quality by the reasonable necessity of the person or persons killing the same. * * *

The section prohibits the killing of deer, elk and antelope, or the having the same in possession. Then an exception is made. That is that those animals having horns (that is, adult males) may be killed and had in possession between Aug. 1 and Nov. 1 of the same year for "good" purposes only. Undoubtedly the intention was to confine such killing and possession to the personal use (for food) of the party killing the same, and I do not think the substitution of the word "good" for "food" can materially change the meaning of the statute, for all parts of the section must be considered in connection with the word "good." It is apparent from what follows the word "good" that it was only intended to except from the general prohibition against killing enough game of a certain character to meet the personal wants of the parties killing the same.

Public sentiment will not tolerate the slaughter of game in Colorado, and if the pot-hunters spent their time and money and got nothing better than a substitution of the word "good" for "food," I am confident that their money and time was illy spent, and I am confident that game will receive reasonable protection under the new law. H. M. TELLER.

A Small-Bore Cartridge.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—I believe the time has come to introduce a new small-bore cartridge which will more effectively bring out the possibilities to be attained by such an arm. It is generally conceded that the bottle-shaped cartridge has no advantages whatever over the straight shell, while it possesses many positive disadvantages to the practical rifleman who wishes to use a combination of bullets and charges in the same shell.

With this end in view I have just completed a model .25cal. shell which I believe will be the most powerful and satisfactory cartridge of that caliber yet made in this country, and inclose a scale drawing and description of same. It is intended to supersede the 20grs. bottle shell, which is the only one now in use of that charge.

It will have a proportion of about 1 to 3½ and 4 accord-



The new cal. .25-25-100 c. f. cartridge, made expressly for the rifle. Shell 2½ in. long, straight, using the 56grs. and 96grs. bullet (ideal molds) and 25grs. Fg. Hazard powder (ideal charges). Also a round ball with light charge. Specially adapted to both hunting and target practice.

ing to the bullet used. The heavier bullet will be a very steady-shooting one at long range, while the lighter one will give a high velocity and exceedingly low trajectory for hunting purposes.

I understand that it was originally intended to have the .25cal. shell made straight, and that it was changed to bottle-shape for the convenience of the manufacturers and not because such was desired by rifleman.

I have been told that it is no use for a cartridge company to make this new shell because there are no rifles to use it. This is quite true. But what rifle company will now be the first to chamber their .25cal. arms for this shell? W. L. CARPENTER.

It Is the Law in Some States.

EASTON, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Why would it not be a good amendment to our laws setting a close time for upland game to add a provision that if any one is found in the woods or field with dog and gun, or with gun alone, going through the motions of hunting, that it shall be *prima-facie* evidence that he was violating the game law in regard to close time.

In this section, although a good deal of shooting is done in violation of law, it is exceedingly hard to get evidence to convict. One may see a person hunting for partridges with dog in field and all the paraphernalia for bird shooting, but if you do not see him shoot or shoot at a bird you can do nothing. Now if the above proposed section, or something like it, were in force, you would be enabled to get out a warrant and make the party prove that he was not violating the close law. The mere fact of the power to arrest would act as a preventive.

I hope that you will not let the non-resident law subject drop. SINK BOAT.

Quail in Northern New York.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., May 8.—We have seen three large bevs this spring of the quail left over from last fall, being some hatched out last year from those that I turned down a year ago. Have not looked for them, so there may be more that have withstood the rigors of the northern climate. This is quite remarkable, when one sees the account of so many quail being winter-killed in the South, and stranger still one of these bevs I did not know about, and they hustled for themselves for food. W. C. W.

Massachusetts Quail.

MR. J. A. EWELL, of Centre Marshfield, informs his friend and gunning mate, Mr. L. W. DePass, assistant secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, that he has seen five coveys of quail since the snow went off this spring. The biggest one seen had some eighteen birds in it. SPECIAL.

Vermont Deer, Pheasant and Quail.

RUTLAND, Vt., May 9.—Three deer were recently seen in the town of Lincoln near the village. The law protecting them until 1900 promises to stock the State very

thoroughly, as they appear to be increasing very rapidly and are reported to be very tame. Some of the quail mentioned in your paper last fall as being seen near the town of Bristol survived the extreme winter and are still seen in that vicinity.

The pheasant which were introduced by Dr. Webb at Shelburne have become quite common about Bristol. There is a close season on these birds for three years.

The new fish and game law seems to be very acceptable to most every one, although an occasional objection is raised to the close season on black bass, which was extended to June 15. Those who know the habits of the bass, however, are pleased with the new law. WHEELOCK.

Wants to Know What He Is.

I AM a comparatively poor man financially and have to work hard to earn my living. During the fall of the year when it is possible for me to get away from work for a day, I take a gun and go out for a shot at a partridge or woodcock. I have no dog; can't afford one. Now, what I want to know is this: Am I sportsman, sport or pot-hunter? Probably on account of my not being overstocked with this world's goods and having to flush my own birds, the cry will again be—pot-hunter. STRAWBERRY BANK.

The End of the Capercailzie.

WESTERLY, R. I., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The pair of capercailzie received last week by Hon. D. F. Stillman have died, and on examination the birds were found in very poor condition and completely covered with lice. The male weighed 6½ lbs. and female 3½ lbs. Rather a discouraging ending of so commendable a project, and I hope the gentleman will not be so discouraged as to abandon the idea of introducing this wonderful bird. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

PROPERTY RIGHTS IN TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are much interested in the trout question down here on Cape Cod, although thus far the fastidious fellows for the most part refuse to be interviewed on the ridiculous plea of high water and cold weather. We are interested, I say in the question of allowing breeders to sell their bred during the close season for wild trout. Your arguments against any concessions are all sound, and for the time being in the interest alike of trout and trouters.

In considering the question, however, it is essential to have an eye to the future. Trout breeding establishments are rare in the country at large. Probably Long Island is the most densely populated of any neighborhood in that respect. They are, however, destined to increase in numbers as time goes on, and eventually there will be enough breeders interested to create a lobby and bring influence to bear. In other words, there is a question of individual right in this matter that will sooner or later make itself heard.

The argument of the artificial breeders is not without force. If I dig a pond in my dooryard and breed trout therein they are just as much private live stock as are the problematical chickens in my wife's prospective hen house. I am strongly of the opinion that should I carry the case to the United States Supreme Court it would decide that I have a constitutional right to sell whenever my pupils are in a marketable condition (my friend, the school teacher, says that this use of "pupils" is incorrect, but I hold it to be right, inferentially at least, else why do all the dictionaries give "school of fish" as good idiomatic English?)

Now had not we better take time by the forelock and contrive a plan whereby artificially raised trout may be marketed whenever they are "in condition," rather than fight what may very likely prove a losing battle in the end.

Close seasons are very properly defined, with a wide margin in favor of the game to be protected. If people would fish with some degree of moderation, the open season for trout might be extended in both directions. But they won't! The artificial breeder, on the contrary, is bound by his own interests not to abuse his privileges. He will kill only as many trout as can be spared without curtailing the natural increase, and it certainly seems rather hard if he may not do what he will with his own. Furthermore, if a plan can be devised for the marketing of artificially raised trout before the open season begins, there would be less inducement perhaps for the pot fisherman to make a clean sweep of the streams for market purposes after the season opens.

I would suggest some such plan as this: Let the State place a light stamp duty upon all trout sold during the close season. The stamps could be sold in sheets like postage and revenue stamps, and affixed as wanted to tags bearing the breeder's name and address. Each stamp could be canceled by the breeder's signature or rubber stamp, with date and hour if desired. The tag could be wired to the trout as soon as taken from the water or as soon thereafter as seemed good to the breeder.

Poachers could of course have tags printed and buy stamps if they choose to do so, but they would not choose to any great extent, and if they did would be extremely likely to come to grief in short order.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you know your business you will be able to point out the weak points in this scheme. I have purposely left a few for you to exercise your ingenuity upon. My object is to suggest a possible way of reconciling what seems a legitimate and reasonable property right with the true interests of sportsmen.

SANDWICH, MASS., April 21.

CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON.

Wisconsin Muscallonge.

THREE LAKES, Wis., May 9.—I caught on May 8 two muscallonge, weight 1½ lbs. and 27½ lbs., and seventy-nine pike, weight of largest 8½ lbs. Fishing will be good from this out; water high, but lowering fast. F. R. F.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

II.

Exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission.

THIS minute description of the fish exhibit of the United States Fish Commission is from personal observation. Much care and thought have been exercised in getting all the details correct.

Therewith was some anxiety of a personal nature caused by the immemorial prejudice which the public displays toward those who are not considered experts in any specialty involving publicity. Fishermen are particularly opposed to those who by force of arms as it were, break into their time-honored guild or its literature. It is particularly distasteful to them when a writer on dogs suddenly switches off to writing on fish, without any shadow cast before to herald the coming event. This prejudice, however, is most inconsiderate and unjust—inconsiderate since it is absurd to assume that because a man writes a long time about one thing he can not write a short time about some other thing; and unjust, since it bars a man in a manner from participating in the practical and ideal pleasures of the sport. Because a man is a sailor, must he perforce know nothing of dry land? Because a writer is eternally sounding the praises of the peaceful and harmonious fraternity of dog fanciers and dogs, does that bar a knowledge of fish? Yet the caste lines—if I may so use the term—are nowhere drawn sharper than about the noble society of fishermen, who are supposed to be the soul of *bonhomie* and altruistic tendency.

To narrow all this now to a personal application to my own case, at some risk of crossing the boundary of tolerated egotism, I have the honor of having been accused of being a dog man, or kennel writer, and a few times I have been playfully referred to as a kennel editor, but nevertheless I have some knowledge of fish—yes, more, I have caught fish; big ones they were too; caught in the conventional high-art, rod-and-reel manner, although some spectator said, in moments of persiflage, that my style of fishing is remarkably *sui generis*. My success, the result of skill, has always been ascribed to luck. This brief explanation is intended to set the wise reader aright at the outset.

The U. S. exhibit is in a pavilion close to the main Fisheries Building and connected therewith by a piece of airy architecture. In the pavilion there are two rows of tanks, one following in the inner circle of the wall, the other forming by itself an inside circle of tanks, a roomy passageway between the two affording room for spectators. In the middle of the building in the space inclosed by the inner circle of tanks is a fountain. The exhibit is said to be one of the best, if not the best one of fresh-water fish ever shown in this country. To the public, it is a most interesting attraction. The pavilion is constantly crowded with enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen, from morn till night.

The clear plate glass which forms the sides of the tanks renders visible the domestic and work-a-day life of the fish. Gravel bottoms, rough rocks here and there loosely thrown together, and artificial caverns make resting and hiding places for the fish, imitating in a manner their homes in their native waters.

Air is injected, or projected or forced into the water through pipes to aerate it. It is not commonly known that water is full of wind. The fish, by their peculiar manner of breathing, that is by sifting the water through their gills, thus separating the air from it, leave it oxygenless, which then is fatal to fish life.

Many of the fish had a false membrane growing on their heads and sides, which I heard a fisherman say was technically called mildew, a sort of fungus which comes from dampness and darkness. But this fungus is rapidly disappearing, and the fish will all be soon in good coat.

There was variety enough to please a Waltonian Munchausen. Croakers, spotfish, lady-crabfish, white perch-fish, swellfish, toadfish, lobsterfish, king-crabfish, burfish, tomcod, tautog, rock sturgeon, shovel-nosed sturgeon, paddlefish, lake trout, rainbow trout, black croppie, yellow perch, brook trout, tench, large and small-mouth black bass, white bass, red-eyed bream, burbot, eel, long-nosed gar, catfish, mountain trout, sucker, pike, river carp, dogfish, pickerel, goldfish, sand pike, pike-perch, sheephead, golden ide, blue sunfish, Van Behr trout, Loch Leven trout, scale carp, mirror carp, etc., were in abundance.

A brief description of a few of the most prominent classes will be interesting to those who are deprived of the happiness of gazing on them. Nearly all the classes were well filled. To the right of the main entrance in the first stall, or, as it is called, tank, were some sea anemones. A gentleman who was explaining matters to a lovely lady who accompanied him, told her very earnestly, as they admired these fish flowers, that they were an-e-mones.

The next tank, according to the label thereon, contained spot, and which, by the same token, are found from Cape Cod to Texas. Found presumably in the water. In size, they closely approximate to common inland fish. In color, they have a delicate tinge of corn-green, set off with delicate zebra markings, which I presume gave rise to the name of spot.

One tank was empty, I thought it could have been profitably utilized by placing therein some finnin haddie. It would thus have been an object lesson. This strong fish in his native element has no peer. It is remarkable

what little knowledge of this fish is possessed by fishermen. I never heard of anybody catching one. I asked a friend to tell me where the finnin haddie habitated, and he said the finnin haddie was found in Finland. I presume this is so, for their diet is foreign and gives them a very smoky flavor when they are cooked.

The croakers had a stall to themselves, excepting the presence of some rheumatic crabs which walked uncertainly on the bottom. I was not quite sure of the classification of the croaker, so I asked the Deacon what kind of fish it was. He promptly replied: "It's a low down, half bred sort 'r fish; 'taint much good." That settles the croakers.

The white perch were a sorry class. All lacked depth of chest, and are cobby in build. They are intensely gregarious. They inhabit certain districts, while other districts are not inhabited by them. In Chicago restaur-



DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

In Charge Angling Pavilion, Fisheries Building.

rants they fill a long felt want. A light loin and short, thick neck are grave faults, and should be bred out as soon as possible.

A big fish, about a 4-pounder, easily good for a 10-pounder if caught by hook and line, was labeled a small fish. He was probably in the challenge class and had a walkover. He was out of coat, loaded in the shoulders and carried a low nose.

Some toadfish and round clams occupied one tank. Their animation was about alike. However, the toadfish has a most benign expression, though the face is heavily wrinkled and careworn. The face, moreover, is too cheeky for beauty, and the head is set on the body without any intervention of neck. The back is very short, and the body is hardly large enough to furnish nourishment to so large a head. Some of these fish had a rough, undressed skin which would be greatly benefitted by some of the mange cures advertised in our columns.

One stall furnished a home for some unhealthy lobsters. They were active enough and had a most truculent expression, but their color was a bilious green, and not at all like the bright red of the lobster in good health. There were some precarious crabs watching the lobsters with unpleasant eye.

One tank was alive with dozens of beautiful lake trout two years old. They appeared to be from 6 to 10 in. in length. The class was a sorry one of speckled butes. The skin was neatly fitted to the person of each and covered evenly with polka dots. A time-honored fable of the trout's shyness was there refuted. Trout are not at all shy. Those trout would, dozens at a time, place their noses against the glass and gaze at the public much in the same manner as a crowd of polite American citizens will swarm around a strange Arab, on a street of Chicago, and gaze at him in wild-eyed wonder. A tank full of puppy trout, tiny fellows, showed that they would in time be larger.

But the beautiful bur fish, the cobby fellow in black and gold stripes, the pug dog of the fish family, the greyhound of the ocean. Sharp-lined bars of yellow and blue run bias around his finely curved bust and waist. The skin has a loosely-woven silk yarn finish, with cater-

pillar spines sticking about its person as it happeneth. Two large black spots placed back of the shoulders and on the flank relieve it from being spotless. The flatness of chest is offset by great spring of ribs back of the shoulders. The nose is short, skull full without any excessive occipital development, and there is no throatiness. Head not well chiseled under eye. The eyes are set wide apart, show some haw and have a watery look. The mouth is not ornamental. This class appears to be in the toy division. It was deficient in tan markings. The shoulder fins and rib fins were well carried.

Yellow perch were well represented. They have been frequently described in previous reports.

The tench has a most repellent expression, due to a preponderance of head, which is occupied largely by a curved mouth. Of course, a smaller head could not hold so large a mouth, thus nature shows it never makes a mistake. This fish has three sets of rowers or fins in a row on each side. These fins are technically called the epigastric fins, the hypogastric fins and the umbilical fins. The steering fin is placed on the end of the spinal column. Each fish are eligible to listing in *Kennel Gazette* on payment of twenty-five cents.

One tank or stall contained large and small-mouthed black bass and bream. Some of them looked mangy. To classify a fish by the size of its mouth is both inelegant and unskilful. Who ever heard of large-mouthed St. Bernards, or small-mouthed mastiffs? Or big-footed pugs, or shovel-nosed setters? Or red-eyed beagles, or long-billed bulldogs? The nomenclature needs revision. As I gazed upon the beautiful black bass I could hardly realize the belligerent nature of these fish from their dignified deportment. I would, moreover, hardly believe that 50,000 or 60,000 different kinds, colors and shapes of bogus flies were necessary to catch them in a proper manner. But the flies in quantities are necessary. You see, the bass knows the kind of flies he wants. You keep on offering him a different fly till you find a shape and color which suits his taste, the color always harmonizing with foliage and sky colors, and there you are. The bass will bite worms, and grasshoppers and frogs and things, but civilization bars these because there is no more skill in getting fish to bite a worm than there is in getting a dinner with a \$20 gold piece. Civilization and high art require that you fool the fish and catch him, too. Civilization is a great thing. So is art. Then the battles these fish have fought! How they swirled and sprung angrily from the water, and shook their heads in bold defiance, and how the reel sung, and the rod bent, and how he gave him the butt, and how the resilient tip resilient, and—the line broke and—what a big fish was lost! And there you are again. The primitive man would throw the bass a worm with a hook therein encased. A simple consecutiveness of line and pole established the medium. Action was gotten up without any lost motion. The bass bit, he was yanked instantly in mid air, there was a dull thud and all was over. But this is a digression. To return to our mutton.

The croppies were all in one class. Good temper was visible in every feature, although each fish had his back up. The body tapers quickly to a very narrow loin and cat hips. Nose retrousse, eyes set on side of head, and this fish can gaze for hours without winking. Ribs flat, chest deep, shoulders sloping, has a kind of rolling gait.

But the catfish and dogfish! The fish of the people. The bullhead was there in all his meekness, the same noble fish of our boyhood days. The mouth with the same fixed amiability. The eyes full of mournful forgiveness for generations of oppression. Withal it was the same stiff-necked, assertive biter of worms which delighted to be caught, murmuring only a musical murmur in protest.

The dogfish, however, is the fish for your money. He is the game terrier of the water. He persists in being caught to give his mouth and fins exercise. He is a fighter, too. One, when caught on light tackle, is equal to his big-mouth relative, the bass. He is not noted as a table fish any more than the dog proper, but he gives a run for your money. Not exclusive in his habits like the pickerel, nor whimsical and finicky like the trout, if the bait is but thrown within his reach, he can be depended on to do his part every time like man's best friend. May his shadow never grow thinner.

B. WATERS.

Over in the Fisheries Building the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit has become, so they tell me, to be a very pretty affair. Not all the material is yet in place, and no limit of time or material is to be set. The exhibit is improved, but not finished, and it simply must be kept improving until in its class it leads all the rest, because that is the kind of an Abou Ben Adhem FOREST AND STREAM is. The other day, finding a need of some additional sporting material for decorative purposes, I went into the house of A. G. Spalding & Bros. and interviewed Mr. Hirth, the head of the retail tackle department—a man who, I firmly believe, has the largest heart of any man on earth. When I emerged I had an armful of angling paraphernalia, Spalding's big 10lb. bass, three fine cases of dead game, and everything else I wouldn't refuse absolutely to carry away. I think if I had proposed to move the whole store down Mr. Hirth would have agreed, and so would the firm. I don't know but I will do that next week. Thanks to these courtesies—which, by the rules of red tapedom cannot be acknowledged by card in the exhibit itself—the FOREST AND STREAM corner is brighter and better. A big sea trout will join the record tarpon and the vast bass next week, and the genuine Saurey Camp will also then sit below the Gloriana yacht model. All of these things it takes time and closer looking than a general glance to see, and the friends of FOREST AND STREAM will not have pleased it fully until they have obeyed the due injunction to "step inside."

E. HOUGH.

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" WORLD'S FAIR BUREAU.

THE "KINGFISHERS" IN CANADA.—I.

Big Basswood Lake.

It will not be the purpose of this article to give a detailed history of our camp in Canada last summer, with all the happenings, "categories" and "episodes" that fell to our lot; I am only going to tell where we went, how we got there, and of the great bass fishing we found—all this for the benefit of any of the brethren who may take a notion to pay a visit to the best "bass pocket" we have found in a good many years.

We were put on the trail by a friend living in Traverse City, Mich., who, with three others, had made a canoe trip in the summer of 1890 along the shore of the North Channel as far east as the mouth of the Missisaga River, a matter of sixty or seventy miles from the "Soo," and thence up this river fifty miles or more, making a detour on the way up Mud River into Mud Lake, a portage of half a mile or a little more across to Big Basswood Lake, and from the foot of this lake another portage of a couple of miles back to the Missisaga River, several miles above where they had left it. He gave a glowing account of the bass fishing in Big Basswood, and advised us to go there and make our summer camp on its banks. We went.

In order to go into the country in good shape and with our eyes open, I had some correspondence with Mr. Henry Plummer, the Collector of Customs at Sault St. Marie, Canada, relative to what would be required in the matter of customs duties on supplies taken across the border, camping outfit, etc., and was informed that I would be required to make duplicate lists of the outfit—tents, mess chests, canvas boats, etc., together with the guns, rods and tackle belonging to the party, with estimated values of all on the lists. This last item I lumped together as "rods, tackle and other camping sundries." One of the lists would be retained by the train collector at the "Soo," the other, receipted by him, would be retained by the party. On all this a duty, or rather a deposit, of 30 per cent. would be required, which, however, would be refunded to us if we returned and crossed the border inside of sixty days. On supplies, "side meat," coffee, sugar "and such," the duty would average about the same, which would not be refunded, and this decided us to take along but coffee, good coffee, for we knew the average coffee to be had all over upper Michigan and Canada was not worth its weight in blue beans. Everything else needed we could buy over there as cheap as at home, and save the duty.

A call brought the Kingfishers from Kentucky, Old Sam, Charley and his son Owen, a youngster on his first trip, and on July 15, at 8:50 A. M., we left Cincinnati over the Pan Handle & Grand Rapids and Indiana Railways for Thessalon, Ontario, Canada, a station on the Canada Pacific R. R., forty-six miles east by south of the Soo.

The Colonel was there, and Harry Foulds and Old Hickory, and Ed Gooder had gone ahead to Omena, Mich., to look after the affairs of the Omena Hotel Association, of which he is president, but would join us in camp in a few days. Our old cook, Barney, could not get off to go with us, which was a source of regret from the day we started till we broke camp.

At Petoskey next morning the old "Nessmuk" of northern Michigan, "Kelpie," got on the train with his "calamities," his usual deliberation and a through ticket to the Soo, shook hands all around with hearty vigor and deliberation, and our cup of happiness was full, for every one of us keeps a corner in his heart warm for "Kelpie."

At Mackinaw City we swapped trains for one on the Duluth & South Shore R. R., which is ferried across the Straits on a big ferryboat to St. Ignace.

We had bought round trip tickets for the Soo at Mackinaw, via Trout Lake Junction, a station where the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault St. Marie road crosses the Duluth & South Shore, but "Kelpie's" ticket took him several miles further up the road, to "Soo Junction." However, our train on the Minn., St. P. & Soo road was a couple of hours late, and we arrived at the Soo only a few minutes behind him. All's well that ends well.

Trout Lake is the better place to make the change, as the baggage car of the Minn., St. P. & Soo train goes on into Canada, saving the work and annoyance of a transfer at the Soo. The coaches are replaced by Canada coaches on the American side of the river, and the train goes on its way across the big iron bridge at the head of the rapids under the control of a Canadian crew of trainmen.

The train going in from Soo Junction stops on the American side, making a transfer of baggage necessary; for the information of any one going into Canada from the south, via the Soo.

While crossing the bridge, the train collector, Mr. W. H. Hill, came in the baggage car where some of us were looking out the door at the rapids, and when he got his eye on the word "Kingfisher," painted on the box in which the "ironclad" was packed, remarked as he turned to us, "Gentlemen, this must be the Kingfisher party from the States; Mr. Plummer told me you would be along to-day and to look out for you." I handed him the lists I had made out and he soon had the number of pieces checked off, the duty figured out, which was paid him, and a receipted list handed back. We also paid \$2.14 on 18lbs. of coffee and a case of soups—chicken, oxtail, mock turtle, "bullington" (as our cook afterward called it), etc.—which case of soups our friend Snider, who had received

an invitation to join us on the trip, had insisted on bringing along at the last minute as a donation. I asked if it would be necessary to open out our mess boxes, tent bags, trunks, grips, etc., for inspection—which is usually required—and he replied, "Oh, no; you're all right; Mr. Plummer is satisfied that you are a party of square sportsmen, after sport only, and so am I. All I want to know is that a party is not trying to sneak things through to sell without paying the duty, and this deposit of 30 per cent. on your outfit is required as a matter of protection against this kind of smuggling. No, you won't have to unlock or open a thing." And then he suggested that if he found time he might run in on us some day.

We thanked him for his courtesy and assured him the latch string would be out for him at any and all times, and everything wide open for a post-prandial inspection—even to old Sam's gripsack. We left the train when we pulled down to the station at the Canada Soo, and we saw no more of the genial and gentlemanly train inspector till we came out on our way home.

Just here I don't know but it would be the right thing to thank him over again through FOREST AND STREAM—him and the collector of customs, Mr. Henry Plummer, for the kindness and courtesies received at their hands, not forgetting that prince of good fellows, conductor George Cavanaugh and his baggage man, whose name I cannot now recall. In fact we have never been treated better anywhere in our wanderings after sport than by the Canadians. They took our American money, silver,

so and turned off to the left, taking another road that our driver said was a better and shorter one, and less hilly than the one leading through the town.

A few miles out we crossed a very beautiful little stream which the driver informed us was an excellent trout stream—"a little further up"—and here we got out for a drink out of a very cold spring coming out of the hill side near the road.

Before we were half over the road darkness had come on, and soon after, and for near an hour, we were treated to the most magnificent and wonderful display of northern lights, quivering and shooting in broad belts across the sky, that it has ever been our good fortune to witness.

It had turned so cold, too, that we were chilled to the bone, and most of us got out and walked, and ran, and cut up shines and antics along the road to keep warm. We got a view of a part of Little Basswood Lake at one point, lying down below us to the right, shimmering in the dim light of the stars, and shortly after turned a square corner in the road near which was a big frame house which our mine of information—the driver—announced as the post office and town of Sowerby, with the additional information that we were about three miles from our camping place.

This was welcome news, for we were tired, and cold, and hungry, but the chances for anything to eat before morning were exceedingly slim.

Our pace was slow, as the wagons ahead were well loaded, and we in the rear had to gang their gait, but at last we rattled down a "long slim hill and across a bridge spanning a noisy little stream," which "our mine" said was the outlet of Big Basswood Lake. Here was a little hamlet of five or six houses called Day Mills, but there was no sign of life about except for the vociferous barking of two or three dogs that were aroused by the rattle of the wagons at this unseemly hour of the night.

We followed the leading wagon along the road for eighty rods or so, when it turned sharply to the left up a steep, rocky hill, along which the main road led, and we got out to help our tired horses to the top by a united push from the rear.

At the summit, after a hard scramble, a drive of a few rods took us out of the woods into an open, level common of twenty or twenty-five acres—we guessed it that in the dark—surrounded on all sides by woods as near as we could make out in the gloom, which we afterward learned had been laid out for a town site in anticipation of the C. P. R. R. coming that way, but it didn't. We followed an old dim road straight across the open, going nearly due north, as indicated by the pointers of the big dipper, till we came to the woods on the further side, when we got out to determine our next move. Through an opening in the woods to the left of the wagons we could see the dim outlines of a house against the sky, and following a path four or five rods were soon pounding at the front door and a side window to rouse the old bear, or (John) Bull, rather, out of his lair.

At last after we had nearly rattled the house down over his head he gave signs of life with, "Hey there! what's wanted?" followed by some growls and grunts and mutterings in a "deep sot granulated voice," as old Sam made it out, and soon a light appeared inside and the door fronting the lake was unlocked and opened with, "Ah, good evening, gentlemen, the Kingfisher party, I suppose, walk in; I looked for you earlier in the evening, but gave you up at last and went to bed; walk in, walk in and make yourselves at home." All this in that "deep sot, granulated voice" that had impressed old Sam. But there was no time to waste in walking in, as it was after 11 o'clock and the wagons to unload and a place fixed in which to get a few winks of sleep before morning. After a very brief introduction he came out with a light and piloted the teams over an old wagon road, around through a little strip of woods, dark as a pocket except for the feeble flicker of the light, and into an open level space at the east side of the house, where he said the camp was to be made.

While unloading the wagons Dyer suggested that instead of spending time in putting up the tents in the dark we get out our blankets and bedding and make shake-downs on the floor in his house, and the vote on it being unanimous, we were soon scattered around in three rooms on the uncarpeted floors, and it was not long till a vigorous snoring match was going on, with the Colonel slightly in the lead.

KINGFISHER.

New Hampshire Trout.

OUR correspondent Von W. tells us that he was misled by erroneous information respecting the New Hampshire trout season. No change was made by the last Legislature, the opening date being still April 15. A Lebanon correspondent, C. D. S., writes: "If the genial Colonel had said that there was a law (this year at least) of God that no trout could be caught before May 1 (or even then for that matter) I should fully agree with him. I think that Von W. will back me in saying that I can catch trout if there are any, but I have been out twice and caught only three trout. In my humble belief, the small brooks are ruined for this year at least. A great many of them froze solid and killed about every trout. Two years ago I caught over 2,000 trout and made happy lots of my friends who could not get away from business by giving away some 1,400 of them; but from the outlook now I shall be happy if I catch 500."



THE HAUNT OF THE PICKEREL.

Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

Photo by Mr. Henry Allender.

gold or paper at its face value wherever presented, and the Canada Pacific Railway carries all kinds of sportsman's outfits free; guns, dogs, tackle, etc., and even boats and canoes not exceeding 20 feet in length.

What more could "the Joneses" ask?

We arrived at Thessalon station (the town is about a mile and a half from the railroad) still a couple of hours late, 6 P. M. standard time, or 7 Eastern time, by which the C. P. runs its trains, but some previous correspondence with Mr. James B. Dabie, postmaster at Thessalon, had resulted in three teams being in waiting at the station to haul us and the calamities out to Big Basswood Lake, where the camp was to be made, and there was some tall hustling to load the wagons, as we had fourteen miles to drive, and not a great deal of daylight left.

Mr. Dobie keeps a good general store, too, and we had sent him an order for some supplies, which were in one of the wagons in the shape of a sack of flour, a couple of big hams, salt pork, beans, canned fruit, ship biscuit, etc., and some rough pine boards for a table, all of which are mighty handy to have about a camp. He had also secured us an alleged cook, an exceedingly fresh young fellow, who had graduated in a lumber camp and knew just enough about cooking to remind us every day and meal of the absence of our old cook Barney; but Barney could not afford to leave a good job to go with us, and we were treated to a style of cookery that "the Joneses wasn't used to," albeit the Joneses never was used to the very best.

Brother Dobie is, in addition to merchant and postmaster, an enthusiastic old angler, and he had written us much valuable information about Big Basswood Lake and the region round about, with which he is thoroughly acquainted.

We had also corresponded with Mr. Geo. F. Dyer, living on the banks of big Basswood near the outlet, and from him had received all kinds of information about the five lakes lying within a radius of 12 or 15 miles; big and little Basswood lakes, Clear Lake, Loon Lake and Mud Lake, and among other items, he had selected a camping place for us right near his house—which savored somewhat of an axe to grind.

We followed the road leading to town a half mile or

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—IV.

The Return Trip.—IV.

[Continued from page 403.]

NED awoke early the next morning and observed a regular mass of ragged-edged and dark, dirty-looking clouds, that were driving rapidly across the heavenly highway, making the lake appear with an ominous storm tinge on its surface. The boatmen kept watching the riotous rage above as they were preparing the meal, expecting every minute to see an approaching squall strike us. About 6 o'clock it came and with a violence that threatened to sweep the canvas into the lake. Ned and I grabbed hold of the front of the tent, where the fury of the gale attacked it, and then hallooing for the boys they came climbing up the hill in a hurry, with their hair streaming in the wind and their faces ablaze with excitement. They were soon in position, holding down the fluttering structure with a herculean strength. There we stood for fully twenty minutes, striving with all our might and main to keep the tent secure. "Hold her, hold her," was the cry, as the wind rattled and played a lively tune on the flapping canvas and the strained cordage. "Here she goes," cried Ned, as the tent raised from the ground like an inflated balloon and threatened to carry us off, but we held with a tenacity born of desperation. It, however, soon played out, as all summer squalls do, but it was a high old frolic old Boreas made for us for a brief time. "What I tell you," said the astronomer, as he released his hold on the canvas, perfectly delighted with the realizing of his forecast. "You believe me when I tell you," he continued, and then he strode around like a Delphic Oracle, and exploited relative to his great knowledge of where gales, hurricanes and cyclones are born, and how, when and where they travel; and then with a parting warning of "More come by and by," hurried down the granite hill to participate in preparing the breakfast hash.

"Let the old sage (?) enjoy his present triumph," says Ned, "for out of all his observations during the trip no two in succession ever realized and seven out of ten were flat failures."

The blow was followed by heavy thunder and vivid lightning on the heels of which rain in torrents fell for near an hour, then in rumbling murmurs the storm fretted itself away, and the sky took on a roseate hue; but for a few moments only, as sombre clouds again began to darken the heavens.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious appearance of the weather, we started for our old fishing grounds soon after breakfast, and within a few minutes after arriving caught one trout and hooked and lost another. A gale of wind and rain was unmistakably apparent, as the bleak gray stole over the frothing sea, and turned ashen the curve of every surge. A flash of lightning now painted itself in fiery forks upon the inky clouds, and at once we ceased the sport and made lively times for our quarters, in hopes of escaping the threatened rain, for the black-winged legions of the tempest were rapidly concentrating their hosts for a formidable attack. We failed to reach our destination by about one hundred yards, where we were struck with a terrific wind and heavy rain, that was so scythe-like in its terrible sweep as to give us exceedingly hard work to even cover the little space that intervened between us and the harbor. The boys tugged at the oars with the strength of giants, and by a maneuver of Peter in giving the boat a quarter swing, we gained the landing. The rain came down in beads like buckshot, and fell upon us with a stinging force that was really painful.

The boatmen, when they had reached camp, were as soaked as if they had fallen into the lake, while, thanks to our rubbers and "sou'westers," we escaped with a slight sprinkle. On going to our quarters we found the tents flooded and the ridge-pole of the fly broken, with the canvas flapping itself into shreds. The squall lasted about fifteen minutes, and then the storm king departed, satisfied with the passing courtesy he had paid the "Twin Sisters."

The camp was again put in order, and things began to look cheerful once more. The old prophet, who lingered around us while straightening matters in the tent, said, "More storm soon," and we thought so too, for there was a low rumble of thunder overhead, a dazzling play of fiery tapestry in the western horizon, and a hard, cold look on the water that satisfied us we were to have another attack of the unruly elements. It came a little after dinner and with such a terrific force that it required all hands to keep our white-winged abode erect, and then we had to take the flies down in order to save them. Both the boys' and the dining tent, however, fell before the wrathful wind.

A minute or two after the squall had passed a fog bank of tremendous proportions, that seemed to reach from the waters to the azure blue, came rolling from the west with such a formidable and appalling front as to amaze us. It advanced with the circling motion of a rapidly revolving cylinder, as if it were really absorbing everything as it progressed. Ned held up his hands in horror as he saw its awful approach, asserting that it was backed by another cyclonic blow which would sweep the island of all movable things; but it passed south of us, disclosing in its rear such volumes of black, ragged clouds behind, with lightning, as to threaten a "tempest dropping fire." Though we admired it as a grand, majestic storm-painting of the invisible pencil, as it stood vividly outlined in its sombrous and inky masses of surcharged vapor, we felt awed in its presence, realizing fully the invisible power within its compacted confines:

"Who shall face
The blast that makes the fury of the sea."

It seemed unwise, with such a day of storm as we had had and still threatening, to again venture upon the lake, yet an hour before supper-time we were on the way to our old fishing grounds. Arriving there we whipped the waters, and succeeded in making one double catch, a three and a two-pounder, and then started for camp with the growling of the thunder of the still distant storm.

That evening was a wild scene of troubled, running, foaming waters, that surged and beat the shores with a dismal violence which foretold a furious sea before morning. The gloom stole gradually into darkness, as though some giant hand was warily drawing a sable curtain around us. In the extreme west there was an incessant play of lightning all about, like a mad dancing of stars of piercing brilliance; this enlarged into dense masses of

dark vapor, streaked as sand is ribbed by the surf, then a vast array of clouds twisted into the aspect of whirlpools, and in their brooding motionlessness resembling vortices suddenly arrested when most madly gyrating. Words cannot express the effect upon the mind of the contrast of the several shades of color, all combining to fill the lake with a malignant line, and the keen throbbing of the lightning low down, the stooping soot of the vaporous clouds overhead only waiting, as it seemed, for some storm-signal to start every one of them into a very madness of revolution boiling out into a fearful tempest. "These soon formed into one great cloud of indigo tint, ridged with layers of black vapor, and blackening into very midnight in the west where the lightning was shooting."

We all sat around the tent watching the heavenly pyrotechnics which were in constant play. You could see where the mountain tops lost themselves in the black masses, and when a vale obtruded it stood out like a pleasing picture in this great tumult of the elements. Your eye would range along the shore expecting to take in miles of towering cliffs and ragged rocks, when the light would suddenly drop you into dense darkness, and thus rob you of the completeness and enjoyment of the scene.

The astronomer went deeply into mathematics and figured out that before morning the storm, which he estimated at over 200 miles distant, would travel some 40 miles an hour and reach us about midnight, with a heavy squall of thunder, lightning and rain. This solving of the storm problem made him additional work, for we advised him and Peter to take the necessary precautions looking to the security of our endangered quarters. This they did in a masterly manner, by piling huge stones upon the saplings that held our frail tenement. We now felt secure, for a gale that would wreck that tent would assuredly send us over the declivitous rock into the lake, where further proceedings would interest us no more.

We retired that night after the exciting storms of the day, with a hope that the worst had passed, and that the mutter and moan of thunder, the red glare in the heavens, and the dismal bank of blackness would pass away without disturbing our slumbers. It developed that such serenity was not to be ours, for about 2 o'clock in the morning a heavy squall of wind and rain, with an introductory of Jove's artillery, came sweeping over the island with an appalling force that abruptly awakened us. Ned at once jumped into his pantaloons, while I sprang for the front flaps of the tent to keep out the flooding waters as well as aid in holding it down. Ned soon joined me, and there for fully fifteen minutes we held like "grim death" to that rattling canvas which fluttered as if it would either go to rags, or take its final adieu from the island. The rain came down in great round drops, with as deafening and terrific force as if a tornado had enveloped us. I don't think I ever before put as much vitality into my muscles as I did during the time I held on to that tensioned cordage, and am confident Ned equally exerted himself. It was well the gale was of short duration, for every minute the cords were being so severely strained that it would have been utterly impossible for them to have held out much longer.

It was to blanket again, with the cessation of the terrible turbulence, and so exhausted were we that sweet and refreshing slumber came o'er us quite suddenly. After a storm a calm, and that was the revelation of the dawn. It disclosed the great archway in regal splendor, the lake in rippling streaks of frothing silver, an atmosphere so exhilarating as to make you feel as if you had taken great draughts of pure champagne. The opening of the golden gates of that morn was one the loveliness of which no language can portray:

"Mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam.
Health in the gale and freshness in the stream."

Ned concluded while dressing to have a look at his bruised limb which he had so freely anointed with a liniment procured from the Hudson Bay agent. He found it healing rapidly, and thought ere he reached the "Soo" that he would be able to show a clean bill of health. His hydropathic treatment he was positive was an irritation, but it took him a long time to arrive at that conclusion. The trouble was that he had douched it about every half hour with the icy water, surely enough to create inflammation of a severe character. He practically felt that he had advanced a round or two in memorabilia if not in medicine, and will hereafter know how to treat a battered limb.

For the past two days we had heard the barking of a dog on the main shore opposite, and when fishing there had seen him frantically racing up and down the rocks and into the forest, as if looking for his master, from whom he had undoubtedly strayed. We tried to induce him to come to the boat, as we desired to give him a trout or two for his breakfast, knowing full well that he must be ravenously hungry, but away he would scamper when he saw us, as if fearful of capture. We concluded, however, that morning to take a lot of our broken food as well as a few fish and leave them on the beach for him. Peter thought he was a wild dog, and Emery a mad one, but we were positive he had been left behind by some Indian hunter.

As the weather was all that could be desired for trouting, we started immediately after satisfying our rapacious maws, for the home of the tempting beauties, and succeeded in capturing four in a brief time, and then the grand loveliness of nature, which had so delighted us, began to hide her beautiful favors in a dense fog that spread her misty wings o'er land and sea. The inauguration of this vaporous mass caused a prompt return to the island, where we had expected to find the Hudson Bay agent and his family, who were to have feasted with us, but they were *non est*. This was a great disappointment to Peter, but since that statuesque pose of beauty and beans on a wave-washed rock had flitted through my mind in various forms of humorous imagery, I cared little for the realization of the banquet. Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, but to Peter it was given to have Beauty and Beans on a wave-washed rock. Shades of Praxitiles, drowse the glim! The barking and bewildered dog we had so liberally provided for, could not be found that morning, but we left the food we had taken along all the same.

In the afternoon it cleared up sufficiently to permit us to again pursue our pastime. To the main shore it was,

but to unexplored waters which no fly had as yet kissed. No sooner had we reached the locality than a young mink was seen racing o'er one of the shore rocks, where, doubtless, his black, sleeked parents had within its confines their summer quarters. It showed great fear of us, for the minute we approached it accelerated its speed and soon disappeared in some crevice.

Having an abundance of trout in camp, we concluded it wanton waste to capture more, so those we caught, some four or five, were liberated, not one of which had received a fatal wound. The trip was simply an adjunct for wasting time, and as the sky cleared the glad waters rippled, the wild flowers nodded and the birds sang sweetly in the golden glow. We felt as if we were in a land of enchantment, where fairy elves in fringing forests revel to the sounding shells of the Tritons. It was delightful, this slipping o'er the silken ripples to the tinkling dip of the bright blades, by cliff and crag, bay and river, nook and niche, until we became the veriest idlers and dreamers, with our souls

"A lordly pleasure house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell."

The sun began to pale and sink in great banks of orange and opal, scarlet and purple, that flowed in streams of pink and crimson, so richly edged and delicately woven into shreds of beauty that an artist would ever dream over, and attempt in vain to transfer to his canvas.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world."

We reach camp in an elysium of delight, and after enjoying a delicious meal, take our camp-chairs and seek the apex of the great rock, where the white wings of the tent are casting quiet shadows adown the declivity in the rear. The heavens are

"Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright."

The Pleiades and Orion sparkle in boundless magnificence, the mariners' heavenly chart, that points to the radiating diamond of the North, is also in illustrious pomp, while the ten thousand other suns that light us deep into the Deity, dazzle with twinkling loveliness as they pay homage to Hesperus and the red planet Mars. The full-orbed moon, in her mantle of silver, sheds her beauty and deep softness o'er the whole, sending a shaft of light along the rippling lake that seems to sink into unmeasured depths.

"The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea."

As we watched the jeweled heavens and the shimmer of the murmuring sea, the love and faith in immortal life came uppermost in Ned's mind, who arising as he looked out in the night's luxury, and gracefully extending an arm exclaimed in solemn tone, "By night an atheist half believes a God," and then sought his bed in deep silence, fervently impressed with the sable goddess.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAINE ICE.

THE ice cleared from the lakes and ponds controlled by the Inglewood Club in New Brunswick on the 9th of May, several days later than last year. The members of the club, largely composed of Boston professional and business men, are preparing for their spring fishing. The first party of the season left Boston on Friday evening. It was made up of Col. C. A. Hopkins, resident manager of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Co.; ex-Railroad Commissioner Crocker, J. P. Bates, of Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, and one or two others. A very large party will leave Boston on the evening of the 26th, and FOREST AND STREAM shall have the names of the happy fishermen in due season.

The L. Dana Chapman party, to Sebago, mentioned last week, was fairly successful with landlocked salmon, the smallest weighing 3½ lbs. and the largest 7 lbs. The weather was very cold and the fishermen did nothing till the third day after the ice went out, the next to the last day of their stay. Another Boston party, quick to follow, was composed of Mr. John G. Wright, Mr. E. A. Adams, Mr. Kilham and Charlie Robinson, of South Windham, Me. Reports say that these gentlemen are having good sport.

The ice has cleared from Lake Winnepesaukee, in New Hampshire, but it went out over twenty days later than last year. Hearing that the ice was out several sportsmen started from Boston on Thursday. They will troll for lake trout.

Reports are very dubious concerning the clearing of the great trout lakes in Maine. At the time of this writing the ice is thick and solid. A special dispatch to the Boston Herald on Friday, from Rangeley, said that the ice in that lake was very solid. It might go out as early as the 20th, but good judges believe that it will hold till the 25th. Capt. Fred C. Barker, of The Birchies and of Camp Beamis, on Moosehucmaguntic Lake, suggests fully as late a clearing of that lake. Reports from Andover, Me., suggest that Richardson Lake can scarcely be clear of ice before the 20th, and more likely the 25th. But so late a clearing is almost unheard of, and it is more likely that these lakes will be clear as early as the 20th. The lateness of the season is dampening the ardor of the fishermen a good deal, and there is a complaint in the tackle stores that the trade is very poor. Mr. A. S. Foster of Lamkin & Foster, a veteran fisherman at the Rangeleys, has reports from Mr. Rich, at Kennebago, which say that on May 7 there were 26 in. of solid, blue ice on that lake, and that teams were hauling goods over the ice.

Reports from Moosehead are just as discouraging, and it is very doubtful if that lake clears more than a couple of days earlier than the Rangeleys. But the enthusiasm of some of the Boston trout fishermen gets the better of their judgment, and they start off, believing that the ice

will have departed by the time they reach the fishing grounds. Two old hands at the sport have already got tired of waiting and started for Rangeley last week. One of them was in full belief that the ice would be out by Friday, the day he would arrive. At last accounts he was "up there waiting." A Mr. Hunnewell, a gentleman who has fished Moosehead early for several seasons, started for that point on Saturday. Some of his friends laughed at him, and suggested that the ice was not out. He replied that he was aware of that, but that the ice could not last more than a day or two longer, and that the next day he "should be sailing up Moosehead."

The Foster party, with Mr. A. S. Foster, mentioned above, at the head, will not visit the Rangeleys as a party this season. This party has visited Mooseheadmagantic for so many years in succession that it has become one of the best and most favorably known in that region, and it will be greatly missed. Mr. Foster, with Mr. J. F. Henry, another veteran of the party, and Mr. James Reed, of Willimantic, Conn., will go to Kennebec about the 5th of June. After fishing at Kennebec for a few days they will follow the upper waters of that section, and fish through the streams to Seven Ponds. It is possible that one or two other friends may accompany them. The sickness of Mr. Field casts something of a damper over the enthusiasm of the others of the Foster party.

The Governor Russell party is not likely to be just the same as usual this year, though doubtless the Governor, with Mr. John E. Thayer, Mr. J. Otis Wetherbee, Mr. Herbert Leeds and Senator John Simpkins will visit the New Oxford Club camps at B. Pond, and also Mr. Bayard Thayer's beautiful Birch Lodge, at the head of Richardson Lake. But Mr. Bayard Thayer himself is at present in Japan.

Mr. N. T. Thayer, who has visited the Maine fishing lakes with Mrs. Thayer for many seasons in succession, will not be on hand this year. They will fish in Canadian waters. But Mr. J. W. Hobart, Mrs. Thayer's father, who has visited the Rangeleys for about as many years as any sportsman on the list, is having his rods fixed, and, with his friend, Mr. Reed, will doubtless again be welcomed at the Rangeleys.

Mr. C. Z. Basset, of Appleton & Bassett, with his old-time friend, Mr. G. N. Smally, will go to the Rangeleys as usual. They expect to again take 4½ lbs. trout on the fly in the middle of Cuscutup Lake in May. They did this last year and greatly surprised all the other fishermen. They also hope to have Mr. W. C. Thairwall and Dr. S. W. Langmaid accompany them. These four gentlemen are old-time gunning friends, and Messrs. Basset and Smally desire to initiate the other gentlemen into the mysteries of trout fishing at the Rangeleys.

Mr. R. W. Reece, steward of the Megantic Club, started for the club's preserve on Monday to prepare for the season. He has charge of the tables and the providing there. He does not expect to find the ice out of the lakes, but there is work enough at hand.

Mr. Henry Thatcher, of Hyanis, sent up a very handsome trout, weighing 3½ lbs., to Mr. L. Dana Chapman, last week. It would have been displayed in Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's window as a beautiful specimen of the brook trout of the Cape, only it arrived a little too late, or rather Mr. Chapman had scarcely got back from his landlocked salmon fishing.

Governor Russell has made another trip to Sandwich for trout fishing. He was at Sagamore on Friday, the guest of John P. Knowlton, with his friends Col. Wheelwright and A. H. Wood. They were to try the streams on Saturday and return to Boston in the evening. A couple more Rangeley fishermen have got impatient for the ice to leave. They could wait no longer, and left Boston on Tuesday, hoping that the ice might be out on their arrival. They are Mr. W. H. Fox and Mr. Loude of New York. Mr. Fox has fished at the Rangeleys for several seasons, usually in the company of Mr. G. W. M. Guild. But Mr. Guild will scarcely visit his old fishing grounds this year, for the reason that he is interested in the Macdavic Club, in New Brunswick, and will visit the new fishing grounds of that club. Mr. Guild has a record of a 10 lbs. trout in the narrows of Richardson Lake some years since. But he hopes for better fishing in New Brunswick. The above mentioned club (I am not certain about the spelling of the name) has several lakes and ponds under control, with prospects of a salmon river, if the salmon continue to run further and further up as they have been doing for two or three years past.

SPECIAL.

Lewistown Reservoir Bass.

HUNTSVILLE, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to Mr. Magill and his inquiry as to bass larger than 7 lbs. let me say that I do not know anything about those in the St. Mary's reservoir, but many of my customers (I drive a hack from the Lewistown reservoir) have had no trouble getting larger bass in the Lewistown reservoir. Mr. M. E. Archer here will qualify to having caught one 7 lbs. 14 oz. Frank Sanders, Lakeview, O., in company with a friend, in less than an hour and less than an acre of water caught four that tipped the beam at quite 28 lbs. Lot Ireland, Columbus, and Wm. T. McLain, secretary Board of Public Works, Columbus, O., will testify to an 8 lbs. bass each. H. Young and John Bush, Sydney, O., will do likewise. Mr. Bush has his stuffed and it is still on exhibition in his store window. J. W. Hague, 96 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa., secured one 6 lbs., one 6½ lbs. and sent a 7½ lbs. one to C. B. Martin, Big Four offices, Cincinnati, O. Judge Ivor Hughes, Columbus, O., will go them all one better and be only too glad of an opportunity to testify enthusiastically to the securing of an 8 lbs. 3 oz. bass for the finish of his string and the day.

By the way, it would make excellent reading if you could secure the Judge's account of this catch. I believe the rest of the string contained several 7s, a half dozen 4s and three 4s. But probably the heaviest string was that of Mr. Wm. Pratchett, of New York, now of Dayton, O., whose twenty-five had a combined weight of and as he will tell it to you, "a trifle over 100 lbs."

DICK FLOYD.

Death from a Pickerel Bite.

The Kansas City *Journal* of May 4 recorded the death of Mr. T. Ed. Campbell, county clerk of Buchanan county, Mo., resulting from a bite on a finger by a pickerel. Mr. Campbell was removing the fish from his hook while fishing at the Big Stone Lake, Iowa, about eight months ago. All efforts to counteract the poisonous effects of the fish's bite proved ineffective.

BOOKS IN RUNNING BROOKS.

THE balmy zephyrs of spring breathe o'er the land and bud and blossom are responsive. The humming-bird and butterfly disturb the trellis and dislodge the gem from the petal of the morning glory, its mirrored rainbows dashed to earth and lost to human ken. Destroyed it is not, but unheard and unobserved it joins its fellows and leaves its birth-place on the summit in laughing ripples and winding rivulets and sings ever onward, onward until lost in the ocean beyond.

Obstacles and rebuffs are encountered only to be surmounted and overcome, and growing broader, deeper and more sparkling as it journeys, it flashes back the rays of the morning sun, and the schoolboy carries by its side to gather glistening pebbles. Bobolink and daffodil taste its sweets, and fragrant fern and pungent mint give it welcome embrace. The timid hare in the copse shrinks from its mirrored form, and modest violets are hidden by mossy stones where the silver thread of our idyllic brook meanders through fertile field and luxuriant meadow.

The freshness and loveliness of early life abounds, and kindly nature offers tribute of foliage, bud and blossom as if fully in touch and appreciative of the enchanting season. The miniature cascades grow in volume, pools deepen, and the current cuts away the bank by the bend. Here Piscator comes in early spring and drops his tempting lure, and the voracious trout impaled upon the cruel steel no longer dwells in his crystal home. Piscator's discerning eye sees new beauty in the renewed landscape; his ear attuned to the symphonies of life, is gladdened by the love notes of his feathered companions, and the undying melody of the rippling brook; his system thrills with exultation as he contemplates the beautiful scene while he journeys down the brook, adding to the contents of his creel, which to him is the minor and less valued part.

The sun is at zenith and he betakes himself to the well known spreading elm to eat his noonday lunch. 'Tis an ideal

"Lover's trysting place,
And brooding o'er it does the (un)wise man sit,
Letting life's joys go by."

Not so Piscator—to him each varied scene in the kaleidoscopic panorama is instinct with pleasure and added joy. Crumbs from his lunch are shared with a pair of robins that have been industriously at work putting the finishing touches to their new home in an adjoining tree, and a brown thrush flits from stem to stem in the bushy undergrowth, not daring to venture into the presence of man. He is fatigued by the unusual tramp, and with crossed legs and rod and reel by his side he leans back against the tree for a little rest and quiet enjoyment, but the mind cannot be disciplined like the body and it refuses to suspend its functions. Without mental effort he sees in his morning's experience an epitome of life itself—beginnings the most humble and helpless, children multiplying and adding strength to the family name and household even as the rivulets to the brook; obstacles and hindrances in the way to be overcome and surmounted; life's pathway now turbulent and precipitous and anon without agitation or ripple; now with bud and blossom to cheer and please and again encountering the boulders and thorns of opposition and difficulty; now in sunshine and calm and again with darkening cloud and forked lightning as if to cast down, crush and annihilate; now moving along in quietness and alone, even as Piscator himself; now prolific and useful and now seeming barren and useless; now turning the wheels of industry mid the noise, grime and turmoil in centers of population, and anon bearing the burdens of commerce out to and losing itself in the boundless ocean, even as does restless and resistless time transport the human family out upon the measureless ocean of eternity.

The hour of noon had grown to unusual length before our gentle fisherman resumed his pleasant tramp. Not without success did he tempt the wary trout, and the shadows of evening found him in happy mood but with an unfilled creel. Before returning home his steps sought the house of a convalescent friend who shared more than half its contents, and who rejoiced and gave thanks that he numbered the unselfish fisherman among his friends.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Lewistown Reservoir.

HUNTSVILLE, O.—The recent breaking of the waste weir at the Lewistown Reservoir did not cause the disaster anticipated by the daily papers. The water simply spread out like a thin veil over the filled channels of the immense area of flat and already inundated country. Thus agreeably passes away one of the bugaboos of this country, and the reservoir may break again, as it will, and no one will be disturbed thereby.

Piscatorially there will be no change except perhaps for the best as the thousand and one watchers at the gateway of the raging flood were electrified by seeing hundreds and hundreds of all qualities and kinds of fish come up from the lower waters and make their way in the face of this raging torrent up into the reservoir. Thus, instead of any going out with the waters, more got up into the reservoir by this means than ever had a chance to before.

The waste weir being on naturally high ground, the break lowered the waters about as visitors find it here in the fall, and may not be quite so low, as the natural lakes with which the waters abound, notably Otter, Bear, Indian, are not yet distinguishable from the main body.

W. E. CLARKE.

Tacoma Trout.

TACOMA, Wash., May 4.—A local item reports that G. W. Fife and George J. Brechter have earned an enviable reputation as successful anglers for brook trout. All the spare time they have they devote to the rod along the numerous brooks and streams in the immediate vicinity of Tacoma. On Friday they returned from a day's fishing on Chambers's Creek, having together a string of 42 trout that fairly glistened with speckled spots. One trout weighed 3½ lbs., and 8 of them tipped the scales at 19 lbs. These anglers have the reputation of making the largest catches of the year. Chambers's Creek is 8 miles by electric car; fare for round trip, 30 cents.

J. A. B.

Trout in Delaware County.

WALTON, N. Y., May 8.—In answer to yours received, the fishing season has just commenced and in two or three weeks will be at its best. There have not been any very large catches yet.

J. G. W.

Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught,
Fishing Incidents.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 13.—No trout fishing here yet. Tried a small spring brook near the village Thursday and caught 4, of which 2 had to be thrown back to grow. Brook full and water very cold, just right for drinking, but not for angling. Thermometer at 100 in the sun, and half a mile along the meadow was all I wanted.

VON W.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 13.—Fishing at this point is yet very slow, nothing worthy the angler's attention save pickerel. Report reached me yesterday of the capture of 3 striped bass in the surf, but I have been unable to verify the same or get the weights. The pounds are catching considerable numbers of weakfish and kingfish, this being unusually early, so our season promises good sport, as our rivers and Barnegat Bay have been cleared of pounds, weirs and fykes.

L. H.

GRAHAMSVILLE, Sullivan County, May 13.—Trout are now being caught in the streams of this vicinity. Myron Jaeger caught 70 this afternoon, largest 10 in. long. Streams have been swollen and water too cold heretofore. Prospects for next week good.

E. A. C.

SWIFTWATER, Pa., May 14.—Trout fishing is now in full swing here and promises to continue. The high waters following the rain of week before last have subsided, and the fish are greedy for the fly. Over 400 fine fish have been taken in our stream during the past week, and visiting sportsmen declare themselves thoroughly satisfied with the sport.

R. I.

A South Dakota Record.

MITCHELL, S. D., May 12.—The following is the record of fish caught by two gentlemen who started out for a day's sport up the "Jim" River one day last week: Between 1,200 and 1,800, 900 of which were pickerel; the rest were bass, buffalo, perch and lesser varieties. Nothing was said by them how they were caught or killed. Modern inventions and discoveries are only too readily taken hold of by the unscrupulous for their own base use, and it is a question with me if the injury done is not greater than the benefit conferred. There can hardly be, it would seem, a true sportsman throughout our broad land who would intentionally raise a hand to bar your noble efforts for the salvation of the courting hare, feathered and finny tribes. Much is done thoughtlessly, the perpetrator of many an outrage being innocent of any evil-doing through ignorance. I say ignorance, because one must be enlightened by reading the FOREST AND STREAM, and understand why there is such a line drawn between sporting and butchery. Its editor has much to accomplish, and doubtless has a slight failure of the heart at times. But the good he and such writers as our friend Judge S. H. Greene, of Portland, Ore., have accomplished here will live after them, and their present efforts will redound to their future glorification.

H. G. N.

Tarpon and Other Texas Fish.

VELASCO, Texas, May 12.—Though there has been cooler weather this spring than usual on the Brazoria coast, caused, it is said, by central and north Texas storms, and the Gulf has been rough with very high tides, tarpon are appearing in schools earlier than for many years past and Northern visitors are preparing for a long season of sport with the lordly "silver king."

The tide water lakes near the mouths of the Brazos and San Bernard rivers, and the fourteen or fifteen hundred square miles of Chocolate, Christmas, Oyster, West, Bastrop and Matagorda bays, are literally swarming with redfish, croakers, sea trout, rockfish, flounders and Spanish mackerel, that are being hooked by wagon loads.

The Velasco Sporting Club has leased and inclosed several large fresh water lakes near the city, that are from 50 to 80 acres in extent and from 30 to 60 ft. deep, and will in future systematically protect the black bass and trout therein from dynamiters and seiners, who would, if they had their way, soon destroy these and all other fish in our landlocked waters.

TEX.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held on Saturday evening, May 13, at their rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. A special committee reported having forwarded a resolution to the Legislature condemning the provisions of the act authorizing the placing of a dam in the Delaware River below Easton.

Numerous communications were read from different counties of the State, which were acted upon. The intelligence that certain waters were being subjected to pollution, endangering the supply of fish therein, provoked a lengthy consideration, and it was ultimately resolved at once to bring the attention of the Fish Commission to the matter, and render all possible assistance in effectually suppressing it.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Colorado Waters.

DENVER, Col., May 12.—State Game Warden and Fish Commissioner Callicotte has completed arrangements for a new fish hatchery at Durango. It will have a capacity of 1,000,000 fish. Active work has begun and the buildings will be finished before winter.

The fishermen are getting out their tackle and putting everything in readiness for the trout season. Fish stories are floating around and the sporting goods stores are making a grand display of fishing paraphernalia. The rivers do not get in good fishing shape until about July 1, as previous to that time they are usually too high for successful work by the ordinary fisherman, though an expert can generally fill his creel any time after the first of June.

TESEEBY.

From England.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 13.—Mr. Wm. Senior ("Red Spinner"), angling editor of the *London Field*, is at the Fair in the interests of his paper and of the *Daily Telegram*. Naturally he finds much of interest in the exhibits of American fishes and fishing tackle.

Sir Edward Birbeck, president of the Anglers' Association of London, and one of the noted English anglers, was this week busily engaged in exploiting the wonders and curiosities of the Fisheries Building and of the United States Commission's great display.

E. HOUGH.

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" WORLD'S FAIR BUREAU.

Texas Bass Fishing.

VELASCO, Texas, May 7.—Col. Abner Taylor, of Chicago, W. M. D. Lee, of Leavenworth, Kan.; M. P. Morrissey, general manager of the Velasco Terminal Railway, and President J. M. Moore, of the Velasco National Bank, yesterday caught with trolls and flies during six hours 122 black bass from Chubb Lake, near Velasco; 92 of the fish weighed from 3 to 5½ lbs. each; the others were smaller and were returned to the water. The above is the best catch this spring. The party also brought in a number of trout weighing from 2 to 3½ lbs. and a fine string of "goggle-eyed" perch.

R. M. C.

Skaneateles Trout.

CORTLAND, N. Y.—District Attorney Squires and S. H. Strowbridge ran over to Glen Haven May 1 to assist in the opening of the trout season on Skaneateles Lake, but owing to a furious rainstorm didn't get a chance to drop a line until the morning of the 2d. In two hours' fishing they landed four trout, the four weighing 9½ lbs. The trout were taken on 7oz. split-bamboo rods. Messrs. Squires and Strowbridge seriously affirm that had they prolonged their angling two hours longer they could have caused a resounding slump in the Cortland fish market.

M. C. H.

Bass Fishing for New Yorkers.

WHITE MILLS, Pa., April 24.—I think your readers could get some good fishing in the Delaware River and be within easy distance of New York. There is a good hotel at Lackawaxen, Pike county, Pa., only three hours from New York by the Erie R. R. The fishing is good all along the river, and a great many city people spend the summer months at the small towns along the river; so that one would always find good companions and have a good time.

C. H. D.

Arkansas Bass and Croppie.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 8.—Have just returned from Old River, twelve miles out, where with live bait I landed a beautiful lot of black and rock bass and some very large croppies. The high water prevails all over the State just now, but our fishing will be excellent in ten days more.

J. W. I.

Fly-Fishing for Bass.

THERE is excellent fly-fishing for small-mouthed black bass along the Grand River, above and below Lansing, Mich. This point and other good ones reached by the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway. W. E. Davis, General Passenger Agent, Rialto Building, Chicago.—*Adv.*

CONGRATULATORY.

PORTLAND, Oregon.—The sportsmen all over the country owe FOREST AND STREAM a deep debt of gratitude for forcing Delmonico to "walk up to the capturing's office and settle."

S. H. GREENE.

PUTNEY, Vt.—Allow me to congratulate the FOREST AND STREAM for the successful termination of the Delmonico woodcock case, for without the assistance of that paper I do not think the case would have been tried. Success to the FOREST AND STREAM for all such undertakings.

AYER.

LEBANON, N. H., May 4.—With others I congratulate you on your backbone and bulldog tenacity with which you followed up that Delmonico woodcock case.

C. D. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 2.—Although rather late, I too, wish to congratulate you upon your persistency, pluck and good management which finally brought Delmonico to the front with his fine. This case would still be pending, except for you keeping the matter continually astir.

C. H. C.

"Danvis Folks."

Editor Forest and Stream:

No reader of FOREST AND STREAM can have a heartier welcome for Uncle Lisha and Aunt Jerusha than myself; and the story of their return and greeting by their old friends and neighbors is eagerly sought and read as each week's paper comes to hand.

I speak for the family, too, in wishing for a long continuance of the series, and when they are published in book form they shall have an honored place with "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps," which are the most prized and most read of all the books in my library, for they so vividly delineate the life and characters of the little village where, as a boy, I passed the happiest days of my life.

We, too, had an Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovel and Solon Briggs, and I sometimes imagine that I was something like Pelatiah Cove.

Uncertain Joseph Hill was represented by an individual whose lack of promptitude was the cause of disastrous consequence to one member of the community.

One night he walked into the village store, where a dozen men were congregated, smoking and resting after their day's work, stood fully five minutes by the stove listening to the desultory conversation, and then drew, "Say, men, I guess there's a fire up the road; anyhow, I see smoke a-comin' through Mort Bentley's roof when I come past, 'n' I hurried down to get help."

When the crowd rushed out they found the roof ablaze, and all their efforts to save the house were of no avail.

A long life to Mr. Robinson. His stories are happy reminders of bygone days and will serve to make life pleasanter when "Ah'm gat hol."

J. H. B.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, *rdB, Portraits for the Young* (the price of which is \$3).

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 30 to June 2.—American Pet Dog Club, Lexox Lyceum, New York. Marion E. Bannister, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Don't forget that entries close for the Pet Dog Show May 22, with Miss M. E. Bannister, Lenox Lyceum, Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, New York.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

(Special Report).

THE Toronto Kennel Club are to be congratulated on the grand turn out at their show held May 12 and 13. The entries totaled 265, which, considering no money prizes were put up, was unprecedented, and shows that at any rate some breeders here are not in it for any financial gain. The building, the Granite Rink, was suitable in every way, large, well lighted and ventilated, and at no time was the faintest ill smell noticeable. The aisles were wide, the benching new for the occasion and sawdust and straw plentiful and good. Dr. Mole, the club's veterinarian, looked well after his part of the work, and the secretary, Mr. W. P. Fraser, proved to be exactly the right man in exactly the right place. The building was ready for the dogs and just as soon as they arrived they were well bedded down and watered. Spratts biscuits were fed dry. The show was opened on Friday by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who were received by the president, Mr. J. F. Kirk, vice-president J. S. Williams and the members of the committee. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was presented by little Miss Kirk, the daughter of the president, with a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas, and both His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick took a lively interest in the exhibit.

The officers and executive committee were attentive to exhibitors and exhibits, and every one seemed greatly pleased with the arrangements made.

A pleasant little informal dinner was given at the Granite Club on Friday evening, at which we noticed among others the president, Mr. Kirk, Messrs. J. S. Williams, C. A. Stone, G. B. Sweetnam, H. P. Thompson, J. J. Bennett, F. L. Mabel, Geo. Bell, A. D. Stewart, John Maughan, E. Tinsley, Dr. W. Mole, J. G. Mitchener, J. A. Spracklin (familiarily known as "Old Sprack"), the FOREST AND STREAM representative and others. An hour was spent in discussing the good things on the table and in social chat, and that bugbear of such gatherings, formal speechifying, was left severely alone.

Mr. Bell went about his work coolly and methodically, taking plenty of time in giving his decisions and finished up a hard day's work as calmly as when he began. Mr. Stewart ran his classes off in good shape, and his awards were extremely well received. The other judges, Messrs. Linsley and Maughan (both well up in years), went into the ring like old veterans. The awarding of some of the specials was tedious, but caused a good deal of fun, especially that offered for the best dog exhibited by a lady, the competition for which was keen, and finally dwindled down to two, the Great Dane Casino, a very good one and shown in grand condition, and the Japanese pug (?) Jap, handled by Mrs. A. J. Rattray. The latter was eventually handed the prize, a beautiful basket of roses. The special for the best terrier brought several really good ones into the ring, including the bull-terriers Principio and Vesper Belle, the wire-hair fox-terrier bitch Bonnet, the Irish terrier the Canadian Ambassador, the black and tan Black Earl, and among these, which had all won in good company, the decision lay. Principio, after a hard tussle, came out in front. Vesper Belle was shown very fat and her skin red in spots. She afterward had to give way to Mr. Brodie's recent importation, the wire-hair bitch Bonnet, for the best terrier bitch.

H. B. DONOVAN.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs came first on the list, the winner turning up in Minting Minor, a very fair dog failing a little in head properties. The only entry in mastiff bitches failed to put in an appearance.

GREAT DANES.—A young dog of exceptional merit won easily from the well known Don Caesar, Jr. and Bismark, at present he is rather timid, but if again exhibited is sure to render a good account of himself. In bitches, Ruth, a nice blue, secured the award. The winners in both puppy classes are hardly up to first class show form.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS dogs made a good show, although nothing of importance turned up; the winner, Kenmore, is a fine big, upstanding dog, good in legs, feet, bone and body; his chief fault is his muzzle, which is not quite square enough, his skull is fair and his expression good. Laddie, second, also fails in muzzle and expression good. The winner in bitches is just fair, rather on the small side and not quite good in head properties. The winner in the puppy dog class is a fairly well developed youngster, but it is doubtful if he will ever make a flyer; he afterwards won the special for the best St. Bernard in the show.

NEWFOUNDLANDS brought out a really good one in Rover, in fact one of the best yet seen in this country. Major, the second prize winner, is too weak in head and he was not shown in the best condition. Turk's coat is his worst fault. Topsy, the winner in the bitch class, is just fair.

GREYHOUNDS proved one of the best classes in the show both in regard to quality and numbers. Johnny Stringer, the winner, is a fine, big, upstanding dog, exceptionally deep in chest, with good legs and feet, although the latter might be a bit closer; he would be improved if his neck were a trifle longer and cleaner. I considered Common, who was sent out of the ring without mention, quite as good as anything in the class, and he should certainly have been second, which award went to Mr. Sinclair's fawn dog Skinny. In bitches Erminie won easily from Elsie II. and Topsy, both fair longtails.

BEAGLES.—The Albion Kennels supplied most of the winners, and the way in which the dogs were turned out reflects the greatest credit on their owner, some exceptionally promising young stock putting in their first appearance.

POINTER classes brought out some very good ones, and the awards seemed to give the utmost satisfaction.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs saw the well-known Sultan at the head of affairs. He was, however, closely pressed for

this position by a coming youngster in Forest Rex, one with very few faults, and for which we predict a bright future; he afterwards won in the puppy class. In bitches the Forest Kennels again supplied the winners.

IRISH SETTERS.—In dogs it must have been a close thing between Larry Lisburn and Toronto Sport, the former winning in style and general symmetry, the latter excelling in head properties and color. Hero is a fair dog shown in bad condition. Rex is too light in eye and color.

IRISH WATER AND CLUMBER SPANIELS were very moderate specimens.

FIELD SPANIELS.—In dogs, champion Samson added another bracket to his already long list, a good one in Rosedale Teaser coming second. Footpath and Nap are also fair ones. Bitches saw a grand one in Rosedale Romp to the front; she certainly had a hot rival in Mr. Spracklin's Grace, while Rosedale Princess and Empress are both above the average.

COLLIES made a grand show and the quality on the whole was much better than we expected to find. Finsbury Dude, a much improved dog, won handsily from Scotsman, a showy black and white, his head is long, but is not quite correct in formation, stop too pronounced, which spoils his expression, and was shown very short of coat, he also gets his tail too high up; Dude, on the other hand, is a fairly good-headed dog and possesses a grand coat of correct texture, while his bone is first-class. Macduff is a young dog that should again be heard of; he carries a magnificent coat and his head is above the average, he also possesses all the requisite points that go to make up a good collie. Mr. Williamson's unnamed entry is also a grand coated black and tan. Bitches brought out a first-class one in Nora; at present she is not in the best of coat, but when in form should be able to hold her own in any competition. Strathroy, a youngster of quality, won in the puppy class; it is doubtful if he will ever be big enough for open class competition.

BULL-TERRIERS turned out in great numbers, some good specimens being exhibited. Principio not only secured the award in this class, but afterward won the special for the best terrier in the show. A nice little dog is the unmentioned Bendigo, Jr.; his forelegs might be a bit straighter, but as this is his only fault it was too bad to penalize him so much for it. The Duke of Wellington, second, is completely gone behind, while Chatham Bob is entirely wrong in formation of head. The others are all fair specimens; but not good enough to win in this class. Bitches saw the New York winner, Vesper Belle; to the front. This is probably the best bull-terrier bitch we have in this country. Kathleen Mavourneen is another good one. She is evidently suffering from a severe cold, and it was a mistake to exhibit her in her present condition. Snowflake is by no means a bad one, and may do better where there is less competition.

FOX-TERRIERS proved the best classes in the show both in point of quality and numbers, quite a number of noted dogs meeting to do battle once again. In challenge dogs champion Blemton Trump had no opponent, he is looking remarkably well and looks as if he had taken a new lease of life; we are glad to see so many of his descendants in the show, and feel sure that if he only gets a chance his success at stud is but beginning. Smooth dogs, open class (17 entries), first, Tom Tom, is a beautiful-fronted dog, whose expression is spoiled by a light eye. Belvoir Huntsman, second, should have given place to Calchas, a grand-bodied terrier, just a trifle full in cheek; he is one of the most showy terriers we have seen, and had he even been placed first few could have grumbled. Several good dogs had to be passed over in this class without mention. The bitch class brought out a good one in Belvoir Becky; her head and ears are fair, her front about perfect, while in other respects she is far above the average. Stardale Belle should certainly have come next in order, however, the award went to Tambourine; Belle beats her in nearly every point, and were her eyes a shade smaller she would take a lot of beating by the very best. Puppy dogs saw a lot of promising youngsters that must some day make their mark. Thorne, the winner, is a flyer spoiled by having had one of his forelegs broken and it has not been properly set. Teetotaller is another good one. In puppy bitches it must have been a stiff job to separate the winners; however, Mr. Stewart eventually landed about right. The third prize one, Vixie, was far too young to show, but she is certain to render a good account of herself ere long.

WIRE HAIRS.—Dark Eye although entered did not arrive in time from England to show up; not a few of the fanciers felt disappointed at not seeing this grand terrier make his debut in this country, we, however, expect him to arrive in the course of a few days. In bitches, Bonnet was the only competitor, owing to the special for the best fox-terrier in the show being presented by her owner, she did not compete for it, but she afterwards proved her superiority by winning the special for the best terrier bitch of any variety in the show.

IRISH TERRIERS.—The Canadian Ambassador had no opponent. He afterwards won the special for the best Irish terrier in the show. We certainly prefer the second prize bitch Peggy to her daughter Killarney Girl in their present form. Peggy is a beautiful headed bitch with a perfect front. She is also in grand coat just now, but she is shown in a far too obese condition. Killarney Girl's expression is spoiled by a light eye, and she is at present entirely devoid of coat. When in condition she is without doubt a really grand terrier.

SKYE AND YORKSHIRE TERRIERS were just passable.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS brought out two new ones, both bred by Secretary Fraser. Jock, the winner, is fit to take a very high place in the very strongest competition. Rob Roy is a grand black brindle, whose future chances are marred by a crooked front. Lovat is a grand terrier, but too big for exhibition. In bitches, Mr. Fraser's recently imported Braw Lass, a grand little terrier, rather timid at present, won easily from Thistle and Highland Lassie.

IN BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS there was nothing good enough to stop the upward career of the Black Earl. He is looking well after his first winter here. Mr. Farrow's Sambo is a well marked dog that should come to the front yet, while Rochelle Scott begins to show age. In bitches, the neat little Dina had no opponent.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS were very poor and contained nothing worthy of mention.

Four good Airedales were exhibited and we are glad to see this useful breed making some headway in this country.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS contained nothing startling unless it was the nondescript called a Japanese spaniel; this dog looks as if it was a cross between a toy spaniel and a Pomeranian. The selling class was a large one and contained quite a number of dogs well worth their catalogue price. Several good toy spaniels were shown, especially the first and second bitches.

W. BRODIE.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Massey's Minting Minor.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, Miss Mulock's Casino; 2d, S. Stewart's Don Caesar; 3d, A. M. Howard, Jr.'s Bismark. Bitches: 1st, H. P. Breay's Ruth; PUPPIES.—Dogs: 2d, A. M. Howard's Bismark; 3d, Bitches: 1st, A. M. Howard Jr.'s Miss Bismark.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH.—Dogs: 1st, E. E. Starr's Kenmore; 2d, Miss E. Pellatt's Laddie; 3d, J. C. Aikens's Kaiser. Reserve, H. M. Pellatt's Bruno. Very high com., W. H. B. Aikens's Otto. Bitches: 1st, S. L. Peters's Cleopatra; 2d, E. E. Starr's Queen Starr; 3d, C. A. Pearson's Luna. Com., H. Lyon's Jenny. PUPPIES: 1st, J. G. Wort's Captain. Very high com., J. A. Cleave's Colonel.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st, L. D. Frazee's Rover; 2d, T. Langton's Major; 3d, F. Habart's Turk. Bitches: 1st, J. Campbell's Topsy.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: Equal 1st, Walker & Hynes's Johnny Stringer and Clover Hill Kennels's Holly Fright; 2d, Bob Sinclair's

SKINNY 3d, William J. Tulk's Master Memnon. Reserve, J. C. Gibson's Jack. Very high com., Ed. Alberti's Frank, Fred. Habart's Misterton and Bart. Hulse's Common. High com., S. W. Matthews's Misterton II. and Miss Minnie Murphy's Beach. Bitches: 1st, J. L. Sheedy's Emerald; 2d, Dr. J. T. Fotheringham's Elsie II.; 3d, Ed. Alberti's Topsy. Very high com., A. E. Verano's Gip. Puppies: 1st, A. R. Gordon's Fly.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Fred. Habart's Bango; 2d, W. N. Wade's Grip; 3d, Bart. Hulse's Bruce.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Wilby's Spartan; 2d, G. Witchall's Rattler; 3d, Ernest Cooper's Bugle. Bitches: 1st, Bart. Hulse's Sport.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. F. Hynes's Spico; 2d, Miss Mary Reid's Fritz. Bitches: 1st, T. C. Blogg's Lena; 2d, J. C. Morgan's Queen Hilda.

BEAGLES (over 13in.).—Dogs: 1st, 2d, 3d, very high com. and high com., Albion Kennels, Duster, Rallywood II., Wiseman, Sapper and Samson. Bitches: 1st, A. Scholes's Pipelo; 2d, 3d, very high com. and high com., Albion Kennels' Governor, Famous, Rally and Wishful.

BEAGLES.—Dogs (under 13in.): 1st, Wm. Briggs's True Boy. Bitches: 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Albion Beagle Kennels' Periwinkles, Bustle, Trusty and Graceful.

POINTERS.—Dogs: (55lbs. and over): 1st, Robert Sewell's Prince Graphic; 2d, Wm. Sanderson's Ranger. Bitches: (50lbs. and over): 1st, Forest Kennels' Phantom.—Under 50lbs.—1st, G. H. Briggs's Jessie; 2d, John Smillie's Jessie Croxteth.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Forest Kennels' The Sultan and Forest Rex; 3d, John Ayre's Ponto. High com., Geo. Evans's Rex. Bitches: 1st, Forest Kennels' Forest Nia. Puppies: 1st, Forest Kennels' Forest Rex.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, M. Currey's Larry Lisburn; 2d, J. A. Mills's Toronto Sport; 3d, ——— Hero. High com., B. B. Bull's Rex.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. P. Moss's Black Prince; 2d, Miss E. E. Bethune's Jeff.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, C. H. Wallace's Johnnie, Jr.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and very high com., Typical Kennel's champion Samson and Nap; 2d and very high com., J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Teaser and Shadygrove; 3d, Bart. Hulse's Footpath. High com., Miss Maud H. Douglas's Billy. Bitches: 1st, J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Romp; 2d, A. Spacklin's Grace; 3d, W. L. Crawford's Rosedale Princess. Reserve, Typical Kennel's Empress.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Black.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Bramble and Rosedale Nigger; 2d, W. W. Vickers' Curlew. High com., Geo. B. Sweetman's Nip and Tuck and Typical Kennel's Roger. Bitches: 1st and com., J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Duchess and Rosedale Jet; 2d, David H. Loughhead's May B; 3d, Robert Jardine's Pattie. Com., Typical Kennel's Blossom.—Puppies.—Bitches: 1st, David H. Loughhead's May B.—OTHER THAN BLACK.—Bitches: 1st, J. G. Mitchell's Raylan Russet; 2d, Allan Trebilcock's Ruby; 3d, Typical Kennel's Ginger.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, Saunders & Mighton's Finsbury Dude; 2d and 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Scotsman and Macduff. Very high com., G. B. Stevenson's Hermit and Henry Wright's Strathroy.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, Henry Wright's Strathroy. Bitches: 1st, Saunders & Mighton's Nora; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Fussie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Allan Trebilcock's Royal Duke; 2d, R. G. Wilkie's LeROI.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Wentworth Kennels' champion Principio; 2d and very high com., R. Wright's Duke of Wellington and Dom Pedro; 3d, John McCormack's Chatham Bob. Reserve, Brodie & Lyndon's John L. Sullivan. Bitches: 1st, Wm. Hamall's Vesper; 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Kathleen; 3d, R. Wright's Snowflake. Very high com., Bart. Hulse's Glendon Fan.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, Wentworth Kennels' Wentworth Benson. Bitches: 1st, Wentworth Kennels' Wentworth Brenda.

PUGS.—3d, Mrs. John Webster's Trixie.

POODLES.—1st, Lillias Piper's Challenge Ball.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH.—CHALLENGE.—1st, A. A. Macdonald's Blanton Trump.—OPES.—Dogs: 1st, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom; 2d, Richard Gibson's Belvoir Huntsman; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Cashas. Very high com. reserve, John O. Bennett's Stardale Colonel. High com., Bruff Garrett's British Pawnbroker. Com., A. McLean Howard, Jr.'s Teddy, Fred F. Nasmith's Rattler and J. D. G. Shaw's Taffy. Bitches: 1st, Richard Gibson's Belvoir Becky; 2d and com., Clover Hill Kennels' Tambourine and Timbal; 3d, John O. Bennett's Stardale Belle. Reserve, A. A. Macdonald's Joacote. High com., Capt. Lloyd's Lady Cotswood Daisy.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, G. Hanson's Thorne; 2d, Clover Hill Kennels' Teetotaler. Very high com., A. A. Macdonald's Vito and Charles Macdonald's Oxford Spite. High com., George Taunt's Rhino. Bitches: 1st, Clover Hill Kennels' Tantrums; 2d, A. McKinnon's Marjorie; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Vixi.—WIRE-HAIRED.—Bitches: 1st, Brodie & Lyndon's Bonnet. Puppies: 1st, Brodie & Lyndon's Bonnet.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Capt. J. B. McLean's The Canadian Ambassador. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Phil Brown's Peggy and Killarney Girl. Puppies: 1st, Lieut.-Col. Davidson's Little Brick.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Miss Susie Smyth's Rags; 2d, R. Wright's Donald.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, John Jones's Tiney Jones. Bitches: 1st, J. Thompson's Miss Jumbo.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Gibson's Jock; 3d, Cassels & Fraser's Lovat. Bitches: Equal 1st, Cassels & Fraser's Braw Lass and Thistle.

TOY TERRIERS (under 7lbs., other than Yorkshire).—Bitches: 1st, Miss A. Myers's Trixie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Capt. Rennie's The Black Giant; 2d, C. Farrow's Sambo; 3d, R. Wright's Rochelle Scott. Bitches: 1st, Miss A. Farrow's Dina.

DEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Kingdon's Jack; 2d, P. J. Mulqueen's Blucher; 3d, S. Ritchie's Dash. Bitches: 1st, A. Trebilcock's Polly.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, B. R. McConkey's Bootles; 2d, J. B. Hooper's Worrie; 3d, S. E. Moyer's Jack Medd. Bitches: 1st, J. B. Hooper's Bessie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Dogs: Equal 1st, A. Trebilcock's Jumbo and Mrs. A. J. Rattray's Jap.

TOY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, A. Trebilcock's Romeo and Jack. Bitches: 1st, A. Trebilcock's May.

SELLING CLASS (\$20 or under).—1st and 2d, Clover Hill Kennels' Tally-Ho and Trickster; 3d, A. D. Stewart's Vic.

SPECIALS.

Best of any breed owned by a member of T. C. C. Forest Kennels' The Sultan. Best St. Bernard, J. G. Wort's. Best dog exhibited by a lady, Mrs. A. J. Rattray's Jap. Best foxhound or beagle, Albion Kennels' Periwinkles. Best exhibit other than pointers and setters, Wentworth Kennels' bull-terriers. Best sporting dog in the show, J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Duchess. Best dog sporting dog, Wentworth Kennels' Principio. Best English setter dog, Forest Kennels' The Sultan. Best English setter bitch, Forest Kennels' Forest Nia. Best pointer bitch, G. H. Briggs's Bessie. Best English setter puppy, Forest Kennels' Forest Rex. Best pointer dog or bitch, G. H. Briggs's Bessie. Best Irish setter, M. Currey's Larry Lisburn. Best terrier, any variety, Wentworth Kennels' Principio. Best Irish terrier, Capt. McLean's The Canadian Ambassador. Best fox-terrier, A. A. Macdonald's Blanton Trump. Best terrier bitch in show, any variety, Brodie & Lyndon's Bonnet. Best red cocker bitch, J. G. Mitchener's Raylan Russet.

How the Tail Wagged the Dog.

"This here thing of the tail waggin' the dog is founded on fact," said the man with the ginger beard. "Leastwise, I've seen it did." The shoe drummer from "town" opened his mouth to utter a mild protest, but the grocer gave him so violent a nudge in the short ribs that he failed to make an articulate sound, and the man with the ginger beard continued: "It happened like this: You see, down in Mexico they is a wasp with a stinger that is full two inches long and chuck up with pizen from pint to root. One day one of 'em socked his old prod right into the tip end of the tail of a pointer dog I had with me down there. Mebbe you won't believe it, but in less'n two minutes that tail had swelled up so that it was anyhow four pounds heavier than the dog. He was layin' there moanin', and I commenced sayin' pore feller and all that sort of thing, and he tried to wag his tail. Natural result: The tail bein' so much heavier, it jist bodily wagged the dog off his feet. I don't think I never saw a pathetic sight in all my life."—Brooklyn Eagle.

We have forwarded the above to the Stock-Keeper, Eng., which has a column reserved for such tales.

SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.

(Special Report.)

THE bench show which closed to-night is by far the most successful event ever held west of Chicago. The entry, 862, is just 102 more than were ever before brought together on this coast. There doubtless was never a more surprised man than Mr. Raper was at the size and quality of the show. The success of the show is due to the untiring labors of the bench show committee, Messrs. G. J. Watson, C. A. Haigh, J. B. Martin, Thos. Higgs and E. P. Schell. Mr. J. D. Sinclair proved an efficient assistant secretary, Mr. E. H. Williams kept the show in the neatest possible condition and gave very general satisfaction. Dr. F. W. Skafie proved an efficient veterinary.

The fanciers here are very much pleased with Mr. Raper as a judge. There are always a few disgruntled exhibitors at every show, but on the whole he gave very good satisfaction. We find cause to differ with him in only one decision, and think that that one must have been an oversight. He is thorough in his work, quick, yet careful. The show was held in the spacious Mechanics' Pavilion, a building that could accommodate on the ground floor at least 2,000 dogs. The weather was delightful, as it always is in this city in May, and the gate receipts were very good. The club will clear from \$750 to \$1,000. But two accidents occurred to mar the perfect success of the show. Mrs. Gracie's little toy Yorkshire bolted from its attendant's lap, ran out of the open door after its mistress and was run over by the electric car that passes the door, killing it instantly. As the dog was not provided with collar and chain the club are not responsible, and Mrs. Gracie has only herself to blame. Mr. J. B. Martin's fox-terrier Blanton Reefer had a large piece of his ear bitten off by the terrier benched next to him. Prof. Norris entertained a large audience every evening with his excellent troupe of 30 performing dogs. Prof. Parker will find in this young debutant a rival of no mean merit.

The classes numbered as follows (absentees 7): Mastiffs 15, great Danes 12, St. Bernards 27, Newfoundland 10, greyhounds 17, deerhounds 6, American foxhounds 13, English foxhounds 2, bloodhounds 1, pointers 51, English setters 29, Gordon 6, Irish setters 14, Irish water spaniels 5, retrievers 2, Chesapeake Bay dogs 3, collies 13, cocker spaniels 27, dachshunds 5, beagles—, Dalmatians 2, bulldogs 4, bull-terriers 8, fox-terriers 49, black and tan terriers 1, Skyes 3, Yorkshires 2, Scotch 2, toy terriers 5, Boston terriers 4, Japanese spaniels 3, English pugs 5, poodles 4, spitz 4, Eskimo 1, miscellaneous 7.

The judging commenced shortly after 1 o'clock and proceeded very rapidly. The ring was as well served as we have ever seen in the East.

MASTIFFS.—The mastiff dog class would not be excelled in the smaller Eastern shows. The bitches, however, are a weedy lot. Ingleside Crown Prince won again in open dog class, not shown in the best condition, but his vastly superior head and excellent bone and body made him an easy winner. He shows too much throatiness and wrinkle, but his skull and width, length and depth of muzzle leave but little to be desired. He moves very well for so heavy a dog. Lion, second, occupied the same position last year. His coat was in very bad condition; he too, is much too throaty and his ears are poorly carried. He was rightly placed. He is better than Chino, third, whom he beats in head, muzzle and hind legs. Chino has a very fair head but his ears hang poorly and he is not a good mover. He was shown in good condition and has good bone. Bishop, vhc., has a fair skull, well hung ears and is a good mover, but he is too long in muzzle and too leggy. Rex and Leon, given c. cards, are only fair. Lomita Minting, first in open bitch class, is an excellent puppy, shown in the pink of condition. She is at present too light in head and stands too high behind but is grand in body and limbs. Venus, second, is too long in muzzle and too short in skull. Lomita Caution won in dog puppy class. He is pinched in nostrils and light in skull and muzzle, but good in body and limbs. Lewis, second, is fair in skull and muzzle, but has a very bad coarse coat. Lomita Minting won again in bitch puppies. Queen, vhc., might well have been unnoticed. She is much too light in head, has poor expression and badly carried ears.

GREAT DANES.—Titan, first in open dogs, is a dog of the proper type. We have stated for the past two years that the class of great Danes bred on the coast were too heavy in build, too much on the English mastiff order, and we are pleased to see some of the proper type at last. Titan has the best head in the class and is of the proper type and carriage all over. He is a good mover but is slightly handicapped by wretchedly cut ears. Ribaud, second, is of the proper type, with grand character and carriage, good head and neck, good shoulders and front, but straight in stifles. Lop, third, is of the right type of head but is a bit too thick in skull and carries his ears badly. Myers's Hector, vhc., is the most active, best-moving dog in the class, and about the soundest, but is of the wrong type, being heavy in head and shoulders. Caesar, c., we thought worthy of better mention. Though straight in stifles, he has a very fair head and front. Morn, first in bitches, is of splendid head and type, and shown in elegant condition; would not have won so easily had the Harlequin bitch Mirtha, winner of second, been shown thinner in flesh. Her obesity made her appear wide in front and short in neck. Her head is of the right type and she moves well. Hagar, third, is a well put up bitch of right type but fairly beaten. Belle, vhc., is too short and squat, otherwise good. Dog puppies had only one entry, Ko-Ko, given third. He is short and thick in head, with no character and a very bad coat.

ST. BERNARDS (Rough-Coats).—The open dog class had 14 entries, two of them not for competition. California Bernardo again beat California Alton and we think rightly so. Alton beats Bernardo in girth of skull by at least an inch or two, in muzzle both in width and depth, in bone, markings and carriage of ears. Bernardo beats Alton in length of body and height at shoulder. He is the more symmetrical of the two, and is by far the best mover. Alton moved his hind legs very badly in the ring, and we think Mr. Raper fully justified in putting him back on that account. Bernardo is too dark in face, short in blaze and nose band, has fair bone in front but a little light behind. Alton has the best blaze and best shadings, but is a little short in couplings and not quite right in ankles. Reglov, third, is an excellent puppy, constantly improving. He is of good size, good body, good bone and good type of head. Given age he will prove hard to beat. He only lacks in the massiveness of skull and muzzle, which time alone can give him. Duke of Wellington, reserve, has improved wonderfully during the past year. His coat is about the best in the show. His body is very good, skull fair, muzzle hardly in proportion to his size, and legs all wrong. Given shadings and straight limbs, he would have been very near the top. Grand Chancellor, vhc., is tall but a little too long in back and flat in ribs. He has good skull but is too long in back muzzle. Columbus, vhc., is a very promising seven months' puppy with nice skull and muzzle, nice shadings and good markings, good coat and good bone. Don M. unnoticed, is a magnificent dog with good bone and size, but is a light fawn in color without white markings, and looks too much like a Leonberg. The open bitch class did not equal the dogs in quality. Fernwood Inez, the winner, completely outclassed the balance. She is a bitch that the best Eastern ones would find it hard to beat. She is built on very massive lines, with good white markings, light shadings, well hung ears, good skull, fair muzzle, good coat, very good bone. She afterward won the special for best St. Bernard in the show. Lady Delight, second, is prettily marked and shaded, has good coat and shows good character, but is light in head. As she is only 14 months old she may

be expected to develop a great deal yet in head and body. Victoria, third, was shown too fat and with litter. She has good skull and good bone, but is rather light in muzzle. She is proving herself a splendid brood bitch, however. Lady Sylvia, reserve, is too small, and light in head; otherwise she is good. Reglov won in dog puppies with Columbus second; both previously mentioned. Jumbo, hc., has fair head and good bone; a woolly puppy coat. He is a very good sized puppy, but fairly beaten. Monk, hc., has just recovered from a severe illness, but he will never equal his brother, Columbus. Lady Grace, first in bitch puppies, is a wonder. For a seven months' puppy her size, bone, body, skull and muzzle are away above the ordinary. We shall expect to hear good reports of her in the open class in another year.

NEWFOUNDLANDS were a nondescript lot and not worthy of mention.

GREYHOUNDS.—Peter Jackson, the winner in open dogs, had no difficulty in disposing of the rest of the class. He is better in neck, back, loin and front, well let down in hocks and well in stifles. Donard, second, has good head, neck and front, but might be better in stifles and second thighs. John W., third, is a good free mover with good length of neck, good shoulders, well arched loin and good length of back. Examiner, reserve, might well have exchanged places with John W. He is a splendid muscled dog, good all round, but not as good a mover. Flea, vhc., is too light in muzzle, well arched, but light in loin, good length of neck, but too straight in stifles. Open bitches brought out several good ones. It was a close thing between Lady H. Glendyne, the winner, and Valley Queen, second. Both are grand bitches. Lady is a very clean-headed bitch, with beautiful neck, good shoulders, well arched loin, but not wide enough in same, she is better let down in hocks and shown in better coat. Valley Queen is much the best in depth of chest, ribs and thighs, but showed very poorly and carries her legs too much under her. She is very hard to beat in head, neck, shoulders, front and body. Cleverness, third, is a beautiful headed bitch, with good loin and back, well bent and good in hocks. A very neat bitch. Lady Oda, reserve, is a good all round bitch, beaten but slightly by Cleverness. Maid of the Valley, vhc., is good, but short in couplings. Lillie W., vhc., is a fair bitch, but sucking puppy and out of form. Stamboul, first in dog puppies, beat Euxia Pale, second, in stifles and shoulders, but has a broken toe on one of his hindfeet, which certainly will not improve his running. Eureka, first in bitch puppies, is a very promising bitch, she has good length of head, fair skull and promising jaw, carries her ears poorly, but is good in legs, feet, shoulders, ribs, loin and back. Stamboul Queen, second, is a nice brindle, a bit weak in jaw, overshot, but otherwise good. Yreka, third, has a good head and neck, but not as good as Eureka in muzzle and flat in loin.

DEERHOUNDS.—Stag, first in open dog class, is of good type, but is a wretchedly bad mover and should have been placed lower on that account. A deerhound that cannot run is of but little value. Leo, second, is of good type, has a very promising jaw, good shoulders and moves well, but is slightly off in one knee. Scott, third, we preferred more for premier honors; he is good in skull, muzzle, neck, shoulders, body, limbs and coat, and a good, free mover. Lance, reserve, is weak in jaw, small and straight in stifles. Lassie, first in open bitches, is the best deerhound in the show, a very good type. Lufra, vhc., is only fair. Other prizes withheld.

FOXHOUNDS.—Paddy, first in open dogs, has now won his third first in San Francisco; his excellent ears and character, combined with general all-round excellence, placed him in the front rank. His best competitor, Carlo, given second place, is equal to the winner in muzzle and body, but is not as good in feet, pasterns and skull. Jack, third, is short in ears and light in thighs, otherwise good. Rover, reserve, is in poor condition, a little straight behind and too long coupled. Commander, vhc., is a good type of hound, but too prominent just over the eyes and slightly wrong in pasterns. Prince, vhc., is light in muzzle. Julie, first in bitches, is a good all-round bitch, rightly placed.

Landlord and Landress, first in English foxhound dog class and first in bitches are two quite typical hounds. Landress afterward won the special for best foxhound in the show.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Premier IV., the only entry in bloodhounds is a fair hound, but too long and leggy, lacking in wrinkle and dome of skull.

Criticism of the remaining classes received too late for this issue.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. W. M. Andrews, transportation agent for the Dominion Government, is about to send out circulars to exhibitors of dogs at the World's Fair, and a compliance with the regulations expressed therein is imperative. Mr. Stewart has mailed a circular in connection with this, urging exhibitors to attend to all the regulations necessary for proper shipment.

Mr. T. Mackay Robertson, Kingston, has, I hear, just received from Wales a pair of cockers which have done some winning. No further particulars have reached me other than they are "long and low," the dog a black and the bitch a liver.

Mr. T. A. Carson, also of Kingston, has written Mr. Farrow giving him a commission to buy a brace of Irish water spaniels to add to his kennel of this breed.

A meeting of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club was held in the rooms of the Granite Club on Saturday afternoon, President A. D. Stewart in the chair. The specials of the club will be offered this year at Toronto. It is expected that the association will offer as much money as is put up for the larger breeds, and that sexes will be divided in all classes, including puppy and novice, and the smooth and wire-hair divisions separate in all cases. The club will also submit the names of three club judges for the consideration of the committee. Since last meeting the following specials have been offered: Silver cup by Mr. J. E. Thayer, souvenir breastpin by Mr. G. W. Price and \$10 cash by Mr. Robert Davies, Toronto.

The Bowmanville St. Bernard kennels have closed with a breeder in England for a good rough-coated stud dog, which is to be shipped at once. He was bred by Mr. Norris-Elye, is three years old and the sire of several winners.

Messrs. Saunders & Mighton, Harriston, who imported a few good collies last year, are getting over another, the rich sable and white bitch Invercauld Beauty, by Langley (champion Wolf—Hazel), out of Invercauld Sable Queen (Gladiolus—Bazaar Lassie). He was placed third at Dundee last year, is two years old and was bred by Mr. Thow, Jr., Craithie, Scotland.

Mr. William Brodie has formed a partnership with Mr. Charles Wyndon of this city.

I had a long business meeting to-day with Mr. Stewart in connection with World's Fair business. Canadian entries are now all quite ready to send in, but we are in a fog as to the classification. Correspondence as to this, even with Mr. Buchanan, is quite contradictory. All the hard work—and it has been hard work—expended here in getting the Canadian entry in shape in good time seems to have been expended to no good purpose owing to the undecided state of things in Chicago. For heaven's sake stick a pin in somebody.

H. B. DONOVAN.

World's Fair Dog Show.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN COMMISSION, Department of Live Stock, Chicago, May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I deem it best to call the attention of those interested in the kennel exhibit of the exposition to the fact that the committee on awards of the National Commission under the general plan do not desire to make precedent that might be injurious to other exhibitors by naming the judges for the kennel exhibit in advance of receiving entries. They appreciate fully the force of custom and their desire in common with the breeders, and this department, is for the best show possible. I can heartily indorse their interest and can assure exhibitors that the judges for this exhibit will be persons whose ability, integrity and prominence are such as will render them acceptable to exhibitors. I have waited until this late date for such a decision, hoping that I would be able to print a revised premium list containing some additional classes and corrections, with a list of judges. The late date at which this decision reached me renders it inadvisable to do this, consequently no edition of the premium list for the kennel exhibit will be issued other than the one now in force, until near June 1, when a new edition of the entire live stock premium list will be issued containing all corrections up to June 1. Copies of the present list with entry blanks can be had by addressing the undersigned. I deem it important to state that the date for closing entries in the kennel exhibit has been extended from May 20 to June 1, and in addition to state that the department of live stock has authority to create such additional classes in any division as in its judgment will add to the interest of the exhibit, and that this course will be pursued in the kennel division. Wherever a sufficient number of entries (ten) in any breed not mentioned in the printed premium list is offered, an additional class will be created with such premiums as seem proper.

Breeders and owners of dogs will, I trust, appreciate the earnestness and desire of this department to make the kennel exhibit one worthy of the kennel interests of this country, and I assure them I will do whatever lies in my power, either in the creation of separate classes or in any other way to make the kennel exhibit an unequalled success.

Mr. James Mortimer, superintendent of the exhibit, can be addressed on and after the 15th day of this month at Chicago.

I sincerely trust we shall have the continued encouragement and aid of all clubs, and take this manner of thanking the clubs who have generously offered special premiums and trophies, and who have so frequently taken opportunity to show their interest and support of this feature of the Live Stock Department.

Any information desired by those interested will be gladly furnished by this department. W. I. BUCHANAN, Chief Dept. of Agriculture (in charge Dept. of Live Stock).

The Latest News.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE, Chicago, May 17.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Nothing startling in World's Fair dog show. Only fifteen entries so far and ten exhibitors. Of course it is far too early yet for many entries. The Canadian entries are all expected in a lump. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, will enter two pointers and three setters. Mr. E. Edmond, of Yarmouth, England, cables to know whether or not his entry has been received. He enters the crack great Dane Earl of Warwick. No other European entries heard from at this date. The time for entrance having been extended till June 1, the great crush of entries will naturally be about June 1 to June 3. E. HOUGH.

Spaniels in Hot Countries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My own experience leads me to fully indorse all that your correspondent says, in FOREST AND STREAM of March 23, about the merits of the old breed of cocker spaniels. Their small size makes them less objectionable in a house than setters or pointers, and so if allowed to live indoors with their owners, their intellects can be cultivated to a degree that is difficult with dogs which are always kept in kennels outside. While pointers or setters are certainly better than other breeds for special kinds of sport, the little cocker spaniel is like a pocket rifle, a constant companion, always at hand and ready to do his best at anything. The breed has been neglected in England during the last thirty or forty years, in consequence of the battue system having been extended to woodcock shooting. In many or most of the large coverts these birds are put up by lines of beaters, a method preferred by those sportsmen whose chief pleasure consists in making large bags. On the other hand, those who care for well trained spaniels derive half their pleasure from seeing the intelligence and intense enjoyment displayed by their little companions while searching.

I am acquainted with no European breed equal to the cocker for working well in a tropical climate. I never heard how the Southern States of America agree with dogs, but imagine that the heat must have the same effect there as in South Africa and India, when nearly all those of foreign breed are so liable to various diseases, especially of the liver and skin, that they rarely survive many years. If they do live they often become listless and useless. This is particularly the case with foxhounds, pointers, curly-haired retrievers and in perhaps a less degree, with setters; but the small breeds of spaniels, and above all cockers, can be kept in good health and full of energy for field work without difficulty. One of my friends in India owned a short-legged and not very heavy spaniel which, besides finding and retrieving winged game, would follow the tracks of a deer and hang on to its throat if it tried to escape.

I had a highly bred cocker of a deep orange red color, in the plains of India for seven years, during which time she was never ill for an hour and never lost her enthusiasm for sport. I bought her when a puppy, and the knowledge of field work was hereditary in her to such a degree, that the first time I took her out with the gun, at the age of about eight months, she quartered the ground during a whole afternoon like an old trained dog, keeping well within range. She would put up quail, partridge, hare or snipe, and retrieve ducks from water. (This last accomplishment is, however, hardly desirable in many hot countries, on account of the danger from alligators.)

The little dog had one peculiarity that I never saw in any other spaniel. Occasionally when scenting a snipe hidden in a tuft of grass, or a quail in a thick bush, she used to stand with one foreleg raised, exactly like a pointer.

Many sportsmen prefer large spaniels because their weight enables them to push through heavy cover with less fatigue than smaller ones; but a cocker spaniel can glide through many places where a large dog cannot force his way. In England rabbits often hide inside the thorn hedges which grow on the tops of banks dividing fields, or else in dense clumps of gorse, the spines of which touch the grass on every side. One of my cocker spaniels used to drive them out of the gorse by dropping flat on her stomach and crawling underneath. When I was searching for them along the hedge-rows she used to push her way between the stems of the thorn bushes and drive them down into the fields.

Not infrequently a rabbit would keep a short distance ahead and refuse to leave the cover. In that case the spaniel would come outside, gallop forward 50 or 60 yds., re-enter the hedge and drive back toward me, so as to force out the rabbit between us.

She gave tongue for rabbits in a different manner to that used for other game, so that I always knew when to expect a shot at the former.

While almost every animal can be managed more easily by kindness than by severity, this is pre-eminently the rule

with the cocker spaniel. He has a very excitable and affectionate disposition, so is apt to lose his head if flogged; but only make him thoroughly love you and he becomes eager to oblige you, and if he makes a mistake it is through his over eagerness preventing his waiting till he exactly understands your wishes. Even wilful disobedience I have found less easily cured by beating than by speaking in a serious tone and emphasizing each sentence by a tap on the nose with a finger.

As wild animals are very liable to sneak away on hearing a man's voice, I have always trained my dogs, as much as possible, to work by signs alone; to come to heel, for instance, when a hand is waved backwards, or to range for game when it is waved forward. The spaniel mentioned at the beginning of this letter understood signs so completely that she would go a considerable distance to and search any particular bush at which I pointed a finger. If necessary to attract a dog's attention to a sign I give a low whistle instead of speaking.

From your correspondent's description of the cockers at dog shows in America, they seem to me to be crossed with the Blenheim or King Charles breed. Without professing to be a very good judge, I may say that the cockers I have known have had noses inclined to be sharp, ears rounded and not very long, and a coat rather short without curls, or long tangled hairs to catch in thorns. Eyesight extremely fine, the eyes being neither sunken nor very prominent.

During the last few months there has been some correspondence in your paper about the treatment of gunshyness, so I will describe a method which was quite successful in curing the only dog I ever possessed with that failing. The friend from whom I bought her warned me that she was useless, invariably bolting at the first shot and never stopping till she reached home. I employed a man to lead her with a strong cord so that she could not escape, when I was out shooting, and carried a quantity of sweet cake in my pocket. After each shot I stroked and spoke soothingly to her, gave her a piece of cake and allowed her to mouth the bird if one were killed. In a little more than a week she lost all fear of a gun, and soon began to be wild with delight if I took up one while in the house. J. J. MEYRICK.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

World's Fair Bench Show.

CHICAGO, May 13.—By some mischance a telegram I sent to FOREST AND STREAM on May 9 miscarried, and the latest news concerning a judges' list, etc., did not appear last week. Mr. Buchanan informed me that a revised premium list would not be published.

In FOREST AND STREAM of May 4 I wrote: "It is rumored that Mr. Buchanan will accept Canadian entries regardless of any action of the Canadian clubs or exhibitors." This rumor is misleading. Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man., very kindly inclosed me information on the subject, which he received direct from Mr. Buchanan. I quote such parts as are pertinent to the subject, as follows:

"I have to advise you that under the rules of the Exposition all foreign exhibits are under control of the Commissioners representing the several countries, and of course no individual exhibits of dogs can be made from your province except through them."

"Understanding that the Canadian authorities place the number of dogs from the Dominion at about two hundred, which I understand to be entirely satisfactory, I am not disposed to interfere with such internal arrangements in the selections of these as the Commissioners deem best to make, and must therefore respectfully decline to receive dogs except through that medium."

A Possibility.

There is now an earnest movement with a formidable support, it is more than rumored, toward establishing a new organization of clubs in the West, with a policy which will be more in sympathy with the people. This, however, as I understand it, is not the impelling force of the movement. The multiplication of bench show organizations, the geographical features of this country as they affect bench show circuits, and the natural pressure which the wide growth of canine interests gives are the most important reasons for the contemplated movement. I hope to be able to give more specific information next week.

The Mongolian Pheasant.

This new game bird is growing in popular favor and its cultivation is receiving more attention. On the northern part of the Pacific coast they are well established, probably permanently so. In Illinois they have been introduced and there are most favorable reports that they will thrive. Dr. M. F. Rogers, of New Albany, Miss., made an attempt to raise some from eggs imported from the Northwest, but failed on account of bad weather, I believe, although I am not positive. Mr. N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn., has had excellent success in cultivating them. They will be a most valuable addition to the game birds of America, but it will be many years before they become common enough to afford sport to the shooters in general.

In a pleasant letter, Mr. L. F. Bartels writes me that the St. Patrick Kennels have about concluded to send Monk Bishop and the Pearl of Pekin to the World's Fair show. He also mentions that Mr. I. N. Porter, formerly of Denver, has moved to Salt Lake City to engage in music business. He intends to indulge in greyhounds, as soon as he is properly located, and will try some coursing on Utah jack rabbits. Mr. Porter is noted an admirer of coursing and famous in Denver as a most successful wolf hunter.

Mr. W. J. Beck, Columbus, Ohio, has sold the setter dog Ightfield Rhwllas to Mr. B. H. Whitely, Springfield, Ohio, for \$200. The price was incorrectly given in a contemporary as being \$400.

Entries to the Northwestern Field Trial Club's Derby close on June 15. Entry blanks can be obtained of the secretary-treasurer, Mr. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s efficient staff of experts, has some ideas in respect to the formation of a sportsmen's club which are worthy of consideration. The fishing, shooting and bench show clubs, he thinks, could unite and furnish a club house, which would be a place where all could meet, where all the sporting journals would be kept on file, and where better acquaintance and good fellowship would be promoted, and where visiting sportsmen could meet the celebrities of sportsmanship. It does seem strange that Chicago has no club house of the kind mentioned. Other cities of far less pretensions have developed to that stage of sportsmanship. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Sam W. Vidler, steward of the Cheyenne Mountain Club of Colorado Springs, Col., has taken up greyhounds. Among those already acquired by him are Buenero (Norwegian-Bueniritiro), Comedy (Lord Neversett—Partera) and Bob Up Serenely (Dingwall—Miss Kitten). Buenero is a litter sister to Flying Fancy, the runner up at the recent Huron (S. D.) meet. Comedy was bred by H. C. Lowe, of Lawrence, Kan. Bob Up Serenely comes from the St. Patrick Kennels of Denver, Col. Dingwall, his sire, and Miss Kitten, his dam, are two of the dogs presented by Col. North to "Buffalo Bill."

United States Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with complete satisfaction mingled with pardonable pride that the management of the United States Field Trials Club, calls attention to its third annual trials, believing that, as in the past, its efforts toward placing field trials of bird dogs on a higher plane of legitimate sport, worthy the support and countenance of the better class, will be fully recognized. The stone wall of prejudice that was wont to encircle field trials, has, under enlightened, advanced and honorable methods, crumbled away until to-day field trial contests of bird dogs stand for all that is honorable and refined in the field of sport. Thousands of dollars are invested all over the land in the breeding and developing of the pointer and setter. The United States Field Trials Club decided to give two meetings this season instead of one, the first to be held at Bicknell, Ind., beginning Nov. 6, and the second to be held at Grand Junction, Tenn. next February, thereby giving a fall and a spring meeting. The club in giving two meetings assumes a responsibility of over \$5,000, as \$2,400 in prizes will be given at each meeting.

The United States Field Trials Club, believing that the field is the only test wherein the merits of bird dogs can be correctly determined, was not conceived in the spirit of money-getting. No dividends are paid, all surplus goes back to the club's patrons through betterments and increased purses in future trials. Its aim is the advancement of the bird dog and the offering to the public (free of admission fee) a refined and elevating sport, free from all objectionable features, and surrounded with all the safe guards due society, and where busy lives may taste the fragrant air, and in the fiery contests forget all toil and care. The grounds at Bicknell and Grand Junction, made memorable through many contests (that are now matters of history), need no eulogy on our part, it is sufficient to say that they are a poet's dream, and rarely will one find a spot of nature's handiwork rivaling the beauty of these two preserves, the hills and plains, forest and prairie, make scenes worthy the admiration of any artist in the land. Having in view the comfort, convenience and accommodations of its patrons, the club has decided to extend the time of closing the entries to the Bicknell Derby to June 1. They have also arranged with Mr. J. M. Freeman of Bicknell, who is one of the board of governors, to secure locations for each and every handler who wishes to prepare his dogs in the vicinity of Becknell. Mr. Freeman will take pleasure in favoring all who may need his services. The hotel and livery accommodations at both Bicknell and Grand Junction will be first-class at second-class prices. The liberality on the part of the club it is hoped will be met in a like spirit by the dogmen of the country, and the number and quality of the entries in both trials such as to insure the best of battles and the premier meetings in the annals of field trials. The club stands at the head of the field trial organizations, and always being mindful of the comfort and full enjoyment of her patrons and guests, she now in the full fruition of her exalted sphere, hopes for an indorsement of here forth. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

The American Kennel Club.

It is doubtful if the American Kennel Club has ever passed through a more momentous period than the present. Not that there is much sound of dissension or discontent on the surface, but there is a strong under-current of feeling which the officials of the A. K. C. must take heed of and that will probably be brought home to them at to-day's meeting. There is a feeling of great discontent in the West, and the kennel interests there have become so important in recent years that the time has come when breeders and exhibitors feel that their voices must be heard not through proxies of New York men, but by men who are thoroughly in touch with them and their ideas. There is an old saying that you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar; the A. K. C. in its curt and rather arbitrary manner of treating some correspondents, should remember this homely truism. That Western exhibitors have an idea of starting a Western club is an open secret. We scarcely think that two clubs would be advisable. The A. K. C., however, must spread out; it has a lot of vigorous chicks to cover now and it would seem as if the least that could be done would be to have one important meeting held in a Western city once a year. Do away with the advisory committee, let all business be done by the executive committee in open session and full accounts be published at least in the official *Kennel Gazette*. Keep an eye on the clubs and allow no dog-in-the-manger acts, but bow to progress. Utilize that fast-increasing surplus to promote the breeding interests of the country, by giving good cash specials for the best American-bred dogs, taking one or two breeds at a time, show held under A. K. C. rules; treat all alike—they all pay \$10; then would the dogmen feel that the A. K. C. had ideas beyond grabbing up the spare dollars and quarters of the fancy. Clubs should elect men as delegates who are unbiased and who are sufficient in touch with both passing and past kennel interests, that they can be depended upon not to be led away from their real wishes by any one's glib tongue. Cut the registration fee in two. These suggestions are probably sufficient for the present. The meeting to-day, we believe, will be an important one and more than one proposition that we have touched upon above will be brought forward.

Bedlington Terriers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with pleasure that I note an article on Bedlington terriers in your columns, but doubt very much if there exists a real live Bedlington fancier on this continent. At our best shows the class is filled with a mediocre, soft-looking lot of dogs that resemble poodles. Competition is also dull, where as in the olden times it waxed warm. The only reason that can be assigned for the unpopularity of Bedlingtons lies in the fact that they are too hard mouthed and rather quarrelsome, but apart from this they are the gamest and most dare-devil terrier in existence, and their appearance certainly merits as much approval as the more popular Irish and other terriers that I might mention. Besides this they require no docking, are hardy (I mean the old stamp), and prolific breeders.

Of those shown recently I cannot speak authoritatively, but their appearances are against them and they have a soft listless expression, though several of the best appeared to be bad-tempered brutes.

I know that there are Bedlingtons (of the blood of the old champions whom you mention) in the hands of people who only require to be livened up some and take more interest in the breed, and I think no better suggestion could be made than the formation of a Bedlington terrier club during the World's Fair dog show. The existence and influence of such a body should interest others in the breed also.

Why not reclaim some of the old timers, such as Messrs. Wm. Jackson, J. F. Scholes, etc. Surely they still have a love for the Bedlington terrier. TYNESIDER.

Massachusetts Kennel Club.

At the annual meeting for the election of officers of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass., which was held at the Revere House, Lynn, on Tuesday evening, May 9, the following gentlemen were elected to fill the various offices: Robert Leslie, Pres.; Geo. W. Glazier, Vice-Pres.; John F. Williams, Sec'y; A. M. Babb, Treas. Bench Show Committee—D. A. Williams, E. B. Eames, C. N. Symonds, W. B. Phinney and Rudolph Weiner.

DOG CHAT.

American Pet Dog Club Show.

Unfortunately we were unable to review the premium list of the American Pet Dog Club's coming show in our last issue owing to its late arrival. There is, however, plenty of time to enter yet. The list, we feel sure, will be a surprise to many exhibitors, for it is certainly a surprisingly good one. Its classification seems to cover every desire in the breeds the club will have on exhibition; in all 182 classes are provided. Cocker spaniels are given two challenge classes and so are bulldogs, beagles, fox-terriers and pugs; in other breeds the sexes compete together. The prizes in every class are \$10 and \$5, which one can imagine mounts up to a tidy sum, something like \$2,730, and quite a heavy responsibility for a specialty club to assume. Open, novice and puppy classes are provided in every breed. To enhance the appearance of the show the club will give \$10, \$5 and \$2 for the best decorated cages or benches, and this should prove a very gay competition and give rise to lots of unhappy *quarrels d'honneur* to the unlucky judge of the millinery outfits, whoever he or she may be. We should deem it the wisest course to allow one of the fair sex to adjudicate on this difficult matter. The show will be put up in the finest manner and so of course Spratts Co. have been entrusted with this part of the business; they will also feed. Lawford's Thymo-Cresol is announced as the disinfectant to be used. The judges will be Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa., for Skye terriers, Schipperkes, Mexican hairless, Yorkshire terriers, Chihuahua, Maltese terriers. German Hopkins, Hempstead, L. I., for fox-terriers (smooth and wire), Irish terriers. Harry Lacy, New York, N. Y., for beagles. Charles H. Mason, New York, N. Y., for cocker spaniels, dachshunds, Scotch, bull and black and tan terriers, Blenheim and Ruby spaniels, Italian greyhounds. E. H. Morris, Hackensack, N. J., for poodles, white English terriers, whippets. James Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I., for bulldogs, Basset hounds, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington, Boston, Welsh and Clydesdale terriers, Pomeranians, pugs, King Charles, Prince Charles, and Japanese spaniels, miscellaneous. The club reserves the right to appoint other judges. Dr. James S. Cattanaugh will be the veterinarian. Entries close May 22 with Miss Marion E. Bannister, Lenox Lyceum, Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, New York. The fee is \$3. We have already published a list of the breeds provided for and there is little doubt that a good entry will be forthcoming. The club deserves it and we feel sure that the efforts of the club in giving such prominence to their pets will surely be followed by an increased interest in pet dogs at future bench shows. The show will open May 30 and continue till June 2.

World's Fair Show.

Mr. Buchanan's letter in another column explains the situation regarding the World's Fair show pretty accurately. The revised premium list is not to be issued yet, and the old one of July, 1892, has again been forwarded to exhibitors, but with this note pasted on the front: "Entries close June 1 instead of May 20. Classes for dogs other than those mentioned in premium list will be provided, if a sufficient number of entries (10) are received to justify it. Judges will not be announced by the committee on awards until entries are in. They will be selected with the greatest care, and will be skilled experts of unquestioned integrity." This in itself is a complete refutation of the "fake list" of cheerful memory. The entries, as exclusively announced in FOREST AND STREAM would likely be the case, will be received to June 1. Of course, it is no use for FOREST AND STREAM to go into hysterics over the announcement that judges' names will not be made public until entries are in and to take the Committee of Awards over the coals, as we have been desired to do. The men who have this affair in hand do not know our dog show customs, and it is evidently useless to try to make them understand. The same procedure prevails in all the other departments. Foreign exhibitors of materials are expected to enter and send their goods before they know who the Jury of Awards will consist of. The dog men are in the same boat. In view of Mr. Buchanan's circular letter, why not urge him to postpone the World's Fair till September or October. The weather will be cooler, the rush of entering after revised list comes out will be avoided and there will be plenty of time to settle on those judges, without creating precedents. There may be exhibitors enough, willing to risk their dogs on such a journey and for so long a time (five days), and then have their merits adjudicated upon by an unknown quantity, to result in a respectable show, but that the World's Fair show will be the gathering of canines, such as it should have been, is very doubtful, and what is more, it does not deserve to be. The whole arrangements throughout have been blunderingly managed, but at whose door the fault lies we are not prepared to say, the result alone is apparent.

Great Danes.

We have received another letter taking Mr. Maenner to task about Mr. Arnold and great Dane judging. It is scarcely necessary to publish it, as we do not wish this wrangling to go any further, especially as we fail to see in the letters hitherto written, anything that may be construed into a benefit to the great Dane breed. In view, however, of the unsettled idea of the standard for great Danes and the somewhat factional spirit that is just now rampant, we think it would be well, if our breeders, putting self-interests to one side for a while, would try, by friendly discussion, to bring about a better conception of this standard. FOREST AND STREAM is willing to devote space to this end and has called on one well known great Dane "exponent" to give his views, his reasons and examples, by illustrations, of what sort of a head and body a modern *fin-de-siècle* great Dane should be like, about legs and feet there seems to be but one sensible opinion. We will take care, should a controversy arise, that it will not contain personalities nor reflections as to the capability of this or that judge. Abuse is not argument. We believe that only by general discussion can something tangible be evolved. Showing the dogs does not do it. For one dog may win to-day and a dog altogether different in type may win under another judge to-morrow, and so it would go on indefinitely and the breed will naturally suffer. Although our, say, mastiff judges may differ as to the relative standing of certain lights of this breed, they have a settled idea of what is required by the standard, and their only difference of opinion lies in the value they attach to certain points in one dog over another, that in judging the whole accounts for the placing of the dogs. So we want it in the great Danes. Agree on some type of dog, then breed and judge up to it. Because the English fanciers have their ideas as to what a German dog should be, it is not necessary that we should follow their "evolved" type, if such it is. If the majority want a dog of that type let us have that type, if it is found that this German idea of the dog is the best let us stick to that—and only by discussion and gentle reasoning, aided by illustration, can this be done.

Scottish Terriers.

"Red Lichtie," a correspondent to the *Scottish Fancier*, in a letter on the size of Scottish terriers, says that the terriers of his younger days were leggy, after the style of the present day Irish terrier, but not so stoutly built, had a somewhat softer coat, and had ears mostly of the drooping tendency. Modern Scottish terriers are as far from the ancient animal

as "a Yankee is from a red Indian." He says this from past experience personally gained from his acquaintance with the older breeders, and from fanciers who yet live and who have noticed the great change which has come over the national breed within the last few years. He does not say this by way of fault finding, for he considers the modern terrier a nice animal in many ways.

Spring Litters.

Our breeders are building wisely these days, and news of spring litters come from every part. Mr. Manice has several litters of dachshunds, one out of Sister (Pterodactyl—Janet), by Jay; another of five, four weeks old out of Jessie Victoria by Superbus II. Janet is in whelp to Jay and Princess is in whelp to Windrush Rioter, and Jargonelle will be bred shortly to Don Quixote II. He also has a litter of Bassets out of Bet. So it will be seen that for a man who has nothing to do Mr. Manice has his hands full. Mr. Manice has sold the winning Boston youngster Plethysomus—should not that be Plethysomus—a Western party.

International Coursing Meeting.

The Mitchell, S. D. Kennel Club forwarded May 1 a certified check of \$800 to Dr. Rowe, Chicago, to be cashed on condition that the international coursing meet will be held at Mitchell next October.

Lexington Dog Show.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club have arranged with Mr. Geo. Hill, the well known superintendent, to conduct their show in August next. As they wish to get out their premium list early they would like exhibitors who have any requests or suggestions to offer as to classes, etc., to do so at once.

Lonely.

Mr. Kreuder is in ecstasies now, for Lonely has presented the kennel with a litter, four of which are dogs. Of course they are the grandest beagles that ever were, and champion Frank Forest is the sire.

International Field Trials.

The entries for the International Field Trial Derby close June 1. The purse is 40% of entrance money, second 20%, third 15%, fourth 10%. First forfeit \$2.50, second payable Sept. 1, \$2.50, and \$5 to start. The trials will be held, as usual, at Chatham, Ont., Nov. 7. Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., is the secretary.

A Show at Germantown.

Just as we go to press the following dispatch was received: Wissahickon Heights Kennel Club will give an open-air dog show June 6 to 9. Two thousand dollars given in prize money. Messrs. Mason and Davidson are the judges. Nothing will be spared to make a grand success. Premium lists now ready.—L. C. SAUVÉUR, Sec'y, pro tem (Wissahickon Heights, Pa.).

Field trial men should read the American Field Trial Club's advertisement this week for information in regard to stakes. Derby entries close June 1 with W. J. Beck, Columbus, O.

Mr. Dager, of Toledo, O., has, it is stated, purchased the English setter Monk of Furness from Mr. Paul Gotzian.

Among the new special advertisements this week we find that W. H. Pierce offers well bred pointer dog, also a choicely bred English setter; D. Sullivan, Irish setter Goldsmith Boy; C. A. Paetzel, pointer field trial winner Nutwood; Chas. Dean, English setter bitch; A. D. Fiske, well bred beagle pups; 603, two puppies and badger; Avondale Kennels, blue blood pointers; J. Hope, pair of pointers. We also draw attention to Rinada Pointer Kennels' advertisement of good pointers for sale. In the stud a new list of dogs owned by Mr. E. A. Manice. Breeders should note the New York St. Bernard Kennels' change of address. Wants—Riverside Kennels, few more dogs to train, and W. England, a position as kennelman. Our readers' attention is also drawn to the new book, "Lee's Modern Dogs," which will well repay perusal.

The Toons & Symonds combination, which indulges in a little of everything canine, and is under George Thomas' far-seeing optic, moved to their new quarters at Northcroft last Saturday. No doubt the dogs will enjoy the change from confined quarters as much as the owners. Messrs. Toons & Symonds were instrumental in getting St. Augustine over for the Western fancier, and this dog will arrive at Boston on the steamship Bostonian about next Wednesday. We shall then probably be allowed to divulge the name of the new owner.

Our Philadelphia contemporary, *Fanciers' Journal*, is looking quite sprightly in its new spring costume, and for the sake of those who are providing the material we wish it every success. Of course we must not be too hard on it at first, and such a little *faux pas* as quoting a newspaper dispatch that stated that the American Kennel Club would make no entries at the World's Fair show, if the judges were not announced at once, etc., etc., as an original news item must be attributed to the nervousness of the editor's novitiate. FOREST AND STREAM last week reached Philadelphia in ample time on Thursday morning for this to have been remedied and Mr. Vredenburg's denial quoted.

Mr. J. C. Weekes of Baltimore, although a new exhibitor, has had an unlucky time of it. He showed a nice young fox-terrier bitch at Baltimore show named House, which took distemper and died soon after. He also showed another fairly good dog, in Spring Hill Pirate, at Elmira, which took second and vhc., but this died too after arriving home. Mr. Weekes, however, is not disheartened and has now purchased Seacroft Otilia, from Seacroft Kennels, in whelp to their Bourbon, and expects by crossing the Dominie and D'Orsay blood to get something that will console him for his losses.

An instance of the intelligence a well-bred hunting dog will acquire through constant association with human beings comes to us from Iowa in a letter, from which the following is an extract: "I must tell you what a wonderful dog Rex is making. The other night we were all in the sitting room and he wanted a drink. As no one paid attention to him he went into the kitchen and got the tin cup off the table by the water pail, and brought it in his mouth and made Nell go with him, and he took the cup back to the pail and got his drink all right. He will not drink out of the water pail, but we dip the water with a tin cup and let him drink out of a pail. He worked out that problem of getting a drink without any previous teaching. So if a dog does not think and even invent ways what do you call this act of his? He is a real treasure to the family."

The *Scottish Fancier* is offering a bound volume of "Dogs of Scotland" for the best description of a collie's head.

Land and Water gives a notice in a recent issue that a first rate field trial breaker is wanted to take charge of an American kennel. Is the tide turning toward the English style of handling and breaking?

H. M. Wormington, recently a prominent courser of Cali,

fornia, has removed to Denver, Col. He took with him his dog Chief, sired by Al Farrow, the Merced winner. As soon as he gets properly located he will send on for some more of his California dogs.

The Bell-Watson Incident.

BALTIMORE, May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should feel obliged if you would give publicity to the following apology and retraction which I have accepted from Mr. Geo. Bell of Toronto, on behalf of Mr. James Watson, who judged spaniels at the late Maryland Kennel Club show.

W. STEWART DIFFENDERFER, Sec. Maryland K. C.

[COPY.]

BOSTON, Mass., April 4.—*W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Esq., Sec. Maryland K. C.:* Mr. Watson having agreed to accept my public apology I now tender him, through you, such apology. I regret that in the heat of temper I so far forgot what was due a judge as to demand a change of awards under threats of exposure of his past misdeeds. I state unreservedly that I know nothing against Mr. Watson which warranted me in saying that I would expose him. In regard to statements I made to others as to what passed between Mr. Watson and myself as to what I said I called him, I state unreservedly that no words passed between Mr. Watson and myself other than the matter of changing the awards as stated above. You are at liberty to publish this apology in the sporting press. Yours truly, G. BELL.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Cleveland. By D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan., for greyhound bitch, whelped Dec. 25, by Norwegian (Jester—Bit of Fashion) out of Clara (Greentick—Znone).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Rideau Reine—Black Duke. Andrew Laidlaw's (Galt) cocker bitch Rideau Reine (Obo Jr.—Rideau Flossie) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Obo II.—Woodland Queen), May 3.

Frisk—Holster. P. P. Plant's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Frisk (Belvoir Trap—Vexation) to R. G. Stewart's Holster (Kermicham Lancer—Qui Vive), May 3.

Hillside Freedom—Holster. R. G. Stewart's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Freedom (Russley Joker—Freya) to his Holster (Kermicham Lancer—Qui Vive), March 31.

Polly Harmon—Black Duke. Phil Harmon's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Polly Harmon (Cherry Boy—Lady Stanley) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Feb. 17.

Bessey Warner—Black Duke. Ed. Warner's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Bessey Warner (Cherry Boy—Lady Stanley) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Feb. 18.

Romp—Black Duke. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto) cocker bitch Romp (Bob Obo—Jest) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Feb. 19.

Woodland—Polly—Black Duke. Geo. Douglas's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Woodland Polly (Cherry Boy—Lady Stanley) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Obo II.—Woodland Queen), March 14.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Fennmont. Smith Bros.'s (Deep River, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Fennmont (Beaumont—Belle Stephens), April 29, nine (seven dogs), by Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben—Belle).

Midget Nellie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Midget Nellie, May 5, four (two dogs), by their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.).

Nettlefield. D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and black greyhound Nettlefield (Dick Day—Bamborne), May 1, six (one dog), by E. H. Mulcaster's Miller's Rab (Waterford—Nancy McPherson).

Leddersdale III. T. C. Baldwin's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Leddersdale III. (Obo II.—Jester—Canadian Lillian), May, six (three dogs), by his Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee).

Fan C. T. W. Clelland's (McAlester, I. T.) pointer bitch Fan C. April 18, nine (five dogs), by G. W. Stephenson's Count Vernon.

Dolly Tester. J. H. Matthews's (New York), bulldog bitch Dolly Tester, April 18, three (one dog), by his Bathos.

Gromar's Vic. Dr. Blodgett's bulldog bitch Gromar's Vic, April 15, five, by J. H. Matthews's Bathos.

Terry. T. J. River's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Terry (champion Tammany—Erie), April 20, eleven (seven dogs) by Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent.

Victoria. J. H. LeMoyné's (Denver, Col.) greyhound bitch Victoria (Brabazon—Verdure Clad), April 15, nine dogs, by his Pepper (Lord Neversettle—Partera).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Goldie. Silver fawn pug bitch, by John Bull out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellone Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Staley B. Silver fawn pug bitch, by John Bull out of Lady Thelma, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellone Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Sir Douglass. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped October, 1891, by Douglass II. out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellone Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Tuxedo. Fawn pug dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1892, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Pansy Judy, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Paul F. Ireland, Cleveland, O.

Gripsack. Silver fawn pug, whelped Oct. 21, 1892, by Patsy Bolivar out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Paul F. Ireland, Cleveland, O.

Dachting.

In connection with the modern fin keel, it is interesting to note that as long ago as 1872, at a time when there was some interest in model yachting at New Brunswick, N. J., the late Dr. Clifford Morrough, an eminent physician and owner of the schooner yacht Siren, fitted out a common wooden bread tray, of oval shape, with a metal loaded with lead on the lower edge, and a suit of sails, the result being a very fast sailing model.

The rather unfortunate experience with Navahoe serves as a practical illustration of the working of the late lamented "dimension clause;" a point that we have frequently commented on, but which has been persistently avoided by all those who were once so ardent in defense of the new deed.

Suppose that the America's Cup was now held abroad, and that Mr. Carroll had challenged for it under the new deed of gift, giving last November those dimensions which it is now claimed mean nothing, and were only demanded out of regard for the challenger.

Now that his yacht is afloat, it proves on trial that she is not only two or three inches below her lines, but that she is so deficient in stability that a very troublesome and expensive alteration of her ballast plan is imperative.

The extra immersion at once increased three of her dimensions beyond the figures specified in the challenge; she is longer on the waterline by a material amount, she is a little wider on the waterline, and also deeper. As she stands then, she is not the yacht nominated in the challenge, but a different and larger vessel, just as Thistle was claimed to be; and at the same time it is clear that she is lacking in that stability which alone can give her speed.

In such a case, under a literal construction of the new deed, Navahoe's owner would have two alternatives, he could withdraw his challenge or he could make his yacht conform to the registered dimensions,

"which shall not be exceeded," by removing ballast and cutting down sail; thus throwing away before he started all hope of winning.

What is now being done to Navahoe, the transfer of lead from inside to outside, will make her still deeper; while it is unlikely that her actual draft can be reduced to the limit of the original design. Very fortunately for Mr. Carroll, there is nothing in the conditions of the Royal Victoria Cup which resembles the "dimension clause" of the new deed, and he is at liberty to increase both draft and beam at will.

American and British Designers.

Our friend of *Town Topics*, in answer to our comments of last week, sounds the familiar slogan of "Anglomania," and then proceeds to overwhelm us with some musty and irrelevant facts concerning Com. Stevens's experiments made half a century ago. We profess to know a little of ancient history; we have seen proof that the Ark had the characteristic bow of the Clapham Bouncer, and we know that the Phoenician galleys carried their shrouds to the masthead instead of the hounds, and set them up with turnbuckles instead of deadeyes, but at the same time we willingly yield the palm in matters archaic to our friend, recognizing as fully as he does that there are few recent inventions in yachting that have not been experimented with in the past. Where we differ with him is in his efforts of late to prove that the whole knowledge of yacht designing is confined to Uncle Sam's dominions, and that "Furrin" designers are sitting quietly by waiting to see what Mr. Herreshoff will do next, in readiness to copy him.

In our opinion the modern yacht designers, whether American, Scotch, French or English, are a specially bright lot of men, who are working hard in a fair and generous competition, in which one or another is ahead in turn for a short season.

Without going back to the Ark, or even to Com. Stevens's Arkhaye, the proof of this may be found in the evolution of racing yachts in America since 1880. The keel sloop of that day, found only about Boston, was essentially of the national centerboard model, wide, shoal in body with straight futtocks, moderate deadrise and hard bilge, in fact often built from the moulds of a centerboard boat, her keel being a deep slab of deadwood loaded with iron.

In 1882 the cutter *Wasp*, built by Wm. B. Lawrence from a design imported from England of an Ithen length class boat of that period; the same time Lawrence built the *Mona*, from the published designs of a wide 10-tonner and *Vayu* from his own designs, and from this time on a large number of wide cutters were built in Boston and New York, all modeled closely on the Ithen length class boats, one of which, *Daisy*, was brought out here.

The Ithen boats themselves underwent considerable change in form between 1882 and 1886, but when Pappoose, the first of the modern American keel boats, misnamed sloops, was designed by Mr. Burgess in 1887, she showed a very close resemblance to the later boats. In many points of model she was superior, and her modified cutter rig, with laced mainsail, was decidedly better than the morfyrdite sloop rig of *Lil*, *Cursey* and *Eclipse*, the Southampton racers, but she was not only like them in general form and proportions, but distinctly unlike any American yachts.

Pappoose was followed by *Baboon*, *Xara*, *Mariguita*, *Tomahawk* and many similar models of 20ft. and 40ft. length, the "meat chopper" sheer plan, taken from the Ithen boats, finding its extreme development in *Mariguita* and *Tomahawk* in 1889. By this time the Ithen length class had passed out of existence, and the British designers were busy on a distinctly different type under the new rule, the under water sheer plan now assuming the deep triangle of *Minerva*, a marked advance on the American 40-footers. Under the stress of hard racing, this in time gave way in a new class of Ithen craft to the wide shoal body and deep fin of all modern craft.

In this course of evolution and adaptation Mr. Burgess has impressed his influence in a combination of lead and depth with beam, and in a greatly improved form of cutter rig. Mr. Herreshoff has made a radical step in adopting a form of waterline never before attempted by yacht designers, and in carrying the fin principle to an extreme by concentrating the weight in a lead bulb. The fin itself, coupled with the modern vine-glass section, originated with Mr. Payne, as we have shown. The keel outline, now familiar through the *Wasp* and the new Herreshoff boats, was suggested a success over ten years ago by the late Lieut. Sæfrow, the brilliant German amateur, and was described by him in print, though, under then existing conditions, its advantages were not appreciated by other designers.

Just now there is a general mixture of "freak" and other novel features, and the discovery of one designer is soon the property of all, so that it is very difficult in many cases to give credit where it is due. A close and intelligent study of the work of the designers of the past ten years will show that the two great yachting nations travel closely together, now one in advance and now the other, neither party being able to claim a monopoly of the entire art and science of designing.

New Yachts.

The result of a good deal of sailing during the last three weeks, during which time the centerboard has been shipped and the sails have been worked into better shape, is to show that Navahoe is still unable to carry her sail properly, while at the same time she is from two to three inches below her designed waterline. Arrangements have consequently been made to haul her up in the drydock at Providence and remove some twenty tons of lead, which will be replaced by a lead keel bolted outside the regular steel skin. The details of the work have been carefully provided for in advance, the lead being cast, in twelve pieces, by the firm of Thos. Phillips & Co., of Providence. It was expected that the yacht would be docked on Sunday night, but the dock was engaged and the date was postponed to Wednesday. The new keel has been cast by Phillips & Co.'s foundry, and will be taken to the drydock on a tug. After the yacht is hauled out, each piece will in turn be jacked into place. Templates have been made showing the location of every frame, and from these holes will be drilled in the lead keel while still in the shop. When once in place under the yacht, a portable drill operated by a flexible shaft will be set up underneath, and the holes will be drilled through the keel plate, avoiding all frames, and up to the remaining inside lead. The holes will then be tapped and special tap bolts screwed in.

The exact amount of lead to be removed is not known, nor the amount which will be replaced on the keel, but the probabilities are that about twenty tons will represent both amounts, and that while the yacht will be stiffer she will still be on the wrong side of her designed waterline.

The yacht will sail from Newport about the end of this month, and once on the other side will refit and take part in the Clyde regattas early in July.

The shops at Bristol are well emptied, the Austrian and Southampton boats have been shipped and on May 19, a new Alpha, named *Kite*, was sent away to Lake Minnetonka, leaving one similar boat in the shop. The *Kite* is some 28ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l. and 8ft. beam, with a Tobin bronze keel and a rudder under the forward deck. She is very lightly built, the outer skin of mahogany, with a canvased deck. She has a balance rudder and two travelers, one on the after side of the transom or counter.

The first syndicate boat *Colonia* was launched on May 15, the launch being private, as in the case of Navahoe. A view of the yacht prior to the launch showed a body very similar to *Wasp*, last year's 40-footer, but finer, her keel is in and out, plated the steel work, being very good. Outside of the hull proper is a lead keel some 2ft. deep and widened into a perceptible bulb shape. The placing of an outside lead keel on a steel boat is so very unusual as to awaken much comment, and opinions differ as to whether this was a part of the original plan, or was an after thought, consequent on the lack of stability which *Navahoe* has shown. The reason given by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff that the lead is to be removed and placed inside, thus lessening the draft when the yacht is finally turned into an ex-racer, is perfectly plausible, and it may be that the lead keel was a part of the original design.

At any rate the addition of the lead has upset the calculations of certain parties who have during the winter been in possession of secret sources of information as to the large yachts. This information it is believed has been obtained from a spy regularly employed in the shops, and who have had access to the scribe boards on which the frames are laid down. The measurements published have been correct in many cases, but the spies were thrown out on the draft of this yacht and the Morgan-Iselin yacht.

Colonia is completely decked and can now be completed, her spars being ready. She, like the others, will steer with a wheel. Her deck presents an immense area, broken forward by two very large gunwales. Her beam is so great that the gallery on the south side of the ship has been partly cut away. She has five chain plates for main and topmast shrouds. The hull is painted white above and green below.

The Morgan-Iselin boat lies in the north shop formerly devoted to the small work, which it completely fills; in fact each of these large craft fits so closely into its house that it is very difficult at a first view to form a true idea of their size, beam or draft. The plating is now completed, and a pile driver was at work last week setting the ways

for the launch. The Tobin bronze makes a beautiful bottom, the plates having a polished surface from the start.

The sternpost is a bronze casting, hollowed in the after side so as to allow of space for riveting the plates, its cross section being similar to a half beam. The lugs for the rudder gudgeons are cast solid, and the heel of the post runs down below the line of keel in a way which indicates that in this yacht, at least, the outside lead is not an afterthought. The keel is some 43in. wide on the bottom and perfectly flat across; the centerboard slot being 4 or 5in. wide, a confirmation of the report that unlike Navahoe's board, which is of 1½in. solid steel plate, this yacht will have a hollow steel board, filled partly with lead.

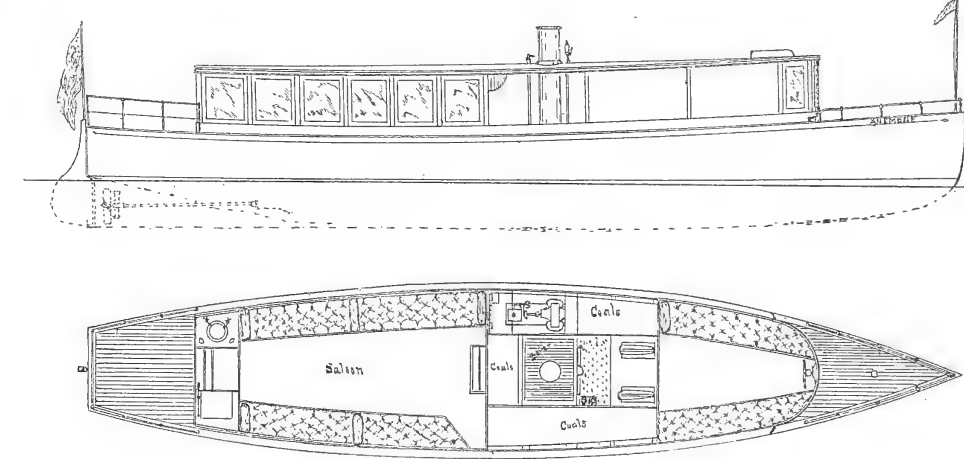
At Saunders's yard, Bristol, the large yawl has been completed and delivered, and the complete frame for a 30-footer has been received from Fife's yard at Fairlie. The yacht, which is for J. B. Mills, of New York, will be a keel boat, 40ft. over all, 20ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 5in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft, with some five tons of lead on keel. The entire frame has been set up and marked, so that it will go together. The frames are of oak, and all parts have been varnished.

At Lawrence's yard the 40-footer *Gormita* is about ready for launching, while the plating of the *Paine* boat is completed and the fin is partly built. The fore centerboard trunk is a small aperture about 3ft. 6in. long fore and aft. The White steamer *Varuna* was launched on May 16, and the Thayer steamer *Aquila* is nearly completed. One of the handsomest small boats we have yet seen, both in model and build, is the double skin 21-footer built by Lawlers from Stewart & Binney's designs, a fin-keel of about 6ft. draft. Unlike the Herreshoff fins, she has the ordinary rudder hung on a small triangular fin, the same plan being used in the *Paine* boat.

The schooner yacht designed by Winttingham and built by S. L. Moore & Son for J. Roger Maxwell was launched successfully on May 10 at Elizabethport, being christened by Miss Maxwell, a niece of the owner. The launch of Com. B. F. Sutton's schooner *Loyal* at Follon's yard will take place to-day.

The Seabury Works at Nyack.

THOUGH comparatively a young concern, the firm of Charles L. Seabury & Co., of Nyack-on-the-Hudson, has built up a reputation for the best of work in all branches of steam yacht building, and their yachts are now met with in all parts of the country. In designing the firm has been successful in turning out a number of excellent models, both for high speed and cruising; the engines and boiler of the yachts are of its own design, and in construction the large and well equipped shops are equal to all requirements of hull, boiler and engine building. During the winter the shops have been busy, and much of the work is now nearing completion. This week they will launch a small yacht of novel design, the *Anemone*, a twin screw launch of 43ft. length, 8ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. depth and 2½ draft, designed by them for L. B. Crocker, of Buffalo, N. Y. The hull is of the best material throughout. Keel is of white oak, also frames and floor timbers, stem of hackmatack, natural crook. Planking of selected white cedar, copper fastened and riveted to timbers; sister keelsons running full length of boat on either side (inside) of yellow pine, carrying the main weight of boiler and engines, the decks are of white pine, laid in narrow strips. The interior is finished in ash and oak, with lockers under all seats and locker under forward deck. Collision bulkhead at bow, and bulkhead fore and aft of machinery. The hull is painted white outside to waterline, below waterline a copper composition paint is used. There is also



a gold stripe around hull below guard moulding. All upper works and inside of boat are varnished, natural color of the wood. The machinery consists of two fore and aft compound engines, Seabury design, with belt and flywheels, the same style as the Government Seabury patent safety water tube type. In addition to feed pump on engines, two auxiliary duplex steam pumps are supplied. The engine room floor and the coal bunkers are of sheet steel. The engines and boiler are both of the most approved pattern. The model of the boat is of the best, and in designing great care has been taken to secure seaworthiness and comfort, with a good roomy cockpit and cabin on a light draft. The stern is square, the same style as the Government launches. The speed will be about twelve miles per hour. The saloon is aft, 13ft. long, fitted with plate glass windows arranged to raise or lower. In the forward part of the saloon is fitted a buffet, with glass racks, small ice box, etc. Lockers are on each side and wide enough to allow comfortable sleeping on same. The bulkhead forward of saloon is fitted with a sliding glass door. In the after part of saloon, with partition separating from saloon proper, a toilet room is arranged with w. c., wash basin, etc. There is an entrance to saloon from forward deck by door and sliding companionway. The front part of forward cockpit at steering wheel is inclosed with plate glass windows for storm use, which extend to first stanchion supporting roof. Canvas side or storm curtains are fitted in forward cockpit to roll down and fasten on coaming. There are also brass rails on decks fore and aft. The yacht is lighted by electricity throughout, and is without doubt the most complete and modern twin screw steam launch of her size afloat. She will be used by her owner on Lake Erie and vicinity, and her first trip will be to Buffalo from Nyack.

Messrs. Seabury & Co. are also building an 80-foot high speed steam yacht, which is to run 18 to 20 miles per hour. She will be fitted with a Seabury triple expansion engine and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler.

The auxiliary twin screw schooner-rigged yacht *Alma* has just returned from the South and is now at the works, where she will be fitted with two fore and aft compound engines and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler, to replace the oil engines now in her. She is in charge of Capt. Thos. I. Miller.

The steam yacht *Strat*, Mr. Thomas A. McIntyre, N. Y. Y. C., has just returned from Jacksonville, Fla., and other Southern points, where she has been cruising during the past five or six months, and is now at the yards fitting out again for summer cruising. Capt. Geo. D. Purdy is in command.

The steam yacht *Embla*, now building for Mr. John H. Hama, is nearing completion very rapidly and will be ready for launching in a short time. The interior cabinet work is advancing, the deck houses are on, and the machinery and boiler work is well along. Capt. Wm. E. Torrey will have charge of the *Embla* and Wm. B. Thompson will be chief engineer.

The steam yacht *Zayda*, also built by Seabury & Co., has been purchased by Dr. H. A. Mauville and is now being put in commission at the yard.

The steam launch *Imp*, owned by Mr. Howard S. Jaffrey, was put in commission a few days ago, as was the steam yacht *Adze*, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. A. Loring owner. She is in charge of Capt. D. C. Packard. The steam yacht *Allegre*, owned by Col. S. V. R. Cruger, N. Y. Y. C., was launched from the yard just before the naval parade. Seabury & Co. are also building a very fine 35ft. steam launch for the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., to be fitted with one of their fore and aft compound engines and a Seabury safety water tube boiler. She will be used by the paymaster and is nearly completed.

The Kill von Kull Y. C., of Port Richmond, Staten Island, will hold an open regatta on May 30, the classes being: Class B, cabin sloops, 30 feet to 22 feet; C, open sloops, 28 feet to 22 feet; D, open sloops, 22 feet to 18 feet; E, open sloops, 18 feet to 15 feet; F, cabin cats, 30 feet and under; G, open cats, 28 feet to 22 feet; H, open cats, 22 feet to 18 feet; J, open cats, under 18 feet, and K, open cats, under 16 feet.

Vivienne, steam yacht, has been sold by J. H. Hutchinson to D. D. Evans, of Boston.

South Boston Y. C.

The regatta committee of the South Boston Y. C. has been vigorously at work for some time to make a success of the eighteenth open regatta, to be held off City Point on May 30. The continued wet weather has so interfered with the work of fitting out and launching that the racing fleet will hardly be ready by that time, but with favorable weather for the next ten days a good list of starters is probable. The conditions of the race are as follows:

Open to yachts of 35ft. and not less than 15ft. sailing length, enrolled in any yacht club, and all boats under 15ft. sailing length, whether or not belonging to any yacht club. The prizes, classifications and measurements are as follows:

First Class—All yachts 25ft. and not over 35ft. sailing length. First prize \$30, second prize \$15.

Second Class—All jib and mainsail yachts under 21ft. w.l. First prize \$30, second prize \$10.

Third Class—All yachts 20ft. and less than 25ft. sailing length. First prize \$25, second prize \$15, third prize \$10, fourth prize \$5.

Fourth Class—All yachts 15ft. and less than 20ft. sailing length. First prize \$15, second prize \$10, third prize \$5.

Fifth Class—All yachts measuring under 15ft. First prize \$8, second prize \$5, third prize \$3.

One-half of first prize will be awarded for a walkover. No second prize will be awarded unless three or more yachts compete. No fourth prize will be awarded unless five or more yachts compete. Measurement will be waterline plus one-fifth forward and after overhang equals sailing length, which will be the basis of time allowance for all classes according to the Herreshoff table of allowances. Schooners will sail at seven-eighths of their sailing length.

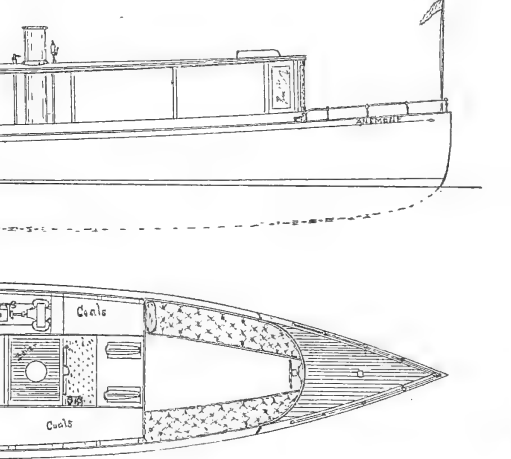
The courses are as follows: The starting point will be an imaginary line drawn between judges' yacht and flag boat.

First Class—From starting point to Red Spar Buoy No. 2 off Thompson's, leaving it on the starboard down the west way, leaving Thompson's and Rainsford's islands on the starboard, Long and George's islands and Point Alorton Black Buoy No. 3 on the port; returning, leaving Wilson's Rock Buoy No. 1 on the port to Wreck Island, Buoy off Nut Island, leaving it on the starboard. Long and Spectacle Islands on the starboard to Red Buoy No. 2 off Thompson's, leaving it on the port to Black Buoy No. 1 off west end of Thompson's, leaving it on the starboard to finishing point. Distance, 15 miles.

Special and Second Classes—From starting point to Cow Pasture Red Buoy No. 6, leaving it on the port to Black Buoy No. 7 off Port Independence, leaving it on the starboard to barrel marked S. B. Y. C. off Long Island north wharf, leaving it on the starboard to Sculpin Ledge Buoy, leaving it on the starboard to Black Buoy No. 7 off Port Independence, leaving it on the port to Cow Pasture Red Buoy No. 6, leaving it on the starboard to finishing point. Distance, 11 miles.

Third Class—From starting point to Black Buoy No. 7 off Port Independence, leaving it on the starboard, Spectacle Island on port to Sculpin Ledge Buoy, leaving it on the starboard to flag boat off Marine Pier, leaving it on the port to Cow Pasture Red Buoy No. 6, leaving it on the starboard to finishing point. Distance, 7 miles.

Fourth Class—From starting point to flag mark of L street bath house to Red Spar Buoy No. 4, to flag boat off Marine Pier, to flag mark off L street bath house to Red Spar Buoy No. 4 to finishing point, all turning marks to be left on the port. Distance, 4 miles.



The finishing point will be an imaginary line drawn between the judge's yacht and stakeboat, and all yachts must cross this line at finish. The 21-footers will sail as a special class, the club having no 21ft. limit in its regular classification.

New British Yachts.

AS USUAL the new British yachts are further advanced by about a month than is common in this country, and the new racers have already made their trial trips. The racing season begins a week from to-day, in fact, races will be sailed on May 20 and 23. The trial trips of *Britannia*, *Valkyrie*, and the others so far as reported have proved successful. The *Field* has the following information in regard to the various new boats: The *Calluna* was launched on May 1 from the building yard of Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, Partick, Glasgow, and is being rapidly fitted out. As previously mentioned, this cutter has just been built to the order of a syndicate of Glasgow merchants, of which Mr. Peter Donaldson is the representative owner. Mr. Donaldson previously owned the 10-raters *Yvonne*, *Yseult*, and other racing boats, and has made his mark as an amateur yachtsman and a spirited sportsman. The *Calluna* has been designed by Mr. Wm. Fife, jun., of Fairlie, and while she is about the same length—55ft. on the load waterline—as the *Britannia* and *Valkyrie*, designed by Mr. Watson, she varies considerably from those cutters, and from any large cutter built in this country. Of course, none of her dimensions are accurately known, but the guesses made represent her to be about 19ft. over all, with 25ft. beam, or about 17½ tons by the old rule. Her draught at the keel looks about 15ft. The counter looks about 30ft. long, that is, outside a perpendicular sternpost. Since the sternpost is excessively raked, the counter may be longer. From the foot of the sternpost the keel and stem make a continuous and flat curve to the sternhead, which gives the stem a very sharp look, and quite different from the more rounded stem Mr. Watson has introduced. With her great beam the cutter shows a high bilge, with a sharp floor and very hollow run. The *Calluna* seems to be a small displacement cutter, but will show a long-side when she lays down in a breeze. Her beam is carried well into her counter, and she will, of course, gather power with every plank submerged. She looks a cutter that will be very fast off the wind, and with a long bowsprit, it seems intended that reaching should be her point of sailing. Her beam is not to be on such extreme length as the *Valkyrie*'s, which means a smaller mainsail, and a less powerful build than Mr. Watson's cutter. For reaching in light winds the *Calluna* promises to be very fast; but, with some 70 tons of lead in her keel, she is bound to keep her feet in any weather. The lead keel at the sternpost is thinned down to fit the keel, and gets thicker and runs off to nothing about the mast. At the sternpost it looks about 2½ft. deep, but gets narrower further forward. The under edge is thickest, but it is not a bulk keel. The cutter has a very smart look, and her lines have all the sweet look peculiar to Fairlie yachts.

The deck fittings, of mahogany, occupy little space. The ironwork is exceptionally heavy. The cutter, being composite with steel frames and elm and mahogany planking, has plenty of room and accommodation below. She is not to be encumbered with heavy fittings below. Here are the cabins and state rooms are in polished yellow pine, with teak beading. There is plenty of lead room below. The cutter is painted black with a gilt stripe, and, with about 5in. of rail will show a low side. Capt. Hogarth and his Clyde crew of twenty-eight men have the rigging of the cutter in hand. The builders have great credit in the workmanship of the yacht, and the designer has achieved his difficult task with the well-known ability of his family. The success of the *Calluna* will be a triumph to all concerned. The name signifies white heather.

The three new first-class cutters, *Britannia* (for the Prince of Wales), *Valkyrie* and *Calluna*, are all fitting out in the mouth of the Kelvin River, where it enters the Clyde, and Clyde yachtsmen are naturally enthusiastic over the sight. Capt. Carter and his English crew are busy with the *Britannia*, and Capt. William Cranfield and his Wivenhoe crew the *Calluna* up to the *Valkyrie*.

Lord Dunraven's 30-rater, the *Deirdre*, built by Messrs. Reid & Co.,

A NUMBER of marksmen from the Hoboken Corps and the Miller Club met in the Schutzenhaus on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 20, 1890, to take the competition for the Meyer's trophy. E. I. Berckman, a prominent Hoboken rifleman, set the pace for his competitors and finally won the medal with the score of 208 points. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 200yds.: Geo. Schlicht 237, Aug. Meyers 217, E. Fisher 215, E. Berckman 208, G. Fredericks 190, C. Schutzen 170, H. Schutzen 168, H. Meyer 167, H. Miller 151, P. Leib 146. Schlicht and Meyers did not compete for medal.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Newark Shooting Society have decided to hold an opening shoot in the Newark Schuetzen Park, South Orange avenue, on Monday, the 22d inst. Visitors to the park will find a great improvement in the transportation to and from the park. The running time has been reduced nearly one-half since the electric cars were put on the road.

The Heidenreich Rifle Club will hold a festival and prize shoot in Lion Park on Friday, the 19th inst. The prize list contains 18 prizes, ranging from \$35 down to \$1. The Zettler brothers have charge of the shooting house, which is a guarantee that all riflemen participating in the shooting will receive proper attention.

The Italian societies will hold a festival and prize shoot in Jones's Wood, Sixty-ninth street, on Thursday, the 18th inst. The officers and men of the Italian naval vessels will be entertained in the park during the day.

At the monthly meeting of the Greenville Rifle Club on Monday night Capt. Wm. Zimmerman, one of Jersey City's oldest riflemen, was elected a member. J. C. Boyce was also elected a member of the club.

The Greenville Schuetzen Club is occupied two days in the week now for rifle practice. The Excelsior Club shoot on Friday and the Greenville Club on Saturday. Visiting riflemen will be received by either club, and shooting privileges extended to all who desire to participate.

United Eastern Shooting Association Meeting.

The headquarters of the German-American Shooting Society on Friday night was the scene of a lively meeting of delegates representing the various societies organized under the title of the Oetlicher Schuetzen Bund, or United Eastern Shooting Association. At the last meeting in April two committees were appointed, one (the constitution) to draft a constitution and by-laws and the other (nomination) to go out into the byways of the city to look for desirable candidates for prominent officers for the association, Friday night being the date set for the delegates to assemble to hear the report of the two committees. For several days past there had been rumors flying about that the nomination committee was not having the best of success in its hunt for candidates and as the hour for the meeting drew near the association hall began to fill with delegates.

When the chairman, Capt. Fred Cook, called the meeting to order nearly all of the societies were represented. The constitution committee reported the draft of a constitution based pretty much upon that of the Bund of 1878. The schedule fixed for the taxation or initiation fee, of each corps or club coming in to the Bund started a lively argument, the old adage of "Many men, many minds," being truly exemplified. As the argument progressed there proved to be a wide difference of opinion upon the subject. Upon a vote being called for to settle the vexed question it was found that a number of the delegates had not been alerted by their respective societies with full power to act and as a consequence the meeting found itself in a dilemma, and until these delegates could come in to the meeting with full powers to act for their societies there could be no further advance made toward perfecting the organization of the Bund.

It was then voted that the delegates should submit the schedule to their respective societies and also to secure full powers to act in the further organization of the Bund.

The second Friday in June was set for the next meeting of the delegates.

The nomination committee reported that it had interviewed a number of gentlemen in reference to presenting their names as candidates for official position in the Bund but that no one would accept the honors.

Further discussion of the matter elicited the fact that if the committee could approach the candidates with the Bund organized on some basis that would show what was behind it there would probably be no dearth of candidates. So after a two months existence the O. S. B. is still in embryo.

The tax schedule is appended: The tax, or initiation fee, on societies with a membership of 25 or less is \$30, to 50 is \$40, to 75 is \$50, to 100 is \$60, to 125 is \$60, to 150 is \$70, to 175 is \$80, to 200 is \$90, to 225 is \$100, to 250 is \$110, to 275 is \$120, to 300 is \$130, to 325 is \$140, to 350 is \$150, to 375 is \$160, to 400 is \$170, 400 to 600 is \$200, and over \$250.

New York Central Corps.

The N. Y. Central Schuetzen Corps, under the command of Capt. A. Richter, held its monthly shoot in Washington Park, on Thursday, the 12th inst. There was a fairly good attendance of the members, and there were some good scores put up. Gus Zimmerman, as usual, was on top with the best scores to his credit. H. A. Fiecke made the high score of 73 out of a possible 75. With only one score to count Fiecke would have been high on the ring target, but as it required two scores to count and his next best being only 50, he was obliged to take the fifth place. However, as he is a novice in rifle work, he was probably the proudest man in the park over his ticket of 72.

The champion medal was won by Gus Zimmerman for the most red flags. The first class medal, Robert Flierl. Second class medal Fred Baumann. Third class medal, Imel Berckman. Fourth class medal, W. Schoenweis.

Ring target, 3 shot scores, two scores to count: Gus Zimmerman 128, M. Young 129, M. Fiecke 127, H. Rohde 122, H. A. Fiecke 122, H. D. Muller 119, F. G. Gennrich 115, P. Luthers 113, E. Baumann 110, J. Jordan 110, Imel Berckman 108, W. Bergey 108, W. Eysen 107, R. Flierl 104, E. Holsten 92, J. Jutgens 84, W. Teschmacher 76, J. W. Wiebold 75, A. Lubeck 76.

Man target, 3 shot scores, possible 60: Gus Zimmerman 58, F. Schraeder 57, F. Schmidt 54, C. F. Gennrich 51, M. Fiecke 51, R. Flierl 50, H. D. Muller 49, M. Eisenhardt 49, Imel Berckmann 48, F. Baumann 47, J. Jordan 45, A. Rosen 39.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

The members of the Turtle Bay Club had a fine evening's sport on Friday night at the expense of Capt. Geo. E. Jantzer and his team partners. For several weeks there has been a brisk rivalry between two teams composed of club members. There have been several matches shot both in the headquarters range, and on the outdoor range at Woodside, L. I., the scores have been that close that two or three points change in the totals would carry victory to the team getting them. The last match was pulled off at the club range in Forty-second street, and Capt. Jantzer was so sure that his team would win that he gave the club's chief a quiet tip to put in a few extras, for the other fellows would have to pay for it. The match was shot and Capt. Jantzer has since then been very busy reading his finances. The scores are appended, 30 shots per man, 25-ring target:

J. Ochs, Jr., Capt. 241 246 243—69 E. Jantzer, Capt. 247 243 239—723 J. Krauppert 237 236 629 H. Walter 230 236 230—714 C. H. Plate 238 238 239—700 J. Oberle 228 232 224—684

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Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps.

The Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps, under the leadership of Capt. Fred Witter, assembled in the New Park at Glendale, L. I., on Thursday afternoon for monthly practice for class medals. Some 50 members turned out, many of them of curiosity to see what the New Park rather than for shooting. The range is well and favorably located for good shooting, and the shooting houses well arranged for the convenience of the shooters. The winners of the class medals are appended as follows: First Class—1st, R. Hurnman 67; 2d, W. Holvold 67. Second Class—1st, Wm. Bohn 67; 2d, M. Walters 55. Third Class—1st, John Behrmann 60; 2d, John H. Rathjen 45. Fourth Class—1st, Gus Bohn 53; 2d, H. Allen 53. The scores of the members participating in the shoot are appended: 3 shots; possible 75: R. Hurnman 71, Wm. Bohn 67, Wm. F. Holvold 67, Henry Monsees 65, George Monsees 64, E. Hilmer 64, H. G. Meyer 63, Gus Bohn 62, J. H. Behrmann 61, Henry Wehnen 60, Henry Paulson 60, J. M. Allsgood 59, H. Allen 58, M. Walters 57, M. Mensing 57, Gus Hooke 51, J. Kraut 50, D. L. Graw 50, J. Strolsal 46.

Greenville Rifle Club.

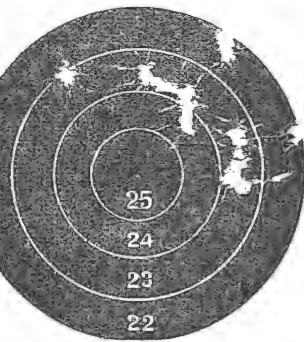
The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club, of Greenville, N. J., was held on Friday night in the new club house. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75 feet: C. Boag 241, J. Boag 238, W. H. H. Allen 237, W. C. Hor 237, Geo. Purkess 235, C. Scheele 228. At the practice in the Schuetzen Park on Saturday, quite a number were on hand, prominent among which were Messrs. Dorrier and Ross, lining up their rifles and preparing themselves for the Zettler shoot which comes off on the 14th and 15th inst. The following scores were shot: H. Chevaunt 212, C. Boag 211, J. Boag 204, W. H. Rohdoux 204, W. C. Collins 201, C. Scheele 201, Geo. Purkess 200, John Hill 190.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

ONLY four members of the Excelsior Club turned out at the weekly practice shoot in Ambruster's Park, on Friday, the 12th inst. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, 200 yds.: Wm. Weber 211, L. P. Hanson 204, J. Speicher 200, J. Hughes 177.

A Pocket Rifle Target.

The target reproduced herewith illustrates in a forcible way the possibilities of the pocket rifle—an arm which is too often regarded as a toy, but which is capable of wonderful accuracy in the hands of



one who knows how to use it. This score was made by Mr. Sevére Dorion, of the Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club, with a Stevens pocket rifle, measuring but 12 in. in the barrel. The conditions were 10 shots off-hand on the German ring target, 2 in. black, at a distance of 25 yds. The grouping is worthy of a higher count than 250, which is that credited to the target.

Revolver Competitions for Bisley.

The Walsrode Smokeless Powder Company are giving two sets of prizes of the value of a hundred dollars each for scores made with their powder in revolvers, one at a stationary target at 50 yds., and the other at a target which is in sight for only twelve seconds at 20 yds. As there is a similar competition for black powder already offered at Bisley, it will be interesting to compare the scores made, the chief difficulty with black powder being the smoke obscuring the target after the first few shots.

Miller Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the Miller Club for the Fisher medal was held at headquarters, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, on Wednesday night the 10th inst. David Miller won the medal again on the score of 241 points. The scores of the competing members are appended, 10 shots, possible 250: David Miller 241, E. Fisher 241, August Meyers 240, J. Kruss 239, F. Sohl 239, H. Hencken 235, J. C. Boyce 235, F. Laudolt 236, M. Holster 232, G. Caragher 230, W. Murphy 229.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The Excelsior Club held its weekly gallery shoot for medals at headquarters in Jersey City on Thursday night. The scores are appended, 10 shots; possible 250; distance 75 feet: W. J. Hennessy 245, J. C. Boyce 244, J. Speicher 237, Thos. Hughes 235, Chas. Thomas 233, J. Binns 232, Jas. Hughes 228, R. H. Duff 219.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

May 19-20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association target tournament, at Passaic, N. J.
May 19-20.—Glen Echo Gun Club tournament, at Washington, D. C.
May 20-21.—Anaconda (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
May 19-21.—Anaconda Rod and Gun Club tournament, Anaconda, Mont. Open to all comers. Howard Rockefeller, Sec'y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, \$1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
May 23-25.—Sportsman's (Conn.) Gun Club tournament.
May 23-25.—Nebraska State Sportsman's Association, Omaha, Neb. F. O. Parmlee, Sec'y.
May 23-26.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, McPherson, Kansas.
May 24-25.—Sunbury (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.
May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
May 20.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Springfield, N. J.
May 30.—White Plains (N. Y.) tournament.
May 30.—Highland Gun Club tournament, at Moline, O.
May 30.—Niles (Mich.) Gun Club tournament.
May 30.—Sportsman's Gun Club tournament, at Wilkesburg, Pa.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia. June.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.
June 1-2.—Norristown (Pa.) Penn Gun Club tournament, bluebirds 100 bird race, entrance \$10; for programme address Jonas U. Cassel Norristown, Pa.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
June 20-22.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.
June 21-22.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association second annual tournament, Wapoonock Park, Altoona, Pa.
June 27-28.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Salem, Oregon.
June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peekskill, N. Y.
July 2-4.—Multnomah Rod and Gun Club tournament, at Portland, Oregon.
July 3-4.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.
July 4.—Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League tournament at Amsterdam, N. Y., under auspices of Riverview Gun Club. Robt M. Hartley, President.
July 4-6.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.
July 5-7.—Niles (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
July.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at St. Louis, Mo.
August.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
Sept. 26-30.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.
September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.
October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Baltimore, Md.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Canajoharie Gun Club announces the following programme for its prize tournament on Decoration Day. Four 10-target events, three at 15 targets, two at 20 targets and one at 50 targets. All rapid fire. Four events will be at known traps, unknown angles, and will be shot under the "Jack Rabbit" system. The entry for the 50-target event will be \$5, five moneys. There will be \$15 and 200 nitro shells divided among those making the best seven averages, and 45th Peter shells for those making the lowest five averages.

The following is from the Kansas City Times, a recent news sheeting Park: "Kansas City has graduated in the line of trap-shooting facilities, and can now boast of possessing the best-equipped and best-located park for trap shooting in the whole country. The park has there certainly are that possess attractions not to be despised, but not one of them is 'in it' with the new Washington shooting park just being completed near this city. This park is located on a ten-acre plat of ground on the Independence Dummy line, just north of Washington Park. The entrance to the grounds is about 100 yds. from the depot, and immediately inside of the 8 ft. board fence which surrounds the grounds is the club house, a building 28x50 ft., with a glass front overlooking the traps and a wide veranda extending along its entire front. The interior of the club house is fitted with seats capable of accommodating 150 persons and fully 100 more can be seated on the veranda. The club house is located on a mound which extends around the shooting ground in a semicircle, forming a natural amphitheater, from which spectators by the thousands sit and view the sport. Immediately in front of the club house the ground slopes away to the score, and then stretches on to the farther fence in a levelward. A cement walk extends from the club-house to the squad house. In this squad house will be located the referee, scorer and trap-puller. Thirty yards from the score are the 5 bird traps—W. T. Best's latest patent operated by automatic pull, all wires buried. The traps are of the latest pattern. The old style traps in use in this city are opened and closed by hand. The ball lies in the traps and this causes a large percentage of the liberated birds to be incomers. In the new style in operation at the park, the trap opens on the side and the ball rolls outward, causing the birds to be nearly all drivers. An expert shooter will readily see the advantage of this arrangement. Outside the fence is the pigeon house, large and commodious, with facilities for keeping birds stored in good condition for trap work."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 13.—Everything points to a very successful meeting of the thirty-fifth annual of the State Association. The large guaranteed purses offered certainly ought to warrant a large attendance. The guaranteed events will be shot rapid-firing system, known traps, unknown angles, as per the New York State revised rules. Crittenden & Card's kingbirds and North's expert traps and electric pull will be used exclusively. Two sets of traps for sweepstakes shooting will be in operation, one set known traps and known angles entrance each event \$1 to \$1.50, 10 and 15 singles; the other known traps and unknown angles, entrance \$1 to \$2.60, 10 to 20 birds each event. Both open to the world, birds included in entrance at rate of 3 cents each. There will be two sets of traps for the State events, thus insuring the completion of each day as laid out in the programme. The programme will be carried out regardless of the weather, as the shooters will be amply protected both overhead and underfoot. The main event traps face to the north, thus having good light and good background. Rochester is particularly favored with first-class hotels and their prices are exceedingly low.

The Livingston has been secured as Association headquarters, and as only a limited number can be accommodated, it would be well for those expecting to attend to write me early so as to secure their room. This hotel is located right in the heart of the city, and accessible to all the electric car lines, and within half a minute walk of the Chamber of Commerce, where the convention meeting will be held. It is absolutely fireproof, and the rates \$2 to \$2.50 per day. We have special prizes to offer in a number of the events, including a \$50 silver set for the championship team race. Average prizes, amounting to \$25, will be given as follows: \$100 Parker hammerless for the first average; \$50 cash, second average; \$50 rifle, third average; \$35 cash, fourth average; \$25 cash, fifth average; \$15 cash, sixth average; \$10 cash, seventh average; \$10 cash, eighth average. The programme will be ready for mailing on the 13th inst. The Free merchandise shoot on the third day will include many valuable prizes, and ought to prove quite a novelty, as the donations continue to come in. We have published only a partial list in the regular programme, it being our intention to issue a supplementary programme just before the shoot with a full list of prizes in this event. H. M. STEWART.

Trap-shooters who are going to Knoxville will please note that they may procure reduced rate tickets from New York to Knoxville and return at the Norfolk & Western Railroad office, corner Broadway and Thomas street, New York (directly opposite FOREST AND STREAM office). These tickets can be had either on the Pennsylvania Railroad via Philadelphia and Harrisburg to Hagerstown, thence by Norfolk & Western to Knoxville, or by Royal Blue Line from New York via Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to Shenandoah Junction, thence by Norfolk & Western to Knoxville. Each of these trains leaves New York at 5 P. M. and make the same connection at Shenandoah Junction. The Chattanooga limited, leaving New York (on either road as above) at 5 P. M. on Sunday will arrive at Knoxville on Monday at 2:30 P. M. The round trip ticket will cost \$30 from New York, \$26 from Philadelphia and \$30 from Washington.

Frank Mead, one of the most enthusiastic members of the Knoxville Gun Club, has been spending a couple of weeks in New York and will leave for home to-morrow. Mr. Mead is a brother of Arthur B. Mead who spent last Spring in this locality and took part in a number of tournaments. The brothers, along with their father, who a score of years ago was a well known grocerman in New York City, have extensive marble quarries near Canajoharie and a considerable amount of their product is being used in the construction of the new library building in Washington. The Mead Brothers are expert shots at either live birds or targets and are also enthusiastic trout fishermen. The first of June, along with a party of friends they will hit to the mountains for a two weeks' stay and then vote to the trout.

The fourteenth annual tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club to be held on May 23, 24 and 25 bids fair to be a successful affair. The programme comprises seven events each day. The first event each morning will be at 15 singles, \$1 entry, for seven merchandise prizes, valued at from \$15 down to \$3. There will be thirty-five average prizes for those who shoot in all regular events each day. First prize is a \$100 Parker 18-gauge gun. There are seven cash prizes from \$40 down to \$15 and twenty-seven of merchandise.

This will be a great day for the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club. New Jersey's shooting strength is expected to spend the two days cracking away at Keystone targets on the club's picturesque grounds. The Erie road from Pavonia ferry will take you to Passaic, where stages will meet all trains and transport all visitors to the grounds.

The Vermonters are expected to turn out in force for the tournament of the Putney Rod and Gun Club next Thursday and Friday. The shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M., and will be under American rules. The 10-target events will be shot under the "Jack Rabbit" system and all others one man up. Eighty per cent men will shoot at 19 yds., others at 16 yds.

The next tournament of the New Jersey Trapshooter's League will be held at Marion on May 27, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club. Besides the State team contest the Endeavors will put up an all day's programme of sweepstakes events. The fun will open at 9 A. M., and the team contest will start at 2 P. M.

Syracuse blossoms out with the Salina Gun Club, which is officered: Frank T. McInley, President; Francis E. Michael, Secretary and Lewis Mantz, Treasurer.

The Hampden Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will hold a shoot at Petsch's Farm on Decoration Day.

The Connecticut League shoot will take place May 25 instead of May 23.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

On the Old Stone House Grounds.

The monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club took place on Erb's Newark grounds on Thursday, May 11, and for the first time this season they had a clear day. The opening event was at four live birds, \$3 entry; then came the club shoot and three 10-bird sweepstakes, each \$5 entry. The scores:

No. 1, 4 targets, \$3 entry:			
Griffin.....	2210—3	Hedden.....	3021—2
Brentnall.....	2221—4	Hollis.....	1021—3
Doctor.....	1102—3		
Club Shoot.			
	No. 2	No. 3	
Castle.....	101121211—9	012111120—8	
Brentnall.....	122212211—9		
Griffin.....	222121201—9	022221211—8	
Hollis.....	010021111—6	111121112—10	
Hedden.....	112121211—10	222121111—9	
Docthr.....	111011210—8	112121201—9	
Reinhardt.....	210012101—5	111202111—9	
Erb.....	101001111—7	122112110—9	
	No. 4	No. 5	
Castle.....	1101111212—9	1122012102—8	
Griffin.....	0121011112—8	212120111—9	
Hollis.....	022221210—9	2121111022—9	
Reinhardt.....	112011101—8	101111111—9	
Erb.....	112121102—9	212121211—10	

THE SARATOGA ANNUAL.

The fourth annual tournament of the Saratoga Gun Club, held at Saratoga Springs on May 9 to 12, was without doubt the best attended and most successful shoot held in the East this season. The weather was simply magnificent from start to finish, and for the first time since last summer the boys were able to discard overcoats and heavy sweaters and shoot in jerseys. The attendance held almost even throughout, as may be seen from a look at the scores. The first guaranteed event on the opening day had 29 entries, and the last guaranteed event on the fourth day had 24 entries. This shows conclusively that the contestants had enthusiasm of the lasting order.

The grounds of the Saratoga Gun Club are situated about a mile and a half from the depot, in a field adjoining the picturesque "Horse Haven" of the Saratoga Racing Association. This "Horse Haven" comprises a beautiful wooded strip, about a quarter-mile in length, containing stables for the accommodation of racing stock, and also consisting of a half-mile practicing track. It extends along Union avenue, opposite the main race track.

The grounds are equipped with two sets of expert bluecock traps with the North electric pull, each set of traps being provided with a permanently located screen. The targets are thrown toward the southwest, and the foreground is perfectly clear. In the distance, with their peaks partially hidden by the smoke of the target, can be seen a range of mountains, which extend away into New England.

All the visiting shooters were quartered at the Hotel Kenmore, kept by that well-known sportsman John M. Ramsdill, who is one of the most enthusiastic members of the club, and a good, steady shot at targets. Here on the opening morning were William Wagner and William Rothwell, of Washington, D. C.; W. Fred Quimby, Major J. M. Taylor and Percy Van Dyke, of New York; the Duke of Falmouth, George Mosher, C. D. Barrett, of Boston; E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J.; L. Lyons, of Horace Darby, John B. Sanders, Henry Graiz, William Wadsworth and Fritz Geissel, of Albany; Frank Northrup, of Johnston; A. M. Scherhorn, of Cortland; Daniel Lefever, George Mosher, M. Keller and George Luther, of Syracuse; H. L. Edgerton, of Williamstown, Conn.; Will H. Cruttenberg, of Cazenovia; Samuel Goggin, of Troy.

The big bag was after 9 o'clock with a 10-target warning event in which there were twenty-eight entries. Cruttenberg and Card's kingbird targets were used, and no one had occasion to complain of getting "dusted targets," this being conceded to be the easiest breaker in the market. "Crutty" himself was on hand acting as overlooker and referee on one set of traps. The programmes showed ten events each day, Nos. 1, 2 and 10 being at known traps and angles, and Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

The Saratoga Gun Club, not in the least frightened by the ill-success of its last year's shoot, duplicated its programme of 1892 and again offered \$2,000 in guaranteed purses and gave \$100 for averages. Last year the club lost a cool \$1,000, but on this occasion we are pleased to say they came out safe and sound. There was no shooting done outside of the ten regular events, which were finished not later than 3 P. M. each day. None of the shooters were inclined to leave the grounds before 5 o'clock as a rule, but instead of having a wideawake hustler to make up the sweeps and keep up the sport the management evinced little or no interest except to run off the regular schedule. And even in these to the North shooting as they were. The programme was finished it would be from five to fifteen minutes before the names would go on the blackboard. All the shooters were on hand to shoot, and with few exceptions they would have willingly fired from 175 to 200 shots a day had they been permitted to do so, but as it was, few of them exceeded 125 shots on any one day. It is safe to say that with a lively man to hustle up the squads the number of targets thrown could have been exceeded by no less than 6,000 during the four days. The complaints in regard to the slow work was general and did not come from a corporal's guard of those present.

The shooting from the start was strong and a close contest for averages resulted. Rolla Heikes's form, however, was a little too fine for his competitors and he came in a winner of first average by breaking 107 out of 110 targets in the guaranteed events and 137 out of 130 for the full programme. Harry Goggin, second, broke 102 out of 110 with 125 birds. Miller was third on 103, Barrett fourth on 102 and Wagner fifth on 100.

Below are shown detailed scores of the day, there being four money in 10-target events and six in those at 20 targets:

No. 1, 10 singles, all amateurs, entrance \$1:	
Heikes.....	1111111111-10
Levenson.....	1111111111-10
Miller.....	1111111111-10
Barrett.....	1111111111-10
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Wagner.....	1111111111-10
Woodruff.....	1111111111-10
Sanders.....	1111111111-10
Buck.....	1111111111-10
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Adam.....	1111111111-10
Geisel.....	1111111111-10
No. 2, 10 singles, handicap, \$40 guaranteed, entrance \$1.50:	
Heikes.....	1111111111-10
Levenson.....	1111111111-10
Miller.....	1111111111-10
Barrett.....	1111111111-10
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Wagner.....	1111111111-10
Woodruff.....	1111111111-10
Sanders.....	1111111111-10
Buck.....	1111111111-10
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Adam.....	1111111111-10
Geisel.....	1111111111-10

No. 3, 15 singles, entry \$2.25, \$60 guaranteed:	
Miller.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Heikes.....	1110111111-14
Levenson.....	1110111111-14
Barrett.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Woodruff.....	1110111111-14
Sanders.....	1110111111-14
Buck.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Adam.....	1110111111-14
Geisel.....	1110111111-14
No. 4, 20 singles, entry \$3, \$75 guaranteed:	
Miller.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Heikes.....	1110111111-14
Levenson.....	1110111111-14
Barrett.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Woodruff.....	1110111111-14
Sanders.....	1110111111-14
Buck.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Adam.....	1110111111-14
Geisel.....	1110111111-14

No. 5, 10 singles, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:	
Miller.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Heikes.....	1110111111-14
Levenson.....	1110111111-14
Barrett.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Woodruff.....	1110111111-14
Sanders.....	1110111111-14
Buck.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Adam.....	1110111111-14
Geisel.....	1110111111-14

No. 6, 15 singles, entry \$2.25, \$60 guaranteed:	
Miller.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Heikes.....	1110111111-14
Levenson.....	1110111111-14
Barrett.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Woodruff.....	1110111111-14
Sanders.....	1110111111-14
Buck.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Adam.....	1110111111-14
Geisel.....	1110111111-14

No. 7, 10 singles, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:	
Miller.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Heikes.....	1110111111-14
Levenson.....	1110111111-14
Barrett.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Wagner.....	1110111111-14
Woodruff.....	1110111111-14
Sanders.....	1110111111-14
Buck.....	1110111111-14
Edgerton.....	1110111111-14
Adam.....	1110111111-14
Geisel.....	1110111111-14

Ramsdill.....	1111011101-8
Quimby.....	1111011101-8
Leon.....	1111011101-8
Scherhorn.....	1111011101-8
Goggin.....	1111011101-8
A. M. S.....	1111011101-8
Lefever.....	1111011101-8
No. 8, 15 singles, \$2.25 entry, \$60 guaranteed:	
Wagner.....	1111011101-15
Levenson.....	1111011101-15
Miller.....	1111011101-15
Heikes.....	1111011101-15
Lefever.....	1111011101-15
Northrup.....	1111011101-15
Luther.....	1111011101-15
Quimby.....	1111011101-15
Leon.....	1111011101-15
Scherhorn.....	1111011101-15
Goggin.....	1111011101-15
A. M. S.....	1111011101-15
Lefever.....	1111011101-15

No. 9, 10 singles, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:	
Rothwell.....	1111011101-10
Lefever.....	1111011101-10
Edgerton.....	1111011101-10
Wagner.....	1111011101-10
Heikes.....	1111011101-10
Keller.....	1111011101-10
McGinness.....	1111011101-10
Adams.....	1111011101-10
No. 10, 10 singles, entry \$1.50, \$40 guaranteed:	
Heikes.....	1111011101-10
Miller.....	1111011101-10
Levenson.....	1111011101-10
Wagner.....	1111011101-10
Woodruff.....	1111011101-10
Sanders.....	1111011101-10
Buck.....	1111011101-10
Edgerton.....	1111011101-10
Adam.....	1111011101-10
Geisel.....	1111011101-10

No. 11, 10 singles, entry \$1.50, \$40 guaranteed:	
Heikes.....	1111011101-10
Miller.....	1111011101-10
Levenson.....	1111011101-10
Wagner.....	1111011101-10
Woodruff.....	1111011101-10
Sanders.....	1111011101-10
Buck.....	1111011101-10
Edgerton.....	1111011101-10
Adam.....	1111011101-10
Geisel.....	1111011101-10

No. 12, 10 singles, entry \$1.50, \$40 guaranteed:	
Heikes.....	1111011101-10
Miller.....	1111011101-10
Levenson.....	1111011101-10
Wagner.....	1111011101-10
Woodruff.....	1111011101-10
Sanders.....	1111011101-10
Buck.....	1111011101-10
Edgerton.....	1111011101-10
Adam.....	1111011101-10
Geisel.....	1111011101-10

No. 13, 10 singles, entry \$1.50, \$40 guaranteed:	
Heikes.....	1111011101-10
Miller.....	1111011101-10
Levenson.....	1111011101-10
Wagner.....	1111011101-10
Woodruff.....	1111011101-10
Sanders.....	1111011101-10
Buck.....	1111011101-10
Edgerton.....	1111011101-10
Adam.....	1111011101-10
Geisel.....	1111011101-10

No. 14, 10 singles, entry \$1.50, \$40 guaranteed:	
Heikes.....	1111011101-10
Miller.....	1111011101-10
Levenson.....	1111011101-10
Wagner.....	1111011101-10
Woodruff.....	1111011101-10
Sanders.....	1111011101-10
Buck.....	1111011101-10
Edgerton.....	1111011101-10
Adam.....	11110111

Rothwell.....	10011010111110-10	Quimby.....	11011010101111-11
Northrup.....	01111111111111-14	Greener.....	11011111101111-13
Wagner.....	11111111111111-15	Lefever.....	01011010111111-13
Miller.....	11111100111111-13	Keller.....	11111111111111-15
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111-14	Gates.....	11111101111111-13
Edgerton.....	11111111111111-15	Woodruff.....	11111101111111-13
Halstead.....	11111111111111-14	Luther.....	11111111111111-13
Horton.....	11111011011111-13	Mayhew.....	11111011111111-14
Buck.....	11111111111111-14		

No. 4, 10 birds, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:

Heikes.....	1011111111-9	Edgerton.....	0111111111-8
Levenson.....	1111111111-10	Halstead.....	1110001111-7
Barrett.....	1111111111-9	Buck.....	1111111111-9
Northrup.....	1111111111-9	Horton.....	1111111111-9
Wagner.....	1101111110-7	Hunter.....	1001111111-8
Van Dyke.....	0001011111-6	A. M. S.....	1111111110-9
Rothwell.....	1101111111-8	Quimby.....	0101101010-9
Miller.....	1111111111-10	McGinniss.....	1111111111-10
Lefever.....	1111111111-10	Roberts.....	1111111111-10
Bates.....	0111111111-9	Greener.....	0100111111-9
Pike.....	0111111111-9	Ramsdill.....	1111111111-9
Woodruff.....	1011011111-9	Mayhew.....	1111111111-10
Keller.....	0111111111-9		

No. 5, 20 singles, entry \$1.75, \$100 guaranteed:

Rothwell.....	0110111110110111-25	Quimby.....	0111011111111111-16
Wagner.....	0110111110110111-20	Horton.....	0111011111111111-16
Van Dyke.....	1110111110110111-10-16	Woodruff.....	1111111111111111-19
Lefever.....	1111111111111111-16	Edgerton.....	0111011111111111-19
Northrup.....	1111111111111111-16	Halstead.....	1111111111111111-19
Wagner.....	1111111111111111-16	Keller.....	1111111111111111-19
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-20	A. M. S.....	0111001111111111-17
Levenson.....	1111111111111111-18	Mayhew.....	1111111111111111-18
Barrett.....	1111111111111111-20	McGinniss.....	1111111111111111-18
Northrup.....	1111111111111111-17	Costar, Jr.....	1111111111111111-18
Miller.....	1111111111111111-17	Roberts.....	1111111111111111-17
Edgerton.....	1111111111111111-18	Ramsdill.....	1111111111111111-18
Buck.....	1111111111111111-19		

No. 6, 10 singles, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:

Levenson.....	1111111111-10	Luther.....	1111111110-9
Rothwell.....	0111011011-7	Gates.....	1111111011-9
Northrup.....	1111111111-10	Quimby.....	0101100100-4
Miller.....	0111111111-9	Horton.....	1010010111-6
Van Dyke.....	1111111111-10	Halstead.....	1111111111-7
Lefever.....	1111111111-8	A. M. S.....	0111011111-7
Heikes.....	1111111111-10	Mayhew.....	1111111111-8
Barrett.....	1111111111-10	Hunter.....	1111111111-9
Wagner.....	1111111111-9	Pike.....	0111010111-9
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10	Costar.....	1111111111-8
Buck.....	1111111111-10	McGinniss.....	0111111110-7
Woodruff.....	1111111111-10	Roberts.....	1111111111-9
Keller.....	1111111111-10	Marshall.....	1111111110-6
Ramsdill.....	1111111111-8		

No. 7, 15 birds, entry \$3, \$75 guaranteed:

Rothwell.....	11111111111111-15	Luther.....	10111110101111-11
Lefever.....	11111111111111-13	Buck.....	11101111101011-11
Gates.....	11111111111111-14	Edgerton.....	11111111101111-14
Quimby.....	10111111111111-13	Woodruff.....	110011101101101-10
Horton.....	11111111111111-13	Marshall.....	11111110110111-8
Halstead.....	11111111111111-13	Heikes.....	00011010111100-8
Heikes.....	11111111111111-15	A. M. S.....	11111111101100-12
Levenson.....	11111111111111-13	Roberts.....	11010010111111-11
Barrett.....	11111111111111-15	Mayhew.....	11011011111100-11
Northrup.....	11111111111111-14	Greener.....	11101011111111-12
Wagner.....	11111111111111-15	Pike.....	01101010101111-9
Miller.....	11111111111111-15	McGinniss.....	011111111111-9
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111-15	Ramsdill.....	111111111111-13
Keller.....	11111111111111-15	Costar, Jr.....	11111111111111-14

No. 8, 10 birds, entry \$1.50, \$40 guaranteed:

Heikes.....	1100111111-8	Miller.....	1111111111-10
Levenson.....	0011111111-8	Keller.....	1111111111-10
Barrett.....	1111111111-9	Gates.....	1111111111-9
Rothwell.....	1111111111-9	Edgerton.....	1111111111-9
Northrup.....	1111111111-9	Costar, Jr.....	0111111111-8
Wagner.....	1111111111-10	Ramsdill.....	0101101101-8
Van Dyke.....	1111111111-10	Mayhew.....	0101101101-8
Lefever.....	1111111111-10	Woodruff.....	1110101111-7
Luther.....	0101111111-8	A. M. S.....	1111111111-10
Buck.....	1111111111-9	McGinniss.....	1111111111-8
Quimby.....	1111111111-10	Pike.....	1111111111-10
Hunter.....	1111111111-10	Roberts.....	0111111111-9

No. 9, 15 birds, entry \$2, \$80 guaranteed:

Heikes.....	1111111111-11	A. M. S.....	1111111111-15
Levenson.....	0111111111-14	Keller.....	1111111111-14
Rothwell.....	1111111111-14	Luther.....	1111111111-13
Northrup.....	1111111111-14	Gates.....	1111111111-14
Van Dyke.....	0101111111-13	Hunter.....	1111111111-10
Lefever.....	1111111111-10	Peters.....	1111111111-15
Barrett.....	1111111111-15	Pike.....	0111111111-13
Wagner.....	1111111111-15	Woodruff.....	1111111111-13
Miller.....	1111111111-14	McGinniss.....	1111111111-12
Buck.....	1111111111-12	Costar, Jr.....	1111111111-10
Quimby.....	0111111111-13	Ramsdill.....	1111111111-10
Edgerton.....	1111111111-15	Marshall.....	1111111111-10

No. 10, 10 birds, entry \$1:

Heikes.....	1111111111-10	Luther.....	1011111111-9
Levenson.....	1111111111-10	Gates.....	1111111111-9
Barrett.....	1111111111-10	Quimby.....	1010101111-6
Rothwell.....	1111111111-10	Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Northrup.....	1111111111-10	Peters.....	1111111111-9
Wagner.....	1111111111-10	Roberts.....	1111111111-9
Miller.....	1111111111-10	Woodruff.....	1111111111-9
Van Dyke.....	1111111111-10	A. M. S.....	1111111111-9
Lefever.....	1111111111-10	Pike.....	1111111111-9
Keller.....	1111111111-10		

Extra No. 15 targets, expert rules: Heikes 14, Levenson 11, Miller 11, Wagner 14, Peters 13, Barrett 13, Van Dyke 15 targets.

No. 2, same: Heikes 12, Levenson 13, Barrett 13, Peters 14, Gates 11, Edgerton 13, Rothwell 12, Van Dyke 11, Miller 12.

Friday, the Final Day.

Another beautiful shooting day and the attendance was up to the standard of those preceding. Several of the Albany shooters reappeared and along with them came Geo. W. Dorn, Thomas Greer and R. Betts. The shooting was fully up to the usual standard all around and in the case of Rolla Heikes it was wonderfully good. Heikes broke 108 out of 110 in the guaranteed events and 127 out of 130 for the day. He lost his 9th and 10th targets, this giving him a clean run of 100 breaks, all but 20 being under second average. He broke 100 on 103, Edgerton and Schemerhorn 102 each, got third; fourth went to Hunter on 101; Barrett, Miller, Gates and Buck divided fifth on 99 each. The events were finished at 3:15 P. M., after which V. E. Pike and Daniel Lefever shot a match at 50 targets each for \$10 a side, Pike being allowed 5 targets. Lefever won by breaking 33 to Pike's 32. Then H. L. Edgerton and Henry Greer shot a match at 50 targets each for \$5 a side, Edgerton making a clean score to Greer's 24. This closed the shoot, which is entitled to be called the best of the season to date, both as regards the average attendance, the quality of the work and the pleasant feeling existing between the shooters. On the first day there were 33 contestants, on the second 32, on the third 29 and on the fourth 30. In all 57 individuals took part in the tournament.

Below are the scores of the fourth day and following these is a carefully compiled table giving a summary of the work done by those who shot in all guaranteed events each day:

No. 1, 10 birds, entrance \$1:	
Miller.....	1111111111-10
Levenson.....	1111111111-10
Van Dyke.....	1100111111-7
Woodruff.....	1111111111-10
Ramsdill.....	1111111111-10
Barrett.....	1111111111-9
Roberts.....	1111111111-9
Buck.....	1111111111-10
Lefever.....	1111111111-9
No. 2, 10 singles, \$40 guaranteed:	
Miller.....	1111111111-9
Van Dyke.....	1111111111-9
Levenson.....	1111111111-10
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Barrett.....	1111111111-10
Buck.....	1111111111-10
Lefever.....	1111111111-10
Hunter.....	1111111111-10
Gates.....	1111111111-10
Heikes.....	1111111111-10
Ramsdill.....	1111111111-8
Quimby.....	0111111111-8
Wessell.....	1111111111-8

No. 3, 15 targets, entry \$2.25, \$60 guaranteed:

Miller.....	11111111111111-14	Adams.....	11111111111111-15
Levenson.....	11111111111111-14	Wessell.....	11111111111111-13
Edgerton.....	11111111111111-14	Pike.....	11111111111111-13

Barrett.....	01111111111111-14	Bancroft.....	01111111111111-11
Buck.....	11111111111111-14	Woodruff.....	11111111111111-15
Hunter.....	11111111111111-13	Gates.....	11111111111111-15
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111-15	Heikes.....	11111111111111-15
Lefever.....	11111111111111-15	A. M. S.....	11111111111111-15
Ramsdill.....	01101111111111-12	Burnside.....	11111111111111-12
Quimby.....	11010101011111-9	Wadsworth.....	11111111111111-13
Betts.....	11111111111111-12	McGinniss.....	11111111111111-12
Keller.....	11111111111111-14	Greener.....	11111111111111-12
Luther.....	01101111111111-10	Roberts.....	11111111111111-11

No. 4, 20 singles, \$8 entry, \$75 guaranteed:

Levenson.....	1111111111111111-11	Vessells.....	1111111111111111-17
Hunter.....	1111111111111111-20	Bancroft.....	1111111111111111-13
Edgerton.....	1111111111111111-18	McGinniss.....	1111111111111111-17
Quimby.....	1111111111111111-18	Greener.....	1111111111111111-18
Luther.....	0000111111111111-9	Burnside.....	1111111111111111-18
McGinniss.....	1111111111111111-14	Roberts.....	1111111111111111-17
Miller.....	1111111111111111-18	Leon.....	1111111111111111-15
Van Dyke.....	1111111111111111-18	Gates.....	1111111111111111-19
Edgerton.....	1111111111111111-18	Heikes.....	1111111111111111-19
Woodruff.....	1111111111111111-18	Betts.....	1111111111111111-20
Barrett.....	1111111111111111-18	Keller.....	1111111111111111-18
Buck.....	1111111111111111-18	A. M. S.....	1111111111111111-19
Lefever.....	0111111111111111-16	Woodruff.....	1111111111111111-17
Pike.....	0111111111111111-14	Adams.....	0011111111111111-16
Wadsworth.....	1111111111111111-16		

No. 5, 10 singles, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:

Miller.....	0111111111-9	Quimby.....	1111111111-10
Levenson.....	1111111111-9	Keller.....	1111111111-10
Barrett.....	1111111111-10	Edgerton.....	1111111111-10
Buck.....	1111111111-9	McGinniss.....	1111111111-9
Lefever.....	0101101101-6	Wessells.....	1111111111-8
Van Dyke.....	0101101101-6	Bancroft.....	0111111111-8
Hunter.....	1111111111-9	Woodruff.....	1111111111-8
Gates.....	1111111111-9	Wadsworth.....	1111111111-10
Heikes.....	1111111111-10	Betts.....	1111111111-10
A. M. S.....	0111111111-10	Adams.....	1111111111-8
Ramsdill.....	1111111111-7	Leon.....	1111111111-7

No. 6, 15 singles, entry \$2.25, \$60 guaranteed:

Miller.....	101111111111-12	Roberts.....	11111111111111-13
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111-12	Bancroft.....	11111111111111-15
Levenson.....	11111111111111-14	Wessells.....	11111111111111-15
Edgerton.....	11111111111111-14	Greener.....	01111111111111-13
Barrett.....	010110111111-11	Adams.....	11111111111111-23
Lefever.....	11111111111111-10	Gates.....	011111111111-14
Hunter.....	11111111111111-10	Heikes.....	11111111111111-15
Ramsdill.....	11111111111111-14	Quimby.....	11111111111111-14
Burnside.....	11111111111111-14	Keller.....	01111111111111-13
Pike.....	11111111111111-13	A. M. S.....	11111111111111-13
Wadsworth.....	11111111111111-12	McGinniss.....	11111111111111-13
		Betts.....	11111111111111-10
		Leon.....	0101101110-7

No. 7, 10 singles, entry \$1.75, \$50 guaranteed:

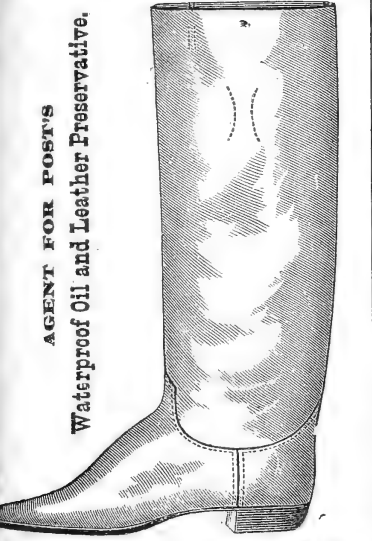
Levenson.....	1111111111-13	Woodruff.....	0111111111-8
Edgerton.....	1111111111-10	Keller.....	1111111111-10
Gates.....	1111111111-8	A. M. S.....	1111111111-9
Heikes.....	1111111111-10	McGinniss.....	1111111111-9
Ramsdill.....	1111111111-8	Pike.....	0111111111-8
Quimby.....	1111111111-10	Wadsworth.....	1111111111-8
Miller.....	1111111111-10	Vessells.....	1111111111-8
Van Dyke.....	1111111111-8	Burnside.....	1111111111-8
Barrett.....	0111111111-8	Betts.....	1111111111-8
Buck.....	0111111111-8	Mayhew.....	1111111111-8
Lefever.....	1111111111-8	Adams.....	11111111

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RAILROAD.

The sportsman of the North often has a blank day. Indeed, no Northern shooter knows much about shooting until he has shot in the South, where the superb natural conditions have left the game in undiminished plenty in the covers.

Don't Go After Bear

to the Rockies. Go to the wide river bottoms of Mississippi or Louisiana and you will get one.

Don't Go After Turkeys

to the Great West, but to the Great South, in Mississippi and Louisiana, where the unbounded woodlands hold abundance of these noble birds.

Don't Go After Ducks

in the North, and work hard for days for a dozen ducks. Go South, to Louisiana and Texas, and learn what wildfowl shooting is.

The Quail, Woodcock and Snipe shooting of the South is such as the Northern hunter never dreamed of. A genial climate, a pleasant people, a six months open season, and birds until you want no more.

The Illinois Central Road runs direct to all this country, and is the only road that does.

A. H. HANSON,

Gen. Pass. Agent, Illinois Central R. R., Chicago.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. CO., Lessee.

The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad is the route to the best fishing grounds in New York State and Canada. Through cars are run from New York City, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Utica, Syracuse and Rochester, to Cape Vincent, Clayton, St. Lawrence River, Massena Springs, Ogdensburg, and all principal places on Lake Ontario, and to Norwood for all points in the White Mountains and Maritime Provinces.

This line reaches the best and most famous fishing grounds in America for salmon, muskellunge, muskellunge, black bass, brook trout, lake trout, white fish, pickerel, perch, and other fish. Information in regard to the fishing grounds and how to reach them will be cheerfully furnished upon application to

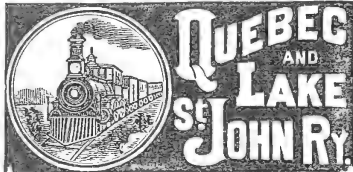
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General Passenger Agent,
Syracuse, N. Y.

FISHING AND HUNTING IN Labrador, Greenland & Newfoundland

A trip for a limited number of fishing and hunting in the Far North. The great salmon and sea trout rivers of Labrador and Newfoundland will be visited. Caribou and Arctic game, bear, walrus, etc., northern waterfowl. Guides for hunting and boats for fishing provided. The party leave Boston July 10, and occupy about three months. Earlier return will be afforded by the Northern British Mail Steamer. Address CAPT. JAMES A. FARQUHAR, 33 South St., Halifax, N. S. Refers by permission to Mr. F. J. Myers, 337 Broadway, New York City. 21

Routes for Sportsmen.



Opening of the Chicoutimi Extension, 1st July, 1893. The New Route to the Far-Famed Saguenay and the only rail route to the delightful summer resorts north of Quebec.

CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS. Parlor and Sleeping Cars. Magnificent scenery. Beautiful climate. Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first-class accommodation for 300 guests, and is run in connection with the "Island House" at Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, in the center of the "Ouananiche" fishing grounds. Daily communication by the new fast steamer across the lake. The fishing rights of Lake St. John and tributaries, an area of 20,000 square miles, are free to guests of the hotels. After 1st July trains will connect daily at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers for Quebec. Day-light trip. A beautifully illustrated guide book free on application. For information as to hotels, apply to hotel managers; for folders and guide books to ticket agents at all principal cities.

ALEX. HARDY, J. G. SCOTT,
Gen. F. & P. Ast. Sec'y & Manager.
Quebec, Canada.

Alive with Game.

IF YOU WANT GOOD SPORT, PLenty OF IT AND NO BLANK DAYS, SEND FOR THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S PAMPHLET,

Fishing and Shooting.

E. V. SKINNER, 353 Broadway;
C. E. McPHERSON, 170 Washington St., Boston;
C. SHEEHY, 11 Fort St., W. Detroit;
J. F. LEE, 232 S. Clark St., Chicago; or

D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

Snipe Shooting.

PRINCESS ANNE HOTEL,
Virginia Beach, Va.

OPEN JANUARY TO SEPTEMBER

Mr. S. E. CRITTENDEN, the proprietor, takes pleasure in informing sportsmen that he has recently obtained the control of 1,360 acres of the finest snipe grounds. Every accommodation is provided for sportsmen in connection with the hotel.

At the New Fishing and Hunting Resort

ATTEAN LAKE

You can get more game and larger trout than anywhere else in northern Maine. No stage or buckboard. First-class table, new camps, boats and canoes. Only 19 hours from New York; 15 hours from Boston. Write for circular giving rates, etc., to

ITHAMAR HOWE, Prop., Moose, River, Me.

CAMP PHENIX

At Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia,

will be open for sportsmen and hunters from May 1 till end of season. No better trout fishing or moose hunting can be found in Canada. Forty lakes with finest of trout fishing within a radius of five miles of the camp. Write for circulars.
M. SJOSTEDT, Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia.

SOO-NIPI-PARK LODGE.

Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire.

Re-opens May 1 for the accommodation of parties desirous of spending the blossom season in the mountains, and of gentlemen wishing to profit by the early surface fishing for Sablefin, Brook Trout and Land-Locked Salmon during May and June. Superior guides and angling facilities. Home comforts. FRANK H. DAVIS, New London, N. H.

Attention Bass Fishermen!

Gill House, Henderson Harbor, is the place you have been looking for all years. This is a place where you can take your families and have all the pleasures of country life and get the best black bass fishing in New York. For circulars, address H. H. GILL, Proprietor, Henderson Harbor, N. Y. 23

Bromfield House, Boston.

EUROPEAN PLAN

MESSENGER, Proprietor.

FIRST CLASS TROUT FISHING, in my beautiful large spring water pond. Boats supplied. For terms apply to EDWARD KANE, Proprietor, Stony Brook, Suffolk County, L. I., N. Y.

On Lake Champlain.

St. Albans, Vermont.
"SAMSON'S" LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Fishing and Health Resort, opens May 15. 24

TROUT FISHING.—CELEBRATED BROAD-head and Adirondack streams. House steam heated. Summer home for families. Three hours from city. THOS. H. STILES, Adirondack, Pa.

The Kennel.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL DERBY

OF THE

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

CASH PURSES, \$1,000.

1st Prize, \$500; 2d, \$250; 3d, \$150; and the Breeders' Cup, value \$100, to breeder of winner of 1st.

JUDGES: W. W. Titus, Simon C. Bradley and J. B. Stoddard.

ENTRIES POSITIVELY CLOSE MAY 1, 1893.

\$10 forfeit must accompany each nomination; second forfeit of \$10 payable Sept. 1, 1893, and \$10 additional to start. For Rules, Blanks, etc., apply to

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

All-Aged Stake advertised later.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S

SECOND ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS

Beginning Wednesday, November 15, 1893,

TO BE RUN AT

CARLISLE, Indiana, 20 Miles North of Bicknell. \$1,200 IN PURSES.

DERBY.—For Pointers and Setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892.

Pointer Derby: \$50 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. Setter Derby: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. The title of Absolute Winner to be conferred with the option of the judge or judges. Entries close June 1, 1893, with \$5 first forfeit, \$5 additional forfeit, payable Aug. 1, \$5 additional to start.

ALL-AGE STAKE.—For Pointers and Setters that have never won first in an All-Age Stake in the trials of the following named Field Trial Clubs: Eastern, Central, Southern, United States and Philadelphia, subsequent to 1891. Pointer All-Age: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. Setter All-Age: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. The title of Absolute Winner to be conferred with or without further running, at the option of the judge or judges. Entries close Aug. 1, 1893, with \$5 first forfeit, \$10 additional forfeit, payable Oct. 1, \$5 to start.

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W. J. BECK, Sec'y-Treas., Columbus, Ind.

PATRON: SIR D. A. SMITH, K.C.M.G., M.P., MONTREAL. FRANK G. SIMPSON, PRES., WINNIPEG.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS CLUB

FIELD TRIALS OF 1893,

TO BE HELD AT

Souris, Man., commencing September 12, 1893.

DERBY STAKE.—For Setters and Pointers whelped on or after January 1, 1892. Entries close June 1, 1893. Purse \$350; 1st, \$100; 2d, \$115; 3d, \$75. For members of the club, \$3 forfeit, \$7 for starters; non-members, \$5 forfeit, \$10 for starters.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—For Setters and Pointers who have not won first place at any recognized Field Trials in any previous year. Entries close August 21, 1893. Purse \$450; 1st, \$125; 2d, \$125; 3d, \$100. For members of the club, \$5 forfeit, \$5 for starters; non-members, \$5 forfeit, \$10 for starters.

FORFEIT MONEY MUST ACCOMPANY EACH ENTRY.

E. D. ADAMS, Hon. Sec.-Treas., P. O. Box 1224, Winnipeg.

THIRD ANNUAL DERBY

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB,

Held at Assonet, Mass., Nov. 14, 1893.

CASH PRIZES, \$375.

First Prize, \$200; Second, \$100; Third, \$50; Fourth, \$25.

ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 1, 1893.

Five dollars forfeit must accompany each nomination; second forfeit \$10, payable Oct. 1; \$10 additional to start. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM M. LOVERING, Secretary, Taunton, Mass.

All-Age Stakes to be advertised later.

TRIALS "A" OF THE United States Field Trial Club's Third Annual Field Trials.

To be run at Bicknell, Ind., beginning with the Derby, Monday, Nov. 6, 1893. For Pointers and Setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892.

Each breed to run separately. Pointers: \$250 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third. Setters: \$250 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third. Winners of first in each stake to compete for title of absolute winner and \$100 additional, which is kindly donated by the American Field Trials Club. Entries close June 1, 1893. First forfeit \$10, which must accompany nomination; \$10 additional forfeit, payable Aug. 1; \$10 to start. Judges: Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, Ind.; John Bolus, of Wooster, O.; John Barker, of Racine, Wis. Total Stake, \$1,300.

P. T. MADISON, Secretary-Treasurer, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

CANICURA CO.,

Manufacturers of Carefully Prepared

REMEDIES FOR DOGS.

Our Skin Cure is the only ABSOLUTE Cure for Mange on the market.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS AND AT

THE CANICURA CO., Office 71 Washington Street, CHICAGO.
HARRY L. GOODMAN, Manager.

IRISHMEN ROYALLY BRED.

Three fast, wide-rangers. Very stylish, 10mos. old, for sale. All have good noses and bird sense. Now in trainer's hands. Are hummers for any duty. \$100 each. Also some splendid puppies from the grandest bench and field strains living. \$35 each.
F. H. PERRY, Des Moines, Iowa.

PHILOS IX.

Largest and finest Russian wolfhound in the world, for sale.
E. BESSUNGER,
20 97 Lexington avenue, N. Y. City.

ENGLISH SETTERS FOR SALE.

Toledo Blade bitch, Toledo's Beauty, No. 28,543, whelped July 8, 1892. A very promising black, white and tan bitch; ought to win on bench and in the field. Will sell her for half her value if we are satisfied she goes into good hands. Also a litter brother for sale. MATERN POINTER AND SETTER KENNELS, Sandusky, O.

Pocket Kennel Record.

For Recording Pedigrees, Produce, Sales and other memoranda.

New edition. New forms. Full leather. 50 cents. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 615 Broadway, New York.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS FOR SALE.—These two grandly bred young dogs: LOVAT, a brown brindle by Kilsam ex Grey. ROB ROY, a black brindle by Kilroy ex Grey. Full particulars from
W. P. FRASER, Dominion Bank, Toronto.

MOUNT PLEASANT GORDON KENNELS.—This month I offer for sale Gordon setter dog, 3yrs. old, winner of third in Boston; also Gordon dog puppy, 11mos. old, a fine one, and a number of youngsters that are very promising. C. T. BROWNELL, Prop., P. O. Box 335, New Bedford, Mass.

ST. BERNARDS.

Brood bitches. Also few choice pups.

G. W. PATTERSON,
Lake View, Worcester, Mass.

Teufel the Terrier;

OR

The Life and Adventures of an Artist's Dog.

Told and illustrated by J. YATER CARRINGTON, and written by CHARLES MORLEY, a friend of Teufel's.

A book which has had wonderful popularity in England. Paper. Price, 75 cents. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 615 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 21.
No. 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE RECORD BROKEN.

WITH this issue the FOREST AND STREAM breaks the advertising record of twenty years. It carries more advertising announcements than have been contained in any previous single issue since the establishment of the paper in 1873. This breaks the record not only of the FOREST AND STREAM, but of all journalism in this particular field. No other sportsman's journal has to-day, or has ever had, an equal amount of *bona fide* paid advertising.

The advertising exhibit of to-day is an admirable object lesson. It speaks volumes for the growth, development and magnitude of the trade and commercial interests represented, and it demonstrates not less clearly and emphatically the high estimation of this paper by intelligent advertisers. As a medium of communication between sellers and buyers no other publication can begin to compare with it.

And where shall we look for a more interesting array of advertisements? It is conventional to refer to an enlarged advertising department as an encroachment upon the reading columns. But the FOREST AND STREAM advertising pages are peculiar in that they are capital reading matter. At all events we know that there is a large class of readers who go through the paper, reading everything from first cover to back cover, with all the advertisements new and old, and omitting nothing, unless it may be the editorial page. We have good ground for confidence, then, that more eyes will scan the "ad." pages than will ever get so far as this concluding sentence.

SNAP SHOTS.

Not the least noteworthy pages of the Report of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, Part XVII., for 1889 to 1891, just issued, are those which here put on permanent record in the history of the Commission the story of the Senate investigation of the charges preferred against Commissioner McDonald. The charges were, in brief, inefficiency, extravagance and dishonesty in the conduct of the Commission. The committee, after a most thorough searching and exhaustive investigation, reported that "not one of the charges affecting the administration of the affairs of the Commission, or the standing and integrity of any official connected therewith, has been proven to have any foundation in fact whatever;" but that on the contrary, "throughout the entire Commission the most perfect system and discipline prevail, resulting in an economical and judicious expenditure of the appropriations made by Congress." And they concluded their report with an expression of conviction that the evidence taken in the investigation would convince all fair-minded persons that the Commissioner and his subordinates "deserve commendation for the conscientious work they are performing."

In December, 1891, when Whittier had attained his eighty-fourth birthday, Oliver Wendell Holmes sent the poet a letter of congratulation, in which, reviewing the

list of authors given in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," he wrote of the authors' names contained in the work: "Three which I see there are still among those of the living, Mr. John Osborn Sargent, who makes Horace his own by faithful study and ours by scholarly translation; Isaac McLellan, who was writing in 1830, and whose last work is dated 1886; and Christopher P. Cranch, whose poetical gift has too rarely found expression." Within the period of less than two years elapsed since that writing, the poet of Amesbury himself and Cranch and Sargent have passed away; and to-day Holmes may find in Griswold's but one name other than his own as a survivor. Last Sunday, May 21, found the venerable Isaac McLellan, vigorous in body and placid in spirit, at the entrance upon his eighty-eighth year. In recognition of this rounding out of an active and honored career, and wishing the poet-sportsman many years to come in his home on the Long Island shore, the FOREST AND STREAM to-day publishes from his pen an interesting paper of recollections and reflections. It will be read with a more lively interest because McLellan has made his name familiar to the anglers and sportsmen of this country by his frequent contributions to our columns. The first column of the first page of the first number of this journal contained a poem from his pen.

In angling circles less is heard of pickerel and pickerel fishing than of some of the more aristocratic fishes and their taking; nevertheless he is foolish who pooh-poohs the strength of the pickerel interest, and who makes light of its following. A census would show an astonishingly large pickerel faction armed with spears and axes, and snatch-hooks and tip-ups, and ready early and late to defend their immemorial right to fish for pickerel in their own way and in their own time. The New York folks undertook last year to tell these people that they must not fish through the ice for pickerel, in any waters. No measure could have been devised more effectively to arouse opposition to the fish laws; and when a proposition for a repeal of the law came up this year, the members fairly tumbled over one another in their eagerness to secure for their constituents the old-time pickerel privileges. A law was enacted making the fishing in waters not inhabited by trout legal in some eighteen counties, and if any county was omitted this was only because it did not ask to come in.

Where may we look for a simpler, less pretentious and more graphic and illuminative picturing of the life of the plains in the old days of buffalo and bull-trains, than in the relation by Mr. Lew Wilmot? He pretends to give you nothing more than a plain recital of personal experiences; but for one who may read with sympathetic understanding it is a portrayal of phases of life and of the actors in that life, which has the value and dignity of history. We have taken occasion to say before and it may well be said again, that the pens engaged in writing for FOREST AND STREAM are supplying something more than bare records of experience with rod and gun. From week to week these pages give pictures of the life of the people, now of this quarter of the continent and again of that; and not only give an insight into their manners and customs, but reflect, too, their sentiments and opinions and ways of thought. The historian of the future will do well not to overlook the public library alcoves where shall be stored the bound volumes of this journal.

The daily newspaper reader must be surfeited with the reports of never-ending wrangling over the World's Fair Sunday opening discussion. The doings of the local board of control and the counter doings of the national board constitute in sickening measure the exposition news of the day. Under these circumstances we congratulate the happy fortune of those who are so privileged as to read the racy, sprightly, serious, humorous, newsy, instructive and sentimental letters which come from the FOREST AND STREAM's World's Fair Bureau. The very best next thing to seeing for one's self the sportsman's special features of the great exhibition is to have them seen by the intelligent eyes and described by the intelligent pens of our staff correspondents.

The California dog story related by "Podgers" in his commentaries reminds us of one told by Mr. Charles L. Schember, to whose good taste and supervision is due the handsome typographical appearance of our columns. At his home in Yonkers Mr. Schember had a bright young

cocker spaniel named Pilot. The dog's favorite resort for a mid-day snooze was an unused manger in the barn. Once upon a time, going to his accustomed retreat, Pilot found that it had been invaded by an industrious hen, and he was confronted by an egg which she had laid in the exact geometrical center of his bed. Pilot took the egg carefully in his mouth, carried it up to the house, deposited it on the back stoop, where he had often seen the man put the gathered eggs; and went back and had his sleep. The next day the same thing happened. Then the old hen gave it up, and thereafter Pilot had his accustomed repose undisturbed.

It is reported that Barnegat Bay net fishermen, having a war on hand against the hotel-keepers, because of their activity in securing the anti-netting legislation, have concluded to enforce the law forbidding fishing on Sunday. It is their intention to annoy the Sunday fishermen, that the patronage of the hotel men may be diminished. This is only another illustration of the working of the Sunday angling laws. The statutes are dead letters; ten thousand men go fishing every Sunday in summer in New York and New Jersey, and no one ever thinks of putting into effect against any one of them the law, except for purposes of spite, just as occasionally the law against Sunday driving is called into action to satisfy a grudge.

Whether on Tuesday we make our holiday on the water or on land, with enjoyment to the full of the pleasures of the day let there be a thought for them in whose memory and honor the day has been appointed. We live too wholly in the present; the men and the events of the past are all too soon forgotten, even the men who did so much for us and the events which meant so much for us. Of all our national anniversaries none other has so deep meaning as that of Decoration Day, nor is any other more worthy the keeping in the spirit in which it was first set apart. On Decoration Day, then, pay a tribute of appreciation and gratitude and veneration to the boys who fell.

Connecticut game and fish bills are referred to the Committee on Agriculture. The members of this committee treat with scant decency those who appear before them on business relating to game and fish protection. The impression one gets from a visit to the Committee on Agriculture at such a time is that the gentlemen who compose it would feel quite at home on the empty barrels and soap boxes of a country store. Why should game and fish legislation at Hartford be relegated to the Committee on Agriculture? It is time that Connecticut followed the example of Massachusetts, and provided a game and fish committee.

HERE is a bit from an expunged manuscript which is interesting, because it shows, that while maintaining perfect serenity of temper, a controversialist may yet mix his metaphors: "It is evident that the storm of indignation which has been aroused among the friends of game and fish protection throughout every section of the State has somewhat rattled the President of the Commission, who is learning that public opinion can cut through even bristles; but, loathsome reptile-like, when trampled under foot in his impotent wrath, attempts to strike his fangs at any object that comes before his distorted vision."

The address by President Henry C. Ford, of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, before the Fish Protective Association, printed in our issue of March 30, has been published in pamphlet form by the association for gratuitous distribution and copies of it may be had on application to Secretary M. G. Sellers, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. It is a tract well worthy of wide currency.

Is there to be found in this country a Chinaman who is a practical and practicing sportsman, in the current, American, FOREST AND STREAM signification of the term? No prize is offered for the detection and reporting of such an individual, but the interest the report would surely have ought to be sufficient stimulus to any one who can tell us about him.

Dwellers on the New Jersey coast are just waking up to the true meaning of the pound net fisheries. The meaning is that the pound men get all the fish and no one else gets any.

The Sportsman Tourist.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN.

PLEASANT it is for a traveler after a long day's journey to pause at some elevated hilltop for rest and retrospection, and to take a comprehensive view of the route lately traversed. Far as eye may reach, even to the horizon's misty edge, he sees beneath him outspread like a map, each lovely spot he has visited. Far off in distant obscurity shines out the starting point of his career; and even so can one recall the scenes and events of his early time of youth. Through the haze of vanished years he can recognize the play grounds of his boyhood. There again bubbles and sparkles the little brook where he had cast his primitive tackle for the small, springing trout, the yellow sunfish and bream and the silver-sided perch. There, too, runs and rolls the ample river, by whose embowering banks he loved to roam, to plunge for refreshing swim or to angle for the pickerel and black bass by lily-pads or dark abyss. Then, too, he remembers the swampy rivulet where he sought for snipe and woodcock; the wayside hedges and the tussock swales where he started the quail flock; the hickory groves and the piny woods where he found squirrel and partridge; the upland forests haunted by deer; the open prairies alive with grouse flocks; the rough seacoast where from his little boat he shot at the passing squadrons of the coot, old squaws and shelldrake; the ample bay where he had such rare sport with the redhead, widgeon, black duck and teal, and the reedy marshes where he lay in ambush-blind for the whistling pinions of the curlew, willet, yellowleg and dowitcher.

All these regions of resort still survive freshly in the memory of the veteran sportsman, even as the scenes of the traveler's adventure are present to his eye and mind as he surveys the features of the natural world, through which he has lately journeyed. Now brightly are photographed in memory the names, forms and features of those old friends, who were the associates of the thoughtful sportsman and scholar, in the years departed. I well remember such school-boy friends as Charles Sumner, Horatio Greenough, Lothrop Motley, Wendell Phillips, the Sturgies and Sargents; such Phillips Academy comrades as Willis, Holmes, Quincy, Rantoul and Grew. Such college associates as Longfellow, G. B. Cheever, J. S. C. Abbot, Hawthorne and S. S. Prentiss; such lovers of the rod and gun as Webster, Forester, Porter, G. C. Scott, Hallock, Picton, Wilkes, Skinner, Carl Benson, S. C. Clarke and many others, well known in the field and in the sanctum of the old *Spirit of the Times*.

Then how pleasant to recall again the various places one has frequented with rod and gun; such as the rocky coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, Boarshead, Cohasset, Scituate, Marshfield, Manumet, Pa., Montauk and the wide bays of Long Island, Barnegat and Chesapeake Bays, Currituck Sound, the great prairies of Illinois, and the woods and waters of western New York.

For many years these were the places of my frequent resort, and it is pleasing now to inspect them in the magic glass of memory. These scenes pass before me in long procession, the features of the long absent and the dead still fresh and unfading, the woods as green, the waters as brilliant, the skies as bright as in the days of old. The mutations of life do not efface the recollection of kind faces, happy days and fair landscapes.

Ah, of those friends how few remain!
Few links of the long-sunder'd chain;
Few of that group that lov'd to pass
O'er the old Common's sacred grass,
Or muster where the Old Elm stood,
The latest patriarch of the wood;
Who down the Beacon Mall would ride
On snow sled, or on skates would glide,
Or gather where the Rope Walk gave
Its welcome to the Backbay ware,
Just where the Public Garden now
Spreads flowery bloom and leafy bough—
The few of them that linger here
Still hold their names and memories dear.

In boyhood my earliest use of rod and gun was in company of my good cousin, S. C. Clarke (author of "Fishes of the Atlantic Coast"), when we together frequented the woods and followed the brook on the estate of our beloved grandsire, Gen. Wm. Hull, at Newton, Mass. We two often in boyhood fished at the old Cambridge Bridge or at the Boston wharves for smelt, pollock, tomcod and flounders.

My earliest experience with the gun was in wild pigeon shooting, more than fifty years since. Those beautiful birds were then very plentiful in New England and I have shot them within a few miles of Boston; but of late years they have abandoned their ancient haunts, migrating to the abundant harvest fields of the West. In New England they were then shot by the concealed gunner as they collected on a tall pole, like the old fashioned well-sweep. It was usual to bait with grain the ground beneath, and the flock would gather there for food, first alighting on the pole and then settling to the feast. This bird has great strength of wing and is capable of long-sustained flights. It is said to travel at the rate of a mile a minute and it requires a good marksman to stop them. Pigeon shooting in those distant days was a favorite sport with the gunners, though quail, partridge, woodcock, jacksnipe and wild ducks, especially coot, were abundant in the woods and by the shore.

During my college days in Brunswick, Me., the wild pigeons were innumerable in the surrounding pine woods, and they made good sport for the students. My chief companions in such sport were Stephen Longfellow, elder brother of the poet Henry W., and Sergeant S. Prentiss, so very famous in later years as the most eloquent lawyer and statesmen of the Southwestern States. Prentiss was a small person and quite lame, still he would tramp the woods and roads at my side, gun on shoulder, unconscious of fatigue in his ardor for game.

Along the Massachusetts coast extend numerous salt marshes resorted to by all varieties of bay snipe, and furnishing rare sport to the gunner. Chief of these were Ipswich and Marshfield marshes, and close at hand stands the little village of Marshfield—famous as the sporting home of Daniel Webster. Some forty or more years since the immense salt meadows overflowed at times by

tidal creeks, were alive with the swift-winged birds, and there Mr. Webster found great recreation. He owned and farmed some 1,700 acres, which were bounded on one side by the beautiful Green River, which emptied out this place into the sea. There he kept at anchor, opposite his boat house, his little sloop, in which he delighted to sail out into the open waters, to angle for the various salt water fish, so abundant on that coast. For some years he amused himself with bird shooting over the marshes, and also in coot shooting from a small dory boat off Brant Rock, a fine shooting point near the mouth of Green River. But as years advanced he gave up the marsh bird shooting, and then the coot shooting, saying he was too clumsy to shoot in a small boat, but devoted himself to the sea fishing. It was my good fortune through his kindness to occupy for more than two seasons one of his adjacent farm houses, and so I had daily opportunity to witness his enjoyment of life, in inspecting the farm labors—and trying for cod, haddock, bluefish and black-fish (tautog) in the surrounding waters.

On a lovely autumn day, Oct. 24, 1852, the remains of the great statesman were committed to the earth on a pleasant grassy slope of the hill that overlooked the meadows, the woods, the river, and the sea; and by his side repose the bodies of his two beloved sons, Fletcher and Edward, the former killed on a battlefield of Virginia and the latter a victim of the Mexican war.

In removing to New York I made many literary and sporting acquaintances, chief of whom was Genio C. Scott, author of "Fishing in American Waters," in the preparation of which I gave him some little aid. With him I enjoyed many pleasant fishing excursions, especially in the ponds and creeks of South Oyster Bay and at Sodus



ISAAC M'LELLAN.

Bay, on Lake Ontario. Still another close friend was Mr. Jerome Thompson, the artist, who had a studio in the upper part of the Appleton building, on Broadway, corner Leonard street. I visited him often, and then would drop into the office of the old *Spirit of the Times* and that of the *Kuickerbocker Magazine*, occupying a lower floor. To both of these famous journals I was a frequent contributor and there often conferred with Editor Clarke and Messrs. Porter, Wilkes, Frank Forrester and others.

I had a great regard for Herbert, as the most prominent of our sporting writers, and liked to confer with him on rod and gun, though I did not quite agree with him on certain special topics. For instance, he did not seem to care very much for the sports of duck and bay snipe shooting, nor even for deer hunting, preferring the sports with dog and gun for the Western grouse and quail and woodcock shooting. He was ever most genial, generous and a very agreeable companion.

It has been said of him that he was not always kind and considerate in the treatment of his first wife, but I wish to correct such statement. Miss Sarah Barker, of Bangor, Me., his first wife, was a most charming and intelligent girl, and was first cousin to my brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. P., and his sister, Mrs. Col. W. A. H., was ever the most intimate friend of Sarah Herbert and had constant intercourse with her when subsequently they were residing in New York. I have questioned my relative, Mrs. Col. H., as to the domestic relations of Herbert and Sarah, and she assures me that they were most friendly. While Mrs. H. and her husband were living at the Astor House they had frequent visits from Herbert and Sarah, and on several occasions, when Sarah was troubled with a little lameness, Herbert would lift her from the carriage at the door and bear her in his arms up stairs to the apartments of Mrs. H. Herbert's mother, in England, was ever kind to Sarah, sending her handsome gifts and urging her to visit the family in England. Herbert and Sarah had but two children, the first a boy, the other a girl baby that died in Philadelphia. The son is now living at Folkestone, England, and in a letter lately received from him he speaks in grateful terms of the literary reception of his father in this country, whose memory he holds in most affectionate regard.

I have had extensive experience in sport in various parts of the country, but time and space will not allow me further to extend these reminiscences.

A Robin's Farm Bell Nest.

For the fourth time the supposed same robin has built her nest, laid her eggs and reared her young on top of the farm bell of W. H. Weimer, in Donegal township, the bell being in daily use. During the ringing of the bell she will remain on the nest, swinging to and fro, apparently as unconcerned as though she were hatching in some secluded spot.—*Greensburg (Pa.) Press*.

ANGLERS' EDEN.

The Pleasures and Benefits of a Great Forest—Pleasant Notes and Observations.

The season for trout-fishing in the Adirondacks has come again, and thither hundreds of men who at home are engaged in the arts and sciences and business pursuits have gone particularly for recreation, and incidentally to cast the fly as bread is cast upon the water, in the hope of some return. W. C. Prime, in his "I Go a-Fishing," says: "There is a distinction to be kept in mind between going to get fish and going a-fishing," and then adds: "The young angler—that is, young in experience—counts much on fulness of basket, on the rivalry with companions, on the glitter of his catch when spread out in the evening. So do we all. But as we grow older we learn more and more to appreciate the immeasurable joy which dwells on the banks and in the waters of the rivers and lakes, and which are surely to be taken whenever one goes a-fishing, and therefore the old angler has always a successful day, catching that which he went out to catch with great certainty, and coming home with a load of beauty in his heart, and beauty to talk and tell about, though there be not a fish in his creel." These are the sentiments of a true angler.

No region in this part of the country offers such pleasures to nature's lovers and anglers as the Adirondacks, even if much of the territory has been usurped by clubs and millionaires. There are still two million acres over which an orderly individual may roam, among mountains, lakes and streams. He will not find fish and game so plentiful as they were a quarter of a century ago, before great masses of people began to make summer homes there, but nature's panorama is the same, except for the devastation wrought by spoliation.

What stories our old fly-books tell us as we take them from their winter's rest and look them through! A large printed volume would not contain their secrets revealed only to their possessors. They tell of camps and tramps, of pleasure with hardships intermingled, of pools and brooks and lakes, where solitude protected myriads of trout; of camps where now there are great hotels, of guides then young and active, now old and incapable. Trails have been converted into thoroughfares, and locomotives now plough through fastnesses once known only to wild beasts. Time's changes have been stamped upon this great wilderness no less plainly than upon the outer world. But there is hope now that the new forestry law will check the ravages of late years and throttle him who in his greed for money would outrage nature.

Fishing time begins when the ice breaks up and the snow water is nearly gone. Then it is that the water is so cold that trout go everywhere in search of food, not confining themselves as during the heat of summer, to spring-holes and other contracted places where the water is cool, for trout can scarcely live in water of a temperature much above 60°. Very soon the fish will begin to gather at the foot of rapids, on their way to the highest water they can find, and a day or two thereafter they will be most plentiful among the rocks and stones which create foam-covered eddies in the running water. A little later and they will linger for awhile at the head of such rapids, and when they leave such tarrying places an angler who would be "lucky" must know their habits and resorts.

About this time, as the old almanacs used to read, when the fish are "on the rapids," look out for black flies. The temperature of the atmosphere will be high, and the little pests will come by millions in a single night. Henry Guy Carleton once studied these little insects and arrived at this conclusion: "The black fly is not as large as a bulldog, but he can bite with both ends. He earns his living by raising lumps like the eggs of a speckled hen on the forehead and behind the ears of a man, who will simultaneously wish that he could die and be out of his misery. One hundred and seventy-five black flies can feed comfortably on a square inch of a man's ear, but the experienced angler does not seem to mind them until they settle down nine deep." Later will come the punkies, which give a sensation as of poison from prickly ash, and still later the deer flies, which will make a man howl from pain every time they remove a patch of epidermis. The innocent little mosquito is the only songster among all the insects which seem to be in conspiracy to drive unseasoned piscatorialists from their midst. These insects, strangely enough, seem to have particular fondness for the novice.

He who would find nature at its best and trout plentiful, must not lurk where there are luxurious hotels. He must rather seek the seclusion of unpretentious hostleries where comfortable beds and wholesome food are dispensed at moderate price; places which have not yet been overrun by the multitude. Take with you few equipments, and those of the best. Of flies you need but a small variety. Your rods and lines must be well chosen; if of the best material they may be light and easy to handle. Cast-off winter clothing, with rubber coat and waterproof hat are better than any suit of buckram. You can judge with almost unflinching accuracy of the experience and skill of an angler by his outfit. When you see one with all of the paraphernalia which money can purchase, you may rest assured that his creel will but very seldom need cleaning.

A true angler prefers to fish with flies rather than with bait, not because he does not consider bait-fishing good angling, but rather for the reason that he is quite as successful with flies, and prefers their cleanliness. But he will not hesitate to substitute grubs or worms if occasion makes it necessary. As has already been said, none but the young aspirant and the market-fisherman so devote themselves to the killing of fish as to cause them to resort to other allurements than flies to satisfy their ambition. There is really little real enjoyment in "yanking a chalk line" for him who angles for recreation as well as for trout. And for such, too, it is doubtful if trout fishing carries with it the same zest which is realized in taking bass. The surroundings where trout live are more congenial to the naturalist than those of the resorts of bass; and the gamesomeness of the fishes is reversely different. Compared with a bass, a trout is a feeble fighter, sending fewer thrills through line and rod.

It is a grand sight to see the great forest burst into spring attire. The buds rapidly expand into the densest foliage and countless numbers of wild flowers in infinite variety appear as if to welcome the springtime. Evergreens no longer monopolize the sight, but are almost lost among the towering branches awakened from a winter's sleep. The underbrush revivifies, and dogwood,

witch-hazel and other flowering shrubs put forth their beautiful and all but odorless flowers. Wild nature seems to exert itself to decoy to its embraces its lovers, and each succeeding year they flee to her in greater numbers. It is a haven of rest for tired brains at any season between the snows, and it will be well for the people of the State when the wilderness shall have been converted into a well kept, well protected park.

D. H. BRUCE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 20.

BULLWHACKING IN BUFFALO DAYS.

No DOUBT many a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, while traveling up the Platte in the luxurious palace car, has been awakened from his reverie by the porter entering and announcing "Dinner is ready in the dining kah." You leisurely go in and take a seat, give the waiter your order, and then take the last FOREST AND STREAM from your pocket to while away nearly half an hour, regretting when the waiter spreads before you a dinner second to that of no hotel. You nibble at most all of the delicacies, and in three-quarters of an hour you return to your car, not realizing that from the time you entered the dining car until your return, that you have passed over more ground than it used to take us boys ten days or two weeks to travel; and we worked from morning until night, and any one of us could have eaten more in ten minutes than you could have done in a day.

In 1857 my brother Dick was going to California, and was going to drive an ox team as far as Salt Lake for Majors & Russell. I persuaded my father to let me go with him as far as that, and return; for they were paying \$40 per month for the round trip, or \$50 to be discharged at Salt Lake.

There were three others of our acquaintances who were going too—Jack Brown, John Canady and Hans Donderson, a German who had worked for us. Hans was no ox driver, but was a whole-souled good fellow, and could speak very little English. After getting all our traps together and bidding our friends good-bye, we stepped aboard the steamer for Leavenworth and present-d ourselves at the office of Majors, Russell & Waddell, where we signed articles of agreement and were told we could go out to the camp on Salt Creek and begin work Monday morning. This was Saturday. The wagon master, Sam Johnson, took mount to camp, where we found quite a company, principally Missourians. On the way out Sam told us that we must not swear or use any bad language while we were in civilization, as Mr. Majors was a preacher and would discharge any man he heard swearing. I asked, "How does he expect us to drive from seven to ten yoke of Texas steers and not swear?" "Well," he said, "we must not swear until after we get away from home." Sunday was a beautiful day, and Mr. Majors came out to camp and preached us quite a sermon.

Monday morning Sam had the cattle brought in; and told Dick, Jack Brown, John Canady and myself to yoke up ten yoke each and go in and haul out loaded wagons. In about two hours we had our teams coupled up ready to start for town, where they were loading wagons as fast as they could. Dick, being the oldest and considered best driver, was to drive the lead team, John Canady next, myself next and Jack Brown fourth. We had hitched on to a wagon each and pulled out along the wharf, and had stopped, as a steamboat was rounding to. Just before she reached land a large wharf rat ran out from a pile of flooring that lay between my team and the hill, and made for the gangplank. I uncoiled my whip, gave it one swing and I cut the rat nearly in two. There was quite a crowd on the steamer and I received a tremendous applause, and they kept it up until old Sam rode up and said, "Lew, the passengers want to see you crack your whip." This I did a few times. The ladies put their hands to their ears and the gentlemen applauded. The whip I used was 18ft. long and weighed 4lbs., yet it was not as long nor as heavy as the one Dick used. We were told to go ahead, and it must have been quite a curiosity to the many emigrants on the boat, but few of them having any idea how the Western people transported supplies. We were kept busy that week hauling out wagons as fast as they could load them; our loads ran from 8,700 to 9,500lbs. to the wagon. By Saturday night our train was made up. It consisted of twenty-nine freight and two mess wagons; and our crew comprised thirty-one drivers, two cooks, two night herders, two carry yard drivers, one wagon master and two assistants. There were one mule, six horses and 350 yoke of oxen.

Old Sam told us at breakfast Sunday morning that Mr. Majors would be out in the afternoon to preach us a farewell sermon and give us a good lecture. Among the things he told us was that before entering upon any great and important undertaking we should first invoke the aid of the Deity. We all knelt down while he prayed; and no doubt but that was the last time a great many of our knees touched mother earth in benediction, although mine often came to the ground when I would kneel at some mud puddle and blow away the green scum and slake my thirst, and think the water good. Mr. Majors told us that as we were about to leave civilization behind we must do nothing wrong; and should any do wrong he would be tried by the train, a majority of whom should rule, and Sam should preside. I wanted to know if Sam did wrong who would preside. He said the next assistant; but that there was no danger of Sam doing wrong, for he was an old and experienced wagon master. After presenting us each with a New Testament and telling us to remember the Sabbath and keep it holy, he shook hands and wishing us God speed left us.

Monday morning was a new day to a great many of the boys; some were lost in trying to get eight or nine yoke of oxen together, and it was 1 o'clock before Dick was told to go ahead. We made only about three miles, but it was a start. Hans was put to driving the carry yard, and he was a faithful hand and did well, although he made a ludicrous attempt at swearing and could only say "Shu puck." The next day we got off by noon and did a little better.

I had become quite a favorite with Old Sam; he showed me a good many small favors; I had boasted to my own household companions about it, and while they were glad, some of the other boys were a little envious. But they had to wait only a few days for their revenge.

One evening Old Sam rode up and told Dick to drive out and we would corral on a small mound overlooking a little muddy stream that puts into the Grasshopper. I spoke up and said, "Sam, it looks very much like we were going to have a heavy rain; hadn't we better cross the creek?" Old Sam flew off the handle and roared out, "Who in blazes is running this train, you or me?"

"You are of course," I said, "but if it rains the creek will be swimming, and it will be three or four days before it will go down."

"That's none of your business, and after this you speak when you are spoken to."

"All right." I had made a blunder, but it was too late to correct it.

We camped on the mound, so it would be much easier

laughed. I said, "Will you swim Little Blue on your mule and bring in what I kill, cheek or no cheek?" "Yes," he drawled out.

The next morning as day was dawning, I woke Dick up and told him I was going for a hunt. "Oh, wait till after breakfast." "I'll kill a buffalo for breakfast." "I'm not going till I get my breakfast, when lots of the boys are going."

I turned out, buckled on my revolver, shouldered my little rifle and started for the creek, which I found deep and sluggish. When I approached the creek I heard some animal plunge into the water. I stood still a few moments and presently I saw the creature, about as large as a coon, swimming. When I moved it dove and as it went under it slapped the water with its tail. I knew then it was a beaver. I did not try to shoot at it; I was after larger game. I went up the creek nearly a mile before I found a place I could wade, then pulled off my clothes and started across. The water was fearfully cold and came nearly up to my arms. But I cared little for cold or wet. After I got my clothes on I felt splendidly, and started and ran for a half mile to get warm. It was but a short time before I saw three buffalo lying down on a small ridge. I crept up the hollow until I was within less than 100yds. of them. Here I waited and watched for quite a while. I knew it would be useless to shoot at the body with my small rifle, and I had often heard that it was of no use shooting at the forehead; so not having heard any objections to the butt of the ear, I concluded I would try that. I raised my rifle, took careful aim and fired. Two of the buffalo jumped up; the other rolled over on to its side. I kept well hidden and in a few moments the two trotted off up the ridge. As soon as they were out of sight I loaded my rifle, pulled off my boots, and having everything in readiness for a run approached the down buffalo. I was certain it was dead, yet I did not know it. I went up to within about 10yds. and took a shot at one of its eyes, but it did not move. I loaded my rifle and very carefully approached my fallen victim. I felt proud. I rolled him over as best I could, took his entrails out and cut out his tongue, then put on my boots and struck out for camp. The water did not feel so cold, and it was not so far. I reached camp just before grub time, and for a while I was the hero of the train. The boys began chaffing old Sam about his packing in my buffalo. He joined in the laugh and said he would do it if he had to swim his white mule.

After breakfast about twenty of the boys shouldered their guns and started for buffalo. But when they got to the ford, and felt the water and saw how deep it was, they concluded they would hunt on the camp side of the creek. Old Sam took three horses and we went for my meat; it was a young bull, and fat and good. We got back to camp in time to have some for dinner. The other boys came straggling in and all had killed buffalo, yet only four of them brought in any tongues.

After supper I shouldered my rifle and started for the creek to watch for beaver. About a mile below camp I found where the beaver had been at work the night before, but not understanding any of their habits I walked along very close to the edge of the water. I selected a place about 50yds. from where they had been at work and had not been waiting very long when I heard a very peculiar noise, which seemed to come from the water. I soon saw a beaver coming toward their feeding ground, and when it came near the bank it wheeled around, dove under the water and brought its broad, flat tail down, which resounded like hitting the water with a canoe paddle. I was surprised. I was certain I had not moved. It came up about 50yds. away. I was determined not to shoot unless there was a chance of securing the game. I waited a short time, when a smaller one came swimming along very leisurely and made straight for the place the first had landed at, and when it landed it went through about the same performance, although it did not make as much fuss with its tail, but it left in a hurry. The shadows of the hills had begun to get very long, the sun was nearly down and I had begun to think about abandoning my hunt for that evening, but soon I saw another beaver coming nearly straight across the creek. I had my rifle ready and intended to shoot just as soon as its head reached the bank. On it came, and when it touched the bank with its forepaws and raised its head out of the water just a little I fired, dropped my rifle and ran down to where it was. The water was very bloody. Just then it came to the surface about 6ft. below where it was when I had shot at it. I made a plunge and grabbed it as it was sinking. I got wet, but I had the beaver. I dragged it out on the bank, and after examining it closely pulled off my clothes, wrung them out, put them on and started for camp with my game. Before I got there I met Dick coming down to see what I had been shooting at. He was as much pleased as I was and that is saying a good deal. We pronounced it to be a very large one; in fact, we thought it must undoubtedly be the largest one in the Little Blue. When we reached camp Old Sam examined it and pronounced it to be a yearling. This lowered him in my estimation, for I thought he was trying to make me feel bad. Dick and I peeled it and, of course, like all green hands, we cut the musk bags, which gave us a rather high-toned smell for a few days.

The next morning everything went smoothly, we got off in good season, made about eight miles, and camped near the creek again. As soon as dinner was over I pulled out for the creek, and a number of the other boys, who hankered for beaver, went along. I had taken my fishingackle; I did not care for beaver although I should have



INDIAN BUILDING BARK CANOE.
LAURENTIAN CLUB, CANADA.
Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.
Photo by Mr. E. N. Lawrence.

starting a train down hill than up. Well, it rained that night as if the reservoirs of heaven had turned upside down. By morning the little muddy creek had become a river. Half the cattle had broken away from the herd, and it took the boys until late in the afternoon to get them back. Old Sam was furious. Of course I was to blame.

The second day Old Sam mounted his white mule and rode down to the ford, to see if we could cross. The bank was quite steep and slippery. Old Sam pointed the mule for the other bank, and as that venerable white mule knew Old Sam better than I did, it did not stop to offer any advice; it went in and under, where a deep hole had been washed out in the ford. Sam crossed, turned around and came back, wet up to his shirt collar. Some of his best friends laughed, some smiled; I hid behind my wagon when he passed on his way to the tent to change his clothes. After changing his rig and wetting the inside from above the collar, he came out, called us up and told us to get our axes and go and bridge the creek. There being plenty of small cottonwood, we soon made a passable bridge. The next day we yoked up and crossed the creek. One of the boys let his team get a little too far to the right and his wagon turned over, yet it did but little damage. That was charged to me also.

Things went on about the same, though we made a little better time, as the boys got used to their oxen. When we reached the high ground overlooking the Big Blue, we could see dark objects away across the hills, which we were told were buffalo.

Saturday night we camped near Marysville, or where Marysville now stands. The next morning was beautiful. I had intended to go hunting and fishing down the Blue; but while we were eating breakfast old Sam said: "Boys, if you will drive to-day, when we get into the buffalo country, we will lay over a day and hunt." This was unanimously agreed to.

Our progress was very slow the next week, or seemed so to me. Large herds of buffalo could be seen across the Little Blue, and I was very anxious to kill one. Saturday night we camped near where the road came down from the high ground to the creek; and at supper I announced that next day I should kill a buffalo. Old Sam looked up and said in a very sarcastic manner: "You will have to get a bigger gun than yourn, unless you load it with cheek and conceit." At this only about eight of the boys

shot one if it had been near the bank. I hunted along the creek until I caught a couple of frogs, which I cut up into bait, and then I sat down on a nice bank and went to fishing. In a few minutes down went the cork float, I gave a jerk and found I had hooked a fish, which I landed over head and as far back as my pole and line would reach. I rushed back to where the grass was shaking, and there lay flopping a yellow catfish of about 2lbs. weight. I soon had my hook back into the water, and in a minute or so had another bite. I landed another cat. This I kept up until time to go to camp. When I strung them I found I had seventeen nice catfish; the first was the largest, yet the smallest would have weighed over a pound, so I had about 25lbs. of fish. When I reached camp the boys gave me three rousing cheers, and wanted to know what kind of game I proposed to bring in next. I told them it would be owing to what kind I found, but that I was not after buffalo or beaver any more for some time.

LEW WILMOT.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—Here it is the 15th of the second month since the fishing season opened, and the undersigned has not yet wet a line in any stream, a lamentable fact that goes against all precedent. But that dreadful condition of slavery called business, which is the bane of existence, keeps one's nose down to the grindstone, and leaves no time for the pastimes that the soul yearns for.

At this season, too, California is at its best, and the country is beautiful. The hills and dales are in luxuriant green, and wild flowers intermixed with the grass make a trip to the interior streams a joy and a luxury. You can camp out and fear no drenching showers to dampen your ardor; and the trout are eager and ready to snap the dancing fly. Everything is lovely except yourself. And the season slips by, while you cast longing glances at the split-bamboo in its case. What is more trying to the soul than not being able to go fishing when the time is ripe and all nature smiles? I leave the conundrum unanswered. The true fisherman only can appreciate the longings for a day in the country where the fish wonder why you come not. It is true one can slip off for a Sunday one day, but our near-by streams are pretty well fished out, and to enjoy good sport it is necessary to go further away, and that requires time—a couple of days at least, and how one hates having to fish by the watch, with the screech of the locomotive in his ears and a train to catch. Besides, Sunday is no day to be on a stream, as every farmer's boy takes that holiday to splash along the creek and spoil your sport. Hence I wait over lost opportunities, or rather the want thereof. What makes it more irritating is that the trout are said to be abundant this season in the far-away streams, and are biting well. Woe is me, for I am not in it.

I notice in reading the last number of *FOREST AND STREAM* that our friend Judge Greene administers unto me a gentle rebuke for having, as he says, in all gentleness, cast unseemly reflections on Oregon, its tendency to rain at all times, its climate and its general shortcomings. I bow in all humility and meekness to the reproof, but disclaim all intention to poke fun at his adopted country. Of course I sympathize and condole with him that he does not live in California; but that is a misfortune, not a fault. I really did not intend to wound the sensitive hearts of our neighbors, and was totally unaware that I had done so. I take it all back, and will sin no more, whatever the shortcomings of Oregon's climate, it is amply redeemed by the existence of noble trout streams, its pheasants and its ardent sportsmen. Hence, I throw myself on the mercy of the court and plead "previous good character" in mitigation of the punishment that may be in store for me.

I am not sensitive on the subject of earthquakes that the Judge hints at, as one of the attractions of California. I have had chills and fever, and would welcome any other kind of shake in preference; neither do I take any stock in Death's Valley he mentions as being 300ft. below the level and liable to submersion. That is in Arizona; hence California is not responsible. But if the Judge is looking for a more local shoal where he can send poachers and those who kill game out of season, we have several localities we can offer quite warm enough to answer the purpose.

As to the invitation the judge extends to have me to "come up" and try the Chinook salmon, the huckleberries and bears, I accept, with the proviso that I take them separately. Bears and berries might not agree with me taken together, and it might suit the bears better to have Californian served up cold. I must on the whole decline the bears. As my experience with that class of natural history has not been a happy one, remembering, as I do, spending a whole night in a tree on one occasion in the '50s, while a grizzly did me the honor to camp at the foot of the tree awaiting my descent to shake hands with me, I confess to a slight prejudice against bears ever since. Anything else the Judge may have to offer in the way of Oregon attractions I accept with thanks.

I note the discussion in the *FOREST AND STREAM* on the merits of cockers, and I take the side of the cockers, for they are very nice little doggies and have merits. I have owned several and can attest to their good qualities as retrievers in dense scrub and underbrush, as they can wriggle underneath and bring out birds where it would bother the larger dog. Speaking of dogs reminds me of the intelligence of a half-breed (half retriever and half spaniel) owned by a man who manages trap shoots for a club near here. The dog in question retrieves all the birds that are shot, and in cases where there are a hundred birds it gets to be rough on the dog. For his convenience a bucket of water is placed handy to enable him to alleviate his thirst. As the shoot progresses he gets weary and footsore, and after bringing in half a dozen birds he goes to the bucket, and after taking a lap or two puts first one forepaw in the bucket, then the other, then turns around and dips in each hindfoot successively, and continues to do this to the end of his labors. He was never taught to do it, but reasoned it out himself that it was a good way to relieve his feet from the heat consequent upon so much travel.

It is my theory that most dogs know more than most men, and taking the average of dogs and men on intelligence the dog would win "by a large majority." Dogs can do many things that a man cannot. What man was ever able to scratch a flea between his shoulders? and yet man is four-legged, his arms representing his forward ones

in our early stages, only we have become too proud and cocky to use them as nature intended, but devote them to prize-fighting and the double purpose of driving with one while we hold our best girl in the buggy with the other. Speaking of which, how singular it is, that before marriage that girl requires so much holding, and after, is so well able to take care of herself. The danger phase of pitching out of a buggy seems to have passed entirely.

Speaking of prize fighting you will soon have an exhibition of the skill of the kangaroos in that line. A man has just landed here from Australia with a couple of kangaroos that he has taught to stand up and sparr with skill sufficient to knock out any ordinary pugilist. It appears to be a natural tendency of the animal to strike out with his fore-feet or hands, and when very much in earnest he brings to aid the long single toe of one of his hind feet and rips down the abdomen of his opponent. This feature and tendency and one also to kick a man about 10ft. his trainer is endeavoring to suppress; and things go on very well until the animal gets two or three heavy "biffs" on the nose, when he forgets all the rules about below the belt and shows a disposition to return to his natural methods and tear things. But the owner and trainer speaks encouragingly of being able to eradicate that little fault in time; meanwhile if a few pugilists should happen to be "opened out" there would not be much mourning I imagine, as gentlemen of that class are fast losing their popularity.

The kangaroos will first visit the World's Fair of course, or in course of their progress eastward, but you will see them in due time. Why not turn them loose in Wall street with the bulls and bears? When jumps are in order they will be found useful. But "stumps," not jumps, seem to prevail in that sulphurous latitude just at these presents. Blessed are they who are far away, and having nothing to lose are not in it.

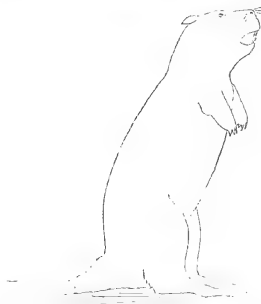
PODGERS.

Natural History.

THE LAST BEAVER.

A SKELETON of a beaver's head adorns a shelf in my library. It often calls for the telling of a story which may be of interest to the younger readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* who have never had, and perhaps now never will have, an opportunity of witnessing the curious habits and great instinct of this almost extinct animal.

Early in the '50s I was engaged in the peninsula of Northern Michigan, and necessarily had to run a sawmill



A BEAVER POSE.

for making material for buildings. There was a pretty lake, one of a galaxy of them, from which flowed a stream that ran the mill. The foot of the lake was closed by a beaver dam, and a supply of water was thus kept up for a dry time, when the deficiency was made up by cutting into the beaver dam to let the water down the stream. There were a large number of beavers in these lakes, each of which had two or more beaver houses and a dam at the foot. Most of the beavers had been captured by the trappers, and I made an effort to save this remnant by forbidding the taking of any more on my land. But I soon found that a sawmill and beavers were not compatible.

No sooner had we cut into the dam, and returned to the mill a mile away, when the expected water began to dribble and finally stopped. "What the — is the matter with the water?" said the foreman. A man was sent to examine and found the beavers had mended the break and stopped the water. The break was opened again, but no water followed the man on his way back. The man was talked to in the expletive way usual to Westerners, but he insisted that he had done his duty.

When you want a thing done go yourself, was my motto, and I went. Knowing a good deal about beavers, having explored their haunts with Mr. Morgan, the author of the only book about beavers extant so far as I know, I approached the dam cautiously and peering over the thick brush saw five or six fellows, just putting the finishing touches to the repair of the dam by plastering mud on the work with their broad flat tails, excellent trowels for the purpose. As soon as they discovered me they dived and disappeared.

There was no help for it but to trap the animals, for which I was sorry, but no water no lumber, no mine no money, and the beavers must go. I set some traps and opened the break.

The water ran freely for a few hours but the next morning the stream was dry. There were three beavers in the traps, and the break was repaired as neatly as if the best mason had plastered the dam over. The break was opened and the traps reset, and water came down for a few days, when it stopped. The same course was repeated, and as soon as the work was finished I hid in the brush and awaited events. The lake slowly fell, and in less than an hour I saw a gentle ripple from one of the beaver houses, and very soon a beaver landed on the dam and examined the break very intently for a few minutes. Then he dived and returned to the house on the opposite side of the lake, and with another started on a trail I had seen to another lake twenty or thirty rods away. By and by he returned with two others, and the four went to work filling the break. They started up the lake and swam back, each with a stick in its mouth, which was stuck in the hole, and this was repeated until the break

was filled again. Then they all went to work stirring up the bottom which was made up of dead leaves, and these filled the openings between the sticks, and the water was stopped once more.

This went on until all the beavers were captured as I thought. The last one caught was a female, and by its side as it lay dead in the trap, stood a young beaver on its haunches in the peculiar way with these animals, resting on the stretched out tail, and looking most disconsolate. This sketch I made at the time and send it for perpetuation in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. I was sorry for the little fellow, and thinking he would not bother us, I left him as he stood mournfully viewing his desolation. I sent a man for the trap and the skin of the beaver in it, and he brought this last of the family, which he found lying dead by the trap with no doubt its dam in it. The water ran and probably runs yet, but I still feel sorry for his sad fate. The skull on my library shelf was his.

H. STEWART.

BREEDING RUFFED GROUSE.

TOLEDO, O., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the month of February and the early part of March I was fortunate enough to get together a number of ruffed grouse for the purpose of continuing the experiments for their domestication interrupted some four or five years ago. In this labor of love I have had the very kindly cooperation of "our paper," and of Messrs. Nathan L. Hayes, of Clinton, N. Y., and L. D. Burdick and Clark Black, of McDonough, in the same State. At Toledo Mr. W. O. Dakin, an experienced poultry raiser, has contributed his very extensive knowledge on that subject to the general fund, and under all these favoring circumstances we are quite sanguine of success. Our arrangements this spring include a covered house about 8ft. square, connected by a small door with a nicely sodded and netted run which contains several trees (and which is some 8ft. in width and nearly 100ft. long). At the back of the house proper is a covered rectangular space with nest boxes which can be examined from the outside without in any way disturbing the birds themselves.

As you may readily imagine, I am as much delighted these days as a boy with a new pair of boots. One of my grouse hens, which began laying on the first of May, has a nice little nest with eight eggs, and a fair prospect of half a dozen more before she finishes. She is so thoroughly tame, more so than any bird I have ever owned, that I have no doubt she will go straight along and take up work of incubation as soon as she is through laying.

Are the ruffed grouse really polygamous? We have always been told so, and all my experiments looking toward their domestication have been conducted on this assumption. But this spring there have been in this particular inclosure, three hens and one male bird, and the latter has attached himself to this one hen, following her about from place to place like a sedate and well-disciplined husband, apparently caring nothing for other females, nor they for him. And if we go into the inclosure, (which is some 8ft. wide and nearly 100ft. long), he is so intensely jealous that his attitude and actions are as ludicrous as those of a school-boy under his first "great passion." At such times he will at once strike an aggressive pose, and attack the hand or foot of the intruder, whichever may be presented to him, with all the dash and bravery of a game-cock. The behavior of this bird is more like that of the male quail, who is always a model of conjugal fidelity. He has, however, killed one hen whose presence in the same range with himself and his spouse did not seem to meet with his approval.

The authorities all tell us that the male grouse is a passionate but tyrannical and selfish Turk, and that he has no interest in his female companion after the fervors of the mating season have abated. Here possibly is an illustration of the refining influences of civilization, and an opportunity for a constant companionship with the better sex.

Under all circumstances, there seems every probability that these eggs are fertile, and that if they are properly incubated they will hatch. But so far I have not ventured to count the chickens to be produced from them.

JAY BEEBE.

"Nehrling's North American Birds."

It is with satisfaction that we receive Parts VI., VII., and VIII. of "Nehrling's North American Birds," a work of which we have had occasion to speak favorably in past numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. We have often alluded to the need of an accurate, popular and pleasantly written ornithology of America, which should be illustrated by colored plates and yet should be published at a price which would be within the reach of the average man. This need will be at least partially supplied, we think, by Dr. Nehrling's work when it shall have been completed. Originally the plan was to limit the work to a single volume, but this has been found impracticable, for the material has expanded until now two are necessary. The numbers now before us carry us to the end of the first volume.

Part VII. deals with the warblers, from the oven bird (*Seiurus*) to *Cardellina* and the vireos are begun. Parts VII. and VIII. carry us through the vireos, shrikes, waxwings and swallows. In this double number also is printed an extended introduction, which among other subjects treated, includes bird legislation, the acclimatization of exotic birds, and a brief memorandum of nesting boxes, the latter illustrated by a number of cuts of bird houses. The index to the first volume is also found here. Of the plates illustrating these parts of the work, the single figures by Mr. R. Ridgway are remarkably life-like and true to nature. The grouped birds are less effective, although those representing the blackbirds and the swallows are fairly good.

The life histories of the species described in these parts of the work are quite as good as in past numbers and are delightful reading. The value to agriculture of bird life is quite fully gone into, and the whole tone of the work is admirable. The author never loses the opportunity of insisting on the importance of preserving our birds, and yet the lesson which he teaches is so happily presented that it never becomes wearisome.

The Best Line to Denver

From either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Only one night on the road. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers, reclining chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun

SNIFE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 18.—While I speak more particularly of Niagara county, I think my remarks will apply to the entire section visited by these birds in the western part of the State. The writer, a long-time reader and contributor to *FOREST AND STREAM*, believes in the folly and destructiveness of spring shooting, and heartily inforces all that has been said in this regard. We now, however, step to the front to explain the position of our sportsmen in regard to spring snipe shooting.

Early last spring an item in the *Buffalo Express* to the effect that the Senator from the district comprising Chautauque, Cattaraugus and Erie counties would make an effort to have that section exempted from the law providing for the close season of English snipe (more particularly) in the spring, caught the eye of the writer. Now, as the exact conditions prevail in all the western border counties of the State, the writer at once, with the assistance of other local authorities, so interested our own representative that, as the reader knows, a considerable portion of western New York was exempted from the law regarding English snipe, etc. Now to our Eastern brother sportsmen, to whom this may have seemed unfair, let us explain. At the most, the border counties have but one month's snipe shooting in the spring, extending usually from about April 5 to May 5. Further and more particularly, this is all the English snipe shooting they do have. For some reason that we are not able to explain, fine snipe ground is visited by the birds on their spring flights, but in the fall they pass over the same ground with only an occasional straggler stopping over for a day's rest. I have had good fall snipe shooting on the Montezuma marshes in the central part of the State and to the west of us on the Detroit River, where I go to our club grounds for duck in the fall, we find the snipe in plenty; but for some reason best known to themselves the snipe family do not make western New York a fall resort.

Now as to the condition of spring birds, we find that when they have a week's rest and feed on their ground where they are in first-class order. The largest English snipe we have any record of hereabouts was killed the first week of this present month by John Few, a local shot. It was a male bird and weighed 6oz. 8drs. It was handled by at least a dozen local sportsmen, including our well-known ornithologist J. L. Davison. In connection with the English snipe, but remaining later than the first named bird, we find a considerable number of the pectoral sandpiper, or jack snipe, as we call him to distinguish him from the English snipe; this bird gets quite fat here in the spring and is about as acceptable as the other bird.

To sum it all up, our excuses for our spring snipe hunt are as follows: To begin with, after being cooped up all winter, we have that longing to get out in the fields where the sun shines on both sides of the fence and the south wind brings memories of the land of flowers, we feel a good deal as Maurice Thompson did when he wrote:

"Ho for marshes green with spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers pipe,
Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wing
Above the haunt of rail and snipe."

The only thing we have to hunt is the snipe; and he is only here for a week or two in the whole year. We cannot find that the birds nest with us, neither do we find that the females are carrying any eggs. The flight in fact resembles the fall flight in other localities but is shorter. The birds are in good condition and the limited number killed does not affect the number of the birds to come any more than the fall shooting of other more favored localities. Remember this applies only to English snipe and we ask that these facts be accepted as a reasonable excuse for hunting that bird in this locality in the spring. The new law now closes the season May 1. This is satisfactory to us as it would shorten our season but a few days at most, and we will live up to the game laws in any event.

BLUE BILL.

MY FIRST BEAR HUNT.

WHEN I was a boy I lived in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, not far from the Vermont line. Like most farmers' boys who lived in that region I liked to hunt woodchucks, which were very plentiful. I had a dog whose name was Bravo. For short we called him Brave. This dog, which was part hound, was a famous woodchuck hunter. He often went off and hunted them on his own account. And many a time when I was engaged in hoeing corn or some other farm work, have I heard Brave barking and tearing around in the upland pasture trying his best to let me know he had a woodchuck in some hole in the ground or crevice in the rocks. If I had time I would sometimes go and dig the woodchuck out if I could. Brave was always delighted to have me to come, and always eager to help in digging. Sometimes I would find him head and shoulders buried in a hole he had dug himself, tearing away at roots and stones in his efforts to reach the woodchuck. Sometimes we succeeded, and sometimes we did not. If we succeeded in unearthing the animal, it would not go far away before Bravo was upon it and made short work of it.

Sometimes in the fall when farm work was not pressing, I would take my gun—almost every Yankee boy had a gun—and Bravo and start out for a day's hunt. Woodchucks were the largest game we found, generally. Although there were many foxes; but they were cunning enough to keep out of our way. There were also wildcats, and sometimes bears in the mountains, but as yet—for I was only about thirteen years old—I had not captured anything larger or more savage than a woodchuck.

One day, late in October, I started for a day's outing in company with a chum of mine, a neighboring farmer's boy named Ben. He was a brave little fellow about a year younger than myself. I took my gun, and Ben carried a basket in which to bring home the nuts we expected to find. Of course, Bravo followed us. There had been a heavy frost the night before. The air was crisp and full of that "woody" smell so delightful at this season. The trees were rich in yellow, russet and crimson foliage. The ground was covered with fallen leaves, which rustled as we walked through them. It was a perfect day and we enjoyed it thoroughly.

We wandered a long way from home, seeking the

wildest and most secluded places we could find, occasionally gathering nuts, or popping at squirrels, which we seldom hit. We had climbed half way up a pretty high mountain, which was thickly covered with woods and underbrush, with now and then a big rock jutting out from its side. About noon, being tired and very hungry, we sat down on such a rock to eat our lunch. The view from this rock was beautiful. It overlooked the valley for miles. The village was almost buried amid trees in the distance, but the two church spires showed where it was, while the millpond gleamed, a bright spot in the landscape.

As we sat enjoying the view and eating our lunch, Bravo, who had been lying beside us, became uneasy. He got up and sniffed the air. This he did two or three times. Then he would lie down again, but only for a moment. I spoke to him and he came close to me and whined. I noticed that the hair on his back was bristling up. He was excited and seemed to be afraid of something. I patted him and told him to lie down. He obeyed, but in an instant he was up again, his eyes gleaming and the hair on his back standing erect. Before I had time to quiet him, with a growl and a bark he was off, bounding down the mountain side. I grasped my gun, which was loaded with small shot only, and followed him. Ben excitedly followed me, trying to keep as close to me as possible. The mountain side was rough and we could not keep up with Bravo, whose barking grew fainter and fainter in the distance. But we followed as best we could. What it was that the dog was after we did not know. I had never seen him act so before. Whatever it might be I felt secure, because I was armed. I had a gun in my hands and that was enough.

At length Bravo's barking became distinct. It was louder, and we knew he had stopped running. We hurried on and soon caught sight of him. He was under a large chestnut tree, in which he had evidently treed something, for he was looking up, very much excited, and barking furiously. When he saw us he became more excited, and putting his forepaws on the tree trunk, he seemed to be trying to climb it. All out of breath, and nearly as much excited as Bravo, I reached the tree and looked up. At first I could see nothing. But getting around a little on one side, I saw, sitting quietly on a limb of the tree, near the trunk, a small black object, which I soon made out to be a young bear.

At this discovery I was more excited than ever. There was a chance I had longed for. I had never shot a bear. In fact, I had never seen but one before, and that was a tame one. I had heard bear stories and I believed them to be savage and dangerous animals. But this small black animal looking so calmly and mildly down at us did not seem savage a bit.

My first thought of course was to shoot him at once. The mere idea of shooting a bear increased my excitement. I had generally killed whatever I had shot at—if I hit it, and of course I expected the bear to drop as soon as I fired. I stepped back a little and raised the gun to my shoulder. But my hands trembled so I could not point it anywhere near the bear. I lowered the gun and wondered what was the matter with it. I raised it again, but still it would not aim at the bear. I lowered it and examined it again. Then I remembered having heard old hunters tell about the "buck fever." And I made up my mind that I had it. As there seemed to be no danger of the bear escaping I thought I would wait a few minutes and calm my excitement before shooting. This was necessary, as it was simply impossible for me to hit the bear if I fired then.

Just then the dog's strange conduct attracted my attention again. He stopped barking and raised his nose in the air and sniffed and whined. His eyes shone like fire, his hair was standing on end like the quills on a porcupine. With a fierce growl he darted past me in the direction we had come and was soon out of sight. But only for a moment. He came running back, his tail between his legs, and looking behind him, and giving short snappish barks. At this, I began to be alarmed, I felt that danger was near. Overcome with this feeling I grasped Ben's hand, and we ran as fast as our legs would carry us. The dog ran with us. We had gone but a short distance, when, hearing a queer noise behind us, I looked back, still running, and to my horror saw an immense bear followed by another cub, lumbering toward us on a lively run. This sight did not increase my desire for bear hunting just then. My gun, which had given me such a feeling of security before seemed a mere toy in the presence of such an enraged monster. For an instant I thought it was all over with us. But if we could only climb a tree we might be saved. I remember having heard that a tree too small around for a bear to climb was the safest. Such a tree was just before us. Dropping my gun, I grabbed Ben and fairly pushed him up until he could get hold of a limb. He scrambled up like a squirrel, and swinging himself over a branch he reached down, and catching me by the collar of my coat helped me to a place beside him. We were none too soon, for the savage beast was close behind me. As I struggled to get out of her reach she reared up on her hind legs and made a grab at my feet. The cold sweat covered me from head to foot as I felt her claws sink into the flesh of my left ankle raking downward, tearing my trousers and pulling off my shoe, which she crunched in her teeth. But I got out of her reach, and I did not much mind the deep scratch she had given me. Brave, belying his name, had made himself scarce. He did not mind hunting a cub, but an angry she-bear was another matter.

The bear did not try to climb the tree, instinctively knowing, I suppose, that it was too small for her to clasp. We climbed high up in the tree, and, feeling safe now, we watched the motions of the enemy. She went to the tree where the other cub was, and, I suppose, called it, for it came down very deliberately. They seemed in no hurry to go, but hung around, nosing over the leaves on the ground hunting for chestnuts. As I sat and watched them I began to have a slight feeling of shame and resentment. I did not like the idea of hunting bears and being hunted and treed by them in return. This feeling was intensified by the pain I felt from the deep scratches in my ankle. The longer I watched their impudent movements the greater became my feeling of resentment. I felt that I must shoot one of those bears. But how should I get my gun? It was lying under the tree where I had dropped it. The large chestnut tree under which the bears were was some little distance away. It seemed that I might slide quickly down and get the gun without

attracting the attention of the bears. But there was a great risk in doing so. Ben and I discussed the matter. Even if I should get down there would be great difficulty in getting the gun up in the tree.

A thought came to me. In my pocket I had a stout fishing line. On the end of this was a large hook, on the end of which I had impaled many a good-sized sucker. A short distance above the hook was a bullet which served as a sinker. Sliding down to the lower branches of the tree I took the fish line and fastened the bullet close to the hook. I then let the hook down and fished for my gun. It did not take long to get the hook over the trigger guard, and with perfect ease I drew the gun up. Then, bracing myself around the tree with one arm, I drew the ramrod, and with the screw or "wormer" on the end I drew the paper wad from the gun and emptied out the shot. I then drew the wad which covered the powder and poured in the gun an additional handful of powder, making a double charge. I covered this with a paper wad and, with Ben's help, rammed it down as well as I could in such a difficult position. I then took the bullet from the fish line and put it in the gun. To this I added a large handful of shot. This done, I felt that I had a charge in my gun with which I could face the most savage bear in the mountains.

By this time I had recovered my calmness. I was no longer excited. My hand was steady and I had made up my mind to shoot a bear. I told Ben what I meant to do, and left it with him to go with me, or to stay in the tree. He chose to go with me.

For a moment or two we had lost sight of the bears. There were some small trees and bushes between us and the chestnut tree which hid them. We watched till we saw one of the cubs, so we were sure they were still there. We then slid quietly down the tree without attracting attention. I opened my big jack-knife and gave it to Ben in case he should need a weapon, and we began to crawl stealthily toward the bears.

It seems queer now to think of our audacity in attacking such a dangerous brute as a she-bear with cubs, but it was the courage of ignorance. We knew nothing of the very great danger we were in.

By shielding ourselves behind bushes we got pretty close before the bears discovered us. There were only two in sight, one of the cubs having strayed away. As far as the cubs were concerned we felt no more fear of them than we would of a couple of sheep. Nor were they much more to be feared. No sooner did the old bear see us than she started toward us on a lumbering run. There was a low pine bush between us and her. As she started we halted behind this bush, ready to receive her. I cocked the gun and held it to my shoulder with a perfectly steady hand. Ben stood partly behind me, holding his open jack-knife like a soldier waiting to repel a charge. (And that reminds me that poor Ben, years afterward, met his death in nearly the same position on a Southern battlefield.) On came the enraged bear directly toward me. I tried to keep the bush between us till I got a good chance to fire. I had not long to wait. I can hardly tell how it happened. A dash—and the muzzle of my gun was almost in the bear's ear—a deafening report—a shoulder almost knocked out of joint—and I lay sprawling on the ground not far from an immense dead bear. Ben was frightened when he saw me fall, but I soon recovered. I had not counted on the "kicking" of the gun, from such a tremendous charge so loosely rammed. But I killed the bear. The cubs made off with themselves and we could not find them.

After looking a long time at the bear, examining her teeth, feeling of her claws and wondering at her great size, we went home, two as proud boys as could be found in Berkshire county. Getting help and a horse we got the animal home early the next morning. And for a long time Ben and I were the heroes of the village.

SHELLY.

Notions of a Carthage Man.

In the March 3 issue of the *Gazette* you speak flatteringly of the public spirit shown by Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, in introducing new game birds into this State, which is commendable. But what is the use of one person spending his time and money in trying to keep this country supplied with game, while a dozen will go out in a bunch and kill everything that flies? Why not protect our native species that would in a few years, if protected, restock our now silent woods and fields with sufficient to supply every one. The law protects game to a moderate extent, but we need a general distribution of knowledge on the subject and a public sentiment against its wasteful destruction. If our domestic poultry were treated in the manner that wild game is, there would not be a chicken, duck or turkey left in a week. Two neighbors owning adjoining timber pastures have protected a very small colony of squirrels for two years that were driven out of the shot-swept woods. They have increased wonderfully in this short space of time, and if unmolested will soon begin to send out colonies to restock the woods. Another neighbor has protected three flocks of quail during the past severe winter, and they have become so gentle that when he went to feed his cattle they followed him like chicks, and he fed cattle, hogs and quail together. Next summer his feathered friends will repay him well by eating destructive insects. Knowing the remarkable hardiness and fecundity of our native game, the writer proposes that everybody should interest themselves in preserving and increasing it.

First—A farm or timber pasture posted should be considered a game preserve and respected accordingly.

Second—Hunters should make it a rule never to shoot at a flock of six or less. This was the inexorable rule among the Indians.

Third—Destroying nests and selling bird eggs should be discouraged as much as possible. Twenty years ago boys used to go in the woods and pack off wild turkey eggs by the hundreds to town. Is it any wonder there are no flocks of wild turkey now?

Fourth—The selling of game should be restricted by law in our State to one month in a year.

Fifth—Hunters should turn their guns four times a year on the numerous rats, weasels, mink, snakes and all other enemies to our feathered game.

Sixth—Hunting clubs all over the country should make united effort to preserve and increase the native game, and in a very few years there will be plenty to eat and for sport, but none to waste.—W. C., in *Carthage (Ill.) Gazette*.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

III.

Billy Hofer's Illumination.

May 16.—The other Monday night was the first "illumination night" at the Fair. All the modern wizardry in electricity was brought in use to weave spells, to deceive, to charm, and to enchant the eye. The Court of Honor was glorified in roscate light. Little stars danced on the water, melting and tremulous. The forms of the sea horses and of the goddess rowers of the great fountain boat became idealized until they seemed a marvelous dream. The columns of the peristyle floated and faded back, and the figures of the quadriga started up at the compelling beckoning of the golden statue of the Republic. There was a spell upon the place as, one by one, row by row, thousands by thousands, there beamed out upon the dome of the building which made the central motive of the magic scheme, the wondrous lights which flooded out the present, which lit up the past for you, and almost taught you of the future. Then the high coronal of starry light took radiance, and the dream was full, it was complete.

It was an inspiring yet a softening scheme. You felt the trumpets sounding, yet beneath the summoning bells there ran the sound of lapping waters. You thought of adventure, of war, of the stern import of high deeds; but under that was the sweet laughter of children. Your heart felt the tingle of lofty music, the rhythm of noble poetry, but then came tempering breaths from sweet-smelling flowers and happy fields. Unquestionably there was a spell. Do not say the days of magic and of spells are gone. They are not. It is only our own fault if we do not hear and see.

From the Court of Honor to the Hunters' Cabin on the island you could kill an antelope. In the cabin there are antelope skins and skins of deer and elk. There are saddles and "chops," lash ropes and quilts, blankets and pack-cinches. Moreover, there is a great fireplace, wherein upon that evening there blazed a most happy and seductive fire. Billy Hofer pulled out some boxes and spread over them some skins, trailing them out in front toward the fire. On those improvised "Indian seats" we lay down. We could look easily into the fire. "You can see all sorts of things in a fire," said Billy. And so we did.

"Wait," said Billy, at length, "we are forgetting something. This is illumination night, and we don't want folks to think the Hunters' Cabin isn't up to the times. I suppose we ought to have at least one candle, besides the fire, and seeing it is a special occasion, I don't know but we can afford two. We will make it two. There, how's that? It shall not be said that the cabin is behind the other buildings to-night when it comes to illumination."

So we sat down, and while a million candle power of electric light was blazing in the Court of Honor, two candles on a piece of board lit up the window of the cabin, and the fire made irregular and dancing shadows on the wall.

"Could you think the Fair was outside, so near?" said Billy.

No one could. The illusion was complete. A more dramatic contrast never was on earth. Here was the very center of energy of the whole country, alive and ablaze, while next door to it was the quiet of a mountain home. Here was a battle of the search light and the candle.

"I like it pretty well here," said Billy Hofer, "but I shall not be sorry when I can go back to the Rockies. If it wasn't for this cabin I wouldn't stay here a minute. I feel just as if I was at home in here. There's too many gods and angels 'round here for me. They're stuck all over the buildings. I'd rather see a few more trees."

"This is a good enough cabin," he continued, "but if you want perfect comfort you want to have a regular Indian lodge. I haven't got our lodge up yet, but will have after a while."

"Many a time I have been out alone in the mountains days at a time. I don't mind being alone, there is always so much to look at. A dog is great company, or a horse even. A fellow's watch is a big comfort, too; you can always hear it talking. Sometimes, if my watch gets out of order when I am out alone in the mountains, I feel awfully broken up and lonesome. But then at night, if you have a good lodge up, you just crawl in and make your little fire in the middle of the lodge and stick up a candle near your head, and lie down on your blankets, or maybe propped up a little on your Indian-back, the way we've got it here, and then you take your book and go to reading. You don't need any one to help you read. There you are, as comfortable as any one on earth. That's what I call happiness."

"Have you ever noticed what a way the water has of talking? You can hear all sorts of voices in the running water. You can listen to it for hours. Now, suppose you're down on a stream getting water, and your partner is up on the hillside above, calling for you. You can hear him but he can't hear you if you answer, or he won't be able to locate you."

"Were you ever scared, Mr. Hofer, so that your hair stood up?" asked a companion.

"Yes, I have been," said Billy, "scared so bad my hair rose up straight."

"At a bear?"

"Oh, no. There's no use getting scared at any animal. Some bears will fight and some won't. They're like men that way. What scared me, and what will scare me any time now, was a snow slide. I was caught in one once, and carried down the side of the mountain I don't know how far. Another man was in with me, but we both got out, somehow, before the slide took us over into the cañon. I wasn't scared then, and didn't feel hurt, but that night in my cabin I found that my side was all black and blue. I happened to go to the door, that night, for something or other, and as I looked out I heard a sound like the creep of a slide. Then I got scared. I sat down by the fire and just shivered and shook all over, I was so scared. My scalp crept. Since then a slide always scares me. I can't bear to hear any one sing that song about 'Slide, Kelly, slide.'"

Mr. Hofer was bewailing the appearance in one of the city papers of an interview wherein he was not correctly reported. "They make me say there are 'thousands of caribou in the Yellowstone Park,'" said he, while of course I never said anything of the kind."

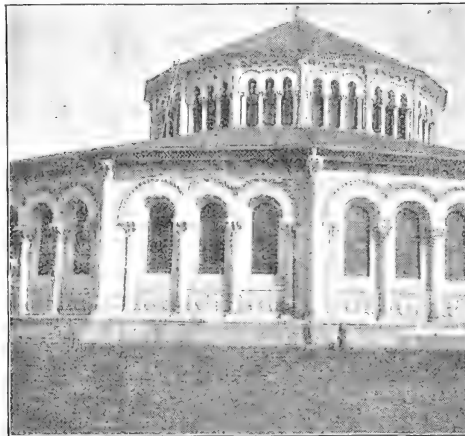
"When you are out catching young wild animals, don't you ever get attached to the little fellows as pets?" we asked him.

"Yes, of course I do, and to some much more than others. I don't much care for elk. They are awkward, clumsy things, with no great intelligence or affection about them. An antelope is the thing that you love, though. I don't know what there is so fascinating about a young antelope, but there is no other animal to which you get so strongly attached."

"I had a bear cub once that I thought a great deal of. Some bears are nice and some aren't. I liked this one. I think one of the funniest sights on earth was to see this little fellow sit up with a can of condensed milk in one paw trying to get the other paw down into it to feed himself. I often thought that if I could get a good photograph of that scene, showing the expression on the bear's face, I could sell it for almost anything to that condensed milk company."

And so we talked and talked until 9, 10 and 11 o'clock came and the candles of our illumination needed trimming. The wizard lights over in the Court of Honor flared to their zenith, paled and died out one by one.

The great search light which floods the sea-fountain



ANGLERS' PAVILION, FISHERIES BUILDING.

with curled rainbows can cast up into the heavens a shaft of light visible at a distance of eighty miles. But I wonder if it can carry our eyes any further toward the heart of nature, or toward the secret of content than Billy Hofer's illumination, made of two candles and an open fire?

The U. S. Exhibit.

The collection of fresh water fishes shown by the U. S. Fish Commission in the East Annex of the Fisheries is the finest ever gotten together upon an occasion. An equally fine display of salt water fishes is promised for a later day. The fish in the U. S. aquaria are much troubled with fungus and are unsightly, but Dr. Bean explains that in a week this will almost entirely have disappeared. This collection of fishes has been made under many difficulties, but when all is done it will be the most typical and representative aggregation of American fishes ever known.

The personnel of the U. S. Commission as represented here is as follows: Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, representative of the U. S. Commission; Mr. W. De C. Ravenel, chief special agent in charge of fishculture. Mr. W. H. Abbott, of the Fisheries Division; Mr. C. H. Townsend, of the Scientific Inquiry Division; Prof. S. A. Forbes, director of aquaria; Dr. S. P. Bartlett (also secretary of the Illinois State Commission), field agent and receiver at Quincy, Ill. These certainly make up a fine body of intelligent and earnest scientific workers, and under their hands one of the most interesting features of the entire Fair has been perfected. The preparations and the work of installation are much more complete in the Government Building than in any other of the public buildings; indeed, nearly everything is in place and in order.

A model fish hatchery is shown in the Government Building, a very curious thing to many. There are 20 jars now running, showing 100,000 eggs of perch, pike-perch and trout in various stages of development. In one tank a number of trout fry are also shown.

Near by the hatchery are displayed some large tables of statistics of the U. S. Commission, to which I heartily commend the wise Illinois governor, John P. Altgeld. By these tables it appears that the Commission during the years 1872-1882 distributed of the young of food fishes, 341,696,977. During 1882-1892 the output was 2,391,389,410. This latter, or the former, or a much less number, is much bigger than the Illinois governor can think. Of whitefish alone over 1,000,000,000, or about one-third of the total, have been distributed. Of adult black bass there have been distributed 123,666. This latter represents only one year's work, and that the beginning one. The statistics do not run into 1893. Certainly these figures are of interest.

Not All Dry Facts.

A great many think that the work of the U. S. Commission is all dry, scientific or statistical, and that it has no interest for the average man, so that the U. S. exhibit can well be passed or hurried through. Never was mistake

more serious than this. To miss the U. S. exhibit is to miss one of the most entertaining features of the Fair, one that is not only instructive, but interesting and fascinating. Thus one may see depicted the life and customs of the Indians of the Northwest coast and Alaska, their weapons, their implements, their manner of taking fish and their methods of life. The seal fisheries, the rookeries, the beasts, birds and peoples of that unkind country are shown to the life, as well as the dress, the ornaments and the odd belongings of those savage but ingenious folk who dwell so close to the wild nature here so graphically shown in evidence. Hours could be spent in the Indian quarters alone, looking at the models of the Alaskan villages, the salmon weirs, the rude nets, the crude but effective harpoons, spears, gigs and arrows, so uncouth in some ways, and yet so finely and intricately ornamented in detail.

Private Exhibits in the U. S. Building.

Still again, it is not only matters historical, scientific or anthropological that the U. S. Fish Commission is confined. Some of the finest private exhibits of the Exposition are in this department, including the displays of many noted makers of fine tackle. Most of the cases are now completely furnished, especially so far as the rods are concerned. The Montague City Rod Co. shows in a row of fine cases a collection of 87 rods in all, ranging from low-priced tools to high-grade split-bamboo, and including many very workmanlike wood rods. The reels to be shown by the U. S. Commission will come from the Andrew B. Hendryx Co., of New York, but they are not yet in place.

A Jubilee Rod.

Mr. G. C. Hemenway, representing the well known house of Abbey & Imbrie, was the other afternoon looking with interest at the work of installing the Abbey & Imbrie display of fine rods, the queen bee of which is a magnificent production known as the "Jubilee rod." This rod is one of five made by Abbey & Imbrie for display in the Queen's jubilee exposition in London. The other four were sold in England at \$2,000 each, and brought the American house \$75,000 of trade besides. This rod now in Chicago is the equal of the others in all respects. It is a perfectly-made split-bamboo, faultless and ornamental to an unsurpassable degree. Even the ferrule plugs are exquisitely engraved. The precious metals only are used in the trimmings and fittings, the grip being of pure gold, richly and deeply chased. The butt of the rod contains a cut topaz the size of a pigeon egg and worth alone \$1,200. This is *de luxe, fin-de-siècle, fin-du-monde*, anything you like. Add to this the full display of the Abbey & Imbrie flies and you may picture a very striking case.

An Amateur Display.

One of the prettiest things about the whole fish exhibit is a handsome case, only about 3ft. square, which Dr. Bean has received in charge for Mr. D. W. C. Farrington, of Lowell, Mass., a gentleman 70 years of age, who has kept young by outdoor pleasure trips. Mr. Farrington shows a tidy card of trout flies, all of his own tying, which are as beautiful and faultless as any made by a professional. Below the flies is the mount of a fine brook trout, one of the most artistic things of the kind I ever saw, and yet showing an effect accomplished by the simplest methods. The skin is not stuffed at all, but is simply a half skin stretched in profile over an oblong block of polished beech wood, whose curve is just that shown by the full figure of the trout. The skin is attached by fish glue, and is laid on without a wrinkle. Every spot and line of color and tracery are there. The glass eye is the only artificiality, and the whole is artistic and very fetching. Mr. Farrington must have an artist's eye and hand.

Mrs. Marbury's Flies.

But if we are to speak of art, and tastefulness and beauty, we must after all pass further on and yield the palm eventually to a woman. There is no display in the Fine Arts Building more exquisite, more delicate, or more beautiful than the collection of the Chas. F. Orvis flies, as arranged by Mary Orvis Marbury. There are 78 plates of actual flies, of all sizes and colors, from gray-nidge to Jock-Scott salmon, tied perfectly—and nothing on earth is more beautiful than an artificial fly. The plates, or screens, are hinged at the back and swing freely for easy inspection. Each screen is something like 3ft. square and each screen carries a photograph, or several photographs, of illustrative motive, many of them typical or directly illustrative of the country, or the methods of fishing in that country, where the fly would naturally find its use. There are photographs showing fly-fishing and fly-fishing waters for trout, salmon and bass, from Pennsylvania and Montana, from Maine and Michigan, from Colorado and California, from the Adirondacks, from Canada, from Eastern States and Rocky Mountain country, North, South and everywhere. Indeed, the photographs themselves would be artistically interesting in the highest degree even without the brilliant offset of the feathery poems by their side. The artist faculty here, however, is too subtle to be tied down to narrow lines. It would be natural for another to put by a given fly only a picture showing that fly in use. Not so with Mrs. Marbury. You may find only a general and artistically germane handling of such topics, and as you turn the leaves of this fairy book you may fall upon the photographic copy of some noted painting showing a phase of angling sport, or you may see, perhaps, a group of the factory girls who tie the flies, or you may see the picture of a wood, a country road, a bridge over a brook; to find next, in contrast of motive, the stupendous scenery, the heavy rush of waters of the colossal West. Let those grumble who wish, there is one thing at the Fair which no man is fit to criticise and which no woman will criticise, and that is the collection of artificial flies arranged by Mary Orvis Marbury.

Near the above is a display of the 32 colored plates familiar to the readers of "Favorite Flies and Their Histories." On the whole, Mr. Orvis may feel delighted with the showing his sterling products have received.

The Gun Exhibits Later.

Owing to the unfinished condition of installation affair in the great Manufactures Building, it will be best to defer mention of the gun exhibits until later. When such firms as the Winchesters, the Smith & Wessons, etc., have not their goods yet in order, it is best to wait a bit.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Sea and River Fishing.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—V.

The Return Trip.—V.

[Continued from page 430.]

EARLY the next morning we broke camp with the intention of going to Mamais, but not liking the appearance of the weather shortly after starting, put into Montreal River, where we had breakfast. We found here on the gravelly banks at the mouth some large dip-nets, about 1 ft. in diameter, with which the Indians take Mackinac salmon in the fall season. Peter gave us a practical explanation of netting the fish. The net, which is fastened to a pole about 20 ft. long, is thrown in the stream, and then dragged down the current so the fish can be taken head first. As soon as a struggle in the net is felt, it is an immediate race up the bank dragging along the kicking victim. All the Indians and half-breeds at Aguawa station secure their winter's fish here. To give you an idea of their plentitude, will state that Mr. Schilling last fall caught seven barrels of them in two or three days. Here they are cleaned and salted, and then taken home in their "Mackinacs."

This river is exceedingly picturesque in places and well worth ascending. It plunges through gorges, and comes sweeping along with a roar over rapids, and by chasms of wild, dreamy fascination; in fact it is a region of grandeur that will ever tempt the prophetic soul and yearning heart of man to deep meditation, and lead him to fervently exclaim:

"But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassured
My feeble virtues."

Having breakfasted, we ventured again upon the lake, and after going some five miles, the flying scuds and a rising breeze so filled the soul of the prognosticating Emery with frightful adversaries, that we sought the shore, much to our chagrin. "Me no like it," was the plea for a retreat, and "me no like it" either, as we were getting very tired of this retreating at every indication. In about an hour, the wind dying out, we proceeded once more, but to the music of the dipping oars, as the little breeze then prevailing was a head one. The men worked with pipes in their mouths and were in no hurry for the advance. At Point aux Mines we went in and had dinner. After that, Ned wishing to try for a trout or two, we coaxed along the rocks to give him a chance for the red-coat. He whipped the waters for quite a while, and then concluding there were none that desired an interview, reeled up and discontinued his thrashing. Away we go again, over the heave of the lake, to the low murmur of the beating waves and the drifting of dingy clouds overhead.

Just before reaching Mamais, we met the Hon. Andrew Jackson and Judge J. H. Steere, of Sault Ste. Marie, in a Mackinac with their boatman, off for a ten days' trout-trip, headed direct for the Twin Sisters, our last camping place, and as they had a favorable wind, which was now blowing quite fresh, expected to reach it by nine o'clock that evening. One of their men was a brother to our Peter, and is said to be one of the best guides that ever went out from the "Soo." We had quite a friendly chat of some fifteen minutes and then the boats parted and soon had miles between them.

The boys were now using the sail, and the breeze, which was freshening every minute, sent our boat plowing through creamy fields of snow. The shadow of night was fast falling, and a sky forming of portentous clouds, promising anything but pleasant weather. We were sure of port, for it would be but a few minutes before reaching and swinging around the rocky point just ahead that led to the channel between the island and shore.

"Down with the sail," sang out Peter, a moment after, and down it came, and then into the harbor we swept, glad that the day's vexatious trip was over. Our astronomer and his associate were both happy, as they expected to have a cabin, a deserted one, to sleep in that night. We also concluded to inhabit part of it, taking the upper story and leaving the boys to stand guard below, where their culinary preparations would not interfere with us.

We had landed at a small pier which had been built there years ago when the place was used as a fishing station. It being quite convenient enabled the men to soon have the boat unloaded and the goods under cover in a small inclosure adjoining. In making an examination of the sleeping room we noticed that it was well ventilated, one of the window frames being without sash, and fortunately for us, found a couple of beds of balsam at least a foot thick in one corner. It had dried some, but the fragrance from it was still fresh, filling the room with an aroma that was pleasant to inhale. The mattresses being placed on these downy boughs, it made a bed fit for prince or peasant.

Taking our supper in the cabin was really an unmistakable advance to civilization, yet I preferred the fresh air with the blue canopy—for he who stands often with nothing between him and the open heavens will gain from them both health and morals. "Air is the king of physicians," and his great magician, the sun, is ever changing, with a wand of gold, the fireless eye and sorrow cheeks to the brilliant glow of health. A caged bird droops and dies for want of flight, of air, of change, and so with the slave of mammon. Better by far the sports of fields, woods and streams, where the huntsman winds his merry horn, and the angler circles his deceptive flies.

"The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries exceeding all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favorite share."

We were just dropping into the land of forgetfulness that night when we heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet, and in monotone the caw, caw, caw of divers crows that had taken possession of the roof.

"I think," said Ned, after listening awhile, "they are holding a caw-cus."

"Ned, that's horrible, they are simply indulging in the National game."

Flop, flop, flop, and one sailed away.

"He is out on a fly," said Ned, with a chuckle.

Flop, flop, flop, goes a second.

"Another one umpired out," again cries the effervescent Ned.

A caw, caw, caw, then a flop, flop, flop, and they all went out on the fly, and I went into dreamland and saw an elephant nine batting with their trunks and sending great cannon balls sky high.

A daffodil sky and a west wind that shook out [the fragrance of the balsamic forest were the morning salutations. The breeze, soon after breakfast, was blowing such great gusts that it was simply impossible to venture further on the trip; but as we had had fine sport were perfectly willing for a day or two's rest therefrom, and so possessed our souls with gentle patience.

The boys, aspiring to be mighty nimrods, took the gun, as soon as they had cleaned the breakfast dishes, and scoured hills and dales in eager search for game, but after an absence of four or five hours returned in disgrace without fur or feather for a trophy. Ned in the meantime had crossed over to the island with his rod, but owing to the heavy "northwester," to which point the wind had now turned, could not cast his flies to advantage against the head wind. He was soon satisfied with his futile efforts, and then went to gathering some gooseberries, with which the island abounded. Being left alone in camp, I strolled along a narrow road that led to Point aux Mines, and feasted on what nature presented in this lonely solitude. There were few birds and those not rare. No gorgeous oriole in ruffling gold, the princeling of them all, greeted me, nor did a blackcap present himself to proudly display his yellow waistcoat and velvet hood. A white-throated sparrow, however, crossed my path, as also a little warbler, the violet of the air, and then a partridge, in his dull grassy colors, flew upon the limb of a maple and looked at me with his stupid eyes as unconcerned as if I were of the forest. A butterfly next came in delightful review, and on his delicate hues I feasted as if making it an artistic study, when suddenly a cawing crow in plumage as dark as Erebus—a reminder of the night's prowling of some of his thievish crew—rose on high, sounding his discordant notes as he flew by, and this was all I saw of the children of the air.

As I idled along the path I could hear the roar of the great lake, and wishing to see the angry sea once more in the bright sunlight, I picked my way through the forest, and was soon upon a gigantic rock looking at the towering surges as they showed their white teeth. Here I saw great bulwarks of granite that had been bolted with traps of porphyry and quartz, crusted with mica schist, and riveted with spikes of iron, lead and tin, that had been dethroned by the battling storms and lying prone upon the ragged shore as evidence of the immense strength of the wave's batter, and the crushing power of the ice. Avalanches of white whirling foam came with a rush and roar over the savage crags that were frightfully appalling, and told impressively why widows and orphans inhabit the cities of the sea. Satisfied with the passion-worn waters, and the wild dismal stretch of coast with its frowning cliffs, its rents, its fissures and its debris of rock, I again sought camp, feeling that my hour in the green woods and by the tumultuous lake had been to me a revelation that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

From the way the heavy surges pounded all day we concluded we were in for a three days' blow, as a northwester generally lasts that long. This was Emery's prophecy, but he was doomed to disappointment and a running fire from us, for the next morning the heavens were in cream-colored masses, while the glowing sun turned the waters into a rich and dazzling sapphire that gave promise of a glorious day.

The word was given, after we had partaken of the matutinal meal, to break camp and sail for Grindstone Point, where we expected a day or two's royal sport with the piscoes of the rouge and rosy hues. We had had two days' absence from the pursuit of the redfins, and were now becoming quite anxious to hear once more the rhythm of the reel and to feast our eyes upon the rich red hues that rivalled the blush of the peach and the pink of the shell.

Ned was so desirous of feeling the thrill of delight in handling one of these claret-painted combatants, that we ferried him to the island for that purpose, and there left him to be taken up after we had loaded the boat and were on our winding way over the tossing seas.

The boys were so eager to be afloat that morning that I took an active part in getting things aboard, and it seemed but a few minutes before we were off and had picked up Ned, who declared there was neither a hungry, gaping or over-curious *fornalis* along the island shore. He was content to wait now that he had wet his flies and seen their surface-dance, but he would go for gore, with a vengeance, when he had reached one of their populous districts at or near the point with the gritty grindstone women.

Emery, the prophetic, ever on the lookout for cloudy signals, espying a few trifling scuds peeping o'er the far-away belt of the horizon in the west, announced, with serious aspect, "a blow soon."

"For heaven's sake," says Ned, "let it blow, and blow the old patched rag to tatters, for I am heartily tired of this sailing in zephyr breezes, and sneaking ashore every time a little puff of wind arises."

This silenced the serious prophet, who, fully realizing that we were for an onward movement without regard to his direful warnings, leaned over the rudder handle and riveted his eyes upon those tiny clouds as if they were to him a matter of life and death.

There was a good sailing breeze now, that made the foam bells fall and tinkle with a glad merriment along the sides of the speeding craft. Overhead the sky was luminous, while upon land and water the sunlight fell in hazy warmth. The ever present scavenger—the white-winged gull—as if pleased with the dazzle, sailed on high, while the coast, under the lustre of the advancing sun, gave us picture after picture of grand beauty in silvery tints and quiet shadows, which mingled in pleasing harmony with the purple hills, the peaceful vales, the frowning cliffs, the jutting rocks, the receding bays, the lonely islets, and all that make, under drowsy clouds and the throbbing sound of wavelets, the impressive in nature. Naturally we turned to converse, after some upon scene of shoreland had delighted the eye and pleased the fancy, and nearly every subject handled until we had worn it threadbare. One day in camp Ned asked me if I had observed the immense latitude and longitude that Peter gave to his narrations. "I had," I answered, and then we agreed to give the fairy romancer a pill or two of his own making, as he had just stated, when we were on the topic of humidity, that he had seen it shower on the lake

every day for six months. Thinking it a good time to endeavor to balance the account, Ned said:

"That was a long-continued dropping of the moist beads, but when I was in Washington Territory, some years ago, it was visited by a rainfall that washed twenty-five miles of the Catskill Mountains into the Pacific."

"What, rocks and all?" inquired the surprised Peter.

"Yes, and rocks bigger than a house were carried by the torrents fifty miles or more to the sea."

"Gee Whillikins!"

"Not only that, but it rains so long and hard in that country that the people naturally become web-footed, and are thus enabled to cross a stream like a duck."

"What?"

"Not only that, but the climate was so wet that all their cats and dogs disappeared in the moisture. Then they tried Newfoundland dogs and water spaniels for awhile, but it was entirely too damp for them and so they went. Then a brilliant idea came to them, which was the training of fishes to follow them around."

"Fishes!"

"Why, certainly. I had a fine Columbia River salmon, which accompanied me downtown every day and waited around the office door till I came out and then followed me back home. One of my neighbors was attended by a beautiful trout, which weighed about 6 lbs., and insisted upon going everywhere he went, swimming, sporting about him all the while."

"That takes the bakery, oven and dough," concluded Peter, and then he looked as if he had been ground down to a fine point, and stood before us as a close relative of Ananias.

We heard no more romancing from that half-breed as we were aware of during the remainder of the trip. The chestnut we thought a good one and apropos.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TARPON IN THE GULF.

OSPREY, Fla., May 15.—If there lives a man, who has been through the entire angler's list from the rifle chub to the Silver King, and who still speaks in a depreciatory tone of the pluck of the tarpon, I wish to hear from him. The creek chub, the Nipigon brook trout, the black bass of the cold Canada lakes, the fierce salmon of the icy rivers of Norway are all good enough in their way, but compared with the tarpon it is in a small way.

Last week I coquetted with a *Megalops* for fourteen minutes, and in this short space of time he cleared the water for an airing no less than eleven times—ran under the boat, twice and stood on his head with tail out of water over an oyster reef once in a vain endeavor to rub the snood away. The violent efforts of this acrobat, however, quite exhausted him, and inside of a quarter of an hour he was guffed and amusing himself by trying to hammer out the bottom of my boat with his powerful tail. Following the rules of prudence my companion and I retired to the extreme ends of our small flat bottom craft, resigning amiships to his majesty. This was a small fish measuring 5 ft. 7 in., but he was a very frisky little fellow.

Little Sarasota Bay, better known for its fine oysters than for its fishing, is connected with the Gulf of Mexico by a narrow and deep channel which looks like a river and runs like a mill race. Through this narrow inlet, water pours in and out at each turn of the tide with a speed far from comfortable when it is going the wrong way. This passage is the only relief for a series of bays almost ten miles in length. From my winter shanty to the Gulf by way of the Pass is about three and a half miles, while in a direct course across the bay and over the key, to the beach is not half a mile. (While I am on this subject of land and water it may be well to assure the gentle reader that I have no real estate or lots for sale, nor do I know of any of the neighbors who either wish to sell or desire to see strangers. There is no hotel within twelve miles and boarders are not wanted and are detested. There is no school, no church, no society, no railroad, no beef, no butter, no comfort, but when it comes to climate, tarpon, other gulf fish, oysters, then I can have a word with you.)

The tarpon cares nothing for railroads or churches, so he is satisfied to headquarter around here and may be taken with proper bait and outfit off and on from October to June. Through the summer he is a drug in the market. Sometimes in fall and spring I have hooked him within a few yards of my front door (no lots for sale and no near neighbors wanted).

The impression prevails that the tarpon is a bay fish; that he noses around in the mud and among the weeds, picking up a nice piece of fresh mullet on general principles just as a man might pick up a half dollar lying on the pavement. The notion is correct as far as it goes. Your swell New York society man also grovels; he slips around on Wall street, he frequents dark, ill-flavored offices. But down town we do not see him at his best; he must beseech over champagne among the Four Hundred before we can size him up. The king may degrade himself sometimes, he may poke around among weeds and allow his bur-nished sides to come in contact with the foul mud of the inner bays; he may frequent the home of the wearisome catfish. The average angler finds him inside and waits, seated in his boat anchored near the flats and oyster bars, for the coil to run out.

Yesterday, however, I saw the king amid royal surroundings. At the mouth of the Pass I viewed a great school of these magnificent fish playing and feeding in the breakers. They dashed around and came to the surface exposing their backs, fins and tails. At times as many as five or six would be on the surface at the same moment. By wading in among the rocks I managed to get within casting distance, but could not get them to take my bait, which was a large chunk of rovalia. I next tried to get to them with the boat, but the Gulf was so rough that we almost swamped. I have an idea that the silver king may be taken in the Gulf at the mouth of the Pass without waiting for a coil to run out, so we may have a sensation ahead.

The tarpon which I saw yesterday were occupied in the midst of a lot of small fry, acres, in fact, of small fish about two inches long and no thicker than a small quill toothpick. Thousands of the fry were being devoured by Spanish mackerel, bony fish, groupers, man-grove snappers, rovalia, etc. Whether the tarpon were devouring the small fry or picking up larger fish I am unable to report, as the millions of small fry kept near the surface, giving the water an inky appearance.

NONE SUCH,

THE "KINGFISHERS" IN CANADA.—II.

Big Basswood Lake.

WE were out with the sun in the morning, a trifle stiff and sore from a too close contact with Bro. Dyer's floors, but otherwise in good trim and humor for a big breakfast—for we were hungry as wolves—and to begin the work of making camp.

Dyer came out to inspect the outfit and offer a few suggestions about locating the tents, which gave us the opportunity of getting the first good sight of him, and he was certainly the oddest looking little "ole cuss"—with the wind meandering through his whiskers—that we had seen for many a day.

He was rigged out in a pair of well patched doe skin breeches that scorned a near acquaintance with his shoe tops, so slick and glazed with grease and other foreign substances that a fly would have slipped and broken its neck had it attempted to locate on them. These held up by a strap buckled around his waist, an old unglazed woolen shirt, and his head adorned with a low, flat-crowned hat of the same ancient aspect, around under the band of which were stuck at various angles a lot of feathers from the tail of a grouse. But it afterward turned out that Bro. Dyer was like a singed cat—a good deal better than he looked—and we got to respect him for his independence and a vein of good practical sense.

The cook made a big pot of coffee, fried some ham and eggs, making use of Dyer's big stove in the summer kitchen at the south end of the house, and we ranged ourselves around a big table in the dining-room, old Sam remarking from the head of the table that "he wished he had a quartz mill to break up them round, flat rocks that Dobie had played on 'Jeems Mackerel' fur ship biscuits."

Breakfast over, we lost no time in getting to work at making camp, even though we had to sprain the Sabbath in doing it. Four tents were put up right at the edge of woods in the open space east of the house, a table built a few yards from them, over which the big fly was stretched not more than 50ft. from the kitchen door, and we began to feel at home. However, we were not "on our own dung-hill," and didn't feel that it was our turn to crow by hoisting "Old Glory," for there, not 30ft. over our blasted American heads, a few yards from the house, flew the Cross of St. George from a new flag-pole, which Dyer must have erected for our especial benefit.

However, after a day or two he took it down and very courteously asked us to hoist the Stars and Stripes in its stead, and the old flag was fished out and run up to the block; but this time, out of deference to our neighbor, the usual salute and ceremonies were dispensed with.

Dyer wished us to let it remain up, but after a couple of days I took it down and put it away, lest some of our neighbors, not so imbued with international courtesy as Brother Dyer, might happen around and "kick" and make trouble for us with the nearest magistrate, not half a mile away—Mr. Harris, who was also the postmaster of Day Mills and the big tadpole of the puddle.

Dyer was a typical and thorough John Bull, and when the weather was not stormy he had some one of his half dozen or more different English flags flying at the top of the staff to remind him of his allegiance to good Queen Vic. He was an old bachelor, living there alone, with no companionship but some well chosen books, a dozen or more firearms, from an ancient pistol, a pair of old large caliber Colts, and an old muzzle-loading shotgun, on up to a modern breechloader, a Hotchkiss and a Winchester rifle, the guns standing in a rack against the south wall of the dining room, and all loaded, as Harry averred. Besides these, three or four score of trolling spoons and baits of all sizes and shapes, and odd conceits, hung against the stairway wall, all made by his own hand when the snow was deep in the winter and time hung heavily on his hands. His other fishing tackle was, however, of the most primitive kind; a pole out in the "bresh" and seasoned, with a line tied to one end—and either end would have answered about as well as the other—without reel or other appliance, constituting his whole stock in trade. (Before breaking camp we rigged him out with a jointed rod, reel, an oiled silk line and a lot of hooks, and made him happy.) At the west side of the room was a small work bench with an iron vise attached, and back of it, along the window, a tool rack filled with watchmaker's and a variety of other kinds of tools. Verily, this room was a curiosity shop, and well worth an hour's inspection.

He was a watchmaker by trade, but had given it up a few years before on account of failing eyesight, and having taken a fancy to this charming little spot on Big Basswood Lake, he bought a patch of land and built a house on it with the notion of some day making a summer resort of it, but the C. P. R. R., when finished, had given the expectant Day Mills people the go-by by three and a half miles and Dyer was left high and dry on the plateau overlooking Big Basswood, waiting for something to turn up as it were.

But the railroad is not too far away, and if some one with a little capital and United States push would go in there and give it a lift the place might be made a most desirable and pleasant summer spot for quiet-loving people and the brethren of the rod who are fond of very fine fishing.

With these few digressions we will proceed with the camp making. Brother Dyer was disposed to be a little pompous at first and had some notions about making a camp and other matters, but we had been at it too long to pay much attention to suggestions, and things went serenely our way, as they usually do when in the woods, and by the middle of the afternoon the camp was about finished to our placement, and Dyer graciously admitted that we "knew how to do it."

He said our cook could, as a matter of convenience, use his kitchen and big stove, which was done for several days, but we made up our minds that the tariff was too high and kicked for a new deal. He wanted \$12 a week, or \$1.50 each, for the use of that stove and "other conveniences," but it smacked so much of a case of "bleeding the tenderfeet" that we concluded to move the camp rather than be played for a lot of suckers. However, we found him disposed to be reasonable and fair after a talk, and he left the matter entirely to us, with the result that a bargain was made satisfactory to all concerned and the cook used the stove till we broke up. We knew, however, that the arrangement didn't "set well on Kelpie's crop," as he remarked, "It was the first time he had ever camped in a man's door-yard who kept a stove for revenue only."

But after Dyer got us sized up and we had become

accustomed to his peculiarities we found him more companionable and ready to accommodate as the days went by, and the camp turned out to be a very pleasant one. I don't write these things as a criticism on brother Dyer's methods, I only write them as a hint that a man may be mistaken in his estimate of a party and a trifle "off" in his ideas of the value of accommodations he may have to sell.

Not till the camp was in running order did we take time to view our surroundings and have a look at the lake, although we had stolen a glimpse or two at it from our limited point of observation, which was in the bight of a lovely little bay that allowed only a view across, and up lake a distance of three or four miles to an island, where it took a trend to the left.

A hundred and fifty yards or more out from the house was a low bare point of rock looking up lake from the entrance of the little bay, and just back of this, heavy woods began and reached clear around to the camp and beyond, hiding from sight a matter of three miles of the lower end of the lake. Dyer's house, and the camp were 150ft. or thereabouts back from the water, 30ft., at a guess, above the level of the bay and near the break of a gently sloping hill, down which led a path to a strip of sandy beach a few rods long that made a good landing place for the boats, and it was the only sandy spot in more than three miles of shore line on that side of the lake; in fact there are only seven or eight patches of sandy beach to be found around the entire circuit of the lake, which Dyer estimates at twelve miles long by two and a half miles wide at the widest point; all the rest rocks, rocks, rock and dirty brown weather-beaten and gray-tinted piles and walls of granite rising straight out of the water nearly all along the south shore line to heights of from 5 to 80ft. and more; and along the west half of the north shore the formation is much similar. Nearly all around this line of broken shore, indented by several deep bays on the south and at the lower end is a growth of lovely woods; cedar, spruce, pine, hemlock, aspens, birch and small bushes, but not a solitary basswood that we could discover; hence, why the name, Big Basswood?

It is a grand lake, a most beautiful lake, and one might float around on its waters a whole summer and find something new and fresh every day to please the eye. The water is so clear to the bottom at a depth of 20ft. or more, and it must be fed by springs from the bottom, as there are only two feeders, a couple of puny streams flowing in at the head—one, Beaver Creek, the other the outlet of Loon Lake—while its own outlet is, as aforementioned, a very rapid, wild stream of considerable volume. This stream has, we were told, a fall of about 98ft. in three-quarters of a mile or less, to where it flows into Mud Lake. The greater part of this fall is within a distance of a couple of hundred yards above the mill where the bridge spans the stream at the foot of the hill. It comes tumbling and brawling down the hill over a bed of rock, ragged and rough, overhanging with trees and bushes on the east side of the wild-looking cleft in the hill through which it finds its way, dodging and scurrying around and over great boulders and shelving rock with a noisy melody, and dropping here and there for temporary rest into quiet little pools, "where the trout love to hide."

From the bridge up to the very head where it drops out of the lake over a little dam that has raised the water in Big Basswood 4 or 5ft. above its natural level, we took at different times about fifty trout of "small caliber," and it was hard work to get even so many, for it had been fished to death by the natives, as evidenced by the well-worn path through the woods and "bresh" along the east bank. A few rods below the bridge was another mill—this one a saw mill—and from there on down to where it flowed into Mud Lake not a sign of trout or other fish was to be found, although the "village blacksmith" told us that before the mill was built and the stream polluted and ruined with sawdust it was literally alive with them of good size, and great strings were taken out by the neighbors round about without a thought of the supply ever running out, as the stream filled up with them from the lake below about as fast as they were yanked out.

But the sawdust got its work in, and now the water below the mill is utterly barren.

So it goes, and will keep on going; what with the mills, the count-fisher and the trout-hog the trout have a hard row to hoe, and the wonder is there are so many of them left.

When the camp was finished we began to think about bait, but we found it rather a perplexing question at first. Dyer said there were no minnows to be had in the lake, which was true, for in all our cruising and fishing around it we never caught or saw any minnows, not even a young perch, bluegill or goggle-eye. There are no fish in the lake, so our neighbors told us, except small-mouthed bass, brook trout and lake trout—same as the Mackinaw—some of the latter having been taken as high as 25lbs. in weight. However, this broad assertion was disproved one day when we found washed up dead on the beach at the camp a curious looking fish about 6in. long, shaped like an eel, dorsal, tail fin and all, but with belly fins and very fine, hard scales, and a 4in. dead minnow that Charley pronounced a "striped chub."

But we got on the trail of some speckled frogs on the grassy common back of the camp and soon had enough "hived" for a starter in the morning, as the day was too far gone to put the canvas boats together and start out for a study of the water that evening.

This common proved to be a regular bait mine for us; we hived probably 200 frogs on it during our stay, and while the morning dew was on the raspberry bushes around the border we could pick off a pint or more of grasshoppers that "hadn't got their jints limbered up fur jumpin'" as old Sam said, and these were found most excellent bait for the bass.

Next morning, the 18th, after breakfast, we put the two canvas boats together, the "Ironclad" and the "Ben Harrison," the latter a steel-ribbed boat made by C. W. King, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and a very excellent and seaworthy boat, and got ready to go a-fishin'. While we were "jointing up," brother Dyer came out from the house with his "deep-set granulated voice" and a rakish tilt to his feather-mounted hat and nearly paralyzed us with, "Gentlemen, I'd like to inspect your tackle, to see if it is strong enough to handle some of the big fish in this lake," and with a self-satisfied air he proceeded to "heft" the light rods, examined with a critical eye the size of our lines, and at last said, with an incredulous smile and a shake of the head, "Too light, gentlemen, too light; they'll smash 'em into bits." But they didn't, as he found out after we had fished

a few days, and long before we broke camp he gracefully admitted that he had learned a good many new wrinkles about tackle and bass fishing.

He had written that he could furnish us a couple of boats, but when we came to look at them we found them unfit for use. One was a long, narrow, cranky, clinker built affair, made by some one that evidently knew all about making everything except a boat. It was designed for a sailboat, Dyer said, but it wouldn't stand up without a half ton of rocks in it for ballast, and this brought it down till the gunwales were within 3 or 4in. of the water. Without the ballast it would loop over to one side or the other till the gunwale touched the water, and lie there—and we let it lie there. The other had been designed no doubt for a skiff, but the builder must have been a coffin maker and got the two trades mixed up somewhat in his mind, for it looked and handled about as much like a coffin as it did a boat. However, some of the boys used it a time or two as a last resort, but it was a back breaker to pull and none of them hankered after a second trial.

The cook made us happy by saying his folks, who lived up near the extreme head of the lake, had two boats, and if any of us would make a trip up there we were welcome to the use of one or both of them as long as we were in camp. A day or two after Charley and I went up in the ironclad and brought back one of them, a little light wooden boat, 10ft. 2in. in length, as I remember it, with a 4in. keel from stem to stern. I think it was the best boat in rough water that I have ever been in, and the boat question was at rest, for there was no day that we all fished from the boats, and these three were ample for our needs.

Our first day's fishing did not amount to much, as we spent most of the time prospecting the water and admiring the wild scenery along the shore. We took eighteen bass altogether, all small-mouths, that ran from 2 to 2½lbs., and in all our experience we have never found harder fighters.

Old Sam and Harry walked over to the outlet, about 60 or 70 rods from the camp, and fished along down the stream to the falls for trout, but it was hard work, and their combined score was only eight trout, hardly enough to change the smell in the fryin' pans, and some of them were little above the limit of 5in.

We fished the stream several times afterwards, but never got more than five or six out of it at a time. It had been about fished out, and what were left had become too smart and shy to be fooled.

After two or three days we got down to bass fishing in earnest, and we caught them nearly everywhere. All along the south shore, up lake as far as an island about three miles above camp, at every rocky point, around another small island at the entrance to a deep, narrow bay—there were three deep bays between camp and the big island in the middle of the lake—almost anywhere and everywhere there were bass. Around the big island was great water for them, and we rarely fished it, notably along the south shore and upper end, without getting fine sport. They would bite at almost anything offered. We caught them with whole frogs; with the leg of a frog; with a frog's head; and one afternoon I took seven with the skin peeled from a frog's hind leg, which, trailed after the boat, had a whipping, fluttering motion like a flag in a breeze. They had a mighty "sweet tooth" too for grasshoppers, whether there were a half dozen or more on the hook or only one.

Fishing from almost any point of rocks along up shore we could see the fish take the bait in the clear water, and after he was hooked, from two to half a dozen and sometimes more would be seen chasing around after the bewildered victim to "see what was agitatin' of him," as Old Sam said.

A rubber helgramite was "pie" for them, and we took quite a number with the fly. The idea seems to prevail among anglers that a bass will not take a fly on the surface of the water, and the Colonel had said he would give \$5 to see a bass come up and "bark at a fly" like a trout. One afternoon he took three this way; the bass breaking almost on the instant that the fly struck the water. He was highly elated over it, and afterward, his fly-rod had more work to do than the bait-rod.

He and young Owen took many an hour's comfort on the point of rock across the little bay in front of the house. This was easily reached from the boat landing by a well worn path around the shore through the woods and brush, and there anchored on their camp stools they would sit and smoke, and fish off the ledge in 20 or 30ft. of water, and many a bass come to grief and was scooped up with the landing net and dropped in a puddle of water in a depression in the solid rock a few feet back of them. This rock was a favorite loafing place, and was rarely unoccupied during the day by some of us, especially when the lake was rough.

KINGFISHER.

"Forest and Stream" Fishing Postals.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., May 20.—Our guests this week are having splendid success in number and size. Streams are in most favorable condition, and prospects for the coming week are the very best.

LINDSTROM, Chicago County, Minn., May 20.—Black bass are now being caught in large numbers in Chicago Lake. The females have not begun yet to shed their spawn and will not apparently for some days yet. This is a backward season, and that may account for a late spawning, but it is very plain that the season ought not to open until late in June at the earliest. C. J.

SHOHOLA FALLS, Pa., May 20.—Mr. J. D. Walton, Eighth avenue and Fifty-first street, New York, caught 67 trout in one day weighing 15lbs. Mr. M. Lamber, Milford, Pa., caught 50 trout weighing 18lbs. The prospect for next week is good. G. W. H.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 19.—Another unsuccessful two-mile "tramp for trout" on Tuesday, 16th inst. Not a bite, not even a nibble, in one of my old favorite brooks. I will indorse "C. D. S." fully. He beat me two years ago on my own ranch, though, as a visitor, I gave him the best water. Shall try again when the water gets warmer, but fear "brook fishing" is done for for some years to come in this part of the State. VON W.

CUMMINGTON, Mass., May 16.—The spring has been so cool that the best trout fishing in this section will be several weeks later than usual, very little having been done as yet. E. S. H.

THE MAINE ICE IS OUT.

THE ice is out of the Maine lakes at last, and the trout season of 1893 is fully opened. A telegram to the Boston Herald, on Friday evening last, from Mr. O. A. Dennen, of the Kineo Hotel, announced that the ice had left Moosehead Lake. This clearing of the ice was nineteen days later than last year. The same day a telegram announced that Umbagog, the lower lake of the Rangeleys, had cleared of ice. This news was enough to put the sportsmen on the *qui vive*, and some of them took the trains Saturday morning for the Rangeleys and for Moosehead. Among these were the Stevenses, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, as always among the first to be off. Mr. C. P. Stevens has been up Richardson Lake on the first steamer for many seasons, and doubtless succeeded in doing so this year.

The telegraph announced on Saturday evening that Richardson Lake was clear of ice, and the other lakes in the chain have since cleared. J. B. Marble telegraphed on Sunday that Rangeley Lake cleared that morning. Mr. J. A. French, of Andover, has the Upper Dam camps again this season, and his son Tom is again running their steamers. Richardson Lake was fifteen days later in clearing than last year, it having been first clear of ice on the 5th in 1892. But the late clearing of the lakes in Maine makes promises of good fishing. Sportsmen say that "the trout will be hungry, having been shut up under the ice so much longer than usual." Again, the water is remarkably high in all the Maine trout and salmon lakes, the result of the late heavy rains and the late melting snows and ice. By many this is looked upon in a favorable light, so far as fishing is concerned. It will be remembered that the water was remarkably low in these same lakes and ponds last year.

One of the parties to be off early this week is headed by V. B. Nelson, of the Lynn police. At Mooselucmagentic lake he is to meet his fishing friends, who have been down to Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream, for land-locked salmon. They were to meet Mr. Nelson, at Mooselucmagentic, according to announcement by telegraph, and then they are to take in a few of the trout. These other gentlemen are Mr. Mansfield, the well-known Lynn tanner; Mr. Beggs, of the firm of Beggs & Cobb, one of the argest tanning concerns in the country, and Mr. Joseph Hoyet, also of Lynn.

The lumber trade of Boston and New England, in fact, is to be represented by one or two fishing parties this season. Each man in one of these parties has an office in the party, from anglevorm-digger and bait-fixer up to camp-cleaner and general provider. The grand object of the party is to move the ice out of Kennebag Lake on May 30, according to the programme, but alas, the ice leaves before that date. The gentlemen's names are Mr. Barney, Mr. Goss, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Rich, Mr. Howe, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Palmer, Dr. Bell, Mr. Pooker and Mr. Norton.

Another party from the lumber trade will be headed by the gentlemen of the Guilford Lumber Co., of Guilford, Me. This party will go to Moosehead Lake about May 25 and will remain some ten days. Mr. A. S. Percy is the Boston man of the concern, and Mr. P. McDuff is the New York man, and both are to be in the fishing party.

Mr. Charles Z. Basset, of Appleton & Basset, with his party, as mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, will start for Haines Landing, Mooselucmagentic Lake, on Thursday of this week. Mr. E. D. Pecker, a well known Boston stock broker, has concluded to join the party.

Mrs. Bartleman, who has spent several summers at the Mountain View House, foot of Rangeley Lake, leaves this week for the same point. Her son John is already there, having gone early in April. Mrs. Bartleman is generally successful in the streams about the mountain View with the fly. But alas for the laws that protect the trout! One of the streams she most delights to fish has been perpetually closed to all fishing. The wisdom of the last Maine Legislature believed that stream to be one of the trout nurseries of the lakes below and so it is perpetually closed.

Mr. Samuel Hano, of Newton, Mass., is already at the Rangeley Lakes, where he has gone early to put his new camps in order at Quimby Pond. His family will follow him later.

Sportsmen who have visited the Rangeley Lakes, and more especially The Birches and Bemis Camps, will be greatly pained to learn of the death of Florence Ella, wife of Capt. Fred C. Barker, on the 12th of May, aged 29 years. Mrs. Barker was the daughter of H. T. Kimball, of Rangeley, but better known as the proprietor of the Mountain View House. By her genial ways and loving, spotless life she had endeared herself to everybody in the lake region and had become the light of the camps of the noble-hearted Capt. Fred as well. Sportsmen have paused to shed tears of heart-felt sympathy for Capt. Barker. Hundreds have mentioned their sympathy and desire that FOREST AND STREAM pay this tribute to her and her bereaved husband.

The G. W. Wadsworth party, formerly the Eugene Clapp party, has dwindled to two or three since the death of Mr. Clapp. This year it will contain only Mr. G. W. Wadsworth, Mr. Haskins and possibly Mr. Paine; they will leave for Haine's Landing, Mooselucmagentic, about the 30th of May.

Mr. David H. Blanchard, so well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for his efforts last year to have less of netting in the New Brunswick salmon rivers, will start for Lake Winnepesaukee on Wednesday with his daughter. He goes to the camps of Mr. Rolin Jones on that lake. Mr. Jones and family left on Saturday for the same place. Mr. Frank Haynes is to join the party. Mr. Blanchard is also preparing for a visit to the salmon river.

Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, with his brother-in-law, J. Orin Bailey, and a couple of friends, recently tried the river at Byfield for pickerel. They fished one day and returned with thirty-three fine pickerel, the finest string from that river for a long time.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, was to leave his home in Lewiston for his camp on Mooselucmagentic lake as soon as the ice was out. Mrs. Frye goes with him. He is also to have for a guest Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire. Senator Frye walked into Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's the other day, and introduced the Senator from New Hampshire to Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, and the latter sold him an outfit. It seems that Senator Chandler is a beginner in the art of fly-fishing in Maine, but under the tutورش of Senator Frye he is likely to make rapid progress.

FOREST AND STREAM.

The Patridge party, that has visited the Rangeleys for a number of seasons, is somewhat broken up this year. Mr. Patridge is not going to the Rangeleys at all. He will visit the ponds in Winthrop later, for bass fishing. His physician forbids his taking the cold and chilly draughts connected with fishing early at the Rangeleys. His friend, Mr. Ackerman, of New York, with his son, will probably start for the Upper Dam about the 26th of May.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

A Little About Several Things.

The fishing in Lake George, N. Y., this spring has been remarkable, not only for the number of lake trout taken but for the unusual number of large fish that have appeared in the scores; and by large fish I mean lake trout weighing 14 to 16lbs. each. These are large fish for this lake, where for years 17lbs. was the maximum weight, a 12-pounder a prize, and one of 15lbs. a rarity.

A curious thing about the fishing has been that one piece of water about twenty-five acres in surface area has furnished the best of the fishing and most of the large trout. This place is between Green and Crown islands and extending around to and in front of the Sagamore Hotel dock on the first named island. This has not been noted heretofore as trout water, and some parts of it are shallow, so shallow that a trout of 15lbs. was caught where the water was only 10ft. deep. It was quite apparent why the trout were there, for the whitefish swarmed the water in immense schools, but why the whitefish should visit that particular part of the lake in hordes, that is, what special food took them there, has not yet been discovered. The bait used by the trout trollers was whitefish, and one fisherman who had nothing but chubs in his bait bucket, which the trout ignored, weighted a minnow gang and cast it into a school of whitefish and in this manner hooked and secured six whitefish of proper size for baiting his gang. This will give an idea of how the whitefish swarmed. Generally whitefish are seen all over the lake, each size schooling by itself, and when the water is still, they may be seen breaking the surface in all directions.

Two fishermen, Mr. E. P. Moore and Calhoun S. Enchis, of Glens Falls, while trolling for trout May 1, near Sabbath Day Point, hooked a black bass, small-mouth, of 18lbs., by far the largest black bass ever taken from the lake. Mr. Moore tells me that the bass was caught at the surface where the water was deep, at least he thinks so, but in this he is probably mistaken, as he was fishing from a steam launch and was not familiar with the sounding. The bass was a female, big with spawn, and was returned to the water alive.

In more than twenty years I have known of but two black bass being taken by trout trollers in May. As a rule the May fishing is done at the surface of very deep water, although I recall a year when we found trout on a shoal feeding on yellow perch, but that was years ago, before whitefish were planted and the round whitefish native to the lake were scarce. In 1883 a friend who had never trolled for trout went to the lake with me in May for the spring fishing. His boatman was a good oarsman, but knew little or nothing of the shoals, and every possible direction was given to him where to go and what to do. He came into the cottage at noon one day and announced that he had caught a black bass at the surface where I had told him the water was 100ft. deep. This I doubted, so much so that my friend rowed me to the place where his boat was when he felt the strike and asked if the water was 100ft. there, and I said it was about that, and asked him how much line he had out at the time, and he replied about 200ft., and I asked him to row 200ft. to the point where the bass took his bait. This he did, and when I told him to look over the side of the boat he was surprised to find he could see bottom. The date was May 11, the fish weighed 4lbs., and was a female full of spawn, and, as my journal reads, "might have spawned in six weeks." There was deep water around the shoal, and the fisherman, not knowing of the shoal, supposed he had taken a black bass where the water was 100ft. deep.

May 6 there was snow along the sides of the hills at North River and North Creek, the terminus of the Adirondack railway, and the streams were so high and thick that no brook trout had been taken up to that time.

A. N. CHENEY.

Canandaigua Angling Contest.

THE third annual fishing contest of the Canandaigua (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club will take place on Thursday, June 15. Porter F. Leach, of West Bloomfield, and Scott R. Sutton, of Naples, will act as captains of opposing teams. The rules governing the contest are as follows:

Rule 1. Only members in good standing in the Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club will be permitted to enter the contest.

2. Fishing is restricted to Canandaigua Lake, its inlets and outlet.

3. All fish must be caught between the hours of 12 o'clock, midnight, and the hour of reporting. All fishermen must report with their fish at the Town House on or before 9 o'clock P. M. All fish presented later than 9 o'clock P. M. will be barred and shall not be counted.

3. Each and every fish must be caught by hook and line, or rod and line—the line, or rod and line, handled, and every fish landed, by the contestant only.

5. No set line, or other devices than those mentioned above, will be permissible.

6. A supper will be provided on the night of contest, for contestants only, which supper must be paid for by the contestants on the losing side.

7. No person will be allowed more than one prize.

8. The size and weight of the fish, and the amount each one scores, shall be as follows:

Trout, German.	Length. Inches.	Score. Points.	Pickereel.	Length. Inches.	Score. Points.
Trout, Lake.	34	40	Pickereel.	12	7
Black bass.	8	40	Bullhead.	6	5
Pike.	32	40	Rock bass.	6	4
Whitefish.	12	20	Sunfish.	6	4
Chub.	8	8	Suckers.	10	3

Each contestant will score one additional point for each pound of fish caught.

The short sea sunfish, not the fresh-water sunfish, looks more like the disverred head of another fish than the entire animal, and is an uncanny sight,

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Michigan Bass.

Mr. Geo. M. Kilmer, Jr., of Lansing, Mich., has the following to say in regard to the fly-fishing on the Grand River, of the south peninsula:

"In the FOREST AND STREAM of April 27, I notice the interview with B. O. Bush of Kalamazoo, in regard to fly-fishing in the Grand River. He recommends below Lansing near Grand Ledge. I have fished that stream from where it rises to its mouth. There is as good fly-fishing above Lansing about a mile and a half, as anywhere on the river, and in fact there is fly-fishing all along the stream from head to mouth. There are lakes all around Lansing where the fly can be used with success on black bass, speckled bass and rock bass, but there are but very few who use the fly. Live bait is generally used."

The above I recommend to the many Chicago gentlemen who in a short time will be anxious to know where they can find some good fly-fishing for bass.

Trout Waters.

Mr. M. R. Rogers and Mr. J. A. Hanley, of this city, inquire for trout waters where they can cast a fly. Unless one goes to the extreme North to such streams as the Brule, the Escanaba, the Little Oconto or the like, the best advice I could give would be to try the White River, near Princeton, Wis. It is almost too early yet, I presume, for good fishing.

In Chicago.

May 20.—Señor Carlos Ramirez, of the City of Mexico, is spending some weeks at the World's Fair in Chicago. When he returns to his country he will represent, among other American products, the Colt's gun, to which he takes a fancy. Señor Ramirez says that the best way to get rich, so far as he knows, is to go into coffee planting in the *tierra templada*, say in Tamaulipas. It takes about seven years to get a plantation started, but after that one rapidly becomes disgustingly rich. A few thousands of dollars are needed for the start. The coffee country is also a good game country.

Mr. E. H. Kniskern, representing the Wilkes-Barre Gun Co., is in the city for a few days, and is spending the time in making many pleasant acquaintances among the craft in Chicago. He goes to Milwaukee from here.

Mr. Harry P. Morgan, of Harrisburg, Pa., is a well known shooter of that city. He has come to Chicago for a while to see what is new, and is enjoying the Fair besides.

Mr. Harry Marlin, secretary of the Marlin Firearms Co., who is in charge at Chicago for the firm's exhibit at the Fair, leaves this week for a short business trip among some of the larger Western towns, but will soon return and put in the summer here.

Mr. Harry Greener, son of the well-known maker of the Greener guns, England, is here in charge of the Greener exhibit. The English guns have a space by themselves in a different part of the Manufactures Building from the American guns.

Mr. C. W. Dimick, of Boston, agent of the U. S. Cartridge Co., of Lowell, has been in Chicago on business and pleasure a few days this week.

Out of Chicago.

Mr. C. C. Lamos and Dr. H. C. Buechner have gone to Gaylord Club, Wisconsin, trout fishing. This is in the Pike River country.

The Fred Taylor party will start on its annual trouting trip to the Norm Johnson ranch, on the headwaters of the Little Oconto, next week.

Messrs. C. E. Rollins, C. S. Loughridge, A. M. Gilbert, Wm. Borden and Dr. Hoyt left this week for a few days' trout fishing at Mr. Rollins's place, Interval Farm, not far from Wausaukee Club, Wisconsin. This is in the Middle Inlet country. The Interval farm and adjacent land, in all 7,000 acres, will soon be turned into a club preserve.

Mr. R. W. Cox and Mr. John L. Stockton purpose a trouting trip before long to some waters known by Mr. Stockton.

Mr. D. W. Mulvane and Mr. H. P. Dillon, of Topeka, Kas., have outfitted here and gone up to Gogebic, Michigan north peninsula. They will go to Mr. S. D. Thompson's new place, at the north end of the lake, just opened this year.

Mr. W. G. Beales, a well-known attorney; Mr. Brooks, of Pitkin & Brooks, and ex-Congressman Adams started to-day on a northern trouting trip.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

LEWISTOWN RESERVOIR.

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Although I have many years been a reader of your paper, the best of its kind in the world, and during this time have persistently in season hunted and fished whenever my business would permit and wherever my money would carry me that I could learn of any hunter's or fisher's paradise, from the McKenzie in Oregon to Lake Worth in Florida, I have never dared to try to put in print any of these many seasons of recreation that are the brightest of my life. But as some reference has been made in your columns to the Lewistown Reservoir, in my native State, I want to say to your many readers that as a place in which to catch the big-mouthed black bass I have never seen its equal.

A party of us left Cleveland on April 26 and reached Huntsville on the evening of the 27th, and no small part of the pleasure of the trip was the evening spent in the delightful company of the veteran sportsman and fly fisher, Judge Ingalls, of Huntsville. He keeps an ideal hotel for the sportsman, presided over by himself and his accomplished wife. His memory is stored with the richest incidents of hunting and fishing life. He has Bob White in confinement, breeding, to be at a later day turned out to the fields; a family of minks, consisting of the male and female and six kittens; fox and gray squirrels, together a happy community, and eighteen wild geese, which the Judge has been in the habit of using as decoys. Until the evening of Thursday the 27th I had not seen him since one blustery night in July, 1890, when we stood wet and cold on the bleak rock at the southern point of Michipicoton Island, on the north shore of Lake Superior, gazing vainly over the vast expanse of water for the return of our boat and friends to carry me to camp; and as the shades were deepening into night this prince of

sportsmen, Judge Ingalls, with his half-breed guide and veritable cockle shell of a boat, relieved us from our embarrassment and bore us away two miles to our camp. He is the same hospitable man to-day that he was then.

A six-mile ride on a Sunday morning over one of the glorious pikes for which southern and western Ohio are noted brings us to the Lewistown Reservoir. We are gladly welcomed and well entertained by Mr. L. H. Becht, manager of the Lake Ridge Hotel, located right on the bank of what was once known as Indian Lake. By the damming of the Miami River there has been added to this natural lake a large artificial reservoir containing in all about 17,000 acres of water. It is an ideal home for the wide-mouthed black bass, the croppie, sunfish and yellow perch.

The weather was too cold, the water was too roily and the wide-mouth had not come from his winter home in the depths of Indian Lake to any great extent. Nevertheless, in the company of those ardent sportsmen George Schuster, of Cincinnati, and W. S. Withycomb, of Cleveland, Ohio, the time passed even too rapidly, and we promise ourselves that when the water subsides and the bass are off their beds to arm ourselves and again visit this delightful spot.

As we believe in giving our brother sportsmen what information we can, we herewith give you some of the catches of last season:

Recent single day catches of black bass at Lake Ridge (Lewistown Reservoir), Huntsville, O.: Wm. Pratchett and friend, 89; M. Tool, 37; Walter Fern, 63; Howard Bates, 52; Al Corradi, 95; Al Smith, 93; C. Abergast, 69; Dr. C. S. Mathews, 62; Judge J. D. Ernston and Gregory, 38; R. S. Nichols, 80; Samuel Borger, fished 18 days with an average of 48; J. D. Ernston, W. Schuller, H. Bates, F. Ratterman, 107; Judge Ivor Hughes, 65.

Largest.—Pratchett and Hozea 4, combined weight a trifle over 30lbs.; Al Smith 7, combined weight 35lbs.; C. S. Mathews 1, 6½lbs.; M. Tool 1, 8lbs.; E. Irwin 33, 108 lbs.; F. Sanders 4, 29½lbs.; Chas. Ellis 1, 8½lbs.; Samuel Borger 1, 6½lbs.; Dr. I. De Johns 8, 42lbs.; M. E. Archer 1, 7½lbs.; Wm. Pratchett 25, something over 100lbs.; Judge Ernston 25, 67lbs.; Judge Hughes, one string of 3, 4lbs. each, one string of 6, 4½lbs. each, one string of 7, combined weight 35lbs., 1 fish, 8½lbs.; Lot Ireland, Col. H. Young, Sidney, John Bush, each caught one of 8lbs. weight.

W. B. Higby.

The Missouri Dynamite Law.

In the issue of May 11 you quote the law enacted in Missouri to punish the dynamite fiends, or rather to punish those who sell or give dynamite to said fiends. You speak in favor of the law and pronounce it a heroic measure. As a matter of fact it is so heroic that no one observes it, and in consequence it is worthless. In a case like this, where a large majority of the people are indifferent on the subject, it is difficult to enforce a mild and reasonable law, and out of the question to enforce any such stringent and troublesome measure as this. In the State of Missouri there are not less than 5,000 transfers of dynamite from one man to another every week day in the year. For each of these deals the law requires an affidavit costing fifty cents, making an aggregate cost of \$750,000 per year. I am familiar with the dynamite trade in Missouri, but have not heard of any one paying attention to this law, and probably never will hear of such a thing. Even were the law complied with it is no protection to the fish, for a man who will dynamite fish will not hesitate to commit perjury to get the dynamite. A good deal of the "dynamiting" is not done with dynamite any way. It is a well known fact that a bottle filled with rifle powder is just as effective as dynamite and is used in many of the supposed dynamite cases. A law inflicting a reasonable penalty is far more effective than such stringent measures. With those who try to be good citizens it is not the fear of punishment that brings observance of a law, but because it is the law. To this extent every reasonable law enforces itself, but after all, public sentiment is the power behind the law, and without this power no violator of a law will be punished. It is no trouble to get the laws enacted, but often very difficult to educate the people into sustaining them. **FOREST AND STREAM** is a grand educator in this direction, and has protected more fish and game than all the laws. If you have a poaching neighbor lend him your **FOREST AND STREAM**; it will soon break him of illegal and unsportsmanlike methods of killing fish and game.

O. H. HAMPTON,

Traveling Agent Atlantic Dynamite Co.

Central New York Trout.

CORTLAND, N. Y., May 20.—The average angler wears a broad smile and a sun-scorched countenance these days. It seems to be a great season for fish. A very large number of brook trout have been taken the past week in this and adjoining counties. The fish have averaged large, too—from 8 to 15in. A score or so of Cortland and Syracuse anglers, not content with the success to be had hereabouts, have flitted up to the Adirondacks, where, it is said, the ice is all out of the lakes and the water is swarming with trout.

Large catches of pickerel are reported in some of the waters around Cortland and Syracuse, and I hear of a few big ones being taken at the head of Cayuga Lake near Ithaca. Messrs. Jones and Watkins, of this village, caught 75 pickerel at Dryden Lake the 17th, some of them touching the 4lb. notch.

Cayuga, Dryden, Otisco, Tully, Little York and Skaneateles lakes all afford good pickerel fishing.

I think May 30 will disclose a pretty large supply of black bass in central New York waters.

Last week a gentleman of Baldwinsville caught a silver bass which weighed 36lbs. Some 5,000 pike were recently put in Tully Lake, the same number in Otisco Lake and an equal number in Seneca River at Baldwinsville; 50,000 whitefish were last week deposited in Little York Lake and about that number of wall-eyed pike fry, I am told, are being distributed in some of the other small lakes in this immediate locality.

M. C. H.

Sebec Salmon.

In a letter from F. M. Ford, at Sebec, Me., account is given of his taking, on the 17th, three salmon in one hour that weighed 7½, 6½ and 5lbs. Chas. Donald and C. J. Jose, of Sebec, took ten the same day that weighed 50lbs. Fishing opens from every section finely. The high waters seem to add to the catches, and one of the best seasons for fishing is now open. E. C. FARRINGTON.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

The regular monthly meeting of the executive committee of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held May 18, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. The act of Assembly recently passed by the Legislature permitting the use of fish weirs or baskets in the rivers of this Commonwealth was the subject of discussion. The passage of an act so long ago as 1734 protecting the Schuylkill has never been regretted, and the more recent law making such protection general was just resulting in positive benefits when the efforts of more than a century of labor is proposed to be abolished by this most pernicious legislation. How it could be possible that such a bill should have any advocates exceeds comprehension to those having any interest whatever in advancing the good of our people in replenishing the streams of this State with food fishes. It was the sense of this Association that we do most earnestly protest against this act becoming a law, and a resolution expressing these views was forwarded to the Governor of the State.

M. G. SELLERS, Secretary.

American Fisheries Society.

THE annual meeting will be held in Chicago, June 15. Secretary E. P. Doyle (No. 53 Broadway, New York) invites the preparation of papers for reading at the meeting, and asks that the titles may be sent to him at an early date.

Onondaga and Oneida Lakes.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 19.—We shall receive to-morrow 50,000 muscalonge fry for Onondaga and Oneida lakes, which will make over 200,000 fry that the Anglers' Association has put in public waters this spring. Our waters are full of fish—which means good protection.

HENRY LOFTIE.

Fly-Fishing for Bass.

THERE is excellent fly-fishing for small-mouthed black bass along the Grand River, above and below Lansing, Mich. This point and other good ones reached by the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway. W. E. Davis, General Passenger Agent, Rialto Building, Chicago.—*adv.*

THE FISHERIES BUILDING at the World's Fair will undoubtedly be the center of attraction for all lovers of the rod and reel that visit Chicago this season. Among the many fine exhibits will be found that of Yawman & Erbe, Rochester, N. Y., manufacturers of the Fisherman's Automatic Reel. This firm has on exhibition a full line of their reels, and they extend a cordial invitation to all fishermen to inspect their exhibit, which is located in Section Q, Angling Pavilion. Western sportsmen, send to above address for catalogue and price list.—*adv.*

Fishculture.

The New York Commission.

PRESIDENT L. D. HUNTINGTON of the New York Fish Commission reports that the 1893 output from the hatcheries for the winter hatching exceeds that of any previous year. The aggregate runs up to more than 60,000,000 and comprises the following: 5,000,000 brook, brown and California trout; 8,000,000 lake trout, 7,000,000 Adirondack brook trout, 17,000,000 whitefish (for Lake Ontario), 16,000,000 tomcod (Long Island Sound, South Bay, Peconic Bay), 5,500,000 smelt (same waters), and 3,000,000 ciscoes; total 61,500,000.

The shad hatching station has been established at Hudson, the car in which the fry are hatched having gone there May 19. In addition to the fry that will be hatched at Hudson, arrangements have been made with the U. S. Commission to secure fry from the Government station at Gloucester on the Delaware River, the United States to hatch the fry and the State of New York to transport and plant in the Hudson River. The United States has for several years hatched on the Delaware and transported to and planted in the Hudson free of expense to the State a large number of shad fry, but this season, by reason of the Government exhibit at Chicago, the United States Commissioners could not spare the men to transport. But in order to secure a good plant of shad fry in the Hudson the Commissioners of this State have made arrangements for transportation.

Arrangements have been made with the U. S. Commission by which striped bass will be planted in the waters of New York. The U. S. Commission has now a man at Edonton, N. C., on Albemarle Sound, looking to the securing of eggs, which will be hatched there by him, and the fry will be brought to New York waters.

Trout in a Seepage Ditch.

OUR contributor, E. E. Millard, sends us this interesting note, taken from a recent number of the Cheyenne *Sun*: "Twenty-four years ago A. D. Butler, once a resident of Cheyenne, entered a quarter section of land about a mile and a half from Greeley. At the time this land was taken by Mr. Butler it promised to be valuable for farming purposes, but the numerous irrigating ditches that were run about it caused the soil to become wet and soggy, so much so that it became valueless. About this time the Denver Pacific claimed the land, as a part of its grant. Mr. Butler gave up all hopes of securing a title to the quarter and so the matter stood for sixteen years. While Senator Teller was Secretary of the Interior he rendered a decision against the railroad company, and Mr. Butler completed his filing on the land, and in due course of time title was secured. Then he offered the property for sale, but none could be found foolish enough to make the purchase, and finally he made up his mind that it would be useless to even try to give it away. He paid the taxes until two years ago when an idea occurred to him and he acted upon it without delay. He opened a ditch without an outlet or an inlet. The ditch filled with water from seepage and was then stocked with trout. A moss grew on the side of the ditch which was covered with insects and this fed the fish and they grew without other nourishment. That was two years ago, and those trout will now average 2lbs. each. There are 40,000 of these in the ditch and he is this year looking for a market for them. This year he will add 60,000 more fry and extend his ditch until the once valueless farm will be covered over with them. This is the first instance on record where trout have been grown in seepage water, and it demonstrates an important fact, which will be taken advantage of by many people in the near future."

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the **FOREST AND STREAM** one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals.

For \$3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the **FOREST AND STREAM** during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, *rdib, Portraits for the Young* (the price of which is \$3).

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 30 to June 2.—American Pet Dog Club, Lenox Lyceum, New York. Marion E. Bannister, Sec'y.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 8-22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Don't forget that entries for following Derbies close June 1:

American Field Trials Club with W. J. Beck, Columbus, Ind.
New England Field Trials Club with W. M. Lovering, Taunton, Mass.
United States Field Trials, with P. T. Madison, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETINGS.

A SPECIAL meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at its offices on Thursday, May 18, commencing at 1 P. M., President Belmont in the chair.

Present: A. C. Wilmerding, associate members; J. D. Shotwell, Collie Club; J. B. Blossom, Gordon Setter Club; Dr. J. F. Perry, Keystone Kennel Club; H. F. Schellhass, National Beagle Club; Edward Brooks, New England Kennel Club; W. A. Power, New England Field Trial Club; E. H. Morris, New Jersey Kennel League; Dr. M. H. Cryer, Omaha Kennel Club; James Mortimer, Pacific Kennel Club; G. Muscatelli, Arnold, Pointer Club; H. C. Glover, South Carolina Poultry Association; James Watson, Southern California Kennel Club; F. S. Webster, Washington City Kennel Club; H. B. Cornwall, Westminster Kennel Club; Dr. H. Van Hummel, Illinois Kennel Club; A. H. Heppner, Great Dane Club of America; G. H. Welhaus, Central City Kennel Club; J. F. Barnard, Androscoquin Kennel Club; G. E. Robbins, Des Moines Poultry Association; D. E. Loveland, Boston Terrier Club; G. E. Cornwall, Rhode Island Poultry Association; J. E. Green, Western Michigan Kennel Club.

On motion the following credentials were read from the following clubs, naming the following gentlemen to represent them as their delegates, all of whom were duly accepted: American Mastiff Club, George E. Stensson; Mascoutch Kennel Club, E. F. R. Drake; St. Louis Kennel Club, May 19, M. Taylor; Illinois Kennel Club, Henry Van Hummel; Great Dane Club of America, A. H. Heppner; Central City Kennel Club of Jackson, G. H. Williams; Rhode Island Poultry Association, G. E. Cornwall; Des Moines Poultry and Pet Stock Association, G. E. Robbins; Boston Terrier Club, David E. Loveland; Western Michigan Kennel Club, James E. Green.

In the matter of the credentials from the Duquesne Kennel Club, under which Mr. William E. Littell and Mr. Moorehead claimed to be the delegate, it was voted that the secretary of this club be directed to communicate with the Duquesne Kennel Club and ask them to send on the proper credentials.

There being apparently a similar misunderstanding concerning the credentials from the Seattle Kennel Club, both Dr. L. C. Lawrence and Dr. Saiveur claiming to be the delegate, on motion of Mr. Power Dr. Saiveur was accepted as the delegate subject to ascertainment by the secretary that he was the authorized delegate from the Seattle Club.

The credentials of Robert Leslie to represent the Massachusetts Kennel Club, which were laid over at the last meeting, were read, and in connection therewith the secretary read a formal protest from the Massachusetts Kennel Club against the right of Mr. Leslie to represent them before the A. K. C. on the ground that he had not been legally elected. The secretary also stated that the committee appointed in the matter had not reported and that Mr. Anthony, one of the members of that committee, had resigned from the club.

On Dr. Cryer's motion it was voted that the former committee be discharged and that another committee of three be appointed by the chair to investigate and report. The chair appointed as that committee Dr. Cryer, Dr. Perry and Mr. Watson.

It was moved that the consideration of the proposed amendments to the constitution should be the next in order of business.

Mr. WARSON—These proposed amendments to the constitution, as you are all well recommended by me, and I have had conversation with a number of gentlemen on the subject in order to get their views with the idea of endeavoring to put the club on rather a different foundation, and this seems to be in accordance with their views. The pivot of the whole matter, on which the whole matter will stand or fall, is this Article V., which refers to the management of the club. There are a number of gentlemen present who have never been here before and are very little in the manner in which we have been carrying on our business, and they certainly are not able to take any great active part in the meetings. The result has been that we seem to have got into the habit of giving over our business to the advisory committee. There is no objection whatever to giving it over to the advisory committee, and the only object of this article is to increase the advisory committee, to be a more representative body of the club at large, and have it as the advisory committee, as an elective body, instead of having the meetings supposed to be a full representation of all the clubs, which they are not, being only a part of the representation, to have gentlemen elected to this larger executive committee, and allow them to conduct the business, of course subject to the calling of special meetings, provided there were a sufficient number of members of the association who choose to differ from any action which the executive committee might take. Mr. President, I think you are a member of a large number of clubs, and I think you will agree with me that it is the custom of the clubs to place the management of the business, the executive, in the hands of an elected body such as this. Take a larger association, such as the National Trotting Association—its business is placed in the hands of the board of appeals. Take the National Rowing Association. They elect a committee which has only the power of conducting the business of the association under the rules of the association. It has no legislative powers, and the proposition here is simply to enlarge the advisory committee, and the giving of the business into their hands. That is one feature. All the other features which come before you are wholly alterations, the idea being that this was the fundamental change, and that all the other changes were minor. They were simply to make something a little clearer, and then I makes the general reading of it in keeping with the executive meetings. I should suggest that Article V. be first considered, as it is the key to the whole.

Dr. PERRY—This is the second time I have been upon my feet, and I have served two years and a half. I want to go on record as in favor of this proposed resolution, and in advocating it I shall give expression to what I believe to be truths, and therefore, there is no apology necessary. In the first place, the club knows that under the present condition of things there is much about the American Kennel Club which is practically burlesque. You take sixty odd delegates of them. There are but very few clubs which are really represented in the American Kennel Club. It is absurd to suppose that they would send a delegate from Washington or even from St. Louis here. Out of all the clubs in the country I think it is a fact that you can count on the fingers of one hand all that have money in their treasury. They are poor. They cannot send delegates here. It costs me \$30 to come on from Boston, and I am located very near New York, too. Consequently these clubs from a distance cannot be really represented. Their credentials are given to men who act upon their own individuality. They are not instructed, as a result we can almost say that simply a plain matter of fact, square and fair, and in nine chances out of ten that man will take offense at it, and I say, "You put upon the president and secretary altogether too much." They do not want it. They should not have it. Look at the responsibility. Here are three months between the meetings, and all these points must be decided either by the secretary or the president. He consults with the president and between the two they render a decision. It is not right; it is unkind; and then if anything goes astray

Now as to the expense. Dr. Perry stated that throughout the country there was a feeling that the American Kennel Club was taxing the breeders to a large extent, and that was not true. But we have fought that all out before. I remember very well when I first came into this club that there was a strong effort made to reduce the registration fee to 25 cents. If it had been done, you would have had no stud book to-day. Nothing can succeed in a club like this in publishing a stud book and having money to devote to the interests of dog matters unless you make a little profit. If you make a loss, no matter what principle you are governed by in a great big concern like this, you fail. Nobody will consent to make it fail, and you will not. I am sure the representatives of the breeders will agree with me. You may recall when I first came in that I guaranteed the club against loss for five years, and there was a great deal of objection on the part of some to that, and I stated that I would not have made it if I was not sure that the club was going to make money by it; and it would not have made money if it had not been for very good and careful management, which came principally from Mr. Vredenburgh, who was there from morning until night, and who conducted the club as masters of the stars and planets in the same way. If it was his club, you would be a popular breeder to-day. I think that you are going to reduce their charges, but if you cut down the profits you will simply prevent the club from growing. The American Kennel Club is getting in a position to-day where it will be able to step in and provide more valuable diplomas than any single association can give, with the exception of the Westminster Kennel Club. The American Kennel Gazette, although not a readable paper is a comfort, and when anybody wants to look back ten or fifteen or twenty years to find out what has happened, is more serviceable than all the sporting papers together. Its dry bones are what makes it useful. It is meant to be a help to the breeder. All the regulations in regard to compulsory registration which were

with a number of good hotels and restaurants within a block or two.

DOG CHAT.

Canada and the World's Fair Show.

The Canadians are very much exercised over the postponement of the World's Fair show; and well they may be. Under the skillful management and energy of Mr. A. D. Stewart, a creditable lot of dogs, nearly two hundred, have been secured and all preparations made to put down at Chicago an exhibit that Canadians could well be proud of. The following telegrams explain the present state of affairs.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUND, Chicago.—To A. D. Stewart, Hamilton.—Delay in construction makes very probable will postpone kennel exhibit until September. Will decide to-night after conference and wire you to-morrow. W. I. BUCHANAN.

To W. I. Buchanan, Chief of the Department of Agriculture, World's Fair, Chicago: Postponement will be intensely unpopular here and will probably result in no Canadian exhibit being made at all. We have spent hundreds of dollars preparing exhibit; all our dogs are now in trainers' hands and loss will be heavy. Canadian fall circuit of dog shows occupies whole month of September and postponement will interfere with this, besides bringing management into ridicule. Let there be no postponement. Wire to-morrow sure. A. D. STEWART.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUND, Chicago.—To A. D. Stewart, Hamilton.—Impossible to complete buildings for kennel exhibit. Will be postponed until Sept. 20, 21, 22 and 23. Official notice will go out to-morrow. Regret can make no other decision. Will notify Canadian Commissioner this evening. W. I. BUCHANAN.

This exhibition meant much to Canadians, as the interest displayed by the Dominion Government in the kennel exhibition made them feel a certain *esprit* to put their best dogs forward and uphold the honor of the Dominion against all comers. This they were prepared to do, but now their efforts, for the present, are of no avail. When we suggested a postponement we had more in mind the convenience of exhibitors in this country and England. A postponement to September would probably be inconvenient to Canadians, as, of course, they must uphold their own shows, which take place during that month. The dates now claimed by Mr. Buchanan, Sept. 19 to 22, however, do not conflict with any claimed, as yet, by Canadian kennel clubs, so there is still a hope that our friends across the border will be able to show at Toronto and then journey to the Windy City. Of course, the whole affair has been badly bungled. Canadians have been put to no little expense, in a bad time of the year, to prepare their dogs for the proposed June event; many dogs are in the hands of professional trainers and certificates of registry, etc., have been paid for and all arrangements made for transportation. All this bother and annoyance has been saved the Americans through the uncertainty regarding the premium list and judges, and we imagine the exhibitors in the States will give a sigh of relief to know that the agony is over, for a while at any rate. We sympathize, however, none the less with Mr. Stewart and his fellow countrymen. In view of the postponement, new entry blanks will have to be made out so that the Canadian Government will not pay entry fees to the Chicago management for dogs which may now be entered but which will not go to Chicago.

Wissahickon K. C. Show.

It will be a pleasant surprise to a good many exhibitors to hear that an open air bench show will be held at Wissahickon Heights, near Philadelphia, Pa., June 6 to 9, mention of which was briefly made in our last issue. There is no reason, except the possible one of traveling in hot weather, why such fixtures should not become popular in this country. They have been so for many years in England, where weather conditions are not so good. The Wissahickon fixture should be particularly so as it is held in a charming locality in one of Philadelphia's aristocratic suburbs. Coming as it does the week before the time set for the postponed Chicago "fiasco," it should prove a solace to the disappointed ones. The show is given under A. K. C. rules, and the Wissahickon Kennel Club will probably become a member of the A. K. C., though the premium list conveys no information as to who the officers of the club are excepting that Dr. L. C. Sauveteur is the secretary *pro tem.*, and to this gentleman thanks no doubt are due for getting up the whole affair. The premium list is well arranged and the prizes for the open classes are \$10 and \$5 and challenge classes \$10. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, both kinds, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, all setters, cocker spaniels (black and any other color), collies, beagles, fox-terriers, and pugs have sexes divided in challenge classes. A kennel prize of \$15 is given in most of the important breeds, and a field trial class is made for pointers and one for setters, of each breed, placed at any trials in Canada or United States; prizes \$10 and \$5. The entry fee is \$3 and entries close Thursday, June 1, with Secretary L. C. Sauveteur, Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa. Mr. John Davidson takes pointers, all setters, foxhounds and Chesapeake, beagles and miscellaneous, and Mr. C. H. Mason the rest of the breeds. "Will" Connors, so well known as manager of the Seminole Kennels, is the superintendent, and should know just how to cater to the wants of the "boys." The grounds of the club, St. Martin's Green, are located within 100 yds. of the Wissahickon station, which is on the Chestnut Hill branch of the Pennsylvania road.

A Brutal Act.

It is not often our duty to chronicle extreme cruelty to man's best friend, but Rochester shelters one of those specimens of humanity for whose existence among civilized beings is matter for apology. Mr. W. J. Higginson, of Rochester, is known to many show-goers as an enthusiastic bull-terrier breeder, and he has won several prizes with Lady Dinah, Billy Bulger and others. Two weeks since his bitch Lady Dinah strayed from the kennels, and while going along Mr. Hope avenue she was accosted by a mongrel dog which stood guard over the home where the human cur lived. Lady Dinah expected soon to become a mother, and not being in the humor to be snapped at by the pariah she returned the snapping compliment, and the two became involved in an active dispute, which would have resulted unfortunately for the mongrel had not the owner of the latter appeared. This brute kicked Dinah so that he broke two of her ribs; not satisfied with this he picked up a big stone and threw it at her. The poor bitch was scarcely able to move, but this did not deter this cowardly brute from picking her up by the hindlegs and beating her head several times on the pavement. Several men standing by exerted themselves sufficiently to stop any further exhibition of inhumanity, and some one took Dinah home. The bitch's life was despaired of, but under skillful treatment it is expected she will pull through, although she lost five puppies. It makes one's blood boil to think of it, and no wonder Mr. Higginson went round with blood in his eye and eventually found out who the brute was; his name is John Pauckner, living at corner of Cypress and Mt. Hope avenues. The S. P. C. A. have taken the matter up and are pushing it. The man has been arrested and a hearing was set for Monday, 22d. Lady Dinah is one of our best light-weight bull-terriers, and Mr. Higginson is entitled to sympathy.

A saloon-keeper in Chicago has a brother, Ryan, by name, who owns two great Danes. Last Saturday night the dogs were stolen. Unfortunately for the thief he passed the saloon-keeper's place, and he, recognizing the dogs, went across the street and asked the man where he was going with the dogs. For answer the man struck him in the face. "I'll fight for a

dog any day," said Ryan, and pulling off his coat, buckled into the stranger. Dogs and men rolled over together, but Ryan's bartender coming out with a revolver the thief at the sight of it made his escape. The "fight for a dog any day" is the excuse for this little tale.

Mr. Mortimer Resigns.

It only needed Mr. Mortimer's resignation as superintendent to bring down the house of cards that the World's Fair management had erected by their shilly-shallying methods. As matters have turned out the postponement of the show is the best thing that could have happened, and what we suggested in these columns. With nearly four months to reflect upon their conduct of the show so far, it is probable that the management can bring themselves to consult the proper people next time, and so arrange a premium list and judges' list that will beget confidence. A despatch from our Western office reads: "Dog show postponed till Tuesday, Sept. 19, lasting four days. Entries close Sept. 12. The premium list of dog show will be issued under separate cover." This looks more like business, and now we can possess our souls in peace and reflect upon what might have been; and we welcome, as will our readers no doubt, a cessation of World's Fair talk for a time, as far as dogs are concerned. Now we can better devote our energies to making the Pet Dog and the Wissahickon shows the success they deserve to be. In connection with Mr. Mortimer's resignation it may be said that in nothing has he been consulted regarding the show, and feeling his position an anomalous one he resigned the latter part of the week before last.

Spaniel Club Meeting.

A meeting of this club was held at Mr. Wilmerding's office, 163 Broadway, New York, May 13, at 11 A. M. Those present were A. C. Wilmerding in the chair, E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasy and A. E. Foster. The subject of field trials for spaniels was brought up and a general and informal discussion took place, with the result that a committee was formed consisting of Messrs. Wilmerding and Oldham to inquire into and institute if possible field trials for this breed. Ideas and suggestions will be received with pleasure from spaniel men, members of the club and others, on the subject. The World's Fair trophy was left in committee's hands for proper selection in the event of a dog show being held at Chicago. A sum of \$40 has already been subscribed by members for this trophy. *Re Keyes*—Oldham matter: Mr. P. Keyes having written a satisfactory letter of explanation to Mr. Oldham, the latter requested the executive committee to let the matter drop. This is the result outlined by us some time since. The meeting then adjourned.

Maine Dog Law.

In reference to the new dog law in Maine, which we have spoken of several times lately, Hon. A. M. Spear of Gardiner has been investigating the validity of the law, which has been questioned in some quarters, and has run across several court decisions in Massachusetts, where they have a law very similar to that in Maine. According to these the law is perfectly constitutional and a constable can enter any inclosure or even a dwelling to kill an unlicensed dog providing he does not break the peace or break open doors. These decisions also declare that it makes no difference regarding the force of the law whether notices are posted or not. It also appeared that the Massachusetts court holds that the dog is not a domestic animal, over which point there has been so much discussion in Maine.

Canada is Ready.

Under the able management of A. D. Stewart, Canada is now ready to send her dogs to the World's Fair. Entries are all made and I am not like our Ottawa friend in thinking our Canadian dogs will not hold their own. Methinks we are not behind our American cousins in many breeds; in setters, pointers and cockers we can more than hold our own in quality, if not in numbers. Give us time, the Canadian Kennel Club is doing a lot of good. All we want is to work in harmony and work for the interest of one of man's best friends—the dog. Our kennel papers of America show favorably in comparison with any country in the world, and with more enterprise in many ways. Let our passport be harmony and the rest will take care of itself. T. G. DAVEY.

Death of Champion Bradford Harry.

One of the old landmarks, if we may use such a term, in Yorkshire terrier circles has paid the debt of nature. Mr. P. H. Coombs (one of the pioneers of the Yorkshire fancy in this country) champion Bradford Harry dropped dead April 26, probably as Mr. Coombs tells us, from heart failure. This good little Yorkshire was whelped May 16, 1885, and was by Bruce out of Lady. His first win was at Newcastle, England, in 1887, and since his importation in that year has won prizes at several important shows and has also done his share toward improving the stock in this country. Mr. Coombs has our sympathy in his loss.

Death of Galatea.

The English setter bitch Galatea, a celebrated field performer, well known to field trial men, died at the kennels of her owner, Mr. C. C. M. Hunt, at Palmyra, N. Y., on May 19. Galatea was whelped in 1884, and was by Mack B. out of Chica. She was bred by Mr. W. Tallman, who afterward broke her and ran her in the Eastern field trials; as a field performer of high merit and as a companion in the field she had few equals.

A Breeders' Kennel Club.

A new kennel club, to be named the Breeders' Kennel Club of Chicago, is in process of formation. All reputable breeders are invited to join—so says a daily despatch.

Life in the Old Dog Yet.

A petition is being signed by members of the New Jersey Kennel Club requesting the secretary to call a meeting at an early day.

Manitoba Field Trials.

It has been decided to extend the date of closing entries for the Derby in the Manitoba field trials to June 15.

The new St. Bernard St. Augustine will probably reach Boston before this appears in print. He will remain at Messrs. Toon & Symond's kennels for a short time before going to his new owner, Mr. C. J. Bonsfield, Bay City, Mich., who owns the Bay City Kennels, of which the well-known St. Bernard's Lady Taylor and Lord Dante are inmates. Mr. Bonsfield is the secretary and treasurer of the Bonsfield Co., large manufacturers of woodenware in Bay City. If in good health when he lands St. Augustine will shortly be placed at public stud along with Lord Dante.

We should not have neglected to mention Elf in speaking of Emeline's death recently. We had more particularly in mind this year's competition. Elf was not in anything like her Brooklyn form when seen at the Elmira show this spring. She now has a litter of five (four dogs) by champion Royal Krueger. Winnie K. has four, two dogs; Queechy also four, two dogs; Nell Royer four, three dogs; and sweet little Ava W. has three, two of which are dogs. Another, Pearl, has three bitches. Several more are due soon, so that the beagle

industry may be said to be flourishing in the Covert hamlet which name, by the way, is very appropriate as the site for a kennel of beagles. "Wix" will show a team at the pet dog show. Mr. Wixom has now some sixty dogs in his kennels and he makes the covert allusion that they are "not all weeds."

The Seacroft Kennels' noted fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. has whelped a litter by Blenton Rasper that are doing well. The well known wolfhound Svodka has been bred to Servants.

A litter that should result in good field stock is that by Lad of Rush out of Lady Margaret, that Col. Purcell tells us about. There are six pups, sexes evenly divided and two dogs are black and white.

Mrs. J. F. Smyth, the owner of Swiss Mountain Kennels, is determined to maintain the prominent position she has taken as a cocker spaniel exhibitor. She recently purchased a number of Mr. W. B. Palmer's (Woodstock, Ont.) stock. Among them is Obo III., by champion Obo ex Gipping Floss (E. 20,653). He is said to be a grand-bodied dog, with heavy bone and feathering, so little seen nowadays, but a slight chorea prevents his being exhibited. This, however, does not prevent his usefulness as a stud dog, and with his breeding Mrs. Smyth thought she was doing well to buy him.

A Spaniel Club was organized during the San Francisco show. The Pacific coast is becoming strong in specialty clubs; they already have a St. Bernard and fox-terrier clubs.

Mr. W. J. Beck, secretary of American Field Trials Club, wishes us to particularly state that he is a Hoosier, and his address is Columbus, Indiana, not Ohio.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, who, it will be remembered, owned the celebrated pug champion George, that died some months since, now mourns the loss of Ned, George's first son, who died of old age. He was in his fifteenth year, and has been blind for the last two years. He was a prize winner in his time.

Now that the reciprocity treaty between the A. K. C. and C. K. C. has been annulled, the disqualified on this side may show on the Canadian side, and vice versa, for of course the C. K. C. may now be expected to take similar action. To have much effect, disqualification by either club should be recognized by the other. American exhibitors at Canadian shows will now have to register or list their dogs with the C. K. C., and the A. K. C. will gain a quarter for each Canadian dog exhibited at our shows. It's good for the clubs anyhow.

Dr. F. H. Hoyt, who owns some nice Italian greyhounds which he showed during the last circuit, tells us that his entire kennel building and fences surrounding the yards have all been swept away by a recent flood. There is at this writing 10 ft. of water where the main building once stood. Dr. Hoyt fortunately saved his dogs, but as he is now cramped for room he is compelled to sell off a number of his pets.

Exhibitors of live stock at the World's Fair are now only required to prove ownership of animals for sixty days previous to closing of entries and not six months, as before. The dog show will come just after the horse and cattle show and before that for sheep and swine.

There will probably soon be a new set of officers of the Maryland Kennel Club, which now has a largely increased membership. A show will be held next year.

An inquiry at the A. K. C. office elicited the fact that only about fifty or sixty certificates of registry had been issued to intending exhibitors at the World's Fair show. The book is supplied with about 1,600 blanks.

In the Watson-Bell affair, according to our report of the A. K. C. meeting and Mr. Belmont's speech, it will be seen that the president took the same view of the position of the M. K. C. in the case as FOREST AND STREAM did at the time.

We hear that the pointer Duke of Kent II. will not appear in the New England field trials but will be sent to do battle on Southern fields—Eastern and Southern trials. Mr. Bob Leslie thinks he owns that N. E. F. T. Derby Stake already, his King of Lynn is doing such good work. Kathleen Kent (King of Kent—Belle Randolph) is reserved for the All-Age.

We regret to hear that Messrs. Heppner & Bernheimer's new importation, the great Dane Helios, is down with distemper and not expected to pull through.

New Jersey Kennel League.

The first annual meeting of this organization, held Tuesday evening, May 23, at the Clinton Café, Newark, was the occasion for an enthusiastic gathering of admirers of man's best friend. An executive meeting was held at 8 P. M., and then followed a dinner, during which the annual meeting was held. The menu cards were very tastefully gotten up, almost as much so as the good things provided by the host. If the good fellowship and enthusiasm in the good cause displayed for upward of six hours may be taken as an earnest of what is to follow, then the future for the fancy in New Jersey once more looks bright. From the time the Little Necks went to their final destination until the last cigar was out, dog chat was in order and speeches followed fast, and men who probably never considered the dog question before were drawn into making known their ideas and particular fancies. Mr. E. H. Radel, of Newark, N. J., presided, and did his part well. The question of a bench show was discussed, and it was decided to leave all arrangements in the hands of the executive committee, who will at once set about their plans. The show will probably be held in October or January. A committee on legislation was also formed to try and secure such legislation as would improve the breeds of dogs in the State and curtail the large number of mongrels with which New Jersey, and Newark in particular, is infested. The meeting finally dwindled down to a discussion of the special merits of St. Bernards, great Danes and poodles, in which Messrs. Radel, Christopher, Morris, Kuebler and Dr. Sattler were very active. The following officers were elected: President, Ed. H. Radel; Vice-Presidents, Charles Heath, Dr. Edwin Field, W. O. Kuebler; Secretary, Dr. W. F. Seidler; Treasurer, R. R. Moore; Executive Committee, E. R. Christopher, A. Haines, E. H. Morris, Dr. Sattler, Frank Link, M. H. Hanchett, W. J. Whelan, W. J. Browe; Auditing Committee, W. O. Kuebler and E. R. Christopher; Legislative Committee, Dr. Seidler, E. H. Morris, E. R. Christopher, Dr. Sattler, Frank Link, W. J. Whelan, Arthur Mussey. Members present in addition to those already named were J. C. Eisele, Geo. Browe, Carl C. Brandt, A. A. Eisele, Chas. A. Young, H. McDowell, A. A. Hahn, Jas. B. Conover, W. T. Stickney, Jas. Johnston, Dr. H. C. Blythe, D. Philip Roth, W. V. Rucklehaus, Jas. B. Conover, Geo. Browe and Harry McDowell were elected and included with the charter members. H. W. Lacy, honorary member. Our thanks are due to the club, and especially Mr. Radel, for courtesies extended.

There are lots of good things in our kennel special column this week. F. S. Anderson offers some good St. Bernards

Casper and Elmhurst; R. L. Purcell-Lewellyn, trained English setter; G. H. Babcock, well-bred mastiff; P. H. Coombs, Yorkshire terriers; J. E. Woodland, blue blood English setters; Bedminster Kennels, English setter kennel; J. H. Parrott, bulldog; H. Curtis, well-known bulldog Bombardos; Banks & De Russy, pointer pups; J. F. Stoddard, dachshund dog; F. H. Hoyt, Italian greyhounds; R. H. Burr, trained Irish setter; 339 West Seventeenth street, young pointers; J. Penhall, English setters; J. Winchell, bloodhounds and mastiffs; Hill Hurst Kennels, poodles. At stud—J. J. Scanlan's Irish setter Inbiquin; Hill Hurst Kennels, Oakleigh Bruiser, wire fox-terrier. We also draw attention to Franklin Hallet & Co.'s Excelsior Meat Dog Cakes, which are good.

The entries for the pet dog show closed May 22, and the number known so far is 288; there will probably be 300 in all. The club must be congratulated on this excellent entry, taking into consideration the limited number of breeds.

The A. K. C. Meeting.

The A. K. C. meeting last Thursday was a memorable one. Commencing at 1 P. M., it was not adjourned till 10:45 P. M. The delegates stuck well to their seats with n'er a bite nor sup. A number of new delegates were on hand and at no meeting before have we seen the club business so generally discussed by the delegates. The important new move suggested in FOREST AND STREAM in last issue, to have a meeting of the club in the West, went through flying. If held in September during the World's Fair show it will be well attended by the delegates.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

In a pleasant, chatty letter, Mr. E. D. Adams, Hon. Secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, mentions that the date of closing Derby entries is extended to June 15. He says: "We have the promise of a good many entries and everything tends to show that keen interest is being taken in the sport. * * * As far as I can learn there are more good puppies in this country than ever before, among them being a Roderigo—Lee Gladstone bitch owned by Mr. E. Hughes, of Brandon. Messrs. Adamson & Cain, of Virden, have imported from England three very fine pointers, two bitches and one dog. Mr. R. I. Gallagher has also purchased two fine setter Derby entries, Count Noble and Dad Wilson stock, also a pointer bitch, Spotted Boy stock. Birds are more plentiful this spring in Manitoba than they have been since I came to the country, so prospects are bright. Our president, Mr. Simpson, drove all over our grounds a few days ago and reports a full stock of birds. The grounds are being carefully guarded and there will be no lack of grouse for the trials. About passing the dogs coming to the trials through the Customs: This has all been arranged for, and there will be no duty on them provided that if sold in the country duty will be paid."

The American Field Trial Club has reduced the entry fee to \$15 in the Derby, payable in three parts of \$5. All-Age Stake \$20; \$5, \$10 and \$5. These trials follow immediately after the United States trials at Bicknell, therefore handlers can easily start in both trials.

A New Cock Robin.

Who killed the World's Fair show?
"I," said "Doctor" Rowe,
"With my 'fake-list' bow,
I killed the World's Fair show."

Who saw him do the deed?
"We," FOREST AND STREAM said,
"When we his 'fake-list' read,
We knew he'd done the deed."

Who helped to bury the dead?
"We," the angry dogmen cried,
"With our protest far and wide,
We helped to bury the dead."

Flaps on the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. Gambier Boulton, the well known English photographer of animal subjects, was here this week and delivered an interesting lecture before the Toronto Camera Club. His series of canine prints was exceedingly interesting, especially a number of photographs of bulldogs, some extending many years back and showing the gradual change in type and formation down to those of the present day. Mr. Gambier Boulton had made arrangements to take a snap at some of Mr. Kirk's dogs, but the excessively wet weather we had during the early part of this week made the carrying out of the project impossible.

The dog show committee of the Industrial Exhibition met on Friday; those present were C. W. Postlethwaite, chairman; J. S. Williams, J. Maughan, J. Wilson, H. B. Donovan and C. A. Stone. Mr. Postlethwaite was elected Chairman for the year. Mr. Maughan, Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Stone, Superintendent. The Pointer Club will this year offer specials of \$40, divided as follows: \$10 to best dog and \$30 to best bitch in open class open to all—and \$10 to best bitch and \$10 to best dog owned by members of the club. The Spaniel Club will again offer the \$100 challenge cup in addition to other specials, and the National Beagle Club and Collie Club have also semi-officially signified their intention of donating specials.

The wife of C. A. Stone, May 18, a daughter; congratulations.

The management of the Industrial Exhibition dog show this year consists of: C. W. Postlethwaite, chairman; J. Maughan, vice-chairman; J. F. Kirk, Jno. Massey, J. Henderson, J. Wilson, J. Dilworth, J. S. Williams, Capt. C. Greville Harston, Robert Junor, J. G. Mitchener, H. B. Donovan, W. P. Fraser, R. G. Wilk; secretary and superintendent of bench show: Mr. C. A. Stone, Toronto.

FOREST AND STREAM is by this time of course aware of the collapse (it can be called nothing else) of the World's Fair bench show for June and postponement to Sept. 19 to 22.

Toronto dates are Sept. 11 to 15, and Montreal several months ago filled a claim in the following week. If Montreal will hold a show, which at present seems improbable, Canada of course will support it and not the World's Fair show. In fact, if the show is held and the Canadian Kennel Club recognizes the claim for dates, I cannot see how held under C. K. C. rules. Ottawa naturally follows Montreal and has claimed dates Sept. 26 to 29. The selection already made could be allowed to stand, and no doubt by that time a further selection could be held to make up the full number which the Government has agreed to take charge of, namely, 200. However, it is but surmising yet, as until further particulars are made known, and the executive of the C. K. C. meet to discuss procedure, no definite action

can be arrived at. It is intensely disappointing and annoying to all those who have spent time and money in working up a representative and large exhibit from the Dominion.

Mr. W. Brodie, who leaves for Scotland this week, takes with him Mr. J. O. Bennett's smooth fox-terrier bitch Stardale Belle. She will remain in Mr. Brodie's kennel until bred to Mr. Stephens's crack sire Stipendiary. If the union proves successful the result should give this breed a lift in Canada.

Messrs. Brodie & Lyndon claimed Mr. H. P. Thompson's fox-terrier pup Tally-Ho, by Blemton Rattler ex Tambourine, winner in selling class at Toronto K. C. show.

H. B. DONOVAN.

Says No Better on Earth.

HOPE, Ind., May 15.—Please stop my For Sale ad. of Scotch terrier puppies. All sold. No better advertising medium on earth than FOREST AND STREAM. Send bill. Yours in haste, U. R. FISHEL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to the management of dogs, answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

G. H. P., Stillerville, W. Va., Lindsey's Irish setter Dash, by Goings' Bob out of Niall's Fan, by Lord Waterford's Ponto out of Miss Warburton's Venus; Goings' Bob by Hutchinson's Bob out of his Lill. Crena by Ch. Basto out of Capt. Lemprier's Sal, by W. Kinahan's dog out of Jepson's Belle, Basty by Sir H. Bruce's dog, dam not given in E. K. C. S. B. Nellie B by Lindsay's imported Dash out of Crena. The others you mention are not registered. We do not know of any Gordon setter breeder at Garfield, Pa.; sorry we have no information on the subject.

G. B. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—My Irish dog is about one year old. He is scratching and biting at his whole body, head, legs and even his tail. Little pimples all over him; hair all out in spots on head and body; eyes are sore and swelled this past week. Running at nose, noise in throat as though it was choked up. Have been giving him five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in food morning and evening, and also washing him with carbolic acid in warm water. Ans. Treat for worms and apply following dressing:
Sublimed sulphur.....16 ozs.
Oil of tar.....10 ozs.
Sperm oil.....4 pints.
Mix together. To be well rubbed all over the dog every other day.

J. J., Westfield, Mass.—I have a black cocker bitch that has a cough, not very bad, and scratches herself most of the time; eyes run a little. What is good for her? Have given her mange cure. Do you think it worms? Ans. Treat for worms. Give the following:
Mag. subh.....5 i
Ferri sulph.....3 i
Acid sulph dil.....3 i
Aq. ad.....5 vii
Mix. Give one dessertspoonful twice a day. For the cough give one teaspoonful of Stokes' expectorant mixture three times a day.

W. W. McS., Stevensville, Pa.—I have fine bred English setter, ten months old, strong and healthy, but with a lameness that baffles me. When he came to me about a month since I noticed a very slight lameness in right fore foot, but no inflammation, no enlargement, no displacement of bones, and the only mark a slight shiver of one toe nail, which I removed carefully with a scissors, and which is now perfectly smooth. The lameness still continues and with no swelling, or inflammation. When standing he advances the lame foot slightly, putting only a part of his natural weight on it. He shows no soreness from pressure of foot, leg or shoulder. The shipper says it was done in transportation as he started sound. Ans. We cannot express anything definite in a case like this; it is necessary to see the dog. From your description it is probable the lameness is in the shoulder or elbow. Examine the toes carefully.

Dachting.

FIXTURES.

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| 30. Southern, Sully Cup, N. Orleans | 30. Atlantic, Opening, N. Y. Bay. |
| 21. Stony Pt., Open, Port Morris. | 30. Cor., San Fran., Annual, San Francisco Bay. |
| 26. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 30. Manayunk, Model, Regatta, Schuylkill River. |
| 27. Buffalo, Opening Cruise, L. Erie. | 30. Pavia, Opening, Communipaw. |
| 27. Phila., Opening Cruise, Del. Riv. | 30. New Haven, Opening, New Haven. |
| 27. Rochester, Opening Cruise to Sudus, Charlotte, N. Y. | 30. Kill von Kull, Open, Port Richmond. |
| 28. Pavia, cabin cats, Communipaw. | 30. Audubon, Open, 153d street, New York. |
| 30. Excelsior, Open, N. Y. Bay. | 30. Staten Island, Opening, New York Bay. |
| 30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay. | 31. Cedar Pt., Opening, Cedar Pt. Delaware River. |
| 30. Am. Model, Prospect Park. | 30. Hempstead Bay, Opening. |
| 30. So. Boston, Open, So. Boston. | |
| 30. Fall River, Opening, Mt. Hope Bay. | |
| 30. Fall River, Open Regatta. | |

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| 3. Winthrop, Pen., Hough's N.Y. | 7. Buffalo, Ladies' Day. |
| 3. Royal Can., Open, all classes, Toronto. | 17. Commonwealth, Cup, Boston. |
| 3. Buffalo, Pen., 40 & 35ft., L. Erie. | 17. Massachusetts, An. Open, off Nahant. |
| 3. Savin Hill, First Champ., Dorchester Bay. | 17. Beverly, Open sweeps, Mon. B. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap. |
| 3. Williamsburg, Opening. | 17. Corinthian, An., New York. |
| 3. Quincy, Club Race, Mass. | 17. Mos. Fleet, Club, So. Boston. |
| 3. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. | 17. Phila., Open Race, 15ft. Boats, Delaware River. |
| 3. Phila., Open Reg., Del. River. | 17. Winthrop, 1st Cham., Hough's Neck. |
| 8. Monaquot, Open, Weymouth. | 17. Royal Can., 1st Class and 2ft. Class, Toronto. |
| 3. Pavia, 35ft. Class, Communipaw. | 17. Staten Island, Club Regatta. |
| 10. Buffalo, Pen., 35, 25, 30ft., L. Erie. | 17. Corinthian, Spring Regatta. |
| 10. Larchmont, Spring Regatta, Larchmont. | 21. Quincey, Club Race, Mass. |
| 10. New Jersey, An., N. Y. Bay. | 21. Rhode Island, Ladies' Day. |
| 10. Royal Can., 25ft. Class, Tor. | 21. Schoodic, An., Calais, Me. |
| 10. Winthrop, Subscription Race, Hough's Neck. | 21. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay. |
| 10. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | 21. Staten Island, Ladies' Day. |
| 10-11. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, with Euclia Y. C. Fleet. | 21. Skiff Class, Toronto. |
| 12. Brooklyn, An., Gravesend Bay. | 21. Hull Cor., 1st Cham., Hull. |
| 12. Atlantic, An., New York Bay. | 21. Jersey City, An., Communipaw. |
| 14. Knickerbocker, An. Open, College Point. | 24. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, LI 24-25. Cor., San Fran., An. Cruise. |
| 15. New York, An., New York. | 26. Pavia, An., New York Bay. |
| 15. Rochester, Renew & Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y. | 26. Eastern, Marblehead. |
| | 30-July 13. Phila., Club Cruise. |

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| 21. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck. | 8. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. |
| 1. Royal Can., Queen's Cup, 40ft. Class, Hamilton. | 10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound. |
| 1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch. | 10. Corinthian, Atlantic City. |
| 1. Beverly, Marblehead. | 15. Phila., Pen. and Sweeps Race, Delaware River. |
| 1. Williamsburg, Club Cruise. | 15. Commonwealth, 1st Pen, Boston. |
| 1-4. Cor., San Fran., Martinez, Suisu and Vallejo. | 15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham. |
| 3. Indian Harbor, Special, Greenwich, Conn. | 15. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck. |
| 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont. | 15. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor. |
| 4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg. | 15. Staten Island, Open Regatta. |
| 4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach. | 15. Rhode Island, Cup. |
| 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont. | 15. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth. |
| 4. Rochester, An., L. Y. R. A., Charlotte, N. Y. | 20. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. |
| 4. Buffalo, Club Regatta, L. Erie. | 20. Rochester, Skiff, Charlotte. |
| 4. Pavia, Com. and Vice-Com. Cups, Communipaw. | 20. Riverside, Special Cup, Riverside, Conn. |
| 4-5. Citizens Association, Open, Detroit, Mich. | 20. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers. |
| | 22. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. Beach. |
| | 22. Savin Hill Union Race, Dorchester Bay. |

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| 4-10. Royal Can., L. Y. R. A. Circuit, Lake Ontario. | 22. Royal Can., 21ft. Class, Tor. |
| 8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct. | 25-27-28. New York, Astor Cup, Newport. |
| 8. Beverly, 2d Open Sweeps, Quisset. | 28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail. |
| 8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops and Cutters, College Point. | 29. Buffalo, An. Cruise, Lake Erie. |
| 8. Monaquot, Cash Prizes, Weymouth. | 29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn. |
| 8. Savin Hill, First Cup, Dorchester Bay. | 29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise. |
| 8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston. | 29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull. |
| | 29. Royal Can., Lansdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor. |

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| 2. Monaquot, 1st Cham., Weymouth. | 19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. |
| 4. Savin Hill, 2d Champ., Dorchester. | 16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester Bay. |
| 5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham. | 19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. |
| 5. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston. | 19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, Riverside, Conn. |
| 5. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach. | 19. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass. |
| 5. Knickerbocker, Club, Cabin Cats, College Point. | 19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quisset. |
| 5. Riverside, Pen. Regatta, Riverside, Conn. | 19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston. |
| 5. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston. | 19. Winthrop, 2d Cham. |
| 5. Commonwealth, Ladies' Day, Boston Harbor. | 19. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor. |
| 5. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass. | 19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Goat Island. |
| 5. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. | 19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dorchester Bay. |
| 5. Winthrop, Ladies' Day. | 21. Rhode Island, Open. |
| 5. Royal Can., 21ft. Class and McGaw Cup, Toronto. | 21. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay. |
| 5. Massachusetts, Open, Under 28ft., Dorchester Bay. | 24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 10. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y. | 24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston. |
| 10. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull. | 25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day. |
| 12. Beverly, Marblehead. | 26. Beverly, Ladies' Day. |
| 12. Winthrop, Cash Race. | 26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual. |
| 12. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st, 20 and 25ft. Classes, Toronto. | 26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham. |
| 13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon. | 26. Monaquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth. |
| 14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series. | 26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont. |
| 16. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth. | 26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek. |
| | 26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise, New York, Cruise, Golet Cups, Newport. |
| | — Cor., Sweeps, 8ft. Class, Newport. |

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| 2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay. | 9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston. |
| 2. Cor. Marblehead, Sail off. | 9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie. |
| 2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach. | 9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto. |
| 2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point. | 14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach. |
| 2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass. | 14. Rochester, Ladies' Day and Ladies Day, Charlotte, N. Y. |
| 2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte. | 14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston. |
| 2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. | 16. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor. |
| 2. Winthrop, Consolation Race. | 16. Phila., Open, Delaware River. |
| 2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto. | 16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass. |
| 2. Lynn, An., Nahant. | 21. Corinthian, Atlantic City. |
| 4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg. | 23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto. |
| 4. N. Y. L. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay. | 23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games. |
| 4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach. | — Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont. |
| 6. Corinthian, Atlantic City. | — Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont. |
| 9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point. | |
| 9. Beverly, Marblehead. | |
| 9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race. | |

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| 7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise. | 14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor. |
| 14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day. | |
| 14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise. | |

The various rumors concerning Volunteer under her new owner, Com. J. Malcolm Forbes, Eastern Y. C., amount to the fact that Com. Forbes is desirous of converting her once more to the cutter rig, but that the Lawley Co. is too busy just now to do the work, with other alterations below, consequently the yacht is fitting out under her schooner rig. Two weeks since her large boom, stored since 1887 at Wintringham's yard, was shipped to Boston. Later in the season Volunteer will be seen under her old rig, the sole representative of the much-talked-of 90ft. class. It is probable that she will be raced, and her presence in the trial races would add greatly to the excitement, but Com. Forbes is not likely to give her a new racing rig, such as her added length would fit her for, and to race her as she was raced in 1887. Her length will in all probability prevent her being chosen to defend the Cup, even if she were successful in the trial races.

There is a prospect of a revival of that annual agony, the steam launch race, which was laid at rest last summer by the Norwood-Vamoose fiasco, the non-completion of the Gardner-Mosher boat and the burning of the Yankee Doodle, once the Buzz. The owners of this last craft have dug up her rusted remains and are building a hull 70ft, long and 7ft. beam to receive the same machinery. They now propose a sweepstakes race of \$100 entrance, with a purse of \$1,000 added by the city of Philadelphia, the date to be July 4 and the course on the Schuylkill River.

The fact is not generally known that the Paine fu-keel just missed being the Tobin bronze boat. It was decided to build her of that material, but an accidental delay of a day or two in ordering made the order second to that of the Herreshoffs, and the makers of the metal were unable to fill more than one order of this size on such short notice.

The obvious fakes which have been laid before a suffering community during the winter are of late giving place to true and reliable pictures of the new yachts. The sketch of the Stewart & Binney syndicate boat is from the Boston Globe, whose correspondent secured a photo of the yacht in the yard. Her fin will be put on in the Erie Basin dry docks, New York, the hull being towed around as soon as she is launched.

New York Y. C.

The third regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 18, with Vice-Com. Duncan in the chair, Com. Morgan being at Newport.

The committee on club sites reported that the new station at Bay Ridge will shortly be ready for occupancy, and that the station at Whitestone L. I., has been removed to the bulkhead of the Long Island Railroad Company's dock, thereby being in close communication with New York.

The committee on the reception of the Viking ship reported progress. The following programme was announced by the regatta committee: June 15.—The annual Regatta.—Regular Prizes.—In each class there will be a first prize if two or more start and a second prize if four or more start. Special Prizes.—There will be first and second prizes, as above, for yachts in cruising trim.

Aug. 7.—The rendezvous for the August cruise has been fixed by the committee appointed at the February meeting for Aug. 7, at Glen Cove L. I. On the day of rendezvous cups, which will be offered by the commodore, will be sailed for.

Aug. 11.—The flag officers have appointed Friday, Aug. 11, for the Golet cups off Newport. On squadron's return to Newport, the cups offered by Capt. J. J. Astor will be sailed for. During the cruise the customary prizes for the runs from port to port will be offered.

Sept. 15.—The autumn sweepstakes. For each class in which three or more enter. Course triangular, ten miles to a lag outside of Sandy Hook. Time limit seven hours, but if no class makes the race on the first trial, it will be started again on the following day without time limit.

Yachts entered alone in these classes will be governed by Section 4, Rule 5.

In each sweepstakes the second will save her entrance if four or more start. The club will add a \$300 cup for first prize if two or more start, and a \$100 cup for second prize if four or more start.

Entrance, \$100 half forfeit. Entries, which must be in writing, must be addressed to the regatta committee at the club house, 67 Madison

avenue. They will be bulletined at the club house, on their receipt. The list will close at 12 M., Sept. 1.

The match for the America's cup will close the season.

Rear Com. Ellis tendered his resignation, as he will be absent on the Navahoe and his yacht is under charter.

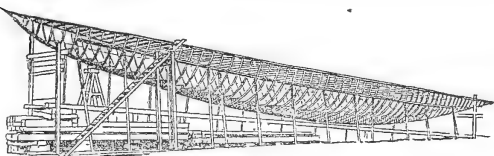
The following gentlemen were elected members, and among the number are eight or ten yachtsmen.

Lo Roy Bates, Warren B. Fales, James Cockcroft, James B. Townsend, James R. Hopkins, John C. Rich, U. S. N.; Albert Stevens, Henry M. Frankel, Thomas B. Parker, Cornelius J. Ryan, W. H. Dikey, Richard Peters, Clarence A. Mackey, L. J. Callanan, Walter J. Sears, U. S. N.; Chandler W. Wayland, Aaron Ward, U. S. N.; William G. Roelker, Frederick H. Von Stade, H. Walter Webb, A. Walpole Cragie, William Osborne, George M. Preston, William R. Sands, George Bird, John C. Tappin, Henry Pearce, William G. Dickinson, Edwin S. Cramp, John C. Orr, Benjamin F. Sutton, Paul G. Thebaud, Henry D. Babcock, John Burke, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Edgar S. Scott, Andrew S. Johnston, W. A. Marbury, C. T. Van Santvoord, Horace See, Conway H. Arnold, U. S. N.; Armistead Rust, U. S. N.; and Willard H. Jones.

The 25ft. Sailing Length Class.

THE 25ft. sailing length class, improperly called the 25-rating class in imitation of the English term "rating," was established in 1891 by several New York clubs with the idea of putting to a practical test the theory of sailing or corrected length as a basis of classification. After two seasons of trial the results have been seized upon by the adherents of a length classification as demonstrating the correctness of their views. Although there has been considerable racing in the class, the boats have been largely of one type, and the work of one designer, so that the results can hardly be taken as conclusive. The first boats built for the class were Smuggler, Nameless and Needle, miniature cutters, designed by Wm. Gardner, of about 25ft. l.w.l., and 6ft. 6in. to 7ft. draft. The racing of these three similar boats together in 1891 proved nothing, and the defeat of one of them by a shorter and wider boat in a single race at the end of the season was equally devoid of result. Last year the class was augmented by three new boats, two by Gardner and one by Herreshoff, and a number of races were sailed. The first boat, Pyxie, was a fin-keel variety of the cutter model of Nameless, shorter and wider and with deadwood all cut away, but still allied in model to the cutter type. The second was a Herreshoff fin-keel, El Chico, a canoe-like hull with bulb fin; and the third, designed by Gardner, was a fin-keel very similar to El Chico. None of these boats varied greatly from the dimensions first chosen by Mr. Gardner for Smuggler, of 25ft. l.w.l., by 625ft. sail area, and consequently the result of their races has been merely to test the individual merits of the boats and their helmsmen, and to throw no light on the more important question of the best proportions of length and sail for the class. On her visit to Boston last year Pyxie met a different class of boat in the Eastern 21-footer, boats of less length and greater sail area, and as a result she was badly beaten in the races, sailed mostly in light weather. This experience proved what some observers of the class had already pointed out, that the dimensions of the boats Nameless, Needle, Smuggler, Pyxie, El Chico and Nemadgy were not the best possible in a sum total of 25ft. sailing length, and that in the light weather which is found on Long Island Sound a smaller hull with more sail would prove a winner.

The first to take advantage of this hint is Mr. George Bullock, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., who now appears as the owner of the mysterious fin-keel just completed at Lawley's from Stewart & Binney's designs. Folly, as she is called, is one of the finest small craft yet launched about New York or Boston, the workmanship and finish being specially good. She is of canoe shape, with a roman



The Stewart & Binney fin-keel on the stocks at Wilmington. From the Boston Globe.

nose, a round section with light bilge and a very neatly shaped overhang which terminates in a light archboard, quite different from the Herreshoff stern. She is 31ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 7ft. beam and 6ft. 6in. extreme draft, of which 5ft. 3in. is fin, a plate of 3/16in. Tobin bronze 4ft. 6in. long on lower edge. In place of the balance or fishtail rudder of all fin-keel craft she has a small triangular fin of Tobin bronze at the after end of waterline, the bronze rudder being hung in the usual manner on the plate, the after edge forming a deep, narrow, moderate rake. Her cockpit is long and narrow, elliptical in shape, and an elliptical coaming includes enough of the deck to form a seat. Between the cockpit and mast is a circular hatch opening into the cuddy. The hull is of Spanish cedar, both planking and deck, of double-skin construction, a smooth a beautiful piece of work. The deck fittings are few and simple, the rig is a mainsail and jib. With her waterline of 21ft., as given, she will be entitled to no less than 500sq. ft. and there can be little doubt as to her performance in the usual light weather about Oyster Bay with the small cutters of only 625sq. ft. What the result will be in harder weather, and whether these proportions do not tend to the opposite extreme, of too little hull and too much sail, remains to be seen, but in any event the new Folly is likely to throw new and needed light on the practical operation of classification by sailing length. In this connection it may be mentioned that another mystery of the deep is still unsolved, a new "Alpha" that is still in the Herreshoff shops, said to be for a New York owner. Her dimensions are as yet unknown, but it is not unlikely that she may make her moorings in Oyster Bay and strike terror to "vested interests" in the 25ft. class.

[We understand that the waterline is over 11ft., probably between 22 and 23ft.]

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will open the season on May 27 at its Oyster Bay club house, breakfast being served at 1 P. M., immediately after the hoisting of the flags. The house this year will be in charge of Messrs. F. Delano Weeks, George Bullock, Sidney Chubb, Auguste P. Montauk and Francis T. Underhill. The first of the season, although last year was an experiment, it was most satisfactory, the experience gained, however, has pointed to improvements in various directions. The town house, which was closed last summer, will be kept open throughout the year; the train service to Oyster Bay has been improved by the Long Island R. R., a new and much larger steamer has replaced the small launch, and will meet all trains from New York at the railroad pier. The landing boat in front of the club house has been entirely improved. The mess dinners, which have become such a popular feature of the winter season, were discontinued on May 18, but will be resumed in October. The navigation class, under Capt. Howard Patterson, has lately concluded its work. A special meeting of the club was held on May 23 in consequence of the recent resignation of Com. Weeks, at which Mr. Robert Center, of the recent Medusa, was elected commodore for the third time, having served in 1894-95. Com. Center has appointed Mr. Auguste P. Montauk as fleet captain.

The programme for the season has just been announced by the race committee, Messrs. Walter C. Kerr, R. D. Townsend, R. W. Gibson, Irving Cox and W. Emlen Roosevelt. On the opening day, May 27, two races will take place.

The Hoyt naphtha launch races for the cup presented by Mr. Colgate Hoyt, for cabin launches, a cup of the value of \$50; for open launches, a cup of the value of \$35. Launch races for cabin launches will be open at 3 o'clock P. M. over the catboat inside course, allowances to be made according to handicap posted at club house.

The club catboat race, a special race for club catboats, will be started over the catboat inside course at 3:10 P. M. Helmsmen will be selected and boats awarded by lot. Four entries will be required; helmsmen's prize \$15.

The regular races of the season will be open to yachts of the Atlantic, Beverly, Corinthian of Marblehead, Corinthian of New York, Eastern, Knickerbocker, Larchmont, Massachusetts, Marine and Field, New Haven yacht clubs, and Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, and will be governed by the racing rules and time allowances, and under the direction of the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The 23d annual Corinthian race will be sailed on Saturday, July 1, the full conditions of which we will publish later.

On the various dates given below there will be sailed special races for small yachts; to be sailed under the racing rules and time allowances of the club, except as specified. Entries will be received from yachts under 32ft. waterline length, all sailing in one class. Unless otherwise directed by the race committee these races shall be sailed from a one-gun start at 11 o'clock A. M., and over the Bell Buoy course. Helmsmen shall be Corinthian P. M. over the catboat inside course, except that screws shall be limited to one man for each 5ft. of waterline or fraction thereof, exclusive of the helmsman. Second prizes may be added at the direction of the race committee.

Rouse and Wetmore series: Tuesday, May 30; Saturday, June 24; Saturday, July 15; Saturday, Aug. 12. For prizes of the value of \$75

each, presented by Mr. Henry C. Rouse and Mr. Charles W. Wetmore. Measurements will be made under the Seawanhaka rules, extended to meet the requirements of the several rigs carried, and time allowances for the first race shall be determined upon the following: For keel yachts, their racing length; for centerboard yachts over 35ft. waterline, their racing length; for centerboard yachts over 30ft. and not over 35ft. waterline, 9/10 of their racing length; for centerboard yachts 30ft. waterline and under, 9/10 of their racing length.

For the second and subsequent races such other method of allowance, classification or handicap may be adopted as the race committee shall determine. When a yacht shall have won two prizes she shall be barred from further entry.

Roosevelt handicap race, Saturday, July 22. For the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup, value \$75. Under handicaps to be arranged and announced by the race committee.

Bullock handicap race, Saturday, Aug. 26, for a cup valued at \$50, presented by Mr. George Bullock; handicaps to be arranged and announced by the race committee.

The race committee announces the following new regulation: Code signals concerning the starting of races, when it has been determined by the race committee that a race shall be started the code signal M (white X on blue ground) signifying "get under way," will be hoisted under the club burgee on the steamer or on the club house staff, and intention to postpone a race will be announced by signals, as indicated in the special signal code of the club.

Queen Mab.

As we go to press the news is announced that Queen Mab has been purchased by Mr. Percy Chubb, a New York yachtsman. The yacht was designed by Watson and built last year by Henderson & Co. for T. C. B. West. She is the first large centerboard racing yacht built in Great Britain for many years. She is of composite construction, 59ft. 3in. l.w.l., about 16ft. beam and about 11ft. draft, her centerboard being of Delta metal, weighing 3 1/4 tons. Her sail area by the Y. R. A. rule is 4,032sq. ft., making her of 40-rating. She will find no yachts of her own length to race with in this country, as there are no modern yachts between the 40ft. Wasp and 70ft. Katrina. Last season Queen Mab was conceded to be the best of the 40-rating class, her record standing 46 starts, 24 firsts, 11 seconds and one other prize, amounting to £1,187, including a Queen's cup at the Royal Firth regatta. Much

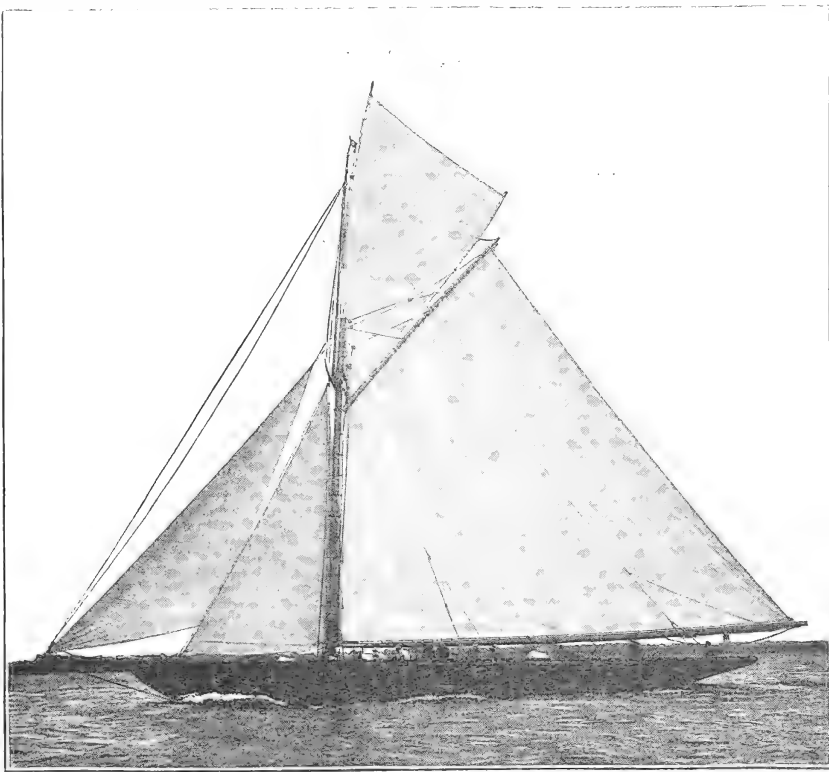
similar yawl, for J. W. Hill, of Boston. She will be 38ft. over all, 27ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. draft. Her name will be Linda. At the same yard a keel has been laid for a steamer for Mr. Goodyear, of New York. She will be 61ft. over all, 55ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam and but 5ft. draft, being intended for the Indian River.

Nothing has yet been done toward a suitable harbor at Chicago, and it is very doubtful whether one will be built. The schooner Fortuna is now on her way from Marblehead to the St. Lawrence, the steam yacht Norseman, Mr. S. R. Platt, has sailed from England for Chicago. The steamer Wild Duck, Col. J. M. Forbes, has sailed for Montreal, where her owner and a party will join her preparatory to a trip through the canals and lakes. The new Herreshoff steamer Laurie, will visit Chicago, and the steam yacht Manola, Thos. Pratt, of New Haven, leaves this week with a party aboard.

The latest proof that truth is stranger than fiction is found in the occurrence of May 10, off Chatham, when 3,000lbs. of dynamite were exploded under the wrecked Alva. The terrible explosion which ensued not only tore the hull apart, throwing a large portion so far away that it was not visible, but it so frightened a large whale that it rushed wildly around and finally became entangled with the bell buoy. In his struggles he parted the mooring chain and made for sea with the buoy in tow and the bell ringing. This quite discounts the story in "Olivette," which may, after all, be true. Little is left of the Alva, as the remaining pieces can be easily destroyed by small charges.

Serkara, schr., designed by Stewart & Binney for N. L. Francis, of Boston, was launched at A. J. Frisbie's yard on May 15, the owner and a party of friends being present. The yacht is 70ft. over all, 50ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 9ft. 6in. draft. The saloon is 15ft. long, under a low trunk, and there are two 8ft. staterooms. The saloon is finished in white and mahogany, with crimson upholstery. The joiner and cabinet work is very handsome and conveniently arranged. The sails were made by Wilson & Silsby. The yacht was christened with American wine by Miss Mallon, of Dochester.

Waterhouse & Cheeseborough are quite busy with a number of vessels. The passenger steamer is nearly finished, the Foster fin keel will go overboard this week, and Lawley has the molds ready for a 47ft. yawl of shoal draft, for Biscayne Bay, Fla. Lawley will build the Hopkins yawl and also a 30-footer. An order has just been placed with Story, of Essex, for a keel cruising schooner for W. T. Lambert



QUEEN MAB. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON.

has been said about her centerplate, the common report being that she does not use it.

The report that Queen Mab had had her centerboard removed is now supplemented by another to the effect that the board was not removed, but merely beveled off on the edges. There is also another report afloat to the effect that she has sailed for America, having been purchased by an American. Sawyer & Son, of New York, recently made to Mr. Watson's order a set of sails for a 40-rater, and as Watson is building no new boat of the 40 class this year, it is probable that they were intended for Queen Mab.

Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta.

THE Brooklyn Y. C., under its recent and present management, has done much to regain its old-time prestige, and though it is hardly likely that the fleet will again number such big vessels as once sailed under the B. Y. C. flag, the club is building up a fine fleet of cruising and racing craft from 60ft. downward, and is working hard for the encouragement of racing.

This season the annual regatta will be on a larger scale than ever of late years, invitations having been sent to 33 clubs about New York. The race will be sailed on June 12, starting at 9:30 A. M. sharp, and the courses will be on New York Bay. The race will be under the Seawanhaka rule, now used by the club, with no shifting ballast, a crew limit, and the helmsman of each yacht must be a member of a club having one or more yachts entered. The club classes are as follows:

Cabin Yachts—Schooners—50ft. class, 50ft. and under, course 23 miles; 60ft. class, 50ft. to 60ft., 37 miles; 70ft. class, 60ft. to 70ft., 32 miles; 80ft. class, 70ft. to 80ft., 27 miles; 90ft. class, 80ft. to 90ft., 22 miles; 100ft. class, 90ft. to 100ft., 17 miles; 110ft. class, 100ft. to 110ft., 12 miles; 120ft. class, 110ft. to 120ft., 7 miles; 130ft. class, 120ft. to 130ft., 2 miles; 140ft. class, 130ft. to 140ft., 2 miles; 150ft. class, 140ft. to 150ft., 2 miles; 160ft. class, 150ft. to 160ft., 2 miles; 170ft. class, 160ft. to 170ft., 2 miles; 180ft. class, 170ft. to 180ft., 2 miles; 190ft. class, 180ft. to 190ft., 2 miles; 200ft. class, 190ft. to 200ft., 2 miles; 210ft. class, 200ft. to 210ft., 2 miles; 220ft. class, 210ft. to 220ft., 2 miles; 230ft. class, 220ft. to 230ft., 2 miles; 240ft. class, 230ft. to 240ft., 2 miles; 250ft. class, 240ft. to 250ft., 2 miles; 260ft. class, 250ft. to 260ft., 2 miles; 270ft. class, 260ft. to 270ft., 2 miles; 280ft. class, 270ft. to 280ft., 2 miles; 290ft. class, 280ft. to 290ft., 2 miles; 300ft. class, 290ft. to 300ft., 2 miles; 310ft. class, 300ft. to 310ft., 2 miles; 320ft. class, 310ft. to 320ft., 2 miles; 330ft. class, 320ft. to 330ft., 2 miles; 340ft. class, 330ft. to 340ft., 2 miles; 350ft. class, 340ft. to 350ft., 2 miles; 360ft. class, 350ft. to 360ft., 2 miles; 370ft. class, 360ft. to 370ft., 2 miles; 380ft. class, 370ft. to 380ft., 2 miles; 390ft. class, 380ft. to 390ft., 2 miles; 400ft. class, 390ft. to 400ft., 2 miles; 410ft. class, 400ft. to 410ft., 2 miles; 420ft. class, 410ft. to 420ft., 2 miles; 430ft. class, 420ft. to 430ft., 2 miles; 440ft. class, 430ft. to 440ft., 2 miles; 450ft. class, 440ft. to 450ft., 2 miles; 460ft. class, 450ft. to 460ft., 2 miles; 470ft. class, 460ft. to 470ft., 2 miles; 480ft. class, 470ft. to 480ft., 2 miles; 490ft. class, 480ft. to 490ft., 2 miles; 500ft. class, 490ft. to 500ft., 2 miles; 510ft. class, 500ft. to 510ft., 2 miles; 520ft. class, 510ft. to 520ft., 2 miles; 530ft. class, 520ft. to 530ft., 2 miles; 540ft. class, 530ft. to 540ft., 2 miles; 550ft. class, 540ft. to 550ft., 2 miles; 560ft. class, 550ft. to 560ft., 2 miles; 570ft. class, 560ft. to 570ft., 2 miles; 580ft. class, 570ft. to 580ft., 2 miles; 590ft. class, 580ft. to 590ft., 2 miles; 600ft. class, 590ft. to 600ft., 2 miles; 610ft. class, 600ft. to 610ft., 2 miles; 620ft. class, 610ft. to 620ft., 2 miles; 630ft. class, 620ft. to 630ft., 2 miles; 640ft. class, 630ft. to 640ft., 2 miles; 650ft. class, 640ft. to 650ft., 2 miles; 660ft. class, 650ft. to 660ft., 2 miles; 670ft. class, 660ft. to 670ft., 2 miles; 680ft. class, 670ft. to 680ft., 2 miles; 690ft. class, 680ft. to 690ft., 2 miles; 700ft. class, 690ft. to 700ft., 2 miles; 710ft. class, 700ft. to 710ft., 2 miles; 720ft. class, 710ft. to 720ft., 2 miles; 730ft. class, 720ft. to 730ft., 2 miles; 740ft. class, 730ft. to 740ft., 2 miles; 750ft. class, 740ft. to 750ft., 2 miles; 760ft. class, 750ft. to 760ft., 2 miles; 770ft. class, 760ft. to 770ft., 2 miles; 780ft. class, 770ft. to 780ft., 2 miles; 790ft. class, 780ft. to 790ft., 2 miles; 800ft. class, 790ft. to 800ft., 2 miles; 810ft. class, 800ft. to 810ft., 2 miles; 820ft. class, 810ft. to 820ft., 2 miles; 830ft. class, 820ft. to 830ft., 2 miles; 840ft. class, 830ft. to 840ft., 2 miles; 850ft. class, 840ft. to 850ft., 2 miles; 860ft. class, 850ft. to 860ft., 2 miles; 870ft. class, 860ft. to 870ft., 2 miles; 880ft. class, 870ft. to 880ft., 2 miles; 890ft. class, 880ft. to 890ft., 2 miles; 900ft. class, 890ft. to 900ft., 2 miles; 910ft. class, 900ft. to 910ft., 2 miles; 920ft. class, 910ft. to 920ft., 2 miles; 930ft. class, 920ft. to 930ft., 2 miles; 940ft. class, 930ft. to 940ft., 2 miles; 950ft. class, 940ft. to 950ft., 2 miles; 960ft. class, 950ft. to 960ft., 2 miles; 970ft. class, 960ft. to 970ft., 2 miles; 980ft. class, 970ft. to 980ft., 2 miles; 990ft. class, 980ft. to 990ft., 2 miles; 1000ft. class, 990ft. to 1000ft., 2 miles; 1010ft. class, 1000ft. to 1010ft., 2 miles; 1020ft. class, 1010ft. to 1020ft., 2 miles; 1030ft. class, 1020ft. to 1030ft., 2 miles; 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2190ft. class, 2180ft. to 2190ft., 2 miles; 2200ft. class, 2190ft. to 2200ft., 2 miles; 2210ft. class, 2200ft. to 2210ft., 2 miles; 2220ft. class, 2210ft. to 2220ft., 2 miles; 2230ft. class, 2220ft. to 2230ft., 2 miles; 2240ft. class, 2230ft. to 2240ft., 2 miles; 2250ft. class, 2240ft. to 2250ft., 2 miles; 2260ft. class, 2250ft. to 2260ft., 2 miles; 2270ft. class, 2260ft. to 2270ft., 2 miles; 2280ft. class, 2270ft. to 2280ft., 2 miles; 2290ft. class, 2280ft. to 2290ft., 2 miles; 2300ft. class, 2290ft. to 2300ft., 2 miles; 2310ft. class, 2300ft. to 2310ft., 2 miles; 2320ft. class, 2310ft. to 2320ft., 2 miles; 2330ft. class, 2320ft. to 2330ft., 2 miles; 2340ft. class, 2330ft. to 2340ft., 2 miles; 2350ft. class, 2340ft. to 2350ft., 2 miles; 2360ft. class, 2350ft. to 2360ft., 2 miles; 2370ft. class, 2360ft. to 2370ft., 2 miles; 2380ft. class, 2370ft. to 2380ft., 2 miles; 2390ft. class, 2380ft. to 2390ft., 2 miles; 2400ft. class, 2390ft. to 2400ft., 2 miles; 2410ft. class, 2400ft. to 2410ft., 2 miles; 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General orders No. 1. William Caleb Loring is hereby appointed fleet captain."

On May 15, the centerboard sloop Olive, of New Rochelle, white bound for Atlantic City, N. J., ran ashore on the outer bar of Absecon Inlet, but was floated by the aid of other yachts without serious damage.

The Bayonne Y. C., has elected the following officers: Com., W. E. Ellsworth; Vice-Com., T. Hopkins; Sec., Phil. J. Mooney; Treas., F. H. Ellsworth; Meas., Phil. E. Van Burskirk. New York Yacht Racing Association Committee—Capt. Joe Ellsworth, John O'Neil and Edward H. Bennett.

The yacht Gitanra yesterday arrived in Boston, in tow, from Savannah, Ga. On the 20th of last month the Gitanra, with Mr. George Weld and a party on board, went on Wolf Island Shoal, Dubois Inlet, coast of Georgia, at 7:30 o'clock at night, with a high wind blowing over her stern, a heavy sea running, and the cheering accompaniment of thunder, lightning and driving rain. On this shoal the Gitanra rounded till 1:30 the following day when she was bumped in over a sand bar which lay directly astern, and beached within two miles of the shore. Then the passengers and crew were taken off, and two days later the yacht was dragged by two tugs through the sand to a channel, and thence towed to Savannah. Her pig iron ballast was put aboard a lighter and sent ahead to Savannah, where upon the yacht's arrival it was put back again, and the yacht, having been caulked and made as tight as possible, came on to Boston. She will now be hauled up on the ways and her owners will hold a consultation as to whether she is worth being further repaired. As she stands now she is a sorry-looking vessel. Her lead keel is gone, both boats are more or less stove in, and everything below is ruined by the salt water. The piano, the bunks, the transoms, the desk, library and in fact all the cabin furnishings are a hopeless wreck. The foremast, which, with its boom and gaff was cut away to make a raft, is ruined, and all the running and standing rigging will need thorough overhauling. For a rough estimate it would cost eight or ten thousand dollars to put the yacht in trim again. Mr. Colbreth, who went as mate, says that the treatment which the yacht's crew received at the hands of the Georgia "Crackers" who live in Dubois, was outrageous. They stole everything that they could lay their hands on, and the yacht, till she was hauled off, was constantly surrounded by a flotilla of small boats, ready to take advantage of the slightest relaxation of vigilance on the part of the crew and to bounce upon the yacht and loot recklessly. The steward was knocked down and beaten because he attempted to do guard duty when he went ashore for provisions. The wreckers refused to put him on board the yacht again, and altogether, from Mr. Colbreth's account of Dubois, it is a good place to avoid.—*Boston Morning Journal*, May 17.

The Longport (N. J.) Yachtsmen's Association has elected the following officers: Pres. A. B. Steelman; Sec., Bolton Steelman; Treas., J. C. Albertson.

A serious accident occurred on the Delaware River on May 8, the sloop Monarch capsizing when off Chester, her party of eleven men being taken off by the tug Owen Brady before she sunk. The Monarch is, we believe, the 48ft. cabin centerboard yacht of that name.

Flash, shoot, has been chartered by C. B. Baker to J. H. Sterling, Larchmont Y. C., for the season.

The Canaris Y. C. will open the season on May 27 by a review and reception.

The annual regatta of the Douglaston Y. C. will take place June 24. Lady Evelyn, schr., has been sold by Sir Roderick Cameron to A. E. Tower, of Poughkeepsie, who is refitting her at Newburgh.

W. Van Deusen, of Cooper's Point, has on the stocks a 30ft. launch for F. J. Petry, of Philadelphia, to be named Tincum. She is 38ft. over all, 6ft. beam and 2ft. 3in. draft.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Franklin S. Leavitt and Harry W. Anderson, Boston, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club's Bi-Monthly Shoot.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, May 21.—The members of the Zettler Rifle Club met here this morning for their regular outdoor practice. Following so close as it does after the club's prize shoot on Monday, the attendance was not as large as there would otherwise have been. However, the scores of those who were present and participated in the three hours' practice were well up to the average. F. Fabarius in age is several years past three score and ten. He is excusable for making a miss now and then. Dr. Boyken was experimenting with the .33-30 and his scores are not what he can do with the proper tools. R. Hamann shot in expert form. He made in 9 strings of 10 shots each the following scores: 210, 216, 210, 213, 226, 225, 212, 217, or an average of 219 per string.

Ten-shot scores, 3 scores to count:	
R Hamann, .38-55 Bal. lub.	23 33 23 25 24 23 23 21 22 17—226
	24 23 21 19 24 22 22 24 22 23—225
	21 25 21 21 21 21 23 25 23 25—225
Geo W Plaisted, .38-55 Bal. lub.	31 24 23 23 24 18 23 23 23—222
	24 15 23 23 23 23 24 24 25 21—220
	21 21 23 23 21 21 21 21 23 23—219
Chas G Zettler, .38-55 Zettler lub.	20 20 20 25 24 23 23 23 23 21—219
	25 24 21 23 23 23 18 19 23 19—217
	23 19 21 15 18 10 25 23 23—210
B Zettler, .38-55 Bal. lub.	21 24 22 24 18 18 20 24 25 21—217
	23 23 20 23 23 23 23 20 19—216
	22 22 18 22 23 23 23 23 21 19—197
Dr J A Boyken, .32-30 Bal. lub.	20 20 20 18 23 21 24 19 16 20—205
	19 17 23 20 19 23 20 23 21 20—203
	25 23 25 19 17 21 18 18 17—201
Geo W Downs, .38-55 Bal. lub.	19 17 18 23 19 20 21 23 19—200
	6 23 22 20 17 22 20 17 19—188
	24 24 9 19 21 17 15 23 14—180
F Fabarius, .38-55 Bal. lub.	16 13 19 22 22 23 23 23 23—179
	21 22 11 25 21 5 19 14 24—177
	20 0 0 10 15 17 19 13 19—118

A Merchandise Series.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 20.—The Colt Gun Club have just finished a series of 24 shoots commenced June 1, for a number of merchandise prizes, the conditions being to shoot once every two weeks for 24 shoots at 25 targets, and any member shooting 10 times out of the 24 shoots is entitled to be in for the prizes. To make it equal for the poorer shots a handicap of 1 to 7 targets was allowed to be added to what the shooter broke out of 25. Fifteen qualified for the prizes. Following are the actual scores with handicap added and prizes selected, the best scores taking first, second best next choice and so on:

Score.	cap.	Total.	Prizes selected.
F Manross.....	236	0	250
F Risley.....	244	0	244
C Burbridge.....	242	0	242
O Treat.....	311	30	341
J Alger.....	10	238	248
F Olmsted.....	303	30	333
M F Cook.....	219	10	229
J Melrose.....	219	10	229
McGinty.....	218	10	228
L Decker.....	215	10	225
L Hottelkiss.....	215	10	225
Wood.....	212	10	222
A Willy.....	200	0	200
M White.....	127	70	197
J Peard.....	112	50	162

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., May 21.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range on Saturday and made the following scores. Conditions, 200yds. off-hand at the standard target: Gindele.....85 83 85 Stuckels.....67 65 53 Sec.....72 76 69 Best.....77 72 72 Zeltzer.....69 66 64 Weinheimer.....71 68 68 Louis.....73 61 73 Topf.....61 63 63 Puthoff.....55 70 69 Payne.....76 74 72 Randall.....76 80 75 Schmidt.....47 44 45

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., May 17.—The following shows two weekly shoots of the Beideman Rifle Club. Conditions, 25yds., strictly off-hand, target 14in. ring, possible 250:

Week ending May 6.		Week ending May 13.	
A J Yergey.....	345	A J Yergey.....	348
J L Wood.....	344	E L Gardiner.....	342
E L Gardiner.....	342	A C McQuinn.....	338
W Gilbert.....	323	J L Wood.....	338
		W Gilbert.....	338

RIFLE NOTES.

THE New York City Corps, Capt. Chris Rehm, will hold its monthly shoot in Washington Park on Friday, May 26.

A team match between the Heidenreich and the Port Chester Rifle clubs will be shot off at Port Chester on Decoration Day.

By referring to the report of the Zettler Rifle Club shoot at Cypress Hills on the 21st inst., it will be seen that the shooters all used lubricated bullets. At the previous shoots most of them used the 330 patched bullets. Some days ago one of the members of the club experienced a desire to know what his rifle would do with lubricated bullets on a slide rest, so he betook himself to Cypress Hill Park and gave the rifle a good, thorough test. The best 30-shot group was just covered by a 3/16in. circle. This result was not what had been expected and when the shooter went into the Zetter's office all used the 15th issue, he had many misgivings as to how his pocketbook would look at the close of the shoot. But when the festival was over and the loss and gains counted up, it was found that this member was one of the two or three who reached the head of the prize list, and got back more cash than he shot in.

A team match between the Hudson Rifle Club of Mariou, N. J., and the Greenville Rifle Club of Greenville, N. J., will take place in Armbruster's Park on Tuesday, May 30. Each team will consist of ten men, the five of Armbruster's best diners, to be paid for by the losing team.

The seventh annual summer festival of the Miller Rifle Club, Capt. E. Fischer, will take place at Pohlmann's Park, Jersey City Heights, on June 4 and 5. The club offers a liberal programme for both shooting and bowling. On the ring target there are sixteen prizes, ranging from \$40 down to \$1. On the bulls-eye target there are twelve prizes ranging from \$20 down to \$1. There are four premiums of \$10, \$7, \$5 and \$3 for the most red flags.

Heidenreich Rifle Club.

The summer festival and grand prize shoot of the Heidenreich Club was held in Union Park, on Friday, May 19. The weather conditions were all that the rifle crank, or the pickpinner could ask for, and as a consequence all hands were there prepared to take advantage of the pleasures of the day. The shooting house was the Mecca toward which all the lovers of the rifle were attracted and from the opening of the range in the morning until sunset, the targets were well patronized. The Zettler Brothers had charge of the shooting house and supplied the rifles and ammunition for those shooters who had left their guns at home. At 6 P. M. there was not a round of ammunition left; the Zettler Brothers' stock having been completely exhausted; this brought the shooting programme to a close. All of the prominent shooting societies from New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, New Jersey and Connecticut were represented. On the honor target, 3 shots, possible 18 (18 ring, 300 ft.), the following scores were made: Geo. Schlicht 52, M. Kaufmann 43, Aigeldinger 41, Val. Horn 41, M. Schulluff 40, W. Waegler 31, T. Goodman 31, W. M. Mays 29, Thos. J. McManus 21, M. Bush 17, Eberhardt 9.

Ring target—Two best tickets to count possible 108, 18 prizes, \$25 to \$1: Geo. Schlicht 106, Louis Flach 105, L. Schmidt 104, E. Fisher 104, W. Helbig 103, M. Dorrier 103, D. Miller 103, E. Zettler 101, Fred Ross 101, Val. Horn 100, J. E. Smith 100, M. Seidel 99, F. A. Bachmann 97, Jacob Hesse 97, Louis Vogel 97, J. Aigeldinger 89, Thos. McManus 88, M. Simmer 87.

Bulls-eye target (24 in. center), best center shot to count, 16 prizes, \$12 to \$1: J. E. Smith 28, B. Zettler 28 1/2, Val. Horn 30 1/2, F. Goodman 32, Geo. Schlicht 34, L. Schmidt 44, W. M. Mays 49, Louis Vogel 49, E. Fisher 50, R. Auden 52, Louis Flach 53, Thos. J. McManus 59 1/2, W. Helbig 59 1/2, Fred Ross 67, M. Seidel 67, F. A. Bachmann 74.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE spring festival and prize shoot of the New York Central Corps took place in Washington Park on Thursday, May 18. There was not as large an attendance as one would expect from a society with the large membership the Central Corps has, and it would be for the interest of the Corps, as well as for rifle shooting in general, if the board of officers of the Corps would follow the example of some of the other shooting societies in New York, who, with a very much smaller membership, are able to hold prize shoots with liberal prize lists and still turn in a good cash balance to the treasury after paying all expenses to the shoot. A society which holds out no inducements to its members to come to a festival can hardly expect much of an attendance.

The Overbaugh medal, presented to the Corps by C. E. Overbaugh in 1888, to be competed for by the members and to go to the member winning it the most times in five yearly competition, was decided at this shoot. Aug. Rohde having won it three times now holds it permanently.

On the target of honor, 3 shots, possible 75, the following scores were made: Fred Schmidt 74, Jos. Jordan 61, Aug. Rohde 56, Fred Schraeder 52, C. F. Genierich 52, Hermann Tonjes 51, Emil Berckmann 48, Fred Baumann 47, D. Meerse 47, Jacob Dux 43, W. Bergner 42, T. Jutjens 38, H. Kramer 36, H. Holsten 33, Hy Luhrs 30, A. Richter 14, C. Lehnitter 12, W. Seppelfeld 0.

Ring target, 3 shots, possible 75: Fred Schraeder 63, Fred Schmidt 63, Emil Berckmann 63, Aug. Rohde 63, J. Eisenhardt 62, Jacob Dux 62, F. Genierich 61, W. A. Ross 56, H. Holsten 52, W. Bergner 52, Fred Baumann 50, D. Meerse 49, H. Young 48, T. Jutjens 47, J. Jordan 39, A. Richter 20, C. Lehnitter 15.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: C. F. Genierich 53, Fred Schraeder 51, Fred Schmidt 51, J. Eisenhardt 51, Emil Berckmann 49, Jacob Dux 43, T. Jutjens 42, W. A. Ross 41, H. Holsten 41, J. Jordan 39, D. Meerse 30, Fred Baumann 37.

Newark Schuetzen Park.

By invitation a few shooters gathered at the Newark Schuetzen Park, on Monday, the 22d inst., for the opening of the season 1893. Alex. Volheye, the genial proprietor of the park, was on hand to extend a friendly greeting to the visitors as they entered the shooting grounds. Frank Watts, who has just passed through a siege of pneumonia, was out for the first time.

There being no regular programme the afternoon was devoted to pool shooting on the German ring target, 3 shots per man, possible 75, entry 25 cents:

First pool winners: W. Hayes 65, F. Watts 64.
Second pool winners: W. Hayes 65, F. Watts 64, B. Walther 63.
Third pool: W. Hayes 67, G. Weigman 57.
Fourth pool: F. Watts 70, W. Hayes 64, Gardner 62.
Fifth pool: W. Hayes 65, F. Watts 59.
Sixth pool: W. Hayes 65, B. Walther 62.
Seventh pool: W. Hayes 67, B. Walther 64.
Eighth pool: W. Hayes 67, G. Weigman 67.
Ninth pool: G. W. Plaisted 65, W. Hayes 63.

Flag shooting:							
	Red.	White.	Blue.		Red.	White.	Blue.
W Hayes.....	3	9	7	F Watts.....	1	3	5
G Weigman.....	5	3	9	Fisch.....		5	1
B Walther.....	1	2	7	A Begrow.....	1		

Smith & Wesson Pistol Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 19.—Standard American target, 20yds.: J. H. Wesson.....10 9 9 8 8 5 7—63
G C Talbot.....9 9 9 8 8 7 7—62
W H Stadden.....9 8 8 7 7 6 6—60
C L Smith.....10 9 8 8 8 7 6—57
H R Wright.....9 9 9 6 6 6 6—49
J R Buchanan.....10 9 8 8 8 7 6—47
F G Hodskins.....9 8 8 7 7 6 5—43
J E Goodrich.....10 9 9 7 7 6 5—42
C Clark.....10 9 9 8 8 7 6—40
J M Russell.....10 10 9 7 6 6 6—52
Made at new range on Wilbraham road. W. H. Stodden, Sec'y.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., May 30.—The Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, has completed its eighth annual summer festival, a prize shooting and bowling festival, which takes place in Pohlmann's Pavilion, Ogden avenue, Jersey City Heights, on Sunday and Monday, June 4 and 5. Shooting will be a feature on both days, the picnic and prize bowling only taking one day, June 5. The committee of arrangements could not secure a suitable date with the manager of the Union Hill Schutzen Park, and therefore the club decided to hold their festival in the place named above. The range is 300 yds. long, 75 ft. wide, and therefore .22cal. rifles only will be allowed to be used. If appearances go for anything this affair will eclipse any former effort of the club.

Programme: Ring target 200ft. range, 16 prizes \$40 to \$1, open for all comers, tickets \$1.00 per 3 shots, re-entries unlimited, two best tickets to count, shooting Sunday and Monday from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Bulls-eye target 200ft. range, open to all comers, tickets, 10 shots, \$1 unlimited, the best bulls-eye by any one shooter to count by measure, prizes \$30 to \$2. Premiums: For first most bulls-eyes \$10, \$7, \$5, \$3, first and last flag each day \$1. Prize bowling, June 5, prizes \$15 to \$2, a handsome gold medal for the ten best tickets; bowling will take place from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M. Ladies' prize shoot: For a hand

some gold medal, all entries to be accompanied by a prize, one day, June 5, only. Target of honor: three shots, open to members of the club for the prizes presented by the judges and members. Judges' target: One handsome gold medal, and handsome gold mounted umbrella, no member allowed to shoot on this target. Shooting committee: D. Miller, L. Sobl, W. H. Rogers, L. Vogel, F. Brandt, J. Meyer, L. Flach, A. Meyns. Bowling committee: H. F. Meyer, K. Zoch, A. Pfingst, F. Kammel, H. van der Heyden, J. H. Holsten, J. Shueman, Wm. Forkel. Arrangement committee: F. Liehl, J. Scott, H. D. Hencken, D. Peters, H. Lohman, Jr., J. J. Devitt, H. Kattenkamp, W. F. Taylor.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The weekly medal shoot came off at the headquarters of the club, 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City, on Tuesday night, May 18. The appended scores were made by the members participating. Ten shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: O. C. Boyce 238, C. Thomas 237, W. J. Hennessey, 237, P. H. Duff 234, Thos. Hughes 232, C. Bauchle 229, Jas. Binns 225, C. L. Pinney 224, L. A. Rayer 207.
The regular Friday outdoor shoot took place in Armbruster's Schuetzen Park in Greenville, N. J., on the 19th inst. The weather conditions were favorable for good shooting, and the scores of the members were up to the average. Ten shots, possible 250, distance 200yds.: O. C. Boyce 214, J. H. Ward 213, L. P. Hansen 212, C. Thomas 206, L. A. Rayer 178.

Empire Rifle Club.

THE Empire Rifle Club held its weekly medal shoot at headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks Place, on Tuesday, May 16. In the competition for the gold, silver and bronze medals the following members have qualified and received their trophies: Gold medals—C. Zettler, Jr., W. Miller, H. Zettler, B. Zahn. Silver medals—L. Buss, W. Meisenholder, A. Rosenstraus. Bronze medals—F. Davies, J. Grimm, G. Hillmeyer, M. Keller, F. Lohman, W. Rosenbaum. The scores for the week ending May 16 are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 100ft.: B. Zahn 245, C. Zettler, Jr. 243, W. Miller 243, H. Zettler 241, W. Meisenholder 240, A. Rosenstraus 239, L. Buss 235, F. Davies 231, G. Hillmeyer 220, M. Keller 215, F. Lohman 213.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville, N. J., indulged in its regular Saturday afternoon practice in Armbruster's Park on May 30. There was a good attendance of members, and a pleasing incident to all present was the appearance of Jas. Dodds in the shooting house. Mr. Dodds is the club's treasurer and he has just recovered from a two months' siege of pneumonia. The scores, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 200yds.: H. Chavart 235, C. Boag 235, G. Plaisted 212, J. Hill 200, F. Ross 215, W. H. Kobedeux 213, Geo. Furkess 210, Jas. Dodds 192.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE weekly outing of the Turtle Bay Club came off at Woodside, L. I., May 14. Only four members turned out to participate in the day's sport. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 50yds.: G. E. Jantzer 235, H. Walther 231, O. G. Fuchs 230, J. Krampert, 225.

The following scores were made on the 2d, distance 50yds.: G. E. Jantzer 238, H. Walther 235, C. H. Plate 230, J. Krampert 230, A. Frank 215.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

May 25-26.—Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
May 30.—Eastern New York Trap League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y.
May 30.—Maplewood vs. Union Gun Clubs, team contest at live birds, at Springfield, N. J.
May 30.—White Plains (N. Y.) tournament.
May 30.—Highland Gun Club tournament, at Moline, O.
May 30.—Muskegon (Mich.) Gun Club tournament.
May 30.—Sportsmen's Gun Club tournament, at Wilkinsburg, Pa.
May 30-June 1.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Clear Lake, Ia.
June 1-2.—Norristown (Pa.) Penn Gun Club tournament, bluebirds 100 bird race, entrance \$10; for programme address Jonas U. Cassel Norristown, Pa.
June 5-10.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Chicago, Ill.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester, N. Y.
June 14-17.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament at Victoria, B. C.
June 20-22.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.
June 21-22.—Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association second annual tournament, Wapnonock Park, Altoona, Pa.
June 27-28.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Salem, Oregon.
June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y. H. B. Wygant, President, Peekskill, N. Y.

ON THE HILL AT PASSAIC.

THE Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament at Passaic, N. J., last week, given by the Passaic City Gun Club, and held on their beautiful grounds on the hill was an enjoyable gathering of shooters from this vicinity. In these days with all the sports at various points, each one earning the support of local shots, Manager Shaner considers that an attendance of twenty men is to be counted as a well patronized shoot; but he points with pride to the participation at Passaic of thirty shooters at one time, and to an attendance in all of fifty-one shooters during the week.

The grounds are admirably situated, the tournament was well contested, weather favored the New Jersey boys, and taken altogether the Passaic City Gun Club and the Association have abundant reason for satisfaction. The scores follow:

No. 1, 10 targets:		First Day.	
Appgar.....	1101111101-8	Morfe.....	0011010010-4
Miller.....	1111111011-9	N Money.....	0101111010-6
Van Dyke.....	0011101111-7	Hall.....	1101011010-6
Dutchey.....	1101011111-8	Jelleme.....	1101000111-6
Collins.....	1111001010-4	Richmond.....	0101011101-7
J L Smith.....	0001001101-4	Hoffman.....	0001011101-6
Wise.....	0100011111-6	Bowes.....	0101100010-6
Money.....	1111011111-9	Hesse.....	0101111111-8
J W Smith.....	0000110111-5	Dayton.....	0010101110-5
Abbott.....	0001010100-3		
No. 2, 10 targets:		Second Day.	
E D Miller.....	1111111111-10	Morfe.....	0101110010-5
Appgar.....	1100001011-5	Fayette.....	0101111110-8
Van Dyke.....	0011100011-5	N Money.....	0101101111-7
Collins.....	0101010111-5	Hall.....	1101010011-5
Dutchey.....	1011111111-9	Wise.....	0101101110-7
Throcky.....	0010010011-4	Hoffman.....	0101001011-5
Richmond.....	1111111110-9	J L Smith.....	0101000001-3
Capt Money.....	1111010011-7	Hesse.....	1101101110-9
W Smith.....	1001011011-6	Bowes.....	0011011010-5
No. 3, 15 targets:		Third Day.	
E D Miller.....	111010111101110-12	Hesse.....	1111111101110-13
Van Dyke.....	1000001011111-8	J L Smith.....	0101100001100-7
Appgar.....	010110111010110-10	Throcky.....	010101101110-10
Dutchey.....	1101001010110-8	Capt Money.....	0101000111110-3
Collins.....	0110101010101-5	Fayette.....	0010100110100-6
W Smith.....	0101001010110-10	Wise.....	010100111110-12
Richmond.....	0101010010101-8	Dayton.....	00100100111101-8
N Money.....	1101111101101-12	J W Hoffman.....	010100001111001-7
Wise.....	1000111010110-10		
No. 4, 10 targets:		Fourth Day.	
Appgar.....	1111111101-9	Abbott.....	0010000011-3
Van Dyke.....	1111010111-8	Wise.....	0101111111-9
Miller.....	1111001001-6	Jelleme.....	1101000100-6
Collins.....	1111010111-8	Hall.....	0101010100-6
Dutchey.....	1101011111-8	Wise.....	0101001011-7
Hobart.....	1010000100-3	Capt Money.....	0101000111-5
Hesse.....	1111011101-9	Morfe.....	0010011100-4
Richmond.....	1101010010-5	Hoffman.....	1101111111-8
Dayton.....	1101111100-7	Fayette.....	0101101111-8
W Smith.....	1101111110-7	J L Smith.....	0101101101-6
N Money.....	0001100111-5	Throcky.....	1111101010-7
Comau.....	1010000111-5	Bowes.....	0101010011-6

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50:	
Todd.....	0111111111-8
Jordan.....	1101111111-7
Mitchell.....	1111111111-10
Dodge.....	1111111111-10
Hovell.....	1011010101-5
Anthony.....	1111111111-10
Summerson.....	1111111111-10
Brem.....	1111111111-10
Daniels.....	1111111111-8
Stokes.....	1111111111-8
Dixon.....	1111111111-6

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance \$2:	
Anthony.....	01111011111010-11
Mitchell.....	11111111111111-13
Dodge.....	11001011111111-10
Jordan.....	11001011111111-10
Stokes.....	11010111111001-8
Summerson.....	10111111111011-12
Daniels.....	10111111111011-12
Gilmer.....	10111111111011-12
E W Tate.....	11000110001111-8
Glenn.....	11111111111011-12
Brem, Jr.....	11011111111010-9

No. 3, 15 singles, entry \$2, four moneys:	
Todd.....	11001111111111-10
Ulmer.....	11011111111010-12
C W Tate.....	11111111111111-14
Jordan.....	11111111111111-14
Mitchell.....	11111111111111-14
Anthony.....	01011011111111-12
Carson.....	01011011111011-12
Gilmer.....	11011111111011-12
Justice.....	11111111111011-12
Dodge.....	11111111111011-12
Daniels.....	10111111111011-12

No. 4, 10 singles:	
Todd.....	1010001110-5
Jordan.....	1010001110-5
Summerson.....	1110101011-7
Mitchell.....	1110101011-7
Dodge.....	0010101011-3
Stokes.....	1110001110-5
Anthony.....	1110101010-6
Daniels.....	0101011110-5
Howell.....	1010101110-5
Justice.....	1110101110-5

No. 5, team match, entry \$12.50 per team, 4 moneys:	
Gilmer.....	11111111111111111111-28
Daniels.....	11111111111111111111-26
Glenn.....	11111111111111111111-28
C W Tate.....	01000011111111111111-21
Justice.....	11101111111111111111-26

No. 6, 10 singles:	
Todd.....	10111111111111111111-28
Jordan.....	11111111111111111111-26
Summerson.....	11111111111111111111-28
Mitchell.....	11111111111111111111-28
Dodge.....	01000011111111111111-21
Stokes.....	11101111111111111111-26
Anthony.....	11101111111111111111-26
Daniels.....	11101111111111111111-26
Howell.....	11101111111111111111-26
Justice.....	11101111111111111111-26

THE LANSING TOURNAMENTS.

The Manufacturers' Association's Tournament.

The May tournament of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association was held on the Fair grounds in the beautiful city of Lansing, Mich., on May 16 and 17. It was most successfully conducted by its popular manager, Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., under his energetic attention the spirit of the competition did not flag for a moment from start to finish. He was ably assisted by Messrs. Keller, Lindsey, Courtney, Grubbs and Bush, all of whom seem to have an incurable target-breaking habit. Mr. Bush was most courteous, obliging and popular.

Montgomery Ward & Co. had an exhibit of guns under the charge of their genial and wide-awake representative, Charles W. Grubb, of the Hunter Arms Co. and Parker Bros. respectively also had an exhibit of guns.

The Paul North electric pull was used. The weather, while not bad, was not favorable for good scores. A steady wind blew from behind the traps on Tuesday, and on Wednesday it blew both steady and strong. It added much to the speed of the targets, besides making their flight erratic. A background of woods in the distance was unfavorable for good sighting, particularly in a dull light.

At a meeting of the directors Messrs. McMurchy, Courtney, Keller and Lindsey being present, it was decided that a tournament would be held in Missouri in July, the date of which would be fixed and announced later on, one in Virginia in August and one in Pennsylvania in September. In June the Association will have its representatives in Chicago.

American Association rules as revised by C. W. Dimick, governed. There were four 10-bird events each day, which were the only ones in which a handicap was made. It was the Parker system, as follows: In the first of these events each day every one shot at known traps, known angles and fire system. The handicap enforced there after is explained as follows: "Those who win or tie for first money shoot first in next 10-bird event at unknown traps and unknown angles, from traps 1, 2 or 3, or 3, 4 or 4, according to where he is standing as he walks down the score, he having 3 unknown traps to shoot from always, indicator to be turned at each shot. Those who win or tie for second money shoot second in the following event at known traps, unknown angles. Those below second place are shot handicapped. Thus a shooter is classified from one event to another according to the score he is making."

The two 15-bird events each day were shot as follows: "One man up at a time, standing in the center, 5 unknown traps and angles, indicator turned at each shot. Those who break 15 straight receive \$10 each, the 14s \$8 each, the 13s \$6 each, the 12s \$5 each, the 11s \$4 each, the 10s \$3, the 9s \$2 each."

The 20-bird events were as follows: "One man up at a time, standing in the center, 5 unknown traps and angles, 21yds. rise for 12-bore and 23yds. rise for 10-bore; both barrels can be used, second barrel to score same as first. Those who break 20 straight \$15, the 19s \$12, the 18s \$11, the 17s \$9, the 16s \$7, the 15s \$6, the 14s \$5, the 13s \$4, the 12s \$3."

The surplus shoot each day was as follows: At 15 targets, known traps and angles, rapid fire, open only to those who have participated in the two 15 and 20-bird races. Any surplus accruing from entrance money or what has not been paid out of the \$100 which the association puts up each day will be shot for in this shoot; 70 per cent. of the total is divided among the three highest places, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and the remaining 10 per cent. is divided among the three next highest places, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

All prizes not specified were divided 40, 30 and 10 per cent.

Tuesday.

Heavy clouds which overcast the sky nearly all day made a dull light, and this unfavorable circumstance, with the steady wind which blew from the rear, made their effects felt in the scores. Mr. Courtney was shooting a new gun in the forenoon, which he could not get on friendly terms with. He returned to town, got another gun with which he was better acquainted, and that afternoon he had a stride in his shooting and gave more for an example.

The targets throughout the tournament were bluebirds. Targets were included in entrance.

No. 1, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Keller 7, Heikes 8, Courtney 6, Whiskers 8, Holt 7, Searies 8, Howes 7, Carpenter 9, Grubbs 5, Sweet 7, Schelling 7, Hammond 7, Renick 6, Bush 6, D. Smith 3, Thompson 6.

No. 2, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Courtney 8, Heikes 10, Whiskers 10, Searies 9, D. Smith 4, Keller 6, Carpenter 8, Holt 5, Howes 4, Schelling 8, Sweet 3, Thompson 7, Hammond 8, Hall 8, Renick 7.

No. 3, 15 bluebirds, \$2.50: Keller 9, Heikes 12, Courtney 8, Whiskers 7, Searies 11, Holt 7, Howes 5, D. Smith 1, Carpenter 6, Schelling 10, Renick 8, Sweet 7, Thompson 11, Bush 10, Hammond 8, Lindsey 12, McMurchy 10, Cooley 7.

No. 4, 5 pairs bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 7, Courtney 5, Whiskers 5, Searies 7, Holt 5, Howes 5, Smith 4, Carpenter 7, Cooley 7, McMurchy 5, Schelling 6, Thompson 7, Renick 5, Hall 7, Bush 4, Delavergne 6.

No. 5, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 8, Whiskers 9, Searies 8, Sweet 8, Lindsey 7, Smith 4, Cooley 7, McMurchy 10, Thompson 8, Schelling 8, Delavergne 8, Carpenter 7, Keller 6, Holt 6, Howes 6, Courtney 8, Renick 10, Bush 7, Hammond 7, Drew 8.

No. 6, 15 bluebirds, \$2.50: Keller 8, Heikes 14, Courtney 8, Whiskers 10, Searies 12, Holt 11, Howes 4, Lindsey 8, Cooley 7, Thompson 13, Smith 4, Delavergne 6, McMurchy 15, Schelling 9, Carpenter 4, Sweet 8, Bush 9, Renick 10.

No. 7, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: McMurchy 9, Renick 6, Whiskers 9, Heikes 10, Searies 9, Holt 6, Howes 4, Keller 4, Smith 4, Cooley 6, Lindsey 5, Delavergne 6, Thompson 9, Miller 7, Courtney 6, Schelling 8, Carpenter 4, Drew 6, Bush 3.

No. 8, 20 bluebirds, \$3.00: Lindsey 6, Keller 13, Heikes 17, Smith 7, Courtney 10, Whiskers 16, Holt 12, Howes 10, McMurchy 10, Searies 14, Cowley 12, Sweet 8, Thompson 18, Schelling 12, Carpenter 7, Bush 11, Delavergne 6, Renick 10, Drew 16.

No. 9, surplus, 15 bluebirds, entrance price of targets. Smith 6, Heikes 14, McMurchy 13, Searies 13, Lindsey 10, Cooley 13, Bush 11, Howes 9, Courtney 16, Thompson 11, Carpenter 9, Sweet 14, Schelling 14, Keller 11, Whiskers 14, Renick 12, Holt 12.

A few ten-bird sweepstakes were next shot, \$1 entrance.

Wednesday.

The weather was clearer and the light, therefore, was better, but a strong wind blowing all day steadily from the rear added to the difficulties of the shooting.

The chief event of the day was the individual State championship race for the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association's individual trophy, which was won by Mr. Casper Schelling, of Lansing. The medal itself was of a pretty design, emblematic of the occasion, and artistic in construction. Hearty congratulations were bestowed upon the victor. Mr. A. G. Courtney, the representative of the Lefevre Arms Co., made a most happy presentation speech and three rousing cheers for the victor closed the affair of the trophy.

Messrs. Courtney and Lindsey left for their homes in the evening, and Mr. Keller left for Knoxville, Tenn.

No. 1, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 9, Courtney 9, Whiskers 9, Schelling 7, Keller 6, Holt 7, Searies 7, Brew 8, Van Duser 4, Nichols 9, Hewes 5, Renick 4, Miller 5, Wharton 7, Thresher 6, Bush 7, Tufty 3, Grubbs 6.

No. 2, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 7, Courtney 4, Nichols 7, Whiskers 8, Searies 10, Drew 7, Holt 3, McMurchy 4, Van Duser 5, Thompson 9, Schelling 6, Wharton 9, Woodworth 4, Sherwood 6, Hewes 6, Miller 8, Thresher 5, Renick 9, Hall 8, Keller 7, Bush 7, Allen 4, Lindsey 7.

No. 3, 15 bluebirds, \$2.50: Searies 10, Keller 9, Heikes 12, Holt 12, Whiskers 12, Courtney 8, McMurchy 11, Thompson 11, Schelling 9, Holt 11, Cooley 6, Lindsey 6, Drew 4, Wharton 7, Allen 5, Hewes 10, Renick 13, Bush 12, Thresher 9.

No. 4, 5 pair bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 8, Renick 7, Courtney 5, Whiskers 8, Holt 7, McMurchy 7, Cooley 7, Schelling 6, Thompson 8, Lindsey 8, Searies 6, Sherwood 3, Nichols 5, Drew 6, Wharton 6, Downey 3, Hall 2, Shelley 8.

No. 5, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Searies 7, McMurchy 9, Wharton 7, Renick



PRESIDENT N. W. HOLT.

8, Thompson 10, Holt 6, Van Duser 8, Lindsey 6, Nichols 9, Woodworth 7, Keller 4, Whiskers 8, Sherwood 3, Schelling 7, Downey 1, Schelling 7, Allen 9, Cooley 8, Drew 7, Hewes 8, Courtney 8, Heikes 10, Bush 7, Barr 6.

No. 6, 15 bluebirds, \$2.50: Heikes 10, Keller 10, Whiskers 11, Courtney 10, Holt 4, Thompson 9, Nichols 10, Searies 12, Lindsey 12, Cooley 7, Shelley 10, Allen 8, McMurchy 12, Schelling 11, Wharton 11, Drew 7, Renick 10, Bush 11, Watts 8, Hewes 13, Thresher 9.

No. 7, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 7, Thompson 5, McMurchy 8, Nichols 9, Lindsey 8, Woodworth 6, Schelling 7, Courtney 8, Cooley 7, Keller 9, Whiskers 8, Holt 7, Allen 8, Schelling 8, Wharton 7, Sherwood 4, Searies 9, Bush 6, Thresher 5, Van Duser 6, Woodland 2, Drew 9, Watts 10, Hewes 5, Renick 9, Bowers 4.

No. 8, 20 bluebirds, \$3.00: Lindsey 14, Holt 16, Whiskers 15, Keller 15, Courtney 16, Heikes 17, McMurchy 16, Thompson 15, Downey 5, Schelling 14, Wharton 11, Searies 15, Nichols 11, Cooley 10, Shelley 7, Renick 14, Bush 9, Watts w, Drew 12, Thresher 8.

No. 9, individual State championship race for Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association's individual trophy, to be permanent property of the winner, 50 bluebirds, known traps and unknown angles, ties to be shot off at 25 targets, entrance price of targets: Renick 41, Allen 34, Searies 40, Woodworth 25, Sherwood 16, Norton 36, Lindsey 36, McMurchy 44, Heikes 43, Courtney 41, Thompson 38, Holt 34, Downey 20, Whiskers 41, Grubb 40, Schelling 46, Nichols 43, Cooley 40, Sparrow 12, Van Duser 12, Shelley 13, Bush 15, Miller 13, Drew 17.

No. 10, surplus shoot, 15 bluebirds, entrance price of the targets: Searies 10, Wharton 12, Keller 10, Heikes 15, Holt 13, Whiskers 14, McMurchy 13, Thompson 15, Schelling 13, Nichols 13, Cooley 14, Lindsey 9, Drew 15, Wharton 11, Renick 13, Bush 11, Thresher 11, Allen 13.

Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League.

The first annual tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League began at Lansing, on Thursday, May 17, following immediately the Manufacturers' tournament. American Shooting Association Rules, as revised by C. W. Dimick governed all contests. All events were shot under the Parker system, save a few otherwise arranged. Four moneys in 10-bird events, in larger events, five moneys. Any shooter failing on a purse could draw his share.

The Parker system has been referred to in the Manufacturers' tournament, but as it was the governing system in this tournament, excepting two or three events, it will be more fully explained, as follows: "In first event, all shoot at known traps and known angles, rapid fire system. In the second and all subsequent events, all contestants winning or tying for first money in any event, shoot as experts in the succeeding one, from three unknown traps and unknown angles. All winning or tying for second money in such event, in the next event shoot as semi-experts, known traps and unknown angles. All others shoot as amateurs, known traps and known angles. Each contestant is classified by this handicap, by the event in which he last shot."

This seems a fair arrangement theoretically, but in practice it is a failure in maintaining equality as it intends, since some of the most expert shots were often classified as amateurs under it, as will be observed by reference to the scores.

The first three events were shot under the Michigan system, one which many of the shooters found difficult to understand. Briefly stated, a single shoot was like this. Entrance \$1.30: Each contestant had a rebate of ten cents for all he broke. The surplus money left after paying for birds broken was divided in four equal parts, first, second, third and fourth prizes. Thus a shooter theoretically would gain nothing by dropping for place, and every time a bird was missed ten cents was lost. The first three events, however, were run together, the surplus in the first event going to pay entrance of those who had money in it to their credit, in the second event, and the surplus in the second went in like manner to pay entrance in the third event. The trial was most unsatisfactory. A tangle of figures resulted which was not straightened out for a day or two. Some of the boys explain it in this wise: You pay your entrance in all three events, but you only shoot one event at a time. There are four moneys. Those who put in a dollar extra on the side divide that money, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. outside the regular stake, in which the four moneys are divided equally. For each bird broken, ten cents is credited. The surplus goes to pay the entrance in the second event of those who have credit in it. Then there is a kind of pro rata arrangement. Some pull out and thus lose their interest in the subsequent proceedings, and others ask where they are at. Then after the second event everybody has lost track of the system. The surplus without the slightest idea of what he is all about. Then all are at once, either trying to explain it or asking to have it explained. The cashier figures, figures and figures. Then they give up the system.

Thursday.

The weather was pleasant and the attendance large and the competition spirited. Nos. 1, 2 and 3: 10 bluebirds, three times, Michigan system, \$1.30 each time: Hopkins 10, 6, 10; Cooley 6, 7, 8; Holt 7, 5, 8; Hall 4, 5, 7; Nichols 9, 10, 8; Drew 10, 7; Allen 4, 6, 7; Howes 7, 6; Van Duser

4, 5, 7; Hubbard 7, 7, 9; Scheffler 6, 5, 7; Marsh 5, 6, 6; Sweet 7, 7, 8; Varus 8, 10, 7; Wharton 6, 9, 8; Neve 6, 5, 7; Woodworth 6, 6, 4; P. C. Marantette 8, 9, 7; Whiskers 9, 9, 8; Parker 8, 8, 9; W. Marantette 10, 9, 8; P. H. Marantette 9, 10, 6; Heikes 9, 10, 10; Bock 7, 8, 5; Schelling 8, 7, 8; Searies 9, 10, 9; Renick 10, 9, 3; Bates 10, 9, 10; Jno. Nichols 7, 5, 2.

No. 4, 10 bluebirds, \$1; 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent: Nichols 9, Hopkins 8, Cooley 8, Howes 8, Hubbard 7, F. C. Marantette 8, P. H. Marantette 9, Holt 8, Searies 10, Whiskers 7, Sweet 7, Wharton 8, Heikes 10, Allen 8, Marsh 8, Jno. Nichols 6, Scheffler 7, Bock 8, Waruf 7, Schelling 5, Neve 6, Drew 10, Van Duser 7, McGiffin 3, Bennett 4, Smith 4, McMurchy 10, Renick 10, Parker 8, W. W. Marantette 8.

No. 5, 10 bluebirds, entrance \$1, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent: McMurchy 10, Renick 8, Heikes 10, Drew 9, Searies 6, Nichols 8, P. H. Marantette 9, Holt 6, Marsh 10, W. Marantette 8, Van Duser 8, Smith 4, Marsh 8, Jno. Nichols 6, Scheffler 8, Whiskers 6, Hopkins 6, F. C. Marantette 9, Neve 8, Scheffler 5, Howes 5, Hubbard 9, Waruf 8, Wharton 10, Parker 9, Allen 9.

No. 6, 10 bluebirds, \$1, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent: Heikes 9, McMurchy 9, Wharton 6, Marsh 4, P. H. Marantette 8, Cooley 8, Drew 8, Sweet 9, F. C. Marantette 7, Hubbard 8, Parker 7, Hopkins 7, Smith 2, Nichols 7, Van Duser 5, Neve 8, Holt 7, Whiskers 10, Schelling 7, Howes 8, Sutherland 8, Aldrich 4, McGiffin 1 (withdrew), John Nichols 5, Searies 6, Bock 7, Renick 7, Bolter 3, Scheffler 5.

Fifth place, in each of the preceding events, had a box of Peter's cartridges.

No. 7, team race, Michigan State Trap-Shooters' Prize, emblematic of the individual handicap championship, 25 bluebirds, entrance price of targets: Jackson team—Holt 17, Scheffler 20, Watts 22; total, 51.

Mendon team—F. C. Marantette 20, W. W. Marantette 32, P. H. Marantette 19; total, 61.

Grand Rapids team—Wharton 14, Sherwood 11, Woodworth 13; total, 38.

Lansing team (No. 2)—Cooley 18, Sweet 17, Aldrich 13; total, 48. Lausling team (No. 1)—Searies 24, Schelling 17, Nichols 22; total, 63. Detroit team—Holt 15, Renick 15, Searies 13, Drew 10; total, 53.

Kalamazoo team—Waruf 21, Hopkins 13, Bush 19; total, 53. Battle Creek team—Bock 13, Hubbard 21, Howes 18; total, 52.

No. 8, 15 bluebirds, entrance \$1.50, 50, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent: Holt 11, Parker 12, Schelling 8, Wharton 12, McMurchy 14, Nichols 11, Marsh 10, Sweet 6, Hall 9, J. Nichols 12, Bennett 13, Heikes 15, Scheffler 9, Whiskers 15, Grubbs 8, Neve 9, Hubbard 10, Cooley 8, Wharton 13, F. C. Marantette 10, Woodworth 11, Watts 10, Drew 9, W. W. Marantette 10, P. H. Marantette 13, Kelsey 6, Brooks 11, Renick 9, Bush 10, Hopkins 8.

No. 2, "Jack Rabbit," 15 bluebirds, \$1.50, 50, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent: Heikes 11, Drew 10, McMurchy 14, Holt 10, J. Nichols 14, Parker 10, Hubbard 11, Kelsey 10, Wharton 12, Marsh 10, Scheffler 9, Bock 7, Whiskers 15, Schelling 13, Searies 13, F. C. Marantette 15, Sweet 13, Brooks 11, Hopkins 13, P. H. Marantette 11, Watts 10, Spangole 0, Han 0, Thurn 4, Howes 1, J. E. Nichols 4, Aldrich 8, Brooks 1, W. W. Marantette 6, Neve 1, Bush 0, Parker 0, Hubbard 6.

No. 11, League event, \$50 donated by league, 15 bluebirds, entrance price of targets, first \$17.50, second \$10.50, third \$7, fourth \$6, fifth \$4.50, sixth \$3, seventh \$1.50: Waruf 10, Marsh 10, Bock 6, Searies 14, Spangole 13, Hopkins 13, Nichols 12, John Nichols 9, Howes 13, Scheffler 11, Schelling 12, Sweet 11, Van Duser 8, Hubbard 7, Brooks 10, Howes 0, Thurn 4, Howes 1, J. E. Nichols 4, Aldrich 8, Brooks 1, W. W. Marantette 6, Neve 1, Bush 0, Parker 0, Hubbard 6.

No. 12, wood powder event, miss and out, entrance price of targets, one 64lbs. drum of wood powder to winner. Bock 0, Schelling 6, W. Sour 2, Waruf 0, Drew 3, Seale 1, F. C. Marantette 7, Holt 1, Marsh 2, Hopkins 1, P. H. Marantette 0, Wharton 0, Spangole 0, Han 0, Thurn 4, Howes 1, J. E. Nichols 4, Aldrich 8, Brooks 1, W. W. Marantette 6, Neve 1, Bush 0, Parker 0, Hubbard 6.

No. 11, League event, \$50 donated by league, 15 bluebirds, entrance price of targets, first \$17.50, second \$10.50, third \$7, fourth \$6, fifth \$4.50, sixth \$3, seventh \$1.50: Waruf 10, Marsh 10, Bock 6, Searies 14, Spangole 13, Hopkins 13, Nichols 12, John Nichols 9, Howes 13, Scheffler 11, Schelling 12, Sweet 11, Van Duser 8, Hubbard 7, Brooks 10, Howes 0, Thurn 4, Howes 1, J. E. Nichols 4, Aldrich 8, Brooks 1, W. W. Marantette 6, Neve 1, Bush 0, Parker 0, Hubbard 6.

This finished the programme for the day, but a few sweepstakes were shot off afterward.

Friday.

The weather was warm, clear and delightfully pleasant. The ranks of the shooters had thinned greatly.

No. 1, 10 bluebirds, \$1: Searies 10, Spangole 7, Holt 8, Drew 7, Parker 10, Thompson 10, Heikes 9, Grubbs 5, Nichols 8, Schelling 7, Hubbard 3, Howes 6, Renick 9, Allen 8.

No. 2, 10 bluebirds, \$1: Parker 10, Searies 9, Thompson 6, Heikes 10, Renick 9, Holt 6, Nichols 9, Schelling 0, Drew 10, Spangole 7, McMurchy 10, Allen 8, Hubbard 8, Howes 6, Brooks 9.

No. 3, 15 bluebirds, \$2.50: Searies 10, Heikes 12, Holt 12, Whiskers 12, Courtney 8, McMurchy 11, Thompson 11, Schelling 9, Holt 11, Cooley 6, Lindsey 6, Drew 4, Wharton 7, Allen 5, Hewes 10, Renick 13, Bush 12, Thresher 9.

No. 4, 5 pair bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 8, Renick 7, Courtney 5, Whiskers 8, Holt 7, McMurchy 7, Cooley 7, Schelling 6, Thompson 8, Lindsey 8, Searies 6, Sherwood 3, Nichols 5, Drew 6, Wharton 6, Downey 3, Hall 2, Shelley 8.

No. 5, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Searies 7, McMurchy 9, Wharton 7, Renick 8, Thompson 10, Holt 6, Van Duser 8, Lindsey 6, Nichols 9, Woodworth 7, Keller 4, Whiskers 8, Sherwood 3, Schelling 7, Downey 1, Schelling 7, Allen 9, Cooley 8, Drew 7, Hewes 8, Courtney 8, Heikes 10, Bush 7, Barr 6.

No. 6, 15 bluebirds, \$2.50: Heikes 10, Keller 10, Whiskers 11, Courtney 10, Holt 4, Thompson 9, Nichols 10, Searies 12, Lindsey 12, Cooley 7, Shelley 10, Allen 8, McMurchy 12, Schelling 11, Wharton 11, Drew 7, Renick 10, Bush 11, Watts 8, Hewes 13, Thresher 9.

No. 7, 10 bluebirds, \$1.50: Heikes 7, Thompson 5, McMurchy 8, Nichols 9, Lindsey 8, Woodworth 6, Schelling 7, Courtney 8, Cooley 7, Keller 9, Whiskers 8, Holt 7, Allen 8, Schelling 8, Wharton 7, Sherwood 4, Searies 9, Bush 6, Thresher 5, Van Duser 6, Woodland 2, Drew 9, Watts 10, Hewes 5, Renick 9, Bowers 4.

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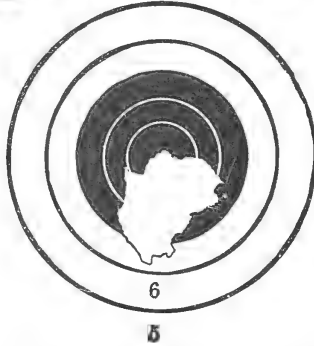
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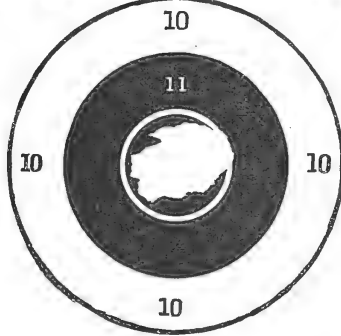
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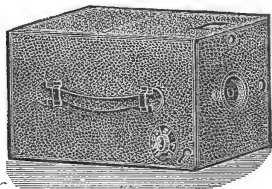
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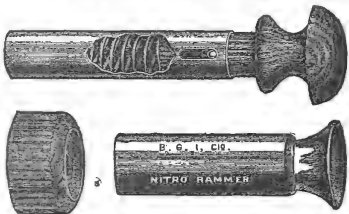
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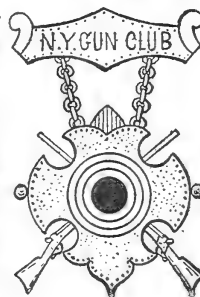
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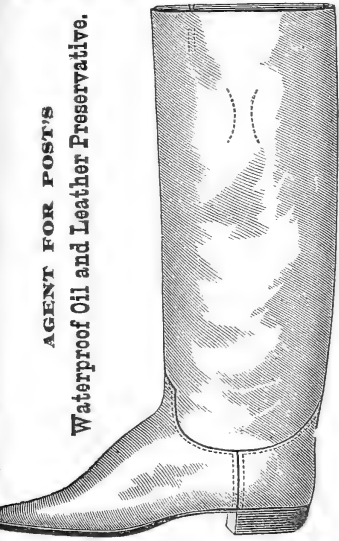
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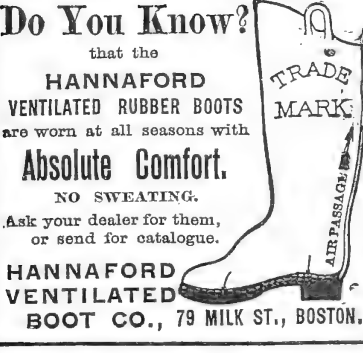
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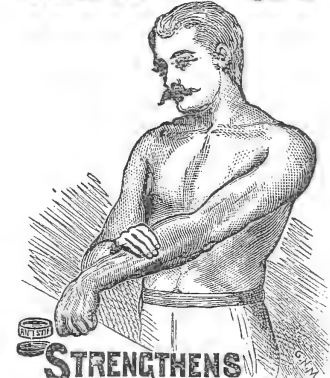
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FOR SALE.

MEMBERSHIP SHARES

IN THE

Triton Fish and Game Club,

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There has just been incorporated under the above title the finest fishing and gunning association in Canada. This preserve consists of 100,000 acres, having within its borders over fifty lakes and a score of rivers and mountain streams, all of which swarm with trout ranging from gills. (*Salmo fontinalis* only.) The virgin wilderness teems with small game. Of the larger kinds the caribou abounds. Moose and black bear are fairly plentiful, as also beaver, otter and other fur-bearing animals.

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The shares are \$250 each, and are an absolutely safe investment. Intending purchasers should carefully examine Sec. 4 of constitution, also pages 12 and 24 of by-laws about membership certificates, agents, membership cards, route and mode of payments.

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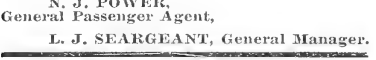
The charges for hotels, guides and camping at many of the fishing waters named above are extremely low. Full particulars of same are published in a pamphlet descriptive of the "Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Grand Trunk Railway," which will be forwarded free on application to the company's principal agents, or to the General Passenger Agent at Montreal.

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L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager.

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Care E. N. JACKSON until June 15.

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head and Ananook streams. House steam heated. Summer home for families. Three hours from city. **THOS. H. STITES**, Ananook, Pa.

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EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

CASH PURSES, \$1,000.

1st Prize, \$500; 2d, \$250; 3d, \$150; and the Breeders' Cup, value \$100, to breeder of winner of 1st.

JUDGES: W. W. Titus, Simon C. Bradley and J. B. Stoddard.

ENTRIES POSITIVELY CLOSE MAY 1, 1893.

\$10 forfeit must accompany each nomination; second forfeit of \$10 payable Sept. 1, 1893, and \$10 additional to start. For Rules, Blanks, etc., apply to

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

All-Aged Stake advertised later.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S

SECOND ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS

Beginning Wednesday, November 15, 1893,

TO BE RUN AT

CARLISLE, Indiana, 20 Miles North of Bicknell.

\$1,200 IN PURSES.

DERBY.—For Pointers and Setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892.

Pointer Derby: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. Setter Derby: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. The title of Absolute Winner to be conferred with or without further running, at the option of the judge or judges. Entries close June 1, 1893, with \$5 first forfeit, \$5 additional forfeit, payable Aug. 1, \$5 additional to start.

ALL-AGE STAKE.—For Pointers and Setters that have never won first in an All-Age Stake in the trials of the following named Field Trial Clubs: Eastern, Central, Southern, United States and Philadelphia, subsequent to 1891. Pointer All-Age: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. Setter All-Age: \$150 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. The title of Absolute Winner to be conferred with or without further running, at the option of the judge or judges. Entries close Aug. 1, 1893, with \$5 first forfeit, \$10 additional forfeit, payable Oct. 1, \$5 to start.

W. J. BECK, Sec'y-Treas., Columbus, Ind.

Wissahickon Heights Kennel Club Dog Show,

JUNE 6 to 9.

\$2,000 IN PRIZES.

\$2,000 IN PRIZES.

Judges: Messrs. Charles H. Mason and John Davidson.

The show will be held the week following the Pet Dog Club Show. First prize \$10, second \$5. Entrance fee \$3. Classes for field trial dogs. Kennel prizes for many breeds. List of special prizes will be published in sporting press. Premium Lists can be had from the Secretary, or at the office of the

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FIELD TRIALS OF 1893,

TO BE HELD AT

Souris, Man., commencing September 12, 1893.

DERBY STAKE.—For Setters and Pointers whelped on or after January 1, 1892. Entries close June 1, 1893. Purses: \$350; 1st, \$100; 2d, \$115; 3d, \$75. For members of the club, \$3 forfeit, \$7 for starters; non-members, \$5 forfeit, \$10 for starters.

ALL AGED STAKE.—For Setters and Pointers who have not won first place at any recognized Field Trials in any previous year. Entries close August 21, 1893. Purses: \$450; 1st, \$225; 2d, \$125; 3d, \$100. For members of the club, \$5 forfeit, \$5 for starters; non-members, \$5 forfeit, \$10 for starters.

FORFEIT MONEY MUST ACCOMPANY EACH ENTRY.

E. D. ADAMS, Hon. Sec.-Treas., P. O. Box 1224, Winnipeg.

THIRD ANNUAL DERBY

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB,

Held at Assonet, Mass., Nov. 14, 1893.

CASH PRIZES, \$375.

First Prize, \$200; Second, \$100; Third, \$50; Fourth, \$25.

ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 1, 1893.

Five dollars forfeit must accompany each nomination; second forfeit \$10, payable Oct. 1; \$10 additional to start. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM M. LOVERING, Secretary, Taunton, Mass.

All-Age Stakes to be advertised later.

TRIALS "A" OF THE

United States Field Trial Club's Third Annual Field Trials.

To be run at Bicknell, Ind., beginning with the Derby, Monday, Nov. 6, 1893. For Pointers and Setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. Each breed to run separately. Pointers: \$250 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third. Setters: \$250 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third. Winners of first in each stake to compete for title of absolute winner and \$100 additional, which is kindly donated by the American Field. Entries close June 1, 1893. First forfeit \$10, which must accompany nomination; \$10 additional forfeit, payable Aug. 1; \$10 to start. Judges: Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, Ind.; John Bolus, of Wooster, O.; John Barker, of Racine, Wis. Total Stakes, \$1,300.

P. T. MADISON, Secretary-Treasurer, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

IRISHMEN ROYALLY BRED. IRISH SETTER FOR SALE.

Three fast, wide-rangers. Very stylish, 10mos. old, for sale. All have good noses and bird sense. Now in trainer's hands. Are hummers for any duty. \$100 each. Also some splendid puppies from the grandest bench and field strains living. \$25 each.

F. H. PERRY, Des Moines, Iowa.

ST. BERNARDS.

A few fine puppies for sale. Prices low.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

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SCOTTISH TERRIERS FOR SALE.

These two grandly bred young dogs: LOVAT, a brown brindle by Kilsam ex Grey. ROB ROY, a black brindle by Kilroy ex Grey. Full particulars from

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MOUNT PLEASANT GORDON KENNELS.

This month I offer for sale Gordon setter dog, 3 yrs. old, winner of third in Boston; also Gordon dog puppy, 11mos. old, a fine one, and a number of youngsters that are very promising. C. T. BROWNELL, Prop., P. O. Box 335, New Bedford, Mass.

ST. BERNARDS.

Brood bitches. Also few choice pups.

G. W. PATTERSON, Lake View, Worcester, Mass.

St. Bernard Pups

for sale, of choicest blood and fine quality. Also valuable pups.

CHEQUASSET KENNELS, Lancaster, Mass.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 22.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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to the friendly offices of Commissioner Hamilton, who showed himself unduly interested in the Glens Falls merchant both before and after the action of the board. This theory may or may not be more tenable than the other. Both may be alike without reasonable foundation in fact. Nevertheless both are held in Warren county today, and just because they are current there and are working decided harm to the cause of fish and game protection, they should be corrected and counteracted by some explanation of the reasonable ground, if such existed, upon which the board's action was taken. Or if it should develop, as we believe might be shown, that the Commissioners were misled regarding the facts of the Marzluff suit, the case would appear to be one to which they might well give further attention.

If the circumstances are substantially as detailed by our correspondent, and if it is not already too late to revive the action, the Marzluff suit should be continued, and the defendant compelled to prove his innocence or to suffer the penalty. The law must be vindicated; on the showing made in the bill of complaint there cannot be vindication "without cost to the defendant." The payment of his fine by Mr. Marzluff is an exceedingly small matter to him compared with the effects on protection of the current opinion his immunity has created in Warren county, that the fish laws are not intended to apply to a rich man nor to a man with a "pull." The Commissioners of Fisheries can do no more important service for fish protection in the seventeenth district than they may do by removing all ground for criticism of their resolution of April 17.

SICK BED AND TROUT BROOK.

WHEN in "Nessmuk's" youth the physicians assured him that he had not long to live, he "took to the woods" for very life, and with the healing and the strength and the endurance there gained outlived the doctors. All that "Nessmuk" ever learned of the secrets of the forest, all that he ever became as a master of woodcraft, he owed to this flight into the wilderness for very life. What is true of him is true of countless others. It is a curious fact that so many men who are now enthusiastic fishermen never knew anything of the pleasures of angling until they had fallen sick and a woods vacation was prescribed as medicine for their healing. Not only this, but just reflect that there are thousands of other people, veritable slaves to business and daily routine, who will go all their lives without ever knowing the first blessed thing about that delightful combination of rod and line and a fish in the water unless they shall be so fortunate as to fall sick and have a fishing trip prescribed to them by the family physician.

Once the charm of an outing has been experienced, however, straightway your drudge develops into a devotee of fishing, and when the time comes around he waits not for the doctor's order—in fact from the day he became an angler he has done away with the doctor. The transformation is more than of physical condition; with the knowledge of the delights of fishing has come an accession of common sense in business methods. He has found out the meaning of the adage all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; he knows now that he can do more work and better work in eleven months than he used to do in twelve; he understands that the dynamic force expended in a year relieved by a woods vacation exceeds that of an all-the-year-around drive and grind. While once, in his state of foolishness he imagined that he could not afford to "let up" for a single day to go fishing, now you may find him planning for a week, or a fortnight, or a month, in the woods. Perhaps he has a permanent camp there possibly a cottage, where the whole family may join in the fun.

To go through life with our eyes blinded to the beauties of the fields, our ears unused to the rush of trout brooks, our nostrils closed to the scents and perfumes of the woods, this is to ignore the bounties of the creator and to punish ourselves by the ignoring. The earth was given for the enjoyment of man. Why is it not man's duty to enjoy it? There is opportunity for a lay sermon here, or perhaps for a real sermon from the pulpit; one that might be preached with sympathy and understanding and conviction and power by many a "fishing parson."

Secretary E. P. Doyle has laid out a pleasing programme for the Eastern members of the American Fisheries Society for their visit to Chicago on the occasion of the meeting of the Society, a fortnight hence. The details of the excursion are given in our fishing columns.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN his note the other day respecting the Maine fish and game preserves, Commissioner Stanley alluded to the Grindstone Pond decision as establishing that waters of an area exceeding ten acres are free to the public for fishing and may not be controlled by individuals or clubs. This is quite true; nevertheless the preserve people find no difficulty in keeping the public out. This is effected in a variety of ways; by pre-empting desirable camping sites; by recourse to the fire law, which forbids building campfires without permission; and by maintaining a force of wardens who warn off strangers and make them uncomfortable by feeling themselves to be intruders and trespassers even if they are not such in reality. In this way, the clubs have succeeded in keeping other folks out of their waters; and it is likely that the system will grow in Maine as it is growing everywhere else with giant strides.

The panther's scream and the snake's hiss and the woodcock's whistle having been considered, now comes the coyote's howl. A San Diego poetess recently sang:

"The shadowy, gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring, and laps and prowls
Away, and howls and howls, and howls and howls,
Until the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness."

Thereupon there arose and has continued an agitated and prolix controversy between the Howlers, who contend that one of the coyote's cries is a howl, and the Barkers, who aver that the creature always barks and never howls. The latter faction is clearly in error. The coyote barks and howls, and wails and whines, and shrieks and moans, and gurgles and stutters, and grunts and groans, and utters a thousand fantastic and horrible sounds by night for what the language affords no characterization.

August 9 next will be the tercentenary of the birth of Isaak Walton. From the London *Fishing Gazette* it is learned that the anglers of Great Britain are considering the project of celebrating the occasion in some suitable manner. One proposal is that some hundreds of representatives of the fishing clubs throughout the kingdom shall gather at Stafford, Walton's birthplace, for a festival, and it is said that the Mayor and Council of Stafford are preparing for something of the kind. The recognition should not be confined to Great Britain; the anglers of America should celebrate the event in some fitting way. If the Isaak Walton and Charles Cotton fishing house shall be completed at the World's Fair that would be the place for it.

The Maine non-resident taxing proposition was based on the reasonable contention that those who visit the State for sport should contribute something directly toward the expenses of maintaining the game and fish supply. The accomplishment of this purpose has been set about in a much more sensible manner by the newly organized Maine Association, whose plans and purposes have already been noted. This is a voluntary organization, which seeks to increase the supply of fish by establishing and operating hatcheries, and to increase the game supply by assisting in its protection. The association invites the active co-operation of visitors and their practical help in the way of funds. Secretary E. C. Farrington tells us that this appeal for help from outsiders has been well received.

That is an old but suggestive story of the servant who knew nothing about starting the morning fire with kerosene, until she was warned by her mistress never to do it; and the next morning blew up the house. There is to be a sportsman's exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London, this month; and a class has been made for poaching methods and devices. This of course would prove highly instructive and suggestive to the poacher; and we do not wonder that the proposed display of unlawful implements and school of instruction in ways that are dark and tricks that are mean have aroused merited opposition.

The good old fashion of keggings brook trout has fallen into disfavor. It used to be considered quite the thing for the fisherman, who found trout abundant, to salt down kegs of them for sending out to his friends, that the folks at home might share his luck. The custom has been given over by most fishermen who go into the woods for an outing, but Maine residents still practice it extensively, though in diminishing extent.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 487.

THE COMING YACHTING SEASON.

THE visit of Novahoe to British waters to contest the ownership of three cups, together with another trial for the America's Cup on the part of a new challenger, Valkyrie II., brings the yachtsmen of America and Great Britain into closer relationship than they have ever known in the past, and tends to make the coming racing season one of unusual interest. On the other side the racing has already begun, and three of the four new 85-footers, Valkyrie, Britannia and Calluna, have met. On this side the racing will not begin for a couple of weeks, and even then it will at first amount to little, as none of the new Cup defenders will be ready in season for the June regattas, and yachtsmen must wait with what degree of patience they can command until the August cruise for a view of the complete quartette. In the smaller classes comparatively little sport is promised, as but three racing yachts have been built this year, the Maxwell schooner Emerald, the 46-footer Carmita and the 25-footer Folly.

Thus far the promise of sport in the local regattas is below the average, but on the other hand the racing of the four new Cup defenders will make noble sport for all who are fortunate enough to witness it. Outside of racing, the season promises to be an exceedingly lively and active one; a very large number of yachts is fitting out, and on the whole a very prosperous yachting season may be looked for.

MR. MARZLUFF'S TROUT.

The Marzluff trout case, as reported by Mr. A. N. Cheney in our fishing columns, is one which appears to deserve the further attention of the Fish Commissioners of this State.

Mr. Marzluff is a Glens Falls merchant, who has shown much ingenuity by contriving to violate the trout law in four different ways at once. He took a lot of trout under size, on Sunday, with nets, it is alleged, and used them for stocking private waters. He was found out, and the district protector entered suit against him to recover the penalties accruing from the forbidden transfer of fish from public to private waters. The case of the people was well sustained by evidence, and there was nothing left for Mr. Marzluff but to pay his fine, or such portion of it as the authorities might insist upon; but just at this juncture the Commissioners of Fisheries came to his relief with a resolution recommending that the case be settled without cost to the defendant; and by direction of fish commissioner Robert Hamilton the suit was discontinued.

Mr. Cheney ascribes to the Commissioners as a motive for their coming to the relief of Mr. Marzluff an undue consideration for that gentleman because he is a man of means; and we understand that this is one of the two explanations of their action, which are commonly accepted in Glens Falls, where the facts of the Marzluff case are well known and have given rise to much unfavorable criticism. It is extremely improbable that the Commissioners were influenced in this case, or would be influenced in any other case, by a regard for the financial standing of a person charged with violating the game laws. The second theory adopted in the neighborhood is that Mr. Marzluff owed his immunity from punishment

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—VI.

A Disconsolate Trapper.

AS UNCLE LISHA plodded homeward past the Gove homestead, the wandering thoughts that bore him company turned toward his young friend Pelatiah. He cast a searching glance about the premises half hoping and yet half fearing that he might discover him, for he shrank from the duty to which he was committed.

"I s'pose I'd ort tu stop an' find the boy an' give him a talkin' tu, to rights," he soliloquized. "But I guess I'd better wait an' ketch him kinder accidental. This ere cornerin' a feller up an' rammin' advice into him somehow don't make it set so well as it does to kinder coax it into him julluk a pill in a spo'ful of apple sass."

He quickened his pace till he had passed the house and come to the little bridge that spanned Stony Brook. As he lingered there idly watching the flow of the stream whose every bend and purling rapid and trout-haunted pool he knew as well as the corners of his old shop, and listening to its changing babble, familiar to his ears as the thud of the hammer on his own lapstone, he distinguished amid its liquid tones the sharp, metallic clink of a trap chain, coming, as a moment's listening assured him, from directly beneath the bridge.

"Someb'dy's ketched a mink er a mushrat," said he to himself, "an' I'm goin' tu meddle wi' other folkse's business tu the extent o' puttin' the poor creetur aouten his misery."

He descended to the bank, picking up a convenient cudgel as he went. When he peered into the dark shadow of the bridge he was not a little startled to discover the figure of a man sharply defined against the light. He was kneeling on the gravel between the abutment and the stream, so intently engaged in setting a trap that he was not aware of an intruder till Uncle Lisha tossed a pebble at his feet. The old man felt pretty sure of the trapper's identity, and was not surprised when Pelatiah's face was suddenly turned toward him with an expression of wonder overbearing its now habitual ruefulness.

His own silhouette, fore-shortened as he stooped beneath the low bridge, bracing his hands upon his knees, was not recognized at first, but there was no mistaking his hearty hail, "Good airth an' seas! Peltier, don't ye know yer Uncle Lisher?" resounding with exaggerated volume through the narrow passage.

Pelatiah left the half-set trap and came crouching forth, brushing his soiled palm on his thigh in preparation for the vigorous hand shaking that awaited him. When greetings were exchanged the two seated themselves on projections of the abutment and surveyed each other with kindly scrutiny.

"You haint growed old a mite," said Pelatiah. "I've ben a-growin' young sen' I come back makin' up what I lost in three year."

"An Aunt Jerushy, is she tollable well?" "Jest as smart as a cricket, an' tickled tu death tu git back hum again. An' haow's things goin' wi' you, Peltier, well, I s'pose?"

"My health's good 'nough," said Pelatiah, sighing as if that were an affliction, but Uncle Lisha did not heed it. "Trappin' some, be ye?"

"Some, got a few traps sot fer mink an' mushrat. The's a mink a-ha-ntin' raound this 'ere bridge."

"I heard your trap a-jinglin' an' thinks, says I, the's suthin' er nother sufferin' into a trap an' I'm a-goin' tu be marcful an' kill it, ef 'tain't a skunk. My marcy don't extend tu skunks, erless I've got a gun. It's tough for any cretur to be in a trap, whether no he's human or a dumb critter. Both git into 'em an' more times 'an not, the's haint no gittin' aout on'y by death er takin' off a laig. Most any dumb critter 'd ruther git free at the price of a laig er foot 'an tu stay an' die er be knocked in the head an' they're sensibler 'an lots o' folks which they 'll jest hump theselves an' grunt an' squall er flummix permiss-cus till they git tother foot an' like's not both han's into another trap, an' there they be. The grip o' the trap gits sorer and sorer, an' they quit a-pullin' an' give clean up, which haint no way fer a man tu do." The old man beamed a kindly smile upon his companion who sat with downcast eyes, slowly grinding the gravel beneath the heel of his cowhide boot, upon which Uncle Lisha's eyes finally fell, to note with displeasure that it was ripped and reel for lack of grease.

"An' you've goddaown tu buyin' store boots. Goo' fer nothin' things, made aouten split luther an' stuck tugether wi' short paigs. An' the idee of a feller 'at ketches mushrat, an' hes their ile, lettin' his boots git as red as a fox's tail." He evidently thought Pelatiah in a desperate strait and spoke with such sudden sharpness that the young man was startled from his listless attitude. "But you come up," he said with less asperity, "an' lemme take the measure o' yer hommils an' I'll make ye suthin' 'at you'll know you've got on when you wear 'em, an' that 'll be wuth spendin' a leetle ile on." Then almost without pause he said, irrelevantly, "Why Peltier, from what I heard I spected tu find you married an' settled daown, stiddy." Pelatiah flushed and made a quick, impatient movement. "Wa'n't you expectin' tu, one spell?"

"Ef I was, I haint naow nor never shall agin," the young man said in a low voice.

"Why, what's the motter ails ye? Merryin's a good thing when ye find the right one."

"Haow in tunket's a feller goin' tu tell when he hes?" Pelatiah asked, rising in such excitement that he bumped his head against the planks and sat down as suddenly as he had risen.

"Hurt yer head much?"

"Wish I'd knocked the dumb thing off'm my shoulders," he replied savagely. "Haow's a feller goin' tu tell? That's what I'd like tu know. I thought I'd faound the right one an' I thought more on her 'an all the hull world, I worshipped the airth she walked on. She might ha' walked on me—she did pooty nigh, an' I was prouid tu hev' her. An' I, dumb fool, thought she liked me jest as much. Mebby she did, fer a spell, an' thought she'd faound her mate. It's hopesin she wa'n't foolin' me the hull endurin' time, an' then 'at she hadn't. She promised tu hev me an' we was a goin' tu be married, an' the time was sot, an' then at the last minute she went off wi' another feller an'—an' I s'pose they're married, but I can't seem tu think on her as belongin' tu nob'dy else. She'd

ort tu suffer some, but I hope she's happier 'n what I be. She might be, an' yit be in hell."

"You hed bad luck, Peltier, but all women haint alike."

"The's haint none no better'n she was," Pelatiah said vehemently. "The's want never one harnsomer, an' haow could there be one better otherways? They're all fickleder 'n the wind that blows an' lighter 'an the blubbers on this brook."

"Taint no sech a thing," said Uncle Lisha, emphasizing each word with a downward jerk of his head. "I've roosted wi' one womern goin' on fifty year that's ben faithful an' true all them years, an' ther's lots more o' the same sort, fer I don't callate I'm the on'y lucky man on the livin' airth. You got into a trap nat'rally 'nough, bein' 'twas baited wi' a pooty face, an' it kinder leggo, an' neow ye c'n shake a loose foot which you'd ort tu be thankful it didn't take a laig, so tu speak, er mebby yer life."

"It might's well. I wisht it hed," said Pelatiah, grinding the gravel away savagely with his heel.

"Sho, no, you don't, nuther. Say, Peltier, what d'ye du wi' yer fur? Sell it tu Clapham, du ye? You didn't sell him that 'aire gray fox?"

Pelatiah could not withhold a laugh. "No, that was a feller f'm over the mountain."

"You du sell tu Clapham?"

"No, Hamner's hed most on't."

"Hamner? He don't pay cash?"

"No," but Pelatiah did not look up.

"Look a here, Peltier Gove," said the old man impressively, "you're a-flummuxin' into a was trap 'n the fust one was, a-tryin' tu draownd yer trouble wi' rum, 'specially Hamner's pizen. Rum may cure a belly ache, but not never a heart ache, not tu stay cured. It'll numb it fer a spell, but it'll make it come on wus 'n ever, an' need heftier doston every time tu numb it again. I do' know haow long you ben a-tryin' on 't, but I du know 'at you've faound it jest 's I tell ye. An' you've got tu stop it right stret off er you're a gone sucker. Right stret off. Not no foolin' wi' one more drink ner no tu-morrers ner birth-days ner New Years ner leavin' off gradwail. It'll be a tough job, but you c'n du it. Shet your maouth as tight as if 't was sewed up wi' a waxed eend, an' don't ye onrip it fer no coaxin', inside er aout. You've got tu du the job yerself, not but what God A'mighty 'll help ye, but you've got tu boost tu. I callate 'f the's goin' tu be any prayin' done, a feller hed better do it fer himself. It'll 'maount tu more 'n all the ministeis this side o' kingdom come a-prayin' fer him. An' naow I've said my say, an' you c'n go on settin' your mink trap. Bait it wi' mushrat 'f you've got it, it's better 'n fish. Don't forgit what I've said tu ye, an' come an' see Aunt Jerushy soon 's you can. I shall git settled daown tu work in three days, an' I want all on ye tu come in, jest as ye uster in th' ol' shop. Good-bye."

He stooped his way out with due care for his head and its precious covering, and clambering to the roadway resumed his homeward course.

"There," he said, with a sigh of relief, "I've gin the boy his pill. I'd know but I forgot the apple sass, but it's hopesin it won't set bad an' 'll du him good."

Pelatiah sat long after his old friend left him, with his chin upon his hands, staring abstractedly on the swift current of the brook, in whose voice he seemed to hear the kindly words of advice repeated again and again. When he arose and resumed the setting of his trap his face wore a stronger and more hopeful expression.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

BULLWHACKING IN BUFFALO DAYS.

[Concluded from Page 143.]

A FEW days later we reached a whisky station called Elm Creek. Here we met a train returning, wagon master and drivers on a "bust." One young fellow had a splendid rifle which he wanted to sell for whisky money. I shot his rifle, and it was splendid. I told him I would trade him a small squirrel rifle and pay him some boot. He looked at my rifle and offered to trade for \$5 boot. I accepted the offer and told him that I would give him my rifle and bullet moulds for his rifle and moulds. After I paid him he went back to the station. I moulded a few bullets and gave my new rifle a thorough trial. It was a splendid gun, made by Sam Hawkins, St. Louis, and was sighted for 150yds.

I had barely got through trying my new purchase when the young fellow came back and wanted \$5 more and claimed I had cheated him. He was very boisterous in his demands. I told him all right, if I had cheated him he could bring back my rifle, moulds and my \$5 and he could have his gun. He said he had used the \$5, and that if I did not pay him \$5 more he would give me a thrashing and take the gun too. Before I had time to reply Hans came up, and stepping right up before the hostile, said:

"What for you wants to make troubles mit dis poy? If you wants any dings mit him, you shust fite mit me."

The young fellow, after a momentary survey of his new antagonist, began to back off, Hans following close up. Hans said to him, "You shust go right avay mit yourself," and he did.

Next morning we pulled out before the other train had their oxen brought in. Nothing of any interest occurred for a number of days. We passed Fort Kearney, but when we reached Plum Creek the buffalo had become so numerous that we sometimes had to stop to let them pass.

The Sunday after we passed Plum Creek we were camped near the Platte. As soon as grub was over I shouldered my new rifle and started for the sand hills for an antelope. I had seen quite a number a few days before, but they were so far off I could not tell much about them and I had kept traveling on; had passed within range of a number of buffalo, but had not shot at any. I hunted until I got tired, but could not find any antelope.

I sat down on the hillside and for a little while my mind wandered back to home and I thought how uneasy mother would be if she could see me sitting there, four or five miles away from the train, away out in the Indian country. As I sat there thinking, quite a large buffalo came along within about 150yds., and when opposite me he stopped. I thought I would try my new rifle at the side of his head; at the crack of the rifle down dropped the buffalo. I reloaded my rifle and went very carefully to where he lay. I stood gazing on that noble animal, and in my sorrow I would have given anything if I had not shot.

It was so far from camp I knew the meat would not be

brought in, but I would take the tongue anyhow. I had unsheathed my knife and was just going to cut its tongue out, when I heard a rumbling sound, and looking up, I saw a line of black heads stretched along the crest of the hill as far as I could see each way. I dropped my knife, grabbed up my gun and was just in the act of starting to run, but on taking another look I saw that they were too close. It was an immense herd of buffalo, and of course they would trample everything in their path into dust. On and on they came, oblivious of me, and I stood there almost paralyzed with fear, but the moment had come when I had to act. I attempted to kneel down beside my dead buffalo, but it must have been more of a fall than kneel. I laid my rifle across the buffalo and when the nearest buffalo was within 20yds. I fired, dropped my rifle and crawled as close under the dead buffalo, as I could. I reached one hand as far under as I could and with the other on top took a good hold of its mane and drew my head as far as possible under its neck.

In a moment more the herd was passing over me. Every second I expected to have some one of the animals jump on the dead buffalo, and to feel its feet slip off on me. I had no means of telling how long it took the herd to pass, but on and on they came, uttering that peculiar grunt they give while running, while I lay there clinging to the neck of the noble animal that but a few minutes before I had so wantonly deprived of its life—and for what? Just to try a rifle.

At last the main herd had passed and a few lame ones came hobbling by. As soon as I dared to I raised my head, but could not see any more coming. I jumped up, grabbed up my rifle and started for the camp. Just as I left my retreat I saw the front part of the herd reach the Platte River. They must have been nearly half an hour passing by me.

I ran, trotted and walked very fast until I reached the wagons. I set my rifle down by my wagon and sank down on the ground completely exhausted. Dick noticed me and came up and asked, "Are you sick?" "No." "Well, what is the matter? Something has gone wrong. Have the Indians been after you?" "No." "Something is wrong. What is it?" I told him in as few words as I could, and ended by saying that I wanted to lie down. He helped me up and into the tent. Old Sam and some of the boys were sitting where they could see into the tent, and when Dick had put me in bed and come out for some water, old Sam wanted to know what was the matter with Lew. Dick told him, and old Sam said it was the luckiest escape he had ever heard of. I took a drink of the water, but my stomach would not retain it, so I threw it up. Just then Old Sam came in and said he had some brandy, which would be the best thing I could take. But I told him I could not take it, for nearly the last thing I promised mother was I would never take a drink of any kind of spirits.

I soon went to sleep, yet it was not refreshing. I thought I was being run over by wagons, buffalo, and that the train was stampeding. Dick sat by the bed, and when I would try to raise myself up he would put his hand on me which would break my dream. Supper came. Old Sam said I had better be let alone, but for Dick to take a plateful of grub into the tent, and when I waked up, if I was all right, I would be hungry as a wolf, but if I was feverish and wanted water, for Dick to call him, as he was afraid I might have brain fever.

Along in the night I woke up, and had hardly got my eyes open, when Dick spoke and said, "Are you awake, Lew." "Yes," I replied. "How do you feel?" "All right only I am fearfully hungry." "I am glad of that," said he, "there is a plateful of grub." He handed me the food, and I soon dispatched it. I then lay down and took a good sleep.

Next morning I was all right, except as to color. My head was white as tow, and my face was whiter than my head, and it was nearly two weeks before the color came back to my face. I had made one vow while running for camp, and that was I would never kill another animal just for fun. If I could not use the meat or hide, or unless some else wanted it, it could go.

Although that dead buffalo saved my life, yet I had no business out there.

Of course we had lots of whooping and whipping to do yet we got along very well, until we reached Julesburg. The Platte was tolerably deep and we had to block up our wagons and put thirty yoke of oxen to each to cross. So we had to wade the Platte back and forward for nearly three days. While I must admit that a bath is occasionally very beneficial to one's health, yet when it comes to being in ice cold water for three days, it loses all of its hygienic properties. We got across without an accident. Before we pulled out from our camp, another returning train came and camped a few hundred yards from us. The wagon master was an old acquaintance of Old Sam's, and came over and took dinner with us. While at grub, they began blowing (about their teamsters Sam's friend told him he had a man who could out-shoot any man on the road for fun, money, marbles, chalk or whisky).

"Well," said Old Sam, "my men are not very good shots, but I've got a tow-headed boy here that can beat your man for fun."

"No; we won't shoot for fun," said his friend.

"Well," said Sam, "you said fun, money, marbles chalk or whisky."

"Well," said his friend, "that was only the preamble and if it wasn't like stealin' your money, I would bet you a hundred to twenty, if you mean that tow-head," pointing to me.

"Well," said Sam, "We will put up \$20 each, and let them shoot 150yds., off-hand; the best two in three."

The proposition was accepted, and Sam's friend went for his man and rifle.

Hesoon returned with a great big healthy young fellow carrying a long heavy rifle. Quite a number of the teamsters came along with them, some to see the match others to speculate, but our boys bet them to a stand still. They stepped off 150yds. and put a 6in. spot in the forehead of a buffalo skull. It was decided I should shoot first. I stepped to the scratch, raised my rifle banged away and over turned the old skull. I had hit just in the upper edge of the black. "Good shot," said Old Sam; and his friend said, "Yes." The young fellow stepped up to the scratch, but he was a little nervous. He held his rifle a little while, then lowered it to take a fresh breath, raised his gun a second time and fired, overturning the skull. A shout went up from his friends he had hit the skull, but was about 3in. from the black

I stepped up to the scratch full of conceit, as Old Sam called it. I raised my rifle and fired and down went the target. I had hit the black not an inch from the center. It was then our boys' turn to shout, which they did lustily. The young fellow stepped up, but his nervousness had not all left him. He fired at the first attempt, but did only a little better than before. I stepped up and shot my last shot, and planted it in the black near the top and not more than 2 in. from the first one. The boys shouted again. The young fellow stepped up again and this time he hit the black just at the edge. His best shot was nearly an inch further from the center than my worst. Old Sam asked his friend if he wanted to steal any more of his money. He replied not to-day, but said his man had done the worst shooting he ever saw him do. Old Sam gave me \$10 and a partial renewal of our former friendship.

We camped on the North Platte the next Sunday, and as we were out of the run of the principal herds of buffalo, I thought I would kill an antelope. I hunted along through the sand hills not very far back from the river, and at last saw a small band of antelope going in to water. I followed along at a respectful distance behind, and when they came out I got a shot at one about 200 yds. off, and killed it dead. I took its hams and started for camp, which I reached tired and hungry.

We made fair progress until we reached the black hills. Here we spent one Sunday. I had heard about black-tailed deer, and was very anxious to see one. I had killed two white-tail deer in Kansas, but I wanted to see if the black-tail were the same. I left the road, and had tramped for several hours when I came on to a small

to examine the mess wagons, and if no sugar could be found, to go through the train. Before we went through the mess wagon Old Sam said we were not quite out. He only wanted us to go slow or we would soon be out.

One night we camped near Pacific Springs. A fearful storm came up, blew down a large shed, killed a number of horses, and slightly wounded a couple of men. From here on we had our regular routine of hard work until we reached Salt Lake City, where we discharged our cargo; and after bidding those who were going on good-bye, we doubled up our train, that is, coupled two wagons together and started on our homeward march. Everything ran very smoothly, most of the cattle were in the cavayard, while six yoke walked right along with two empty wagons.

We laid over one Sunday near Independence Rock, and I went out to the south of camp. I killed another black-tail deer and carried the horns to camp. One day while the train was traveling Old Sam and I went out together; I had a horse, while Sam rode his white mule. We came across a small band of elk; I killed one, but it took me three shots to finish it. We packed the hindquarters on one horse and rode the other turn about, Sam doing the most of the riding. We reached the wagons just as they went into camp. When we reached the buffalo country I killed quite a number, but I never went out afoot again for buffalo or for anything else while there was any danger of encountering a herd.

We reached Leavenworth just six months from the time we left, all of us tanned to a delicate brown. Some of us started for our homes, while a few spent all they had earned in a few nights, and like some of Uncle Sam's

creature which attacks them in the water and becomes attached to their sides, causing the fish apparently much suffering. It is no uncommon thing for large fish to be taken there whose sides are all scarred up in consequence of these attacks.

It would not be surprising if many fish were thus destroyed. Probably there are not in the world two lakes more numerously stocked with trout than the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes. Judging by map measurement they each average thirty miles in length by ten miles in width. Many large streams empty into them, affording splendid fishing and spawning grounds. Lying east of the Cascade range of mountains, where genuine winter prevails in the season for it, the water is better and the fish healthy and solid—features which do not prevail on the western side of the mountains, where an almanac has to be consulted to accurately ascertain the season of the year.

But, to revert to Link River. There is another and very peculiar feature about its banks, they are a snake paradise. The blue ribbon—though it may have been consistently worn by the sportsman for the last decade of his life—will not prevent the seeing of tens of thousands of snakes in a walk of a mile from the town. They are of a harmless variety, and of all colors and sizes, 6 in. to 6 ft. in length. On warm sunny days they lie twisted together in heaps of hundreds, and it is not uncommon to see 3,000 of them in fifteen minutes' walk. If disturbed while taking their siesta in their effort to get away they become twisted into the form of a cable as large as a man's body and cannot move. According to an estimate made by one of the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants of that vicinity, there are snakes enough in that country to build



SOME LINKVILLE SNAKES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON A DAY NOT GOOD FOR SNAKES

stream up in the hills. There was a meadow here some three or four hundred yards long. The grass was high. About the middle of the meadow lay a number of animals, and one had a very large pair of horns, like a deer's, only a great deal larger. I knew they must be elk. I took a survey of the ground, and saw that by going back down and crossing the stream I could come up on a small ridge and get within a hundred yards of them. This I determined to do.

I crawled back out of sight, ran back down stream, crossed and kept around out of sight, and crept up to the brow of the hill. Just before reaching the top I was brought to a standstill. I was stooping over, walking pretty fast, when I came near stepping on a big rattlesnake. I retraced my steps a few feet to where I could get some rock, which I did, and killed that snake before I went on. I looked over the hill very carefully, and there, not over 100 yds. away, lay seven elk. I had not forgotten my vow about killing any animal I could not use, so I had only to watch them until I got tired. Then I raised myself up, and an instant they saw me. They jumped up and acted as though they were bewildered. They did not seem to know which way to go. They would trot off one way, then zigzag off another. I believe I could have killed all of them, but I left them on the hills and started a nearer way back to the wagons. While walking along tolerably fast I saw an animal jump up from a small bunch of brush and it went bounding off like a sheep. I ran down after it. As soon as it crossed a small ravine and got up on the opposite side about 50 yds. it stopped. I shot at it and killed it dead. I loaded my rifle and went up to it, but could not name it, unless it was a black-tail deer. It was red, had horns about 3 in. long, and they were soft, covered with velvet. It had but little hair on its tail, although there was a little black tuft right at the tip.

I skinned the head complete and took the hams and made a bee line for camp. As soon as I got in sight I fired off my rifle, when a couple of the boys came out and relieved me of my deer and rifle.

Everything went all right until we got up on the Sweet-water. Here one day the cook of our mess announced that we were out of sugar. I spoke up and repeated what Mr. Majors had told us, that there was plenty of grub in the mess wagons to last us the round trip, and I asked the cook if he had examined both mess wagons. Old Sam spoke up in a very gruff manner, and said he had examined the mess wagon and we were out, and that settled it. I said no more and the rest of the meal was devoured in silence. After grub I called for a meeting and twenty-seven of the boys stood by me, and it was decided

boys, were ready to enlist again with the first train that would start.

Such is the way a good many of us helped to carry freight across the Great American Desert.

LEW WILMOT.

THE SNAKES OF LINKVILLE.

OAKLAND, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you have got into the way of publishing photographs of hunting scenes and the like, I send you one, taken last summer, illustrative of "The Alluring Charms of Linkville," published in your paper of Aug. 20, 1891. At the time this was taken it was not a very good time for snakes, for, ordinarily, every crevice of the wall is filled with the reptiles, without an exception. And that which is true of this wall is also true of every stone wall in that region.

This wall skirts the bank of Link River, and between it and the picket fence shown runs a walk which is a resort for the love-lorn swains and maidens of Linkville in the gloaming of a dusky moonlight eve. If a few score of the crawling creatures attempt to bar their way across the walk they are gently pushed aside, and the wooing still goes on uninterruptedly. It is also the haunt of the festive fisherman, who never lays his string down there to take a rest. He knows what would become of his fish.

In different places along the wall close inspection will show some of the skins which the reptiles have shed. In publishing the article of Aug. 20, 1891, I cannot say I blame you for putting it under the "That Reminds Me" head, for it reads too Munchausen-like to be taken for fact, and every statement made in that article was and still is strictly true, and a naturalist could do no better than visit that region.

M. W.

The Alluring Charms of Linkville.
From Forest and Stream, Aug. 20, 1891.

The most unique locality to be found by the sportsman is probably that surrounding the town of Linkville, in Klamath county, Oregon. The town nestles at the foot of a large mountain, and lies right on the bank of what is locally known as Link River. This stream—which is quite large—connects the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes, is alive with thousands, and probably millions, of large fish, which are constantly passing to and fro between the two lakes, and are as constantly jumping out of water in sight of the town. They are of all sorts and sizes. Some of them appear to be cutting up these antics for the fun of the thing, and some to shake some kind of an eel-looking

a wall 4 ft. wide and 4 ft. high at least a mile long. Some of the farms there are fenced with walls laid up with round water-worn stones. These walls constitute the home of thousands of these reptiles. If one of these walls is approached, from nearly every interstice a snake's head will be projected with forked tongue forbidding trespass on their domain. What is singular about this whole affair is the protection afforded to these reptiles by the inhabitants there. They will not allow them to be killed or even injured. Their children, familiarized with them from their birth, have no loathing or fear of the reptiles, but pick them up and play with them, as any other child does with a toy, under caution of the parents not to hurt them. The reasons given by the farmers and others for this protection are three. First, the farmers could raise no crops without their aid in destroying various bugs, insects and vermin which would otherwise overrun the whole region with destruction of all living vegetation; second, the reptiles smell sickening enough living, but their stench is intolerable when dead; and third, they devour and reduce the number of frogs; and hereby hangs a tale, o'er true.

Perennially there descends upon Linkville and the surrounding country untold millions of little creatures, resembling a frog, and about the size of a small one, which are reminders of the Biblical frogs of Egypt. Where they come from no one seems to know, but it is probable that they come from the rivers and lakes and Klamath marshes. Upon their arrival every door and window has to be closed against them, or they will invade the house in countless numbers and dispute possession of every part thereof, even to the bed. There is no standing upon politeness at these times. The entrance to, and exit from, a house is done with instantaneous celerity, and a resounding slam to the door which, under ordinary circumstances, would betray a passionate mood. Of course the streets of the town are full of them. And now the snake takes his annual feast, as that of the Passover. And thus is nature's law of supply and demand fulfilled. Up among the mountains surrounding Linkville there are many kinds of game, but thick cowhide boots are the correct thing for the sportsman, as the rattler will dispute his way.

But if the sportsman desires to go fishing with the most economical of tackle, he may provide himself with an inexpensive pitchfork and pay a visit to Lost River, a sizeable stream a few miles east of Linkville. There he will find pickerel of enormous size, and so thick in the river that they fill it from bank to bank. The inhabitants never use any other kind of tackle,

More anon.
ALAMEDA, Cal.

M. W.

MY WHITE VIOLET.

LITTLE white violet you are my love,
Nestling so modestly down in the moss.
Shyly you hide from the bold sun above.
Humble the home that the oak shadows cross.
Yet 'tis the one of your choice, dainty love.

Pretty white violet you are my own,
Here on the leaves I will lie by your side.
Happy am I at not being alone,
Never a feeling or mood need I hide
When I am with you, my pure one, my own.

Honest white violet you'll not deceive,
Nor do I ask you to give love for mine.
Comfort enough 'tis for me to believe,
Pleasure to feel that you cannot design,
Then when I love you, you will not deceive.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

THE GUNPOWDER RIVER.

TRAVELERS between Philadelphia and Baltimore look from the car windows in crossing the Gunpowder River, and see in it but a dreary waste of water, marsh and mud, and it is only those who have sailed upon its broad expanse and explored its numerous bays and coves in the bright summer days that know what a beautiful river it really is. Its shore line is broken by high bluffs and bold promontories, and by many indentations and creeks, while smooth white sand beaches alternate with patches of bright green rushes that grow in the water close to the shore. The beauties of the west shore are to be seen to most advantage early in the morning, when the bluffs stand out in bold relief, bathed in many beautiful tints by the rising sun, shining upon the variegated clays of which they are composed. It is in the autumn, however, when the luxuriant foliage of these river woods (which crown each bluff and promontory) have been painted by nature's touch in all the gorgeous colorings she only can produce, that one is lost in admiration.

In the afternoon, sailing up the river, the scene is particularly striking. The vision stretches over the broad expanse of water to away above the railroad bridge, toward the north, over the emerald green marshes, and past the light green willows that mark the course of the river above them, until it is met by the gently sloping farm lands, dotted here and there with picturesque cottages, fields of grain, orchards and green pastures. As you sail down the river, which is more than a mile wide below the railroad bridge, and gaze out toward the blue waters of the Chesapeake, where many sails can be seen passing, it appears as though the mouth of the river was before you and that you could sail directly into the bay by keeping a southerly course. And so you could if your boat was flat-bottomed and did not draw over a foot or two of water, but under this broad expanse which stretches for a mile from Rickett's Point to Spry's Island, and which appears to be the mouth of the river, are hard sand flats over which one can wade at average high tide. The river when it reaches these flats turns at nearly right angles from a southerly to a westerly course, passing between Carroll's and Spry's islands, and turning again south empties into the bay.

The Gunpowder River up to 1887 was one of the best rivers in Maryland for ducking and fishing. The coves, flats and middle grounds produced a thick growth of wild celery and other kinds of duck food, and all varieties of ducks visited its waters in countless thousands. I have seen acres of ducks and geese feeding on this grass, and many hundreds were shot from the blinds built on the shores. White perch, yellow perch and rock bass made their homes in the grass and afforded fine sport with hook and line. Since the time of the great blizzard of 1887 the whole character of the river has changed, and few ducks have been shot from the blinds since then. The tremendous northwest wind at that time blew all of the water out of the river, and the immense beds of grass were left exposed for more than forty-eight hours to the zero temperature that prevailed. The mud was frozen hard to the depth of more than a foot, and many persons living on the shore walked dry-shod over miles of river bed, where they had never passed before except in a boat. This terrible cold killed nearly all the grass, and the ducks and fish departed for other feeding grounds.

Nearly all the land bordering on the river from its mouth to Joppa, which is ten miles up, is either owned or rented by ducking clubs. Carroll's Island, which has a world-wide reputation as one of the best ducking points in Maryland, lies just within the mouth of the river on the north side. The club owns a very extensive property, with miles of shore on the Gunpowder and Saltpeter rivers (the latter being a branch of the former), and has many suitable points for the construction of blinds. But the most and the best ducks are killed at Carroll's Island by what is known as overhead shooting, done from blinds sunk in marshes over which the ducks fly in passing up or down the river. This club has a fine house, fitted up and furnished in elegant style, with every comfort and luxury to be found in a first-class club house. The membership is limited, and the cost of a share in it is well up in the thousands.

The next place to Carroll's Island north is Grace's Quarter, which is a fine tract, consisting of a farm of many acres and several miles of shore on Saltpeter and Gunpowder rivers. They have no overhead shooting here, but some of the points are famous, and thousands of ducks have been killed from the blinds in them. To give some idea of what one of these first-class river farms costs, with all the ducking and fishing privileges, it may be noted that this place was sold a few years ago to a party of five gentlemen for \$60,000. Further north and nearer the railroad bridge is a fine old estate known as Harewood, which has one very good point. The place has been rented from year to year to different clubs, who at times have done very well. The last owner was very fond of the sport, and one might say that he died in the harness, as he was found dead in the blind one day, having over-exerted himself rowing after a crippled duck.

Just north of Harewood is the P. W. & B. R. R. bridge, which has always been a favorite place for gunners who do not belong to any club. The ducks in trading up and down the river pass over the bridge and frequently give good shooting. But it does not take long to educate the ducks up to the fact that danger lurks on the bridge, and they soon learn to climb hundreds of feet high on approaching it, but no matter how high they climb there

is always some enthusiastic nimrod who will let go his gun at them. Parties shooting from the bridge have a boat fastened near them which they jump into as soon as they shoot, to recover the duck. Frequently three or four boats will start out after the same duck, all parties claiming it, and there will be a fearful war of words, sometimes ending in blows. The man with the most assurance, loudest and vilest tongue generally gets the duck. I have seen a rough, who got most of his ducks by claiming, put up his gun as if to shoot, then look right and left at those nearest to him to see if they were going to shoot, and if they did and were successful in knocking down a duck, he would immediately claim the duck (not having shot his gun off at all), and by his rowdy and tough talk would eventually get it. But it is not always the rowdies who do the claiming, for I have heard of several men who pass for gentlemen doing lots of it. One day one of these parties came on the bridge with a \$300 Greener gun, and took his stand near another man. They both had a shot at a duck which was killed; both claimed it, but the one with the costly gun got up on the bridge, ran for his skiff, fell down in his haste, nearly going through the bridge, and lost his gun overboard, which was not recovered for several days, and then was a minus a lock.

The east shore of the river nearly all belongs to one estate and there are but few clubs on that side. The lower ones have very good shooting for canvasbacks and redheads, and as there are five creeks entering on this side, three of which widen out into large ponds, they also have exceptionally good mallard and black duck shooting. The famous Maxwell's Point is on the east side about half way between the bridge and Rickett's Point. It is a bold promontory that juts far out into the river, the shores for more than a mile being protected against the tide and ice by a rip-rapping of granite blocks, all of which were brought from Port Deposit, Md. Judging from what remains, it must have been in years gone by a most magnificent place. The point is covered with rare evergreens and other beautiful ornamental trees, interspersed with choice fruit trees. There are the remains of large greenhouses and grapevines, while scattered along the road approaching the house are many painted tubs, in various states of decay, each one of which formerly contained some rare exotic. The house is large and roomy, with wide porches running all around it, from which a magnificent view of the river and bay can be had. This was formerly the summer residence of Gen. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, and it is still owned by his heirs. At the time he occupied the place it was kept up in regal style, and I have heard that he had a deer park and aviary of rare birds, among which were some flamingos which escaped from their captivity and spent most of a year on the shores of the river. This point, like the others mentioned, has been a great ducking place, and thousands of canvasbacks and other ducks have fallen to the unerring aim of the shooters concealed in the blinds.

Before the grass was killed the fishing in the Gunpowder was very good, especially in the fall when rock were running. It was no infrequent event for a skillful fisherman to catch anywhere from ten to sixty of these splendid fish in a day, and I know of one catch of seventy-six taken in one place near the bridge in a few hours. The fishing now is not poor for those who know where to go, as there are several places where the largest kind of white perch can be caught in great quantities. Since the grass disappeared the perch have fed along shore on hard bottom among the rushes that grow very thick in such places, working their way through the rushes to very near shore. I caught quantities of them all during the past four summers, using a stiff rod with a sinker on the end of the line and a No. 1 Sproat hook on a gut snood fastened to the line eight inches above the sinker. I would drop my sinker wherever I could find a small opening in the rushes, and as soon as it reached bottom I would feel a bite. Many fine perch were lost by their running through the rushes and tearing out the hook.

There is a spot off Carroll's Island called the Stone Pile, where two of the barges loaded with stone for Maxwell's Point were wrecked many years ago, that rarely fails to yield a good catch of white perch, but it is very difficult to locate; few but those who have the bearings down pretty fine ever get on it. It is a terrible place to lose hooks and anchors, and rivermen say there are at least fifty anchors on the stone pile. I always use a trip line when fishing on it. Another place where one is almost certain to find any quantity of perch is where the channel makes its first turn from south to west. Here the tide has scooped out a hole 30 or 40 ft. deep, the south side of it being nearly perpendicular. One can anchor in 6 to 8 ft. of water and fish in 30 ft. This place can only be fished with a hand line, and consequently is not much in favor with those who prefer the rod.

Vast quantities of herring are caught every spring in this river with gill nets and seine, at times tremendous hauls of rock and perch are made. Shad are becoming more and more plentiful every year, thanks to the U. S. Fish Commission, who have planted numbers of fry in the river. For a period of more than twenty-five years not a single shad was caught, about five years ago a few hundred were taken at Joppa, and last season and this several thousand were taken in the river. There are very few large yellow perch now to be caught, but catfish, eels and crabs abound. The average depth of the river is 6 ft., but near the mouth there are a series of holes from 30 to 50 ft. deep.

The Gunpowder also has something of historic interest, for one of the numerous settlements made by our ancestors about 1700, when they were looking for a good place to build a city, was established at Joppa, which was situated at the head of tide-water on the river. According to Mr. Scharf in his "Chronicles of Baltimore," an act was passed by the Provincial Assembly of Maryland in 1707 to build a court house on the Gunpowder River, and a tract was purchased called Taylor's Choice, afterward Joppa. In 1731 small-pox visited Joppa, and the Legislature suspended the sessions of the Court from June to November. This place was used as the county court house until 1768.

During this time the town, which was never large, did a very flourishing business and was one of the most prosperous and important seaports in Maryland. Tobacco was brought to Joppa in vast quantities, which was shipped to Europe and the West Indies. In 1768 the county seat was removed to Baltimore, and Joppa soon began to decline. The only building now left is a very large and substantial one built of bricks brought from England. It

stands facing the river, and is a large double house with wide hall through the middle and a very high hipped roof. The remains of one of the old wharves is still visible just at the junction of the Big and Little Gunpowder Falls. The water at the end of the old wharf is 6 to 7 ft. deep, and at the time Joppa was in its glory there was a good channel, as deep or deeper, all the way from the mouth of the river. But cultivation and opening up of the country draining into the river has caused it to fill up so that the marshes now extend almost a mile below Joppa, and the channel has become entirely obliterated. The draw in the railroad bridge marks the place where the channel ought to be, but there is now at this place and all the way across the river an average depth of only 3 ft. The marshes at the head of the Gunpowder are a great place for reed birds and rail shooting, and blackbirds frequent them in countless thousands.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

BALTIMORE, MAY.

Natural History.

JAGUAR, OWL AND SKUNK.

TAYLOR COUNTY, Tex., May 11.—I have read "Aztec's" letter from San Luis Potosi, in Mexico. He thinks that that great cat, the jaguar, is not much of a fighter in Mexico. That cannot be said of him in Texas, for all accounts agree that he is here a fighter from Fightsville. He is mostly found now in the brush or chapparal of southwest Texas, where the trees are too small to afford him refuge when pursued. When the dogs come up to him he must stand up to business, and he enters into it as if he rather liked it. One blow with his terrible paw will break the skull or disembowel any dog. I have never hunted him, but those who have, tell me he is a regular dog-killer; that the dogs know him so to be; that few of them have the stomach to venture near him, and that when he makes a break at them they instantly turn tail and scatter for dear life. And it need not be thought strange that there should be such difference between the jaguar of Texas and his brother in Mexico.

The fox of Texas is precisely the same in appearance as the fox of the Eastern States, but he is very unlike him in quality. Here he is a poor, stupid, unenterprising creature, out of whom no sport can be got. When pursued he takes to the first tree he can climb, and there he will stay until he is shaken or shot out. He is a mere abortion of a fox, and may be the jaguar of Mexico is like him.

Capt. Chas. Bendire, of the National Museum at Washington, writes me that the bird I spoke of in a late letter as making a note like *Cuculus canorus*, is our little burrowing owl of the prairie-dog towns, and that this note is his love call, emitted only when he is in love. His ordinary note is familiar to me, and it is so totally different from his cuckoo note that I could not entertain him as the author of it. Also some of my neighbors said the note was made by the "monkey-faced owl," a bird spoken of by everybody in this country, but I cannot say I know him. Capt. Bendire is no doubt correct, and I thank him for the information.

I had a combat with a skunk this morning, and am now so malodorous as to become a great offense to my household; inasmuch that they seem to wish I were far away. Wherever I move the fragrance follows and expands about around me. Truly, I have become a perfume box. The animal discharged several volleys at me at very close range, bespattering my clothes and hitting me with one shot in the corner of my right eye, which burned like cayenne pepper. I also got it on my face and beard. The odor, it appears, will not wash out, but must take its own time about leaving. The liquid producing the stink is of a dark yellow or brown color, and there is much of it. The beast was trying to waylay some of my poultry, and I killed him with a crowbar, not having time to get at my gun.

N. A. T.

Report of the American Museum of Natural History.

THE annual report of the president of the American Museum of Natural History for the year 1897, has just been issued, and it includes among other things, the address as delivered at the reception tendered by the trustees of the museum in commemoration of the opening of the new wing, together with the act of incorporation, constitution, by-laws and list of members.

The treasurer's report for the year shows that the expenses exceeded the receipts by over \$27,000, and of this more than \$4,000 is charged to the Department of Public Instruction. As against this it must be stated that the endowment fund has been increased \$10,000 since the last report by the gift of \$5,000 from Wm. Schermerhorn, Esq., and a bequest of a like amount from the estate of the late Sarah M. Hitchcock. Moreover, by recent act of Legislature, the board of estimate and apportionment is authorized to grant annually \$50,000 to the museum in addition to the \$25,000 heretofore authorized by law. This is conditional on the free opening of the museum to the public every day in the week except Monday and the morning of Sunday.

The collections throughout have been increased by many gifts from public-spirited individuals in all sections of the country. In the department of taxidermy, the bison group, the woodchuck group, the three bird group have been added during the year. Fifty mammals and fifty birds have been prepared and placed on exhibition. A new Guide to the Exhibition Collection of Mammals was published and the labeling of the collection completed. The largest additions to the collections are perhaps to be found in the department of vertebrate paleontology and archeology and ethnology, but the entomological collection was increased by the purchase of the Harry Edwards collection, which contains 250,000 specimens. There has been very satisfactory growth in the library. A very interesting addition to this is a copy of Audubon's Quadrupeds of America, the elephant folio edition, presented by Geo. H. Brown, of this city.

A New Game Law.

"Book agents may be killed from Aug. 1 to Oct. 1; spring poets from March 1 to July 1; scandal mongers from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive; umbrella borrowers from Feb. 1 to May 1, and from Aug. 1 to Nov. 1. Open season all the year on life insurance agents.—*Anoka Union*.

A HABIT OF THE ROBIN.

MUNCY, Pa., May 21.—Mr. Elting in a paper to *FOREST AND STREAM* last fall wrote of some disreputable practices or habits of the robin. He alleged that the parent bird ate the excrement of its young, and that invariably, too. Now, I did not believe that your correspondent had examined closely enough, but that he was perhaps deceived by some action of the bird. Mr. Gibbs took issue with him immediately and sent in his protest. For one, I said that if our robin is guilty of such detestable habits he cannot hide them long from the great army of watchful investigators. I did not suppose, however, that I would be able to prove or disprove the statement, nor do I expect to now, but I give the results of some personal observations, made only a few days ago.

About the first of May, while helping to trim out the limbs of a large walnut that hung too heavily over the roof of my house, I discovered a robin's nest and in it five young birds, apparently not more than two or three days old. The nest was close to the house and could be seen very plainly from three windows. I spent hours watching the old bird feed and care for the young. I have seen them come to the nest with food and take out the excrement many times, yet I never saw them swallow it. Usually they would drop it while flying sometimes close under the tree, and at other times rods away. Sometimes they would not drop it at all, but alight on the fence or walk or on another big tree with it. When I first made this discovery I said, "Mr. Elting is right, I guess." But I began to investigate and found that the cunning bird had deposited it every time where it alighted—it made no difference whether on a limb of the tree, on the ground or on the fence or on the walk, it was there every time. I invested nothing in either theory, and said let the right prevail; and now, after a careful examination I find that I have found and accounted for it each and every time it was taken from the nest, and I for one, say emphatically that the robins, of this section at least, do not eat it. J. M. ENGLISH.

Exactness in Observation.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger into the gallipot and then put his finger into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties."

The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation; for if you had looked more closely at what I was doing you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."—*Traveler's Record.*

"DIDYMUS" AND HIS NIGHTMARE.

ST. AUGUSTINE, May 15.—It is generally thought that the Hough bullhead yarn which was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* some time ago could "take the rag off the bush" against anything in the line of whoppers ever penned, but a quiet little story (not sworn to) was placed before the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* about that time that takes the rags from all the bushes, from Maine to Mexico.

"Circumstances alter cases," and a little female circumstance is in the way of my saying much about it, but I humbly beg, beseech and pray, that the gifted author-ess will, even at this late day, own up, retract, and utterly repudiate the whole thing and let me have a good night's rest. If it was about a pair of buzzards, the story, as big as it is, might be swallowed with some oiling, but it was all about a pair of insignificant pet humming birds. One of them was brought up on principles adopted by its ancestors (and rigidly adhered to by generations of them yet unborn), and stubbornly refused to bathe its lovely little form in anything but water from the clouds, before it touched the earth. The other was a little rowdy, and because his companion refused to wallow in the water with him like a vulgar catbird, "he would take him by the leg and drag him in!"

Now, I do not like to dabble in doubts, and especially if printed in the truth-loving pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and when I saw in imagination those long lines of wagons loaded with slimy bullheads of the Hough variety I managed to swallow the story, with a little straining; but those humming birds have been gradually training me for the lunatic asylum ever since their unparalleled exploits were paraded before the world by *FOREST AND STREAM*. Now, let's see.

The unwashed little party would not, with meekness aforethought, lie down on his back by the side of the saucer of water to let the other fellow "pull his leg" and haul him up over the side! That has not an air of probability hanging round it, and if he had to chase him round the room to "catch as catch can" he couldn't fly with him through the air, like a fish-hawk with a mullet, to get him to the bath tub, and as to getting him on the carpet and hauling him across the room and then up the table leg. But I may as well stop. It won't do! And I want to say right here that I do not write this for publication, but to ask your individual sympathy in my troubled state of mind. I wake up twenty times a night in a dazed condition, only to see that villainous little brat of a bird dragging his companion across the room by his leg, with his feathers rumped and torn out till he looks like a bit of muddled-up rag, etc. Yours in misery, DIDYMUS.

Cow, Calf and Coyotes.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas, May 23.—As I was looking over your paper I noticed a piece about a coyote or wolf catching a jack rabbit. I have a jack rabbit instance to mention. Once as I was going to a ranch on the Rio Grande River I noticed a cow fighting a pack of coyotes. We went up and examined the case. The cow had her calf underneath her and was keeping the coyotes off. She had already killed fifteen of them when we came up. Of course we shot at them and killed three, which made eighteen dead. The Mexican I had along began skinning them and brought them to the ranch. J. S. K.

Game Bag and Gun

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

THE SOUTHERN QUAIL'S HARD LOT.

MR. WM. C. BLACKMER, Salisbury, N. C., under date of May 11, writes the following interesting information concerning the bird supply in North Carolina this year:

"From my own experience and from inquiries made, I am satisfied that our birds in this immediate section were not hurt by the cold snap. Of course, some men slaughtered; but the unprecedented weather kept the pot-hunter from his avocation, and the coveys found enough food to sustain life. I have been told, what I did not know before, that when driven to it by hunger, our quail will fly to the cedars in covey and eat the small blueberry. I opened the crows of some I killed after the snow was gone, and while I found no cedar-berries, I did find the redberry from the wild briar and pine mast in abundance, and further east, the birds were said to be tainted with the pine odor. This I cannot vouch for."

From an old friend, Mr. S. N. Ayers, Blue Mountain, Miss., I received the following game notes under date of May 15:

"The quail stood the winter well, although we had a 12in. snow in January which remained on the ground more than a week. But, fortunately for the quail, after three or four days the snow melted sufficiently to settle and harden so the quail could travel on top and get acorns which had fallen in the meantime, and sumac berries enough to live on.

"The prospect for the coming season will be better than last, especially if we have a dry June, that being the month most of the quail are hatched in this section.

"The quantity of birds last season was below the average owing to a very wet May and June, which drowned the larger part of the young; consequently, the most which were raised were of the second crop, or late hatching.

"The quantity of birds here has diminished from one-half to one-third in the last seven years, especially in certain sections of Mississippi, although there is a fair quantity here now. The reasons for this are that there are fully three times as many bird hunters now as then, in some localities; more particularly pot-hunters. Furthermore, in some localities, the game law is not respected and in particular by those who own no dogs. Such men slip around in Bob White time and whistle them up to shoot them. They also rob all the nests they can find. The trouble here is the most of the people need educating up to respect the game laws. No longer ago than this morning I heard a young man say he was sorry he failed to have his gun with him to-day, as he could then have killed a half dozen of quail. I shamed him all I could, telling him it was against the law and that in any case it was a shame to kill birds of any kind when they were nesting. He then said he would not shoot hens. I told him the cock sits half the time and would raise the young should the hen die, so that he was no more excusable for killing cocks than hens.

"Squirrels are very scarce. No ducks. The fewest number of turkeys. In fact, a turkey is not allowed to yelp, gobble or put-t-t at any season of the year. Such as are so fortunate (?) as to hatch are killed before they are as large as jay-birds."

Now, I consider that a real nice letter, full to the brim with useful information and containing an admonition which every shooter in the land should heed. Spring shooting and wanton destruction will exterminate the game birds of America if persisted in. The novice and the unthinking will say, "No—impossible." Think of the fate of the buffalo, the wild pigeon, and the partial destruction of ducks, quail and snipe. No sensible man can then say, "No." The day has come when legislation should destroy the vocation of the market-hunter, when a fixed open season should be rigidly enforced, and when individual selfishness should give way to public good.

It is not commonly known that negroes destroy thousands of quail eggs every season. The negroes use them as an article of food and find a ready sale for them in most of the Southern towns. Negro dogs also destroy large numbers of nests. There are from one to a dozen dogs to each negro family. They are in a chronic state of semi-starvation, and have to depend on their own exertion for subsistence in most instances. Thus they become great prowlers. Between civilization and barbarism the poor quail has a hard time and an unhappy life.

B. WATERS.

An Old Southern Rifle.

AMONG the arms now hanging up in the Boone and Crockett Club Hunters' Cabin at the World's Fair, and to be seen by visitors there, is an old crooked-stocked muzzle-loader which was once the property of John L. Villalonga, late of Savannah, Ga. This arm, which until recently was in the hands of Mr. Inglis Stuart, of this city, was by him loaned to Mr. Grinnell to be a part of the furniture of the hunters' cabin.

When the rifle was delivered a note giving its history accompanied it, which we print:

NEW YORK, May 8.—Mr. George Bird Grinnell: DEAR SIR—The Villalonga rifle—so-called—was made on the order of John L. Villalonga, late of Savannah, Ga. It was made by Louis Smith, of Georgia, and told me that Mr. Villalonga used it in the Seminole outbreak in about 1840, being a member of the expedition sent against these Indians. I do not know how it came into the possession of Louis Smith, who says that he has had it for twenty-seven years, but believes he bought it from some trader. I became aware of its existence while I was in the South last January, and subsequently purchased it from him on behalf of the Villalonga family. I understand they are quite willing it should be exhibited at Chicago, provided it is returned to me when the Fair is over. Mr. Villalonga had a great passion for hunting, and, as I am informed, was especially proficient in "barking" squirrels, and I am told that he was an exceedingly accurate shot with this rifle. In this respect he was *primus inter pares*, and that is saying a good deal, for these men were most skilled in the use of rifles. But he also used this rifle with many of the old men in the southern tier of Georgia and northern Florida, with whom his memory is still green, and they have given me many anecdotes which I do not deem it necessary to recall here. Doubtless such of the Southerners who may see this rifle will find an interest in it, as by many of them he is so well remembered. Yours very truly, INGLIS STUART.

The Merchantable Timber of the Adirondacks.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The Forest Commission of the State of New York has lately issued its report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1891, and an interesting and beautiful report it is, one of which the Commission and the State may well be proud.

There is, however, one page in this otherwise commendable book, with which I take issue, and with which every reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* should make himself familiar, and then use every effort in his power to thwart the execution of the recommendation there made. I refer to page 194, the conclusion of the chapter on the spruce blight. After referring to the immense damage done by this blight, and the probability of its recurrence, the report continues as follows:

In view of this liability the State should amend its forestry laws so as to permit the sale of matured spruce trees. The full-sized spruce on the State lands should be harvested, and the proceeds turned into the State treasury. The large trees can be taken without injury to the forest and without any diminution of its foliage and shade. The spruce, more than any other tree, can be cut with safety and benefit to the forest, because its habitat is always plentifully supplied with young growing trees and nurseries. It is a fast grower, and the young trees will soon take the place of those removed, creating thus a perpetual supply. Throughout the Adirondack forests there are many localities where the lumbermen are cutting a second crop of spruce; and on some lots they are taking off the spruce for the third time. In view of all this we feel constrained to urge the State to accept the revenue which can be obtained from its matured spruce, instead of leaving these trees to blow down, or to fall from old age, or to be destroyed by the recurrence of some blight.

It sounds exactly as if a lumberman dictated it.

The statements are all true, and yet all lovers of the forest must unite to prevent the execution of the scheme set forth, or live to weep again over the injury done to public property by treating it as one might with safety treat private property.

Facing page 139 of the report is a wonderful picture representing the result of removing the matured spruce, and on page 139 is the statement that the desolation represented, is caused by the erection of a dam two miles below Raquette Pond, whose back flow extended up the river fourteen miles or more. This dam was built by the State to assist lumbermen in driving logs. If the *FOREST AND STREAM* would reproduce this picture it would be all the argument needed against the sale of timber on State lands. Timber can only be gotten out by the aid of dams or railroads; and we want neither on the State preserve.

The estimates of the number of matured spruce to an acre (given as eight on page 28 of the report), are, to say the least entirely below the average in the parts of the forest with which I am familiar; but even if this very low number were correct, it would mean the destruction of forty trees to an acre, for it is generally conceded that five trees are destroyed for every 12in. log which reaches the mill. Log roads must be made throughout the territory cut over and logging camps must be erected.

In No. 13 of your present volume you published an interesting article on the "Adirondack League Club," with a beautiful half-tone of the foot of the Lower Stillwater. Many a delightful day have I passed on and near the very spot represented, but it will be twenty years before another such beautiful view can be taken there; for this great club has been bitten by the same serpent which has poisoned the Forest Commission, and to-day a dam spans the stream at the point represented in your picture, a desolate clearing of considerable size covers the site of the old bark camp, and the beautiful Stillwater is overflowed and ruined. Even Lake Caswell, the gem of that locality, is no more, having been included in the general drowning out. (I send two photographs of the "Foot of the Lower Stillwater" more correct than the one printed by you, one showing the dam in process and the other the lumbermen's clearing. I wish you could reproduce them alongside of the picture you printed March 30.)

Not! Let the clubs and preserves sell their timber if they think best, but keep off the people's property.

One hardly likes to put into cold type all he thinks about such honorable men as the officials of a great State like ours; but I am certain that every one of your readers (not a lumberman) who has seen the forest in process of being stripped of its merchantable timber must agree with me, and I call upon all those who have seen it to impress it upon all their sportsmen friends, that we, the people, want no axes in ours. S. A. C.

Carrying Guns in Close Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 23.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have just read the article by "Sink-Box" in your issue of May 18, in which he suggests that it should be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the game laws in regard to close time for a person to be seen in the woods or field with gun and dog, or gun alone, during the close season on upland game. I may not fully understand his position in the matter, nor do I know how the law works in the States in which it is in force, but I should think that it would be a very unjust law in certain cases. Under such a law a person could be arrested for hunting hawks, gophers, skunks, foxes, wolves and other vermin during the close season on upland game—arrested for violating the law, when, in fact, he was doing much for the protection of game in destroying some of the worst enemies with which it has to contend. In most of the States this law would prevent a person from hunting fur-bearing animals with a gun during part of the season in which their fur is in prime condition.

"Sink-Box" adds that if such a law was in force you could get out a warrant and make the hunter prove that he was not violating the close law. This would be a great inconvenience to the honest hunter, and have a tendency to keep him at home, for he would not wish to be annoyed by an arrest, while it would have no great terrors for the violator. A person disreputable enough to violate a game law would have little trouble in proving that he was not out for that purpose, unless found with the game in his possession; for a witness testifying that the person did not go out for the purpose of violating the law, would only have for his proof the word of the violator, and a game law violator would have no hesitation in lying to his wife or friend before starting out, and thus have his witness fixed in advance.

As I expressed myself above, I may be way off the track, and may not understand the workings of similar laws already in force. It seems to me a useless incumbrance to the laws; however, I may be superficial in the matter. What we want is good, plain laws, so arranged that there may be no loop holes for the offender, and not laws which will be obnoxious to the honest citizen.

OLD AVAILANCE.

IA Maine Warden's Notions.

LOWELL, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will give some of my ideas of the prospect of our game the coming season. We have had such a winter that it would be natural to suppose that partridges would have suffered and died, but I have seen more partridges this spring than for many years. The first of May I traveled through different sections of the country and I could hear them drumming in every direction. And I never have known of a winter that was so favorable for large game as the past winter, and I have not seen any signs of game being killed. Such reports have been fewer than ever before. Reports are often false; our newspaper reporters catch on to all conversation they hear and it is published for facts.

The fish and game association that has been established this year is without doubt going to do good work in protecting our fish and game, and our forests. Our forest fires destroy a great many partridges' eggs and young, and the young fawn deer will hide in the brush and be burned up.

The worst class of poachers we have set forest fires for the purpose of toting deer, bears, etc., and it makes it also more open ground to see the game. There is quite a number of this class living between the Penobscot River and Greenfield, and their principal hunting grounds are burned all that they can be, and as fast as weeds and bushes shed leaves enough to carry the fire, it is set on fire again.

One of the members of the newly organized fish and game association told me that each member was made a State warden, and that some of that class of hunters I referred to had told him that if Darling ever leased any lands it would be burned, etc. Now, so far as leasing is concerned it makes no difference, for they always have and will burn just as long as they are allowed to go at large, and they should be arrested every time they are known to trespass on wild lands, and from what I learn of this association they are organized for the purpose of enforcing the laws on this class of poachers, and I believe this is just what has got to be done to preserve our fish and game, and more especially our forests. J. DARLING.

Strange Vitality in Birds and Animals.

I HAVE very often noticed in FOREST AND STREAM instances of remarkable vitality on the part of large game. Nobody seems to be able to explain it, and yet in this enlightened age I am loth to believe that such is the case. In my own experience many strange instances of vitality have been remarked, especially in grouse. On one occasion I shot a grouse, sitting in the snow about 70yds. off, with a .44 Winchester. The bullet hit it in the back and came out of the breast, and yet that bird flew about 30yds. before falling. At another time I shot a grouse, running on a log, with my .45-90. I had no chance to shoot its head off, so fired low down in the back. The bird's entrails were completely carried away; nearly the whole abdomen being shot off, and yet it crawled under the log. Again I saw a grouse fly off with a No. 4 shot through its neck. It went over 100yds. before dropping. On another occasion I shot a hare through the heart with a .22 rifle. He did not move. I threw down the lever, inserted another cartridge and was just shooting again, when he sprang about 6ft. and died. I consider this vitality very strange, because so many birds and animals die at once from wounds which certainly seem far less mortal.

I believe that it is a mistake to shoot at the heart when sudden death to the game is imperative. Cats are supposed to possess great vitality. Well, I have killed at least half a dozen by shooting them between the eyes with a .22cal. rifle, and only one kicked. The others simply stiffened their legs and gave a few convulsive shakes of the tail. I hope to hear some other instances of this curious vitality I have mentioned, and will thank any one heartily for any explanations.

L. D. VON IFFLAND.

That Dogless Gunner.

WANTS TO KNOW WHAT HE IS.—I am a comparatively poor man financially and have to work hard to earn my living. During the fall of the year when it is possible for me to get away from work for a day, I take a gun and go out for a shot at a partridge or woodcock. I have no dog; can't afford one. Now, what I want to know is this: Am I a sportsman, sport or pot-hunter? Probably on account of my not being overstocked with this world's goods and having to flush my own birds, the cry will again be—pot-hunter.—*Strawberry Bank in Forest and Stream May 18.*

POTTSVILLE, Pa.—In answer to "Strawberry Bank" I would say that if he flushes his birds and kills them on the wing he is not a pot-hunter, provided, of course, that his bag is not too heavily laden. The absence of the dog makes no difference. The fact of his not owning a good pointer or setter is only his misfortune. I frequently hunt ruffed grouse by what we call "walking them up." It is hard work and much more difficult shooting than breaking clay pigeons at unknown traps and unknown angles. You have no indication of the whereabouts of the bird until it flushes, it may be to the right or left, to the rear or in front of you, and more often out of range.

REMLAP.

"Strawberry Bank" in last FOREST AND STREAM wants to know what he is. He's a natural curiosity; that's what he is, and ought to be on exhibition at the World's Fair. A man too poor to own a dog! Why the poorest man I know of owns seven, and would take another if it was offered him.

MC.

Powder and Shot Measures.

SAN LUIS POTOSI.—Speaking of these I have felt not only the inaccuracy noted by J. H. G., but especially the lack of a measure graduated for less than 2½drs. and 1oz. My wife has a very light 20ga. gun, and I have had no end of bother trying to load it so that the recoil would not be unpleasant. I have applied to all the implement makers, but nobody has or can get a measure smaller than that above noted. The Ideal loading flask is comparatively expensive, but very satisfactory for powder. But what is one to do about shot? Why can't some factory put on the market a handy measure graduated say from 1dr. up,

AZTEC.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

IV.

MAY 24.—Mr. Chas. H. Townsend, of the U. S. Fish Commission, late detailed for work at the World's Fair, has gone to the Northwest coast to carry on work of scientific inquiry. He joins the U. S. police ship Albatross, which will drop him off at some of the Alaska islands. Mr. Townsend is of old experience in similar work in that far-off corner of the world, and is possessed of a great fund of information of interest to sportsmen.

There is now in the new Esquimaux village on Stony Island avenue a man by the name of Capt. Ford, who was born of English parents in Labrador, fifty-four years ago, and who claims that he has never until now left his cold native country. The Esquimaux seem happy in their new village, which has much of interest, in common with the many other similar displays of the life and customs of wild peoples.

The Smith & Wesson Exhibit.

MAY 25.—Mr. M. H. McIntire is on as the representative in charge of the exhibit of Smith & Wesson. Mr. Joseph Wesson is expected to be present for a time later, but is unfortunately ill at this writing and cannot come. The display of this firm includes 192 revolvers of 11 different patterns, and in all calibers from the .22 up. Many of the arms are elegant in the extreme, and most of them are handsomely engraved. The engraving on one revolver alone cost \$2,000. It is rather embossing or chasing, for the gold and blue steel pattern stands up in relief. Tiffany, of New York, did the engraving on the silver "Arab model" butts of some of the revolvers. Much of this work is artistic as any work in any field.

Mr. McIntire showed me a full set of the standard gauges, to which all the interchangeable parts must respectively conform in the making of these arms. The fitting seems wonderfully nice. Another odd thing, and one not generally known as yet, was a self-lubricating bullet, on which the firm has spent two years in experiments, and which has been well mentioned in U. S. Government reports. This bullet is hollow, being built around a tiny copper tube, which traverses it and emerges at the point. This tube is filled with the lubricant, and at the base of the tube a little soft lead pellet is placed. At the instant of discharge the gas drives this lead pellet forward and up into the copper tube of the ball, expanding it so that it carries the lubricant ahead of it, the latter being thus forced out over the head of the ball as it goes out of the barrel. It is claimed for this bullet that 7,000 shots fired with it lead a barrel no more than twenty-five shots with the solid ball. The firm will soon give away 100,000 of these bullets to introduce them.

The cases when seen also contained a single-shot pistol and a revolving chamber target rifle among other objects of interest. Time would fail to speakfully of all the beautiful but deadly weapons shown here; but the display is worth study as showing one phase of the modern development of the armorer's art.

The Colts Exhibit.

The Colts Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., of Hartford, Conn., have a simple but very effective display, shown in two cases, a small and a large one. The latter is the one which contained the products of the firm in the expositions of Melbourne, Philadelphia and Paris, and I understand the arrangement of the contents is the same. In the center of this case is a large portrait of the founder, Col. Samuel Colt, and a very fine-looking man he was, too. About the portrait are arranged the medals, and the decorative motive shows all the makes of the Colts revolver, from the tiny .22 to the full-blown cowboy's friend with engraved pearl handle. The Colts revolver of 1833 is shown, and a bayonet pistol of 1836, neither quite so handsome as the present weapon, and there are a pair of old-fashioned cap and ball revolvers, gold mounted, and in their time no doubt once thought magnificent. The world moves, in revolvers as well as elsewhere. Two baby pistols, Colt Derringers, set off the mammoth .44s and .45s. There are 110 pistols shown in all, and of course one finds some magnificent work in ornamentation, in ivory, pearl and other fancy finishes, though for the most part the arms shown are simple and plain. All the parts of the arms are shown as they come from the drop-forging, and the curious will look with interest on these members of the Colts gun body corporate. There are also shown 24 Colts rifles, from regular stock, and 12 fine specimens of the Colts shotgun, ranging in price up to \$350. In the case with these are sectional parts of barrels, showing the curious process of manufacture of the six-blades Damascus barrel and the three-blades Turkish Damascus. Add to all these things the full line of sectional arms, and one may get a very good idea of what sort of goods he is using when he shoots a Colts six-shooter, rifle or gun. The display is rounded out by a big brass Gatling gun, which shoots about a basketful of lead at a clatter. The progress of American invention can nowhere be better seen than at this case showing in silent comment the development of an American weapon which has made a revolution, and perhaps helped put down revolutions of one sort or another under many different skies. The exhibit is creditable to so great a firm. Mr. C. E. Willard, their Western representative, is in charge.

The Parker Gun Exhibit.

Capt. A. W. Dubray, representing Parker Bros., is in charge of two long cases containing a double row, 50 in each row, of the sterling Parker shotguns, over which he presides with so fraternal a pride that you can not avoid the thought that he made every one of them himself. There are 100 of these guns, and they are arranged so simply that the whole makes a very solid and impressive display. There are two great glass front cases, which cost \$1,000 themselves (which, by the way, the authorities disfigured by cutting down at the ends to get them within the space, saving ruthlessly through the handsome heavy moulding). There is no ornamentation about the case, and no special effort at ornamentation about the guns, they being all taken direct from stock. There are

among the 100 guns three 20-gauges, of value up to \$100, twelve 16-gauges, up to a value of \$200, about eighty 12-gauges, of value up to \$300, a few 10-gauges and still fewer 8-gauges. There is one fine eight-bore, which Capt. Dubray calls his Parker gun. "Of course, you can kill a walrus with a 20-gauge," said he, "but I recommend an eight-bore."

When I say that no special attempt is made at ornamentation in these goods, it is not meant that the guns are not ornamented in their finish, for many are as elegantly engraved as one will see. The guns themselves are household words, and they make a good part of a valuable portion of the Fair.

The Marlin Exhibit.

"I claim for our exhibit," said Mr. Marlin, secretary of the company, "that it is probably the largest collection of repeating rifles ever gotten together. We have in one case 160 repeating rifles, and not one is a duplicate of any other. They run from the 15in. carbine up to the military arm, single shot or repeater, and we think the aggregation is as handsome a one as any ever seen."

Mr. Marlin's pride is certainly a justifiable one, and his company can not have too much credit for the trouble and expense it must have undergone to put this display in place. It is a display remarkable for its variety and brilliancy of ornamentation. There are rifles with walnut stocks, and rifles with white birdseye maple stocks, and rifles with stocks as handsomely checkered by the finisher as any costly English arm. There are rifles whose engraving must have cost a little fortune, and the engraving shows the character of many different artists. There are blue and gold rifles, and silver and blue, and gold and silver, and all silver, antique silver, all gold, all blue, or all nickel and white, and all the combinations of these, both with the walnut and the odd-looking light birdseye stocks. The whole is hardly less than bewildering, and it shows how careful is the trade to please the fancy of every individual shooter of this and of other countries.

"It is hardly correct to say that these are special guns," said Mr. Marlin, "for we make many such fancy patterns for actual trade. Most of the gold and silver mounted, highly engraved guns, and also most of those with the white stocks, go to the Mexican and Spanish trade. We sell a great many in South America."

About as handsome as any of these arms are a pair of .28s, all white nickel plate, barrel and all, with gold trimmings. Still another handsome thing is the lock-plate of one rifle, which holds an etching of the old fence on the Yale campus. Yet another similar piece shows Osborne Hall, of Yale, on the place where the fence once was.

The Marlin show a single-shot which they think will be better than the old Ballard. It is not yet quite ready for the market. They also have a model '93, in .32-40 and .38.55, the only repeater using these shells. They also have a full line of Marlin revolvers and pistols in their cases. We might stop here for a showing of American energy and thoroughness, but there is one thing more. We hear much of catalogues, of course, but who has heard of an American gun catalogue in the Chinese language? The Marlin exhibit here contains one, all in Chinese, as used by their agents in selling the Marlin goods in China. It strikes me America can take care of herself pretty well.

More America.

More America in two more cases near by, before and after loading, as shown by the Ideal Mfg. Co. and the B. G. I. Co. The Ideal reloading tools are known everywhere, but I will warrant no one who has not seen this display will be able to guess how many different sorts of Ideal tools there are. There are shown 36 tools, each in an average of 25 different sizes or calibers. The aggregate is startling.

The B. G. I. Co. are much concerned to load and also to clean a gun. They show in their cases a confusion of gun clothes and furniture such as I never before knew existed. There are all sorts of loading tools and cleaning tools, emery pastes, oils, everything the heart of the most exacting gun could ask. It is hard to see how anybody ever thought out all these things, but here they are, and if there were no use for them here they would not be. Most of these articles we have all met, one time or another, but how many have seen an auger that would bore a square hole? That auger is here, in several sizes, and the B. G. I. case is artistically ornamented with patterns of its tracing.

It is too Big.

The gun trade alone is too big to handle in one week's notice. Several more American firms remain to be noticed, the Winchester, the U. M. C. Co., the Levever Arms Co., the Remingtons and others. The English exhibits require separate mention also. It is hard to say even a word for each, but every firm which has gone to the trouble of sending an exhibit here is deserving of credit, and if any of the friends of FOREST AND STREAM have such exhibits at the Fair a word to the office of the paper will secure a visit which will be a pleasure to the visitor. It is part of the duty to tell its readers what is going on in the sporting world and that can be learned in good part among these representative showings at the Fair.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, *Red-B, Portraits for the Young* (the price of which is \$3).

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VI.

The Return Trip.—VI.
[Continued from Page 451.]

WE had now reached Pancake Bay, and had nine miles to make to Bachewauung Bay, the only harbor between us and our destination unless we ran up the bay a few miles. Emery was somewhat fidgety when we told him to let her slide, as he was firmly settled in his mind about the weather, for the scuds were increasing in numbers and size in the west, and on these he hinged his forecast for a blow. We were bowling along at a fair speed, with a steadily increasing breeze, which would in all probability give us some snowy billows somewhat above the average before we reached a haven. Even with an ordinary gale, and we expected nothing more than that, the boat would ride it in safety, but it harassed that old astronomer to such a degree as to give him visions of a capsizing or a wreck.

Peter was a cool-headed sailor, and could be depended upon to skillfully handle the craft, and when we struck the heavy breeze, after crossing the bay, he relieved the careful boatmen by taking the rudder. The old rag now fairly rattled, the cordage hummed a lively tune and the fragile mast creaked and creaked, as if it wished to surpass the rustling sail in the grand uproar it was having with the howling wind. The surges gaily curled before the cleaving prow and raced along the sides in streams of lather that rode the waves in our wake like a broad and bending ribbon of purest satin. The sun still danced her dazzling rays upon the crested foam that turned like rolls of silver, flashing back the disappearing curls with a diamond-like glimmer.

The astronomer, though lost in some grand problem, sat eyeing his little white puffs with a reverence that was beautiful to behold, satisfied now that they were of as much value to the mariner as the "dipper" and the north star. Occasionally he would drop a monosyllable or two in Sanscrit or some other unknown jargon, with the helmsman, and then resume his attitude of admiration. Ah! Emery, what a precious, priceless pearl you are! Your forecasts taken from the home of splendor—the azure archway—are gems of ray serene, and should be known unto all mariners in all seas. You are a prophet, the seventh son of a seventh daughter, a soothsayer of the clouds, a reader of the writing on the wall, a necromancer of the scuds, and so on to the end.

On reaching the point at Bachewauung Bay, the breeze had become so violent and the sea was tossing in such heavy surges that we thought it best to make harbor in the bay until a more propitious wind favored us. This decided, the question arose as to the proper channel to take, there being an inner near the shore, and an outer that was fully a mile away. Peter said he thoroughly knew the shore channel, and was positive he could safely make it. Emery voted for the outside one, as its passage was void of all danger, but Ned and I, having faith in Peter's knowledge, told him to send her through the inner.

All this time a winsome girl stood in the doorway of the lighthouse, her thick blonde tresses escaping from her straw hat, waving us either a signal of warning or welcome. It then struck me, if the keeper were at home, that it would be an easy matter to be picked up from the chilly waters, though it might be an exceedingly uncomfortable position for us in the meantime. We, however, were in it for weal or woe, and as the *ukase* had gone out there was no retreat now, for once started it was either success or failure, there being no intervening station or half-way port about it. It was onward or overboard. Peter's thin lips closed tightly, and as his fingers closed still tighter round the rudder handle, their tips crimsoned, and then he swung the speeding craft about and direct for the inner channel, which movement brought a beam wind, and as we neared the angry waves that were tossing high over the shallows, giving us an ugly sea in the narrow path, we all took a good grip on the craft as a prudential measure, and then in a moment were at the mercy of the turbulent waters and the helmsman. Away we went with the heavy spray dashing upward from the bow, and more frequently inward, to the horror of the astronomer, who sat spellbound as if we were rapidly rushing to destruction, and which looked very much like it, when the intrepid pilot, with his keen eye ever alert, sang out, "Jibe!" and it was neatly done and none too soon, for just then the sight of a rocky and ragged bottom gleamed out in teeth-like ugliness from the side, as if it were waiting to grind us into splinters. A dread tremor thrilled all, followed by a ripple of delightful serenity, when at the last moment the ever-watchful guardian at the rudder, who had been strung to the utmost tension by the grave situation, announced: "All right now, but a close shave and missed only by a hair."

"You all fools, me no like it," exclaimed the trembling Emery.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Ned, "and now for shore, there to remain till the rising of another sun!" and then he sang aloud in a clear voice, with his notes joining the hymn of the snowy surges:

"In Barataria Bay
We served with bold Lafitte,
How we did earn our pay
Who cares; the devil a bit."

Emery and Peter chattered awhile, ere we reached the beach, in a foreign tongue and with considerable animation. The astronomer appeared to be reading his daring nephew a lesson in careful navigation. Plainly could I distinguish fool, crazy, and the like, as he showered the French and gesticulated with that mercurial temperament so apparent in these fiery half-breeds. Even his brown fist was clinched and shaken at the bold helmsman, but it availed not, for Peter simply smiled, and said with reverence to the good old soul, for such he was, "All right, Uncle," and then the emphatic lecture was abruptly discontinued by the boat grating upon the gravelly beach.

Dinner was now hastily prepared, and about as hastily dispatched, for the stirring events of the morning had wonderfully increased our appetites.

After the meal the boys took our tent up the hill and put it in position on the broad plateau that ran from the landing to the entrance of the bay. The lighthouse keeper, a half-breed, recently appointed, hearing of our arrival from the fair one of the golden tresses, paid us a visit early in the afternoon. He amused us very much with his recital of the following exciting bear story, which we give in substance: "Last week, shortly after breakfast, I was called out of the house by vociferous shouts from a party of anglers in a boat who had shot a black bear in the face with some birdshot, resulting in totally blinding it. Taking in the situation at once as I reached the beach, I secured a stout piece of a heavy sapling and waited at the water's edge for the landing of the natarial bruin that was frantic with pain and swimming here and there at random. At last the bear struck the shore, howling most unmercifully and fairly frothing with rage. I carefully came to his side, but on his getting wind of me he made a sudden plunge and a fierce pass with his powerful paw, which, fortunately, was very wide of the mark, and as this seemed to fret him he made several more desperate lunges, but to no purpose. I kept well out of his way until I thought he had fully realized his helplessness, and then I again stealthily approached, and lifting on high the heavy club brought it down with such fearful force upon his bloody nose as to not only lessen the sapling by a foot, but to make that blind bear so very sick and wretched that he howled most lamentably, and tore around in a bewildering manner that was a sorry spectacle indeed. After he had again become quiet, I once more assumed the aggressive and gave him a savage and terrific blow, losing another foot of the club. This roused his anger to an infuriated degree, but it had such a telling effect that he made but a feeble movement or two, though he moaned and growled so incessantly that it was really pitiful to witness. I now quietly advanced, and with another blow in the same place he toppled over, gave a few struggles, and *Ursa major* was no more. He was in poor condition and unfit for the table, but I gave his meat away to those who had a hankering for bear steaks, and you can rest assured they were Indians."

He further stated that eight bears had been killed at and near the point the same week, and that he had captured two cubs which were swimming to the island opposite in company with their mother, who, at an opportune moment, reached shore and finally escaped. He attributed the presence of so many bears to the dry season that had about ruined the berry crop on which they so loved to feast.

On invitation we went with him to the lighthouse, where we had an interview with a Mrs. Quebec, a Cree Indian, 105 years old, who was being cared for by Mr. Devon. She formerly lived at Robertstraw, the most northern station of the Hudson Bay Company, where, she stated, she had assisted in years ago in making the shoes, gloves, etc., for the renowned Sir John Franklin, who undertook to solve the mysteries of the frozen zone of the North. She was everything but a toothless, tottering old hag, and did not look a year older than eighty. Her form was erect and of stout structure and medium height; head grand and massive, like a Numidian lion in repose, and set with eyes fairly aglow, while her lips smiled or frowned as occasion demanded, with an intelligent expression that was irresistibly attractive. Every line and furrow that marked her aged face were of such strong individuality as to satisfy you she was a remarkable woman among the untutored race. She could read the medicinal properties of herbs, roots and plants, as you could a book, and to this day wherever Mother Quebec, as she is called, is known to be, the Indians and half-breeds flock to her for a healing of their ills and ailments. She has had twelve children and has resided in Canada proper over fifty years. Her artistic skill with the needle, and in arrangement of the colored threads, is of the very highest order. We were shown in proof of this a sample of her work in a table cover that was made that summer. It was beautifully ornamented with a lace-like border that inclosed a fine display of bears, buffalo, wolves, rabbits, wild horses, etc., purely in the Indian style of architecture, angles instead of curves, but so delicately were they woven that even this rude style under her deft fingers assumed a beauty that delighted. We endeavored to secure this piece of handiwork as a souvenir of our North Shore trip, by the proffer of gold, but were unable, as it had been given to the lighthouse keeper, who valued it above our filthy lucre, and we honored him for it.

She is a grand old oak of the human type, and one of the last of a great race of savages,

"whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

Having finished our interview with the wondrous centenarian, we ascended the flight of stairs that led to the top of the flashing tower, which gave us a magnificent view of the loveliest of bays and of the great lake, which lost itself in the bright sunshine that glowed in changing tints of silver on the foam-tipped waves and along the rocky and beetling cliffs. I never passed or visited Bachewauung Bay but what I felt like paying my tribute. To me it is beautiful beyond expression, and has oft been the theme of the truly imaginative. Its shores and its slopes are rich in the scenic picturesque, and in season carpeted with all the bright colors of the flora of this icy region. Its islets

"Shine out with an opal glimmer
Like gems in a casket of light!"

While its streams that flow from mountain heights, come tumbling in seething cascades and racing rapids like unto veils of lace or frost-beds such as one sees in the meadows in the morning. The gorges and giant rocks that line these singing waters are ablaze with glowing hues that find relief in creeping shadows, curving bends and towering forests that swing to the gentle breeze or the violent gale. Having drank to repletion of the gorgeous panorama spread before us on all sides we descended to the terrestrial and tramped over to the tent where we read and conversed till supper, with the brilliant sunshine pouring generous libations upon us.

It was not long after the meal before the cricket opened with his evening song, and then the myriads of nocturnal insects joined in the melody with a special few that joined in drawing, like vampires, our very best blood. That loud-smelling terror, the repellent at this red-handed re-

volt, was soon ablated upon the exposed parts of our anatomy, and then the insectivorous revolutionists departed to a safer distance and a purer atmosphere.

The landscape, with the receding of the turbulent waters, was fast losing the rosy lights and silver shadows; the sobbing foam curled and broke on the brown and rugged rocks and wooded inlets of the shore; belated birds hurried with arrowy speed to their leafy haunts, and all had become as still as death, except the murmur of the waves in which all meaner and harsher sounds seemed lost and hushed to silence. The subtle moon breaks forth from the slow opening curtains of the clouds, and as she "walks in beauty to her midnight throne," through a jeweled sky, makes perfect the picture of night "which gives us the language of another world." We sat as we always did when the evening in splendor was clothed, and watched the constellations as they blossomed "in the infinite meadows of the heavens," until our eyes grew weary, and then it was to "nature's soft nurse," gentle sleep.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TROUT FISHING IN NEBRASKA.

BROKEN BOW, Nebraska.—I do not think it is generally known that there is a little—a very little—good trout fishing in Nebraska. At least, I was not aware of the fact until a month ago. A business matter called me into the northern part of the State. At Ainsworth, the county seat of Brown county, on the F. E. & M. V. R. R., I found myself under the necessity of driving to Bassett, the county seat of the adjoining county. In conversation with the driver the subject of fish came up and he informed me that at Long Pine some very fine trout fishing could be had. On my expressing incredulity that there were any brook trout in Nebraska, he admitted that they might be pike or pickerel, he wasn't sure, and I dismissed the subject from my mind. However, when we crossed Long Pine Creek the appearance of the water and surroundings revived my interest, and when a fine half-pound trout, nicely planked, was placed before my plate at the dinner table at Long Pine, my doubts all vanished, and nothing short of a dire disaster could have kept me from going back to Lone Pine that evening. At the railroad eating house a large tank crowded with Eastern and rainbow trout confirmed both ears and appetite, and I made hasty preparations for a half-day's fishing the following morning. I borrowed the landlord's heavy bamboo rod, the only one in town, but no flies or leaders could be obtained. "These trout," said the landlord, "won't take flies. I've tried 'em. There are no worms here and we have to use minnows." As I was after trout for the sake of trout I did not object to the rather unsportsmanlike way of procuring them, so secured my minnows, drove up the stream about four miles, and came in after three or four hours with 16 trout weighing 6½ lbs.

This stream was stocked by the Government some ten years ago with both rainbow and Eastern brook trout, since which time the fish have been thriving and multiplying. The stream can be waded its entire length of 25 miles. Fishing goes on here the year around, and if this continues the fish will doubtless sooner or later be exterminated, especially as pike are beginning to find their way into the stream. In spite of the landlord's story, I saw fish rising to the cedar flies and am satisfied that good sport could be had, and fair success, with the brown hackle. Trout have been caught here weighing 5 lbs., and it is nothing uncommon to take a 2 or 3-pounder.

The new extension of the B. & M. R. R., reaching Sheridan in northern Wyoming, has opened up to us the fishing paradise of the West. One can reach the best streams of the Big Horn Mountains in an hour's drive from Sheridan. Here one does not care to save a catch of less than a pound weight. The streams are teeming with trout, the mountains with elk, deer, antelope and bear, the valleys with willow grouse. The scenery is unsurpassed, the accommodations are good, and as yet the fish and game know nothing of the destructiveness of civilization. This is without doubt the finest game region at present reached by any railroad in America. I shall take a trip there in July. Leaving Omaha at 10:15 A. M., Sheridan is reached at 3 P. M. the next day, but one change of cars being made, i. e., at the breakfast station of Edgemont in the southwest corner of South Dakota.

The Kekoskee fish story had about slipped out of my mind until last evening, when a friend (who, to his own misfortune, is not a reader of FOREST AND STREAM) capped the climax of a little round of fish stories by saying: "Well, gentlemen, you probably won't believe me, but up in Wisconsin a number of years ago—" "Hold on a minute," said I, "was it at Kekoskee?" Imagine my tumultuous feelings when he answered in the affirmative. As soon as I could calm my agitated mind I faintly begged him to go on. "Well, sir, the bullheads were so thick in the stream there that they backed wagons down to the water's edge and scooped up the fish with shovels. They used to sell them at ten cents a basketful, but fish were so plentiful that the price finally dropped to twenty-five cents a wagon load. They laid planks across the river and passed over on the backs of the fish." With a few inquiries I established beyond a doubt that this is the old reliable Kekoskee fish story, a little garbled from the Hough version, but enough of the salient points remaining to establish its authority. Further, this gentleman directed me to two other residents of this town, who corroborated his statements. If I ever had any doubts as to Mr. Hough's veracity or sanity they have all been dispelled, and I hereby announce myself as a true believer. C. P. H.

Montana Ditch Screens.

BOZEMAN, Mont., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new feature in the fish law is the placing of gates at the junction of ditches or drains from Sept. 1 to March 1, for what benefit is a mystery to me. Irrigation takes place here during the summer months—June, July and August. During the fall, winter and spring months most of the ditches are dry, as no water for irrigation is needed. But it is during the summer months that millions of fish perish on the cultivated fields during irrigation time; and at that time gates ought to be put at the heads of ditches to prevent fish from entering said ditches or drains. I understand that some Butte parties are going to test this new fish law. G.

THE MARZLUFF CASE.

ONE day last year I learned that a merchant in Glens Falls, N. Y., had, a day or two before, put a quantity of brook trout in a private pond on his own property, and that the trout were taken from a public brook in the State. This, if true, was a violation of Section 103 of the game law. I made some inquiry about the matter and was told that the merchant, Mr. J. B. Marzluff, had said to my informant that he had taken the trout from a public stream and had put them in a private pond, as he had a perfect right to do, and he understood the law fully, before and after he caught the trout. I conclude that by the time that I heard of the case Mr. Marzluff had become more familiar with the law and had changed his mind concerning his rights under it, for, instead of saying, as he was at first reported, that he did not care who knew of the transaction, he said nothing. The trout were caught on Sunday by Mr. Marzluff and several of the clerks from his store, and apparently there were no witnesses except the participants in the catching of the trout, and their lips were securely sealed. If I have a choice as to who shall be punished for violating the fish and game laws my leanings are toward the rich man, who should be informed in regard to the laws of his State, rather than toward the poor devil who may know nothing about the laws, and violates them to fill his empty stomach. I sent for Special State Game Protector William H. Burnett, and when he came not a lead could be found to follow, and as a last resort I sent him to Mr. Marzluff's pond, which was a small, shallow affair, to see if there were any trout under fin. among the lot.

To my surprise, he reported that all but two fish seemed to be under fin. in length, but he could swear to a certain number as being less than the legal length. I thought it better to have two witnesses to make absolutely sure, and another visit was made to the pond and a certain number of trout under the legal limit counted by two men; but the officer was recognized. The same afternoon a witness was found through whom the trout were traced to the brook from which they were taken, but there was reason to believe that if anything was to be done at the other end of the line it must be done at once or the cake would be dough. After a night drive the officer appeared in the mountains where the trout were caught. To be correct perhaps I should say the officer did not appear in the morning, but I have understood that a man did appear who wanted trout fishing and was directed to the stream and was told what to do, and as proof that the stream was a trout brook he was informed, incidentally as it were, that Mr. Marzluff came there on a certain Sunday and caught 138 trout, all under fin. in length, and it was more than intimated that they were caught in a net. That man went off down the brook and I hear that he has not yet returned, so he must have had good luck. Officer Burnett did get there, however, and there was a justice of the peace with him, and a woman and two men had an opportunity to tell under oath what they knew about Mr. Marzluff's skill as a fisherman for fingerling trout. Ordinarily it would be regarded as considerate on the part of an officer to come to one's house to take testimony and thus save a journey to court, but one of the men got mad about it, and said the officer and justice had no business in his house, although his wife had invited them in and offered them seats and a table on which to write, and he went off, as he said, to have the officer arrested. His errand proved to be nothing more serious than to reach Mr. Marzluff as quickly as possible and inform him that the jig was up, and he must prepare to call at the captain's office.

Stress has been laid upon the fact that Mr. Marzluff freely confessed that he caught 138 trout and that he put them in his pond, all unconscious that he was, in so doing, violating the law. So he did, but it was after the evidence was secured against him and it made not the least difference in the world whether he confessed or not, for the sworn evidence told the story as well as he could tell it, and it could be used in court to convict him even if he kept his mouth shut as tightly as he did during the weeks previous, when a confession would have amounted to something. He did not confess that he, or those that he employed, caught the trout in a net, while it is morally, and may be made legally, certain that a net was used to catch every trout that he put in his pond. However, the officer decided to let the confession count for something and so did not arrest Mr. Marzluff for the misdemeanor, but got an order from the Chief Game and Fish Protector to employ counsel and bring a suit in the name of the people for the penalty. This was done, the penalty amounting to something over \$1,200. Having brought the suit, Officer Burnett not desiring to persecute in the name of prosecution, got another order permitting the attorney for the people to settle the case for, I think, \$200, and the matter dragged its weary length along. Time to answer was asked for and granted over and over, and apparently there was no disposition on the part of the defendant to settle the case on any terms. I was somewhat surprised, for the action brought was not all there was to the case if the officer was disposed to press other charges. Finally the Chief Game Protector tried his hand at a settlement and came to see Marzluff and talked the matter all over in a most friendly spirit and decided that the State would settle for \$100, which was satisfactory to Mr. Marzluff.

Major Pond and Officer Burnett concluded that a long drawn out case was well out of the way when, to their surprise, for Major Pond had no previous knowledge of it, they were confronted by a copy of the following paper in the hands of Mr. Marzluff's attorney:

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CHIEF GAME AND FISH PROTECTOR'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, N. Y., April 17, 1893.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of Fisheries held Tuesday, April 1st, 1893, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, that in the interest of public policy the Commissioners of Fisheries recommend that the Chief Game and Fish Protector settle the case of the People vs. J. B. Marzluff without cost, if possible, to the defendant."

Copy of resolution certified to as correct.

EDWARD P. DOYLE,
Secretary, Commissioners of Fisheries.

To be sure the resolution does not amount, in court, to the paper that it is written on except to show the position of the Commissioners, and their apparent contempt for the law when a man of means is caught in the toils, and it does this so thoroughly that further comment is unnecessary. I have been told how the "pull" was worked, but that is of no moment, compared with the result, which speaks for itself. And such a result! Why, one is induced

to hold one's nose as he reads that when a man commits a misdemeanor the officials virtually charged with the punishment of the crime formally declare that it is in the interest of public policy that the violator shall go scot free. What are the laws for anyway?

I believe that not very long ago a man was arrested in the Catskill region for doing the very same thing that Mr. Marzluff is charged with, but public policy and a resolution of the Fish Commissioners did not come to his assistance, for the newspapers stated that he had to pay \$1,000 or more. Perhaps he could have got a "pull" cheaper. A friend of Mr. Marzluff told me that he thought it "a blanked poor law that would not permit a man to go out to the brooks and get a few little trout for his private pond." I told him to have the law changed; that was the remedy. But he did not know what such a law was for anyway. I told him that a member of a private club in an adjoining State informed me that in one year his club had bought 18,000 little trout from boys hired for a few cents per trout to catch them for the club's ponds. The State stocked the public streams for the people, then the club hired boys to catch the people's fish, and they were then put where the people could not catch them. That is what the law is for. Mr. Marzluff does not maintain a club, but his case comes under the law just the same. If the man of means is to go free after violating the law of the State, let the poor devil go also.

A. N. CHENEY.

THE "KINGFISHERS" IN CANADA.—II.

Black Bass in Big Basswood Lake.

WHEN we had fished above the camp for three or four miles until we got thoroughly acquainted with the water and almost ashamed to look a bass in the face, we tried below, and on down to the foot of the lake, and around on the north shore as far up as a farm across from camp, and found the fishing nearly as good as above; a trifle better, if anything, for the bass run a little larger, a good many of them up to nearly or quite 3lbs. We were told that bass had been taken out of this lake that weighed as high as 7 and 8lbs., but we had some doubts about it, as we fished it diligently for nearly a month and never got one that weighed a featherweight over 3lbs. If there were 8-pounders in it, we never had the luck to strike one of them. There are doubtless some large brook trout in the lake, but while we were there they were not in a very good biting humor; however, Kelpie and the Colonel took three, fishing off a rock they christened "trout point," that were of fair size, the smallest one weighing nearly a pound and the largest one 1½lbs.

But the bass fishing is unsurpassed and later in the season, September and October, Dyer says the lake trout are nearly as numerous as the bass are in the summer.

The Canada law says that only 12 bass a day shall be taken by one rod, but we frequently took many more than that number, never, however, taking more than 12 each back to the camp. The others were conscientiously and carefully returned to the water uninjured, and often nearly the entire catch of the day was returned, as we had no use for them, only as brother Dyer took them off our hands to cure and smoke for his winter use, or a neighbor would now and then drop around for a mess.

We never took to camp, even when six or seven of us were fishing, more than thirty or forty in a day, and we believed that in doing this we were complying with the spirit of the law, if not the letter of it. All that we did not use ourselves were turned over to brother Dyer (or the neighbors) to sun cure and smoke, and I have no doubt he made good use of them.

If our interpretation of the law was wrong we will be glad to be set right by Commissioner A. D. Stewart, through FOREST AND STREAM, for the information and benefit of ourselves and others who may want to go a fishin' over the border.

I fished one afternoon by myself (none of the others were out as the lake was very rough) and caught 45 bass that ran from 2½ to 2½lbs., and I was windbound for three hours of the time, the water being so rough that I was afraid to venture out. This was around the lower end of the lake. I took back to camp the last eleven taken and Dyer got eight of them to cure.

There are only a few places around the lake where a comfortable camp can be made and near Dyer's house is the best of them. On the level common back of the house is room for a hundred tents or more, but it would not be quite so handy to the water as we were.

Up the lake a couple of miles at the head of a deep bay is another fair camping place, near a landing where a road leads back to Soverby, and on the big island a short distance above another good camp could be made.

This island is about eighty rods long, as near as we could guess it, but it may be less, and a couple of hundred feet wide at the widest point. It is a solid rock rising 50 or 60ft. out of the water at the east end, but covered with enough soil to support a fairly thick growth of trees and bushes. The south side is low, only a few feet above the water, and all along this shore of it the water is shallow, 3 to 6, 10 and 15ft. deep, out four and five rods, till it pitches off deep in the channel between that and the main land. The bottom is a solid rock. The lake here is less than half a mile wide and the island is in the middle.

The fishing around this island is usually very fine, but I fished all around it one day, twice around without a nibble, and only the previous afternoon Charley had taken twenty-seven bass on the south shore near the head without moving his boat ten rods. (He would doubtless have been there yet, only he ran out of bait.) Another court in favor of the island as a camping place is that it is a charming, picturesque spot, and covered with huckleberries. A large many places around the lake, back on top of the hills, there are acres and acres of these insipid berries, and we bought handfuls of them, and the luscious wild red "rozberrys" of the neighbors at five cents a quart, and they are just about good and ripe from the middle of July on till they are gone.

There are four islands in the lake, the largest one above mentioned, another good-sized one near the extreme head, one at the entrance of one of the deep bays on the south shore, a stone's throw from the mainland, and a small patch of nearby solid rock, a few yards in area, three or four rods out in the lake from Loafer's Point in front of Dyer's house. This last stands only four or five feet above the water, and has no soil or vegetation on it except two or three stunted bushes that find a precarious "toe hold" in the crevices of the rock.

We did not find a spear of grass nor a bulrush growing up from the bottom around the entire circuit of the lake except at the head, at the mouth of Beaver Creek and at the mouth of the little stream connecting with Loon Lake; all the rest is rocky bottom, nor is there a spring to be found around the shore except a little puny stream a little larger than a lead pencil coming out of the hillside right at the boat landing at Dyer's, and a very fine cold spring branch on the north shore well down to the lower end of the lake. Snider and I found it one day while fishing around on that side when the lake was perfectly quiet, by the melody it made in tumbling over the rocks and into the lake. Only for the music it made we would not have found it, for the trees and bushes were so dense on the hillside and down to the very water's edge that it was entirely hidden from view. I looked for it several times afterward, but the wind was each time blowing down the lake, and the roaring of the surf drowned the whimper of the little brook, and I was unable to locate it.

But the lake water is clear and pure, and fairly cool, although not quite cold enough for a "satisfyin' beverage" on a hot July day.

We did not confine ourselves to fishing Big Basswood Lake alone; there were four others not hard to reach that needed investigating, and we put in several days at different times exploring their waters—except one, Little Basswood, lying five or six miles from the camp, and south of the big lake. Brother Dobie had sent us a rude sketch of the lakes and their relative positions, and had written the kinds of fish to be found in each one.

Little Basswood contained, he said, bass, pike and pickerel, the latter the Canadian name for pike perch or wall-eyed pike, and the Canada pike is the American pickerel. KINGFISHER.

ANGLERS ON CANADIAN WATERS.

THERE is no more ice on Canadian waters, but plenty of anglers have already taken up their position on them. Early last week the thick but water-soaked icy covering of Lake St. John broke up under the influence of a strong east wind and sank beneath the surface. The natives are now at work shamelessly taking the beautiful, bright, silvery ouananiche on coarse lines and coarser hooks baited with pieces of outouche and such-like enormities. This is principally along the Roberval shore of the lake. Any day now may bring the news that the fish have commenced to take the fly in the light rapids at the mouth of the Outichouan and also in the Metabetchouan pool. Last year they were rising freely before this time, but the season was a little earlier than it is this year. A large Quebec party is going out to the lake on Saturday.

Quebecers who are members of the Stadacona and Laurentide clubs along the line of the Lake St. John Railway, or of the new Triton Club, whose territory is in the Batiscan district, are daily leaving in quest of *fontinalis*, and quite a number left town on Saturday last. Reports from Lake Edward are to the effect that heavy fish were taken there last week with bait. Mr. A. Simons of Lake Beaufort, took his first trout this season out of that favorite water over a week ago. It weighed 17oz. and took a hackle.

The first American visitors to the trout waters in northern Quebec this season are Dr. Porter of Bridgeport, Conn., and Senator and Miss Read of the same place, who went up last Thursday to their club house at Lake Kiskisk, from which the ice had disappeared but a very few days previously. On the waters of this club, and especially at the outlet of the lake, the spring fishing is usually exceptionally good.

Messrs. Edward D. Toland and Sutherland Law of Philadelphia, members of the Moisie Fishing Club, are here on their way to their fishing grounds.

Salmon fishermen will be interested in knowing that the Quebec government is no longer to allow the Governor General of Canada the free control of the famous Cascapedia River, which is not even second in parts to the Restigouche. It will shortly be advertised for sale by auction, and it is understood that the upset price will be \$4,000 a year. As the Dominion of Canada pays its Governor-General an annual salary of \$50,000 a year, there does not certainly seem to be any reason why free fishing should be thrown in.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 22.

P. S.—It may be useful to those who purpose for the first time trying spring fishing for ouananiche, to repeat that they should come well stocked with large flies of the Jock-Scott and silver-doctor varieties. Salmon sizes are not too large for this season of the year. This kind of fishing usually lasts for about three weeks or a little more.

E. T. D. C.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THERE were 12 members present at the regular meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, May 26. The minutes of the previous meeting, April 10, and the special meeting, April 20, were read and approved. Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s talented staff, was elected to membership. The resignations of Messrs. C. E. Kenyon, J. S. Hair, C. P. Stivers, S. R. Ireland and Wm. Herrick were accepted. A communication from W. F. Dosé, private secretary to Gov. Altgeld, was read. It simply and briefly mentioned that the club's petition, in respect to the Fish Commission, had been submitted to the governor. A communication from Dr. J. A. Henshall informed the club that he accepted the position of director of tournaments. The secretary's report showed a balance of \$331.12. The executive committee had no report to make at that time. The matter of a souvenir key for each member was postponed till a later period for consideration. The motion which made the executive committee the tournament committee, with Dr. J. A. Henshall director of tournaments, was reconsidered. A motion to have a special tournament committee was carried. This committee will be appointed by the president. There was so much business for the executive committee to attend to that it was thought wise to relieve it of the tournament labor. The tournament committee has full charge of the conduct and arrangements of all tournaments and contests of 1895. There was a good deal of desultory conversation, after which the meeting adjourned to meet June 2. An informal vote of thanks was tendered the management of the Grand Pacific Hotel for courtesies and accommodations bestowed on the club.

B. WATERS.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 26.—The fishing parties are numerous since the ice has cleared from the Maine lakes. Even some of the fishermen who had made up their minds to forego fishing this spring and go to the World's Fair instead, have repented and are fitting out or have gone. The beautiful weather has been too much for their courage. I do believe that if it had been cold and rainy, not nearly as many would have started for their old fishing haunts.

Mr. H. H. Moses, of the wool trade, has started for Tamworth, N. H. From there he will go to the Connecticut Lakes for a fishing trip. Then he will come back to Sebago Lake, in Maine, and with Charlie Robinson, of So. Windham, will try the landlocked salmon. Charlie Robinson is a friend with about all the wool trade, being a woolen manufacturer, as was his father, Tom, beloved by everybody. Mr. Moses has a record of a 10lbs. salmon somewhere in the landlocked salmon lakes.

Mr. Gerome Hilbourn, manager for Gilman Bros., in the wholesale drug trade, and H. J. Pettingill, eastern agent of the Postal Telegraph Co., went to-day to Inglewood. One or two fishermen have already returned from those "happy hunting and fishing grounds," and they declare that they are pleased. Some of them have taken "almost too many" trout and landlocked salmon.

The Camp Stewart party left Boston on Friday evening. In the company are Mrs. M. T. Farley and Mr. Farley, of Farley, Harvey & Co., Mr. H. S. Kempton, of the Boston Herald staff, Miss Blanche M. Stanley, of Newton, Miss Hayward, of Brighton, and Mrs. Emma Moody and Mr. Moody, of the Boston Herald.

One of the largest and best known fishing parties of the season left Boston on Friday evening for the home of the Inglewood Club in New Brunswick. This is the fifth annual trip of the club members and officers, as well as guests. They went in their private car, and a happier party can scarcely be imagined. They were merchants and business men, starting on a well earned vacation. The club's preserve is attaining considerable popularity among anglers. The preserve embraces some twenty-five lakes and ponds, in which are brook trout, English brown trout and landlocked salmon. Sea salmon fry have recently been placed in these waters, and an extensive fishway constructed, promising additional attraction to sportsmen. One party has just returned from the preserve, and reports extremely high water but excellent fishing, and a large catch of landlocked salmon and trout.

The party leaving Friday night consisted of the following well-known business men: Henry P. Brigham, A. Noyes Whitcomb, James I. Wingate, Cyrus T. Clark, Edward S. Barker, Dr. F. M. Johnson, Henry K. Porter, J. Merrill Brown, Wm. H. Saywood, Wm. H. Mitchell and J. T. Dyer, of Boston; Harry B. Moore and Charles H. Adams, of Jamaica Plain; Andrew S. March, Samuel Shaw and Dr. James Utley, of Newton; Albion H. Brown and Henry E. Wright, of Somerville; Leroy S. Brown, Rufus C. Cushman, Herbert F. Sparrow and Henry D. Yerxa, of Cambridge; S. F. Hicks, of Arlington; J. Nelson Parker, of Billerica; Geo. C. Moore, of North Chelmsford; John A. Faulkner, of Lowell; George D. Finley, of New York.

Mr. Harry B. Moore is not unknown to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for some of the good stories he has told. Others are likely to grow out of this trip. It is well known that he has been taking a vacation in story telling, in order to go a-fishing. At the breakfast table the other morning his mother reprimanded him for some of his stories, and Harry felt hurt about it, since he had supposed that for some days he should have been particularly respected for the amount of truth he had told of his former fishing and gunning expeditions. His cousin, George C. Moore, mentioned above, with Harry will be very likely to go to some lonely lake by themselves, and if on the way out they spring any good, practical jokes on each other the FOREST AND STREAM shall have them in due season.

Generally there has been considerable complaint of poor fishing in the streams in New Hampshire this spring, but later the reports are better. A friend informs Mr. J. W. Chickey, of the Boston Herald, that he has had excellent sport of late in the vicinity of Laconia. Mr. Chickey hopes to join this friend for a day with rod and line not many days hence.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

A Big Raid.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 24.—On last Saturday, State Fish Warden Fernandez, of Wisconsin, completed about the largest raid ever made on the illegal net fishermen of Lake Winnabago. He burned over 300 nets, as under the new law he is authorized to do. The confiscation was made at Oshkosh, and the Northwestern, of that city, has the following interview with Warden Fernandez, who says:

"There is a fishermen's association in this city to which all respectable fishermen belong. The lower class of fishermen do not belong to this organization, and so are not bound by its rules. Last season, during the period in which fishing with nets was allowed, the nets of the respectable fishermen were stolen by men not in the association. Ninety-five per cent. of the nets taken this year have been those which were stolen from the respectable fishermen last year. The fishermen did not like the provisions of the law last year, and so made another law which they thought was better in every way. According to the old law the game warden, after taking the nets had no authority to destroy them, but was compelled by the law to advertise the sale of them, and at an appointed day, sell them for whatever he could get for them. In many cases the very men from whom the nets were taken often bought them back again. The new law says that all nets, as soon as taken must be destroyed, and it gives any one, man or boy, the privilege of taken nets from any of the bodies of water and destroy them without saying anything to anybody."

Wisconsin is not a bad State when it comes to practical laws.

Bass are Biting.

Mr. Fred Knightheart, of the Central Hotel, of Mokena, Ill., writes me that bass fishing is good at Mokena now. The C. & E. I. Railroad renews its special rate of last year, \$1.50 round trip, and the Chicago anglers will soon be having sport on that pleasant bit of water. On the lakes to the north of here the bass have begun to

take bait and fly. It is better sportsmanship to wait till well in June. The season can not be an early one for spawning.

Mr. J. E. Fisher, of Riverside, Ind., in a letter to this office, says: "There has been a big run of fish up the Wabash River this spring. More bass went up this spring than have been noted for several years. Some of the boys have made big catches. The creeks would run clear before the river would, and the bass would go in the creeks to feed. We have kept out most of the nets and stopped the dynamite. Some of our supervisors have the sand to arrest the violators and make the fur fly every chance they get, but we haven't enough of that kind."

Trout in the North Country.

The waters of upper Wisconsin and the North Peninsula are now lower and clear enough to fish. I have word from a lumber camp, the Brule, that the fishing is good. Some good baskets have been taken in the streams around Watersweet. From the White River I have not heard, but the best fishing there is early, before the sucker speafers have driven away the trout. The next two weeks should show some trout reports. The C. E. Hollins party had good success in the Wausaukee country.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, representative of the U. S. Fish Commissioner at the World's Fair, has accepted an invitation to go after grayling on the Au Sable in June.

No flies or mosquitoes have yet made appearance in our trout country. By Aug. 15 the pest is nearly done. In some years one is never bothered at all. I have never had trouble with mosquitoes but once in my fishing in the Wisconsin and north Michigan woods. That was at the Eagle Waters in July.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

TROUT IN CONNECTICUT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exceedingly dry fall and the universal belief that there would be no trout fishing this spring to speak of, I hear of a great many good catches fully equaling the average of former years.

Myron Church and two friends at Thomaston brought in fifty-three trout that weighed 76lbs.; another man walked out a little way and brought in a large basketful by dinner time.

Henry Wildman and Mr. Breston at Kent caught eighty-seven trout that weighed 35lbs., in four hours.

Willie Soule, son of County Commissioner Soule, caught three trout at New Milford weighing respectively 1½lbs., 1½lbs. and 1lb.; this was good for any one, more particularly good for a "ten-year-old."

Several pound-trout have been caught at Canaan, Cornwall, Norfolk and Winsted. I also heard of one 3lbs. trout caught at Great Barrington, over the line in Massachusetts.

By the way, all of the trout fry for the whole State of Connecticut come from the Taconic Trout Ponds at Sheffield, Mass. This is a most remarkable hatchery, having water from a boiling spring sufficient to run a saw mill, filling ninety-six pipes 1½in. in diameter under an 18in. pressure. The spring and brook for a long way never freeze in winter and are about an even temperature the year through. They have hatched this year 1,500,000 brook trout, 240,000 brown trout, 155,000 lake trout and 108,000 Atlantic salmon. About 500,000 of the brook trout belong to the State.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction manifest regarding the unequal distribution of the trout fry and the getting of some of them to be put into posted waters. This the Commissioners try to guard against as much as possible, but still there is a lot of growling.

If we could only have an 8in. trout law instead of the present "6in. for sale" law, which does not amount to anything, all this stocking brooks year after year would be needless.

NOTLIKS.

The Second Largest Tarpon.

Mr. A. M. MCGREGOR, of New York, who owns a beautiful cottage here adjoining Prof. T. A. Edison's place, on Saturday last, May 6, caught with rod and reel a tarpon weighing 196lbs. The length of the fish was 7ft. 1in., and it girthed 4ft. 2in., a fine specimen of this wonderful game fish. By skillful handling he brought the fish to gaff in 25 minutes, and the word skillful is used in its fullest sense, for it requires skill and careful manipulation to land one of these monstrous fish, their weight and strength sufficient to break much stronger lines than are used in taking them. Mr. McGregor has been very successful in tarpon fishing this winter, having landed 13. Mrs. McGregor is also the possessor of a rod and reel all her own, and often accompanies her husband and son on their fishing excursions. She, too, has acquired the art of tarpon fishing and has landed six, averaging nearly 100lbs. each. Their son, Mr. B. B. McGregor, has caught one; a pretty good showing for one family, who only fish semi-occasionally. The following is a record of the tarpon taken by Mr. McGregor's family the past winter:

	Length.	Weight.
Dec. 29. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft. 9in.	133lbs.
Feb. 9. Mrs. A. M. McGregor.....	4ft. 9in.	40lbs.
Feb. 25. Mrs. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 7in.	85lbs.
Apr. 1. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft.	121lbs.
Apr. 5. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft. 3in.	127lbs.
Apr. 6. Mrs. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft. 7in.	85lbs.
Apr. 14. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 10in.	113lbs.
Apr. 18. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft.	100lbs.
Apr. 25. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft.	105lbs.
Apr. 25. B. B. McGregor.....	6ft. 3in.	125lbs.
May 2. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 11in.	104lbs.
May 2. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft. 1in.	128lbs.
May 2. Mrs. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft. 3in.	142lbs.
May 5. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft.	104lbs.
May 6. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 1in.	96lbs.
May 8. Mrs. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 8in.	93lbs.
May 9. Mrs. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 6in.	86lbs.
May 9. A. M. McGregor.....	5ft. 10in.	130lbs.
May 9. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft. 1in.	107lbs.
May 10. A. M. McGregor.....	6ft.	100lbs.

—Fort Myers Press.

London Gun and Fishing Club.

LONDON, Ont., May 11.—I have just returned from a trout fish on our new preserve, second to none in western Ontario. Three members besides myself caught 90 trout in six hours, with several under-sized thrown in again, all under 6in. being put back in the stream. The London Gun and Fishing Club has 200 members, and our weekly shoot takes place every Friday. Ontario stands second to no county in America for sport and plenty of sportsmen to enjoy it, but our American cousins are always welcome to have an outing with us.

T. G. DAVEY.

Onondaga County Waters.

The good work of the Anglers' Association in this county during the last few years is being appreciated by that class of sportsmen who believe in keeping within bounds of the law. It has required considerable effort on the part of the club to detect lawless hunting and fishing, and to bring trespassers of the law within the reach of the courts. The employment of a special game protector by the club has done much good. Many lawless sportsmen have been apprehended and punished, and the result has been to decrease the amount of illegal gaming in this county. With the assurance of the sympathy of the community in their efforts, the Anglers' Association have felt that they can stock the streams of this county with fish and have the co-operation of law-abiding citizens to assist in the execution and supporting of the law. At various times during the past year fry have been placed in the waters of this county. Including a shipment received by Henry Loftie yesterday, one half a million fry have been placed in the waters in this section. Yesterday 25,000 California trout were received by Henry Loftie, for distribution in the various suitable places in county. They will be placed in small brooks emptying into Onondaga creek.

The fish were distributed under the direction of Protector Harvey Jackson, of the Anglers' Association.

The shipment was distributed in Furnace Brook, in Card's Brook at Onondaga Valley, in Peck Brook near Jackson Tavern, and also in the brook beyond Dorwin Spring.—Syracuse Herald.

New Hampshire Camps.

COLEBROOK, N. H., May 15.—A. C. Wallace, of the Colebrook Fish Hatchery, has distributed 15,000 brook trout fry to Berlin, 10,000 to Lancaster, 10,000 to Ashland, 15,000 to Greenough Pond, 35,000 to Diamond Ponds, 30,000 in the Mohawk and other streams, and 30,000 landlocked salmon to Connecticut Lake. All the small fry will be distributed by June 10.

The sporting camps of the north country will soon be opened for the accommodation of sportsman tourists. Connecticut Lake House, Idlewild Camp and Sportsman's Cabin at the Connecticut Lakes opened May 16. Camp Diamond, at Diamond Ponds, opened May 18.

It will be gratifying to the many sportsmen who visit the Dead Diamond River, Wentworth's Location, N. H., to learn that Deer Lick Camp will be reopened under the management of F. A. Flint. With late additions the camp will accommodate forty. A new carry from the Aziscoos House makes the camp more easily accessible via Colebrook, Dixville Notch and Wilson's Mills. HATCHET.

Black Bass in Connecticut.

COLEBROOK, Conn., May 15.—You are evidently not up to the general feeling regarding bass in Connecticut. They are held in no favor and if a vote of the fishermen was taken they would be unanimous in favor of no protection at all. They rarely take bait or fly in Connecticut as they do elsewhere and are the most uncertain fish to catch we have. They have spoiled the pickerel, perch and bullhead fishing in almost every lake where introduced, and all would be pleased to see them exterminated.

T. S. S.

The Potomac.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22.—Up until the 13th inst. the Potomac has been muddy and the water cold, and no fish to speak of taken, but since then some fine strings have been caught. At the falls black bass and carp are plentiful; several 6-pound carp were taken. Bass from 1 to 5 pounds were caught. The carp seem to prefer the worm, while the bass are very fond of live minnows. At the Little Falls a great many perch and bass have been taken during the past week.

R. O. D.

Basswood Lake Trout.

SOWERBY, Algonia, Ont., May 20.—If any of you people down South wish any good trout fishing they had better come along at once. You can depend on six to seven weeks' good fishing from this time. The season has commenced, water 3 to 4ft. higher than last spring and very cold. This is the camp grounds where the Cincinnati Kingfishers put up their tents last summer.

G. F. D.

Sullivan County Trout.

LIBERTY, N. Y., May 16.—Andrew Beset caught seventy-two trout, one weighing 1½lbs. Frank Dellemater caught a fine string, one weighing 2½lbs. Frank Beaumont caught one 2½lbs., and some fishermen from the city have had very good luck.

GEO. COOPER.

Fishculture.

American Fisheries Society.

NO. 53 BROADWAY, New York, May 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held Thursday, June 15, in the Michigan Building, Jackson Park, Chicago.

It is proposed that the Eastern members of the American Fisheries Society go to Chicago and return by special train. Arrangements can be made with the B. & O. for a special train at a cost for round trip of \$38, including Pullman car, for each person. The train will leave New York Monday, June 12, at 8 o'clock A. M., and will stop at Philadelphia for Pennsylvania members, arriving in Washington at 2 o'clock P. M. Five hours will be spent in Washington, the train leaving at 7 P. M. the same day and arriving in Chicago at 9 P. M. Tuesday, June 13. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be spent in Chicago, and the train will leave that city at 4 P. M. on Saturday, returning by way of Niagara Falls, arriving at Niagara Falls Sunday morning at 9:30. Sunday will be spent at Niagara Falls, the train leaving at 6 o'clock Sunday night and arriving at New York over the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad at 7 o'clock Monday morning. The Pennsylvania members can leave train at Niagara Falls and return home by the Lehigh Valley R. R.

To get this special train 100 persons must subscribe, or near that number. If but twenty-five subscribe we can have a special car, but not a train. The advantages of a special train are many, as the cars can be arranged to suit our own convenience, and can be fitted up so that the ladies can have one car for their own use and the gentlemen a buffet car.

A number of members will take their families, and members can, if they wish, in addition invite one or more friends. The committee on entertainment at Chicago will arrange the programme there and secure hotel accommodations. Members deciding to go should notify me at once.

EDWARD P. DOYLE, Sec'y.

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

June 6 to 9, Wissahickon, Pa., Semholle Kennels, Sec'y, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beeler, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Our Bulldog Pictures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your bulldogs have compelled me recklessly to rush to the rescue of Mr. Tisdell. He is having an awful tussle with those pictures. He cannot believe that anything good can exist behind, in, around, above or beneath such amiable countenances. So he has no charity for those who admire or appear to admire, I confess to my own doubts, such dogs. To very many people their appearance is repugnant, and not encouraging to an intimate acquaintance. Back of 1840 my first playmates were a bulldog with the same fascinating face as portrayed, and a superb Newfoundland. My second bulldog was one which a party passing my cabin in the Nevada requested me to shoot when it came along, as it had its hip broken. When in the course of half an hour the beauty came along swinging a hindleg, it approached me in such perfect confidence and beseeching manner that I was disarmed. It allowed me to examine the hip and locate the fracture, with a very apparent intelligence and hopeful expectation of assistance. With the help of an old country Dutchman, I set the bone, splinted with shingles and bandaged with old shirts. Although pain was evident, the dog was perfectly submissive while I performed my first, last and only operation. No human being could be more careful and obedient under treatment and nursing, nor more grateful. When in a few weeks after, bandages were removed, that horrid, repellant-looking brute was prancing around me in a very ecstasy of delight and gratitude. One other bulldog, Dickens describing trait, which was just one more than his master had. Please don't imagine that I am forgetting Mr. Tisdell. I don't like bulldogs from choice. The aforementioned were forced upon me, and they developed a mutual liking from the necessity of the case, just as a frozen tramp appeals to man's sympathy sometimes. But the bear-eyed, blotched and dirty variety is not agreeable as a companion. A cheap chromo of setter, pointer, etc., is much more agreeable on the dining room wall than the original of the "Last day" or the "Conquerors."

There are very few people who do not express, on first view, a horror of the exceptional beauty in the utter ugliness of the perfect (nearly, of course) bulldog. The observations around the Philadelphia dog show ring when Mr. Mason was selecting the absolute winner in the classes he had adjudged, was a pretty fair sample of the general uneducated opinion. The two St. Bernards went out before King Lud, and when he went out there was a hearty good-bye to his "Royal Ugliness." Of course the crowd were uneducated dogmatically, and could not see why the beautiful Gem was banished, and Tired left the "sovereign of all" who surveyed. It was the verdict of dog knowledge, but it did not satisfy the human craving for "a thing of beauty and joy forever."

That's all I know about bulldogs. I don't want to get into a fight with good-natured bulldogs or FOREST AND STREAM. The result would be similar to the experience of two brawny sons of Erin, who only wanted some fun and got plenty of it, in kind. The two came into contact with Judge—, who was as ready with use of common sense as with law, said to be synonymous—(see Delmonico). The judge was a large, finely built man, about the size to give the sought for sport, but he declined to fight the two men, or even one. He said that he would tell them of where they would find a man who could whip them both, if they could induce him to fight. That he would not fight, and yet that if he did not convince them that he could whip them, that he, the judge, would pay their expense for a big jamboree. Then he gave them the address of a man, whose incredible strength was unknown even to himself. The would-be fighters found their man and told him that they had come to fight him. When he further declined they insisted that he had to fight them or convince them that the two together could not lick him. Appreciating the situation, he quickly had each by the coat collar going double quick to the door, and flung them, headlong, to the street. When the first one recovered from surprise and shock, he called, "Pat, I am convinced, are you?" The reply was, "Indeed I am that; and sport and the jamboree are gone to the devil altogether, and we'll make friends with the man who can handle us as babes. Mister! I hope you're not mad." Mister assured them that he had nothing to make him angry.

That is an awful long story just to illustrate the latent strength of peace-loving FOREST AND STREAM, but it has occurred so often to my mind, when some of our brothers have forgotten the amenities, that I feel justified in offering it. Being convinced myself, I hope Mr. Tisdell will join me in making friends with FOREST AND STREAM, and frankly admit that the bulldog may be just too sweet and lovely for anything—if one can only become fond of him. JUNIATA.

Where is the Cocker as a Working Spaniel?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having owned two kennels of cocker spaniels since coming to this country, and having shot over other dogs in some of the best woodcock haunts in the East, I should like to point out to your readers that "Solus's" admirable letter is lacking in essentials, just as the tendency in both the judging and breeding of cocker spaniels in America is to favor a pretty dog lacking in essentials for field purposes. To the sportsman the test given is amusing, and shows how lack of experience is likely to injure the best interests of a breed. Fancy putting spaniels of all kinds through brush to test their field qualities; of course it demonstrated they could get where other dogs cannot. Field spaniels are bred long and low for this very purpose, but as Mr. Cecil Cox states, bone and weight are also necessary, they are able to get under the tangled undergrowth by being near the ground, but the ground is not bare, and substance and power united with life are absolutely necessary in order that they may be of some practical use to the sportsman. It is easy for an intelligent observer to see how far such essentials are valued in the awards at our dog shows.

The work of the cocker is different, the woodcock do not frequent the uplands, but even after heavy rains are always found in swampy lowlands, where the growth of grasses or plants is often so luxurious that a low show bench cocker

could not work, and could not be seen, even were he able to work, and if he had hunting instinct and bird sense to guide him forward. I did not use my cockers because they were lacking in all these points, although of the most approved strains. Where is the difficulty? Breeders have appreciated the necessity of getting dogs that can win, and have never thought of getting a standard, and judges that shall distinguish between the pet dog and the working cocker.

A strain of black cockers have been favored, and very handsome little dogs they are. Their instinct for game, suitability for work in the haunts of game birds are different questions, and do I hear something of field trials? I advocated such a year or two ago, and was met by a suggestion to have a leg tied, a dog without a nose, a sportsman without a diploma, and the dog with the best eye-sight wins. It is at times enough to make a saint give a smile of disgust.

"Uncle Dick" is to a great extent correct, and when there were none of the dogs he advocated presented to him, what else could he do than give the prizes to the most perfect specimens? I think there is a prize of cocker represented now that with judicious crossing will insure a dog of some use, and yet retain handsome appearances without going back to the faults of the very ancient order. Will those who are supposed to, provide for this, or must the breeders merely rear for sale to ladies for pets?

Much has been made of "Uncle Dick" being almost alone in his crusade. This is all to his credit. What did Thomas Paine say, "Have you not heard how it has gone with many a cause before now? First, few men heed it; next, most men condemn it; lastly, all men accept it—and the cause is won."

EDWIN H. MORRIS.

HACKENSACK, N. J., May 14.

A Fair Offer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although it is almost disgusting to be compelled to answer such disinterested (?) attacks of beaten exhibitors, it would look to most of your readers, so few having any idea at all what a great Dane should be, as if those disappointed exhibitors had a right to their audacity in assuming my incompetency to judge my home breed. One good point Mr. Goodman makes when he says "either I must be wrong or several other judges, and so it is." Will Mr. Goodman permit me to make him an offer, in which, if he and his dogs' judges are positive that I am wrong, there is nothing to lose and conclusive proof will be obtained as to who is right: Whether a mastiff-great Dane, if only large, no matter how unsound or crippled, or even tampered with—of the latter fact I will be only too glad to furnish proof to Mr. Goodman if he desires—dogs, whose principal recommendations are that they are the largest and bulkiest or—a dog, as active and sound as a terrier, properly balanced everywhere, with clean, well-arched neck, well-chiseled head, and that certain powerful elegance only found in a good typical dog. I will defray all expenses for Melac and Wenzel (I wish to say here that I consider Wenzel only a good dog, and no crack), to be sent through a reliable agency—for instance, Spratts—to three of the largest shows on the Continent, say two in Germany and one in Belgium or Holland. Of course to come under German judges, and if Melac beats Wenzel twice out of three times, the expenses are mine and the honors his; but if he loses, I expect him to at least agree to pay his part of the expense, dogs to be in reliable and disinterested hands.

It is almost a little too much of a good thing when Mr. Goodman takes the liberty to assert: "That he does not think me competent to know great Danes." Great Scott! This from a man whose only knowledge of great Danes comes from having handled one fair dog, with excellent body properties, but very indifferent in the principal characteristics of the breed—clean long neck and sharp, well-chiseled head, and who only won his laurels by default, nothing being against him, for which he is not to blame. If Hannibal the Great could beshown against him under another name, he would be beaten by Melac under most judges, who assume to know it all. Much as they know, I really should be curious to hear them express their knowledge, outside of names of great Danes, and that I can do myself, looking up catalogues and reports.

Gush and twaddle! Oh! yes, there is lots of it; but time will tell who is right, and I offer the opportunity now. Mr. Goodman certainly has the prerogative to withhold his entries where the judge does not suit his dogs, as he is in it for revenue only; and I do not blame him a bit for it, and give him credit for his straightforwardness in speaking like a man, without the mean, slurring tactics of so many. I had only consented to judge at New York on the urgent pressure of a number of fanciers, as I was only too well aware of the tendency in this country to produce another hot-house raised big cripple, unable to move, but as big as a calf; and such dogs are pressed to the front because they are big.

Does Mr. Goodman honestly believe that the celebrities in dogdom he names have any more right to their views than I, because they are excellent and approved judges of a number of breeds? I beg to differ with him; to them it is their fifth wheel and they take great Danes along to judge like any other breed, whereas my whole youth and also the years between 1882 and 1885 were spent in south Germany among the great Danes, and I think I am as competent to judge the dogs I have known from childhood up as any other man who judges them only because it is in his way of business. If I was not, my dear Mr. Goodman, I would have followed the general habit—let the dogs win who have won under authorities, and I would be perfectly safe. Just because I saw it was time for some one to make a break in this ruinous retrogression of the breed, I consented to judge, fully knowing the abuse I should reap, but I thought we had had enough of ruining the big breeds' soundness to obtain size only. If this pre-eminent characteristic—sound agility—cannot be preserved, and the lean head and arched clear neck give place to a poor, long mastiff type face, there is no use for great Danes at all. One thing Mr. Goodman can claim, and that is his fame will be always coupled with having ruined any decent entry for the World's Fair show, and this is, I suppose, satisfactory to him.

Was it Mr. Goodman's sporting sense which let him carry Mr. Hagans's Imperator in his crate from New York to Washington, never putting him on the bench, although he was always entered? It would be interesting to hear his and Mr. Hagans's reasons—condition, I suppose (!). *Volla tout!*

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

Another Good Beagle Gone.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I suppose every breeder of thoroughbred stock has his disappointments, and I am having a share of them now. On Monday morning, May 22, I found my beagle bitch Pearl (A.K.C.S.B. 28,489) dead in her kennel. Pearl was in whelp to my imported Laick's Rattler, and was due on May 24. She is a great loss to me, as she was a good beagle, having won first prize at Danbury, 1892, and the Brooklyn, 1892; only times shown. She was also a good average field dog. She was bred to Laick's Rattler with the expectation of good results from the union, as she was especially adapted to him, owing to her general appearance and disposition. She seemed to be in perfect health until the day before she died, when she began to act rather quiet and laid around a good deal more than usual, and acted as if she had lost the use of her limbs. I intended to open her, but was so busy on that day I did not get a chance, and as the weather was very hot I had to bury her. During the twenty-five years I have bred dogs I have not had an experience like this before. Could it have been poison?

GEORGE LAICK.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., May 26.

YONKERS DOG SHOW.

THE Yonkers Fanciers' Club, recently formed, held a capital little show May 25 to 27, at the Park Hill Casino, Yonkers, N. Y. The club has been organized among a few local fanciers of dogs and poultry, and while the quality of the dogs cannot be said to have been very good, still for an initial effort the show must be pronounced a success. Among the officers of the club who were particularly zealous in the conduct of the show were E. A. Lynde, the president, who also undertook the duties of superintendent; Geo. Langran, the treasurer, and Emil Garnjost, the secretary. Mr. Langran, who owns the Yonkers City Irish Setter Kennels, and has been identified with Irish setters and sporting dogs for many years, acted as ring steward. Mr. C. H. Mason judged all classes, and his task was not a very arduous one. With exception of St. Bernards, pointers and setters, there were few, if any, dogs that were above mediocre. This could scarcely have been otherwise; as somehow the owners of the good dogs seem unwilling, though they appreciate the glory of a win, to bench their dogs for three days for a blue ribbon alone.

The number of entries was 114, of which there were several absentees. The prominent residents of Yonkers did not support the show to the extent that we would have liked to have seen them do. There are numbers of good dogs kept by the many wealthy residents of this flourishing town and they should have supported the home event better. There were few entries from outside fanciers. Mr. Hyland, of Tarrytown, showed several well-known pointers, the Victoria Kennels also had two or three good setters, and Mr. Schmidt had several well-known St. Bernards and took the opportunity to bench a lot of pups with a view to sell. The building where the show was held is on the outskirts of the town, charmingly situated on the hillside at the edge of some woods. The building is used as a rink and is surrounded by windows, which were kept continually open, whereby a pleasant breeze played through the hall during the show, keeping the air cool and sweet. In fact, it was the nearest approach to an outdoor show, without actually being one, that we have ever seen.

Among those whom we noticed at the show were L. A. Van Zandt, W. H. Hyland, G. Muss-Arnolt, F. D. McEwen, Mr. and Mrs. Rueter, who owned the St. Bernard Leila at the time of her death, Mr. Hooley, Cyrus Wilcox, H. Graef, L. H. Spath, Ed. Booth, Arthur Trickett, Fred Schmidt, etc. The attendance during the day was next to nothing, but at night there was always a goodly gathering, so that the club cannot have sustained much loss. Their expenses were about \$400 and this was guaranteed before the show opened. The prize badges were broad pieces of ribbon, colored according to degree of merit, surmounted by a gilt star and with the prize and the initials of the club in gilt letters below. It is hardly necessary to go into any extended criticism of the breeds represented, as with few exceptions they will probably not be seen out of their native town. The benching was of the old wooden style, but neatly arranged. Spratts biscuits were fed under the care of "Capt." Murphy. Bannerman's disinfectant was used.

The winning mastiff dog Nero has a plain head, not enough stop, open flat feet, shelly body, good bone, but is a bit cowed. Grover, the pup, has a mean head but a better body than Nero, better ribs; however, both are poor ones.

In St. Bernards the winning dogs, Otis and Roland, Jr., are familiar to our readers. Mr. Schmidt showed them in good order, but the same cannot be said of Mount Morgan who, unfortunately, just recovering from a severe attack of distemper, looked about as bad as he well could do and should not have been benched; had he been in condition, however, he would have run the others close, as his head is better in shape than either. It would be unfair to criticize him further. Lady Bountiful had a fairly good win in the bitch class, though Fenton Peggy has lots of type, needs more volume of skull and stop, fair bone and good length of body; she is the dam of Leofric, a well known English prize winner and should be a useful brood bitch. Lady Bountiful had four pups with her but was looking fairly well considering. Norma, that we spoke of at Elmira, came third; she is but an ordinary one. Lady Edna, the winning pup, is straight behind, rather long-faced, good color and nice ear. The only smooth, Blademer, has a good skull but is pinched in muzzle, ring tail, open feet and shown hog fat; not much quality about him.

Great Dane entry absent. Newfoundlands were poor and had all the prizes been withheld no harm could have been done. The same may be said of the greyhounds, for with the exception of Flash, who was stated in the catalogue to be a "thoroughbred," there was nothing with any pretention to quality. Flash has a capital set of forelegs and feet, but is light and shelly in body, weak muzzle and too full in skull; the other prizes should have been withheld. Foxhounds were very nondescript, a bloodhoundy puppy, Sport, taking first; Dan, a full grown, heavy, coarse sort of bloodhound showing little foxhound quality, came in for second.

Pointers were better. Challenge classes were made for Mr. Hyland's Ossining and Lady Graphic, who were put down in good form. The winning heavy dog, Roy, has open flat feet, light eyes; bit straight in stifles and faulty in middle piece. Axtel King Don is too fine in muzzle, throaty and feet open; a fairly good dog otherwise. Touchstone was at Gloversville; he is plain in head and better behind than in front. Dash, he, got all he deserved; coarse. In light weight dogs the well known Ridgeview Faust won easily from Birt, whose coarse skull and throatiness are his most noticeable faults; fairly well ribbed but not depth of chest enough, fair going gear. Lad of Ossining, a promising son of his father, deserved third. In bitches, his sister, Lady of Ossining, is a nice stylish mover, too fine in muzzle, light in eye, flat loin, and feet could be closer knit, good behind. Fancy Fan, second, is rather straight in face, turns her toes out, is narrow in chest, light eye, a rather pretty lemon and white; Bronx Valley Pearl is short in neck and coarse, and heavy in shoulders, very light eye, good ribs, but just fair front, coarse tail; Snow Flake, vhc., has a short, chunky head and is throaty, but behind the shoulder is a rather well shaped bitch, good stifles, bone and front, and the best bodied bitch in the class. Lad and Lady of Ossining were the puppy winners; Felspar, second, has a light, sulpy muzzle.

English setters were headed by Deceive, a winner at Brooklyn and New York, and a son of Count Howard's; he has a good head, his body and feet could be better, legs good. The Earle was not in shape, is faulty behind, but nice head and type. Bronx Valley Duke is a little round and full in skull. Pride of Bronx has a plain head, light eye, good legs, but faulty in loin and not ribbed up enough. Gyp, vhc., rather coarse in skull, but head well shaped, good legs and mover. The bitch prizes were withheld, Floss, the only one present, being very weedy. The puppies were only mediocre.

Irish setters had several fairly good specimens. The winning dog, Londonderry, was reserve at New York; he is typical, good color, big in ear, little straight in hocks, and but for his wretchedly thin condition was about the best on hand. Celt, second, I could not find. Young Juno, rather short and plain in head, won in bitches and afterward took the special for best in show; she stands on good legs, is narrow in body throughout. Sally, from the same kennel, was shown fat, stands on good legs and feet, is hardly typical enough in head, should have more stop; good color; she is better as a dam, counting such good ones as Tim's Dandy and Young Tim as her sons. Lady Betty, third, is weak in head and dish-faced. Ruby Glencoe, vhc., has won prizes before; she is thick in skull now, head not long enough; she has a good body and color, however. Mr. Van Zandt showed the winning puppy, Alannah, winner at New York; she is weak in pasterns yet, muzzle should be stronger, nice skull, good

Mrs. J. F. Smyth, owner of Swiss Mountain Kennels, has sold the St. Bernard King Regent to Dr. L. C. Sauveur, owner of the Seminole Kennels, as a house pet. Mrs. Smyth did well in the bargain, as the dog has more than paid for his oats since he was imported.

English Setter Beverly.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While looking over the Answers to Correspondents in your issue of March 30, I was very much surprised to find a paragraph referring to a certain Beverly owned by "H. L. W., Adrian, Mich." The foundation of my surprise is the fact that I also am the owner of a Beverly, by Qui Vive and out of Bettina Bondhu. Like "H. L. W.," I at first received the name of my dog's dam as Bettina Bondhu. With a view to registering Beverly I wrote to the American Kennel Club, asking to be informed as to whether Qui Vive and Bettina Bondhu were registered. In answer I received the following under date of April 13, 1893:

In reply to your favor of April 9, would advise you that there is an English setter owned by Mr. W. E. Hobby, of Holly, N. Y., registered under the name of Qui Vive, No. 5,050. There is also an English setter registered under the name of Bettina Bondhu, registered under No. 14,482. This bitch is also owned by Mr. Hobby. There is no English setter registered under the name of Bettina Bondhu. Bettina Bondhu is undoubtedly the dam of your dog. A. D. LEWIS, Acting Sec'y.

I then wrote Mr. W. E. Hobby, of Holly, N. Y., and received this answer to my communication:

HOLLY, N. Y., April 18, 1893.—Dear Sir: Yours received. I am not, and never was, engaged in the business of breeding dogs, although I did breed your Beverly. His sire, Qui Vive, or Vick as we commonly call him, is a favorite shooting dog of mine. I took him to Kansas for three seasons, and he was very heavily shot over to chicken and also quail. I also took him to Alabama with me one winter (1889) and spent several weeks quail shooting. He is an exceptionally good all round field dog. I thought so much of him as a field dog that I bought Bettina Bondhu to breed her to him to get some of his progeny. The result was a litter of seven, of which I saved four. I kept the choicest, or what I thought was the choicest, of the litter. I have this dog now, and he is a good one every way. I sold one, Beverly, to Mr. Barry, and the other two I gave to friends of mine, and they have proved to be fine field dogs. The dam I sold to go to Ohio. W. E. HOBBY.

I purchased Beverly from Mr. Barry, through W. C. Crandall, of Springfield, N. Y. This proves my claim of title. "H. L. W." may have one from the same litter as my dog, but he has not the Beverly. H. C. DE PUT.

Minto, N. D., May 13.

Coursing at Newark, Cal.

THE meeting held at Newark, Cal., on the 14th, by the Occidental Coursing Club was one of the most enjoyable meetings ever held by that club. The ground was in good condition, the hares perfect demons, and the owners and spectators went away perfectly satisfied, as they always do when John Grace is in the saddle and Jas. Wren the slipper. Skyrocket, the winner, is thought on this coast to be the equal of any long-tail that ever chased a hare. This is his eighth first that he has won in open competition. He is certainly the fastest bound from the slips, and the best stayer that this coast has ever seen. The dog that gave him the hardest run was, strange to say, a sapling, barely 12 months old—Moondyne, said to be one of the Verdure Clad litters.

In the third round Salvator and Short Stop, a brother of Skyrocket, ran a pumping course which ended with honors even. The second course had a similar ending, and the third Salvator won, but was so thoroughly pumped that he is not expected to live, and it is almost certain that Short Stop will not survive.

SUMMARY.

First Round—J. O'Shea's Salvator beat T. Cooney's Jim Dandy, M. Tiernan's Long John beat C. Desmond's Lady Ruth, P. Curtis's Shortstop beat J. Buckley's Tom Moore, M. Tiernan's Glenfarrah beat H. J. Gerdes's Lookout, J. M. Perrigo's Longtellow beat T. Cooney's Skyball, H. J. Gerdes's Judge Morrow beat D. Lynch's Rely on Me, P. Curtis's Ex Franck beat J. Dugan's Pick Up, P. Curtis's Skyrocket beat D. J. Healey's Moondyne.

Second Round—Salvator beat Long John, Shortstop beat Glenfarrah, Longtellow beat Ex Franck, Skyrocket beat Judge Morrow.

Third Round—Salvator beat Shortstop, Skyrocket beat Longtellow.

Final—Skyrocket was declared the winner, Salvator being drawn.

Mr. Curtis made a present of the first purse to the club. On the same day the well and favorably known bitch Valley Queen won at a meeting at Ocean View, in a sixteen dog stake.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, CAN.—Kingston, undeterred by the lack of interest displayed by the townspeople in last year's show, will have another try this year, and has filed a claim for dates with the C. K. C. for the week following Ottawa, or rather, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of that week.

The Montreal Exposition Company have finally decided to hold a provincial exhibition from Monday, Sept. 4, to Saturday, Sept. 9. Whether a dog show will be held in connection is not yet settled, but I think it likely that such will be the case.

Dr. William Mole, V. S., is down to read a paper on "Cruelty" before the members of the Toronto Humane Society on the evening of Tuesday, May 30. I was glad to learn from Dr. Mole that since his removal to Toronto his veterinary practice has very greatly extended, especially in canine cases.

Mr. R. P. Forshaw, who recently removed from Toronto to Pittsburgh, Pa., is, I hear, going to reside for a time in St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Query: Now that the reciprocal arrangements between the A. K. C. and the C. K. C. have been severed by the former august body, can dogs which have qualified for challenge classes in the United States be shown in the open classes here and vice versa? If they can, won't our show managers have a most elegant time checking entries?

There is a very robust feeling here that the dissolution will prove a good thing for the C. K. C. A much larger number of American dogs are shown in Canada than Canadian dogs in the United States, and of course each entry means so much revenue to the C. K. C. If the A. K. C. desired to augment their income indirectly at the expense of their own members they have accomplished the end in view.

H. B. DONOVAN.

The A. K. C. and Outside Shows.

WE confess to more than surprise at seeing an editorial in a monthly journal, the *Sportsman's Review*, which tacitly suggests that all dogs exhibited at shows not held under A. K. C. rules shall be disqualified. This suggestion is made because, as they assert, of the harm that the A. K. C. club in a city will suffer because another club sees fit to give an independent show. This would be an arbitrary condition of affairs indeed, and an act that the A. K. C. would be far too wise to ever even suggest. There are very, very few cities which could support two shows in one year. Chicago could, and no doubt that New York might also do so, but for any other city to attempt such a thing would be sheer madness. The more shows we have, whether under A. K. C. rules or not, the more people will know what a good dog should be like and the more will they become imbued with a desire to possess one. The very argument advanced by our contemporary that "the longer a dog can win in the open class, the

more profitable he is to his owner" is the very argument that calls for some of the shows to be held outside of A. K. C. influence. The A. K. C. does not want for clubs or funds; it is no longer an infant to be coddled, it is a robust and vigorous child, all it needs now is proper training. That dogmen will show at any show where the inducements held out are tangible and not consisting altogether of "counting wins" has been fully proven.

When a lot of men give a dog show they do not as a rule undertake the affair in a philanthropic spirit. They expect to make both ends meet and in very few instances do they look upon it as a money-making venture. This in itself would act as a deterrent for a double event in the majority of cities or towns. The only fear is that speculators may crop up who, having no affiliation with dogmen proper, would be in it for keeps only, and there might eventually come along a show where the prize money would not be paid and some man or men pocket the cash. Exhibitors, however, would soon regulate this by demanding a guarantee, and just as likely any A. K. C. club may find itself in the same boat, and the only punishment it would incur would be the disqualification of the officers of the delinquent club; so it is as broad as long. But for the A. K. C. to disqualify all dogs exhibited at shows not held under their rules would be nonsense, and as in the case of the board of control and winter horse racing such a rule would of necessity soon be rescinded.

Understand, that we are not in favor of the formation of any club in a city that will conflict with a club already organized and that is doing its duty, but should that A. K. C. club not see fit to hold a show during any year, there is no reason why another club should not step in and hold one. The case of two clubs in San Francisco and Chicago is an example.

DOG CHAT.

Spaniel Field Trials.

The idea of holding field trials with spaniels seems to be gaining ground, and plans are being formed now which will no doubt result in the desired end. Of course a large number of starters cannot be depended upon, but that there are four or five already promised is sufficient to show that trials will be held. The committee that has the affair in hand is determined to put the thing through, and as valuable prizes in cash will be offered it is hoped that other entries will be drawn into the competition and that this meeting will not only be an interesting one, but the forerunner of a yearly fixture. The committee have cudgeled their brains to arrange some plan for the trials that will, to a great extent, avoid the almost certain delay and annoyance in finding suitable game if the trials are held in the rough, open country. The idea at present is to select a large field of 20 acres or more with about a quarter of it broom grass or low brush. At intervals of 20 or 30 yds. in this cover pigeons will be placed under small, light baskets. From each basket a cord will lie upon the ground, and running toward the handlers' starting point for about 15 or 20 yds., with pieces of white rag attached at intervals, so as to be readily seen by the handlers. This being ready, the handlers and dogs (two competing together) will be started toward the birds, which will be out of view, about 200 or 300 yds. away, up wind. In crossing the intervening open ground each handler will show under what control he has his spaniel, how he quarters his ground, and whether the dog knows what it is there for. Getting near the birds, the handlers will be ordered to pull the traps and kill when deemed advisable by the judges. Each dog then in proper turn will be ordered to seek and retrieve. Of course this plan is a mere makeshift that is almost necessary on account of the scarcity of partridge and woodcock and the thick swamps and rough country where these would be likely to be found, and through which the judges would find it next to impossible to follow the dogs or do the competing dogs justice in their awards. With the above arrangement it is thought that the main points—tractability, working qualities and retrieving—will be brought out. This plan would enable the committee to carry the trials through without discouraging delay. While no doubt many field sportsmen accustomed to using spaniels in the natural way will be inclined to smile at the above arrangement, it may be said that no less an authority than Mr. W. A. Coster, secretary of the Eastern Field Trials Club, thinks well of the plan, besides many other sportsmen to whom the subject has been broached. At any rate, the efforts of the spaniel men should be encouraged, and if any better or more feasible plan can be suggested we are sure the committee will be only too glad to adopt it. The gathering of spaniel men is expected to be an enjoyable one. At present we understand that good quarters can be had at the Bache Homestead at Morristown, N. J., where there are suitable grounds for the trials, and where, moreover, there is every likelihood of getting a shot at a real woodcock. A few pigeon matches may also be arranged and the time otherwise be enjoyably spent.

The Irish Setter Club Meeting.

The deferred meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club was held on May 26. The members present were C. T. Thompson, Dr. L. C. Sauveur and G. G. Davis, with E. B. Bishop, W. L. Washington, F. H. Perry and F. L. Cheney represented by proxies. There were thirteen new members elected, as follows: Geo. H. Thompson, Eaton, Pa.; A. M. Escobar, New York; Fred P. Heinz, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. S. Boddy, Camden, N. J.; M. N. Fowler, Fonburg, Pa.; E. F. Badmington, Rockville, Ct.; E. W. Walker, Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. J. Nestler, Darlington, S. C.; C. B. Rutan, West Orange, N. J.; F. T. Dodge, W. S. Lolan, W. J. Monteith and J. Myrick, Jr., all of Portland, Oregon. It is but just to say that ten of these were brought into the club by Mr. Washington. It was decided to have the entries for the Derby Stake close July 15. The fees are to be \$10 to enter and \$10 to fill. The purses are \$125 to first, \$75 to second and \$50 to third. These are to be increased if the entries warrant it. It was resolved to hold the trials in the South, the exact place and time to be announced later. Any further information can be secured from the secretary, Dr. G. G. Davis, 1335 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Dog Show in Minneapolis.

The fanciers of Minneapolis held a meeting May 17 to form a kennel club. A committee was formed to draft constitution and by-laws, and application for membership will be made to the A. K. C. It is intended to have a show in connection with the Exposition, and the following are named as bench show committee: W. M. Brackett, Fred Eastman, H. E. McCullough, C. D. Barnum, Fred Pride and Mr. Carpenter. They will arrange the premium list at once. The officers are as follows: President, S. J. Carpenter; Vice-President, F. E. Eastman; Secretary, H. T. Van Dusen; Treasurer, W. M. Brackett; Superintendent, H. E. McCullough; Veterinary, H. E. Rowell; Directors, M. P. Whiting, Fred Pride and O. B. Clark.

World's Fair Show.

Mr. Buchanan has sent the following letter out, "It has been found advisable, owing to the improbability of contractors completing the buildings in which the kennel exhibit is to be held, to postpone the exhibit, which was to begin June 12, to September 19, 20, 21 and 22. A full, complete and separate premium list, with added classes will be issued early

i n June, and I have every assurance that I will be able at that time to announce the judges for the exhibit. I regret that the postponement was made necessary, but it will be for the best interest of the exhibit as a whole, and that is what we are all working for. We have a number of letters from exhibitors who would prefer sending their dogs here in September rather than in June. W. I. BUCHANAN.

Mr. Raper Sails.

Mr. Geo. Raper sailed for England on the Etruria last Saturday. A number of friends saw him off and wished him *bon voyage*. He was delighted with his long trip, and when we asked him how he was treated out West, answered "Never better; it's a grand country and they are a grand lot of fellows." He thinks they have a good lot of dogs in California, but the Seattle show did not compare so well. Mr. Raper will get home in time to judge at Munich.

Yonkers Show.

The Yonkers show scored a success. The attendance, we are told, on the last day was exceedingly good. Mr. Hugh Thompson, who worked hard for the show, was presented with an umbrella. The *Herald* prize for handsomest dog was awarded to Fred Schmidt's Otos and the smallest dog was adjudged to be Mount Morgan Kennels' Nugget, weighing 12oz. During the show Professor Hampton amused the folks with his troupe of trained dogs and cats.

The Luse Case.

The National Greyhound Club held a meeting yesterday, at noon, in the Astor House, New York. The committee, consisting of Messrs. McDougall, Williams and L. F. Bartels, appointed by the club to investigate the Luse case, reported that there was no fraud shown and the charges against Mr. Luse were not proven.

Another Crack.

Mr. Reick, the proprietor of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, is about to sail from England, where he has been looking for a crack or two to replace Refuge II. He has cabled as follows: "May 27.—Bought best dog pup in England." May 29: "Bought Young Bute."

American Field Trial Club Derby.

Entries for this stake are open till June 5; Mr. John Davidson judges all stakes; W. J. Beck, Columbus, Ind., is the secretary.

It is probable that before long we shall hear of a field trial club with headquarters at Los Angeles, Cal. The *Pacific Field Sports* intimates that the dogmen of that vicinity are hard at work getting up such an organization. Held about the time that the Pacific Coast Club holds its annual event such trials should take well, as it is stated there are plenty of birds and the best of grounds in the Los Angeles section of the State.

We have an inquiry from a correspondent for a Newfoundland-trained to retrieve humanity from the water. Such a dog can win fame on the boards, as our correspondent wishes to use him in a new spectacular show entitled "On the Trail."

Mr. Mortimer has gone into black and tans. He imported recently the youngster Glenwood, a likely looking sort, that will do some winning. Another importation is the Basset hound Royal Hector that will hold its own with anything we have over here. We predict that these dogs will yet become more popular.

Arthur Trickett, so long known as Mr. Moore's kennel manager, started last Friday for Little Rock, Ark., to take charge of Mr. Pratt's kennels. This gentleman owns Alton II. and several good bitches, among them Wyoming Belle, lately purchased from Mr. Sears. We wish Mr. Trickett every success, and Mr. Pratt is to be congratulated on the move.

Mr. G. V. L. Mellinger, secretary of the Ohio Field Trials Club, has sent out notice that the club's trials will be postponed to Nov. 23, in order to accommodate many of its patrons, who are anxious to run in its trials and those held in Indiana. Their former dates conflicted with the American Field Trials Club.

Mr. Waters writes us that Mr. W. J. Beck, secretary of the American Field Trials Club, was injured by a fall recently, which will lay him up for a few days. It is hard to down a good man, however, so he expects to be on deck very soon.

The Concord Kennels, of Detroit, have sold the black and tan bitch Rosa Mack to John Bean, of Canton, O., and the cocker bitch Chloe II. to a Chicago party. The same kennels have recently purchased the cocker bitch Stella G. from Alfred Geddes.

We regret to say that Messrs. Heppner & Bernheimer's great Dane Helios, that was reported sick last week, died last Sunday. This dog is a loss to the breed; he was considered very typical, and at 14 months old weighed 165 lbs. Mr. Heppner will probably sail for Europe shortly and will return with a number of great Dane purchases.

There is an off week on account of the holiday, but there are several new advertisements in the kennel columns. L. H. Miller offers a number of trained sporting dogs; Geo. E. Gray, the noted trainer, offers trained Irish setters; E. Booth, prize St. Bernards; A. Knoblauch, toy spaniels and Tutti Frutti in the stud; Saloon, mastiff dog; W. J. Fieles, black and tan terrier; Seacroft Kennels, Russian wolfhounds; Heppner Kennels, great Dane dog.

Our special report of the Seattle (Washington Territory) show arrived too late for press this week. There were 133 entries; St. Bernards, English setters and Irish setters were the best breeds represented. Mr. Raper judged and the show is said to have been a success.

The Manchester Kennel Company was constituted by articles filed in the County Clerk's office at Louisville, Ky., May 17. The incorporators are P. L. Atherton, Louisville; F. R. King, Leighton, Ala., and A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn. The capital stock is placed at \$6,000. They will breed "bird" dogs principally.

If the International coursing meeting is held it will be at Huron, S. D. It is hardly probable, however, that the meeting will come off, on the original lines at any rate, as the subscriptions have not come up to expectations.

He Loves Dogs.

THIS is what the editor of the Kingston (N. Y.) *Freeman* has to say: "We regard it as a cheering indication of the advance of civilization, that the dog poisoner is extending his operations year by year. The rights of men ought to be paramount to those of mere animals, and no man should be subjected against his will to the bites, or even the muddy and slimy caresses of dogs. The idea of minding its own business is entirely foreign to the canine mind, and for that reason no dog has any business on a public highway unless accompanied by a keeper."

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Year Book.

This advance copy of the Year Book of the American Canoe Association, which we have just received from Mr. R. Easton Burns, the sec'y-treas., compares very favorably with past issues, and reflects great credit on Com. Cotton and Mr. Burns, who are responsible for its production. In addition to the rules, lists of members and canoes, summary of races and the reports of the various officers and committees for the past year; it contains portraits of Com. Cotton, Sec'y-Treas. Burns and Ex-Com. Winne. Maps of the camp are given, and a good railroad map showing the various routes to the St. Lawrence. Several songs with music, and two canoeing poems by Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Miss Annie Rothwell add to the interest of the book. The following important information as to transportation and races has not yet been published:

A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME, 1893.

Regular Events.

- No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined— $\frac{1}{2}$ miles alternately, total 3 miles. Time limit $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
- No. 2. Paddling— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile straightaway.
- No. 3. Sailing— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, same rig and ballast as in race 1. Time 2 hours. These three races to constitute the "Record" races.
- No. 4. Trophy paddling—1 mile, straightaway. Exempt from one-man-one-canoe rule.
- No. 5. Paddling—Open canoes, not under 55lbs. weight, minimum beam 30in., minimum depth 11in., single blade, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile straightaway. For special prize presented by secretary-treasurer.
- No. 6. Unlimited sailing race—No limits to rig or ballast, 6 miles. Time limit $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starters in the trophy race to be selected from this race. See Rule V.
- No. 7. Trophy sailing—No limit to rig or ballast, 9 miles. Time limit $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starters to be selected as by Rule V.
- No. 8. Novice sailing—No limit to rig or ballast, distance 3 miles. Time limit $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1892.
- No. 9. Club sailing race— $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men; all men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the A. C. A. meet.
- No. 10. Cruising race, sailing—Commodore's prize. Open to "general purpose" or "cruising" canoes, distance 3 miles. Time limit, 2 hours. Sail limit, 55ft., ordinary single drop centerboard, or leeboards for open canoes. Open canoes to be classed as cruisers.

Other Events.

- No. 11. Sailing—The Orilla cup. Open to members of the Northern Division only, $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, no limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
- No. 12. Paddling tandem—Open canoes, single blades, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, straightaway.
- No. 13. Paddling war canoe race—Conditions and details will be published in the official organs of the Association.
- No. 14. Paddling club fours— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, straightaway.
- No. 15. Sailing upset and maneuvering—No special appliances, no limit to ballast, at signal throw paddle over stern and recover; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of foremast touches the water; canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail. Time limit $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.
- No. 16. Paddling upset—Usual conditions, no special appliances.
- No. 17. Hurry scurry—Run, swim and paddle short distances.
- No. 18. Gymnastics.
- No. 19. Skiff sailing—This race to be run under the management of and conditions to be named by the St. Lawrence River Sailing Association. It is added as an additional attraction and will probably come off on one of the open days.

Camp Rules.

1. A member of the executive committee will act each day as executive officer and will be obeyed accordingly.
2. Daily before 10 o'clock tents and grounds must be put in order, all refuse, papers, etc., must be ready for removal by the camp cart. Members will be held responsible for the appearance of their tents and the surrounding grounds.
3. The commodore and secretary will be at headquarters for transaction of business each day from 10 A. M. to 11 A. M. Immediately upon arrival members will register at headquarters, when badges will be issued and camp dues received.
4. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset.
5. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the camp site committee, and with due regard for the thoroughfares and lines.
6. Camp will be open daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Guests may be invited by card to be obtained of the secretary. Between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. no guest will be expected in camp except by invitation for occasions specially announced by bulletin boards.
7. The A. C. A. year badge must be conspicuously worn. For protection of members and their property particular stress is laid on it.
8. Neither guests nor members from main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. or between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M. At 11 P. M. all guests and members from the main camp are expected to leave the ladies' camp, except when present by special invitation announced on bulletin board.
9. On Thursdays, Aug. 17 and 24, visitors are invited from 10 to 6, during which hours the rules governing admission of guests to camp will be suspended.
10. Visiting canoes must land at the steamboat wharf or at headquarters unless otherwise directed by officers in charge.
11. After 11 P. M. quiet must be maintained in camp.
12. As these rules are few and simple as possible, the orderly and creditable appearance of the camp is intrusted to the members generally.
13. Non-Members.—By-Laws, Sec. 2: Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 entrance expenses. Non-members when accompanying members may be admitted to the camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary, provided that, if they spend more than two nights in camp, the members introducing them shall pay \$2 each, the same dues and camp charges as members.
14. Water Parade and Illumination.—A special effort will be made to decorate and illuminate the camp. The executive officers urge members to bring colored lanterns, flags and colored fire. An illuminated parade will take place if possible. The camp will open on Thursday, Aug. 10 and will terminate on Aug. 25.

W. H. COTTON, Commodore.

A. C. A. MEET, AUGUST 11 TO 26, 1893.

Site.

Once again will the Annual Meet of the A. C. A. return to the famed St. Lawrence River, and the locality selected for the camp is Brophy's Point, five miles below Kingston. This ground is now known as Long Island Park, so named after the island, of which it forms a prominent feature.

There is a good wharf and deep water suitable for large steamers, so that canoes and baggage can be landed easily and safely. The point is covered with hardwood trees, and the spot selected for the camp has been well underbrushed.

The beach is of such a nature that canoe stages can be easily constructed, and the bathing is excellent. A glance at the map will show the large extent of this ground, and as it has all been leased by the A. C. A., members not desiring to join the general camp are at liberty to select their own sites subject to the approval of the camp site committee.

Squaw Point is splendidly situated at a convenient distance from the general camp on rising ground, with hardwood trees and good turf. This camp will also have a good canoe beach.

Mess.

Arrangements have been made for the general mess, and no pains will be spared to make this first class in every respect. There is a good dining pavilion, well roofed in, insuring comfort during bad weather. Ice will be supplied at low cost.

Camp Store.

Mr. Brophy will conduct a camp store on the ground, which will be supplied with all necessities for camp life. Lanterns, candles, coal-oil, fireworks, etc., for decorative purposes, will be on sale. Laundry work left at camp store will be attended to.

Lumber.

Lumber for flooring, floats, etc., can be procured from the camp site committee at reasonable rates.

How to Reach Camp.

From the U. S.—Cape Vincent and Clayton are the objective points for the camp. The New York Central & Hudson River R. R. and its leased line, the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R., form the connecting link between New York City and places in New York State at these points. At Clayton connection will be made daily (Sunday excepted) with the new steamer Empire State, which will leave Clayton about 10:30 A. M. for Kingston, calling at Brophy's Point at 11:30 A. M. We give below the time table of the Wagner car service, which is not likely to vary much this year. Cape Vincent can also be

reached by the same lines, and there connection will be made with the steamers of the St. Lawrence River Steamboat Company for Kingston and the camp. This steamer leaves Cape Vincent on the arrival of the R. V. & O. trains at 9:40 A. M. and 7 P. M., arriving at Kingston at 11:40 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Time Table—New York and Clayton:

Leave New York, daily.....	7:30 P. M.
Albany.....	11:35 "
Utica.....	12:35 "
Arrive Clayton, ".....	5:45 A. M.
Camp, ".....	11:30 "
New York and Cape Vincent:	
Leave New York.....	9:15 P. M.
Albany.....	5:25 A. M.
Utica.....	5:50 "
Arrive Cape Vincent.....	9:40 "
Kingston.....	11:40 "
Camp.....	4:30 P. M.

Passengers from Boston may either come via Boston and Albany or Fitchburg Railroad to Albany, and thence to Clayton or Cape Vincent by N. Y. C. & H. R. R. or via Montreal by G. T. R. Special through tickets to Brophy's Point and return will be placed on sale at all important points on the N. Y. C. & R. W. & O. roads. The following will be special rates of fare:

Boston to Brophy's Point and return.....	\$14 25
New York " " ".....	9 25
Albany " " ".....	5 75
Utica " " ".....	5 75
Syracuse " " ".....	5 75
Rome " " ".....	5 75
Buffalo " " ".....	6 00
Rochester " " ".....	6 00

From Canada—Kingston will be the objective point for the camp and will be most conveniently reached from all points by Grand Trunk Railway and Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., whose boats always stop daily at Clayton. By special arrangements with the Canadian railroads, the rate to Kingston and return will be fare and one-third. Canoes and duffie up to 200lb. free, as baggage.

From Kingston. 4 P. M. Further service yet to be arranged for.

Customs.

All canoes and equipment will be admitted free of duty, on the understanding that they will be returned in thirty days. An officer will be stationed at Brophy's Point to avoid the necessity of going to Kingston before proceeding to camp.

Photographic Dark Room.

A suitable dark room will be erected for the use of members interested in photography.

Regatta Committee—Gen. Robert S. Oliver, Albany, N. Y.; W. J. Read, Bobcaygeon, Ont.; T. S. Oxholm, Yonkers, N. Y.; J. B. Carruthers, chairman, Kingston, Ont.

Camp Site Committee—R. Apollonio, Winchester, Mass.; W. B. Skinner, chairman, Kingston, Ont.; Hon. Justice C. P. Davidson, Montreal, Quebec.

Transportation Committee—W. E. Christie, Montreal, Quebec; H. S. Miller, Albany, N. Y.

Signalling Committee—R. A. Wadsworth, Signal Officer, Hartford, Conn.; F. W. Gisborne, Assistant Signal Officer, Ottawa, Ont.

The following circular has been sent out by the regatta committee: "The regatta committee of the A. C. A. desire to make an earnest appeal to members and outside members for prize flags to be presented for competition at the coming annual meet to be held in August. If any member cannot send a flag, a contribution to the prize fund would be equally acceptable, and a prize would be purchased in donor's name by the committee. All contributions and flags sent to the commodore or the chairman of the regatta committee will be duly acknowledged."

J. B. CARRUTHERS, Chairman Regatta Com.

KINGSTON, May 19.

KINGSTON, May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to say a few words regarding the A. C. A. year book, just issued, to apologize for its being a little late in production, due in some measure to its being printed in (comparatively) an out of the way place, and perhaps in a larger degree to the inexperience of the editor. We have tried to make the book as accurate as possible, but in spite of careful proof-reading a few errors will creep in, and I can only ask those members who are affected thereby to remember that "To err is human, to forgive divine." The cost of the year book to the Association has been almost met by the advertisements it contains, and the attention of members is drawn to these advertisements, in the hope that they will endeavor to patronize those firms who have contributed ads.

The two poems were written especially for this book.

R. EASTON BURNS, Sec'y A. C. A.

Red Dragon C. C.

Taz interest displayed during the past winter by the members has been fruitful to the club. The membership has been increased and the financial condition is better than at any previous time in its history.

The season's sports will be inaugurated on Saturday, June 3, on the Delaware River in front of the club house at Wissinoming on the New York division, P. R. R., where the spring regatta will take place. The committee have concluded upon three events, viz.: the sailing, single and tandem paddling races. Great interest has been manifested in the coming event. Many of the old canoes have been renovated and changes made to improve their sailing qualities. Messrs. H. McCormick and Finamore have new Sharpie canoes, differing materially in design from any Sharpie canoes heretofore sailed, with which they intend carrying off the prizes. Apropos of new boats, Mr. Hamilton is having a 16x30 canoe built by the St. Lawrence Co., which may reach here before the races; Mr. Fleischman has a new decked paddling canoe, Mr. Scott a new canoe yawl 15x12, A. Fleischman an 18ft. cruiser. The two gentlemen last named will cruise in Chesapeake Bay the coming summer. All the above boats are the design of H. McCormick, who is gaining quite a reputation, as all crafts designed by him have fully met their owners' expectations as fast sailers.

Invitations to be extended to all canoe clubs in our vicinity and any canoeists desiring to enter any of the events will please send their name to M. D. Wilt, 1427 North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia. A. C. A. rules will govern the races.

F. O. G.

Mahn-a-Wauks.

MILWAUKEE, May 20.—The canoeing season was auspiciously inaugurated to-day by the Mahn-a-Wauk Canoe Club. A fair breeze prevailed and the fastest canoes in the fleet were out. Huntington's Canoe No. 2, built by Sauve; Hansen's fin-keel Avis, winner of the W. C. A. trophy last year, and Electra, built for A. W. Fries, commanded the greatest attention. The Sharpie canoes hereabouts were prepared for the Mahn-a-Wauk's regatta committee and have prepared an interesting programme of races which will give members of the club a fine season's sport. The opening day will be May 30. In the morning there will be a paddling and sailing race and in the afternoon two more sailing events, one a maneuvering race. On July 4 the programme will be the same as on Memorial Day, except that a man-over-board-race will take the place of the maneuvering race. The races on Saturday afternoons will be started promptly at 4 o'clock. This year the club will try a novelty in canoe sailing and paddling, by handicapping all events. The opinion prevails that prettier and more exciting finishes will be made in this way.

A. W. FRIESE.

A. C. A. Membership.

Northern Division: B. W. Folger, J. Shaw Skinner, P. H. Macarn Dr. O. W. Daly and W. S. R. Much, Kingston, Ontario.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual club book of the Humber Yawl Club, is specially good this year, the illustrations being excellent.

We have received from Mr. J. H. Rushton his new catalogue for 1893, entitled "The World's Columbian Exposition Edition." Mr. Rushton has a very fine exhibit at Columns 31 and 32, E. Transportation Building. The catalogue contains full descriptions and illustrations of the very large line of boats and canoes made by him.

Yachting.

The racing yachts about the Solent this past week had a breezy time of it, and the new 40-raters Lais and Vendetta have had a fine time canvas-stretching. Varuna also has been under way. The small class racing was somewhat interfered with by the strong wind, but the winning crews were delighted. The bandbox style of construction was severely tried, and, in one or two cases, with something very like collapsing sides. We hope a lesson has been learned, and that the craze for gaining a trifle out of a pound or two reduction in weight will be modified in consequence.—*Field.*

The Alterations to Navahoe.

On Monday of last week, after several delays and postponements, Navahoe was docked on the large dry dock of the Providence Dry Dock Company, at East Providence, for the alteration to her ballast. The work was intrusted to the firm of Thos. Phillips & Co., of Providence, engineers, machine builders and founders, and much of it was done in the shops before the yacht was docked. The requisite amount of lead, some 20 tons, was cast in twelve pieces of varying width, each about 4ft. long, the heaviest weighing over three tons. The middle pieces were 3ft. 3in. wide on top, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11in. deep, and of semi-elliptical cross section. Where the garboards come down to the keel plate on each side is an open angle, and to fill this and make a smooth surface a projecting lip about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and deep was cast along the upper edges of each piece. After the pieces were bolted in place this lip was turned up with a heavy hammer and driven into the angle between the plates, the surplus lead being afterward planed off.

After the lead pieces were cast the holes for the bolts were carefully marked from templates made from the boat and showing all floors and angles. The pieces were then turned over and counterbored for the bolt-heads with a special cutter made at the works, together with a number of other special tools. Two small vertical engines were taken over to the dock, one as a reserve in case of accident, the other being set up beside the yacht on the floor of the dock. A counter shaft and tightening pulley was rigged on the side of the dock, and a cotton rope rove off to drive a flexible shaft, which in turn operated a portable drill.

Each block was fitted on special skids and rolled on to the dock and under the yacht, then large screws and hydraulic jacks were used to lift and hold the pieces in place. When finally the lead was put in place between the keel and lead, the drill was set to work and the holes, eight in each of the largest blocks, were drilled through the keel plate and up into the inside lead. A reamer and tap followed the drill, the counterbore was inserted, and then the bolt, of 1in. Tobin bronze, was set up with a box wrench. After the bolt was in a short cylinder of lead about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter, made to fit the counterbore, was driven in with a sledge and finally smoothed off level with the bottom of the keel.

The work was carried on by a large number of men under the superintendence of Mr. George R. Phillips, the head of the firm, but much of it was slow and tedious in spite of all preparation. Holes were drilled, reamed and tapped for 73 bolts.

When finished the job presented an excellent appearance, the keel was fair and smooth from end to end, the new lead neatly joined to the steel bottom, the under side of the keel being a semi-ellipse instead of a flat surface.

The worst part of the work was the removal of the same weight of lead from the inside of the hull, a very slow and difficult task. The lead was practically cast solid, a couple of layers of pigs being laid in and molten lead poured over them to fuse them together, after which a couple of new layers were laid and treated in the same way. In removing this lead it was necessary to chip it out in small pieces with a hammer and chisel, a very slow proceeding.

While on the dock the bottom of the yacht was painted with common brown metallic paint and then with an English anti-fouling composition of light color. Mr. Carroll was present every day, coming up on the first train from Newport and returning at night. The work was not completed until Monday. The yacht is now ready for her trip across, and will probably leave Newport within the next ten days.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Seabury & Co. have been very busy at their shops at Nyack. The 30ft. steam launch Alva, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, owner, has been transferred from Newport to Nyack, where she is being got ready for this season's work. She will be crated for shipment abroad, to go via steamer Tauric of the White Star Line, to Laird Bros., Birkenhead, Eng., and will be used as tender on Mr. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht Valiant. This is the launch that was carried on the davits of the Alva, and transferred the crew of the Alva to the dock at the time of the collision, and towed the lifeboats from that point to Newport, distance about eighty-five miles through the ocean. In the regatta at Nice during March, 1892, this launch beat the Baron de Rothschild's launch Eros. The steam launch D. & H., designed and built by the firm for the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., was launched on May 22. She is 35ft. long, 6ft. 9in. beam, and 2ft. draft. This boat is of special value to the D. & H. service. She is a 20-hp. boat, and the stern is so arranged so as to prevent the boat causing waves while she is making. The forward part of the launch is fitted as a cabin and office for the paymaster, with w.c. and wash room in after cabin. There is a roomy cockpit aft, covered with a canopy top roof. The machinery consists of a Seabury fore and aft compound engine, and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler. The speed of the launch is 9 miles per hour, and she is not required to run any faster. The launch is to be used by the Superintendent and Paymaster of the D. & H. Canal Co., and is specially adapted for this purpose. The steam yacht Charlotte, belonging to Mr. W. J. Riker, N. Y. C., has gone into commission. The steam yacht Espadon, owned by Mr. F. DeCoppett, was also put in commission at the yards a few days ago. She will be used in vicinity of New Brunswick, N. J.

At Clay & Torbensen's yards, Gloucester, N. J., the following work is in hand: Folly, the 27-footer of Mr. E. H. Austin's, is now being overhauled and having a new spray board put on. The 25ft. steam sounding launch Nell, for the use of the Government engineers at Cincinnati, was launched last week; she is a beautiful boat in every respect, and well maintained the high standard of work set by this firm. Mr. James R. Hopkins's 30ft. yawl Wiff is now in the water; she is over 10ft. 6in. 20-hp. yawl. She is a 20-hp. boat, fitted with compound engine of about 12 miles an hour. The new 27ft. open steam launch for Mr. R. A. Shattuck is still on the stocks. She will spend the summer at Bar Harbor. She will have a six horse-power double-acting fore and aft compound engine and an oil burning boiler of the sectional safety water tube type. The 55ft. steam yacht for Mr. F. C. Fowler, designed by the firm, is now nearly completed and will probably be launched this week.

The schooner Alert has just been seized by R. M. Olcott, in a suit against her owner, John N. Luning to recover \$53,878.38. The suit has brought to light the fact that Mr. Luning, who lately returned from Europe, has married since his return, and as alleged has conveyed his property in New York State to his wife.

It appears that the plans for a yacht harbor at the World's Fair have been abandoned. Marshall D. Wilder, who was prominent in advocating the establishment of such a refuge, calls on the Fair officials to cancel the broadcast invitations sent out to yachtmen. He says that should they come and a southwest gale blow up, a dozen or more of the boats would inevitably be smashed or sunk.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Plymouth (Mass.) Y. C. has arranged the following events: May 30 open, June 17 open, July 4 open, Aug. 3 ladies' day, Sept. 4 outside race, Sept. 16 open, Oct. 7 open.

Puritan has been sold by Com. J. Malcolm Forbes, to a New York yachtman.

The annual election of the Mobile Y. C. on May 13 resulted as follows: Com., W. B. Curran; Vice-Com., W. H. Sadler; Sec'y-Treas., J. K. Vincent; Governing Committee, S. S. Woodhull, T. E. Hogg and L. C. Dorgan, Jr.

Vesta, steam yacht, designed by H. J. Gielow for H. A. Laughlin, of Pittsburgh, was launched at Wintringham's yard on May 25.

Narona, 30-footer, designed by Charles Olmstead, was launched at Wintringham's yard on May 25. Mr. Olmstead's other 30-footer will be named Anita, and the 25ft. fin mahogany boat will be named Gavelin. The former is ready for launching, but the latter has not yet received her keel.

Lounger, yawl, Mr. Hammond, built at Wintringham's last fall, returned to the yard a week since after a winter at Biscayne Bay. She went down through the canals, but came back outside.

Mr. Maxwell's fleet includes two small yachts for his boys, one the Myrtle, the other a new Clapham craft.

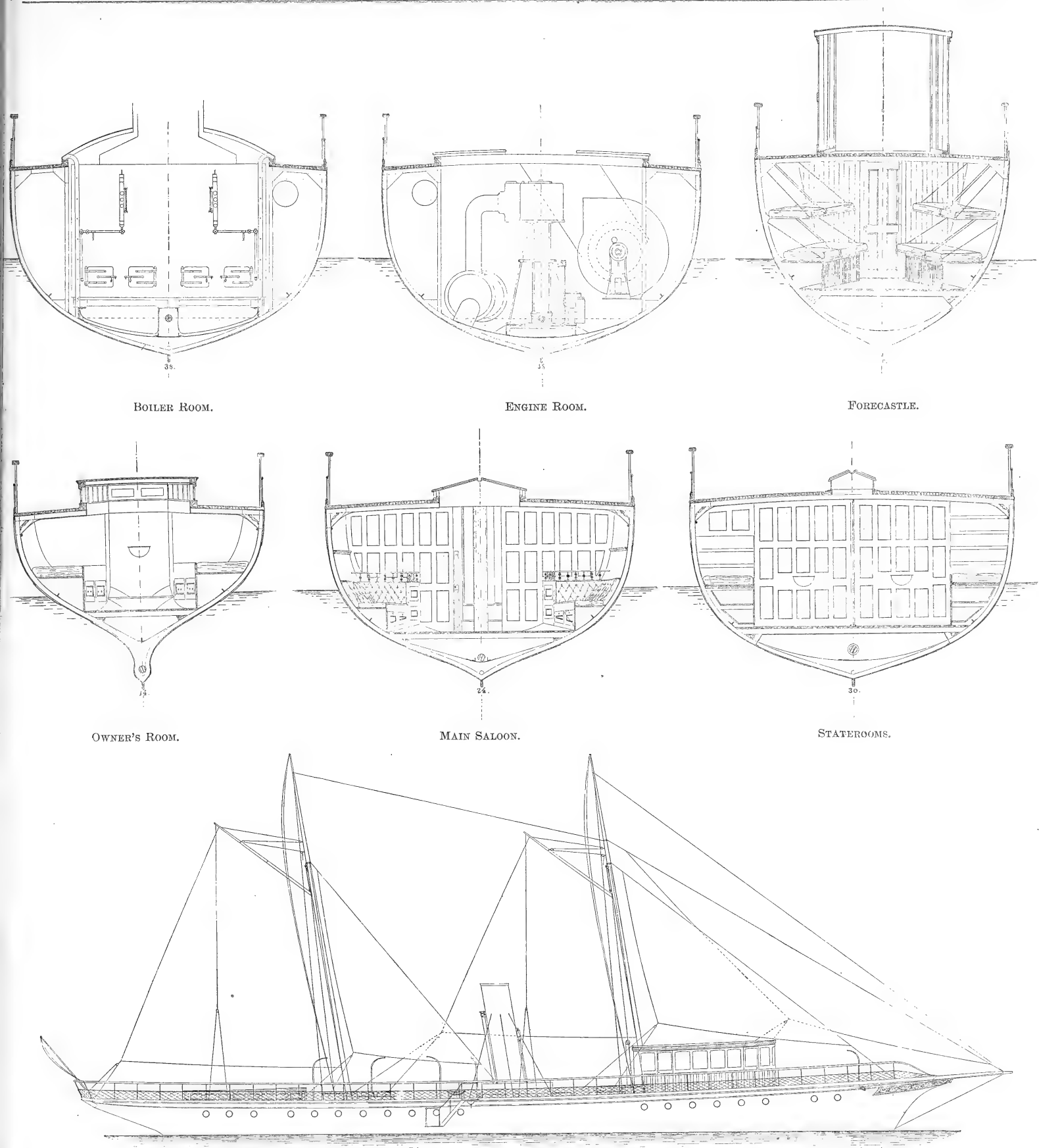
Harbinger, the noted 35ft. Cape cat, has been sold by J. R. Hooper, owner of Handsel, to Capt. Bill Daly, of Boston.

The new jib and mainsail racing boat designed by S. N. Small and built by Drake, of South Boston, is named Hylades.

Colonia has been officially measured. She is 149.41 tons gross and 136.22 tons net. Navahoe is 113.30 tons gross and 107.54 tons net. The official number of Colonia is 138,956, and her letters in the international code are K. L. Q. P.

The Boston Globe of May 28 contains an interesting summary of the local clubs between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, showing a promising amount of activity in building and refitting for the smaller races.

Early last week an attempt was made to launch the Waterhouse fin-keel Carmita at Lawley's, but she stuck on the ways and was not finally floated until Saturday. She is now nearly fitted out, and will soon be in commission.



BOILER ROOM.

ENGINE ROOM.

FORECASTLE.

OWNER'S ROOM.

MAIN SALOON.

STATEROOMS.

SAIL PLAN STEAM YACHT "MARIETTA."

RIFLE NOTES.

An interesting incident to those who were on the inside took place in one of our shooting parks last week. A rifleman of known ability had ordered a new barrel for his rifle from a New York gunsmith who has a reputation for getting up barrels for shooting lubricated bullets without cleaning. The barrel was fitted to the rifle, tested and delivered to the shooter. The shooter took the rifle out and tried it, and not getting satisfactory results, brought it back and said it was no good—in fact, condemned it. The gunsmith advised the shooter to take it out again and give it another trial. To which the shooter replied, "Very well. I will take it over to my friend Mr. —" mentioning another well-known rifleman. "We will try it; but I tell you the barrel is no good." Now the gunsmith, knowing the peculiarities of the rifle crank and having a natural feeling of sensitiveness for his reputation as a gunsmith, says to himself, "I will give those cranks a little dose of bitters." So he unscrews the barrel in question from the action and replaces it with another which belongs to a rifle that is known far and wide for its close shooting qualities, saying to himself, "It's a dollar to a doughnut that they condemn this barrel." The rifle was taken out and tried from a muzzle rest. The two cranks fired shot after shot, the most of them good, but now and then one that they did not "inspect;" and the final verdict was that the barrel was not right. Where the fault lay they could not say; there was no lead in barrel. In cleaning it out after shooting it some time, one crank said to the other, "I can't understand it at all, that barrel seems to be perfect!"

There is a report in circulation that one of the crack riflemen of Europe will make his appearance in America within a few weeks prepared to meet the best offhand riflemen that this country can produce. If this individual should happen to strike New York there is no doubt that he will find a few innocents who will be pleased to give him a little preliminary practice before striking for the woolly West.

After the close of the Zettler Club prize shoot which took place a few days since, and while the tired shooters were sitting around the

festive board regalling the inner man, the subject of match shooting was discussed to some extent. A Jerseyman made the statement that New Jersey could produce five men who were strong and able enough to outshoot in a 100 shot match any five men that could be produced in the United States. This assertion created a slight sensation among the group of shooters present, and there was some talk of taking five men from New York city and call the enthusiastic Jerseyman down, but up to the present moment there does not appear to have been any movement made on the part of the New York riflemen to bring the matter to a head.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The regular weekly gallery shoot of the Excelsior Club was held at its headquarters, No. 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City, on Tuesday night, May 23. Six members were on hand to participate in the medal competition. C. Bauchel made the fine score of 247. The scores of the members are appended. Ten shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: C. Bauchel 247, J. Speicher 244, C. Thomas 243, W. J. Hennessey 240, R. A. Duff 222, L. A. Ryer 220.

At the weekly outdoor shoot at Armbruster's Park, on Friday afternoon, May 26, only three members put in an appearance, who scored: L. P. Hanson 223, C. Ward 212, Wm. Weber 207.

Independent N. Y. Schutzen Corps.

The Independent N. Y. Corps, under the lead of Captain Wm. V. Weber, assembled in Washington Park on Wednesday, May 24. The weather was fine. Ernest Fisher made 115 points (5 shots) out of a possible 125, on the ring target. Messrs. Walther and Kuhn tied on the man target each with a score of 57. That undecided tie from the winter gallery shoot for the club medal between B. Walther and Gus Zimmerman was shot off to day. Each contestant shot three shots on the man target, possible 60. Walther made 52 and Zimmerman 50. Scores on the ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: E. Fisher 115, Ceb. Krauss 110, Wm. Hayes 107, Ignatz Marten 107, Fred Simon 105, F. Pittschler 83, J. Lowie 83, M. Kuhn 75.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: M. Kuhn 57, B. Walther 57, Gus. Zimmerman 56, J. Marten 56, Wm. Hayes 55, Geb. Krauss 55, E. Fisher 55, Fred. Simon 54, H. Weber 53, Alex. Stein 53, F. Pittschler 52.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 20 (4in. centre): Gus Zimmerman 19, Alex. Stein 18, Fred. Simon 17, Geb. Krauss 17, E. Fisher 16, H. Weber 16, J. Marten 16, M. Baab 15, F. Pittschler 14, H. Sulzer 14, A. Stolzenberger 14, M. Kuhn 13, M. Sternkopf 13, J. Lower 13, F. Bauer 13, W. Loell 13, J. Volz 12, M. Heoman 12, W. Kurtzer 10, M. Zuschlag 8.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the club was held at its headquarters on Friday night, May 26. Eleven members participated in the competition for class medals. George Purkess was high with 242. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250: Geo. Purkess 242, Wm. H. Robedoux 237, C. Boag 237, C. H. Chevant 236, G. Plaisted 236, W. C. Collins 236, J. Boag 235, J. Spahn 235, Henry Gotthardt 237, Joseph Kaiser 225, John Hill 224.

The weekly outdoor shoot took place in Armbruster's Park on Saturday afternoon, May 27. The weather conditions at the start were not favorable for high scores on account of the changable light, but late in the afternoon the conditions were improved and some good scores were made. Fred Ross led the others with a score of 228, Plaisted and Dorrier tying with 222 each. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 215yds.: Fred Ross 228, George W. Plaisted 222, M. Dorrier 222, C. H. Chevant 214, O. C. Boyce 214, Wm. H. Robedoux 212, C. Schelein 210, J. Boag 207, J. Spahn 203, John Hill 189.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., May 23.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending May 20; conditions, 25yds., strictly off-hand targets, 14in. ring, possible 250: A. J. Yergy 247, E. L. Gardiner 243, J. L. Wood 242, W. Gilbert 235.

WALTER. GILBERT, Sec'y.

Amateurs.	
Howell, . . . 1010010100110101110-11	Thompson.1111100101111100101-14
Dodge, . . . 11001101000111111011-13	Taylor, . . . 1000001111111010111-12
Trotman.10101100101101000010-10	Slocum, . . . 11111111110000111-17
Goodman, .111011111111011111-18	Atwater, .120110101010101111-16
Richards, .010110001000111000-9	Murphy, . . . 11110101010110111-36
May, . . . 0001100101111001011-39	Clayton, . . . 11111111010111111-39
J.P. Haden.01100100111101011-42	Ward, .01010111111111000-35

15. E. Van Gelder 20, Henry 15, Rothwell 14, Landis 18, Thurman 17, Black 13, Helkes 16, Jenks 19, Barton 15, Young 18, Wright 16, McMurtry 18, Anthony 16, Dodge 13, Gilmer 16, E. Miller 17, Fonda 13, Barclay 16, B. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, Money 14, Redwing 17, F. Mead 17, Smith 12, Penn 18, Morris 17, Snopp 16, Thompson 15, Shorty 19, White 16, J. Miller 12, North 13. Amateurs: Atwater 10, Stuler 15, Troutman 8, Goodman 18, Binns 11, B. Miller 16, B. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, F. Miller 16, Legg 10, Blunt 10, Finkstou 14, Richards 13, Pruitt 11, W. Barrett 11, Carriger 13, Murphy 15, Irvine 19, Leeson 15, Slocum 14, Burrow 17, J. H. Haddox 15, Lusk 17, Mooney 16, Etheridge 16, Taylor 12.

No. 8, Wright 18, Amateurs: Knecht 14, Taylor 14, English 11, Troutman 14, No. 20, Targets, 35 entrance, known traps, known angles. Experts: Amateurs: 18, Hughes 16, Wagner 16, Landis 16, E. A. Elder 19, Jim Miller 18, R. C. and G. L. Ward 16, B. L. Borthwell 14, Eldridge 14, Redwing 17, Thurman 17, Heikes 16, Jenks 17, Gatto 20, Young 19, Ford 19, McMurphy 16, Miller 17, Dutchy 18, Fieles 16, Anthony 19, Todd 16, Gilman 18, Mitchell 17, Wright 19, Shorty 16, Clayton 17, Ruby 16, A. E. McAdams 18, Hughes 16, Rhea 17, F. Mead 15, Thompson 16, Hicks 15, Morris 18, Amateurs: Barnett 17, Sluder 16, Troutman 15.

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

MISSOURI STATE TOURNAMENT.

KANSAS CITY, May 20.—The Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association held its sixteenth annual convention and tournament in this city the past week. The attendance was only fair but the sport was of a high order. The convention was held at the Midland Hotel on Monday evening, with R. D. Mize, of Independence, presiding in the absence of President J. J. Owens. The roll call of club members showed nine clubs represented, viz., the Kansas City, Independence, O. K., of Kansas City, St. Joseph's Sportsmen Club, the St. Joseph, Gates City, Washington Park, Forester, Stock Yards and the Belt Line, of Kansas City. Owing to the fact that the St. Louis Gun Club had not then arrived, the question of place of holding the next tournament was laid over until Wednesday afternoon, at which time St. Louis was selected as the place for the next State shoot and the following officers elected. President, L. D. Dozier, of St. Louis; Vice President, Dr. J. G. Parrish, of St. Louis; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, John Coles, of St. Louis; and Corresponding Secretary, Charles Hartman.

Judge J. E. Guinotte offered a resolution indorsing the reappointment of Judge Jackson L. Smith, of the Kansas City Court of Appeals as a member of the Missouri Fish Commission. Judge Smith is an able jurist, and has been particularly active in drafting and securing the passage of laws for the protection of the fish and game, and on motion the resolution was unanimously adopted and the secretary instructed to forward a copy of the resolution to Governor Stone, and to invite the State Amateur Shooting Association to co-operate with this Association in urging Judge Smith's reappointment.

A lengthy discussion followed in relation to the proposed killing of game out of season and a committee of six was appointed to investigate thoroughly the laws now on the statute books and provide ways and means for the enforcement of such laws as are now being violated. The committee was also instructed to make an effort to secure the passage of a law at the next session of the Legislature to provide for district game wardens whose duty it shall be to enforce the laws and prosecute all violators. Judges J. E. Guinotte, James Whitfield, M. F. Myers, George Schroeder, Dr. J. G. Parrish and W. Q. Dallmeyer were named as the committee.

The principal events of the week were the race for the teams of four representing the various gun clubs of the State Association for the State championship and the individual State championship race. The team race was at 15 birds to each man and was won by the O. K. Gun Club of Kansas City, which was an exceptionally strong one, being composed of J. A. R. Elliott, A. L. Bennett, J. B. Porter and J. L. Porter. The Independence Gun Club took second honors, the Kansas City Gun Club third, the St. Louis Gun Club fourth and the Foresters fifth. There was the greatest interest manifested in the individual State championship race, which is a new idea. Henceforth the St. Louis Gun Club media had been recognized as the individual championship trophy, but it was only a 10 bird race and was subject to unsatisfactory conditions, and the State Association waived all claim to the St. Louis medal and established a championship event, which provides for a 25-bird race, entrance fee only the price of the birds, and the club or clubs under whose auspices the State tournament is held is required to hang up a suitable trophy, which becomes the property of the winner. The Independence Gun Club were quite liberal in the matter of the trophy, and offered a handsome solid gold watch valued at \$150, which is to be suitably inscribed. The conditions of the race require that this race must be to a finish and shot out until some one shooter shall have shown his superiority over the rest. This event is a popular one, as evidenced by the fact that there were 53 entries in the race, although the attendance was rather light. J. A. R. Elliott and J. E. Riley tied on 25 straight for the honor, and in the shoot-off at 5 birds Elliott won, as Riley lost his fifth bird, a hard-flying straightaway. For second place J. F. Schmelzer & Sons offered an A. L. C. Smith hammerless gun, which was won by A. L. Bennett, who shot out V. W. Flowerree and L. W. Scott, who had tied him on 24. There was some disappointment at Bennett's winning a bird, as it was expected that he would be in for the championship, and a battle royal between him and Elliott had been looked forward to. The two-man team shoot was also an interesting one and was won by A. L. Bennett and F. C. Maegley, of the O. K. Gun Club, who each made straight scores.

The birds on the whole were a better than average lot of strong flyers with the exception of the Turkey, when considerable flagging was necessary. The tournament took place at Elliott's new grounds at Washington Park, about midway between this city and Independence. The grounds are conceded to be the best in the country by all the visiting shooters who were present, being supplied with all the modern conveniences for live bird and target shooting. The club house is on a high knoll that gives a clear view of the entire field, and spectators are not permitted to go near the score arranged for the spectators.

The inaugural dash was a 10-bird sweepstakes, \$5 entrance, and brought out twenty-four contestants. Frank Nofsinger, who won the Gate City medal on Saturday after a hot race with Burrell on 19 straight, was in great form and killed his 10 straight in a clean manner which gave him a title of first money, \$29.90, and the sweepstakes. As Budd and Elliott, after shooting out Riley, second money, \$16.20, was divided by Chouteau and Batcheller; Mason won third, \$10.80, and Mize fourth, \$5.40. The score:

Nofsinger.....	1211111111-10	Elliott.....	1211111111-10
A. L. Bennett.....	1211111111-10	Chouteau.....	1230111132-9
Budd.....	1211111111-10	Riley.....	1230111132-9
Mize.....	1211111111-10	Higgins.....	1230111132-9
Halliwel.....	1211111111-10	Batcheller.....	1011121121-8
Burrell.....	1010102320-6	Riley.....	1121121212-10
Tramp.....	1010102320-6	Biederman.....	1121002121-8
Cogswell.....	1210101112-8	Williams.....	0030311230-5
Burd.....	1211111111-10	Mason.....	1230111132-9
W. Bennett.....	1211111111-10	Flowerree.....	1211111111-10
Hershey.....	1000221000-4	Denn.....	0301002120-6

The next was a 10-bird sweep, \$7.50 entrance, and there were thirty-two contestants. The first money, \$37.30, was divided by Bennett, German, Riley and Cogswell on 10 straight, and second money, \$42.90, was cut up by Elliott, Kearns, Mason, Burrell and Baker. There was an interesting shoot off for third money, \$28.60, as there were fourteen shooters and Carter and Nye tied after killing a straightaway. Fourth money, \$14.30, was divided by Biederman and Knoche. The score:

A. L. Bennett.....	1221232222-10	Higgins.....	0120121232-8
Budd.....	1021111111-8	Hershey.....	1021121132-8
Riley.....	1212232222-10	Baker.....	1311210111-9
Essig.....	1012222222-8	Williams.....	0103003111-5
Burrell.....	1012111111-8	Gordon.....	1220221232-8
Chouteau.....	1201212121-8	Milligan.....	0110212011-8
Mize.....	1201212121-8	Carter.....	1130121011-8
Halliwel.....	1201212121-8	Franklin.....	0122222101-8
Kearns.....	1220121302-9	German.....	1230121211-8
Biederman.....	1220121302-9	Watson.....	1230101112-7
Nofsinger.....	1220121302-9	Nye.....	1230101112-7
Batcheller.....	1220121302-9	Durkee.....	1230101210-8
Denn.....	0020000120-3	Knoche.....	1023020212-7
Cogswell.....	1222111211-10	Hammond.....	2110112111-8
Smith.....	1222301010-5	Mulligan.....	1111021120-8

The target races on Monday were as follows:

No. 1, 15 targets, \$2:

Halliwel.....	1101111111-8	Irwin.....	1011111111-8
A. L. Bennett.....	1101111111-8	Burrell.....	0101001010-7
Mize.....	1101111111-8	W. Bennett.....	1101111111-8
Budd.....	1101111111-8	Elliott.....	1011101111-8

First money, \$5.80, divided by A. Bennett and Mize; second, \$3.45, W. Bennett and Elliott; third, \$2.30, Irwin.

No. 2, 10 targets, \$1:

Mize.....	1101111111-9	Pearce.....	1101101111-8
A. Bennett.....	1011111011-8	Hershey.....	1011111111-9
Budd.....	1101111011-8	W. Bennett.....	1101101010-6
Halliwel.....	1101111011-8	Riley.....	1011011011-7

First money, \$2.90, Elliott; second, \$1.75, divided by Mize and Hershey; third, \$1.75, divided by ties on 8.

No. 3, 10 targets, \$1:

Halliwel.....	1110101011-7	Bryant.....	1111101111-9
Mize.....	1101101011-7	Moore.....	1101111111-10
A. L. Bennett.....	1101101111-9	Scott.....	1010111111-8
Rickmers.....	1101101111-9	W. Bennett.....	0110101011-7

First money, \$2.60, Moore; second money, \$1.55, A. Bennett and Bryant divided; third, \$1.05, Scott.

No. 4, 10 targets, \$1:

Budd.....	1101101011-9	A. L. Bennett.....	1111111111-10
Riley.....	1101010101-6	Batcheller.....	1111101111-9
Baldwin.....	1111101011-8	Elliott.....	1011010111-7
Halliwel.....	1101101011-6	Hershey.....	1111111111-10
Mize.....	1111101011-9	W. Bennett.....	1101111111-8

First money, \$3.25, divided by A. L. Bennett, A. Bennett, second, \$1.95, divided by ties on 9; third, \$1.30, Baldwin and W. Bennett.

No. 5, 5 pairs targets, \$1:

Rudd.....	11 11 11 11 11-9	Scott.....	11 11 11 11 11-9
Elliott.....	11 11 11 11 11-9	Bryant.....	11 01 11 11 11-8
Rickmers.....	11 11 11 11 11-9	Gordon.....	11 11 11 11 11-8
Halliwel.....	11 10 11 11 11-9	W. Bennett.....	01 10 11 11 11-7
Baker.....	11 11 11 11 11-9	A. L. Bennett.....	11 11 11 11 11-10
Moore.....	11 11 11 11 11-9		

First money \$3.25, A. L. Bennett; second \$1.95, div. by Rickmers and Scott; third \$1.30, div. by Baker and Bryant

No. 6, 15 targets, \$1.50:

Riley.....	1111111111-14	Gordon.....	101111110011-11
Halliwel.....	10 1101110101-10	Budd.....	110111101111-13
Keene.....	0010101011-9	Scott.....	111111111111-14
Batcheller.....	101011111111-13	Rickmers.....	111111111111-15
Durkee.....	100011101011-10	Burrell.....	111101111011-13
Knoche.....	011010110111-10	Harding.....	101101011011-11
Kearns.....	010110101001-7	V. Bennett.....	110111101111-12
Elliott.....	011010101111-10	Bryant.....	1010011111001-10
A. L. Bennett.....	011111111111-13		

First money, \$5.48, Rickmers; second \$4.10, div. by Riley and Scott; third \$2.75, div. by ties on 13; fourth \$1.37, W. Bennett.

No. 7, 10 targets, \$1:

Mize.....	0111111111-9	Scott.....	1111110111-9
A. L. Bennett.....	0101111111-8	Rickmers.....	1111101110-8
Dudd.....	1010101111-7	Hershey.....	1111011010-8
Durkee.....	1101010111-7	Bryant.....	1111011010-8
Biederman.....	0101101111-7	Riley.....	1111110100-7
Batcheller.....	1011101111-7	Elliott.....	1111111111-10
Halliwel.....	1101001111-6	Keene.....	0011111111-8
Baker.....	1100101010-6	Harding.....	1010001001-3
W. Bennett.....	0101011111-6		

First money, \$5.50, Elliott; second, \$3.30, divided by Mize and Scott; third, \$2.30, divided by Burrell and Hershey.

No. 8, 10 targets, \$1:

Budd.....	1111111111-9	A. L. Bennett.....	1111110101-8
Mize.....	1110101111-8	Hershey.....	1111101111-9
Bryant.....	1111000111-8	Rickmers.....	1111101010-7
Elliott.....	0101100011-5	Scott.....	1111111111-10
Higgins.....	0000011111-5	Burrell.....	1111111110-9
Keene.....	1111101011-7		

\$1.43, divided by ties on 8.

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles, \$1:

A. L. Bennett.....	1111100001-6	Elliott.....	0111101111-8
Burrell.....	1110101010-6	Keene.....	1110110101-8
Budd.....	0101111111-8	W. Bennett.....	1101111010-7
Mize.....	0111000111-6		

First money, \$1.75, Keene; second, \$1.05, W. Bennett; third, 70 cents, Burrell.

The Second Day.

Live bird shoot No. 3, for teams of two members of the State Association, 10 birds to each man:

A. L. Bennett.....	1211121212-10	W. S. Halliwel.....	2101112121-9
F. Maegley.....	1211222222-10	Geo. Youmans.....	0123020202-6
F. J. Smith.....	2201121212-9	H. Dick.....	2121011112-9
W. Baker.....	0123020202-6	J. H. Hill.....	0123020202-6
D. S. Gordon.....	1211222222-10	W. Cogswell.....	1210211020-7
J. E. Riley.....	2202011212-7	R. D. Mize.....	1210211020-7
G. Hammond.....	0022010202-6	J. A. R. Elliott.....	2110111111-9
J. H. Durkee.....	2001020121-5	J. K. Guinotte.....	0221222222-9
E. Chouteau.....	2120202122-9	J. B. Burrell.....	2020102302-6
W. Kearns.....	2120220101-7	W. Bennett.....	0222202012-7
Underwood.....	2121212121-9	C. Williams.....	2121212121-9
D. S. Gordon.....	1010211121-8	J. Black.....	1101212121-9
J. W. Batcheller.....	1011212121-8	V. W. Flowerree.....	0001212122-7
M. F. Myers.....	1012111102-8	C. F. Holmes.....	2201021230-7

First money, \$51.80, Bennett and Maegley; second, \$38.85, Williams; Black; third, \$25.90, Elliott and Guinotte; fourth, \$12.95, divided by ties on 17.

No. 4, 10 live birds, \$7.50:

Keck.....	1212210221-9	Hershey.....	212021200-7
Halliwel.....	1212210221-9	Hill.....	1112121212-10
Kearns.....	1212210221-9	Batcheller.....	0223001011-9
Burrell.....	1112220222-8	Dick.....	2202111122-9
Williams.....	1112220222-8	Mitchell.....	1002300100-4
Dennis.....	1012211012-9	"Blue Eyes".....	2222020222-7
Keck.....	1101212121-9	Chouteau.....	0121212121-9
Keene.....	1222212122-10	Smith.....	2222222122-8
A. L. Bennett.....	1222012123-9	Sherry.....	1221001222-8
Underwood.....	1122220222-9	Mason.....	1221000202-6
Macintosh.....	1212122222-10	Riley.....	0221222222-9
Hammond.....	1012212121-9	Irwin.....	1221212122-10
Jodick.....	1112212121-9	Mulligan.....	2012202011-7
Myers.....	1212101212-9	Schaefer.....	2101201011-7
Tramblott.....	2121000000-4	Franklin.....	1121212200-8
Rutan.....	0020000102-4	Combe.....	1121212200-8

First money, \$68.40, divided by ties on 10; second, \$49.95, divided by Elliott, Underwood, Dick, Kearns and Keck; third, \$33.30, divided by Burrell, Sherry and Combs; fourth, \$16.65, was won by "Blue Eyes."

No. 10, 10 targets, \$1:

G. Gordon.....	1111010001-6	Dick.....	1111111110-9
Ferguson.....	1101001001-5	Batcheller.....	1111110111-9
Budd.....	1101101010-7	A. L. Bennett.....	1111111111-10
Halliwel.....	0101111111-8	Myers.....	1011111101-8
Moore.....	1111111111-10		

First money, \$2.90, divided by ties on 10; second, \$1.75, divided by ties on 9; third, \$1.15, divided by ties on 8.

No. 11, 10 targets, \$1:

Budd.....	1101101111-9	Myers.....	1111111111-10
Ferguson.....	1101010101-7	Dick.....	1010111111-9
Moore.....	0101101110-7	A. L. Bennett.....	1111111111-10
Halliwel.....	0001001011-4	Irwin.....	1111111111-10

First money, \$2.60, divided by ties on 10; second, \$1.55, by ties on 9, third, \$1.05, by ties on 7.

No. 12, 10 targets, \$1:

Budd.....	1111111111-10	W. Bennett.....	1111101010-8
Keene.....	1010111111-9	Dick.....	1111111111-10
A. L. Bennett.....	1111111111-9	Mize.....	1111111111-9
Ferguson.....	1111111111-9	Elliott.....	1111111111-10
Moore.....	1111111111-10	Batcheller.....	1111111111-10
Burrell.....	1010111111-8	Scott.....	1101011111-8

First money, \$2.35, Bennett; third, \$1.55 Keene.

No. 13, 15 targets, \$2:

Burrell.....	0111111111-14	W. Bennett.....	110111111111-10
A. L. Bennett.....	111111111111-14	Ferguson.....	111110011111-13
Moore.....	111110110111-13	Dick.....	111111101111-14
Budd.....	1111101011101-12	Elliott.....	111111111111-13
Keene.....	111111101111-15	Holmes.....	0101111010101-10
Mize.....	110111101111-13	Gordon.....	1111111010101-12
Hershey.....	111111101011-12		

First money, \$10.15, Keene; second, \$6.10, divided by ties on 14; third, \$4.05, divided by ties on 13.

No. 14, 15 targets, \$2:

Burrell.....	1111111011101-13	A. L. Bennett.....	111111111111-15
Elliott.....	1111011110111-13	Keene.....	1101100101011-10

First money, \$4.80, Bennett; second, \$2.40, divided by ties on 13.

No. 15, 10 targets, \$1:

Burrell.....	1111011111-9	Schmelzer.....	0101011011-6
Mize.....	1101101111-9	Combs.....	0001011011-6
Riley.....	1111111110-9	Keene.....	1111111111-10
W. Bennett.....	1111111110-8	A. L. Bennett.....	1111111111-9
Budd.....	1101111111-9	Ferguson.....	1101111111-9
Halliwel.....	1011010011-6	Black.....	1101111111-9
Batcheller.....	1111111111-10	Rickmers.....	1101111111-9
Mulligan.....	1010101011-5	Scott.....	1101111011-8

First money, \$4.64, divided by Batcheller and Keene; second, \$3.48, Riley; third, \$2.32, W. Bennett and Scott; fourth, \$1.16, Combs.

No. 16, 15 targets, \$3:

Williams.....	110111111111-13	Durkee.....	1111111010111-13
Gordon.....	1110001111011-11	Scott.....	101110111111-12
A. L. Bennett.....	111111111111-14	Hershey.....	1111111010111-13
Keene.....	101111111101-13	W. Bennett.....	1011111010010-11
Budd.....	110111101111-13	Black.....	110111111111-14
Moore.....	110110110101-10	Dick.....	1111111111011-13
Riley.....	110110110101-10	Batcheller.....	110111111111-13
Combs.....	010011110011-10	Brown.....	1010101101010-9
Burrell.....	111011111111-14		

First money, \$10.40, divided by ties on 14; second, \$7.80, divided by Williams, Keene, Budd and Dick; third, \$5.20, Moore and Scott; fourth, \$2.60, Gordon.

No. 17, 10 targets, \$1:

Durkee.....	1111111001-8	Budd.....	1111111111-10
Burrell.....	1110101111-8	Keene.....	1111111111-10
Brown.....	1011111111-9	A. L. Bennett.....	1111111111-9
Erhardt.....	1110101111-9	Dick.....	1111111111-10
Bryant.....	1111111111-10	Hershey.....	1011000112101-8
Gordon.....	1011111111-9	Rickmers.....	1111110101-8
Moore.....	1011101111-9	Mook.....	1001001001-4
Batcheller.....	1111111111-9	Scott.....	1111101011-8
Black.....	0110101111-7		

First money, \$5.50, divided by ties on 10; second, \$3.30, divided by ties on 9; third, \$2.30, to ties on 8.

No. 18, 25 targets, \$3:

Burrell.....	1111011111111111111111-23		
Budd.....	1111101111111111111111-21		
A. L. Bennett.....	1111101111111111111111-20		
Erhardt.....	1111101111111111111111-24		
Denn.....	1111011111111111111111-15		
Brown.....	1111101111111111111111-21		

Batcheller.....1101111111111111111111-24
Budd.....1111111111111111111111-25
Black.....1101111111111111111111-22
Rickmers.....11011

NEW JERSEY STATE LEAGUE.

J V Batcheller	12211011302211122110110-21
W V Flowerree	121122122102222222222-24
W Herson	222111100110101-7
J P Jackson	011022112300021-7
J R Gubhotte	122122121230222222222-22
C C Herman	10020000021010-7
S M West	122122121230222222222-23
T J Jones	010121200002002-7
H S Ferguson	210102011211221111222-21
T J Gillian	011221202122123-7
A A Whipple	02110101022221-7
George R Orr	000022121011222-7
G R Whitman	01010211220021-7
Geo Schroeder	11122100211010-7
J A R Elliott	22221122221112212212-25
D S Gordon	1001021110101-7
Dr W Stark	110123010101020122201200-16

No. 27, 10 targets:

Strand	011101000-5	W Bennett	111111001-8
Strand	110111111-9	Bryant	111101111-9
Hale	111111111-10	Dick	111101111-9
Allen	111111111-10	Keene	111101111-8
Nofsinger	111101111-9	A Bennett	011110111-8
Budd	011111111-9		

First money, \$3.00, divided on ties of 10; second, \$2.15, Strand and Budd divided; third, \$1.40, ties on 8.

No. 28, 10 targets, \$1:

Strand	110101101-7	Durkee	111111110-9
Allen	110111111-9	Scott	110111111-9
Hale	101101011-4	W Bennett	101111111-9
A Bennett	111111111-10	Essig	011111110-8
Keene	101011100-6	Myers	101111110-8
Budd	111111111-10	Irwin	001111100-6
Gordon	111111111-10	Bick Nye	111111100-7
Essig	101011011-7		

First money, \$4.55, ties on 10; second, \$2.75, ties on 9; third, \$1.80, divided by ties on 7.

No. 29, 10 targets, \$1:

Bennett	111111111-10	Myers	111111111-9
Allen	111100111-8	Budd	111111111-9
Durkee	110110101-7	Strand	101111111-8
Keene	101101101-6	Mulligan	011110101-7
Durkee	011111111-9	Scott	111111101-9
Essig	101011011-7		

First money, \$3.55, divided by ties on 10; second, \$1.95, Gordon and Scott; third, \$1.45, Allen.

No. 30, 5 pairs targets, \$1:

Durkee	10 11 00 10 10-5	Gordon	11 01 11 10 10-7
Bennett	10 11 10 10 10-7	Strand	10 10 00 10 10-4
W Bennett	10 10 00 11-5	Keene	10 10 00 10 11-5
Thompson	00 00 01 00 00-1	Budd	11 11 11 10 10-9
Myers	10 11 11 11 10-9	Essig	00 10 10 00 07-2

First money, \$3.25, divided ties on 9; second, \$1.95, Gordon; third, \$1.80, divided on ties of 5.

No. 31, 10 targets, \$1:

Gordon	011111111-9	Bryant	111110111-9
Strand	10 11 10 10 10-7	Dick	110110110-8
Nofsinger	111110110-8	Batcheller	111111111-10
Essig	101011011-7		
Myers	111101010-7	Davis	110100111-7
Keene	111101001-7	Scott	001110111-7
Budd	111101101-8	Batcheller	101111101-8
Moek	101101101-8		
Meads	010101011-7	Allen	011111101-8
Essig	101011110-7	Kinnam	111010111-9
Irwin	111110101-7		

First money, \$4.22, Kinnam; second, \$2.50, divided by Allen and Budd; third, \$1.70, Myers.

The Fifth Day.

Sweepstakes shooting was resumed Friday after the championship race was completed, and the first was a 10 bird sweep, \$7.50 entrance. Irwin.....021212212-9 Riley.....022222212-9 Mize.....121202212-6 Kearns.....022221112-10 Coggswell.....110222212-8 Baker.....121110101-8 "Blue Eyes".....202222102-7 Mulligan.....110222122-9 Burrell.....221022120-8 Hershey.....111211101-9 Smith.....1201012212-8 Elliott.....111211101-9 Bennett.....212022212-8 Mason.....121212211-10 Higgins.....202221000-6

First money, \$31.44, was divided by Mason and Kearns; second, \$28.55, Budd; third, \$15.72, Smith and Bennett; fourth, \$7.80, by Coggswell and "Blue Eyes."

The target races commenced to lag during the day, and what races were shot were not of much importance, the entries being light.

The visitors all left for home Friday evening, and but little shooting was done yesterday, one small live bird sweep and a few target sweeps, with about half a dozen tries closing the tournament. The tournament has been a successful one for the management. Nearly 3,000 birds were disposed of and about 6,000 targets. Dr. W. F. Carver arrived here to-day, and Elliott has a friend who thinks of backing the local man against "Evil Spirit" for any amount from \$100 to \$1,000 a side.

W. F. Carver.

Coney Island Athletic Club Cup.

The fifth contest of the series for the Coney Island Athletic Club's silver cup, representing the championship of Kings county gun clubs, was held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, May 28.

The weather was as fine as any trap-shooter could wish for, and Miller furnished a lot of fast-flying birds that tested the skill of the marksmen.

The eight clubs originally entered were represented, but only one of the Northside Gun Club shot out his score. The other seven had out their full complement, and some live shooting was witnessed. On the part of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, the veterans J. B. Voorhees, C. E. Morris and Henry Balzer, made straight scores of 15 and sent their club to the front with a total of 68. The young Vernon Rod and Gun Club tied with New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club with 64 each. W. H. Thompson, of the former, and E. Nostrand, of the latter, scored 15 straight each. E. Helgans, of the Parkway, was the only other straight scorer. Captain Shepherd, of the Crescents, was the one to make a score of 14. The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club scored 61 for third place, the Parkway coming next with 58, the Crescents 55, and the Glenmores last with 51. Some remarkably fine shots were made by C. E. Norris, J. B. Voorhees, H. Balzer, W. Selover, C. Murphy, C. Plate, J. Bennett, E. Helgans, John Rathjen, C. Furguesen, Jr., and G. E. Nostrand.

The standing of the teams that have completed their scores to date is as follows: New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club 317, Atlantic Rod and Gun Club 309, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club 305, Vernon Rod and Gun Club 296, Parkway Rod and Gun Club 289, Glenmore Rod and Gun Club 280. The scores:

North Side Gun Club.	Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.
J N Meyer.....02101210002231-10	Voorhees.....121212111221-15

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.	Northside Rod and Gun Club.
P Kartye.....12211112222130-13	C E Morris.....212222222222-15

J A Eppig.....201210101020-9	Monsees.....10011112121212-11
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Schliemann.....11401011111-11	Balzer.....1211222111111-15
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Selover.....1023020020111-10	G Morris.....22112211200110-12
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P Eppig.....00021010103022-8	Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.
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Parkway Rod and Gun Club.	Northside Rod and Gun Club.
Botty.....0211220111102-11	Hopkins.....120102221110-11

Blake.....02031020101000-7	Hyde.....12101022111212-13
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Bennett.....130012211111-12	Praender.....10222103022121-11
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Helgans.....222212222222-15	Murphy.....11022122211012-12
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Vernon Rod and Gun Club.	Plate.....1211020101211-12
Greif.....2023121011121-13	Crescent Gun Club.

Little.....01230103011110-10	Shepherd.....2221221011112-14
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W Thompson.....1211111110-13	Hopkins.....120102221110-11
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W Thompson.....1211111110-15	Mohrman.....220100212102-10
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Osterhout.....100121111111-13	Rathjen.....10101201101211-11
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Referee, Jacob Pentz. Scorer, C. A. Dellar.	Gilman.....01120012110100-9
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	New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.
	Meyer.....22122201221010-12

	Wynn.....31121111103212-13
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	Furguesen.....12101010101211-13
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	Deacon.....100102211221-12
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	Nostrand.....1111121211111-15
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	Referee, Jacob Pentz. Scorer, C. A. Dellar.
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	The Milwaukee Rifle Club's practice Friday resulted as follows:
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WESTERN TRAPS.

The following letter received by the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM explains itself. The simplicity and equity of the system make it worthy of careful consideration. Each shooter receives a return in the ratio of his skill. It is presented by Mr. A. L. W. Knox, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

"Now that the trap-shooting season is fully opened up, I thought I would submit to you a plan on the much-talked-of subject, the division of purses, something that will help out the young shooter at the club shoots and tournaments, and at the same time hold down the crack shots. The idea, in a few words, is pay them all alike for what they break. For instance, take a shoot of ten entries. We will say, before commencing to shoot, that the six highest scores take the pot (all ties counting as one score). The following example will more closely define the idea, viz:

20 birds, \$2.25 entrance. Score: A breaks 20, B breaks 18, C breaks 18, D breaks 17, E breaks 16, F breaks 14, G breaks 14, H breaks 13, I breaks 11, J breaks 9.

Purse \$2.50, less cost of birds, 14, \$2.50, total \$20. This was to go to the six highest scores. They broke 117 targets. Now, pay each contestant according to his score, and it is 17 cents for each target broken.

A, 20x17 cents, gets.....	\$3.40
B, 18x17 cents, gets.....	3.05
C, 18x17 cents, gets.....	3.05
D, 17x17 cents, gets.....	2.75
E, 16x17 cents, gets.....	2.50
F, 14x17 cents, gets.....	2.35
G, 14x17 cents, gets.....	2.35

\$19.85

"The odd money goes toward the birds. This accrues by paying even money to the contestants. The practically does away with the dividing of purses, and, while it does not pay the high score fellows as much money as the old plan, it pays them well enough and encourages the young shooter, as he will say, 'I saved my bacon, anyway,' and thus does not get discouraged, but comes again and again. Why? Because he knows he has a fair and reasonable show, and is not paying out continually as he was under the old 40, 30, 20 and 10¢ way, when he had but a meager show to get anything back, and if he did it was on a divide with somebody. This plan will work at any number of targets and all kinds of purses. It is simply: Divide the purse after taking out cost of birds by the sum total of the broken targets of the number of scores you wish it to be divided among. It will pay them all the same amount per target for what they have broken."

"The top notches may say: 'Why, we ought to have more money for our skill.' Yes, but what this system is for is to help the young shooter, give him a chance to learn to shoot. The average shooter is tired of being a 'sucker' at the tournaments throughout the country. If you don't think this is so, look over the scores of our tournaments taking place throughout the country, and you will find more professionals than you did two years ago by an average of ten to one. Some thing should be done to help the young shooter. This is my plan. Let us hear from others."

The handbook and programme of the 19th annual convention and tournament of the Illinois States Sportsmen's Association is beautifully gotten up—an artistic production of the printer's art. It is elegantly illustrated with cuts of the different buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition, and a birds-eye view of the World's Fair grounds also is presented. Rules governing live bird and inanimate flying targets are given in full. In all, 48 pages of matter are presented. W. L. Shepard, sec-treas., 164 La Salle street, Chicago.

The international Columbia prize shooting, from June 1 to Sept. 1, in the park of the Chicago Trap-Shooters' Association has a programme which shows a variety of events. The Bullseye Target (4in. bullseye in 12in. circular black) 60ft., King Target (25in. ring target), 1st, 150 and King medal, value \$50; Columbia Target (25in. ring target), Stich Target (4in. bullseye circular black, 1st, \$50). People's Target, Nan Target, Standard Target and Team Target. The events have a multitude of cash prizes, varying from \$500 to first, to \$1 for the smaller ones. Address A. Boese, 49 La Salle street, Chicago.

B. WATERS.

The Tournament at Putney.

The first tournament of the Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club was held May 25 and 26, and although the attendance was not so large as expected, still was a fairly successful shoot. The weather was all that could be desired, excepting a strong wind the first day that was directly behind the targets, and made their flight very swift and uneven. The grounds are completely surrounded by trees, making a dark green back ground, which also helped to keep the scores down. Among the visitors present were Mr. Ames of New London, Conn., who likes to set Partridge and Kestrel targets to all who desire first class good shooting. Mr. Warren of the Hub Target Co., Messrs. Bolt, Blamey, Whitcomb and Winchester of Holyoke, who are always ready to shoot, also several from Townsend, Vt. Others that were expected failed to show up, but the few who came had a good time. Hub targets were used, in expert bluecock traps. Nos. 2, 4 and 7 were at 5 singles, 1, 3, 9, 12, 14 at 10 singles, 5 at 15 singles and 8 at 20 singles with \$10, added money, 6 and 11 at 5 pairs, and No. 10 at 6 singles and 2 pair.

First Day.

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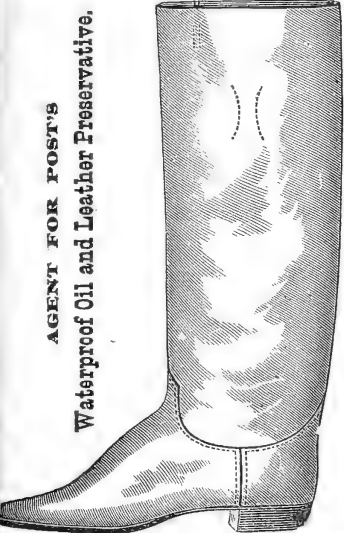
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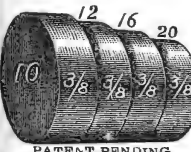
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The Orcutt Company

Leading Lithographers

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Routes for Sportsmen.



When planning your annual tour remember that this company controls over 4,100 miles of railway equipped in the most approved modern style, passing through a magnificent country noted for its unsurpassed facilities for sport.

A FEW OF THE PRINCIPAL RESORTS.

ANDROSOGGIN LAKE (via Bryant's Pond or Bethel).—Excellent trout fishing and game, large and small, of every description.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS (via Gorham, N. H.).—For trout and varieties of game.

THE SALMON RESORTS (via Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia reached via Quebec).—

LAKE ST. JOHN REGION (via Quebec).—For ouananiche, trout, caribou, bear, moose, beaver, otter, etc.

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MUSKOKA LAKE.—The best place on the continent for fishing, shooting and camping. All varieties of fish and game.

PARRY SOUND AND GEORGIAN BAY (reached via Penetang, Midland, Collingwood, etc.) for black bass, pickerel, deer, partridge, bear, otter, etc.

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The charges for hotels, guides and camping at many of the fishing waters named above are extremely low. Full particulars of same are published in a pamphlet descriptive of the "Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Grand Trunk Railway," which will be forwarded free on application to the company's principal agents, or to the General Passenger Agent at Montreal.

N. J. POWER, General Passenger Agent,

L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager.

A BLANK DAY.

BUT IT WAS NOT ON THE



RAILROAD.

The sportsman of the North often has a blank day. Indeed, no Northern shooter knows much about shooting until he has shot in the South, where the superb natural conditions have left the game in undiminished plenty in the covers.

Don't Go After Bear

to the Rockies. Go to the wide river bottoms of Mississippi or Louisiana and you will get one.

Don't Go After Turkeys

to the Great West, but to the Great South, in Mississippi and Louisiana, where the unbounded woodlands hold abundance of these noble birds.

Don't Go After Ducks

in the North, and work hard for days for a dozen ducks. Go South, to Louisiana and Texas, and learn what wildfowl shooting is.

The Quail, Woodcock and Snipe shooting of the South is such as the Northern hunter never dreamed of. A genial climate, a pleasant people, a six months open season, and birds until you want no more.

The Illinois Central Road runs direct to all this country, and is the only road that does.

A. H. HANSON,

Gen. Pass. Agent, Illinois Central R. R., Chicago.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. CO., Lessee.

The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad is the route to the best fishing grounds in New York State and Canada. Through cars are run from New York City, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Utica, Syracuse and Rochester, to Cape Vincent, Clayton, St. Lawrence River, Massena Springs, Ogdensburg, and all principal places on Lake Ontario, and to Norwood for all points in the White Mountains and Maritime Provinces.

This line reaches the best and most famous fishing grounds in America for salmon, ouananiche, muscalonge, black bass, brook trout, lake trout, white fish, pickerel, perch and other fish. Information in regard to the fishing grounds and how to reach them will be cheerfully furnished upon application to

THEO. BUTTERFIELD,

General Passenger Agent, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Fishing and Shooting.

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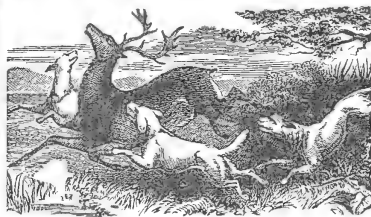
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MESSSENGER, Proprietor.

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ATTEAN LAKE

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At Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia,

will be open for sportsmen and hunters from May 1 till end of season. No better trout fishing or moose hunting can be found in Canada. Forty lakes with finest of trout fishing within a radius of five miles of the camp. Write for circulars.

M. SJOSTEDT, Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia.

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situated at Hell Gate Falls on the Dead Diamond River, Wentworth's Location, N. H., in the wildest, most picturesque and romantic section of New England. The sportsman's ideal camp amid the finest fishing and game regions of the northern wilderness. First class table, boats and canoes. Reached by M. C. R. R. from Boston to Colebrook, N. H., thence by stage and boat to camp. Open from June 10 to Oct. 15. Write for full particulars and terms to F. A. FLINT, Colebrook, N. H.

HOTEL ALCONQUIN,

CAPE VINCENT, NEW YORK.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

F. D. MIDDLETON, Proprietor.

SEASON OPEN—JUNE 21.

Rates:—Transient, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day; weekly, \$12.00 to \$21.00. Special rates to families.

For information address

F. D. MIDDLETON,

182 Duane St., New York.

Care E. N. JACKSON until June 15.

SOO-NIPI-PARK LODGE.

Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire.

Re-opens May 1 for the accommodation of parties desirous of spending the blossom season in the mountains, and of gentlemen wishing to profit by the early surface fishing for Saibling, Brook Trout and Land-Locked Salmon during May and June. Superior guides and angling facilities. Home comforts.

FRANK H. DAVIS, New London, N. H.

Attention Bass Fishermen!

Gill House, Henderson Harbor, is the place you have been looking for for years. This is a place where you can take your families and have all the pleasures of country life and get the best black bass fishing in New York. For circulars, address H. H. GILL, Proprietor, Henderson Harbor, N. Y.

On Lake Champlain.

St. Albans, Vermont.

"SAMSON'S" LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Fishing and Health Resort, opens May 15.

For Sale.

TROUT FOR SALE.

YEARLINGS of the Brook Trout, Lake Trout, Brown Trout, California Trout & Landlocked Salmon.

EGGS AND FRY

of the same in season. For information inquire of

J. ANNIN, JR.,

Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

Berkshire Trout Hatchery

have for sale healthy BROOK TROUT ranging in size from young fry to four pounds weight, suitable for stocking public and private waters.

For information and price address

C. H. SAGE, Sec'y,

Great Barrington, Mass.

A DAY WITH THE QUAIL.—PHOTO-

graphs of a day's life with dog and gun, printed in F. & S. Oct. 20th, 1892. No. 1, "The Point; No. 2, "The Shot; No. 3, "The Retrieve." Every reader of F. & S. should own a set of these beautiful photos. Size 10x20, 3 for \$2.50, or \$1.00 each. Size 8x10, 3 for \$1.25, or 50c. each. W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y.

LIVE QUAIL SEASON RE-OPENS SEPT.

Orders should be booked immediately. For Sale.—Mongolian, Japan, ring-neck, Hungarian, German and English pheasants, also Eng. pheasants' eggs. Live and dead game a specialty. E. B. WOODWARD, Commission Merchant, 174 Chambers St., N. Y.

LIVE WHITE HARES (Lepus americanus)

captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition or receipt of orders and remittances at \$3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. I. G. RICH, Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.—A few shop-worn and second-hand

guns. LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Property For Sale.

FOR SALE.

MEMBERSHIP SHARES

IN THE

Triton Fish and Game Club,

CANADA.

There has just been incorporated under the above title the finest fishing and gunning association in Canada. This preserve consists of 102,000 acres, lying within its borders over fifty lakes and a score of rivers and mountain streams, all of which swarm with trout ranging from 6lbs. (*Salmo fontinalis* only.) The virgin wilderness teems with small game. Of the larger kinds the caribou abounds. Moose and black bear are fairly plentiful, as also beaver, otter and other fur-bearing animals.

The Triton Club is situated 100 miles north of Quebec, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, and is reached in twenty-four hours easy journey (by rail) from New York City. (See prospectus.)

A limited number of shares is offered to gentlemen of unexceptionable references.

As a summer resort for both gentlemen and ladies the Triton Club offers great attractions, in addition to the best fishing and shooting to be had on this continent, at a very low cost.

The shares are \$250 each, and are an absolutely safe investment. Intending purchasers should carefully examine Sec. 4 of constitution, also pages 12 and 13 of by-laws about membership certificates, agents, membership cards, route and mode of payments.

For Prospectus, By-Laws, Maps, etc., and full information address

Messrs. TOWNSEND & HOWARD,

928 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY, AND THIS PAPER.

TROUT LAKES FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a portion of my Adirondack preserve, from 1,000 to 2,000 acres of land, with four lakes. Three of the lakes contain the property, good road to two of the lakes, easy trail to the other two. This property is suitable for a club or for private resorts. One lake is stocked with salmon trout, the others with speckled trout, 30,000 planted last May, and shall plant as many more this year. Will sell any one lake with a portion of the land. Address DR. J. DE V. MOORE, 157 Park Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

Property For Sale.

SALMONIER, Newfoundland.

For sale or to let for the season, "WOODLANDS," the property of the late Sir Robert Pimmet (within five hours run from St. Johns and with telegraphic communication) situated on the banks of a lovely salmon river, and in the neighborhood of good duck, grouse and caribou shooting. Good anchorage for a large yacht within a mile of the dwelling house, which contains furnished dining and drawing rooms, kitchen and offices, schoolroom, seven bedrooms and three dressing rooms. Also good stabling. Apply for further particulars to CHARLES A. M. FINSENT, St. Johns, Newfoundland, or P. O. Box 1177, New York.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands will lease, for a period of ten years, to the highest bidder, on the 15th of June next, in one of the rooms of the department, the fishing rights belonging to the province of Quebec, in the river "Grand Caspédia," (Baie des Chaleurs), subject to the lease now existing in favor of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada, until the expiration of his term of office. The rental price will be four thousand dollars (4,000) per annum, and the rental must be paid in advance. For further information, apply to the undersigned.

E. J. FLYNN, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 10th May, 1893.

ALBEMARLE AND PAMPLICO CRUISING AND

Hunting Association—Bear, Deer, Wild Turkey, Quail, Swan, Geese, Brant, Duck, Curlew, Snipe. Finest fishing; Bluefish, Striped Bass, Weakfish, Drum, etc. Membership limited to 20. One more subscriber wanted. H. A. Weeks, 74 Murray St., N. Y.

FOR SALE—A MEMBERSHIP IN THE LAUREN-

tian Club, of Canada. For particulars, address J. B., of this paper.

SALMON FISHING.—SEVERAL POOLS ON

Restigouche. Address P. O. Box 192, Savannah, Ga.

With Fly-Rod and Camera.

BY

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Price \$5.00. For sale at this office.

The Kennel.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL DERBY

OF THE

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

CASH PURSES, \$1,000.

1st Prize, \$500; 2d, \$250; 3d, \$150; and the Breeders' Cup, value \$100, to breeder of winner of 1st.

JUDGES: W. W. Titus, Simon C. Bradley and J. B. Stoddard.

ENTRIES POSITIVELY CLOSE MAY 1, 1893.

\$10 forfeit must accompany each nomination; second forfeit of \$10 payable Sept. 1, 1893, and \$10 additional to start. For Rules, Blanks, etc., apply to

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

All-Aged Stake advertised later.

Wissahickon Heights Kennel Club Dog Show,

JUNE 6 to 9.

\$2,000 IN PRIZES.

\$2,000 IN PRIZES.

Judges: Messrs. Charles H. Mason and John Davidson.

The show will be held the week following the Pet Dog Club Show. First prize \$10, second \$5. Entrance fee \$3. Classes for field trial dogs. Kennel prizes for many breeds. List of special prizes will be published in sporting press. Premium Lists can be had from the Secretary, or at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

SEMINOLE KENNELS, Sec'y pro tem, Chestnut Hill, Pa.



CANICURA CO.,

Manufacturers of Carefully Prepared

REMEDIES FOR DOGS.

Our Skin Cure is the only ABSOLUTE Cure for Mange on the market.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS AND AT

THE CANICURA CO., Office 71 Washington Street, CHICAGO.

HARRY L. GOODMAN, Manager.

IRISHMEN ROYALLY BRED.

Three fast, wide-rangers. Very stylish, 10mos. old, for sale. All have good noses and bird sense. Now in trainer's hands. Are hummers for any duty.

\$100 each. Also some splendid puppies from the grandest bench and field strains living. \$25 each.

F. H. PERRY, Des Moines, Iowa.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS FOR SALE.

These two grandly bred young dogs: LOVAT, a brown brindle by Kilsam ex Grey. ROB ROY, a black brindle by Kilroy ex Grey. Full particulars from

W. P. FRASER, Dominion Bank, Toronto.

MOUNT PLEASANT GORDON KENNELS.

This month I offer for sale Gordon setter dog, 3 yrs. old, winner of third in Boston; also Gordon dog puppy, 1 mos. old, a fine one, and a number of youngsters that are very promising. C. T. BROWN-

NELL, Prop., P. O. Box 335, New Bedford, Mass.

THE BEST DOG FOOD.



AUSTIN & GRAVES,

116 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

POCKET KENNEL RECORD. 50 cts.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 23.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE RECORD IS ALSO A CLEAN ONE.

In our issue of May 25, commenting on the amount of advertising contained in that number, we wrote:

With this issue the FOREST AND STREAM breaks the advertising record of twenty years. It carries more advertising announcements than have been contained in any previous issue since the establishment of the paper in 1873. This breaks the record not only of the FOREST AND STREAM, but of all journalism in this particular field. No other sportsman's journal has to-day, or has ever had, an equal amount of bona fide paid advertising.

This was a calm, temperate and not at all exuberant statement of facts, which appeared to us to be well worthy of note. We are pained to observe that an esteemed contemporary criticises the concluding assertion of the quoted paragraph as containing an error. There is no error there. The amount of advertising, it is true, may have been exceeded, but the amount of "bona fide paid advertising" has never been.

Moreover, since the critic appears to invite a comparison, we may point out, as we thought it unnecessary to do on the occasion referred to, that the FOREST AND STREAM'S advertising pages are clean. They are devoted to the announcements of respectable people, advertising the business of respectable people, for the patronage of respectable people. There is not a single indecent "medical" advertisement in them. There has never been. There never will be. The line is drawn rigidly; the rule of exclusion is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This is so well understood by those whose support we enjoy, that there would be no occasion ever to allude to it, except as in this instance for purposes of comparison.

A journal which mingles with the advertisements of sportsmen's goods those so-called "medical" advertisements which are on their face quack and fraudulent, and in wording and purpose are indecent and filthy, puts an insult not only upon respectable advertisers but upon every man as well who is confronted by the objectionable announcements or into whose home they are unwittingly admitted.

No man need ever scrutinize with apprehension the advertising pages of the journal which goes out from No. 318 Broadway, New York.

Our advertising space record has been broken this year. The record of clean advertising will never be broken.

THE ALLIGATOR SATCHEL.

If the feather-bedecked hat implies the destruction of birds of plumage, the alligator skin hand-bag means the passing of the 'gator; and with all his ugliness the Florida alligator bids fair to follow the Florida plume birds with all their beauty into the limbo of wild species destroyed for commercial purposes. One unfortunate feature of the case is that the alligator has no friends. He is universally regarded as an ugly customer. His ways are the reverse of winning. No Audubon Society espouses his cause. The sentiment evoked in behalf of the feathered singers in the trees has no regard for the alligator bellowing in the swamp. The alligator must go. The statistics show that he is going; indeed, that from large areas of Florida he has gone. In the early days of pleasure travel in that State, a quarter of a century ago, on all the great highways the alligator was as ubiquitous as he was novel and interesting. To-day one must seek him, if to be found at all, in the remote

byways. In those times he was sought as a curiosity, or fell a victim to the sportsman thirsting for renown as an alligator slayer; but since then, the commercial importance of his pursuit having been demonstrated, he has been hunted systematically for market.

In the recently issued "Report of the Fisheries on the South Atlantic States," by Dr. H. M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, are given some interesting and suggestive statistics of the Florida alligator industry. The business has already reached and passed the point of highest development, and is now on a decline, not because of a lessened demand for the products, but because the warfare has been waged so extensively and so relentlessly that the supply has been diminished to a point where the pursuit is no longer profitable. It is estimated that in the decade from 1880 to 1890 not less than 2,500,000 alligators were killed in the State; and the supply could not stand this tremendous drain. The alligator has been "killed out" and the alligator hunter has gone into other occupations.

Alligators are killed chiefly for their skins; the teeth also have a commercial value. A large trade is still carried on in alligator curiosities; in 1890 about 8,400 alligators were disposed of to tourists in Jacksonville. Most of these are very small ones, for which the hunters receive only from \$10 to \$30 per hundred. In no branch of the industry are those who gather the raw material well paid. Marketable skins from three to twelve feet in length bring only sixty cents on an average, and most of this is taken out in trade—provisions and ammunition—so that the hunter appears to earn all that he receives. The hunter combines with his pursuit of the alligator that of deer, bear, wildcat, opossum and raccoon for the skins; and in 1890 in the Kissimmee and Lake Okeechobee region about a thousand otters were killed. Formerly, too, the plume birds contributed an important share to the profits, but the supply has failed and that branch of the business has been discontinued. In like manner, unless there shall be a change in present methods, the alligator industry must fail.

SNAP SHOTS.

IF ALL other records of the introduction of the Mongolian pheasants were destroyed it would be practicable to gather reasonably complete data from the game laws. The Oregon statute, for instance, would tell not only when the birds were first brought into the country, but also that America owes to Judge Denny this splendid addition to its feathered game resources. And as one State after another—Washington, California, Idaho, Colorado, Wisconsin, New York (in a Livingston county law), Vermont and Alabama—have prescribed periods of protection, one may note from this legislative record the distribution of the birds over the Union. A similar history might be made out for the European partridges, pheasants and hares which have been brought to us; and now at the request of Dr. W. O. Blaisdell of Macomb, Ill., the Legislature of that State has provided for the protection of the Chukor partridges imported by him from far away India.

No one can foretell, at this "stage of the game," what will be the outcome of this introduction of foreign birds and their protection. There is another story embodied in the bird legislation of this country, that of the English sparrow. It records first the stringent protection of the defenseless stranger; next the repeal of protective statutes, when it was discovered that the newcomer was abundantly able to care for himself; and then the offer of a bounty on his head, when he had become an intolerable pest. There are not wanting those who pose as alarmists to tell us that similar chapters will be added to the legislative history of these newly imported species of game birds. To which the reply may be that the pheasants and partridges are good to eat. Had the sparrow been fit for the table, the markets would have taken good care of the surplus.

One of the problems to be solved is that of the ability of these newcomers to withstand the unaccustomed enemies they will encounter here. That they are abundantly able to make shift for themselves in the cold of winter has already been demonstrated; but it has been quite as clearly shown that in some latitudes they cannot stand up against the vermin, great and small. The Jekyll Island's experience with English pheasants showed that in Georgia it was a simple matter to breed the birds by

the thousand, but the enterprise failed ingloriously and the pheasants succumbed when the snakes and fleas and ticks came down upon them.

The sheep ranchers of the Southwest, who have suffered great losses by the depredations of panthers, wolves and coyotes, have been conducting exhaustive experiments to test various remedies, and as a result of their investigations have developed the plan of propagating the disease known as mange, which has been shown to be destructive of the pests. In the annual convention of the Texas Wool Growers' Association in San Antonio last Tuesday, it was recommended that "mange pens" should be established in every county of the State. This is fighting the devil with fire.

Note, as another illustration of the changing shooting conditions in this country, the scheme of the Shocco Game Association of Baltimore, which has just bought a thousand acres farm in Warren county, North Carolina, and is converting it into a game preserve after European models. The preserve will be stocked with thousands of American quail and with European pheasants and partridges. A gamekeeper has been imported from one of the game preserves of the Rothschilds. By a contract with the proprietors of adjoining farms the property under control will compose fifteen thousand acres; this arrangement will hold for ten years; by the terms of the contract the club undertakes to stock the leased farms, and to pay a fair price for the game killed by its members; the owner of a leased farm may himself shoot over it and may invite his friends; but outsiders are to be warned off. The Warrenton Record, speaking for the Warren county people, says: "We would be glad to welcome a dozen other clubs to the county, for whom we have plenty of room, and to whom we can offer equal advantages."

Tennessee has established a unique system of Fish Commissioners. By a recent enactment, the county courts are empowered to elect in each county a Commissioner, whose duty it shall be to investigate and report upon the fishing interests of his district, and to report upon them to the Governor of the State and to the United States Fish Commission. For this service he is allowed an annual salary not in excess of \$25, with a like sum for expenses. It stands to reason that whatever shall be done by the Commissioners must be a labor of love; but if the agitation for fish and game protection, which we have commented on from time to time, proves anything, there is abundant ground for confidence that in some counties at least decided steps will be taken toward wiser methods of preserving and using the fish supply.

By the resignation of Mr. E. M. Dawson, who until a few days ago was chief clerk of the Interior Department, that branch of the Government service loses an efficient and faithful official. Mr. Dawson has been long in the Department, and years ago when the affairs of the Yellowstone Park first came under his administration he showed a keen appreciation of their importance, and proved himself an alert and faithful guardian of the reservation. It must be a matter of sincere regret to all friends of the National Park that Mr. Dawson has seen fit to tender his resignation to the Secretary of the Interior, for his long familiarity with Park matters and his deep interest in them made him one of the most efficient of its protectors.

Writers of anonymous letters often mean well but are mistaken in their method of trying to do good. We are frequently in receipt of anonymous communications reporting violations of the game or fish laws and usually asking "Where is the protector?" Usually we forward such letters to the protector, but that experienced official has learned by experience that the anonymous guide is likely to lead him into a ditch. The manly, sensible and practical course for one who has knowledge of violations is to give information in a straightforward way to the protector, sign his name to it and stand ready to back it.

President Cleveland has been fishing at Hog Island. As usual, when a President of the United States goes fishing, the papers have made a great to-do over it. Mr. Cleveland had good luck, enjoyed the outing, and has gone back to his work. Many another fisherman, whose going and coming the papers will not trouble themselves to chronicle, may have just as good a time, enjoy the fun just as much and go back to work just as rested.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CALIFORNIA SPRING TIME.

GEYSERVILLE, Cal., May 10.—We are taking our outings on our own domains these days. Trout streams have lost their charms, since we were not strong enough to clamber over rocks and fallen trees as of yore. My husband has been confined to the house by illness for many months, and an occasional drive, target practice from the back porch, and FOREST AND STREAM are the only recreations he has strength to enjoy. He is particularly pleased to see "Uncle Lisha" and "Aunt Jerusha" back in their old home, and is eagerly waiting and hoping for the re-establishment of the old shop, where he hopes to spend many pleasant hours with Uncle Lisha.

I have been sitting under the oak trees in our front yard this morning trying to write, but my attention has been so frequently called away by the music of the wild birds in the overhanging branches, that I have made but little progress. We have such a variety of birds in California, and at this season of the year they are so tame that they often come within reach of our hands. The linnets have grown so familiar within the past two or three days that they are carrying off every conceivable thing that will answer for building material. I put scraps of cotton and knitting silk just outside the window among the vines, and the busy little workers carry them off in a jiffy. Sometimes they take a peep inside, as if to say, "I wonder if she sees us." Golden orioles, robins, sparrows and the little woodpecker, in his jaunty red cap, and myriads of feathered midgets, to me nameless, all are busy at work to-day; and what cheerful workers they are, judging from the music they are making at the same time. A dainty red-throated hummingbird was just now hanging over a bunch of roses so close to me that I might have touched him.

Truly this is a birds' paradise. It could not be otherwise, the whole country is in its glory. Wild flowers in profusion are scattered everywhere. The golden eschscholtzia flower of California blooms in masses, and in such variety and delicacy of tint as to keep one in continual wonder and admiration. So common is it that the natives scarcely give it a passing glance. It seems to me, that in order to appreciate the beauties of nature on the Pacific coast one must have been reared elsewhere. It is so very seldom that I hear a person brought up here mention the grandeur of the surroundings, while at this season of the year I find it difficult to think or speak of anything else.

As I sit here looking down the valley I see great fields of waving grain, just beginning to head, well-kept orchards and vineyards, and neat homes. In the opposite direction, great oak trees scattered here and there, with their masses of green foliage make a soft foreground to the picture of gradually rising foothills, and further in the distance a background of rugged mountains.

But, alas, in vain I sigh for a paradise with the serpent left out. While sitting out there on my camp stool, with my dog Hector at my feet and our pet Maltese in my lap, I was suddenly startled by the old blue rascal making a spring into some shrubbery close at hand, and upon looking to see what had taken him away so abruptly, when I had been trying all the morning to get rid of him, out he came proudly bearing a long dangling object in his mouth, and made straight for me. I am not there now. I prefer looking out at the window. Blue has deposited his prize on the ground and is giving me reproachful glances for running away. He expected approval, and my conduct seems to have mystified him somewhat. Hector strikes at the post mortem with his great ungainly paw, then runs back a bit and gives a quick bark, then Blue spits at him. Well, I'll leave them to settle the matter between themselves, for I don't think I care to have anything to do with it.

But, to go back to our beautiful springtime, we have already had some very suggestive days, and I begin to dread what the coming months are sure to bring forth. A few more weeks and the lovely green grass will be withered and parched, and until the cooling rains of November come we shall want to go away to where the soft sea breezes blow.

Even lovely California has her drawbacks, and an old-fashioned thunder shower would do my soul good this very minute, and ere the heat of summer has passed I shall be sighing for a Dakota blizzard, a Minnesota cyclone, or anything under the sun that will relieve the monotony of burning heat.

Methinks I hear a voice from further down the coast saying, "Good enough for you; you ought to live in San Francisco." But we can't all live in San Francisco; there are too many there already.

Trout are very scarce this year. A party of four went out to Sulphur Creek last week with the intention of staying several days; but they returned on the evening of the second day, and were thoroughly disgusted with the trip. Like reports reach us from all the other streams in our locality. On the first day of the open season a couple of our little friends brought my husband a string of seventeen lovely trout, and the same little fishermen informed us yesterday that there is not a fish to be found anywhere, and they are perfectly reliable.

We see quail every day, as they come about the yard this time of year. They seem to understand that they are perfectly safe in doing so. While out for a drive the other day we counted twenty-six. That reminds me; I promised myself some months since that I never would say "quail" to FOREST AND STREAM again. I had seen a flock of seventy-seven, and as it is so unusual to see so many in one band, I was very proud to report the same, but imagine my disappointment when they docked me fifty birds, making me say "twenty-seven." But as this is my only grievance against our favorite paper, I'll forgive the injustice this time; but should it happen again I cannot say as to consequences. My husband suggests that I should be a little more moderate in my count, and perhaps my statements would be treated with greater respect. I take this in good part, as observation and experience have taught me what to expect in all cases with a woman in it.

I notice there is a demand for "chance shots" just now, and as I made one the other day that I very much regretted, I'll send it along.

My birthday came last week and with it a nickel-plated 22 Winchester that is the pride of my heart. It has

globe sights, and I found it somewhat difficult to get the combination at first, but I used the cartridges in a very reckless manner, and had just got so that I could hit the barn about every third shot, when my husband told me I had better try my sights on a robin that was hopping about on the lawn. "I wouldn't kill a robin for the world," I replied. "But you'll miss it, you know, and it's a fine target." I am ashamed of it, but I did take a shot at the little redbreast and he tumbled over just as dead as could be. I shut my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them again Hector was bringing the little bird to me. I am aware that my shot counts eleven less than "twelve pigeons," but I imagine my surprise was no less than was that of the other shooter. I've been offered two bits several times since to try my marksmanship on a robin, but I have not been tempted to try it.

We have a few doves, but rabbits and squirrels are the only legitimate game to be found at this time of year.

MARTON.

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.—IV.

WE—not the editorial "we," but my venerable friend and myself—had been wandering through the woods aimlessly one pleasant Sunday afternoon, admiring nature and looking for some good natural crooks for boat knees. The old man stopped quite suddenly and for several minutes contemplated in silence a spring which was bubbling up from the ground and discharging the cool sparkling beverage at the rate of about two gallons per minute. "Nice one, ain't it?" I never come here but I think of what happened to me on this here spot nigh on to thirty years ago. It were a dreadful cold day; snow was deep, I had lugged a deer much as three miles and was just about tuckered out. I thought I'd build a fire, warm up and rest a bit, eat the balance of my lunch and take a fresh start, as I were some distance from home.

"It was getting late, so I hurriedly scraped away the snow and built a fire just about on that spot. The fire burned up good, and I were just getting my hands warmed before tacking my lunch, when I thought I saw something move right in the bottom of that fire. I wiped my eyes and took a good solid square look.

"There certainly was a movement there, as though a snake or something of that kind were a trying to roll over. What could it be? Had I built a fire over a frozen snake, or over the hole of some other varmint, or the tail of some bogie, and the fire was a warming him up and putting life into him? The durned thing surely did move, and the movement was certainly gittin' stronger.

"Now I can't abide snakes; they beat me every time. There was a kind of a spasm went down my back, something like a touch of the ager; then a creepy, crawly sort of a feeling shot all over me; my knees wobbled and my hair, if it didn't stand on end; my eyes stuck out as you might have hung your hat on 'em. As the motion got more powerful like, something about the size of a big snake certainly did roll over. I were that rattled I hollered. Yelling seemed to let a little sense into me. I reached for my knife. It was gone! I jumped for my gun, which I had stood up in the crotch of a tree about ten or twelve steps away. As soon as my hands touched that are gun my nerves quit shivering. I was all right again. That gun came to my shoulder quick; then with my finger on the trigger I marched back, solid as old cheese, ready to blow a hole big as yer arm through any livin' critter. I aimed and looked, squinted and peeped, but could not see anything like a snake nor any moving thing; but there about a foot or so from the fire was my hunting knife. I reached for it, but dropped it mighty sudden, for it were nearly red hot. Yee see I'd used it to whittle some stuff to start the fire with, and in my hurry had raked it up with the kindlin', but the knife had more sense than I had, and when the fire begun to git too hot for it it actually rolled over and over until it had cleared itself more'n a foot from the fire. Yes, I've got that are knife yet, and if I don't show it at the World's Fair it will be because I can't get space."

A. W.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

FOR more than forty years I have been a very busy man—indeed, a veritable slave to business. Though of late years I have managed to take short mid-summer vacations, which were spent at the sea shore, while the change was delightful and agreeable, it did not satisfy the longings of a man who was born in Vermont and had spent his childhood and youth amid her green hills and her smiling valleys. I remembered these hills and valleys as they appeared to me in the merry month of June, and often wondered if they would prove as entrancing now as they did then. During my leisure hours I dreamed of and longed for the time when I could revisit my native hills during the summer, "when the bloom was on the ry."

At last, after many years of patient waiting, the golden moment came. The cares of business were laid aside, and with the ardor and impetuosity of youth I began preparations for spending a summer in dear old Vermont. Visions of apple blossoms, purring brooks and wary trout flitted before my eyes, and I was impatient for the day of departure. It came at last, and like a school boy when just "let out," I was off, full of bright anticipations which were to be fully realized as the sequel will show.

I reached H., my native town, on June 1, and was heartily welcomed by a few warm friends, who had shown their good sense and love of home by refusing to emigrate.

On the day following my arrival I took down the old shotgun, with which I had learned to shoot chipmunks, woodchuck and gray squirrels when a boy, and which now would bring down a coon or a hawk, and with Edmo, a typical barefoot boy of eight years, son of my host and long-time friend, genial, large-hearted, sport-loving Capt. B., started across the fields for the old sugar mill, where in my youth I had learned the mystic art of transmuting maple sap into maple syrup, sweeter than honey of the Hymettus.

The day was perfect, the air exhilarating, the fields were sprinkled with daisies and buttercups, just as they were fifty years ago, the birds sang as sweetly, the apple blossoms were just as fragrant, just as modest and lovely as ever. The grand old maples—primeval trees—still stood in all their glory, jealously guarding their ancient domain and inviting me as of yore to rest under their generous shade.

Edmo and I plunged into this forest primeval, explored it from circumference to center, visited the old boiling place, the rock where I shot my first partridge, the ledge

where the wild honeysuckles grew, the bluff overlooking the pond that forms the western boundary of the hill, the outlet and falls that bound it on the south, in short, every thing that had impressed me as a child was eagerly sought out and lovingly remembered.

The southern slope of the hill is pasture, with huge maples towering skyward scattered about, affording luxurious shade for sheep or cattle or men or boys, and under one of these trees with wide-spreading branches we ate our lunch. Near by was a spring of pure cold water, which went with our lunch. At this spring I had quenched my thirst many a time when a boy. Just as we emerged from the deep woods and entered this open, we ran on to a brood of young partridges only a few days old, and the lightning-like rapidity with which they disappeared under dead leaves and bits of bark made young Edmo's eyes dilate, and a look of bewilderment and wonder overspread his bright boy face.

The lengthening shadows reminded us that the day was waning and that as we had a long walk before us, it was time to turn our faces homeward. The unalloyed pleasure derived on this first day's outing in Vermont was only a forerunner of the days that were to follow and to prove a perfect realization of the dream I had indulged in so long.

POND HILL.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

WILD GOOSE SHOOTING IN KANSAS.

I WAS located at Kinsley, Kan., a dining station on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R., near which the Arkansas River winds its way between and through the sand hills. Four miles below there were at that time large sand bars, where thousands of wild geese and sand hill cranes were to be found roosting. They were in the habit of feeding two miles back from the river upon the high ground. Leaving the river at daylight and returning at about 11 o'clock A. M.; then at 3 P. M. they went out again, returning at night, thus affording the gunner a choice of stands.

I preferred to shoot over decoys in the wheatfields, and as a rule in the afternoon. Sometimes, when delayed after 3 P. M., I would go to the river, shooting them as they came in after sundown, using seven sheet-iron profile decoys and a live wild goose that I had wing-tipped the season before. I would select a wheatfield where they were in the habit of feeding, place the iron decoys across their line of flight with the old live gander in the lead; and preparing a blind of tumble weeds I was soon ready for business.

Looking off toward the river I could see a dark line in the distance and I knew that the first flock was on its way to the feeding grounds. Nearer came this dark line and closer I hugged the ground in my blind. Soon they sight my decoys and then begin to call. The old gander becomes wild with excitement; stretching his neck to its fullest extent he flaps his wings and returns the calls of his flying companions, which have by this time set their wings and are rapidly coming to the decoys. Waiting until the flock were within 35 yds. and their wings beating the air, their long black legs stretched out ready to alight, I open fire upon them and down comes a pair, or sometimes three, and sometimes only a single one. Shooting a heavily choked gun, I usually selected my bird and seldom failed to score at that distance.

The report of the gun had scarcely died away before another flock could be seen coming in the distance, and the old gander again began to talk to them, and setting their wings the flock start for the decoys and death. Thus flock after flock follow each other, many passing around us and others being frightened by the report of the gun used upon those ahead of them, and goose after goose fell among the decoys. Between flocks I would set up the dead geese among the decoys, thus adding materially to the attractiveness of the display until the flight was over, lasting from an hour to an hour and a half. The sheet iron decoys were very lifelike, but with the addition of the live decoy the aggregation was very deceiving, and his repeated calls proved very assuring to his free companions.

I have in this way bagged in an afternoon from 12 to 20, and in one single instance with a friend (who did not shoot) from Pittsburgh, Pa., watching me from the shelter of a neighboring straw stack, I bagged 39 in about an hour's time over this string of decoys. Many geese were killed on the sand bars at the same time by digging pits and using decoys, when they came in from the feeding grounds, and much larger bags made than in the wheatfields.

The sandhill cranes were hunted differently. Taking a spring wagon and driver, with a pair of fast-running Texas ponies, we start out for cranes. Sighting them feeding in a field, or upon burnt ground, the shooters drop out and secrete themselves in high grass or behind small cottonwood trees and cornshocks. The driver goes away round them. The cranes watching him soon forget, if they knew, that the other occupants of the wagon are hiding in the other end of the field. When the driver gets them between us and the wagon he lays whip to the ponies and they run like the wind for the cranes, which take wing and come directly to us, not over 30 yds. high, looking back, as it were, at the flying team. We jump up and fire into their ranks, which so demoralizes them that I have repeatedly fired a third shot into them before they went out of range, and bagging three birds. The prowess of that old 10-gauge gun was the talk of my farmer friends long after I left that country, for it protected their wheatfields from the inroads made upon them by these large numbers of geese and cranes.

A most laughable incident happened one morning when I was shooting with a couple of Chicago friends, who had joined me to go goose shooting. Getting a late start we were hurrying along as fast as the team could travel, but daylight overtook us before we reached the point we expected to shoot from and the flight was on. One friend and myself jumping out ran into a cornfield and lay down, telling the other, a very large corpulent man, to drive the team along out of the way. We soon had a chance to try our skill, and seven geese were bagged as

they went over us. Another one, a wingshot, fell out in the stubble near the wagon. Our corpulent companion jumped out and started to retrieve it. While he was chasing it around a large flock was seen coming directly over where we were hidden. We yelled to our retrieving friend, "Get down! get down!" Dropping on his knees and ducking his head to the ground he imagined he was hidden, but his efforts were useless, as he looked then bigger than the side of a house, and, of course, the geese shied off, my friend calling to him, "Why don't you get down?"

The fat man replied, "Ain't I down now? They can't see me." This was more than we could stand and we laughed until we were sore, but our friend could not see the joke. Nevertheless, we made a goose shooter out of him after all, and many a good laugh he has enjoyed with us over his efforts to hide from the geese in the open stubble.

In this way I have spent many happy days goose shooting in Kansas.

JOS. W. IRVIN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

IN regard to the quail crop for next year, Mr. J. E. Fisher, of the Riverside Kennels, Riverside, Ind., has the following to say in a letter to Mr. Waters, of this office. Mr. Fisher's kindness to the birds is something very well worth emulation. He remarks:

"The quail have done far better than was expected. A great many fed through with cattle and hogs. I found a large bevy last week that had not paired off yet. They are later this year in hatching than they were last year. I believe they will do better. I have done the best I could and have planted hemp and several packages of Canary bird seed for the quail. There are several kinds of seed in each package. I sowed it in different places on the farm out of the way of other crops and hope it may prove a success."

May 15.—Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., writes me under date of May 13: "The doe birds did not come to amount to anything, and so I cannot give you the article on doe birds as you requested, and as I intended to do. A very few were killed, but nothing near the usual number. I am of the opinion that market-hunting in the spring has considerable to do with them not appearing in their usual numbers."

I have the following from a Western gentleman whom I believe to be reliable. It relates a miserable state of facts. I beg the attention of Wyoming sportsmen and trust that when that market-shooting man lands with his outfit to go into the grouse business he will meet with a committee who will give him a good old-fashioned Western invitation to leave the country, and to hit the trail only in the high places. There is no use in the Wyoming men submitting to something not only disreputable, but illegal and dead wrong. The following is my information:

"A man will soon go to Wyoming, in the country between Rawlins and Medicine Bow, with ten teams and about twelve to fifteen men besides, to kill and ship sage grouse for Eastern markets. He calculates to pay out for wages in the two months that he will hunt about \$1,000, besides the birds that he will buy. This outfit will clean out about all the grouse in a large section of country."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Nebraska Quail for California.

FORT BIDWELL, Modoc Co., Cal., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to some of your readers to learn that I have successfully imported for stocking purposes some Bob White quail from far away Nebraska. Two dozen started from Valentine, Neb., by express, March 28, and eighteen of the number were delivered here April 6, ten days en route, which seems the more remarkable from the fact that the last 135 miles of their journey was on a stage coach or rather buckboard, which gave them a terrible shaking up. They were cold, tired, hungry and thirsty upon arrival, but brightened up wonderfully when their crops were filled, and after a night's rest. They came during a severe snowstorm and were immediately transferred to two fresh coops, and kept in the house a week until the weather moderated, when they were turned out, since which time they have several times been seen.

An old-time sporting friend, Col. D. S. Gordon, of the Sixth Cavalry, with whom I have spent many pleasant hours afield, furnished the birds and had built for their transportation a light strong coop, the bottom of which was made of boards, and the sides and top of wire netting, while over all, except the ends, was a layer of burlap. Birds and all weighed but 35 lbs., and express charges were only \$3.40. It would have been better had the burlap been underneath the wire screen, as some of their heads were bare of feathers and apparently raw to the skull from contact with the wire; but taken all in all it was a very satisfactory experience.

Three years ago I attempted to introduce the Mongolian pheasant and procured eggs in Portland, Ore., which came by express around by Reno, Nev., and in here by stage; but not one chick hatched from the dozen eggs, although the eggs were well packed. I always supposed that the jolting they got ruined them.

Will Dr. Beebe, or Judge Greene, or some of your correspondents, kindly tell me through your columns whether or not the pheasant will stand our severe winters. I am told that snow is quite disastrous to them, as it balls up on their long tails, weighting them down so they are unable to fly. Is this the fact?

A. C. LOWELL.

Southern California.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been through southern California, not on a shooting trip, for it is too late, but to spy out the good places for shooting another time, and at the same time have a rest. As our good friend, T. S. Van Dyke, says, good shooting in California is almost a thing of the past. To be sure you find a good many quail in the southern parts, but they keep chiefly in the cultivated sections, where shooting is not allowed. The Hotel del Coronado, at San Diego, has a small preserve which is well stocked with quail and rabbits. With the latter I am informed they have good sport coursing during the winter season. Waterfowl do not migrate through California, in vast

numbers as of old. Civilization has driven them to some other route, although the celebrated Suisun marshes afford good shooting to those who control its shooting privileges, and their friends. Deer may still be found among the hills of Santa Barbara and Monterey counties, but it takes good hunting and perseverance to bring success.

Good sport can be had fishing for sea fish at Santa Catalina Island, and the mountain brooks in the central and north parts of the State afford good trout fishing. There are many fine streams in the southerly portion which would afford good sport if they were well stocked and the supply maintained.

OLD COLONY.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the Game Laws in Brief, 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.

NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLERS' DAY.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In accordance with their honored custom, the Niagara County Anglers' Club, of this city, yesterday celebrated their annual outing with an excursion to Fort Niagara for a fishing match. The fishermen went by train to Lewiston and then by steamer to Youngstown.

Lewiston was reached at 7:45, and after a brief wait the Anna F. Owen and barge conveyed the contestants to Youngstown. The ride down the river was indescribably fine. Few streams abound in more picturesque and grander scenes than does the Niagara. The morning was beautiful, an invigorating nor'easter stirred the hearts of all, and the resolves to mighty effort could be heard resolving high above the throb of the steamer's engines. Many of the excursionists were unmindful of the beauty and grandeur of the scene, so intent were they upon the task of arranging rod and line, reel and hook.

Onward the little vessel sped. At historic Youngstown, after a journey through scenes of storied or unsung loveliness, a spectacle was presented near the old fort which might recall the old days of military strife. It was, however, the serried ranks rather of peaceful oarsmen than of men of war. With oars "present arms" they stood in line and saluted the club with three rousing cheers as the steamer drew to shore. The task of finding the boat and boatmen assigned to each party was quickly accomplished.

The black bass grounds near the old fort were soon covered with a fleet of boats, each containing a red man and a blue man. The white caps came dancing inland in salutation, and the crest of their snowy waves combined with the fluttering red and blue badges, worn by the men of Captain Millar and Captain Hatch respectively, made at once a pretty and patriotic picture.

There were 47 men under the lead of each captain, the roster reading:

CAPT. MILLAR (RED).

J. L. Adkins, Edward Hopkins, D. E. Brong, G. L. Holmes, H. W. Brown, D. E. Jeffery, J. H. Buddenhagen, W. E. Jenney, W. Cocker, W. J. Jackson, James Cocker, L. H. Lureman, D. C. Carroll, A. L. Lerch, F. B. Lewis, Joseph Dumville, Jr., John A. Merritt, George E. Emerson, Joseph Fisher, Peter Miller, T. Graves, Frank McCollum, W. E. Hickup, C. L. Nicholls, O. D. Prudden, A. H. Haskell, A. H. Pickard, W. H. Templar, E. N. S. Ringueberg, Perry, Stowell, W. J. Ransom, F. K. Sweet, C. S. Rice, W. Steele, William Staler, T. H. Van Horn, H. Wendover, F. G. Stone, A. H. Stevens, E. J. Taylor, W. A. Williams, A. E. Wayman, F. E. Lewis, Thomas Gross.

CAPT. HATCH (BLUE).

D. R. Bruce, A. R. Beck, Emmett Belknap, Dr. Bement, William Bryan, W. H. Case, J. E. Emerson, N. D. Ensign, H. H. Flagler, B. J. Ferguson, William J. Gould, W. E. Huston, H. C. Hulshoff, G. W. Harmony, M. N. Haskell, John Klupf, J. F. Little, A. B. Lewis, S. Wright McCollum, H. S. Meade, George W. Mann, C. A. Murphy, M. O'Connor, Tunis Outwater, W. E. Shaeffer, A. L. Smith, W. W. Trevor, H. Timanus, H. C. Templar, George W. Weaver, E. C. Williamson, LeRoy Fisher, Allan Merritt, Herbert Ransom, Dr. W. J. Leake, Ernest Crosby, Mr. Rider, Mr. Haynes, M. H. Hoover, G. W. Lansing, George Barker, Charles E. Savery, Ed. Smith, De Lisle Brookins, Roger Millar, Willard M. Hart.

The club has a set of rules for prize fishing, which are stringently enforced; here are some of the chief:

No. 1. Signal for prize fishing: Three whistles denotes starts and stops.

No. 2. Hours for fishing, 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 1:30 to 6 P. M.

No. 3. No two contestants on the same chosen side for banquet will be allowed to fish in the same boat. It is optional with members to enter in this contest.

No. 4. Each person will be allowed to fish with but one rod and line, two hooks and bait. Artificial bait allowed.

No. 5. Members in good standing only can compete for club prizes.

No. 6. Boats will be numbered, and the persons drawing the corresponding number will be entitled to that boat.

No. 7. Agreeable changes in boats may be made by persons wishing to do so, provided Rule 3 is observed.

No. 8. The high hook banner will be in the boat having the largest black bass.

No. 9. Each person will record his entire catch on the score book, and hand it to the judges at 6 o'clock, and exhibit the fish.

The leaders gave the signal and a hundred lancewoods flashed in air—and the leaders went to the bottom on taut lines as taught by Jerome Emerson, professor of angling. Two minutes had not elapsed after the fight was on before the first blood was scored. Dr. W. J. Ransom hauled in the first bass amid tremendous cheers from the reds and shouts of defiance from the blues. The banner to be taken by the boat catching the first bass, and held by the largest, was quickly conveyed to the hero, who gracefully acknowledged the honor with a military salute. The trophy remained with him but a short time, when it was claimed by another redman, D. Elwood Jeffery, on a 2½ lbs. bass. Ed. Williamson, the mighty angler, dispelled the blues for the blues by beating this and taking the flag which was held by Captain Hatch's side the rest of the day, M. N. Haskell clinching the claim to it with a 3½-pounder.

At noon-tide the tide was with the blues. W. W. Trevor had skillfully landed four elegant bass and with others on his side made the score 15 to 12 against the reds.

The fishermen, in spite of the repeated luncheons during the morning, served by an efficient tenders' boat, found themselves in good appetite for the bountiful dinner prepared at the hotels.

The fight was on again in the afternoon, fast and furious. Capt. Hatch had two fine bass to his credit and Capt. Millar, seeing defeat staring him in the face, abandoned his steam launch, the Louise, from which he had commanded his forces in the morning, and taking a smaller craft, went into the thickest of the fight. A cast, a tug, a short struggle, and he landed a beautiful specimen. This he continued until he had a string of six and a score of 300 to his credit. Thus encouraged by their leader the reds forged ahead, and the story of a memorable conflict is told. Somehow the great warriors of the blues had an off day; they played in hard lines.

At 6 P. M. the signal for the suspension of hostilities sounded and friend and foe assembled on the green while the judges on awards, Messrs. D. E. Brong, W. A. Williams, David Miller and C. W. Hatch made their decisions. The club scales, which cannot lie if some of the members can, were produced and the result reduced to pounds and ounces.

Following are the winners:

CLUB PRIZES.

1. Largest small-mouth black bass, Bristol rod, M. N. Haskell, 3½ lbs.
2. Second largest, pair shoes, E. C. Williamson, 3¼ lbs.
3. Third largest, landing net, D. E. Jeffery, 3 lbs.
4. Fourth largest, pocket knife, Perry Stowell, 2½ lbs.
5. Largest string small-mouth black bass, by number (in case of tie by weight), automatic reel, David Miller, 6 bass.
6. Second largest, dishes, W. W. Trevor, 5 bass.
7. Third largest, "Return of the Fishing Boats," L. H. Lureman.
8. Fourth largest, meerschaum pipe, G. E. Emerson.
9. First small-mouth black bass caught, three feathers killing bait, Dr. W. J. Ransom.
10. First double catch small-mouth black bass, Columbian stamp box (no award).
11. Smallest small-mouth black bass, silver charm, Jacob Fisher.
12. Largest string mixed fish, schedule value, silk umbrella, Joseph Dumville, Jr.
13. Second largest, quartet stand, J. E. Emerson.
14. Third largest, hammock, C. S. Rice.
15. Fourth largest, picture, water scene, Burt Hasckins.
16. Largest string perch, one ton coal, C. A. Murphy.
17. Second largest, French brier pipe, W. E. Jenney.
18. Third largest, three pounds coffee, Dr. Bement.
19. Fourth largest, oil silk line, George Harmony.
20. Largest string herring, sack flower, no award.
21. Second largest, rod and reel, no award.
22. Third largest, bushel of pop corn, no award.
23. Fourth largest, box line collars, no award.
24. Largest sheephead, one barrel salt, no award.
25. Largest pike, sack flour, W. A. Williams.
26. First eel, stove mat, no award.
27. Poorest luck and no fish, overalls (in case of tie to be determined by 100 yard foot race), deferred.

GUESTS' PRIZES.

28. Largest bass, bicycle shoes, Thomas Gross, 3 lbs.
29. Largest string of bass, match box, E. C. Hopkins.
30. Largest string of all kinds of fish, hammock, W. B. Stahler.
31. Second largest, brier pipe, Arthur L. Lerch.

BOATMEN'S PRIZES.

32. Boatman, whose party catches the greatest number of fish, brier pipe, and one pound of tobacco, Ed. Welch, No. 33.
33. Boatman, whose party catches the largest number of black bass, 50 pounds of flour, Joseph Sherwood, No. 13.
34. Boatman, for second largest number of black bass, silk line, John Schriber, No. 7.

After the announcements the merry party boarded the steamer for the homeward journey. By vote of the blues on the train it was decided to hold the banquet which they as the losers are to furnish the victorious reds, on Thursday, June 8. The reds will provide the speeches on the great occasion, but are respectfully asked to refrain from gloating. A canvas of the catch on both sides resulted as follows:

Captain Millar—35 black bass, 1,750 points, 5 blue pike, 75, 1 pickerel, 25, 167 perch, 324; total, 2,184.

Captain Hatch—24 black bass, 1,200, white bass 15, 1 herring, 5, 3 blue pike, 45, 188 perch, 376, total 1,641.

Reds over the blues, 541 points.

The trainload of weary anglers was whirled up the Niagara Valley, homeward. Tired, sunburnt indeed, but with a sense of having spent a day in the pursuit of a noble sport, everybody voted the excursion an unqualified success. It is not strange under these circumstances and others explained previously that there was not a blue man in the crowd. All felt in accord with the glowing red sunset of evening, while the Hatch men read in the last crimson streaks of day prophecies of another outing when perchance the skies would be bluer.

"Good-bye," sighed the breezes that played in the tree-tops overhanging the glorious Niagara; "come again," clicked the sleepers underneath as the coaches hurried toward Lockport, the beautiful city where rest the lodges of the proud members of the Niagara County Anglers' Club.

M. H. HOOVER.

The Maine Association and Non-Residents.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have a plenty of fish and game for the present time, but we are confronted with the fact that if the sportsmen tourists from out of the State increase for the next few years as they have for the past three years, the drain will be felt. We are determined to meet this with an increase in the propagation of fish and their protection, and the rigid protection of the game. In spite of the illegal killing of deer, caribou and moose, they are on the increase, and now there are but few towns in the State where deer are not living. If we can enforce the laws, deer shooting in Maine in ten years will be as easy to be done, as can be desired. Our association is but two months old, and we have expended and are arranging to expend several hundred dollars in aiding hatcheries now existing, and putting in others at desirable places. We find after a long experience that to meet with the best of success, the hatcheries must be located near the waters to be supplied, and the fish kept and fed from spring till fall and then put in when they are sufficiently large to take care of themselves. We shall be able to increase the supply by this season's work many hundred thousands. If those from out of the State would only see that the money they will give us is for their own pleasure, and help us generally, we might give the whole country abundance of sport.

E. C. FARRINGTON, Sec'y.

Connecticut Black Bass Law.

A BILL making May and June close months for black bass has passed both Houses of the Connecticut Legislature and gone to the Governor. Up to the time of going to press it had not been signed. Under the old law the season opens June 10.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VII.

The Return Trip.—VII.

[Continued from page 473.]

We arose early the next morning, expecting to find the "crimson cupola" in a perfect blaze of glory, but were sadly disappointed when a dark sunless sky and misty vapor-clouds were flying low and threatening to give us a momentary shower. We were undaunted, however, and broke camp immediately after breakfast, and headed for our objective destination, Grindstone Point. The breeze was so light it would hardly straighten the sail, and to increase our headway, the astutest Emery, of forecast fame, placed himself behind a pair of oars, and dug the blades into and against the shadowy waters with a vigor that considerably accelerated our speed. It was but a brief period before Jupiter Pluvius introduced us to a merry little tinkle of rain, just enough to make us render obeisance to his royalty by donning our protective robes, the rubbers. In a very short time it ceased, the heavens brightened, and then the aurate luster beautified the earth and the waters.

At 9 o'clock we were at Grindstone Point, and camp formed in a thicket of balsam so dense that not even an insect of blood-letting proclivities or any other kind harbored there. Their absence from the place was remarkable, and only accounted for by its being too shady for habitation. It suited us to a dot, as it permitted us to keep our faces free from the odoriferous repellent, and to again feel like a white man who could trace his lineage back to civilized ancestors.

After camp was pronounced tenable, Ned declared with barbarian dialect that as he had not caught a trout for three days he would strike an avenging terror into their hearts as soon as he had reached their abiding place. We, however, concluded to first invigorate with a good square meal, and then start on the warpath for those fish infrequently called "speckled beauties." You have probably heard the appellation, and so will descant no further upon it.

While the boys were preparing the feast, we opened our cases and got out the rods, which we put together with due care for the assault upon the fortifications, where, in fancied security, the knights of the golden drapery abide. I selected a coachman for my stretcher and a cow-dung for my dropper, and after affixing them went to the water's edge and there straightened both leader and flies by repeated casts, and then was ready to embark for the attack as soon as I had placed a meal under my jacket. That culinary essential having been duly secured, word rang out for the boat, and then in less than forty winks we were all afloat, and in about as many more were sending our lures in search of the quarry. Fortunately there was a light and rising breeze that made the desirable condition in which to coax the coveted fish, and if we caught none it would not be owing to unfavorable circumstances. We were full of hope and very earnest in our pursuit, and left not an inch of the water, over which we passed, uncovered. After a steady thrashing of the surface for about a mile with stubborn determination, not a fin responded. It looked a little ominous, I must confess, but I had so often been similarly placed and yet met liberal reward, was confident ere the luster of the sun departed that we would capture trophies sufficient to satisfy our aspiring ambitions.

Ned, who was growing impatient for a rise, cried out at last, "I believe the copper-colored devils who fish for the market have secured every trout here, big and little." This observation was freighted with a practical fact, for where we had made camp were substantially erected a couple of huge fishing reels, on which they dry and repair their gill-nets, while the beach in front was lined with their rude implements of direful slaughter. This we never saw here before, but as the tinted beauties bring a big price, you can henceforth look for the semi-savage working every bit of available shore.

I consoled Ned by calling his attention to the gray rocks just ahead, which were ribbed in sunshine and shade, and over which the waves were curling the snowy foam with poetic gentleness. "There," said I, "is the place where we have led many a handsome trout to an untimely departure, and where, I think, a few more still remain. Look at that bottom, what a lovely retreat for a brigade of the sky-dyed harlequins, what fastnesses to sortie from, what chambers to repose in."

"Here goes my persuader for an embrasure," and away went Ned's flies, alighting upon the water seemingly possessed of life, and then dancing along as if striving to arise. I followed with my dainty lures, which fell in such a choice spot above a creviced rock that I was positive some emboldened, if not inquisitive, scion of the red-gartered royalty would pounce upon it with a prowess insuring his annihilation. He came not, much to my disappointment, and then I tried again and again, there and elsewhere, around this magnificent cover of fractured rocks and planted boulders, but the surface remained unbroken, save by the rising waves, and then we continued our course along the shore till we reached a long line of broken crag which ran raggedly to the lake, and there formed in pell-mell confusion into what looked like coral castles of gigantic dimensions. Having no hesitation to rob an aqueous stronghold, or pierce the throat of any dweller therein, we deliberately went to work and stormed every outpost, intrenchment, moat, portcullis, gateway and turret, with the glimpse of only one spangled red-coat that ran for dear life, and another that turned tail as he sped through one of the intrenchments. It was a bloodless battle, and though we had engaged such old soldiers as Lord Montreal, Reuben Wood, Fiery Brown and Tomah Jo, not a scarlet jacket was captured. It was a fruitless attack, and so we gathered our forces and gave pursuit to the retreating knights that so gaily sport in costumes the colors of which rival the ruby of the flower and the red of the wine.

The wind was now gradually increasing, the rolling billows growing in grandeur, while the sky, like a boundless prism, was reflecting rich and shifting tints. Slowly we progressed, as if floating on the mystical boundaries of two worlds, one rich with the treasures of memory, the other radiant with the hues of hope. The shore that came in review, as we endeavored to secure a trout, was all that a devotee of the rod would desire, so wasted was it by the fury of the tempestuous waves that nought remained of it but a stern, ragged coast line of huge granite rocks, with occasional stretches of gravelly banks that ran into dense

forests of balsam, the fragrance of which is ever a delight and an exhilaration.

Fully three miles had we come, and not a scale to show as a reward. Ned muttered ever and anon, and then the red-handed pot-hunter had anathemas heaped upon his head sufficient for his burial. He was getting in a humor for returning, but as I well knew there were fine grounds a mile or less ahead, the word to advance was promptly given. Emery was alarmed as usual about the rising breeze, which was getting up quite a respectable sea, but as we wanted a rising trout or two, we cared little for aught else. On we went, indifferent to gales, and in the course of a half hour reached the desired waters. It was business now, and the flies fell and fluttered upon all sides. Soon I heard an exclamation of joy from Ned, who had at last hung a *fontinalis*. This was followed by another more joyous tone, which conveyed the pleasing intelligence that he was battling with two. "A dozen followed my flies," cried the delighted Ned, as he was manipulating the twain.

"That being the case, with your permission, I'll try your preserve," I selfishly responded.

"All right, go ahead."

My first cast secured one that soon liberated himself. Another dropping of the lures, and my stretcher disappeared into the ravenous jaws of an exasperated and fleckered *noblesse*, who fairly singed my fingers as he sped against time in a vain endeavor to run away from himself, as well as the interested angler. Here we were with our hands full, Ned holding a pair to my ace high and both good for a pot. I was not so busy with my racing trout but what the double catch of Ned's reminded me of the farical dip of the old astronomer at the Twin Sisters, which threw us all into convulsions. With an eye to a similar scene, I suggested to Emery that he land Ned's fish, which were about ready to be taken in. At the prompting he sprang with alacrity for the net, which hasty movement being observed by Ned caused him to heartlessly cry out: "Drop that," and the over-awed Emery did drop it, and very spitefully too, and then dropped on to his seat with a dull thud, as crestfallen as if one of his forecasts had ignominiously failed him.

Ned, after casting a furtive look at me with an avenging glimmer in his gray eye, turned to Peter, who had relinquished the oars to Emery, and requested him to net the twain, which he did with a perfection of artistic grace. The confusion of the old man, and the savageness of Ned at his audacity, as he thought, in again entering for another *faux pas* with the net, was a little piece of quiet comedy I hugely enjoyed. In fact, I was so ripling with mirth that I was fearful my captive at the end of the line would desert me. After Ned saw his trout glittering in their silken sheen at the bottom of the boat, he also realized to its fullest extent the attempted ambushade, and then his seriousness gave way to a broad grin that was truly diverting.

I finally, after much blundering, saw my trout signal his surrender, and then in a patronizing way called the sage old prophet, whom I wished to mollify, to land the lovely victim. During all this time the breeze was rapidly reaching its *fortissimo* notes, until it took the efforts of both oarsmen to manage the tumbling craft. There was but one broad crevice where the quarry poised in this locality, and when we failed to send the flies over it there was no response. The boys tugged manfully to hold the Mackinac steady, and it was only occasionally we could get our feathers at the desired place, but when they did fall with precision it was a snap born of desperation from one of the maculated dwellers down in that narrow abyss.

Ned held the choice position in the bow that afternoon, and of course had his pick of the lovely inhabitants of the fissures deep. His first double catch was followed by another, but one of them worked off, while the other, a dandy, was worked into the net. I was not long behind him, for when I could lay my flies in the populated precinct of narrowness, also had the pleasure of playing one of the brilliantly-studded princelings of that royal race.

The sea was now tumbling about so lively that a suggestion came from one of the oarsmen looking to a return, but just as long as the boat would live in the neighborhood of that populous preserve, just so long did we intend to stay. The boys evidently were not pleased with our determination, but we rather liked the wild tossing of the waters, and particularly the abundance of the scarlet-hued, and so remained. It required vigorous work to keep us near that crevice, and as the half-breeds were sick of the job, they finessed in such a way as to endeavor to make us also sick of it. Ned growled considerably at their apparent awkwardness, and I materially assisted in adding to the irritation; but we caught trout all the same, which, if it did not lighten their labors, added to our sum of infinite happiness.

As the time came for departure, I asked the boatmen what the wild waves were uttering, and with one accord they gleefully sang out, "Home," and then we gave the word to hoist the old rag and let her boil through the troubled sea. And she did boil, swiftly speeding with a fan-shaped wake spreading from her bow, and the milk-white foam curving with the dazzle of sifted snows from either side. We had captured eight magnificent trophies that were punctuated with tinted periods, carmined with the red of the cherry, and blushing with the purple of the grape.

It was about four miles to camp, and with the swiftness we were cleaving the furrowed lake would soon be there. The deep shadows were lengthening with the sinking sun, and great flakes of crimson clouds gathering around the evening throne of the dazzling luminary, to bid it an adieu as it kissed the crystal waters a good night.

We reached our quarters a little before sunset, and the oarsmen were really glad of it, as the afternoon had been a very vexatious one to them, particularly to the profound Emery, who felt as if he were in disgrace, owing to Ned not allowing him an opportunity to retrieve his fiasco of the ridiculous netting of the doublet at Twin Sisters. Ned stated that Emery's talent was altogether of a celestial character, and entirely in contradistinction to any accomplishment pertaining to the aqueous. Cloud life was his sole and only study from early morn to dewy eve, and whether of snowy drapery, mantling or crimson, flying, drifting or drowsy, he could snatch therefrom, with his intuitive knowledge, a forecast that would drive to desperation any scientist or student of the elements. It was his hobby, and he rode it often and he rode it hard.

The boys gave us an elegant supper that evening, the

pièce de résistance being a fresh trout broiled to perfection, that would have delighted the cultivated appetite of the most dainty epicure. A planked shad, in its perfection, is said to be one of the culinary arts, but a broiled trout, such as graced our table, is the *ne plus ultra* of all dishes served from the dwellers of the deep. Roughing it, with limited commissary stores and a cook who is only that in name, may be agreeable to some sportsmen, but we believe that camp life is much enhanced by a little extra attention to things toothsome, and, in affirming this, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not feather-bed anglers by any means. The comforts and comestibles materially assist in bridging over many a cold and stormy day, and bring frequent glimpses of sunshine when the heavens are veiled in a funeral pall. We are happily in accord with Byron when he declares that

"All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples—much depends on dinner!"

Our repast over, we had nothing to do till bedtime but sit in the deep shadows of the dense forest and mix the fragrance of our regalias with the health-giving odors from the balsamic woods, admire the brilliancy of the stars as they watched the sleeping earth, listen to the music of the beating waves as they strove to utter the story of the sea, and watch the silvered lake, as if looking for a rising Venus or a troop of Naiads. It was so supremely quiet, save the throbbing waters, that not even an orchestral note was heard from the cloudy army, nor a resonant sound quivered through the breathless air. Even the boding owl, that hails the rising moon, sang not his woeful dirges, while the ephemera that make shrub and bush burn with diamond-like glimmer, were nowhere to be seen. It was such a slumbering, death-like silence, such a deep solitude, so lonely and desolate, that we arose with a determination to shake off the oppression which held us so firmly in its embrace. A bonfire was suggested, and at it we went with activity and vigor, and soon the débris of cast-up timber along the serrated shore was gathered into a gigantic pile that would have sufficed for a funeral pyre for hundreds of widowed Hindoos. The torch applied, the flames leaped upon the air, carrying with them a golden rain of sparks that were tossed about like fire-flies in the eddying circles of the chilly atmosphere. Some faded and were speedily lost to view, while others of more body, gaining the limit of ascension, slowly fell, showing all the brilliancy of the bright stars of a firmament on a wandering journey through space. The deep red glare spread out as luminous as a beacon light, falling alike upon wood and water, which it peopled with weird shadows that stood boldly out like gigantic specters. After industriously feeding and watching the fire for hours, that capricious jade, the wind, suddenly shifted to the south, and then sent showers of bright sparks directly upon our tents, and from being carriers of wood we very suddenly became carriers of water, and very anxious guardians over our inflammable structures, until the dangerous flames ceased arising and the fire had fallen to embers. We then retired and slept as soundly as if on roseate beds.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE "KINGFISHERS" IN CANADA.—IV.

Big Basswood Lake.

LOON LAKE lies off from the head of Big Basswood about a mile and a half, and is a mile or more in length, and according to brother Dobie, contains only brook trout that run large, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. He said the lake was deep and the fish very shy, but large strings had been taken under favorable conditions of weather and wind.

A couple of the boys got a bad case of "big trout fever" and made a trip up to the lake. They left their boat at the head of Big Basswood and walked to the Edgeson farm, a half mile or less from the lake—they were our cook's people and just as good and clever as they could be—and stayed all night. They were at the lake early in the morning, but it was so rough they could do nothing with the one old boat on the lake, and after a good deal of sweating and swearing they came back without having got a rise or a nibble, tired, disgusted, but not altogether cast down. Who ever knew a trout fisher to lose his grip without "one more try?"

This must have been one of the unfavorable conditions. Several days after they made another trip, but this time they got one of the Harris boys to take them up the road, and as near the lake as they could get on his buckboard. This time the lake was as smooth as a duck pond and "they fished, and fished, and fished, and fished, and then they fished some more," but nary a rise or nibble, "the same as it was before," nor did they see a fish of any kind except a few lazy suckers.

This ended the fishing at Loon-atic Lake, as it appeared the "favorable conditions" were not for us.

Mud Lake was tried with better results. Off and on, several days were spent on it by one or two of us at a time and always some fish were taken. This lake is about five miles long by one-fourth to one mile, or a little more, at the widest, and turns out bass, pike-perch, pickerel and maskinonge, and we got some of each except the latter. While fishing down at the foot of the lake one day a native told me that one of his neighbors had the head of one killed by a spear that weighed 42 lbs., and he invited me to walk back to the farm half a mile or so and see it, but I did not go—and that was as near as I came to catching a maskinonge. We didn't take a great many bass out of this lake, but those we got were good ones, running from 3 to near 4 lbs. in weight, and they were all small-mouths. We did not take into account the pickerel nor the pike-perch.

As before mentioned, Mud Lake is a half mile, perhaps a little more, south of Big Basswood and near 98 ft. lower. The upper end for more than a quarter of a mile is full of grass and bulrushes growing up from a mud bottom, and patches of rushes are found along the east shore for three or four miles down. The shores at the upper end are low and flat, but the west shore, after about a mile down, gets high and rocky clear down to near the outlet.

The water has a muddy cast, notably at the extreme upper end. The Indian name of this lake is "Pakawagamencau," that of Big Basswood "Waquakobing," which the reader is at liberty to twist his jaw on, as I did.

The names are taken from Dyer's Government survey map, but it does not give the Indian names for the other

lakes in the immediate region, which is doubtless a blessing in disguise.

Clear Lake is about three miles northeast of Dyer's place, and is a very lovely little sheet of water and alive with fish; bass, pike-perch and pickerel, although the latter are not plentiful enough to be much of a nuisance.

The first trip to it was made on foot by Harry and Charley for the especial purpose of getting some pike-perch for the table, as we all had a notion that pike-perch would improve the smell in the fryin' pans, although the bass in Big Basswood were as fine flavored and firm of flesh as any we had eaten in many years.

They borrowed a skiff of a Mr. Hagans, living near the head of the lake, and had some great sport, and were back before sundown with a string of wall-eyes carried between them on a pole, that reminded me of some "episodes" on the Tippecanoe River a good many years ago. They had taken twenty-five or thirty bass too, but returned them all to the water as they only cared to bring back the wall-eyes.

After this we all took a whack at Clear Lake by twos, but we got Will Harris to take us over on his buckboard in the early morning and to come back after us in the evening.

The lake is about one and a quarter miles long, or may be a little more, and a quarter of a mile wide—at least this is the guess we made on it—and surrounded by lovely green woods growing down to the water's edge, except twenty rods or so in front of Hagans's house. There are some burshes and patches of grass in spots around the shores, but the bottom for the most part is rocky and gravelly. The water is very pure and almost as clear as that in Big Basswood; in fact the lake is a little gem set in an emerald rim of evergreens surrounding it. The bass in it run at least a pound heavier than those in Big Basswood—3 to 4 lbs.—and there seems to be no limit to their numbers, and they take anything in the shape of bait, a rubber helgramite being a lure that they "fell over each other" after in the scramble to see which could first grab it.

A party of three or four could have great sport in Clear Lake, and there are two or three good camping places on it and a couple of skiffs that might be had, but the better way would be to take in a canvas boat or two and be independent. We did not try to fish Little Basswood, as Big Basswood, Mud and Clear lakes gave us about all the sport we could stand, not counting the two trips to Loonatic Lake.

We had heard a good deal about the rugged scenery over at the falls on the Mississauga River, and one evening a trip to them was planned for the next day by four of our boys and a couple of the Harris boys, over the portage from the foot of Big Basswood, Harry taking his Kodak along to procure some views of the wild, rocky gorge through which the river rushes. He got four or five good snap shots at the falls and the rocks, and they came back late in the evening, tired out and nearly starved, but Harry was happy in anticipation of having some fine views for us after he got home and had them finished up.

It may be noted, however, that when finishing up time came the film was found to have been defective, and there was "nary a view" on it, no more than had he used a pine board for a film, nor was there anything on it to show for the shots he had taken of the camp and wild places along Big Basswood; and then Harry made a few remarks that wouldn't look well in print, so it won't be worth while to jot them down.

The country round about us was well settled, and our neighbors were hospitable and obliging, albeit we were between two fires when we tried to please Dyer and the Harrises at the same time. The Harrises always had something derogatory to say about Dyer, and it was like shaking a red rag at a bull to mention the name of a Harris in Brother Dyer's presence.

We outsiders couldn't afford to take sides in a neighborhood quarrel, and we had a tough time trying to carry water on both shoulders and not spilling of it; but by a strict neutrality and a straightforward course we managed to maintain friendly relations with both sides and keep out of a snarl. We treated all our neighbors alike, with friendliness, respect and courtesy, and they could do little less than treat us in the same manner in return.

I am at liberty to say that the feud existing between Dyer and the Harris family was started by the death of a dog. When Dyer located there he brought with him a fine dog—a setter, or spaniel, I have forgotten which—that he loved better perhaps than he did any human, and not long after the dog was poisoned, whether accidentally or on purpose has never been thoroughly established in the minds of the neighbors, as they are divided in their opinions about it. At any rate Dyer laid it at the door of the Harrises, and ever since there has been hard feeling and bitterness between them, and the breach seems to be widening instead of closing up; more's the pity.

Dyer buried the dog at the foot of a tree near the corner of his house, wrote an epitaph (I have a copy of it but have mislaid it) extolling the good qualities of his dead companion, and scoring the unknown murderer, and nursed his righteous wrath, for it *was* a wanton act, if purposely committed.

However, there was no positive proof that the Harrises were the guilty party, but it was wasting time trying to convince him otherwise, and his bitterness abides against them and knows no abating.

He framed the epitaph and secured it to the tree 10 ft. over the grave, to be out of the reach of troublesome neighbors, and it stands sentinel over the dead dog in sun and storm, and rain and snow, to remind him of the best friend he ever had.

This love for his dog was one of the best traits in the old fellow's make up and atoned, in our eyes, for a multitude of his other eccentricities, for no man can be very badly out of plumb who loves his dog, his gun and his rod, and we kept on liking him better as we knew him from day to day.

We made up our minds (at least I speak for myself) that he was not half as black as painted by the Harrises, and at the same time we could have nothing but good words to say of them, for they were good neighbors and very accommodating to us.

They invited us all to dinner and supper at different times, and most of the boys accepted, but the Colonel, Kelpie and I sent our excuses; not that we didn't want to please them and be neighborly, but we felt that if we went over to the enemy in a body, Brother Dyer would take it as a slight, so we remained in camp and propitiated both sides by dividing our force.

But with all these little drawbacks, we enjoyed the camp

and the fishing, and especially did we enjoy the scenery around Big Basswood Lake, and we wished we could stay there the summer through.

At the end of a couple of weeks Harry had to make a trip back to Omena, Mich., to attend the annual meeting of the directors of the Omena Hotel Association, of which he was secretary, and Br'er Snider went out with him to return home. A week later Old Sam and Charley and "son Owen" left us for home, their time having expired, and there were only left the Colonel, Kelpie and "Hickory" to swap lies around the nightly camp-fire till the last chunk burned out.

While it is in mind I may mention that Brother Dobie wrote us to bring plenty of "dope," as the black flies and skeeters were very bad, but we were agreeably surprised to find not a solitary black fly and only a few vagrant mosquitoes that were too thin to make a shadow. These we paid no attention to, and the bars were not put up in any of the tents.

Harry was back in a day or two after the Kentuckians left, bringing Gooder with him, and in a few days my time was up, and I packed my traps and took the back track for home, leaving the Colonel, Kelpie, Harry and Gooder in camp, they having decided to stay a couple of weeks longer to see if the big lake trout would begin to bite. I got Tom Griggs, the storekeeper at Day Mills, to drive me out to Dayton, a station on the railroad three and a half miles from Dyer's place, and from there home the trail was plain. The other boys had gone out the same way, and it is much the best way out, as it saves nearly eleven miles driving, and it would be the best way to go in if the teams could be had at Dayton.

A short distance out from the Canada Soo our friend Hill got on the train, and recognizing me we shook hands like old cronies and had a pleasant chat while pulling up to the station. Meantime he asked me to point out my baggage, on which he put his "chalk mark," & which meant to the eye of the inspector on the American side to pass it without examination, and we "shook agin," and I went on my way under many obligations to brother Hill for his courtesy to me and the other boys, who had gone out under the same liberal treatment from him.

The four other boys remained in camp about ten days, and when they came out he handed the Colonel the deposit put up on going in, put his chalk mark on all the calamities and sent them on their way rejoicing. Long may he wave and continue to write "H. M. C." after his name, for he is a kindly gentleman and a friend to those who go a-fishing.

We will long remember Big Basswood Lake as the best bass pocket we have found since fishing Brown's Lake on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and Clear Lake is just as good for a smaller party. We took altogether 816 bass, and I really believe might have taken three times that number had we been so minded and not spent so much time "profligatin' round" over the country, but then exploring new waters is almost half the charm and pleasure of going to the woods.

Besides the bass, we caught near to a couple of hundred pike-perch, pickerel and brook trout, but none of the three latter in Big Basswood except the three trout before mentioned. We kept a daily score of all the fish taken, but like the epitaph of Dyer's dog, my copy of it has been mislaid and I can't just now put my hand on it. At any rate, I remember that the highest number of bass taken in one day was 81, and the lowest—when any of us fished—was one solitary bass of 3½ lbs. This one I took one Sunday at the very outlet of Mud Lake, when "feelin' round" the lower end of the lake by myself for a maskinonje—which I didn't find.

Besides the four lakes lying near Big Basswood, there is another small one, Round Lake, two miles east of Clear Lake, that Dyer says is full of big bass. Then twenty miles northeast of Dyer's is Chiblow Lake, that he says is strictly a trout lake, full of big ones. This lake has a great local reputation for trout and would no doubt well repay a visit.

Brother Dobie also wrote us about a wild region thirty miles east of Thessalon, the Blind River country, where he says the waters swarm with fish and the woods are full of game, and it has never been disturbed except by a few lumbermen and the Indians.

This region lies back north thirty or forty miles from the North Passage, and can only be reached with any comfort by going up Blind River (flowing into the North Passage) in boats or canoes to some virgin lakes and streams where bass and trout are as plentiful as huckleberries, and deer and bear abundant, besides "quite a few" caribou to give variety to the sport.

Taken altogether, this region drained by the Thessalon, Mississauga (I find on consulting the map that my previous spelling of the name of this river is wrong) and Blind rivers, is a paradise for the "rodsters," and when game is in season the "gunster"—I trust Brother Starbuck and "Hoosier" will not kick at my stealing a little of their shoddy—may revel in "pure delight."

But we found Big Basswood Lake and the region immediately around it "good enough for the Joneses," and there is not much use in looking further for the very best of bass fishing and solid comfort in the matter of a camp; there are "lashin's" of huckleberries and "rozberries," and milk, butter and eggs to be had, and a piece of fresh mutton from some of the neighbors whenever wanted, to take the taste of fish out of your mouth. Besides all these "natural advantages" there is an unpainted frame church-house a hundred yards or so southwest of Dyer's house, where religious services are held every Sunday afternoon and evening. The services while we were there were of the Methodist variety, and the camp attended in a body, except two or three old unreconstructed sinners who were satisfied to "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones."

Since we were there last summer I have had considerable pleasant correspondence with Brother Dyer, and among other matters he said he caught in October after we left nearly 200 lake trout running from 3 to 12 lbs. in weight. He wrote, too, that in February the snow was 6 ft. deep where our tents stood, and added, "rather a pleasant prospect for a summer resort." He is also going to have four or five good boats built, which will be for hire at reasonable rates, but it is always a good notion for a party to have at least one canvas boat, in case a side trip to some other lake is to be made.

A party intending to make a camp anywhere in that neck o' woods will need to take their supplies in with them, such as bacon, salt pork, hard bread, etc., as commodities of this kind are scarce at Day Mills. However,

it would not be much trouble to hire a team and go or send in to Thessalon after them.

Tom Griggs keeps a little country store at the foot of the hill right in "the heart of the city," but although Tom is a good fellow his stock of goods is not extensive nor much varied; nevertheless, we found it handy to run to for odds and ends when needed.

I think the easiest way to get to Big Basswood is to get off the train at Dayton, 3½ miles from the outlet of the lake, but it would be necessary to write ahead to Dyer to have teams in waiting at the station. Tom Griggs and the Harrises have teams, but Dyer would rather undertake to swim the entire length of Big Basswood than to have any dealings with the Harris family. He even goes to Sowerby, 3 miles, after his mail rather than receive it of Harris, who is postmaster at Day Mills, a little more than a quarter of a mile from his house.

However, all needed information about teams and getting there may be had by writing him—Geo. F. Dyer, Sowerby, District of Algoma, Ont., Canada, or in case it is preferred to go in by Thessalon, write to Tom Glancey, liveryman, Thessalon, Ont., Canada. The other liveryman at Thessalon hauled us out, but as I never take notes his name has slipped out of my head. I remember Glancey as having paid our camp a visit one Sunday, and returning with his buggy full of bass, which of course he caught all by himself.

On looking at a map on a last year's Canadian Pacific Railroad folder it seems that the best way for one going to Big Basswood from New York or the East is to strike the C. P. R. R. at Brockville, Ont., opposite Morristown, N. Y. Change at Sudbury to the southern branch of the road that runs to the Soo and get off at Dayton or Thessalon as preferred. Or go around to Toronto, and from there north on a railroad that strikes the C. P. at North Bay, thence west to Sudbury and change to the southern branch as before mentioned.

But now, to reel up these already too long bass notes, I trust that Brother Dyer will not "hold a skunner agin me" for the little facetiousness that may have cropped out, for there is no malice in it, nothing but kindly feeling and a "proclivity," it may be, to portray things as we saw them.

To the brethren of the rod who may take a notion to wet a line in the Basswood region I may say, you will find him, with all his roughness of surroundings, a well-posted gentleman; a trifle crusty and stiff, perhaps, but get inside his shell and you'll find him better than he shows outside. He loves a dog, a gun and a fishing rod, and that's warrant enough to commend him to those who go a-fishing.

As to our other neighbors, I can't say too well of them, for they treated us the very best.

In regard to the wild beauty of the lake and the fishing therein, I have not overdrawn it in the least—rather the other way, if anything—and to the brother who yearns for a few weeks' rest, recreation and great sport with the rod, I can say with candor, make your summer camp on the bank of the ever lovely "Waquekobing." KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., May 27.

"Forest and Stream" Fishing Postals.

MAINE FISHING has been a little backward, though some fine catches have been made in every section. The coming three weeks (from June 1) will show the best of salmon fishing. At Weld, Franklin county, and Sebec, Piscataquis county, the salmon will be abundant without doubt for the next two weeks, and trout fishing in all the waters will be fine for several weeks. Owing to considerable rainfall, brook trout fishing will be good all through June and in the northern sections much later. Weld Lake is reached by going from Portland to Wilton and staging ten miles over a most picturesque section; and the lake is charmingly situated. Hotel and boarding very reasonable. David Phinney has a fine cottage, with all the comforts of bed and table, close to the lake at low day rates. Sebec is reached from Bangor over the Bangor & Aroostook road, an hour's ride, or by Newport and Dover by M. C. R. R. and Bangor. There is hardly any water in Maine but will afford fine fishing now. A large number of anglers are in the Rangeley region, and all are having good catches so far as heard from.

E. C. FARRINGTON.

GARDEN OF EDEN, Nova Scotia, May 26.—The fishing at this place has opened very fair. First guest of the season, Mr. R. F. Boyer, of Pugwash, N. S., caught 19 nice square-tail trout, all of good size, and Mr. A. R. Monroe, of New Glasgow, 60 large trout, all in one day's fishing. The fishing, I expect, will be still better in a week or so, when a catch of 125 lake trout in a day's fishing is nothing unusual. CAMP PHENIX.

PAUPAC, Pa., May 29.—The season is extremely late here in Pike county, and of course the trout fishing is governed somewhat by the weather and condition of the brook. Very little fishing in this vicinity has been done. I know of two very nice catches, first lot two weeks ago of 150, but they were very small and poor. But yesterday two fishermen caught 120, some very fine ones. But they are not in good condition yet. About June 10 or 15 will be soon enough for good trout fishing in this locality. O. J. RIMBLE.

SHOHOLA FALLS, Lackawanna, Pa.—Mr. E. F. Allen, of Sloatsburg, caught 120 trout, the largest weighing 2½ lbs., the smallest ¼ lb. Mr. E. Reviere, of Milford, caught 25 trout, the largest weighing 11½ oz., the smallest 6 oz. Mr. M. Lambert caught 35, the largest ¼ lb. Fishing prospects are good. G. W. HART.

ASBURY PARK, May 26.—Plaice are biting freely in Manasquan River; two anglers took 200 lbs. yesterday with rod and reel. Take C. R. R. of N. J. to Brielle Station. I would advise anglers to procure bait elsewhere, as I have always found it extremely difficult to get bait at that point. LEONARD HULT.

THREE LAKES, Wis., May 23.—Messrs. G. A. Barlow, O. J. Smith and F. R. French, caught eight maskallonge last week; the largest weighed 31 lbs. Fishing is good. The great bass lakes, Franklin and Butternut, can be reached in a few hours' ride from my place. F. R. FRENCH.

BLACK BROOK, N. Y., June 1.—Good fishing for trout has just commenced here. Snow water pretty well gone. Good catches are daily reported. W. L. Baldwin and small son caught 100 in a half day in one of the small

brooks near us on May 31. The best fishing will be for the next two weeks. W. W. PIERCE.

NEVERSINK, N. Y. (Fallsburgh), June 3.—Two large trout were caught in the Neversink to-day, one by Jay M. Freer and one by Willie Dean, both German trout, weighing 1½ lbs. and 2 lbs., caught just below the Neversink Valley House. The Neversink River was stocked with German trout four years ago. Prospects for next week are good. HENRY W. DEAN.

BOSTON, June 1.—I shall leave for the Marguerite River, Lower Saguenay, on June 8 or 10 to spend two months with nature and the salmon. I am in perfect health, never having had a sick day in my life. I shall be seventy years old on June 14, and can hold my own under all circumstances. I still pole the bow of my canoe as of old. WALTER M. BRACKETT.

HENDERSON HARBOR (Adams), N. Y., May 30.—H. L. Bawey caught twenty-six black bass, average 1½ lbs. each; Dr. H. L. O'Brien caught twenty-eight bass, average 1 lb., caught with minnows June 2. Dr. H. L. O'Brien caught twelve bass with fly. H. H. GILL.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—Clayton, N. Y., June 2.—The St. Lawrence River season for bass fishing opened here last Tuesday, 30th ult., with several fine catches, Eel Bay, near Clayton, affording especially good fishing. The work of the Anglers' Association in the prevention of netting is now showing fine results, the guides reporting bass more numerous and larger than for several seasons past. J. G. FRASER.

CORTLAND, June 3.—A. E. Livingston of Syracuse writes me that Messrs. D. D. Candee, F. R. Candee and Dr. F. B. Putnam of that city, spent the 29th and 30th ult. trout fishing near Redfield, Oswego county, and returned to Syracuse with an unusually fine catch—over two hundred beauties. The heaviest weighed 2½ oz. and a very large number over a pound. A good many black bass were taken in this part of the State Decoration Day. Pickerel in Otisco Lake are said to be biting to beat the band now. W. A. Baker, of this city, who fished there May 30, tells me that at least 300 pickerel, some of them weighing 2½ lbs. each, were taken from that lake on that day. Skip bait, he tells me, was the most killing lure used. M. C. H.

DENVER, Col., May 24.—On Saturday, May 23, A. B. McGaffey, of Denver, caught twenty-two trout in Wellington Lake, which weighed when dressed 18 lbs.

A Pickerel Mortality.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., May 21.—Hundreds of pickerel have died in one of the ponds in Provincetown. At some places on the edge of the pond could be counted from fifteen to twenty-seven dead pickerel, from very small ones to those of 2 and 3 lbs., which is as large as we ever get them. The winter was an unusually severe one, and it has been claimed by some sportsmen that they were frozen in the mud, but if that is the case why did the other ponds not produce the same results? They are no deeper, and this particular pond has always produced as good pickerel as any pond we have. CAPE COD.

A Shelved Trout Rod.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 5.—I have shelved the trout rod for this year in this region. Four tramps of twice as many miles have produced only three trout over 5 in. long and perhaps three times as many fingerlings thrown back. Last fall's drought, also last winter's freeze have depopulated the brooks in this part of the State, and we must wait a few years ere they will restock. After the 15th I shall try the river for bass and pike-perch. I hear of a good many pike caught, but have seen none myself. VON W.

A Connecticut River Muscalonge.

HADLEY, Mass., May 25.—A 13-pound muscalonge was caught in a bayou of the Connecticut River in the Hadley Meadows yesterday. The water is very high yet and the fish keep in shallow spots as much as possible. I think we have better summer fishing after a cold wet spring than we do when the spring is warm and the water low. E. S. H.

Danvis Folks.

DENVER, Col., April 22.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: We read much in these days about "realism" in literature. Most of it is a sort of dry rot, or emotional. But commend me to such work as the second instalment of "Danvis Folks." The going away of the "old folks" was very pathetic, I remember, but the coming back of Uncle Lisha and Aunt Jerusha is conducive to smiles and tears. Mr. Robinson has surpassed himself, and I will not believe that he can better the second contribution until I see it. Convey my thanks to him, for one, with the prayer that his days may be lengthened to delight us with the tender, life-like work, so perfectly natural that in reading I anticipate the coming sentence, and that of itself is always a pleasurable sensation, and makes you feel that everything dovetails just as you would have it. It was done skillfully and tenderly. L. B. FRANCE.

THE QUEBEC & LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY COMPANY issue a very interesting and well illustrated little guide book to the country through which their railway runs. It pictures and describes the famous trout and muscalonge waters lying north of Quebec, and also the new route to the Saguenay, which this road has opened up. Formerly tourists to either Lake St. John or the Saguenay were obliged to go and return by the same route, but now by means of this new railway extension the lake is connected with the navigable waters of the Saguenay, and a delightful "round trip" from the city of Quebec made possible. The guide will be sent free on receipt of a postal by the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, Quebec.—*Adv.*

PERHAPS the finest line of boats, skiffs, sailing and paddling canoes, steam, naphtha and electric launches, can be seen in the warehouses of William Wood, 25 West 125th street, New York city. We would suggest a visit to those who contemplate the purchase of anything in the line of boats or boating hardware. To those out of town a new and handsome illustrated catalogue will be mailed free on application. *Adv.*

THE BEST LINE TO CALIFORNIA from either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Takes you via Denver, Colorado Springs, Leadville, Salt Lake and Ogden. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

June 6 to 9.—Wissahickon, Pa., Seminole Kennels, Sec'y, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

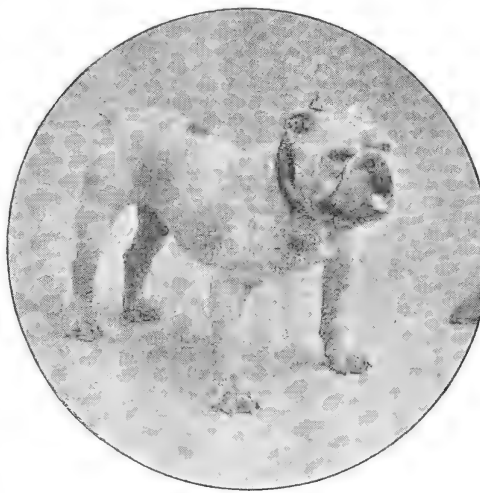


CHLOE.

Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 30.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
1894.
Jan. 22.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB'S SHOW.

The first show of the Pet Dog Club, which closed last Friday night, was not the financial success its promoters wished for, nor what they deserved. The attendance throughout, except possibly on Wednesday afternoon and Friday night, was meager in the extreme. Had the club gone to heavy expense the result no doubt would be disastrous; as it is the guarantee fund of \$500 will probably be largely drawn upon. No show could have been more prettily arranged nor better managed in many respects. At all times the aisles were kept well swept, and the many decorations on the cages lent a gala aspect to the whole affair. Mr. Rackham as superintendent was most attentive to his duties, and always ready with a pleasant word and courteous treatment. He is just the man for a lady's dog show. The secretary—we feel that the ordinary praise accorded to the show secretary conveys but little of the feelings that exhibitors felt for this



BEDGEBOY LION.

Owned by Retnor Kennels.

hard-worked official. Upon Miss Bannister has fallen the brunt of the battle, not only at the show but for weeks beforehand, and it is not too much to say that but for Sallie Pippin's owner no show would have been held. We are always ready to condole with a show secretary, but Miss Bannister is the first woman we have met in this position, and we are tempted to condole and praise some more. With all due respect to Mrs. Trevor's feelings, had the secretary's Glenheim won the special painting for the most popular dog owned by a lady, the verdict would indeed have been a popular one.

Additional names of those who attended the show are Mr. and Mrs. E. Clarke, H. G. Holmes, A. H. Heppner, C. D. Bernheimer, H. W. Huntington and daughter, H. Nelson, Robt. Lyons and others. Dr. Cattanch was the veterinarian, but he allowed several dogs in without examination. In fact

on Monday night the arrangements for receiving the dogs were not quite as strictly attended to as they should have been. One cocker spaniel slipped its collar, got out of the building and was going down Madison avenue when stopped by a bulldog fancier who, seeing it was a good one, thought perhaps it came from the show. He caught it and took it into the building, and finding the empty collar and stall, fastened the cocker up again. This was luck that might not happen again in a similar case. Spratts Co. benched and fed in their usual able manner and Thymo-cresol was the disinfectant. At noon on the first day the club gave a luncheon to the judges, and a very enjoyable hour was spent in discussing the good things provided by the host of the Madison Hotel. It ill befits one to quarrel with one's bread and butter, but a hearty meal in the middle of the day is poor training for the judge's ring.

COCKER SPANIELS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—With two of our leading kennels represented by some of their best stock, the quality of this exhibit could not be gainsaid. That more entries were not on hand is a matter for wonder, but probably the same causes affected this as in other breeds—the additional rule referring to more than three entries in one class or first prize money would be withheld; also the season of the year when most kennels devote the spring time to breeding operations. In the absence of Middy in the challenge dog class, Fascination, in excellent condition, had things his own way. In the corresponding class, however, there was a little more work for the judge; the winner, I say, is a better size besides beating Troublesome in skull and muzzle, though the latter has a better front. A nice little fellow, Duke Oban, though his appearance was marred by an ulcerated eye, won from Brantford Jet; he is more of a cocker than the other, but his coat was ragged and his head is not very well shaped and he is a bit long in body. Brantford Jet is coarse in head among other things, more of the field type, and his lathy long body is against him. Little Vix, vhc., is a little long and coarse in skull, needs more rib, good front. In bitches the well known winner Miss Waggle, crept up another notch nearer the challenge class; her legs and body are capital, and here she beats Rosedale Duchess decisively, the latter being a bit long in body, but well formed and very crooked in front. Lady Fidget, reserve, is a little on the large size and quite long enough in head and body, good front and rare substance and nice coat. Lady Phyllis was vhc., beaten in ribs and head. In any other color Othello, improved on his Boston form, but quite large enough, was placed over Cherry Punch, a rather coarse-headed red, but good front and body. Movement, reserve, has a faulty muzzle and flat skull, good legs, but is short of rib. Red Ragland, hc., has a bad front, weak muzzle, carries his ears too high and has a weedy look, not at all up to the Walker House standard. In bitches, a very sweet expression has Ruth S., the winner, though she is a little fine in muzzle, stands on good straight legs; she is a year old and her body will probably fill out yet; she had no difficulty in beating Mary Queen of Scots, indifferent in head and front. The novice class winners in ten entries have been commented upon above. First was withheld in pups and second given to Corktown Coy, whose pinched, narrow head, poor forelegs, and being undershot as well, served to throw her out. Fascination was deemed the best in the show, and by the aid of him and I say and Troublesome Mr. Bell won the brace and trio special.

POODLES (E. H. Morris, Judge).—This breed, thanks to Mr. Trevor's entries, principally, was well represented, and the curly-coated ones predominated. In challenge dogs, Tell, second at New York, faulty in muzzle and skull, was alone. In open dogs the class was a little more lively. A new one appeared on the scene, a strapping big well-made fellow with a grand muzzle especially, but his coat is too fluffy and needs not quite so much attention as it evidently has had; he was also fat. It is allowable to trim a poodle, and probably when we see Radjah again he will look more symmetrical. Milo, as they stood, was the best in the class and had the truest coat; he is well known. Tidi was at Boston; his quarters droop but his coat is fairly good. Vic, vhc., another Caniche, falls away in quarters too sharply and is not so good in shoulders, but has a nice coat. The bitch class was headed by the smart little Chloe, repeating her New York and Boston victories; she is one of the best we have. Frou Frou came second; she is a daughter of Milo and Chloe and is of good type. Dinah has a capital coat but is faulty in head. The novice winner was Radjah, and that easily, as Lisette's coat is too woolly and mixed and head poor. First was withheld from Victoria. Mr. Morris made his debut as judge in these classes and his awards gave satisfaction. Mr. Trevor won the kennel prize and most of the other specials.

BULLDOGS (James Mortimer, Judge).—The entries were not large in each class, and those in many instances were only mediocre, the presence of Bedgebury Lion, Pathfinder and one or two others saved the credit of the breed. Old Pathfinder looked well and was alone in the challenge dog class, and so was Addiscombe Gypsy in her division, Salem being absent. Open dogs, 4½ lbs. and over, brought out the great Bedgebury Lion, whose importation by Retnor Kennels we spoke of recently. The dog was sent over in bad condition, and it has been as much as even his owner could do to get him decently covered with hair; he was low in flesh, but there was enough of him to show that he comes well up to expectations; his head is exceptionally well wrinkled, plenty of skull, deep stop, broad, deep muzzle and just enough layback, eye might be a little more prominent, capital ears, well ribbed pear-shaped body and good swing in action; well out at the shoulder, but not too much so; his forelegs are not as straight in bone as they should be and his feet are too open; he is white with a small patch or two on body. Our old friend Handsome Dan can scarcely be considered as a serious competitor with the winner, but he in turn had his revenge in handsomely defeating Bill Sykes, whose narrow, long muzzle, poor stop and straight shoulders were much to his discredit; good ears and fair body. Rustic Sovereign was absent and Bathos took no part in the competition. In heavy bitches the well-known Dolly Tester was alone; muzzle and skull should be broader. Tim, the only representative in light-weight dogs, was only considered good enough for second in solitary competition; his head is not badly shaped, but it is very plain, lacks wrinkle, and he has bad forelegs, pasterns and feet, and is faulty behind, so he got all he deserved. Premier honors were also withheld from Dollie in the next class, though she is a much better specimen than the dog Tim; good shaped head and depth of stop, a sore on her head may have put her down. Handsome Jane is a misnomer in bulldog circles and does not do her breeding credit. A capital pup, English bred, by Bithnal Billy, was given first in its class; excellent skull and muzzle, good legs and body, well-ribbed, but too long, a promising youngster that has a sister, Venus, that is equally as good, but was under the weather and, like Eulalie, did not come.

BULL-TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—A fair entry came forward in this breed; nearly half were duplicates, and many youngsters made their debut. In the absence of Attraction, Edgewood Wonder, looking a little above herself, well deserved the challenge honors. In heavy dogs, Lord Blandford, the only entry, is a bit out at elbow, has a long, clean head, is straight in loin, ears poorly cropped, good eye; as he is by the Duke of Marlborough he is entitled to his title. The second prize winner at Washington, Kit, was placed first in 30 lb. bitches; her head is good, though inclined to cheekiness; she is also to heavy in shoulders and coarse in tail. Edgewood Fancy II., second, has a spiky muzzle and was in dirty condition. Bull-terriers cannot be shown too clean and smart looking. British Queen, going cheeky and heavy in front, has however better head and legs, and though fat, should

have beaten Fancy. In light-weight dogs, first went to Sailor, the Brooklyn winner; he is a little too much like an English terrier, and is a little bit out at elbow and cheeky, otherwise smart enough. Soda Mint is small, too full in eye, short, chunky head—a runt. Nip, vhc., is too bulky and did not deserve mention. Lorna Doone and Nery were the only entries in the bitch class. Lorna was not well shown, has a good head, fair eye, feet open, body rather long and lathy, good legs; in these and head she is well in front of Nery. She also took the novice prize, second going to Lord Blandford, Edgewood Fancy II. reserve, and Retnor Dazzle, bad front, open feet, ears lying over, faulty stern, vhc. Nery, with only hc., was harshly treated; getting second to the winner in the open class, she surely deserved another letter. Lord Blandford and Edgewood Fancy II. supplied the puppy winners. Retnor Monarch, vhc., has a rather nice head, good eye, not quite straight in front, needs filling out in body yet. Mrs. Runtin's Kit won the special for best owned by a lady, being placed over Edgewood Wonder.

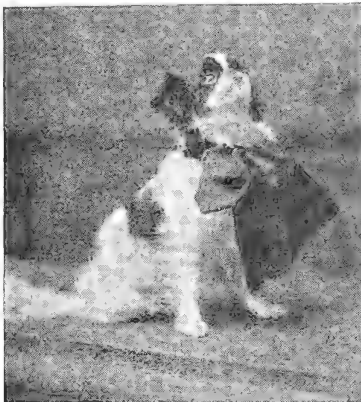
BASSET HOUNDS (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—Only one entry, but that about as good as anything yet seen out. Royal Hector has a good chest, low on the ground, plenty of bone, nice length of body, head well shaped on the whole, though stop too much defined and cut out before the eye, nice leather; shown low in flesh, but hard.

DACHSHUNDS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—The well known Don Quixote II. furnished the winner in open dogs, and he was the only one in the class. Three really nice ones put in an appearance in the bitch class. Two of them were litter sisters by Pterodactyl out of Jargonelle, but Polly Finders was rightly placed over Sister, beating her in chest, crook, muzzle and ear. Sister has an advantage only in loin, better arched and darker eye, both good length and nice skins and coat. Pollywog, that beat Janet in '92 at New York was third; this alone must be some satisfaction to Mr. Manice, as the winners are of his breeding. In the novice class Polly and Sister again won, while Pantalatte, vhc., has a mean head, good, deep chest, but slack back and flat loin, and has nothing like the quality of the winners. Polly Finders scored another blue for Mr. Matthews in the puppy class, and second was withheld from some terrier-like specimens.

BEAGLES (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—A fair entry of these little hounds was forthcoming. Several well known kennels would have been represented but for the rule about first prize money, as it was, eighteen turned up, and with fox and Irish terriers and Yorkshires had the largest number benched. In challenge dogs two good ones came up, the evergreen Frank Forest and Roy K; the former wins easily in head and from the shoulders back; only in shoulders and chest does Roy K have an advantage. We never, in late days, saw Frank Forest looking better. Jennie was absent in challenge bitch class. In 15in dogs Sport of Rockland, the winner, beats Diamond Forest in head, cleanness of shoulders and size, he showed himself badly, however; Diamond Forest is a very useful sort but a little coarse and quite big enough, looks as if he would shine at Nanuet in the fall trials. The bitch

placed first; she is more like a smooth at present, ears blunt. Suffolk Tease is a better type, but poor in front, fair coat and lots of it. Sister Grit took both novice and puppy prizes without competition; she had gone home when we came round. Mr. H. W. Smith took the kennel prize.

IRISH TERRIERS (*German Hopkins, Judge*).—Jackanapes was the only entry in challenge class and he did not turn up. The dog class, for quality, was probably as good as any in the show. Merle Grady was hailed the winner; he loses to Brickbat, Jr., Mr. Symonds's new dog, in muzzle, but taken all round is of a smarter style. Brickbat, Jr., is a well-modeled terrier and for those who like them big would, no doubt, be thought hardly treated; he has straight legs, excellent long head, with well-carried drop ears, fair coat,



TOOTSIE.

well-made body and excellent front, his size is his only serious fault in our opinion. Romulus, reserve, is a good stamp of terrier, but a bit big in ear. Fenian Boy, vhc., is too heavy in shoulders and coarse in skull, good muzzle and not true enough in front. The Alderman was third at Boston in puppies. Paddy P. has a short head, coarse skull and heavy, wide front; excepting for good wiry coat, hardly deserved his hc. In bitches the Washington winner, Judy, came to the front again and George Thomas had his revenge. Little Maid, second, has been commented on before in these columns. Erin, vhc., is pretty much on the large side. C. was given to Carna; bad expression, short head and muzzle. Brickbat, Jr., won easily in novices, followed by Shaun Rue, lately commented upon. Larry, hc., is coarse and heavy in shoulders, coat of good texture, but shedding. The Alderman won in puppies and second went to Edgewood Surprise, commended in novice class, faulty head and front. Huguenot Kennels took the kennel prize and Mr. W. J. Comstock's Merle Grady won the special for best in the show.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—Several new ones appeared here, but nothing very startling was brought out. Broomfield Sultan and Queen III. were placed in challenge class in the order named; the former beats in front and coloring. A new one, Glenwood, quite a likely terrier, came out in the open dog class; good long head, legs and short body, stern not well carried and markings on legs run in, plenty of bone and quite big enough. A youngster, Rochelle Lord, came next; he is uncropped, and has not the head, bone and substance of the other; faulty markings, but a fair sort. Jasper, reserve, is getting coarser in shoulders and head all the time. The well-known Broomfield Madge won in bitches; second withheld. Nellie is a poorish toy, with small, short head. Glenwood won in novice over Rochelle Lord, Lady Nellie Goodwood getting hc., for what we cannot tell, as she is a short-headed toy. Rochelle Lord was the puppy winner.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS (*E. H. Morris, Judge*).—A very poor apple-headed specimen was the only entry and did not deserve a card, never name first prize; Blink Bonny, shown at Yonkers, is worth a street full of him.

DANDIE DINMONTS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Only one real one in the dog class, and this the new one, Raglan Sandy, not long or strong enough in muzzle, good bone, crooked front, nice body, but short of coat. Roxie is a Skye. Qui Vive was the only Bedlington shown; he is well known.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—Only two, and



ROMEO.

these good ones. Three had no difficulty in beating Rhudiman in head, front and coat.

SKYE TERRIERS (*Dr. Cryer, Judge*).—An entry in each class, but one turned out to be a Yorkshire. Endeliff Maggie, in challenge class, was alone and was in nice coat, but soft. Wheel of Fortune was also alone in bitches; she is of good type and carries an excellent coat of good texture. A Clydesdale terrier was entered, Belle of Clyde, lots of coat, but needed a brushing. The Welsh terrier was absent.

BOSTON TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—These were poor and bulky in appearance. Prince Walnut was absent in dogs, while Toby, removed from the show after his prize was withheld, was alone in open dogs. Bitches had two entries; Madge, the winner, is a nice little sort, but too bulky, good front; Ciney was third at Boston, very much of a round head. Ned won in novices he is heavy in front and bulky looking; second withheld.

WHIPPETS (*E. H. Morris, Judge*).—The well known Boston Model was the only entry.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (*Dr. Cryer, Judge*).—The entry here was quite a surprise, as interest in this breed seems to have dwindled down very much lately. Ch. Ben showed up once more in challenge dogs; he is now ten years old, but looking well; he has lost his color to some extent. In open dogs the well known Young Ted scored again, his nice tan and body color and length of coat being too much for Prince, whose tan is light but coat plentiful. The winner in bitches should be richer and brighter in tan; she is quite big enough. Judy was the New York winner and was the best coated one in the lot, nice body color but tan mixed; should have been placed first I thought. Jennie, reserve, has a light body color and smutty light tan. Spark, the novice winner, was transferred from the Skye class, is on the larger order with smutty tan, mixed blue, good long coat. Yipper, second, too dark in body color. Jocko, reserve, is one of the old sort and Tatters does not belie his or her name.

TOY TERRIERS.—Lots of them but none that really came up to the mark. In dogs first was withheld and second given to Jerry, who has a long string of wins to his credit; he is rather on the large size for a toy and very apple-headed. Prince, reserve, is better in head. In bitches, Gegan, better in coat than most of these terriers and not so apple-headed, won from Jennie, nice size, but little tan markings. Novice, first was withheld, second going to Jimmie, a rough-haired terrier, and Baby, reserve, is in whelp and not at all up to the mark.

PUGS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Champion Bob Ivy and Nellie Bly furnished the challenge winners, both looking well. The second prize winner at New York, Waddles, won in open dogs; he is a capital bodied dog, nice head and wrinkle, and ears can be made to set well; good legs; quite a nice sort. Ivy Boy, second, fair head, nice body, curl and trace. Tip Top, vhc., has been before us before; he loses in body and head to the others. First was withheld in bitches and second went to Lillie, whose light body, faulty quarters and loin and long muzzle hurt her chances. Jane was the only novice entry; she has good wrinkle and skull but is long in body and muzzle and has big ears. The winning pup, Gracie B., has a capital skull and curl for a pup.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—With the exception of Romeo and King of the Charlies, well known winners in the challenge and open dogs respectively, there was nothing particularly meritorious; both were well shown. Bonita won in bitches but I could not find her. Lady Delina, second, has a better skull than muzzle, nice tan and plenty coat, but rather curly. Princess, reserve, has a rather good, short head, high skull and rich tan, light in body and is a bit leggy. Little Gracie has a good, short muzzle and high skull, ears small, coat not flat enough, and has dark, smutty tan. Bonita won in novices from the long-muzzled Minnie, who could only get hc.; body too light.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—We expected



MISS WAGGLES.

class had three, the winner, The Flute, a new one, is rather long in body, but has a well shaped head and good legs. Fanny Racer, well known, is not quite true in front, faulty muzzle. Prudence, very high com., was heavy in whelp, and her head is long and muzzle snipy. In challenge dogs The Rambler had little difficulty in beating Rockland Boy, who however excels the other in shoulders, his skull and ear are also very good, the other however is a better beagle. Ch. Lou, showing himself quite well, added another challenge win to her score. The next class for 13in. bitches brought out four, and the typical Minnie Mite scored easily. Fanny Read, much too fat, would have been second but for that, it made her long fine muzzle look still finer. Weenannon, second, is slightly dishd faced and needs filling out more in body, good front. Queen of the Forest, very high com., has nice skull and ear, but muzzle is poor, good legs, body and type, but for her muzzle would be quite good when she fills out, being only a puppy yet. The novice class had Sport of Rockland and The Flute, in front only does the latter score, as Sport is rather wide there, but is all round better type and of cobbler build. In puppies Cey Baby beat Queen of the Forest in head and substance. The Rockland Kennels took the kennel prize and the specials for best beagle with Frank Forest.

FOX TERRIERS (*German Hopkins, Judge*).—The classes were well supported for such a show and little if any fault was found with the judging. In the absence of Ripon Stormer, champion Dusky Trap and Beverwyck Punster did battle. The old dog looked well, barring his coat, which was ragged. Punster had to take second place, losing in body and skull to the other dog and also in terrier character. Open dogs had three entries, two absent, which left Baby Domino barren honors; he is a much improved dog on his Toronto form, he has a good front but is long in body, broad in skull and faulty in quarters. Becky Sharp was absent in bitches, only entry. The novice winner was Arrandale Mixture, who beats Bar None in body and skull; the latter's feet are not close enough, ears big, just a useful sort. Paul Pry, vhc., has a thick coarse skull and short muzzle, and ears are pricked most of the time. In bitches, Daisy scored, her skull is coarse and head too short, good front, lots of coat but soft. Second was withheld, and vhc. given to Danity, whose heavy shoulders, short chunky head, big ear, small size and not very good front sufficed to put her down. Lady Madge is weak in pasterns and turns her feet out, ears badly carried and is too full in eye, a poor lot altogether. Arrandale Mixture won in dog puppies, beating Prince easily, who has a mean chunky head. Lady Bess was counted the best of the bitch puppies, beating Trix, faulty in ear, shown too fat, but has not a badly shaped head. The wires were much better quality and this is something unusual. St. Broom, in fair trim, furnished the challenge entry. Three turned up in open dogs, the New York winner, St. Brittle, scoring again; behind him was the well known Suffolk Grip, coarse in skull and coat should be crisper, good bone and front. Suffolk Trimmer has a long head but little expression, ears well carried; he is, however, rather leggy and light and long in body. In bitches, a previous winner in Sister Trick, was

to see more and better entries of these at such a show, but good ones are scarce as hens' teeth. Murilla ably filled the challenge class. She has the best head in the lot, but is getting cloddy in body and curly coated. In open bitches Queen, small head, coat not flat enough, and not straight enough in front by any means, was alone and took the blue. The novice class was hard on the judge, as three ladies brought in the three entries and all expected to win; only one could do so, and Lill took the cake, better and shorter faced than Sallie Pippin, who in turn is better than Snooks both in body and head, the latter being too leggy and long faced. Sallie gained fame afterward in the popular vote contest.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A capital little one in Snob was to the fore in the dog class, not quite enough tan, but is very short faced, deep in stop and good skull, and is an active little spaniel as well. He repeated the win in the novice class over Queen Vic, first in bitches, who is long in muzzle and has a poor expression.

RUBY SPANIELS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—Ruby Prince, the winner in dogs, has a well-shaped head, muzzle of course could be shorter to advantage, plenty of coat, but not a very bright, rich color. King Rufus, second, is rather long faced and short in ear, capital legs, but tucked up in body. Campanini, reserve, is lathy and leggy, but has not a bad head and eye better than the average spaniel, and his legs are straight, though too long. He won in novices.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—We expected to see many more entries in this breed. Mrs. Clarke's dogs not showing up robbed the competition of some interest. Ch. Nanki-Poo, without opposition, scored another challenge win; he looked well. Mrs. Senn farmed the next class, getting first and second with Prince Yodo and Royal II., both new ones; the winner is a fairly well headed one, with good body and legs and nice coat; the second winner occupied the same position at San Francisco last month; his skull is capital but he should be shorter in muzzle; he is also a trifle large. There was no questioning Tootsie's superior merit in the bitch class, in fact she was the best in the show, and won the Japanese vase for that distinction; very short faced and deep stop, nice coat and body. Tamah, second is an old winner, and Kiku, vhc., is quite a nice little thing and should have been, I think second. Tozzo, first in novices, is long in muzzle and coarse in skull.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (*C. H. Mason, Judge*).—Spring was again to the front in the challenge class; he was nicely shown. Louris, first at New York, is a little too full in skull and weak in muzzle before the eye; nice otherwise. In the bitch class first went to Timmie, a nice size, well carried ears and nice head, good legs. Lady Lee, second, is faulty in muzzle and rather apple-headed. Folly, reserve, could have changed places with the others; better head, size and ears than Lady Lee. The only Schipperke, Imp Jack, won in open and novice classes.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—These were given to Dr. Cryer, and we suppose they were rightly placed. The winner in dogs was the well known Pippo; he looks as if he had a nice home.

Pedro, second, is fat. Jewell, winner in bitches, is a light flesh color and looks on the Chow Chow order without the sprigs of hair and spots. Beauty was second, seems too short in head and eyes too prominent. Jewell won in novices. In the absence of Sheffield Lad the only "Pom" was Bob, good coat and tail, but too prominent in skull, and short-faced. A fair Maltese terrier was shown in Tont-Tu, nice coat, well attended to; Doc is not so good in the latter respect. Flossie, in novice class, should have been thrown out, black ears, first withheld, and got second.

Mr. H. W. Smith's special for the best dog in the show owned by a lady went to Mrs. R. L. Crawford's Tootsie, the Jap. The smallest dog in the show was adjudged to be Miss M. E. Randolph's Yorkshire, Tinty.

In the bull-terrier bitch awards given last week we placed Castle Point Kennels' Nervy first and F. F. Dole's Lorna Doone second. The positions should be reversed. We marked our list from the award board, and hence the mistake.

H. W. LACY.

Homing Instinct in Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read the article on "The Homing Instinct in Dogs," by M. C. H., allow me to give you one. R. D. Thompson, constable, 618 So. Eleventh street, Philadelphia, was the owner of an intelligent Irish setter named Don, who found his home after a journey of 68 miles and under very trying and peculiar circumstances. It happened in this way: Mr. T. had taken his dog to his boat house on Salem Creek, 8 miles from that ancient city. It was his intention to spend a week or two there, but a message called him suddenly to Philadelphia on business. So rather than bother with the dog, and intending to return in a few days, he left his dog with the farmer residing on the ground with instructions to tie the dog up until he returned. Judge of his surprise the next evening to find his dog scratching at his door at Fourth and Spruce, where he was boarding. The story seems almost improbable but it happened this way. After Mr. T. had left, the farmer unchained Don, when he instantly made a bee line 8 miles to Salem, hung around the station until a train was ready, when he boarded one bound for Camden. The conductor, knowing the dog well through his master, was on the train with him. When he arrived at Camden, after a 60-mile trip, he made a streak for a ferry boat, crossed to the Philadelphia side, when he had no trouble to make the eight squares home. This can be vouched for by farmer, conductor, ferry slip master, the boarding house mistress and others.

A. C. J.

DOG CHAT.

Pacific Kennel Notes.

The Pacific Kennel Club is in high feather just now, as they realized about \$800 from the dog show they held last month. This is particularly gratifying, as, for so small a show, the club is under considerable expenses in getting a judge. Mr. Raper was paid nearly \$800 for his trip.

Mr. Campbell, the well-known California breeder of Irish setters, has lost by distemper his Glenmore Hoodlum, that won first at Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Mrs. E. B. Grace intends to bring a suit for damages against the Pacific Kennel Club for the loss of her Yorkshire terrier Sis, it having been run over by the cable cars opposite the Pavilion doors. The club claim the dog was killed owing to Mrs. Grace's neglect and that they cannot be held responsible. There is a rule in the premium list that covers this, we believe.

In regard to the Brooklyn medals, the National Greyhound Club was advised by Messrs. Elkington & Co., England, that they had shipped them on May 6, but did not advise the club on which vessel they would come. Mr. C. F. R. Drake tells us that he does not know whether they have come or not, as they have heard nothing further about them and do not know where to look for them. They will be sent to the winners as soon as they arrive.

Dates Clash.

It seemed to be the general feeling at the Pet Dog show, that the Rhode Island fixture which will be on the same week as the World's Fair show, Sept. 19 to 23, will be supported in place of the latter one. Considering all interests, Canadian and American both, would it not be well to postpone the Chicago fixture till the early part of October? If the show is to amount to anything, this had better be done while yet there is time, and get the premium list and judges list out by July 1.

We are afraid the Pet Dog show will have a serious effect on some of the "boys." It will scarcely be credited, but it is none the less true that we saw four of the "regulars" sitting mildly at a table eating ice cream, with evident and unwanted relish. This points a moral, and we earnestly draw Mr. Wade's attention to the fact, for certainly this vice should not be paraded—not for very long anyhow.

St. Bernard Importations.

This journal does not keep its issue back a day or two to enable its editor to get some news. Our "exclusives" come out on time and quite early enough for some of our contemporaries. St. Bernard men were placed in possession of the news of Mr. Reick's purchase of Young Bute a week ahead of any other kennel journal. This is an important purchase, as Young Bute was considered in the very front rank of the holy breed. In three months he won sixteen firsts and thirteen specials. He is by Lord Bute out of Baroness Cardiff, and was bred by Mr. T. Shillcock. Whelped March 29, 1890, he is just in his prime, and is said to be well marked. Among his best wins was first and cup at the St. Bernard Club show. This dog is to take the place of Refuge II., that Mr. Reick lost lately. The owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels has also been getting some young stock, four altogether, three are mere puppies, but the other is nearly two years old. He is by Marvel out of Princess Florence, and is therefore the same breeding as the Duke of Maplecroft, though from a younger litter. This youngster is said to be, by all odds, the tallest dog in England, and is perfectly marked, like his sire. His name is Duke of Fairmont, and his breeding alone should enhance his value as a stud dog. Unlike most of the winners that come over here, he has never been mated, and should therefore be more valuable to breeders here. Mr. Reick also bought several bitches, so it is probable that he will go into breeding again. On inquiry we find that Mr. Reick will return on the New York June 10.

Spaniel Deaths.

Mr. Geo. Bell, whose advertisement in our kennel columns this week shows the kind of dogs this well known breeder has in his kennel, is in sore trouble. He shipped his spaniels on Saturday afternoon from New York to Philadelphia, and they were not delivered or the box opened till Monday afternoon. The heat must have affected the dogs terribly, for when the box arrived, and Troublesome, the well known little black cocker, was at the last gasp. Mr. Bell sat up with her all night, but in spite of every attention and effort to keep her alive she died this afternoon. This is quite a

blow to Mr. Bell as it breaks up his team, and he has the sympathies of his fellow exhibitors.

Performing Dogs.

Prof. Stedman gave a very interesting performance with his trick dogs at the P. D. show. Some of the acts were quite novel. The one representing the circus horse with a fox-terrier as the bareback rider, was capital and very natural. The Irish setter walking the tight rope with the terrier on his back was another difficult feat well performed. Jim Cassidy, described as a Cheshire bull-terrier (we have heard of Cheshire cats, but never of bull-terriers), was a most intelligent and clever animal, that looked like a cross between a black and tan and a bull-terrier with something else. One thing we noticed about these dogs, they were all clean, healthy and slick in appearance, and this is more than can be said of many other performing troupes.

It was rumored that Infanta Eulalie would come to the show on Friday afternoon in response to the invitation of the president of the club, and in expectation thereof the boxes of the Lyceum were well filled by an elegantly dressed crowd of ladies all more or less interested in the show. Eulalie did not come, however, but slipped out of the Hotel Savoy with her husband and walked over to Sixth avenue to look at the elevated trains instead. The rumor, however, served its purpose at the show.

The Sewell Prize.

The competition for the most popular dog owned by a lady, the prize a painting, value \$200, of the winner, afforded no little excitement during the Pet Dog show. After the start the only two really in it were Mrs. H. G. Trevor's Milo and Miss M. E. Bannister's Sallie. On Friday Sallie obtained a commanding lead and held it till late in the evening, with 904 votes to Milo's 800. Mr. Trevor, however, settled all doubts of the result by walking up and handing Mr. Burt, who had the board in charge, \$50, which gave Milo a total of 1,800 votes, and the admirers of Sallie heaved a sigh and wished they could do the same for her. To clinch the good effect, Mr. Trevor at the same time handed the club another \$50, and hoped the show would be a success after all. This kind action was as fully appreciated as it was unexpected. The votes and names at the close of the poll were as follows, each vote representing 5 cents:

Miss Bannister's Sallie.....	904
Mrs. Blakely Hall's Snooks.....	80
Mrs. Crawford's Tootsie.....	300
Miss Tessie Coman's Lady Spot.....	101
Mrs. Barnum's Glen.....	43
Mrs. Manning's Toppu.....	10
Mrs. Senn's Romeo.....	20
Mrs. F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder.....	26
Miss Chapman's Pinta.....	22
Mrs. Senn's Lill.....	3
Mrs. Haverstick's Waddles, Jr.....	35
Mrs. Trevor's Milo.....	1,800
Mrs. Freeman's Frou Frou.....	94
Total.....	4,467
Amount received.....	\$223 35

It is peculiar that *Stock-Keeper* should be led into the mistake of saying that the American Kennel Club would not make entries at the World's Fair show unless the judges were announced at once, when *FOREST AND STREAM* distinctly quoted Mr. Vredenburgh as stating that no such communication had taken place.

The Curs Must Go.

At a meeting of the City Council of Newark, N. J., a new ordinance relating to dogs was introduced by the chairman of the license committee. It provides that a tax of \$2 shall be imposed on male and \$5 on female dogs. A dog warden is to be appointed with a salary of \$1,200 per year; also assistant wardens. Each licensed dog is to bear a collar marked "Licensed Dog, Newark, N. J." and dogs not licensed and found running at large will be impounded by the warden or his assistants and be kept two days for redemption. A penalty of \$2 will be imposed on a dog owner who fails to comply with this ordinance.

We really did not think that any one would be foolish enough to consider seriously our little squib regarding the ferocity of the Russian wolfhounds at Denver. For ourselves, we thought the sarcasm was beautiful, but evidently some people take everything but sermons *ou serieux*. If the dogs had really been judged on their benches, our staff reporter, Mr. Waters, would have told us about it. Mr. Davidson, the judge at Denver, is made of sterner stuff than that.

Arthur Trickett has arrived at Little Rock, Ark., to take charge of Mr. Pratt's kennel of St. Bernards. Mr. Pratt has built new kennels and intends to go it strong. Another bitch he has in his kennels is Adelaide II. He is now on the lookout for a first-class rough-coated dog.

In declining to act as delegate to the A. K. C. for the Southern California Kennel Club, we none the less appreciate the honor the invitation conveys. Our duty is first to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and we believe that no man connected with a kennel journal should accept such a position, or become an officer of the A. K. C. This leaves him free from any official restraint he may feel when called upon to criticize or comment on the club's actions. The Southern California Kennel Club requires a delegate, not only in name, but one who will look after the Pacific Coast interests. We should be pleased to receive the name of any independent man who feels that he could be a delegate, not only in name, but actually so.

During the Pet Dog show sales were light and many breeders were disappointed. Frank Dole sold his young bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Surprise to Mr. Paul, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Fred Schmidt arranged with the club to exhibit some St. Bernards with puppies, and he had little difficulty in disposing of several at good prices. They were by Roland, Jr. out of Norma.

George Thomas sold the greyhound Wild Rose, winner of first and special at Indianapolis show and other prizes, to Joe Lewis. Since Mr. Lewis got her she has whelped ten pups to champion Gem of the Season.

Paris Dog Show.

A successful dog show was held May 19 to 28 on the terrace of the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, France. Society people were present in numbers and a band of huntsmen in dark green cloth enlivened the scene with inspiring airs. The show was divided, one show being reserved for hounds, watchdogs, pointers and setters of foreign breeds, and this took place on after the "sports" have gone home. The exhibit of Danish and German hounds is said to have been very good. Several English exhibitors were present, and Messrs. John Proctor, Geo. R. Kroll and S. E. Shirley were the English judges who officiated in conjunction with several Frenchmen. *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) says that one "tiger" dog would make a sensation at any show. A feature of the show was the bantam bulldogs, exciting much interest, several changing hands at

big prices. Mr. Lee-Bulld pulled off some of the prizes with his team of pointers. According to the above journal the show is not conducted very satisfactory, the length of time the dogs are on the benches and the fact that several purely English breeds are judged by Frenchmen does not appeal to the suffrages of English exhibitors. Mr. W. C. Reick was present at the show and made a big offer for the first prize bantam bulldog, but failed to get him. We ought to have one or two of these over here.

Mr. W. L. Washington has been making some purchases. From Mr. Bishop, of Coffeyville, Kan., he bought Ruby Glenmore II., said to be a very promising one; she is by Finglas out of champion Ruby Glenmore. He has also bought Bushrod, a dog sired by champion Duke Elcho out of Red Rose, the dam of so many champions. The latter dog is one year old.

If "Lover of the Breed" will send us his name and address, not for publication, we shall be pleased to publish his letter.

Pacific Coast Field Trials.

The entry blanks for the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's eleventh annual Derby are being mailed by the secretary, Mr. J. M. Kilgariff. Entries close June 15, entrance being \$20, forfeit \$5. First prize will be 50% of the stake, second 30% and third 20%. The grounds have not yet been decided upon.

A Dog Poisoning Case.

An interesting dog poisoning case has just been tried in court. The plaintiff, Mr. Hardy, testified that he owned four setters which he valued at \$500. He kept them chained all the time excepting a short time in the morning and at night, when he gave them a run. The dogs never howled, nor were they a nuisance in any way to the defendant, Prof. E. H. Wilson. The plaintiff's wife caught the Wilson boys in her hen roost, where they had disturbed the nests and killed some small chickens. This led to bad feeling between the mothers, and Mrs. Wilson sent Mr. Hardy a note threatening to poison his dogs. The dogs were let out one day, and Mrs. Hardy finding a plate at her back door suspected the dogs had been poisoned. The dogs were taken very sick the same day, but Mr. Hardy by giving them antidotes, with much difficulty, however, saved their lives. Mr. Hardy was at the same time informed by the Wilson's servant that her mistress had poisoned the dogs. Mr. Hardy brought suit for \$100 damages, and counsel was engaged on both sides. The defendant procured no evidence to show whereby he was justified in administering poison to the dogs, as he could not show they were nuisances, and Judge Barrett rendered a verdict awarding plaintiff \$15 damages and costs. We cite this case as an evidence of the progressive feeling in regard to dogs as property.

A Texas Kennel.

We received a pleasant call last week from Mr. C. M. Rounds, of San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Rounds was on his way to Syracuse, near which city he has a farm where he will reside until about September, when he returns to the Lone Star State. Mr. Rounds is well known to southern field trial men. At San Antonio he has a capital kennel of English setters which he calls the West End Kennels. Among the best known dogs in his kennel are Manitoba Frisk, by Dick Bondhu—Western Belle. Among his field wins is the all-age stake at Bexar field trials last winter. Rod's Deuce is another, this dog won first in the puppy stake at Bexar trials, 1893. Among his brood bitches are Darling Flora, a full sister to Daisy, that won first in open class at New York, 1886; she herself took very high com. at the St. Paul show in 1887. Another, Sophie Hill, by The Corsair out of Ellie Hill, is a half sister of Our Pet, a New England field trial winner. Rod's Clip, a sister of Rod's Deuce and second winner of the puppy stake, Bexar trials, 1893, is another well bred one, being a granddaughter of Roderigo. Mr. Rounds also has some pointers, Duchess of Kent, by King of Kent, being one of them. She won the all-age stake at Bexar trials, 1893, and a spirited picture of this bitch on a bevy is given in a handsomely arranged kennel catalogue; another capital half tone represents Rod's Deuce and Rod's Clip both claiming point. Mr. Rounds says there is a good demand for well-bred stock down his way. He has now over forty dogs in his kennel.

Coursing.

The noted greyhound Short-Stop, a brother to that most excellent hound Skyrocket, died soon after the last Newark coursing meeting. The Occidental Coursing Club will hold another meeting somewhere about June 3.

Coursing Judges.

A correspondent writes us, that in considering the advisability of getting Mr. Hedley over to judge the International Coursing Meeting that may take place, that the question of a judge does not altogether consist of ability to render correct decisions. "The riding necessary in England does not compare with that of America." Could Mr. Hedley keep the dogs in sight? Mr. John Grace is the only man in California that can ride to the hounds. The numerous prairie dog and squirrel holes make the riding both dangerous and difficult, and the faster American have calls for harder riding. Practice makes perfect. Mr. Grace attends a coursing meeting every week for at least six months of the year, sometimes oftener, and his judgment is rarely questioned. As a slipper, Jas. Wren stands without a peer. A born athlete, with one eye on the hare and the other on the dogs, and with ample muscular power to control the biggest pair of greyhounds ever slipped, he combines unerring judgment and unquestioned integrity. No two better men can be secured for these important positions.

The Rinada Pointer Kennels, although they have sold a good deal of stock lately, are preparing for more to come. The following well-known bitches are in whelp: Westminster Ina to Ridgeview Panic, Bloomo II. to Duke of Hessen, Belle of Winchester to Lad of Beppo, and Dauntless to Chancellor, the latter a dog Mr. Pickhardt purchased from Mr. Anthony recently. The former he purchased from Mr. S. S. Banks, Bridgeport, Conn. He has lost by death Westminster Nan.

Dr. L. C. Sauveur tells us that the well-known English setter Sir Frederick died yesterday afternoon from general decline. His death was accelerated no doubt by the extreme heat. He has been gradually breaking up for some weeks past. Dr. Sauveur has our sympathy in his many recent losses. Sir Frederick was imported in 1891 by Mr. Smith, of Wheeling, W. Va., from whom Dr. Sauveur purchased him.

English Setter Beverly.

ADRIAN, Mich., June 3.—I noticed an article in your last paper in regard to an English setter named Beverly owned by me. This is a mistake for I do not own any such dog. In answering my question of March 30 you also added some information in regard to this dog, and I intended to write you in regard to it, but in some way slipped my mind and I had forgotten all about it until I just read this in your paper again.

H. L. W.

Wissahickon Dog Show.

WE have seen many *locales* for a dog show, but one might search the world over for a prettier spot than that in which the Wissahickon Kennel Club held their first show. St. Martin's Green, where the show is held, was last week the scene of the horse show, and we question the wisdom of holding such a humdrum affair as a dog show so soon after the gay and stirring scenes of last week. Society gets tired, like everybody else. The show is the nearest approach to an open air event without actually being so that it possibly could be. The Philadelphia horse show people have their ranges of stables here, and down the broad aisle of one range of stables a double row of Spratts' benches accommodates about 200 dogs; entries number 254. The roof of the aisle is iron, and this morning the broiling sun just about made everything and everybody as uncomfortable as possible. In the afternoon, however, a very heavy thunderstorm developed and rain poured in and cooled us all off.

The dogs are not yet properly arranged in their stalls and the catalogue is so full of mistakes owing to the very limited time there was to get it up after the entries closed, that another edition will be issued to-morrow. Judging has been postponed and will not commence until just about the time FOREST AND STREAM goes to press to-morrow.

There was a very limited outside attendance to-day, those present being owners and others interested in the dogs. Among the visitors we noticed A. Laidlaw, G. F. Fenton, Geo. Bell, Geo. Thomas, W. Turner, Andy McGregor, G. Hopkins, C. A. Bousfield of Bay City, Mich., J. H. Winslow, F. G. Taylor, G. Derby, Ben Lewis, Fred Kirby. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Meeham and Mrs. Gilligan. A nice lot of dogs are here; cockers are particularly good, with Laidlaw, Bell and Swiss Mountain Kennels represented. Setters and pointers turn out well, considering, and there are lots of fox-terriers and some good St. Bernards and mastiffs. There is also an excellent show of wolfhounds; the Seacroft and Huntington Kennels are both out in force. Dr. Sauvour and his right-hand man Will Connors are working like Trojans to get everything shipshape, but it is a big undertaking.

The pet dogs are benched in a separate building; about 250 dogs are benched.

H. W. L.
PHILADELPHIA, June 6.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Too-Too—Blenion Vesuvian. Mrs. C. P. Murray's (Sierra Madre, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Too-Too (Toby—Monte) to C. A. Sumner's Blenion Vesuvian (champion Lucifer—Blenion Vesta), May 12.

Katie—Soranets. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Katie to his Soranets (Vikha—Raskeda), April 30.

Svodka—Soranets. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Svodka (Kiedia—Krasotka) to his Soranets (Vikha—Raskeda), March 18.

Flodeyka—Soranets. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Flodeyka to his Soranets (Vikha—Raskeda), April 17.

Seacroft Boaster—Seacroft Bourbon. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Boaster (champion Domine—Brokenhurst Queenie) to his Seacroft Bourbon (champion D'Orsey—Danson), May 27.

Idle Ob—Corktown Cupid. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Idle Ob (Bob Ob—Cleto) to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Ob, Jr.—Dot Smirle), March 23.

Senora—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Senora (Spokane—Lady Verve) to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nello), May 7.

Katie—Patsy Bolivar. Bellevue Kennels' (Newport, Ky.) pug bitch Katie (John Bull—Lady Thelma) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), May 5.

Sara Bernhard—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Sara Bernhard (Lord Roseberry—Cora) to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), May 7.

Cashier's Daughter—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cashier's Daughter (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kashi—Lady Thora), May 7.

Lady Noble—Count Noble. Inwood Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Noble (Don—Lady) to their Count Noble (Ben—Belle), April 3.

Belle C—Count Noble. F. L. Cranston's (Pawtucket, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Belle C (Don—Lady) to Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben—Belle), April 29.

Juliette—Count Noble. D. S. Bennett's (Wrentham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Juliette (Captain Dan—Mollie Pitcher) to Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben—Belle), May 3.

Rideau Renah—Black Jacket. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Renah (Bob Ob—Flora Kay) to Corktown Kennels' Black Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah), March 31.

Gypsy—Tip Ob. H. C. Bates's (Kingston, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Gypsy to Corktown Kennels' Tip Ob (Bob Ob—Cleto), March 30.

Rideau Rhea—Black Jacket. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Rhea (Ob, Jr.—Rideau Flossie) to Corktown Kennels' Black Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah), April 2.

Rideau Roma—Black Jacket. F. A. Grant's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Roma (Bob Ob—Flora Kay) to Corktown Kennels' Black Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah), April 8.

Rideau Retzie—Corktown Cupid. A. F. Grant's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Retzie (Bob Ob—Flora Kay) to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Ob, Jr.—Dot Smirle), April 21.

Nellina—Corktown Cupid. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellina (Rover Banger—Josephine) to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Ob, Jr.—Dot Smirle), April 26.

Rideau Robina—Corktown Cupid. A. F. Grant's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Robina (Bob Ob—Flora Kay) to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Ob, Jr.—Dot Smirle), April 28.

Countess—Black Duke. D. Batynus's (London, Ont.) cocker bitch Countess (King of Obos—Vermilion) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Ob II.—Woodland Queen), April 26.

Black Duke. Jos. Spracklin's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Ina (Duke—Maud S.) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Ob II.—Woodland Queen), March 26.

King Phon's Sister—Brantford Red Jacket. Luckwell & Douglas's (Woodstock) cocker bitch champion King Phon's Sister (Ob II.—Woodland Queen) to C. M. Nelles's Brantford Red Jacket (champion Brant—Woodstock Dinah), March 31.

Galusky—Black Duke. Luckwell & Douglas's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Jealousy (Ob, Jr.—Woodland Queen) to their Black Duke (Ob II.—Woodland Queen), April 11.

Woodland Jude—Black Duke. Luckwell & Douglas's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Woodland Jude (champion Dork—Smitty) to their Black Duke (Ob II.—Woodland Queen), April 11.

Stella Brush—Woodland Duke. D. Brash's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Stella Brush (Rover Banger—Josephine) to Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Duke (Black Duke—Woodland Queen), April 30.

Woodland Cricket—Woodland Duke. Luckwell & Douglas's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Woodland Cricket (Ob II.—Woodland Queen) to their Woodland Duke (Black Duke—Woodland Jude), April 21.

Flossy P—Woodland Duke. W. Henderson's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Flossy P (Glester Shiner—Dido) to Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Duke (Black Duke—Woodland Queen), April 25.

Margueritta—Woodland Duke. J. G. Jorgensen's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Margueritta (Black Duke—Lady Nell) to Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Duke (Black Duke—Woodland Queen), April 29.

Brantford Red Riding Hood—Black Duke. C. M. Nelles's (Brantford) cocker bitch Brantford Red Riding Hood (Red Jacket—Pearl) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Ob II.—Woodland Queen), April 30.

Brantford Flirt—Black Duke. C. M. Nelles's (Brantford) cocker bitch Brantford Flirt (Red Jacket—Brantford Dorah) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Ob II.—Woodland Queen), April 26.

Chatham Queen—White Wonder. Chatham Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Chatham Queen (champion Jubilee—My Quip) to H. A. Harris's White Wonder (Gully the Great—Kite), April 10.

Lady Melville—Gully the Great. Chatham Kennels' (Boston,

Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Melville (champion Trentham Dutch—Old Lill) to F. F. Dole's Gully the Great (Gladstone—Florie), April 17.

Daisy—Eberhart's Cashier. J. W. Mack's (Dayton, Ky.) pug bitch Daisy (Harry—Bess) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kashi—Lady Thora), April 29.

Fairy—John Bull. Miss H. Belt's (Milford, O.) pug bitch Fairy (Sir Victor—Daisy) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen), April 6.

Moxie—Eberhart's Cashier. B. J. Crimmin's (West Superior, Wis.) pug bitch Moxie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kashi—Lady Thora), April 22.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Bonnie Buzz. C. A. Sumner's fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Buzz (Blenion Shiner—Bonnie Bess), May 7, three (two dogs), by W. H. McFee's Le Logos (Veronese—Regent Virtue).

Black Belle. C. A. Sumner's fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Belle (Blenion Belle (Blenion Vesuvian—Bonnie Bess), May 9, two (one dog), by his champion Blenion Volunteer.

Dell. A. G. Roemer's (New York City) pointer bitch Dell, April 28, eight (three dogs), by J. Reilly's Harrison.

Tony. M. Hewitt's greyhound bitch Tony (Dart—Flirt), April 28, twelve, by imported Babouin; four killed by bitch.

Black Maria. St. Patrick Kennels' greyhound bitch Black Maria, April 28, nine, by their Flying Dutchman.

Peggy Pryde. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Peggy Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), May 7, five (two dogs), by their import John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen).

Queen Zip. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) poodle bitch Queen Zip, May 11, four dogs, by R. I. Carter's Black Jack.

Seacroft Muss. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Muss (Cleo—Grouse II.), April 6, four dogs, by J. E. Thayer's Starden's King (Stipendary—Forest Queen).

Grouse II. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. (Rational—Oliver II.), Jan. 30, six (four dogs), by A. Belmont's Blenion Rasper (Venio—Rachel).

Gyp. Multnomah Kennels' (Portland, Ore.) Chesapeake Bay dog Gyp (Doc—Jess), May 5, ten (six dogs), by their Trouble (Drake—Flossie).

Flossie. H. G. J. Hallowell's (Conshohocken, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Flossie A. (Winnebago Max—Vastia), April 16, seven (three dogs), by his Onota Don (champion Chief—Bizezana).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Bonnie Bangle. White, black and tan head, fox-terrier bitch, whelped March 3, 1893, by champion Blenion Volunteer out of Bonnie Bess, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to Mrs. M. S. Severance, same place.

Bonnie Becky. White, black and tan head patch, fox-terrier bitch, whelped March 3, 1893, by champion Blenion Volunteer out of Bonnie Bess, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to F. E. Holden, same place.

Bonnie Biddy. White, black and tan head patches, fox-terrier bitch, whelped March 3, 1893, by champion Blenion Volunteer out of Bonnie Bess, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to Mrs. Brittan, same place.

Flying Dutchman—Black Maria whelps. Two black and white greyhound puppies, whelped April 26, 1893, by St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., to W. Ramsey, Big Bend, Cal.

Bob Up Serenely. Brindle and white greyhound dog, whelped June 22, 1892, by Dingwall out of Miss Kitten, by St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., to St. W. Vidlen, Colorado Springs, Col.

Black Maria. Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped June 22, 1892, by Dingwall out of Miss Kitten, by St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col., to Dr. J. H. Gower, same place.

Spokane—Lady Verve whelp. Pug dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellevue Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Boy. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Jan. 22, 1893, by John Bull out of Lady Verve, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Chas. M. Gage, Boston, Mass.

Corktown Cauton. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 30, 1892, by Tip Ob out of Cleto, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to J. H. Cilley, Lebanon, Pa.

Black Dot. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 9, 1893, by Black Jacket out of Dot Smirle, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to E. Goodall, same place.

Corktown Charm. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1893, by Black Jacket out of Dot Smirle, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to W. B. Palmer, Hamilton, Ont.

Quip. Black and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1892, by Tip Ob out of Corktown Bebe, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to J. A. Ellis, same place.

Corktown Coco and Corktown Copsy. Black cocker spaniel dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1893, by Black Jacket out of Dot Smirle, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Corktown Cleo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1891, by Tin Ob out of Dot Smirle, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Corktown Bebe. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 5, 1891, by Bounce out of Cleto, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Corktown Clipper. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 29, 1892, by Tip Ob out of Dot Smirle, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Tip Ob. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 30, 1890, by Bob Ob out of Cleto, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Black Jacket. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1890, by champion Brant out of Woodstock Dinah, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Corktown Copsy. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 20, 1892, by Tip Ob out of Tough, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

Corktown Coy. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 29, 1892, by Pekoe out of Rose Palmer, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to G. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherman, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I own a thoroughbred Scotch collie bitch. I bred her to a very fine looking dog whose owner told me was thoroughbred too. I inquired further back and found that he was part Irish setter. The Irish setter was evidently his sire. If I keep one of the male pups of this litter and breed him to a pure collie, would the pups be considered thoroughbred collies? Ans. They might appear to be, but of course they are not pure bred. The cross is a little too near.

Delaware River, N. Y.—I have a Scotch collie bitch. I bred her to a very fine looking dog whose owner told me was thoroughbred too. I inquired further back and found that he was part Irish setter. The Irish setter was evidently his sire. If I keep one of the male pups of this litter and breed him to a pure collie, would the pups be considered thoroughbred collies? Ans. They might appear to be, but of course they are not pure bred. The cross is a little too near.

1. St. Lawrence, A. M., A. 30ft. and 25ft. classes. P. M., steam yacht race.

1. Miramichi, Cruise to Bay du Vin.

1. Hempstead Bay, An., Hempstead Bay.

1. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck.

1. Royal Can., Queen's Cup, 40ft. Class, Hamilton.

1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch.

1. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay.

1. Beverly, Marblehead.

1. Williamsburg, Club Cruise.

1. Minnetonka, club race.

1.4. Cor., San Fran., Martinez, Suisun and Vallejo.

3. Indian Harbor, Special, Greenwich, Conn.

4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.

4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.

4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.

4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.

4. Buffalo, Club Regatta, L. Erie.

4. Pavia, Com. and Vice-Com. Club, Connecticut.

4. L. Y. R. A., Rochester, rendezvous and race.

4. Minnetonka, cup race.

4.5. Citizens Association, Open, Detroit, Mich.

7. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Fall River.

8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.

8. Beverly, 2d Open Sweeps, Quisset.

8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops and Cutters, College Point.

8. Monaquiot, Cash Prizes, Weymouth.

8. Savin Hill, First Cup, Dorchester Bay.

8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston.

8. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.

8. St. Lawrence, A. 30ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.

8. L. Y. R. A., Royal Hamilton, Ham.
10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.

10. L. Y. R. A., Royal Canadian, Toronto.

13. Miramichi, Newcastle to Chatham.

15. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 18ft. and skiff classes, Montreal.

15. Phila., Pen. and Sweeps Race, Delaware River.

15. Commonwealth, 1st Pen, Boston.

15. Jersey City, Cruise.

15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham.

15. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck.

15. Atlantic, Cruise, rendezvous, Cold Spring.

15. Minnetonka, club race.

15. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.

15. Staten Island, Open Regatta.

17. Rhode Island, Cup.

20. Monaquiot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.

22. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.

22. Rochester, Skiff, Charlotte.

22. Riverdale, Special Cup, Riverside, Conn.

22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers.

22. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. Beach.

22. Savin Hill, Union Race, Dorchester Bay.

22. Royal Can., 21ft. Class, Tor.

22.30. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, L. I. Sound.

27. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Mount Hope Bay.

28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.

29. Buffalo, An. Cruise, Lake Erie.

29. Indian Harbor, An., Green.

29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise.

29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull.

29. Royal Can., Landsdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor.

29. Minnetonka, club race.
16. Monaquiot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.

19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.

16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester Bay.

19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.

19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, Riverside, Conn.

19. Quincey, Club Race, Quincey, Mass.

19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quisset.

19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston.

19. Winthrop, 2d Cham.

19. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.

19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Goat Island.

19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dorchester Bay.

21. Rhode Island, Open.

21. Fall River, Open Regatta, Fall River.

21. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.

21. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.

24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.

24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston.

25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.

26. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.

26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.

26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.

26. Monaquiot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.

26. Minnetonka, sail off.

26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.

26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek.

26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.

31. Larchmont, 25ft. special, Long Island Sound.

—, Cor., Sweeps, 55ft. Class, Newport.

—, New York Cruise, run to Vineyard Haven.

—, New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.

—, Seawanhaka, 55ft. special.
2. Savin Hill, 3d Cup, Dorchester Bay.

2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.

2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.

2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.

2. Quincey, Club Race, Quincey, Mass.

2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.

2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.

2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.

2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.

2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.

4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.

4. Fall River, Club Regatta, Fall River.

4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.

4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.

4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.

4. Beverly, 3d Open, Mon. Beach.

6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.

9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.

9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 55ft. Class, Larchmont.
- 5-7-9. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.

7. Miramichi, Cham-Newcastle.

7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.

14. Buffalo, Club Race.

14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.
17. Mos. Fleet, Club, So. Boston.

17. Winthrop, 1st Cham., Hough's Neck.

17. Royal Can., 1st Class and 21ft. Class, Toronto.

17. Minnetonka, cup race, Lake Minnetonka.

17. St. Lawrence, A. 30ft., & 21ft. Classes, Montreal.

17. Staten Island, Club Regatta.

17. Williamsburg, Spring Regatta.

21. Quincey, Club Race, Mass.

21. Cor., Phila., An., Del. River.

21. Rhode Island, Ladies' Day.

22. Schoodic, An. Calais, Me.

23. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.

24. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.

24. Royal Can., 30ft. Class and Skiff Class, Toronto.

24. Hull Cor., 1st Cham., Hull.

24. Jersey City, An., Communipaw.

24. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, LI.

24. Cor., Phila., Special, Del. River.

24. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 18ft. and skiff classes, Montreal.

24-25. Cor., San Fran., An. Cruise.

25. Pavia, An., New York Bay.

25. Eastern, An., Marblehead.

30-July 13. Phila., Club Cruise.
10. Buffalo, Pen., 35, 25, 12, L. Erie.

10. Larchmont, Spring Regatta, Larchmont.

10. New Jersey, An., N. Y. Bay.

10. Royal Can., 25ft. Class, Tor.

10. Winthrop, Subscription Race, Minnetonka.

10. Corinthian, Atlantic City.

10. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 18ft. and skiff classes, Montreal.

10-11. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, with Encinal Y. C. Fleet.

12. Cor. Phila., sweeps, all classes.

12. Delaware River, N. Y.

12. Brooklyn, An., Gravesend Bay.

13. Atlantic, An., New York Bay.

14. Knickerbocker, An. Open, College Point.

15. New York, An., New York.

15. Rochester, Review & Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.

15. Miramichi, Chatham, triangle.

17. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.

17. Commonwealth, Cup, Boston.

17. Massachusetts, An. Open, off Nahant.

17. Beverly, Open sweeps, Mon. B.

17. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap.

17. Corinthian, An., New York.

17. Phila., Open Race, 15ft. Boats, Delaware River.
- On the first of the present month there went into effect in the State of New Jersey a new and excellent law recently passed, creating a board of steamboat inspection, which shall have control of all the waters of the State that are not under the control of the U. S. inspection service. The provisions of the law are similar to those of the U. S. service. We believe that New Jersey is the first State to pass such a law, but the others cannot move too quickly in the same direction.

The instances in which clubs which have once adopted the length and sail area rule have abandoned it for another, and in particular have gone back to a length rule, are so very rare that the action of several of the Boston clubs this spring is likely to attract general attention. From what we can learn, the most that is advanced against the Seawanhaka rule is that in one season's trial it did not work an immediate cure of certain evils of long standing, the greater number of which are due to causes entirely foreign to the question of measurement. We have yet to hear any substantial objections to the length and sail area rule or valid arguments in favor of the mean length rules which have been adopted where it has been discarded.

The condition of affairs among the large number of small clubs about Boston, nearly all of which are doing a good deal of active racing, is by no means satisfactory; but those who are looking for a remedy will have to go a good deal deeper into the matter than a mere change of the measurement formula. The interests of these clubs, some thirty in all, are so closely identified that there is an im-

mediate need of concerted action looking to a uniform system of method of measurement, sailing rules, allowance tables, fixtures and measurement rule, the last perhaps being the least important of all. What is most needed now is not only harmony and good feeling which in fact quite generally prevails, but positive action on the part of every club to harmonize its rules with those of other clubs. This much accomplished, the task of improving the rules will be a comparatively easy one; but until it is done it will be idle to expect a millennium in yacht racing through the taxation or non-taxation of sail or the incorporation of some particular amount of overhang in a formula.

In the present mixed condition of racing rules, methods of measurement, class limits and formulas about Boston, it is absurd to expect a fair test of any formula; but at the same time there is, in the large number of keen racing yachtsmen and the immense fleet of yachts from 15 to 30 ft. which are regularly raced, the opportunity to build up a system of racing clubs and racing boats such as is found neither on the Clyde, the Solent, the Thames nor the Hudson. Boston is far better situated than New York in these respects, and it only rests with the members of the various local clubs to make Massachusetts Bay the center of a model system of yacht racing.

The letter of the Corinthian Y. C., which we publish elsewhere, is most interesting in showing that, like the Eastern Y. C. last year, the club is fully awake to the changed and constantly changing conditions of yacht racing, and the necessity of some strong effort on the part of the clubs to infuse a new interest into racing rather than to follow the set course of the old club regatta with many classes and few entries in each. The impossibility of again securing fairly good entries in all regular classes has been demonstrated only too frequently of late years, and it is quite evident the racing of the future will be done by such particular classes as happen to be in favor for the time, rather than on a general turn-out of the whole fleet. In this case the best results will be obtained by intelligent efforts to concentrate the prize moneys and the labor of the regatta committees entirely on such classes as promise to make some return, rather than in indiscriminate attempts to promote racing throughout the fleet. We hope that the owners of the schooners will give such a response to the committee's letter as it deserves, and thus encourage other clubs to similar efforts.

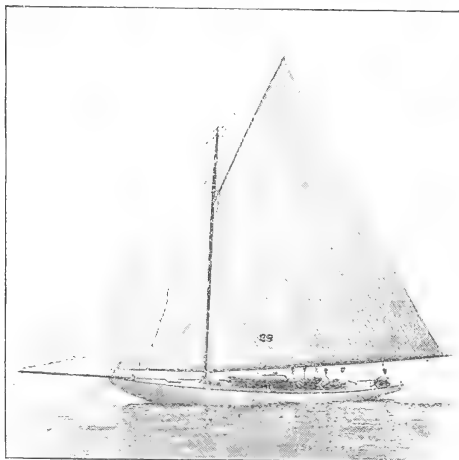
MR. CARROLL'S experience thus far in his transatlantic venture has been rather discouraging, and in addition to the delay of the necessary changes in his yacht, he has been further annoyed by the desertion of a number of seamen. The most probable reason for this is the certainty of four large yachts sailing a number of races promises good winning money to all who are fortunate enough to get on the winning boat; and the prospect of a season on a possible Cup defender here is much more alluring than that of making two ocean passages and racing on Navahoe in British waters.

The reasons given by the men, of overwork and poor pay, are interesting only because they have been used as the basis for a comparison of wages on this side and the other, which is entirely incorrect, it being stated that the sailors on British yachts are paid \$42 per month as compared with \$30 here. The pay of a British sailor is really 26 shillings per week, or \$37 per month as compared with \$30 here; but with one very important difference—the British seaman boards himself, while on an American yacht the entire crew is fed by the owner, in addition to the wages stated. In the matter of racing money the British seaman has somewhat the better of it, as he is paid \$5 for losing as well as \$10 for winning, only the winning money being paid on this side. He has, too, an allowance of 2s. 6d., about 63 cents, for "grub money" on racing days. On the whole, however, the seaman on an American yacht is better fed and better paid. The sum of \$42 per month quoted as the regular rate on a British yacht has only been paid in the case of Galatea and one or two other challengers for the America's Cup, in consideration of the double voyage and the certainty of sailing only two or three races in place of perhaps fifteen, had the yacht finished the season at home. We understand that the crew of Navahoe have been paid \$35 per month and of course their board.

The races of Saturday and Monday have each been won by Valkyrie, thus retrieving her previous defeats by Britannia, and showing that it is entirely too early yet to form a fair opinion of these two. In the race from Southend to Harwich, 50 miles, Valkyrie won by 10m. elapsed time, and in the race off Harwich she won by 1m. 2s. corrected.

The Yachting Annuals.

The new volume of "Manning's American Yacht List" for 1893 was ready by Decoration Day, and is even an improvement on its predecessor.



HANDESEL.

cessor of last year. The size, style and general subject matter is the same, but the various lists of yachts, owners, clubs, etc., have been revised and extended, increasing the accuracy and value of the book. The list of races sailed is very complete, and it is further supplemented by the record of each yacht, given in a separate column in the regular yacht list. The list of owners, club flags and private signals is also issued separately as a smaller volume at a reduced price.

"Kiley's Yachtsman's Guide," just ready, is the same indispensable hand book as ever, giving an enormous amount of information in a condensed and convenient form. Among its varied contents are tide tables, charts of the principal harbors, club flags, international code, details of pilotage, knots and splices, buoys and much other kindred matter. The numerous illustrations have as subjects the leading yachts and the officers of prominent clubs.

We have received from the author, "Thalassia," a copy of the useful little handbook of the Solent and the Coves clubs. The new edition contains a list of the fixtures of the Solent and Coves clubs, a list of the clubs, giving officers, date of organization, prize funds,

courses, etc., a summary of the Y.R.A. rules, allowance tables, and charts of the various courses.

Andrew Thompson's "Yachting Guide," that minute but useful compendium of British yachting, has been further improved this year, and gives all needful information regarding tides, racing rules, fixtures, etc.

The 85-Footers.

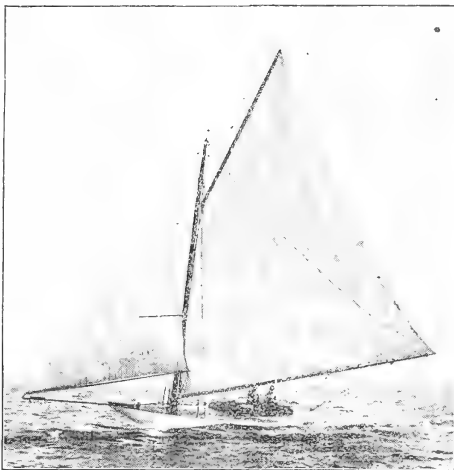
NAVABOE is now at Bristol, the work of cutting out the lead not yet being completed. Lawley has completed her hollow boom and gaff. She will now receive her cruising rig under which she will cross.

The Paine boat is not yet named, but she is nearly completed so far as the hull goes, and will be launched on June 14.

It was expected that Pilgrim would be launched this week, but owing to delay in laying her decks she will not be launched until next week, when she will be towed at once to New York to ship her fin.

Colonia is so nearly completed that her trial trip is set for Saturday. The Morgan-Iselin boat, as yet unnamed, has her decks about completed and the lead keel cast in place. The report is current that her builders will be liable to a penalty of \$3,000 if she is not ready for a trial trip by June 30.

At the last meeting of the Monaquet Y. C., on the recommendation of the regatta committee, it was voted to amend Rule II. by striking out the section relating to waterline and sail area, and to adopt in its place the following measurements: Length on the waterline, plus one-fifth the after overhang; the full crew must be aboard and stationed amidships. Also to amend Rule IV. so that it will read, "Yachts shall be divided into classes according to their sailing length,



THRUSH.

as follows: First class, 22ft. and less than 30ft.; second class, 18ft. and less than 22ft.; third class, 15ft. and less than 18ft." The following fixtures for the season, arranged by the regatta committee, were adopted: Opening day, June 8; club race, July 8; ladies' day, July 20; first championship, Aug. 2; second championship, Aug. 16; championship sail-off to be announced later. There will be a race on Aug. 26 for a cup offered by ex-Com. E. S. Hunt, to be sailed for by all the boats of the club without classification. The club adopted the Seawanhaka rule last season.

DECORATION DAY—MAY 30.

THE weather, which throughout the whole spring has been bad beyond criticism for fitting out and for early yachting, made a determined effort to redeem itself on Decoration Day; and, as our reports indicate, clear bright skies prevailed, with fresh or strong breezes for the various events along the coast and on the lakes. In most cases the clubs were content with an informal sail; but such races as were set came off quite successfully, the principal one being the open race of the South Boston Y. C. About New York, the largest fleet out was that of the Harlem Y. C. Many clubs which are not reported celebrated the day as the formal opening of the yachting season by short sails and an entertainment of some kind at the club house.

South Boston Y. C. Open Regatta.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

WITH a large membership, a good fleet of yachts, a convenient clubhouse and admirable sailing and racing waters, the South Boston Y. C. has not of late years shown that life and spirit which might be expected from it. Of late, however, some of its members have started in to stir up the club, especially in the direction of racing, and the immediate result of these efforts was the very successful race with which the Boston season was inaugurated on last Tuesday. The members of the regatta committee have been at work for some weeks over the details of the race, and as the result of their labors a very good fleet was assembled, in spite of the late season; while the race was most successful in all details. Out of the 92 entries over 80 yachts started and 62 were timed at the finish. The race was open to all yachts of 35ft. down to 15ft., enrolled in any club and boats under 15 whether enrolled in a club or not. All shifting ballast was prohibited and a time limit of five hours was set. The yachts were divided into five classes, keels and centerboards sailing together. First class, 25ft. and over 35ft., sailing length. Special class, all jib and mainsail yachts under 21ft., waterline length. Second class, 20ft. and less than 25ft., sailing length. Third class, 15ft. and less than 20ft., sailing length. Fourth class, all boats under 15ft., sailing length. The prizes were: First class, \$30 and \$20; second class, \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5; third class, \$15, \$10 and \$5; fourth class, \$8, \$5 and \$3; special class, \$30 and \$10. The measurement rule of the club, i.e., l.w.l. plus one-fifth total overhang, was used. The start was a flying one, with five minutes interval between classes.

The early morning was cool and calm, but at colors a light easterly breeze sprung up. Although it promised to continue light and variable, by 10 A. M. there was a good sailing breeze from S. E., and this gradually increased to a stiff breeze that stirred the whitecaps on Boston Bay, and made most enjoyable sailing. The older boats in the first class were rather out-classed by the larger fin keel Handels, their superior in size and type. In the special class, made for the 21 footers as the club's regular classes are 30 and 25ft., only three boats started, Exile, Thrush and Romance. Thrush was hastily put in commission for the race and had hardly enough ballast. Romance was built last year but did not race, being completed late in the season; this year she is in better shape and will sail in the local races. Violet parted a preventer and lost a little time, and ideal carried away her bowsprit early in the race. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Handsel, J. R. Hooper.....	32.00	2 36 15	1 53 45
Climax, M. F. Kelly.....	26.02	2 59 12	2 12 57
Beatrice, John Cavanagh.....	26.00	3 01 08	2 14 38
Imnie R. T. D. Rice.....	25.01	3 02 25	2 14 38
Quisset, W. P. Taylor.....	25.03	3 03 02	2 16 08
Hiladee, S. N. Small.....	25.07	3 08 05	2 20 57
Mattie, Garrett & Drew.....	25.09	3 08 05	2 20 57
Stanley, W. L. Colson.....	26.00	3 10 07	2 22 27
Violet, H. K. McKee.....	33.08	3 08 00	2 31 31
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegeahn.....	25.00	3 35 10	2 47 04
Josie M., R. Malone.....	37.05	3 39 30	2 55 07

SPECIAL CLASS.

Exile, J. F. Small.....	1 55 05	1 16 34
Thrush, Joseph Turner.....	2 02 40	1 23 56
Romance, Loring Sears.....	2 03 13	1 24 42

SECOND CLASS.

Wapiti, James Bertram.....	2 05 16	1 28 06
Avila, J. J. Bigh.....	2 04 00	1 28 22
Ustane, Karshick & Co.....	2 07 57	1 28 22
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell.....	2 08 10	1 28 35
Sinbad, Frank Torrey.....	2 08 31	1 29 41
Black Cloud, Taylor & Putnam.....	2 08 24	1 31 14
Ideal, Frank Williams.....	2 11 17	1 32 11
Adolph, Henry Moebse.....	2 11 17	1 32 39
Judith, W. B. Pigeon.....	2 09 52	1 32 42
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater.....	2 10 10	1 32 47
Oddfellow, E. P. Curtis.....	2 10 28	1 37 39
Julia, W. H. McLeod.....	2 10 28	1 40 15
Helen, George Collins.....	2 17 57	1 42 10
Gisela, John F. Ring.....	2 23 22	1 42 10

	THIRD CLASS.		
Magpie, H. G. Otis.....	19.08	1 25 46	0 59 32
Egeria, L. T. Howard.....	19.08	1 27 08	0 59 32
Arab, W. F. Scott.....	19.08	1 28 13	1 10 33
Alpine, C. E. Blethen.....	19.03	1 33 53	1 01 45
Trifle, J. F. Cashin.....	18.07	1 32 50	1 04 34
Helen, T. Pfund.....	19.09	1 32 09	1 05 01
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning.....	16.11	1 35 41	1 05 15
Vedgie, C. A. Borden.....	16.10	1 36 16	1 05 43
Imp, George F. Maybury.....	16.01	1 37 56	1 06 42
Coat, Thomas Murphy.....	18.08	1 36 13	1 07 53
Elsie, Keating & Bailey.....	16.06	1 40 45	1 09 46
Leda, C. P. Blinn.....	18.03	1 39 28	1 10 39
Don, W. H. Shaw.....	17.04	1 41 51	1 11 56
Vidette, P. J. Burke.....	19.05	1 41 45	1 14 15

FOURTH CLASS.

Tantrum, F. D. Perkins.....	14.07	0 59 12	0 30 34
Laurel, J. H. Hutchings.....	13.07	1 02 25	0 42 11
Princess, E. D. Gay.....	13.10	1 04 30	0 44 30
Marion, H. E. Verca.....	14.09	1 04 29	0 45 20
Transit, S. N. Small.....	12.09	1 07 34	0 46 28
Bother, L. P. Kayser.....	13.11	1 07 13	0 47 18
Cutty Sark, M. Torrance.....	13.04	1 09 10	0 48 41
Tuxsain, C. Greenlaw.....	13.01	1 09 32	0 48 42
Bubble, J. P. Bullard.....	12.00	1 11 37	0 49 41

The Good Luck protested the Ustane on measurement, the Magpie and Egeria entered mutual protests on measurements and the Princess protested the Marion for fouling her at buoy 7.

The judges of the race were ex-Commodore Arthur Fuller, Thomas Christian, C. McKenna, W. H. Godfrey and Hubert Pope.

The regatta committee included Edward L. Stickney, chairman; William Allerton, secretary; Charles J. Chance, Frederick E. Bowker, Thomas F. Bruen, Newton B. Stone, John V. Young and Com. Morrill and Vice-Com. Ferdinand ex-officio.

Harlem Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE tenth annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C. was sailed on May 30 from the new club station at College Point, the courses being: For classes A, B, C, D, E, F and G is around Sand's Point Buoy, 15 miles; classes H, I and J, around Gangway Buoy, 15 miles, and classes K and L, around Stepping Stones Light, 12 miles. The first half of the course was made before a strong southeast breeze and the beat home was to windward with even more wind, not a few of the starters failing to finish. The times were:

	CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 35FT. AND OVER.		
Gypsy.....	12 17 43	3 18 10	3 18 27
Agnes S.....	12 19 30	3 52 48	3 33 18
Evadne.....	12 17 13	3 32 58	3 15 44

	CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS, 30 TO 33FT.		
Charles Welde.....	12 20 00	3 48 32	3 28 32
Katie Louise.....	12 18 15	3 34 10	3 17 55
Calamity.....	12 16 21	3 54 07	3 37 46
Edith.....	12 17 37	Did not finish.	
Peerless.....	12 19 26	3 35 12	3 15 46

	CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS, 25 AND UNDER 30FT.		
Isabelle.....	12 20 00	Did not finish.	
Iola.....	12 17 00	4 04 14	3 47 14
Rosetta.....	12 20 00	5 06 30	4 42 45
Una.....	12 19 00	5 37 31	4 18 31

	CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS, UNDER 25FT.		
Oriole.....	12 17 49	Did not finish.	
Idler.....	12 18 18	5 12 30	4 54 11
Bertie M.....	12 17 31	5 08 35	4 51 14

	CLASS E—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL, OVER 24FT.		
Cygnnet.....	12 17 00	3 39 20	3 23 20
Maud M.....	12 18 24	3 35 30	3 17 06

	CLASS F—CABIN CATS, 30FT. AND UNDER.		
Florence K.....	12 25 00	Did not finish.	
Marianna.....	12 21 30	4 26 45	4 05 15
Adna.....	12 25 00	Did not finish.	

	CLASS G—OPEN CATS, 25FT. AND UNDER.		
Jessie.....	12 21 15	4 36 40	4 15 25
Surprise.....	12 23 00	Did not finish.	
Happy Thought.....	12 24 05	4 05 50	3 41 44
Phoebe.....	12 25 00	4 01 32	3 36 32

	CLASS H—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL, 24FT. AND UNDER.		
Alf.....	12 21 37	4 02 00	3 40 23
Gipsie.....	12 21 40	Did not finish.	

	CLASS I—CABIN CATS UNDER 24FT.		
Genesee.....	12 22 46	4 03 57	3 41 11
Nady.....	12 22 34	4 23 35	4 01 01
Mohican.....	12 23 39	Did not finish.	
Christina.....	12 22 46	4 26 31	4 03 46

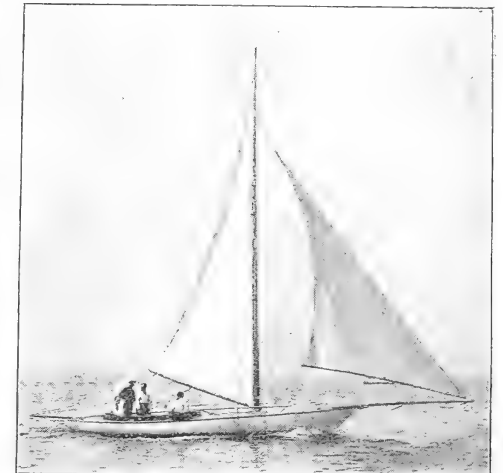
	CLASS J—OPEN CATS, 20FT. AND UNDER.		
Emily.....	12 23 09	4 02 13	3 40 04
Anglesey.....	12 22 24	3 56 00	3 33 45
Bertha.....	12 23 14	Did not finish.	
Regina.....	12 22 16	Did not finish.	

	CLASS K—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL UNDER 19FT.		
Viking.....	12 26 50	Did not finish.	
Ida.....	12 26 17	2 55 00	2 28 43
Spray.....	12 26 30	Did not finish.	
Francis W.....	12 24 40	Did not finish.	

	CLASS L—OPEN CATS UNDER 17FT.		
Amaranth.....	12 25 20	Did not finish.	
Tramp.....	12 27 05	3 04 00	2 36 55
Cornet.....	12 27 40	Did not finish.	
Snap Shot.....	12 27 05	3 15 50	2 46 45
Alie Maud.....	12 27 05	2 58 30	2 31 25

Alie Maud, in Class A, Peerless in Class B, Iola in Class C, Idler in Class D, Maud M. in Class E, Marianna in Class B, Phoebe in Class G, Alf in Class H, Genesee in Class I, Anglesey in Class J, Ida in Class K, and Alice Maud in Class L.

At the outer mark Iola lost her topmast, Katie Louise turned the wrong outer mark and was disqualified and Robert T. capsized. The



EXILE.

judges were Geo. Parkhill, Columbia Y. C.; Capt. Jas. C. Summers, and Wm. E. Kinzey, Harlem Y. C.

Staten Island Y. C.

STAPLETON, S. I.—NEW YORK BAY.

THE programme for Decoration Day included a race from Stapleton to Great Kills, a dinner and a sail home at night. The race resulted as follows, the course being 11 miles:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sterling, M. Taylor, Jr.....	2 05 25	2 05 25
Mabel, W. H. Ludlum.....	2 01 08	1 57 14
Mamie S., John Sandford, Jr.....	2 13 40	2 07 00
Cynthia, Hoyer & Winsch.....	2 21 53	2 16 27
Melisse, E. W. Simonson, Jr.....	2 18 05	2 08 42
Daisy, John H. Boldt.....	2 50 00	2 37 05
Try Again, W. E. Horn.....	2 05 25	2 01 00
Hilda, C. A. Whitehouse.....	Did not finish.	

Cape Ann Y. C.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

The first race of the season was sailed on May 20 in a strong S.E. wind, the courses being 11 and 4 1/2 miles. The entries were few and confined to the smaller boats. On the run in Vona filled and one of her crew, Warren Parks, was washed overboard. Those on the boat were unable to help him, but he kept afloat until Capt. Harding picked him up in a dory. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Viola, D. Fraser.....	23.08	2 13 30	1 38 39
Mavis, Smothers & Brooks.....	19.10	2 19 28	1 38 56
SECOND CLASS.			
Obbipie, J. Strum.....	16.08	2 22 00	1 33 36
Madcap, Elwell.....	16.08	2 27 22	1 38 58
THIRD CLASS.			
Vona, J. F. Norwood.....	14.09	1 05 04	0 40 59
Star, H. Douglass.....	14.06	1 10 00	0 45 50

The judges were H. A. Norwood, Aaron Brown, Franklin Davis and J. R. Frigle. Viola wins \$10, Mavis \$6, in the first class; Chippie \$9, Madcap \$5.25, in the second, and Vona \$8 and Star \$7.75 in the third.

Atlantic Y. C.

As the first yacht club to institute a formal observance of Decoration Day, the Atlantic Y. C. still rigorously maintains the custom, and as usual a large fleet mustered off Bay Ridge on Monday. The principal object of the regatta was the new schooner Emerald, still far from completion, but Mr. Maxwell had determined to have a sail on Decoration Day, and he did it, though the yacht returned to Elizabeth early next day for further work. On Saturday and Monday all was bustle aboard, rigging was set up, sails bent, and everything fitted in place, and the yacht was ready to get under way for a trial trip on Tuesday morning. The topmast rigging was not spliced, the ends being merely turned up and seized, and much of the other work was suitably hurried. The programme for the day, which was carried out to the letter, was as follows:

FLAGSHIP WATER WITCH, {
New York, May 21, 1893.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

I. The regular excursion of the fleet of the Atlantic Y. C., provided for in Section 1 of Chapter 10 of the by-laws, will take place on Decoration Day, Tuesday, May 30.

II. The fleet will assemble off the club house, foot of Fifty-fifth street, Brooklyn, promptly at 10 o'clock A. M., anchoring in two lines, 100 yds. apart and parallel to the shore. All steamers, schooners and classes 1, 2, 3 and 4 of sloops will form the offshore line, the sloop Rival, Vice-Com. Sanford, on the right, and all other classes the inshore line, the Saona, Rear-Com. Ketchum, on the right. The southerly end of each line shall be the right of line and shall be off the westerly corner of the Atlantic Basin. The flag officers designated shall take position promptly at 9:30 A. M., anchoring as near as practicable in line with the southwest corner of the basin. Yachts will take position in their respective lines without delay, regardless of size, and without interfering with yachts already in position.

III. At 10:30 A. M. a gun will be fired from the flagship and the club signal will be hoisted at the club house. The club will then salute the flag as follows: Commencing on the right of the offshore line, each yacht in line, in quick succession, and in the order of its position, shall fire a gun, the inshore line firing in like order after the offshore line.

IV. After the salute a gun will be fired from the club house, which will be the signal for the fleet to weigh anchor and start. No time will be taken either at the start or finish. All schooners and classes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of sloops will sail to and around buoy 12, on the southwest spit, keeping same on the port hand, thence home to club anchorage. All other classes will sail to and around Swash Channel bell buoy, keeping same on port hand, thence home to club anchorage. Yachts must pass to the westward of Fort Lafayette and the Romer Beacon and to the eastward of buoys on west bank, both going and returning.

V. Yachts will sail in cruising trim, with anchors, chains, deck fittings, cabin furniture and fixtures in their usual places, and boats on davits, on deck, or towing astern, as they are usually carried in cruising. Promptness in taking position is particularly requested. By order of the Commodore, GEORGE H. CHURCH, Fleet Captain.

With a fresh breeze up the Bay the sail was lively and exciting, and those present were treated to a scrub race between Emerald and Iroquois, the latter schooner, with Mr. Iselin, Capt. Hansen and the racing crew of the new syndicate boat on board, having towed down Vona to Rochelle to try the new boat. As a race the brush did not amount to much, the one boat in perfect form and manned by a picked crew, while the other was just out of the yard and with no regular crew, while all gear and sails were new. Emerald was handicapped by the absence of a spinnaker on the run in, and by the fact that her topmast rigging parted the seizing and made it necessary for her to stow her light sails, but on the whole she made a very good showing. After the race Iroquois returned to her quarters at New Rochelle. With the fleet were Water Witch, Rival, Saona, Tigress, Anaconda, Hydriad, Nautilus, Shamrock, Aglaia, Iola, Cavalier, Beatrice, Gevalia, Awa, Signal, Rover, Coronet, Ventura, Vidette, Daffodil and Agnes. A dinner was served in the club house after the return of the fleet.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in selecting May 27 for the opening of the Oyster Bay house missed the pleasant weather of Decoration Day and met with a chilly and windy day, the races being postponed as the boats had not reached Oyster Bay. The members of the club were on hand, however, Com. Center coming in on Vice-Com. Benedict's steam yacht Oneida, Medusa, the flagship, not being yet in commission. The gun was fired by Mrs. A. F. Montant, wife of the fleet captain, and the colors duly hoisted, after which a luncheon was served. There were present Com. Robert Center, Vice-Com. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Lawrence, George Work, Mr. and Mrs. J. Forbes-Leitch, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley W. Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Underhill, Mr. and Mrs. John Agar,

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Montant, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gracie, Dr. and Mrs. Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Leland, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Townsend, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Barton, the Misses Du Vivier, Weeks, Swan, Leland, Townsend, Randolph, Van Schaick, Webb, Johnson and Willis, Rear-Com. Herman Clarke, F. Delano Weeks, George Bullock, R. C. Townsend, Gerard Beekman, John Hyslop, J. F. Taus, Irving Cox, Walter C. Keer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wetmore.

In the harbor were the steam yachts Oneida, Vice-Com. E. C. Benedict; Reverie, Frederic Bourne; Avenal, G. W. Loper; Emu, E. Du Vivier; Jean, James Renwick, and Linta, Walter Luttrell; schooners Brunhilde, David H. King, Jr., and Ramona, Henry F. Gillig; sloops Gracie, Arthur M. Dodge; Katrina, George Work; Pilgrim, E. M. Townsend; Banshee, Arthur M. Scribner; Kathleen, Capt. Rathbone; Nady, A. P. Montant, and Mirth, J. W. Beekman; cutters Bedouin, C. W. Wetmore; Oriva, Rear-Com. Clarke; Nymph, W. H. Harris, and Lotovana, M. G. Fosdick.

The first race for the Rouse and Wetmore cups was set for May 30, but only Nameless and Toboggan were ready, the others not being in racing condition. A match was made between the two, Mr. Wetmore sailing Nameless and Mr. Cornelius Roosevelt, an old member of the club, long absent in Paris, sailing Toboggan. Nameless parted her hobstay and withdrew, leaving Toboggan to finish alone. The club house in this city will be open all summer.

Pavonia Y. C.

COMMUNIPAW.—NEW YORK BAY.

The Pavonia Y. C. had arranged for the opening of the Atlantic Highlands club house on Decoration Day, but as the alterations to the house were not completed, the opening was postponed to June 15, and

Two Stars, H. M. Jones.....	16.06	1 56 51	1 17 04
Thelma, F. C. Holmes.....	15.07	1 59 06	1 17 28
Wild Eawn, W. T. Eldridge.....	17.02	1 59 25	1 20 42
Ida F. J. E. Jordan.....	17.05	1 59 06	1 20 46

Nancy Hanks is a new boat, built and sailed by Capt. Nat Watson, of the schooner Constellation. The club has arranged the following races for the season. Open to all boats of the following classes: 1st, class, catboats 20ft. and under 26ft. w.l.; 2d, class, catboats under 20ft. w.l.; 3d, class, spritsail boats, with foresail and mainsail; 4th, class, boats with gaff foresail and sprit mainsail. The dates are: May 30, June 17, July 4, Sept. 16 and Oct. 7. The other events of the season are Aug. 3, ladies' day, and Sept. 4 outside races.

The regatta, Sept. 4, will be sailed in the outside harbor, starting about 1 1/2 hours before low water. The other races will be sailed in the inside harbor, starting about 1 1/2 hours before high water.

Besides the general prizes that will be offered amounting to about \$250, a club pennant prize will be offered to each of the four classes of boats; to be awarded to boats of this club making the shortest corrected time in the greatest number of the first five races.

The races are to be sailed under such conditions as may be prescribed in the regatta notices of each race, subject to the rules of this club. The regatta committee is composed of Messrs. Nathaniel Morton, F. N. Eldridge, A. O. Fay.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVENSEND BAY.

The fleet of the Brooklyn Y. C. was ready as per orders early on Tuesday morning, the first ceremony being a review and inspection by the officers, who were rowed through the fleet in Com. Sutton's gig, each yacht saluting with the ensign as they passed. Then the fleet got under way for a sail down the Bay, and on the return all captains were invited on board the new flagship Loyal, lunch being served at the same time at the club house. There was a reception and dance ashore in the evening. The following yachts took part in the proceedings: Acorn, P. H. Jeannot; Addie, E. S. Anderson; Alma, J. S. Hale; Carrie, Charles H. Oliver; Dolphin, G. L. Robinson; Edda D., R. W. Rummell; Grace, J. V. P. Shields; Grimaldin, S. S. Ballou; Lorna, Dr. H. E. Spencer; Juanita, C. F. Larzelere; Mabel, Peter Mahoney; Pan-chito, G. P. Foote; Sun-beam, John Macrae; Sappho, G. B. Lyons; Triant, F. L. Townsend; G. B. Townsend; Alice, John Cotter; Emmie, Albert Clunan; Faustina, R. C. Hopkins; Isolda, F. W. Bobbell; Waif, W. E. Hart; Annie, R. G. Austin; Alper, W. E. Doggett; Boss, M. J. Han; W. T. Murphy; Fair Wind, J. G. Meehan; Gypsy, North McLean; Golden Rope, F. Prentiss; Ida, Frank McCarthy; Helka, E. H. Converse; Iroquois, E. H. Chandler; Kangaroo, Franklin Beams; Mary A. Tracy; Mary A., J. J. Lyons; Senoiole, J. Brown, Jr.; Seneca, J. P. Tribeken; Tropic, E. M. Rewey; Vixen, Louis Wunder; Water Lily, W. D. Anderson, Jr.; Laura E., J. J. Bookee.

American Y. C.

The house of the American Y. C., at Milton Point, was opened on May 30, the colors being set at 4 P. M. Among those present were: Com. Frank R. Lawrence, Vice-Com. John H. Flagler, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Polhemus, Walter O. Jones, Geo. W. Place, C. H. Lauteran, James Brisbane, Frank Porter, Horace L. Hotchkiss, Miss O'Hara, Miss Vernon Brown, Frank Hall, Mr. Morris, H. B. Taylor, J. R. Livingstone, Mrs. Storm, G. B. Charlick, Mr. and Mrs. E. Davidson, Dr. L. L. Seaman, David H. King, Jr., Preston Watson, G. B. Watts, John P. Townsend, John S. Tilney, John W. Rooman, Robert Glover, Geo. W. Hall, Rear-Com. G. Weaver Loper, Thos. L. Scovill, Dr. Chas. L. Pardee, Charles H. Haswell, Chief Engineer George W. Magee, United States steamship Miantoumoh; W. S. Alley, Isaiah Faxon, John R. Hegeman, W. H. Starbuck, W. H. Catlin, E. H. Weatherbee, Clement Gould, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Alley, ex-Com. G. C. W. Lowrey, of the Larchmont Club; F. W. Flint, C. R. Flint, Frederick M. Dey, C. M. Wayland Thomas Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wainwright, W. Tunis, Mrs. Roach, Miss Roach, Stephen Roach, Dr. Samuel Hall, Mrs. E. Millbank, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Wayland, Dr. Collins, H. J. Buzbee, G. Dessauer, James Fairbrother, Miss G. Doscher, S. H. Van Sicklen, and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Jordan.

Oceanic Y. C.

COMMUNIPAW—NEW YORK BAY.

The Oceanic Y. C. sailed its first race on May 30 in a strong S.E. wind, which disabled three of the boats. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.			
	Start.	Finish.	
Osceola, M. Roseman.....	2 22 15	4 06 15	
C. Tutthill, T. Newman.....	2 16 00	4 12 00	
CLASS B.			
Willie K., S. Kimberland.....	2 05 30	3 41 30	
Restless, Meserau & Cochran.....	2 09 00	3 45 00	
Faun, A. Cochran.....	2 19 00	4 13 45	
CLASS C—OPEN CATS.			
Old Tom, S. Sharp.....	2 11 09	3 44 39	
Tough, H. Carr.....	2 08 00	3 54 30	
Halcyon, J. Murray.....	2 12 00		
CLASS D—SKIFFS.			
Only Son, W. Carr.....	2 18 30	4 32 15	
Jennie H., G. D. Herbert.....	2 18 00		
Jenny M., F. Van Winkle.....	2 19 00		

Audubon Y. C.

152D ST., NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

The Decoration Day race of the Audubon Y. C. was sailed in a fresh southerly breeze over a triangular course on the Hudson River, the winners being: In class A, H. W. Beecher; class B, John Cameron; class C, Winona; class D, Frank E. Polhog; class E, Blythe; class F, canoe yaws, Sea Horse. In the canoe yawl class Bonnie Beasly, at the upper stakeboat. Her owner, E. O. Kraemer, was rescued by the sloop White Cap.



"BRITANNIA," CUTTER.

Designed by G. L. Watson, Esq., 1893, for the Prince of Wales.

a scrub race from Communipaw around Fort Lafayette and return, 15 miles, was arranged to fill in the day. In the first class Avalon beat Phantom; in the second class Forsythe beat Pavonia, Wacondah and Mascot not finishing; in the third class Christine, though she lost her topmast, beat Souther Johnnie and Mary B.; in the cabin cat class Water Witch beat Water Lily, and in the cat class Mosquito beat Defiance, five of the class withdrawing.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The Plymouth Y. C. opened the season on May 30 with the first of a series of five pennant races, sailed in a refreshing breeze from S.E., over the new inside course. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Future, W. T. Whitman.....	21.05	1 42 33	1 10 52
Wharton, A. L. Bailey.....	30.01	1 51 43	1 18 32
SECOND CLASS.			
Nancy Hauks, P. A. Maglathin.....	18.07	1 35 51	0 59 19
Sigrid, Watson and Looz.....	17.10	1 45 54	1 08 14
Mildred, Holmes and Harlow.....	18.01	1 47 56	1 10 39
Amie, Ernest Hartford.....	16.06	1 50 32	1 11 02
THIRD CLASS.			
Mystery, T. S. Dimon.....	14.11	1 40 17	1 06 32
Hid Honesty, J. C. Daves.....	16.10	1 50 20	1 11 04
Major D., Seth Drew.....	15.06	1 53 09	1 11 31
Katie L., James Bagnell.....	17.04	1 51 27	1 12 59
Puritan, C. D. Craig.....	16.11	1 54 03	1 14 38
Henrietta, J. M. Watson.....	16.07	1 54 56	1 15 13
Spray, C. F. Bradford.....	16.00	1 56 35	1 15 53
Gypsy Girl, W. Steel.....	17.04	1 57 59	1 19 21
Pilgrim, Ansel Bartlett.....	16.02	2 02 45	1 22 20
FOURTH CLASS.			
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay.....	16.08	1 54 28	1 14 55

THE JUNE REGATTAS.

The programmes for the June regattas of the leading clubs have mostly been issued and this week the racing will begin with the important regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. starting at 11 A. M. over the regular club courses and under the club classification.

On Monday, June 12, the regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be sailed; the conditions were published two weeks since.

The twenty-eighth annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. will be sailed on June 13 and will be open to yachts enrolled in the following clubs: New York, American, Corinthian, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont, Philadelphia, Marine and Field Club, Philadelphia, Corinthian of Philadelphia, Eastern, Riverside, Cedar Point, New Haven, the Pequot Association and New Bedford.

The start will be at 11 o'clock. The starting and finishing line for all classes will be between Buoy No. 11 and a stakeboat anchored to southward and eastward thereof. The signals will be given from the judges' boat. The preparatory signal will be a whistle and the lowering of the club burgee for all yachts to approach the line. The start will be for the 30ft. class, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

The classes are as follows: Schooners.—Class 1, all over 90ft., prize \$150; class 2, all over 70 and not over 90ft., prize \$125; class 3, all of 70ft. and under, prize \$100.

Sloops, cutters and yawls.—Class 1, all over 70ft., prize \$100; class 2, all over 61 and not over 70ft., prize \$75; class 3, all over 53 and not over 61ft., prize \$55; class 4, all over 46 and not over 53ft., prize \$30; class 5, all over 40 and not over 46ft., prize \$35; class 6, all over 35 and not over 40ft., prize \$30; class 7, all over 30 and not over 35ft., prize \$25; class 8, all over 25 and not over 30ft., prize \$40; class 9, all of 23ft. and under, prize \$35; class 10, all open sloops, prize \$30, and class 11, all cut rigged yawls, prize \$25.

The courses are: All classes of schooners and Classes 1, 2 and 3 of sloops to Southwest Spit, thence to Scotland Lightship, thence five miles south-southwest to turning mark, and return over same course. For Classes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

For Classes 6 and 7, same as foregoing, to Scotland Lightship, thence to finishing line.

For Classes 8, 9, 10 and 11, to said stakeboat near Buoy No. 6, off Sandy Hook, and return.

Yachts will be rated for time allowance according to the following system: To the square foot of the sail area add the load waterline and divide the result by 2. The result is the measurement for time allowance.

Yachts entering to sail in cruising trim shall be rated for time allowance at 94 per cent. of their racing length. Yachts so entered must sail in ordinary cruising trim, and carry their complete cruising outfit.

The prizes to be sailed for are as follows: Schooners.—Class 1, \$150; Class 2, \$125; Class 3, \$100. Sloops, cutters and yawls.—Class 1, \$100; Class 2, \$75; Class 3, \$65; Class 4, \$60; Class 5, \$55; Class 6, \$50; Class 7, \$50; Class 8, \$40; Class 9, \$35; Class 10, \$30. Catboats.—Class 11, \$25.

In case of only one yacht starting in any class, the prize will be one-half of the amount named in the above list, and where five or more yachts start on a class a second prize amounting to one-half of the first prize will be given. The prizes may be received in cash or the equivalent in silver, at the option of the winner.

Entries must be in writing and filed with the chairman of the regatta committee, Mr. Henry B. Howell, No. 109 Wall street, this city, not later than 11 o'clock A. M. Saturday, June 10.

The 48th annual regatta of the New York Y. C. will be sailed on Thursday, June 15, the conditions being as follows:

Schooners.—Class 1, over 100ft.; class 2, over 80ft. and not over 100ft.; class 3, over 80ft. and not over 90ft.; class 4, over 70ft. and not over 80ft.; class 5, of 70ft. and under.

Sloops, cutters and yawls.—Class 1, over 80ft.; class 2, over 70ft. and not over 80ft.; class 3, over 61ft. and not over 70ft.; class 4, over 53ft. and not over 61ft.; class 5, over 46ft. and not over 53ft.; class 6, over 40ft. and not over 46ft.; class 7, over 35ft. and not over 40ft.; class 8, over 30ft. and not over 35ft.; class 9, over 25ft. and not over 30ft.; class 10, of 23ft. and under.

Any yacht launched prior to June 1888, exceeding the higher limit in any class by not over the fraction of a foot, shall be included in that class. Any yacht when alone in her class can sail in the class above.

There will be no time limit to the race. The start will be off buoy No. 11 in the lower bay, and the preparatory signal will be made at ten minutes to 11 o'clock A. M., wind and weather permitting.

The courses will be as follows: Class 1, from the Judges' boat, anchored to the east of buoy No. 11, to buoy No. 12, near the South Spit; thence south of buoy No. 10 and north of the bell buoy off the point of Sandy Hook to Sandy Hook Lightship, turning from the north and east and returning over the same course.

Course No. 2.—The same as course No. 1, substituting the Scotland Lightship for the Sandy Hook Lightship. This course is intended for classes 6 and 7—sloops, cutters and yawls.

A stakeboat displaying a large club signal will be anchored to the westward of buoy No. 11.

To mark buoy No. 12, a boat displaying a large red flag will be anchored at the eastward of it.

Yachts sailing in cruising trim must carry at least one anchor on the bow with cable bent, cruising complement of boats, cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extended above the truck or beyond the end of the mast.

The Brooklyn, E. D., Schuetzen Corps, Captain Charles Heinbockel is holding a festival in the new Schuetzen Park at Glendale, L. I. to-day. Fifteen cash prizes, ranging from \$20 down to \$1, will be divided among the lucky winners. Three gold medals will be found there waiting to be pinned to the bosom of some sharpshooter.

The ninth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest will be held in Victoria, B. C., on Wednesday to Saturday, inclusive, next week and a big crowd of enthusiasts are expected. The programme has already been summarized in these columns. The association has been extremely liberal, and offers cash and medals aggregating in value over \$700.

Idred, 1111010110101111111111111111-23
Bavington, 1111101110111111101111111101-26
& Matthews, 0111011101111111111111111111-27

DETROIT, Mich., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth tournament of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association will be held at St. Louis, Mo., July 6 and 7, and will be followed by a live bird shoot on the 8th. The association will give away \$100 a day and an elegant gold trophy emblematic of the individual championship of Missouri. This shoot ought to draw well as everybody who participated in the three previous shoots, was highly pleased and speaks in the highest terms of the liberality of the association. The association has been successful in the past, and has been able to give away \$1000. It has been done before, give them something to shoot for, and has so far given away \$600 in cash, and three elegant trophies, has made about \$800 for the clubs where the tournaments have been held, and created quite a boom in trap-shooting in each place. Numerous applications for tournaments have been received from gun clubs throughout the country, the places have been selected, as the applications have been received (just come first served). I hope to see you at the shoot for St. Louis shoot.

JOHN PARKER, Manager,
Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association.

Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League.

New Haven.

Savage.....	1011111111111010111111111100—	25
Potter.....	1111111111111111111111111111—	30
London.....	1010110111101010111111111011—	23-78

Burbridge.....	Colt, Hartford.....	24
Risley.....0101111101111101010111111110	24
Nelson.....1110101111111111111111111111	29
Currie.....1111111111110101001111111111	25-78
Sperry.....1111111111110101011111111111	26
Gould.....110101010101011101101010101	20-73
Dailey.....1111011111111101001101011111	24
Manross.....1111111111011111111111111111	27

Edgarton.....	11111101111011111101117011	26
Webb.....	1111011011010111101010111011	23
Mack.....	1010011101011111111110110111	24-73

New London.

	New London.	
Penrose.....	10111101111111111011110101—	25
Clinton.....	1011000111101001011111011100—	19
McGintey.....	00110011110111110011111011—	22-66

Fowler.....111111111011111111101111110-27
 Penn.....11101111111110111100001110110-21
 Treat.....11011101111111110011011111110-24-72
 Merchandise event, 15 singles:

Burbidge.....	11111111111111111111	15	Fowler.....	1111110011101111	12
Gould.....	11101111111111111111	14	Willey.....	1110110011101111	11
Manross.....	11111111111110111111	14	Webb.....	1011011001011111	11
Potter.....	11111111111111011111	14	"McGinty".....	0001110111111111	11
Savage.....	11111101111111111111	14	Mills.....	0011111111101111	11

Longdon.	11111111011111	14	Penrose	10111011001111	11
Edgerton.	11111111011111	14	Cook.	11001101111100	10
"Mack".	11111111110111	14	Bristol.	01101010110110	10
Thatt.	11101111111101	13	Sherry.	11111100011110	10
Risley.	11101111111101	13	"Cotton".	11111111111101	13
"Nelson".	11111111110101	13	Pitt.	01010110000110	8
"Snipe".	11111111110011	13	Thompson.	11001010111000	8
Currie.	11111011111101	13	Crane.	10101010110110	8
Rockwell.	11111111111101	13	Thomas.	01101101100100	8
Boyer.	11111111001111	13			

Twenty singles, "Jack Rabbit," entrance \$2.50: Edgerton 20, "Nelson" 19, "Mack" 19, Potter 18, Longdon 18, Manross 18, Cowee 17, Bristol 17, Fowler 17, Currie 17, Burdige 16, Clinton 16, Savage 16, Cook 16, Alger 16, Rockwell 15, "McGinty" 15, Pitt 15, Thompson 15, Webb 14, Laplace 14, Willey 14, Brown 13, Olmsted 13, Richmond 13, Mills 13, Horton 11, Crane 11, Thomas 10.

At the first shoot Rockwell, Edgarton and Fowler were in for the gun on 24. In this event a sweepstake was shot, \$1 entrance, as follows: Edgarton 24, Rockwell 24, Fowler 24, Cowe 23, Burbidge 23, Savage 23, Treat 22, Potter 22, "Nelson" 22, Currie 21, Cook 20, Willey 19, "Mack" 18, Pitt 18, Johnson 18, Olmsted 17, Richmond 17. The next league tournament will be held at Willimantic in June.

Boiling Springs.

from the traps that day. The wind was high in the afternoon and the scores low in consequence. Club shoot for prizes on Saturday, 10th inst., and monthly shoot at live birds, Wednesday, 14th inst., at 3 P. M.

Hollister.....01001000111010101111011—15
Paul.....0010111101111110111110101—18

Seeley	010110100110101101101101	-15
E Collins	11111111001011110011011	-19
Clairmont	011011111010110001111011	-17
Grieff	01110110111111011111111	-21
Lenone	0101101101101000010000	-10

A Lane.....	001000001000000001000001—	4
R Burgess.....	0010000107101111010001111—	13
Krebs.....	0111010111101101100011100—	15
Abbott.....	1111011011001100000101100—	12
Hagan.....	1100000101010000001010000—	7

The fourteen prizes went respectively to Grieff, Richmond, Collins, Jeanneret, Clairmont, Pellens, Krebs, Hollister, Wood, Seeley, Lane, Burgess, Coe and Lawrenson.

The Yale Team Wins.

year. The teams were composed of five men each and each man shot at 30 targets, making 450 targets shot at altogether. Franklin captained the winning team, Pike the Harvard team and Swain the Princeton men. In the toss up for place the Princetons won and selected second place, with Harvard first. By winning the match the Yale

H G Wells, '95	1111101111111011001011111-25
W Miller, '96	110111101011110110110100111-23
H G Miller, '95	1111111111111011111111111-28
F S Franklin, '95	1111111111111111011111111-29

J Sargent, '93.....	10011110111101101011111110111-23
C B Pike, '93.....	111111111111011111111111111-29
S Herscher, '96.....	011111111111111101101101111-27-126
	Princeton.
C B Lewis, '95.....	100101011011111111010110001110-10

Live Birds at Pattensburg.

The following species were made at Pattensburg, N. L., on May 10.

THE following scores were made at Pattensburg, N. J., on May 19. Events No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at four live birds, \$3 entry, two moneys.

Millburn.....	1111-4	2121-4	2111-4	1120-3	2112-4	110
Apgar.....	2121-4	2111-4	1111-4	1111-4	0112-3	1121	11111110
Ditts.....	0202-2	1211-4	0011-2	0
Quirk.....	2120-3	1012-3	0110-2	1031-3	1012-3	2120	11111111
Sinler.....	1211-4	2111-4	1011-3	21-22

Port Chester Gun Club.
PORT CHESTER, N. Y., May 31.—Inclosed find scores of to-day's shoot of our gun club, which please publish. Conditions, 25 targets per man:

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., May 31.—Inclosed find scores of to-day's shoot of our gun club, which please publish. Conditions, 25 targets per

```

J Lyon.....001011000011000110011011--11
F Place.....111011111010010010000011--13
F Slade.....0011101010001101001001100--14

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No. 12, 6 live birds, entrance \$6, 30yds. rise, 50yds. bounds:			
E Ward.....	110111-5	Pauling.....	101011-4
Halpin.....	110111-5	T Ward.....	110111-3
Platt.....	110111-5	Miller.....	011110-0

T Ward.....	011111100111101111101011-19
Halpin.....	0000110101101111111010110-13
E Ward.....	110111101010010001111111-17
Platt.....	10010101010001011110111-11

Paulding.....10010010101000101110111-1
 100110010100001010011110-12
 LEWIS C. PLATT, JR., Sec.

Phoenix Gun Club.

THE whole ten members of the Phoenix Gun Club were present at their spring shoot at Dexter Park, Wednesday, June 2. Each shot a 15 birds, 25yds. rise, modified Long Island rules, gun below the elbow.

H and T. traps. The veteran Billy Hughes was the best scorer with 15, D. Freleigh and J. Henry following with 14 each. A team shoot followed, Botty's team winning by the score of 22 to 23. The scores: D Freleigh.....1121212111212-14 M Chichester...1111010111211-14

E Madison.....	101211111111102	-13	J Smith.....	112122111111010	-1
J Akhurst.....	101101011121011	-10	J Dunlap.....	020011001111200	-1
W Hughes.....	021112111121111	-15	A Rutan.....	000122021112211	-1
J Henry.....	101202111121221	-14	A Botty.....	12212210121120	-1

Team shoot at Bluebirds, losing side to 2-0.

A Betty1111010110-7	A Rutan1110101000-5
B Freigh1011011111-8	W Hughes0000010111-4
J Dunlap1100101101-6	J Smith0011100110-4
T Short0010111101-6-27	C Dethloff1111111110-4

Figure 1. The structure of the proposed model.

The whole ten members of the Phoenix Gun Club were present at their spring shoot at Dexter Park, Wednesday, June 2. Each shot a

D Freigh.....	10121111111121	13	M Chichester...	11111010111121	1
E Madison.....	101211111111102	13	J Smith.....	12122111111010	1
J Akhurst.....	1011010111121011	10	J Dunlap.....	020011001111200	1
W Hughes.....	021112111122111	15	A Rutan.....	00112202111221	1
J Henry.....	10120211112121	14	A Batty.....	12121001010101	1

T Short.....0010111101-G-27 C Dethloff.....1111111110-Y-2

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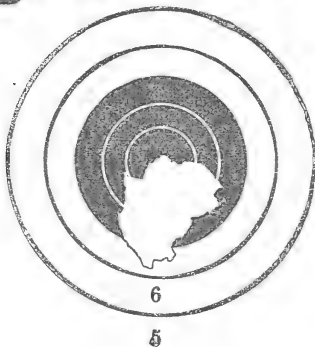
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 Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft., 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.
 Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.
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 All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 1 cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.
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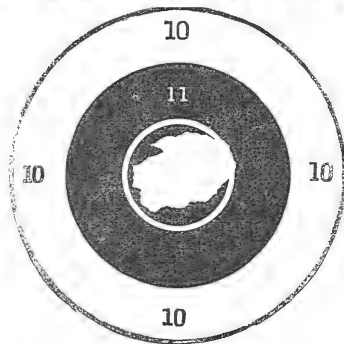
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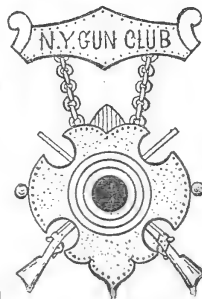
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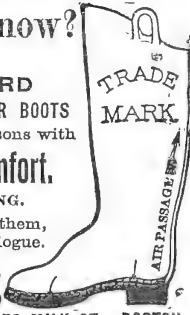
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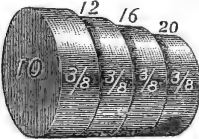
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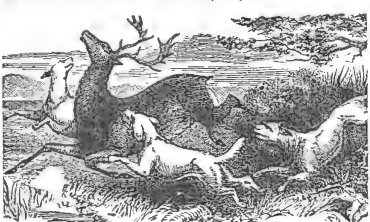
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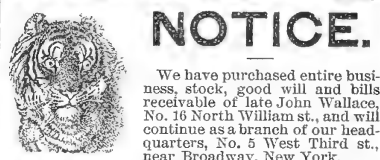
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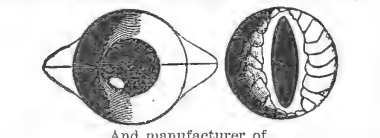
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Revolver Championship.
National Schuetzen Bund.
Rifle Club Doings.

Trap Shooting.

Anaconda Tournament.
Illinois State Tournament.
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Drivers and Twisters.
Answers to Queries.

means, or any visible inclosure or distinctive boundary which indicates separation from the surrounding or contiguous territory of whatever nature." An examination of the records of recent enactments in the various States will show that the whole trend of legislation is in the direction of guarding more closely the privileges of those who control shooting and fishing preserves.

Nor is much to be accomplished by appealing to the preservers on the ground of anything they as individuals owe to the public. The average man who can secure for himself a sure supply of game and fish will do this, whether Tom, Dick and Harry, to him unknown, have their fishing or shooting or are obliged to go without it. That is human nature.

What, then, shall be the solution of the problem of providing fishing and shooting opportunities for all when the best of those opportunities are absorbed by the few?

The problem has already been solved, in a measure, at least, with respect to fishing, by the Onondaga Anglers' Association, of Syracuse, in this State. To be sure the association has not wrested any fish preserves from their proprietors and restored them to the public; but it has demonstrated the possibility of stocking public waters and protecting them against net and unseasonable fishing, and of so conserving the supply that there shall be fishing for all.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION DELUSION.

THE ambitious scheme of a grand national sportsmen's convention for the protection of the game and fish of this whole blessed country is one of those enticing delusions which hold sway for brief periods at irregular intervals, their recurrence being governed perhaps by the spots on the sun. The project of a national convention to be held in Chicago this summer in connection with the World's Fair has been discussed for several months in a vague way; but nobody has ever given us any light on what practical purpose was to be served by the meeting, and of late the plan appears to have been lost sight of. It was revived in the annual meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association in Chicago last week, when a committee was appointed to devise means for calling "a national convention of sportsmen for the purpose of securing throughout the different States reasonable and consistent laws for the protection of game."

The most illuminating, suggestive and instructive comment it were possible to offer on this project was embodied in a statement which had been made just previously in the same meeting by a member of the Illinois Association Law Committee. Called upon to report to the members on the legislative possibilities of the year at Springfield, he said that the year had been one of loss and not of gain for game protection. The query naturally presents itself to the man of average intelligence, who can see a reasonable distance beyond his nose, how do the sportsmen of Illinois, who have proved themselves powerless to withstand a loss for game protection in their own one single State, propose to set to work to take care of game protection in the fifty odd other States and Territories? Or how do they hope to receive aid from the others to control legislative action at Springfield?

If the Illinois Legislature will not listen to Illinois sportsmen, there is little likelihood of its giving heed to national convention likelihood from New Hampshire and Utah. The truth as declared by common sense and demonstrated by experience is that efficient game and fish protection in any one of these fifty odd States and Territories must be achieved, if at all, by the citizens of that State. Where home effort and influence fail, so-called national action will avail not a whit. It never has; in the nature of things it never can. If the sportsmen of Illinois or of Oregon or New York, Pennsylvania or any other State cannot take care of their own home interests by the machinery of their own State organizations, they need not aspire to regulate the whole country, nor need they hope to find any cure-all magic in the *Be it resolved* of a national convention. Fifty years of such gatherings will not save a single prairie chicken in Illinois nor a single caribou in Maine nor a single blue grouse hooting in a pine tree in Oregon.

The last national sportsmen's convention, built on ambitious lines, was held in St. Louis some five or six years ago. The only tangible result of it was a huge list of names of sportsmen living in different parts of the

country. These had been collected by the promoters of the scheme, and afterwards copies of them were peddled about to folks who wanted to mail circulars. For a long time subsequently the fortunate individuals whose names were on the list were in receipt of circulars of new gun wads and cartridge belts and patent mange cures; possibly they are getting them yet.

A THOUSAND TROUT.

ACCORDING to a statement in one of our "Fishing Postals," four men who fished four days in the vicinity of Bloomingburg, in Sullivan county, N. Y., took a thousand trout. If these fish were all of the lawful size, and if there were a thousand more left for the next four men ambitious to make such a score in such a time, and a third thousand for the next two count fishermen, and yet other thousands for the succeeding anglers of 1893, and of the years to come—this Bloomingburg record would be something of which the men who delight to measure their success by numbers, might be justly proud. Their satisfaction indeed might be second only to that of the heroes of the Kekoskee bullhead performance, who carted their fish away by the wagon load; and the trout scorers might reasonably enough claim that they were entitled to a handicap of some sort, for while the Kekoskee bullheaders pitchforked their fish, the trouters were obliged to catch theirs one by one.

It is reasonable to recognize a diversity of tastes with respect to trout fishing. Some fishermen measure their pleasure by the number scored. Others, as in the case related in our Boston correspondence to-day, by the size and strength of the fish caught and the skill and time required to take it. With these many men of many minds it would be foolish to quarrel, however much he who enjoys one style of fishing may fail to appreciate the claims of the other.

But one thing is as clear as the sun at noontime. In this day, when the number of anglers is multiplying out of all proportion to the supply of fish, it behooves every person interested in fishing to frown down and discourage fishing for count in trout brooks. Something is out of gear, when two men can catch a thousand trout in four days and make a boast of their achievement. The first thought that flashes through one's mind is that such trout fishermen are getting more than their share. One wonders what will be left for those who come along a little later. There is precious little satisfaction for the late comers in that old refrain, "You'd order been here last week; two sports caught a thousand."

The count-fishermen and the count-shooters have their share to answer for in bringing dearth of fish and game. Our entire system of sportsmanship in this respect appears to have been founded on a thoroughly bad sentiment in the beginning. Man's memory runs not to a time when success with gun and rod was not measured by pounds or linear feet. He who could catch the most or slay more than his fellows was the hero. And he is the hero to-day, or appears to believe that he is. The sooner those who are laboring under such a delusion, shall realize that there are better elements of enjoyment in the field and with the rod, the sooner shall they come into the inheritance of the true sportsman of to-day.

SNAP SHOTS.

OUR recent discussions of non-resident shooting and fishing laws has found an echo in a resolution adopted by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association declaring the conviction of the members that "laws passed by State legislation, which do not give to sportsmen of all States the same privileges that are given to sportsmen in States passing restrictive laws, are unwise, unfriendly and not conducive to the best interests of game preservation."

We are not very proud of the illustration of the FOREST AND STREAM's rustic letter sign at the World's Fair, but the sign itself is happy in conception, admirable in execution, pleasing in effect, and wonderful, for like the rod of Aaron it has budded. It is one of the neatest bits in the Angling Pavilion.

When you visit the World's Fair do not miss the FOREST AND STREAM's corner in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building. It is just at the right of the aisle at the entrance to the pavilion from the main building.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 533.

MORE ABOUT ADVERTISING.

"THE old Tennessee seems to have subsided," ventured the stranger, looking out over Chattanooga from the point of Lookout Mountain.

"Yes, she gone down some," was the reply, "but just wait for the back-water. There'll be a big rise yet."

When the FOREST AND STREAM advertising flood reached high-water mark the other day we accepted the foregone conclusion that the "back-water" when it came would overflow the record limits. Here it is to-day. Look through the pages of announcements. They are a substantial indication of the substantial condition of all the various interests represented. They demonstrate by the very best and most practical method in the world that the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized and accepted medium chosen by sportsman supply dealers to reach the sportsman buyer.

With the advertising "back-water" has come a volume of news, the proper presentation of which has compelled us to add four extra pages. The purchaser who asks for the FOREST AND STREAM at his news-stand may always feel assured that he is getting the best sportsman's newspaper, as well as the one carrying the largest amount of interesting, readable and *bona fide* paid advertising.

THE GAME PRESERVE SYSTEM.

TWO VIEWS of the growing game preserve system are given in our shooting columns. The subject is one upon which many people are thinking very seriously just now. To encounter a trespass sign newly set up on the familiar brook where for years one has fished with none to say him nay, is exasperating; and the heart beats faster with a sense of outrage at sight of the staring notice with its threat of the law. Under stress of feeling then provoked one is apt to talk about the time-honored privileges which have come to be regarded as rights; and to denounce the preserve people as selfish and over-riding the liberty of others.

Those who are opposed to the preserves are not likely to find in legislation any aid to withstand the growth of the system. The preserve is based on the trespass law. The owner or lessee of a quail-producing field has precisely the same legal right to keep people out of that field as that which he has to keep them out of his apple orchard. The stranger has no more privilege in law to invade one field than he has to invade the other.

Moreover, the trespass rules as applied to fish and game preserves are becoming more rigid year by year. In New York the law has been so amended as to constitute trespass on inclosed game preserves a misdemeanor, and in addition the trespasser is subject to a fine of from \$15 to \$20. On the other hand the requirements as to boundaries of inclosed lands have been lightened; "inclosed lands" are defined to mean any lands whose boundaries are marked "by water, by a wire, ditch, hedge or fence, road or highway, or partially by one or more of said

The Sportsman Conquist.

"THE TROUT OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM."

(REVISED.)

SOME sing of the bass, with his glistening mail,
Or the giant tarpon, with silver scale,
But the angler's joy, and the artist's dream
Is the spotted trout of the mountain stream!

With his mottled sides and his shapely mould,
And his crimson stars with their fringe of gold,
With his painted fins and his silver gleam,
He's the jeweled prince of the mountain stream!

With wide-spread mouth and glittering eye,
He springs from his lair at the dancing fly,
Then, swift as the shaft from the banded bow,
Shoots down to his home in the depths below.

When soft from the south the breezes blow,
When the waters are cleared from the melting snow,
When the earth awakens from her winter's dream,
I will seek for the trout in his mountain stream.

When the apple blossoms are snowy white,
And the swamps with the scarlet maple bright,
When the silvery birch has donned his sheen,
And the marshy meadows are fringed with green.

When the bobolink on the polk stalk swings,
And the hermit thrush in the woodland sings,
Then I'll seek for the trout in his mountain home,
In the sparkling verge of the catarract's foam!

'Tis there in the waters' wildest play
That he lies in wait for his floating prey,
Or shoots on his course through the swiftest stream,
With an arrowy rush and a meteor's gleam!

When the skies grow warm and the sun rides high,
'Neath the spreading alder he loves to lie,
Or he seeks his lair by some mossy stone,
Which the frost from the hanging cliff has thrown.

Then, angler, if you would his capture try,
Choose your finest line and your daintiest fly,
Let your step be light and your cast be true,
Or the trout will have nothing to say to you!

When your fly, like the down from a thistle blown,
Drops soft on the ripples around your stone,
That silvery bar, which shoots up to air,
Says the starry monarch was lurking there!

When the bending rod and the ringing reel
Give proof that you've fastened the tempered steel,
Be sure that the battle is but begun,
For not till he's landed is victory won!

Pleasant to you is the mimic strife,
But the fight with the trout is a fight for life!
And not till his utmost strength is tried,
Will he, fainting, roll on his glistening side!

Then give me the trout of the mountain stream,
With his crimson stars, and his golden gleam,
When the conquered hero gasping lies,
The angler has won his fairest prize!

VON W.

IN THE LAND OF THE KALISPELLS.

I LITTLE thought a year or so ago when reading Mr. Hallock's entertaining letters from this part of the great State of Montana, telling of the game resources of this region, that in so short time I should be on the spot enjoying the magnificent scenery and viewing the gigantic strides made by this new aspirant for fame and prosperity, the young city of Kalispell. Where is Kalispell? In the famous valley of the Flathead, the northwestern county of the State, lately set off from Missoula county, which was a county as large as two or three Eastern States (of the proper size) and now large enough to get lost in. Though she has lost a matter of forty or fifty thousand square miles, which is now Flathead county, of which Kalispell is the county seat, situated in the center of the rapidly becoming famous Flathead Valley and about twenty miles north of the beautiful Flathead Lake. Kalispell was platted in April, 1891, when the Great Northern Railroad was being built, and now is reported as having all the way from 1,500 to 3,000 people, depending upon the enthusiasm of your informant. At all events, she is a robust and lively infant, and expects to be a robust giant ere long.

This whole region, until the advent of the Great Northern, was known only to peripatetic miners, and cattlemen whose herds found luxuriant feeding on the widespread prairies where the rich soil now attracts the wheat grower, producing thirty or forty bushels of the finest hard wheat to the acre, more of oats, which run forty and more pounds to the bushel, and fine barley and hay, and as a consequence the best lands are rapidly being secured by new blood at good prices. I say new blood because the old settlers are not, as a rule, such as make the most out of the capabilities of the soil. Roaming was more to their liking, both as to themselves and their stock. No irrigation is practiced, which can not be said of any other considerable body of land in the State. This fact is attracting many people to this valley, for irrigation is the bugbear of most Eastern farmers. Yet I think that now and then a season will happen along kind o' careless like, when the farmers will jump up and down and shout for rain. It has been so, they tell me. The valley, lying between arid lands east and west, naturally would get a whiff of aridity now and then. It is not all open prairie. Belts of open prairie timber are interspersed here and there which add to the value and picturesque quality of the valley, besides there being a deer now and then, and echoing to the roll of the grouse. Very fine pine, spruce, tamarack and cedar timber is found further north, and the more valuable claims are all taken up on the surveyed part, and being rapidly secured by squatters on the unsurveyed lands, pending the survey and acceptance by the government of the same.

Demersville, at the head of navigation on the Flathead, four miles below Kalispell, previous to the founding of the latter, was the chief town of the valley, the entrepot of the same, and if reports are credible, and I guess they are, was as tough a place as the West produces, and that is saying all that is necessary. The county seat and the sheriff were a hundred miles away, and the latter and

justice quite unswift. A stage line ran from the N. P. R. R. to the foot of the lake, and small steamers thence to Demersville in those days when the place was filled with saloons, lawlessness rife, and the man handy with a gun as common as dirt.

The town is almost deserted now, many buildings moved bodily to Kalispell, likewise divers and sundry gamblers, the steamer line discontinued, and ere long the gophers will return unto their own.

But Demersville will not be forgotten as long as the murder cases continue to be aired in court. Flathead Valley's first court is now in session in Kalispell and at present busy with some shooting and murder cases. One was a murder, wilful and premeditated pure and simple, where a bad man called another bad names and said, in a maudlin state, that he'd shoot him. The other, like Uncle Remus' tar baby, "kep' on sayin' nuthin'," but went over to his house and got a Colts repeating rifle, and not having time to go to the woods for game, crept in at the back door of the saloon without unnecessary noise, and knowing about where his game roosted against a whisky barrel behind the door, potted the other bad man, who passed away in the act of unlimbering his artillery. Self-defense is now set up, and the majority of the busy three score men, who daily hold the benches down in the court room, are with the defense. *Hee fabula docet.* Another case of shooting would have been murder had the gun shot straight. As it was, however, two men got leaded in their suburbs, and the third got shot with an axe in the head about three times in a claim jumping interview. But "such things are (were) common, I had a brother once," as remarked formerly by O'Relius or 'Rastus' 'Gustus' in the olden time, when men went gunning for each other with cross-bows and fascies and such like. The above instances are not strictly in the line of legitimate sportsmanship, though both come within the shooting pale, and of the two may be perhaps the "legitimate" is the more one-sided. It is hoped now that such christianizing and civilizing influences as the courts and the railroad have come into our midst, that men will think twice or thrice ere they shoot once, when they hunt each other.

There is in town now a gentleman who is making preparations to take a herd of fifty or sixty buffalo belonging to, if I mistake not, Mr. Allard, somewhere down the valley, to the Columbian Exposition. May they get there safe and sound. Speaking of buffalo reminds me that at intervals all along the railway across the Great Plains are still to be seen distinctly the trails and wallows made by the innumerable hosts that furrowed the earth for ages in their yearly migrations, and sadness ensues in contemplation of the fact that no more forever will the mighty animals darken the plains in their harmless wanderings, and that we must be content with unsatisfying imagination alone as we gaze upon the silent and deserted trails, mute protests against the rapacity of humanity.

On the east of Kalispell, 15 miles distant, rise the lower chains of the main Rocky Mountain range, now covered as to the tops with snow, while in deep contrast the lower sides and gorges are clothed in dark evergreen, and looking afar up Bad Rock Cañon through which the railroad winds from the summit of the range, alongside the beautiful and ever widening Middle Fork, the eye catches a single precipitous peak, white and glistening, 50 miles away, which rises thousands of feet into the heavens from the far notch of the cañon, catching the latest glow of the sinking sun in rosy flush most gloriously beautiful. On the west is the Cabinet Range, of lower altitude. The north, middle and south forks of the Flathead join forces before leaving the mountains, while the Stillwater and Whitefish rivers have their sources far to the northward in this valley, mingling their trout waters just to the east of town, and flowing into the Flathead a couple of miles south, where the latter stream is a large and deep river, probably 150 or more yards wide, and floating steamers which, before the advent of the railroad, furnished communication between the upper valley, via the river and the lake and the country to the south.

Ninety miles to the north of Kalispell runs the international boundary line, and this valley reaches, in varying width, alternate prairie and timber, almost or quite to the line. Cold mountain streams are everywhere, and as a matter of fact trout are likewise. I expected to have some sport with them, but find that they spawn in May and June, unlike well regulated trout elsewhere, and that therefore the Legislature last winter passed laws protecting them. So I have been out but three times, and it being rather early in the season and the snow lying late in the mountains, success has not been brilliant, though I have had a taste of it with the black spotted fellows of a pound and a half. They have but just begun to run up the rivers and are not ravenously hungry, not taking the fly, so that meat and spawn have been the only means of taking them.

The Flathead from here up is a lovely stream, and in the season affords as fine sport as any man could wish, both with the black-spotted and pink-spotted or, as they are called here, salmon trout, which latter run very heavy in the lake and deeper waters of the river. The lake abounds in whitefish also. As for game, deer are everywhere, mule and Virginia, and one does not have far to go for sport in that line. Bear won't trouble you if you let them alone, but they can be found without great hardship. Ruffed grouse, prairie and fool hens and the large blue grouse are very numerous, while ducks and geese are plentiful on the streams, sloughs and lakes.

I find that there is a decided objection to the game law, particularly among the old settlers, which is very natural, but it is to be hoped that time and experience will educate. Elk are numerous in some sections, but the law protects them for six years, a fact which three or four Indians seem to have been ignorant of, as they were taken red-handed in the act of selling some heads lately, and now are nicely provided for in the shack with barred windows which they call the jail. The authorities couldn't have suited the noble red men better. They are fed and comfortable now, and don't have to carry a blanket around and walk pigeon-toed.

I put some breakfast inside and a snack in my pocket a few days ago and wandered out to the ferry across the Flathead, some three miles away, and as I had my rod with me, put in a very enjoyable forenoon along the banks of the beautiful stream, but without returns in the shape of foundation for a very big fish yarn. After dinner, however, the trout began to be interested a little bit, and I was sitting on the bank around a bend out of sight and having just dead loads of pleasure all alone, when I

heard the bushes rattle, and looking around there was J. W. Conner, one of the editors and proprietors of the Kalispell *Graphic*, and pioneers here, whose acquaintance I had made recently, and who had ridden out and hunted me up on purpose to invite me to go down with his editorial partner, Mr. H. J. Mock, and Mr. Dixon, an acquaintance and new-comer here, to Flathead Lake just to afford us a day's pleasure. Well, do you know, that was just as kind as it could be; but that is the way with men who love to fish, especially if it is out in the big West, but how I'm to even up on this thing is what puzzles me. I love to fish, too. Of course I went to town shortly, and at 4 o'clock, behind a pair of spanking (why "spanking" I never could see. What do they spank? blacks, in a roomy wagon, we turned our faces southward for a twenty-five-mile drive. Mr. Mock couldn't go, as he was seized with some forgotten business, which we much regretted.

The road for the greater part lay across the open plain or prairie, where in one place we came across a flock of wild geese doing something or other—there wasn't any feed there. As we neared the lower end of the open country we found the old roads, which hitherto had led the nearest way, cut off by fences, as land has been taken up, and new roads laid out along the section lines. This made trouble for us, as we had to go a long way around to get anywhere; but we finally came by a new blazed road through a dense piece of timber along the river to the ferry, where was a flatboat about as wide as the wagon and not much longer, railed lightly on each side. The ferryman pulled us across by means of a wire rope. Then through more timber, until about 7 o'clock, when we rode out into the open by a ranch, and from a bluff looked afar across the lovely lake, thirty-five by fourteen to fifteen miles in widest part, resting in the shadows of the mountains which surround it.

Soon we crossed Swan River flowing from a lake of same name eight to ten miles distant in the fastnesses of the mountains to the eastward, and ere long drove up to the club house on a bluff 100ft. above the lake, from which the eye took in a charming view, while on either hand and rearward the evening breeze sung a lullaby among the branches of the pines and spruces. This neatly built log club house and 120 acres of forest adjoining are owned by a number of gentlemen of Helena, and the property is cared for by Mr. Wiser, the former owner of the land, who cordially welcomed us and who soon had a hot supper facing us. Down below the ducks were quacking and wheeling here and there, while two or three geese were faring back and forth with trumpet cry on busy errands connected with nests which Mr. Wiser had located. There were no swans visible, though there had recently been many, resting on their way to the distant northern breeding grounds. During the night a flock of geese near shore awoke me by their clatter, which they kept up until I was disgusted.

In the morning after a nicely cooked substantial breakfast prepared by Mr. W., we took rods and walked back to the Swan to try for trout. This is a lovely stream dashing, roaring and foaming down its boulder-strewn bed, perhaps 75ft. wide, with swift rapids here and there, and elegant swirls and holes for trout. But they weren't in the humor for business, and a meagre half dozen, four of a pound and a half pound each dressed, composing our catch. But the day along that rushing river was enjoyment enough. Deer sign was everywhere, down among the rocks by the brink, up on the side hill, through the woods it constantly caught the eye, and I yearned to be there in September and October or later. Mr. W. said that only a day or two previous, three had come to within 50yds. of the club house, and that he could without doubt in a half day's time show us two or three dozen, as he was well acquainted with their haunts.

There were four fishermen on the stream besides ourselves, and they had some nice fish. I had a little experience on this occasion that was as exciting as I could wish and that called for strict attention to business for a spell. A huge rock as large as a small house rose from the river's brink almost perpendicularly. From the up stream side a narrow bench ran along the face of this rock about ten feet above the water and just wide enough to stand on. Down along the face of the rock the water ran some feet deep and in swift descent. Out in the stream some eight or ten feet were some large boulders and below these was an eddying swirl. I clambered out on the bench from some convenient rocks, and though I saw that there was trouble ahead if I hooked a fish from that spot, yet the water was so tempting that I made a cast, and trouble began sure enough. As the fish struck I followed suit, and the way he made that 80z. Henshall work and the reel hum was interesting enough. The second time he came to the surface I saw that he was hooked just back of the pectoral fin, and then I understood what I had cut out for me, and why I couldn't begin to control him. Of course he persisted in keeping broadside to the stream and in the swiftest current, and all I could do was to stand there with my back against the rock, look down on the battle, and hope almost against hope that my rod wouldn't go to smash, while the enraged fish surged back and forth, doing just about as he pleased. I dare not give him much line, for twenty feet below there was a tangle of rocks, and if he reached it the game was up. I don't know how long I played him, but at last I had him so nearly exhausted that I towed him up against the swift mill race of a current, with the lancewood bent to a wonder, picked my way along the rocks above the bench up stream for thirty feet or more until I found water convenient and led him ashore, a black-spotted beauty of a pound and three-quarters—and nobody can buy that rod for shelds.

We slowly worked back down stream, reaching the club house in time for a 3 o'clock dinner; and then hitching up the team rode comfortably and pleasantly homeward. Flathead Lake is very clear, deep and cold, and many and large are the stories of huge trout of 20 to 40lbs. caught therein. The outlet is Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and there is but one fall, so reported, that prevents salmon coming up into the lake. That may be removed in the future and another source of pleasure and profit added to the many now enjoyed in this region. About thirty miles east of Kalispell on the railroad is the station of Belton, three or four miles from which lies Lake McDonald, a large and most beautiful sheet of water surrounded by lofty mountains and literally teeming with trout of large size. But the snow yet covers the country there and no fishing can be done for some time, which is fortunate, for there be plenty of fishermen who have no

Natural History.

TURTLES ON THE GULF BEACH.

OSPREY, Fla., June 1.—“Time—time,” is the cry from the North, and alas! in a few days I must close up my shanty. Once more I must turn my back to the alluring Gulf and exchange this azure sky and this fresh salt air for the dust of your overcrowded centers of population. Good-bye for a time to my Nature, my palmettoes, my moon flowers, my jungle, with its many curious plants and living creatures. Farewell to this quiet, broken only by the ripple of bay and the splash of fish, as they leave their native element to escape their hungry enemies. Once more for a time to elbow my way through the surging crowd, with its never-ending roar and bustle. Seven months is long to linger “away down South,” but not long enough, for each month brings out some new excitement. In October tarpon fishing is at its very best, and from month to month either in the water or in the woods one can find some fresh excitement. Just now turning turtles is in order.

With the moon in May a new visitor comes to us from the Gulf. The female loggerhead turtle emerges from her native element to deposit her eggs. Madame *Thalassochelone cavanana*, as the scientific man prefers to call her, if undisturbed, makes a bee line for the upper margin of the sand beach above tide level. From the water's edge to the point selected for her nest she leaves a broad trail, just such a trail in fact, as a man would leave if he saw fit to lie flat upon his chest and stomach and propel himself by the use of hands and feet. In this case the flippers are called into service, to be used as legs. If, upon reaching the higher zone of the beach, the turtle finds suitable texture of sand for her purposes, she proceeds to make a hole in which to leave her eggs. If, however, the



TAKING HIS MEDICINE.

The illustration is of a pet antelope owned by Mrs. W. T. Doster, of Eddy, New Mexico. It was captured on the plains by a Mexican, and brought into Eddy when only two or three days old. It is now three months old and is about half grown. It has become very fond of Mrs. Doster, follows her about like a dog, and still takes its food from a nursing bottle. The photo was sent to us by Mr. G. O. Shields.

spot happens to be too solid on account of layers of coarse shell, she returns to the water, making a new trail or “crawl,” and never by the route selected in emerging from the Gulf.

By dint of hard work she digs a funnel-shaped cavity, which has a diameter of from 8 to 10 in. and a depth of about 18 in., tapering to a diameter of about 3 in. at the bottom of the repository. This opening into the sand is made by the use of the rear flippers. When it is completed, Madame proceeds to drop her eggs into the nest. She lays from 70 to 140 and covers them up carefully by gently pushing the sand over them with her back flippers. Then she presses the sand down compactly with her heavy body, makes an effort to conceal the spot, and after a short rest, for the labor seems to exhaust her thoroughly, she returns to the Gulf.

These turtles weigh from 100 to 250 lbs., and each turtle has a store of meat which is eaten with relish by the average Florida cracker. The meat is coarse in texture and tough, but when carefully separated from the fat and ligaments makes a broth of choice flavor. The eggs, which are protected by a tough skin in place of a shell, are very nourishing, easily digested and of fine flavor. In form these eggs are spherical, with a diameter, say, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 in., and three of them weigh as much as two average-sized hen's eggs. When boiled, the albumen or “white” does not harden as in the case of the eggs of our domestic fowls. A person with a capacity of two or three hen's eggs for breakfast could easily eat ten turtle eggs either boiled or scrambled. We think nothing of eating twenty-five turtle eggs in one day. They are particularly good scrambled or prepared as muffins; they can be whipped up very light, and a good French chef could no doubt make a grand *omelette soufflé* from loggerhead eggs.

In addition to the eggs deposited on the beach, the female has within her from 500 to 800 yellow eggs, which vary in size from 1 in. in diameter to the size of an ordinary marble. It is said that later in the season—in fact up to about August—many of these eggs become sufficiently developed to enable the turtle to lay them.

The eggs are sought after by man and beast, and it is doubtful if one egg out of every thousand left by the mother is ever hatched out. By day and by night the beaches along the outer keys are patrolled by hungry natives, who carry pointed sticks and bags or baskets. The stick with its sharp point is used as a probe, and is poked into the sand until the deposit is located. When the point strikes a soft place our Florida man claws very vigorously, and in the course of a very few minutes manages to transfer about 100 eggs from the nest to his bag.

It is quite a picnic for the hungry “cracker” to get away from the pine woods to the Gulf beach. Some go by ox team, others borrow boats, and on bright moonlights they tramp up and down the beach. They are happy indeed, if after many disappointments they come to a place where there is only a single “crawl” to be found. This single line of “footprints in the sands of time” means that the turtle is still up on the beach. Bag, basket and sharp stick are discarded. The turtle hunter notices a dark form looking like a rock, behind a tall tuft of grass away high up on the beach. He approaches and notices a slight movement. The turtle is so busily engaged in performing her function that she makes no attempt to retreat; in fact, she pays no attention to her natural enemy. She has evidently just arrived, for the cavity is only a few inches deep, but she works hard. The hunter may light his pipe and go and sit down right behind her; he may even wait and place his hat where the nest should be and thus get the eggs without being forced to remove them from the sand. When he is ready he seizes her by the shell near the hind flipper and out of reach of the front flippers, each one of which is armed with a rather dangerous claw. A single quick movement, a lift with might and main, and the poor creature lies prone upon her back, entirely helpless. So she is allowed to remain until the next morning, then a blow of the ax across the neck and all is over for that turtle.

While the females are doing all they can to perpetuate the race of loggerheads, the gentlemen turtles are not having a life in the Garden of Eden. Not by any means, for at this season they fight and tear each other in the most bloodthirsty manner. They frequently tear each other's eyes out and bite the front flippers off with their powerful beak-like jaws.

It is said that the young hatch out about four weeks after the eggs have been laid. In size they are not much larger than a silver dollar when they quit the shell. These defenseless little fellows are devoured eagerly by sharks and other large fish which prowl along in the breakers. Coons, with their fine scent, discover and destroy many entire nests, and it is a wonder indeed that any escape.

NONE SUCH.

Wild Birds in the Fair Grounds.

BOONE AND CROCKETT CABIN, World's Fair, Chicago, May 30.—The cabin appears to be a great attraction; thousands come here every day. When night comes, and I get it shut up, it don't seem as though I were in Chicago or anywhere near the World's Fair.

Early in the morning it is very quiet and beautiful on the islands. Besides all the water fowl, there are a great many very pretty birds, several that are quite new to me; as yet I have found no nests of these birds; I suppose they are on their way north. There is one nest, though, whose owners and the few that know of it keep very quiet about it. It's an owl's, in the top of one of the large oak trees. The top of the tree has been broken off and in the hollow sits one of the owls on guard, while its mate is on the nest. The one on guard is almost impossible to distinguish from the dead wood. It is a small bird, and I suppose common to this country. He sits up watching the thousands of passing visitors below, with now and then an eye open. I sometimes look up at him and attract his attention, and then he winks, as much as to say, “Don't give the snap away. Keep dark!”

During the day only a few of the birds are to be seen, but I often hear them in the shrubbery about the cabin. There are three ducks' nests and one wild goose nest close by the cabin. The goose nest is back of the old log chimney. I have run wire screening and ropes out from the front of the cabin to keep people from going back of the house and from disturbing the birds. This little island is a great resort for all the water fowl.

Just now I can hear the twitter of wrens and the songs of other birds blended with the distant sound of brass bands and the hum of electric machinery in the electric exhibit. The ducks and geese and gulls keep up a racket that at times drowns the noise of the electric railway. Sometimes they appear to be trying to answer the electric launch signals.

The whole thing here on the island—cabin, birds, fowl, fire, lights and all—is in great contrast with the surroundings of buildings, electric lights, launches, guards, patrol wagons, fire engines and everything modern. I have only to turn my eyes from the window to be transported back to the Rocky Mountains, for here I can see everything from my home there.

Nothing so lonesome in the world as a big crowd where you don't know any one. I am getting used to the crowds. At first I would rather have faced a big grizzly (if I'd had a good gun) than the crowd here on the first of May. But after thirty days' practice I am getting so I can inspect them and give them as good a game as they do me at times, all in a pleasant way.

E. HOFER.

That Habit of the Robin.

A COMMUNICATION from Mr. English informs me (and me) that Mr. Gibbs “took issue” with me in the matter of the “detestable habit” of the brown-breasted songster. If Mr. Gibbs’ “protest” was in the FOREST AND STREAM I did not see it. Had I seen it I would have replied. Now, I do not doubt the statements of Mr. English in regard to his observations of the bird's habits, which do not coincide with the habit of the particular bird that came under my notice. But this I wish to reiterate: The bird did swallow the excrement, and oftener than once, I was not deceived—I could not have been. I looked right down upon her; she was perhaps less than 10 ft. from me. I cannot say that the habit is general; this case may be anomalous. As to the habit being “detestable” I may not say. Animals frequently exhibit peculiarities of taste as well as man. Some dogs eat candy, some cows leather, and I knew a horse that would eat tobacco.

N. D. ELTING.

Hawk Migration.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 26.—The hawks began to pass through Montclair, on their way north, in the latter part of March. Since then have been shot specimens of red-shouldered, red-tailed, sparrow, marsh, Cooper's, sharp-shinned, broad-winged and American osprey. On April 18, thirty-seven hawks were shot from three blinds on Orange Mountain and many others seen. The most common were broad-winged and sharp-shinned.

KARL V. S. HOWLAND,

regard for the law. That region is a fine game ground too, if the many flattering reports are credible, deer, bear, cougar, grouse and elk enough for everybody, while to the westward of this valley in the Cabinet range, the supply is, if possible, even greater, and to the northward on either hand, the streams and mountains, all unharvested, are waiting to yield to the sportsman fruits satisfying to the most exacting. Long may an ever-growing public sentiment preserve them in this condition.

O. O. S.

KALISPELL, Mont., April, 1893.

DANVIS FOLKS.—VII.

At Work in the Linter.

NEXT morning Uncle Lisha laid aside his holiday attire with a sense of great relief from the constraint and care which their wearing had imposed upon him, and put on his ordinary garb with the comfortable feeling of being rehabilitated in his real self. Making such haste with his breakfast that Aunt Jerusha said he was “in a bigger hurry 'n a boy a goin' a fishin',” he put on his leather apron and set about the odd jobs of mending for the family.

Sam and his father went out to their husking, and the door between the kitchen and the shop being opened, that the old man might have the companionship of the women folks, the house presently rang with the merry thud of the hammer on his lapstone.

Huldah was paring apples with a worn out shoe knife discarded from Uncle Lisha's kit, and Aunt Jerusha quartered and cored them with frugal care that the least possible share should go to the pigs, while the baby made frequent excursions on all fours between the two great objects of interest presented by the two industries.

Now he brought a chubby fistful of stolen shoe pegs to his mother's knee, then made restitution to the owner with a slice of apple, begrimed by repeated contact with the floor during its transportation.

“Why, yes, bub,” said the old man, beaming down a kindly glance through his round glasses upon the up-turned baby face as he took the proffered gift and laid it on the bench beside him, “it's turrible nice, but Uncle Lisher don't 'pear tu feel like eatin' on 't jest naow. He haint apple hungry, guess he eat tew much breakfus' er suthin'. Ta' keer. Don't put his leetle hanny ont' the lapstun. Git it smashed finer 'n a barn. No, bubby, could n't hev the wax. Gaum him all up so 't mammy 'd hafter nigh about skin him tu git him clean agin; an' haow she would scold both of us, an' haow we would cry, wouldn't we? Here, take a pooty paig tu Aunt Jerushy an' ask her 'f she ever see sech a curiosity, Clipper, naow.”

“Thank ye, a thaousand times, you darlin' creetur,” cried Aunt Jerusha, when the child had scrambled to her with his gift, “I never see a neater paig an' I'm agoin' to keep it tu hev me a shoe made. These er apples seems if they was gittin' turrible meller, Huldah, an' wan't a goin' tu keep no gret spell.”

“I know it,” said Huldah, putting a thin slice between her lips and meditatively munching it. “There's lots an' sacks on 'em that's all squash, an' if we save many of 'em we've got tu hev a parin' bee if you an' Uncle Lisher could stan' the rumpus.”

“Stan' it! Law sakes. I could stan' a leetle o' the young folkses catousin, an' he'd en'jy it jest as much as any on 'em, furzino. But apple cuts is turrible wasteful an' mussin' an' gin'ally cost more 'n they come tu.”

“But we'd get the apples worked off an' the young folks 'd have a good time. I wonder if Father Lovel would care?”

“Law sakes alive,” said Aunt Jerusha, “if he c'd stan' S'manthy twenty year, I guess he c'n stan' one evenin's catousin. But hear me talk, an' she an' ol' neighbor an' your mother-in-law if she was a livin'. Lisher!” she called, “du you s'pose you an' Timertly could stan' it, if we had a apple cut?” and she shook her knife at Huldah while they paused in their work to hear his answer.

“A apple cut? A parin' bee? Good airth an' seas. You jest try it an' see. I bate ye, me an' him 'll shake our hommels wi' the spryest on em.”

“What 'd I tell ye?” Aunt Jerusha whispered triumphantly.

When the subject was broached to them at dinner, Sam and his father made no objections and it was settled that the entertainment should be given as soon as the necessary preparations could be made.

A whole day was spent in bountiful if not elaborate cooking; the frying of at least a bushel of doughnuts and the making and baking of pumpkin pies, whose crowded ranks filled half the pantry shelves. Then the rooms were put in cleanly order, which Aunt Jerusha declared while giving her best efforts to it, “A useless work, a scrubbin' an' puttin' tu rights just tu hev 'em mussed an' cluttered intu jest a hoorah's nest.”

Meantime invitations were issued, not on perfumed paper, but by hearty word of mouth and given pretty generally yet discreetly.

“Don't ye gin no invite tu none o' them Forge fellers,” said Huldah as Sam lingered on the threshold in indecision between the various routes, “They 're such a rantankerous passel o' critters, allers fer raisin' a rumpus. An' don't ye forget tu gin Tom Hamlin a bid, an' his parin' machine, both on 'em, fer one haint no good without t'other. An' come raound by Joel Bartlett's an' git ten pound o' his best cheese, but don't let him know what ye want on 't. He wouldn't knowingly let his cheese git mixed up wi' no sech worl' people's fryvolity.”

“Sho, I guess his scruples haint with more 'n seven cents a pound,” said Sam irreverently.

“An' I hope you'll make it a pint tu give Peltier a bid tu the apple cut,” Uncle Lisha called from the shop, “he needs chuckin' up wust of any on us, the poor love-cracked creetur. Ef Danvis gals is pooty 's they was when aour womeen was gals, Samwil, the'll be some here pooty enough tu take his mind off 'm that lake shore gill flirt, maremaid I d' know but she is. Did he find her in the lake, Samwil? An' ef ye can scare up a fiddler, git him. What's come o' that leetle hump-backed feller 'at when he sot in the corner a fiddlin', you couldn't see nothin' on, behind his fiddle. But good airth an' seas, he'd saw that fiddle all up into tunes. He'd be ekernomical for a kitchen tunk, gitten' intu a corner so, aout'n the way.”

Sam hurried away before he should be burdened with further instructions, lamenting as he went, the loss of so fine a hunting morning.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1895, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

DUCKING ON THE MUDDY MISSISSIPPI.

THE duck season in this latitude is practically over in March. A few are found here even as late as April, mainly the dusky duck and blue-winged teal. The latter is not with us during winter, but early in the fall—about October—passes here on its way further south, and in April passes again on its way to the far North. The last season we had very good sport. Ducks were fairly plentiful and we bagged enough to satisfy us.

Christmas week being a holiday for the boys, we made a special trip for them, and they indeed had a grand time. Austin Warner is only 12 years old, but he had a light single-barrel 12-gauge with which he tumbled over a number of ducks fully in proportion to his size. My son Paul is two years older, and takes as naturally to a gun as a duck to water. He claims a score of sixteen without aid, and has grown, in imagination, several inches since the trip.

But that is not the outing that I wish to write about. In January we made another trip, and while we did not get so much game as on the Christmas hunt, we had an unique time. On this trip we had a couple of guests, and we strained the Rambler a little to afford the necessary accommodations. Marx Loewenberg was one of them. He is an all-round sportsman, his specialty being an angler, probably the best here, and takes to duck shooting tolerably well, though sometimes he fails at the critical moment to come right up to the scratch. Mr. Mack Lawrence is a brother-in-law of Mr. Warner, and along with Marx was a welcome guest, though he is possessed of no ducking proclivities to speak of. I speak of this advisedly, after having been with him on this trip. Nevertheless, he is endowed with talents of a high order in certain lines, and was by no means a source of burden to us, whatever he might have been to himself. His business is railroad-ing, and having been upon the water very little, he had some experiences on this trip that took him amidst ships and upset his equilibrium on more than one occasion.

We left Vicksburg early one morning in January with provisions and fuel for a four days' trip. We had a rapidly declining river and that was a decidedly unfavorable feature, as the ducks had no fresh feeding territory, and the receding water left a loblolly of mud for the shooters to operate on in building blinds and shooting from them. This rendered the land work vastly and extremely tiresome and disagreeable.

We went down the river, and our stop for first shoot was made on the bar in front of Big Black Island. The weather was dark and chilly and so far favorable. At the upper end of the Willow Bar we cast anchor, when Mr. Warner and I took the canoe, Amateur, and paddled down the bar on a prospecting tour. Not many ducks were seen until we reached the lower end. There a grand sight met our view, as an immense number of green-winged teal rose and flew away from the switch willows. There must have been fully 5,000 in that one flock, and the air roared with the noise made by the beating wings as they flew away. The prospecting being satisfactory, we determined to locate and take the evening and morning shoot at this place. W. and Mack L. located at the lower end while Marx L. and I took a position about midway between them and the launch.

Owing to the stage of the water and the boggy condition of the bar Marx and I had great difficulty in constructing a blind. We had to boat willows a quarter of a mile for the purpose, and when built the blind was so much higher than the surrounding switch willows that it was mainly a scare-crow and far more calculated to frighten ducks away than was our bewitching spread of decoys to entice them to us. Nevertheless we bagged a few ducks at this blind.

Down at the other blind better luck was had for building it, large willows being close at hand, and for securing game. The blind was not nearly so conspicuous, the flight there was better, and Marx and I were decidedly outscored, though none of us did as well as we had expected, after seeing the immense flock that had been using there. After a little shooting, the game appeared to leave for other parts mainly.

Next morning at daybreak we went back to the blinds, but what a mess did we find! The water had receded nearly a foot. Most of the decoys, which the evening before had been resting gracefully on the water, were now in a loblolly of mud. Especially was this the case at the lower blind, which had to be moved altogether. This required very irksome labor, for the ground was boggy, and as the decoys were beyond reach of the boat, we had to corduroy out to get them. Mr. W. is light, agile and a great worker. He is the most faithful and plucky duck hunter I have ever met. He got every last one of those decoys, but he came near losing a prominent railroader in the operation. Mack was assisting him in a limited way, and being of a stout build and not so active as a double somersaulter, at a certain juncture he got a shade out of equilibrium, went off of the temporary corduroy and landed full length in the slush, except about a quarter section of him, which struck one side of the retrieving boat. This quarter section was the only redeeming feature of the performance. Otherwise one Mack L. would have been buried in the mud past all comfort and far beyond recognition.

During the morning we got a few teal, though not as many as we had hoped for. About noon we took up the decoys, paddled to the Rambler, raised steam and went further down the river to another bar of switch willows. We found quite a number of teal here, but the territory they were rising on was altogether unfavorable to a successful shoot. There was no natural cover for the shooter and a vast area of soft mud. W. and Mack L. again went below the switch willows for location, while Marx L. and I again went into the switch willows and slush, and made our blind around the cockpit of the Amateur, leaving the decked ends to project on the outside. While we were constructing the blinds, a cold rain set in which necessitated a resort to rubber coats. The wind blew very chilly out of the northwest, but it was propitious duck weather, such as delights the soul of the veteran,

for he knows full well that such condition is favorable to a good flight and successful shoot. And the flight proved not altogether bad, though we had hoped for something better. One blind was too prominent and the other somewhat out of position. An hour after getting into them the cold rain turned to snow. At first this melted freely, but later remained where it fell and very soon clothed all surrounding objects in pure white. To us Southerners who see so little snow it was a grand sight to behold, and it was worth all the labor of the trip to witness it. However, we did not neglect the ducks that chanced to decoy between times, and for a while we bagged a snug little pile of them. But it was not long before the decoys ceased to melt the rapidly descending snow, when each individual one looked more like a ghost of a decoy than a real live duck. After that the birds gave our layout a wide range and we got but few.

When it grew nearly dark all four of us pulled away for the launch, which had been anchored about a quarter of a mile up the wind. In this paddle, short as it was, we got a genuine taste of old Boreas. We had already been chilled to the bone in the blinds, and as our clothing was damp and our hands wet the wind penetrated to the very marrow.

Mack was the funny man of the party, and generally managed to keep us in good humor, though sometimes we got enjoyment out of him in a way that he had not intended. The river and all pertaining to it was a novelty and sometimes a perplexity to him. In getting aboard the Rambler he generally came in head foremost on all fours, and looked more like a cow plunging into a pen than a civilized individual getting into a boat. But on this occasion he was benumbed with cold, and when the Boss boat was paddled alongside and the curtain raised, he took a tilt toward the interior of the Rambler, got the bulk of himself on the inside of the coaming, and literally fell in. We had our laugh. "Gentlemen," said he, after having gotten on his paws, "I'm frozen. This boat is the very last inch I could have gone alive. If Jay Gould's residence was only 200 yds. further up this arctic blizzard, and I had a free run of the establishment, nothing on earth would induce me to try to go there. As it is I may recover, but absolutely I have reached a point where a man ceases to live and begins to die."

Not long after getting aboard the launch we were comfortable enough, Mack included. A fire had been left in the furnace, and by the addition of a few shovels of coal a steam pressure of about 50 lbs. was raised, and as the curtains were kept securely fastened, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves in spite of the conflicting elements on the outside. We had a substantial supper which included four broiled teal; passed around a few jokes and went to bed. This bed is composed mainly of a mattress 5 in. thick, by 6 ft. square. It accommodated four of us snugly. The two guests were placed in the middle where they could be kept warm, though they protested against so much consideration for their welfare. Toward morning when the boiler had cooled somewhat, W. and I crowded a little and kept the two L.'s from becoming chilly. It is a habit of ours to look after the comfort of our guests.

Another thing about the Rambler's guests—they are required to conform to civil service rules. If only one is along, he is made fireman and deck hand. He sometimes kicks against this rule, but to no purpose. It goes along with sleeping in the middle. He has to shovel in dirty coal, keep the grate bars well scraped, clean out the ashes and cinders, leap ashore in the rain and mud to make fast a line, take up the dripping anchor, and perform sundry other work. On this trip Marx got some aid from Mack, and had the satisfaction of being one grade higher than him. It being Mack's first trip he had the principal drudgery to do, but I think Marx rather hectoring over him. Mack had the muddy line to handle, the coal to take from the bunkers, break up and provide convenient for firing. He spouted around and fretted considerably and would occasionally appeal to the pilot or engineer for relief from the fireman's demands on himself, but he was speedily given to understand that he was a "decker," and must serve his superior, the fireman, as well as others in authority over him. His work made him black, dirty and tired, but he had to knuckle to the rule. After a bit he worked well in harness, and on the way home was promoted, for a brief time, to the position of assistant engineer. This pleased him very much. He was allowed occasionally to open and close the throttle in order that the pilot or engineer or his immediate superior, the fireman, might operate on sundry wild geese which were numerous on the sand bars. Over this little distinction he swelled and strutted about the boat considerably and got so peacocky that he had to be reduced back to coal cracker, to keep him from taking charge of the boat entirely.

As a duck shooter Mack did not develop rapidly. W. was very patient with him, would give him easy shots, wait for him to shoot and persuade him that he had killed his full share. Sometimes, when the flight was dull, Mack would lose attention and had to be prompted, when suddenly the birds had decoyed.

"Marx, I want to tell you a good one on myself," he said one day softly in Marx's ear, "but you must not repeat it to a soul," he went on. "I would not have W. or P. know it for the world. Why if P., that scribbler, got hold of it he would sow it to the four winds. You keep it, do ye hear? On one occasion I got a little drowsy and failed to keep a close watch out for ducks. Do you know I got tired of this thing and think it's all a grand humbug, this going out in such bad weather in the cold and rain and mud and sometimes snow, to kill a few trifling ducks that I could buy in Vicksburg for a very small per cent. of the cost of the game we get on one of these trips, to say nothing of the absolute suffering we undergo. Those two men are regular cranks. Of course I've got to make a pretense of enjoying it to keep things smooth. I just can't stand the racket."

"I think myself," said Marx, "that sometimes this is more exposure and fatigue than sport."

"Yes," resumed Mack, "and I am losing interest very fast. Why, on one occasion—and don't you tell it—W. suddenly asked me if I was ready. I had just heard something splash on the water, but did not know a large flock of ducks had decoyed until spoken to. I had been thinking how comfortable it would be at home before a roaring fire during such weather instead of being frozen nearly stiff, with a cold loblolly of mud liberally smeared all over me. But I awoke, assumed a position as quick as I could, and you know that is not very quick, said 'yes,' and fired. And what do you reckon I did? Why, I just

poured both loads into the decoys. I made a fearful commotion among them. I never shot within ten yards of a duck, and did not get the location of them until they were flying away. The decoys deceived me. But three dead ducks lay spread out on the water, and would you believe it, W. gave me the credit for having killed two of them, and I didn't deny it. By Jove, W. is the most unselfish man I ever saw in giving me the credit for killing ducks. I have managed to fill the air pretty full of lead, but as to ducks, I haven't killed a thousand, by a jug full."

But Mack's little secret leaked out. Probably when he told it the engineer was close by and got the gist of it. So, sure enough, here it is scribbled into print.

The next day, after the snow, about noon, we took up the decoys and steamed back up to Big Black Island. The snow had melted. On the way up a brisk cold rain set in. It was by no means agreeable except to a genuine lover of wildfowl shooting. To such it was *par excellence*.

It was not long after getting under way before Mack began to complain of feeling unwell. At first no attention was paid to his remarks. But soon he became more prolific and specific in his complaints. About that time I got a smile askance from W. which was sufficiently significant to be understood. Mack's bones ached; he was stiff; he felt like one who was taking the grippe; he was prostrated generally.

When we anchored the Rambler off the middle of the Big Black Island bar, which location this time was preferred to our former position at the head of the bar, it was still raining. It was about this time that Marx began to develop a disease. He had the cramp or rheumatism in one foot; this rapidly grew more acute. By the time W. and I were ready to go out both invalids were altogether out of condition for a duck shoot. Mack was drawn up into a shape indicative of much suffering, while his countenance, usually beaming with a look of good humor, now wore an expression fully equal to the requirements of the occasion; and Marx played a fine second to Mack's lead as he limped about the launch in excruciating pain.

Of course W. and I were not going to insist on our guests going out and exposing themselves to severe weather under such conditions, though I must confess we were not apprehensive of serious results ensuing from the physical ailments of our complaining friends.

Soon W. and I were in the little boats, having left the M. L.'s by the warm boiler in the Rambler, out of the rain and protected by the closed curtains from the wind.

We two old "cranks," as Mack would call us, paddled off to take a few shots at the gamy teal. W. went to his former blind at the foot of the bar, a decidedly good position both for flight and an obscure blind, while I paddled off to a cove at the upper end, where I had a blind to build as before in the switch willows. As had been done down river, I surrounded the cockpit with a combination of willows and old sacks, ripped up for the purpose. I had no more than commenced work, when W. opened up down at his stand in a manner sufficiently energetic to indicate that he had business to attend to and was doing it promptly. I continued work on the blind, while W. continued to shoot. This, together with the sight of an occasional flock of ducks that passed my way, enlivened me to brace up under the depressing effects of the rain. Soon all was ready, when I crawled into a snug little nest. Quite soon a single teal decoyed at long range. It strained the old gun to get him, but he was taken out of the wet and stowed away under the deck of the Amateur. Ten minutes or so later three more teal decoyed, rather beyond range. A considerable time was given for them to do some swimming toward the blind, but they showed suspicion, and did not swim nearer according to my wish. To the contrary, they started away, when quickly a couple of shots were sent after them, which did nothing more than accelerate their exit. In the meantime the reports from down the river were animated and frequent, in fact so much so that I got very restless and dissatisfied with my location, concluded W. had need of help, yanked my boat unceremoniously through the little blind, jumped into it and paddled off vigorously to join in the sport below, leaving the blind and decoys to manipulate the deserted stand as circumstances might dictate. It was about three-quarters of a mile paddle, but it did not take long with W.'s gun as an assistant motive power. On the way a touch was made at the Rambler to see how the twin invalids were faring. From here W.'s stand was in full view. When the nose of the canoe was pushed alongside, the canoeist beheld one corner of the Rambler's curtain drawn aside while the two L.'s watched the progress of the contest below.

"I wish some one would kick me," said Mack. "I might just as well have been down there as not. W. is getting a grand shoot. Just see the ducks go in there!"

"And he is killing them, too," added Marx. "I expect we have missed it this time. Who could have known such a flight was going to be had! But that rain, I don't like it."

"Nor I, and the mud. Crackey!"

"What has become of P.? He don't seem to be getting in his work. I haven't heard him shoot but three times."

Pushing the Amateur into view, I said: "Well, you can just put it down in your little book that P. isn't getting in his work just now, but soon will. Say, boys, are you much sick? Hadn't you better go to bed?"

"Oh, yes; we are sick now, sure enough," said Mack.

When I got to W. he had killed and retrieved twenty-seven ducks, which had been done in about one hour's time. I went into the blind with him and we two enthusiasts sat there and killed fifteen more in short order, when, from some cause, the flight stopped short off without any apparent reason. Not another duck came in that evening, though we sat there nearly two hours, and until dark, waiting for them. On going to the launch the twins called me a Jonah, saying I had stopped the flight.

That night, with the patients again between us in bed, W. and I gave them an entertainment in the way of relating anecdotes, adventures, etc. We became quite conversational and spread ourselves, as it were, in an effort to entertain the two feeble gentlemen, one with aching bones and the other with a rheumatic foot, who lay innocently and unsuspectingly between us. Generally on a trip we devote one evening to an entertainment (?) of this kind. Marx had been with us on previous trips, but so far had not been initiated. Mack, who, as a rule, is very quick in conception, failed promptly to "catch on" as the slang phrase goes. He did not appear to be wholly satisfied with the talks and wanted to sleep, especially as the novelty of the situation had prevented him from sleeping soundly the previous

nights aboard. After a while we managed to talk him into a comprehension of the situation.

"How was it," he finally wanted to know, "that you," addressing me, "and W. are enabled to relieve each other so promptly in relating your yarns? As soon as one gets tired the other begins."

"Oh! We have a string under the mattress connecting each other. When I am about through I pull, and W. begins; when W. tires he pulls and I resume."

Marx, especially, wanted to sleep along with Mack, and as he is a born sleeper from away back, he was not long in developing the premonitory symptoms. Mack, however, had "caught on," and when the heavy breathing would begin he would nudge Marx vigorously—

"Marx, Marx, wake up, W. is pulling the string. Marx, Marx—Marx, Marx, oh! Marx, P. has pulled the string. Here, here, wake up and hear P. tell his panther story. Wake up, Marx, wake up, that won't do, here is something too good to let get away. We want to bottle it. Just listen. W. is going to tell some more about his trip in the Gulf of Mexico to the snapper banks. Wake up."

By such nonsense we kept all aboard awake until 11 o'clock, when the two M. L.'s proceeded to pull the string on their own account, at least Mack did. Marx was slow to aid him until about 12 o'clock he lost all patience at being punched and talked to, when he hustled out of bed in a hurry, and with much pretense proceeded to make and drink a cup of strong coffee made from hot water which he drew from the boiler. It was evidently his game to join Mack at last, and if possible outdo W. and me. That is the way it looked, though it may have been one big bluff. W. and I then shut up like two clams and not another word could be gotten out of us. We were tired of the string, and Marx and Mack quit, claiming victory. Soon all were asleep.

Did I say all were fast asleep? Well, hardly! I should have said one man was fast asleep. And that was Marx Loewenberg. He is a champion snorer as well as a sound sleeper. Marx and Marx alone slept. But the rest—well, we just tumbled in bed and could not sleep at all for the infernal noise Marx was kicking up. It took the combined efforts of three of us for two hours to keep Marx sufficiently toned down to allow us any rest at all. Finally we managed to get to sleep.

In the morning at daybreak we were again ready for the teal, at least all were except Mack, who was still suffering with his numerous maladies. Marx went out but I think it was under protest—he was not altogether recovered. I had hoped to get with him alone for a brief period that morning in some unfrequented spot, after which I think he would have inflicted a human being with that snore of his no more for ever. He sententiously declined to accompany me to a neighboring lake which I urged as being quite a duck roost. I had to go to the lake alone, where I got wrongly located but nevertheless had an exciting shoot as night came on. A great many flocks came in to roost, and though but a small portion passed or lit within range of me, I got many shots, and went back to the Rambler not altogether dissatisfied.

In the morning Marx first went to my deserted blind of the day before, which, not proving to be good for a morning shoot, he soon deserted and went down to W., as I had done the day before. W.'s blind, however, did not afford a good shoot, and but a few birds were obtained. At noon all were on hand promptly for dinner, after which Mack and Marx exchanged positions, the former going down with W., while the latter remained on the launch.

On the next and the last morning it was clear and cold. At daybreak W. and I were in the lower blind, having left the other two on the launch. We found the ice well formed a considerable distance from shore. We had this to break to free the decoys, which were also white with frost. The frost was removed by pushing them under the water for a moment. Only one flock came in, and it was in such a hurry to get away that we failed to get a shot.

At 7 o'clock we took up the decoys, paddled to the Rambler, raised steam and went home. The trip up stream took six hours to make. On the way the two invalids recovered considerably. Mack got entirely well. Marx would limp occasionally after reaching Vicksburg. He kept this up spasmodically for two or three days, when finally he recovered altogether.

After all, we could not blame either much for kicking in the traces under the existing conditions. We had almost too much weather and altogether too much lollolity. The mud especially was horrible, to say nothing of the wind, the cold, the rain and the snow.

Since our return Mack has fought shy of us when we were planning for another hunt, and Marx has not been as conspicuous as usual. Mack says he may take another hunt, on a rising river, but on a falling one, never. Should he go out again, which I doubt his doing, I shall take out a snug accident policy on his life, and would advise his family doing the same. As before mentioned, he is not a river man. He don't get along on water smoothly at all. A jolty swinging train of cars fits his talents better. On the river he is liable to swamp a boat or fall overboard at any time, and as he could not swim it would be a job of no mean magnitude to rescue him, especially if the accident policy had been properly attended to. As to handling a canoe, he just can't do it. The canoe generally under his manipulations goes somewhere else. It took him an hour one day to retrieve a duck which he had wounded while W. was off on a tramp to get warm. From our blind Marx and I could see him. It was a season of enjoyment for us. Any way, Mack is a funny man. He kept us in a rollicking good humor on the whole trip. I suspect that even W. and I would have gotten in the dumps over the many adverse conditions had it not been for him. He must go with us again, when we propose to even up with him on points where we failed this time. He shall be promoted to fireman if Marx is not along.

We will take Marx again also, but he must take along some rheumatism medicine and sleep on the roof. We just can't have that snore of his on the inside any more.

Vicksburg, Mississippi. W. L. P.

Iowa Birds.

ROCKWELL, Ia., May 31.—Our spring has finally come and with it fine prospects for a good stock of chickens for this fall. We have had excellent jacksnipe shooting this spring; they have been here in double the numbers of any previous year.

W. L.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

A Good and Timely Omen.

JUNE 3.—The big white birch *fac-simile* sign which surmounts the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the Fisheries Building has done a very wonderful and beautiful thing, and one which is an omen of a very good and timely sort. It has put forth green leaves! The sap locked up in the cold boughs when they were wrought into shape last winter has now under the warmth of spring begun to move and three very distinct shoots of green are now in sight upon the lower rail of the sign. The paper itself has done more, it has not only put forth leaves but has some fruit, but that its sign manual should go ahead by itself and show such life, and push and go, is a happy proof of the depth to which the paper's roots take on, and of the strength of the vital force which feeds it. This is the FOREST AND STREAM year—you hear that everywhere. The paper has broken all records, discarded all uselessnesses, kicked out of all ruts of journalism and gone ahead by itself outside of competition. That which has "FOREST AND STREAM" on it is bound to grow, as this pretty little miracle of the sign shows. *In hoc signo vincit.*

The "Forest and Stream" Visitors' Register.

Two days ago a little register was put in the FOREST AND STREAM space, whereby now stands a dainty silver hand holding up an invitation to all interested in sports to inscribe their names. This visitors' book is to be a fixture, and it is hoped that none will neglect it.

A City of Dreams.

The Fair grows steadily in interest as the finishing touches go on. The leaves and flowers are now coming out, and are still bright and fresh, before the scorching summer days. June is a good time to come to the Fair. It is all like a city of dreams now, and no one can regret the vision.

June 10.—The Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., write me in regard to their exhibit at the World's Fair—



"FOREST AND STREAM" IN RUSTIC LETTERS.

which exhibit, by the way, I had already visited and made notes upon, and intended to mention this week, or as soon as this cruel war for space in FOREST AND STREAM is over. The salient points of the exhibit are well taken up in the letter, nor do I consider that even the manufacturer of these goods has written praise too high. The exhibit is a very pretty and attractive one, and well worth a visit from any one interested in guns. The letter follows:

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 3.—We read with pleasure your World's Fair communications to FOREST AND STREAM. We regret we have not had an attendant at our exhibit to make you fully familiar with it. With a view of giving you some information regarding it we are tempted to take the liberty to write you regarding the same.

We have not attempted to make a large display as to numbers, but to present a few guns of each of the grades we manufacture, and we flatter ourselves that for quality of work no exhibit of the kind will outrank ours. You will observe that we have broken adrift from the conventional method of displaying our guns and have placed them in position where the material and workmanship can be shown to best advantage.

The side view which we present gives a favorable opportunity to examine the external ornamentation of the gun. You will notice in the higher grades the delicacy of the checkering and engraving; it will bear the closest inspection under a magnifying glass. You will notice also the inlaid gold work and engraving are of the highest class.

We have a number of automatic ejector guns in our exhibit, and we are the only American manufacturers of guns to make an exhibit of self-ejecting guns. You will find in our exhibit a number of guns of the \$400, \$500, \$800 and \$1500 grades as well as guns of the lower grades.

The sectional view of the ejector gun, as we understand, attracted a great deal of attention, as has also the high grade gun finished and left in the bright condition—not browned or case-hardened.

In evidence of the improvement in double barrel shotguns, please examine the three old guns; there are descriptive cards attached to them.

Two of them are over 100 years old. One of them was built in 1753 by Twigg & Bass, of London, for Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, who was Commissioner of the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Great Britain.

We believe that a careful examination of our exhibit will satisfy any one that sportsmen need not go outside of America for high grades, for we think no gun on earth can outshoot ours and none can excel it in symmetry of proportion or in artistic workmanship.

Pardon this communication under a magnifying glass. It will be of service to you in giving you points for your letter to FOREST AND STREAM. We expect within a few days to have a representative at our exhibit. In the interval, anything you can suggest in way of hints to us regarding it will be acceptable.

LEFEVER ARMS CO.

Upon the method employed in the display it would be difficult to suggest improvement, just as it is difficult to make additional comment after the above. A good, able-bodied assistant, however, to answer questions and speak understandingly of the merits of the goods shown, will be found a distinct benefit to any exhibitor.

They Are Valuable.

As an advertisement alone these exhibits at the Fair are of unquestionable value, and more persons see them and notice them than would at first be supposed. For instance, it may be said for FOREST AND STREAM (which, by the way, is the only sportsmen's paper of its class enterprising enough to have an exhibit at the Fair, and incidentally also the only one to benefit its advertisers by telling about their exhibits) that the persons stopping at its corner far outnumber the widest first estimate. It was once thought well to publish the names of visitors which drop down upon the FOREST AND STREAM register so rapidly, but the book has so filled up each day that it seems

doubtful if there will be room to publish even these bare names each week, and the attendant in charge has been obliged to develop a faculty of answering questions with both hands. This will be necessary also for the Lefever attendant, and of course as usual.

Should any others of the FOREST AND STREAM family be missed in the crowd at the Fair, it will be taking no liberty but conferring a favor to ask a FOREST AND STREAM man to call around to look at the exhibit. Any delay after that must be ascribed to a press of matter of all sorts that is unprecedented in the history of this paper or of any paper of this class. FOREST AND STREAM has not only broken the advertising record, but the news record, and the enterprise record, and the cleanliness record, and several other sorts of records. But I digress.

E. HOUGH.

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" BUREAU, Angling Pavilion, World's Fair.

ABOUT THE PRESERVE SYSTEM.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is gradually dawning upon me that the man who writes for newspapers or papers of any kind stands in the position of the fellow who has only to show his head to find a dozen other fellows armed with shillaleys ready to hit it.

I am led to this conclusion in taking a second glance at your issue of the 11th and discovering a communication that I had overlooked, sailing into my humble self for some notice in my "Commentaries" on the question of the recently enacted game law of this State, and also some remarks intended to be sarcastic in the sporting columns of one of our daily papers here. In the latter article I am charged with being a bloated aristocrat, belonging to sundry such shooting clubs here, that propose to monopolize the best shooting grounds and exclude "the down trodden" from any show. It is the old argument of the demagogue, and the writer poses as the champion of the "poor and lowly." The chances are that the writer never shot a duck in his life, and characteristic of the chap who undertakes to write learnedly of the things he knows

nothing about, he thinks it the popular thing to sail into any sort of an association that happens to be willing to pay for its sport—a crime of itself.

The principle could as consistently extend to any other luxury that a man is able to indulge in. What right has one man to own and drive a horse when others are unable by being less fortunate in the possession of the world's goods to drive horses? What right has one man to own a yacht if his neighbor cannot afford to indulge in the pastime? Shooting clubs pay pretty dearly for their sport, and those who are able to pay for it are as much entitled to the privileges money gives in that direction as in any other.

It is enough to make a dog sick to read all this talk about equal rights and the deprivations of the poor man. There is very little in the way of luxuries that the rich or poor do not have to pay for, and as sporting is a luxury those who indulge must pay the fiddler. But it is simply wasting time to continue the argument, and all this talk about one class of men who propose to be free from all restrictions because they are unable to indulge in luxuries that men of means can afford, is simply rot.

As to the charge that your humble servant argues from the standpoint of a bloated aristocrat and bond holder, in his remarks about the California game law, it falls to the ground when the fact is, by virtue of having been long absent from the State, he is not a member of any one of the shooting clubs charged with monopolizing the shooting grounds in this vicinity, has not pulled a trigger for five years, and has no more privileges in that line than has the "down-trodden," whom these writers commiserate so pathetically because they seek to pose as the champions of the dear people. It seemed to be the popular thing to oppose the bill, therefore certain newspapers did it, without any idea of its merits and caring less. They ought to feel greatly obliged to me for giving them a head to hit and supplying the editorial shillaley with practice.

PODGERS.

LAWRENCE, Mass., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many a good man just hugged himself and felt good after reading "A Maine Paper Answered," by Mr. Henry O. Stanley, in FOREST AND STREAM of May 4, saying that the lakes of Maine were practically free in spite of clubs and preserves, because of a wise law. In this week's "Snap Shots" the first thing you do is to throw a little cold water, by saying that the system is likely to grow; and with giant strides, too, as you aver; and you mention a few of the ways of making lovers of nature in freedom unhappy. And in spite of a just law, too. That men can be found with hearts so small as to sell themselves to warn off others and make folks uncomfortable, is pitiful. And you say not a word to condemn such meanness. You should be impartial. But if you must be partial, you should throw your influence on the side of freedom and justice.

FREEDOM.

Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

BOSTON RODS IN MAINE WATERS.

BOSTON, June 10.—The height of the trout season in Maine waters is over, so far as the spring season is concerned, and many of the parties have returned and are returning. Still there are others who will go for fly-fishing purely, and they will follow up all of the month of June, and well into July. There will then be a lull till late in August, or during the heated term, when the fall fly-fishing will begin. Thus far the season is proving fairly satisfactory as to numbers of trout, but there is a lack of size noticeable in the trout taken in the Rangeleys and Moosehead, showing that the supply of trout is being heavily drawn upon, and showing the great need of artificial stocking to keep up the supply. It is suggested by some of the best trout fishermen who visit the Maine waters that the quantity of trout that any one fisherman is allowed to take and bring out is far too great. It is suggested that 25lbs. to a trip is all that any angler should be allowed to catch and bring away, and this would seem to be a most reasonable restriction. Such a restriction is also advocated by some of the best guides and camp keepers in the Rangeleys. They believe that only by some such measure can the supply of trout be kept up. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will generally agree with them, and will grant that the man who desires to catch more than 25lbs. at a trip had better go into the fresh fish business somewhere on the wharves, where he can glory in the quantity he can handle.

The Akerman party, Mr. and Mrs. Akerman and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of New York, had fair success at the Upper Dam, and later at The Birches, Moosehucmaguntic Lake. Mr. Harris got a trout of some 5lbs. The Magee party, a very large one, early mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, was at The Birches for some time. The ladies took some big trout. The senior Magee, the founder of the Magee Furnace Co., of Boston, was with the party after all, though it was feared that sickness might hinder him. He has visited the Rangeleys nearly every year for many years. Mrs. Magee, one of those most kindly ladies that everybody loves for their experience and excellent good sense, was with the party.

The Camp Steward party had excellent success, not so much in the great quantity of trout taken as in the way the fates decreed, or the luck turned. Miss Blanche M. Stanley, of Newton, who never put a line into the Rangeley waters before, or indeed ever fished for trout at all, took a 6lbs. trout before she had fished an hour on her first trip out. Indeed this young lady went to the lakes wholly for sketching, and did not fish at all till the trip was nearly over. Miss Edith M. Hayward, of Chestnut Hill, also a novice in trout fishing, who also went for sketching, took thirteen handsome trout, with one over 3lbs. Mrs. W. T. Farley, another lady who had never visited the Rangeleys before, made a good record of nineteen trout, though thoroughly tired out from a recent visit to the Columbian Exhibition. Mrs. W. K. Moody, who has a previous record of an 8lbs. trout, took a 6-pounder this time, and hooked another that parted the line that had just held the 6lbs. fish. The guide, Charles H. Cutting, claims that it was a 10lbs. fish. The gentlemen of the party, W. T. Farley, of the dry goods firm of Farley, Harvey & Co., H. S. Kempton and W. K. Moody, both of the Boston Herald, each made good records of trout.

The party of the Inglewood Club, members and invited guests, returned to Boston on Friday after a two weeks' absence at the home of the club, Inglewood Manor, in New Brunswick. To say that the party had a good time and a most successful trip only about half expresses the fun and the general enjoyment. Much of the success and comfort of the trip is due to Mr. Leroy S. Brown, chairman of the house committee, and of the firm of Blaney Brown & Co., of Boston, and a good deal of the fun the boys enjoyed is due to Harry B. Moore, of J. E. Soper & Co., whom the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may have heard of before. The fishing was excellent and some big strings were made, that of Harry Moore and his cousin, Geo. C. Moore, being the biggest for any one day. It numbered well up into the hundreds of trout and salmon. But the small ones were all immediately returned to the water as soon as counted. The best part of the fun was that the fishing was all with the fly. The most successful cast was made up of the Parmacheene-belle, brown-hackle and professor. Brook trout and landlocked salmon were the principal fish caught, though one or two members of the party think that they caught English brown trout, with which fish some stocking of the Inglewood waters has been done. But they were little fellows, and so quickly returned to the waters that identification was not thoroughly established. Brook trout were taken in abundance up to 2½ and 3lbs. in weight, with landlocked salmon up to 3lbs.

The annual meeting of the club was held on June 7, and two new directors were chosen, Mr. J. Nelson Parker, of Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, and Mr. Harry B. Moore, of J. E. Soper & Co.

The list of those present at the annual meeting is as follows: Andrew S. March, Newton; Gen. D. B. Warner, St. John, N. B.; Samuel Shaw, Newton; Joshua Knight, Musquash, N. B.; Leroy S. Brown, Cambridge; Albion H. Brown, Boston; H. F. Sparrow, Cambridge; J. Nelson Parker, Boston; J. A. Faulkner, Lowell; Henry B. Moore, Jamaica Plain; George C. Moore, North Chelmsford; E. Noyes Whitcomb, Boston; J. Merrill Brown, Boston; Henry P. Brigham, Boston; George E. Barnhill, St. John. The number of members of the club at the annual meeting would have been greater had the meeting been earlier in the trip, since several members had stayed their allotted time and gone home.

Speeches were made by President A. S. March and Gen. D. E. Warner, George E. Barnhill, Samuel Shaw, Leonard B. Knight, Geo. C. Moore, John A. Faulkner, E. Noyes Whitcomb and H. B. Moore.

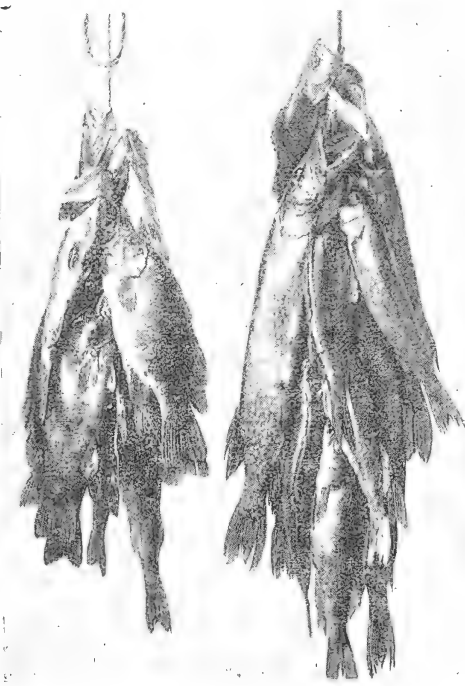
Gen. Warner stated there was no doubt whatever as to sea salmon entering these waters, which information gave much satisfaction to members of the club. Mr. Harry Buck, of Orland, Me., an expert in the construction of fishways and a man of much experience with salmon, confirmed the above.

Mr. Moore mentioned what he considered to be a growing tendency among fishing sportsmen to exaggerate as to the weight and number of fish they take. He had

noticed this tendency with some degree of pain during the past few years, and he feared that it was growing. He dwelt upon the beauties of truthfulness upon all fishing occasions. Rod and line sportsmen should stick strictly to the truth on every occasion. "It is beneath the dignity of a trout fisherman to stretch the truth concerning the size of his fish. To feed a trout with pebbles or railroad iron should be frowned upon."

The boys cheered him, and Harry smiled. They could not help thinking of the moose stories and the deer stories he has told for the FOREST AND STREAM. They wondered who made up that bogus telegram on the way down. The porter rushed into the car—the party had its own private car both ways—and shouted "Dispatch for Mr. Leroy S. Brown." Poor Brown came forward. It read: "Meet me in Bangor." It was signed by Charles T. Spear, or appeared to be, one of Brown's best customers. Brown rushed out of the car at the next station. There was not time to send a message. Harry followed him. The train was about to start. "Boys," he shouted, "I can't go!" Then to Harry Moore, "Look out for my baggage!" The train was starting. "It is bogus," Harry whispered hoarsely in his ear. Brown's face lighted up. He got on board the train a happy man. The boys got hold of the idea, and how they cheered. The dispatch was entirely the work of Harry Moore, the advocate of truth. At first it had been signed by H. F. Sparrow, but behold Sparrow was one of the party, and it had to be changed after the train started.

June 12.—The finest catch of trout of the season thus



BLACK LAKE STRINGS.

The above strings of fish were caught by ex-Secretary of the Treasury Foster, and ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Rathbone, members of the Black Lake Club, in Black Lake, New York. The smaller string, consisting of twelve black bass and two pike, was caught by ex-Secretary Foster in two hours on the morning of Oct. 11, 1892, after which he drove twelve miles and made a political speech, probably the best he ever made. The large string was caught by Mr. Rathbone, on Oct. 9, 1892, in violation of the Fourth Commandment.

far was seen in the window of Messrs. Appleton & Bassett to-day. It consisted of three brook trout, the largest weighing 7½lbs., the next 6½lbs. and the third 6lbs. These beautiful fish were caught by Messrs. Chas. Z. Bassett and his friend, Mr. G. N. Smalley. On the same day the lucky sportsmen took a trout of 3lbs., one of 2½lbs. and several smaller fish. They were all taken in Toothacher Cove, Cupsuptic Lake, and near Billy Soule's camp. The gentlemen are high line of anything that has been in that section this spring. But Mr. Bassett also has a record of a 5lbs. trout taken at the Upper Dam with a fly the other day. The veteran angler and annual visitor to that fishing ground, Mr. Freeland Howe, of Norway, Me., was in the boat at the time, but he had not been having the luck that fell to Mr. Bassett. It took nearly an hour and a half to bring the big fish to the net, Mr. Bassett's rod being only a small one of 6oz. He says that he is convinced of the possibility of subduing even larger trout with light rods. The only requisite is plenty of patience and skill. The 5-pounder in question was hooked through the under jaw in such a manner that his mouth could not be forced open by the power of the rod, and hence the long time it took to bring him to the net.

The Col. Rockwell party, at Allerton Lodge, had fair fishing, though no big trout were taken till towards the end of the stay, when Mr. C. H. Andrews, one of the senior proprietors of the Boston Herald, took a trout weighing 5½lbs. But such is luck. A day or two after the party came out, Mr. Rice, of Springfield, was fishing in Bugle Cove, the very point where the Rockwell party had done much fishing, with a friend whom he was very anxious should take a big trout. Soon other sportsmen heard some loud shouting, and they rowed up. The friend of Mr. Rice—I have not his name—had succeeded in landing a 9lb. trout. This is the largest trout mentioned this season, at the Rangeleys. As luck always has it, the lucky gentleman had never fished the Rangeley waters before.

At the Narrows, Richardson Lake, some good trout have been taken, but not as large as are usually caught there. In fact, the fishing, as a whole, at all points in those waters, has not been up to former seasons. The gentlemen of the Stevens party, at Camp Vive Vale, did not have their usual good luck with big trout. Mr. Fred Stevens thinks he was too early, having arrived as soon as the ice was out, and he would like to go again a little later.

SPECIAL.

BLACK LAKE.

IN St. Lawrence county, N. Y., near the St. Lawrence River, is a lake, dotted with islands, with a picturesque shore, which fills the fisherman's dream. It is twenty miles long, four miles across at its widest part and contains more fish than any other body of fresh water of the same size in the country. U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald says it is the best fresh-water fishing in the United States, and he ought to know. At least thirteen different varieties of fish there abound. There is no end of black bass and wall-eyed pike (and they bite), Oswego bass, muscalonge (not thick, but a good many), pickerel, rock bass, yellow perch, eels, catfish, bullheads, sturgeon, mudshad, and suckers (swimming and on shore). All are caught there in quantities that makes the lake appear like a feeder to a fish market. The lake gets its name from its dark, vegetable water that comes out of the Adirondacks. Its foot is three miles from Ogdensburg and it extends south parallel with the St. Lawrence river about five miles back. In 1891 a party of gentlemen, among whom were Hon. Lorenzo Crouse of Nebraska, now Governor, Assistant Postmaster General Rathbone of Ohio, U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald, Hon. Amos J. Cummings, Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, Hon. Robert B. Nooney, Thos. J. Murry, John W. McDonald, and others visited the lake as the guests of Amasa Thornton. The result of their visit was the organizing last year of the Black Lake Club, whose members and officers are as follows:

John R. Andrews, New York; Jas. M. Allan, Chicago; W. Bourke Cochran, New York; Lorenzo Crouse, Omaha, Neb.; Eugene G. Blackford, Brooklyn; Jas. A. Briggs, New York; Emanuel Einstein, New York; Charles Foster, Ohio; Wm. R. Grace, New York; Charles W. Hackett, Utica; John S. Learman, Catonsville, Md.; Edward Lauterbach, New York; Thomas J. Murray, Washington, D. C.; Marshall McDonald, Washington, D. C.; Robert B. Nooney, New York; Frank Pomeroy, New York; Jas. Phillips, Jr., Fitchburg, Mass.; Thos. B. Reed, Portland, Me.; Estes G. Rathbone, Hamilton, Ohio; Isaac Seligman, New York; Amasa Thornton, Popes Mills, N. Y.; Jere. M. Wilson, Washington, D. C.; Wm. R. Weed, Potsdam, N. Y. Officers: Charles W. Hackett, President; Eugene G. Blackford, Vice-President; Robert B. Nooney, Secretary and Treasurer. Managers: Charles W. Hackett, Eugene G. Blackford, Estes G. Rathbone, Robert B. Nooney, Amasa Thornton. House Committee: Eugene G. Blackford, Robert B. Nooney, Wm. R. Weed.

The club has a fine club house, boat house, etc., and members' wives and families can accompany them.

The illustration was made from a photograph of fish caught in the lake. The inscription explains by whom.

Niagara Anglers' Banquet.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 10.—The tournament banquet given the victorious Reds by the conquered but conquering Blues at the Niagara last night was a fitting companion piece to the most successful outing ever held by the Niagara County Anglers' Club. "He wins who waits," it is said, and this occasion realized as never before the significance of this old aphorism. Stinging under the defeat of May 31, the Blues especially enjoyed the paroxysms of the once gloating Red men, as they arose in response to an imperious summons from Toastmaster Hatch, to speak to text and sentiment heard for the first time at the moment of trial. The time waiting for the signal for banqueting was spent in swapping fish stories, and some big ones were told. The dining hall of the hotel presented a pretty appearance with its long lines of tables. At the head sat President Jerome E. Emerson and near him C. W. Hatch, leader of the forlorn hope of Youngstown. The Rev. G. W. Powell said grace. Mine Host Jackson had ransacked the bountiful storehouses of the four quarters of the globe and presented a menu over which a gastronome might gloat. The service was excellent. Beautiful roses adorned the board, and above the feasters floated the banner and title of the now famous club. Right cheerily they dined, and the while Lawson's Orchestra discoursed inspiring music. Soon the solid feast was over and the lighter began. Fragrant Havanas were lighted and all were in a receptive mood for fun.

President Emerson in a felicitous speech presented to Judge Millar the club gold badge for the largest string of black bass. The winner thought it ought to be called the "good luck" badge, as he attributed his success as much to luck as science.

John A. Merritt made the presentation speeches. The press prizes for reports of the excursion were announced as follows: 1st, Sun; 2d, Journal; 3d, Union.

Captain Hatch, as the toastmaster of the evening, presided with ease and ability. Nearly all the Reds were present, and the responses to the toasts were excellent. For impromptu addresses a body of men could not well be gotten together anywhere who could well excel in apt replies and telling hits. As story tellers F. K. Sweet, W. A. Williams, Judge Millar, W. J. Ransom, Dr. E. W. Gantt and W. J. Jackson carried off the palm, although all deserved a prize.

M. H. H.

Connecticut Legislative Ways.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: In an editorial in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 25 you say that "Connecticut game and fish bills are referred to the Committee on Agriculture." This is an error. The bills relating to fish are referred to Committee on Fisheries or to Judiciary Committee. Your other words hold good, however. We are indebted to the Committee on Agriculture for a bill taxing female dogs \$10.15, while male dogs are taxed \$1.15. The same committee have reported favorably on a bill appointing a dog warden for each county, and also making the owner of dog liable to fine of \$7 if his dog is off his premises from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M. This committee's room is very appropriately named the "Hay-mow."

The committee on Agriculture consists of nine members, one senator and eight representatives. I am indebted to Senator Coffey for many courtesies, but the other members did not look with favor on some measures (that were good) with any degree of interest. They cling (and always will cling no doubt) to the idea that any legislation touching game, is to get at the poor farmer's boy. When a rural legislator gets that idea firmly rooted in the gray matter then:

"They say he has no heart, but I deny it; He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it."

This committee makes no pretensions (and could not rightly) of knowing anything about game protection—except Senator Coffey, but he is only one of the nine.

A. C. COLLINS.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VIII.

The Return Trip.—VIII.

(Concluded from Page 192.)

THE next morning, as soon as the delicate illusive gray of dawn appeared in the air, we were all up, had a hastily prepared breakfast, the camp dismantled, everything aboard, and off for Gros Cap, with as cheerful hearts as ever beat under fustian jacket. The gleam of the early morn spread in one golden glow over the sparkling surface and the green woods. The sun laughed as it raced o'er hill and vale, river and lake, beautifying everything it touched with its crimson-tipped arrows. It was a morning that awakened every living thing. The bees hummed as they sought the honey of the flowers; the myriad insects that haunt the woods and revel in the sunny stretches, sounded their little clarions; the jay and the chickadee, the white-throat and the warbler, and all the choristers of forest and grove were in tuneful melody with the splendor so generously abroad.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn
With breath all incense, and with cheek a-bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,
And glowing into day."

Ned had his rod in hand, ever ready to let his flies drop into some inviting spot, while I gave myself up to the beauties of the lovely shoreline, which was constantly developing views "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The persistent angler finally reached a friendly rock, so ragged, splintered and creviced, that I was positive he would arouse a fitting representative of the spangled tribe, but it only sent forth an adolescent delegate that lazily toyed with the fly and then went back to its retreat, where we hope it will remain and grow in shapely and dappled beauty until it reaches maturity. Again and again dropped the flies as light as thistle-down, but not a mottled knight rose for an investigation of the subtle lures. Finally he was satisfied that nothing would here respond to his lightly delivered flies, and then the boys rowed quietly along the weather-beaten rocks in search of other caverns where dwelt the tattooed tribes.

We quietly went by a grand stretch of waving hills, revealing a wildness and beauty of scenery which awakened emotions that struggled in vain for expression. Here the dreamy loveliness of the moving forest contrasted strangely with the huge walls of granite, so typical of all that is stubborn, rugged and relentless.

After half an hour of constant work with the rod, Ned was rewarded with a double strike, both of which he hung. He was in high feather now, but it was of short duration, for the one struggling at the lower fly soon escaped, and a moment later the other kissed him a farewell, and then there was a sadly disappointed angler in the boat beavelling his hard luck. Emery smiled at Ned's loss, and doubtless thought it a retribution for dismissing him from service with the landing net when talent was required and applause to be gained.

We had now reached Goulais Bay, and as it was nine miles across and four more to Gros Cap Island, our destination, we consulted the oracle of the scuds as to the continuance of the fair weather. He slowly gathered himself together, and then rubbing with his right hand his massive forehead, as well as scratching where the combative organ is supposed to have a habitation, took in the magnificent splendor of cloud life above, gazed along the rim of the horizon where his friendly scuds are supposed to lie, and after staining a spot of the crystal waters with offensive saliva, and giving an extra hitch to his cross-ribbed pantaloons, said, solemnly: "It looks very mixed; may blow a little, but safe, I think, to chance it." As this was the first forecast which he had favorably reported during the trip I took his swarthy hand and shook it with a warmth that threw him completely off his balance, and set him wondering why white man so friendly.

Ned having now ceased his efforts to arouse a trout, the make-skiff of a sail was hoisted, and with the gentle breeze then prevailing headway was very slow indeed. One of the boys, however, attached himself to a pair of oars, which somewhat increased our speed with hopes of reaching the coveted island by noon. Delay mattered but little, as the day was such a luxurious one. Great flakes of golden clouds were lazily sailing to a radiant home in the east, the hills afar and the thousand leafy isles that graced the shore, partook of the magic of the morning glow, while the lake, which was stirred by the low wind that sighed across it, was in a lustre of silver so bright that its reflectiveness imprinted itself upon the broad and discolored sail as if to also beautify it. Gently we glided along in all this brilliant refugence, like dreams of delight on an enchanted sea. Feeling its soothing influence, we gave ourselves up to its voluptuousness.

"And I wrapped me about in the sunlight,
On the marge of a dimpling stream,
And there in a tangle of lilies
I wove me a wonderful dream;
And a song from my dreamland went floating
Far up where the angels must be,
But deep in its under vibrations
I heard the sweet song of the sea."

It was indeed slow progress over that rimpling lake, for nothing but zephyr breezes and the warm glow of the sun prevailed. When about half way across it became so unpleasantly warm that we began to think of the scorch and the stupor of tropic lands, and courted the shady side of the flapping canvas. It was next to a calm, and as the dilapidated old rag could not straighten in such a wind an additional man was put to the oars and then we made better time.

After about two hours and a half of hard work with the polished blades we were over our Hellespont, and then ran along a stern and dismal-looking shore of lofty crags, narrow breaches, overhanging crests and crumbling rocks, the whole resembling the frowning front of a dismantled fortress, with towers and turrets, bastions and ramparts, archways and buttresses in one mingled mass of shattered ruins, over which grew lichens, mosses and ferns, with here and there a tiny wild flower springing into the warm rays of the sun from her slender storehouse of soil, the crevice. Here, if you have an eye for color, you see long lines of gray and green and purple, which the sparkling glow of the sun's glistening silver so richly enhanced; infrequently they thicken below and break above in flashes of delicate amber upon the edges of

these massive and ragged walls that have for ages battled with turbulent seas, crushing ice and destructive frosts. Over all this the majesty of the clouds is incessant; sometimes they are of terror and boding storm, and again of magnificent sweep and ethereal beauty. They were now in their glory and trooped the sky like bands of happy lovers, and their shadows followed them over the mountain top and through ravines, darkening the landscape for a moment till sunshine could again conquer the scene, and then repeating the beautiful movement above and below till they had faded away like the brilliant impressions of a dream. The soft, balmy feeling in the atmosphere corresponded with the tenderness of the green foliage, o'er which the sunshine danced in impish play. Anon, as we quietly moved along these ragged walls of grandeur were greeted with rippling rills running o'er the faces of these scarred and weather-stained rocks, that dropped into the lake with the most soothing of lullaby notes.

Peter, who was always prompt in dining, now flashed his silver timepiece upon us, and then imparted the cheerful information that it was precisely 12 o'clock, and at once began looking around for some little cove, with a beach that would permit of landing and serving the meal. After going about half a mile, we found a lot of tumble-down granite promiscuously scattered at the foot of a cliff, which gave us the room desired, and so we landed, and the work for pleasing the appetite commenced. Ned, who had a weakness for hot cakes and maple syrup, one of our standard breakfast dishes, insisted that they be served, despite the horrors of unities or the terrors that might overcome our chef. We had them and plenty of them, and hugely enjoyed them without even as much as a tremor reminding us of the inversion of culinary order. Not only that, but Louis Miron, one of Ned's old boatmen, who was passing by us in a Mackinac, was called ashore and invited to the feast of hot cakes and syrup, which he and his helper dined on till they were filled to repletion. Ned and he, after the repast, got down to the relation of trout tales, while I hugged the shady side of a high cliff a few feet away, and listened to the romances, edging a word in now and then merely as an interrogation. Miron, during the pow-wow, stated that a couple of anglers stopped over night, a few days ago, at the mouth of the Montreal River and caught the next morning at the first rapids about half a mile up a dozen fine brook trout, a place where you rarely get one, and where anglers seldom fish. The river for many years has yielded no satisfactory returns, and I simply make the statement above as an exemplification of trout turning up in unexpected places, and that it is always best to practically illustrate before passing judgment or passing by a stream in bad repute with anglers. Miron was off long before us, and as the rising breeze was just beginning to vibrate the foliage, he caught it with his broad and clean white sail, and slipped over the gentle ripples with a velvet smoothness to the accompaniment of a tinkling symphony as pleasing as the music of the wandering brook that comes from "haunts of coot and hern."

As we intended fishing along the shore this side of Gros Cap, I put my rod together and prepared for the pleasant pastime, but counted no trout in advance, though I assure you my heart was full of ardent hope.

About 2 o'clock we left the little rocky cove, with a slight breeze that seemed to shake out the fragrance of the forest. It was fully a mile ahead before we would reach the waters that we expected would yield us a few of the handsome victims, and as the boys were indifferent about hoisting the makeshift, they pulled quite lazily and carelessly, giving us a fine opportunity to feast our eyes upon the beetling cliffs and the huge rocks at the base, many of which seemed to have human forms, and one might imagine them great giants rising from the shore to beckon you on to sweet repose or painful wakefulness. We gave ourselves entirely up to the fancies that were awakened, and felt as if we were floating on the Vesuvian bay, the sport of the wind; the freedom of the lake matching the freedom of the mountain outlook; the spirit as light and glad as were the airy nothings in the sky that gave it wing and made it their confidant, "the whole world moving to the rhythmical harmony that was borne into the silence of the soul as the message of Nature to man."

Around some towering and frowning crags just ahead, which stood out in rocky raggedness, were the waters in which we must display our skill to secure the quarry. At once I took position at the bow, the post assigned to me, and there I worked myself up to great expectations. Ned, who, of course, remained in the stern, was also in fervent glow and doubtless counting his catch in the prospective. Arriving at the flinty point we at last swung by it, and then my flies were sent in search of *S. fontinalis*. Nothing came of the first dropping of the feathers, nor of the second and the third, and not till full ten minutes after the maiden cast did I receive a rise, and then, much to my disappointment, missed it. Once more the artistic lures, vent out on a captivating mission, and this time a tigerish trout was impaled as a fast companion of the "royal coachman," and not liking the over-ardent company, made a terrible struggle for a separation with the courage of a true knight errant. His strength and strategy availed naught, and then he was carefully given over to the artistic mercies of the guardian of the net, who laid him tenderly away on the shady side of the boat. He was not above a pound and a half in weight, but such a ravishing beauty that he must have idled many hours under the gorgeous sunsets, for he had undoubtedly stolen the lustre of their hues. Ned was at it, shovel and tongs, with his rod and flies, but they fell to no purpose, as it was evident the census of this place was only counted in units. Yonder, where the shadow of a passing cloud shows the scarred side of a declivitous rock, must assuredly repose some Apollo Belvidere of the icy deep. We reach it in a moment or two, and Ned, in expectancy, lets his flies fall gently upon the surface, and then there is a silvery gleam, a violent splash, and a wolfish snap, and another dandy, inlaid with opal and violet and dashes of orange and amethyst, is singing his death-song with a bravery so characteristic of this noble tribe. The victorious angler, glowing with the excitement of the strife, renewed his vigilance with an industry that kept his flies falling like snowflakes upon the long dark lines. It was in vain, however, for these studded, striated and veined knights of the reef were either surprisingly limited in the waters that should theme with them, or were not seeking to toy with surface illusions.

Reaching a ledge of rocks touched with a grace that

softened the impression of age and sublimity, that we fondly hoped would give us some diversion, were, sad to relate, disappointed, as the flies fell fruitlessly. It is advance again, and this time we strike a recessed crag, so green, scraggy and savage, and within so damp and o'ergrown with moss, that you would think the sunlight never played upon the sullen and ragged frontispiece, which awe sufficiently to overshadow all sense of pleasure that one so earnestly desires in scenery where so oft he lingers. Down into the deep translucent waters are antechambers so spacious that you feel assured some shapely beauties of the golden garter abide therein, and that the fall of a dainty tid-bit upon the dome of their dwelling would arouse to a sense of investigation. Thus impressed we showered the tempting feathers and tinsel bright upon this fascinating formation with fervent hope in every cast, until we had about run through our entire catalogue of artistic lures. "There," said Ned, pointing with this index finger, "is evidence of a sparse settlement, if not complete desertion." Following the direction of his significant finger, I saw two or three crawfish moving along the surface of a honey-combed rock. This bold and open display of these crustaceous crawlers satisfied me that the game was further away, and, per order, the music of the dropping blades was once more heard.

We try a mountain wall just ahead, rooted, massive and majestic, that could tell the thrilling story of a thousand stormy winters, and which seemed to say to the Prince of the powers of the air, as Shelley makes the Titan demi-god say to Jupiter—

"Let alternate frost and fire
Eat into me, and be thine ire
Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned forms
Of furies, driving by upon the wounding storms."

No one answers here to the pull of the string, and concluding all absent in the palatial subway, we still press on and reach a low range of hills swelling with the verdure of the forest, and every curve of grace suggesting fairies and frolicsome fays, and yet no *fontinalis* would break through the sapphired deep to even glance at the fascinating flies so richly and deftly wrought:

"Alas! alas! no music of the silver spool,
No tinted trout with lures to fool."

A caressing wind, manifesting an increasing desire, carries us at random beyond these illusive haunts, until we come to a *chevaux de frise* of charred timber and gigantic ramparts of rock in golden and silver light, and once more strive to snatch a prize of beauty from this wild solitude of grand fascination. It proves a dismal failure, and then on reaching an opening where rich opaline tints are flashing and birds filling the air with sweetness, the lures again court the waters, and still no scarlet Hebe arises to gladden us with emotions of delight. We now begin to feel as if the rainbow of promise is departing, and that all these magnificent homes in the deep are a mere *ignus fatuus* to the knight of the rod. Gros Cap was just ahead, draped in a gorgeous tunic "whose warp seemed to be aerial sapphire o'er-shot with threads of gold," and

"Standing alone twixt the earth and the heavens."

Here was our last chance, and if that failed we would indeed be in the very abyss of despair, and doubtless sound a retreat that would sweep us on to the raging rapids below where solitude is unknown. The little island shows a frowning front where many a mottled warrior has fallen to the skill of the angler, and long before we reach its seductive lairs which lie all around it, our flies are covering every inch of water in hopes of finding some of the golden and scarlet-draped in their sportive revels. The ambitious desire went not amiss, for I caught one spangled knight and lost a black fly on another and a weighty savage that must have been a redoubtable athlete in his race, for he took not only the fly, but part of the leader, without the least particle of mannerism. It was simply a vicious snap, a sudden jerk, and that was the end, quick and decisive. The fly was replaced and the work of alluring commenced afresh, but only one more feeble rise was the result after a half hour's hard and earnest work.

The breeze had now risen sufficiently to make luxurious sailing, and as Ned suggested it was best to take a wind when you have it, it meant home and a termination of the delightful trip. I acquiesced, and then that old checkerboard of a sail was hoisted for the last time and we were off for the "Soo" with the sun sinking westward lower and lower, till it glowed in a globe of flame, from the edge of which the perfume of the invigorating balsam saluted our senses with hill after hill of green verdure arising before you strike the river and the low ridges. Like the tower of a stronghold the lighthouse now greets you, soon the sense of loneliness departs, the rosy lights disappear, shadows fall around, and ere the entire drapery of night is drawn we are at the "Soo" with only the bright recollection of happy days spent in the pursuit of the gamiest fish, whose ravishing charms of graceful symmetry and matchless beauty have been the theme of poet and painter in every land where the gentle art is acknowledged as the contemplative man's recreation.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

Black Bass at Clayton.

CLAYTON, N. Y., June 9.—The black bass fishing is fair at present. The bass have not yet come up on the rocks, but are still on the "white bottoms" and in the weeds. The season is about ten days to two weeks late. Nothing can be done with flies at present, but there is promise that the fly-fishing will be good in a couple of weeks. We were so fortunate as to secure the services of a most capital guide (said to be the best here), Stephen Layere. He is an excellent boatman and good cook; knows all the best spots and is untiring in his efforts to find the fish. As a natural result our boat has been the most uniformly successful of any; and on five evenings out of the last ten days we found on returning home that we have brought in not only the most fish, but the heaviest as well. On one occasion we had eight weighing 20lbs., and on another twenty weighing 40lbs. During the last ten days our best catches have been 35, 33, 31, 28, 20; total for the ten days 214, for the three rods. The largest fish caught was a 4-pounder, but several 3½, 3¼ and 3-pounders have been secured. Any fisherman or woman who would not be comfortable at this house (the Hubbard) would be hard to suit. Everything is done for one's comfort, and the table is excellent. I trust the above details will be interesting to you.

WILLIAM BUNKER.

LAC TSCHOTAGAMA.

"LA BAS, Lac Tschotagama," said François Goyon, tall, gaunt, weather-beaten and gray-bearded, the rugged, stern Montagnais face lit with enthusiasm as he pointed to the dim Laurentian Peaks, shining far distant on the other side of Lac St. Jean.

"Une belle rivière! La Grande Peribonka," he paused as the name of the river, gravely intoned, full of sweet cadences and majesty, fell upon the ear, creating an indefinable sensation akin to the feeling caused by the half-breed of the North Shore when one first hears them utter the word "Labrador."

François, oracle among voyageurs, spokesman of their united experience and premier among the guides, addressing us with laconic sentences, divided by silences that spoke volumes the Indian nature would not deign to use, tempting us to make the journey.

There we stood, that July morning, 1891, upon the piazza of Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, Arnie (Arnold W. Koehler, of New York) and I, with the four half-breed guides, François, Josef Savoir, Davide Phillippe and Louis Tremblay, discussing whether we should go. Roberval stretched around us with a cordon bleu of Laurentian ranges, running around the rim of the horizon like a necklace of sapphires, while in its center lay Lac St. Jean, now glistening in the sun like a great emerald, then changing into a great turquoise, and then as fleecy clouds raced across the sky neutralized into a great pool of quicksilver, smooth as a mirror, stretching far beyond vision, until it was lost in

"The silvery haze of the summer dawn."

I heard Josef Savoir say, "Alo tshipa miluetamots epinan ka mishalits meshtoko mithuiapits at uitshe-utok tshe otinamok ouananche kie mashimekush nete shakaikants" (they would rather stay in the big wooden house—Hotel Roberval—than go with us and catch ouananche and trout at the lake).

The strong contemptuous Montagnais accents arrested my attention and made me think of the Nepigon, the Ottawa, the Everglades! Who does not know the Indian's inbred dislike of the permanent home? Who that has fared these out-ways of the woods has not seen some deserted log shanty or abandoned tepee with birch bark strewn around and the significant arrangement of poles, telling the cause of abandonment? "Some man died there!" The superstition that the spirit of the dead haunts its earthly abode!

"Par ci par la, les ouananche, six, ai, huit livres" (here and there the ouananche are 6lbs, aye, 8lbs.). I shook my head doubtfully, whereupon Davide indignantly ejaculated "Surement."

Arnie laughed, and the others muttered their disapproval of Davide's interference as though François did not require any assistance to establish the truth of his statements and win us over.

"The river is filled with long weeds in which lurk pike of an enormous size," and François turned to his confreres. Davide put up his hand to show the length of the fish, and Josef with a "ugh" nodded a grave approval. Louis Tremblay, bearer of a name which finds its echoes among the Gascon Crusaders and the French Canadians of the sixteenth century, leaned against one of the pillars with true Indian indifference.

"There are magnificent falls and rapids filled with salmon jumping and rising through the surge, and trout leaping at the fly the instant it flits upon the foam. There you will get the salmon glittering white and gleaming like burnished silver in the sun—further on at the Lac you will get them dark and gray, oftentimes quite black, but they all fight like devils! Ils se combattent comme des diables."

"Where the clouds kiss the mountains, is the Lac, and thence the Grande Rivière pours down to the St. Jean," said François pointing to the dark blue peaks outlined against the Canadian sky, luminous in the clear atmosphere, an hundred miles away.

"The whitefish, the large great pike," with what contempt, but how vividly, how keenly, I call to mind the softening of speech and mien as he said, "La belle truite et le beau saumon-ouananche! eh, mes frères?" and then he looked at us. What need of more words, François?

Who could withstand such a temptation? Who could be such a sceptic as to doubt the sincerity of the voyageurs? Who could gainsay the kingly sport that awaited us beyond the blue mountains? for royal and keen-edged as the quest for the *Salmo salar*, the sovereign of all finny game, is the fight with the ouananche.

Within every intendment of his Montagnais patronymic he has in miniature every attribute and quality that his royal progenitor, the *Salmo salar* of the Atlantic, possesses and a little more.

Beneath the thundering tons of water rushing over the falls, amid eddies and whirlpools encircling like miniature maelstroms, under foaming torrents tossing logs and drifting trees like playthings, where never a salmon was stabbed, and like unto only the trout of the Virgin Falls upon the Nepigon, the ouananche lives in a home of tumultuous, turbulent floods. Naturally a fighter, acquiring highest development of muscle and form from habitat and environment, the ouananche savagely wars upon all that dare invade his realm, be it flashing phantom minnow, glittering spoon or elusive flitting fly.

Who has not failed to rise the salmon, although his dark, bluish green shape could be seen in the pool, and had his patience tried beyond expression after days of vain casting? For that monarch will not rise to anything save the fly, and often not even to the most dainty creation of variegated feather. But the ouananche will seize darting minnow or swirling spoon, or swimming or flitting fly with an indescribably savage ferocity, as though the invasion of its realm were resented.

Oftimes when confidence is lost and the arm is tired of casting the fly, one may loiter indolently in the canoe on a mass of fragrant balm o' Gilead and troll with a 5oz. rod. In a canoe dancing on the seething waters like a cockle-shell, and a battle between the instinct of the Indian and ouananche to keep the canoe free from his rushes—the fight goes on. Here is a fish whose weight runs up to 8lbs.—best fighting form is 3lbs.—which wages a terrific combat often lasting an hour, straining dainty coach-whip rods and silken tackle like unto which verily only

the initiated can speak. Resorting to expedients and exhibiting tricks, the *Salmo salar* has never been known to exhibit, if he possess them!

Furiously thrashing the water and rolling over and over on the surface, often until the line is inextricably tangled, leaping high in the air, often five feet high, six to seven times, savagely shaking his head; jumping slipping somersaults with a splurge-like roll, darting again and again toward the canoe and often under it, and then, infinite regret and chagrin, dashing with a wild jump into the midst of the torrent and rushing far down the foaming current, until the white axle of the reel strikes terror to your soul and the slender 5oz. rod is unable to hold the weight of line, with the ouananche madly struggling to escape an hundred yards away; when your only hope to save the fish is to get on some rock in the midst of the foam, with the Indian crouching at your feet, and give the rod fair play, where the fish may fight in open water—thus the battle goes on.

Do you doubt that trout and bass are outclassed—that this is a worthy rival of the *Salmo salar*?



"HER LADYSHIP'S WORD WAS LAW."

My favorite outfit is the Wood 4oz. lancewood rod, built for me by Thomas J. Conroy, with a "G" Hercules water-proof silk line, a 6ft. salmon leader with a No. 6 Jock-Scott fly. Then, with a 3lbs. ouananche fairly stabbed, the world, for the next hour to come, is forgotten.

"Eh, François," said I, coming back from Dreamland. "C'est la vérité," said Josef Savoir, and, surrendering, we bade them get stores and needful kit from Mr. Kenna of the Hotel Roberval, and have canoes and packs ready for an early start in the morning.

Sunday, July 4, 1891, the little steamer Undine waited for captain and guides to come from Mass to take us twenty-five miles across the lake to the mouth of the river. Scarce were we out, when a terrific storm broke and followed us across the lake. Across and then backward and forward, this way and that, following little bushes stuck in the shoals, running through imagined channels, sounding with a pole, and the captain filling the air with oaths in all tongues—Indian, French, Patois and what not—we tried for the channel and finally made the block house.

Up the river, skirting the shores, trolling for brochet until we wearied of their sight, we went along and caught pike. One frantic leap in the air when struck with the barbed hook, a brief thrashing of the water and the great cowards came to the canoe without a struggle. Reaching down and plucking them by the eyes with second finger and thumb, lifting them from the water, Josef Savoir would deliberately take his knife and stab them in the brain, and with an Indian "ugh" throw them in the bottom of the canoe a glittering mass of gleaming yellow, golden spots, bronzed and copper scales, with shining eyes and great cruel jaws filled with merciless fangs. I never could find game qualities in any of the family *Esocidae*! From François in the bow and Davide and Louis in the other canoe came laughter keenly merry with delight over the slaughter, and applause for the skill of Josef.

But indeed is the Peribonka "une grande rivière!" On the way up the change and variety of the scenery is marvelous, for verily lath nature spoken "in various language." The river widens out for miles, threads a mazy way through numberless islands covered with dense growth of fern and bush, tree and forest, or rising in naked rocky shapes of strange misshapen form, barren, with scarce a shrub thereon. It narrows down and pours through gorges and precipitous passes with a deafening roar, forming magnificent falls, with rainbows gleaming whenever the sun shines. The flood rushing and whirling over rocks and around points forms pools covered with great patches of foam, sometimes a foot thick, oft times quaintly rising in columns two or three feet high, through which the ouananche and "poisson blanche" can be seen rising after the flies lighting on the brilliant bubbles.

At Frazier's Chute the river, passing down between rocky cliffs, narrows into what Arnie aptly termed a "V-shaped cassage." It was strikingly appropriate. The water rushing V-shaped to the point was like quicksilver, with a mirrorry sheen of a brilliant emerald green hue, while along the shores it broke into filmy lace of whitest foam, with bubbles gleaming like gems; and as the water leaped over the fall it seemed to widen like the flowing skirt draperies suggested by the simile.

Fickle as a woman's whim, lightly humored as a spoiled beauty, we found the ouananche in the pools below the falls! We were indeed in sore plight, for rig our flies as we might, cast as we would, it was only few and far between, the ouananche which we caught. Still, enough for camp, and on we journeyed.

What skies and what weather, Jupiter Pluvius! It was rain morn and noon, rain by day and rain by night. But oh, what of that cry, nay half animal plaint of the Indian guide, be he half-breed or full-breed, that is never hushed when you wish to go on in the rain, "trop mouille!" When flour and bread, tea and coffee, are mercilessly exposed to the down-pour, while the bacon and all that rain would not harm is carefully protected! How can you assert your authority and settle that question, ugly and always to be avoided, that your guide must go as and when you wish regardless of wet or dry, the problem of the bush!

"Eh bien, François! Vous êtes le premier des guides, et si vous ne voyagerez pas à travers la pluie comme je veux je vous ne payerai pas pour le temps que vous ne travaillez, pas, et de plus je vous ne donnerai rien à manger" (Very well, François. You are the chief. But you will travel through the rain as I wish or I will neither pay you for the time you are not going nor give you anything to eat).

A short conference apart, the braves in council. Josef speaks in Montagnais, the alternative is accepted, on we go. M'sieur is recognized.

Across portages where the men carried loads like mules and through water-abandoned gorges, where, with canoes on their shoulders, the guides went leaping from rock to rock like goats, onward we journeyed, up the gradual ascent of the river. Few ouananche, trout enough for two meals, caught where we camped over night, beneath lynx heads and claws nailed to trees, trophies of some long past chase, and catching pike past all numbering, we killed time and enjoyed the ascent until early in the afternoon on the third day, we arrived at Lac Tschotagama. It is an irregular body of water about eight miles long, at its widest extent about two miles, shut in by lofty mountains jutting far out in the lake, and covered with woods and thick underbrush, fragrant and odorous as all Canadian forests; a miniature Lake George.

On Dappler's Point we pitched our tents and put everything in readiness for our stay of a week. It was a beautiful day, the rain had stopped, the clouds disappeared, and there was not a ripple on the lake. Out on the water were great flocks of wildfowl, and our ears were filled with the call of ducks. Later the fish began leaping from the water, "la truite," send'ng widening circles of ripples, which rolled on and on until broken by the "sortez le ouananche," the salmon-like splurge of the beau saumon of the Lac St. Jean region.

Excitedly, François cried, the French instinct stronger than the Indian, "Thshitajram, tshi uapamau a naie ouananche, kushkants uets e kuashkotit, usham meshte mishishto" (see the ouananche jump at the fly; what a big one), and the guides were talking with each other, whether "les m'sieurs" we were satisfied with the Lac.

On Friday Arnie determined the quality of the fishing by bringing in two ouananche of 8lbs. each. What a pity that Arnie so detests hard work that he will not even tell of the struggle—of the battle royal with the only finny antagonist worthy of being mentioned with the *Salmo salar*. He threw himself on the sand and stared first at me and then at the fish. "By Jove! old fellow, just read Victor Hugo—fight with—devil fish—you know—that's about—size of it!"

It was that afternoon we were all out on the lake in the midst of sport when Joseph shouted, "Le feu!" and before I knew what the excitement was, two canoes with four guides madly, aye, frantically paddling, shot for the shore with a wake bubbling and smoking behind us. I thought it was a race, as the shirts falling down showed the muscles standing out in great cords and bunches as the paddles smote the water and the canoe fairly leaped beneath the impetus of the paddles. Then I looked up and the whole camp seemed afire, with the flames leaping from the grass and the smoke drifting in black clouds. An hundred miles away from Roberval, and tents, blankets, food and tackle all in flame! The canoe struck the beach and four men rushed like deer up the shore. I saw Josef and Davide throw themselves on the ground and roll right into the fire. When Arnie and I got there the fire was under control, but it was a close shave. A little carelessness in extinguishing the camp-fire—a little wind fanning the embers, a spark in the dry grass—and, what might be called a calamity, barely averted. But as the guides brushed the ashes and coals from hair and clothing, with pain killer and whisky—internally administered à la Irlandaise—as their reward, we laughed, but I think just a little hysterically on our part at least.

Saturday afternoon I reminded Davide of the "gros plus gros brochet," "Oui, me voici, m'sieur," and they

got the canoe ready. I tied two large red-ibis flies to trail after the silver spinner and we started for the further side of the lake. As we reached the further side and ran into the cove Davide, turning to me, nodded and I let the line, a Conroy fifteen-thread Silver King, run out, and the spoon, rotating in glittering revolutions, whirled out of sight, amid "beau, beau," from the guides, and with paddles so softly dipping that scarce a ripple was caused, the canoe went noiselessly on.

As we rounded the point I cried, "Stop, a tree or the bottom;" but a slackened line answered my call and Josef sent the canoe on, when the line straightened and out of the water rose a huge dark form that made my heart jump to my throat and Josef cry "Sacr   Dieu!" As if caused by the fall of a great rock, rose a mass of water caused by the splash of the fish. In less than an instant the form darted straight toward the canoe with a white foam lashed in its wake; it seemed to me impossible to get out of the way. I heard Josef cry, "Ashekanush. tshilipi." (Back the canoe, quick.) Then, as if by magic, the canoe swung round and shot backward at right angles to the fish, that fairly straightened the line out of the water, leaving my face to the fish—smart work that! Another rise in the air, as the fish felt the stab of the spoon, a quick slack of the line, a fall with a fountain rising around, a rapid hauling in until I had the line taut, and then the fish went to the bottom, where it sulked and then slowly came to the side of the canoe. What an ugly brute—how viciously merciless a pike looks in and out of water, with gavial muzzle and fangs and eyes that make you shiver. They picture the sightless eyes of the drowned. Josef reached down and gripped the pike by the eyes with thumb and second finger, and taking his ready knife stabbed it in the brain and threw it in the bottom of the canoe. What a monster! He was 52in.



PIKE AND OUANANICHE.

long, 17in. in girth, mouth 11in. wide, tail 9in. broad and weight 47lbs.

Sunday morning, the cat's tail and the mare's tail floating lazily across the sky, casting great shadows on the mountains and changing the turquoise blue of the lake into pearl gray. Not a ripple on the mirrory stretch of waters and "Sortez le ouananiche." "Sortez pas, c'est une truite," from the guides (That is a ouananiche jumping. No, it is a trout.) "Well, Arnie"—but that individual was reading "Thomas-   Kempis" under the mosquito canopy, with blue wreaths from the fragrant bouquin blown around him. I could not endure it. "Fran  ois, shall we try la roche noir?" "At once m'sieur."

Black Rock, that had been pointed out to us again and again, jutting out into the lake miles away. Black Rock, like unto which no place could be found, and whereof the fabulous to the verge of language had been told.

An hour and a half later I returned. What success did I have? I think of the old lines always chanted in the old university days. Who does not recall "Vos Cyclops" and ending with "H  c olim meminisse javabit."

I quote from the Quebec Chronicle, July 24: "He [myself] mentioned as a specimen of fishing on the lake, catching three ouananiche weighing 21lbs., three speckled trout weighing 17lbs. and two pike weighing 22lbs., all in an hour and a half."

One of the trout weighed 8lbs., the skin of which I took to Roberval. If Col. James L. Breese and Mr. Louis Webb should read these lines, I wonder if they will remember our conversation as to the fight I had to capture the big fellow. Mrs. Beemer declared the trophy worthy of a place on the walls of the Hotel Roberval, and there it hangs to-day. Her Ladyship's word was law and I dared not transgress it.

So many pleasant hours, kindnesses and gracious courtesies went into the days spent at Roberval—the gems in the flagree of the necklace, the colors in the painting, days stolen from sport. Some message then to Roberval:

E'en weave it as thou wilt, thy garden musters
Mute hints of ditties to inspire the lute,
And to thy face and sense stoop mingled clusters
Of glowing flowers and fruit.

Wednesday we left the lake, and Friday night we supped at the Island House, Grande Decharge, on our way home,
E. J. MYERS.

SPRING FISHING IN NORTHERN CANADA

FEW seasons have afforded so much sport in recent years to anglers in Canada as this spring time. Fishermen who could get away to our northern rivers and lakes during the last half of May, were indeed fortunate beings. The weather continues rather raw and cold, and so long as the temperature of the water remains low, may we expect to find the monster *fontinalis* postponing his summer sluggishness and descent to his deep-water hiding



DAPPLER'S POINT, LAC TSCHOTAGAMA.

places. Lake Beauport has yielded plentifully the bright silvery trout for which its crystal waters are so widely noted. Messrs. H. H. Sewell, H. C. Austin and others of this city have been extremely successful there. Lake St. Joseph has also yielded better sport recently than for some three or four weeks past; especially during the past week have a number of very heavy fish been taken from its waters. In Lake Edward the spring fishing is always good and this year is proving no exception to the rule. J. U. Gregory and L. S. Odell of this city, whose angling successes have long been widely known, took a number of trout over 4lbs. in weight out of this lake in the early part of the week, the best fishing in this large body of water having been found near Shirt Point, off the Brul  , and in the vicinity of the Press Club House, a short distance north of Kit Clarke's Camp. The fishing at these points and between the islands off Farnham's Camp, will continue good until the arrival of the dog days, and then the fish will have to be sought in deeper water or up Rat River. It will surprise nobody who knows the beautiful lake to learn that a number of additional fishing camps are being built this year on its shores.

The members of the Stadacona and Laurentide clubs are vying with each other as to the size of the trout in their respective territories. In each of these tracts fish have been killed this spring exceeding 5lbs. in weight. Messrs. J. L. Bell, Frank Holloway and Thomas, have been extremely successful on the Stadacona lakes, and Messrs. E. B. Garneau, L. Stafford and others have done splendidly on those of the Laurentide lakes.

The spring fishing for ouananiche has so far proved exceptionally good, and some anglers have killed over forty in a single day. Mr. E. J. Meredith, N. P., has had splendid sport in the mouth of Metabetchouan. Ouellet's



A 47-POUND PIKE.
"Lac Tschotagama."

pool at the mouth of the Ouitchouan, has also afforded some very large catches to Messrs. Bailey and Floyd of Boston, John Wallace of Ansonia and Frank Ross of Quebec, the latter of whom took seventy fish last week, some weighing 6lbs. each.

Senator Read and party have returned from their visit to Lake Kiskisink with glowing accounts of their sport there. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Davis, Stewart Davis, W. Austin and servant from Narragansett Pier, R. I., are in town, on their way to the Cascapedia to fish for salmon.
E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 8

Fishing in Sullivan and Ulster.

LIBERTY, N. Y., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A 10 days' trip among the hills and streams of Sullivan county has given me information that may be of interest to your readers.

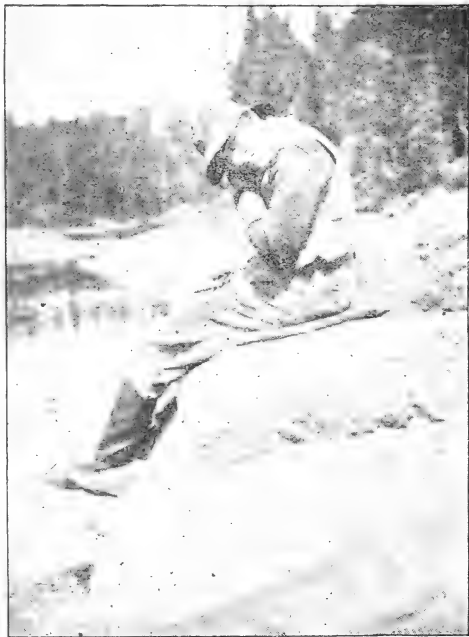
Starting over the New York, Ontario & Western R. R., Ellenville, Ulster county, was the first stop. There we found most of the waters closed streams, the overflow of fish, however, affording fair trout fishing for short distances. The only open stream near the village is Rondout Brook, where some good catches have been made this season.

I then returned by way of Summitville to South Fallsburg. This is one of the best points to reach good fishing. Four miles to the west is Pleasant Lake, well known as one of the best points in the county for black bass. Two miles north of this same station is Fallsburg, on the Neversink River, where are found trout of good size. The same can be said of Woodburne, a little beyond.

Eight miles further are the Neversink Flats. Here you find fine trout streams, excellent hotels, and hacks meet all trains at South Fallsburg. This is a good half-way place to the wilder sections around Claryville and DeWittville, where the number of trout is legion.

Liberty also affords the best of accommodations, and from here the places already mentioned can be easily reached as well as many others that interest a lover of the rod and gun. It would be hard to find better pickered fishing than that at Stevensville Lake, six miles away. At Loch Sheldrake, three miles, bass and pickered are plenty.

Livingston Manor and Willowemoc need special mention, as the streams Beaverkill and Willowemoc have been thoroughly enjoyed by fishermen this season. The tanneries which formerly dotted the small streams in this part of the country and completely destroyed the fish,



AT NIT
Lac Tschotagama.

have nearly all been given up, and where a few years ago no trout could be found there is now a goodly number, and this stocking of the streams is increasing every year.

Excellent shooting can be found at nearly all these places for partridge, rabbits and some larger game in their season. I.

Quarles and The Catfish.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 8.—The following special was cut from one of our daily papers, and it interested me inasmuch as it has given me a clue to the invention of a new weedless hook. Verily science is making rapid strides, although many suggestions are due to accident. This tale is undoubtedly true, for I find, upon consulting the map, that there is a Tippecanoe River which runs through Indiana, which proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the story is true. Alas, for the probity of fishermen when it becomes necessary to furnish proof in order to substantiate their exploits. This is the adventure: "WINAMAC, Ind., June 7.—[Special].—John Quarles has for a long time been in great misery because of an ingrowing nail on one of his big toes. Yesterday he went on a fishing excursion along the banks of the Tippecanoe River, and after a while he found a nice shady spot, and seating himself, pulled off his slipper. As he was rubbing his aching toe a bright idea came to him. Were he to hold his foot in the water it might ease the pain. He did so, and the sensation was so pleasant that he went to sleep. Suddenly he was aroused by something pulling at his sore toe. He gave his foot a tremendous jerk and landed a 10lb. catfish. He lost his toenail in the operation, as it remained in the fish's mouth, but is a gainer thereby, for his toe gives him less pain to-day." OLD AVALANCHE.

A Casting Record.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a casting tournament held at New Dorp, S. I., May 30, the following long distance casts were made by Mr. E. Holzman and witnessed by seven other reputable fishermen. The distance was measured off by myself. Ten consecutive casts were made by E. Holzman on perfectly level ground with 8ft. 8in. bamboo rod, 2-0 patent reel 18-thread linen line, 2  oz. sinker:

1st cast.....	240ft.	6th cast.....	255ft.
2d cast.....	257ft. 4in.	7th cast.....	246ft.
3d cast.....	195ft.	8th cast.....	271ft. 9in.
4th cast.....	245ft.	9th cast.....	230ft. 4in.
5th cast.....	233ft.	10th cast.....	250ft.

A. H. D.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Camping at Gogebic.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 3.—Not long ago I wrote Mr. S. D. Thompson, who has lately opened public quarters and cottages on the north end of Lake Gogebic, to learn something about the facilities for camping parties in his neck of the woods. This I did partly for myself and in part for the benefit of a gentleman and his wife, who were debating over the question of a two months' residence under canvas at Gogebic, and who were somewhat deterred by reports that the shores of the lake are not suitable for camping. Mr. Thompson replied as follows May 29:

You can find excellent camping grounds on Lake Gogebic, as good as any place. It is a mistake about the shores of the lake being too high. You can find first-class camping grounds right close to our house, and I assure you that I will do all in my power to make you comfortable, and will furnish you with all kinds of supplies at cost. You can obtain everything you want from me and not be robbed. I shall take especial pains to make your stay pleasant if you come in my vicinity. Will meet you at the station with the steamer and transport you and your traps all right to first-class camping grounds within a mile of the house, and even nearer should you prefer. At the same time you will be located on good bass fishing grounds and within easy distance of excellent trout streams.

I sincerely trust that you will come, also Mr. B. and his wife, because I want you to know this country and can guarantee you a good time and lots of fish. I have had quite a number of people here already and some good catches have been made. Messrs. H. P. Dillon, E. K. Bennett and D. W. Mulva, of Topeka, Kan., have just left here after a two weeks' stay, during which time they had excellent fishing, taking in one day forty-seven black bass that weighed 136lbs., largest one weighing 54lbs. Mr. Robt. Hammell (Chicago Board of Trade man) and his wife are staying here now, but are a couple of days away to the Cascades for trout. I expect they will bring in some beauties, as the trout caught there are all large. Mr. Arthur T. Whitman and wife will arrive this P. M. Mr. W. is secretary of the Northwestern Fertilizing Co. at Union Stock Yards. Mr. E. L. Baker and wife of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Co., at Racine, have just left after a very successful week's black bass fishing.

One thing noticeable is that nearly all the fish caught so far are large ones. I trust that you will come up and take some of them.

Mr. Thompson is himself a fisherman, and I feel a bit inclined to advise Gogebic tourists to go against his game at the Instep House, the more so because of his frank disclaimer of intention to rob visiting sportsmen. There has been too much disposition toward robbery at Gogebic and many other places in our north country. Of this I had some experience last week, about which I intend to write as soon as I have time.

Fly-Casting Tournament.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club met Friday evening, and listened to the report of the tournament committee. It was decided to appropriate \$180, \$50 each for three championship medals, for competition in a world's tournament, to be held about Aug. 9 (Walton's birthday), and \$10 each for three club medals. Mr. C. F. Johnson was chosen captain of the tournament team, he to choose twelve men, the same to go at once into practice. The first club contest will be held Wednesday next, at Washington Park. The Walton Lodge is well along, thanks much to Mr. E. E. Wilkinson's personal work. Director-General Davis holds out good promise that a platform for casting may be erected over the water near the lodge.

Another Chicago Club.

The Waltonian Club, capital stock \$100,000, with \$50,000 to be paid in, has been organized, with grounds of about 10,000 acres about the Interval Farm of Mr. C. E. Rollins, near Wausaukee station, Wisconsin, on the Milwaukee & Northern R. R. This project was mentioned in an earlier issue. Next Wednesday night, Mr. Rollins, accompanied by Messrs. C. F. Johnson, H. L. Stanton and Chas. Loughridge, of Chicago, with Col. Choffey, of Kentucky, will leave for a week's trip at the club grounds. It is supposed to spend about \$25,000 in a hotel and cottages. Mr. Rollins was interested in the organization of the Wausaukee Club. The grounds of these clubs are about 250 miles north of Chicago. The attractions are trout, bass and deer. It is a pleasant summer country and in the center of a good fishing region.

The Bass Are Beginning.

Mr. J. R. Payson of this city has caught seventy-two bass and pike so far this spring, fishing at Twin Lakes, Wis. Mr. F. B. Davidson has had fair sport at Momence. Mr. C. F. Johnson, of the Waltonian Mfg. Co., with Messrs. J. and Arthur Rossiter, spent four days in the Fox Lake region, taking in all forty bass. The season is not yet fully on, but the bass are beginning to bite.

Trout This Week.

Trout fishing in Wisconsin and the north peninsula should be good this coming week, barring heavy, local rains. Good advices and personal inspection the past week show that the streams are rapidly reaching the proper stage. The trout are moving out from under the dams into the riffles and pools, and are rising much more freely and boldly than any time before during this season. They are just beginning to take the fly keenly enough to make sport.

A Princely Gift.

One day this week news came over the wire that the town of Fargo, N. D., was in ashes. That same day there started from Chicago to Fargo a carload of provisions. It was sent by one house, that of Montgomery Ward & Co., and it went not by freight, but by the fastest express. It had no C.O.D. on it, but was absolutely free, the princely gift of this unique Chicago firm. Among other things this car contained 15,000lbs. of flour, 10 barrels of bacon, 10 barrels of ham, 10 barrels of corned beef, 2,000lbs. of sugar, 1,000lbs. of rice, 500lbs. of coffee, 250lbs. of tea. The resources of this great house in the sporting goods trade may be argued from its action in a matter like this. One likes to write of magnificent things, and this was magnificent.

We have over 400 customers in Fargo," said Mr. W. C. Thorne, the youthful-looking but long-headed young gentleman who is manager of this house, "and we wanted them to feel that we would do as we had been done by. The car went as fast as it could go short of telegraph, the day after the fire, and I heartily hope it may be of benefit to them out there in their trouble."

I asked Mr. Thorne how the State of Dakota stood in order of magnitude of trade with the house, and he replied:

"The Dakotas are good States for us—among the first. The order is Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, Texas and Colorado. Singularly enough, Florida is the eighth or ninth State in volume of business for us. It comes from all over the Union."

June 9.—The dispatches have the following: "SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 5.—Ex-Representative George Langford, of Havana, who was a member of the Thirty-fourth General Assembly, is slated to be made State Fish Commissioner to succeed Col. Bartlett, of Quincy. It has been understood that Mr. Langford would also succeed Col. Bartlett on the United States Fish Commission, but there is now some doubt about this."

If He Has No Family?

The Sni Ecarté Club, of Hannibal, Mo., send me the following invitation:

"Yourself and family are cordially invited to attend the annual fish fry of the Sni Ecarté Hunting and Fishing Club at their club house, Friday, June 16, 1893."

The above is all right, and I know I can eat as much fried fish as anybody, but I don't like such careless allusions to a fellow's family. Suppose he didn't have any family, he couldn't come and eat fried fish at all. This basis is unjust. Fried fish ought to be open to the world.

A Practice Meet.

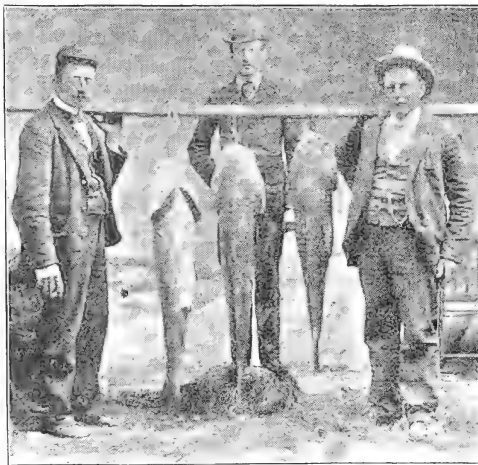
A few members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club met for the first club contest at Washington Park last Wednesday. Mr. Elmer E. Wilkinson won the club medal, casting 68ft. Mr. B. W. Goodsall was second with 65ft.

Are Starting Out.

The fishing season is now on, the fish are rising well, both bass and trout, and a number of parties are starting out. Wausaukee Club is sending up a good delegation to its pretty lodge in the pine country. Mr. W. H. Comstock tries the Kankakee Saturday. A party goes to Twin Lakes (near Genoa Junction) and yet another to the Madison Lakes, Wisconsin. These should have pleasant sport if the good weather holds. On the whole it has been a late season, and the tackle dealers also report this.

In the East.

Mr. W. E. Pond, representing the Horton Manufacturing Co., makers of the Bristol steel rod, tells me of a trip with



ATLANTIC CITY DRUM AND DRUMMERS.

Three black drum caught at Atlantic City Pier, N. J., by Mr. W. C. Lanning. See "Fishing Postals."

a friend, Mr. Johnson, taken in New York just before he left for Chicago this month. They went to Loon Lake in the Adirondacks, but soon left for Black Lake via Morris-town, and there they had fine sport, taking, the first day, 50 bass and wall-eyed pike, the largest bass weighing 41lbs. The second day they had even better sport, and their two days' catch there was in all about 150 fish, running as heavy as 54lbs. At Clayton they found the water too high and the wind heavy. We do not have fishing so good as the above anywhere about here. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Adirondack Trout.

CLEAR POND, Franklin County, N. Y., June 5.—There is no place probably in the North Woods that offers as much sport to the lover of trout fishing (both brook and lake species) as Lake Clear. Though unknown to a large portion of our fishermen, it has its regular patrons who come each year. Only two miles from Lake Clear Station on Dr. Webb's new road, it is easy of access for those contemplating a fishing trip from the metropolis in comparatively a short time, considering the distance. In May and June there is trolling for both varieties, and during August fly-casting at the mouths of the brooks. E. D. Griswold, of Brooklyn, prominent as an admirer of the latter method, has here succeeded in capturing 18 one afternoon which dressed 16lbs., several weighing over 2lbs. Louis D. Pillsbury, warden of Blackwell's Island, and an old-time patron of these waters, killed 96 in four days, 7 weighing over 2lbs. Lakers are equally as numerous and are fast increasing owing to the large amount of fry deposited each year. Messrs. E. E. Darling, J. W. Gardner and H. Schneider, all of Troy, returned home last week after a week's stay, with 100lbs. Hon. Henry H. Porter, of New York, was equally as successful after a few days' visit. In looking over the hotel register this spring I notice the following registered: A. C. Cheney, president Garfield National Bank, New York; Wright D. Pownall, New York; L. A. Bevin, New York; James McCutcheon, Greenwich, Conn., and many others. Two speckled trout taken from this lake four years ago by two gentlemen from New Haven, and which now adorn the office of Paul Smith's, weighed 5½ and 5½lbs. each. These are among the largest of their kind ever secured in the North Woods, and bear testimony to the future in store for Lake Clear. J. T. G.

"Game Laws in Brief," June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 9.—The largest pickerel ever taken in Deal Lake was captured Wednesday by Fred Nelson of this place. It was a female weighing 63lbs. Our veteran angler, William Brumaker, of Trenton, N. J., captured a 21lbs. drumfish from our pier yesterday. Kingfish are numerous but they are all taken in the ponds. None, so far, have been taken by the anglers. Prospects are good from now on. L. H.

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK, N. Y., June 11.—Mr. George Penn, of the firm of Penn & Lee, of Syracuse, made a nice catch of fifty black bass near Thousand Island Park, River St. Lawrence, on Friday last. His friends at home received them in good shape by express on Saturday. INGELHART & HADGECCK.

NEVERSINK (Fallsburgh), N. Y., June 9.—Two large California trout were caught to-day by Mr. J. Brown of New York, one weighing 1½lbs., the other 2lbs. 8oz. They were taken near Johnson's saw mill. He caught twenty-two other trout ranging from 7in. up to 9in., the whole weighing 16lbs. Prospects for fishing are the best this season. FRANK DEAN.

VERMONT.—Waterbury, June 10.—Trout fishing now on, though the season was very late. The fishing shows no improvement over last year, to say the least, and the general opinion among our fishermen is that our trout are bound to go—and that soon. Six-inch law a dead letter, as usual, and hundreds of small trout being taken away every week. But few large trout are taken here, but many brooks are full of small ones—or were, when the season opened. LANCEWOOD.

ANGLESEA, N. J., June 10.—The black drum fishing has been unusually good on Delaware Bay two and three miles from the Cape May lighthouse. When the wind is south or southwest many big fish (drum) have been pulled in out of the wet; 18 were caught last week from the Iron Pier in one day. The fishing will be good till July, and the drum are caught at flood tide and young ebb. The supply of sea bass is still unlimited, but nobody can tell where the weakfish and sheepshead have gone to. They have not put in appearance off Cape May county. J. M. S.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Last week eighteen drumfish were caught on the pier that extends from the board walk (Atlantic City's promenade on the beach) out into the ocean. For 250ft. back from the end each side of the pier is now lined each day with people, some fishing, and others taking the benefit of the sea air and watching the fishermen. In addition to the eighteen drumfish caught last week were two weakfish, the first of the season, and a great many bass, kingfish and flounders. The largest drum, and the prize winner as far as heard from along the beach, was caught by Mr. W. C. Lanning. It weighed 76lbs. good weight. Jas. Boothroy caught six drum in one day. Three of his catch weighed over 100lbs. The first sheepshead of the season was caught in the Inlet on Saturday by Mr. A. Adams, Sr. It weighed 7lbs. Messrs. Young and McShea, the owners of the pier, have at all times lines and bait for fishing, so a person can spend an hour or a day just as suits him, and does not have to be bothered with any preparations to fish. HARRY.

BLOOMINGBURG, Sullivan County, N. Y., June 12.—B. B. Williams and John Wilkin, of Middletown, N. Y., caught this week 1,000 trout, the largest and nicest catch I have seen this season, four days' fishing. Prospect good for coming week. Thos. Perry and wife, Theo. Perry, Byron Perry, Fred. Henry and lady, George Hunter, Alex. Skinner, Wes. Decker, Chas. Worcester, chief engineer Middletown State Hospital, George Palmer, P. Van Gorden, all of Middletown, N. Y., one day's fishing June 10, 168 fine pickerel in Yankee Pond. Fishing good. DELL CASE.

EAGLE RIVER, Wis., June 9.—In the Twin Lakes waters, Mr. C. L. Sherman, of Leavenworth, Kan., caught on June 3, in three hours' fishing, 50 wall-eyed pike, weight 90lbs.; June 4 he caught in two hours' fishing 25 pike, 39lbs., and one black bass 4½lbs. Abe Steindler, of Leavenworth, caught on June 3 8 black bass, weight 14lbs., largest 4lbs. B. F. K.

LIBERTY, N. Y., June 6.—The trout fishing has been poor for the last two or three weeks, although this warm weather may make them hungry. Most of the fishermen are turning their attention to pickerel and are making good catches in Stevensville Lake, Revona Lake and Hills Pond. I caught twelve in Hills Pond weighing 21lbs. GEO. COOPER.

NEVERSINK, N. Y. (Fallsburgh Station), June 12.—R. B. MacLea, R. Kenneth MacLea and J. B. Burt fished the Neversink two days; caught 330 trout. R. K. MacLea caught two weighing 3½lbs., one 1½lbs., the other 2lbs. Stopped at Freer's Hotel. H. S. Blake, Neversink, one day's fishing, Hall's mill to covered bridge, about five miles, caught 97. Four weighed 5lbs 2oz, 1lb. 15oz., 1lb. 8oz., 1lb. 1oz. and 15oz respectively; total weight 17lbs. Stream just about right and good prospects for ten days. Fish taking both flies and bait. My best catch on this stream. F. FREER.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., June 2.—I returned last night from a prospecting trip after some of the brown trout that I have planted in the waters around here for the last four or five years. In Towner Pond three were caught, weighing respectively 4lbs. 2oz., 1lb. 9oz., the third by a man who measured his but did not have any scales, and I could not get to him with mine; the fish measured 13in. These fish were planted there four years ago this spring, none being there before. In Duck Puddle I did not succeed in getting any, although they say that very large ones have been seen jumping there. Trout Pond, where I planted both the brook and brown trout, and which had some brook trout before, yielded two browns weighing 3½lbs., 2½lb. and one brook of 2½lbs. weight. This speaks pretty well for stocking, doesn't it? W. C. W.

Blooming Grove Park Trout.
CHESTNUT HILL, Phila., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think it would interest many of your readers who are members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, in Pike county, Pa., to know the result of the trout fishing in the streams owned by the club and in Lake Giles, as shown by the records of the club.
The season open April 1, and from this date to May 31, inclusive, there were trout taken as follows:

In Lake Giles.....	912; weight, 423lbs.;	average w't, 734oz.
In Blooming Grove.....	3267; weight, 3267 lbs.;	average w't, 514oz.
In Shohola.....	787; weight, 2409lbs.;	average w't, 476oz.
Totals.....	2,666	1,008123 lbs. av. about 60z.

In Lake Giles the fish were taken by 214 rods—216 lbs. per rod. In the Blooming Grove 69 rods—43 lbs. per rod. And in the Shohola 46 rods—53 lbs. per rod.
This is a remarkable showing for Pennsylvania stream fishing for two months of the season. During June larger fish will doubtless be taken by fly-fishermen in the open waters of the Shohola and Blooming Grove.
Many baskets have been taken with bait from the Upper Shohola weighing from 8 to 10 lbs., for the limit per rod 25 fish.
It is true that the large fish were put in the streams from the hatchery last March, but the fish are in fine condition and afford good sport.

A Large Chinook Salmon.
A ROYAL chinook salmon, weighing 82 lbs., was received by President Myers of the World's Fair Commission yesterday from Hapgood & Co., well-known Columbia River cannerymen. This big fish, which Mr. Myers says is the largest and finest specimen of its kind he has ever seen, was taken from the Columbia River near Oak Point by Henry Frischkorn early yesterday morning. It is 4 ft. in length and measures 40 in. in circumference. The monster was at once shipped to Smith & Lovett, of Oregon City, who have offered to freeze all fish for the World's Fair free of charge. To encase this salmon it will take a solid block of ice 6 ft. in length, 30 in. in width and 24 in. in thickness. By a slow freezing process the ice will be kept clear as crystal and when the fish is ready for shipment it will appear as fresh and beautiful in form and color as when taken from the cold waters of the Columbia. While on its way to Chicago, the big block of ice will be encased in an air-tight box, and carefully packed in a freezing mixture. The express charges will be in excess of \$60 unless the railroads are willing to give reduced rates. It is safe to say that a more unique exhibit, in the fisheries department at least, will not be found in the whole of the "White City."—*Portland Oregonian*, June 1.

A Serviceable Fishing Boat.
CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last instalment of "Kingfisher's" notes on our "Big Basswood" trip, he makes mention of a small boat which belonged to the family of our cook, and which we used and found very satisfactory in a seaway. Mr. Geo. F. Dyer recently wrote me that he wished to build some boats on the same model, and as he had noticed that the colonel and I were one day taking measurements of this craft, he asked if I could send him the description. This I did, and as it was a simply constructed and cheaply made affair, though thoroughly serviceable, I have thought that some of your readers might also like to have these notes. They are as follows: Bow and stern posts 13 in.; sides 13 in., besides bottom board 1 in.; keel 4 in.; dead rise 6 in.; length over all 10 ft. 10 in.; inside measure amidships: Top 3 ft. 4 in., bottom 2 ft. 8 in. Both ends sharp.

Quebec Trout.
QUEBEC, May 31.—I have had some days with trout and recently killed some 24 lbs. of speckled charmers at the camp of Mr. L. S. Odell, on Lake Edward. I expect soon to visit our Tourilli Club, where there is fly-fishing of the very finest quality for big fish. I think I may safely say we have the finest club quarters and fishing of any in Quebec, and we are by far the nearest. Mr. Odell returned yesterday from Lake Edward with a splendid catch of 90 beautiful speckled trout, some of which weighed as much as 5 lbs. each.

Game Laws in Brief.
THE *Game Laws in Brief* is now ready, revised to June 10, the latest change being in the Connecticut black bass laws. The present edition records changes for 1893 in more than twenty States. Every angler and gunner should have a copy. It is the only reliable up-to-date digest printed. It is sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.; price 25 cents. It has 24 half-tone engraving from FOREST AND STREAM.

The Fishing Parson.
NEW YORK, June 7.—In your last issue, 1st inst., under head of "Sick-Bed and Trout Brook," I find the quotation "Fishing parson." I have been looking for years for a poem entitled "The Fishing Parson." Can you tell me where I will find it? If so you will greatly oblige,
SUBSCRIBER.
[We do not know the poem; possibly some reader may tell us of it. We know many fishing parsons.]

Connecticut Black Bass Season.
THE Governor has signed the bill changing the black bass season in Connecticut. The close time prescribed by the new law includes May and June. The fishing season this year does not open until July 1. Under the old law it would have opened last Saturday. The new law, however, does not apply to persons who fish in waters owned or leased by them; in such waters they may fish for bass at any season, provided they do not sell the fish caught.

Moosehead Lake Square-Tails.
BOSTON, June 6.—Mr. F. S. Harrison, of Newark, N. J., while stopping at Capen's, at Deer Island, Moosehead Lake, caught in one spot in two hours 16 square-tail trout, aggregating in weight 38 lbs.; one of them pulled down 4 lbs. 5 oz., another 4 lbs. 6 oz., and three of them 3 lbs. 8 oz. None under 1 1/2 lb.

The Kennel.
Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

FIXTURES.
DOG SHOWS.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 10 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.
FIELD TRIALS.
Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellingier, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
1894.
Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE A. K. C. MANAGEMENT.
At a meeting of the Great Dane Club of America, held June 7, 1893, at the Astor House, New York city, among other important business, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That the position taken by the delegate of this club to the A. K. C. be unqualifiedly indorsed and approved, and that this report, along with this resolution, be forwarded to the different leading sporting papers."
W. H. SHEPARD, M. D., Secretary.
Secretary of the Great Dane Club of America:
I beg to make the following statement in support of the position I have taken in favor of the maintenance of the present constitution and system of the American Kennel Club; and also subjoin my arguments against those offered by the originators and supporters of the amendments as submitted at the meeting of the A. K. C. held May 18. My object is to convince you that, although some egotistical, exaggerated and often false statements have appeared against that club in its present form, there is nothing wrong with it. I beg to review some of these hostile paper reports and more especially the exaggerated speeches made in support of the movement for a change of affairs, and I think you will conclude, as I do, that the dignity and strength of the A. K. C., and not its alleged weakness, allows it to remain silent. Every delegate of the A. K. C., however, as I perceive the situation, must, in a measure, consider himself responsible for the action and the policy of that body. As a delegate for another club for the past eighteen months, I have made it my business to study and watch the policy and proceedings of the A. K. C. very closely, and I wish to come before my club now and declare that the A. K. C. is all right. Inasmuch as your club has been formed but recently, I consider it advisable to answer, for the A. K. C., those inspired newspaper allegations, and also more especially that part of Dr. Perry's speech which has not yet been answered. Many of these newspaper attacks against the A. K. C. are false on their face and vicious in character, and an editor *au fait* with the affairs of the times and uninfluenced by personal prejudice could not admit them to his columns. For instance, the FOREST AND STREAM had an item the other day from its Western correspondent to the effect that the A. K. C. taxed the doggy world too highly and piled up a great deal of money which really belonged to the dog men, and wound up with the remark that there was some \$6,000 in bank. Now, I say that such a statement should not be admitted, and if it appears in connection with arguments in favor of the formation of a rival club, then I say to the embryonic rival of the A. K. C., "Beware of your friends!"
The fact is, that at that time and at present, the A. K. C.'s balance in bank, after satisfying bills for stud book and other expenses, is \$2,800.
I have investigated as to the advisability of a reduction of the stud book fee. The editor of the FOREST AND STREAM suggests that it be cut in half. Unless he has a desire to cripple the A. K. C. this cannot be his intention. I am willing to serve the FOREST AND STREAM, and to canvass among the delegates in order to get them to agree to vote for a cut in the stud book fee, if the FOREST AND STREAM will guarantee to settle quarterly for the actual loss sustained by the A. K. C. in acting as suggested by this "friendly" newspaper.
A discussion was carried on in the *American Field* that occupied from three to six columns of that journal for six consecutive weeks, and consisted more or less of an attack on the "clique" of the A. K. C. Now, this whole controversy could have been stopped if the secretary of the A. K. C. had written to that newspaper: "The A. K. C. declares officially that it has never received nor answered any communication from the World's Fair Agricultural Department regarding the appointment or availability of anybody as a judge at the World's Fair." These few lines would have done away with all that quibble. But the A. K. C. considers it beneath its dignity to answer anything that is outside of an interpellation by a delegate at the proper time of quarterly meetings. The history of the A. K. C. is the best evidence in favor of continuing this policy. Compared with the past struggles of our grand A. K. C. and its institution, the present situation is insignificant. Take my assurance that that club, or its officers, as such, have never at any dog show, though frequently requested to do so, suggested, recommended or in any way supplied a list of judges. This also applies, of course, as stated before, to the World's Fair show. I do not believe, gentlemen, that any fair-minded American could conclude, however, that, because a man is an officer of the A. K. C., he should be deprived of the privilege of expressing his private opinion on any subject whatsoever, even as to World's Fair judges.
Of course, when a gentleman of the authority and standing of Dr. Perry of Boston, in an open meeting, considers himself justified in making a speech of the nature of his speech at the meeting held on the 18th inst., you, gentlemen of the Great Dane Club, not being familiar with the history of the A. K. C., may hesitate to ignore the points raised by him in the same manner that I then and there most positively condemned the spirit and the alleged facts as untrue and unbecoming a man who was then, and apparently proposes to remain, a delegate and a member of the advisory committee, after a rejection of his ideas by a vote of twenty to three.
I cannot understand how the delegates of the A. K. C. can remain silent in regard to the statements of Dr. Perry, when they remember the fact that their majority is directly responsible for any mismanagement or selfish policy or cliqueism perpetrated by the club. It has been claimed that the delegates of the different clubs do not represent the sen-

timents of their respective clubs, because they are chosen by compulsion among New York men, and, of course, cannot represent the sentiments of a club in another locality existing under different conditions. In what way would this be changed if, under the new rule, five clubs should be represented by one person. If these five clubs attended strictly to their business and took interest enough, this one person would possibly have to represent five different official opinions and his own besides. If the different clubs do not direct the actions of their representatives it is their own fault and neglect. If thirty-three clubs to-day instruct their delegates to vote for Mr. Jas. Watson's amendments, the latter would become law, and it seems to me that as long as sub-clubs pay their dues, appoint delegates and let the delegates go on without instructions there can be nothing radically wrong with the A. K. C.; otherwise these delegates would be instructed. Any subject, by-law or rule of merit, and clearly to the benefit of the doggy world, I would ask you, gentlemen of the Great Dane Club, to make a test case of and to submit it to the A. K. C. through your own or some other delegate, and I am convinced that the majority of the A. K. C. will be with you for its adoption. This majority is not within an advisory committee, is not within a ring of thirteen; this majority is the majority of direct representatives of clubs located in the different sections of this great country.
I now refer you, gentlemen, to the attempt to monopolize the power, at present resting in the hands of a majority of representatives of dog clubs, by lodging it for three years with thirteen gentlemen to be chosen out of fifty delegates. The canvass for the adoption of these amendments seemed to me to be very peculiar. I noticed that delegates were buttonholed by a promoter, and in the case of one delegate, I can positively prove that an inducement was offered for his vote. This gentleman was told that if he would vote in favor of establishing the power of the "unlucky thirteen," he would afterward become one of the "lucky thirteen." I confess that this action naturally prejudiced me very much, because our old system does not admit of such lobbyism. The last time our president was unanimously elected during his absence. A year before that he was elected in spite of his protest and of his declaration that he could only devote just so much time to the A. K. C.'s affairs, owing to the pressure of business. What a characteristic difference between two men. On one side a gentleman who favors the tearing down of present institutions, who has been ambitious to become a delegate and sought the advisory committee office, and then declares that there is something "practically burlesque" about the A. K. C.; on the other side, our present president, solicitous at all times to give way to a man who can devote more time to the affairs of the club, and yet he is unanimously preferred before parties who seek offices. Suppose that amendment had been adopted and the thirteen members elected, seven of them being elected with the same "inducement" as the delegate mentioned above (I cannot resist the temptation to spin out the thought), who would have been the president of that committee? The man elected would have been the same one who tried to elect seven of the thirteen in the manner intimated above. This state of affairs I submit, compelled me to look upon the amendments as drawn up, though I am sure in good faith, by Mr. James Watson as an attempt to break down all there is good about the A. K. C. If I am sent to the A. K. C. only to be instrumental in concentrating the whole power into the hands of a few promoters of a scheme, I wish to lay down my office and you may elect some one else less scrupulous in this direction. Under the present system I can, even if in the minority, record my opinion and thus protect myself against being identified with the perpetrators of a bad measure or rule.
Dr. Perry wanted to go on record "for this proposed resolution," and made two speeches which, I claim, are contradictory of each other. He says, "There is much about the A. K. C. which is practically burlesque." If this has been so in the past it will be so in the future. Yet Dr. Perry retains the offices "which he sought, the offices did not seek him." The remedies proposed for the "burlesque" proceedings of the A. K. C. were rejected by a vote of 20 to 3. But Dr. Perry is with us, though it costs him \$20 every time he comes from Boston. He says, "These clubs from a distance cannot be really represented. Their credentials are given to men who act on their own individuality." Would not the "unlucky thirteen" have gone from bad to worse in this respect, because now a delegate represents only one club, as aforesaid, while the new idea would do away with all possibility of instructions, since no club has any official right to instruct anybody belonging to the government of the A. K. C.? Would not these thirteen men be expected to act on their own individuality, with the danger of becoming overbearing while in power for three years?
Dr. Perry says, "It is either railroaded through or you leave it to the advisory committee." "Between meetings the authority practically rests." This is not a fact. The authority does not rest. The advisory committee, consisting of five, can be called at any moment, and the present president and secretary only act in such cases as the same officers of the "unlucky thirteen" would act in correspondingly. Again, he says, "You elect 13 men; it is a small body. You can meet in New York, you can meet in Chicago." Practical experience shows that 13 men who live in different parts of the United States would never get together. This seems to have been anticipated, because the quorum is limited to five, if you please, the same number as at meetings of the present advisory committee. Remember that the decisions of the advisory committee can be overthrown and undone in quarterly meetings of the representatives of the different clubs. Again, "You select 3 men of the 13 for the first three months," etc. "All matters of detail can be referred to them by the secretary." This new system would appoint three comparatively inexperienced men, in place of the present advisory committee of five or in place of the president and secretary of our present system. Which would you rather have, gentlemen?
The Doctor says "Is the A. K. C. popular with dogmen?" I spent four days in the show building in Boston. I went quietly from one to another dogman, exhibitor and breeder. I am willing to say that I went to them somewhat diplomatically, and, telling the actual truth, there was one man that spoke for the A. K. C., and that man was so identified with the management of the A. K. C. that he has a personal pecuniary interest." If the Doctor spoke the actual truth in the above then there was not a soul speaking in favor of the A. K. C., because I defy Dr. Perry to point to me such a man in this wide world who is pecuniarily interested and identified with the management of the A. K. C. A man alleging such a thing I claim knows nothing about the A. K. C. I say that such an allegation is "practically burlesque." Pray, why did Dr. Perry act so "diplomatically?" Why did he not put his questions in a straightforward manner as man to man? A doctor who wants to perform the operation of cutting out an abscess must actually feel and look and form an opinion of his own from symptoms which he personally perceives, and not take hearsay statements for a basis of his diagnosis and afterward wield his knife blindly in cutting into some vital organ of the system. There is no evidence in regard to what these same anti-A. K. C. dogmen would have said had the Doctor told them that he wanted superficial evidence for a move toward forming a clique intended to govern the A. K. C. Again, I venture to say that had the Doctor been less "diplomatic" and had he instead told his hearers that he wanted to gather evidence in favor of tearing down the solid building of the A. K. C., in order to substitute in its place an uninsurable frame structure, he would not have received the same replies. I am at any time ready to take issue with Dr. Perry and enter into a controversy

with him in the press on this subject, and show the dogmen that if his ideas had prevailed it would have been at the expense of their best interests.

In his speech the Doctor refers to mild-mannered gentlemen, and to others whose temper he does not state, who are all antagonists of the A. K. C. I will find fifty dogmen in all antagonists of the A. K. C. to every one Dr. Perry will name as antagonistic, with the only proviso that those men antagonistic to it must never have been before our tribunal accused of any misdoings, and that they must not be men who have no other occupation than libelling, dog handling and selling. What weight is there in his argument claiming to have found a number of dissatisfied people, if there be no evidence to show that he ever tried to ascertain the number of those who are satisfied? "There is a big storm brewing for the A. K. C. that will take wise leadership to avoid disaster." This is an astounding thought!

Read the second division of Dr. Perry's speech as the best proof that the leadership is wise, and read the constitution of the A. K. C. to show you that the leadership as defined is limited to such an extent that were it unwise and incapable it would have very little bearing on affairs anyway, because there is a check to the action of every individual officer as well as of the advisory committee, or even of the executive committee. I claim that the A. K. C. leads and controls itself, as a body, as long as "wise" men do not press themselves forward to tear down and injure its constitution.

I am awaiting your instructions as to whether I am representing your club as you desire. Respectfully submitted,

A. H. HEPNER.

NEW YORK (436 Produce Exchange), May 29.

WISSAHICKON HEIGHTS DOG SHOW.

"I WANT to make you all feel good," so said Dr. Sauveur, the proprietor of the Seminole Kennels, last week. This was the keynote of the whole affair that occupied the attention of dogmen at this pretty suburb of Philadelphia from June 6 to 9. The horse show people have erected on St. Martin's green ranges most excellent stables to accommodate the horses to their annual fixture, which happened the week previous to the dog show. No sooner had the last neigh of the horses died away than our noisy friends the dogs took possession of the grounds. Down one long range of box stalls two rows of Spratts' benches held the more robust animals, while in a building some distance away the pet dogs had an exclusive and cool retreat. At a rough guess we should have thought the whole show could have been benched in this latter building; it was very cool and would have kept things together better. Still everything went along pretty well as it was. The first morning was intolerably hot and the dogs suffered severely; a thunder storm, however, came along in the afternoon, and while the rain wet many a dog's stall and coat, it was relished and no harm was done. The rest of the week the weather was all that could be desired, though warm of course. The judging was done in the large tan bark horse ring, and it is safe to say that with the exception of the ring at Lexington, Ky., in 1891, no better opportunity to afford a dog every inducement to show off his best points has been seen in the history of our dog shows. The rings were well served, considering the distance from the stalls. In consequence of the storm and the confusion in benching dogs, owing to the incomplete catalogue and late receiving of entries, judging was postponed till 11 A. M. of the second day. This is why FOREST AND STREAM was unable to get its usual list of awards in the same week as the show was held. In fact, the judging of specials, excepting those allotted to Mr. Davidson, who it may be remarked is always on hand and gets through his duties at once when everything is ready, was delayed through the absence of the other judge on Thursday. The "Ashmont" trophy and other specials were therefore not judged till Friday afternoon.

The show having been arranged in such a hurry and entries closing so late it is a wonder there was not more confusion. The arrangement of the catalogue had, it is said, been left to Mr. Watson, and after the first catalogue was issued it was found that a number of dogs entered were not in it at all; these had to be given half numbers, and even at the time of judging many of the dogs' names were consequently unknown except to those directly interested in them. Later in the week a marked catalogue was issued, and besides being very accurate gave the names, etc., of the late entries.

The management of the whole affair seemed to be in the hands of Dr. L. C. Sauveur, and in Will Conners he found, as usual, a very able lieutenant; both worked hard, in fact the doctor on Thursday was almost completely *hors de combat*. Frank Smith also lent a willing hand to straighten things out. John Reed was also on hand to attend to Spratts Co. benching and feeding, and he is a host in himself at such a time. Spratts Co. had their usual stand of dog necessities under Mr. Ehrmann's charge. The only drawback to one of the most enjoyable shows we ever attended was the slim attendance. We all know what a drawing card a dog circus is, but even Prof. Hampton's troupe, which performed in the open ring, failed to round up more than a hundred people at any performance. The greatest good feeling prevailed throughout the show except when Mr. A. Laidlaw protested Lady Fidget and Miss Chloe for overweight, but as these interesting little ladies had kept themselves well within the limit the horizon cleared and all was serene again. Messrs. John Davidson and C. H. Mason judged, and while they probably satisfied themselves, some exhibitors thought of course that they might have done much better. It was ever thus—but no one could find much fault with this part of the show. A description of the awards follows:

MASTIFFS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—There was one for each class in this breed. Champion Merlin, shown well in challenge dogs, and the well known Ethel in that for other sex, the latter was not shown so far as usual and so looked better. The open dog entry, Bruce Caution, has a mean, flat head. Quite a nice sort was Creme, a daughter of Munting; she shows a good deal of quality, has a well shaped head, but scarcely enough of it; well formed, active, good body and legs, in pasterns and feet is she a bit faulty. The kennel prize did not fill.

ST. BERNARD competition was confined to local competition, the Swiss Mountain Kennels on its own heath had a gala day. There were no challenge roughs, but in the open dog class the decision that placed Bevis over Eboracum at the Keystone Kennel Club show was reversed, Eboracum, though shedding coat, was a better looking dog all round, and especially in hindlegs, while Bevis had lost his beautiful spring bloom and looked ragged. Reserve went rightly to Seminole Kennels' new purchase, King Regent, who, had he anything like decent legs, could beat any of those over him; as it was he beat James G. Blaine immensely in head, chest, color markings, etc.; in fact J. G. B. is a very ordinary sort, besides being nearly all white. The Swiss Mountain Kennels again furnished the winners in Florette, looking very well, and Duchess of Arlington, the former scores well in head and coat, Duchess being very rough-and-tumble in the latter respect, and her head is snipy, needs more stop, and general lack of quality. She is, however, a much improved bitch in body and coat. In smooths, that boisterous member, Scottish Leader, had his challenge class to himself; he looked in great form, though the heat affected him greatly the first day. There were no entries in open dogs and Leitha was the only bitch; she has improved on her early spring form, her pasterns and straight hindlegs are still noticeable, and her head is rather long, but this is counteracted now by good body and bone. A pup by Leader brought up the end of the holy breed; he is a bit long-faced, and not deep enough, but a big sort. Mrs. Smyth won the kennel prize,

and her Scottish Leader the special for best St. Bernard in the show.

GREAT DANES (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Only two of these, one for each class. Bismarck in dogs is too short between eye and ear and too long in muzzle, good neck, legs and fair body. Flora II. is a rather poor sort, too straight-faced but good on her legs. One Newfoundland, and he but a moderate one, small-sized, turns his feet out and muzzle too fine; fair coat as they go.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—A capital lot of these and all from the two leading kennels, which are giving us a good exhibition of friendly rivalry. Argoss and Groubian met once more with the verdict again in favor of the dark dog, who beats in chest, front, loin and head; both were in the pink of condition. In challenge bitches Mr. Hanks had his revenge, for Vinga, once more beat Princess Irma, the latter never looking better; both show great quality, but Vinga excels in loin, depth of chest and quarters and thighs. Open dogs had two, both from the Seacroft Kennels, Leekhoi, the winner, I never saw in such beautiful condition; he is a most handsome animal, and a fit exponent of the peculiar Russian type. Peter the Great is more on the Groubian build, though perhaps showing a little more quality. Leekhoi excels in height and head, but Peter gets him, an agent in loin and quarters. Bitches had an entry of five, one absent. Zerry could not be denied, having evidently left her chorea at home, at least it could not be found. Mr. Hanks showed a new one in Abroudy, a big, prettily-molded bitch who only loses to Zerry in size and substance; both are good on their pins. Reserve went to the well known Modjeska, whose faulty front threw her out. Rarheda, vhc., is crooked in front, but nicely formed otherwise; this bitch had received a nasty bite at the base of the ear. The kennel prize went to the Seacroft Kennels.

DEERHOUNDS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—One in open dogs, Macgregor, a good, strong-headed dog, falls away too sharp in quarters, loin flat, good legs, plenty of coat but soft. In the next class, Ellen Douglas had much the best of it; a nicely formed bitch all round, better in coat than the dog, and she afterward beat him for the special. Second in the bitch class, Lasie Jean, was in poor fettle, and lost in loin, quarters and ribs to the winner.

GREYHOUNDS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Thanks to Mr. Purbeck's entries, the quality here was strong, and with Pious Pembroke and Bestwood Daisy he captured each challenge prize. Open dogs were drawn blank, but five turned out in the fair division. There was only one in it for first, Southern Beauty, commented on before. Then came Maid Marion, a daughter of Babazon, a small-sized but well-made one if she had a little more swell of rib. Nellie's Girl, reserve, is a little straight behind, ribs should be better sprung, and is light throughout. Flora, hc., is too heavy in shoulders, flat in ribs, and does not stand straight enough in pasterns. The kennel prize went to Mr. Purbeck.

FOXHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Not a very difficult lot to judge. In the absence of Ranger II., Denmark had no competition. The well-known bitches Rosemary and Torment, both from the Chestnut Hill Kennels and described during the late circuit, were placed as named, the winner having an advantage in head and bone, and probably loin as well.

POINTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Several well-known animals of the second class were on hand, with some new faces. The challenge winner was Glamorgan, repeatedly commented on; he was well shown. In open dogs (4), a new one of Mr. Winslow's, Admiration, by Sandford Bang, was placed over Riverview Faust. The winner has rather a nice head but bitchy, is short in neck and throaty, faulty ear carriage, nice legs if a little more bent in stiles, small-sized; taken all round, Faust is a better pointer. Rock II., plain-headed though he is, can also run the winner close. London is straight in shoulders, full in skull and cheeky, and a very light eye does not improve his expression. In the next class, Fan Fan's excellent front, much better head, though shown too fat for this weather, sufficed to put Grace IV. in the cold; her feet come too close in front, faulty in pasterns, but otherwise nicely formed. A daughter of Fan's won in puppies. Marks, long and light in muzzle, second, is also not bent enough in stile.

ENGLISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The well known Edmark represented the challenge division. The next class for open dogs brought out eight. Cactus, a Rockingham—Myrrha II. pup, is a nicely built young dog, perhaps a little plain in loin and hind parts, nice legs. The Earl, second, boasts a nice type of head. Ben Hur of Riverview is well known. A taking one in Robin Goch should have had more, though he loses in expression, skull and loin, quarters and thighs, and a bit in feet and pasterns not true enough. Ezra Noble was rather harshly treated with only hc., though fairly at base of skull, his body and legs are good. The bitch class was also warm and disappointment reigned supreme, the Boston winner, Maid Marian, could do no better than reserve, the well known Victress, Lewellyn coming in a winner. Katie Noble II., that renowned bitch whose record is both of the field and bench, was second; Maid, beautiful head that she has, loses in expression and body to Katie Noble, who should have won. A son of Ben Hur of Riverview won in puppies, he loses, however, to Edge Mark, Jr., in head and stop especially.

IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—It is difficult to beat the Seminoles anywhere, but much more so when they fill the Irish setter classes with their best as they did here. Thanks to this kennel, there was a goodly show. Challenge dogs saw champion Tim add another scalp to his belt or rather collar, this time it was Pride of Patsey'. Then champion Laura B., in better shape than usual, not so fat, had only Elfreda to vanquish, which she does in muzzle, loin and ribs. The open dog class was a pretty sight, eight lining up. Most of them are so well known they do not need repeatedly commenting upon. Doubtless the judge had his own reasons, he generally has, for putting Barney Jr. first, but a dog called Montauk, Jr., vhc., should have been better treated, the latter may lose slightly in head but is better from shoulder back. Young Tim was second, his skull is a bit too domy. Tim's Dandy, reserve, is another one known to fame. Seminole Barney, Mike and Seminole Jr., have all been seen out before. Max deserved his letters. In bitches repetition must again be the order. Delphine, Lady Cleveland, Claremont Heather and Rose Morton, are they not all well known? Nina, a fair one was alone in puppies, and champion Tim won the field trial class prize. Of course, Seminole won the kennel prize.

GO. DOG SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The showing here outside of several of the old rounders, was only fairly commendable. Leo B. and Duchess of Waverley furnished the challenge winners, this, we suppose, will be their accepted function till the grave closes over them. Three turned up in open dogs, the winner, Duke, beating Powhatan nicely, as he is only an ordinary sort and showed badly and was not in good shape. Spider, reserve, has a coarse, thick head, good coat. Two young bitches, Pocahontas and Santa Maria, daughters of Lady Waverley, by Ivanhoe, are very promising youngsters, nice tan and markings, good coats and hard to separate. Edgewood was alone in pups, a pretty dog, nice coat, but scarcely enough character about him, full in skull and knuckles a bit. The bitch pups were the winners in the open class. To Dr. Dixon went the kennel prize.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (John Davidson, Judge).—There were two in open dogs, both Mr. Alton Smith's. Rough, the winner, has a much better head and coat than Marengo II., whose head is short and chunky. Rose, the winning bitch, from the same kennel, is quite a nice one, intelligent face, well formed, and has good texture of coat.

SPANIELS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—A number of these were

seen at the Pet Dog show, and in addition Mr. Laidlaw came down with a few more "Canucks." The local kennel, Swiss Mountain, could not be denied, and its fair owner held her own more than well. Trouble, the only Irish water entered, was *non est*. In fields, challenge class, champion Newton Abbott Laddie, looking as if Mr. Bell had forgotten he owned him he looked so ragged and out of condition, had no competition, in fact was the only field. Then Fascination and Middy came up, and the first named walked out with the ribbon for challenge cockers. In bitches, the local kennel had its revenge—in a trot—so they say. Miss Waggles beat I Say, to our mind better in body, shorter, but losing in skull somewhat; Waggles's muzzle is long but better shaped than I Say's, she is also straighter in front but loses a little in bone.

Poor little Troublesome had gone where the good cockers go, and every one sympathized with Mr. Bell in such a severe loss, which, added to the loss of Rosedale Duchess at the same time, effectually broke up his kennel for this trip. In open black dogs first went to King Raven, who is a little undershot and not true in front, little full in skull but nice short body. Tartar is little more than a pup but promising. Brantford Jet, reserve, loses in body particularly to the other. Commodore, very high com., is a bit light and long in body, turns his feet out, nice skull, faulty muzzle. In bitches there were seven entries, Rosedale Duchess dead. First to the Toronto high com. bitch Lady Fidget, commented on last week, second to Miss Chloe, from the same kennel. Rideau Reine, that was placed so far above the winner at Toronto under the same judge, looked even better here and should have been higher up, as her head and body are better but losing in forelegs except pasterns to Fidget. Miss Chip, very high com., is a "darling" but small yet, she is very cobby built and will yet make a winner. Corktown Coy was at the Pet Dog show, and Tot loses in head and front. Then came a black puppy class, and the winner was Tartar. Challenge dogs, any other color, saw Red Roland once more to the front with no opposition. In bitches, the same owner's Jessie C. beat Seminoles Cherry Ripe, the latter losing in muzzle and wide, poor front, nice body and coat. Open dogs, Othello again won, beating a very likely youngster in Golden Rod, who has the better head, is a nice height from the ground and is cobby built. Punch, reserve, should be straighter in front, is quite long enough in body, his skull is coarse too. Movement was at New York. In open bitches Red Rose, a nice type, excellent front and good head was placed ahead of Ruth S., a sweet little-headed bitch, but faulty muzzle, who gains a little in shortness of body but is a pup yet. Tonita, reserve, is plain in muzzle and light in eye, a bit bowed in front but nice height. Swiss Mountain Kennels won the kennel prize.

COLLIES (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Champion The Squire, looking just about as well as we could expect a dog of his age to do, was alone in his class, and old Flurry II. thought she'd take another ribbon, so Metchley Surprise had, of course, to step back in the next class. In open dogs Wellesbourne Charlie's superior head, bone and coat sufficed to beat a very stylish youngster in Al De Ber Eclipse, who is as yet a little full in skull, lots of coat but a bit soft, nice ears well carried, would do with more rib, but is certainly a more than ordinarily good dog, he was bred by Mr. John A. Long and is by Archie L. Glenmarlin was entered, but he was unfortunately under the daisies. Dr. Sauveur expected a good deal from him. Christopher and Goldstun were marked n.f.c. In bitches, Bertha II., well known, was placed over Stonehurst Lassie, whose nice long head and very pleasing expression and good legs and body are much in her favor, but a heavy ear, well carried though, and shedding coat were against her. Crissey, reserve, is another of the Seminole tribe; she is short of coat and fat. Charm, vhc., is broad in skull and light in loin, coat not all in, well ribbed, shows lots of quality. Al De Ber Eclipse had an easy win in pups and the same in novices, beating Charm in coat and substance in the latter class. Seminole took the kennel prize and The Squire the special for best collie as well as the Ashmont trophy. Now he should be retired while his honors are thick upon him.

POODLES (C. H. Mason, Judge).—There was little new here. In blacks Berri looked after the challenge class and Bismarck, formerly Ben L., was the only one in open dogs; both are familiar faces. Black Duchess, a pup, a rough and tumble sort, was the only bitch. The Washington Kennels' Mikado, a white, had a bloodless victory in any other color; he is faulty in head.

BULLDOGS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Addiscombe Gypsy was the challenge winner while Handsome Dan got first without competition. Lorna Doone, a poor sort with long, narrow head, was given a second; first withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—These were slightly better. In challenge class Edgewood Wonder triumphed over Attraction; the former is better in front and head, though a lump under the jaw disfigures her. Top Sparkle, an old face, going off now, heavy and wide in front and cheeky, faulty pasterns and feet, was first. Second was withheld from the other entry, Nitchee. The winners in the bitch class, Edgewood Fancy II. and Lorna Doone, won at the Pet Dog show. Reserve went to Lansdowne Velma, good front, too much stop, short, chunky head; I like her kennel mate Thelma better; much smaller eye and head, needs furnishing in body yet—a yearling only.

DACHSHUNDS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Only one in it in the dog class, Don Quixote II. Dasch's, second, is too short in head and body; light, too.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—Ch. Frank Forest met Doctor in challenge dogs; it is scarcely necessary to go into a criticism. Ch. Lou was alone in her division; she does not seem so cranky as she used to be. In open dogs five turned up, the winner being Mr. Winkle, a son of Little Duke; he is not cobby enough, ears faulty. Second went to Brittle, who, but for head, which is weak and poor, is a very typical little dog; in this body—he beats Sport of Rockland. Tony Weller II. and Royal, vhc., are but moderate ones, wrong in heads and front. The winner in bitches proved to be the long-headed Fanny Racer, second going to Jenny Lind, a new one from the other side; she beats the winner in expression, head and body, and type, not so good in front and bone. Rockland Kennels took the special.

FOX-TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Classes fairly well filled, but quality not very conspicuous. Dusky Trap and Grouse II. furnished the challenge winners. In open dogs Raby Trigger had rather an easy win, though a bit coarse; he is more of a terrier than Myrtle Lad, second, whose rather mean head is much against him. Victor, reserve, is big in ear, faulty loin and quarters, but a fair sort. Lansdowne Triton is faulty in head, coarse. Pavarmo, hc., I liked better, pretty good head, fair front, bit light in body yet—a pup. Lady Roseberry, well known, won in bitches, followed by Myrtle Lady, whose wide skull is against her. Seacroft Myrtle is known to fame; her light body and big ear are against her. The others deserved their letters. The winners in the puppy classes are mentioned above. In wires Saint Brittle disposed of Jockey, whose big ear, ragged coat and long body are against him. Sister Trick did it in bitches.

TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—As Mr. Mason judged all these and space is at a premium and most of them have been noticed before, we will simply allude to them under one heading. In Irish, Galtees was transferred to challenge class and took the ribbon. Open dogs saw Brickbat, Jr., an easy winner over Shaun Rue. Roslyn Patrick, reserve, has too much coat, and black on face. Three again won over Rhudiman in Scotch terriers, Ashley Plug coming in a moderate vhc. Ruglen Dandie was the only Dumont. In Skyes, Lovett had little difficulty in defeating Bruce, better coat, action and stronger muzzle. Endcliffe Maggie was

alone in bitches. In Yorkshires the entries were poor, Dixie, light in tan and body color, beating a lighter one in Jacko. Fanny, in bitches, is a little runt, no coat, etc., and very light colored. Black and tan terriers had Broomfield Sultan in the challenge class, and Gypsy Girl won over Queen III. in bitches, the latter being thrown out for skin disease; she was out of coat, that was all, and was shown the week previously at New York. Boston Model represented the whippets again. The well known Skipper and Mieke, getting thick, were the Schipperke winners. In Italian greyhounds Tinnie had no difficulty in beating Golden Rod and Lady Lee, one too big, the other Lady, second, is faulty in head, nice size, smutty color.

PUGS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—Bob Ivy was again the challenge winner in dogs, and Midget took the bitch prize. In open dogs, Medlar, a well-known winner, beat Tip Top, who showed much better in the open. Little Jewel, reserve, has gone off, wide front and weak behind; the others were poor. A very poor lot came forward in bitches and prizes should have been withheld. A nice little pup in Little Ruth won well from Prince III., long and coarse in head.

In King Charles spaniels the well-known Duke of Wellington, light in tan and curly in coat, had to succumb to Dandy, who is only beaten in hind action, has better coat, better stop and shorter face. The bitch was a very poor one, long-faced and light throughout. Blenheim prizes withheld. Two undescript-looking bob-tails, one a "bob," the other with a tail that would do credit to a mountain sheep, were given equal first in heavy miscellaneous. These were a very poor sort, coats as soft as putty. The "Pom" Sheffield Lad and Maurice Barrymore's Clydesdale took equal first in the light-weight class. A Pekin poodle, so Fred Kirby said it was, and her interesting family came next; Pekin spaniel would be more the mark in nomenclature. She partakes somewhat of a long-faced Jap in looks, long tail, ears, and hair brindle in color. H. W. L.

AWARDS

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Chas. Wallace's Champion Merlin. Bitches: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Jos. C. Roberts's Bruce Caution. Bitches: 1st, Hon. Jas. Gay Gordon's Crene.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Eboracum; 2d and high com., C. T. Ashman's Bevis and James G. Blaine. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' King Regent. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Duchess of Arlington and Florette.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Scottish Leader. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leitha. Puppies: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Rex.

GREAT DANES.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Weisbrod & Hess's Bismarck. Bitches: 1st, Weisbrod & Hess's Flora II.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Phil. J. Walsh's Carlo.

BARZOIS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Argoss. Reserve, Chas. S. Hauck's Grubbin. Bitches: 1st, Chas. S. Hauck's Vinga. Reserve, H. W. Huntington's Princess Irma. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Chas. S. Hauck's Leckhol and Peter the Great. Bitches: 1st and reserve, H. W. Huntington's Zerry and Modjeska; 2d and very high com., Chas. S. Hauck's Abouard and Rarheda.

DEERHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, S. F. Houston's MacGregor. Bitches: 1st, S. F. Houston's Ellen Douglas; 2d, Roger Williams's Lassie Jean.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Arthur W. Purbeck's Pious Pembroke. Bitches: 1st, Arthur W. Purbeck's Eestwood Daisy. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, Arthur W. Purbeck's Southern Beauty; 2d, Roger Williams's Maid Marian. Reserve, H. W. Wolf's Nellie's Girl. High com., Walter S. Lieber's Flora.

FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Denmark. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Torment and Rosemary.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Winslow's Admiration; 2d, Victoria Kennels' Ridgeway Faust. Reserve, O. E. Connell's Rock II. Very high com., C. H. Clark, Jr.'s Loudoun. Bitches: 1st, Chas. E. Connell's Fan Fan; 2d, Luke W. White's Grace IV. Puppies: 1st, C. E. Connell's Fan Fan III; 2d, Luke W. White's Marks.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Brown's Edge-mare. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. Pape's Cactus; 2d, Victoria Kennels' The Earl. Reserve, F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview. Very high com., D. J. Peters's Robin Good. High com., L. A. Shuster's Ezra Noble and H. Pape's Buckingham. Com., G. O. Smith's Count Noble. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis's Viatrix Lewdly; 2d, F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. Reserve, J. Brett's Maid Marian. Very high com., J. L. Kidzey's Maize. Puppies: 1st, J. Mucke's Ben Hur, Jr.; 2d, J. E. Norden's Edge Mark, Jr.; FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st and 2d, F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. and Ben Hur of Riverview.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim and Pride of Paisy. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Laura II. and Elfreda. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d, reserve, very high com. and (2) com., Seminole Kennels' Young Tim, Tim's Dandy, Montauk, Jr., and Seminole, Jr. and Seminole Alike. High com., Seminole Kennels' Seminole Blarney and C. E. Van Pel's Max. Bitches: 1st, reserve and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Delphine, Claremont Heather and Rose May. 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland. Puppies: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Nina. FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's champion Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's champion Duchess of Waverly. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. C. Culham's Duke; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Powhatan. Very high com., C. E. Van Pel's Spider. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Pocahontas and Santa Maria. Puppies: 1st, D. B. Holton's Edgewood. FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Pocahontas and Santa Maria.

CHESAPEAKE DOGS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, B. Alton Smith's Rough and Marengo II. Bitches: 1st, B. Alton Smith's Rose. FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, G. Bell, A. & M. Spaniel Kennels' Ch. Newton Abbott Laddie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, G. Bell, A. & M. Spaniel Kennels' Ch. Faidon. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. BLACK—CHALLENGE—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggle. Reserve, G. Bell's I Say. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. B. Palmer's King Raven; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Tartar. Reserve, Field & Lyke's Brantford Jet. Very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Commodore. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Fidget, Miss Choe and Miss Chip. Reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Rideau Reine. Puppies: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Tartar; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Tonita. OTHER THAN BLACK—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Red Rowland C. Bitches: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Jessie C. Reserve, Franklin Dundore's Seminole Cherry Ripe. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Frank S. Dole's Othello; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Golden Rod. Very high com., G. Bell's Movement. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Punch. Bitches: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Red Rose; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth. Very high com., G. Bell's Mary Queen of Scots.

COLLIES.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Ch. Squire. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Ch. Furry II. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Ch. Metcally Surprise. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, B. Alton Smith's Al De Ber Eclipse. Bitches: 1st, 2d, reserve and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Bertha II., Stouehurst Lassie, Crissy and Mattie. Very high com., James Watson's Charm. High com., Pomona Kennels' Lady and Puppies. Puppies: 1st, A. Smith's Al De Ber Eclipse; 2d and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Dolly and Beauty. Very high com., Pomona Kennels' Maud. VOICED—1st, B. A. Smith's Al De Ber Eclipse; 2d, J. Watson's Charm. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Mattie.

POODLES.—BLACK—CHALLENGE—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. N. Duer's Bismark. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Black Duchess. ANY OTHER COLOR—Dr. S. N. Duer's Mikado.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. B. Gruser's Addiscombe. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. B. Gruser's Handsome Dan. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, W. Mauderson's Lorna Doone.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs. F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder. Reserve, F. F. Dole's champion Attraction. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. F. Dole's Top Sparkle. Bitches: 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Fanny II. and Lorna Doone. Reserve and very high com., Lansdowne Kennels' Lady Velma and Lansdowne Thelma.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. E. A. Manice's Don Quixote II.; 2d, F. H. D. Wolf's Dachs I. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. E. A. Manice's Sister.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Frank Forest. Reserve, B. F. Lewis's champion Doctor. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Kennels' champion Lou. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Child's Mr. Winkle; 2d, W. Rebmann's Brittle. Very high com., W. H. Child's Tony Weller II.,

P. F. Bolay's Royal. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Fanny Racer; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Jenny Lind. Very high com., P. F. Bolay's Lady Vernon.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's champion Dusky Trap. Bitches: 1st, C. S. Hanks's Grouse II. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, The Grove Kennels' Ruby Trigger; 2d, D. McVicar's Myrtle Lad. Reserve, Mrs. W. F. Presgrave's Victor. Very high com. and high com., Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Triton and Lansdowne Pavenno. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Lady Roseberry; 2d, D. McVicar's Myrtle Lady. Reserve, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Myrtle. Very high com., Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Trim and Lansdowne Dimity. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, D. McVicar's Myrtle Lad; 2d, Mrs. W. F. Presgrave's Victor. Reserve, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Pavenno. Very high com., J. Barber's Arrondale Mixture. High com., P. J. Farrell's Jack Dandy. Bitches: 1st, D. McVicar's Myrtle Lady; 2d, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Myrtle. Reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Dolly. WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Smith's St. Brittle; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Jockey. Bitches: 1st, H. W. Smith's Sister Trick.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Brickbat, Jr.; 2d, T. Wise, Sr.'s Shaun Rue. Reserve, G. T. Newhall's Roslyn Patrick. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Judy.

SCOTT TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Tires and Rhudman. Very high com., R. Elliott's Ashley Plug.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Bradbury's Ruglen Sandy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. Miller's Lovett; 2d, Mrs. A. P. Smith's Bruce. Bitches: 1st, H. K. Cane's Endcliffe Maggie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIER.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Mitchell Harrison's Dixie; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Jacko. Bitches: 2d, Pomona Kennels' Fanny and puppies.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OPEN—Dogs (over 7lbs): 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Bloomsfield Sultan. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Gipsy Girl.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Toon & Symonds's Boston Model.

SCHIPPERKES.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Skipper. Bitches: 1st, J. Barry's Mieke.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. Lewis's Tinnie.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's champion Bob Ivy. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Midget. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. Adams's Medlar; 2d, G. Bell's Tip Top A. K. C. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Little Jewel. Very high com., Miss Bisbing's Prince II. Bitches: 1st and 2d, M. H. Cryer's Bess and Panzy G. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' La Belle Feteite. Com., Pomona Kennels' Princess Royal and puppies. Puppies: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Little Ruth.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. J. Arbello's Dandy; 2d, Mrs. J. Brombach's champion Duke of Wellington. Bitches: 1st withheld; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Minnie.

BLENNHEIM SPANIELS.—Prizes withheld.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (over 25lbs.).—Equal 1st, Chas. Rosser's Dame Urs and Dame Orson. Under 25lbs.: Equal 1st, Maurice Barrymore's Belle of Clyde and Tcon and Symonds's Sheffield Lad.

PEKIN POODLES.—Fred Kirby's (Agt.).

New England Beagle Trials.

Mr. W. S. CLARKE writes us: "No doubt your many readers think the New England Beagle Club 'out of existence,' as they have heard nothing from it since the Boston show, when the election of officers took place, but the club is still alive. The officers are considerably scattered, and therefore can't get together very often, still when they do meet they dispose of considerable business." He then goes on to say that a meeting of the executive committee was held June 9, at 1 P. M., at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., the following members being present: F. W. Chapman, H. S. Joslin, Henry Hanson and W. S. Clarke. President Chapman in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. One new member was taken into the club, namely, Mr. Thomas Shallcross, Providence, R. I. In regard to the coming field trials it was voted to offer the following prize money in the various classes. In the All-Age class, dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in., first prize, \$75; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25. In the All-Age class, dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, same money will be given. Entry fee to the above classes \$5 to nominate and \$7 additional to start. The nomination fee to be paid at the time of closing of entries, the balance to be paid at the trials before starting. Entries close to the above classes Oct. 15.

In the Derby, open to all dogs and bitches whelped on or after Jan. 1, '92, the following money will be given; 1st prize \$50, 2d prize \$30, 3d prize \$20. Entry fee to the above class, \$3 to nominate and \$7 additional to start. Entries to the above class close Sept. 1. Should this class have 20 or more starters, it will be divided according to height same as the All-Age class. In the champion class, dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in., the entry fee is \$15 and 50% of the entry fee goes to the winner. Entries close for this class after the All-Age class has been run. Dogs and bitches are eligible to this class that win first at these trials in the All-Age stake, or that have won first at any recognized beagle field trials, in the All-Age class. Champion class 13in. and under conditions same as above. A class was provided for Bassett hounds. Entry fee to be \$3 to nominate and \$7 additional to start; 50% of entry fee to go to winner of first, 35% to go to winner of second, and 15% to winner of third. Entries close in this class Oct. 15. It was voted to hold the trials Nov. 6, and every day after till completed. In case there are less than 10 starters in the open classes the prize money will be given on the percentage plan, namely: 50% of entry fee to winner of first, 25% of entry fee to winner of second, and 15% of entry fee to winner of third.

The place for the trials has not yet been fully decided on, but the committee have several first-class places in view, and wish to hold them where it will be the easiest of access to all concerned, and where good accommodations can be had at reasonable terms. The place will without doubt be decided on at the next meeting. The secretary was authorized to correspond with the different judges in regard to terms, these to be selected at the next meeting, if possible. Also to make inquiries through the sporting press if any one can give information in regard to a suitable place (in the New England States) where the trials could be held. The committee desire to make this the largest and most successful beagle field trial ever held, and as the prize money offered is more than has ever before been given, they are confident of success. Owners and handlers can depend on getting their prize money promptly, as it is all guaranteed by several of the club members. The date when the trials are to be held comes the week after the National Beagle Club trials at Nauvut, and owners and handlers can come right on and lose no time. Further particulars will be given as soon as possible.

New England Field Trial Club Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith list of entries for N. E. F. T. Club Derby Stake, nineteen in all, to be run at Assonet in November next.

DERBY ENTRIES.

Geo. W. Lovell's Corsair's Fancy, Marion Dan, Dolly S. Avent & Thayer's Thalid, Tale, Bowles. Robert Leslie's King of Lynn, Kentwood. E. B. Eames's Jack. F. R. Hitchcock's Rod, Topaz, Amethyst. Hobart Ames's Rowdy's Boy. D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s unnamed. Oakland Farm's Tennessee Mamie, Tennessee Jean. John J. Scanlan's Gath's Flake. Dr. G. W. Hayward's two unnamed.

W. M. LOVENING, Sec'y.

TAUNTON, MASS. We learn that Mr. Malloy won the spaniel Glen with chance No. 47 in the raffle at the Pet Dog show.

DOG CHAT.

The Open Air Show.

That open air shows at this time of year will become popular is rather doubtful. Any one who saw the state of the poor dogs owing to the heat the first day at Wissahickon would veto such a show at once. In a tent such a show would certainly have meant death to a number of the dogs. Another important matter to be considered is the fact that at an open air show the ground where the show is held will more than probably be some distance from a center of population—a suburb or some such, for the majority of people, out of the way place. This was the case at Wissahickon. Held in connection with the horse show, as it probably will be another time, success would be assured at once. This is the way most of the successful outdoor shows are held in England—in connection with agricultural meetings. That the Wissahickon show was not better attended is much to be regretted. Another disturbing element in summer shows is the question of safe traveling. Geo. Bell's accident might perhaps have been avoided had he not put thirteen dogs in a crate, though it was amply ventilated. The box was locked up from Saturday afternoon till Monday afternoon through some misunderstanding, the Pet Dog people shipping the dogs to Philadelphia without orders. The wonder is that more were not suffocated. If dogs are shipped this weather the crates should be left open so that the expressmen can water the dogs whenever they choose.

Those who were enabled to attend the Wissahickon show will not readily forget Dr. Sauveur's kindness and attention. On judging day every one adjourned for lunch to the Inn, and here the Doctor dispensed hospitality in his usual open manner. On Thursday when judging was over the boys were "kind of hanging around," when a large bus with a four-in-hand was driven up, and on the Doctor's invitation those present to the number of about twenty enjoyed a most pleasant drive round Chestnut Hill, through the Wissahickon Valley, alongside the river rendered famous by Fenimore Cooper, to Indian Rock, where the last of the Mohicans took his final plunge into eternity, then through Fairmount Park to the Ridge and back again. This drive is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined and was fully appreciated by those lucky enough to take part. Kirby handled the horn, and though the latter reminded one rather of Christmas times, still for a makeshift it served its purpose well and effectually drowned all competing chords.

Dr. Sauveur, who lost Sir Frederick last week by death, also had to bear the loss of a promising young collie he had imported, Glenmarlin, by Border Sniff out of Villi, an almost white bitch. This dog succumbed to the heat on the way to the show from his kennels.

The judging of the Ashmont trophy was delayed till Friday afternoon at the Wissahickon show. This prize is given for the best in Mr. Mason's classes. The trophy is a ramble, and though Tires, the Scotch terrier, who has only one more to score before winning it outright, was present, the report got about early that his condition was not tippit. To the naked eye he appeared about as grand as ever and a little better. It was not Tires's day, and despite "Andy's" efforts, which rattled the judge, and the clever way in which George Thomas showed him, the collie champion The Squire walked in a winner. That the latter should win the trophy this time is peculiarly appropriate, as he lives within a block or two, and no one will begrudge the honor, as he is a collie all through, and we never saw him looking better. Wellesbourne Charlie, who was a favorite in the betting, must be content with his Boston win. Others specially awarded during the show were the studded collar to Scottish Leader, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, as best St. Bernard of the show; the cup for the best deerhound to S. F. Houston's Ellen Douglas; cup for best beagle pup to Phil F. Bolay's Lady Vernon, and the cup for best uncropped bull-terrier to L. S. Green's Nitchie, Jr.

Mr. Muss-Arnolt sends us a copy of a letter addressed by him to Acting President John S. Wise, of the Pointer Club, in which letter he resigns from the executive committee of the Pointer Club and from office of Pointer Club delegate to the A. K. C. The reason given, he states to President Wise, "is my inability to serve in harmony and self-respect with you, its present presiding officer, on account of your refusal to substantiate or apologize for the preposterous insult to all delegates of every club, members of the A. K. C., & c., 'that every one had to do in the A. K. C. what its president wanted, or had to get out.'" Mr. Muss-Arnolt goes on to question the taste displayed by Mr. Wise in making such a charge, while himself remaining a delegate.

Death of Bull-Terrier Surefoot.

We regret to hear that this well-known terrier was killed by the electric cars in Albany, N. Y., June 7. He was a well-known winner, his principal wins being two firsts and special at Crystal Palace, also prizes at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Kennel Club, Preston, Southport, Prescott, Birkenhead, Langolton, Bakewell, etc., in England; in this country at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington during the last circuit. Surefoot was imported by Mr. T. S. Bellin and sold to Mr. Keeler. Last month at the New Brighton (Eng.) show the second and third prize winners in puppy class are by Surefoot and are expected to do a lot of winning in the light-weight classes.

The committee of the N. E. Beagle Club would be pleased to hear from any one that can give them any information in regard to suitable grounds to hold their first field trial on Nov. 6 next. The grounds must be in New England and should be handy to good hotel accommodations; rabbits should be fairly plenty, and grounds so situated that the dogs can be seen by the judges the greater part of the time. Any information will be gladly received by W. S. Clark, Secretary-Treasurer, Linden, Mass.

The Clifton Kennels are coming to the front again. Mr. J. H. Phelan's son Alfred C. has started in very well for a beginner, he has sold a fox-terrier pup by Checho out of Nellie, to Dr. Miller, Red Star Line, to go to England, and has bred his Graphic bitch on June 8 to Mr. Chas. Heath's Arthur. If he will show his dogs in as good condition as did his well known Pater he will no doubt win prizes.

Death of Champion Twinkle.

We are indeed sorry to hear of the death of one of the most typical beagles we had champion Twinkle (3,434) died June 6. She whelped Saturday, June 3, six puppies, the finest litter since Mr. Zimmer owned her, by his Ransack. The puppies all appear healthy and strong, and as he had a bitch whelp June 1, he gave her three of them. He is feeding the others by hand. Myrtle the Mouse was due on June 7 and he depended on her to help with the orphans. Mr. Zimmer writes: "Although Twinkle was getting old, still it made us feel sick at heart to bury the grand old bitch."

Connecticut Dog Law.

The following law will go into effect on July 1, 1893: "Every person owning or having the custody of any dog accustomed to go out on any highway or common and growl, snap or bite, or otherwise annoy any person or horses lawfully using such highway or common, shall be fined not

more than \$7 or be imprisoned not more than 10 days, or both: provided, that written notice of any grand juror, justice of the peace or prosecuting attorney of the town where said dogs are owned or kept, has been previously given to said owner or keeper."

International Field Trials Derby Entries.

THE entries for the International Field Trials Derby closed on June 1, with 34 entries, the largest received since the trials were started. The list is composed of 25 English setters, 8 pointers and 1 Irish setter.

- Sir Cassimer Gzowski and Christopher Robinson, Q. C., have very kindly donated a cup to be run for either in the Derby or All-Age Stake as the committee may see fit, and it is probable it will be given to the All-Age Stake, to be won three times before becoming the property of kennel or individual winning it. The following are the entries:
- POINTERS.
- HAWKEYE (A. Harrington, Leamington, Ont.), dog (Budd Lansdown—Pope's Trixy), May 4.
- BEPPY'S BOY (A. J. Davis, Dresden, Ont.), dog (Beppo III.—Duchess Graphic), May 5.
- RIDGEVIEW COMET (T. G. Davey, London), dog (Lad of Kent—Ridgeview Lass).
- RECTOR (Thos. Johnson), dog (Ightfield Upton—Patsy Banc).
- PAUL FRANCKE (Thos. Johnson), dog (Ightfield Upton—Genievier).
- DICK (Paul F. Bagley, Detroit), dog (Duke of Hessen—Abess of Kent), July.
- MIAMI (Adams & McMurray, Winnipeg, Man.), bitch (King of Kent—Tempest Queen), June 3.
- WARWICK NELLY (Dr. Totten, Forest, Ont.), bitch (Canadian Dick—Woodstock Fanny), May.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

- SILVER SPRAY (Geo. Kime, Big Point, Ont.), bitch (Druid, Jr.—Lady Patch), April 5.
- FOREST REX (Forest Kennels, Chatham and Toronto), dog (Bronko B.—Maudy), May 9.
- FOREST KETTY (Forest Kennels, Chatham and Toronto), bitch (Count Noble Boy—Belle Bucklelew), June 2.
- FOREST TRIP (Forest Kennels, Chatham and Toronto), bitch (Druid, Jr.—Breeze K.), February.
- SPECULATOR II. (Dr. Totten, Forest, Ont.), dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), May 1.
- LUNA (W. B. Wells, Chatham), bitch (Cincinnati—Daphne), May 10.
- DIDO III. (W. B. Wells), bitch (Cincinnati—Daphne), May 10.
- POLLUC (W. B. Wells), dog (Cincinnati—Daphne), May 10.
- MARS (W. B. Wells), dog (Cincinnati—Daphne), May 10.
- CYNTHIA (W. B. Wells), bitch (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), May 1.
- CASTOR (W. B. Wells), dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), May 1.
- NELLIE BREEZE (F. E. Fisher, Washinaw Kennels, Ypsilanti, Mich.), bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Albert's Nelly), May 14.
- ALBERT GLADSTONE (F. E. Fisher), dog (Breeze Gladstone—Albert's Nelly), May 14.
- WASHINAW GROUSE (F. E. Fisher), dog (Breeze Gladstone—Albert's Nelly), May 14.
- BRIGHTON DODD (T. G. Davey, London, Ont.), dog (King Lee—Siss).

- BLACK PRINCE (Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.), dog (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Patti), May.
- BLACK BOY (Thos. Johnson), dog (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess), May.
- BLACKFOOT (Thos. Johnson), dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), May.
- DOC (Richard Bangham, Windsor, Ont.), dog (Bangham's London—Nell), July.
- GEORGE (Geo. A. Goodwin, Windsor, Ont.), dog (Bangham's London—Nell), May.
- J. E. D. (Dr. Totten, Forest, Ont.), dog (Cincinnati—Winning Ways), April 16.
- MONK OF FURNESS STING (Eddy & Armstrong, Detroit), dog (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie), June 13.
- JOE (F. M. Smith, Woodstock), dog.
- LADY DRUID (Jas. Kime, Chatham), bitch (Druid, Jr.—Breeze K.), February.
- LADY LUCE (Jas. Kime, Chatham), bitch (Druid, Jr.—Lady Patch), April 5.

IRISH SETTER.

- FINGALIN (Arthur D. Welton, Detroit), dog (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore), June 4.

KENNEL BREVITIES.

THERE will be a coursing meeting at Goodlands, Kan., commencing Oct. 3, with two stakes, All-Age and Puppy. Goodlands is 200 miles east of Denver, Col. Dr. Van Hummel will run the noted bench dogs Van's Peter and Viola at the coursing meetings this fall in the All-Age stakes. Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass., the wire hair fox-terrier exhibitor, won all before him at the New York horse show last week. His Sky High and Sue won the New York Tandem Club prize. Sky High next day won the prize for best carriage horse, 15.2 hands. Later in the day with Sky High and Sue he beat A. H. Moore's two, Magnum and Congress, in the tandem class. Friday he took second to Mr. Mitchell Harrison's Ulrica in 27 entries of carriage horses. His best victory was afterward in the all round sporting tandem class, when his leader, Sans Reproche, proved to be the only one to negotiate the jumps, drivers up. Mr. Smith is a capital whip and drives his own turnouts very cleverly. The Hempstead Farm Kennels won the farm wagon prize, with a very gay equipage, and "Squire" Mortimer's face was wreathed with smiles. Mr. Mortimer was assistant secretary at the horse show. The Woodlawn Stock Farm, Mr. Mitchell Harrison and A. H. Moore also won several prizes in the different competitions, so it may be said our kennel owners are well represented in equine circles as well. Mr. C. S. Hanks is going in for Irish and Scottish terriers and will import some. His Grouse II. was bred to Ripon Stormer two weeks since. His "Russian" Zvodka has five pups by Servanates. Hempstead Farm Kennels' Zmekia visited Mr. Hanks's Groubian May 7. Mr. Hanks will on the 15th start building extensive kennels, putting 200 men at work that day. There is a "Jack the Dog Poisoner" at Mount Hope, in the annexed district, and a number of valuable dogs have met untimely deaths. O'Neill's, the photographer, bulldog is one of them. The dog poisoner is also rampant in Toledo, O., and valuable rewards are offered for conviction of that miscreant. There will probably be a dog show in Kansas City this fall. Mr. Court Rice, secretary of the O. E. M. C., it is said, will judge mastiffs at the World's Fair show in September, and probably Mr. Pybus-Sellon, also an Englishman, will judge bulldogs in place of Mr. John E. Thayer. The Columbus, O., dog show will be held in September. At the exposition in Minneapolis next fall the newly organized kennel club will hold a dog show. Ch. Royal Prince II., the English setter, is owned in that city. Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding had some fun with a mad dog the other day. The dog was really rabid. The American Spaniel Club president got his gun, the dog chewed the end of it, ran away, got among some horses, and in trying to bite the business end of one of them was sent up twenty feet. On returning to earth Mr. Wilmerding weighted him down with a couple of bullets, which ended his rabid

career. Mr. Wilmerding has had an experience. Mr. H. George's well-known bulldog Bombardier is missing. He strayed from the Hotel Vendome, this city. He gained temporary fame through Mrs. Cleveland, when she saw him at Lakewood, N. J., remarking "He is the ugliest dog I ever laid eyes on." The Spaniel Club trophies for the World's Fair show are on exhibition at Shiebler & Co.'s, silversmiths, on Broadway. They attract a good deal of attention. The Central Field Trials will not be held this year. The Philadelphia K. C. field trials will be confined to members this year. Location not decided upon yet. Lexington, N. C., would suit them well. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., is importing a brace of brown poodles—Diamant and Vivette. They are now on the ocean. Mr. H. W. Smith, it is reported, has purchased Cribbage, the best wire-haired fox-terrier in England. Mr. Reick arrived safely on the New York last Saturday, bringing Young Bute, Duke of Fairmont, two brood bitches, one in whelp to Duke of Maplecroft, and three pups by Earl of Rosebery out of a Keeper bitch. Also a dog pup by champion Novar.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. N. L. Jersey City.—We should say that the bulldog has not deteriorated in pluck, though probably modern associations have made him, to some extent, indifferant. As for pluck he is quite on a par with the bull-terrier. To quote a price on a bulldog with dead game qualities and not a show dog is something we could not do. It is simply a question as to the value his dead game qualities are to the owner or prospective buyer. Price would probably range anywhere from \$25 to \$75.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

- JUNE.
- 17. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
- 17. Commonwealth, Cup, Boston.
- 17. Massachusetts, An. Open, off Nahant.
- 17. Beverly, Open sweeps, Mon. B.
- 17. Cor., Marblehead, Handicap.
- 17. Corinthian, An., New York.
- 17. Phila., Open Race, 15ft. Boats, Delaware River.
- 17. Winthrop, 1st Cham., Hough's Neck.
- 17. Royal Can., 1st Class and 21ft. Class, Toronto.
- 17. Minnetonka, cup race, Lake Minnetonka.
- 17. St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., & 21ft. Classes, Montreal.
- 17. Staten Island, Club Regatta.
- 17. Williamsburg, Spring Regatta.
- 21. Quincy, Club Race, Mass.
- 21. Cor. Phila., An. Del. River.
- 22. Rhode Island, Ladies' Day.
- 22. Schoodic, An., Calais, Me.
- 23. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
- 24. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
- 24. Royal Can., 30ft. Class and 21ft. Skiff Class, Toronto.
- 24. Hull Cor., 1st Cham., Hull.
- 24. Jersey City, An., Communipaw.
- 24. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, LI.
- 24. Cor. Phila., Special, Del. River.
- 24. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 15ft. and skiff classes, Montreal.
- 24-25. Cor. San Fran., An. Cruise.
- 26. Pavia, An., New York Bay.
- 26. Eastern, An., Marblehead.
- 30-July 13. Phila., Club Cruise.

Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta, June 12.

BATH BEACH—NEW YORK BAY.

The annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. on June 12 brought out a good fleet of thirty-four yachts, the largest being Com. Sutton's new flagship Loyal. The wind was from N. W. to N. and very light. No less than ten courses were laid out for the various yachts, which made some confusion and uncertainty as to which went over the proper courses. The following times are official, but subject to correction:

CLASS A—MAINSAIL.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Norman.....	11 23 38	1 31 40	2 08 02	...
Isabel.....	11 25 31	1 38 27	2 12 56	...
Sappho.....	12 23 27	1 32 50	2 09 23	...
Edda D.....	11 26 43	1 38 32	2 06 10	2 05 58
Miss.....	11 27 00	1 33 33	2 06 33	...
Paul & Stella.....	11 26 03	1 40 27	2 20 24	...
Ariel.....	11 23 45	1 37 00	2 13 15	...
CLASS B—MAINSAIL.				
Rosamond.....	11 21 51	1 58 30	2 33 29	Not meas.
Deliance.....	11 24 20	Did not finish.		
CLASS C—JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
Alice.....	11 25 33	2 50 39	2 33 47	2 33 47
Silvy.....	11 21 15	Did not finish.		
CLASS D—MAINSAIL.				
Juanita.....	11 24 25	2 26 13	3 01 48	3 01 48
Water Witch.....	11 25 15	2 29 14	3 03 59	3 03 59
CLASS E—MAINSAIL.				
Lakshmi.....	11 27 00	2 49 58	3 25 07	...
Truena.....	11 21 22	2 37 27	3 03 06	...
Spray.....	11 26 55	2 41 09	3 14 14	3 06 09
Acorn.....	11 25 05	2 28 36	3 02 31	...
Marguerite.....	11 24 00	2 26 08	3 02 08	2 57 55
SLOOPS.				
Freyja.....	11 20 22	2 07 00	2 56 38	Not meas.
Christine.....	11 11 00	2 17 04	3 06 04	...
SLOOPS, 30FT.				
Forsyth.....	11 07 32	Did not finish.		
Kittie (yawl).....	11 07 22	2 29 29	3 22 07	3 16 50
Vixen.....	11 10 13	2 54 11	3 43 58	...
Golden Hope.....	11 08 14	2 52 02	3 20 18	3 21 54
SLOOPS, 35FT.				
Phantom.....	11 11 00	2 40 01	3 29 04	3 25 35
Illeika.....	11 10 12	2 37 24	3 27 12	2 27 12
Saona.....	11 10 11	2 39 54	3 29 43	...
Mary A.....	11 09 40	2 47 18	3 37 38	...
Bess.....	11 09 10	2 46 34	3 37 24	...
SLOOPS, 40FT.				
Choctaw.....	11 09 33	2 44 08	3 35 00	Not meas.
Mignon.....	11 11 00	2 39 17	3 28 17	Not meas.
SCHOONERS, 70FT.				
Loyal.....	11 11 00	3 37 25	4 26 25	4 26 25
Signal.....	11 08 52	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Class A, Edda D.; Class B, Rosamond; Class C, Alice; Class D, Juanita; Class E, Marguerite first, Truant second; 25ft. sloop, Freyja; 30ft. sloop, Kittie first, Golden Hope second; 35ft. sloop, Phantom first, Illeika second; 40ft. sloop, Mignon; 70ft. schooner, Loyal.

Winthrop Y. C.

HOUGH'S NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

On June 3 the first of a series of pennant races of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Mattie, W. A. Garrett.....	28.01	2 31 30	2 05 26
Harold E., A. T. Bliss.....	28.01	Withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Sinbad, H. Hutchinson.....	28.01	1 41 30	1 18 43
Eclipse, W. A. Myrick.....	28.01	1 45 45	1 18 43
THIRD CLASS.			
Magpie, C. P. Pike.....	30.03	1 51 55	1 25 16
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	30.03	1 51 40	1 27 35
Maron, Chesterton and Henry.....	30.03	2 07 30	1 42 33
FOURTH CLASS.			
Beggar, J. B. Cann.....	18.01	1 14 45	0 43 32
Florrie, Walter Leighton.....	18.01	1 04 14	0 43 32
Josephine, J. P. Cann.....	18.01	1 04 10	0 43 32
On June 10 a subscription race was sailed, the times being:			
FIRST CLASS.			
Harbinger, Wm. Daly, Jr.....	31.06	1 17 02	0 48 49
Nimbus, Com. J. S. Cushing.....	39.00	1 17 05	0 58 23
Harold E., A. T. Bliss.....	39.00	1 21 10	Withdrawn.
Mattie, Wm. A. Garrett.....	35.01	1 35 50	0 58 46
SECOND CLASS.			
Sinbad, Harry Hutchinson.....	28.03	1 23 30	0 58 48
Eclipse, Wm. Myrick.....	31.11	1 33 50	1 05 49
THIRD CLASS.			
Finey, George L. Cade.....	22.03	1 24 05	1 39 21
FOURTH CLASS.			
Cadet, Charles L. Smith.....	19.00	1 03 22	0 43 24
Florrie, George E. Leighton.....	18.01	1 07 25	0 46 24

The pictures of Thrush, Exile and Harbinger, published last week, were from photos by Mr. N. L. Stebbins, as also the picture of Navaho in this issue.

Larchmont Spring Regatta, June 10.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

The annual spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on Saturday with twenty starters, nearly all of them noted boats in their respective classes, but, unfortunately, there were not enough entries in any one class to make a race. Under these circumstances the patience of the regatta committee and the good nature of owners was called on to make up special classes and secure a little competition. Shamrock was ready, but her mate, the new Dagmar, nee Titania, though sailing about, did not enter, and so Shamrock went up a class at an assumed length of 8ft., her true length being but 7ft. Besides the regular class prize, however, the regatta committee offered a special for the three under the true allowances. Wasp, 46ft. L.W.I., had no competitor in her class, Eurybia, 33ft., had none in hers, and the new Herreshoff Bonnie Doone was also booked for a sailor; so the committee classed the three together for a special prize under the regular allowances offered by Com. Colt. Emerald was expected, but was not present. Troquois had a very large crew aboard, her whole bulwark being lined with heads.

The wind was light in the morning, freshening a little from south-west toward noon, the start for the schooners being made at 11:50. Troquois and Azalea were first over, the former followed by Ramona, Azalea being on the leeward end of the line. The reach across to Hempstead was made at a fair pace and spinnakers were then set to starboard; on the first leg Lasca gained a little on Troquois and Azalea made a couple of minutes on Viator, but after the mark was turned the wind fell very light and for the next hour the fleet merely drifted with the tide.

Spinnakers were shifted to port and balloon sails set, but they helped little, and all the time a hot sun was blazing down on the decks. Wasp, Eurybia, Fenella, Ramona and Dauntless held out in the middle of the Sound, but Lasca, Troquois and Shamrock hugged the Long Island shore, with Azalea and Viator astern of them and a little further out.

When Wasp was two or three miles from the outer mark, Captain's Island, a moderate breeze sprang up, increasing from that time until it was blowing quite fresh off Hempstead Harbor on the return. The five large schooners kept on down the Sound for the Stamford mark, Lasca now in the lead. She turned at 3:04:03, with Troquois at 3:06:40, Ramona 3:10:27, Dauntless 3:10:37, Shamrock not timed. No times were taken at Captain's Island, but Wasp was closely followed by Viator, with Azalea just astern, then Eurybia and the little Bonnie Doon, the latter coming along very fast.

On the wind, Wasp carrying a clubtopsail, soon left the schooners. Viator gained a good deal on Azalea as they stood across, but when close in under the shore by Matinickock the latter picked up and was very close to Viator. Here Dagmar, with her grotesque new bow and extreme rig, fell in with Viator for a short time. In the short tacks Azalea had long since passed Eurybia, although the larger boat carried a working topsail and the 30-footer can only set three lower sails, being rigged with a pole mast. Once around the mark Viator set a balloon jibtopsail and hurried home with a fresh breeze over the beam. Azalea chasing her closely but unsuccessfully and losing by just a minute. Of the two, Viator's sails set the better and were handled more smartly, but the race all day was close enough to be exciting. Troquois also had an advantage over Lasca in a large crew and better handling, and saved her time after a good race. Dauntless and Ramona had not wind enough to lend excitement to their duel. Bonnie Doon did some very fast sailing, beating Wasp nearly 10m. more than her allowance, although the 46 footer carried a big clubtopsail all day. The official times were:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS OVER 90FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Dauntless.....	11 56 45	5 34 12	5 37 27	5 37 27
Ramona.....	11 51 47	5 17 28	5 25 41	5 23 16
CLASS B—SCHOONERS 90FT. AND OVER 81FT.				
Lasca.....	11 52 17	5 11 13	5 13 56	5 13 56
Troquois.....	11 50 41	5 11 37	5 20 50	5 13 34
Shamrock.....	11 53 54	5 27 40	5 33 46	5 26 36
CLASS C—SCHOONERS 71FT. AND OVER 60FT.				
Azalea.....	11 51 00	4 21 50	4 30 50	4 28 10
Viator.....	11 52 10	4 19 18	4 27 18	4 27 18
CLASS E—SCHOONERS 60FT. AND UNDER.				
Fenella.....	11 53 25	4 34 10	4 40 35	4 40 35
CLASS F—SLOOPS 55FT. AND OVER 40FT.				
Wasp.....	12 12 44	4 06 56	3 54 12	3 54 12
CLASS G—SLOOPS 30FT. AND OVER 30FT.				
Eurybia.....	12 11 39	4 34 10	4 22 31	4 22 31
CLASS H—SLOOPS 30FT. AND OVER 25FT.				
Bonnie Doon.....	12 20 00	4 27 53	4 07 53	4 07 53
SPECIAL CLASS 9—YAWLS.				
Kittie.....	12 15 20	3 17 50	3 02 30	3 02 30
CLASS 10—25FT. AND UNDER.				
Pixie.....	12 30 00	3 33 48	3 13 48	3 13 48
CLASS 11—CABIN CATS.				
Aura.....	12 15 00	3 24 05	3 09 05	3 09 05
Almira.....	12 14 45	3 12 30	2 57 45	2 57 00
Oconee.....	12 14 17	3 23 50	3 09 33	3 04 33
CLASS 12—JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.				
Anemone.....	12 13 52	3 21 30	3 07 38	3 07 38
Caper.....	12 15 32	3 28 40	3 12 56	3 12 56
CLASS 13—CATBOATS 20FT. AND OVER 20FT.				
Zelica.....	12 14 37	2 49 30	2 34 53	2 34 53
CLASS 16—CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.				
Punch.....	12 16 10	2 50 16	2 34 06	2 34 06
SPECIAL CLASS C.				
Lasca.....	11 52 17	5 11 13	5 18 56	5 18 56
Troquois.....	11 50 41	5 11 37	5 20 50	5 15 24
Shamrock.....	11 53 54	5 27 40	5 33 46	5 21 18
SPECIAL FOR COMMODORE'S CUP.				
Wasp.....	12 12 44	4 06 56	3 54 12	3 54 12
Eurybia.....	12 11 39	4 34 10	4 22 31	3 58 31
Bonnie Doon.....	12 20 00	4 27 53	4 07 53	3 58 53

The race was managed by the regatta committee, Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and Gerard M. Barretto.

Philadelphia Y. C., June 5.

The annual regatta of the Philadelphia Y. C. was sailed on June 5 on the Delaware River, the wind being very light from S.W. by W.:

FIRST CLASS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nanon.....	11 04 00	4 19 47	5 19 47	5 15 29
Mascotte.....	11 03 08	7 13 45	8 23 45	8 13 45
Monarch.....	11 03 44	7 23 45	8 23 45	8 14 37
SECOND CLASS.				
Schemer.....	11 00 52	4 24 29	5 24 29	5 24 29
Yvette.....	11 02 01	4 13 32	5 13 32	5 09 00
THIRD CLASS.				
Weona.....	11 01 25	2 19 30	3 19 30	3 19 30
J. S. M.....	11 03 39	3 45 00	4 45 00	4 49 25
Elfrida.....	11 02 38	3 27 00	4 27 00	4 22 49
Siren.....	11 02 10	2 49 00	3 49 00	3 44 30
The regatta committee included Messrs. W. W. Hollingsworth, 1				
Pearson Lloyd and Stephen E. Haas.				
First class, first prize, Weona. Also one point for the Middle-				
cup; second prize, Mascotte. Second class, first prize, Yvette, al-				
th the cup awarded for the fastest time over the course; second prize				
Schemer. Third class, first prize, Weona, also one point for the M				
Daniel trophy; second prize, Siren.				

Brooklyn, E. D. Schuetzen Corps.

The annual summer festival and prize shoot of the Brooklyn, E. D. Corps, Capt. Chas. Heinbockel, was held in the Glendale Schuetzen Park, Long Island, on June 7 and 8.

The festival in itself was a success, but the prize shooting annex was a failure in more ways than one. Only eleven men recorded their scores for the fifteen prizes offered by the corps. Here is a new shooting park with one of the best appointed shooting houses and the finest range of its size in or about New York. A cash programme of fifteen prizes of sufficient magnitude to draw together all the rifle shooters of the vicinity. But with all these favorable conditions only eleven men qualified on the programme. What is the cause of this condition of affairs? The detection of crooked shooting at the close of the shoot of the festival in the interest of rifle shooting among the best element in the fraternity. While we sympathize with the Brooklyn, E. D. Corps over its discovery of wrong doing in its membership, we look upon its detection as having the most beneficial effect upon the rifle shooting interests in general. Many of our large shooting societies are tainted with the same disease, but unfortunately it is very seldom that the disease can be detected and eradicated.

As remarked, the festival in itself was a success. Delegations from all the principal shooting societies in Brooklyn visited the park on the second day. The kingship was decided by shooting at the wooden eagle, the honor of which fell to E. Welton, one of the prominent members. The evening programmes were carried out in the usual style, and this was followed by feasting, dancing and social intercourse.

The competition for the three medals, open to the public, was fairly well contested, and at the close of the shoot were distributed as follows: First to Ignatz Martin, second to L. Graue, third to Fred Ross.

Prize target, 3 shots, possible 75, 15 prizes: G. W. Plaisted 70, F. C. Ross 69, R. Hamany 69, Geb. Krauss 68, J. Young 66, Ignatz Martin 65, Wm. Lloyd 65, Wm. Vorback 58, L. Graue 58, A. Mahnken 58, Wm. Horney 52.

Crooked Work on the Range.

During the annual festival of the Brooklyn (E. D.) Schuetzen Corps, at the Glendale Park, L. I., last Thursday, June 8, an incident occurred that was of a most unpleasant nature. A shooter attempted to have a ticket recorded that he had not shot. In other words, with the aid of a pliable warner and his punch a winning score of 71 points was made to order. By good luck the attention of some of the competing riflemen had been called to this ambitious seeker for shooting honors and he had to the accommodating warner, and a close watch was kept upon the pair until the close of the shoot. When the attempt was made to have the ticket recorded by the secretary it was challenged. With the aid of the warner an attempt was made to carry the recording of the ticket through, and it would have been successful but for the active and persistent work of Geb. Krauss, the vice-president of the Zettler Rifle Club, who was one of the witnesses of the entire transaction. Mr. Krauss's cross questioning of the shooter was the equal of Ben Butler's in his best form, and after he had done with his witness the shooter felt constrained to tear up the ticket of his own accord. The representative of FOREST AND STREAM was also a witness of the whole matter and at the time felt much compassion for the shooter, who was young in years and shooting experience. Later in the evening, however, after the young man had had time to canvas the incident in his own mind, he confided to a friend, within the hearing of a reliable witness, that he would get square with Krauss for his action in the matter. This young man has begun his shooting career very unfortunately and should mend his ways. He and such as he should be looked after by all honest shooters.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

The twentieth annual prize shoot and festival of the New York City Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Chris Rehm, was held in Washington Park on Tuesday, June 6. This old corps is in very much the same condition as an old ship whose career has been successful in its day, but whose timber now shows signs of decay. The dry dock, new timbers and the overhauling of what this old craft wants to give it a new lease of life. When we look at the programme of the twentieth annual festival and then to those of ten years or more ago, we are brought to a realizing sense of how great a change has been going on in this corps. New blood and a greater ambition for good scores, which applies to this organization, is the main thing which has changed in the other shooting societies in and about New York. The scores on the ring-target are appended, three shots per ticket, two best to count, 15 prizes: Otto Wehlein 148, R. Busse 140, Fred Ross 140, C. G. Zettler 134, Geo. Schlicht 134, L. Vogel 129, A. Ranz 124, J. Packman 124, J. Dickerscheid 121, H. Radloff 112, W. Steinkopf 111, V. Dittmar 110, A. Hildebrandt 108, C. Dreite 106, L. Schultze 105.

Man-target, three shots per ticket, possible 60, two best tickets to count, 10 prizes: Fred Ross 111, R. Busse 111, Geo. Schlicht 105, C. G. Zettler 101, H. Radloff 99, J. Packman 99, Otto Wehlein 96, L. Vogel 90, J. Dickerscheid 88, C. Rothweiler 68.

Bullseye target, most red flags: R. Busse 9, Fred Ross 4, C. G. Zettler 3, A. Stolzberger 2, A. Ranz 2, C. Rothweiler 2, Otto Wehlein 1, H. Munz 1, E. Hotz 1, A. J. Christian 1.

Lutwiz Club Prize Shoot.

The Lutwiz Rifle Club, of Jersey City Heights, N. J., held its summer festival and prize shoot at Floral Park, on the 11th inst. The weather conditions being favorable for outdoor sports, there was a large attendance of riflemen. Delegations of shooters from New York and New Jersey helped to swell the crowd. Capt. Gus Zimmerman, of the New York City Lutwiz Co. No. 12, was present also. Capt. E. Fisher, of the Miller Club, Hoboken; R. Busser, of the Zettler Club, David Miller of the Miller Club, and many others. The scores on the prize target are appended, 3 shot scores, possible 54, 3 best tickets to count, 12 prizes: R. Busse 151, D. Miller 151, J. Tobler 150, Geo. Schlicht 150, Gus Zimmerman 149, E. Fisher 148, Gus Ringler 147, L. Vogel 144, A. Gregor 144, John Dietz 144, F. Zapp 144, G. Plaisted 143. Most flags, one prize, John Dietz 6; first flag, A. Ringler; last, R. Busse.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The Saturday afternoon outing of the Greenville Rifle Club in Armbruster's Park on Saturday, June 10, was well patronized by the club members and invited guests. Fred. Ross and Colin Boag made the fine scores of 232 and 221 respectively. The scores of the members are appended:

Fred C. Ross, 32-40 Schalk, 23 25 22 24 25 22 21 22 20 232
Colin Boag, 25-10 (R. F.) Bal., 22 29 23 24 20 20 23 23 221
M. Dorrier, 35-55 Patched Rem., 22 10 20 25 25 25 24 21 23-216
C. H. Chavart, 32-40 Win. Lub., 23 17 16 24 21 21 18 23 20-206
G. W. Plaisted, 32-40 Schalk, 22 21 18 21 21 23 22 21 15-204
F. Hecking, 38-55 Bal. Lub., 17 20 11 14 24 24 23 22 19-196
G. Purkess, 25-10 R. F. Bal., 25 17 19 18 22 14 10 23 20 16-193
Wm. H. Robbins, 35-55 Win. Lub., 24 21 22 21 22 18 10 14 13 17-191
John Hill, 35-10 R. F. Bal., 24 11 18 21 16 25 10 23 2 18-168

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

The weekly handicap shoot of the Turtle Bay Rifle Club came off at the headquarters of the club, 146 East Forty-second street, on Thursday night. The race for first place was very close between Jantzer, Ochs and Walter. The scores are appended, 10-shot scores, 3 scores to count:

G. E. Jantzer, 247 241 243-731 J. Krampert, 239 237 234-710
J. Ochs, Jr., 242 238 247-727 H. Lingelbach, 237 230-689
H. Walter, 240 245 239-724 A. Frank, 229 228 232-689
C. H. Plate, 237 235 238-710

Excelsior Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 10.—Below please find scores of yesterday's practice shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club at Greenville Park: J. P. Hansen 211, John Speicher 203, C. Ward 193, Wm. Weber 195. No scores were made in the gallery last Tuesday evening.

Harlem Rifle Club.

The appended scores were made at the weekly shoot of the Harlem Rifle Club, on Friday night, the 9th inst., 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: Boyken 246, Busby 211, Weeks 240, Cochran 239.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5) — a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

RIFLE NOTES.

IGNATZ MARTEN, the Brooklyn real estate man with shooting proclivities, is open to shoot a rifle match with any resident of Brooklyn, for fun or lucre. Who is in?

The shooting of Colin Boag with his .35-10 rim-fire Ballard and U. M. C. cartridges on the Greenville (N. J.) range last Saturday caused some of the large-bore cranks to grumble.

The Columbia Schuetzen Corps, Capt. A. Fisher, of Brooklyn, will hold its tenth annual festival and prize shoot in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on Monday, the 19th inst. The prize list contains 15 cash prizes from \$35 to \$2. A medal target will also be open for competition.

The Hild Rifle Club, Capt. Frederick A. Huth, will hold its second annual festival and prize shoot at Cosmopolitan Park, 169th street, on the 18th inst. Eight prizes from \$15 to \$1 will be divided among the winners.

A delegation of New York riflemen is expected at the shoot of the Hartford Club, at Hartford, Conn., on Saturday ("Bunker Hill Day"), the 17th inst.

The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Hy. Offerman, will hold its annual festival and bullseye shoot in the Union Hill Park on Wednesday, the 21st inst. There is a long list of prizes for the best center shot on the 4in. center, also a liberal list of premiums for the most red flags.

The Hoboken Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Geo. R. Fredericks, will hold its annual festival and prize shoot in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Tuesday, June 30.

International Columbus Prize Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: The I. C. P. S., arranged by the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association, opened on June 4 and will be continued through June, July and August. The shooting days will be each Sunday and Monday during these three months, and at the end of the third month (August) enough consecutive days will be added to enable every shooter present to finish his scores, but the first Sunday in September shall be the closing day of the contest, when also the distribution of prizes will commence. As a memorial of the discovery of America by Columbus will be awarded on the bullseye targets to every participant, and which can be claimed, by him when shooting his first bullseye. Besides these medals a series of cash prizes is set aside for the most number of bullseyes scored out of 100 shots on these targets. Rifles of and below .40cal. (104mm.) and such that shoot more than 20 balls to the pound are only allowed.

Intended participation must be made known to the secretary two weeks in advance. This must particularly be observed by larger bodies of shooters, as the number of targets is limited and a non-observance of this might result in an overcrowding at the targets. Shooters from all parts of the world are allowed to take part. The scores will be published from week to week in the FOREST AND STREAM. The following shooters took part on the opening day (West Pullman): The ranges are at Sharpshooters' Park near Chicago (West Pullman). The following shooters took part on the opening day (West Pullman): The ranges are at Sharpshooters' Park near Chicago (West Pullman). The following shooters took part on the opening day (West Pullman): The ranges are at Sharpshooters' Park near Chicago (West Pullman).

Bullseye target, 600ft., 4in. bull in 2in. circular black: J. H. Theiler 20, D. A. Young 19, Chris Theiler 9, E. Witzler 9, B. Witzler 9, F. O. Young 61, F. H. Theiler 58, T. B. Clark 50.

King target, 253in. ring target, 10 shots, F. Toggengruber 205, F. O. Young 196, T. B. Clark 185, W. Hagen 171.

Standard target, 8in. black center, divided in 10 circular rings, 5 shots: F. Toggengruber 40, J. H. Theiler 34.

Man target, 10 targets, presents the upper part of a man's body and is divided into 40 perpendicular lines. The space between the two center lines counts 20, and the others decline from these to the right and left down to 1. Five shots constitute a score: F. Toggengruber 89, F. O. Young 69, F. H. Theiler 53, F. C. Breylinger 73.

People's target, 253in. ring: F. Toggengruber 68, F. O. Young 68, F. H. Theiler 68.

Next Sunday, the 11th, other delegations will shoot.

49 LASALLE STREET, Chicago. A. BOESE, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

June 20-22.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Vermillion, S. D.

June 21-22.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association second annual tournament, Wapnonock Park, Altoona, Pa.

June 23-27.—Baltimore Gun Club tournament, Tolchester Beach, Md.

June 27-28.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Salem, Oregon.

June 27-28.—Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League annual tournament, New London, Conn.

June 28-29.—Michigan State League's auxiliary shoot, Mendon, Mich.

June 28-29.—Summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y.

June 28-29.—Schuykill County Association tournament, at Mahanoy City, Pa.

F. W. Cooper, Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The open to the world tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club, to be held on June 28 and 29, promises to be a successful affair. The shooting will be at blue-locks targets, and expert traps, shooting to begin at 8 A. M. Ties will be divided. The Eagle Hotel will be the shooters' headquarters and Boniface Gorgon promises to treat the boys well.

On the first day there will be six 10-target events, \$1 entry; two 15-target events, \$1.50 entry, and two 20-target events, \$2 entry. Second day, five 10-target events, \$1 entry; two 15-target events, \$1.50 entry; one 20-target event, \$2 entry; one 30-target event, \$3.50 entry; one 25-target event, \$2.50 entry. The prizes for teams of any three men, 15 targets per man, \$4 entry per team; twelve or more entries 5 money, under twelve entries 4 money. Targets, 2 cents each, deducted from the purses.

The known trap and known angle system of target shooting is rapidly going out of favor, and before long all events at tournaments will be shot from unknown angles. And the habit of making entries on the basis of 10 cents a target and running six out of ten events at 10 targets each is another method that is losing friends. After the price targets are deducted the pots are hardly worth the winning. And there are too many chances for ties in these little sweeps. The tournament of the future will probably be with all events at 15 to 20 targets and the entry fees from \$3 to \$5 for each event. With entries like these a man can see a pot after winning it.

The match between teams of eight men each from the Newark (N. J.) and Clifton (Staten Island) gun clubs, will be an interesting affair. It will take place on the grounds near Wm. Nunley's Atlantic hotel, South Beach. The conditions will be 10 live birds per man, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing, 25yds. rise, 5 ground traps, use of both barrels allowed. The bird must be on the wing when the second as well as the first barrel is fired. These rules can be classed as "back numbers," but the Newarkers are willing to try them for the sake of the novelty.

Winston-Salem, N. C., a thriving town of about 18,000 population has no gun club and no trap-shooters. A good field for missionary work! The town has plenty of sportsmen who are fond of field sports, but for some unknown reason trap-shooting has never secured a hold there. It is in such places as this, that the two big associations should hold their tournaments, instead of going to large cities where every man, woman and child is familiar with the sport.

Wapnonock Park on the Allegheny Mountains, near Altoona, Pa., will catch a big crowd of sightseers as well as shooters next Wednesday and Thursday, when the attraction will be the shoot of the Altoona Gun Club, assisted by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Each one of the dozen subscribers to the Association will have a tent on the ground, and this will impart a picturesque to the scene.

The June shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held on Saturday, on the newly acquired grounds of the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club. There will be a fine programme of open events, beginning at 8:30 A. M. and continuing until dark. The team race for teams of 5 men each at 25 targets per man will be started promptly at 2 P. M.

The annual tournament of the Connecticut State League, to be held at New London, on June 27, 28 and 29, will attract a big attendance. The New London Gun Club grounds, near the Keystone target factory, are second to none in the country in regard to appointment and location, and give a perfect foreground.

The annual tournament of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, held at Vermillion, on Wednesday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, and as there are no other important shoots to be held West on the same dates it should receive liberal patronage, as the programme deserves.

The members of the Newark (N. J.) Gun Club should turn out in force in future at the club shoots to be held on the second Thursday of each month. The new system of classifying the members according to points, gives every man a good chance for the prizes. There will be several trophies to shoot for during the year.

Isn't it about time for the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association to let itself be heard from? Last year and the year before President Heritage stated that the Association would hold fall tournaments, but nothing more was heard of it.

The Knoxville Gun Club are out with the statement that in May, 1894, they will hold their thirteenth grand tournament and will again add \$1,000 in solid cash to the purses. Think of this, ye expert and amateur, and save up your old pennies for a trip to Knoxville in 1894.

The Essex Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., holds its semi-annual reunion shoot on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds to-day, beginning at 10 A. M. The shooting is only for members or those introduced by a member.

Jack Halstead, of Peekskill, was in town last week booming up the Peekskill shoot. He called at our office along with "Tee Kay" Keller, but unfortunately we were out. Much obliged for the picture.

Still the cry is "birds are scarce and high priced." Where are all the enterprising Americans with capital to invest? Let some one establish a "pigeon farm" and they can coin money.

An open to all sweep at 20 live birds, \$20 entry, will be shot at Paterson the latter part of this month. Thos. W. Morley will be the prize money.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association are booming the arrangements for the Pennsylvania State shoot to be held under their auspices in August.

The New Jersey State shoot at Passaic on Saturday will attract teams from eight or more clubs, and there will be big fields of entries in the open sweeps.

Send for a pad of our handy score sheets; ruled for twenty-six scores of twenty-five shots each. They can't be beat.

Open sweepstakes at live birds at Rochester on Saturday.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

THE ILLINOIS STATE TOURNAMENT AND WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

(The Live Birds Reported by Mr. Hough, the Targets by Mr. Waters.)

JOHN WATSON'S FRENCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—At 5 A. M. of Monday, June 6, which is to-day, there was a great cackling and commotion among the fowls which for some time have inhabited the barns near the fence of John Watson's Park at Burnside. There was hurrying to and fro and much feathered grating and agony. John Watson, accompanied by several members of his family, had arrived betimes and made a determined onslaught upon the barnyard population. Armed with a large ax, sharp on both sides, John entered the hen fold and smote right and left with determined zeal until chickens' heads lay knee-deep all over the premises.

"If my memory serves me right, and the programme for 1893 doesn't lie, I said he to himself in grim soliloquy, 'this is the beginning of the Peckish Fair and now we've got to make preparations. I don't want none of them Turks or Circassians coming here making a kick because there ain't plenty of delicatessen for lunch. Excuse my French, but we've all got to shake out a kink or two this week. We don't get a World's Fair shoot every summer, and for one, I'm going to talk French to the visitors, because more of 'em understand that language. We're going to have a cold chop 'till morning, and warm chicken this morn', that's what we've got to have at Watson's Park.' And with this he touched off a few more Leghorn heads.

The fruits of this early morning raid were apparent to-day when a goodly number of shooters sat down at the long table in the flag-decorated new dining hall which John Watson had built specially for the occasion. There was warm chicken and hot coffee, and a great many other things grateful to a hungry man's heart, and there were plenty of turkey reports to get away with. The same, it was not necessary, however, for John Watson to speak French, for nearly all the representatives of Ireland, Germany, Omaha and Milwaukee understood United States well enough to get along, and the Turks, Circassians, etc., were not on hand. They are expected later in the week, and it is hoped they will come, as not only Mr. Watson but a great many others have been spending a great deal of time over on the Midway Plaisance, getting acquainted with foreign tongues.

Beside the new dining hall for the shooters, which adds another to the little village of buildings now at the park, John Watson had made several other improvements about the grounds. He had rigged up an extra set of traps just outside the gates, where the L. C. Smith cup contest was shot, and had left the covered battery at the old stand, facing south. Back of the live bird score he had made a little raised gallery for the spectators, and a deal of time over on the Midway Plaisance, getting acquainted with foreign tongues. It did not keep the crowd out, however. For the secretary and official score suitable and well arranged apartments of a similar nature were provided, which enabled them to work without confusion. All that could be done in a simple way for the convenience of the management and of the shooters was done, but no elaborate preparations had been made and it was well there had not, for no great crowd will be on hand. This is and will be just a good, square, honest, old-fashioned, old-fashioned tournament, the kind Chicago always gives, and with the usual Chicago accompaniments of a good time, hard shooting and a square deal all around. The attendance, so far as can be predicted to-day, will be just about the average attendance of other years, not much more and not much less. The shoot may last one week, or two, perhaps three. No one can tell, until time shall have shown what may be the effect of announcing a considerable open shoot at Chicago at this date. But the shoot will not be very large.

CAUSES OF LIGHT ATTENDANCE.

We have all easily fallen into the belief that the World's Fair year must necessarily be a great one for all sorts of sporting events, especially at Chicago. Really this belief is not grounded upon the best of reasons, and it is very probable that quite the contrary of it will be found more near the truth. It costs money to attend a shoot, and it costs yet more money to see the fair. The average shooter is not a millionaire, and as he can attend shoots any year, and can only attend the World's Fair this year, he is likely to discriminate in favor of the Fair, and go to that instead of the shoot. Indeed, many of the visiting shooters now present announce that they intend to take in the Fair while here, and say that they will shorten their time of shooting on that account. Once within the gates of the big show, it will be strange if the little show exercises the same fascination for them as of old. They will forsake the traps earlier, rather than stay at them longer. In this way the Fair may be seen to be an injury rather than a help to a sporting event like the shoot. In addition, many of the visiting shooters in mind that a financial panic is threatened for the year of the country. To-day rumors came down that serious ruins were taking place on Chicago banks. Three banks were reported suspended, and others had pressed. This kept many shooters uneasy.

The only thing which could have made this tournament a great and conspicuous success—and this could certainly have been done in spite of the presence of the Fair—would have been a great purse of money. It is money that draws the shooters, and if you have up enough of it you can draw them from all over the world. Had the World's Fair Trap-Shooters' Association gone on, and had it offered \$30,000, \$20,000, or \$10,000 of prizes, we should have to-day a cosmopolitan gathering of shooters indeed, and not merely an assemblage of familiar faces—for such, though many shooters are here from many sections of the country, the meeting of to-day really is. The shooters are shooting in some of the best little traps in the world, and the game is compared to those of other years, but it is a poor one compared with what it should have been.

THE DODO RULES.

The celebrated Illinois dodo rules prevailed, by which 10 and 12½ games stood at the same score. The dodo rules show up in great shape at a World's Fair shoot. They are great rules. Look in the report of the convention and see how nicely they work.

THE CHICAGO HARD BIRD REMAINS.

Above all jealousies and fault findings, above all envy, contumel and backbiting, as well as above all criticism and comparison, there remains serene and untroubled, amid the wreck of matter and crash of words, one central figure which nothing can muss up. The Chicago hard bird remains, justly famous and utterly unimpeachable.



THE MEN OF ALL NATIONS COME TO THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

It alone, out of all Chicago and all America, is fit and ready to start in a World's Fair shoot. The J. Watson World's Fair pigeon out-classes the World's Fair shoot, even in these listless days of June. One by one the shooters fall down upon themselves in trying to compass the destruction of this stalwart fowl. It is said that John Watson is afraid of these birds himself and never goes near the barns alone. When he wants to get out a lot of birds for a shoot he has to take a deputy sheriff along with him, and even then the birds often chase him out of the coops. They are a tough lot, utterly fearless and unprincipled. This you may discover when you go to hunting for 10 straights in the Board of Trade badge shoot.

I had an idea that something more striking, although nothing more touching, could be devised than the conventional portrait of a shooter arrayed in a pleased expression and a Sunday necktie, and so laid the question before Billy Wells, whom I take to be without doubt the greatest artist on sporting topics there is in the country. Mr. Wells is possessed of a facile pencil and a wild, exuberant, untamed imagination. The result of these two combined is shown in the great piece of black and white which appears on these pages, in the execution probably as artistic a work as ever appeared in any sportsman's journal, and all the more valuable on account of its absolute novelty. Old methods will do for the other papers, not for *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Wells's apotheosis of the Chicago hard bird will go on record as the *ne plus ultra* of description, and will be remembered and laughed over long after all written comment is forgotten. All alien, foreign folk not so happy as to have seen the fastest pigeon grounds in America may now have a perfect opportunity for certifying themselves as to the personal appearance and general character of the good, but tough Chicago bird. John Watson had sleigh bells tied on his score ropes. They asked him why he had sleigh bells on, and he said he had to have them to be in it all right, because all the birds had their skates on. That's why there were sleigh bells on the ropes in

"I do not wish to make a motion this time, Mr. President," said he in substance, "and I do not wish to be thought as criticising or opposing the celebrated Illinois State rules. I will not introduce a motion to repeal these rules. I would rather have them stand right where they are, for reasons that are good, and I might or might not support a motion looking to their alteration in the matter of handicap. You yourself may remember, Mr. President, that it was my vote in the board of managers which decided that the Illinois rules should govern at this World's Fair tournament. I want all the world to see the Illinois rules, for I firmly believe there is nothing like them. Still, I beg to call the attention of this association to an awkward complication into which these same rules have gotten us. We have announced in our programme that we were to shoot under the Illinois rules, yet in the L. C. Smith cup we did not so shoot, as we should have done in all State events, whether or not any announcement had been made. I understand that a protest was made against 10 and 12-gauge guns standing at the same score, and that thereupon you, Mr. President, conferred with two members of the board of managers and decided to make the 10-bores go back 2yds. Now, what I want to say is that no meeting of the board of managers can change these rules, no matter how regular that meeting. This was an irregular one certainly, for no notification was sent out, and I, one of the board, never heard of it until this evening. Why this association can change these rules, we of the committee could not. Yet where we are commanded to shoot all guns at the same score, we did not do it, but disobeyed the conditions of this contest. I do not hesitate to say to you, sir, that we have had no L. C. Smith cup race here to-day. The action of the secretary in paying out moneys on that event needs ratification before it can relieve him of personal responsibility, and the meritorious win of Mr. Robbins must be confirmed by vote of this assembly or it is not worth a snap of your finger. As it stands now, any 10-gauge man who was put back 2yds., or 1in., in that shoot has the per-

changed. I rather like them. I am pointing out the complications."

Col. Felton—"It's all nonsense about these rules anyhow. The Illinois rules nor any other rules can't change the original conditions under which this cup was offered. Both the Smith cup and the Board of Trade badge had certain conditions attached. Mr. Roche, donor of the diamond badge, left it entirely to myself as to changing the conditions. It was by my consent that the number of birds was changed from 15 to 10 in this shoot."

Mr. Hough—"Did you personally ever change the conditions of the Board of Trade badge shoot in the matter of handicap? Have those conditions ever been altered to put all guns at the same score?"

Col. Felton—"I made such change in the conditions tacitly when I went into that badge shoot myself to-day. I accepted the conditions."

Mr. Hough—"But you did not change them?"

Col. Felton—"Only tacitly."

Mr. Hough—"You did not do this as Mr. Roche's representative? You did not have the former conditions with you? You did not say anything about it to anybody, did you?"

Col. Felton—"No, I just did it tacitly."

Mr. Hough—"Well, now, Col. Felton, I want to say to you what you know just as well as I do, that if this is the state of affairs in our rules and our conditions, then we have not only one but two of our events on our hands to-night, absolutely void, and all because of that wise rule removing all handicap. I wish to state to the gentlemen of this convention, and know that they will agree with me, that under these rules as they now stand the winning of either your L. C. Smith cup or your Board of Trade badge is irregular and worthless, and legally not worth a pinch of snuff. I will not move to change these rules. They will change themselves after awhile. But I would like to ask what we are going to do about this."

Mr. Rowe—"I think all this is unnecessary. If the gentlemen present will look at Rule 3 of the target rules they will find it to read as



THEY MEET THE CHICAGO HARD BIRD.

he merry month of June, if you want to know about the sleigh bells.

THE BALL OPENS.

Shooting began in the great Board of Trade shoot, the test event of this annual tournament, at a seemingly hour in the morning, and before evening the entry had tied that of last year, 84. This event will be finished to-morrow, and the scores given in full under that day's shooting. The entry is held open until to-morrow.

The weather to-day was clear but oppressively warm, with little wind. The late rains had left the grounds soaked full of water. The shooters had to confine themselves to the board platforms, fortunately ample in extent. The ground was so soft that Jack Parker, manager for the American Manufacturers' Association, was unable to put up his tent, as were also others who purposed doing so.

The Annual Convention.

The nineteenth annual convention assembled at the Sherman House, at 9 P. M., this evening. The president, Mr. R. B. Organ, dispensed with the usual feature of the retiring president's address. Roll call and the minutes were the first business. The Alpine and Dixon gun clubs were admitted as new members. Out of the membership of twenty-nine clubs there were thirteen represented by their delegates, as follows: Audubon Gun Club, Cumberland Gun Club, Chicago Shooting Club, Duck Island Shooting and Fishing Club, Douglas Shooting Club, Evanston Gun Club, Eureka Gun Club, Garfield Gun Club, Lake County Club, Pullman Gun Club, Prairie Gun Club, Forrester Gun Club, Grand Calumet Heights Club.

THE DODO RULES SHOWN ABSURD.

The order of new business was now called up, and under this Mr. Hough took up the question of the Illinois rules for target shooting.

feet right to protest the event and we could not say a word of reason against his claim. I do not propose to make any protest, but will later move to ratify this win and to ratify the action of Mr. Shepard. What I want now is to ask where we stand. Again I repeat, I do not move to change Rule 7, the celebrated one-score clause. I want that to remain on our records as a monument of what men can do when they get together and try real hard."

This brought out general excited and unparliamentary discussion. Dr. Rowe looked grieved. Col. Felton thought all this was absurd and out of order. Mr. Eich arose and stated that he was on the committee which framed the rules, and that the target rules were not changed at all, so that the 2yds. handicap still remained. Dr. Rowe also spoke to this effect.

"I beg your pardon about this," said the first speaker, "but the point I want to make then is that your rules are contradictory and absurd. Now, here is Rule 6, of the live bird rules, and it reads in all its wisdom, as follows:

"No gun of larger caliber than 10-gauge shall be permitted in the contests of this association, and all guns shall stand at 30yds."

"That abolishes all handicap. Now, Rule 1, of the target rules, reads as follows:

"The rule for live bird contests, as to judges and referee, and their general duties—loads, loading, holding of guns, handicaps, handicaps of guns, misfires, springing of traps, rising of birds, missing of birds, penalties and all other appropriate provisions, shall be followed in all contests at inanimate flying targets."

"Now, as these target rules were not changed, the handicap in them remains as it was, that is to say, the same as the handicap in the live bird rules, which is no handicap at all. Therefore, a ground of protest lies for any 10-gauge men who were handicapped in this L. C. Smith cup shoot. You can't evade this. It is only one of the workings of your beautiful new rules. Understand, I don't want to see these rules

follows: "The standard score shall be 18yds. from the traps in single target contests, and 15yds. at double target contests."

Mr. Hough—"I fail to see, Mr. President, what that has to do with this question. The standard distance has nothing to do with the handicap, and the question of handicap reverts back to the live bird rules, where you have no handicap. The best way you can fix it, you've got not only an absurdity but a discrepancy in your rules as to handicap."

Further talk ensued. Mr. Abner Price rose to a point of order, there being no motion before the house. Mr. Hough then at once moved that the convention pass a vote of ratification confirming Mr. Robbins in his winning of the L. C. Smith cup, and protecting the secretary, Mr. Shepard, in his act of disbursing moneys in that event. This was seconded.

Mr. Eich supported this motion, saying, "We had better settle this right here and not have any trouble later on. We don't want any protests filed after a while."

Col. Felton still persisted in his weak and indefensible position, and moved to table this motion. The chair therefore cut off debate and put Col. Felton's motion to table. It was lost. Mr. Hough's motion was then put and was carried, with but one dissenting vote, that of Dr. Rowe, who said "No," in a loud, solemn tone of voice, all by himself, and then looked sorry that he had said it, when he found how loud his voice sounded all by itself.

Thus the dodo rules were left standing on the books. So long as they do stand there a similar ratification vote will be necessary from year to year, or until a change in the conditions of these two main trophies is formally and regularly made. As the Board of Trade badge shoot is not concluded to-day, and as the convention rises to-night, there can be no such vote of ratification for the winner of the diamond badge, and he must hold it throughout the year subject to the technical question of regularity in the win. Of course this question will



THEY GO HOME SATISFIED.

THE L. C. SMITH CUP,
Emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets, the winner of the cup this year to receive 60 per cent., and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of entries at next year's

R C Solomon, Easton	2111222122
E P Jaynes, Geneseo	2021001111
G C Lamphere, Calumet Heights	2122012120
A O Patterson, Calumet Heights	20022
B Dicks, Audubon	2122222222
IT Hall, California Heights	2122222222

Audubon, Chicago.	Pullman Gun Club.
C E Felton.....229112130-9	Torkinton.....112222122-10
Dicks.....1022212302-8	T W Walpole.....2001001002-4
Muzzy.....1222221222-9	J S Turner.....110100212-7

0022210012- 6 J J Kleinman, 1124111231- 9-35 A O Schoettler, 2221200200- 6-27

Chicago Shooting Club.		Douglas Gun Club.	
M J Eich.....	1112210230-7	B Barto.....	22222222-10
E Bingham.....	22222222-9	C Lansdon.....	22122112-10
R O Heikes.....	222102023-9	N Johnson.....	22121111-10
R B Organ.....	2222222013-9-32	Church.....	0000000110-2-32
Dixon Gun Club.		Lake County Club.	
Dr Pankhurst.....	2111101232-9	N H Ford.....	2101212220-8
Hellers.....	2201210211-8	J T Hastings.....	0112211020-7
B Smith.....	2022002220-6	H Koehler.....	000000102-3
J Ripley.....	222122210-7-30	W J Edbrook.....	2220002200-5-23
Port Dearborn Gun Club.		Calumet Heights.	
J H Kleinman.....	2212211122-10	J T Hall.....	2212211222-9
G A Madden.....	221222210-9	A Thomas.....	2202221222-9
G Mosher.....	2212222112-9	A C Patterson.....	021221120-8
J M Hutchinson.....	2200021110-5-33	G C Lamphere.....	222002200-8-34
Genesee Sportsmen's Association.		Pekin Gun Club.	
W Harbaugh.....	2222210101-8	H Lemon.....	220222122-6
E P James.....	221222212-9	C Lucas.....	021221121-9
R C White.....	221101121-8	W A Heilmann.....	020211022-7
F Barr.....	222222222-10-36	J Haines, Jr.....	211111012-9-31
Evans Gun Club.		Garfield Gun Club.	
G Franklin.....	2222222101-9	Z P Hicks.....	2122130222-9
C Beck.....	221221022-9	F E Cop.....	2222222022-9
Brelsford.....	222122212-9	H B Tefft.....	020301222-9
G Beck.....	221222222-6-33	J O'Brien.....	021221122-9-34
Prairie Gun Club.		Chrestler Gun Club.	
Geo. Holman.....	221102100-7	W D Price.....	222001211-7
J H Robbins.....	0100000020-2	Ed Price.....	2200012122-7
A Stafford.....	221001122-7	P F Stone.....	w
G B Harris.....	22201021-8-24	A Price.....	w
Jacksonville Gun Club		So. Chicago.	
Walford.....	222221212-10	J J Larkin.....	221222212-10
Britton.....	221111122-10	L E Willard.....	221222212-10
R O Solomon.....	2212210231-10	A Keever.....	022212122-9
Reckro.....	221221111-10-38	F Willard.....	221222212-9-37
Amber Shooting Club.		Blue Island Gun Club.	
W H Hale.....	002212212-8	G H Hausburg.....	221222202-9
A D Cairncross.....	221021012-8	Wm Kruger.....	2212210201-8
C D Knowles.....	2211210000-6	Geo Roll.....	222220110-7
C H Wooster.....	2212200121-8-30	R Kruger.....	2212210020-6-30
Jacksonville Gun Club team won first and the trophy with 35; South Chicago, second, 37; Genesee Sporting Association third, 36; Audubon Club, of Chicago fourth, 35. There were no ties.			
Douglas Gun Club shot its first 3 men down and had 30 straight, apparently a certainty to win. Their fourth man, Mr. Church, went to pieces, getting only two out of his 10. This score of 2 was tied by Mr. Robbins, of the Prairie Gun Club, winner of the Smith cup. Yet another man, Mr. Koehler, of the Lake Co. Club, went out with 3. The Chicago June birds are not necessarily a cinch.			

THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

At the close of the above State contest, the announcement was at once made that the shooting was now open to the world, and the World's Fair tournament began in its live bird features. The entry for the first open sweep, 30 birds, \$30, rapidly ran up to the neighborhood of 30. As it was now nearly 4 P. M., this event runs over into the following day. The entry includes most of the cracks of the West, and the win will be a valuable and worthy one.

The different events were well filled, each averaging about 50 contestants. Extra No. 4, 15 bluebirds, \$3: Parmelee 15, Adams 12, Hale 9, Redwing 15, Bingham 12, Marshall 13, R. C. White 11, Funk 5, Elliott 15, Partington 12, O'Brien 13, Bollenstein 13, Bennett 15, Jacksnipe 11, Minard 11, Wolverson 12, Rex 15, Heikes 15, H. Kleinman 7, Wood 14, Rigby 12, Merrill 11, Keefe 10, Knowles 13, Brown 8, Walpert 12, Easton 14, Read 12, Budd 14, Holt 11, Lansden 9, Kennedy 11, White 15, Fahnestock 13, A. W. Reeves 11, E. J. Reeves 8, Smith 12, Church 9, Forthingham 13, Tucker 10, Ackerman 11, Eich 13, Grimm 14, Parker 11, L. Willard 10, Wooster 10, Drake 9, Young 11.

Extra No. 5, 10 bluebirds, unknown traps, known angles: Hale 6, Forthingham 8, Tucker 8, Ackerman 5, Kennedy 8, Grimm 8, A. W. Adams 6, Bennett 6, L. C. Willard 6, Bingham 7, Rigby 7, Geo. Gleiman 8, Holt 8, Redwing 10, Parmelee 7, Heikes 8, Funk 6, Merrill 6, Reak 7, Lansden 5, Elliott 8, Hastings 3, O'Brien 6, Rex 8, Millard 6, Wolverson 7, Keefe 7, Partington 7, Budd 9, Park 7, J. H. Hale 12, Kleinman 18, A. W. Adams 17, Lein 16, Read 22, Holt 16, Brelsford 18, Kleinman 18, B. B. Patterson 15, Wolverson 20, Marshall 22, L. C. Willard 21, Church 14, Robson 15, Eich 20, Bennett 23, Lemm 20, B. White 23, Merrill 19, Rex 25, Pumphrey 22, O'Brien 23, Partington 24, Jacksnipe 18, Palmer 16, Hicks 20, Wood 21, Minard 22.

Extra No. 8, 15 bluebirds, \$3: Tucker 12, Rigby 11, Kleinman 9, A. W. Adams 13, Marshall 13, Holt 12, Brelsford 13, Heikes 13, Grimm 12, Edwards 12, Keefe 8, Park 7, Bingham 13, Eich 12, Kleinman 18, A. W. Adams 17, Lein 16, Read 22, Holt 16, Brelsford 18, Kleinman 18, B. B. Patterson 15, Wolverson 20, Marshall 22, L. C. Willard 21, Church 14, Robson 15, Eich 20, Bennett 23, Lemm 20, B. White 23, Merrill 19, Rex 25, Pumphrey 22, O'Brien 23, Partington 24, Jacksnipe 18, Palmer 16, Hicks 20, Wood 21, Minard 22.

Thursday, Fourth Day, June 8.

Weather still admirable, with a good breeze in the afternoon. Shooting continued in the great 30-bird sweep, the live bird event of the World's Fair open shoot, which attained an entry of 29. This event was rather full of surprises. Only one man went straight, J. A. Rubie, shooting under one of his aliases as "White." At the 15 hole Rubie went to Jack Parker, who was straight at 15, and made a whispered straight he was to give the other \$50. He also whispered to Elliott, who was straight at 15, but it is not known that he made an arrangement. Both Parker and Elliott fell out during their last 5. Rubie paid Jack Parker \$50, which still left him a big winner out of the first money, \$334, unless Mr. Elliott had a mechanic's lien on another \$50 or Illinois rules change with him that if either continued on out with 20 straight he was to give the other \$50. To gain entries the clause was waived, and the shooters made it go as you please. This clause is really a good one. Nothing can be more awkward or unsportsmanlike than the popular position, with gun glued to the shoulder, which the money-making system of taking no chances has brought into vogue. The score:

B. Jackson.....2222222121212121-19	O H Porter.....000212011122312w.
C W Budd.....222121212212101211-19	Armstrong.....2101001210000112202-12
Pankhurst.....211011222021001120-12	Solomon.....1120122212222220221-12
E Bingham.....222222222222222202-17	Lamphere.....112121221222022110-18
T Marshall.....2111002120020120212-14	Patterson.....1221221222222222120-17
R O Heikes.....21121222222201001-16	A Thomas.....02222222222222222-17
C M Grimm.....221221022202201210-13	A Kleinman.....22222222222222222-17
E Bingham.....222222222222222212-17	White.....22222222222222222-20
A Bennett.....011222102120112222-17	J O'Brien.....22222222222222222-18
J T Hall.....2012101221122222-17	T P Hicks.....021200100w.
J Hershey.....211101212112100022-17	G W Rex.....21122222221112102-17
R Merrill.....22222212212102222-17	H Kleinman.....222222122121003000-13
Plum Read.....2221222222222222-18	Johnson.....2212222222222222-17
W Heilmann.....2221222222222222-18	Johnson.....2212222222222222-17
J A Elliott.....22121211121210021-17	J Parker.....22122121121222222-18
G Kleinman.....222222222222222211-12	L Runge.....101021211110021222-16
Wadsworth.....2222222222222222-19	A Wood.....22222212222222222-17
A Walpert.....22102122222222222-13	S Palmer.....2110212101210011-15
M J Eich.....221122212222212222-19	

J. A. Rubie ("White") won first alone, nominally \$234. Ties on 17 took \$35 each. Ties on 18 took \$24 each. The 14 men tied on 17 shot except Solomon and Reckro, who drew pro rata \$1.45 each. At the sixth the bird G. M. Hershey missed and A. C. Patterson, the only other left in, killed his bird and won fourth alone, taking \$50.20.

In the next live bird event the entry was thirty-five, so large that it was after 7 o'clock in the evening when the last gun was fired. The birds were then not quite so hard, but even the last squad had only one straight, Mr. Bingham, who makes straight this week whenever he can like it. The score:

Contest at 7 live birds; \$7.50, birds included; 3 moneys:	
Barto.....022222-5	Parker.....221111-7
Patterson.....01121-6	Wadsworth.....222222-6
Grimm.....2110021-5	Solomon.....2210230-6
Jackson.....2102222-5	S Palmer.....2210230-6
Funk.....2102222-5	Wm Palmer.....2210230-6
Reckro.....2102222-5	Hershey.....2210230-6
Du Bray.....010222-5	A Kleinman.....201211-6
Merrill.....000112-3	G O Lamphere.....201211-6
Elliott.....22111-7	Walpert.....012221-6
Hale.....210200-4	Marshall.....210121-6
Heikes.....211010-5	Bingham.....221021-6
Budd.....211011-6	Hall.....221122-6
Parmelee.....220212-5	J Rnbo.....220222-6
G Kleinman.....210212-5	Pumphrey.....201212-6
Eich.....001210-4	Shepard.....200201-3
Torkinton.....210222-6	Place.....000122-3

Ties on 7 divided, taking 33.70 each. In the ties on 8, 33.70 each. In the ties on 9, 33.70 each. In the ties on 10, 33.70 each. In the ties on 11, 33.70 each. In the ties on 12, 33.70 each. In the ties on 13, 33.70 each. In the ties on 14, 33.70 each. In the ties on 15, 33.70 each. In the ties on 16, 33.70 each. In the ties on 17, 33.70 each. In the ties on 18, 33.70 each. In the ties on 19, 33.70 each. In the ties on 20, 33.70 each. In the ties on 21, 33.70 each. In the ties on 22, 33.70 each. In the ties on 23, 33.70 each. In the ties on 24, 33.70 each. In the ties on 25, 33.70 each. In the ties on 26, 33.70 each. In the ties on 27, 33.70 each. In the ties on 28, 33.70 each. In the ties on 29, 33.70 each. In the ties on 30, 33.70 each. In the ties on 31, 33.70 each. In the ties on 32, 33.70 each. In the ties on 33, 33.70 each. In the ties on 34, 33.70 each. In the ties on 35, 33.70 each. In the ties on 36, 33.70 each. In the ties on 37, 33.70 each. In the ties on 38, 33.70 each. 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M. J. Eich.—No, I didn't win the diamond badge again this year. What do you take me for? I don't want the earth, and I'm no perpetual star.

J. A. Ruble.—Yes, my gun is a hard kicker, but it has to work hard to even get a tie out of me.

Eddie Bingham.—Yes, I load my own cartridges, but I don't think that affected my score in the diamond badge shoot. Most people have excuses to offer when anything happens, but I have no excuses for my shooting at all.

G. W. Revroat.—When the referee says I have broken twenty-five bluecocks straight in a twenty-five-bird event, I have no kick coming. **Dick Merrill of Milwaukee.**—When there is a shoot on like this you don't catch me up town trying to see the Infanta of Spain.

W. C. Scott of England.—I have noticed that the winner of the L. C. Smith cup used U. M. C. shells, a Montgomery Ward & Co. load and a Scott hammerless gun.

A. V. Drake.—I am using my new gun, made by the Hunter Arms Co., and it suits me first-rate. I only want them all.

An Amateur.—What, that man draw a bead on a target; he couldn't draw a bead on a glass of soda water. **Jesse Humphrey.**—Under a good swift system of management twice as many targets could be shot here and twice as much money made. You ought to have seen the Columbus shoot.

F. A. Place.—I missed four live birds straight, but no one can make me believe that I drop birds for Place (joke).

John Kleinman.—You may call a 10-bore a gas retort or a cannon or anything else you like, but when shooting a 10-bore at the traps handicapped himself. Still, when the Kleinmauss used to shoot ducks for market, they all used 10-bore. But that's different.

Easton.—No, these shoots are not strictly for bodily recreation. They are contests of skill. Dropping for place ought to be abolished. For when it is done the one that drops isn't the one that's hurt. I wouldn't drop for place unless I got a chance. **W. H. Den.**—No, it is a mistake to think an amateur is a concessionaire. He is simply an humble individual who puts himself down as one who loves his fellow man.

Mudspine.—It's funny how a man wins 'n' praises himself, 'n' when he loses he blames his gun.

Capt. E. O. Hard of Cincinnati.—No, I am not shooting any at the traps here. I am up here to see the Fair, and only came over to the traps here to see the boys and the shooting.

F. E. Coppervell.—Yes, I can see a mighty small piece of a broken target, but I'm blamed if I can see a load of shot flying through the air as some fellows here can.

George Watson.—My moustache is not so large now as it will be next June, when the roses bloom again.

A. Hove, President of the Tolleston Club.—In one of our late damage suits, brought by a trespasser our watchman had thrashed and put off, an Indiana jury gave a verdict of over \$10,000 against us. The judge set it aside as excessive, cut it down to \$1,200, and was not minimal to our appeal. We will never pay these fellows one cent, and you may depend everyone of these cases goes to the Supreme Court before we stop. As to the Indiana State suit to recover our meandered lands, I do not see how it can affect us. The bulk of our land we hold through possession of the U. S. patents. When the land has reverted to the Government it will be time for Indiana to go after it. The Tolleston Club will maintain its rights.

The World's Fair.—Am I in it with a shoot? Well, I should say yes. Is a shoot in it with me? Well, I expect not. **The Convention.**—Under a spreading chestnut tree (To be continued in our next convention).

N. Rowe.—I must admit that there do appear to be discrepancies in certain parts of the Illinois rules. **The Dodo Rules.**—Get on to us! **The Shooters.**—We are on to you.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. HOUGH, B. WATKINS.

NEBRASKA STATE.

OMAHA, May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The seventeenth annual tournament and convention of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, held here May 25 to 28 inclusive, was the best and most enjoyed meeting the association has ever had. We were blessed with fine weather and a good attendance of visitors. The number of entries in the different matches were neither too large nor too few—just enough to give all the amount of shooting necessary to appease their shooting appetites.

In the convention held Wednesday, May 24, clubs were represented from Omaha, Hastings, Wood County, Lincoln, Stanton, Kearney, Arapahoe, Tekamah, Columbus and Central City.

After the usual routine of business a vote was taken on the place of holding the next convention and tournament, resulting in the unanimous selection of Columbus, Neb. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Geo. Schroeder, of Columbus, Neb., President; D. B. Gray, Syracuse, Neb., Vice President; W. H. Den, Columbus, Secretary; Dr. J. H. Arnold, Columbus, Treasurer; and T. L. Ackerman, third member of the executive committee. A vote of thanks was extended the retiring officers for their efforts during the past year.

The following gentlemen attended the tournament: C. W. Budd, Des Moines; W. H. Harrison and Reynard, Grand Island; J. E. Stouffer, Kearney; G. A. Schroeder, Wood County; Geo. Loomis, Lincoln; Dunlap, Ia.; Al Connor and Roth, Central City; Geo. Lyons and Geo. Wheelock, Sioux City; J. W. Den, Arapahoe; F. and Milo Miller, York; J. G. Brown, Henderson, Ia.; Jake Cahill, Florida, Ia.; Mr. Hershey, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. W. Carson, Ia.; W. H. Evans, Red Oak, Ia.; E. Clyde, Lincoln, Geo. Rogers and Lathlaw of Lincoln, J. L. Ackerman and W. H. Brown, Stanton, Neb.; E. D. Trotter, Kingsley, Ia.; Dan Bray and old man Linderman, Syracuse, Neb.; Geo. Nichols, Sutton, Neb.; C. A. Bardwell and Baird, Tekamah, Neb.; E. H. Smith, Kearney; Wm. Mallieau, Hastings; G. L. and W. E. Campbell, No. Bnd, Neb.; Frank Forney, Vauvursey, Ia.; Wm. Douglas Clarke, Nebraska; Uncle Ben of Brownville, Neb., and several others whose residence and front names the secretary failed to obtain. The resident shooters taking a hand were H. E. Gray, H. S. Hughes, Frank Fogg, G. W. Loomis, J. C. Read, H. D. Reed, F. Sanford, Frank Parmelee, J. Gwin, J. Hardin, M. C. Peters, J. H. Dumont, Jim Smard, Frank Cross, J. P. McFarlane, Wm. Hoagland, J. J. Dickey, W. E. Nason, W. E. Brewer, G. F. Brucker, Fred Blake, J. B. Smith, H. B. Kennedy and Judge J. H. Fields. The most interesting contest of the meeting was the C. E. Mares medal contest, emblematic of the State championship. There were 25 entries, Parmelee rightfully winning on 20 straight kills. Scores follow:

Match at 10 live birds, \$1.50 entrance, 3 moneys:
Brown.....0.02011220-7
Mack.....0.02011221-8
Loomis.....0.02011222-9
Hughes.....0.02011223-10
Hearshy.....0.02011224-11
Parmelee.....0.02011225-12
Lathlaw.....0.02011226-13
Read.....0.02011227-14
Baird.....0.02011228-15
Match at 10 single targets, \$1 entrance, 3 moneys:
Gray.....0.02011229-1
Fuller.....0.02011230-2
Ackerman.....0.02011231-3
Hughes.....0.02011232-4
Mack.....0.02011233-5
Fogg.....0.02011234-6
W. E. Campbell.....0.02011235-7
Lunsford.....0.02011236-8
Loomis.....0.02011237-9
Elliott.....0.02011238-10
Brooking.....0.02011239-11
Roth.....0.02011240-12
Ray.....0.02011241-13
A. C. Connor.....0.02011242-14
Trotter.....0.02011243-15
F. Forney.....0.02011244-16
Hamilton.....0.02011245-17
Baird.....0.02011246-18
Mallieau.....0.02011247-19
Nichols.....0.02011248-20
Sanford.....0.02011249-21
10 single targets, \$1 entrance, 3 moneys:
Hughes.....0.02011250-1
Fogg.....0.02011251-2
Evans.....0.02011252-3
Elliott.....0.02011253-4
Parmelee.....0.02011254-5
Ackerman.....0.02011255-6
Budd.....0.02011256-7
Stouffer.....0.02011257-8
Speice.....0.02011258-9
Mallieau.....0.02011259-10
Chingreen.....0.02011260-11
Lueck.....0.02011261-12
Hoagland.....0.02011262-13
Mack.....0.02011263-14
7 live birds, \$5 entrance, 3 moneys:
Hughes.....0.02011264-1
Brucker.....0.02011265-2
Hearshy.....0.02011266-3
W. F. Dew.....0.02011267-4
Gray.....0.02011268-5
Read.....0.02011269-6

Parmelee.....0.02011270-7
Hamilton.....0.02011271-8
Linderman.....0.02011272-9
Ackerman.....0.02011273-10
Trotter.....0.02011274-11
Budd.....0.02011275-12
Match at 15 singles, \$1 entrance, 4 moneys: Stouffer 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 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Unknown Gun Club.

The regular monthly club shoot was held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday June 8. Nearly all of the old club veterans were on hand, and shot at seven birds each, under modified Long Island rules, H. and T. traps. J. Flynn and J. Akhurst were the only straight scores with seven and divided the first money. Three scored six each and divided the second money, and the five shot off; J. Bohling being the winner with four straight. The scores:

J. Flynn.....	221122-5	J. Rankin.....	0211120-5
P. May.....	000200-1	J. Bohling.....	1220210-5
J. Akhurst.....	221122-5	J. Marlborough.....	1010101-4
I. Hyde.....	2102001-4	J. Schumacher.....	0202101-4
H. Van Stader.....	2121101-6	H. Kuebel.....	3021201-4
M. Chichester.....	1010202-4	G. Percy.....	3021002-4
M. Boyd.....	0210020-3	P. Sweeney.....	1002221-6
J. Sampson.....	1023112-6	H. Bonerman.....	0222202-5
E. Vroom.....	0201221-4	F. A. Thompson.....	2110021-5
L. Kolb.....	1001002-2	Dr. Little.....	0111102-5
C. Hubbell.....	1202111-6		

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

The members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club held their opening shoot of the season at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Saturday, June 10. Fourteen competed in the regular shoot at 10 birds each for the club prizes. A. Hegeman won the first after a good race, a case of quail prettily mounted. C. M. Meyer took the second, a brace of snipe mounted. Scores:

W. F. Sykes.....	023101111-8	G. Nostrand.....	0111102221-8
C. Furgueson.....	121121212-10	A. A. Hegeman.....	111111111-10
D. C. Bennett.....	111121221-10	P. Adams.....	1021210111-8
C. A. Sykes.....	112311211-10	H. Blattmacher.....	011110120-7
C. M. Meyer.....	023111211-9	J. N. Meyer.....	023001221-6
P. Ziegler.....	011011111-8	J. Adams.....	301002111-6
D. Deacon.....	221121011-9	G. Cropsey.....	111111111-10

Sweep No. 1: W. F. Sykes 5, P. Adams 2, Ziegler 3, Furgueson 5, C. A. Sykes 5, C. M. Meyer 5, J. N. Meyer 5, D. Bennett 5.
Sweep No. 2: W. F. Sykes 5, P. Adams 4, Ziegler 4, Furgueson 4, C. A. Sykes 4, C. M. Meyer 5, J. N. Meyer 2, G. Nostrand 5.

Wauregan Gun Club.

The regular monthly shoot of the Wauregan Gun Club came off at the Pelhamville grounds on Friday, the 9th inst. The regular club event called for 10 birds per man for four prizes. Matt Ellis and W. E. Bricker tied with 9 each. R. Darling and Geo. W. Silberhorn tied with 8 each. These ties will be decided at the next shoot. Plaisted won the shoot off with J. Mills, J. Hoffman, S. Knof, A. C. Nielson, F. Lyon and J. J. Looie, and won the third prize, a watch. The tie for

fourth prize, a diamond pin, between President Miner and L. Levinson with 6 each was decided in favor of Levinson.

Miss and out sweep, 3-bird limit, \$1 entry: W. H. Bruckner 3, G. W. Plaisted 3, Remson Darling 2, M. Ellis 3, F. Knof 3, F. Lyon 3.

Club event:

L. E. Miner.....	1410221120-6	R. Darling.....	1210122101-8
G. W. Silberhorn.....	0223102102-8	M. F. Bricker.....	0101202100-5
J. Mills.....	1030210221-9	A. O. Nelson.....	1101011220-7
W. H. Bruckner.....	0221111121-9	F. Lyon.....	1222202010-7
J. F. Coffman.....	1121020101-7	G. W. Plaisted.....	212112220-7
W. E. Hogan.....	220101000-5	J. J. Looie.....	211101102-7
F. Knof.....	22122020-7	M. Ellis.....	111112102-9
L. Levinson.....	1220120002-6	A. Grosch.....	0040200000-1

Milwaukee Trap-Shooters.

The South Side Gun Club shot at National Park Decoration Day with the following results:

No. 1, 10 birds: Split 10, G. Meunier 10, Stannard 10, Brant 9, Sefeld 9, Stangs 9, Gehnler 9, Morison 9, Holtz 8, Milbrath 8, Brill 8, Louis 8, Hobbs 8, Hoth 7, Apel 7, Tace 7, Kershamer 7, Henron 6.
No. 2, 10 birds: Tace 10, Ansen 10, Sefeld 10, Brill 10, J. Meunier 10, Stannard 9, Kershamer 9, G. Meunier 9, Hobbs 9, Milbrath 9, Brant 9, Morison 8, Split 8, Henron 7, Apel 2.
No. 3, 20 birds: Dexter 18, J. Meunier 19, Stannard 16, Morrison 16, G. Drought 16, Louis 15, Kershamer 15, Brill 14, G. Meunier 14, Split 13, Hobbs 13, Tace 13, Thomas 12, Holtz 12, Milbrath 12, Carmichael 11, Brant 10, J. Drought 9, Apel 7, Henron 6.
Championship cup, 30 birds: G. Meunier 28, Louis 25, J. Meunier 24, Kershamer 24, Stannard 24, Dexter 23, Milbrath 23, Drought 23, Hobbs 22, Carmichael 22, Morison 21, Split 20, Holtz 19, Henron 18, Thomas 15.
The next shoot of the club will be held at new quarters at Lake Station on June 30 and July 1 and 2.

Fountain Gun Club.

ONLY six of the Fountain Gun Club competed in the regular monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park on Wednesday, June 7. The contest was at 10 birds each for the best percentages for annual class prizes. A. Crooke was the best scorer, with 8. Sweepstake shooting followed.

The scores:

Dr. Wynn.....	1210210201-7	J. A. Stuart.....	1230201012-7
A. Eddy.....	1110201100-6	J. Brixey.....	221011010-7
A. Crooke.....	1213101111-8	W. Lair.....	2131021222-7

Sweep No. 1, 5 birds: Dr. Wynn 4, A. Crooke 2, J. A. Stuart 4, J. Brixey 5, W. Lair 4, Dr. Van Ord 4.
Sweep No. 2, 5 birds: Dr. Wynn 4, A. Crooke 4, W. Lair 3, Dr. Van Ord 3, C. W. Wingert 3.
Sweep No. 3, 5 birds: Dr. Wynn 5, A. Crooke 4, J. A. Stuart 2, J. Brixey 3, W. Lair 4, Dr. Van Ord 4, C. W. Wingert 5.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

T. O. H.—How can No. 8 shot be loaded for a full-choked gun to make a large pattern? Ans. Load with two pink-edge wads over the powder and one pink-edge wad over the shot. This will cause the shot to scatter, giving a considerably larger killing circle at certain ranges.

C. H. W., Amsterdam, N. Y.—We have near here a large reservoir covering about 1,000 acres. It is well stocked with pickerel, and I want to put in some other fish that will be a good food fish and will live with the pickerel. Had been thinking of German carp. Will they take the hook? Will they hold their own with pickerel? The water is creek water, clear, but not spring water; bottom muddy. What would you recommend for us to put in? Ans. Carp would undoubtedly flourish in the water you mention, but the advisability of stocking with them is an open question. They are not an easy fish to catch, and once introduced it is next to impossible to get rid of them on account of their habit of burrowing in the mud. Their flesh is not considered palatable by many. On the whole, we think bass or perch would prove much more satisfactory for your purpose. If you try bass you should procure fish at least a year old, as younger fish might not be able to hold their own against the pickerel.

H. R. W., St. Louis.—Please explain the difference, if any, between the standard American target for rifle practice, 30yds. range, and the Massachusetts target, and oblige. The above refers to the possible of each target particularly. Ans. The black in both targets measures 8 in. in diameter, and thus corresponds exactly in size with the Creedmoor bullseye, but the targets have no other important point of similarity. The possible for 10 shots on the Massachusetts target is 120; that on the standard 100, the inner ring in the first place counting 12 and in the second 10. As the 10-ring on the standard target measures only 3.36 in. in diameter, while the 12-ring on the Massachusetts target measures 4 in., it is a much more difficult matter to secure the highest possible on the former than on the latter. The black in the Massachusetts target is only subdivided once, being included within the 11-circle. In the standard target it is subdivided twice and includes the 8, 9 and 10-circles.

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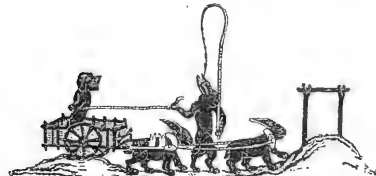
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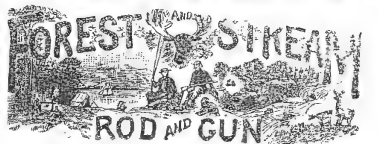
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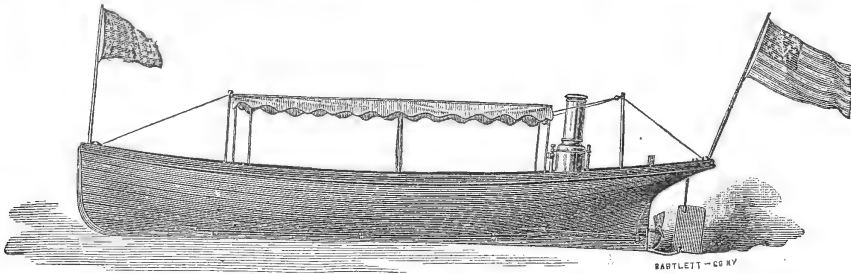
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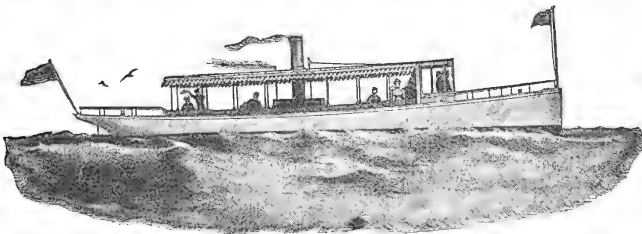
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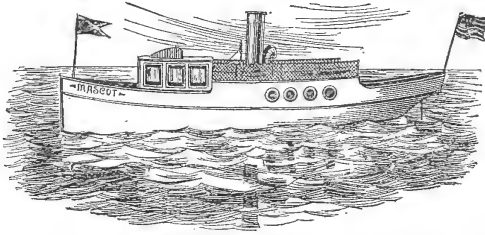
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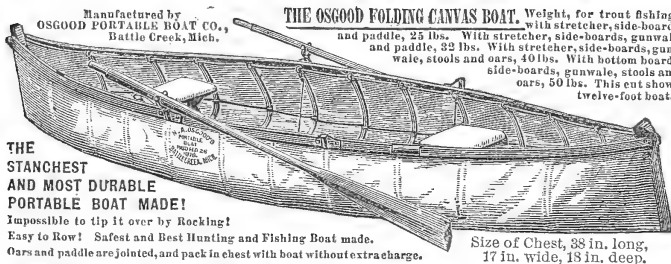
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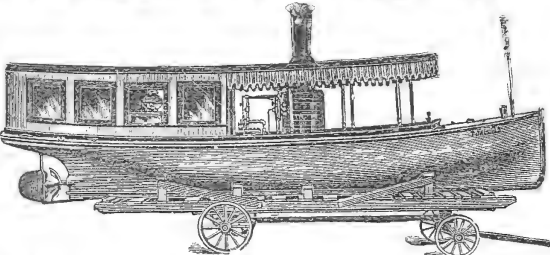
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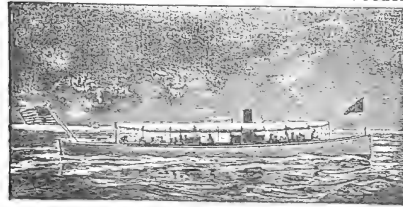
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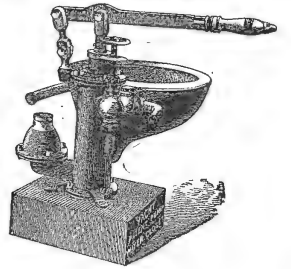
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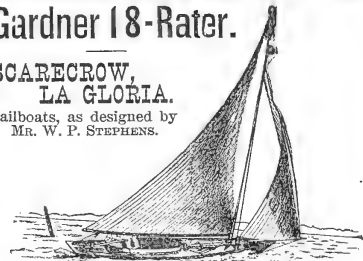
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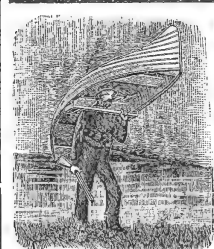
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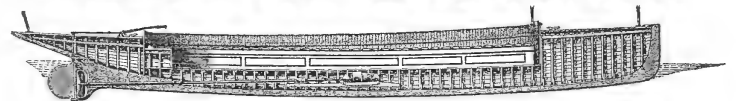
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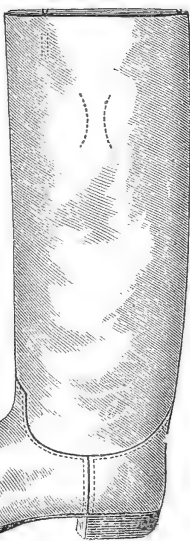
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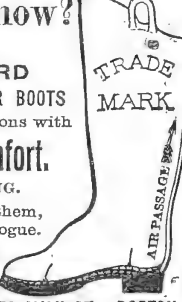
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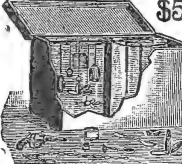
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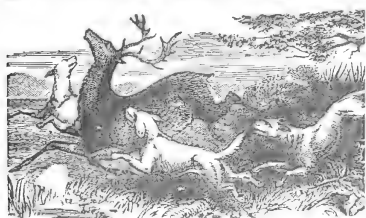
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LIVE BIRDS AND ARTIFICIAL TARGETS.

ONE of the chief prizes competed for at the annual tournament in New York State is the Dean Richmond trophy, a handsome piece of silver valued at \$1,150. This was presented to the Association years ago, when there were no artificial birds to shoot at, and the original conditions of live bird shooting still govern the competition. Of late years the tournament managers have found difficulty in procuring birds for tournament purposes, and in addition to this trouble, it is generally conceded that live bird shooting in sweltering summer weather is not a high grade of competition. In the Rochester meeting last week a proposition was broached to alter the rules of the Dean Richmond competition by substituting artificial targets for live birds. The proposition was based upon the contention that the shooting of live birds at the trap is a sport which involves cruelty. The proposal provoked opposition and was tabled for consideration a year hence.

It is easily enough demonstrated that the trap-shooting of pigeons is a cruel practice, provided the argument is advanced from the standpoint of one who believes that all shooting of game is cruel. But he who attempts to show that it is cruel to kill pigeons at the trap while it is not cruel to kill quail in the field, has a task in dialectics which it would require more than average skill to accomplish. The cruelty of pigeon shooting is one of those topics about which men may argue for hours and days and part again each more set in his belief than before. There is little likelihood that prolonged discussion would have converted either side at Rochester the other day.

Quite aside from any consideration of the question of cruelty or no cruelty, there is some reason for believing that the Dean Richmond competition would command more interest and prove a greater success if it were converted into a match shot under modern conditions. The sport of trap-shooting in this country owes its development to the substitution of artificial targets for live birds. The clays have brought the sport within the means of the multitude, within the opportunities of the public as to expenditure of time and money. Nor is there any gain-saying that the sport of shooting artificial targets has been taken up as a pastime by many scores of shooters who would have found no pleasure in live-bird shooting at the trap. The typical modern trap-shooter, the man who shoots for the fun there is in it, is not a live bird shooter, but an artificial target shooter. The success of the average tournament, like that just held at Rochester, depends on the artificial target shooters. They are the host. Nine of every ten trap-shooters in New York State to-day are target shooters. Does any one imagine that if the donor of the Dean Richmond trophy had presented it to the Association this year, designing it for the real good of the organization, it would have been provided for any other than artificial target competition? Apart, then, from the "cruelty" consideration and as a business expedient, might it not be worth while trying the experiment, for one year at least, of a Dean Richmond competition at the artificial targets?

TRUSTEES OF PUBLIC RESERVATIONS.

THE whole country has been roused to righteous wrath by the reports of the desecration wrought at Gettysburg by a vandalistic railroad company. It is to the lasting disgrace of the people of this country that measures have not been taken long since to keep sacred, as it should be kept sacred, this blood-consecrated field. But vandal-devastated Gettysburg is only one of scores and hundreds of localities, which, because of their historic associations or their natural beauty, should have been set apart to be preserved forever as public possessions for use and enjoyment and inspiration and uplifting. For the most part opportunities for acquiring such sites have now passed by, but there is yet abundant reward awaiting public-spirited action.

Already, it is true, something has been done. The National Government has set apart national parks; State authorities have made similar provisions, although as a rule action has been delayed, as with the Adirondacks of New York, until individuals and clubs have made sure of the most desirable tracts; and town and municipal authorities have, in repeated instances, shown public spirit in the same field. But the fact remains that as a people we are culpably indifferent on this subject, and have permitted golden opportunities to pass unheeded. There are evidences of changing sentiment, not the least encouraging among them being a Massachusetts institution, recently established, known as the Trustees of Public Reservations. The province of the Trustees is to hold and preserve sites of historic interest and spots of beautiful scenery. The Board was established in 1891 and grew out of the public-spirited suggestions of members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, of Boston. The history of the movement is worthy of careful study, for the example set by Massachusetts is one which may well be followed by every State which possesses sites worthy of preservation for the people.

In May, 1890, on call of the club, a meeting was held in Boston, to consider a plan for the preservation of fine natural scenes and historical sites. The scheme proposed and afterward adopted was this:

1. The establishment of a Board of Trustees.
2. The Trustees to be empowered to acquire by gift from individuals or bodies by subscribers, parcels of real estate possessing natural beauty or historical interest, and to hold the same, together with funds for the maintenance thereof, free of all taxes.
3. The Trustees to be required to open to the public, under suitable regulations, all such parcels of their real estate as lie within the limits of towns and cities which may provide police protection for the same.
4. The Trustees to be prohibited from conveying real estate once accepted by them, except to towns and cities for public uses.

A bill embodying this plan was submitted in the Legislature in the following session, and became a law, designating the members of the Board. No sooner was the organization of the Board made public than responses began to come in from individuals who tendered tracts of land, the first one coming from a lady of Stoneham, who proffered a wood of twenty acres in that town, and it was accepted. Numerous suggestions were made recommending that the trustees should acquire designated sites, but to these the Board replied:

This Board does not possess either the money or the authority to enable it to snatch real estate out of the hands of anybody. Like the trustees of a public art museum, this Board stands ready to undertake the care of such precious things as may be placed in its charge. It exists "to facilitate the preservation of beautiful and historical places in Massachusetts" by providing an efficient and permanent organization through which individuals and bodies of subscribers may accomplish their several desires.

It should not be assumed that the Massachusetts Trustees of Public Reservations have been content to serve merely as passive holders of the properties entrusted to their care. They have undertaken in various ways to stimulate public interest and sympathy to the end that the mountain tops of the interior, the cliffs and beaches of the seashore, and scenes of special beauty here and there, all of which are so rapidly passing into control of private owners, may be rescued or redeemed for the public. To this end they have enlisted the services of Mr. J. B. Harrison, well known for his efficient work in behalf of the Niagara Falls reservation and more recently of the New Hampshire forests. The results of Mr. Harrison's investigations have been embodied in a report, which is so full of suggestiveness that we shall refer to it at length hereafter.

The successful establishment of this unique Massachusetts institution clearly shows a practical way to the public preservation of desirable localities in every part of the land. There should be a board of trustees of public

reservation in every State of the Union. Its establishment would mean no strike on the Treasury, no increase in appropriation bills. It would cost the State absolutely nothing; it would render the State a service of inestimable value.

TWENTY YEARS OF LEAD KEELS.

THE success of the extreme fin-keel as opposed to the semi-fin type is as yet problematical in the larger classes, and while there is much in favor of the former, it is still a question whether Pilgrim or the new Paine boat will repeat the successes of Wenonah and El Chico. From what has been seen, however, of the extreme ballast fin, it is most probable that a new and very fast type of sailing yacht has been developed, in which the principle of low ballast has been carried to a point never dreamed of at the time of its first inception.

The twenty years between 1873 and 1893 is a most interesting epoch in yachting, as it has witnessed the development of the lead keel from the condition of an almost immaterial adjunct, timidly introduced as an experiment, to that of the controlling factor of yacht designing.

Both the simple lead keel and the bulb or ballast fin are not inventions but growths, the crude idea of each recurring again and again as we go backward in yachting history, tested with more or less discouraging results by one after another, until the right man at last brings success out of failure.

It was in 1873, after numerous preliminary trials with iron or lead outside the keel in small quantities, that the famous 20-tonner Vanessa was built by Hatcher with a lead keel of sufficient size to test the value of the then new principle. The success of Vanessa as a racer finally decided the question, and from that date onward the lead keel increased in size and importance until, in the last yachts built under the tonnage rule, the breadth of the keel itself had become abnormally great in proportion to the narrow beam of the hull, while the weight of lead was as much as double that of the entire hull, rig and equipment.

Just at the time when this development had reached its limit a number of changes took place; the old tonnage rule was abandoned, the international races of 1885-6-7 in American waters resulted in the defeat of the heavy displacement craft, and a general exchange of ideas between the two nations followed. The result was the moderate cutter of 1888 to 1890, Dragon, Vreda, Yarana and Minerva on the one side and the American 40-footers on the other.

The rapid changes in the direction of less displacement with a maximum of power and lateral resistance tended of themselves in the direction of the fin-keel, and the various stages of reduced deadwood in existing craft, and of a wide, shoal hull with a lead fin equivalent to a fixed centerboard, made easy the final step to the concentration of all the weight on the end of the lever in the form of a metal plate fin with its leaden bulb or cigar.

In its original form the lead keel involved the disposal of a very great weight at the end of a short lever, as in Genesta, with some seventy tons carried on a maximum draft of about 13ft. In its most recent form the weight is greatly diminished while the lever is proportionately lengthened, the new Pilgrim carrying only twenty tons of lead, but on a draft of 22ft.

A change so radical and striking as this could hardly fail to exert a marked influence on every detail of yacht designing and construction, and even the most experienced yachtsmen are content to await the outcome of this season's races before attempting to predict the future of the fin-keel type and of yacht racing.

Our Boston correspondent sends us a gruesome story of the capture of moose for Maine's exhibit in the World's Fair. If the circumstances were as related it would appear that the only decent thing left for the agents to do would have been to buy the carcasses and say nothing about it. No credit can come to Maine by the exhibition of these spoils of a spring-time atrocity in her moose forests; the State might better go without any moose show at all.

Attention is called again to the fact that the two volumes begin with the first issues in January and July respectively. The issue of next week will be the last number of Vol. XXXIX. It will also mark the completion of twenty years since the establishment of this journal in 1872.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE COUNTRY CLUB'S BULL'S HEAD BREAKFAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the age of clubs, and when talking of them California comes to the front for its number and variety, social, sporting, athletic and yachting.

Among the leading social clubs the Pacific-Union probably stands at the head; it is an amalgamation of the Union and Pacific, comprising the wealthiest and most aristocratic of our Four Hundred. Next on the list comes the German and Bohemian, the latter with a membership of 800. It was originally what might be called of a literary character, comprised of newspaper men and writers for the press, and in keeping with its character was appropriately called the Bohemian. It numbered among its members the brightest and most intellectual men on the Coast, most of whom have "gone over the divide" and "joined the great majority," giving way to a succeeding generation of younger men with little ambition to keep up the intellectual character of the old time club; although it still numbers some clever literary men, the majority care more for the luxurious *dolce far niente* comforts that its present sumptuousness affords.

The Pacific-Union is composed mostly of rich young men, a large proportion of whom run rather to the popular sports of the day, more especially shooting, and to afford scope for this pastime the Country Club was organized, to which only members of the Pacific-Union are eligible. This club holds the lease of a tract of 74,000 acres of preserves a couple of hours' ride from the city, a noble domain composed of forest and field, having a coast range bordering on the Pacific Ocean for forty miles. It may be called the most grand in the way of scenery and adaptation for the purpose, of any tract of land in California, and that is saying a good deal for a country abounding in the richest soil, noblest forests and most beautiful scenery of any State in the Union.

The tract of land under lease to the Country Club was originally one of the old Spanish grants with which the Government of Mexico so liberally rewarded the services of its many generals and men of rank, who, tempted by the facilities afforded for cattle raising, migrated from the cities of old Mexico, and struck out to its then almost unknown northern possessions. These Spanish grants covered a great portion of the best lands of California for grazing, and here the old aristocrats came and began their cattle raising, and truly might it be said that they covered a thousand hills. He was a poor man indeed who did not own a herd of a hundred thousand head of cattle, and from 1,000 to 3,000 horses roaming over a hundred thousand acres of rich pasture land. Here the old Dons lived, with their "peons" and vaqueros, independent, and as free as air, for although nominally acknowledging allegiance to Mexico, they were too far away from the seat of government to come within the jurisdiction of tax gatherers. Occasionally, when in want of cavalry horses, the Government would make a requisition on the *hidalgos* for a supply, which, with the characteristic generosity of the Spanish race, was freely contributed. One old grandee on one occasion presented the Government with a band of 3,000 from his stock, and still had left a thousand or two for his own use.

Those were the days when the traveler was ever welcome to the hospitality of the owner of the acres, the cattle and the horses. When he rode up to the door of the habitation he was received with open arms, and whatever the house contained was his by courtesy. In the morning, in place of his weary steed, he found a fresh one, the best in the band, saddled and bridled for his use. This he exchanged again at the next ranch in like manner, with no thought of money in the "swap," as it would have been equivalent to an insult to offer to pay for a horse. Money there was none. Cattle hides and horses constituted the currency, except once a year when the ship of the Boston agency for purchasing hides arrived, and then the year's collection was sold and the pay received, some in barter and some in money. Then followed fandangoes and grand Spanish frolics, when whole families mounted horses and set out to visit the settlement of San Francisco or Monterey, a day's journey distant. There, with the recklessness of Spanish character, they bought trinkets and gay cloths, and the year's supply of tobacco for cigarettes, returning home loaded down with knick-knacks, but without a cent in their pockets. Those were the happy days of unknown California, when the grizzly roamed the forest, deer and elk by the thousands mingled with the cattle, and when it was not necessary to go a quarter of a mile to bag a backload of ducks and geese. Even when later San Francisco numbered 20,000 inhabitants canvasback ducks could be shot by the hundreds on the spot where the Government proposes to build the new post-office and have paid \$700,000 or \$800,000 for what was then a boghole of a lake or swamp—and by the same token there will be a happy time finding bottom for the foundation.

Things were in this primitive and happy condition when gold was discovered and the rush of people began. The old *hidalgos* looked on with astonishment to see the enterprising squatter taking possession of his land, killing his cattle and encroaching on his very doorstep. He saw that unless he sold soon he would have nothing left, and tempted by the sight of bright dollars and with no knowledge of business he sold acre after acre, or in most cases his entire ranch at a dollar an acre, and felt happy to obtain such a price. In this way these valuable grants were picked up by shrewd, far-seeing Americans, and especially by our wide-awake Irish immigrants.

Among the most desirable of these Spanish grants was the one now occupied under lease by the Country Club, purchased in early days by Judge Shafter and one or two other partners. It has continued concentrated in the ownership of the Shafter family and their descendants. Mr. Charles Webb Howard and Mr. John K. Orr, who married into the family, own the controlling interest. Lying as the land does—along the coast, the grass is kept fresh and green the year around by the sea fogs, and hence is in great demand for dairy farms; and 40,000 cows are feeding on the luxuriant grass of its valleys and cañons, furnishing milk and butter to San Francisco.

But to go back to the club, from which subject I have wandered. This association—composed of 100 members, embracing the swell young men of San Francisco, the

richest, the best shots, the best fishermen, all first-class gentlemen, the *crème de la crème* of the city—have the sole right to fish and shoot over this princely domain. The territory abounds in running trout streams, lakes, open glades, deep cañons so dense in foliage that the sun never reaches the ground; uplands of forests of gigantic oaks and pines, mountains, dells and every variety of vegetation, splendid cover for quail, marshes for snipe, deer at every turn of the roads winding through deep glens, and an occasional bear. In former times it was the terrible grizzly, now the brown (cinnamon) and the black. In fact the country is simply the sportsman's paradise, and it is no wonder that there is a large list of names awaiting membership, which it will require years to reach, as few die and none resign. The tenacity to life of its members is most astonishing. It is too good a thing to leave, and as for resigning, such a thing has never been heard of.

The land composing the preserve, as I have mentioned, lies along the ocean coast, for forty miles, affording splendid salt-water fishing, with occasional inlets where salmon run up in the season.

The club house is an unpretentious affair of one story, in fact a bungalow standing on elevated ground, with a sloping lawn in front, the porch covered with climbing flowers and rose bushes, shading the long piazza, opening from which are the rooms for forty-five members. There are horses in the stable, dogs in the kennel and guns in the gun house, in front of which are the traps for artificial target shooting. Sloping down for 1,000 yds. the ground is open, then contracts into a shady dell, through which the road winds and is lost in the forest, until it comes out on the ocean bluffs. The club has paid no attention to show, but has gone in most sensibly for comfort, and happy is the member who is free to spend days in the dreamy enjoyment of a grandfather chair on the porch, inhaling the delicious pure atmosphere. It is simply bliss.

And now I am coming to the gist of the whole business, and that is, to tell you of the grand feast, or barbecue, given by the club the other day to members and guests, to the number of nearly a hundred and fifty, who will long have the blessed memory of one of the most enjoyable occasions of an ordinary lifetime. I call it a barbecue, but that is only the Americanized definition of what is known here as a "bull's head breakfast," a Spanish dish called in that language a *fiesta cabeza del toro*. It sounds better in the Spanish, but tastes just as well in plain American, although we are indebted to the native Spanish for its introduction to American epicures.

You people East, who think you are sitting on the steps of epicurean paradise when you eat terrapin at \$3 per plate, should come to California and be introduced to a bull's head breakfast, cooked by a Spanish artist. It would be a revelation to you, and I should feel sorry for your friends who would have to listen ever after to your extolling description of the dish. Let me describe it. A hole is dug in the earth and the bottom usually lined with stones, then a hot fire heats them; and when the fire burns down the live coals are removed and damp sacks laid over, on which the head of the animal is laid, then covered with other damp sacks, then earth and straw—buried, in fact—and the heads allowed to bake and steam until thoroughly cooked—say eighteen hours. Then the pit is opened and the heads conveyed, smoking hot, to a side table, where the skillful carver first removes the skin and proceeds to carve. First the head is opened, and the tongue and the morsel at the roots constitute the tidbit. The cheeks are then carved, and so on until all is gone. Then another head; and so on, for it runneth not in the memory of man that one head was ever known to be sufficient to satisfy the sublime appetite that follows the first taste of this epicurean dish. As a necessary and important adjunct to the dish is the great Spanish national dish of frijoles (beans), cooked as only the Spanish can cook them, in comparison with which a Bostonian would turn green with envy. Then follows the crowning glory, called *huevas con chilo colorado*, which reduced to plain American means hard boiled eggs floating in a red hot sauce, of which the Mexican little red peppers are the enlivening element. This is a dressing for the gods as well as for the bull's head.

Another favorite Spanish dish is *tomates*. It consists of cornmeal, olives cut up, red peppers chopped fine and minced chicken, all inclosed in cornhusk tied up securely and roasted or boiled, I am not sure which, but I think boiled.

On the occasion in question, in which the subscriber by virtue of the courtesy of the club participated, a large circus tent was pitched on the lawn, in which the tables were set for 150 guests and members. At a given signal the cooks, dressed in true Spanish costume of maroon-colored velvet trousers, slashed at the seam and buttoned with silver-bell buttons, embroidered jackets à la matador and wide-brimmed sombreros, began to uncover the pit from whence the first installment of heads was borne to the big tent, and the work of carving began. It was hoped that good digestion waited on the appetites thereat, for never in the course of a long and varied life have I seen such bestowal of meat and drink.

The man next me sent his plate three times for *cabeza del toro* (bull's head) and three big plates of frijoles did he empty, three *tomates*, and "washed all down" with one entire bottle of claret. I feared I should have a case of "bust" on my hands, and said to him—he was a stranger: "My friend, you seem to have a healthy appetite and to enjoy the viands." He replied, "Well, I was rather hungry earlier; but I took a snack up at the club house which took off the edge, and I am sorry, too, for this is bulky." I looked to see if the pun was meant or an accident, but he was apparently perfectly innocent of any intent; and so I refrained from laughing, for it is as much as one's conscience permits him to do to laugh when called upon, and it is only a waste of the risibles to notice an accidental pun. An hour later I saw my friend stretched out on the grass, dozing, with his hand clasped caressingly over his stomach as if to preserve its contents intact as long as possible.

Twelve bull's heads had disappeared under the waistbands of the company. When I say "bulls" I do not mean "steers," which are reckoned not as good.

A chap commenting on the skill of the cooking and bountifulness of the supply, said: "On the last occasion of this kind, the manager undertook to dispense with a Spanish cook; and a nice mess he made of it. The heads were served up half-cooked, and all I got was three teeth and an ear, while my neighbor got a tuft of hair and one eye."

After the feast the shooters adjourned to the shooting ground, and for the next three hours matches were in order of the day, the band meantime discoursing music on the lawn. The gorged and non-shooting members gathered on the piazza and dozed and smoked, and bet on the matches; and some went to visit the dogs, some talked horses and fishing. Then the four-in-hand team drove up to the door; and the rather difficult problem of getting 150 people stowed away, with satchels, was admirably accomplished, and the long procession of team strung out on the road to the station where a special train awaited us. Thence we sped to Saucelito, and by special boat were landed in town, still full of bull's head, frijole *tomates* and gratitude to the members of the Country Club for one of the most enjoyable days of our long life spent lives. Three cheers were proposed, but we were too full for utterance, and they died away in a gentle murmur. It was a case of the boys and the frogs; lots of fun for us guests, but a labor of love for the executive members of the club; for if any one thinks it is child's play to plan and execute such a junket, let him try it. Your correspondent has had experience, and knows how it is himself; but in this instance no effort was apparent it all went off charmingly, and was a grand success without a hitch.

Your correspondent as a guest is indebted for a most enjoyable day, reviving as it did, the good old days when a good outing was of frequent occurrence, and we gave our minds to it. To Mr. John K. Orr, that crack sportsman and genial gentleman, I tender "much thanks" for his kind attentions and invitation to his shooting box on the club reserve, which, as one of the owners of the noble domain, he maintains, and the day will ever remain as one of the green spots in memory, and as after the intervening twenty-four hours good digestion has somewhat restored nature to its normal and vocal condition, I am now able to give the three cheers for the Country Club that were due at an earlier stage.

It is unnecessary to state that such a feast has a tendency to induce one's renewing his acquaintance with his forefathers and foremothers. In my own case the grand mothers did not occupy as much of my dreams as did the Spanish race. Suggestive of the dishes, a procession of *hidalgos* in doublets and broad sombreros pranced past their lively mustangs with bull's heads instead of the own proper noddles. Beautiful *senoritas* in short dresses embroidered stockings, yellow high-heel shoes, big counters, and lace mantillas, kneeled before me with platters loaded with *tomates* and "*huevas con chilo colorado*," beseeching me to partake. Through the whole night I protested. Bull's heads pranced up and down before me. *Tomates* danced fandangoes on my chest until broad daylight, when on awaking I was glad to find that it was all a dream and that in my much filled up condition I had not to eat all those bull's heads, all those *tomates* and *huevas* over again, not even to oblige a bev of kneeling *senoritas*. And so ends my tale of a bull's head breakfast à la Española. It is a bulky scheme and feed epicures would wait for if they ever tried the dish. Come to the land where every manner of good thing abounds, not the least of which is a bull's head breakfast à la Country Club.

PODGERS.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON THE LEVEE.

THE "Laconia Circle" levee is, as yet, of insufficient size. While their neighbors beyond the broad river work the crops and recline in their hammocks with a sense of security against inundation, the Circle folks have vigilantly watched their little levee night and day, in order to detect in its birth any sign of weakness, that such may be remedied ere it is too late.

One week since the water stood, in places, against the very top of the levee. The nights were dark and rainy—the levee (dividing broad fields on one side from a dense forest rising out of a sea of water on the other) was scene of loneliness, save when a riding guard passed quietly by or a pair of walking guards trudged on wit sentry-like tread, holding a whispered conversation. 'Squire Blackburn, a knight of valor in high-water time as in times of peace, was on duty as a volunteer riding guard. An experience which he relates is too good to keep. Says the 'Squire: "As I passed a very large snapping turtle, I was seized with a desire to capture him, but resisted the temptation when I remembered that a shot fired at such a time and place might cause much alarm. But this temptation grew too great when, an hour or later, I passed the same turtle on the same spot. I placed the muzzle of my .22 Winchester almost against his head and pulled. He showed, by one or two unusual movements, signs of slight discomfort, then became calm once more. I fired again. A few more sluggish movements and a start toward the water. A third bullet was started in through the back of his skull. He hesitated, as if to say, 'I'm getting tired of this foolishness.'"

"The night grew darker, but I could still see him outlined on the ground near the levee slope. I hated to give up my prize, yet did not want to reinforce his mental weight with any more bullets, so bethought me of another plan. Leaning over toward him, I was on the point of giving the old fellow a gentle pat on the head with the muzzle of my gun, when—Clap!!—and he had it fast between his ponderous jaws."

"At this moment my mule gave a snort and looked out into the bushes across the levee, bringing her earthly around until they were nearly in contact."

"Some one is trying to slip in to cut the levee!" thought I. With this I quickly endeavored to withdraw my gun from the turtle's custody, but found this more of a task than I had anticipated. To be candid, it began to daw upon me (and so did the cold shivers) that my gun was fast confined between the vise-like jaws of a reptile, an I a levee guard on duty! To cap the climax of my discomfort, a miscreant was approaching on levee cutting bent. My feelings at this moment cannot be fully described. Suppose the levee should be cut! I had no means of preventing it. Suppose again, that I should say, 'Yes, I saw them when they cut it, but a big turtle had my gun.' What a fool they'd set me down for. These are some of the harassing thoughts that chased each other through my mind, as I tugged at the gun. But tugged in vain. When gun moved, turtle moved—an turtle tenaciously held on.

"Seeing that it was no use, I clambered to the top of the levee, tramped back and forth, coughed, made myself conspicuous generally, and shortly remarked to the mule well above a whisper, 'You old crazy fool, I don't believe

you saw a soul! then resumed my tug-of-war with the turtle. Oh, but he was a whopper!

"Now came other misgivings. What if another guard should approach and find me in a half-bent posture, pulling on something which in the dark might be mistaken for a shovel handle. Without a word, he might shoot me down for a levee cutter. I again left the weapon in the care of the turtle and strode up and down the levee—a subdued man—completely baffled and disarmed by a snapping turtle!

"How long this state of affairs continued I cannot say. It seemed like an age. At last, in a fit of desperation, I resolved upon a last attempt.

"Noiselessly approaching his turtleship, I suddenly grasped the rifle and wrenched it with almost superhuman violence. With a sound like a pistol shot his mouth shut down on the space vacated by the rifle barrel, and I was again a guard with a gun (but a gun without a sight).

"I guess I've seen enough of you, old fellow," said I as I rode off, content that another aspiring sportsman should secure the prize for which I had made such a noble fight."

MISSISSIPPI. TRIPOD.

Natural History.

PECCARIES.

ONE morning in Mosquitia a wrinkled crone, white as to wool, and scaly, dark brown as to skin, gave me a cordial welcome by three words of shockingly profane English, taught to her as a proper and friendly salutation, no doubt, by some joke-loving reprobate. With a gesture she invited me to rest in one of the three or four hammocks of roughly twisted strands of bark that swung across the one room of the watala.

Then she sharply spoke a few words to the group of naked urchins, who stared curiously through the door behind her. The children scurried away. The old woman filled an iron pot with water and set it on the ends of the three iron pins which, driven into the earthen floor, were all the range this mansion boasted. They securely held the vessel six inches or so above the bed of glowing embers. She put the ends of a few sticks of pitchy pine on the coals, and a bright blaze at once flamed up, then resumed her task of cleaning a lot of fish, much like perch in appearance. As she scaled and disemboweled them she threw them into the pot. When that was rather more than half full of the fish she peeled three or four plantanos and laid them on the fish, then covered all with a leaf, which she snugly tucked in around the edges. Just then a couple of boys came in bearing a net full of oranges fresh from the trees and rich with most refreshing juice. They were followed by a lad who bore a cocoanut from which he had shaved a chip by one dextrous blow with his machete, through husk and shell and almost through the jelly-like white meat within. The point of the machete reamed out a circular bit of the kernel, and out the milk gushed. The milk disposed of, the lad split the nut and gave half to the younger children and the other half to a pet that had followed them into the hut. The like of that pet I had never before seen in a house, and what I had learned of the character of that kind led me to promptly lift my feet into the hammock and out of his reach.

He was some fifteen inches in height and may have been three feet in length. He was a "pepper and salt" in color, and exceedingly inquisitive and familiar in disposition. He nosed about my hammock and snapped his white tusks with a sharp sound that was suggestive to me of ragged gashes in bleeding legs; but to the children the sound and my care to keep my feet well out of the way were manifestly suggestive of fun.

After he had neatly scooped out the last vestige of meat from his half of the cocoanut and robbed the baby of what was left of her half, he laid himself flat on the dirt floor, almost under my hammock. I ventured to tickle his porcine majesty with a stick. He grunted softly and stretched his legs. I scratched more vigorously, and he showed his satisfaction more plainly. Then I dared to put my feet out of the hammock, and at last stood beside the prostrate peccary. He opened his little eyes, looked at me a brief moment, accepted me for a friend, and shut his eyes again in ecstatic enjoyment of a scratching that was more skillful and thorough than his owners had ever given to any created thing—except themselves.

From that time that peccary was my too constant friend and companion, my ready defender and my perhaps too ardent champion. Whenever and wherever I moved about that watala or the village, he was with me. If I knocked an orange or a mango from a tree, he was alert to pick it up for me—and to eat it for himself. If a common hog came near, or failed to move out of our way promptly, there would be a swift rush, a shriek of porcine agony or fear, and a vanishing hog. Then the peppery little pepper-and-salt rascal would trot along ahead of me, with abundant content and vanity.

What he would have done to any dog that might have been caught in our path I do not know. What I do know is that no dog in that village was so lost to all sense of prudence as to test the question. Whenever that pig and I came under a dog's notice, that dog went away. He usually stretched his legs nimbly; often he yelped as he fled.

Once a dog, a stranger in the village, hopped over the hewn cedar plank that was set up on edge across the door to keep pigs out and the babies in. He explored with becoming diffidence, being a stranger, yet willing to make acquaintance with human or with any scrap of food. *Sus americanus* happened to be busy just then and failed to notice the stranger before he was well away from the door. There was a rush and one snap of those tusks. The dog flew for the door. As he rose to clear the plank, the guardian of the household threw upward his nose, and a keen tusk cut a gash 2 or 3 in. long in the hindquarter of the victim. He tore howling in anguish down the hill and into the bush; my sweet pet returned to his bone, gleefully snapping his tusks like castanets.

Yet the sound is not quite like that of castanets. Nor is it like any other sound that I have ever heard. To try to describe it is like trying to describe the flavor of a fruit, a mango, for example, to one who has never tasted such a thing. One can say only it tastes like a — mango. Of one fact I feel quite sure. I am in no danger of mistaking the sound of the snap of a peccary's tusks for any other noise. Nor is there any risk that it will fail to send a shock tingling along my nerves, for I have learned to

feel more than a wholesome respect for the devilish ferocity of the untamed hog. I have listened to many a tale of their utterly unreasoning savageness and have seen an instance or two; so I never shoot at a peccary before I have made sure that a line of safe retreat is open to me.

One afternoon I sat on a rock in the tropical forest. As far as I knew no other human being was within twenty-five miles of my resting place. Yet I did not feel that I was quite alone, for I had seen a footprint in the trail a few minutes before I reached my rocky perch. It was much like the impression which a man's clinched fist might make if pressed, fingers down, into the loam. The imprint was not yet filled by the water that was trickling down the hillside.

"So I have company, have I," said I to myself. "Wonder how long he's been sneaking along my trail. I guess I'll push on toward a camping place!"

I pushed along. Thin rain was falling and would be heavier toward nightfall. Darkness would come early. Every stick in the woods was wet and a good camp-fire would be most comforting that night, since I must spend it in the forest with such neighbors.

Nevertheless, I sat down on that rock to rest. The sound of a peccary's champing jaws came from a hollow before me. I could not see the animal, but could hear his grunts of satisfaction. He had reason for contentment, for a band of capuchin, or white-faced monkeys, were busy with the fruit of a sapote tree and threw down now and then such as they bit into and tossed aside for other fruits not one bit better.

The complacent grunt changed to a sharp note of interrogation. I thought for a moment that he had got wind of me, but he would have gone off like a shot if he had smelled me out.

A beast of ashen hue showing through his brown, trotted into sight in a glade a few rods from me. He was considerably larger than his cousin, the collared peccary, from which he differed in other ways also; but still he was a lank, sharp-cornered, prying and long-headed rascal.

As he went he swung his keen nose from side to side, sniffing at the ground eagerly. He was far too intent in his pursuit to notice any slight sound, so I cautiously followed him.

He grunted fiercely and charged on something that I could not see. He violently shook his head from side to side, and I could see and hear something slap against his ribs. It was a tamagá—one of the two venomous serpents known in Honduras—and he was savagely tearing it to shreds. He held it down with his fore feet, and with an upward thrust of his jaws stripped the skin from half its body.

Before he could eat his prey another waree came running up. The captor of the snake squealed and ran away. His fellow followed, snatching at the trailing reptile, and was lucky enough to catch hold of it, and tear it in two. Then both pigs stopped to eat the pieces they had.

They were beneath a liana that hung like a bridge across the wide ravine, upheld by long and slender branches that were themselves thick and strong vines clinging to the trees overhead.

As I stood watching the two peccaries I could plainly see the liana, as thick as a man's waist; but of a spotted form which crept along the bridge—I saw nothing before she dropped on one of the pigs. One of the jaguar's thick and tremendously powerful paws must have struck the head of the victim and broken his neck. There was a single faint squeak from him, and from his companion a loud and vicious squeal, instantly followed by a mad charge at the great cat. But she had jumped back to her safe perch, fully 5 ft. from the ground, and carried her prey with her. It must have weighed near a hundred pounds.

The peccary on the ground kept up the furious squealing which was the war cry of his kind. In a minute there was the quick patter of hoofs on the damp leaves that carpeted the ground, and half a score of warees were barking, squealing and climbing upon one another in fierce efforts to reach the tigress. She lay along the big liana, her forearms across the dead peccary, which bent over the vine. She seemed to actually grin in derision of the frantic beasts below. They momentarily grew wilder in their rage, if that was possible, as they vainly tried to reach their enemy.

Only a few minutes had passed since the victim of the jaguar started on the trail of the serpent; but evening was coming on, and I felt that I should be going. It would be a pity, though, to leave those warees there to waste the night, and perhaps a day or two in watching the tigress, only to be grievously disappointed at last. For their enemy was safely beyond even the most vigorous leaps. She had food enough to last for days, and whenever she should tire of sleeping on the liana she could quietly walk away above their reach, over that natural suspension bridge.

To set matters right between the parties to the quarrel—possibly in part because it was not really agreeable to carry on a long and lonely tramp through the forest, the conviction that a tiger was slinking along through the thickets beside me, and was likely to at any moment become obtrusively familiar—I drew a bead on that jaguar's head, and hit her in the throat.

The blood spouted from the torn jugular, and sprayed the pigs below. The dead waree fell to the ground, and his fellows rushed in blind fury upon him. The jaguar clung for an instant to her perch as though paralyzed, then with an awful scream sprang high into the air. She struck the ground a score of feet away from the crowd of vicious brutes that were struggling to reach her refuge.

They were upon her before she could spring again. They gashed her mottled skin with ripping thrusts of gleaming tusks. They charged on her again and again. They trampled each other in the struggle for place in the foremost rank—if ranks were where all was a whirl of mad rage. They were blind to every danger and insensible to every hurt.

A blow from the giant cat's paw flung a boar through the air and slammed him against a tree. His back was broken, yet he strove to drag his useless legs behind him to the fray. A stroke from the foe drove the ribs of another into his lungs. He staggered back to the fight, blood gushing from his nostrils with every gasping breath.

Such battle could last but a few moments. The drain through that wound in her jugular was too great for even

such tremendous vitality as that jaguar had. The peccaries that could move were soon working their will on their vanquished enemy. They ripped strips of skin from her body. They tore away great pieces of her flesh. With jaws dripping blood they champed the shreds. They dragged her bones here and there, and vainly strove to pull them apart. They returned to the spot where the tigress died and rooted the blood-soaked soil in hope of finding there something more on which to dull the still keen edge of their hate.

E. W. P.

The Owl's Antics.

TWO MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You may remember that I once told you about the queer antics of an owl that I witnessed some years ago on the Marias. Last night both my wife and I saw the same thing again.

It was just sundown when two large prairie owls came flying slowly along, one about 100 yds. in front of and above the other. The lower owl would occasionally drop in its flight a distance of about 100 ft., falling at an angle of about 40°, and while doing this the tips of its wings seemed to be touching each other below its breast, and it made a clapping sound like a small stick held against a carriage wheel, when in very rapid motion. Once the bird hooted while sailing along. I suspect that this was the male bird and that this is their mating time. J. W. S.

[We believe these birds to be the short-eared owl (*Asio accipitrinus*), and it is altogether probable that this performance was a part of the owl courtship. No doubt the clapping sound referred to was made with the bill.]

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief," June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

INSTANCES OF VITALITY.

BEATRICE, Neb., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading my FOREST AND STREAM of June 1 I notice an article headed "Strange Vitality in Birds and Animals," and the correspondent wants other instances cited. I will quote from my journal of eight months' hunting among the Bad Lands for his benefit, if you care to publish it:

"July 23.—Out of meat at the ranch to-day. Struck west and north to head of Little Powder River. Saw eight antelope and got a shot at about 800 yds. Knocked a doe down. Went to load her in the wagon, when she jumped up and started off. Fired five shots (from a .45-70 Winchester) and ran out of ammunition. Harry drove up with the Springfield, .50 cal. The doe stopped near a large boulder, and I crawled within ten paces and shot her three times with the six-shooter (a .45 Colts belt revolver). She ran three-quarters of a mile and lay down by a spring. I crawled up behind the sage brush and shot five times with the Springfield (old model .50 cal. Government gun). On skinning her, we found that ten shots out of the fourteen had struck her." (None less than .45 cal.) I don't know which ones belong to the separate calibers.

Again I quote the journal written on the same day: "Both hindlegs were broken, one in three places, one front leg shot off about the knee. One ball passed through the head just in front of the eyes, making a hole about 2 in. square through both nasal passages. Two balls through the muscles of the neck and four through the body in different directions, a total of ten separate shots which hit her before she fell."

This is copied from a log book kept while I was in the hills, written up every day, and containing exact data for every day from May 27 to Dec. 21, 1890, and is open to the curious; and I and Harry Cave, of this city (who was with me), will swear to its being correct in every particular.

The next instance is a blacktail buck on Mt. Zahn, between the Black Hills and Big Horn Mountains. The first shot was at about 600 yds. Two balls struck him, one at the base of the horn, which broke the bone but did not enter the brain; the other struck above the root of the tail about 2 in. and ranged along the vertebrae until over the lungs, when it ranged down through the lungs and cut two of the large veins of the heart, and stopped on the inside of the left foreleg just above the knee. He ran about 300 yds. and fell dead. This was Nov. 9.

On Dec. 6 Isaac Ward and myself killed a whitetail doe on Mason Creek in the Black Hills. Ike shot first and knocked her down, but she jumped up and ran down the creek. I cut across a bend and knocked her down with another shot, but she started again, when I shot her twice with the six-shooter and got her. She ran about three-quarters of a mile and lived about half an hour, though all the shots were through the lungs and in the region of the heart.

I have had lots of experience with deer and antelope; and there are only two shots that I know of that kill the instant they strike, or at least so paralyze the animals as to make them perfectly helpless, and so far as I am able to distinguish, dead. These are through either the brain or spinal cord. A shot through the heart is a sure killer, but not always instantly, as is one in the brain or spine. The contrary has been my experience with birds, and I have in nearly every instance noticed that a bird shot through the head lives longer than one shot through the heart, though it is paralyzed in everything except muscular action. A Bob White quail, if shot through the head, will spin around like a peg top, with the head for a pivot, in almost every instance.

I have killed quite a number of antelope and deer with a single ball through the heart or spine, but do not consider a heart shot necessarily instantly fatal, as a spine or brain shot is invariably. I do not try to explain it, merely state what I know from experience to be a fact.

I always use a .45-70 Winchester gun and nothing but U. M. C. .45-70 ammunition for big game, and consider it the most effective combination extant for big game, for carrying power and penetration. I can state positively that at an angle of 45° this size Winchester, using U. M. C. cartridges, will throw a ball three miles from the gun, measured distance. There is an item for "pattern and penetration" sportsmen to figure on. Also a .22 cal. Flobert rifle will shoot a .22 short ball a mile, measured distance. I have measured both and know whereof I speak.

EL COMANCHE.

MAINE'S MOOSE FOR THE FAIR.

THE Maine papers have just chronicled a curious moose hunt that has proved successful. A cow moose and her calf were wanted to complete the Maine exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. State Taxidermist Gifford had early last winter been able to get, from his own selection and others, fine specimens of all the fauna of the Pine Tree State, except a cow moose and a calf. Accordingly the Legislature was asked to legalize the killing of one cow and her calf in close season. This was done, but the killing was to be done under the superintendence of Mr. Gifford. He started, with his three guides, about March 1 from Hotel Hesselton, in Skowhegan, northward into the game preserve of the Megantic Fish and Game Association. After two or three days' travel northward by teams, they went into the woods after fresh moose tracks in the 2 or 3 ft. of snow that then covered the ground. These tracks they soon discovered; the trail of three grown animals, but no calves. Concluding from the size of the track that one of them must be a cow, Mr. Gifford and his men started in hot pursuit. In two days the bulls were overtaken, but it was close time on them, and besides, they were not wanted. They were passed or allowed to turn out on one side, and the pursuit kept up for the female. She was followed over into Canada, where Mr. Gifford had no right to take her, and besides, it was concluded that she must be barren by the speed she made, and she was given up. The hunters then turned back upon Maine soil.

The next day they were rewarded by new tracks and soon they came full upon a cow moose lying down. She got up and immediately charged upon the hunters with a bellow and a peculiar zig-zag motion. Mr. Gifford was much surprised at this action of the cow. Heretofore, in his experience, the first object of the moose hunted had been that of getting away. The cow was shot as she charged head on, and immediately it was found that she was about to give birth to a calf, this accounting for her strange conduct and bellowing. She was ripped open as quickly as possible and, according to published account, a live calf, with eyes wide open, was set at liberty from his mother. It was about as big as a 40-pound dog and only 23 in. high. It lived some 10 minutes only, waiting the meantime for sustenance. But there was nothing at hand with which to have fed the little creature, thus singularly ushered into the world, and the hunters were not sorry when it was dead. It was wrapped in the skin of its mother and toted on an improvised hand sled from the woods by the hunters. Its skin, handsomely mounted, will help out the Maine exhibit at the World's Fair, together with that of its mother and the mounted hide of an enormous bull moose. The mother weighed some 900 lbs., while the weight of the calf was not over one-twenty-fifth of her own. It is said that a female deer will often give birth to twin fawns of nearly one-quarter of the mother's weight, while most other animals produce larger offspring relatively than does the moose.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

New Illinois Laws.

CHICAGO, June 17.—The wise body of men known as the Illinois Legislature adjourned yesterday. Of the many game bills before the House only two are known to have become laws. The Mongolian pheasant is protected for five years from July 1. This was Senator Coppinger's bill. The quail date is set later thirty days. Quail can now be killed in November and December instead of October and November. This is a loss, as December means more snow, more potting and more trapping. This law probably also carries the chicken date from Sept. 15 to Sept. 1, another distinct loss to the sportsmen, if this be true. All in all, the sportsmen were sufficiently knocked out this year.

Good Mr. Altgeld.

Gov. John P. Altgeld, who openly says that the fish and game laws ought to be abolished, and that all prosecutions under them are persecutions, has developed another phase of his thoughtful and highly humane character. He proclaims that when the cowboy road race from Chadron, Neb., to the Fair has reached the confines of Illinois he will arrest all the riders. This may or may not be well. I only mention it to show what a good, kind, thoughtful man Mr. Altgeld is. We are in great luck to have him for governor, though I fear we are going to lose him next trip.

National Convention.

The committee to devise ways and means for a national convention of sportsmen met this week. They discussed ways and means to devise a national convention.

Found Some Contraband.

The other day I was buying a money order in the U. S. Express Co. office, and happened to hear one of the clerks ask another if he didn't want some squirrels.

"Yes. Why?" said the other.

"Two boxes on ice, refused," was the reply.

I questioned them, telling them who I was, and they not being reserved in the matter, told what they knew and made no demur to the proposition to send for the game warden. Warden Bortree at my request called and looked up the case. He found one box from Warrington, Mo., sent Terrill Bros., South Water street, Chicago, no consignor named, box marked "100 lbs. of frogs." The box was full of young squirrels. Another box was reported destroyed by the company, it also having been refused by consignee. Two other boxes were found, marked "Game," sent from New Madrid, Mo., to A. McMullen, also of South Water street. These also were refused. The two packages contained a dozen young squirrels on ice. The express company at first did not want Warden Bortree to search but at length consented. In speaking with me the man at the window to the left of the money order window was very harsh in his opinions about sportsmen. He thought they were all frauds. If he had thought they were all gentlemen it might have saved his company \$50. Warden Bortree said he would not push for the limit, but would let the company off on \$50, just to jog their memory about sportsmen and the laws. Squirrels can be killed in Illinois after June 1, but not sold, and the law providing for the sale of outside game names Oct. 1 as the open dates under specifications. Warden Bortree thinks

he has a case and thinks that too much leniency would be misplaced under the circumstances. The consignors can not be reached. An express company which freely handles boxes marked "Game" can be reached very easily. Let her roll.

Wiped the Earth with Them Again.

A few members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club met for the second medal contest last Wednesday at Union Park, west side. Mr. Elmer E. Wilkinson, according to all accounts, wiped the earth up with the entire outfit again. He cast over 80 ft. with the fly, I am told, and about half a mile with bait (Query: What has bait-casting to do in a fly-casting club?). Perhaps there may be a disposition to go behind the returns in the following card from the secretary, received this morning by the members: "A special meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club has been called for Tuesday, June 20, 8 P. M., at Grand Pacific, to investigate the awards of the Judges at the last weekly contest." E. HOUGH.

A Wyoming Tragedy.

BEATRICE, Neb., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Newcastle, Wyo., *News* Journal reports the death of Henry Mason, one of the best known and oldest settlers of Wyoming, who was killed by a bear last week.

"Last Friday morning Mason left the house, telling his wife that he was going to a mining camp a short distance away to work that day and would be back in the evening. Evening came and he did not return as was expected. After passing an anxious night in waiting for his return his wife started out to look for him as soon as daylight came. Within a short distance from the house she came upon the track of her husband and that of a bear, which he seemed to be following. She followed the track for about three miles when she came upon the mangled remains of her husband.

"It seems, from investigation, that Mason, after leaving the house, saw where the bear had been eating at the body of a dead horse during the night and decided to follow him. After following the track up the cañon nearly three miles he came upon the bear, and as he was lying down got within a few yards of him before seeing him. He fired one shot into the bear and attempted to throw another cartridge into the barrel. It being a defective cartridge, it stuck, and he was without means of defense against the bear, which now attacked him. His only safety lay in escape and this he attempted to do by climbing a tree. He appears to have tried to take his gun with him, but the bear tore it from his grasp, as the very plainly seen marks of the bear's teeth on the stock of the gun show. The bear then attempted to seize him, but he was so far up the tree as to be nearly out of danger. A severely lacerated heel, however, and plain signs of having clung to the tree show that the bear caught hold of him by the foot, but was not successful in pulling him down.

"Everything goes to show that he remained in the tree until the bear had disappeared and was, as he thought, gone, when he came down the tree and started for home. After going about 75 yds. he stopped to bind up his wounded foot, and perhaps other wounds, when the bear again attacked and killed him, mangling him in a terrible manner, thirty-two different bites of the animal being found upon his body. A party went in search of the bear and killed him after firing eight shots into his body.

"The victim of the tragedy is well known to a number of Beatrice people who have been at Newcastle, and among them Colonel O. H. Phillips, late mayor of this city. Colonel Phillips wrote to L. T. Griggs, clerk of the courts at Newcastle, asking him to get the dimensions of the bear if possible, as there was some question regarding the size of the animal among Beatrice hunters and sportsmen. Mr. Griggs replied:

"Upon the receipt of your letter I went and measured the bear that killed Henry Mason, and here are the figures that I know are correct: Length from tip of tail to nose, 7 ft. 6 in.; height, 4 ft. 6 in.; around body, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 1,000 lbs.; around head, 3 ft.; tusks, 1 1/2 in.; paw, 6 x 1 1/2 in.; claws, 4 in. long. You can swear to this as I know it is all right."

Spring in the Yellowstone Park.

WE are permitted to take from a private letter, written from the Yellowstone Park, June 6, the following notes: "On June 1, I tried to make a tour of the Park. I reached the Geyser Basins all right, but between Norris and the Cañon there was from 1 to 6 ft. of snow, and when I got about three miles from the Cañon I gave it up. That road is now open, and in a day or two it will be open to the lake. The snow is deeper than ever known at this time of the year, but there does not seem to be much frost in the ground, and the roads dry as soon as they are bare. During my short trip I saw no game, but there was plenty of sign. There were buffalo tracks near the Fountain Hotel, apparently they were on their way from Nez Percé Creek to their summer range in the southwest. I did see some badgers, porcupines and other small animals.

"Travel has already begun very briskly, and there are plenty of barons, counts and dukes in the array. Four out of five names on the register of the hotel are foreigners.

"The weather is getting quite warm, and the snow is going fast."

A Game Importing Society.

BARTLETT, N. H.—In my native country of Sweden can be found the capercaillie and black game, which I am certain would thrive in the United States, especially in our mountainous districts. And I am also certain that if our American sportsmen knew what sport it is to hunt those birds they would lose no time in introducing them in our fields of sport. I would like to see a society formed for the purpose of importing and introducing new and useful game in the United States. Perhaps such a society exists, but I never heard of it. JAGARE.

Reynard Caught.

AND in a manner most extraordinary. Stamford T. Moore, of Lawrence county, Ohio, came suddenly upon a fox, which perhaps was napping. The fox sprang, and in its haste to escape got stuck between two branches of a fallen tree. It seems the pelvic formation of the animal was unusually developed, as he could get no further than the hips, so Mr. Moore captured the fox—a full-grown one. N. D. ELTING.

A Hunter's P-R-D-S.

LAST fall I enjoyed the most successful and pleasant hunting and fishing trip that has fallen to my lot during many seasons of woods, mountains and plains cruising. I am confident that I found the best big game country on this continent, and, while not at liberty to publish to the hunting fraternity at large its exact location, I am unselfish enough to be willing to give full particulars to a few gentlemen who may be contemplating outings during the season of 1893, and who are sportsmen of that quality that can hold its hand in the midst of noble game when enough has been killed to satisfy a reasonable man.

In this favored region are elk galore, and the novice may be sure of securing a head grand enough to grace any hall in the land. There are many bear, black, brown and silvertip, while the higher ranges will furnish their tributes of mule deer and mountain sheep to those who wish to test their lungs and limbs by high climbs among the pinacles.

On the lower ground antelope are plentiful, and in many places the lay of the land is such that they are not particularly difficult to approach. The lover of the shotgun can have good sport with the wild geese, ducks and cranes that abound about the lakes and streams in the valleys, and with the sage fowl, ruffed grouse and blue grouse which are found on their various ranges in numbers sufficient to afford good shooting. For him who wields the dainty fly-rod there is joy by the wagonload, for the mountain trout are big, husky and plenty. I caught them up to 3 lbs. in weight, and was perfectly satisfied, while my guide cursed the luck because I did not catch any "big ones."

I can furnish proper parties the addresses of guides who are sober and reliable men, and who have excellent outfits at moderate prices. FOREST AND STREAM is at liberty to forward communications to me, and I will try and give a few sportsmen information that will insure them good sport and a trip that it will not require the pocket of a millionaire to reach. CHAINBEARER.

The .22.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass.—While taking a walk in the Adirondacks one day last fall I saw a hawk sitting on a fencepost about 300 ft. away. Resting my rifle, a .22 Remington, on a fence rail I fired, and the hawk pitched forward into the grass. Putting in a fresh cartridge I ran to the place, and while looking for the hawk it rose and flew unsteadily in an almost direct line from me. Covering it I fired again when it was about 250 ft. away, and was very much surprised to see it fall with a broken wing. On examination I found that the first shot had wounded it slightly in the neck. Doesn't that speak pretty well for the accuracy of the small bore? The cartridge used was a .22 long. W. H. L., Jr.

A Vision of Bear.

LIVINGSTONE MANOR, N. Y., June 18.—As some of our city guests were taking in some fresh air this morning they were terribly startled by the appearance of a large black bear in the fields near by. Bruin seemed to be out on a Sunday stroll and to have no fear of dogs or guns, and taking a good look at the surroundings, walked up to the field near the house, and after giving us a good look at his fine stately proportions, very deliberately walked off, not even bidding us good-bye. I presume he is a strict observer of the Sabbath and did not like the idea of any altercation on the day of rest. WM. P. ROSE.

"If your Caravels"—SEE THE ADVT.

The Improved "Perfect."

The improvements in the "Perfect" Pocket Oilier have met with the general approval of the trade. Although this oilier originally was a particularly good one, being very tight and handy, the improvements have insured its tightness without in any way interfering with its usefulness. In oiling your machine with the "Perfect" it is an easy matter to get only the exact amount of oil needed. There is no danger of an over supply, which causes dust and dirt to collect, thereby doing much injury to the machine.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

GREENWOOD LAKE.

THE fishing at Greenwood Lake has been unusually good since the opening of the season. Large catches of bass and other fish have been made and there have been only two poor days since May 30. The largest bass so far taken was caught by a boy from an old dock in front of the Valley House. It weighed 6 lbs. Nathan Davey, the well known guide, took 50 lbs. of bass in front of this house in one day's fishing.

H. S. Robbins, of 82 Worth street, New York, who is stopping at the Windermere, caught 15 bass, none weighing less than a pound, between the hours of 9 and 11 in the morning. Mr. Geo. J. Seabury, who is the author of a standard work on the black bass, fished six days and averaged 20 bass each day. He sent 100 lbs. of bass in to New York besides bass eaten at the hotel table, perch, pickerel, etc.

Messrs. Cockshaw and Durfee, who are stopping at the Brandon, caught 60 bass, from 1 lb. up, in two days. There is a good trout brook controlled by this hotel in the interests of its guests.

They have a joke on a gentleman stopping at the Waterstone Cottage, that will probably not lose its point for some time to come. He had returned from a successful fishing trip with a good catch, including some fine bass, which he transferred as he thought from his boat to the live box in the float in front of the hotel. However, just about the time he made the last transfer of the king bass of the lot, he discovered the live box sitting on the float beside him, and it dawned upon him that he had dropped all his fish into the open waters of the lake instead. His friends say that it was simply a philanthropic little scheme of his for restocking the lake, but personally he refuses to discuss the subject.

J. C. Jacobson, of New York, who is stopping at the

Lakeside, caught 9 bass in one day that weighed 22lbs. One of these, if I am not mistaken, was a 6-pounder. A day or two after he caught 9 that weighed 18lbs. The Liliputians, with their manager, Mr. Rosenfeld, are stopping at this house. Mr. Rosenfeld has made several good catches, but Lottie Collins's admirer, Mr. Adolph Zink, threatens his laurels. The latter is a great fisherman for his inches, and is going to get "that big one" yet.

Little Fritz Ebhardt is quite a hunter. He has a neat little double barrel shotgun of .44 caliber, that only weighs 3lbs., and he handles it as if he knows how to use it. Last Friday morning he killed two snakes with it, and won the admiration of the lady members of the company.

In a few minutes' fishing last Saturday the writer caught 3 bass and 2 pickerel. They were caught trolling with a No. 4 Buel spoon bait. Taken on the whole this promises to be an unusually good season at Greenwood, and larger catches than any mentioned will probably be taken as the summer advances.

OUR BOSTON NEWS BUDGET.

BOSTON, June 19.—Boston anglers are making ready and departing. Mr. D. H. Blanchard, with his daughter, is about leaving for his salmon river, the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite. Mr. Richard O. Harding, a number of years and so faithfully secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, will spend a couple of weeks' vacation with Mr. Blanchard, probably early in the trip, but he may be hindered till well into July. Mr. Blanchard will be at his river for a couple of months at least. Mr. E. Rollins Morse, of Boston, will also be a guest of Mr. Blanchard. Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the salmon artist, with Mrs. Brackett, is now at his salmon preserve, just below that of Mr. Blanchard. He will remain for the entire season. Mr. E. C. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Co., will fish his salmon preserve, on the Upsalquitch, this season. Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., has gone to the Restigouche. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., one of the best known anglers and sportsmen of Boston, has gone to his salmon river, or the one he owns in company with Mr. I. W. Adams, of the Boston Net & Twine Co. The river is the St. Johns, at Gaspé. Mr. Fottler will doubtless remain for a couple of months or more. He takes his family with him.

One of the happiest trout parties of the season was to leave Troy and Keene, N. H., on Tuesday for Rangleley. From that noted trout town they were to make their way to Kennebecago, there to catch trout with the fly for a couple of weeks. The names of the party are Mr. C. W. Whitney, of the dry goods trade at Troy; Mr. Whitcomb, the box manufacturer at Troy; State Fish Commissioner Kimball, of Keene, and Charlie Stone, the hardware dealer at Keene. Merchants and manufacturers like those in the above party are greatly benefitted by their annual fishing outing, and they most heartily enjoy it. Mr. Whitney is also a lover of hunting. Every season he takes a number of foxes, and he is one of the most enthusiastic at the sport. Living where he can reach the neighborhood of good fox hunting in a short time with a good team, he often takes in a reynard or two of a frosty morning in winter.

Mr. James Kinsley, of Waverley avenue, Newton, with Mrs. Kinsley and Master Percy Kinsley, will spend the summer at Andover, Me., stopping at Cushman's. Mr. Kinsley is a great lover of brook fishing, and Master Percy, only seven years of age, is as much of an enthusiast as his father. His record of trout was a good one last year, and it is likely to be better this year.

CONNECTICUT BLACK BASS.

HARTFORD, June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Probably Connecticut can furnish as many valuable streams, ponds and lakes, according to its area, as almost any State in the Union. We have just won a victory for the black bass interests, which, I think, has been as lively a struggle as any one bill of like nature has caused in some time.

I started the ball rolling by drawing a bill which provided for a close season during May and June, against taking at any time except with hook and line, and provided a fine of \$10 for every fish found in any person's possession during close season or taken except with hook and line. This fine was amended by adding the words "not exceeding," but we did not think it worth while to oppose it, since the gentleman who proposed it was in favor of the general provisions of the bill and a much respected member of the House. Private waters were excepted in a separate section, so that if a defendant can prove he took them from his pond he is not liable.

All our game and fish laws that are general throughout the State make an exception of the owners or occupant under lease; therefore, it was thought proper to make this conform with the others. Then, the farmers own most of the land where game and fish exist, or are riparian owners; and if they will use the sportsman as one gentleman should another, we will be glad to do the same.

Also, the intention of the bill was to prevent spearing and taking by similar device the fish on their beds when they were spawning. Our old law was lamentably weak, as it simply forbid "taking from the waters of the State." That meant a poacher must be caught in the act, which was next to impossible; therefore, it meant very little.

The Committee on Fisheries changed the order of things a trifle and reported it to the House as a substitute bill and unanimously recommended its passage; but it was immediately jumped on by several representatives, who, by the way, have since become conspicuous for their efforts to defend the pound fisherman, and presumably these gentlemen learned that Mr. A. C. Collins appeared before the Committee on Fisheries in its favor while they kept away, and so thought it a nice opportunity to "sit on him." But Mr. Collins has too many friends in this State to be "sat on" so easily, and the result was the Senate rejected the amendment and the House concurred. Do not pine. We are grateful for the courtesy of the committee, especially their House chairman, Dr. McKnight, of East Hartford, as also that of many others, both in the Legislature and outside.

But the struggle will bear its fruit; we have made up our minds what we get we must fight for, and will be prepared. We have some trout interests to be looked after and I hope some gentlemen of more influence and greater powers than myself will start it. We have some beautiful streams, the most conspicuous being the Farmington River. With the construction of a few suitable fishways,

which the statutes amply provide for, and a generous stocking, the Fish Commissioners could transform this picturesque stream into a paradise for trout fishing. Mr. E. E. Warren, game and fish warden of Litchfield county, has watched it and its tributary streams faithfully, and if the Fish Commissioners would do their share there would be no better resort. There is a large appropriation for trout in the Legislature now, and if passed we expect our Fish Commissioners to do something toward building up the fishing in waters where the public can get the benefit of a public expense. If they do not look more closely to public interests there will be a lively time next session to know where these fish go.

Allow me to thank you for your very valuable contributions, both through your paper and by letter, regarding bass, and we feel assured it helped greatly. We are sorry FOREST AND STREAM cannot catch bass in Connecticut, but can assure him there are many who can. I hope this will meet the approval of all true sportsmen.

CHARLES W. HALL.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE CURIOSITY.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a result of the cold and wet spring, the brook trout season in this section was late in opening, and on account of the exceedingly cold, icy winter the catches are small, much below the average of former seasons. Some brooks, where in previous years the fisherman has been bountifully rewarded, nothing responds to his allurements. Others yield from 4 to 20, and I have a few times heard of from 60 to 100 being taken in a day. Mr. Frank S. Sutcliffe, principal of the Lincoln Grammar School, and a companion, brought in the largest string thus far reported, 160. They got them "over there." When the crop in prospect from the new State hatchery, now being established in this city, is deposited in our near-by streams, I expect to hear of more satisfactorily weighted creels returning from the trout and mosquito lairs of southern New Hampshire.

Col. Arthur S. Clarke, Maj. Harry B. Cilley, Mr. Wm. R. Forsaith, Mr. Benj. F. Clark and Henry S. Clark returned the first of the week from the northern part of Maine, where they spent two weeks fishing. They report very good success. Their largest trout weighed 5lbs. Two, three and four pound fish were plenty.

A movement has been in progress for some time among the sportsmen of the southern part of the State, petitions circulated and presented to the Governor, also hearings and discussions have taken place, looking to the appointment of a new man, both young and enthusiastic lover of the practical use of rod and gun, in place of Elliott B. Hodge, Chairman of the Fish and Game Commission and Supt. of the Plymouth and Sunapee Lake Hatching Stations for many years. The matter will probably come before the Governor and Council at their meeting this week.

While fishing last Friday afternoon in a neighboring town, I met with an experience that, while unpleasant in some respects, ended happily and proved to me, as nothing but personal experience could, the existence of a healthy, full grown country boy who, probably born and reared in the immediate neighborhood of what is reputed to be one of the largest and best trout streams of this section, did not know of its existence. In company with a friend I went to this brook, with the idea that I knew its course. Two roads cross the brook a mile or more apart, and he drove me to the crossing of the further road and drove back and hitched the team at the crossing of the road nearest home, with the understanding that we were to fish and meet on the brook. Unconscious of the fact that the brook had any branches, I took the side away from the sun and worked away through brush, mud, flies and mosquitoes—enough of either to have exasperated a much better man than your correspondent, till I had taken a half dozen pretty trout and begun to be aware that my friend Fisher (by name and occupation), should be in the vicinity, as I thought I had been far enough to have reached the other road crossing, and began to suspect that something was wrong in our calculations and connections. Averse to taking back tracks, and oblivious to having passed a junction of the stream I was on with the one Mr. Fisher began on at his road, I hurriedly worked along, till anxiety for my whereabouts overcame my desire for more fish, when I bunched up my pole for a walking stick and changed my occupation to that of a pedestrian, still following the brook, now coursing over a steep grade of rocky country and through an old growth of timber, until it was entirely lost in a large surface of spring holes and rocks. Looking for the sun, then near the horizon, I shaped a course which I judged would lead in the direction of the team, and after a tedious tramp of half an hour espied a farmhouse on a hill in the distance, toward which I turned my steps. In that house, on that hill, lives the curiosity. He does not live on a road, but on a lane that I suppose leads to a road if followed far enough in the right direction. I found the "wonder" out of doors, and to my question as to the direction it was necessary to take to find the brook I had started to fish, naming it to him, he answered, I have no doubt truthfully, that he did not know. I have struck hard luck in my previous hunting and fishing experiences, but that answer topped them all, and was for the moment a keen disappointment to me as well as a surprise. I pitied the fellow for the sport he was losing, and also inwardly cursed him for his blooming stupidity, but neither helped me out of my dilemma. Blindly I started down the lane on which his house was, till my path ended in a field a mile or more away, in which was a house which I soon found was one of New Hampshire's numerous deserted homesteads. From there I saw another house, and again I found there had been another desertion, but a highway was at last in sight, which with joy I followed to the fourth house in my search for information. There I was delighted to find a man who could put me on the right track. The place where the team was left proved to be about one and one-half miles away, which distance I was not long in covering, there to find Mr. Fisher shouting and waiting in the gloaming with fear and trembling.

Our trip of fifteen miles home, with the nineteen trout we captured, was a dark but quick one. While on our way out we passed a partridge and a brood of a dozen young, not more than a day or two old. The old bird would not fly, but staid by her young, within a few feet of us, a subject of our unqualified admiration, and I hope she may never fare any worse than then, as a result of her affection and pluck.

PAYSON.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

CLAYTON, N. Y., June 10.—Although the weather here has not been the most favorable for fishing the past weeks, good average catches have been daily brought in, and the prospect of a first-class season are good. I inclose the scores, which are fairly representative of two anglers, for the past ten days: Mr. C. C. Dorr, of Boston, Mass. (guide, Sam Denny), June 1st 18 black bass, 2d 27, 3d 88, 4th 12, 5th 7, 6th 23, 7th 5, 8th 14, 9th 25, 10th 29. Mr. W. Bunker, New York (guide, Steve Legare), June 1st 31 black bass, 2d 20, 3d 18, 4th 17, 5th 18, 6th 16, 7th 38, 8th 28, 9th 33, 10th 43. Thirty out of the 38 bass caught by Mr. Dorr, on 3d inst., weighed 49lbs. Mr. Bunker's catch of 7th inst. included 8 weighing 20lbs., and of 8th inst., 30 weighing 40lbs. This score also shows 8 bass as follows: One 4lb., two 3½lbs. each, two 3½lbs. each, and three 3lbs. each. Mr. Dorr's catch is from his own rod, while Mr. Bunker's also includes those taken by Mrs. Bunker.

F.

HADLEY, Mass., June 12.—We have a lovely home here and a most excellent table—the best I have found yet, as far as I've got. Mount Holyoke is only two miles off. On Friday I went trout fishing in Sunderland and caught two small ones. The man who directed us where to go, went out Sunday A. M. to Hart's Brook and caught 25 trout, 11 of which weighed 8lbs. It looks as if he turned the crank the wrong way for us. Come up here and climb the mountain (by elevator) and fish Hart's Brook, and see the boys.

C.

ADIRONDACKS.—Northwood, N. Y., June 14.—To residents it seems as though trout in West Canada Creek are growing more numerous each year. Three years ago our most expert fishermen experienced difficulty in getting a meal of fish. This spring nearly all could catch trout enough for a good meal without difficulty. This spring a man here, besides doing his farm work well, caught from \$10 to \$20 worth of trout per week, which he sold to his neighbors who did not care to fish. A pot-fisher? Perhaps. He enjoyed the scenery; he took as much pleasure in landing a trout as any one, but he sold his fish. To be a sportsman must one give his fish and game away when there are many ready to buy it? What difference does it make to a fish whether he is sold or given away? He is dead and certainly cannot increase the game supply.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

DINGMAN'S FERRY (Port Jervis), Pa., June 14.—Trout fishing during the week has been good. One of our guests, Mr. W. D. Chalfin, of New York, took 39 trout on Dingman Creek, near Stokes Meadows, weighing 11lbs., in about five hours' fishing. Our streams are now in splendid condition, good prospects for coming week.

P. F. F.

GREENWOOD LAKE, New York, June 17.—The largest of the season, Saturday, 17th inst., caught by Leon Hazen, son of the proprietor. Fishing off shore with angle worm—weight 6½lbs. Bass fishing average 12 per day, average weight 1½lbs. Prospects good.

WINDERMERE.

CLAYTON, Thousand Islands, N. Y., June 17.—Black bass fishing here first-rate. Fish numerous and average good size. Mr. John Bush, of Buffalo, N. Y., landed 84 black bass on 15th inst.

J. G. FRASER.

HENDERSON HARBOR, N. Y., June 16.—Mr. R. Heimsek, Mr. Frank Harrison and W. P. Sinnock, of New Jersey, have just left our place for home; having fished ten days with remarkable success with the bass, saving only large fish, putting back all spawners and small ones; nothing less than 1½lbs. kept, and their record was over 400.

E. TYLER.

BLACK BROOK (Rogers), N. Y., June 16.—Trout fishing in brooks here is first-class now. The brooks have not been fished as much for the past few years and the trout caught now are larger and more of them.

W. W. PIERCE.

THREE LAKES, Wis., June 11.—In two days' fishing Dr. Portee, Mr. Muchman and Mr. Mason caught 278 bass. Largest, 1½lbs. Average, 2½lbs. Fishing is good, eighteen mascalonge caught by parties stopping at my place last week.

F. R. FRENCH.

SHELDRAKE (Hurleyville), N. Y., June 17.—Some very nice black bass have been caught in Sheldrake Lake, weighing from 2 to 4½lbs. and forty pickerel, weighing from 1 to 3lbs. by E. Misner and John Matthews.

E. MISNER.

STEVENSVILLE (Liberty Falls), N. Y., June 19.—Frank E. Quimby, of New Jersey, caught one pickerel of 4lbs. 10oz. and one 4lbs. 6oz. Stevensville Lake is full of pickerel weighing from ½lb. to 3½lbs. and there are a good many caught which weigh more than 3lbs. Prospects for next week are very good.

H. M. STODDARD.

LAKE RIDGE, Huntsville, O.—Bass are biting in the Indian Lake, Lewiston Reservoir, some 4 and 4½lbs. bass having been caught the last week. Fishing good.

L. H. B.

The Silk-Worm Gut Market.

REDDITCH, June 7.—As the manager of our factory at Murcia has just completed his purchase from the worm breeders, your readers will be interested to know the result of the gut crop for this year. The quantity of silk-worm gut produced is not more than half what was made last year, as the price offered for silk rose from 120 reals per arroba to 220 reals. There is an average production of thick gut, so that for the present prices remain as usual; but if the price for silk is maintained, as seems probable, the prices of gut must advance next year 40 or 60 per cent.

S. ALLCOCK & Co.

The Mountain Trout.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your compositors have re-revised my ballad of "The Mountain Trout" in an unexpected manner. They have rechristened the familiar "poke-stalk" of the meadows and called it "Polk-stalk," after the ex-President, and "yon stone" which I imagined as rippling the waters, is presented to the angler as "your stone!"

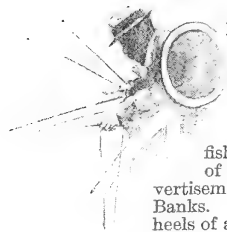
"Alas! what hidden perils swi-

The man who meddles with cold type."

VON W.

WITH THE "AL FOSTER"

To the Fishing Banks.



NE of the hottest mornings of a record-breaking simoon that swept over New York city and the country in general last summer, found my wife and myself embarking on the fine iron fishing steamer Al Foster, "pride of the sea and river," as the advertisements have it, bound for the Banks. The day was following on the heels of a night so fiery hot that neither of us had been able to sleep, barring a few cat naps caught just before day-

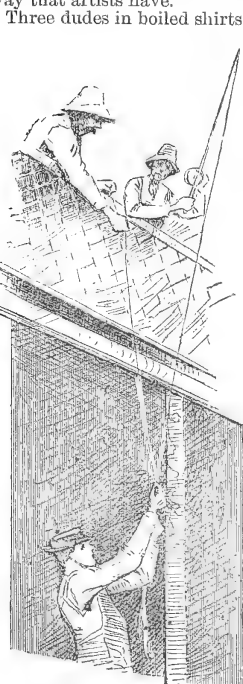
break, and we had debated long and with as much energy as the weather would permit whether it would not be wise to give up our long planned trip, but at last, simply on the strength of our previous resolution, the day was won for the Banks.

The Al Foster lay at the end of a long wharf, Pier 7, North River; that reaches out Jerseyward, where the waters of the Hudson mingle with the salt tide of the Upper Bay. As we hurried down the long, roofed vista, we could hear her whistle tooting persuasively to us and others similarly minded to move our pegs a little faster, and not wishing to be left we increased our speed and soon were aboard.

Once on the boat, and ensconced in good seats on the second deck, we found that we had made a grave mistake in imagining that there was any danger of our being left behind and any great necessity for hurrying. A fishing steamer never leaves any one behind, provided he is in sight, more precious to it is the one late sinner than the ninety and nine punctual passengers who are safe aboard. We learned this fact as we watched the late arrivals hurry down the wharf, and saw Captain Al Foster (for whom the boat is named) lean far out over the hurricane deck rail and beckon to the tardy and perspiring, and encourage them by word of mouth to greater exertion. As long as one was in sight he held the boat. Finally, however, the last sinner was gathered into the fold, the lines cast off, and the boat's nose pointed oceanward.

It is important to secure a good position on a fishing boat when one first comes aboard, for it is not customary to change afterwards, and such an attempt would seriously infringe on the rules of etiquette that here obtain, as it would be sure to interfere with some one else's elbow room, and reduce his pre-empted space. We had been fortunate in getting seats in the extreme bow next the flagstaff, and, facing aft, were protected on both flanks and the rear by the railing from too close contact with our fellow passengers, while we had a good opportunity to observe them, which, incidentally, was one of the objects of our trip.

We had brought along sketch books for amusement, and as soon as we were well off my wife produced hers, secure in the conviction that no one could look over her shoulder from behind (unless by climbing the flagpole) and began shyly to sketch a group that took her fancy, measuring with her pencil and looking up and down in a way that artists have.



COMPLICATIONS.

Three dudes in boiled shirts and decidedly out of touch with Captain Foster's family of fishermen, persisted in getting in the way and causing her no little annoyance, but they didn't get their pictures taken—there is abundant material of that kind in the pages of *Puck* and *Life*, and we had no need for it.

Beyond the dudes was an interesting assemblage of men, women and children, for the second deck is the family stronghold on the Al Foster. There was a fine-looking German and his two grown daughters, next them a group of an old lady, a husband and wife, the latter with her baby, and several unattached young people of either sex. Then came three or four masculine friends who preferred the shade of the awning-protected second deck to either the upper sun-searched deck or the main deck where there was scarcely elbow room. Then there were several more women with babies, men with small boys, and small boys alone, half a dozen couples, and a sprinkling

of lone individuals who made up for their lack of friends by their friendship to their art. This deck was neutral territory for the rod fishermen and the hand-liners. The main deck was by common consent the rallying point of the latter, while the upper deck was given up exclusively to rods. This division of the forces was dictated by expediency. The hand-liners would no doubt have preferred fishing from the upper deck, but the rod men

knew that this would cause a greater tangling of lines than ever, and effectually tabooed them from that sacred spot. It might be well to add that women were not to be found on either the upper or main decks. These were reserved for past masters of the craft who fished with untiring assiduity as though their lives depended on it,



CAPT. AL FOSTER.

and had no time for the frivolities of conversation. They only stopped fishing when compelled to by the moving of the boat to different grounds, or to unravel a tangle.

This was the atmosphere of the picture: family parties, men with their wives, sweethearts and babies on the middle deck, and men enjoying sweet communion with their art alone on the other decks. One point differentiated these excursionists from other excursionists, and that was the subtle sense of good fellowship that pervaded the assemblage. The knowledge of a common bond of union seemed to knit the various sorts and conditions of men into one family. It would have gratified the heart of a philanthropist to see so many good-humored and orderly people together, each mindful of the other's comfort and careful not to infringe on his rights with a discriminating appreciation of what were his rights that was altogether unusual. Of course there were exceptions to this rule, as must be the case with every rule, but the atmosphere of friendly fellowship was very noticeable.

While we were talking and sketching the Al Foster had slipped down the Upper Bay, through the Narrows, and was now off Sandy Hook. The old fishermen began



CAUGHT WITH A CAMERA.

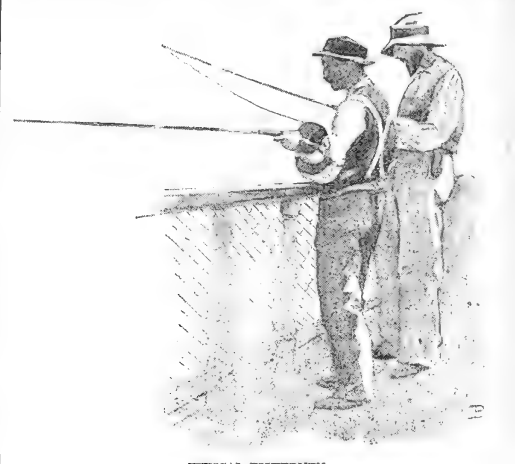
to grow uneasy. Numerous green and parti-colored baskets were opened, lines taken out, together with sinkers, hooks, etc., and rods jointed. The typical salt-water fisherman's basket is a tool chest and work basket combined. It contains scissors, needle and thread, files, knives, wire, awls and many other handy little tools. The fishermen pride themselves on the completeness of their outfits, and next to fishing love tinkering with their tackle. Each man had secured a half dozen or so "bunches" of clams from the bait dealer on the main deck, and these had been plentifully sprinkled with salt—"to make them tough," it was explained. The fishermen now began dissecting these, throwing away the eyes and soft parts, and only keeping the firm yellow flesh, which is both palatable to the fish, and moreover will not easily be stripped from the hook.

Half an hour later the boat was off Long Branch, and Captain Foster, who had been in and out of the pilot house at frequent intervals all the morning, gave the signal to slow up. The order to reverse followed and finally the anchor was dropped. But long before the anchor was down half a hundred lines were overboard in the white spume that rushed forward from the screws, and already several fish were pulled in. The lowering of the anchor was attended by a maneuvering of ropes in our immediate proximity, and this had delayed our efforts to get our lines overboard. Moreover, the artist was not familiar with the operation of baiting the hooks of the hand line she held, and had to have assistance. At last, however, both lines safely reached the water without a tangle, and soon after each gave violent twitches in the effort to fix the hook in an unseen but plainly felt denizen of the briny deep. All around the sound of battle could be heard. From the upper deck the rod men with adroit cast and accompaniment of whizzing reel sailing through the air, sometimes to a distance of 200ft. To their solo parts several hundred brother anglers responded with a chorus of swishing lines and plunking sinkers. The lines were continually becoming entangled, as might have been expected. But there were very few hard words and as a rule the most aggravated snarls were untangled quickly and with good humor.

Soon after the fishing began one hand-liner on the second deck hooked a fine fluke, or flatfish, as large as a dude's straw hat, and hauled it nearly to his deck. His line, however, had become entangled with a fisherman's on the lower deck and the fish hung in mid air a few seconds. Then it gracefully flopped off, struck the gang rail and disappeared in the sea after swimming around half a minute in plain sight near the surface. Under these aggravating circumstances most men would have indulged in profanity, but our friend the fisherman never opened his lips. He philosophically rebaited his hooks and tried again. The only expressions of disappointment to be heard were made by sympathizers who saw the accident from the different decks.

After half an hour's fishing at this spot the anchor was raised and we steamed further down the coast. Neither my wife nor I had caught a fish, though we had had numerous bites and had our hooks frequently stripped. At this spot the fish were mostly small blackfish, and we could not get the knack of hooking them.

After running perhaps a mile the anchor was again lowered and the batteries of the three decks put in action. Numerous exclamations called our attention to the fact



TYPICAL FISHERMEN.

that larger fish had been found, and we saw them coming up over the side with scarcely a pause. One could look down the side of the boat and see a fish in air all the time and frequently half a dozen. They were blackfish and bass, nice fellows, running up to 4 or 5 lbs., "flukes" and "ling," sea robins and skates. These last two fish were very unpopular among Capt. Foster's family, and were promptly returned to the sea after being put *hors de combat*. At this anchorage the kind fates took pity on the two neophytes in the art of sea-fishing, and several fish were brought up to their corner of the second deck in quick order. This fishing was, however, seriously interfered with by a little Dutchman on the deck below who persisted in trying to manage two lines at the same time, which was an art entirely beyond his ability.

His two lines were constantly becoming entangled with his neighbor's lines, the anchor chain or with each other. He threw out recklessly and hopefully, but apparently without looking, and if any other line was near enough, he caught it. It is needless to add that this man caught nothing else. At last one of his lines which had become fouled with the anchor chain several times gave out and he departed with his remaining line to the opposite side of the boat, after which we had better luck.

While the boat was moving to its third anchorage we ate lunch, which we had brought along with us. It was flavored with ginger-ale secured from one of the waiters who moved backward and forward assiduously attending to the thirst of the fishermen. The "handsome waiter" was in demand, for the day even on the water was hot, and beer and "soft drinks" from the bar below flowed freely down many a thirsty gullet.

At the next anchorage the fish bit well, too, and the decks were soon covered with flopping victims to the clam appetite.

Captain Forster circulated freely among the fishermen, and was in and out of the pilot house like a Jack-in-the-box. His thin, expressive face showed constant change of emotion, according as the fish bit well or not, and he took the keenest interest in his passengers' success. No doubt his financial interest in the boat makes him work hard to make each trip a success; but aside from that I can imagine him doing just as nicely for the profit of those who depend upon his skill for finding the fish. Captain Foster is fifty years old and has followed the seas since the early age of seven. He is a successful navigator, never having met with shipwreck or serious accident, and he loves the sea and sea-fishing with that intensity that makes the master in any line of life.

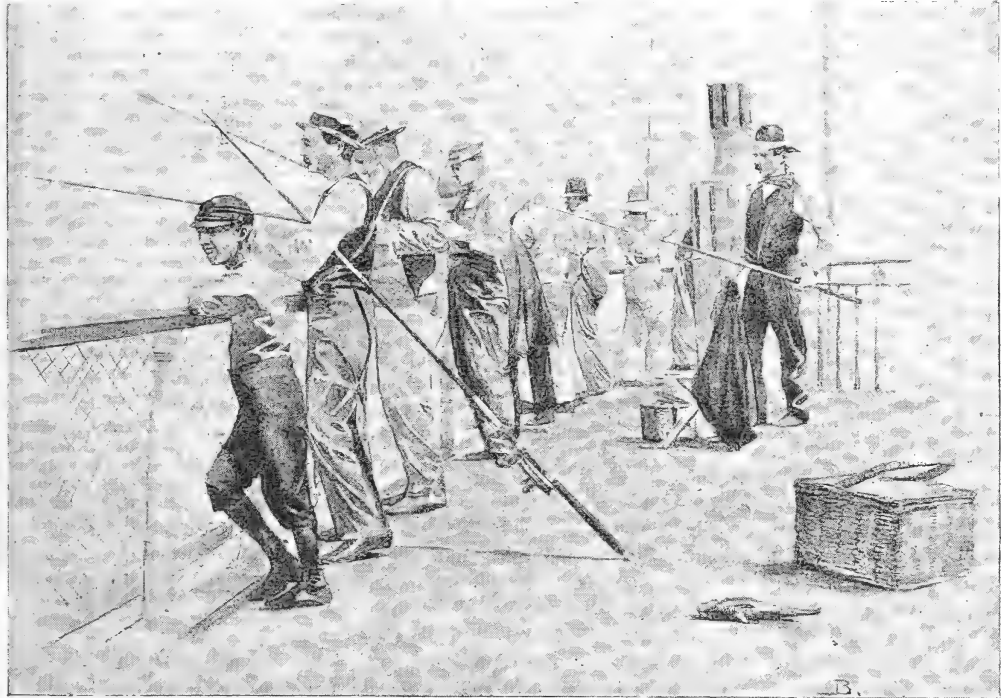
About half past two the sky became overcast, and the

anchor was hauled up for the last time and the Al Foster's bow pointed homeward. Fishing being over for the day it was now in order to compare scores. We found that our nearest neighbors had caught a string of a dozen good fish, probably netting as many pounds in weight. We ourselves had caught but six. The fishermen on the upper deck had averaged better and catches of 20 to 30 were noted. No one need go home from the banks empty-handed unless he is an unusually poor fisherman or has unusually hard luck.

In fact, the number and fine quality of the fish caught at a time when they are biting well is a matter of wonder. On such occasions the decks are strewn with fish and it is often no easy task for the lucky fishermen to get their catches home unaided. Some of them dispose of their surplus at figures that more than cover the slight expense of the trip. Despite all the fike nets, and purse nets and enemies by which they are encompassed, and despite the refuse of the great city which is cast into the neighboring waters of the ocean, these fish are still to be caught in sufficient numbers to satisfy most people, and it is not hard to believe stories which are told of prodigious catches taken on the boats a few decades ago.

On a good day one will see twenty or thirty steamers on the Banks, from the small harbor tugs up to the large excursion boats, all crowded and all taking something from the harvest field of the ocean.

Among the regular excursion boats, whose time sched-



ON THE FISHING BANKS—OFF NEW YORK HARBOR.

ules are published in the daily newspapers, may be mentioned the Schuyler, the Al Foster, Havana and Angler. Of these the Al Foster is the newest and most modern boat; but there are many individual preferences among the fishermen, and each boat has its constituency, and that there is great rivalry among them is needless to mention.

It was half-past 6 when the Al Foster landed her passengers at Pier 7. The day was closing on a scene of universal discomfort and suffering. The people in the street cars and on the street all looked so fagged out and exhausted with the heat and burden of the day that it was hard to realize for the nonce our personal comfort.

One poor sunstruck horse lay in the street and was the cause of a blockade of the ferry street car lines. The sun, though almost on the horizon, still shone pitilessly, and the air was close and stifling.

Yet despite all these adverse circumstances, we could recall the fresh breeze that fanned and tanned our cheeks while at sea, the sweetness and saltiness of the air, and withal the pleasant coolness of the day. New York has many attractions for those inclined, and chief among these is a trip to the Fishing Banks.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Trout Run Small.

NEW YORK, June 16.—Having just returned from my fishing trip at the Adirondack Preserve Association, Essex county, I also confirm the report as to our fishing, as related by your correspondent, "Special," in your valued paper of June 15, headed "Boston Rods in Maine Waters," i. e., that the trout this season are running small, and presume the same fact applies, "that artificial stocking is needed to keep up the supply." While we have been in the habit of taking fish running from 2 to 2½ and 3½ lbs., this season none were taken weighing over 2½ lbs., and the bulk of fish taken would run from ½ lb. to 1 lb. Fish of this size were quite plenty.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER-OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits of the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

ANGLING NOTES.

Fishways.

THE Troy Times of May 23 said: "As the water recedes it is seen that the fish dam constructed in the Hudson River at Mechanicville several years ago is almost totally wrecked and must be rebuilt. The dam cost \$5,000." I went to Mechanicville on the 23d and examined the fishway, for that is what is meant by "fish dam," and found that the structure was as solid as when built and entirely uninjured in spite of the fact that last winter thicker ice formed in the upper Hudson than has been known in twenty years before, and this ice went down the river past the fishway, leaving it intact. The fishway at Thomson's Mills, above Mechanicville, did not escape, for during the spring freshets about 12 ft. of its upper end was carried away. This, however, was no fault of the fishway or its builder, for the high water, the highest since 1869, took out part of the bulkhead of the Thomson & Dix mill and the fishway, or part of it, went with it. Mr. John A. Dix has told me that his company will repair the fishway and put it in perfect order when the mill is repaired. The writer in the Times unintentionally hit the exact truth when he called the Mechanicville fishway a "fish dam," for I found it filled with drift—brush, edgings and bits of wood, so that little water discharged at the lower opening or mouth, and it was wholly impassable for any kind of fish. Now is the time that the

salmon would use this fishway to pass to the upper river if they could get through it. A few hours' work would put this fishway in order and thereafter it would be a simple matter to keep it clear if there was some one to look after it. Mr. Dix will take it upon himself to keep the fishway at his mills in order. The cost of the Mechanicville fishway is incorrectly given in the Times. That and the one above it cost \$5,000, or \$3,500 for each one. By appointment I met Mr. Robert C. Lowry, of New York city, at Mechanicville, but the water was not in the best condition for fly-fishing, as it was rather high and somewhat thick, and further, the wind was blowing up stream at a rate that made fly-casting in the teeth of it far from easy work. On the previous Saturday, May 20, a salmon of 30 lbs. was taken in a shad net at Castleton, just below Albany, and released and swam away, apparently uninjured. On the same day a salmon of 19 lbs. was taken on a trolling spoon in the river below Albany by a man fishing for other fish. At Mechanicville I talked with people who have seen a great many salmon in the river, and everything indicates that the fish are plentiful in the water and only need the opportunity to get up stream to spawn above the mills and factories to multiply, until with the aid of artificial propagation, the Hudson becomes a veritable salmon river, affording good fishing. I am satisfied that the salmon taken last year below Mechanicville were not taken with the fly, and that the first salmon is yet to be taken in this stream by fair casting with the fly.

World's Fair.

I have a letter from Mr. J. J. Armistead, proprietor of the Solway Fishery, Dumfries, Scotland, telling me that he will arrive on the Alaska, due the 18th, on his way to Chicago to attend the World's Fair. Last year Mr. Armistead celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of his hatchery at Dumfries, it being the oldest concern of the kind in Great Britain, and Mr. Armistead one of the three best and most successful fishculturists. I also have a letter from Mr. Wm. Senior, angling editor of the Field, London, written just as he was about to sail for home on the 27th, saying that he was returning without doing many of the things he hoped to do during his visit to this country and the World's Fair, his time being all too short. At the Congress of the Press Women of the World, held in Chicago, a paper was read by a local newspaper woman with the title "Woman as an Authority on Trout." The author of the paper was not present, but she is known to some of the angling papers, and particularly a newspaper in the Rangleye Lakes region, as "Fly-Rod," and her name is Miss Cornelia T. Crosby and her residence is in the Pine Tree State. A newspaper man was ungallant enough to say, "Good old Izaak Walton would have turned over in his grave and groaned, had he not long ago moldered into dust, when

the announcement was made that a paper would be read on the subject of 'Woman as an Authority on Trout.'" Nothing of the sort! Izaak Walton was made of finer clay than the man who wrote that paragraph, and he would have rejoiced, as all good anglers do, that women take sufficient interest in fishing to become authorities on the subject. If the male biped man should get too "cocky," the ladies, God bless them! should remind his self-satisfied highness that a woman holds the record for the largest tarpon with rod and reel, and that on two occasions last year the women beat the men, at the record, in salmon fishing with the fly in Great Britain.

A. N. CHENEY.

Wisconsin Trout Waters.

WAUTOMA, Wis.—Editor Forest and Stream: The article in FOREST AND STREAM of May 25 is misleading. Princeton is fourteen or fifteen miles from White River. Berlin is the place to go to, and from thence to Wautoma, Wis. White River runs through the village of Wautoma. Trout have been caught right along in it since April 15, principally with the minnow, but now they take the fly, too.

Several parties have been here already. Dr. French and party made as nice a catch of extra fine trout in the streams adjacent to Wautoma as I ever saw. Eight miles from here, on Willow Creek, I got on a 5-pound rainbow trout, and having tired him out (of course) lost him just as I was trying to land him. He straightened the hook (which was too small) right out and dropped off.

R. W. H.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, June 16.—It may or may not have been a mistake for the American Fisheries Society to set their annual meeting for Chicago during the World's Fair time. As a matter of personal pleasure to those of the members who found time before or after the meeting to visit the attractions of the Exposition, it was well that the session fell as it did, but for those whose time was short the near presence of the Fair, whose hum and bustle, indeed, was on the ear at every moment of the meeting, made only an aggravation. The Fair overshadows all competition in interest, not only for the individual but for any body of men. It does not help society and organization meetings, but kills them. The Fisheries Society is accustomed to attracting local attention. Here it made not a ripple, and each member, aside from his personal realization of that fact, seemed on his own account most anxious to get out into the Fair.

The meeting, taken by itself, and without this qualification, was one of interest and profit, the more so from the presence of foreigners interested in kindred work, and the more so also from the lessons of the Fair itself, instanced through its proper officers.

The sessions were held morning and afternoon, Thursday and Friday, in the large reception room of the Michigan State building, one of the finest in the stately row of State edifices which curves across the upper end of the great transient city, whose fame now is in the ears and eyes of the world. Passing a good stairway and its crown in a wide ante-room adorned in a manner suitable to the State, one enters a spacious ball room, carpeted, however, and home-like, albeit furnished with a grand pipe organ and a suggestive piano. Glass lines two sides of this room, all swinging out upon wide galleries. Below the galleries passed bands of all nations, appealing or challenging, and from the vast crowds there came up broken murmurs. Members wandered to the windows. Some fell comfortably asleep. The majority sat upright, thoughtful and attentive. They all wanted to go out. This then was a pleasant place, but not a good place to hold a semi-scientific meeting.

Those Present.

President Herschel Whitaker, of Detroit, was in the chair, Secretary E. P. Doyle, of New York, at the desk. Mr. Whitaker writes shorthand, and kept track of much of the work *verbatim* for the sake of publication, thus assisting Mr. Doyle, a very able and pleasant secretary. The personnel of the society, as may not be borne in mind by all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is made up of members of the Fish Commissions of different States of the United States, of Canada, of the United States Fish Commission, of prominent practical fishculturists or fish dealers, of noted angling authorities and of scientific men whose work has been connected notably with the problems of fishculture. Of these there were present to-day Messrs. A. Booth, of Chicago, a well known fish dealer; N. K. Fairbank, president of the Illinois Commission; L. D. Huntington, president of the N. Y. Commission; W. H. Bowman, Robert Hamilton, Charles Wyeth and A. S. Joline, also of New York, also Superintendent Fred Mather of New York; W. C. Butler, D. Decker and Charles L. Hine of New Jersey; W. L. Powell, L. Shreuber, H. C. Demuth and Geo. Freas of Pennsylvania, also Col. John Gay, in charge of the Pennsylvania fish exhibit at the Fair; W. F. Page of the Missouri Commission; Dr. Tarleton H. Bean and W. De C. Ravanel of the U. S. Commission, now at the Fair, also F. N. Clark for the U. S. Commission at Michigan Station; Hoyt Post and H. W. Davis of Michigan Commission, besides President Whitaker; Jas. Nevins, superintendent of the Wisconsin Commission; W. David Tomlin and R. Ormsby Sweeney of Minnesota Commission; J. E. Gunckel of Ohio; Prof. Jacob Reighard of the U. of M., Ann Arbor, Mich.; W. L. May of the Nebraska Commission; Capt. Jos. W. Collins, Chief of Fisheries, the World's Fair; Dr. J. A. Henshall, in charge of the angling exhibit, World's Fair; H. H. Cary of Georgia Commission; Judge Asa French and Chas. F. Chamberlayne of Massachusetts; E. W. Gould, of Maine Commission; Dr. W. M. Hudson, of Connecticut Commission. Foreign countries were represented by Messrs. C. Ravn, Royal Commissioner of Sweden; C. Westergaard, Royal Commissioner of Norway; Nicolas Borodine, Commissioner for the Czar of Russia.

Papers of Interest.

During the day several papers of interest were read. Dr. Henshall read for the author a valuable paper on the Sunapee trout (saibling), prepared by Prof. J. D. Quackenbos, of New York. Mr. Fred Mather read a paper on lobsters. Mr. W. David Tomlin, of Duluth, Minn., presented a paper on the "Specialist in Fishculture." Mr. Westergaard, Royal Commissioner of Norway, presented a paper on "The Fisheries of Norway." Prof. Reighard, of Michigan University, submitted two papers, one on the "Handling of Adhesive Eggs," and the second on the "Quantitative Analysis of Whitefish Food." The former paper was read at the afternoon session.

Mr. W. F. Page, of Missouri, read a paper on the "Breeding of Yearling Trout." Mr. Page, speaking of the work at Neosho hatchery, Missouri, favored the raising and planting of yearling trout. The expense in rearing either trout or carp was usually made greater than necessary. On a diet of shorts—mush and liver, gradually increasing the proportion of the mush, they had found they could feed 1,000 trout at a cost of one cent a day. The loss could be kept as low as 6 per

cent. A loss of 40 per cent. was inexcusable. An average of six seasons at Neosho showed a loss of 15 per cent. A loss of about 10 per cent. was a fair figure. Yearlings had an advantage over fry when planted, in that they did not need food so soon, and could get out and hustle for themselves better.

Mr. Mather did not fully agree with Mr. Page, and read from Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, of the California Commission, which said that raising yearlings might do for the U. S. Commission, but cost too much for California.

Mr. F. N. Clark, of Northville, Mich., said it was as easy to raise trout as it was to manufacture sugar, but that you had to protect your fry one way or another. Planting fry unprotected was largely feeding them to other fish. He was neither an absolute fry man, nor an absolute yearling man, but was not against the yearling, and was strongly for protecting fry. He wished never to see a trout put in a grayling stream.

Mr. Mather thought the transportation of yearlings cost more than that of fry, but both Mr. Page and Mr. Clark thought the cost was about equal. Mr. Hoyt Post, of Michigan, was for fry, and President Whitaker showed that the planting of fry in Michigan must certainly be called a success, and that at a minimum of cost. A general discussion was held on the question whether or not fry scatter out into a stream when planted or hang about the one spot, to become the prey of fish, snakes and crawfish. It seemed believed by several that the fry did not at once disperse through a stream, but to an outsider it looked a good deal as though there didn't anybody know.

Dr. Wm. M. Hudson, of Connecticut, began the reading of his paper, "A Historical Review of the Work of the Connecticut Commission," but finding some pages of his MS. misplaced, held over the reading till the following day.

Mr. Post, of Michigan, read a review of the work of the Michigan Commission, recounting how, with a meager appropriation and imperfect appliances at the start, the first State hatchery thought it did well to plant a million and a half of whitefish, while now, after passing through many fluctuations, but always advancing in the main, the commission could now point to a number of modern and well equipped hatcheries, an appropriation for 1893 of \$27,000, and for 1893 and 1894 of \$35,000, with a plant of whitefish running over 100 millions each year, and of trout between two and three millions. Mr. Post spoke of the old craze for planting foreign fishes, and of early wasteful experiments in that line. He said, however, that the European brown trout were doing well in Michigan. He said that the Michigan Commission was always for strict protective measures, though a legislative lobby often knocked them out. The Legislature did not oppose propagation so much as it did protection.

Notes of the Day.

The address of President Whitaker in the morning was one of the best features of the day.

Mr. W. De C. Raveland, of Washington, D. C., now on duty with the U. S. Commission at Chicago, was elected to membership.

Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief of Fisheries, read Mr. Westergaard's paper on the fisheries of Norway, that gentleman not speaking English fluently.

Adjourned at 5:30 to meet Friday at 9:30 A. M., under invitation of Capt. Collins to lunch during the hour of intermission Friday.

Friday's Doings.

The annual election of officers, held Friday, resulted as follows: President, Mr. H. C. Ford, of Philadelphia; Vice-President, Mr. Fred Mather, of New York; Treasurer, Mr. R. Ormsby Sweeney, of Duluth, Minn.; Recording Secretary, Mr. E. P. Doyle, of New York (re-elected, subject to ability to serve); Corresponding Secretary, Dr. J. A. Henshall, now of Chicago. Executive Committee, Messrs J. E. Gunkel, of Toledo, O.; A. B. French, of Hartford, Conn.; Herschel Whitaker, of Detroit, Mich.; Dr. H. H. Cary, of La Salle, Ga.; L. D. Huntington, of New York; Jas. Nevins, Madison, Wis.; W. L. May, of Fremont, Neb.

Dr. Bashford Dean, of Columbia College, was elected a member of the society.

Further Papers.

The paper of Nicholas Borodine, Commissioner of Russia, "A Review of Pisciculture in America and Europe," was read, also Prof. Reighard's second paper. Mr. E. W. Gould, of Maine, submitted a paper on the "Nationalization of Fisheries." Mr. W. F. Page, of Missouri, handed up a second paper, on the "Sale of Domestic Fishes." This was read by title only, time now growing short.

Capt. Collins spoke without MS., his remarks being taken stenographically for publication. His theme had to do with the installation of the Fisheries exhibits. He called attention to the national showings made by different countries, instancing Russia, Norway, Brazil and other lands, as showing many things of great interest in fishing gear and fish products. Such things as these, in connection with the State and Government aquaria, made up one of the most valuable and most popularly appreciated objects of the entire Fair, to say nothing of the models of hatcheries of other lands and the actual hatchery shown running by the U. S. Fish Commission. All in all, while not perfect, by the U. S. Fisheries Department filled the bill very well, and would be found pleasantly profitable for the inspection of the fish dealer, the angler, the old person or the child, the student or the mere sightseer.

Dr. J. A. Henshall, in charge of the angling exhibit at the Fair, also spoke without notes. He described the attractions of the Anglers' Pavilion, spoke of its ancient and modern attractions, not forgetting the big tarpon of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, nor the Kentucky reels shown at the same space. He said the finest collection of practical rods ever made in the world by one firm was to be seen in the pavilion, and that many other interesting features, such as the first split-bamboo rod ever made (that made by old Sam Phillip) were to be seen at every hand, to say nothing of the pretty girls tying flies. [Applause.] Dr. Henshall's remarks were cut too short by the announcement that ex-President Harrison was below and might soon want to look into the room, if any of the gentlemen cared to meet him. Capt. Collins was appointed chairman of a committee to go and catch ex-President Harrison. A colored girl poked her head through the door. In the confusion between the ex-President and the colored girl, Dr. Henshall sat down.

At this juncture, it being now nearly 5 P. M., attention was called to the fact that Mr. Page's paper on the sale of domestic fishes, which had been read only by title, contained a resolution to the effect that the society favor such State laws as would make legal at any season the sale of domestic or artificially raised fish. Several protests at once were heard to this, President Whitaker among others.

"This can be taken up next year," said the president. Mr. Page—I want to say there will be no more papers from me next year. I have been at expense of time and trouble to prepare papers for this body, and yet I am not given time to read this paper, though others are given time to discuss anything they like.

The Chair—That often happens, and unavoidably. I have had it happen to me. There is often lack of time to do more than read by title.

Mr. Page—It has happened twice to me.

The Chair—Shall we act on Mr. Page's resolution?

Mr. Page—No, I will not let that resolution go to a vote without time for a full discussion.

Capt. Collins (entering)—We wish to report that ex-President Harrison will be in the building in a few minutes.

On vote the meeting now adjourned for the year.

Notes of the Day.

Votes of thanks were passed for Capt. Collins for his entertainment of the society at lunch, and for Dr. T. H. Bean's invitation to visit the U. S. Commission exhibit in the Government Building after adjournment for the day. A vote of thanks was also extended to President Whitaker for his kindness in the additional labor of keeping the stenographic notes.

The society did well to let Mr. Page's resolution on sale of domestic fish lie over, and they will do better to kill it outright next year. This is the old Gilbert measure, originally of Massachusetts and now gone to Missouri. To allow the sale at any season of domestic trout for instance, would mean that all the laws protecting wild trout were to be made practically inoperative. This measure might help a few dealers and breeders, but would hurt many anglers. It would help commerce, for a short time only, but would hurt sport forever. Mr. Page would do well to strike this resolution from his paper with his own hand. It is eminently vicious at heart, if not upon its face. Its passage by the American Fisheries Society would mean the just antagonism of the entire sporting press of the country—an event which at least would be of no benefit to the society. The measure itself would be of no benefit to the people. E. HUGH.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

June 16.—The omens continue good for the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit. This morning there wandered into the Anglers' Pavilion a stray dog, a rough-coated but soft-bodied and gentlemanly-looking terrier, used to being somebody's pet and friend and in search of a home and mother. Dogs are not allowed in the Fair, and how this little fellow got there is a mystery. Anyhow, he came through the door, looked up at the FOREST AND STREAM sign, of which he had evidently heard, took one confirmatory glance around the premises, heaved a sigh of relief and at once crawled under the table and made himself at home. The lady attendant of FOREST AND STREAM fed him part of her lunch, and that settled it. The terrier became part of the exhibit. During the day he made two or three short trips away but came back, and at evening was still there. By afternoon he was becoming useful enough to follow to the door in a cold sort of way any one whom he thought to be not just the right sort of person. I do not know whether this waif is still at his adopted home, but if he is he shall have a home. Does any one know about this dog? He has once been owned by a lover of a dog, and deserves good treatment. He knows how to read and he knows where to go when he is in trouble. Unless some one can claim him he shall be the FOREST AND STREAM dog hereafter, and he will bring good luck, if the paper needs any more.

The Camera Tax.

So far as I know, the FOREST AND STREAM criticism of the unjust camera license at the Fair was the first journalistic protest at this imposition. I called this tax an un-American thing, and I so believe it, and I think it ought to be done away with. Other papers followed suit with hearty objections. Not long after the FOREST AND STREAM protest an order was passed by Director-General Davis admitting all newspaper cameras free. This only half settled the question, and even so there were continual clashing, arrests and rearrests, and a lot of disgusting foolishness between the director of the Fair and this man Arnold, the concessioner for this most unheard-of piece of popular robbery. The public does not let the matter rest, and most of the daily papers here have roasted Arnold severely, though justly. The daily Tribune of late date had the following from Mr. Frank P. Eldredge:

"We all realize that the Fair is a gigantic undertaking and that it could not be managed to please every one, but it seems to the writer as if in some respects the letting of concessions was carried entirely too far. I called at the headquarters of the photographers at the World's Fair grounds a few days ago and told them I was willing to pay \$10 a day if they required it for the privilege of using a 5x7 camera, but of course was refused the privilege. Upon asking why it was that everything over a 4x5 was barred the reply was that it would ruin their business. This evidently referred to the selling of photographs taken by them. In my opinion this is not true, as no amateur photographer who was refused the right to use a camera of decent proportions would feel like buying an 'official' photograph; I, for one, certainly would not. It would not be difficult to devise a way of letting amateur photographers have certain privileges without its interfering with people who have a concession, in the least. I am acquainted with a great many amateur photographers who have felt severely the loss of not being able to use their cameras at the Fair."

Mr. Eldredge is right in his position, and the matter should be kept in agitation. At the beginning of the season FOREST AND STREAM sent in a fine 5x7 instrument for illustration use during the Fair, but it might as well be worthless, for Arnold would not admit it when presented. This was before Gen. Davis's order. Since then, newspaper men have been stopped in their work, and arrested by the guards at Arnold's order. Among those subjected to indignities was the representative of *Black and White*, an English art publication which wanted to illustrate with views of the Fair. Thus the Fair is continually hurt, aside from the injustice to those who want pictures for their own private use. Later on I shall go against Mr. Arnold's arresting game a little bit myself, because I want to get in with that 5x7. This week the editor of FOREST AND STREAM speaks with very faint praise of the picture of the paper's rustic sign. This was taken with a fall-down 4x5 camera, the best at hand to pass the absurd scrutiny of this most useless spider on the wall. If the Fair knows its business, it will recall this "concession" and concede a little to popular wish and to absolute justice.

A Sad Visit.

Adjoining the FOREST AND STREAM space in the Anglers' Pavilion of the Fisheries is the space of the *American Angler*. About two weeks ago the editor of that paper, Mr. Wm. C. Harris, came on to Chicago with his wife, intending to have a pleasant visit at the Fair. What was planned in joy has come out in grief. On the day of her arrival Mrs. Harris slipped and fell while about to enter a carriage, sustaining injuries which ran into spinal meningitis. For about two weeks she failed slowly, and on Thursday night, June 15, her death ensued. Mr. Harris closes up his installation for the time, and in company with his attendant, Mr. Henry, at once goes back to New York with his wife's remains. Certainly his has been a painfully sad visit here, and sympathy for him is spontaneous and unreserved.

"Forest and Stream" Friends.

The FOREST AND STREAM visitors' register grows apace. Aside from this, many leave cards, among these of late being Messrs. H. G. Nicholls, of Mitchell, S. D.; L. W.

Robinson and J. S. Dresser, of Southbridge, Mass.; Brad. W. Davis, of Olympia, Wash.; N. A. Osgood and Mr. T. H. Jennings, of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Jerome Burnett, now at Chicago. Mr. Nicholls is a young Western man much given to the sport of coursing. Mr. Robinson is a nephew of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, of Ferrisburgh, Vt., creator of Antoine and Sam, author of the "Danvis Folks," and also author of books more inquired for at the FOREST AND STREAM corner than almost any other. Mr. Davis is in the office of the Secretary of State out his way. Mr. Osgood is the inventor of the Osgood folding boat. Mrs. Burnett, clad in deep mourning for the husband whose death is but recent, said: "Mr. Burnett used to write for the FOREST AND STREAM, and he loved the paper so that it seems a comfort to me to stop here and say a word to it." There are worse friends than an honest newspaper, and there are no better friends than this paper has all over this wide land. It brings them nearer to have them come forward in person, and at least hail in passing, even though the paper be not able to take them all by the hand.

The Boone and Crockett Banquet.

June 16.—The hunter's cabin and the wooded island at the Fair never looked better than it did at the banquet which marked its formal opening yesterday, June 15. It has been practically open ever since the spring, but it was not formally opened until yesterday, about 7:30. The members were waiting until the leaves came out and shut the cabin off a little better from the outside world. The following were present: Messrs. T. Roosevelt, New York; N. Wadsworth, Genesee, N. Y.; W. Chanler, New York; W. Whipple, Norristown, Pa.; W. I. Buchanan, Chicago; R. Williams, Lexington; John Pitcher, Chicago; M. Hanna, Cleveland; W. Philipps, Washington; Chas. Deering, Chicago; O. Wistar, Philadelphia; D. H. Burnham, Chicago; M. Harris, Milwaukee; F. Edwards, Washington; H. Allen, St. Petersburg; Frank Millet, Chicago. E. HUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, May 6.

"If your Caravels"—SEE THE ADVT.

Northern Fishing Waters.

The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R. Co. issue a handsome book of summer tours, which illustrates and describes the famous St. Lawrence fishing waters, as well as the adjacent Adirondack territory. Fishermen and others interested should send for it to Thos. Butterfield, G. P. A., Syracuse, N. Y.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 13.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newtown, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brunby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Where is the Cocker as a Working Spaniel?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think it is about time that the kids and would-be breeders found another name for all the nondescript mongrels they breed. Every measly wretch of a dog that at all resembles a spaniel is called one of "Uncle Dick's" kind, and then they work off that musty, worm-eaten old chestnut about the judging at Philadelphia. How many times must I say that of all things I hate a leggy cocker, but I do insist on some leg and that it is straight.

To Mr. Cox I would say that I am glad to know that one spaniel man is not ashamed of his name. Yes, I admit "an ounce, etc." I've tried field spaniels and found them wanting. If you trace the pedigree of your Ben you will probably find lots of cocker blood. Now what's the use of 40lbs. if 25lbs. will do the work, and what more can one expect of a dog than to work all day and every day in the season? My dogs do it and they don't chase rabbits either, for that's an unpardonable crime in my kennel. I keep a little tinker shop and I also vend guns; some of my dogs are always at the shop; I let them go with any responsible person, and they can learn half of the shooters in the State more than they ever knew about ruffed grouse and woodcock.

I fail to see what right Mr. Cox has to say "cockers of my type," and how does he know what my type is? I have not exhibited since the craze for the long and low and the baby type set in. My type is just what the standard calls for, no more, no less; just a cocker, active, graceful and well built. It is degrading to a sporting dog to breed only for fancy and exhibition purposes, and subject him to fancy and arbitrary laws not essential to his claims to good breeding and fitness for his legitimate work; it ought not to be impossible or even difficult to define the amount of leg permissible in a cocker. The Beagle Club drew the line sharp at 15in.; 14in. is enough for a good working cocker.

I claim that my cockers under 14in., 29in. long, 26in. chest and 20lbs. weight, are better proportioned than Ben, and they can work just as long as Ben or any dog living. That square muzzle is a poor argument. A mastiff has as square a muzzle as any breed I know of, but I never knew that they had a good nose, and I have owned and bred a few good ones. I am willing to have a setter head on a spaniel, but the type of Royal IV., not the Tennessee type.

Field trials are all right, but I have yet to hear how they can be held or what system of scoring will be used. No man living can follow my dogs, and no one can even see their best work.

I wonder what "Solus" is trying to prove about the cockers he saw go into a briar swamp for a few minutes. Why, the worst duffer of a cocker in America will do that much, but to work for half an hour in a swamp don't make them workers by a long shot. My dogs would have gone around the briar patch and have worked the birds to my gun, but to rush pell-mell through the swamp and get covered with "prickles, burrs, etc.," proves nothing, only this, that the

dogs were not broken. "Solus's" modern cocker of to-day is not the modern cocker of 1888. In those days I was kicking about the long and low crocodile cocker. Where is he now? Echo answers, "Gone, never to return," and now I kick against the big-headed, crooked-legged baby cocker, and he will soon follow the long and low.

I am not asking any one to yield to my ideas; let them do as they please; it's the dog I care for. Let us see about that list of men. Willey is a real good fellow, but I asked him what he bred such dogs for, and he said, "Just to sell." That's the whole story. To breed fancy dogs for fancy judges to award prizes just to sell to girls and dudes that never saw a woodcock, only on toast, and do not know a ruffed grouse from a great auk. Mason, I know him also—the best judge of fancy in America, but not in condition to follow my dogs, and I doubt if he ever killed a cock or grouse in this country. Wilmerding I've known for 14 years. He used to shoot some, too much business now; gets out about four times a year. I could walk him down in half a day. He is not so very modern in his ideas this year. Kirk, a friend of mine before they had a spaniel club; he shoots some, but not over baby cockers. Bell and Laidlaw never shoot. Oldham—he ought to do some shooting, as I hear he is on a fine game preserve.

I claim that I am consistent, for I have at all times stuck to the working cocker. "Solus" adds insult to injury when he says I have "only been able to breed weeds." I can name a whole lot of champions I have bred, and I also claim that in Hornell Velda I have bred the best cocker ever seen in America; in fact the only one that the critics could not find fault with; and I have now between thirty-five and forty that for type, cocker character and sortiness, can beat the same number from any kennel in the world. I am not rich, but I have friends who will back my dogs for any amount. I will match a pair of working cockers, 14in. at shoulder, 26 and 27lbs. weight, against any modern prize winners in America for any reasonable stake or plate, for a three days' hunt, work over the same ground, birds bagged to count. For every inch the modern dogs are under 13in., I will allow one bird each day, and for every pound they are under 22lbs. I will allow one bird.

I don't ask "Solus" or the club to change its ideas for me, although they are changing quite fast, but all should remember that it was I who made the first kick against the weedy, snipy cocker of fifteen years ago.

About Detroit and Elmira that was just a matter of cash. If the boys had done as much figuring on how they would get past St. Peter as they did on the shows, they could have ordered wings 16ft. long, for you know it will take a big pair of wings to make respectable angels of the gang.

"Spaniel" is all right; he knows something about a working cocker, but I can train a pup to retrieve from water quicker by going in myself first, where it is shallow, and the pup will follow. We imported Miss Obo II. and sold her, as we thought she was too much of the field spaniel type, and that we would never be able to keep her at the limit, 28lbs.—a starved-to-weight cocker is a nuisance.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., May 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That Mr. Morris, whose letter appeared in your issue of June 1, has owned two kennels of cockers in this country will, I think, be news to one and all. It has always been the theory of the advocates of the ancient cocker that the modern cocker would go round a fallen tree rather than jump over it, and further, that in a close swamp, where the wild grape and blackberry abound, they would be useless. The test I gave in my last letter was complete in every sense, and convinced more than one of those present that the majority were right. In the country where I am at present located the birds are found where the berry or grape is in most profusion and where the size of the dog does not count so much as perfect control, good scenting powers and endurance. That one strain of sportsmen would prefer a large dog and cleared land I can well understand; where you are watching to see the bird on the ground and on the ground to give it its quietus the danger of shooting your dog in the dense undergrowth is of course increased. But to the sportsman who is in all particulars a sportsman that argument will not do.

I have worked cockers as much as any man in America, tried all kinds from the old style to the new, and will always maintain that the cocker we want is a dog of from 20 to 25lbs., with plenty of bone and substance, flat coat, good feet and a nicely formed head.

In field spaniels I want the long, but not too long, and the low, but not too low. Mr. Foster's Judex is about the style I prefer, and I feel confident that if we can only make up our minds to have our dogs handled and brought up as a sporting dog should be, the Spaniel Club will soon convince the most skeptical that the spaniel has not lost any of his old cunning or usefulness. Mr. Wilmerding's old friend, Black Prince (who, I hope, will long be spared to his master), has always been my model as to what a field spaniel can be taught if properly handled, and it is a great pity that when he was in his prime his owner did not import a really good bitch to be served by him, as I think from that cross much good would have resulted. Mr. Morris tries to throw ridicule on the proposed spaniel trials. It is pleasant to think that Mr. Morris in spaniels has shot his bolt, and that the more he attempts to decry the Spaniel Club and the spaniel they favor the more they go up in popular estimation. A man who writes of a poodle as a better spaniel than those now shown is a man whose opinions we take at their true worth. What we want is a beginning in spaniel trials. The first time will not count for very much, but when the lovers of spaniels with their dogs met together in the field, no matter whether it is pigeon or woodcock, suggestions for the next trials, improvements, etc., will surely follow, and thus out of little much good must come.

SOLUS.

JUNE 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that there is a deal of talk going about working and show cockers. Interested in the breed to a small extent, I object to hearing the beauties of the day maligned, and desire to call Mr. E. H. Morris down from his self-erected pinnacle.

In FOREST AND STREAM of June 1, he states without qualification, "Breeders have never thought of getting a standard, and judges that shall distinguish between the pet dog and the working cocker."

There is a standard that any man can understand, and a pretty good one at that, and it seems to me that in at least two shows the working cockers were placed over the toys, with a jolly row on paper in consequence. It seems to me that not so long ago Mr. Bell disputed this same statement, that the dog show winners were not hunters, and offered to wager good money that his dogs could hunt game as well as "mugs."

It seems to me that now is the time for Mr. Morris to whirl in and show us the proper type of cocker. Perhaps he meant to do so at the Pet Dog show, but as the only cocker of his breeding was sixth in a class of ten, it seems to me that we must wait longer.

"Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy land."

IT SEEMS TO ME.

Too Poor to Own a Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper appears one signed "Strawberry Bank" who claims to be too poor to own a dog. That is not the way it is in central Montana. Out here the poorer a man is the more dogs he owns; and are not dogs property now under the law?

JUDITH BASIN.

Our Bulldog Pictures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is quite a surprise to find another person so rash as to record by public letter his ignorance of bulldogs after you administered such a dose of wholesome advice to Mr. Tisdell, of Ithaca.

The foot note added to Mr. Hampton's letter, published in your last issue, seems to call upon me for at least a few words of explanation to defend the character of the bulldog, and rebuke Mr. Hampton for his unjust and improper attack upon the respectable standing of my many friends who own, raise and love their bulldogs. Mr. Hampton ventures the guess that only a taste for "monstrosities" will develop this fancy or affection. If Mr. H. had said, a fondness for "grotesque oddities," he might have guessed half the truth, as we must confess the peculiarities of the breed are charming.

If we love our dogs because of a "fashion," truly the Bulldog Club must be congratulated for its success in advancing the breed to public favor. (It is not possible to do this with every breed.)

To illustrate his idea that the dog is an "index to the character of its owner," Mr. Hampton falls into a grave mistake by publishing a list of his friends Mr. A., Mr. B., Mr. C. and Mr. D. It would be wiser to suppose that the vile characters of Mr. Hampton's friends had reflected on their dogs and degenerated the poor brutes. At any rate we cannot call the dogs possessed by Mr. A., B., C. and D., in evidence to prove anything against the bulldogs, as there is a serious doubt if these dogs are pure bulldogs; and please note, Mr. H. takes special care that he discovers to us no means by which we may prove that he does not know a bulldog when he sees one. Farmers as a rule do not keep bulldogs, and if Mr. Hampton will give us the names of his rustic friends I will take the pains to look up the matter and establish the notion that rests in my imagination that A., B., C. and D. have no dogs of the breed.

Against Mr. Hampton's array, this list of his bulldog men, let me place in contrast the list of my friends. A full list of the members of the Bulldog Club of America:

E. K. Austin, New York city, N. Y.; W. J. Comstock, Providence, R. I.; R. L. Crawford, Jr., New York city; Chas. D. Cogle, Baltimore, Md.; W. B. Dinsmore, Jr., Cambridge, Mass.; Frank F. Doie, New Haven, Conn.; Duncan Elliott, New York city; A. B. Graves, New Haven, Conn.; W. F. Hobbie, Plainfield, N. J.; David L. Haight, New York city; A. J. Hatch, New Haven, Conn.; Col. A. B. Hilton, Saratoga, N. Y.; H. D. Kendall, Lowell, Mass.; C. P. Lawshe, Trenton, N. J.; John H. Matthews, New York city; E. D. Morgan, New York city; Wm. Mariner, Milwaukee, Wis.; Francis L. Morrell, New York city; W. C. McArthur, Burlington, Ia.; Geo. E. McHie, Chicago, Ill.; Troner L. Park, New York city; Jas. E. Quan, Chicago, Ill.; Willard E. Koby, New York city; D. M. Richardson, Lowell, Mass.; Mason Jones Renshaw, New York city; R. C. Rueschaw, Chicago, Ill.; E. C. Schuyler, New York city; Chas. A. J. Smith, Boston, Mass.; F. W. Sackett, Cape Vincent; Miss Agnes T. Thewlis, Peoria, Ill.; Thos. H. Terry, New York city; J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thos. H. Webb, Peoria, Ill.; Robert D. Winthrop, New York city; E. A. Woodward, Chicago, Ill.; Henry R. Astor Carey, Newport, R. I.; Johns H. Congdon, Providence, R. I.; W. E. Gray, Baltimore, Md. Honorary members: James Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I.; Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.

My list outnumbered the other ten to one, and as for quality—well, I feel sorry that Mr. H. does not include so many gentlemen. My list gives the representative men in bulldog circles.

"What is the bulldog good for any way?" (I quote Mr. Hampton, of Indiana.) Perhaps he may be useful in keeping thieves and poachers from off his owner's premises. Mr. Hampton seems to have had experience and knows where the "no hunting" signs must be regarded with respect. I trust he discovered the cause before he got over the fence; but I congratulate Messrs. A., B., C. and D. that they own such sensible dogs that look up intruders sharply.

Do bulldogs bite? Why, yes, so do collies, St. Bernards, setters, pointers, pugs, etc., etc. I don't know that the proclivity for nipping now and then is confined to any special breeds, but I do stoutly hold that bulldogs are no worse than others, and in some instances much better. Mr. Hampton tries to prove his case by citing a few cases. I will challenge for every ignoble deed that Mr. L. can prove against us, I will give a dozen authenticated cases where the nobility, loyalty and affection, yea, gentleness of the bulldog is established beyond question, and fifty examples of vicious brutes of other breeds.

It seems egotistical folly for Mr. Hampton to air a contrary opinion when the world has sung the praises of the bulldog for ages, until his very name is a symbol of loyalty, patience, forbearance and nobility.

"A relic of a barbarous age" (again quoting Mr. H.). If the gentleman is not content to let "bygones be bygones," and asks us to judge each breed by the uses they are put to, let me inquire, what the refined, elegant and tender-hearted people do with their dogs to-day.

Greyhounds were formerly and are now used to chase, kill and murder poor little hares and rabbits, that are trapped, confined and loosed to a temporary freedom under the very noses of their destroyers. The refined, elegant and tender-hearted men watch with exquisite enjoyment the contest of speed until the poor little captives lose their breath and weary their legs and drop victims to the snap of the jaws of death. Does Mr. H. object to greyhounds? Again, the "sportsman" although his store-room is well filled with victuals, puts his gun over his shoulder, calls his setters, pointers or deerhounds (as the case may be) to come to his help, that he may better indulge his damnable passion to spill blood and destroy life. "It is fun for the boys but death to the frogs." The setter, pointer, spaniel or deerhound is actually used to-day for a more barbarous purpose than ever bulldog was put to. The rat pit and bull ring are models of decency as compared with the slaughter, wicked, cruel, useless slaughter of the average "sportsman."

If Mr. Hampton wishes further to know why bulldogs should be permitted to exist, I will say, for the same reason as allows life and respect to the St. Bernard, the collie, poodle, pug, all the many terriers and hounds, and every other breed that breathes under the sun. Let those that know our dogs and know us speak with understanding and speak loudly, and put to shame those that utter ill and false things against us.

It is rarely that I am tempted to quarrel, but the cause is a just one, and my indignation is roused to resentment.

JOHN H. MATTHEWS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had sincerely hoped that the light you imparted, in your able article replying to the letter of Mr. S. R. Tisdell, re bulldog pictures, was not only sufficient to put that gentleman right, but also to keep off any other "old subscriber," who was tempted to write of things he knew not, yet it seems that Mr. O. H. Hampton evidently is in a bad vicinity, both for bulldogs and neighbors, for his letter in your issue of 11th implies that Williamsburg, Ind., is not only full of them, but that although the dogs are briefly mentioned, their owners, Messrs. A., B., C. and D., are the ones attacked. Mr. Tisdell's letter, as I understand it, was against your publishing half-tones of thoroughbred English bulldogs, and implying that he would discontinue his subscription unless you promise not to do so again, as it shocked his sensitive nerves, and the anticipation of an illustration of a "pit" in the near future, was filling his system with insomnia. Mr. Hampton makes the bulldog simply a "runner up," to work in his

evidently pet original idea, that a man should be known by the dog he keeps. This is a new one, sure (my, my, what an educational age this is), but wouldn't Mr. H. have a hard time explaining the character of a man who keeps several different breeds? We will allow him that gentlemen do not keep bulldogs for their good looks or their intelligence, although we might argue that a little, should space permit, but when he mentions affectionate dispositions, let me state, with nine years' experience, that a thoroughbred English bulldog has not one drop of treacherous blood in him, and should not be even mentioned in that line with some other breeds, and especially collies. He says, "Give the tough his choice between a bulldog or a collie; which will he take?" Answer, a collie, for a thoroughbred bulldog would not be worth his keep to him.

I fear that Mr. Hampton, like many others, knowing no better, calls every tramp mongrel who has to fight for his daily bone, a bulldog. The Bulldog Club of America was formed for the purpose of educating all such to the fact that those bulldogs (?) were not bulldogs. As you know, we have progressed finely in three years, but it seems that Williamsport has been overlooked. Be patient, Mr. H., give us just a little more time and we will get out your way. When you go to the World's Fair, look up E. A. Woodward, of Chicago, get him to show you a few of his "relics of a barbarous age," and also ask him to allow his baby boy to illustrate how King Lud can be teased and exasperated by him without showing the least sign of temper, to say nothing of treachery. Then have Lud put into a room, and after the house is quiet, you do the "burglar act," but before you do just leave an order for an ambulance to be at the door a few minutes before Lud gets through with you, for you will need it badly. I must say I rather like your idea "that a dog is somewhat of an index to the character of his owner," and as you have no doubt given it much thought, time and attention, would you kindly inform us of the different characters that go with the different breeds? Don't neglect to especially mention the characters of owners of Mexican hairless and Schipperkes; and, if not too diabolical, the character of one of our large owners who dares to own pointers, collies, Irish terriers, fox-terriers, bulldogs and dachshunds all at one time. I ask this with fear and trembling, for he must be beyond redemption, and I really hesitate, for it seems that I should not deliberately place you in a position to ruin this man by giving him a character that must be the vilest of the vile.

CHAS. D. CUGLE.

Spaniel Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think that the *modus operandi* of the proposed spaniel trials outlined in "Dog Chat" in issue of June 8, savors rather of the burlesque. My experience with spaniels leads me to believe that if the broom-grass-in-the-field procedure is adopted there will be little test of a spaniel's capabilities. Will not any hunting spaniel naturally make for the cover in view? When he gets there, as far as I can make out, the plan is to release the basketed pigeon, and when shot, order the dog to retrieve. This will be a slight test of retrieving, as the pigeon will probably drop in the open. That's all right as far as it goes, but how about nose and bird sense and endurance? I don't think that field trials should be made drawing-room affairs to save the judges' legs. A sportsman should not mind a whole day's tramp. I remember last fall attending the New England field trials, and if any one can show me worse hunting spots than some of the covers and swamps Messrs. Wallace and Coster literally waded through I don't want to have anything to do with them. The dogs were followed all the same in these trials, and I don't see why the spaniels should be treated to any billiard table performances. The spaniel is supposed to be a dog that can go into any cover, and what he cannot go over he goes under.

In reading the accounts of beagle trials I notice that most of the work is done in cover, and often thick cover, and that game is not at all plentiful as a rule. Still the judges seem to follow all right and arrive at a pretty correct estimation of the dogs' merits. Why cannot the spaniel men do the same? Surely there are localities in New England, New York and New Jersey, where some game may confidently be looked for, that would be convenient to most of the spaniel men.

Spaniel trials, if they are to be such in reality and not in name only, should not be dependent on the convenience of a few members who don't want to go to much trouble to carry them out. Field trials for setters and pointers and beagles were not instituted on these lines. The good that would accrue to the breeds for which the trials were instituted was the incentive and not personal convenience. I don't think this pigeon-in-a-basket idea will show under what control a spaniel is to any extent; walking across fields between covers will show that. What attraction will a pigeon in a basket have for a spaniel? About as much as a nest of china eggs. If the intention of the Spaniel Club is merely to get a few members together and have a good time, why they can probably get it out of a basket as well as any other way; but if they mean the proposed trials to be a test of sporting dogs by sportsmen, then let the affair be conducted on sportsman's lines, even if the judges do get some mud on their boots and we find but two birds. The "seeking" will show the training and capabilities of a spaniel, even if game is not flushed as often as one would like. At any rate, such work would be natural and attain a better end eventually than a whole dove cote in wickerwork with a string to it. Trials that will be but a farce at the best will bring ridicule on one of the handiest sporting dogs living; but if carried out in a natural way the verdict of sportsmen, whatever the result in the way of finding game may be, will be—they did their best, and no man can do more.

AU NATUREL.

The Wissahickon Catalogue.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** Exclusiveness in information is only a success when combined with correctness. In the report of the Wissahickon show your representative says, "The arrangement of the catalogue had, it is said, been left to Mr. Watson, and after the first catalogue was issued it was found that a number of dogs entered were not in it at all," etc. The inference is that I made a muddle of work I was responsible for, whereas the real facts are that I simply assisted the printer into knocking into some semblance to correctness the copy sent him by Dr. Sauvour's assistants. The first of the catalogue copy was given the printer at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, and the last batch on Monday morning. The proofs of three or four batches had to be marked with class number all the way down the margin and then sorted into catalogue order. The printer and I had to accept as correct the copy sent, but where positive of error I made alterations. The omissions and errors complained of were in "copy," and in place of the catalogue being one to find fault with it was a most creditable piece of work considering the circumstances, and that entries by late Canadian registered letters were telegraphed to the printer as late as 8 o'clock on Monday night. In fact but for the printer's foreman having had the experience of two years with the Keystone Club's catalogue, I don't know when there would have been a catalogue at Wissahickon.

There were about eight dogs omitted from the catalogue, four of the Swiss Mountain Kennels missed by the amanuensis in copying the entries, and the others were not sent to the printer until late on Monday night and delivered on Tuesday morning, when more than half the catalogues had been struck off.

JAS. WATSON.

[Our information came from the superintendent of the show, and we think the above letter simply proves all we said.]

United States Field Trials Derby—A Entries.

The following entries have been received from Secretary P. T. Madison. They include 34 pointers, 51 English setters, 4 Irish setters. All whelped in 1892.

POINTERS.

ALICE LESLIE—E. M. Beale's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Belle Randolph).
RHET—W. J. Wilson's liver and white bitch (Dan—Martha).
FAYETTE ALEXANDER—J. H. Alexander's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Lionie Bijou).
PRIDE OF AVONDALE—T. W. Clelland's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Graphic's Pride).
STRIDEAWAY—Geo. E. Gray's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).
ROSE—Horace F. Wood's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Forest Queen II.).
VENTURE—F. R. Hitchcock's lemon and white bitch (Rip-Rap—Lapford Pearl).
GYPSY QUEEN—H. P. Heispeger's black and white ticked bitch (Bertrando—Rosaline Wilkes).
WRECKER—Charlotteville Field Trial Kennels' black and white dog (Rip-Rap—Croxie Wise).
SELAH—Charlotteville Field Trial Kennels' liver, white and ticked bitch (Rip-Rap—Dexter's Dolly).
TWINKLE—Glen Rock Kennels' liver, white and ticked dog (Duke of Kent II.—Bessie Kapas).
QUEEN OF OSSIAN—A. B. Reeves's liver, white and ticked bitch (Ossian—Hops II.).
FRED OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' liver and white dog (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idstone).
THE FRIAR OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' liver and white dog (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idstone).
LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridge-wood Dazzle—Kate Claxton).
LULA K.—G. R. House's (agt.) liver and white bitch (Ossian—Pearl's Pride).
QUEEN—Geo. Catlett's black and white bitch (Ossian—Pearl's Pride).
BEPPLO'S GENUS—Dr. J. R. Daniels' liver and white dog (Beppo III.—Lord Graphic's Gun).
LEHMAN—The Jackson & Denmark Kennels' liver and white dog (Gordon—Fanny B.).
LONDON—T. G. Davey's liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Lassie Faust).
CONSTERNATION—B. M. Stephenson's liver and white dog (Tribulation—Julia Louise).
PLUTE—Castleman Kennels' lemon and white dog (Fritz—Tilley).
NELLIE S.—Castleton Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Fritz—Tilley).
KENT'S PET—J. F. Shepley's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Keeswick II.).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PRAY WIN—Sunset Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Mince Lucifer—Lady Glad).
COLUMBIA—C. P. Hartmetz's liver and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).
LADY GAIETY—C. P. Mingst's black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).
DRUID'S DICK—W. S. Brody's black, white and tan dog (Ben Hill—Mattie Berwin).
JOYCE—W. S. Brody's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).
HOOSIER BOY—J. H. and J. A. Hunter's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).
DAISY HUNTER II.—J. H. and J. A. Hunter's orange and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).
QUEEN OF THE FIELD—J. H. and J. A. Hunter's orange and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).
ROD'S MOLLY—J. A. Peabody's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Lilly Boxer).
BESS OF AVONDALE—T. W. Clelland's orange and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).
GOLDEN ROD—Arthur Duane's liver, white and tan dog (Sim Ray—Flash).
MISSIE—Arthur Duane's black, white and tan bitch (Sim Ray—Flash).
OPEL—Geo. E. Gray's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Diamond).
LILLIAN B.—Geo. E. Gray's liver and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).
DAKOTA BELLE—Sam'l Graub's liver and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Trap, Jr.).
ANTONIO'S GEM—G. G. Barstow's liver and white bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
SOLITAIRE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond).
GATH'S POINT—O. P. Weisgerber's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Paxie Maid).
HOPE'S QUEEN—J. E. Isgrigg's liver and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble).
KENWOOD—Charles Proctor's black, white and tan dog (Cinch—Stevens Ruby).
HOPE'S GLIDE—G. T. Kerr's black and white dog (Gath's Hope—Lady Lil).
INDIANA BELLE—G. T. Kerr's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill).
JEFF BROWN—Porter & McGee's black and white dog (Darby T.—Lucetia).
HOPE'S PRIDE—W. A. Hinesley's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill).
LOTTIE H.—W. A. Hinesley's chestnut, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill).
MARK—Fred. Snyder's liver and white dog (Race Noble—Fanny S.).
CALLIE WHITE—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle).
MARK'S QUEEN—Manchester Kennel Co.'s liver and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle).
FLYING JIB—B. W. Butterfield's black and white dog (Max Noble—Day's Belton).
RODRIGO—John T. Mayfield's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope).
NELLY H.—W. A. Hinesley's liver and white bitch (Antonio—Nelly Hope).
SAN ANTONIO—John A. Gude (agt.) black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope).
REVENGE—J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope).
FANNY RICE—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Manitoba Peggy).
EARL PALMER—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' dog (Frank Whitley—Dulcinea).
MCLEOD—Dr. J. A. McLeod's black, white and tan dog (Ell's Lad—Nannie B.).
DOM M.—Dr. J. A. McLeod's black, white and tan dog (Ell's Lad—Nannie B.).
ROCK RODRIGO—Ed. J. Brown's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Queen London).
CANADIAN BELLE—T. G. Davey's orange and white bitch (Lark—Leda).
MONK OF FURNESS LILL—T. G. Davey's blue belton bitch (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie).
BOWDRE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Novelist).
CIGARETTE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).
HESTER BRYNE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).
TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent).

PRAIRIE LAD—A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Yazel).

PRAIRIE LASS—A. J. Gleason's black, white and tan bitch (Chance—Hattie).

TENNESSEE NUN—B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Miss Dido II.).

LADY K.—St. Louis Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Rock—Madge).

PRINCE—A. C. Waddell's black, white and tan dog (Royal Prince II.—Jane H.).

FAUST—Scotts Wood Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Pembroke's Grouse—Kate).

HOPE'S HILL—Chas. Ham's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill).

IRISH SETTERS.

DICK FINGLAS—Gus Leisey's red dog (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore).

PATSY'S ELCHO—Perry & Hamilton's red dog (Claremont Patsy—Nino).

PATSY'S RANGER—Perry & Hamilton's red dog (Claremont Patsy—Nino).

MINO'S ROSE—Perry & Hamilton's red bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nino).

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—Refuge, the new St. Bernard dog imported by the Bowmanville Kennels, was bred by Mr. Norris-Elye, President of the St. Bernard Club, and is a litter brother to the famed Refugee, Lenore III. and Recluse II. He is said to have a magnificent head, massive frame and enormous bone.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, feeling that in justice to the shows forming the Canadian fall circuit he could not act as superintendent of the Canadian exhibit at Chicago, has handed in his resignation to the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa. This is unfortunate, as a successor cannot now step in and pick up the threads Mr. Stewart has dropped and acquaint himself with the numerous details of the preliminary work. Mr. Stewart certainly cannot be blamed for acting as he has done, from a sense of justice, and his resignation indeed was no surprise to me. There seems no end to the complications entailed by this unfortunate fiasco called the World's Fair dog show.

Mr. Stewart leaves New York for Genoa on June 28, and hopes to return by way of Liverpool, arriving about Sept. 1, in time to take in the fall shows.

Mr. E. Hughes, of Brandon, Man., has bought from Mr. C. Huidekoper, of Meadville, Pa., a bitch puppy by Roderigo ex Lee Gladstone, which will be entered for the Manitoba trials, to be run Sept. 12 next.

I hear the Ottawa list is out, but a copy has not yet reached me. Mr. Keyes has resigned the chairmanship of the dog show committee.

The Dandie Dinmont bitch Kirsty, imported by Mr. Wanless, of Sarnia, and which was placed second at Toronto, has been sold to Mr. Jno. A. Noble, of Noval, Ont. Mr. Noble already owns a good young dog from this bitch by Roger, first at Detroit, and intends breeding Kirsty to the best dog he can find.

Collies are having quite a little run of popularity here now. I hear of another kennel in Ontario, the inmates of which are being dispersed to make room for a string of this breed. A prize-winning dog to head the stud is now being negotiated for in England. The name of the kennel I am not yet at liberty to divulge.

Spracklin, "Junior," tells me he will give more of his time in future to training, and will not be able to attend the fall circuit. He hopes to be on hand, however, for the winter shows.

Mr. J. G. Mitchener, a very active member of the Toronto show committee, and who is also a member of the C. K. C. executive, has been laid by for nearly four weeks with malarial fever, being confined to bed for two weeks after the late Toronto show, when he was taken sick. I saw him out yesterday for the first time, the fever has left its sting in a slight lameness, but he is now rapidly recuperating.

H. B. DONOVAN.

New Jersey Kennel League.

A MEETING of the executive committee was held at Newark June 13. Present, Messrs. E. R. Christopher, W. O. Kuebler, H. Hanchett, E. H. Morris, A. A. Eiselle, Dr. L. A. Sattler, Frank Link and Dr. W. F. Seidler. Mr. Christopher was elected chairman of the executive committee and Dr. W. F. Seidler secretary. By resolution the chairman appointed Mr. Kuebler and Dr. Seidler a committee on rules for guidance of the committee. The following new members were elected: R. A. Fielder, Dr. G. A. Van Wagoner, Dr. Fred. Thum, Mr. Fred. Seitz, Mr. Otto H. Heinz, Mr. J. B. Lozier. The treasurer was instructed to send a letter to all members in arrears, giving until July 15 for payment of initiation fee and dues. The chairman then appointed a committee to gain information with regard to prospect for a bench show. The chairman appointed the entire executive on guarantee, with Mr. Kuebler as chairman.

Messrs. Browie and Link were appointed to arrange for building for show. Mr. E. H. Morris appointed committee of one on dates, benching and superintendent; Messrs. Christopher and Kuebler on premium list and catalogue. A report was then made by Mr. Frank Link, for the legislative committee, in regard to an ordinance being arranged by the Common Council of Newark providing for fees for the keeping of dogs, a pound, etc.

The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Morris and unanimously adopted, which will be presented to the chairman of the Newark Common Council: "The N. J. K. L., the recognized kennel club of the State, in session at Newark June 13, 1893, make protest against the passage of the ordinance now under the consideration of the Common Council. First—That the Legislature has made provision for the taxing of dogs, and consequently such tax will be unconstitutional. Second—That such ordinance has proved in other cities and States to be against the encouragement of well bred dogs, and does not aid in the destruction of the curs, which should be the aim of such an ordinance. Third—That the New Jersey Kennel League, being the recognized State kennel club, with headquarters at Newark, due weight should be given to its suggestions and opinions, and in view of these reasons we beg the Common Council will grant us a hearing, before the passage of the ordinance, at such date as may be expedient." The meeting then adjourned until June 23.

The Dog Protective Association, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have issued in neat pamphlet form their constitution and by-laws. The object of this association is the detection, apprehension, conviction and punishing of persons stealing, poisoning, killing or otherwise injuring the dog or dogs of the members of this association. While we commend the action of the gentlemen who are members of this association and feel that their example is worthy of imitation in other districts, we think they might go a step further and include the protection of all and any dogs in their bailiwick, as we suppose love for the *genus canis* alone actuates their motives.

DOG CHAT.

Down Hempstead Way.

It looks very much as if Mr. Mortimer's visit to England last summer will bear good fruit in a collie way. At the right time of year there are some good litters coming Hempstead way. At present there are at the Hempstead Farm Kennels a promising litter of seven collies by Woodmansterne Trefoil, that did so well in the spring circuit, out of Green Mountain Lass, a very large bitch, a granddaughter of Bendigo and Scotilla. These were whelped May 20, and are sable and white, beautifully marked and one can scarcely tell 't'other from which, and of course they are booked for the challenge class. Another bitch with an inbred contempt for modern appliances, reverted to the "nature method," made her nest under the cow barn and was there delivered of six handsomely marked sable and white pups by Conrad II. This bitch is by Bendigo out of Katrina. Minnie Sefton, by Mr. Pierpoint Morgan's newly imported crack, Sefton Hero, out of Dorothy, unfortunately missed to Bendigo, but Woodmansterne Deborah is in whelp to Woodmansterne Trefoil, and Ormskirck Julia, another importation, shows every evidence of her visit to Conrad II. Old Meadowbrook Meg, a very sweet bitch by the way, that unfortunately has never been seen in public, is also in whelp to Trefoil. This is a bitch that "Scotch" Baillie brought out for Mr. Terry and was bred by Mr. Robert Chapman, of Glenboig, Scotland. She is by Tramp out of Enery, by Charmagne out of Hasty, by Carlyle out of Glen; Tramp II., through Tramp and Moss running back to old Marcus. This kennel prides itself on being particularly strong in the blood of old Charmagne, and with ordinary luck the kennel should repeat the triumph of earlier days on the collie benches.

The pointers Ightfield Dickon and Prawn, that ran last fall under Cameron's care, have been shipped back to Mr. Haywood Lonsdale, but before they went Mr. Mortimer threw an anchor to windward by breeding Hempstead Peggy, one of the Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game family, to Prawn, and this nick should prove useful in the trials of '94.

Central Field Trials.

It is a pity that the Central Field Trial Club did not come sooner to some definite decision as to whether they would hold field trials on their grounds this year. Several field trial men held entries back from the Eastern trials intending to run at Lexington. In this way the Eastern trials have suffered, as these dogs would have been entered there. We may as well remark here that if the Eastern Field Trials Club wishes to regain its popularity and stop the downward slide, it must consider the pointer men. The idea among pointer men is that the English setter there is the star around which the pointers and other breeds of setters must revolve. A well-known field trial handler and owner, one of the very earliest at the game, remarked to us last week that while the Eastern Field Trial judges might once in a while throw a sop to the pointer element by conceding some of the money to one dog, the balance of the pointer element did not receive proper recognition. This may be so or not, all we have to judge by is the result. In the Eastern Trials Derby there are eight pointers, in the United States Trials there are twenty-four. Moral: Put a pointer man, or a man who is known to favor the pointer in the field, as one of the judges. There is yet time for some of the field trial men who intended, if the Central Club did not hold trials, to get the use of the Central grounds, to do so. Entries could close Aug. 1 as well as any other time. Owners scarcely know yet what dogs they have that will do, and the entry cannot be very much affected either way. The Philadelphia Club should at any rate secure these grounds for their week. They will find a good hotel, with good meals, and they can hardly find better grounds.

St. Augustine.

Mr. C. J. Bousfield, recognizing the merit of FOREST AND STREAM as a medium through which he can best reach both St. Bernard breeders and the general public, places his new importation St. Augustine at stud in our business columns. Although we have not yet seen this dog, those upon whose opinion we can rely say that he is a most attractive and typical specimen, with a grand head and beautiful expression, and a true smooth in every sense. He is a large dog, with good action, who requires plenty of room to move himself, and the cramped condition of the ring at the St. Bernard Club show is thought to have been the cause of his defeat by Triton. He stands near 34in. at shoulder, with a skull measurement of 27in. How he will fare with our American crack Alton, Jr., remains to be seen, but his friends are very sanguine of a favorable result. St. Augustine will stand at Bay City, Mich., and for the information of those who wish to avail themselves of the services of such a typical dog, we may say that bitches sent from such points as Boston, New York and Philadelphia, say on a Monday, would be in the Bay City Kennels by Wednesday, and those from Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cincinnati or Chicago would arrive the next day (Tuesday).

Taxing Dogs.

Some of the Newark, N. J., people, aided by certain dailies, are trying to work up a mad dog scare similar to that of several years ago, so that a dog warden be appointed at a fat salary, aided by several assistants. Politics have entered into the subject, of course, and the Democrats in the Common Council last Friday passed the ordinance which entails a tax of \$3 on dogs and \$5 on females; this goes to pay for a dog warden at \$1,200 per annum. The license fee must be paid on or before August 1, and on that date will probably commence the impounding and killing of untaxed canines. The New Jersey Kennel League has protested the ordinance, but probably can do little more now than contest the constitutionality of the law in the courts. Dr. Mulcahey, of Newark, thinks he can knock the tax into a cocked hat. He intends to pay the tax on his dog and sue the city for the amount, his contention being that the tax is unconstitutional, and one of the points he claims is that a citizen cannot be taxed on any article that is of less value than the tax. For instance a pet dog of some family may be taxed \$5, when the animal may not be intrinsically worth more than \$1. This will raise some interesting points, and the next thing the city will have to do will be to appoint a dog appraiser.

Pacific Field Trials.

It looks as if Salinas, Monterey county, Cal., will be the next venue of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials. The gun club in that place has taken the matter in hand, and several members have secured 8,000 acres of suitable grounds. A committee of the field trial club was to start June 12 to investigate the property, but the result is not yet known.

Minneapolis Kennel Club.

The officers of the Minneapolis Kennel Club organized May 23, are: President, S. J. Carpenter; Vice-President, F. E. Eastman; Secretary, H. T. Van Dusen; Treasurer, A. N. Brackett; Superintendent, H. E. McCullough; Veterinary, H. E. Rowell; Directors, M. P. Whiting, Fred Pride and O. B. Clark. We have not been informed of the date of the exposition, in connection with which their show will be held.

but if it comes after or during the Canadian circuit, a good exhibit will no doubt be forthcoming.

Death of Lady Gladwyn.

Col. J. Ruppert, Jr., has not experienced an over-abundance of good fortune with his kennel of St. Bernards so far. The loss of Scottish Prince was a severe one and now he excites the sympathy of his fellow members of the fancy over the death of Lady Gladwyn, one of the best rough bitches we had in this country. Lady Gladwyn was whelped Feb. 26, 1889, and by Prince Regent out of Lady St. Gothard. Through her breeding and her excellent form and intense quality and good type, she should have proved of great value as a brood bitch, and that her death comes just as she was at her best is to be deplored. Lady Gladwyn was imported in 1892 by Col. Ruppert, Jr., from Mr. George Booth's kennels at Hull, England, a brother of Mr. Ed. Booth, Col. Ruppert's kennel manager. Gladwyn's career on the bench in this country is too recent to particularize; suffice to say she has won at nearly every appearance. It is to be hoped that the kennel has reserved some of the puppies out of a recent litter from this bitch.

Later particulars of Lady Gladwyn's death have been ascertained. This bitch was the greatest pet of the kennel and Mr. Booth is almost heart broken over her loss. She died from gastric colic in a few hours after being taken ill and before any aid could be had. Several surgeons were appealed to, but in vain, and Dr. Sherwood, the vet for the kennel, was attending other patients and did not arrive until just after her death. Dr. Sherwood gave the following certificate of death: "I have to-day made an examination of the body of the St. Bernard bitch Gladwyn and find that death was due to colic. I consider that Mr. Booth's treatment of the case was excellent and nothing more could have been done in the way of medicines.—THOMAS G. SHERWOOD, M. R. C. V. S." Mr. Booth's family have raised Lady Gladwyn, her mother and her grandfather. Lady Gladwyn whelped last Friday a litter of nine pups, all of which were doing well till she was taken sick on Sunday at noon. Seven are now alive on a foster mother. Their new bitch, Royal Duchess, arrived on Saturday last per steamer Lydian Monarch, of the Wilson Line. She is strong in head properties, good markings and stands 30in. at shoulder, with good bone, body and action. She is also from the Hull Kennel.

U. S. Field Trials.

Field trial men will be pleased to see the efforts of the United States Field Trial Club so well backed up. Giving two trials in a season is a formidable venture, and probably only such a go-ahead club as the United States could do it. We trust that their other stakes and the Trials B in February next will receive as good support as their Derby.

Fox-Terrier Cribbage.

In regard to the rumor about the celebrated wire-hair fox-terrier Cribbage, being purchased by Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass. (another of FOREST AND STREAM's many exclusives, by the way), we may say with authority that Mr. Smith has been given a refusal price on the dog and has cabled his English correspondent to close with Mr. Clear, Cribbage's owner. Cribbage is without doubt the best wire-hair in England, and by many thought to be the best fox-terrier in the world, as he has been placed over Vice Regal and D'Orsay several times for the cup for the best terrier in the show.

Any one who wishes to buy a dog need only turn to our kennel special columns this week and he will find "a little of something of every thing." J. L. Sebolt offers Gordon setter pups; W. H. Pierce, well-bred English setters; Standard Stock Farm, pointer bitch, cocker dog and foxhound pups; Albany Pointer Kennels, young stock; R. S. Inch, English setter pups; W. H. Child, young great Dane; C. S. McChesney, pair pointer bitches; B. Z. Brewer, English setter pups; Wachovia Kennels, St. Bernard pups; J. Leicht, trained pointers; Oakview Kennels, well-bred beagle pups; F. M. Thomas, trained pointer; Dr. C. E. Stanley, English setter dog; E. B. Underhill, Jr., greyhound pups. We also draw attention to E. B. Bishop's advertisement of Irish setter pups out of Coleraine and champion Winnie II. Spratts Co. also publish a list of their well-known dog medicines. In the stud Bay City Kennels puts the smooth-coated St. Augustine, winner of the 100 guinea challenge cup last Crystal Palace show, and the rough-coated St. Bernard Lord Dante, first and special, Detroit; first, Indianapolis, 1893. We also draw attention to the new advertisement of New York St. Bernard Kennels, who in an already good list of stud dogs include the celebrated and newly-imported Young Bute, who stands at a fee of \$75. Wants: J. Leicht, dogs to train; Tasmoo Kennels, small dogs to board.

Another cocker kennel is in process of formation at Philadelphia. Dr. Thomas B. Earley and Mr. J. L. Budel have claimed the name of Clover Kennels. Their initiation into the trials and tribulations of the fancy commenced with Stella Brush, a purchase from Woodstock, Canada, whelping on the train and the consequent loss of all her pups by Woodland Duke. They have two more bitches due in a week and naturally hope for better luck next time. These gentlemen write "We wish to add our testimonial to the many virtues of FOREST AND STREAM."

A Mr. G. Hathaway, of Nutley, N. J., is the owner of a three-legged dog which has developed a reputation as a snake killer. He never passes a snake by on the other side. Recently he killed a black snake 5ft. 6in. long after half an hour's struggle. The absence of the fourth leg is probably the reason for his own immunity.

There seems to be an epidemic of big litters just now. A correspondent from Troy, N. Y., sends us word of a foxhound litter of large dimensions. The first one of the litter was born about 5 P. M. on Saturday, June 3, the fifteenth came on Sunday about 10 A. M. and was still-born. Two more were born alive by 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and at last accounts the sixteen were doing well with the aid of a foster mother. The bitch, Lill, was purchased recently by four Troy sportsmen, known as the "Governor's party," from the Cook Kennels, of Detroit, and is by Workman. Besides being the first litter this dog has sired, it is also the mother's maiden effort.

We are indebted to the Retnor Kennels for some excellent photographs of their new dog Bedgbury Lion, and also a capital picture of their little Prince Charlie Snob, that took first prize at the Pet Dog show. A small picture of Bedgbury Lion's head is just about the best thing of its kind we ever saw, and shows the points of this dog's grand frontispiece to perfection. A capital picture of Mischief, or rather Dimple, who was smothered in her box on the way to the Troy show in 1890, is also included in the envelope.

Mr. Washington sends us a picture of his Irish setter Kildare Beverly, which, though it might be a little sharper in detail, is a good likeness of the dog, and further enriches our gallery of celebrities.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club, Lexington, Ky., write: The premium list of coming show is now in the hands of the printer and will be ready for distribution June 26. Copies will be mailed promptly upon application to the secretary, Roger D. Williams, Lexington. The show will be held under the rules of the American Kennel Club, and a

wins will count in advancing dogs to champion and challenge classes.

Mr. Huber, the well-known pointer breeder of San Francisco, is building new kennels. It will interest Eastern pointer men to know that his Sally Brass II. is said to be in whelp to his English field trial winning pointer Glenbeigh, that Mr. Mortimer brought over for him last summer.

We regret to hear that Mr. Freeman Lloyd is suffering from inflammation of the eyes and is almost blind. We sincerely trust that the ailment is only temporary and that he will soon be able to "see a thing or two" again in his usual form. "Thames Tattler," as this gentleman is best known over here, has for some time past been kennel editor of the *Sporting Mirror*, published in London. In his column or two of "The Din of Dogdom" he gives us all the principal news of the English kennel world in his usually chatty manner.

Dr. Foote derives a good deal of amusement in "touching the button" on the numerous and varied inmates of his kennel and often succeeds in catching some quaint and interesting situations. One result he left at our office the other day. It represents three "wires," puppies by Brittle—Brittle Button, Brittle Brush and Brittle Broom, on the *qui vive* at the door of their barrel kennel; they look very long-headed and wise in their generation.

A notable event in coursing circles is the whelping of Mr. J. H. Watson's Drytime, June 11. The result of the union with his Royal Crest, three bitch pups, is rather disappointing.

World's Fair Show Judges.

CHICAGO, June 21.—Special to *Forest and Stream*: The *Tribune* this morning prints the following, which I send without having time for a visit to Mr. Thacher to verify the correctness of the list:

"John Boyd Thacher yesterday nominated fifteen judges for the Kennel exhibit. The list of judges, while it was not approved yesterday by the Board of Control because Director General Davis had not indorsed it, will be passed to-day with his signature, and consequently these will constitute the jury to award medals and diplomas:

For St. Bernard and Newfoundland, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass. Mastiffs, E. Court Rice, England. Great Danes and Dachshunds, G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y. Deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds and foxhounds, R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky. Beagles and Bassets, Pottinger Dorsey, Newmarket, Md. Pointers, Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal, Canada. English setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs, John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Irish setters, Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H. Gordon setters, Dr. L. Henry Twadell, Philadelphia, Pa. Spaniels (sporting), A. C. Wilmerding, New York city. Collies, H. Jarrett, Philadelphia, Pa. Fox-terriers and bull-terriers, T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y. Other terriers, poodles, bloodhounds, harriers and schipperkes, James Mortimer, Long Island. Pugs, toy spaniels and Italian greyhounds, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa. Bulldogs, John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass."

E. HOUGH.

Upon receipt of above this (Wednesday) morning we wired Chief Thacher for verification, who in reply confirms the list as correct, subject to approval by the Commission.

We are pleased to see Mr. Davidson on the World's Fair list of judges, but the appointment of Dr. Mills for pointers is something "no fellah can understand," and will surely raise a protest.

English Entries for Northwestern Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a chatty letter I received from Mr. Wm. Brailsford he informs me that the grouse trials for this year have been dropped. That he has sent out to Mr. Pierre Lorillard three setters, one, a young black dog, own brother to my Manitoba Toss, and one by the noted English field trial winner Fred ex Ross, she by Ross ex Pitti Sing. Fred's progeny are now the fashionable field trial strain in England and are eagerly sought for, Mr. Lonsdale paying \$500 for a winning puppy. Mr. Brailsford says he is a very clever puppy, as are all Fred's get. Mr. Lonsdale enters Ightfield Dog Whip in the Northwestern Field Trials Club's Derby and asks for more entry forms, so that this spirited sportsmen will be again represented in our field trials. Entries are already flowing in and I fully expect that our Derby purse will exceed \$500. Mr. B. Waters writes that his journalistic duties compel him to decline to act as one of the judges for this year. Major Taylor, Mr. John Davidson and Dr. Rowe are among those that have the club's preference, but it is very hard to get good judges in consequence, principally, of kicking competitors, but this club will adopt rules this year that will protect their judges in the direction mentioned.

THOS. JOHNSON

Hon. Sec.-Treas. Northwestern F. T. C.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 8.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Pardo, Romeo, Signa and Mona. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dogs, whelped May 7, 1893, by imported John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen) out of Peggy Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.).

Loris, Kodak, Starlight, Little Lady, Italia and Dorothy. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pugs, two dogs and four bitches, whelped May 8, 1893, by Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.) out of Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister).

Manola and Monica. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug bitches, whelped Feb. 3, 1893, by John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen) out of Lady Verve (Joe II.—Pudgie).

Ferona and Violette. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug bitches, whelped March 27, 1893, by Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Lady Venus (Spokane—Lalla Rookh).

The Doctor. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for stone fawn pug dog, whelped March 29, 1893, by Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.) out of Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman).

Eberhart's Stunner, Square Deal, The King, The Trump, Twister and Abner's Son. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dogs, whelped June 1, 1893, by Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.) out of Lady Alma (Eberhart's Cashier—Mabel E.).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Miss Kate—Black Duke. Jos. Spracklin's (Woodstock) cocker bitch Miss Kate to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (Obo II.—Woodland Queen), April 7.

Harte's Bessie—Red Duke. W. Harte's Irish setter bitch Harte's Bessie (Careless—Jennie Lorraine) to Red Duke (Beau Brummel—champion Winnie II.), March 6.

Carrie H.—Paul Bo. W. H. Dye's (Indianapolis, Ind.) English setter bitch Carrie H. (Ben Hill—Blonde) to R. Merrill's Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Boltonian girl), May 22.

Low—Victor Gladstone. E. A. Carrier's (Westchester, Conn.) English setter bitch Low (Breeze—Bessie Dale) to his Victor Gladstone (Paul Gladstone—Victor Llewellyn), May 8.

Axel King Don. T. E. Roberts's pointer bitch (Voltaire—Renie) to Bronx Valley Kennels' Axel King Don (King Don—Meteor's Del), May 15.

Judy—Patsy Bolivar. E. L. Prout's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Judy to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), June 4.

Suzie—Eberhart's Cashier. Mrs. Morgan's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Suzie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), June 4.

Emblem—Dandy. E. E. Kelley's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Emblem to G. M. Phinney's Dandy, April 20.

Goldie—Eberhart's Cashier. Bellevue Kennels' (Bellevue, Ky.) pug bitch Goldie (John Bull—Lady Thelma) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), May 19.

Willie—Sir Douglas. C. S. Brantley's (Crinceton, Ind.) pug bitch, Nellie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sir Douglas (Douglas II.—Lady Verve), May 18.

Dimple—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Dimple (champion Peurice—Mint) to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.), May 18.

Maak's Juno—Kent Elgin. T. T. Ashford's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Maak's Juno (Rev. Morgan—Fleet) to his Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), April 11.

Luck of Ruby—Kent Elgin. T. T. Hillman's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Luck of Ruby (Brown Stout—Jaundy D.) to T. T. Ashford's King Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), April 10.

Lassie Jean—Kent Elgin. T. W. Jewell's (Montgomery, Ala.) pointer bitch Lassie Jean (Pommy Sec—Fan N.) to T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), May 2.

Castle Pride—White Wonder. H. F. Church's (Taunton, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Castle Pride to H. A. Harris's White Wonder, May 26.

Count's Nell—White Wonder. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Count's Nell (champion Count—Bertha) to his White Wonder, May 7.

Rose—White Wonder. J. G. Lipsett's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Rose to H. A. Harris's White Wonder, April 21.

Swadie. H. M. Howes's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Chatham Queen (champion Jubilee—My Queen) to H. A. Harris's White Wonder (Gully the Great—Kid), April 10.

Richmond Jessamine—Ruby Patsy. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Jessamine (Spinner—Lady Scarborough) to his Ruby Patsy (Ruby Potter—Maize), April 16.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Harte's Bessie. W. Harte's Irish setter bitch Harte's Bessie, May 11, six (three dogs), by his Red Duke.

Fan N. Banks & de Russy's (New York city) pointer bitch champion Fan N. (Fauster—Corsicana Toby), May 10, ten (three dogs), by W. H. Hyland's champion Pommy Sec (champion Graphic—Lady Vinnie).

Susie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) Boston terrier bitch Susie, May 26, three (two dogs), by —; two dogs dead.

Lady Alma. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Alma (Eberhart's Cashier—Mabel E.), June 1, six dogs, by their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.).

Burlington Diadem. H. W. Lacy's (New York city) fox-terrier bitch Burlington Diadem (Suffolk Coronet—Bacchante), May 16, one dog, by Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer (Ruby Mixture—Richmond Olive Bud).

Mabel. I. O. Converse's (Fitchburg, Mass.) pointer bitch Mabel (Dick Swiveller—Tollie Doe), May 30, twelve (seven dogs), by his Bar Harbor Sam (Duke of Vernon—Boski).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Harte's Sally. Red Irish setter bitch, by Chief of Tara out of Shamrock, by W. Harte, St. Louis, Mo., to L. A. Schoenberg, St. Peter's, Mo.

Cardinal Beauport—Jarbeau whelps. Mastiffs, whelped Feb. 7, 1893, by J. J. Lyman, Port Huron, Mich., a dog to W. McDonald, Chicago, Ill.; a dog to C. B. Davey, Mt. Forest, Ill.; a dog and bitch to J. Carrigan, New York city; dog to H. C. Frost, Buffalo, N. Y., and a dog to S. Harrison, Chicago, Ill.

Lad of Beppo. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Daisy Wooster, by S. S. Banks, Bridgeport, Conn., to Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

Autocrat. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Kate Claxton, by S. S. Banks, Bridgeport, Conn., to Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

Chancellor. Pointer dog, by Lad of Kent out of Ridgeview Lass, by J. L. Anthony, Plainfield, N. J., to Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

The Doctor. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped March 23, 1893, by Patsy Bolivar out of Mabel E., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. S. Franz, Tampa, Fla.

Sir Douglas. Fawn-pug dog, whelped October, 1891, by Douglas II. out of Queen of Naas, by Bellevue Kennels, Newport, Ky., to Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O.

Snap. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1893, by Tiny out of Daisy, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Dr. Amick, same place.

Grover. Stone fawn pug dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Robt. Burns, same place.

Genevieve. Pointer bitch, by King of Kent out of Westminster Nan, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to H. H. Starkey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roland. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Dauntless, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to G. D. Seib, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Donaldson. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Donald out of Miss Arkoss, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa Kennels, L. I., to H. Hawkes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wildwood. Pointer dog, by Lap out of Lapford Pearl, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to D. H. Turnbull, Owego, N. Y.

Ridgeview Panic. Pointer dog, by Tribulation out of Bloome II., by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to P. P. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Ridgeview Donald. Pointer dog, by Beppo III. out of Lady Norrish II., by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to P. P. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Chesterfield. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Dauntless, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to C. Heitemeyer, Hoboken, N. J.

DEATHS.

Earl of Hessen. Pointer dog, by Lap out of Lapford Pearl, owned by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

Duchess of Nassau. Pointer bitch, by Nasso of Kippen out of Juno II., owned by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

Westminster Nan. Pointer bitch, by Westminster Cato out of Nancy, owned by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. B. H., New York.—I have a dog by Paul Gladstone ex Jean; Jean by Fred W. ex Zona. Will you please inform me if I have a pure Lewellyn setter dog. If not will you please point out the defects of pedigree. Ans. Your dog is pure Lewellyn setter running back in every instance to the Duke—Rhabe Cross.

A. F. C., Welland, Ont.—Please give me the pedigree of English setter bitch Lulu. Ans. By Paris III. out of Genevieve, by champion London out of Dawn; London by Paris out of Humphidge's Lill; Paris III., by Paris II. (3701 Vol. II.) out of Lady Princess (2659 Vol. III.).

H. D. W., Milford, N. Y.—I have a foxhound bitch, 10 months old, that had damper last winter. She appeared to get over it, but had it quite hard. About three weeks ago she commenced to go sideways and more with her hindparts than her fore; she will brace with one side and go around in a circle and fall down. She seems to be in good health other ways, though she sways her head back and forth. The eyes seem bright. I have been giving her spirits of nitre and I have put spirits of turpentine on her spinal column, but it does not help her. Her limbs seem warm. She has just commenced to be in season, would it harm her to breed her now. Ans. Give a sharp purgative and afterward the following mixture:

℞ Pot. bromid. 3 iss
Liq. arsenicalis. 3 i
Aq. ad. 3 vi
Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

E. L. G., Mamaronock, N. Y.—I have a Newfoundland dog which is very sick with what I think is distemper. He is a dog seven years old. His eyes and nose run with matter. His eyes seem to have wasted away entirely. Will you kindly tell me in your next issue what disease it is? Ans. Distemper.

What Shall We Drink?

This is a question of the utmost importance in the hot weather. An absolutely pure and non-alcoholic beverage that is grateful to the taste, full of snap, sparkle and effervescence, and a blood purifier as well, is Hire's root beer. There are many substitutes and imitations on the market which should be carefully avoided.—*Adv.*

Minneapolis and St. Paul

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

22. Rhode Island, Ladies' Day.	24. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, LI.
23. Schoodic, An., Calais, Me.	24. Cor. Phila., Special, Del. River.
23. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.	24. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 18ft. and skiff classes, Montreal.
24. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.	24-25. Cor., San Fran., An., Cruise.
24. Royal Can., 30ft. Class and Skiff Class, Toronto.	25. Pavonia, An., New York Bay.
24. Hull Cor., 1st Cham., Hull.	26. Eastern, An., Marblehead.
24. Jersey City, An., Communipaw.	30-July 13. Phila., Club Cruise.

THERE may be good reasons for the rule of the New York Y. C. prohibiting the entry of a chartered yacht or one not owned in the club in any of its races, but there have been many occasions where the rigid enforcement of the rule stood in the way of a race which every one was anxious to see. An instance of this was seen in the case of Iroquois last week, and others will be recalled in the Golet cup and Vineyard Haven races of 1891, when Beatrice was not allowed to enter, and at Vineyard Haven in 1889, when Alice and Papoose were barred, being owned outside the club. A very easy remedy would be an amendment to the rule by which the commodore or flag officers would be allowed to invite an outside or chartered yacht to start in a club race. In such a case as that of Iroquois it would seem that the rule might be changed so as to admit a free entry on the same footing as a yacht entered by an owner.

WITH occasional exceptions, as when the representative of the FOREST AND STREAM was left ashore through the season of 1888 as a punishment for holding and expressing independent opinions about the new deed of gift, and the famous marooning of the reporters at Northport on the cruise of 1891, the New York Y. C. has extended its hospitality very freely to the newspapers. This year, however, an important change has been made; the usual invitations to the press were not sent out, and those who asked to be taken were relegated to the club steamer Taurus, the ladies' boat, which never goes outside the Hook in bad weather, and leaves in season to reach the city before dark, missing half the race. As it happened, the race was of a sort which called for only a brief report, but had it been otherwise, with a good breeze and a sea on the bar, there would have been nobody present to report it.

THE annual regattas thus far have been unusually dull, partly through light June weather, but mainly through the indifference of owners, as evidenced by the beggarly entry lists in spite of special labor and inducements generally on the part of the regatta committees. This week there is little going on, but the racing commences again next Monday, with the Eastern Y. C. off Marblehead, and will continue until after the annual holiday on July 4. The sound races may turn out rather better than those on the Bay, but there is little indication of anything but a dull season in those classes which usually make the racing, the 80 and 90ft. schooners and the cutters and sloops from 40 to 70ft. At the same time there is a great deal of general racing among the smaller clubs, and the races of the four 85ft. cutters, which begin early in August, promise a brilliant ending for the season, the whole terminating with the contest for the America's Cup.

FROM a variety of causes, among which may be noted the rapid overdevelopment of the normal cutter in the 40 and 46ft. class, and the introduction of the fin-keel which followed; the first class racing, of yachts which confine themselves to no one locality, but race in all the important events of New York and the East, has for some time been at the lowest ebb and with no prospect of improvement. The causes and remedies for this condition are hard to find, but, pending a radical cure which shall revive racing, there is good reason for the belief that a racing class similar to the 40-footer of 1889-91 would find favor with many. The last few seasons have proved that the modern racing yacht is a mere toy, and an expensive one at that, to be thrown aside after one season, sold for a song and replaced by a new craft. This being the case, and we believe that it can hardly be contradicted, the question arises what size of yacht is most fitted to suit such a condition.

THE three clubs which have united in establishing a new cup for the Eastern 41-footers have acted wisely in deciding on a maximum waterline for the class, 21ft., which shall not be exceeded under penalty of disqualification. This placing of the responsibility on the owner, on whom it properly should rest, is a step in advance, and in line with the new rules of the British Y. R. A. The conditions of modern racing demand the location of the waterline by some one person connected with the boat, and the removal from the measurer of all responsibility other than for a correct measurement of the owner's marks. While some difficulties present themselves in connection with this plan, they are less than those constantly met with under the old system; and with a fair and rigid observance of the rule they will largely disappear. The day has gone by when owner or designer might build or ballast a yacht in open defiance of class limits, relying on the enactment of a special exemption clause by a too-complaisant club.

THE 46-footer has been proved to be too expensive in construction and running for other than a few very wealthy yachtsmen; there are many who could and would afford such a craft as Wasp or Gloriana if their racing life extended over several seasons, but who are unwilling or unable to sacrifice a yacht every fall to replace her with a more costly one of the same class in the spring. The 30 or 35-footer, on the other hand, has the advantage of comparatively moderate cost and of a greater proportionate sale value than the 46-footer, but at the same time even the 35-footer is too small for regular passages back and forth around Cape Cod, and for keeping up with the great annual cruise in which so much of the racing is done.

THE 40-footer, however, has thoroughly proved her value as a racing craft of reasonable accommodation, ample size and power for the seagoing which is demanded in American racing, and of a fairly reasonable cost of construction and running. Taken altogether, the 40ft. class was the most serviceable and instructive one yet known in this country, and its displacement by the 46ft. craze has proved a mistake. It is quite probable that a general effort of the clubs to restore the class for next season might lead to some good racing, at any rate the attempt is worth trying, and if it is done we would favor going a step further and creating a special class by sailing instead of waterline length, say of not to exceed 62 or 54ft. sailing length.

OUR reason for this is that we believe, apart from the mere novelty, which is always an attraction, a better craft could be produced, and at a more moderate cost, than the extreme forties of three years since; a yacht of slightly greater length and accommodation, with a smaller sail plan, but fully as fast.

AS to the objections, those once urged have entirely disappeared; "vested interests" could not complain, as the class is dead, without a yacht racing in it to-day; the narrow bugaboo no longer stands in the way; or at least it is to a certain extent a reality under existing rules and conditions in the shape of the fin-keel. We have not the

least fear, in view of the racing of late in several small classes, that an extremely long and narrow craft would be produced to sweep the courses, but even if such a dire contingency should follow-yachting and yachting racing would be no worse off than in the present state of stagnation.

SUCH a class would afford every opportunity for experiment, would fill all the needs of a live racing class for New York, Newport and Boston, and at the worst would make a season of good racing, while it is quite possible that a really good type might be produced.

OF course the presence of the fin-keel would be an important factor in determining the successful type in the class, but, if it be deemed desirable to do so, the clubs have it in their power to create the class under such limitations of minimum area of midship section as shall restrict the new boats to something approaching the normal types prior to 1891. There is no call for any speedy action in the matter, but we believe the idea to be well worth a careful consideration with a view to the desirability of concerted action early in the fall.

THE recent races abroad all tend to a few conclusions that are likely to be verified by the end of the season. It is evident that both Valkyrie and Britannia are successful by British standards, that the former is fully equal to her larger sister, and that her best points are those which will help her most in her races on this side; speed to windward and in moderate winds. Further than this, it would seem that in striving to overtop the class in size, the designer of Satanita had missed his mark, the boat's record thus far being one continual story of mishaps and alterations. Calluna, too, is thus far a disappointment, though it is not possible at this distance to say whether the fault is in the hull alone or in the handling, or whether the yacht herself may not be materially improved by less ballast and more sail. Though of less direct interest to Americans, it is important to note that the two new 40-raters, Lais and Vendetta, are far astern of last year's boats, Varuna, by no means as fast as Queen Mab, beating them regularly. The two Herreshoff fins, Meneen and Modvena, are racing several times a week and with very good luck, though it is quite possible that neither may equal the wonderful record of Wenonah and Wee Winn last year.

Navahoe.

ON Wednesday of last week the report of collision between Navahoe and a pilot boat in a fog reached New York, and it was confirmed on Thursday by the arrival of Navahoe at Boston in tow of a tug which had picked her up off Minot's Ledge. Meanwhile the pilot boat D. T. Leahy, No. 5, arrived at New York.

The details of the collision are known only from the stories of the two parties, that of Dennis Reardon appearing in the *Herald* of Sunday, while Mr. Carroll's side is told in a letter also to the *Herald*, the two statements being as follows: Capt. Reardon says: "I want the statements of those on board the Navahoe contradicted. It has been given out by Mr. Carroll that we ran into the Navahoe. That is untrue. The collision was the direct result of faulty seamanship on board the Navahoe. Here is the entry we made in our log book one hour after we came together: 'On Monday morning, June 12, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, we were in latitude 40° 39', longitude 69° 18', wind south-southwest, steering by the wind, sails good and full on the port track. The sails were single reefed and head of jib, the light sails furling. A thick fog set in a quarter past two o'clock A. M., and at twenty minutes past two o'clock we heard a vessel blowing one blast, bearing west by north. We put the helm hard up and answered with two blasts, the boat answering the helm immediately, but the vessel struck us on the port bow three minutes later. When the yacht struck the main sheet was slack and we fell off, and Francis S. Gillett, our boat keeper, was in charge of the deck.'"

"All the headstays except the forestay were carried away," continued the captain. "The stem and all the iron work in the stem were also carried away. We were then thirty miles east of Nantucket lightship, or 210 miles out on the Atlantic Ocean away from Sandy Hook. 'The shock threw me out of my bunk, and I hurried on deck in my underclothes. I stepped from my boat on to the deck of the Navahoe, as a line had been cast and the two vessels were lying side by side. Boyle then jumped on board and brusquely asked me how it had happened. I told him I didn't know, as was below when we came together. He asked for my name and the name of my vessel, which I gave him, but he refused his name and the name of his boat. 'I guess we'd better lay to together,' I said, 'and make an examination, for I think I'm sinking. If you are in trouble why we will be glad to help you.'"

"He looked at me for a minute and then said: 'D'ye see your boat?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, you get on board as quickly as you can, or I'll throw you overboard.' 'That's not right,' I said. 'I wouldn't treat a dog that way.' 'You heard what I said. Get on board at once or I'll throw you overboard.' I immediately jumped on board and my boat and the Navahoe separated from us and disappeared in the mist."

"Never in the history of pilot boats did one ever desert in the face of danger or sneak off when life was in peril. So we lay to until 7 o'clock, thinking that they might be worse off than they imagined and might need help. But when daylight appeared they were gone. We started for home and got here last night. I didn't intend to say anything about the actions of Mr. Carroll and his crew, but his conduct compels me to."

"Any nautical man can tell you that there is something wrong on board a vessel that has its ensign flying at 2 o'clock in the morning. Any seagoing man would have his opinion of the management of such a vessel."

"Here's another thing. Mr. Carroll has stated that when he heard our foghorn he 'starboarded' his wheel in order to give us a wide berth. The idiosyncy of this thing makes a nautical man laugh."

"There is no man of common sense who ever followed the sea but knows that a sailing vessel is on the port tack when it blows two blasts with its foghorn. This we did, as the law of the high seas requires."

"Mr. Carroll also is reported to have said that we were running before the wind and our sheets away off."

"When we were in collision our sheets were flat by the wind, with tackles on each boom. Nothing had been touched previous to the collision since 8 o'clock in the evening before."

"In his statement he says he 'starboarded' to give us a wide berth. A master of a vessel, a nautical man, knowing his business, would have blown his fog horn three blasts, running before the wind as he was doing. If he had wanted to have changed his course he should have 'ported' in place of 'starboarded,' which would have prevented the collision, knowing that we were blowing two blasts, which signified that we were on the port tack by the wind."

Mr. Carroll writes as follows: NAVAHOE, EAST BOSTON, June 18, 1893.

To the Editor of the *Herald*: In to-day's issue of the *Herald* I see a statement made by Pilot Reardon, whose schooner was in collision with Navahoe on Monday morning, June 12, on the southern edge of the Georges, in which he charges me with brutal conduct, and attributes the collision to the unseamlike way in which the Navahoe was handled.

When the collision took place I was in my berth, and the pilot states that he was in his. Consequently he must depend on his information from the officer of the deck at the time of the accident, as I do. In his case the boatkeeper of the schooner was in charge. My mate, John Hansen, was in charge of the yacht. The boatkeeper of the schooner states that he was on the port tack and blew two blasts of the horn. My mate reports that he was on the starboard bow if headed N. by W. I fail to see, as the yacht was headed E.S.E. by the compass course (magnetic), but whose fault the collision was and who is to blame can only be determined by the courts.

Pilot Reardon states in his log that he was thirty-six miles east of Nantucket Lightship. Our patent log, furnished by Messrs. John Bliss & Co., showed that the yacht had gone fifty-eight miles since ten minutes to 10 P. M., when we had the lightship distant about half a mile, since which time the yacht had been making a nearly true easterly course. When I left the deck the wind was forward the beam, and not a sheet had been touched from that time until the accident occurred.

When I reached the deck after the collision the two vessels were side by side, clumping heavily. A man was running about our deck, tell-

ing some one to go below and get his watch and unlash the boats. This man, I found afterward, was the pilot. There was no one at the schooner's wheel, and the shock of the two vessels banging together was tremendous.

My sailing master, Charles Barr, was at the Navahoe's wheel, and I heard him tell the pilot to leave our deck, to take charge of his own vessel and get some one at her wheel. The pilot said something about having a chance for his life, at which I heard Barr say if he did not get on board his boat and work her clear of the yacht he would pitch him on her. The man came to me and told me the name of his boat and himself. I do not recall his asking the yacht's name.

Personally, I do not pretend to be a professional seaman and I do not propose to enter the lists with the New York pilots. The officers of my yacht I consider to be as good seamen as can be got, but I should like to know what can be the opinion among seamen of the captain of a ship who, after a collision, is the first man to board the other vessel, leaving his own with no one at the wheel and making no effort to get her clear from her dangerous position, but who runs about talking about a chance for his life before he has found out whether it was in any danger or not?

With the wreck aloft I did not know what would fall next, and there was danger of the mast coming down every time she bumped, as it was badly sprung. I had no intention of deserting the pilot boat, but wished to get my boat clear of the dangerous position and do the talking afterward.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of yachtsmen they are always most particular in observing the setting and lowering of colors at the proper times, and the good pilot should have thought twice before he branded the yacht's crew as such duffers that they left their ensign flying after sunset, without good cause. The fact of the matter was that the signal halyards got fouled during the afternoon and the ensign could not be lowered at sunset. A topman was sent aloft, but the vessel was so lively in the strong breeze and jump of the sea that I thought it dangerous for him to go out to the end of the long gall under such conditions.

I can only say that I feel sure that everything was done by the officer in charge of Navahoe to prevent a collision that a good seaman could do. The officers of both vessels tell opposite stories, and I see nothing in the pilot's report to make me doubt the report of my mate, John Hansen.

Truly yours, ROYAL PHILIPS CARROLL.

Navahoe went at once to the Atlantic Works, East Boston, where her plating on the starboard bow has been replaced, a new mast made and stepped, and also a new topmast, so that she is now about ready to resume her voyage to-day. Mrs. Carroll has decided to go on the yacht.

The 21ft. Trophy.

AS the result of considerable work during the winter, the following rules have been drawn up by a joint committee of the Hull, Massachusetts and Corinthian clubs, to govern the racing for the new \$500 inter-club challenge cup, the design for which is already completed:

This deed of gift made—1893 between the Corinthian, Hull and Massachusetts yacht clubs, donors of the inter-club championship cup for 21-footers, of the first part, and John B. Brown, George A. Stewart, Henry Taggard, Jacob F. Brown, Harrison Gray Otis, Arthur Binney, Arthur J. Clark, Stephen P. Perrin and Percy Hodges, trustees, of the second part, witnesseth:

That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the premises and the performance of the conditions and agreements hereinafter set forth, the party of the second part, has granted, bargained, sold, assigned, transferred and set over, and by these presents does grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer and set over, unto the said party of the second part, its successors and assigns, the said cup, in trust nevertheless for the uses and purposes hereinafter made.

And the party of the second part hereby accepts the said cup, subject to said trust, terms and conditions, and hereby agrees to and that the said party of the first part, that it will faithfully see that the conditions are fully observed and complied with.

The cup shall be known as the inter-club championship cup for 21-footers, and is presented in 1893 by the Corinthian, Hull and Massachusetts yacht clubs, for yachts not over 21ft. load water line.

The cup shall be a perpetual championship cup, never becoming the property of any individual, and as for the promotion of friendly contests and the building of any type of boat 21ft. load water line or under. The name of the winning yacht and owner of the same, also name of club with date of race, to be inscribed on the cup each year.

The cup shall be held in trust by a board of trustees, subject to the rules and regulations which they may adopt. The committee, consisting of Messrs. John B. Faine, Geo. A. Stewart and Henry Taggard, representing the Corinthian Y. C.; Jacob F. Brown, Harrison Gray Otis and Arthur Binney, representing the Hull Y. C., and Arthur J. Clark, Stephen P. Perrin and Percy Hodges, representing the Massachusetts Y. C., shall be the first board of trustees.

Vacancies in the board of trustees shall be filled by the club in whose representation a vacancy may exist. At all meetings of the trustees the committee representing each club shall vote as a unit, and no business shall be transacted unless each of the three clubs is represented.

The rules and regulations which may exist may be changed at any meeting of the trustees at their discretion, but no change in the rules and conditions shall be made except by unanimous vote of the trustees.

The trustees shall draft a set of sailing rules and regulations under which all races for the cup shall be sailed.

The races for the cup shall be open to yachts not over 21ft. load water line, on any regularly organized yacht club; but the trustees shall have the privilege of rejecting any entry at their discretion.

The race shall take place annually off Nahant, Mass., between the first and eighth days of Sept., inclusive, unless postponed by the judges. Each club shall be represented by but one yacht in the races, and a yacht shall represent but one club.

The race shall be best two out of three. In case of the winner of each race being a different yacht, there shall be a sail-off between these three.

The club whose representative yacht wins, the championship series may hold the cup until the next season's races, upon giving a satisfactory bond to the board of trustees.

The trustees shall appoint annually a board of judges consisting of three, one member of each of the aforesaid clubs, who shall have charge of all the races, and all expenses incurred pertaining to the cup and races for the same shall be shared equally by the three clubs.

The following measurement rule has been drawn up by the committee: The waterline length shall be taken as 21ft., and in no race shall a yacht exceed the waterline length. If, after a race, a yacht, on being measured, is found to exceed 21ft. on the waterline, she shall be ruled out, and race and from further participation in the races of that season.

The conditions are in brief that no yacht is to be allowed "to enter the races until her certificate of measurement has been filed with the trustees or judges; the judges reserve the right to remeasure at their pleasure; the courses are to be laid out by the judges, and are not to exceed ten nautical miles; whidward and leeward are to alternate with triangular courses; each yacht may carry five men; ballast cannot be shifted during a race.

A very important change has been made in the matter of the right of way. The rule made by the committee reads: "When two yachts, both close hauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind and neither can claim the rights then of a yacht being overtaken, the yacht to windward shall keep clear."

Beverly Y. C. First Sweepstakes.

MONMOUTH BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday—June 17.

THE 195th race, first sweepstakes, was sailed at Monument Beach on June 17 in a strong northeast blow. Two or three of the new boats, with very long, low overhangs and weighted centerboards, made their first appearance in the first class. The first class was made up of Anonyma second, but both stood too far to windward and had to bear away to get to leeward of Mashnee, this costing Gynnote the race, while Anonyma went so far ashore that she stuck fast. In third class the Nobska went through the water very fast but did not hold as good a wind as the older boats. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mist, G. H. Lyman,.....	23.10	1 51 08	1 37 35
Gynnote, W. E. C. Eustis,.....	23.10	1 51 37	1 38 04
Defiance, H. E. Perry,.....	22.11	1 56 42	1 42 04
Come On, W. Phinny,.....	23.06	1 58 14	1 44 17
Mollie, S. P. Hill,.....	23.10	1 59 06	1 45 33
Agavam, J. G. Young, Jr,.....	23.08	2 07 57	1 47 52
Anonyma,.....	22.08	2 08 00	Withdrew.
Ulula, S. E. Winslip,.....	22.08	2 08 00	Broke boom.

THIRD CLASS.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe,.....	19.09	1 40 07	1 24 45
Doris, John Parkinson,.....	19.08	1 41 05	1 25 38
Puzzle, Wm. Anonyma,.....	19.09	1 41 19	1 25 54
Gilt Edge, L. W. Whitmore,.....	19.07	1 45 41	1 30 7
Daisy, Howard Dabney,.....	19.02	1 45 41	Withdrew.
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy,.....	16.03	1 45 41	Withdrew.

Dawdle is a fourth class boat, but having no competitor started with third class. Prizes: Mist and Defiance firsts, Gynnote and Doris seconds, Defiance and Puzzle thirds. Judges, N. H. Emmons, F. E. Cabot and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

New York Y. C. 48th Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Thursday, June 15.

The forty-eighth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was as flat and uninteresting as could well be imagined, there being few starters and little competition in any class, while the weather helped to spoil a race that even under the most favorable conditions would have amounted to little.

In the largest schooner class there were five starters, a very good fleet, but entirely out of place over the club's inside course in light weather. In the 90ft. class was the 90ft. Lasca, in good form and sailing much better in this, her second season, and the 82ft. Emerald, new sailing her second race. Iroquois was and was not in the class, being prohibited from an outside sweep of \$100 each. Being under charter, she is not eligible to entry in the club races, although she is owned by a member, and is now to all intents and purposes chartered to the club itself.

Clytie and Shamrock made up the 70ft schooner class, the former withdrawing early in the race. In the smallest schooner class there were five entries, including the new Loyal and Nears, and Monaghan, a small cruiser designed by Mr. Burgess. Monaghan and Azalea were late at the line and so handicapped that they gave up, the former early in the race and the latter after rounding the lights. The remaining three made a procession, with Viator well in the lead.

Wasp was under way in fine trim, but, being under charter, could not start; so the single-stick division was represented only by the old sloops Hildegarde and Eclipse, both recently rebuilt and thereby improved.

The official entry list was:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Brunhilde, David H. King, Jr.	102.00
Coronet, John D. Wing.	125.00
Dauntless, Caldwell H. Colt.	116.07
Ramona, Henry F. Gilling.	111.11
Yampa, Chester W. Chapin.	110.00

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

Emerald, L. Rogers Maxwell.	82.00
Lasca, John E. Brooks.	89.06
Iroquois, C. Oliver Iselin.	80.00

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Clytie, Henry C. Ward.	78.03
Shamrock, William P.	70.06

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Azalea, J. Clinch Smith.	59.00
Viator, W. Gould Brokaw.	62.00
Nears, Warren R. Fales.	Not meas.
Monaghan, A. T. Johnson.	45.00
Loyal, B. F. Sutton.	60.00

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS—RACING TRIM.

Hildegarde, J. C. Bergen.	60.09
Eclipse (fifth class) L. J. Callanan.	51.00

* Allowed to sail for private sweepstakes.
The Bay was covered with a thick haze during the morning, but at 11 A. M. the fleet began to work down to the start off Buoy 11 from the anchorage off Bay Ridge, and when the first gun was fired at 11:50 the haze lifted and a moderate S.E. wind came up the Bay. At the line was the handsome new flagstaff, with Corn, Morgan and the regatta committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Griswold on board, with a fleet of attendant steam yachts, the most conspicuous being the new auxiliary Intrepid.

The start was signalled by colored balls hoisted on the springstay of the flagship, the two sloops starting at 11:55 and the schooners at 12:05. The tide was running out at a great pace and helped the fleet over the line and away with the leaders all the way out to the turning mark, Sandy Hook Lightship. The start was timed:

Hildegarde	12 06 45	Dauntless	12 15 52
Lasca	12 11 39	Emerald	12 16 39
Coronet	12 11 40	Iroquois	12 17 10
Ramona	12 12 02	Brunhilde	12 17 48
Eclipse	12 12 00	Shamrock	12 18 38
Loyal	12 13 23	Clytie	12 19 04
Yampa	12 13 49	Yampa	12 20 00
Nears	12 14 32	Azalea	12 20 00
		Monaghan	12 20 00

In the beat down to the S.W. Spit Lasca, handled by Capt. Rhodes, soon took a commanding lead, which she held all day. The work to the Spit was not particularly exciting. The times at the turn were:

Hildegarde	1 11 30	Viator	1 18 30
Iroquois	1 16 30	Nears	1 30 00
Ramona	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45
Yampa	1 17 35	Coronet	1 32 45

Monaghan and Brunhilde turned back before the Spit was reached, and Clytie a little later.
It was now a procession to the Lightship, all on a close reach, Lasca in the lead. There was a little heave to the sea, and with a clear sky and bright sunlight the big schooners made a pretty picture, though there was not wind enough to move Coronet and Dauntless into a semblance of life. All fetched the mark and luffed round except Coronet. She had to make an extra leg. The times were:

Lasca	2 14 10	Dauntless	2 36 00
Iroquois	2 20 11	Ramona	2 36 30
Hildegarde	2 25 06	Shamrock	2 37 00
Emerald	2 28 11	Nears	2 37 00
Yampa	2 30 00	Loyal	2 38 00
Viator	2 35 10		2 40 00
Eclipse	2 35 10		2 40 00
Eclipse	2 35 10		2 40 00
Eclipse	2 35 10		2 40 00
Eclipse	2 35 10		2 40 00

With balloon jibtopsails and staysails to starboard the yachts ran for the Hook with a falling wind, but a good flood tide under them. The times at the finish were:

Lasca	4 17 15	Dauntless	5 05 52
Iroquois	4 30 11	Shamrock	5 17 56
Emerald	4 32 05	Coronet	5 24 23
Yampa	4 46 00	Nears	5 48 19
Ramona	4 56 43	Loyal	5 57 29
Hildegarde	5 04 19	Eclipse	6 07 57

The official times were:

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Coronet	12 11 40	5 24 23	5 12 43
Dauntless	12 15 52	5 05 52	4 50 00
Ramona	12 12 02	4 56 43	4 44 41
Yampa	12 13 49	5 28 00	5 16 15
Brunhilde	12 17 48	withdrew.	Not m.

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

Lasca	12 11 39	4 17 15	4 05 36
Emerald	12 16 39	4 32 05	4 15 26

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Shamrock	12 18 38	5 17 56	4 59 18
Clytie	12 19 04	Did not finish.	4 54 54

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

Viator	12 13 40	5 22 09	5 08 13
Azalea	12 20 00	withdrew.	5 08 13
Nears	12 14 32	5 48 19	5 37 47
Monaghan	12 20 00	withdrew.	5 37 47
Loyal	12 13 43	5 57 29	5 44 06

SLOOPS—RACING TRIM.

Hildegarde	12 06 45	6 07 57	4 45 34
Eclipse	12 10 00	6 07 57	5 57 57

Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SAN FRANCISCO—SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Tuesday, May 30.

The Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco held its annual regatta on Decoration Day in a strong breeze and sea, the times being:

Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elia, F. Ames, sloop.	39.33	12 54 10	37 26	3 13 16
Linda, L. B. Chapman, sloop.	39.33	12 56 40	37 07	3 13 16
Petrel, R. L. Eames, sloop.	31.23	12 53 55	32 16	2 58 30
Thetis, F. R. Cook, sloop.	33.82	12 41 45	28 19	2 34 18
Dawn, F. Bartlett, sloop.	36.36	12 44 06	25 56	2 11 50
Freda, T. Lyons, sloop.	30.76	12 43 45	27 09	2 14 24
Truant, J. W. Peat, sloop.	35.35	12 40 20	3 09 40	2 29 20
Folly, G. Billings, sloop.	40.28	12 40 20	Did not finish.	2 22 00
Duke, F. A. Whitelaw, sloop.	33.53	12 43 10	Did not finish.	2 22 00
Volante, W. Stridger, sloop.	24.49	12 27 00	2 37 35	2 06 35
May, M. A. Newell, sloop.	24.90	12 26 30	2 37 45	2 01 15
Fawn, R. Peat, sloop.	26.81	12 31 10	2 26 45	1 52 35
Ceres, F. Thornton, sloop.	21.60	12 32 30	2 34 10	2 21 40
Cisne, H. L. Read, sloop.	21.41	12 30 00	Did not finish.	2 21 40
Folly, G. Billings, sloop.	20.14	12 17 00	2 57 12	2 43 13
Dart, F. R. Cook, sloop.	14.29	12 30 00	Did not finish.	2 40 31
Edna, C. J. Lancaster, sloop.	36.95	12 41 00	Did not finish.	2 40 31

The winners are: Elia first, Petrel second; Dawn first, Thetis second; Fawn first, May second; Ceres first, Cornelia second.

Elia was formerly owned by Fulton G. Berry and was built at San Quentin, Cal., by the State prisoners. Clara is an old New York boat, brought out here by Jabez Howes. Dawn was built by one of the crack builders, W. F. Stone, about nine years ago for an oyster boat, and was purchased two months ago by the present owner, who has

made extensive alterations in her, making her one of the finest boats in the fleet. Folly is one of the New York cutter models and has formerly shown remarkable speed when properly handled. Truant is a Cape Cod model and has heretofore been very fast, and is yet in smooth water and light winds. Duke was built by White, a well known Pacific coast builder. Dart was built by F. R. Cook, owner, and is somewhat after the Gloriana type. Elina, Ceres, Thetis, Cisne, Fawn, Volante, Cupid, May, all built by Wm. F. Stone. Linda was built by M. Turner, and has, since her launch, shown poor speed, except in heavy weather and head seas. In this last race the start was on a flood tide, turning to ebb at about forty minutes after starting. At turn of tide wind freshened and considerable sea. Smaller boats were very wet. All carried full sail except Ceres, who reefed, thereby handicapping the race in her favor.

The club now numbers 37 boats and 185 active and 4 honorary members, 9 launches and 19 rowing boats. On the ways now and shortly to be added to the fleet are three boats, one an auxiliary steam and sail schooner, 40ft. long, another a 36ft. cutter made from Eastern designs, another a 45ft. launch, all of the most modern design.

Corinthian Y. C. 69th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, opened the season on June 17 with a handicap race for cruisers and a race for the four knockabout boats, Pinta, Nina, Jane and Frances, the first pair being just completed for the Eastern Y. C. by Emmons, of Swampscott, from designs by Waterhouse & Chesapeake. The day was unpleasant, rainy, with a strong N.E. wind and a very rough sea, but seven yachts started and sailed a fine race, the two new boats making a dead heat. The 30ft. cruiser class brought out Fancy, Mr. Burgess's last and best 30-footer; Rondina, his first 30-footer, and the other the little cutter Kelpie. The course was from judges' lines, leaving Black Buoys 3 and 1 on starboard, Cat Island on port, Halfway Rock and Bell Buoy on the outer breakers off Pig Rocks on starboard, Tinker's Island, Tom Moore's Rocks and Black Buoys 1 and 3 on port to judges' line. Distance, 10 miles.

The course for the smaller boats was No. 6, a beat to the Bowditch Ledge Beacon, leaving Eagle Bar Buoy on starboard, thence a reach to Gooseberry Ledge Buoy, and a run home around the end of Cat Island; 6½ miles.

Neither Kelpie nor Rondina were ready at the gun, and Fancy waited for a time, the small boats meanwhile starting, the twins with whole sail and the others with single reefs. Nina and Pinta sailed a close race, finishing exactly together, with Jane some distance astern in third place. Fancy finally started with topmast boused, one reef in mainsail, and No. 2 jib. Rondina was handicapped 2m. and Kelpie nearly 4m. Once away, Fancy quickly dropped the pair, beating them very badly, though the two made a very good race with each other. The full times were:

CLASS A—21FT. TO 35FT. W.L.

Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Fancy, C. F. Lyman.	1 58 38	1 58 38
Kelpie, Wm. Bassett, Jr.	2 35 32	15 20 32
Rondina, D. O. Percival, Jr.	2 42 18	07 23 58

CLASS B—16FT. TO 21FT. W.L.

Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Nina, E. Y. C.	1 30 42	1 30 42
Pinta, E. Y. C.	1 30 42	1 30 42
Jane, C. S. Parker.	1 35 53	1 35 53
Frances, G. H. Wickett.	1 36 58	1 36 58

Prizes: Fancy, first prize \$25; Kelpie, second, \$15. Nina and Pinta, first and second prizes, \$15 and \$10, between them, and Jane \$5 as third.

The judges were Geo. W. Mansfield and Dexter H. Follett, Jr.

Corinthian Y. C. Schooner Race.

NEW YORK—OFF SANDY HOOK.

Saturday, June 17.

WITH wind and sea in plenty and a fine open course, the special schooner race of the Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday was nevertheless a complete failure, partly from the disinclination of owners to enter, and partly from the blunders of those on the yachts which did start. The club had made special efforts to secure entries but only five yachts were at the Scotland Lightship, Yampa, Dauntless, Ramona and Coronet of the large class and Lasca of the smaller. As the latter had no opponent she did not start. There was a strong N.E. breeze, with rain and a good roll of sea, conditions which would have made a contest between Lasca, Emerald and Iroquois a sight worth seeing after the dreary flukes of the week. The regatta committee, Messrs. Eben Clark, Chas. Stewart Davidson, Geo. A. Cormack and W. C. Hall were present on the flagship Ituna, while on the steam yacht Sapphire was Fleet Captain Schuyler, for a forego and the prizes.

The course was described most carefully in the printed instructions, and the tug Scandinavian set the first mark, N.E. by E. 10 nautical miles, making a beat, and then steamed off at right angles for the second leg, five miles.

The start was from the gun, Yampa leading over the line and setting the pace, Dauntless, Ramona and Coronet following in order. The last was under working sails only, but the others carried working topsails after crossing. All went well for a time; the four crossed on the starboard tack and stood for the Long Island shore, making a fine sight. After they came about, with Yampa still well in the lead, she started off for the Scandinavian, now vanishing on her way to the outer mark. Seeing Yampa's course, both Dauntless and Coronet followed, the trio going wide of the first mark. Dauntless was the first to discover the mistake, turning and making for the correct mark, at 2:31:48. Yampa and Coronet turned about later on and made for the mark, but on reaching it turned from the wrong side and finally abandoned the race. Ramona turned the outer mark at 2:42 and the first mark on the return at 3:09:45, with Dauntless at 3:32:56. Spinners were set before a falling breeze, and the finish was made at 4:11:17, the full times being:

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	12 15 00	4 11 17	3 56 17
Dauntless	12 15 00	4 35 15	4 20 15
Yampa	12 15 00	Did not finish.	4 20 15
Coronet	12 15 00	Did not finish.	4 20 15

Ramona wins a silver mug, with a Corinthian pewter to each amateur in the crew and \$100 divided among her captain and crew.

Plymouth Y. C., Second Pennant Regatta.

PLYMOUTH—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

THE second of the series of five pennant regattas of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed on Saturday over an inside course, three rounds of a three mile triangle, the wind being strong N.E. The times were:

Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Future, W. T. Whitman.	21.08	1 42 10
Wanderer, A. M. Watson.	22.01	1 43 30

SECOND CLASS—CATS.

Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nancy Hanks, P. Magellan.	15.97	1 35 53
Sigrid, Watson & Looz.	17.10	1 40 08
Attempt, G. Sherrick.	18.05	1 46 37
Mildred, Holmes & Harlow.	18.01	1 48 40

THIRD CLASS—SPRITSAILS.

Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mystery, T. S. Diman.	14.11	1 59 41
Puritan, E. D. Craig.	16.10	1 53 14
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett.	16.02	1 58 44
Katie L. J. Baguel.	17.04	1 59 12
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele.	17.04	2 00 18
Watermelon, W. Burgess.	15.04	2 07 18
Fearless.	withdrew.	2 15 17
Spray.	withdrew.	2 15 17

FOURTH CLASS—GAFF FORESAI.

Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay.	16.08	2 00 43
Abbie D., Geo. Mant.	17.11	2 04 03

The Cup Defenders.

THE Paine fin-keel is progressing very slowly, and is not yet in the water, though it is expected that she will be launched this week. Her spars, as well as those of Pilgrim, are now ready at Lawley's. Pilgrim reached New York in tow of a tug by way of the Delaware and Raritan canal on Thursday, and was docked on Friday morning in the larger dock of the Erie Basin. A heavy frame work of timbers, 16ft. above the bottom of the dock, was first built, leaving a space for the building of the fin. The yacht was then floated carefully in and adjusted accurately on the platform, after which bilge blocks were fitted and the dock pumped dry. The plates of the fin had been fitted and drilled to suit the builders' yard, and with the two castings for the bulb were sent on in advance. The work of placing and riveting these plates is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped that the yacht will be afloat by Saturday, ready to tow to Boston for her spars. The bronze bottom yacht for the Morgan-Iselin syndicate was quietly launched on the evening of June 14, being named Vigilant. She is now fitting out and should be ready by June 30 for a trial. She has not yet been delivered, some changes being made in her sails after the preliminary trial trips.

Shackamaxon Y. C. Annual, June 12.

PHILADELPHIA, DELAWARE RIVER.

THE sixth annual regatta of the Shackamaxon Y. C. was sailed on June 12 in a light variable wind from the north. The steamer Lafayette with the regatta committee and a large contingent of members and friends accompanied the yachts.

The course was from the club house at the foot of Shackamaxon street wharf to the buoy at the upper end of Wheat Sheaf Bar and return, a distance of 20 miles. The starters in the second class were: Eddie T., Milton Thompson; Viola, Henry Crib; Pastime, J. H. Yeager; Nellie, J. McCormick; Sunbeam, Walter Boker; Igidious, David Sharp; Lizzie, W. T. Cravin; Fedora, John McCormick; Ellen, G. Anderson; Nana, C. Stanford.

The start was made at 10:45, the yachts rounded the upper Wheat Sheaf Bar as follows: Nana 1:08:00, Ellen 1:13:30, Lizzie 1:16:00, Igidious 1:16:00, Pastime 1:20, The finish was timed: Nana 3:04:00, Ellen 3:17:00, Lizzie 3:17:15, Pastime 3:30:00, Igidious 3:31:30.

In the first class there were ten starters: Emma E., Jacob Engle; Victor, Richard L. Binder; Edgar, James Slemmer; Rex, Henry Schurle; Emma A., Henry Anderson; Bella, Joseph Bradshaw; Anna, J. Brewer; Dora Beck; Robert Beck; Clara, Fred Anderson; Annie, Max Schledenski.

The start was made at 10:45, each boat starting from a buoy. The boats rounded the Wheat Sheaf Bar in the following order: Emma A. 1:04:00, Anna 1:04:30, Victor 1:08:00, Rex 1:07:00, J. H. Yeager, Edgar 1:18:00, Clara 1:19:30. The finish was timed: Anna 2:58:00, Emma A. 3:02:30, Rex 3:03:00, Annie 3:04:00, Clara 3:11:30, Edgar 3:18:00.

The third class started at 10:58: S. A. Mariner, Wm. Kirk; Maggie, J. Jones; Minnie, Charles Anderson; Emma, Geo. Fuerst. The yachts rounded the Wheat Sheaf Bar buoy in the following order: Emma 1:07:00, Maggie 1:07:15, S. A. Mariner 1:10:00, Minnie 1:12:00. The finish was timed: Maggie 3:01:30, Emma 3:02:00, Minnie 3:04:15, S. A. Mariner 3:04:45.

The first prize for each class was a gold watch, second prize a fine clock, third prize a silver pitcher.

White Bear Y. C., Opening Race.

ST. PAUL—WHITE BEAR LAKE.

Saturday, June 3.

THE White Bear Y. C. is preparing for a very active racing season, the following lengthy programme having been issued:

June 24—First class, Gotzian cup; second class, Kitten cup.
July 1—First class, forenoon championship; afternoon, commodore's cup; second class, forenoon

This old Long Island shooting club held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on June 15. Six members shot at the birds, old Long Island rules, H and T traps, gun below the elbow, birds killed with the second barrel to count as a half bird. C. Doscher was the winner as C. M. Meyer was not a member long enough to enable him to take the medal. Scores:

C Doscher	1221212112	10	7 1/2	J Moeller	911111022	8	6 1/2
C M Meyer	1121211121	10	7 1/2	J Meyer	220112123	7	6 1/2
U Ruppel	1121022110	8	6 1/2	H Miller	110221011	7	6

N Skinner	000000001000000000000001
Norten	111111111111111111111111-2
Olmsted	011110011111111111111111-2
Gregg	111111111111111111111111-2
Wagner	111111111111111111111111-2
Brink	110111011111011101100101-1
Baker	111111111111111111111111-2
Pope	111100111111111111011111-2
Hammond	111111111111111111111111-2
E Palmer	111111111111011111011111-2
Shorty	111011111111111111111111-2
Nichols	100101100111101111111101-1
G Elliott	001111111111111111111111-2
Heaman	11100010000101001010100-1
Richards	0100111100100000101011-1
B B Reid	111111111111111111111100-2
Acker	011111100111111111111111-2
Spalding	1111111011011111111111001-1
Lindsley	011111111111111111111111-2
Wendt	111111111111111111111111-2
Vanda	100101111111111111111101-1
F Elliott	011011101111111111111111-2
Schwartz	010011111111111111111111-2
Storey	111111111111111111111111-2
Tosher	110111111111111111111111-2
Stoway	101011111111111111111111-2
P Smith	010110101111111111111111-2
J H Richmond	111111111111111111111111-2
Munsen	010011111111111111111111-2
Hammond	011001111111111111111111-2
R F Rankin	010111100011111111111111-2
Downes	111111111111111111111111-2
W J Mann	101011111111111111111111-2
Lane	111011111111111111111111-2
Quirk	001100101111111111111111-2
Byer	111111111111111111111111-2
Whitney	111111111111111111111111-2
Kelsey	111111111111111111111111-2
Musselman	010111111111111111111111-2

Thursday's Scores.

State event No. 7, entrance \$5, 20 singles, \$500 guaranteed:

Swiveller . . . 111111111111110111—19	Henry 1111111111111111—20
Wagner . . . 1111111111111111—20	A M S 1111111111111111—20
Olmstead . . 1111011101011111011—16	Lefever 1111111101111111101—18



Austin.	.11111111111111111111	-1
Rogers.	.10110100001111101111	-19
J Lewis.	.11000011111111111111	-17
C W Ritz.	.1111111010101111111011	-1
East.	.100011001101000111111001-1	
McLime.	.111110111111111111101110-2	
Jeff.	.001010000100010001000100-	
Fisher.	.10110111111111111010111101-1	
Koch.	.111110111111111111111111-3	
Walters.	.1011111010000111111011101-2	
Hicks.	.1111111111111111111110111-1	
Redmond.	.111011111111111111111111-11	
Holsey.	.00000001100101000000000000-	
Knowlton.	.111101111111111111111111-2	
Luther.	.111111111111111110111011112-2	
Truesdale.	.11111111101110111111111111-2	
G H Mann.	.11111111101110111111111111-2	
Babcock.	.101110111111111111111111-2	
Burton.	.1011011111111111111110100-11	
C B S.	.011000010011111011110101-1	
Jersey.	.000001010111110011101011-13	
A Rickman.	.101101101111111111111111-16	
L Freise.	.1111000110101000111111101-18	
Money.	.001001101101111111111111-19	
Russel.	.111111111111111110101111-25	
Hadley.	.111111111111111111111111-25	
Mowry.	.000000010100110000110110-6	
B Rickman.	.111100110101110111011101-16	
Perry.	.010111111110001111111011-18	
Hunt.	.00000000000000000000000000-	
Sage.	.101100011111100011111111-20	
Feiner.	.010100001101011101111111-15	
Boyd.	.11010011011010111100000-13	
Pauckner.	.001000011100000001100111-5	
Peters.	.101001000110100011111111-13	
Slyer.	.111101011111111000110101-17	
Evershed.	.101111111111111110101011-17	
Heale Ben.	.111000111111000111111111-20	
Fleischer.	.111001000010110111111011-14	
Lawden.	.000110111111010101101111-16	
J R.	.011011010001100001000101-13	
Forsyth.	.111011111111111111111111-23	
La Force.	.110111111111111111111111-21	
Ride.	.110000111111111111111111-20	
J W Farrow.	.1101111111111111101000100-14	
H.	.000110011001111010111111-15	
McDee.	.0001100010000000010001000-4	
Stewart.	.111111111111111111111111-25	
Porter.	.1111100101011100011111011-17	
Judson.	.100011101010111110101000-15	
Lape.	.001111011111111111111111-20	
J Hume.	.111001110001111110111111-20	
M Carroll.	.111111111111111110111111-24	
M Smythe.	.000111000111000110000101-10	
W B Moore.	.111101111111111111111111-23	
S P K.	.1110111111101101101110101-19	
Hewitt.	.101010101111111111111111-21	
Harvey.	.011111100111111111111111-21	
C W.	.010010101010101111111111-16	
J H Brown.	.01111111111111111001110111-16	
Demond.	.01000w	

Union Gun Club.	
Kelsey.....	111111111001101111111111-22
Andrews.....	111111111011111111111111-24
Harmond.....	111111111101111111111111-24
J Koch.....	11111111111111101011111111-22-02
Syracuse Athletic Association.	
G H Mann.....	111110111111111111111101-22
A G Courtney.....	110111111101111111101111-24
C G.....	111111111111111111111111-24
H McMurphy.....	111111111111111111111111-22-02

Connecticut League.

New London, Conn., June 14.—The fourth tournament of the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League was held at Willimantic on the grounds of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club yesterday. The shooting commenced about 9 A. M. and continued without any cessation until 5:30 P. M., some six extra 10 bird events having been shot before and after the regular programme, making a total of 18 events. The Nutmeg shooters when they attend a tournament want to shoot all the time, and will not stop until their ammunition gives out or nightfall makes them think of home. There were about 35 shooters present from all parts of the State, and under the efficient management of Mr. H. L. Edgarton, the manager of the league and secretary of the home club, the events were run off promptly and satisfactorily. The weather was cloudy and at times it rained quite hard, but taking everything into consideration it was one of the best meetings held this season. Inclosed we hand you the scores. JAS. W. CLINTON.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Raven.....	1010011111-7	Edgarton.....	011110101-7
Clinton.....	1010111111-7	Mack.....	101011111-9
Penrose.....	101010011-6	Thomas.....	111101111-9
Edgarton.....	111111111-10	Fowler.....	101011111-9
Potter.....	101011111-9	Richmond.....	011110101-8
Savage.....	011110111-9	Treat.....	101010101-6
Bristol.....	100111011-9	Brainerd.....	111101010-8
Cook.....	101011011-8	Willey.....	110111011-8
Webb.....	111011000-6	Mills.....	101011111-8
Sterry.....	111110110-9		

No. 2, 10 targets:

Bristol.....	101011111-8	Clinton.....	001010001-4
Cook.....	111110111-9	Penrose.....	101011111-9
Savage.....	111111111-10	Raven.....	111111111-10
Sterry.....	111111111-10	Willey.....	111111111-10
Decker.....	111000010-4	Mills.....	111110111-9
Edgarton.....	111011101-8	Brainerd.....	101110101-7
Potter.....	110111111-9	Fowler.....	111101010-8
Thomas.....	110011011-7	Treat.....	101011100-6
Mack.....	100110111-7	Richmond.....	101110101-7

No. 3, 15 targets:

Clinton.....	11100100001010-7	Thomas.....	111010101001101-10
Penrose.....	1111111011111-14	Decker.....	11101001100000-8
Raven.....	1111111011111-14	Potter.....	11110110110110-13
Edgarton.....	1111111011111-13	Savage.....	11101010110110-11
Willey.....	1111011111101-13	Mack.....	11100110111101-11
Mills.....	1111111010010-11	Fowler.....	0111101010010-9
Bristol.....	110111101011-12	Richmond.....	11110100101-10
Webb.....	1111111011011-14	Treat.....	1110110100110-10
Sterry.....	1111111011111-14	Baldwin.....	1110011001101-11

No. 4, team race:

Potter.....	1111111011110111111111111111-27
Bristol.....	1111111111110111111111111111-27
Savage.....	1011111111111001111111111111-27-81
	Colt.
Cook.....	1111111111010111110011111111-26
Sterry.....	1111010110111111111111111110-26
Decker.....	110111100110001011110110000-18-70
	New London
Penrose.....	0111111111110111111111111111-27
Strong.....	0101011111110111111111111111-25
Clinton.....	11010110101111100001010010-16-68
	Willimantic
Edgarton.....	1111111010010101110111111111-24
Mack.....	1010111111111111111111111111-26
Webb.....	1110111111111111110111111111-27-77
	Modus
Fowler.....	1111111011010111110111111111-26
Treat.....	1010110111111111110111110111-24
Brainerd.....	10101111111101001011111111-22-72
	Bristol
Mills.....	1010111011101111011011111010-22
Willey.....	11110101001011111111111111-24
Richmond.....	11100101010101110111011111-22-68

No. 5, 15 targets:

Mac.....	011011111111011-12	Edgarton.....	1111111010111-13
Mills.....	00111110100111-11	Bristol.....	1111111011111-13
Fowler.....	101110011111011-11	Willey.....	01011001010111-9
Treat.....	0111101001011-11	Sterry.....	011111111111-14
Brainerd.....	0100111000101-7	Savage.....	011111111111-13
Clinton.....	111011111101101-7	Decker.....	01001010010101-7
Penrose.....	1000100101100-7	Potter.....	1111111011111-15
Raven.....	1111110111111-14	Thomas.....	0110110111100-10
Willey.....	1111101101111-13	Webb.....	1111011011011-12

No. 6, 15 singles:

Clinton.....	11111100110111-12	Bristol.....	11111011011011-12
Penrose.....	1111111011111-14	Sterry.....	1111111111111-15
Raven.....	1111101101111-13	Willey.....	1011111111011-13
Edgarton.....	1101101101111-11	Thomas.....	1100101111100-10
Decker.....	1001101100011-10	Mills.....	1001101111111-12
Fowler.....	1111101101111-13	Cook.....	11101101001111-10
Savage.....	1111111111111-15	Baldwin.....	0101011111111-11
Potter.....	1111111011111-14	Penrose.....	1111111111111-15
Mack.....	1101010000110-7	Willey.....	0000100111101-8

No. 7, Merchandise, 15 targets, unknown angles, 3 moneys:

Clinton.....	0111111011111-13	Potter.....	1111101111111-14
Penrose.....	0111111011111-13	Sterry.....	01111011101101-12
Raven.....	1111101010111-12	Bristol.....	1111111111110-14
Edgarton.....	1111111111111-15	Thomas.....	0010110111011-10
Decker.....	1000100001011-6	Willey.....	110011001010011-8
Fowler.....	1110111011011-12	Cook.....	1111111001001-10
Savage.....	1110111011011-12	Mills.....	11111100010011-10
Mack.....	1111111011110-14	Webb.....	111100000
Savage.....	1111001101111-12		

No. 8, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1010111110-7	Thomas.....	0111010111-7
Penrose.....	1010111111-9	Potter.....	1011101101-8
Raven.....	101001011-6	Bristol.....	111111111-10
Edgarton.....	111111111-10	Sterry.....	101111111-9
Brainerd.....	110111111-9	Fowler.....	101111111-9
Treat.....	011011111-8	Mack.....	111111111-10
Richmond.....	111011111-9	Mills.....	010111101-7
Beebe.....	010111101-7	Decker.....	010111101-7
Maloney.....	101011111-8	Thomas.....	111011111-8
Ristol.....	101011111-8	Mills.....	111011111-9
Mack.....	111110001-7	Baldwin.....	111111111-10
Treat.....	101111111-9	Bristol.....	111111111-10
Sterry.....	111111111-10	Brainerd.....	111111111-9

No. 9, 15 targets:

Clinton.....	1011111001011-11	Potter.....	1111101111111-14
Penrose.....	010110110110110-10	Savage.....	1111111011111-13
Raven.....	101010111110111-11	Thomas.....	1001011011111-10
Edgarton.....	111110110110111-12	Fowler.....	10001001111010-8
Webb.....	1001111101010-9	Sterry.....	011111101111-12
Bristol.....	1110111001111-12	Mack.....	01111110111-9
Mills.....	1011100111111-12	Willey.....	11101110011101-11
Clinton.....	1011111001011-11	Potter.....	1111101111111-14
Penrose.....	010110110110110-10	Savage.....	1111111011111-13
Raven.....	101010111110111-11	Thomas.....	1001011011111-10
Edgarton.....	111110110110111-12	Fowler.....	10001001111010-8
Webb.....	1001111101010-9	Sterry.....	011111101111-12
Bristol.....	1110111001111-12	Mack.....	01111110111-9
Mills.....	1011100111111-12	Willey.....	11101110011101-11

No. 10, 10 singles:

Clinton.....	1111111100-8	Thompson.....	001101101-6
Penrose.....	1101111010-7	Richmond.....	1111111001-8
Raven.....	1111111111-10	Fowler.....	1011111011-8
Edgarton.....	1111010111-8	Decker.....	1011111011-8
Webb.....	1111111111-9	Savage.....	010101011-4
Bristol.....	1110111011-9	Potter.....	1110110101-7
Mills.....	1110111111-9	Thomas.....	1110111111-8
Clinton.....	1111111100-8	Mills.....	1110111111-9
Penrose.....	1101111010-7	Baldwin.....	1111111111-10
Raven.....	1111111111-10	Bristol.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1111111111-10	Willey.....	1111111101-9
Webb.....	1111111111-10	Brainerd.....	1111111111-9

No. 11, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	111000101-6	Treat.....	1111110111-9
Penrose.....	1111111111-9	Sterry.....	1110111010-7
Raven.....	101010111-9	Beebe.....	0011010000-3
Edgarton.....	011111111-9	Maloney.....	010001111-6
Webb.....	1111111111-9	Mack.....	1111111001-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Richmond.....	1111111001-8
Thomas.....	1111111111-10	Fowler.....	1110111011-7
Bristol.....	1110111101-6	Baldwin.....	0111101101-6
Culmerhouse.....	110010011-6		

No. 12, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

No. 13, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

No. 14, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

No. 15, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

No. 16, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

No. 17, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

No. 18, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

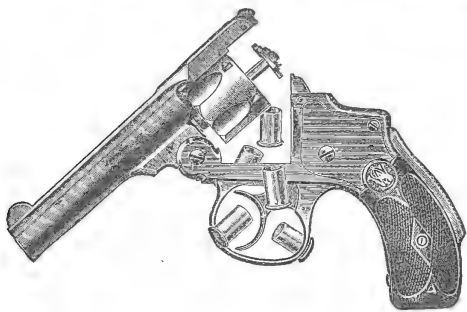
No. 19, 10 targets:

Clinton.....	1000000101-3	Beebe.....	1111001010-6
Penrose.....	1010111011-8	Thompson.....	111100001-6
Raven.....	1010111011-8	Savage.....	1111111111-10
Edgarton.....	1101010111-6	Brainerd.....	1111111011-9
Webb.....	0111110010-6	Thomas.....	1000011011-5
Mack.....	1110111111-9	Maloney.....	0110000100-3
Fowler.....	1011111111-9	Treat.....	0011111011-8
Potter.....	1111111111-10	Sterry.....	1111111111-9
Baldwin.....	1111100111-8	Richmond.....	1101011111-8
Bristol.....	1110111110-8		

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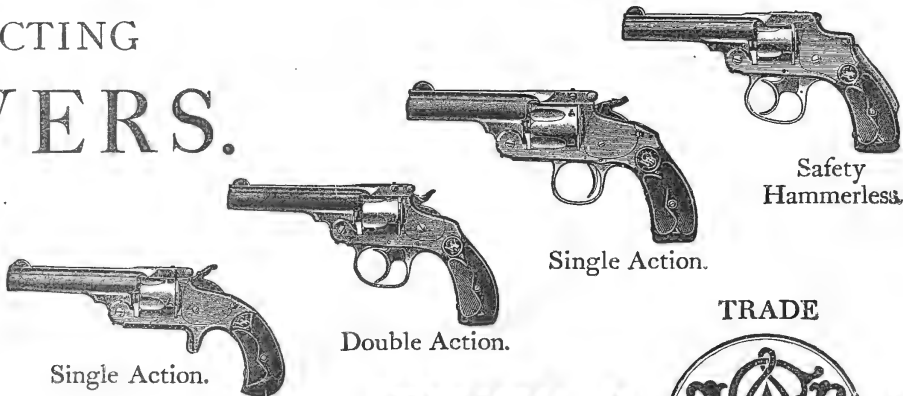
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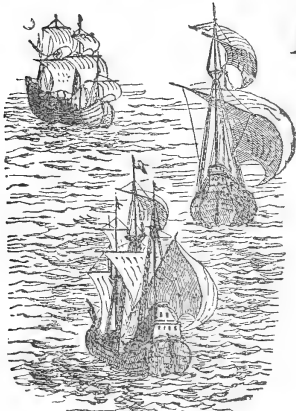
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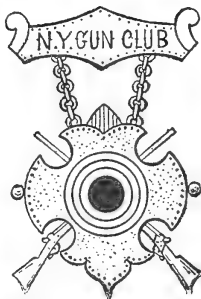
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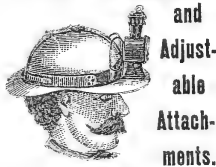
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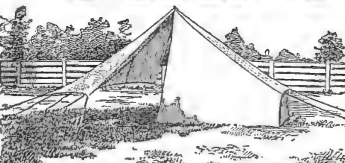
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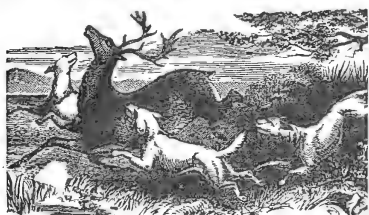
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WINDERMERE HOTEL,

Greenwood Lake, Orange Co., N. Y.
For bass fishing why not try Greenwood Lake before going elsewhere. The best grounds are near the above hotel, where you will find boats, bait and first class guides, with good accommodations for sportsmen and families. Try the bass during June with a fly. Watch fishing postal column for records. For particulars, address
JOHN HAZEN, Proprietor.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, Thousand Islands, CAPE VINCENT, NEW YORK.

Black Bass Fishing. Season opens June 21.
Rates:—Transient, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day; weekly, \$12.00 to \$21.00. Special rates to families.
For information address
F. D. MIDDLETON,
182 Duane St., New York.

VALLEY HOUSE—C. H. TEN EYCK, Prop., Greenwood Lake, N. Y. Open all the year. Large and comfortable rooms, generous table, purest water. This house is surrounded by 100 acres of land, garden and lawn, well shaded and extending to and fronting 2,500 ft. on handsomest part of the lake and best fishing grounds. Oswego and small-mouth bass, pickerel, perch, etc. Largest boat livery on the lake, and fast and staunch steam launch the Ten Eyck connecting with all trains. Greenwood Lake is about 8 miles in length and one of the most beautiful and picturesque as well as the most noted black bass lakes on the continent. For circular, address
C. H. TEN EYCK, Proprietor.

At the New Fishing and Hunting Resort ATTEAN LAKE

You can get more game and larger trout than anywhere else in northern Maine. No stage or buckboard. First-class lake, new camps, boats and canoes. Only 19 hours from New York; 15 hours from Boston. Write for circular giving rates, etc., to
ITHAMAR HOWE, Prop., Moose River, Me.

CAMP PHENIX

At Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia,
will be open for sportsmen and hunters from May 1 till end of season. No better trout fishing or moose hunting can be found in Canada. Forty lakes with finest of trout fishing within a radius of five miles of the camp. Write for circulars.
M. SJOSTEDT, Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia.

Brooklyn House,

on the west shore of Henderson Bay, is open to guests for the season of 1893. Steamboat connection daily with Sackets Harbor and the St. Lawrence. Carriage express with mail from Henderson village. The finest of bass fishing, with good boats and oarsmen.
A. WILKINSON, Prop., Henderson, N. Y.

Attention Bass Fishermen!

Gill House, Henderson Harbor, is the place you have been looking for for years. This is a place where you can take your families and have all the pleasures of country life, and get the best black bass fishing in New York. For circulars, address H. H. GILL, Proprietor, Henderson Harbor, N. Y.

Waterstone Cottage.

Open throughout the year. Good bass fishing, boats and guides. For particulars, address
J. E. WATERSTONE, Proprietor,
Greenwood Lake, Orange County, N. Y.

BRANDON HOUSE,

Greenwood Lake, N. Y.
2 1/2 hours from New York City. Excellent accommodation. Good bass fishing.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

LAUREL HILL HOUSE,

Neversink, Sullivan County, N. Y.
The famous river runs by our farm; best of trout fishing; an elegant summer house. Terms very moderate. Write for terms. JOHN TYLER, Prop.

SHELDRAKE HOUSE,

MISNER AND PRINCE, PROPRIETORS.
Loch Sheldrake, Sull. Co., N. Y.
Special accommodations for hunters and fishermen. Sample room and livery attached.

GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
Excellent trout fishing. Good family accommodation; one-fourth mile from station. Terms and circulars upon application. J. B. CARRIER.

LIVINGSTON MANOR HOTEL,

Livingston Manor, N. Y.
The best trout fishing streams to be found in Sullivan Co. Terms, \$2.00 per day. Bar supplied with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars the market affords.
W. L. McPherson, Prop.

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Main St., Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
Good fishing in near-by streams. Special attention given to commercial travelers. First-class livery attached. Free bus to and from trains.
J. MURPHY & SON, Proprietors.

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Willowemoc, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
Situated a few miles from Livingston Manor station. Is the best trout fishing section in the county. Livery from the House will meet trains upon notice.
R. G. ROOSA.

LIBERTY HOUSE,

Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
Summer Resort. T. H. Houlbion, Prop.
Among the mountains; 1,600 ft. above the sea; 119 miles from N. Y.; no malaria; excellent hunting and fishing; livery accommodations; free bus to all trains.

Ontario & Western Hotel,

South Fallsburg, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
(Opposite Depot.)
Accommodates 40. Good livery attached. Terms reasonable.
ARCH. D. O'NEIL, Prop.

THE SCHAEFER HOUSE, Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Open all the year; special accommodation for sportsmen and travelers; cuisine the best; close to depot; livery; fishing; parties supplied; Brooklyn reference; write.

Neversink Falls House,

W. E. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor,
Fallsburg, N. Y.
Livery connected with the House. Good trout, bass and pickerel fishing in vicinity.

STODDARD HOUSE,

Stevensville, N. Y.
The best pickerel fishing in the county five minutes walk from the house. Partridge, rabbit and red fox in season.
H. M. STODDARD.

WOODBORNE HOUSE, Woodbourne, N. Y.

An unsurpassed summer resort, recently enlarged and refurnished. This locality is unequalled for trout fishing the Neversink and its tributaries have long been and still are famous. The hunting is also good. The house is 1,300 ft. above the sea, the atmosphere is clear, pure and healthful. Post-office, daily mails, direct telegraphic communication. Stages connect with all trains. Private conveyances furnished if desired.
L. L. WALDORF, Proprietor.

EARL HOUSE, Sackets Harbor, N. Y.

Accommodates 40. Excellent bass fishing. One of the best points for duck shooting in season. Located on line of Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R.
R. H. EARL, Proprietor.

BIG GAME AND TROUT IN WASHINGTON.

—A sportsman's camp in a new country, near Mt. St. Helens, Wash. Fly-fishing on lake, open season May 1. Elk, mountain goat, deer and bear, open Aug. 15. Good guides.
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MITCHELL HOUSE,

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W. E. MITCHELL, Proprietor,
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Good trout fishing in near by streams.

On Lake Champlain.

St. Albans, Vermont.
"SAMSON'S" LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Fishing and Health Resort, opens May 15.

Do You Camp Out

And Do Your Own Cooking While Camping Out?

The pleasure of camping out is often spoiled by poor facilities for good cooking out doors. To remedy all this get
Buzzacott's Complete Outdoor Cooking Outfit,
tested and approved by the U. S. Government and issued to the entire U. S. Army for all camp and outdoor cooking.
Nearly 1,000 in use in the U. S. Army to-day and it has the official endorsement of every Regiment in the Army.
Made in any size for one or 100 men as required; cooks anything quick and well. No stove pipe, dirt, smoke or chopping of wood. Burns any fuel, grass or anything. No fixing or waiting to heat or cool, packs easily for carrying anywhere.
Especially invaluable for all hunting, fishing and sporting outfits, Armies, National Guards, etc.
For further particulars, address

MILWAUKEE TACK & NAIL CO.,

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Routes for Sportsmen.

Adirondack Mountains, Lakes George & Champlain, Saratoga, Etc.

Illustrated guide to the Northern resorts issued by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad will be mailed on receipt of 6 cents postage. Address

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General Passenger Agent,
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A BLANK DAY.

BUT IT WAS NOT ON THE



RAILROAD.

The sportsman of the North often has a blank day. Indeed, no Northern shooter knows much about shooting until he has shot in the South, where the superb natural conditions have left the game in undiminished plenty in the covers.

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to the Rockies. Go to the wide river bottoms of Mississippi or Louisiana and you will get one.

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to the Great West, but to the Great South, in Mississippi and Louisiana, where the unbounded woodlands hold abundance of these noble birds.

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in the North, and work hard for days for a dozen ducks. Go South, to Louisiana and Texas, and learn what wildfowl shooting is.

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shooting of the South is such as the Northern hunter never dreamed of. A genial climate, a pleasant people, a six months open season, and birds until you want no more.

The Illinois Central Road runs direct to all this country, and is the only road that does.

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Alive with Game.

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With Fly-Rod and Camera.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.
Price \$5.00. For sale at this office.

Routes for Sportsmen.



When planning your annual tour remember that this company controls over 4,100 miles of railway equipped in the most approved modern style, passing through a magnificent country noted for its unsurpassed facilities for sport.

A FEW OF THE PRINCIPAL RESORTS.

ANDROSCOGG LAKES (via Bryan's Pond or Bethel).—Excellent trout fishing and game, large and small, of every description.

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LAKE ST. JOHN REGION (via Quebec).—For ouananiche, trout, caribou, bear, moose, beaver, otter, etc.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE (in the neighborhood of the line for 400 miles).—For mascalonge, pike, bass, whitefish, pickerel, perch.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS (via Gananoque or Kingston).—For pickerel, black bass, mascalonge, pike.

MUSKOKA LAKES.—The best place on the continent for fishing, shooting and camping. All varieties of fish and game.

PARRY SOUND AND GEORGIAN BAY (reached via Port Huron, Midland, Collingwood, etc.) for black bass, pickerel, deer, partridge, bear, otter, etc.

AKES ONTARIO, ERIE, HURON AND MICHIGAN (via stations at all principal ports).

LAKE SUPERIOR (via Collingwood, Warton, Sarnia in connection with steamship lines).

The charges for hotels, guides and camping at many of the fishing waters named above are extremely low. Full particulars of same are published in a pamphlet descriptive of the "Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Grand Trunk Railway," which will be forwarded free on application to the company's principal agents, or to the General Passenger Agent at Montreal.

N. J. POWER,
General Passenger Agent,
L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager.



Opening of the Chicoutimi Extension in July, 1893.

The New Route to the Far-Famed Saguenay and the Chicoutimi route to the delightful summer resorts north of Quebec through the

CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars. Magnificent scenery. Beautiful climate. Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first-class accommodation for 50 guests, and is run in connection with the "Island House" at Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, in the center of the "Ouananiche" fishing grounds. Daily communication by the new fast steamer across the lake. The fishing rights of Lake St. John and tributaries, an area of 20,000 square miles, are free to guests of the hotels. In July trains will connect daily at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamer for Quebec. Day-light trip. A beautifully illustrated guide book free on application. For information as to hotels, apply to hotel managers; for folders and guide books to ticket agents of all principal cities.

ALEX. HARDY, Gen. F. & P. Agt. Quebec, Canada.

J. G. SCOTT, Sec'y & Manager.

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Advertisements under this head, strictly limited to Wants and Exchanges, will be inserted at the special rate of three cents a word each insertion. The money must accompany the order.

WANTED.—MAN TO TRAIN AND BOARD pair of beagle hounds. State price for board and breaking to BEAGLE, H. J. G., care FOREST AND STREAM.

WANTED.—COPIES OF FOREST AND STREAM of May 6, Sept. 23, 1892, and Sept. 26, 1890. Address FOREST AND STREAM office.

The Kennel.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL DERBY OF THE

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

CASH PURSES, \$1,000.

1st Prize, \$500; 2d, \$250; 3d, \$150; and the Breeders' Cup, value \$100, to breeder of winner of 1st.

JUDGES: W. W. Titus, Simon C. Bradley and J. B. Stoddard.

ENTRIES POSITIVELY CLOSE MAY 1, 1893.

\$10 forfeit must accompany each nomination; second forfeit of \$10 payable Sept. 1, 1893, and \$10 additional to start. For Rules, Blanks, etc., apply to

WASHINGTON A. COSTER Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
All-Aged Stake advertised later

TRIALS "B" OF THE

United States Field Trials Club's Third Annual Field Trials.

To be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., beginning with the Derby, Monday, Feb. 19, 1894. For Pointers and Setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. Each breed to run separately. Pointers: \$250 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third. Setters: \$250 to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third. Winners of first in each stake to compete for title of Absolute Winner and \$100 additional. Entries close July 1, 1893. First forfeit \$10 which must accompany the nomination; \$10 additional forfeit, payable Sept. 1; \$10 to start. Total stake \$1,300.

P. T. MADISON, Secretary-Treasurer, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1893.

VOL. XL.—No. 26.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TWENTY YEARS.

1873—1893

TO CHARLES HALLOCK, summering in the grateful shade of Hadley elms, the FOREST AND STREAM on this June day sends greeting. The issue of this week marks the completion of the Fortieth Volume, the rounding out of twenty years of sturdy and virile growth. In the beginning the FOREST AND STREAM was Hallock's happy thought; the attainment of the new mile-stone is a fitting moment for giving recognition anew of the original enterprise to which the sportsmen of America owe their favorite journal.

The undertaking was fortunate in its parentage, for of all men of his day Hallock was the one most generously equipped to plan the new publication and successfully to launch it. All his life he had been an ardent sportsman; he was a past-master in the art of angling, a genuine lover of the woods and of wild life, a traveler of rich experience, and an explorer who had seen many an arduous campaign. He possessed an extensive knowledge of the sporting resorts of the country, and enjoyed a wide acquaintance with sportsmen, naturalists and public men. He was gifted with a literary style of alluring grace and charm. He brought to his chosen labor of love the prestige of successful authorship so worthily won with his "Fishing Tourist." He was fortified with long experience as a trained newspaper man. He had in high degree the journalistic sense and was endowed with a nose for news. Thus in every respect he was admirably fitted not only to project the undertaking but to accomplish the self-imposed task. The successful realization of the ideal was no insignificant achievement. Abundant reason for sincere gratification, indeed, is there in this, to have established, in an untried field, a special journal which has won the place FOREST AND STREAM holds in the periodical literature of the day. His, to-day, may be honest pride in the reflection that whatever has been the measure of FOREST AND STREAM's agency in the promotion of field sports in America and of the sportsman's interests, credit must first be given to that happy thought of twenty years ago, which prompted the establishment of the paper, and to the skill and wisdom and foresight which guided it in its early years. To Charles Hallock, then, in his Massachusetts home, a greeting to-day from FOREST AND STREAM, and from all the host of its readers and well-wishers and faithful supporters.

The special field, which the new journal was eventually to occupy as its own, was not so clearly defined in 1873 as it has become in the years that have intervened. Perhaps it could not then have been defined; the time may have been not yet ripe to cut loose once and for all from certain features which in those days were so characteristic of conventional sporting journals. And so in the first numbers we find columns devoted to the horse, to croquet and athletics and ornamental gardening; and in later years to baseball, cricket, archery, lawn tennis and chess. But the particular, unique, *sui generis* character of the FOREST AND STREAM was as clearly pronounced in the very beginning as it has been ever since and is to-day. The flavor of the woods was there, the spirit of the free open air and of the waters. This was the vital spark, the breath, the life, the soul. It was the quality of the forest and of the stream in very truth that assured for the newborn journal life and growth and upbuilding and strength and vigor, as Adirondack or Michigan or Colorado woods and mountains themselves give strength and vigor and life to humanity. And in this quality, this peculiar characteristic and pervading essence, is the secret of that sure hold which the paper has always had upon a constituency notable for its enthusiasm, constancy and fidelity. The new journal was given a cordial, hearty, unreserved welcome. In its plan and scope the field sportsman recognized what he had been seeking. The FOREST AND STREAM was hailed as "our paper." That designation and character it has maintained to this day.

The coöperation of readers, correspondents and contributors was spontaneous, and has ever since been constant and remarkable. We like to think that in respect of the close cordial relations existing between editors and readers the FOREST AND STREAM's constituency is peculiar in journalism. Certainly there is in all the

world no other journal which in like degree owes to its voluntary contributors so much of the interest and worth and vivacity and charm of its contents. What the FOREST AND STREAM has been for twenty years and what it is to-day is what its contributors have made it. From the first the columns of the several departments have been thrown open for all who would to enter and give their relations of shooting and fishing and camp-life and adventure; to record observations in natural history; to exchange inquiry, hint and information; to tell dog and fish and snake stories; to discuss ways and means, and rights and wrongs; to lecture, sermonize, argue, criticize, appeal, denounce, exhort; to express satisfaction, indignation, praise, reprobation; to tell a "Camp-Fire Flickering;" to offer opinion, fact, theory, notion, hypothesis, vagary;



CHARLES HALLOCK.
Founder of Forest and Stream.

to exhibit good sense or foolishness—all in an infinite variety which twenty years' custom cannot stale. The FOREST AND STREAM has been readable because it has printed a wonderful variety of material from a wonderful number of contributors who have had a wonderful fund of good things to write. It has always been accepted as the representative sportsmen's journal because it has always represented sportsmen. But ever above and beyond all else, it has won its way because it has been permeated with the inspiration of the wild woods, and has brought into home and office and counting room and workshop the breeziness and brightness and freshness of forest and stream.

From the outlook of 1873 it was not given to the most sanguine and optimistic sportsman to foresee with what tremendous bounds the varied branches of the craft were to advance in these twenty years. Almost equally as difficult do we of to-day find it, looking backward from the vantage of 1893, to realize how marvelous in their growth have been the interests of rod and gun. In these *fin de siècle* times we stand not long agog at anything. If passage in a flying machine should be advertised for to-morrow, the average citizen would drop his ticket into the box, take his seat and speed away through the air, reading his paper, unperturbed and nonchalant. We have accepted breechloaders and factory ammunition along with the electric light and the telephone quite as things of course; and we have actually forgotten how we used to thump home the charge from the muzzle. The muzzle-loading shotgun as a sportsman's weapon is now so antiquated that it is virtually regarded as prehistoric, and yet it is a fact that the period of change from the old arm to the new is practically covered by the twenty years of the life of this journal and the few preceding years of the *American Sportsman*, afterward as the *Rod and Gun* absorbed into the FOREST AND STREAM. In the first of our forty volumes may be found many a curious discussion of the relative merits of muzzle and breech loaders, and the most interesting trap reports of those days are the ones designed to set forth the qualities of the two arms. Those were primitive times indeed in shooting; and as for angling, if one would know how remote was the year 1873 from the present in certain branches of fishing lore now reckoned as rudimentary, let him turn back to the

pages where skeptical correspondents were given solemn editorial assurance that the black bass would take a fly

As with the gun, so with almost every appurtenance of sport on the land and on the waters. Barely to catalogue the thousand and one modifications and improvements and inventions in the implements of shooting and fishing and camp life and aquatic sports—which in variety and aggregation have made noteworthy the period—would fill columns. Sportsmen's supply manufacturers and dealers have increased in like ratio; and arms and ammunition, tackle and equipments have been simplified, perfected and cheapened.

More noteworthy yet has been the growth of the sports of field and stream in popularity. In these days of game and fish clubs galore, trap-shooting associations and game protective bodies we lose sight of the fact that at the time when the FOREST AND STREAM was projected the sportsman was relatively a rare bird in the land, for the most part flocking by himself because there were no others to flock with him. In these later and better times, this Golden (spoon bait) Age of angling, everybody goes fishing, and the first man on the stream finds that some one has been there before him; guns are as common as jack-knives, until the man who would make sure of his ducking point for the morning flight must preempt it the day before and stand guard all night.

The half has not been told, for space would not suffice for the telling, of the changes which have come in the twenty-years' lifetime of FOREST AND STREAM—of how one piece after another the game-haunted wildernesses have been converted into pleasure resorts or settlements; how from vast tracts of sporting country on sea coast and lake shore and wide rolling prairie and rugged mountain side, and from the coverts of farm and forest, the game has been annihilated or driven out; how species once so abundant that we were heedless of the cruel waste have now almost disappeared while sportsman and market hunter have been pointing at each other the finger of blame; how the opportunities of the individual gunner and angler have narrowed and are narrowing before the aggrandizements of preserve associations.

The half may not be told, though pleasing to tell, how the influence of the sportsman, in those days slight because only individual and personal, has come to be powerful because exerted in the name of perfected and potent organizations; how right public sentiment has grown in support of wiser conduct and better laws; how State systems of game and fish protection have been devised and put into practical and beneficent operation; how fishculture, from the groping, rudimentary, experimental stages recorded in 1873, has accomplished economic results of transcendent importance in stocking and restocking the waters.

The story of all this has been written from week to week. The FOREST AND STREAM has been a faithful chronicler of the times. To its files one must turn and beyond them need hardly go for contemporaneous records on all subjects properly within its scope, be the topic the effacement of the American buffalo, the rise and culmination and decline of long-range rifle-shooting, the development of artificial target shooting from the days of the gyro, the importation and fostering and condemnation of the English sparrow, the profitless introduction of the German carp, the successful stocking of rivers from the Atlantic westward to the Pacific with valuable food fishes, the birth and growth of canoeing, the establishment and development of field trials and bench shows, the progress in game and fish protection—in a word, the growth of sportsmanship.

Is there necessity of saying that during these years this journal has not been content merely to note current events and record them? In the development of the sports within its chosen field, in winning for them a wider popularity, in contending for a more adequate recognition of their inherent dignity, in maintaining and holding up for emulation a higher ideal of sportsman's conduct, the FOREST AND STREAM has done its full part. With unflagging zeal and courage and sanguine conviction of ultimate success, it has year in and year out given its influence and support and endeavor to the cause of right protection and preservation of fish and game; to the

suppression of wanton and wasteful destruction of living creatures; to the making of manly, high-minded sportsmanship.

If this review of the past yields one reflection which more than any other affords pride and satisfaction to editors and publishers, it is found in the fact that from the beginning the FOREST AND STREAM has been a clean paper; that during its twenty years of publication it has shown itself a sportsman's journal for the sportsman's home; that into that home it has ever had cordial, hearty, unquestioning welcome; and that never, not in one single instance, has it by lapse from good breeding betrayed or ill requited that welcome. Who shall say that the simple existence of such a journal is not in itself an influence potent to win respect and esteem for the recreations of rod and gun and for the fraternity of their followers?

The FOREST AND STREAM has grown with the expansion of its field. Its pages have doubled in number. Old departments have been enlarged and new ones added. Mechanical improvements, perfected facilities and the invention of half-tone engraving render it practicable to publish in 1898 such a paper as would have been impossible in 1873. It is not all that its editors would have it, nor all that they are ambitious to make it, nor yet all that they shall make it.

IN THE BEGINNING.

Editors Forest and Stream:

Thirteen years ago, when I surrendered to you, who had labored with me, *con amore*, almost from the beginning, the work which I had inaugurated nearly seven years before in FOREST AND STREAM, I felt full confidence that you would continue its publication on the same lines and with the same aims and purposes with which it was started; and I am free to say that every succeeding year has strengthened the assurance that I had not misplaced my trust. Bone of my bone, and wards of my own choosing, I could watch without jealousy your successful progress. Only once, for a brief period, pending the hazardous experiment of amalgamation with a rival journal, was the favoring tide of our vantage interrupted. The obstacle was eventually removed, except in name, and now, at the close of your second decade, I rejoice to find the essential features of the old FOREST AND STREAM still prominent, though emphasized by a maturer and sturdy growth, with rounded lines and constantly enlarging scope in accordance with the development of sport and the expanding ranks of the guild, stimulated always by the increasing facilities for reaching by rapid locomotion those remote regions which, in my earlier time, were accessible only by canoe and saddle. You have steadfastly kept your faith, and have never ceased to observe the initial injunction, "to inculcate in men and women a pure love for natural objects, and to stimulate a higher literature of manly sport." You have done honor to your founder and predecessor, and I dare say saved him much mental and pecuniary wear and tear, for to firmly establish such a potential periodical as FOREST AND STREAM is no pigmy achievement. Wherefore I give you "*Waidmann's Heil*." I congratulate you upon having so signally rounded the fulsome period of twenty years with pleasure and profit to all concerned.

It was no ordinary combination of circumstances which brought the FOREST AND STREAM into being. Mr. Grinnell, while yet curator of the Yale Museum, in 1873 recognized the auspicious conditions in sight and entered heartily into the enterprise, assisting me much by his scientific knowledge, which was fully abreast of the times, though his innate modesty, I trow, has continuously kept him from view. The public was dead ripe for an out-of-door organ. It was reaching out for it. Children cried for fresh air and exercise. Maidens were nurtured under hot-house restraint. Athletics for women were bad form. Boys grew up narrow in the chest. There were no field sports to speak of except the race track and the prize ring. Once in a while an instructive article on fishing and shooting would appear in the horse papers, and I always wished there were more of them, for they conveyed just such information as the guild of sportsmen wanted, but could not find, and I wondered why there was no class paper of that ilk. Occasionally an illustrated sketch of travel would appear in *Harper's Magazine*, but nothing on the technology of sport. Almost alone and unappreciated by the mass of readers, the inimitable Genio C. Scott vaunted the allurements of the angle in the *Spirit of the Times*. Isaac McLellan, already venerable, and William C. Prime sang of the woods and trout streams in the columns of the *Journal of Commerce*, and admiring readers began to watch for the sporadic appearance of the "big W." with keen avidity. In 1869 Scott published his fish book, and soon afterward Walter M. Brackett painted his famous quartette of salmon pictures, though their purchaser had to be found abroad. Holberton, too, found an occasional customer for his exquisite trout subjects among our own enthusiasts. There were two or three little fishing coteries on Long Island, but gun clubs had not materialized. In 1871 the Blooming Grove Park, with its 12,000 acres of wild land, was opened. It was the first systematic game preserve in America. *Turf, Field and Farm*, whose editors were directors in

the association, along with F. S. Giles and myself, devoted generous space to the subject of game and game preserves, awakening a lively interest and setting sportsmen thinking. In 1873 the "Fishing Tourist" appeared, designating many of the best known trout and salmon waters in the United States and Canada, and opening up the grayling streams of Michigan. These revelations evoked no end of inquiries for more light, especially as to routes, inns, guides and tackle.

At this juncture I resolved to print the information which I had not time to impart by letter, and FOREST AND STREAM was the outcome. I myself designed the vignette title, and the elder of the Beard brothers drew and engraved it. We had a hard time getting that central moose head at all right, for there was not a stuffed specimen or an authentic drawing to be had in those days—an indication of the abject state of both art and natural science at the time. The style of type, headlines, size of paper, width of columns and arrangement of matter remain practically unchanged since the day when the paper first saw the light, and I recognize the compliment. I entered the new field single-handed, and conducted the paper entirely at my individual expense so long as I could sell stock at half price to float it, Messrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, A. Augustus Low and Geo. Bird Grinnell lending helping hands at intervals.

Barnet Phillips, who is now of the *New York Times*, was my lieutenant, and Capt. John M. Taylor, the son of an English nobleman, my kennel editor. From transatlantic sources he introduced our first ideas of dog shows and field trials and points in judging. Six other departments were well sustained in the *personnel* of the paper.

FOREST AND STREAM began well and took well from the start, but it was run at first on too expensive lines for a proprietor financially weak. My constituency were among the foremost statesmen, naturalists and public officials in the land, including foreign ministers and diplomats, government officials, and officers of the army and navy. Gov. Seymour, of New York, was my first subscriber, and showed his faith by planking down his cash for three years in advance. Capt. Beardslee, of the United States Navy, and Lieut. W. Hutchinson Poe, R. N., were among my earliest contributors, and the captain has kept his colors flying ever since. I had necessarily a large number of old acquaintances whom I had made in the course of twenty previous years of wandering over the continent, and it was gratifying and hopeful to observe with what ardor and *bonhomie* they rallied to the sylvan standard. Robin Hood's men were not more staunch. My foreign supporters were equally prominent and loyal. It would do my heart good to specify each one individually and the part he bore. Such volumes of rare information as came to light no one may realize who does not turn back to the earlier files. In 1876 the climax of importance was reached, when the Hunter's Camp and Sportsman's Exhibit won honorable mention, and a bronze medal at the Philadelphia Exposition, and since that time at least 130 sportsman's journals have sprung up to divide the labor and the honor of enlightening our youth on natural history and expatiating upon the charms of *al fresco* sports. Happy is FOREST AND STREAM in being the pioneer, as it is the peer of all of them. The grateful public will ever bless its instrumentality, and thank goodness that sportsmen are now accorded an honorable place everywhere in the community, and that the power for usefulness and good are fully recognized. It was not so once, believe me. Yours fraternally,

CHARLES HALLOCK,
(Founder of FOREST AND STREAM, 1873.)

FOREST AND STREAM.

We sing of the forests, lonely and dim,
In whose intricate depths no sunbeam may gleam;
The wild Adirondacks, the woodlands of Maine,
Whose glooms are sublime, whose grandeur supreme!
For ages they stretch'd in boundless expanse,
For ages they cast their foliage to earth;
They bloom'd in the spring, in the summers matured,
In the glory of autumn their banners wav'd forth.
The scarlet of maple, the oak's ruddy gold,
The yellow of beech, the elm's tender dyes,
Here close interwove their rainbow-like hues,
Receiving all tints that illumine the skies.
But, ah! there were glooms in their umbrage profound;
Where the great solemn hemlocks their canopies wove,
Where the pines and the spruces towered in air,
And spread o'er the hills a primeval grove.
In secluded, dim haunts the wild creatures rovd'd;
The gaunt, grizzly bears in caverns would hide,
The moose and the caribou gather'd in herds,
And the deer leapt the rocks with marvelous stride.
No pale-face hunters molested the game,
No echoes of rifles alarmed the red deer;
The Indian alone would ravage the wilds,
Assailing with primitive arrow and spear.
But, ah, the wide streams, majestic and grand!
No verse of the poet may sketch ye aright;
No brush of the artist, with palette and paint,
May depict on the canvas your loveliness bright!
Methinks in a fanciful mood I may stand
By the shore of some stream of ample expanse,
And enchanted gaze on the rippling tides,
The blue billows leaping in frolic dance.
In restless tumult, in slumberous rest,
There's ever for me a supreme delight;
For the woods and waters of Nature's realm
Are glorified ever with fadeless light. ISAAC McLELLAN.

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

Pinolillo or Redbug.

I SEE a communication in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM from "Aztec," wherein I am challenged to make good my "defy," as he calls it, that my experience has not made me familiar with most varmints that creep or run. "Aztec" has not floored me in this case, as he thought to, for it so happens that I have met and made the acquaintance of the enterprising pinolillo in Georgia, Florida and Mexico. His description accords with my personal experience, and I can fully indorse his views as to their traits, and I have fared worse than he seems to have done, for I was laid up for three weeks on one occasion, and was refused admittance to a hotel on the plea that I was a case of small-pox. I can "see" Aztec on the pinolillo proposition; now, let him fetch on something new, for he has not "stumped" me yet, and he need not try me on another product of Mexico, the peccary or wild mule-footed hog, for I was treed on one occasion by a hundred of the pesky devils and spent a very "on-pleasant" night in an oak tree, while they camped under it awaiting my descent. I preferred the tree, on which occasion Mr. Pinolillo got in some beautiful work on me.

But I think I shall have to take a back seat on my claim to be familiar with almost all specimens of natural history, now that your correspondent "O. K. Chobee" comes to the front with his manatee, which quadruped has escaped my personal experience, and I resign the belt to him, with the grace of an office holder who resigns when he sees a positive prospect of being kicked out, and it now behooves some other gentleman to enter the list to compete for the prize, until which time "O. K. Chobee" properly holds the belt.

Some Bulldog Points.

I see your correspondent, S. R. Tisdell, sails into bulldogs rough-shod, from which I conclude that on some previous occasion that species of canine has sailed into him, hence a prejudice. I confess to a similar prejudice myself in a milder form. Mr. Tisdell apparently objects to the pictures you have published of some celebrities of that breed, on the ground that they are not handsome, which fact is indisputable, for the dog cannot claim to be a beauty unless, like the pugs, there is a point where ugliness when reached becomes beauty.

The bulldog may have merits, and such are claimed for him. He is a good retriever—of pigs, and is game in a fight; but he is inclined to be brutal, it cannot be denied, and as Mr. Tisdell says, is the favorite of a class that is not celebrated for the mildest form of virtues, although, as quoted in your defense, he frequently is better associated in his ownership by gentlemen. The sum total of it is that dog fancying is not a matter of commendable taste in all instances, according to the views of those who do not like that kind of a dog. But we can't all think alike, and while I fail, as Mr. Tisdell, to appreciate bulldogs, I don't find fault with those who fancy the ill-favored critter. As a compromise I have rather fancied bull-terriers, having made the acquaintance of some very respectable dogs of that breed, but I do draw the line at full bulls, arising probably from unappreciation, together with early recollections of their antipathy to small boys in quest of early apples in forbidden orchards, and some honorable scars resulting from too much confidence in propitiation by tempting bones thrown in advance—developing a strain of ingratitude in first munching the bones and subsequently myself. As a consumer of small boys and furnishing work for the maternal parent in the way of repairs to the seats of trousers, he may be commended by his owner, but that is a stern view of the case not indorsed by the average boy.

In your defense of the bulldog you have not, I see, ventured to quote him as a beauty, showing that editors do sometimes have consciences and a regard for the truth. Such instances should be duly noticed, and if they have not been hitherto it only shows how unappreciative is the public. But virtue is its own reward. As unremunerative as you may find it, however, do not get discouraged; all our virtues crop out when we die—a little late to do us much good, but better late than never. A good name is a very desirable thing, but there's not much money in it—at least such has been my experience.

A Delmonico Cook.

In a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM you enter a mild protest against the very common comparison of any toothsome dish being referred to as "equal to a Delmonico feed," implying a degree of perfection to the cookery of that establishment that facts do not justify. I am inclined to indorse your protest to the common use of the comparison. It may have originated in early days, when good cooking was not as common as now, and when Delmonico had fewer rivals than at present, and I believe I had a somewhat exalted opinion of the skill of that establishment at one time myself. But that was before restaurant cooks used four-legged chickens for chicken salad; even the prestige of famousness cannot reconcile in my mind any improvement in substituting veal as a component and prevailing condiment in the make up of that popular dish, and how the epicures of the McAllister Four Hundred can daily and nightly continue to swallow the counterfeit without protest can only be accounted for by the fact that they have not all been familiar in their earlier days with the genuine article. New York restaurants have got the concoction of expensive dishes down to a fine point when veal goes as chicken, and one diminutive terrapin can be made to go around at a midnight after-theatre supper for half a dozen people, but they can and they do, and the consumers seem none the wiser. Would that we could make a dollar go as far as that solitary terrapin.

Speaking of Delmonico reminds me of a little circumstance dating "way back" to the early days of California, before we knew much of the country and its trout streams. A friend came to me one day and told me of a stream of which he had a vague description and suggested that we should set out in quest of it. I accepted the proposition and we "hitched up" and started out to find it. In those days there were no restraining fences and no notices to "keep off the grass." The whole country was open to drive where you pleased.

Driving down the San Mateo road about twenty miles we struck off at a described point over the hills, where wagonwheel had never left a track before. As we proceeded, the ground became rougher, and we had often to "unhitch" and lash the wheels as we lowered the vehicle

down stern foremost until finally we came to the bluff bank of what we supposed was our creek. It was steep, but at last finding a place that was less so, we got out and undertook to lead the horse down attached to the wagon. We got along pretty well by one leading the horse and the other holding the wagon; but presently we came to a steep pitch, and what with the wagon pushing old Joe, the horse, and his inability to hold it and himself too, the crisis came, and horse, wagon and our two selves were launched down the declivity with a rush, landing in the creek bottom up. The creek was not deep, but what it lacked in depth it made up in frigidty. It was cold, and we were soured under. The old horse, a sensible old fellow, lay on his side and made no effort or struggle, and we soon righted him and the wagon, and gathering up our floating traps scaled the opposite bank to find before us a cosy little cottage, built of a few rough boards, and thatched and interlaced with pine boughs. It was a little oasis in a beautiful grove. A man appeared who proved to be a Frenchman and the proprietor, who helped to unharness the horse and put him in an apology for a stable and then carried our traps into the house.

Our first inquiry was, whether there were fish in the stream, and being answered in the affirmative we at once rigged up our rods regardless of being soaking wet—we were in good condition for wading. Fish? Well I should say so. We came in at sundown, with our baskets as full as we were empty, and hungry as bears. The fish were dressed, and then came the question of supper. Did our host know how to cook fish? He thought so. My friend prided himself on his abilities as cook, and proposed cooking them, but I protested. I said, "this man is a Frenchman, and did you ever know one that could not cook?" While the man was cooking the fish indoors, we built a fire outside and managed to partially dry ourselves until called to supper, and to our surprise found a little table set out with a snowy table cover, napkins, and a bottle of claret—all in first-class restaurant style, and a big platter piled up with smoking hot trout. At the first taste of them I said, "By Jingo, Ned, we have struck a cook." How many trout we ate I never knew, and would be ashamed to tell, and when we wound up with a cup of superb black coffee, we lay back with a sigh of repletion and contentment. I said, "This man has missed his calling," and turning to him I remarked, "My friend, you ought to go to New York and hire out to Delmonico; have you ever heard of Delmonico?" There was a twinkle in the fellow's eyes as he replied: "Oh, yes, I hear of him—I chief cook for him ten years, and left ze place last year to come to California." Was I dumfounded? I rather think so, and that scamp of a Ned laughed until he fell off his stool and rolled on the dirt floor of the cabin until I kicked him into an upright position. It was a stunner, to find way off in the wilds, twenty miles from any human habitation, in this rude shanty, probably the best cook Delmonico ever had, judging from our experience; a man who at that time could have earned a salary of \$500 a month, cooking for a restaurant or hotel in town.

We stayed two days with Monsieur and ate trout until we could have built a monument with their back bones. And such fishing! a creek that probably had never been fished, for fishermen were rare in those early days in California, and the stream was unknown. You may rest assured we took pains never to allude to it, but our friends wondered where we found such splendid trout as we sent them with our compliments. Alas! that beautiful stream has been grabbed up and turned into a feeder to the Spring Valley Water Company's big reservoir; and my old-time friend Ned has long ago gone over the divide.

The memory of that big, handsome Frenchman tempers my prejudice against Delmonico's *poulet de veau* salads. I forgive the veal, in consideration of his having once had such a treasure of a cook in his employ. PODGERS.

Natural History.

SPITTING SNAKES.—I.

THE correspondence on "spitting" snakes which has appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* during the past year has greatly interested me, for it is a subject that frequently came under my notice during my stay in South Africa, and one upon which I am still seeking evidence from my most trustworthy correspondents there. I may claim, therefore, the privilege of joining in the pros and cons and entering, even at this date, more fully into the subject than space permitted in my paper from Cape Colony exactly a year ago on "Some of the South African Reptiles at Home," which together with a statement of Prof. Cope, seems to have given rise to the controversy. It was a coincidence that Cope's description, which challenged such hostile criticism, should have appeared in the same issue as my paper (May 26) and that while his account of venom expelled was interpreted "spitting," a word which by the way he did not use—I actually did call the action "spitting." "They (rattlesnakes) throw their body into a coil, giving a sigmoid flexure of the anterior part of the body, on which the head is poised. They open the mouth ready for action. At this time drops of the poisonous saliva fall from the fangs, and by a violent expulsion of air from the lungs are thrown on the enemy." This description in a scientific publication for scientific readers deals with the general but not the invariable action, or we may say process of the snake in striking, the writer probably not thinking it necessary to add what most Americans who have observed at all know so well, namely, that the whole proceeding is instantaneous. Therefore one of the critics assumes that the *Crotalus* is said to wait all day with its mouth open; another takes for granted that "spitting" was implied, and a third proceeds to relate a number of interesting incidents not in any way to the point in question. Most of us in reading the lines quoted would go to our Webster's to ascertain the precise curve of the "sigmoid flexure," an anatomical term which well describes the most frequent attitude of a snake in readiness to strike, but which in popular language might be called the curve of the letter S; in other words the snake makes sure of having plenty of rope at its command, or enough of itself free from coils to be easily extended. Dr. Morris Gibbs in *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 21, explains clearly that if a snake is closely coiled, its head could not be easily thrust forward; but the actions of this usually sluggish reptile are on an emergency so rapid that the most attentive observer can

barely follow them. For ten years (while preparing my work on "Snakes") I most carefully watched them on the feeding days. Often I saw that a rattlesnake appeared to be oblivious of and totally indifferent to the food in the cage. It might be a rat or a guinea-pig moving about and running over it, till suddenly one saw the snake's head dashed forward, and only knew by the prey staggering that it had been struck. The open mouth, the erected fangs, the abundant saliva dribbling from them were undetected, imperceptible on account of the rapidity of the stroke; and yet we know that in that lightning-like dash the mouth was opened, the fangs brought down and folded back again, as the snake resumed its position as if nothing had happened.

The more I study and observe the Ophidia the more I become convinced that concerning their actions one can assert nothing positively. That is, that "they invariably coil before striking," or that they "always" do so and so. They do not invariably coil before striking. A snake may be crawling when a tempting meal comes within range. Does it stop to put itself into position while the animal passes on beyond reach? No; instantly it strikes. I have seen snakes strike while in all sorts of positions and attitudes, and even spring forward when occasion requires. There are on record numerous cases when a snake may be said to leap or spring upon its prey or upon a foe. And by pressure of the tail on the point of ground on which it rests it can spring further than the extent of its coils. Owen, in his "Anatomy of the Vertebrates," calls this a salutatory motion. P. H. Gosse affirms that the yellow boa of Jamaica rears itself up and covers an "incredible distance"—many feet—in such a spring. True, he was describing an active snake, *Chilobothros inornatus*, but even the sluggish vipers when angry extend themselves with a rapid spring, and upward, too, on occasion. "Except flying, there is no limit to their locomotion," says Huxley; nevertheless when springing from a tree or swinging from branch to branch it is very like flying; for instance, the jaculus or "flying serpent" of classic days. Catlin described a rattlesnake suddenly springing to his chest, and in Natal I heard of the dangerous *Mamba* (one of the cobra tribe) springing and wounding a gentleman in the leg while on horseback. Therefore, with all due deference to your correspondents who describe only the "sluggishness" of rattlesnakes, I think I may positively affirm that they can be active under provocation.

But I wander from the point in question, which is "spitting." The expression, from want of a better, is generally used, as "sucking" has been used when snakes rob cows of their milk. Both actions are muscular and performed by tongue, teeth and lips in conjunction, and are, therefore, as we understand spitting and sucking, both impossible in a snake. One of your correspondents on this point speaks of a snake being too sensible to waste its ammunition, *i. e.*, venom; but a snake can no more control the excitement or stimulus of its salivary apparatus than we ourselves can; and we all know how susceptible are our salivary glands to nervous excitement or agitation. Our mouth "waters" or is parched with sudden emotion, and as a serpent's poison gland is only a modification of the salivary glands, it is excited in the same manner. What is all that lubrication of food, which formerly gave rise to the idea that serpents "lick" their prey over before swallowing it, but the abundant saliva that falls over the otherwise unmanageable coat of fur or feathers, and assists the swallowing process. Mitchell, Fayer and all our best authorities on the Ophidia have observed and recorded the abundance of venom in a snake with a full gland, and that it is seen to ooze or dribble from the fang in a time of excitement. "When the poison gland is full and the snake angry you may see the venom exuding from the point of the fang, and by a forcible expiration the reptile can eject it." I observed this in the Indian viper *Echis carinata*, and also in the *Cerastes*. "Both of these if angry will strike at you with a sound which may be compared with a sneeze or a spit. * * * They may almost be said to 'spit' at you, though literally it is their mouth watering with poison and the sudden dash which causes it." I am quoting now from the chapter on "Dentition" in my work on "Snakes," because at that time I took careful notes of all I saw when attentively observing the Ophidia. This action has given rise to the idea of "spitting" snakes, or that an angry viper will "spout poison at you." "The force of ejection may be seen when a serpent striking violently misses its aim, and the stream has been seen to spurt five or six feet. A blow given in anger is always accompanied by a spurt of venom, even if the fangs fail to engage." These are, I think, Fayer's words, but I have seen the same in the cobras at the Reptilium, which, under provocation, even from the furthest corner of their cage, make a dash at you, and the escaping venom rests on the glass, where in due time it crystallizes.

One word regarding the quantity of venom spent at one stroke, as one of your correspondents doubts the possibility of a teaspoonful. Well, teaspoons vary greatly in size; but Dr. Weir Mitchell himself affirms that an angry *Crotalus* once "threw a teaspoonful and more athwart my forehead." (See his article on "The Poison of Serpents" in the *Century Magazine* for August, 1889). He also confirms my own observations that a snake can turn and strike in any posture.

When I was last in Philadelphia several of Dr. Mitchell's rattlesnakes were deposited in the Zoological Gardens there, and the keeper, Mr. Thompson, allowed me to see him procure venom (wanted for experimental purposes) from one of the largest of the snakes. The process was as described in the *Century* above quoted; only that instead of a saucer a China spoon of ordinary size was used. The venom from one snake filled this spoon. It was pale, almost colorless. One of the spoonfuls poured into a bottle he gave to me. When cold it solidified and was, and is still, of a bright amber color, but then became exceedingly brittle and broke up readily into crystals.

Next week I will relate my more recently acquired knowledge of the so-called "spitting snake" of South Africa, the one which is the primary cause of all these arguments. But my readers will kindly understand that while using the word "spitting," I agree with Dr. Morris Gibbs that snakes "could not spit if they would," as their anatomy does not permit the action.

PAINTON, Devonshire, May 26. CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

More Restful than a Nap at Noon.

I AM a farmer, and am of course much in the open air, but I think I enjoy your paper as much if not more than as if I put in my time at a city desk. I always take up the *FOREST AND STREAM* during my nooning instead of enjoying a nap, as I think it rests me more. S. S. N.

"A Battle with Snakes."

Do I dream! Do I doubt!
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about? —Truthful James.

THE once dignified and truthful New York *Tribune* in its issue of Sunday, June 18, gives its "numersome" readers a rattlesnake yarn that has settled the long vexed question as to whether hair can be straightened out by fright, for even the negroes here who have read the story are going about the streets with their hair standing up like bristles on the fretful razor-back, and many are going to sell out and go to Ireland. I inclose the clipping to paste in your hat for future reference. It was sent to the *Tribune* as a "special" from St. Augustine, and the Augustinians are anxious to know the fellows who fought the battle, for they want to employ them to do for Florida what St. Patrick did for Ireland. I have hunted through the Florida woods for years, and have seen but a single rattler, and many others say the same, yet these two magnetic heroes could attract and slaughter them by the thousand. "The hair on both men's heads stood up like bristles—there! I told you so!" "while their arms were blood-stained to the elbows, and within three hours hundreds, if not thousands, had been killed."

"They were badly bitten," but being protected by the gods, or a whisky bottle, they didn't mind a little thing like that, though a scratch by a rattler is almost certain death to an ordinary man. Now, will the brilliant author of the narrative tell us where he gets his whisky. I want to know, you know, so that I can take a drink to brighten my imagination when I write to *FOREST AND STREAM*. DIDYMS.

From the New York Tribune, June 18.

A BATTLE WITH SNAKES—HORRORS OF A NIGHT IN A SOUTHERN WILDERNESS.

St. AUGUSTINE, Fla., June 17 (Special).—Fishing and hunting are recognized as Florida's favorite pastimes. Daily parties leave for the interior for such sport. Among the many experiences which have been met with recently none excels the horrible ordeal which two men from the North went through a few days ago. The two left town on a fishing tour to go about 60 miles from here. All along the stream is a barren wilderness of scrubby undergrowth, boulders, rocks and stones. Being tired and sore-footed after their day's journey, the men made themselves comfortable on the surface of a moss-grown rock. After a hearty meal they both fell asleep. One was shortly afterward awakened by something choking him, and feeling found his strange collar to be cold and slimy. It was a very fine specimen of the snake species which was girdling his throat. The monster was soon dispatched, and the two men were about to lie down again, after ridding themselves of the intruder, when they found themselves literally surrounded by the reptiles. They were going to decamp for a more congenial climate, but when about to leave the rock, hissing and rattling became more audible, and it was but a few minutes later that they were as loud as ordinary-toned voices. The men, finding that they were surrounded, broke branches from the stubby undergrowth of pines and commenced lashing the writhing sea of darting, hissing snakes. Realizing that they had an all night job, they secured rocks and larger sticks and began killing the reptiles in earnest. The noise seemed to awaken the whole barren waste into a hissing and rattling forest.

Each man began the slaughter with redoubled vigor, vainly trying to fight their way to the stream, some hundred yards away down a hill. They would gain a few paces of the distance, only to be driven back again to the rock. The rattling and hissing became so loud that their voices became scarcely audible unless close together. The hair on both men's heads stood up like bristles, while their arms were sore from the congenial climate. The stench from the snake battlefield was almost unbearable and sickening. It was not within three hours after the first snake had been killed hundreds, if not thousands, had met a similar fate. Both men were badly bitten and their legs and arms began swelling rapidly. The hours wore slowly by and the slaughter continued. At last morning came and lifted the curtain of night from a most appalling scene.

Fifty feet from the large rock lay a heap of stunned, squirming and dead snakes, and as far as they could see the barren waste was a seething tide of reptiles that came toward the rock with maddening fury. With difficulty they managed to reach the river and soon arrived at a cabin where medical attendance was given. The hair on both men's heads had turned almost white during the night and it will be weeks before they can fully recover from the effects of this fearful encounter.

Hawk Migration.

BALDWINVILLE, Mass.—I note in your issue of June 15 a note on hawk migration by Karl V. S. Howland. We observed about the same heavy flight here. The advance flock passed through northern Massachusetts the latter part of March, and on March 28 the largest flock ever seen in this locality commenced to fly about 10 o'clock in the morning, and at 3 o'clock P. M. had not all got past. At one time we counted fourteen osprey fishing at once on a small pond not over sixteen acres large. In the week commencing March 27 the writer shot seven osprey from one blind, one of which measured 5ft. 8in. from tip to tip.

Can some brother sportsman tell me what caused such an extraordinary flight of ospreys? We generally see from six to ten every season, but never before have they passed here on their way north in such numbers. NIMS.

I see in your issue of June 15 an item on hawk migration. In those few lines it is recorded that thirty-seven hawks were shot in one day from three blinds. It is also stated that most of the slaughtered birds were broadwings and sharp-shinned. Now, as very few species of hawks are harmful to any great extent, it is hard to comprehend what object those gunners could have had in destroying those thirty-seven birds. It is true that the sharp-shinned hawk is destructive of numbers of wild and domesticated birds, but the broadwing is not guilty of the same crime.

Therefore I do not believe that those men on Orange Mountain took any notice of the economic value of the birds. In fact the ordinary sportsman does not know a sharp-shinned hawk from a peregrine falcon, or a marsh hawk from a hawk owl. Years ago it was the custom to offer bounties on the heads of hawks and owls, but now such a foolish and murderous law has almost entirely disappeared. Not longer ago than the last legislative session in this State an attempt was made to pass a bill giving a reward on the heads of hawks, etc. It was killed—laughed into ridicule—by one of the ablest men of the Granite State. A. W. F.

Bonaparte's Gull at the Fair.

ONE of the striking sights of the great Fair from April 15 up to May 5 was the abundance of black-headed gulls, which occupied the main lagoon between the Fair buildings in large numbers. Some persons supposed that these birds were there to feed upon the small lake herrings driven in by storms from off Lake Michigan, but Mr. Ridgway, of the U. S. National Museum, thinks they were merely feeding upon minnows and other small fish. It occurs to us that they were there to see the World's Fair. At any rate they were right into the midst of things on opening day. BART.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

KILLING A "CAT."

So many accounts of the shooting of big game are now published, that I almost hesitate to write as to the killing of anything so small as a wildcat; but reflecting that after all, those who have not killed a "cat" are in the majority, I shall address myself to them, and briefly describe the incidents of a little trip to Lake Harney, through which runs the St. Johns River, thirty miles south of Enterprise, Florida.

I had chartered the Erie, a small steamer of very light draft, and remained a day at Jacksonville to see to the purchase of stores, ammunition, etc., promising to pick up an old college chum en route up the river. Besides the captain and pilot, the cook, and Ritter, the engineer—the most profane man I ever listened to—I engaged a little darkey named Bob, a true Florida "nigger" and as bright as a button. He was to wait at table, wash dishes and make himself generally useful. Bob was not the type of servant one would expect to meet among the *haut ton* of New York; but he was as sharp as a steel trap and lots of fun, and when he heard we were "from de norf," devoted himself to us, heart and soul.

Bob was escorted aboard by his mother and by his sister, Lucretia Garfield Adkins, who led by the hand the latest addition to the family, Benjamin Harrison Adkins. The chance was too good to be lost. I promptly put together my camera and took all the juvenile Adkinses. After many injunctions to Bob to "behave herself" the mother departed with the youngster and the girl, much pleased at the chance of securing pictures of her offspring "fur nuffin."

Everything having been satisfactorily arranged, we started on time and in a few hours hove in sight of Palatka. My friend was seated upon the wharf, and when we made fast leaped lightly aboard. He was closely followed by a tall, "spare" man in a high hat and a linen duster, who looked about as little fitted for a sporting trip as one could well imagine. The stranger's trunk was shoved aboard and we pushed off. As soon as I could get my friend alone I inquired as to the identity of the person in the linen duster, who was already quite at home and was helping himself to a drink in the cabin. "Oh," said he, "that's Charlie Pewson." "And who is Charlie Pewson, may I ask?" "Why he is connected with a ticket agency in Boston; he always gives me passes when I travel." "Sam," said I, "I trust that you don't think for a moment that I am going to associate for a week with that unpleasant-looking individual in order to pay for your free passes?"

"Why certainly," said Sam, "Charlie is most entertaining; and besides he has a pass back for you, as far as Charleston." "Not me," I responded warmly, "I never accepted a favor from his kind yet that it did not cost me ten times as much as I originally saved; Mr. Pewson gets off at the next landing or our sporting trip ends here." I may as well mention that Mr. Pewson did get off and that my friend is still looking for a \$100 bill which he subsequently lent him. After this everything went on merrily enough and in due course of time we reached Enterprise, where we stopped to lay in a supply of fresh vegetables. My companion wanted to replenish our stock of ham and eggs, but I told him that abundance of food would make us lazy and that it would be much more sportsmanlike to live upon the proceeds of the chase. He suggested the possibility of lack of success in our role of Nimrods; but I spurned the idea. On the wharf at Enterprise was a little darkey with a front tooth missing. He was fishing, as all southern darkeys do when they have any spare time, and very frequently when they have not. Abe, for that was his name, became an object of deep interest to Bob, and the feeling almost approached veneration when he landed a fine black bass, which fish, by the way, is very plentiful in Lake Monroe. We learned that Abe was going to Lake Harney to work for a man up there; and to save the little chap a tiresome journey, we took him along with us. Abe being a "yaller nigger" was on this account somewhat disposed to lord it over Bob who was of the inkiest hue.

From Enterprise to Lake Jesup, a distance of twelve miles, the river runs through a flat and marshy country including Holden and Jesup prairies, sometime the home of myriads of English snipe. Upon this occasion, however, the snipe must have been away from home, for all we saw were a few alligators, which we uniformly missed. The next morning, our provisions having run short, we killed a couple of crowbills, known also as bluepeters and coots. Their flesh is as strong as poison and unspeakably tough; but we ate them all the same. Sam said he did not think the dinner was properly served, for you got your fish and game at the same time; he also feelingly alluded to the ham and eggs which we might have secured at Enterprise, but I turned the conversation.

Eighteen miles between higher banks, with clumps of palmettoes here and there, brought us to the entrance of picturesque Lake Harney. On one side was a prairie, the other being densely wooded. Among the trees at the further end of the lake a short distance from the river lived "old man Tanner," a "cracker" from Georgia, who had "fit in the wah." Nothing delighted the old man's heart so much as to take charge of a party of hunters, a fair way to secure sport and compensation at the same time. This alone could rouse him from his usual torpor and infuse energy enough into him to cause him to travel around on foot. At other times he bestrode a poor little mule, even when the beast was hauling a well loaded cart to or from the nearest settlement. In the afternoon we crossed the river in a boat, each taking a marsh to himself, since between ran a broad and muddy ditch. After a deal of hard work I managed to kick up half a dozen snipe (I had no dog), five of which I was lucky enough to bag. The birds were very fat and flew slowly; besides, I was up to the dodge always to shoot a snipe down wind, since he breathes it for an instant before starting off on his pin wheel career through the air.

The birds were so few where I was that all this took a deal of time, during which Sam was having a regular Fourth of July. Almost as fast as he could load he would

let go with both barrels; then perhaps, after a pause, would follow a single shot. Again and again I stood on the bank of the sluice "with longing for the farther shore"; but it was useless. Across that mass of mud and water no man could go without a boat. At length the firing ceased; his ammunition was exhausted. We signaled for the steamer to send for us. With a feeling of mortification I met my friend, my five little snipe in one pocket of my coat. "A flower sack would hardly hold his," I said to myself. "Well, Sam," asked I, "how many have you?" "Hem," said my friend, "you know I am not used to shooting snipe." "Of course," I admitted, "you could not be expected to kill all. Come, how many did you get?" "Well," said Sam, while a slight color suffused his countenance, "to tell you the truth, I did not get any." "Whew!" said I, "how often did you shoot?" "Between forty and fifty times," replied the poor fellow in a most crestfallen way. "And how about those single barrels?" I asked; "they usually mean a dead bird." "Oh, some of those snipe flew so fast that I did not get a chance to shoot a second time. Snipe are hard birds to kill, and no mistake."

Before returning to our steamer we pulled across Harney Bar a couple of times and landed three of four black



"BRIGHT AS A BUTTON."

bass, which, with my snipe, for a while prevented any further distasteful allusions to the extent of our larder.

The next morning my friend, having borrowed a dozen buckshot cartridges, started with old man Tanner after deer. Now deer are very plenty around Lake Harney. They lie in the heat of the day in clumps of scrub palmetto, or ponds, as they call them, from which they are dislodged by the hounds and shot as they run. They are not much larger than goats "a fine buck" weighing about 80 lbs. During the day I again killed enough snipe to keep the wolf from the door and had a rather novel and unpleasant experience. Upon the marsh where I was shooting was a large herd of semi-wild cattle, among them being a big black bull. The whole herd followed me around at a distance of about 100 yds., apparently through curiosity; all save the bull, which, evidently actuated by other motives, advanced upon me, bellowing from time to time, first at a walk then at a brisk trot. Patterning my gait after the bull's, I retreated to the river's edge (for I did not think I could stop the beast with snipe shot) and lustily yelled for the boat, which, having placed me upon the marsh, had crossed the narrow stream to the steamer. The bull still continuing to advance, I entered the river up to the waist, and in so doing trod upon a small alligator, which dealt me a smart blow on the leg with its tail. I was, indeed, between the devil and the deep sea, and upon the arrival of the boat clambered into it with unfeigned satisfaction.

I was reading in the cabin when my friend entered, accompanied by a most nauseating odor. According to him they had not seen a living thing all day. After a change of clothes all through the evening my companion shifted around uneasily, and finally asked me to load up a few more buckshot cartridges. I inquired as to the whereabouts of the lot furnished in the morning. "Well," said he, "I might as well tell you the truth; we started no less than eight deer to-day, and somehow missed them all. We saw a skunk, too." "Yes, Sam," I remarked, "and I think it proved a better marksman than you." At this a loud guffaw burst forth from the corner of the cabin, and Bob, who had entered unobserved, overcome with merriment, began to execute a sort of shuffle on the floor. "Bob," said I, "go out at once. I told you not to come in here without permission." Bob retired very slowly, all his ivories still visible, and upon reaching the deck broke into another breakdown, at the same time remarking to himself in a very audible tone, "Yah, he done hit him for shuh."

Somehow Sam did not seem to like all this and began telling me his plans for the morrow.

The following day Sam started off again for the deer, and I, after smoking a cigarette on deck, went into the cabin to load shells, prior to taking a little *pasear* among the snipe. I had a 6 lbs. canister of powder on the table, a couple of pounds of which were poured into a pan, and was working away without dreaming of evil, when I thought I smelt something burning. I kept on loading, however, until I was startled to see a little column of smoke curl up from my sleeve. A fragment of the cigarette had fallen upon it and the whole lower portion was smouldering. I left the cabin very promptly.

In the evening Sam returned very much disgusted.

They had not seen a deer all day, but had treed a wild kitten which, as my friend was taking aim, "old man Tanner" had promptly shot. "We don't pay him two dollars a day to do our shooting," said Sam, and I quite agreed with him. I might mention here that, being ever ready to try experiments, we had the kitten cooked for dinner a couple of days later. It tasted like veal and was really quite palatable. That night we hung the graceful little thing over the rail, and in the morning the tracks of a very large "cat" were plainly distinguishable in the sand below. The mother had been down to see after its offspring, doubtless guided by the scent.

Without waiting to put on my shooting brogans and leggings (the latter made of double thickness of pig skin and warranted proof against fangs of moccasin or rattlesnake) I yelled for old man Tanner, whistled for the three hounds, and grasping my gun hastened, in knickerbockers and the low shoes I wore around the boat, across the marsh toward the woods. The scent was hot and the dogs started at full speed. Behind me came old Tanner, his gun at full cock and the muzzle pointing at the small of my back. Mr. Tanner and I differed in opinion as to the method of carrying a gun, and I had more than once expressed my views most decidedly; but in moments of excitement my mandates were likely to pass unheeded. In the meantime the hounds had started the "cat" and were making things very lively in the hammock. Now, wildcats, when chased by hounds, always run in circles, hence by crossing the circles one can easily on foot keep pace with the dogs. In about fifteen minutes they had the animal treed; and when we came up, panting from our run, we could see its hindquarters projecting beyond the trunk of a palmetto. Tanner's gun instantly went up to his shoulder, but I almost knocked it out of his hands, explaining at the same time in very forcible language that that "cat" was mine. The animal skillfully kept the trunk of the tree between itself and me, but I finally managed to put a couple of buckshot through its hindquarters. Down it came and in rushed the dogs, speedily retiring, however, with their ears in shreds. We finished it with a club. It was very large and its skin grizzly from age.

After killing a number of snipe, a few ducks and a "gator" or two, but by no means denuding the country of game, we went down the river fully satisfied with our trip.

C. B. M.

A MAINE BEAR HUNT.

PASCAL M. EDMUNDS, of Andover, Me., while standing in his doorway the 20th of last month, discovered a large bear making slowly along his back field. He had no gun, so he sent his wife to the neighbors for assistance. Meantime he grabbed his nail hammer and filled his pocket with sizable rocks and started after the bear, who was making toward Roxbury Pond, and as Mr. Edmunds approached him he faced about and showed fight. Edmunds with a rock in each hand commenced pelting the bear—and just here let me say, many a Maine boy or man can sling a stone as well as old King David could when a boy, and can make a formidable fight with such weapons. Edmunds was no exception to this rule, but threw his missiles with such good effect that bruin wheeled and ran, with Edmunds in full pursuit, who soon had the bear cornered on a point of land making into Roxbury Pond. Here bruin came to bay and rose on his haunches, growled and exhibited a fine set of molars and teeth.

As if Providence favored the brave, Mrs. Edmunds with a relay of neighbors and a gun appeared at this moment. Mr. William Mitchell with his gun, Fred Merrill unarmed, and Lyman Merrill armed with a sucker pole, and as they gathered near the bear got down and ran into a thicket out of sight. Edmunds meantime laid out a plan of attack, for he had no thought of letting the game escape. He then placed Lyman Merrill in a little opening with his sucker pole to obstruct the escape of the bear in that direction, and Fred Merrill only counted as an innocent scare, or one dot of a surrounding. Then Edmunds and Mitchell started on the trail of the bear into the thicket, and on turning a sharp corner they came face to face with the beast only a few feet distant. Edmunds said, "Now's your time, shoot!" But Mitchell replied, "If I don't make a sure shot the bear will kill me. I want to make a dead shot when I fire." But the bear was a hustler and couldn't wait, and taking to his heels soon came face to face with Merrill and the sucker pole, who wielded that pole with such good effect that bruin went up a tree. Merrill kept punching him with the pole with annoying effect and soon succeeded in dislodging him, and following up his advantage belayed bruin most vigorously.

At this juncture Edmunds came up with his hammer in hand, and while Merrill punched the bear with that useful instrument, the sucker pole, Edmunds got in a tremendous blow with the nail hammer, which felled him to the earth.

Thus ended one of the most audacious and frisky bear hunts of the season. The bear weighed 360 lbs.

Moral—Courage and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

BETHEL, Maine.

J. G. RICH.

Tennessee Notes.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 22.—The *Atlanta Constitution* says: "A Georgia man who crossed a stream in his buggy a few days ago found, after he had crossed, that a 9-pound fish had jumped into his buggy. And the fishing season is young yet."

Within seven miles of Chattanooga, a busy city of 53,000 people, a farmer named Jordan, in the Sequatchie Valley, killed a bear last Saturday that was walking in his calf pasture.

River men have reported seeing four bears in the vicinity of the "Suck," on the Tennessee River, between Lookout Mountain and Walden's Ridge, within the past five weeks.

Deer are reported more numerous than usual on Walden's Ridge, feed is very plentiful and the chestnut crop, or "mast," this season will be immense. Quail are strong and lots of them. Fishing for black bass good all around. Prospects for fall sport are excellent. D. G. CHARLES.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

The Camera War Continues.

June 21.—The city press of Chicago continues to pay attention to the World's Fair camera tax question, and many letters from outside of Chicago show the growing spirit of rebellion at the unwise arrangement now in force. Let me repeat: Here is a square mile of beauty in a thousand forms, the most attractive field for the photographer that ever lay under the sun. It belongs to the people, not to one man. To make note of this beauty you, as one of the people, are barred, except that you use imperfect means thereto. You pay \$2 tax for each day you take camera notes on these beautiful buildings, and you must use only a 4x5 camera, of necessity imperfect for your purpose. You shall not advertise this fair. You shall not spread its glories. You shall not perpetuate its beauties. Only one man on earth may do that, Mr. Arnold, of the board shanty near the south gate. As to how he may satisfy your wish, and make his notions of beauty your notions of beauty, read the following, again from the *Chicago Tribune*:

"An artist of considerable renown, connected with the Fair, said: 'The work we are getting here is certainly of an inferior quality.' For my part I consider it the most abject display of shortsightedness not to throw the gates open to amateur photographers and to societies, and, above all, to the artists of illustrated newspapers. Then we would soon find out whether the concessionaire's work is good or bad. I pronounce it bad. These amateurs would not interfere with the sale of pictures. On the other hand, being mostly rich people, they would buy a great many themselves and encourage others to buy. If they want the Fair advertised surely the newspaper picture takers ought to be welcomed by the officials and given every facility for doing their work instead of being compelled to struggle and fight for what they get."

Let it be added to the above that the pictures offered are not kept up to date. The concern is to sell, not to discover, views. Stock pictures, do you want them? Under the circumstances, who wants Mr. Arnold's pictures? And who does not want that which is right?

In the Fisheries.

The foreign powers have now completed their displays in the main Fisheries, and in the anglers' pavilion little more now remains to be put in. Brazil is just finishing one of the most interesting exhibits to be found in the entire galaxy of curiosities. Crude and primitive as her display is, it speaks well enough of the methods used. Never were boats so tipsy looking, so small, so rough, so crude, so upsetting, as some of these Brazilian dugouts. They nearly turn over on the floor if you look at them hard. It is easy to see that they are warm water boats, and used by men who would as soon be off as on the boat, just so they don't have to work too hard. The main object of interest Brazil shows here is the curious sailing raft, rudely pointed, rigged with seats and a big steering paddle, and supplied with water jars and all the necessities for a day on the water after fish, according to Brazilian notions. It is enough to make one's hair curl to think of going with such a craft on the stillest mill pond, let alone a typical river full of things that aren't particular what they eat.

Thos. Kane & Co.

Brazil can have her boats, but for my part I would rather go across the hall and tackle one of the slippery looking craft shown in the same building by Thos. Kane & Co., of Chicago. Mr. Carne tells me the house has five different exhibits in the Fair, and I presume it would make one hustle to find them all in one day. At any rate, I could not and must try later. In the pavilion just enough of their well known product is shown to whet the appetite for more.

Col. Gay's Trout.

Col. John Gay, in charge of the Pennsylvania exhibit of live fishes, lives just across the way from FOREST AND STREAM in the pavilion. He is aristocratic and has portières. Back of the portières there is a corner where you can go in and make coffee and fry fish, also a washstand and personal laundry supplies. Nearly all the young ladies employed as attendants in this building go in behind the elegant portières, and use Col. Gay's soap, when they slick up for lunch, and Col. Gay explains all about the fish to them. One of them told me she thought Col. Gay was a real nice man. When you pass the portières you are directly at the back of the aquaria, and can follow the little alley-way entirely across the exhibit. Lately, however, the quaker fish have been obscured on this side by a solution of putty and pipe clay, which the Colonel has spread on the back of each tank. "That breaks the light and protects the eyes of the fish," said he, "and at the same time gives you a much better view of the fish from the observing side. At first a great many of our fish went blind on account of the strong light."

Pennsylvania added to her display not long ago some magnificent trout, brook, rainbow and hybrid, some weighing as high as 4lbs. A full show of brown trout is also made. Additional fish were expected in from the hatchery this week. Pennsylvania corner is cool, hospitable, tasteful and attractive.

The Great Wisconsin Trout.

Adjoining the Pennsylvania State exhibit is that of Wisconsin, and here we have what I presume is the finest show of captive trout ever collected anywhere and at any time. At least, a great many say so to me. It is really a fascinating place, this Wisconsin exhibit, and it always has a crowd packed in front of the tanks so closely you have difficulty in getting a view of the fish. The State Commission of Wisconsin have cause to be proud of their work here. Mr. James Nevins, the superintendent of the State Hatchery, is in charge, with able assistants who care for the fish while he is absent with the State car after additional supplies.

Wisconsin shows 25 varieties of native fishes. There is one sturgeon weighing 75lbs., and a number of lake trout of 10lbs., each. There in one tank full of beautiful rainbow trout, some of which go as heavy as 6lbs., and all of which are large. The brook trout weigh up to 4 and 4½lbs. You can see fish here as big as the one that got away, and

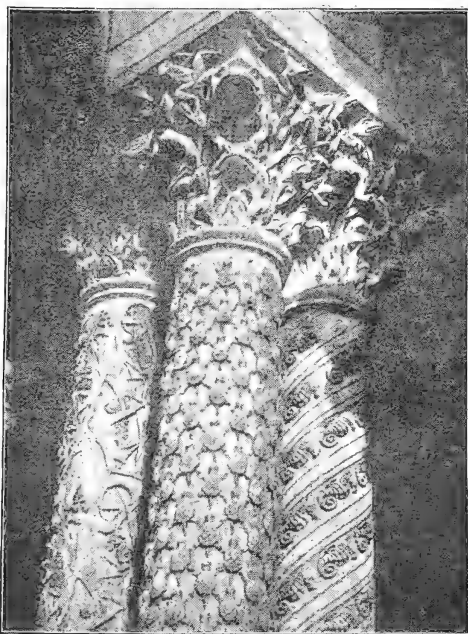
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can see reproduced the vividest and most magnified picture of your startled dreams relative to the monster which rose, struck, splashed and was gone. The big trout is here, and he eats liver now, or goes hungry. Bass there are also, weighing 5lbs., and big wall-eyes, and big spotted pickerel, and all other sorts of fish that bite and run. The State had three mascalonge caught, but they died before they could be gotten to the Fair.

The big case of rainbows in the Wisconsin space faces directly on the main aisle, and in the afternoon the rays of the sun fall full upon it. Last Monday the temperature of the water in a cooler part of the exhibit ran up to 66°. If it goes to 70° it may make trouble with the trout, but I truly hope nothing will go wrong with this excellent display. There are few things in the entire exposition which will afford the angler more genuine delight.

Some Reels.

As you pass down the aisle beyond the Natchang Silk Co.'s busily whirling braiding machines, which are now turning out mile after mile of all sorts of silk lines to delight the caster, you come first to the case of fine angling implements shown by a A. B. Shipley & Son, of Philadelphia, and next to the case of reels, exhibited by Julius Vom Hofe, of New York. In this latter there is nothing



DETAIL OF COLUMNS, FISHERIES BUILDING.

but reels, but certainly a plenty of these, of all sorts, from the size of a bushel basket down to the multiplying bass casting reel. There are also sectionals, showing to the anatomically inclined a complete view of the intestinal tract of a multiplying reel, something which a great many people don't know anything about and think they do.

Still beyond this and down the aisle is the show case of Meisselbach & Bros., of Newark, N. J., whose reels are of the open-work sort that the wind can blow through. This refreshes a reel on a warm day, and it also refreshes a line on almost any day.

A Glittering Generality.

Between the reels and next to the big rod case of the Horton Mfg. Co., whose steel rods now, by the way, repose against a background of white instead of oak, stands the admirable display made by Gardiner M. Skinner, maker of spoon hooks. You never knew until you saw these two cases, what a pretty effect could be made out of spoon hooks. As you look at the case you do not see the individual spoon at all, but only the glittering generality, banded in silver, gold, and flaming colors. The wish oppresses one to be a fish big enough to swallow the case bodily, for it looks quite good enough to eat. Samples of fish which have had a fancy for Mr. Skinner's food product are to be seen near the case, one a photograph, enlarged to life size, of a mascalonge taken in the St. Lawrence, whose weight was 31lbs., length, 4ft. 3in. "It is amusing," said Mr. Pond, who attends to the Bristol rods next door, "what funny things folks say about those spoon hooks. Some of them call them 'souvenir badges,' and one learned countryman thought they were 'flies.' They see the metal and the feathers and the glitter, but they can't always name the purpose."

The Little Finger Does It.

Passing Mr. Pond on the other side we strike two cases, very much alike in get-up and contents. These contain numbers of the Yawman & Erbe automatic reels. These reels are self-winding, and are so much better than an eight-day clock. You have to wind an eight-day clock every four days, and it takes both thumbs to do it, but you don't have to wind up an automatic reel at all, and when you are playing a fish the little finger does it. I never knew before that these reels grew to so large a size, or in such great variety of style and finish, but I am discovering a great many things in the sporting goods line, about which I thought I knew all there was to learn and didn't. That is the useful part of this exposition and of these exhibits. They teach the public at a glance, and by

the most convincing of all methods, that of the object lesson, of a progress in sporting manufacture of which the public would otherwise never dream. There is a great deal of thought and time and money being spent over the fellow with the fishing rod—just how much, the latter gentleman can best learn by reading FOREST AND STREAM.

The Remington Exhibit.

Mr. H. W. BRADLEY, of the Remington Arms Co., was looking at one of the new "Lee English" military rifles, one of the unique modern small bores, .330, when I met him, and was good enough to show me that arm and its American counterpart, the Navy Lee, .45, and to explain the use of this arm as a repeater or single-shot. The Lee rifle weighs about 10½lbs., and is unlike any gun, a stiff, unhandsome, tough-looking affair. Most people would think that to get elevation for long-range shooting, one must raise his hind sight; but who would believe that this same thing could be done by lowering the hind sight? Well, it can, if you put the hind sight below the barrel and not above it. The Lee rifle is so arranged that when you want to shoot a couple of thousand yards or so, you sight through a sight which can be thrown down under the barrel, at one side. This is all very well, while one is at revolutions in ideas. Another new notion in sights is the Lee split fore sight. You don't draw a bead, but line up through a crack. It is a good thing to know all these things.

The Remingtons also show a full line of sporting rifles, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, some very handsome Heppburns. There are some navy revolvers, and some double Derringers, .41cal., and fourteen sorts of shotguns, from \$40 to \$100 in price, no duplicates shown. There are target rifles of all models, from the old Creedmoor down, and there is a baby carbine, .44, made for the Mexican trade. In all there are 118 guns, 18 revolvers and 14 Derringers shown. There are on two racks 48 different makes of guns, turned out at one time or another by the Remingtons, and some of these record ancient history in firearms, going back to other days, and taking in products turned out one time or another for Spain, Mexico, South America and China.

The Winchester Exhibit.

"It will cost us between \$15,000 and \$20,000 to make this exhibit, and we do it all for pure glory," said Col. Thos. E. Addis, general agent of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., as he stood in the middle of the spacious Winchester corner of the Manufactures Building, directing the arrangement of the goods. "Yes, we do this for pure glory, and this is the most glory we have laid out, and the largest exhibit the company has made at any national or international exhibit. It has been my fortune to represent the company for twenty-eight years, and I have had charge of the London, Paris and other exhibits, but I intend to make this World's Fair display put those others in the shade, if we have luck, and I think we will. We have 170 guns in these cases, if we can find them all, and after a while we will be ready to keep house. When we put up the display at the works as a preliminary, we surprised even the workmen with the goods. We have over 2,000 men employed in that big building, whose picture you see there; but there was hardly one of them who knew we made so many different kinds of things."

Not long after the above conversation Col. Addis and his two assistants, Mr. M. D. Trecartin and Mr. W. P. Bonnell, with the help of divers others, had gotten the display in order, and it was indeed a surprise and a wonder to see how many different kinds of things there were. The three great cases arranged edge to edge about three sides of the ample space assigned this firm were ablaze with a pageantry of arms and munitions such as would never be dreamed of by one who had only seen an occasional Winchester .44 in a local storeroom. There are more sorts of Winchester rifles than I ever knew of, by a good many, nor did I ever know that weapons and their natural food could be worked out into a display whose appearance is artistically decorative. The blaze of the gold, the silver with nickel mountings, the glitter of plate glass and of polished brass, and the sheen of burnished steel contrasted here and there with the blue and the brown of duller finished metals and with the grain of rare woods in such a way as allowed no first thought except one as to the artistic impression conveyed. Especially happy was the idea of fitting the angles at the back corners of the space with plate glass, arranging against this as a background the many different styles of the Winchester rifle ammunition, from the .22 short up to the .50 express or the long single-shot rifle cartridge, about the size and length of a joint of stovepipe.

There are some sorts of Winchester's of which even the gun trade knows little, for instance the '93 Winchester repeating shotgun with the sliding or trombone action, or the Winchester with detachable barrel. You must not kick on a Winchester now because you can't pack it in a trunk, for you can, you see. The firm now makes a rifle, size from .22 up, which you can break down and take apart and pack away with a turn of the wrist. Pretty soon this gun will be on the market. If you read FOREST AND STREAM you will know how and what to ask for.

Winchester rifles, big and little, repeating and single-shot, are known in a general way through their many grades of improvements since those necessitous days back in the civil war when it was discovered that a body of men armed with the old guns could not stand against half their number armed with the "wound-up guns." But to see what rifles may and can be, you must go to the Fair and note all the care and pains and detail in manufacture, see the sectional views, examine the handsome and unique engraving, do everything but to look and see if it is loaded. Otherwise you think you know all about it, but you don't.

It seems that a small .22cal. cartridge, if planted, watered and properly watched, will in time grow into a big steel-pointed affair as long as your arm and capable of setting a smooth hole through a 4in. iron plate without denting its own point in the least. This I should not have believed if I had not seen it. Neither did I know that the Winchester people made bayonets, or that they could take their shotgun shells, and their gun grease, and their wads, and make pretty things out of them, nor did I know that their reloading tools for all sorts of ammunition ran into such infinite variety. In short, a World's Fair is useful, for everybody is ignorant and doesn't know it. Thus, I think, many will reflect who stand before this costly, but excellent and elegant display—not jumbled, but arranged of goods which have done so

much all over the world to advance the prowess and the reputation of American enterprise and resource. These, too, will all think, unless I miss my guess, that while the Winchester Co. knows how to make guns it also knows who to send out to display them. Col. Addis is quite safe to trust away from home, and I trust he may see many more World's Fairs in similar capacity.

The U. M. C. Exhibit.

Around the corner from the Winchester space is the installation of a firm known as widely, I suppose, as any of this or any other country, a name in the mouth of every shooter, from the match shooter to the country boy. No one calls it the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., however. It is "U. M. C." at the trap, on the cars, in the field, or anywhere else, whether we speak of the new green cases, or the smokeless cases, or the old straw-colored Club shells, or of any one of a hundred other products familiar in shooting lore. Here you can see them all, every one, more than you dreamed of, and in apple-pie order. Twenty-five feet of a double case, perpendicular and horizontal, again the glitter of brass and glass, and some nice red paint on some of the big rifled cannon ammunition, again the sheen of copper and of iron, with careful and thoughtful and pleasing arrangement to give it all a just display—and there you have the U. M. C. exhibit, necessarily plain, severe, simple and not elaborately decorative. No attendant was in charge when I was last at these cases, nor did one seem needed. The U. M. C. goods speak for themselves. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Maine Association's Work.

THE Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association has made a movement in the right direction. This week Mr. B. F. Fowles of Boyd Lake, a member of the last Legislature, starts for Porus Island, which is situated in Pamadumcook Lake about midway between Mattawamkeag and Chesuncook Lake. The west branch of the Penobscot River is the outlet of Chesuncook Lake, and flows through or out of Pamadumcook Lake. This is one of the greatest fish and game sections of Maine, and the large amount of illegal hunting is notorious. Mr. Fowles has a thorough knowledge of the section, and the manner of hunting is familiar to him. He will first have to build a "post camp" on Porus Island. The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad will pass the foot of the lake and all this fine hunting grounds will be brought of easy access. It will be seen that this is no small undertaking. At this time of the year, he writes, the deer and moose are virtually at the mercy of the poacher. They frequent the water to avoid the flies and become an easy prey to such as hunt them in violation of the law. Mr. Fowles will be able to do much to stop the slaughter of big game by his influence with the hunters, and will not hesitate to apply the law if needed. The association has hired him for an indefinite time, and well demonstrate the question whether the laws can be enforced in that section or not. If Mr. Fowles wants assistance it will be sent him.—*Augusta Journal*, June 17.

Rhode Island Association.

THE Rhode Island Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at the office of A. L. Andrews. T. W. Penney, the organizer of the association, and its first president, was again elected to that office. It was voted to have the game laws printed and distributed in the State, and to appoint game wardens in those towns where the town councils have not chosen such officers. The association has the right to do this under its charter. As the excessively severe weather of the past winter killed many birds, the association intends to exert itself to protect the remainder. Every effort will be made to stop unlawful shooting, and to punish the market-hunters. The full list of officers elected is as follows: President, T. W. Penney, Johnston; Vice-Presidents, John T. Fiske, Jr., Pascoag; C. Fred. Crawford, Lincoln; Newton Dexter, Walter S. Ballou, Providence; Secretary, L. P. Langworthy, Providence; Treasurer, F. S. Rand, Providence; Managing Board, T. W. Penney, Newton Dexter, R. H. Wilson, P. J. Hulbert, William A. Campbell.

Massachusetts Grouse.

BALDWINVILLE, Mass., June 17. The grouse have wintered well and as we have had no rains for a month the chicks should be numerous and strong, which I guess they are, as attested by several lively broods almost within gunshot of the house. We are awaiting the opening of the bass season with as much patience as we can command. The trout fishing is about done for. NIMS.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

Why the "Blue Racer" Died.

"LORDY-ME!" and "Lighthouse Charley" sank into the broken chair by the door, "Lordy-me! Lordy-me!" "What is the matter now, Mr. Baldwin?" inquired the storekeeper from the back room, recognizing the old man's voice.

"Matter 'nuff," says he. "It's a-gettin' so naow that what with ther patent this en ther patent thet, ther ordinary human bein' won't hev nuthin' ter dev but crawl inter some ground hog's hole en die. Folks 'll hev ther catin', sleepin', thinkin' en talkin' dun by turn cranks en cogges bimeby. Stepped inter Deacon Woodruffes this mornin' en asked him when he was a-goin' ter cradle thet rye er hisn. 'Mos' all dun!' sez he, ez kule ez er hop frog under a lily pad (en me a-doin' of his cradlin' er good thirty year en more) en pinted up ther lane; en danged ef ther warn't a bustin' big macheen affair, tu hosses a-pullin' of it, slashin', whirlin' en slingin' ther grain. When it got durned good en ready it passed aout them bundles er rye, all tied en fastened like a man 'd do. Fact!" The old man relapsed into gloomy silence. "No use er workin' agin turn-cranks en cogges," he began again reflectively; "en, Lordy-me! what kin er body expect, when the wizist, ol'est en knowinest er snakes is gettin' outdied by new-fangled tricks, no wonder ef menkin gits fuled."

"What's that about snakes, Mr. Baldwin? I hadn't heard anything new," the insinuating storekeeper paused in driving the busy red ants out of the sugar bar-

rel, for he knew the old man's weakness for reptiles. "Hum," grunted Lighthouse Charley, "fer folks alivin' right en taown, under ther telegraph wires en next door ter railroad, yer dew hear ez little ez er deaf hen. You 'member thet ole blue racer up ter Farms, don't yer? What, en you a Wheeler's Farms lad! Well, dawon back er my shack thet you boys call thet 'lighthouse,' in thet stretch er faller graound 'tween me en ther Howsertonick River, ther's a big heap er rocks. Never knew haow they cum ther, but ther thar anyhow, en some six er eight years ergo ther blue racer lef' Woodbridge taown en tuck up quarters en them rocks. Every one knowed him, by hearsay at least, en when I fust seed him I knowed right away who he were. He were ther hand-somest snake yer ever see. All over a dull leady blue en with jes' a collar er white round his throat. I don't believe he were mor'n five foot long, but he were a hummer. Harmless ez er kitten, but how he could fly. Why ef thet serpent hed been human he'd er been follerin' ther races sure. Seemed ter cum er sportin' blood natural. He used ter lie out by them rocks waitin' fer somethin' ter cum ty ter race with. Gin up racin' with me en ther boys after a little. They wuz allers so durned scared thet they couldn't give him no kind er tussle. Jes about twilight he'd git ready ter mosey out en beat sumbdy on ther road. Dogs, cats, ground hogs en minks, I've seen him leave 'em all behind en then crawl up in them rocks en larf like er good un. I give him a tussle with thet young buckskin colt er mine once, but he did us clean, en how pleased he wuz. Sociable like he seemed, tew, en used ter cum up ter the wood-house door sum days when I wuz savin' en try ter swing faster then ther saw. En the other snakes! Why I thought er black snake knowd er heap, but this chap beat him all holler. Seen him race a hoop snake one time, en goin' down hill; the hooper bent himself up en rolled so ez ter gain time, but ther racer warn't asleep en he jes stiffened out en went end over end till he fairly spun, en left thet wheelsnake back in ther dust. Crossin' ther crick one spell he got beat, I 'member, quite bad. I wuz a loadin' salt hay en see him cum down ther lane jes ez I wuz leavin' fur hum. Over by ther edge er ther crick lay er big water moccasin on er log en when he see ther blue racer he shook his tail, shivered en started ercross crick. Now yer know a snake can't stand ernother shakin' tail at him thet way, en the racer jes frothed en set out ter beat ther chap. Water wuz a new track fur him though, en the moccasin distanced him by a yard or so. Tell you thet snake felt small when he cum hum. He never cum out fur a week after thet, en when he did he wuz a curus sight. The cunnin' rascal put fur ther crick en I after him. The water snake wuz waitin sure 'nuff, en I yelled 'go' when they got inter line. It wuz close et fust, but my snake drawed away from the other bimeby en won by nigh a rod. When he cum back I seed him make fur the rocks, en bein' curus ter know what trainin' he'd been doin' I follered. That cussed sharp rascal; he'd bin er sleepin with his tail tween tu stones till he'd flattened the end out like an oar. Spect he'd bin er watchin' the boys paddle ther shad scow en caught the idea from thet. After thet he never hed no more fuss. Beat every-thing, cars, steamboat, en I believe he'd a beat er bow arrer, but he's gone now, poor feller, en ther's never er snake like him no more, never a snake," and then Lighthouse Charley mournfully twisted his red bandanna, till it resembled a fiery serpent.

"But how wuz it he went away? Where is he now?" asked Gregg, winking at Benhoin's hired man.

"Wal," renewed the venerable snake student, "thet's more'n I know. Might ez well ask whar Judge Miles is thet died las' week, er Doctor Heady. Lord only knows. But I wuz present when the racer giv up, en I felt like one er the fambly wuz gone. Yer see, knowin' him so well I got considerable set up 'bout thet snake en used ter tell folks now en then sum er his clever ways, en one spell las' month er peddler from York way wuz passin' en I told him what a wonderful critter I hed down in the rocks. 'Pooh!' sez he, 'ther's a snake up our way thet kin naterally warm the spirit out en any your Farms reptiles en enny kind er race.' He wuz so dang-sizzled brag 'bout his snake thet I got mad, and ended by bettin' a ten dollar note thet the blue snake would mow down anysquirm-in' thing thet squirmed, let him choose the race track. Mr. Peddler 'greed, en las' Thursday he cum in with er box under his arm. When he let loose his goer I couldn't see much ter brag on, 'peared ter be nothin' but er little gray swamp-snake, only he hed big floppin' things like ears up by his head, thet made him monstrous homely. 'Hi,' sez I, layin' out my ten, 'let her go.' The blue racer cum outen ther stun-pile, tuck one look at ther stranger en jes sniffed at the idee, en then they started, my snake lettin' ther other hev jes a start so's not to leave him tu fur behind. Down through the cornfield they went hummin', seemed to e'en a'most burn the rail fence when they wizzed under it, ther wuz goin' so hot. Over the hill they tore, en commin' down, the racer did his end over end trick, en ter my surprise the little chap jes flapped them big ears like wings and fairly flew like a swaller, gainin' on the big one every foot. I wuz scared en saw his leetle game then. 'It's a wing snake,' I yelled ter ther racer, 'take ter ther crick en you'll hev him!'

"He heard me en went fur the water like er shot. I could see ther spray fly when thet paddle tail er his'n struck. 'Hurra!' I whooped, 'they're cumin', en we win!' en I wuz reachin' fur the bill, when the worst you ever see took place. Thet low-down, deceivin' little squirmer from York turned them wings er his'n inter two big revolvin' paddles, en cum down the crick like thet side wheel boat from Derby. Pass the racer? Why, he left thet honest ole time sculler ez fur back ez ther Housatonic express 'd leave er pup dog. The peddler smiled like er angel en sez he, tuckin' my bill away, 'Whenever ther's any snake flesh around thet kin move er little, I'd like ter stir my twister up er bit,' en he boxed his wing snake up en lef'.

"Found ther ole racer out by ther rocks ther next day, stone dead. I never see sech a hopeless look ez wuz on his dead face, never. Sech a reel I-done-my-best, but-ver-rung-in-er-crooked-pack expression ez would make er oak log cry ter see. Yes, ther ole feller's gone, en he wuz a noble snake, er democrat ermongst sarpints, en he died of er broken heart."

There was stillness in the store as the ancient hermit reached over the counter for the bottle and the storekeeper gazed absently out on the village green and listened to the sober but truthful soliloquy of the clock.

H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

THE BASS WE DID NOT GET.

"As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine
And the tide to the sea,"

SO CAME the longing to me to go a-fishing, but I did not see just how I was to get away. Many times during May and the first week in June I had told Jack that I believed the fish were biting good in some of our favorite lakes, but he always said, "I wish you would keep still; you know I cannot go, and you drive me wild with your suggestions. Clear out and let me alone." I knew he wanted to go just as badly as I did, but he felt that business demanded his attention. His birthday came the second day of June, and I gave him an elegant rod for which he had often expressed admiration and a longing to be its owner; and that brought him to time, I think, for on the second morning after, when I returned to my room from breakfast, I found this on my desk: "Say, old man, don't you want to go down to Tom's to-day? We'll go down in the canvas boat and have him bring us back to-morrow night. Get ready and come right over town.—JACK."

I was ready in a very short time, but we did not go in the canvas boat after all; for just before we were ready to start, Tom, who is Jack's oldest brother, drove into town and said that we must get right in and go back with him. We did so, and greatly enjoyed the drive from Detroit to Tom's place on the shore of Lake Melissa. We were greeted with the pomp and splendor of early June on every side, and as we passed between Twin Lakes they looked like mirrors of finely burnished silver set in frames of living green, woven by the magic of the springtime. If we had gone in our canvas boat we would have crossed Detroit Lake, descended Pelican River to Muskrat Lake, crossed that and gone through the locks into Lake Sally, and rowing the length of this lake entered the river and made a short run into Lake Melissa and around the east shore for a mile to our destination—a most delightful trip, with excellent fishing all the way and with as beautiful scenery as can be found anywhere in northern Minnesota. We reached Tom's place at noon, and soon after dinner went out on the lake for black bass.

"Forth upon the Gitchie Gumees,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar."

Thus went Hiawatha a-fishing in his wonderful canoe, and with his fishing line "of cedar," to catch Mishe-Nahma "in the big-sea-water," while we went forth on plain, prosaic Lake Melissa (which name means a bee, I believe, in the original), with split-bamboo and light steel rods, modern reels and Natchaug silk lines, in a boat around which no scrap of romance could possibly be twined, so flat-bottomed, tub-like and unwieldy a craft it was; and we simply wanted to catch *Micropterus dolomieu*, of weight not over 6 lbs. nor under 5. The day was perfect for June, and deep blue sky, wood-lined shore and beautiful lake, combined with the companionship of the one friend whom you would choose from all the world for a friend and outing chum, made everything as nearly complete as possible from our point of view.

But the fish! Ah, those bass! Not one did we get that day. Every famous point and bay was visited in turn, and the only one who struck a bass was Tom, and he lost the fish just as Jack was getting ready to net it. It was a big one, at least 7 lbs., I judge, but this must be taken with proper caution, as from where I sat I did not get sight of the fish; I only saw the swirl in the water as it went off and judged from that.

Greatly disappointed, we went to supper, and then went forth again after pike-perch. Did we get them? Well, yes, rather. In an hour we had 23 fine pike-perch on the string and also had witnessed as fine a sunset as artist or poet could wish to see.

Through the twilight we strolled to Tom's place lugging our twenty-three pike-perch, which made a load. It was late when we went to bed, and as Jack stretched himself out by my side he said, "Well, old fellow, we've had a nice time even if we did not get a bass, but to-morrow we'll fetch them."

Tom's knock on the door aroused us in the morning, and as soon as we came down he said, "You fellows are not going back to-night at all. Here you stay until Friday night, then I'll take you home. This morning I'll put a boat on the wagon and take it and you over to Meadow Lake, you can fish there until noon, then, if the bass are not biting I'll come and get you and put you in any lake that you say."

Jack took Tom's side in the argument, so I gave in and to Meadow Lake we went. The wind had been blowing hard all the morning and soon increased to a gale. It was very hot and after an hour's trial we knew that there were no bass in that lake for us that day. We kept trying all the forenoon, however, and as we started for dinner could show a total catch of one pike and one catfish. We felt properly humiliated, for were we not famed fishermen, noted especially for the bass we had lured? I had to laugh at Jack's vivid description of a scene he witnessed one day when he came to the lake with two men who drank freely and finally became so muddled that they could fish no longer. As they were going to camp over the same track we were going, a red squirrel ran across the road and up a tree. One of the drunken fellows chanced to see it and bawled out, "Hi, there! see Charley! there's one of them blamed bass going overland."

After dinner Tom took us and the boat over to Lake Sally, but the wind was blowing so hard that we soon gave up all idea of fishing and put in the afternoon in drifting with the waves and exploring the east shore of the lake. Jack and I always enjoy ourselves under all circumstances, so we had a good time even though we did not fish. All the wealth of the Northland as represented by leaf and fern and flower was spread out for our pleasure, on this afternoon, when landing we strolled along the shore and ascended a wooded bluff.

After supper we went forth again, and Tom went along.

Several pike-perch were caught, one of which weighed 4½ lbs., and was caught and landed by Jack. This was the fish he tried to make me believe weighed 6 lbs. When we reached the house I went in to wash up, leaving Jack and Tom to take the fish from the stringer and bring the big one in to weigh it. They soon came in and announced 6 lbs. as the exact weight. I protested that it could not be; but there were the scales and the fish, and the scales would not lie. I looked closely at the fish and the scales; the fish did not seem to be stuffed, and the scales appeared all right. I looked at Jack and a slight twitch of the end of his moustache and a jerk of the shoulder, as he tried to restrain his laughter, gave the thing away. He had put a 1½ lb. bar of lead in the fish, and had done it so skillfully that only a knife thrust into the fish would show the lead. After the laugh over this had subsided we went to bed to dream of the bass we did not get.

In the morning we took our lunch, and put in the whole day fishing all the likely bass haunts in Lake Melissa, going clear to the foot of the lake, to the bridge over the outlet, but no bass did we strike. While at the outlet Tom broke both tips to his rod, and laying aside the wreckage went into the woods and returned with a pole that was a wonder for knots and crooks. We greeted him and his pole with shouts of derision, but he heeded us not. On our way back we dropped anchor now and then and fished for pike-perch. When we landed we had twenty-nine of these fish to carry home, and thus came to an end our outing after bass. We were not in it at all. The bass were and stayed in. The next day Tom brought us home two tanned and sunburned, unshaven and disreputable looking fellows, yet happy withal, and we immediately commenced planning to get away again as soon as possible. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, MICH.

BOSTON ANGLING RECORDS.

BOSTON, June 24.—More fishermen are returning from their spring trips than departing at the present time, and generally it is admitted that the fishing has been poor. The number of trout taken at the noted Maine resorts is not up to that of a year ago, and certainly the size runs smaller. All this is true in spite of the reports of "big catches" in the Maine papers, whose only object it is to draw sportsmen. They record only the successes, never mentioning the many sportsmen and tourists who scarcely see a trout during a long and very expensive trip.

Messrs. Samuel and N. S. Wax, of Temple Place, Boston, have been on a fishing trip to Lake Mooselucmaguntic. They had good luck, and are pleased with the region. A couple of railroad men, Mr. J. F. Jordan, freight agent of the Wabash, and Mr. W. S. Conell, New England agent of the Union Pacific, have just returned from the Rangeleys. They stopped at the Mountain View House some days. They took some small trout, but no large ones. Messrs. T. L. and C. H. Barber, of South Framingham, are about starting for a fishing trip to the Rangeley waters. A gentleman from the city of Rome, where he has been living for the past 27 years, called at Appleton & Bassett's the other day and purchased a couple of trout outfits, one for himself and one for his son. The son is 17 years of age, and yet this is his first visit to America. They will go to Bar Harbor for a short stay, and then they propose to try their new outfits in some of the waters of North Franklin county, Maine. Gen. G. H. Harmon, of New Haven, Conn., for many years a visitor to his beautiful camps, Lake Point Cottage, Rangeley Lake, has been spending a few weeks there, as usual in the spring. He is reported to have found fair fishing, but not that of years gone by.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard received a telegram Friday from his man at his salmon preserve, the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite, saying that several salmon had been seen in the river, and that one or two had been taken below his preserve. It is suggested that these salmon may have been taken by Mr. Walter M. Brackett, whose pools are just below Mr. Blanchard's preserve. The above is about the first news that Mr. Blanchard has had of salmon in his river this spring. He is expecting to get away early this week. His daughter will accompany him. Mr. Rollin Jones will also be his guest a part of the time, and not Mr. E. Rollins Morse, as I erroneously had it last week. Mr. Richard O. Harding, secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, is much pleased to be able to start with Mr. Blanchard, to spend a well-earned vacation of a couple of weeks, instead of being obliged to wait till later in the season, as he feared that he should be obliged to do. Mr. Blanchard is determined that "Dick" shall take a salmon this year. Mr. Harding is fortunate to be able to spend his vacation on a salmon river, the guest of a sportsman as whole-souled and true as Mr. Blanchard.

For the sportsmen who cannot get away for long and distant trips to the trout and salmon waters there is cod-fishing and mackerel fishing left, and some of the Boston sportsmen try to improve it. Mr. W. S. Hill, son-in-law of the late John P. Squire, and one of the most active men in that celebrated pork-packing firm, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Cook, another of the firm's active men, have just been trying codfishing. Time did not permit Mr. Hill to take a trip to Moosehead Lake with Mrs. Hill, as he is very fond of doing, hence the codfishing trip was planned. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Cook went by train, a week ago Friday, to Portsmouth, N. H. From that point they went out to the Isle of Shoals, some ten or twelve miles, by steamer. But oh, the weather was rough! *Mal de mer* stared them in the face, and the courage of the ladies was gone. The next morning the gentlemen went out in a tugboat for codfishing. The water was even more rough than the evening previous. The tug was all under water part of the time, then on the crest of a wave, in a manner that was not reassuring to the landmen. The spray flew in torrents and it was only rubber garments that prevented their being wet to the skin. Mr. Hill was not seriously sick, though occasionally feeling the premonitions. But he could not help comparing such fishing to trolling from a canoe on Moosehead Lake. They caught codfish. Mr. Hill says that the "fun is like pulling in any sort of a weight that might be hitched to one's line." The codfish looks a little surprised at being thus rudely raised by the mouth from twenty or thirty fathoms of water, but it never, apparently, enters his dolish head to make any fight for life. It is the verdict of Mr. Hill that "I would rather catch one ½ lb. trout with a fly than a 40 lbs. codfish." Sunday they embarked on the Portland steamer for home

and enjoyed a pleasant sail. But the ladies had had no fishing, and the gentlemen—well, they had fished and been churned till they were satisfied.

Mr. A. H. Proctor, well known in the leather trade as one of the house of Thomas E. Proctor, and his friend, Mr. A. F. Breed, also of the leather trade, have recently returned from a very enjoyable fishing excursion to The Birchens, on Mooselucmaguntic Lake. They got their share of fair-sized trout, but no very large ones.

A letter from the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, says that there has recently been a full quota of fishermen at the noted resort. One day there were over 30 registered. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. French, of Boston, with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Doane and Mr. E. K. Grant, were in the number. Mr. French is a brother of Mr. J. A. French, proprietor of the Upper Dam Camps. The party had excellent sport, with an abundance of trout of good size on the fly. Mr. Grant took the largest, weighing 4½ lbs.

In the sudden death of Mr. F. B. Daniels, of Boston, which took place a week ago, sportsmen lose a warm friend. Mr. Daniels was the senior partner of the firm of Daniels & Smith, in the clothing trade, where he was very favorably known. He was, during many years of his life, a prominent member of the Quosocoe Angling Association, the well known club house of which is at Indian Rock, Me. He was for some years president of the association I believe.

Mr. W. W. Sias, of the wholesale clothing firm of Minor, Beal & Co., and a brother of the most genial Charlie Sias, of the coffee firm of Chase, Sanborn & Co., is on a fishing trip to some well known brooks in New Hampshire. He has been a little "under the weather" of late, and has taken this trip for just the good that he knows it will do him. With his brother Charles and two or three other gentlemen, Mr. W. W. Sias has control of a couple of the best trout brooks in Connecticut. The brooks are in the town of Windham, and the gentlemen control some nine miles of fishing on them. They have nothing to advertise or for sale on these brooks, but it is learned from other sources that sportsmen who have been so fortunate as to get an invitation to fish there have got beautiful creels of trout in a little more than a day's time from Boston. Mr. Charlie Sias, though a great lover of the sport, has been somewhat hindered in his fishing this season by matters at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It may interest sportsmen to know, when they take a cup of coffee at that most interesting exhibition, and see in the bottom of the cup the name of "Chase, Sanborn & Co." that the idea of the name in the cup originated with Mr. Sias, the firm having the contract for furnishing all of the coffee served at the Fair. They may reflect over that cup that Charlie Sias is a trout and salmon fisherman, and that Mrs. Charlie is a lover of the sport as well as a devotee of the camera, and that both are patrons of the FOREST AND STREAM. SPECIAL.

THE ONONDAGAS AT THREE RIVERS.

The Anglers' Association at Onondaga held their first annual outing at Three Rivers yesterday. It was a jolly party of piscators and their friends, wives and best girls, that made their appearance at the Packet Dock at 8 o'clock and stepped on board the steamer William B. Kirk that had been furnished by the genial president of the association, Gen. Dwight H. Bruce. The sweet strains of Astrello's full orchestra kept the company in a happy mood as they were borne to the place where the waters meet. On board were all the latest fishing devices that human ingenuity has contrived. Enticing bait, sharp and sure-catch hooks at the end of fine line lines, fastened to nimble split-bamboo fishing rods, were plentiful enough to snatch above water all the finny population for a considerable area about Three Rivers Point. All that the Onondaga piscators wanted was an opportunity to get on the water and juggle with the fish and meet with sufficient success to capture one of the valuable prizes awaiting to be awarded. With this ambition and hope in view there was a hot scramble for the shore when the steamer Kirk struck land at the pleasant resort. No immigrants ever sought Castle Garden with more energy than did the fish deceivers of Onondaga. With proverbial hunger they made for shady places immediately, striving to get their luncheon out of sight and then affiliate with whatever fish that might feel disposed to make their acquaintance. Dinner out of the way, and the fun began.

The prize fishing began at 12:30 o'clock and lasted until 5:30 in the afternoon. Fully twenty-five people, with tackle in hand, rented boats and stood about the judges at the appointed hour. As the roll was called by Judge Geo. W. Wood, the resonant voices of contestants re-echoed across the river. When that had ceased and the conditions governing the contest had been announced, the prize fishing excursion grew warm. All piled into the boats, and, bracing themselves, put their hands to the oars awaiting the signal. Simultaneously with the bursting of a giant firecracker, the anglers were off and a score of boats darted in all directions, making away for the abodes of the fish. Whether the fish knew of the plans of the anglers or had not sharpened their appetites for the bait offered them is not known and never will be. At any rate, they would not bite. Some attribute their indifference to the location of the moon; some alleged a conspiracy among the finny tribe; while others were unanimous that they would not bite and could not be bribed to bite. Had it not been for the prizes in prospect and the love of angling, the contestants would have quit the business long before they did. As it was, they stuck to their fishing and firmly hung to their poles until 5 o'clock, when a bomb at the dock summoned them back. At the end of a half hour another bomb was exploded, and the contest was over and all had landed. It was an easy matter to land the fish, for in nearly every case they were few and far between.

The amusing part of the day came at this time when the fish was spread before the judges. Each one laughed at his friend's luck. As an exemplification of his skill, Charles Mowry, of the association, waved aloft on a stick two dried herrings, insisting that they should be counted, but Gen. Bruce, the referee, ruled him out, however, and the judges, Amos Padgham, Louis E. Morgan, Fred Devine and John Buss, began their work. H. F. Robbins, Charles H. Mowry and M. Weidman acted as scorers. It took but little time for the officers to finish their work. Fish of a certain variety and length scored a certain number of points, and when the results were reached it was found that H. E. Robbins had the most number of points and secured first prize. He scored 1244, and won a vase donated by S. P. Pierce, Sons & Co. W. K. Squire had

his choice between a special prize and second prize on his score of 85½. He took the second prize, a Quackenbush rifle donated by W. A. Abel & Co. I. U. Doust scored 74 and captured the third prize, a landing net donated by H. E. Robbins. The fourth prize was taken by W. H. Suckles, who scored 73 points and won one of Wood's best lance-wood rods, donated by that firm. A pair of walking boots donated by Frank C. Howlett formed the fifth prize, and was taken by John Buss, who scored 57½ points. M. Weidman scored 31½ points and will smoke a box of cigars donated by Justin Seubert as his sixth prize. W. Everson won two prizes and chose, as an earning of his 25 points, the seventh prize, a lot of trolling bait donated by the Enterprise Manufacturing Company. Mrs. Frank Diel earned 19½ points, took eighth prize, and got one-half barrel of flour donated by E. F. Hotelling, of Baldwinville. Mrs. H. E. Robbins scored 17 points and took a hammock donated by Harry Kennedy as ninth prize. C. H. Mowry earned 16½ points and will wear a pair of slippers donated by Brand, Bauer & Molyneux in which to think of the tenth prize he won. The eleventh prize was captured by F. C. Brower, who scored 8½ points and won a fishing hat donated by Stevens & Adams.

Of the special prizes George Sutter, the oarsman rowing the party making the greatest score, won a fine multiplying reel and silk line donated by John H. Mann & Co.

The largest small-mouth bass caught by a gentleman was captured by W. K. Squires. W. Everson caught the largest pike, while H. B. Robbins exhibited the largest bass caught with a fly.

Of those who fished Prof. C. H. McCormick made the best record, catching 4 black bass, 8 rock bass, 1 pickerel and 2 big chubs. He did not compete for a prize.

B. A. Molyneux caught the largest black bass of the gentlemen, and Mrs. Molyneux of the ladies.

Several prizes were left unawarded on account of the choice between two that many made. They will be competed for at some future contest that may take place this season.

On the journey home a special meeting of the Anglers was held in the cabin of the boat and President Bruce, in a neat little speech, presented Archimedes Russell with what he regarded as an appropriate booby prize. The latter amid much laughter replied in a manner that elicited great humor and good feeling. A vote of thanks was extended to President Bruce for his generosity in furnishing the steamer, and it met unanimous applause.

The trip was highly satisfactory, and a record of having a good outing was made, even if the angling record was not smashed.—Syracuse Courier, June 21.

ANGLING NOTES.

Deer's Fat for Fly Lines.

RUBBING the fly line with "red deer's fat" is an English practice, and one that is not, perhaps, widely known on this side of the water, but it is a good one nevertheless. The line, rubbed with deer's fat, floats better, and it seems at least to lay out better on the water, and then there is a feel to it that the unrubbed line does not have. The fat is used on enameled lines as well as on other "dressed" lines. I had a high grade tapered, enameled line, on which the dressing was a little too hard, and in casting the dressing broke in various places, making it a jointed line. I rubbed this with deer's fat every time I used it, and it improved it greatly. I got an undressed, braided silk line from England, such as is used for spinning in Nottingham casting, and I have just rubbed it with deer's fat, and I shall give it a trial in a few days. It is convenient to have a piece of deer's fat in the tackle box, and to use it pass the line over it until it is well covered with the tallow, and afterward rub the line well between the fingers. I have enough of deer's tallow so that I can furnish half a dozen anglers, the first to apply at this office, with a small box of it.

Hudson River Salmon.

Mr. Robert C. Lowry made the second attempt last week to tempt a salmon to rise to his fly in the Hudson below Mechanicville, and he writes me from Montreal, where he went from Mechanicville: "I gave the salmon a thorough trial and not a rise. Neither did I see a salmon break water or jumping. I saw one fish, a fine one of about 30 lbs., near the middle of the stone wall opposite one of the pits of the pulp mill. He was not quietly lying there, but was evidently excited and kept moving about. The Troy dam broke Monday morning at 2 o'clock, and I think that salmon had just arrived from Troy and did not understand the wheel pit nor the foul white water that he encountered. In the afternoon I got a pair of horses and wagon and took the boat down the river to the foot of the rapids, two and one-half miles below the town. I never saw finer water for salmon, but fished it faithfully without any results whatever. The water was very warm, 72°, and salmon won't touch the fly unless the water is cold, say not over 60°. I have just been telling my friend, Mr. Ramsey, of Montreal, about it. He is an old fisherman and he says that salmon never take the fly at such a long distance from the sea, thirty or forty miles is the limit."

And yet nearly a dozen salmon have been killed at Mechanicville on spoon and "deer hair bob" since they first arrived there a few years ago.

As to the Mechanicville fishway, about which I have written once or twice lately, Mr. A. C. Johnson writes me: "One day last week the paper company was obliged to draw the water from the canal [it is the wall of this canal, built to supply the mill wheels with water, that Mr. Lowry mentions, and the fishway is built on its outer side, the upper end passing through the wall], and as that shut it off from the fishway I went into it. The fishway was alive with silver eels. In many of the pockets I found small black bass, I should think twenty-five in all, from 3 to 8 in. long. The fishway is so filled with driftwood that only small fish can get through it. I removed all the drift that I could in the short time that the water was out, but there is a half day's work for some one yet before the fishway will be clear so that salmon can go up."

A. N. CHENEY.

"Tommy," said the visitor, "have you read the books in your Sunday school library?" "Some of them," he replied, rather doubtfully. "Can you tell me what happened to the boy who went fishing on Sunday?" "Yes, he caught three catfish and an eel." "How do you know that?" "Cos I was him."—Washington Star

LAKE ST. JOHN OUANANICHE.

NEW YORK, June 24.—After my experience of June 12 at Mechanicville I proceeded to Quebec for the purpose of putting in a bid for the ten years' fishing rights offered by the Quebec Government for lease of the waters now fished by the Governor-General on the Grand Cascapedia River.

The auction room seemed to be quite well filled with prospective bidders, but when the auction opened there appeared to be no one who meant business excepting Mr. Hogan, of St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal; Mr. H. W. De Forest and myself; and the waters were finally knocked down to Mr. De Forest at an annual rental of \$6,125. I understand that Mr. De Forest represented himself, R. G. Dun, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, E. W. Davis, and a few others.

It was just the right season for ouananiche fishing at Lake St. John, and as I had long desired to try my hand at taking these much-written-about and largely-advertised fish, I took the train on the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. for Lake St. John, and on the evening of Friday last (the 16th inst.) found myself at the Hotel Roberval, located near the little village of Roberval at the head of the far famed Lake St. John.

This hotel is a fine one, and has all modern improvements, including electric lights, etc.; but the season had scarcely commenced and there were only about a dozen guests, mostly fishermen and tourists.

The next morning I took the little propeller yacht Undine and in about two and a half hours found myself at the foot of the lake (distance, twenty-five miles), comfortably located at the Island House, a very nice hotel, run under the management of the proprietor of the Hotel Roberval. The proprietor has employed Mr. Patterson, formerly a Hudson Bay Company agent, whose entire business is to look after the fishermen and provide them with guides, canoes, etc. I found Mr. Patterson a very intelligent man and an expert in handling canoes and in everything pertaining to fish and game.

He quickly made arrangements for two good canoes and a birch canoe under the control of one of the best guides, John Morrell by name; but as it was too late to go down to the Grande Discharge that afternoon, Mr. Patterson suggested that he would himself take me out in a canoe late in the afternoon and see what could be done by trolling for ouananiche with a spoon; so about 4 o'clock we went across the river where there was a little swift water right at the mouth of the river and commenced operations.

We had gone but a little distance when I had a strike and lost a fine fish. However, we tried it again, and in a few moments we had another strike, and I landed a 4lbs. ouananiche. Of course, I was more than curious to see this renowned fish, and upon examining him, I became satisfied that he was not a landlocked salmon at all. He had the head, the mouth and the shape of a trout, and his body was scaled like a bass (with smaller scales however) and covered with dark spots. In fact, the fish looked more like a New York Bay weakfish than any fish I have ever seen. He by no means gave me the fight that I expected, but after one or two leaps out of the water he came readily to the net with scarcely any struggle whatever. I was so surprised at this that I asked Patterson what it meant, and was informed that he thought that the water was not swift enough, and that when I began to take the fish in the rough waters, they would give more of a fight.

We then resumed trolling and within an hour's time killed two more ouananiche, one of which weighed 4lbs. and the other 3lbs., and we also killed a pickerel of about 3lbs. weight, which gave us almost as much of a fight as the ouananiche.

The next morning bright and early I took my two guides and the canoe, and we went down the river and in due course of time found ourselves in the white water about ½ mile below the foot of the rapids of the Grande Discharge, distance from the hotel about three miles.

Now as I had read a great deal about the fish taking the fly right from the foam, to the foam we went as fast as we could go there. We found it in a large pool at the foot of the rapids on the lower side of the river, and I lost no time in casting away for all that I was worth, but after about one-half hour's fruitless endeavor, the guides said that the fish "were not rising in the foam that day," and suggested that we move over to a large rock or point that jutted out from the shore, around the end of which a heavy current was flowing.

This we did and almost the first cast that I made with a silver-doctor hooked a 3lbs. fish which, after a couple of jumps in the air, came to the net in the most placid manner and was taken in.

I continued casting for about half an hour without success and then handed the rod over to John Morrell and he instantly hooked a large fish and promptly lost him, as he did with two others right there and then. I at once saw that he did not understand how to handle a fish that was taken on a fly-rod, so the next fish he hooked I took the rod from him and landed it without trouble. I then resumed work and soon had another fish that weighed about 5lbs., but he gave me no more sport than the first ones. He did not take out one inch of line nor make any attempt to sulk nor make a long run or anything of that sort.

We remained on or about this rock all day long and took thirty-two fish, about a dozen of which were only 10 or 12in. long and I promptly returned them to the water. The remainder of the fish we took to the hotel and gave some of them away, and selecting about a dozen of the largest, I thought to take them home with me, but when we arrived in Quebec, the weather was so warm that I concluded it was better to present them to the proprietor of the Hotel Florence.

Well, to return to the ouananiche. On further investigation I found that the flesh of this fish is pink, but a very light shade thereof, and is neither as firm nor as toothsome as the flesh of the salmon, or the trout or the black bass. In fact, I must frankly say that I was never so much disappointed in a fish in my life, both as to its fighting qualities and its uses for the table.

It is not a landlocked salmon at all, I am well satisfied of that fact, for I have killed landlocked salmon on the Grand Lake Stream in Maine, and the real landlocked salmon is almost identical in appearance with the regular salmon that comes up from the sea, but the ouananiche is a different fish entirely. It has not the white belly of the salmon, but has a distinctly yellowish tinge on the belly, the same as a bass or perch.

The scenery at the Grande Discharge is magnificent. The roar and rush of the waters is like Niagara, but I can frankly say that I would rather kill a 3-pound bass, and would be sure to get more fight and more sport out of him, than an ouananiche of double that weight.

It makes me smile now when I read the high-flown accounts of the "far-famed ouananiche."

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

HUDSON RIVER SALMON.

NEW YORK, June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My first visit to Mechanicville was made on May 23. After finding comfortable quarters in the Hotel Leland, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas L. Pratt, of Mechanicville, whom I found to be a most enthusiastic fisherman and quite desirous to see the killing of a fine salmon in the river. Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, also came down to meet me, and as soon as we had dined, I put my rod together and speedily found myself on the river, but unfortunately there was such a high wind blowing up river, that it was impossible to cast a fly to any advantage, and after spending an hour or two in vain endeavors we gave it up. I think that no salmon had arrived there at that date, as we saw none breaking water and no signs of any. As I had determined to give the water a thorough and fair trial, I left my fishing tackle with Mr. Pratt; and on June 12 I paid another visit to Mechanicville.

This time everything seemed favorable. Not only was the water fine, but about 60ft. of the dam at Troy had gone out or broken away early the morning of the day before, and as it was a well known fact that there were plenty of salmon seen below the Troy dam, I of course expected that they would quickly find their way up to Mechanicville.

Mr. Pratt soon had his boat afloat and took me up as near as the limit would allow, below the falls at the dam, and we spent another morning in a vain endeavor to take a fish.

I used every variety of fly in my fly-book: Silver-doctor, Jock-Scott, silver-ranger, silver-gray, black-dose and fairy, but without success. After about two or three hours' casting, without seeing a fish break water or any signs of any, Mr. Pratt and myself went ashore and walked along the high stone wall alongside of the pulp mill, just below the dam. In a few moments we had the pleasure of seeing a large salmon in the water below us. I should judge that it weighed not less than 30lbs. and perhaps more; he seemed to be in a great state of excitement and was moving rapidly in almost every direction. I think that he had just arrived from down the river and was mystified by the surroundings, including the lime-water that at times flows from the pulp mill. This water is exactly the color of milk and leaves a heavy white sediment along the shore of the river, which of course means death to the fish.

As the salmon above referred to was inside the lawful limit, of course I made no attempt to see whether he would notice the fly or not. In the afternoon we took our boat down stream and went to fishing just below the rapids, located some three miles below Mechanicville.

It is as fine water as I ever saw for salmon, and although I fished it with the greatest care, we did not get a rise or see any fish.

From the above experience it is my belief that the salmon will not take the fly at Mechanicville or at any place located so far distant from sea. The water was very warm, and this, too, was against us. I also doubt if very many fish had yet arrived there, for I received a letter yesterday from Mr. Pratt, dated June 19, in which he informs me that he has seen any quantity of salmon in the river since I left.

He saw them frequently breaking water out in the river just above the Mechanicville Bridge, and upon going up to the stone wall he saw five lying in the clear water in front of one of the wheel pits. He also saw a large number jumping on the apron of the dam in the endeavor to go up stream.

The fishway at Mechanicville is in good order, excepting that it is choked up with brush and debris, and the Fish Commissioners ought to clean it out immediately.

Mr. Cheney also informed me that about two weeks ago one of the game protectors at Hudson had taken some 26 salmon alive in his nets and turned them loose. By the way, I might remark that my opinion is that whenever salmon are caught in the nets and turned loose or hooked by a fly and escape, they immediately return to the sea. In fishing in our Cascapedia River we have frequently lost fish, and the netters at the mouth of the river took them the next day with our leaders and flies in their mouths.

At the mouth of the Dartmouth River at Gaspe Basin, Quebec, there is a Government system of traps for catching the fish for propagating purposes, and as soon as they are stripped they are returned to the river alive. This process has almost ruined the Dartmouth as a salmon river, for the fish are so frightened that they do not return. In fact, some few years ago a number of them were tagged and were taken later on in the St. John and York rivers, both of which empty into the Gaspe Basin, with the copper tags still intact.

Long experience has also taught me that the salmon is very much and very quickly affected by the temperature of the water, and the moment the temperature rises above about 60° the fish seem to be stupefied, and will remain in one place for weeks without stirring or taking notice of the fly, but should a cold wave occur or the temperature of the water be lowered by a freshet, they will immediately bestir themselves and eagerly dash at the fly when presented.

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

Hudson River Salmon with the Fly.

MR. T. L. PRATT of Mechanicville, on the Hudson, writes us that on June 23, with Mr. Miller, of the same town, he killed two salmon, taken with the fly, weighing 9½lbs. and 10½lbs. Mr. Pratt's first fish took the fly as the town clock was striking 5 in the morning and was safely in the boat at 5:28. Mr. Wm. H. Vandenberg took an 11½lbs. fish on June 20. Several others have been lost. Many others are trying for Mechanicville salmon, and it is probable that other fly-fishing records will be made.

A CHANGE of publication day, which is necessary to meet the requirements of a growing constituency in the South and West, will be made beginning with the second number of the new volume. From that date the FOREST AND STREAM will be put to press on Tuesday instead of on Wednesday of each week.

AMERICAN ANGLERS IN CANADA.

THERE has been an immense rush to Canada of both salmon and trout anglers from the United States during the last few days. Mr. H. De Forrest, of New York, formerly secretary of the Restigouche Salmon Club, who was here last week, was the fortunate purchaser of the fishing rights of the Grand Cascapedia, for which he paid \$6,125 per annum. The Governor General of Canada and the Countess of Derby are now on the river, which they will fish till the termination of their lease on the third of July.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, with a party of friends left here on Saturday for the Restigouche, and on the same river are Messrs. George von L. Meyer and Louis Curtis from Boston. Mr. Walter Brackett, of the same city, is on the St. Marguerite, where Mr. D. H. Blanchard is also expected about the end of next week. Mr. E. C. Fitch has gone down to his North Shore stream, the Romaine, and on a portion of the Cascapedia Messrs. C. B. Barnes and F. W. Ayer are now whipping the pools.

But the greater rush of the angling fraternity is to the more readily accessible waters in the Lake St. John district, where fishing privileges are in thousands of square miles of territory, free to the patrons of Mr. Beemer's and Mr. Baker's hotels at Lake St. John and Lake Edward. Upon this latter lake is now snugly encamped on Isle Paradise, Mr. Kit Clarke, of New York city, who has already this season been to Grande Discharge for a tilt with the ouananiche and killed a number of fine specimens of *fontinalis* in the Metabetchouan, on the preserves of the Springfield Club. Judging by the very heavy fish which have been already taken this season in Lake Edward, Mr. Clarke is likely to have a good time before him. The waters of the newly-formed Triton Club, a little to the south of Lake Edward, have turned out especially well, and the American members who are now encamped upon them report very gratifying success. This track possesses the advantage of being the most accessible of any of the preserves in the district leased to American fishing clubs. Members may leave Quebec at 8:30 A. M. and commence fishing shortly after 1 o'clock the same day. The club house of the New Haven Fishing Club on Commissioners' Lake was unfortunately destroyed by fire a week ago. It will be immediately rebuilt. Messrs. Dr. Stetson, A. H. Mayo and A. W. Hooper, all members of the club, are now fishing its waters. The season at the Grande Discharge has opened very auspiciously for anglers, the ouananiche having been plentiful since the 10th inst., when one of eight pounds weight was taken by the well-known guide Johnny Morel. Four and five pound fish have risen freely to the anglers' flies during the last ten days, and with them have been killed some good specimens of the whitefish, averaging some two pounds each.

It will probably be news to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the splendid new steamer Mistassini is now crossing daily to the Grande Discharge from Roberval. She usually makes the 25 miles across the lake in about an hour and a half. Among others who are shortly expected here to fish the Grande Discharge are Judge Vann and Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse.

QUEBEC, June 22.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

THE MISSOURI DYNAMITE LAW.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 25 your correspondent "O. H. Hampton, traveling agent Atlantic Dynamite Co.," in commenting on the act passed by the last Legislature of Missouri for the protection of fish and to regulate the sale of dynamite, is, I think, premature in his condemnation of the law. He says: "As a matter of fact, it is so heroic that no one observes it and in consequence it is worthless." Whereas, "as a matter of fact," this act of the Legislature has not yet taken effect and is not yet the law; and will not become so "until ninety days after the adjournment of the session at which it was enacted." (Const. Mo., Article IV., p. 71, Sec. 36, Rev. Stat., Mo., 1889.) There was no emergency clause adopted making it take an earlier effect. I believe the Legislature adjourned late in March, and ninety days thereafter the act takes effect and becomes the law.

Again, Mr. Hampton says: "I am familiar with the dynamite trade in Missouri, but have not heard of any one paying any attention to this law, and probably never will hear of such a thing." That's reasonable. But if he remains in the business after the act becomes the law, with a like experience, wouldn't he make a good witness before a grand jury? I would advise Mr. Hampton to go a little slow with his dynamite sales hereafter, at least in this "neck of woods," as our prosecuting attorney is foolish enough to think the law ought to be complied with.

Mr. Hampton says: "A good deal of the dynamiting is not done with dynamite anyway. It is a well known fact that a bottle filled with rifle powder is just as effective as dynamite, and is used in many of the supposed dynamite cases." Fortunately this contemned Missouri law provides for bottles of powder as well as other things. Sec. 5036a is as follows: "No person shall place or use in any of the waters of this State any medicated drug, any *Cocculus indicus* or fish berry, or any other poisonous thing or substance calculated to poison, kill or injure any fish, nor shall by such means kill, catch or take any fish that may be in said waters, and no person shall place any dynamite, giant powder, nitro glycerine, or any explosive substance of which nitro glycerine composes a part, or any other explosive substance or preparation [that catches rifle powder in bottles, doesn't it?] in any of the waters of the State, whereby any fish that may be in said waters, may be killed, injured or destroyed, and no person shall by such means kill, catch or take any fish from said waters."

This law was not made for good citizens, but for scoundrels who prey upon the public; who to get one fish will slay a thousand; who will wantonly and criminally destroy all the fish in a river, and thus deprive whole communities. Why will the United States and the States appropriate and expend tens of thousands of dollars for the propagation of fish and replenishing the "dynamited" rivers? If dynamiters are to go free for a small fine which they never pay, if it is too severe punishment to send them to the penitentiary, then stop the appropriations and let the fish go.

I have yet to hear the man who does not say the penitentiary is the place of any one who would destroy fish by explosives.

The enforcement of the law may be troublesome, but

honest men must submit to some trouble or submit to the rascals. Mr. Hampton will have to comply with the law until it is repealed. The penalty is graduated—from the penitentiary not exceeding two years or county jail not less than thirty days, or by fine not less than \$100, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Each seller of explosives pays 25 cents for his permit—Sec. 5,086g. The buyer can swear for 5 cents, not 50—Acts 1891, Sec. 5,005, p. 151. I consider this a good law. It is at least the best we have, and the law until repealed. As far as I have learned, it is sustained by public sentiment and will be enforced. Mr. Hampton's cartridge "went off" a little prematurely. I think he wrote without mature consideration. The details of its execution are not complicated, but simple.

H. CLAY EWING.

St. Lawrence Bass and Pickerel.

CLAYTON, N. Y., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Roying about through the best fishing points of this vicinity, I am led to ask the indulgence of your columns for a little of my experience at places where are found bass, pickerel and muscallonge.

Beginning at Henderson Harbor I found plenty of black bass, and although they are not of the largest size they occur in goodly numbers. The same can be said of Sackett's Harbor and Cape Vincent. After enjoying the fish at these places I came to the quaint old town of Clayton, a very busy place during the summer season. Here, after a look at the incomparable St. Lawrence River, and having taken from its clear waters a surfeit of fish, a peculiar restful feeling generally follows, and happy is the man with plenty of time at his disposal to enjoy it. The hotels here are excellent, and in nearby waters the fishing is the best. All points within the Thousand Island district can be easily reached within a radius of twelve miles. Steamers run frequently and all stop here. In Eel Bay, which is directly in front of the Canoe Association's former encampments, bass, pickerel and an occasional muscallonge are taken. One recently caught weighed 25lbs.

Last year a young lady nineteen years old caught and landed one here that weighed 47lbs. Grand View Park, located on this bay, has a good hotel, with numerous cottages, and although a little outside the regular route for steamers, is connected by ferry from Thousand Island Park, and here you find a transformation from winter to summer that is wonderful. The immense hotel has an enormous patronage, and with the hundreds of cottages which surround it claims a summer population of 6,000. A mile beyond is Fine View, with good hotel and cottages. Six miles further away Alexandria Bay is reached, a well known and noted fishing resort. It is directly on the river and affords all the accommodations that can be found anywhere. While there yesterday I saw two muscallonge brought in as the result of a few hours' fishing; weight 23 and 18lbs. The two were caught by one man and he an amateur.

I have simply attempted to describe the river from a fisherman's standpoint, and will add that it is hardly necessary to go a mile away from any place mentioned for the best results.

The description of a sail down the St. Lawrence has often been written, but with its constantly changing views, dotted as it is with little islands and handsome residences, it affords a beauty and variety of scenery that needs to be seen to appreciate it.

J.

Fly-Casting Imbroglío.

June 23.—Last week I said that Mr. Elmer Wilkinson won both the fly and bait medals in the second competition of Chicago's fly-casting club. This was hearsay, and was incorrect. Mr. Isgrigg, of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s, won the fly-casting medal at that time. Dissensions in the club seem evident from this morning's city press reports of the third club contest, held yesterday, which read as follows:

"The regular weekly meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was held yesterday afternoon in Union Park. The features of the event was the excellent bait-casting by Wilkinson, the fly-casting by Johnson, and the inability of the judges to similarly interpret the rules adopted by the club. This misunderstanding led to considerable useless discussion, which tended to delay the events and to arouse temporary antagonism between some of the members present. In the bait-casting there were four contestants, and by the average given in the long distance and accuracy bait-casting the final averages are deduced:

Davidson, 182 4-5ft.; E. Wilkinson, 184ft.; Babcock, 148ft.; Isgrigg, 109ft.

Wilkinson was awarded the two standing medals for long distance and accuracy bait-casting and for the long-distance fly-casting event.

In the accuracy fly-casting event Johnson was easily the winner. The following were the records made by each caster:

Johnson, 33ft.; Isgrigg, 33ft. 5in.; Babcock, 42ft. 9in.; Davidson, 70ft.

The most interesting event of the day was the long-distance fly-casting, with five entries. The contest was between Isgrigg, the holder of the medal, and Wilkinson, the winner. The following distances were given out as official by the judges:

Wilkinson, 64ft.; Johnson, 62ft. 6in.; Isgrigg, 61ft.; Babcock, 60ft.; Clark, 56ft.

The next meeting will be held in Union Park, Thursday, June 29. This meeting promises to be a highly interesting one, owing to the rivalry existing between the contestants, Wilkinson and Isgrigg, for the long-distance fly-casting medal."

E. HUGH,

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Trout at Castalia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some little time since you noted the capture at Castalia of a brown trout weighing 4lbs. 2oz., by Mr. John Sweeney, of Detroit. About three weeks since, another fine specimen of the same variety was taken in the same stream, weighing 5lbs. 12oz., and this fish was kept in a live box to adorn the World's Fair aquarium, but an enthusiastic fisherman having undertaken to exhibit the captive to a friend, his majesty took German leave, and the showman and his guest were left lamenting. Now the record is again broken by Andrew Englert, the club's keeper, who on the evening of the 16th inst. took with a 7oz. rod on a Jock-Scott fly, a German trout weighing 7lbs. 6oz. The

fish is now in the hands of a Toledo taxidermist, and will be set up in the finest style of the art for permanent preservation at the club house. The coloring of this particular specimen is simply magnificent, and its display of vermilion and dark carmine is richer and more vivid than on our own *Salmo fontinalis*.

The German trout were introduced into the Castalia Stream seven years ago, and the recent captures show that they have found it a more than congenial habitation.

This club, by the way, has already sent about 100 live specimens of the Rangeley, German and brook trout, ranging from 1/2 to 3lbs. in weight, to the Fisheries Exhibit at the Fair.

TOLEDO, O., June 23.

JAY BEEBE.

Denver Notes.

STATE Fish and Game Warden Callicotte has been investigating the number of fish in the State hatcheries. According to the report of ex-Warden Land there should be at least 800,000 fry in the Denver hatchery, but Mr. Callicotte can only find about 100,000.

It is said that large numbers of fish have been put in private ponds instead of in the public streams, and that 25,000 fry that were taken from the Twin Lakes hatchery to go to the Denver hatchery never reached Denver, but were put in a lake near Buffalo. Warden Callicotte will make a thorough investigation and ascertain in regard to the truth of the above.

The following gentlemen have organized the Denver Fishing Club: Ex-City Attorney Fred Williams, E. E. Quentin, Milward Hewitt, J. L. Jerome, L. B. France, C. Kunsemiller, S. F. Rathvon, F. E. Edbrooke, A. F. Vick Roy, B. E. Shear, I. L. Johnson, W. P. Thompson, D. C. Chesebro, J. S. Temple, D. D. Seerie, P. O'Brian, W. A. Marean, Bradbury Clawson, Manahan and J. Bagley. The club owns five acres of land at Vala, where they will erect a club house, etc. It is a fine game country as well as an excellent fishing point. The membership of the club is limited to one hundred.

TESEEDY.

A Yellowstone Trout.

THE largest trout that has been caught in the State, within our knowledge, was taken from the waters of the upper Yellowstone, in Yankee Jim's Cañon last Thursday. It weighed 8lbs. 9oz., and measured 29in. in length and 17in. in circumference. "Specimen" Schmidt is accredited with having made this remarkable catch, although Conductor Ed. Winston, who exhibited the speckled beauty at the depot Thursday evening, blushing replied in the affirmative when asked by a number of ladies in the depot if he had caught "that lovely fish?" However, it matters not who caught the trout or to whom it belongs. It is sufficient to know that the specimen has been stuffed and mounted for County Commissioner Hoppe, who will take it with him when he goes to the World's Fair next month.—*Livingston (Mont.) Post.*

A Tautog Tandem.

JAMES and Thomas Berry of this city went fishing off Nayatt the other day, and returned with about 120lbs. of tautog, as the result of their day's sport. James pulled in two fish at one time, one on each hook, and on examining them, found that these same two fish had once before bitten two hooks attached to the same line. Each had another hook in its mouth attached to a snell, and the two snells were attached to a small portion of line.

Delaware River Salmon.

WE learn from Fish Commissioner Ford that six Atlantic salmon, taken from the Delaware River during the spring, were sold to a single dealer in Philadelphia market. They ranged in weight from 11 to 23lbs. It is known that salmon were caught at Marcus Hook, Red Bank, Lambertville and Delaware Water Gap. Doubtless many more were captured, but the stringent laws prevent their getting into the records.

In Canadian Wilds.

KITTANNING, Pa., June 19.—I found FOREST AND STREAM in the far Canadian wilds the other day. We were up for the early trout fishing, had a delightful time and landed some of those noble big fellows which figure so largely in the sportsman's imagination. Two-and-a-half and three-pounders on 6oz. fly-rods in reality will remain a cherished memory.

J. H. LAR.

A Plaint from the Post Office.

POST OFFICE, New York, N. Y., Office of the Assistant Postmaster, May 18, 1898.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: Gentlemen—The copy of FOREST AND STREAM which you so kind as to send me reaches this office bearing two addresses—one that of a gentleman in Wall street, whose surname also begins with a "G," the other mine. As his name appears first (and for other obvious reasons) he has the prior claim, and the paper is sent to him, leaving me FOREST AND STREAM-less—a most unhappy plight for one who takes so much comfort in perusing it, and whose acquaintance with forest and stream is thus limited to the distant view of the Jersey woods and the Hudson River, which he obtains from his office window. Would you mind re-adjusting your cutting machine? Very truly yours,

J. GAYLER, Asst. P. M.

A Tough Turtle.

In October last Mr. Benson Wambolt, while on the shore of Silver Lake (a tributary to the Rossignol), captured a turtle, and cut its head off with an axe. The body was left lying on a log. Twenty-one days afterward Mr. Wambolt and Mr. N. F. Douglas had occasion to visit the place. The body had fallen into the water. Mr. Wambolt, having heard that a turtle would live for some time after the head had been severed, remarked to Mr. D. that they would see how this fellow was progressing. They then took the body from the water and laid it on the same log, and it immediately began to move itself along with its legs. Four days afterward (the 25th day) Mr. W. again visited the place, and found, to his astonishment, there was life still remaining in the turtle. This is a genuine fish story, and can be attested to.—*Novo Scotia Gold Hunter.*

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

BARNEGAT BAY, Waretown, N. J., June 20.—Weakfish have just appeared in Barnegat Bay. I saw one boat yesterday which had caught six that would average 2 1/2 to 3lbs. each. They were taken on the rod at the entrance of Oyster Creek channel. Sheephead are reported as biting well.

NEVERSINK (Fallsburgh), N. Y., June 19.—Fishing good, stream just about right. Wm. Dean and J. M. Freer made a nice catch on Saturday, fish running of nice size. Prospects good.

FRANK FREER.

CLAYTON, N. Y., June 20.—After two and one-half hours' fishing I brought in twenty bass and two pickerel. Coming as I have from Texas, this being my first trip to the St. Lawrence, I thought it worth mentioning.

JACK GORDON.

TAYLOR'S-ON-SCHROON LAKE, N. Y., June 22.—Messrs. Knox and Benjamin caught last week five lake trout in front of the Taylor House weighing 9lbs. The fishing at present is excellent, and prospects for bass very good. This is a particularly good point for deer and partridge shooting in the fall.

J. B. BURNHAM.

LOCH SHELDRAKE (Hurleyville), N. Y., June 20.—There were caught 'on above date at Loch Sheldrake by Mr. Hoberg and Mr. Rockenbach, of the Clyde S. S. Co., twenty very fine pickerel, running from 1lb. up, the largest weighing 6lbs. 14oz.

ED. MISNER.

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK, Clayton, N. Y., June 24.—Mr. Spencer Beard and wife, of Syracuse, caught 15 very fine black bass at Thousand Island Park, from the old bridge, with rod and line in three hours on Friday last. Now is a good time to go a-fishing.

O. P. HADCOCK.

THREE LAKES, Wis., June 13.—Last week Mr. Chas. French caught 489 black bass at Butternut Lake; largest, 6 1/2lbs. Butternut excels the early days of Gogebic for bass fishing. Write to F. R. French for information. Mr. L. G. Wells, Miss Wells, Miss Clark, caught in one day's fishing 43 pike, largest 6lbs.; 7 pickerel, 2 largest 10 and 11lbs.; 4 bass, largest 5lbs.; 2 muskallonge, largest 26lbs.; total 149lbs. Fishing is good.

THREE LAKES.

KENNEBAGO LAKE, Me., June 24.—Trout fishing at Kennebago has been good; large catches have been made. Thursday, June 22, E. A. Belding caught 99; Friday, June 23, E. A. Belding caught 110; Thursday, June 22, E. Belding caught 75; Friday, June 23, E. Belding caught 65; the party is from Springfield, Mass. Messrs. Whitney and Whitcomb from Troy, N. H., caught 300 in four days ending June 24. The catches this spring range from 1/2 to 4lbs.

G. A. ROYAL.

GREENWOOD LAKE (Lakeside), N. J., June 22.—W. F. Ryerson, Newark, N. J.; one day's fishing, 12 bass, one 5lbs., one 3lbs. and balance average 2lbs. All caught casting frog. Herr L. Rosenfeld, of "Liliputian Co.," New York city, caught 15 bass, largest 3lbs.—to-day.

R. L. PATTERSON.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 24.—The past week has been one of joy to the anglers hereabout, more striped bass being taken than has been the case for a number of years. Dr. G. B. Herbert, Monday evening, took two weighing 8 1/2 and 23 1/2lbs. respectively, and Tuesday evening one of 16 1/2lbs. All these were caught at Manasquan Inlet. William Brumaker, familiarly known as the Veteran, has landed four ranging in weight from 8 to 20lbs. each on our own beach. Besides at least a dozen have been caught, the particulars of which I could not ascertain. Weakfish and kingfish are abundant, but the pounds take them all. Pickerel and white perch are biting freely in Deal Lake.

LEONARD HULT.

CHESTER (Riverside), N. Y., June 22.—On June 19, E. Bibby caught a brook trout weighing 3lbs., and only 100ft. from the hotel. That is only one of many caught in the same brook.

JOHN B. WELLS.

Moose River.

ATTEAN LAKE SPORTING CAMPS, Moose River, Me., June 23.—Up to date the season has been very backward and we have been troubled with high water, but some very fine trout have been taken and all that I report are regular square-tail speckled trout. Very few sportsmen have been up this way this season so far, so it will be all the better for those who come later. The trout are now rising finely to the fly and plenty of them, and the prospect is good for fall sport, as deer are very plenty, and there are also a good many signs of moose and caribou.

The following is a list of a few who have taken trout on Attean Reserve and their weights:

G. K. Putnam, Vermont, 22 trout; largest weighed 2 1/2lbs. 12 trout weighed 20lbs.

C. C. Bancroft, Vermont, 18 trout; largest one 5lbs.

Ed Cook, Massachusetts, 5 trout, 15lbs.

D. C. Perce, several trout; largest, 5lbs.

Dr. N. B. Russell and J. S. Crose, Massachusetts, good success, average 2lbs.

Ruel Holden, Maine, 5 trout, average over 1lb. each.

John Smith, Maine, 11 trout; largest 2lbs. 5oz.

D. Hancock, Maine, 15 trout; largest 3lbs. 6oz.

Dr. Murphy, Maine, several; largest 2lbs. 6oz.

The water has fallen rapidly the past few days and there is sure sport for any one who comes into this region from this time on.

ITHAMAR HOWE.

The archer-fish, of which but two species are known, is said to have the remarkable power of spurring water so as to bring down insects. Another fish, called the chetodon, continues this habit even in captivity, and is much prized as a household pet by the Japanese, who amuse themselves by holding a fly toward it on a slender rod and seeing the finny archer shoot a drop of water at it with such accuracy as to bring it down.

FISHY.

The Best Line to Denver

From either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Only one night on the road. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers, reclining chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellingner, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

TWENTY YEARS IN DOGDOM.

The Bench.

TWENTY years of kennel history. Measured by the history of nations and men, two decades seem a short flight of time, still it would be impossible, in the limited space at our command, to do full justice to the wonderful growth of kennel interests in America during that period. The crude efforts of a few sportsmen at Chicago in 1874, started the competitive feeling which has resulted in and rendered possible such a grand exhibition as that which took place in New York last February.

One cannot resist the temptation to ponder and think over the vast amount of time, energy and money which have been expended to make such a gathering possible. There are men living to-day, old sportsmen, who well remember the first dog shows held in 1874, and could they Rip-Van-Winkle-like close their eyes upon the intervening lapse of time and open them in a New York show of 1894, they would doubtless appreciate the feelings of Washington Irving's creation, when he entered that village in the Catskills. Enough of simile—the age is too practical to indulge in much sentiment.

To the field sportsmen of America we are indebted for the impetus that set the dog show ball a-rolling. The desire to improve the native field dogs led to numerous importations of highly bred setters and pointers in 1873-74, and to the accomplishment of this end the FOREST AND STREAM, even in its infancy, lent no little aid. It brought English and American sportsmen together through the medium of its columns; it negotiated the purchase of several animals which became famous in our stud books as the nucleus from which have sprung many of the finest strains of sporting dogs in the field to-day; it nursed and encouraged the growing interest in "pedigree" dogs by donating valuable cups and trophies at the early shows and field trials, and while it has seen the rise and fall of many kennels, it has ever kept the one end in view—the advancement of the dog in public estimation.

In a resumé of this nature the musty record must enter largely, and while columns could be written of the interesting events which have transpired in the kennel world during twenty years, we must at present confine ourselves to a narrative of the leading ones.

To Mr. C. S. Wescott ("Homo"), of Philadelphia, belongs the credit of first suggesting, in a letter to the FOREST AND STREAM of April 9, 1874, that bench shows and field trials should be held to improve the dogs of that day. We are glad to know that this gentleman lived to exhibit at shows larger than even his wildest imagination could have desired at that early date.

The first show of which we find a record in FOREST AND STREAM is that held by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, June 4, 1874, at Chicago. There were twenty-one entries, but no regular classes. Native setters, Laveracks, Gordon and Irish setters, both individual and crossed, and pointers competed together. It seems to have been a sort of mixed competition, where field training had almost as much to do with the awards as beauty of formation. Mr. J. H. Whitman was awarded the premium with Frank and Joe, three years old, black and steel mixed setters, bred by Hilliard from imported Gordon setters. The judges were Messrs. L. B. Croker, of Mendota, Ill.; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., and H. N. Skerman, Beloit, Wis. These gentlemen in closing their report said they considered this "a very important branch of any meeting of this nature, and hope the Association at its future meetings will offer prizes and give every possible encouragement to such an exhibition. The Great West was the first to give it prominence, and in this respect commensurate to its prominence in all other amusements of the field sportsman." Who can say but that this prominence has been ably sustained?

Three weeks later a small show was attempted at Oswego, in connection with the sixteenth annual New York State Sportsmen's Association meeting, but as there were only three entries the prizes were withheld and entry fees returned. In only one instance, the proposed show in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1887, has a bench show committee found itself in this unpleasant plight. The show held at Mineola, L. I., in October, 1874, is generally conceded to be the first regular bench show where regular classes and prizes were provided. The first prizes were cups, and diplomas were given to the second prize winners. The judges were Messrs. E. S. Carman, A. Gubner and Chas. H. Raymond, who imported through FOREST AND STREAM the noted Laverack setters Pride of the Border and Fairy. The only exhibitors known to the kennel world of the present day whose dogs were awarded prizes are A. C. Waddell, who won second with Kate in Gordon

setter bitches, first with Colburn's Dash for setters (any breed), first in pointer dogs with the afterward well known Phil, and second in bitches with his Belle; Edmund Orgill, who took second in setters (any breed) with Nelly.

Several shows were held during this year in connection with sportsmen's association meetings, but were confined naturally to sporting dogs, and field merit and training entered largely into the competitions. A more pretentious show was then held at Springfield, Mass., April 28-29, 1875, and is noted as the first dog show held in New England. The entries numbered 167, and the classification seems crude indeed to that of the W. K. C. show eighteen years later. The judges for pointers and setters were Horace Smith, at that time kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM; Lieut. Harry Metcalf, U. S. Army, and F. W. Lawrence, Brookline, Mass. The other classes were judged by Ethan Allin, T. Eaton and O. B. Deane. The classes were for Laverack setters, Gordon setters, English and native setters, red Irish setters, English pointers, Spanish pointers, native pointers, foxhounds and beagles, spaniels and retrievers, terriers, Newfoundlanders, St. Bernards and collies, mastiffs, bulldogs and bull-terriers.

The show was considered at that time a great success and thenceforth small shows cropped up in every direction, and while the prizes advanced in value the entries correspondingly increased. As an example of the great interest displayed by FOREST AND STREAM in the budding fancy, we note that on Feb. 24, the same year, 1875, this journal held a small show in its office and donated a silver cup for the best brace of setter pups under nine months of age. A number of sportsmen turned up with their dogs, though scant notice was given of the contest, and a gentleman whose name is well known to latter day sportsmen and show goers, carried off the "mug." This was Mr. Jacob Pentz, then of Newark, N. J., with his brace of pups by Rodman's Dash out of Flora. Among those who attended were Col. Skinner, Edmund Orgill, the late Nicholas Saltus, owner then of fine kennels in Brooklyn; Baron Gubner of Utrecht, owner of the famous Irish setters Lissa and Mike; Dr. Alex. R. Strachan, whose kennels were based on the importation of setters and pointers made some years before by Sir Frederick Bruce; Theo. Morford, owner of some famous orange and white setters; Frederick Underhill, of Newark, N. J., then noted as the owner of a rare kennel of English beagles; N. Rowe, who had been importing some prominent setters and pointers, and Count Shorb, owner of the famous red setter Jack.

In 1876 the Centennial dog show was held at Philadelphia, but little knowledge of the show can be gained from reports at that date, as everything seems to have been arranged and carried out with that blissful disregard for bench show proprieties that appears to obtain at Chicago even at this advanced period. Meanwhile shows had been held at St. Louis, Baltimore and other cities, and a number of dogs had qualified for the champion classes by winning the prizes in the open. This brings us to the formation of the Westminster Kennel Club, and the holding of its first show in 1877, which served, if nothing else, to show that America had by this time become possessed of a goodly number of canines which could not only sport a pedigree, but were thought by their owners to be deserving of public recognition. FOREST AND STREAM was here again a power behind the throne, for we find one of its editors, the late Wm. H. Tileston, on the bench show committee.

The show was held May 8 to 10, in the old Madison Square Garden, then known as Gilmore's Garden. The late Charles Lincoln was superintendent. The dogs benched numbered 874. The catalogue first called for Division I., Sporting dogs, and in this were included only the champion classes for each breed, English, Irish and Gordon setters, and pointers (any weight). In the open classes, imported and native setters were classed separately, and we find that no less than 64 native setter dogs alone were entered. Native Irish setter dogs also polled a goodly entry of 50, and Gordons were well backed by 23 in the dog class and 19 in the bitch class for imported or natives, while the native had also two other well filled classes. Pointer entries numbered 102, and cocker and field spaniels had 30 entries. Another surprising entry was that of mastiffs, no less than 25 being in the one class. St. Bernards had not yet gained their subsequent eminence and popularity, as only 16 names appear. Pugs were quite numerous, there being 26. There were 22 Skye terriers, and their colors ranged from steel blue, blue gray, sky blue, silver gray, iron gray and blue and tan to yellow. Some very valuable special prizes were offered, and here again we find that FOREST AND STREAM was a liberal helper, donating a silver cup, value \$100, made by Tiffany & Co., for the best red Irish setter stud dog, native or imported, to be shown with not less than two of his get.

It is a pleasure to reflect that the judges at this show are all living to-day and are taking, with one exception, an active part in dog shows. They were Messrs. John Davidson, Dr. L. H. Twaddell, Rev. J. Cumming MacDona (England), a minister then, but a lawyer and M.P. now; T. Frank, P. Kavanagh, and Capt. (now Major) J. M. Taylor.

To Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, belongs the honor of winning the first prize at an American dog show. Among the earliest present day exhibitors are Dr. William Jarvis, L. H. Smith, of Canada; Fred Gebhard, August Belmont, who showed a black and tan setter, among other sporting dogs, and also some fox-terriers at the New York show of 1877; James Mortimer, who exhibited the bulldog Crib at the same show; S. Fleet Speir, M.D., Max Wenzel, C. Dubois Wagstaff, E. S. Sanford, Jr., E. Dexter, W. J. Farrar, O. W. Donner, E. Orgill, W. A. Coster, who showed an Irish water spaniel and a cocker; A. Belmont Purdy, F. O. DeLuz, now treasurer of the W. K. C.; Dr. L. H. Twaddell, who showed some celebrated dachshunds; R. L. Belknap, late owner of Winlawn Kennels of mastiffs; H. Mead, J. P. Haines, Jenkins Van Schaick, the collie owner; F. Bronson, John Matthews, who even at that early date showed a bulldog, Duke; George Raper, D. P. Foster, A. Kisteman, who showed pugs; W. Sanderson, who showed Donald, a noted Skye terrier; all these names appear in the

1877 catalogue of the W. K. C. show. Later shows before the early '80s brought George Langran, H. W. Huntington, A. C. Wilmerding, James Watson, J. Otis Fellows, F. Senn, Sidney Dillon Ripley, T. M. Aldrich, R. P. Keasbey, Dr. Cattanach, C. E. McMurdo, George D. McDougall, F. R. Hitchcock, L. & W. Rutherford, W. J. Comstock, Richard Gibson, F. B. Fay, R. C. Cornell, A. H. Moore and others whose names do not just at present occur to us, to the front and who are still in the ring. Breeders come and breeders go, but it is likely that those mentioned will own dogs as long as they live. The successes and disappointments of succeeding shows all over the country are familiar to most of our readers, so it is not necessary to enter further into this part of kennel history.

While dog shows have done so much toward improving our friend, the dog, these gatherings could not have become the important events they now are, had not the kennel press lent every aid in their power to help along the good cause. FOREST AND STREAM can review the past years with every feeling of self-satisfaction. It has ever fostered the growing interests and its pages have always been open to those who wished to discuss the merits of their dogs. FOREST AND STREAM has never truckled to any power or association; when criticism was needed it was sharply given, and this will be the policy of the future—independent—not seeking to quarrel for the sake of notoriety or finding fault, but by every means in its power upholding the grand canine fabric that its many readers, the dogmen of to-day, have erected.

H. W. LACY.

The Field.

THE young sportsman of the present day accepts the established order of things as a matter of course. But what has been universally accepted as right for a few years may easily imply existence from time immemorial. It is not many years since improvement began.

The perfection of the practical sportsmanship of to-day had its origin in very crude beginnings about twenty years ago. In this country—and it is of this country of which I write—so great is the difference between ideas, implements and methods of to-day and those of twenty years ago that they mark widely different eras of development.

A history of the evolution of field trials, theories of breeding, improvement and growth of sportsmanship, etc., would fill a large volume. This sketch is intended merely to point out a few landmarks of the history, it is not a history in itself.

Twenty years ago very few men considered the pedigree of a setter or pointer as being of much importance. The practical work of the dog afield was the chief test. The question whether the progeny of such dogs would be like or unlike the sire or dam was given very little thought. Then there were very few sportsmen comparatively, therefore there was very little market for dogs, and low prices prevailed. The highest prices then would be considered as too small for consideration at present.

Such few pedigrees as there were twenty years ago were mostly a record of crosses of all kinds of setters—Irish, Gordon, native and English. There were most excellent dogs, however, twenty years ago. They were strong, enduring and intelligent. Their constitutions were sound. Twenty years ago there were many who valued highly the dropper, as the progeny of a setter and pointer is called. The dropper was supposed to combine in a high degree the excellence of both parents. A man would be ashamed to own a dropper now.

There were a few kennels, however, which exerted care in dog breeding, but as compared to the present they were extremely few and the pedigrees are to-day unsatisfactory.

Twenty years ago, primitive ideas and primitive methods obtained everywhere. The muzzleloader was the favorite field gun. A rude powder horn or glass bottle was considered a good receptacle for gunpowder, and the shot was carried in anything that would hold it. The hunter poured out powder in the hollow of his hand till he thought he had enough for a load. Thus a gun was seldom loaded twice alike. The percussion cap was then considered about the limit of improvement over the flint lock. Old newspapers were prized as good wadding, but a yellow jacket's nest was considered better, particularly by the brother sportsmen who did not live in the city. The shooter who owned a wad cutter and cut his wads out of refuse cardboard was credited as having reached about the limit of loading refinements.

Twenty years ago, many good men and true believed that a dog's tongue needed "worming," that a dog suffering from distemper could to a certainty be cured by rubbing tar on his nose; that shooting a dog with bird shot, when at work afield was good pedagogy; that a rifle bullet went perfectly straight; that a diet of meat would permanently ruin a dog's nose, etc. These are but a few of the things which were our pride and our knowledge twenty years ago. We do not believe them now.

With the advent of the sportsmen's journal of the rod and gun, general improvement began and good lessons were taught. Field trials were inaugurated, which stimulated competition, advertised the sport to the world, and served as great object lessons to the beginner or unskillful sportsman. Endless discussions began on the relative merits of certain breeds or strains of dogs, and on the merits of guns. By continually sifting out the chaff from the wheat, much accurate knowledge was established.

The first field trial was held in 1874 at Memphis, Tenn., beginning Oct. 8. It had twelve entries, nine of which started. There was but one stake, a Free-For-All. First prize, a silver service. That was the beginning, humble indeed as compared with the great field trial events of to-day, many of which last a full week. Indeed, under the heat system which prevailed three or four years ago, some trials lasted two or three weeks nearly.

Mr. H. Clark Prichitt has the honor of winning, with his dog Knight, the first field trial event, which was held by the Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association.

Since that time field trials have grown steadily in impor

ance and number. Many of them are fixed annual events, held by clubs who have game preserves, and every facility and knowledge of how to run trials. These clubs can count in their membership many of the wealthiest and best gentleman sportsmen in the land.

In 1875, at the second trials of the Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, the blue blood, so-called, appeared in the competition. Thereafter for many years there was one of the greatest controversies on the merits of the imported and native dogs. However, it ended in the native dog being decreased in public value, and at last they appeared no more in public competitions. It cannot be denied that there were many good dogs among them. A few owners, who admired the native dogs in the olden time, still retain them, but the number of such is very few. The blue blood, so-called, is the dog of the present.

The Llewellyn setter, soon after the trials were established, became the fashionable dog and drove the native out of public estimation, particularly in connection with field trials.

The great variety of setter colors were weeded out till black and white, or black, white and tan became the common color. Orange and white or lemon and white seems to be next in popular esteem. This in respect to English setters. The Laveracks had a few admirers, but as they were unable to make much of a showing with the pure Llewellyns at field trials, the interest in them gradually died out.

The Irish setter has many admirers to-day, and had, too, many years ago a powerful support. They are beautiful dogs and have real merit afield which has never yet been properly brought out by good earnest support at field trials by Irish setter breeders.

That the field trials of this country have done great good in improving setters and pointers, no person will deny. They served as excellent educators. In fact, they educated people too fast and in too great numbers. The lessons of moderation and care in preserving the game supply were not learned coincidentally with the knowledge of how to kill. Still, there is the monitor ever vigilant and ever helpful, the press. The pages of *FOREST AND STREAM* contain the teachings needed in the present and the future. Therein are found true lessons in sportsmanship. Its pages show that it has kept pace with the vast growth of sportsmanship pertaining to land and water, forest and stream.

The humble little trials at Memphis were the beginning of a great movement for better sportsmanship and its universal growth. Last year there were field trials held in California, Canada, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Mississippi, Texas, Massachusetts and North Carolina. These do not indicate the number of field trials held, for there were three held in North Carolina, three in Canada. In the past twenty years field trials have been held in, besides the places already enumerated, Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, Tennessee, Alabama, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Robins Island, Fisher's Island, Louisiana and Illinois.

This growth would never have been possible without a special journal. The special literature on the dog is really an outgrowth of lessons first taught by the journal of the sportsman. Twenty years ago it was impossible to get information at any price on matters which are now common knowledge or easily available to all.

There was great pleasure in those days in following a dog in whose veins flowed the blood of fifty varieties. The muzzle-loader, too, was a medium of pleasure. I have followed as scurry a working dog twenty years ago, and shot with as poor a muzzle-loader as could be imagined, yet I then thought it great sport. It was great to me, for it was the best we had. To-day an educated sportsman would think that sport, under such conditions, was too frivolous and poor to engage in. The good old times are good mostly in our imagination. The good times of the present are better than the good old times of our imagination. The good old times are strictly personal. The new times of to-day will be the good old times of by and by.

In the history of field trials the pointer has held an important part. The relative merits of setters and pointers have engaged many champions in controversy and argument. Each class comes to the competition each year prepared for the struggle, though setters greatly outnumber the pointers.

The first scale of points for field trials is interesting at this day, nearly nineteen years later. It was as follows: Nose, 30; pace and style, 20; backing, 10; breaking, 15; retrieving, 5; style and staunchness in pointing, 15; roading, 5. Total, 100.

In 1876, this having proved unsatisfactory, the system called the five point system was adopted. Each competitor had five opportunities to point. A failure to point was a lost opportunity. Each point was valued at 5. Other qualities had values in the scale. In 1879 the heat system was adopted, and this system was the prevailing one everywhere till it was superseded by the spotting system, which is the prevailing one at present. Thus many different links connect the present time with twenty years ago.

B. WATERS.

A Dog's Sagacity.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

An article I read a week or so ago in *FOREST AND STREAM* about a dog's sagacity, reminded me of an incident related by an old surgeon of Burlington, Vermont, and which others can vouch for. It will interest any true lover of dogs. Returning home one afternoon this old surgeon saw by the road a dog suffering from a fractured fore-leg. He lifted him into his buggy, took him home, set the bone, and fed him. He nursed him for some six months, and the recovery was complete. The dog realizing that his "visit" was over, complacently trotted away one morning and nothing more was seen of him for nearly two years. Then one morning the doctor heard a scratching on the side door leading to his office. He opened it, and beheld his old friend wagging his tail with a cur by his side, who presented a fore-leg broken in almost the same way that the dog's had been. This surgeon was none other than the eminent Dr. Hayes, who died some eight years ago. Dogs always appealed to and delighted him.

J. D. B.

BAY RIDGE, JUNE 15.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The American Kennel Club.

I FEEL constrained to write a few words about the American Kennel Club, now that it has awakened from its coma. At the outset I desire to say that I am not inimical to the A. K. C. Such a club is necessary. I believe there should be a governing body in the dog world. But I feel perfectly free to offer legitimate criticism on shortcomings, errors or abuses. If I am in error, the same monitor which governs the A. K. C. and other public bodies, that is, public opinion and measures, will correct me. I believe it is truer friendliness to point out failings with a view to improvement than to be a sycophant or a friend for revenue. Support given for the crumbs which fall under the table is not the best kind of support. Advice given with these same crumbs in mind is not the best kind of advice.

Many men who are members of the A. K. C. are the best in the land. Some of them, I believe, are my friends. I concede their ability, their integrity and their fitness. But as a club I believe they have been following wrong lines of policy. I do not believe they have appreciated the situation of the interests of the dog world or the sentiment of the fanciers. Furthermore, I do not think it was possible for them to do so under the past policy. How could they know the real situation? The representation by delegates as practiced hitherto cut the officers off from a knowledge of the desires of their constituents outside of their own immediate circle. I have been at A. K. C. meetings enough to know that a very few men did all the talking and were the leaders. Clubs in the far West or South were represented by delegates who sat mute in their chairs throughout the meeting. Graven images would have been quite as representative. Theoretically, these delegates represented their clubs. It went on record that they so did. Practically, their clubs were not represented at all. Representation was simply in such cases a parliamentary fiction. Now, I do not blame the few men for doing all the talking—under the existing conditions some one had to talk and act. However, there is no doubt that a man who accepts the office of delegate is doing a wrong when he does not know what his club wants, or, knowing it, does not act. How can a man who has lived all his life in New York, know what measures, purposes, sentiments, or ideas are best for a club in Mexico? What particular interest can he have in its success? If this man represented one club last meeting, another one next meeting, etc., and if several men similarly represent several other distant clubs, it is easy to see that the clubs themselves can develop and have wants and aspirations far ahead of the official knowledge of the so called delegates or the A. K. C. To be properly represented the club must have a delegate from its own midst, and who is a member of its own body at the A. K. C. meetings, at least once a year. Representation by delegate as practiced in the past has been a mere makeshift, save in a few rare instances. The real legislative force has been practically in the hands of the same individuals for months. It was not their desire, perhaps, the faulty system forced it on them. No makeshift delegate can understand the needs or environment of a club whose personnel he does not know or whose section of country he has never been in. He has not the membership pride in its success or regret at its failures that a member of the club would have. He has nothing to gain or lose. He is indifferent, and his action at the meeting shows it. If instructed as to a certain question he simply casts a vote. He can't discuss measures of his club because he doesn't know. There are a thousand details he does not know as a delegate. He cannot know them. He does not return to his club to inform them of the interesting details which interest the fancier. His club gathers its knowledge from a dry report. It is no wonder that clubs get indifferent and out of touch with each other.

I do not think any man should attempt to represent a club if he has no personal knowledge of its members, needs and policy. It will be said that a club then might not be represented at all. I believe that it is better not to be represented than to make a hollow, fictitious pretense of representation.

Dr. Perry's Policy.

I desire to express my admiration for the soundness of Dr. J. Frank Perry's measures in the recent meeting of the A. K. C. They showed a keen and true perception of the situation. There was no little courage displayed in presenting truths which were apparently not popular. Any one who thought it wasn't going to be much of a storm did not know the situation. I firmly believe that Dr. Perry has averted the most serious disaster which ever threatened the A. K. C. Moreover, Dr. Perry knew the true situation. If the A. K. C. thought that there would be an organization which would waste its energies trying to fight it, it was much mistaken. It would have organized with the intention of ignoring the A. K. C. If the movement had no history, it might have made one. That the movement was the result of one man's efforts is too trifling to consider.

In a private letter to me Dr. Perry suggests that all those discontented have patience till next September, "when they should pick their best men, state their grievances, and help the more liberal delegates from the East to set matters right. They should, for the time being, withdraw their credentials from Eastern men and give them to the members of their club. Let their new delegates be the best men among them. Let them meet us fairly and all will be made right. We have no honors or privileges which we are not ready to share with them under their own flag tree, and they can tell us wherein we are wrong; and they may feel certain that no fault which can be corrected will exist once we appreciate it."

There is a broadness and kindness about those few lines which give them more force than all the "Whereases" and "Be-it-resolveds" which could be uttered. There is no East or West in such talk. It is free from all provincial lines. It is fairness itself. And withal there is a feeling of good fellowship and sincerity in it which puts it beyond question that it will all come true. It is right and just. No man East, West, North or South can object to it.

There is no question but what Dr. Perry's measures have put in abeyance all action toward forming a new organization, and possibly the legislation of the A. K. C. in the future may cause such intentions to be entirely abandoned. I think the A. K. C. and the dog world were both fortunate in having Dr. Perry's counsel at the present juncture.

Mr. Belmont's speech at the A. K. C. meeting impressed me forcibly that he was not in touch with public sentiment. By public sentiment I do not mean a meeting of two or three soreheads or grumblers; there is a difference between chronic grumbling and a fixed public sentiment and determination. A number of events which have come to the surface this year shows it. Behind all these was a strong sentiment of support. I realize fully that Mr. Belmont has done a great work for the A. K. C., that he tided it over dangerous financial places in its weaker days, and that he has done a great deal to strengthen it in every way. But the canine interests have grown, the territory has grown, clubs have grown. What were good lines and legislation in 1890 were as compared to 1898 inefficient, or narrow, or irrelevant.

Mr. Belmont, in his recent A. K. C. speech, said: "In the case of the National Dog Club, we thought then, and maintained then, that it would result in a concentration such as I have described, and would be an unfortunate thing. Now, there is a remedy. For instance, there is the remedy with regard to the constitution. There is the remedy against any ruling of the advisory committee. There is a remedy against the executive government of the club. There is a remedy for everybody, and the fact that they do not avail themselves

of it is not the fault of the American Kennel Club. It is the fault of individuals themselves that they do not watch and do not know how to reach the American Kennel Club," etc. Those things may be there, but how long does it take to get action? On some simple matters coming before it, how many months has it sometimes taken to settle them? It is too slow.

Again: The *American Kennel Gazette*, although not a readable paper, is a record, and when anybody wants to look back for ten or fifteen years, that paper will be more serviceable than all the sporting papers put together. Its dry bones are what make it useful.

I always had a feeling that the *Gazette* was awfully dry. How it can be more useful than all the sportsmen's papers put together is a conundrum. They contain all the records of value and a great deal of useful matter besides, which is not found in the *Gazette*. I have often thought that the *Gazette* could be made of real use in the present and future, and interesting too. One would not have to wait then fifteen years for it to get value. If the delegates of the different clubs throughout the country could have space in it to present and discuss their views on their clubs' needs, their ideas on any general legislative measures, the beneficial or injurious effects of any rule or law, the local situation in canine interests which would make some special legislation necessary, etc., there would be a better understanding among clubs; a better and more accurate knowledge of details and of the situation of delegates; a better educated lot of men to attend meetings as delegates, and a better general understanding and good fellowship. It thereto the secretary or other club officer who had time would each month write an editorial covering fully pertinent current events, presenting legislative topics for discussion, suggesting improvements, expose errors of legislation, advise those who wish to begin, etc., the *Gazette* would have subscribers who would read it for its usefulness. It is possible that the secretary might not have time to do all that; but look at the departments of any great weekly; see the amount of original writing and editing which has to be done by one man, most of which is done on a salary of \$15 to \$30 per week, and see how money is there earned. I know it is said that the A. K. C. office is a hard worked office. I believe there is a deal of work to do there, and probably the secretary can do no more than he does do. I infer so from the statement in the report that if there was an A. K. C. meeting in Chicago, he could not attend there. We newspaper men working for a salary go wherever our business calls us—to New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, and we would go to Australia if necessary. When we are paid to do a thing we do it. If Mr. Belmont were to direct one of his employees to do a certain important work in line with his business and said employee should calmly but firmly tell him that he couldn't do it, what would happen? Vacations would be in order.

There is one matter I wish to object to. That is the statement that the West is sectional. The West asks for nothing which is not conceded to the East. It, so far as I know, asks for no special favors. I do not think that there is any sectional issue. I have not heard of any measure advanced because it was Western or Southern. The dog men of the country cannot split on sectional lines. They have enough other matters to interest them.

I had the pleasure of a pleasant visit at the Grange, the home of Mr. E. Bardoe Elliott, at Maywood, Ill., on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, about forty minutes' ride from Chicago. I will confine my remarks to the roomy and comfortable kennel grounds and buildings which Mr. Elliott has in charge. A fence, made of strong wire netting securely fastened to posts and rails, incloses about three acres. In one corner, nearest the house, are the kennels. A building is subdivided into compartments, each of which has an adjoining yard, inclosed by the same kind of wire netting aforementioned. In each yard was a low table made with interstices between the slats of which the top was made. The dogs were all contented and looking well. Neatness was a conspicuous feature of the kennel kitchen. There was no offensive smell in any part of the kennel.

The affairs of the Canicna Co. are in the hands of a receiver, owing to the dissatisfaction of a member of the company and not to financial embarrassment. Its business will not be discontinued.

I met a few days since Mr. George Waddington, of Geneva, Iowa, whose name was prominent in field trial matters ten years ago. The years make little impression on his powerful physique. He told me that hereafter he will again pay attention to dog training and will make a specialty of furnishing trained dogs to hunting parties who have none of their own.

In reading different papers, I notice periodical mention of the ferocity of the psuvi at Denver. Therewith is added the embellishment that Mr. Davidson judged them in their stalls, they being too fierce to be judged in the ring. It is remarkable that such a silly canard has such marvelous vitality. The psuvi were not fierce at Denver, and had they been so, Mr. Davidson would have judged them in the ring just the same.

In a private letter, Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the United States Field Trials Club, informs me that the prospects of the club's Bicknell Derby are quite favorable, and there will probably be a success of it. There are many important kennels which are yet to be heard from, and which undoubtedly will make large entries.

Those interested in beagle matters should bear in mind that there will be a meeting of beagle fanciers at the Wisconsin State Building, at the World's Fair grounds, 12 M., June 14.

There appeared in a Western contemporary, in its issue of June 17, a vilely malicious and libelous article. It was mostly a string of assertions, detached from anything material, yet broadly asserting rascality. Not a single proof of any statement therein was offered, nor was there any claim that such proof existed. It seemed entirely the reckless outpourings of spite, irresponsibility and resentment. It is said that the matter, since the publication of the libel, took a serious turn, and the editor will treat himself this week to a solitary repast of the epicurean dish called crow. It is vulgarly called "eating crow." I do not believe a single word of the insinuations in said libel. I have known the libeled party many years, and never knew him other than upright and honest. Such libelous publications are disgraceful and harmful.

The columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* are in sharp contrast to the bickerings, quarrels, semi and whole libels, criminalations and endless mud slinging which seem to comprise the said contemporary's estimate of the literature needed by the gentlemen sportsmen of the country, and published in its columns.

The great growth and influence of *FOREST AND STREAM*, constantly growing wider and firmer, prove that a clean journal, fearless and just, is appreciated. It discusses intelligently live questions of the day, it is not the organ of any faction, and it is not astride any fence on any issue.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

B. WATERS.

Mr. E. Gerry Roberts is getting down to business in good order. His noted beagle bitch Prudence whelped June 21, four pups by Ch. Royal Krueger, and the cross should prove of good result.

The Type of Great Danes.

BY A. H. HEPPNER.

YOUR request to bring forward a full description of the characteristics and points of the great Dane at hand.

I do not believe that a simple and plain description, *i. e.*, a copying of the points as laid down in various countries, will answer your purpose. We American fanciers of great Danes should be able to determine a standard of our own, either by blending the other standards after thoroughly reviewing their respective merits, or adopting the best of the foreign standards, which I consider is the German. First, however, permit me to review the situation in America to-day with as little prejudice as one deeply interested in the breed can have. There seem to be two factions, and outside of these two factions a body of men who know nothing about the breed and who will howl in favor of either of the above factions just as their personal interest may dictate. It is a peculiar and deplorable fact that most of our great Danes are in the hands of Germans. I, as a German, wish to declare here, that that is one of the greatest handicaps to the breed. Even the most gentlemanly Teuton, with the best of abilities otherwise, seems to be unable to dismiss all jealousy, personal antagonism and selfishness from a discussion of this kind. I think this explains the fact that judges are run down by the owners of dogs on the sole fact and claim that their dog only received a vhc. instead of a first prize. As evidence of the judge's error, such writers submit but one fact—the ownership of the dog. If you, Mr. Editor, will sift everything that has appeared in sporting papers you will find that all the discussions during the last three years have been nothing more nor less than advertisements for kennels of great Danes, the owners of which have demonstrated their knack to advertise without paying regular advertising rates. It seems, in order to become a great Dane judge and critic in this country, all you have got to do is to buy a dog called a great Dane, show him, fail to get a prize with him and then hire a secretary and write columns about the slaughter the judge has committed on a great dog. Such men will write mostly about things that are least known, for instance, where and when the breed originated, what its proper name should be, and how the judging should be conducted.

This is one side—now comes the other. A specialty judge of this breed, in order to become famous, makes a supreme effort to demonstrate by his judgment that he has borrowed no ideas from anybody else, and judges to his heart's content by a standard peculiarly his own. Such judges are making it a point not to write anything explanatory on their decisions. When interviewed they put themselves on the high horse instead of coming out and giving their reasons or their opinions. Anybody can decide satisfactorily to himself that one dog is better than the other and give him a first and second respectively. But to tell us the reason why, so that we may derive the benefit from the well posted gentleman's labor, and be enabled to gain a knowledge of the respective value or faults, seems to me to be the most essential work of a judge in a class where type, general appearance and purpose are so universally misrepresented and misunderstood as in great Danes.

Any man can keep on buying and selling great Danes until he strikes one that comes nearest to the idea of our leading all-around judges. In this way it would be an easy task, even in our chaotic situation, to become the proud possessor of a champion *par excellence*, but my idea of the main purpose of dog shows is this: We, breeders, should be educated up to breed correctly and systematically; we should get an opportunity to mate our dogs judiciously and learn by virtue of the critical description of the dogs in a show what specimens should be bred for the best result, in the judge's opinion, so that we may breed to suit his ideas.

Before we go into the history of great Danes, let me say that our doggy journals, as a general rule, do not scrutinize carefully enough the letters submitted to them for publication, and thus to-day we can read in a journal over the signature of a great Dane man, that a great Dane should be black, with wall-eyes, and to-morrow that he should be white, with a red nose. If our editors were good all-around judges themselves, the present *statu quo* in great Danes would be impossible. The man who happens to have a big dog of no merit calls for a certain judge, and the possessor of a snipy, weedy specimen, which is really lacking type because it lacks size, wants another certain judge. Now, there is no question at all about the fact that we have more coarse, big, half-breed great Danes in this country to-day than typical specimens of the right kind, and naturally when we allow exhibitors to choose judges by vote, or when our show committees allow a single individual who is known to exhibit a string to name a judge whose ideas on great Danes tolerate such inferior strains, a strict judge, who knows the breed, will not be selected, and if he be, will be downed by the great majority of kickers.

The whole controversy regarding the extremist who is reported to have been selected to judge at the World's Fair is simply the movement set afoot by parties possessing dogs which have been "undervalued," as these parties put it, by him during his debut as a judge in New York or Baltimore. Suppose now that the other faction had been slighted by a judge in sympathy with the opposite side, would we not have the same result only differing in the person of the judge? Yet I hardly think so because no sensible exhibitor is so sure of being justified in condemning a judge because the latter happened to have a different idea as to the make up of a great Dane. The object of these writings is now to compare the respective merits of these extremists, and I beg of you, Mr. Editor, your assistance in my endeavor to be unprejudiced, by publishing only such parts of my views that seem to you logical and well established.

As I take it, a sporting dog is a dog for a practical purpose. Therefore judges and breeders must endeavor to shape their dogs so as to be primarily a handsome dog. The great Dane is a fancy dog. Should you want him for a practical purpose, such as hunting large game, you would have to breed him still more in a shape adapted to speed; but as I say, he is a dog mainly intended to satisfy our conception of beauty, the question remains, what is beauty in a great Dane? No doubt the St. Bernard is to the eye of many a grand looking dog. So is the mastiff. Now, do you mean to tell me that we should breed the great Dane to come near a mastiff when we have a real grand old mastiff at hand, thoroughly established and wanting in nothing but constitution which has been destroyed in a measure by breeding him too highly. I for one am willing to rather have a mastiff than a mastiff great Dane. Or do we want a greyhound, a dog which is bred for speed only, regardless of beauty? He, too, is a sporting dog and bred more in the direction of usefulness than toward a point of exterior beauty. Hence there is no room for a great Dane in the doggy world if he were too near a greyhound type, because we have the grand greyhound. There is no room for him, as said before, too near a mastiff type because we have the grand old mastiff, and as I believe in laboring for a purpose, I would abandon great Danes if convinced that either of these extremes will prevail. There are no better extremes to be named than the mastiff-headed champion Melac and the pseudo greyhound Wenzel. But we will speak of them later.

You will observe that every man who argues on great Dane points will answer your question as to "Which is your ideal great Dane?" by saying: "Hannibal." Is it because they do not have to fear any competition from Hannibal, he being dead—or is it that they acknowledge Hannibal's greatness because everybody else does so? The vital question in my opinion is: "Should we prefer to breed Hannibal's type lighter or heavier?" I cannot acknowledge a great Dane

typical unless he has substance. I cannot acknowledge a mass of bone and muscle under a short coat to be a great Dane, and if I had to choose between a 200lb. dog, good on his legs, but without great Dane character, and another one of 130lbs., with an abundance of type and character and fair on his legs, I would prefer the latter decidedly. This question of size and substance versus beauty of shape and movement has been fully discussed and decided, in years gone by, in Germany.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOUND BROOK, N. J., May 20.

The World's Fair Show.

ONE would think that Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Thacher or whoever has the arrangement of the list of judges for the World's Fair, would have gained some wholesome experience from the protests of the dogmen at large and the vast amount of criticism that their actions have evoked during the past three months. A steam drill cannot, however, bore common sense into some people's heads. The World's Fair management has now brought itself into even a worse snarl than before. The Rhode Island State Fair Association, a member of the A. K. C., claimed the dates Sept. 19 to 22 prior to the June postponement of the World's Fair show. This claim gives them the advantage, and the A. K. C. cannot now consistently withhold its support from the former association.

The World's Fair show wins, by special legislation of the A. K. C., were admitted to recognition. Further than this they have no claim on the A. K. C. The question now arises can the World's Fair awards be recognized if they persist in clashing with the Rhode Island fixture? One naturally asks what are officials put at the head of departments for unless they are already acquainted or willing to acquaint themselves with their duties. If Mr. Buchanan would take the trouble to read the kennel journals he would soon see how matters stand and inform himself of the peculiarities of the dog show world and how it is run. We understand that no judge on the list given out has been approached to learn whether he would serve or not, nor yet has any arrangement been made for their compensation or reimbursement for expenses that would be incurred in going to Chicago to judge. As a well known exhibitor and judge expressed himself yesterday, "The swelled-headed lot think that all they have to do is to make dates regardless of anybody else and the whole kennel world of exhibitors will flock to their call like a brood of chickens when the old hen clucks to them. They publish a list of judges without even writing to find out whether the persons whose names they have published are willing to undertake the job and without a syllable as to what remuneration or anything in the way of defraying of expenses is to be met. All they think they have to do is to press the button and judges will dance, sing or do anything else that may be wanted to do. Now, I am not built that way, nor are many others, either."

The time for action is short, the premium list is not yet out; let us advise a remedy. The A. K. C. does not meet till Sept. 13, so no action can be taken in the matter by the executive committee. The A. K. C. is the only body that the World's Fair people seem inclined to listen to; then let President Belmont call a special meeting of the advisory committee to consider the case and draw up resolutions advising the postponement of the World's Fair show till October. This would be better in every way. Many unpleasant issues would be avoided; the weather would be cooler; dogs' coats would be in better condition; the fall shows in the States and Canada would be over; judges who are on the W. F.'s list would be at liberty, and as far as we can see at present everything would be plain sailing. Something of this sort must be done or the World's Fair show will simply be a gathering of a few Western dogs and not the representative and international affair it was intended to be. Action must be taken quickly or we cannot expect the English exhibitors to come over when there is so much uncertainty. Once postpone the show until October and the kennel journals will lend their aid, and a good show and a representative show will be the result.

Benching in Rotation.

The English Stock-Keeper has this to say in commenting on our remarks regarding the irregular benching of dogs at our shows: "American exhibitors are crying out, and very properly so, against the practice of benching dogs at shows in stalls to which they have no claim, and our contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, has very properly taken the matter up editorially. It is quite intolerable that an owner, to gratify his own selfishness, should be permitted to bench his dogs, entered in different classes, and possibly of various distinct breeds, alongside each other, to the confusion of the public and disarrangement of the show. Reporters are misled by these practices likewise, and consequently errors which would otherwise have been avoided creep into the notices of a show, the result being that injustice is frequently done, and the readers of the fancy papers are seriously misled. Having only recently had occasion to protest against the methods of some lady exhibitors in this country who are in the habit of removing their pets from their proper places in the show, we need scarcely assure our contemporary of our sympathy with him in the attitude he has adopted with reference to a growing and most objectionable evil."

In almost every report during the past circuit we drew attention to the practice of exhibitors in the toy classes in putting three or four of their entries into one cage. These exhibitors, as if intent on making matters worse, generally take the collars off and so leave the reporters and public, unless the dogs are well known, positively without means of identifying them, and a half hour is often wasted in hunting up owners to get particulars. The pet dog people have grumbled repeatedly that their dogs did not receive sufficient attention from the press, that these classes seemed to be hurried over in the reports. No doubt that the state of affairs spoken of above is in many cases the cause of neglect, if neglect there be. We feel sure that we have only to call the attention of our show managers to these abuses, and they will in future endeavor to remedy the evil. The Pet Dog show was an exception in this respect, only in the cocker classes were dogs jumbled up a bit. Mr. Mortimer is inclined to take exception at our remarking that the W. K. C. started the backsliding this last spring. He says that if dogs were benched irregularly it was contrary to his orders and knowledge. This we will admit, and we can imagine that it is no small matter to keep track of something like 1,300 dogs, when owners get on reciprocal terms and change places for the sake of convenience in the friendly manner dogmen are noted for.

United States Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have secured Dr. N. Rowe and W. W. Titus as judges for this club's trials at Grand Junction, Tenn. The third judge has not yet been selected. I will, however, if possible, secure another gentleman of equal experience.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

Spaniel Pictures.

Editor Forest and Stream:
As one of many greatly interested in the correspondence now passing through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, relative to the merits of ancient and modern cockers, would like to know where prints or photos of good specimens of both kinds may be procured.

JAPAN.

DOG CHAT.

California Notes.

The Californians, and even the exhibitors up Seattle way, are fast becoming versed in the ways of exhibitors, but have not as yet mastered the temptation to have a little fun with the judge. Eastern exhibitors have in most part become accustomed to take their medicine in the shape of an adverse decision without flinching, but some of our far Western friends still swallow their dose with a vry face. There has been considerable correspondence in the press out there, over Mr. Raper's decision in the English setter awards at San Francisco, and the placing of the St. Bernards at Seattle. It would scarcely be interesting here to go into the particulars of the "kicks," and we only mention the facts in order to show that the lot of a judge out there is not altogether a happy one, when self-asserted knowledge, which must necessarily arise from ignorance, plays a conspicuous part.

At Seattle one exhibitor of a St. Bernard removed his dog from the show because he did not get first prize, and remarks in his letter afterward that he knew he would be "snowed" under. Of course, this is an appropriate way of putting it, where St. Bernards are concerned, but none the less an insult to the judge. It is probable that the owner of this dog knows little about St. Bernards, especially when he twits Mr. Raper with having remarked when he showed him a certain dog, just to try him, that it was a very fair St. Bernard, and then goes on to say that said dog was not a pure St. Bernard at all, as it was by a Newfoundland dog out of a St. Bernard bitch. This is no reflection on Mr. Raper, as we may be pretty sure that that well-known dogman would not give such an opinion unless the animal possessed the St. Bernard characteristics, and even Mr. Raper is not clever enough to know what the sire and dam of a dog are like by merely glancing at the offspring. He, like the rest of us, must judge by the result. We have seen capital English setters that were sired by a pointer. It would seem as if the Seattle Kennel Club would be doing good work if it brought this plain speaking exhibitor to a sense of his position by calling the attention of the A. K. C. to his conduct in thus making reflections on the judge's honesty, and also for removing his dog from the show building without permission. A. K. C. rules should be observed by its members even in far off Seattle, especially as this individual threatens to show his St. Bernard-Newfoundland cross, with the aid of a little dye, as a Newfoundland at the next show, if Mr. Raper dons the ermine. To allow such letters to appear in the press will do more harm to the budding fancy in the far West than half a dozen bench shows can correct.

Canada Waking Up.

Mr. Davey is unhappy. He has thought all along that he had the winners at the coming Northern trials and thinks it strange that any of his friends should presume to imagine any of their dogs had a chance. He has girded up his loins, however, or in modern parlance, given a "hitch to his trouser breech," and sent his trainer, Thomas Hallam, to Manitoba with thirteen dogs, twelve of his own and one of Mr. Eddy's, of Detroit. Several of them are blue ribbon dogs and are expected to put their talents to more practical purpose in the coming trials. He has entered three "Derbies" in the Manitoba trials, and the same number in the U. S. and American field and Ohio trials. He will also run one or two braces in each All-Age Stake as they come along and still has retained enough canine material to keep things warm for the boys at the Chatham, Ont., trials, and after doing all this has still ten brace to sell. He remarks: "Some of the boys may think Canada out of the swim, those are the kind of people we want to bring along their best dogs. I can assure you all that you will see a field trial and the best dog will win; and one thing you can always depend upon, you will one and all get a sportsman's welcome." There is only one thing wanting in Mr. Davey's letter, he forgets to say that FOREST AND STREAM is the cleanest paper in the country. Again *verb sap*.

Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

Those beagle men who have been instrumental in forwarding the interests of beagles in the field will be pleased to hear that on June 14, the Northwestern Beagle Club of America was organized at the Wisconsin Building, World's Fair grounds. The object of the club is to improve the beagle in the field and on the bench. The club will hold its first field trials on Nov. 1-3 in southern Wisconsin, and the exact location of the grounds will be selected before long.

The National Beagle Club's constitution and by-laws, also field trial rules, were adopted with slight modification. The officers of the club are: G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh, Wis., Pres.; C. Niss, Jr., Milwaukee, first Vice-Pres.; H. A. Dillingham, Sheboygan, Wis., second Vice-Pres.; Louis Steffen, Sec'y-Treas. Executive Committee, Dr. T. S. Maxwell, Columbus, Wis.; E. Bardoe Elliott, Maywood, Ill.; C. Spellerberg, Milwaukee, Wis. All those interested in beagles that wish to join the club can do so by addressing Louis Steffen, Secretary, 781 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The N. J. K. L.

The New Jersey Kennel League held another executive committee meeting last Friday night at Newark. The committee on bench show dates reported that an effort was being made to hold the show during Thanksgiving week. It is stated that subscriptions amounting to \$1,400 have already been secured toward the bench show expenses. Somebody has remarked that the N. J. K. L. is a "meeting club," whatever that may mean. It strikes us that continual meetings, which are excuses for the club members to get together and discuss subjects connected with their dogs, is one of the very best methods of advancing the interests of the dog. It is much better than to allow a club to fall into "innocuous desuetude," because a meeting is not called. *Verb sap*.

John Davidson.

It seems peculiarly appropriate that Chicago should be the venue for a World's Fair show, when we remember that the first gathering of dogs that could be construed as a dog show was held in Chicago nineteen years ago. Still more appropriate is the fact that in the list of World's Fair show judges, published last week in FOREST AND STREAM, the name of one, John Davidson, should appear as the judge of English setters, when it is remembered that this veteran judge and sportsman was one of the three judges at the show in 1874. What an experience some men are fortunate enough to crowd into a lifetime!

The Rhode Island Show.

There is little doubt that many prominent exhibitors will support this fixture, even if the World's Fair persists in holding its show the same date. Two prominent "World's Fair elect" judges, Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer, have already promised to judge at this show, and cannot well back out now, nor do they wish to do so. Mr. John Read has also been secured as superintendent. The premium list will be issued this week. The entry fee is \$1.

During the Wissahickon show it was our pleasure to stroll through the well-kept yards of the Swiss Mountain Kennels. Some people spend money without end and never succeed in filling their kennels with young stock of their own breeding,

while others again experience the other extreme with a moderate expenditure. In the latter division must be included Mrs. Smyth. In one of the kennels we saw that noted bitch Sunray taking care of a family that noted bitch Scotch Leader was responsible for, and Nanciebel, another winner, was doing the charitable in nursing a litter of Duchess of Arlington's, so that the latter could have a little outing and attend the Wisabickon show. That sweet little red morsel of a cocker, Lady Gay, a bitch that would soften the heart of the greatest canine misanthrope that ever lived, by her pretty ways, had a litter of five reds, by Cherry Punch—his first family; they will be a lively lot if they take after their parents. Jersey Beauty, a black bitch, was almost worried to death by four youngsters, by Middy, that look especially promising, and they are all dogs, too, and will consequently go to market. Then Flossie, an imported bitch, had three by King Raven; this bitch Mrs. Smyth bought in whelp, from Woodstock way. Brunette, a bitch by champion Black Dufferin, was reared by Farrow's Obo III., Mrs. Smyth's late purchase, who but for his head is a capital type of cocker, especially in body. Our old acquaintance, Miss Chip, in the intervals of being coddled herself by her fair mistress, nursed two by Snowball. It may be imagined that with the proper disposition in life of all these youngsters Mrs. Smyth has her hands full, and we wish her every luck. Since we wrote of these kennels some time since, several additional kennels have been created, and the care and maintenance of such a large kennel require more attention than the majority of women would care to assume. Mrs. Smyth seems, however, to delight in it, and many another woman with a country home could find many worse methods of filling out her time to good purpose.

Hamilton Kennel Club Affairs.

The first show of the H. K. C., in 1891, as is well known, resulted in a loss of \$700, and the club committee has been very active ever since in seeking means to pay off this indebtedness to the guarantors. Now another novel scheme is proposed. At a recent meeting the members showed great enthusiasm over the outlook of the club. The secretaries reported that they had secured from a number of prominent breeders and well wishers of the Hamilton Kennel Club, donations of twelve thoroughbred dogs, all of which are registered and have full pedigrees, combining the best blood of the different breeds to be had in the country. These will be raffled off, and the money so obtained be devoted to paying off the deficit spoken of. It was decided that the drawing shall take place on the evening of the second day of the C. A. A. O. regatta at Hamilton—Friday, Aug. 4—in the Royal Hotel. As a guarantee of good faith H. B. Donovan, of Toronto, secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club; W. P. Frazer, secretary of the Toronto Kennel Club, and Andrew Laidlaw, the well-known cocker breeder of Galt, Ont., will be asked to conduct the proceedings on the night of the drawing, together with the president of the club, Dr. Griffin. Particulars of the drawings and descriptions of the dogs have been issued in pamphlet form by the printing committee, Messrs. A. D. Stewart and W. J. Tulk, the assistant secretary of the club. The dogs will be brought on to Hamilton at once and boarded until the night of the draw.

Northwestern Field Trials.

The following reprint from the *Winnipeg Free Press* of June 23 shows a most encouraging and successful field trial situation: "The Derby of the Northwestern Field Trials Club closed with 41 entries—11 pointers and 30 English setters. The entries are very representative. Manitoba heads the list with 16, Tennessee has 7, Ontario 6, Dakota 2, and one each to England, New Hampshire, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Northwest Territories, Virginia, Illinois, Texas and New York. The entries for the All-Age Stake close July 15, and promise as big as the Derby. Forms of entry can be had from Mr. Thomas Johnson, secretary. Messrs. G. F. & J. Galt donate to these trials a cup or tankard, open only to dogs that have won a Derby or aged stake. Entrance will be free, and the cup becomes the property of the winner. This Province will be represented by Wootton's Dick Bondhu, Ellis's Duke of Manitoba, Johnson's Manitoba Shot, and Sharpe's Alberta Joe. The Americans will no doubt bring their cracks and make a big effort to carry off this handsome trophy. The patron of the club, Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, of England, will probably be represented by Musa, which won the Pointer Club's All-Age Stake in Devonshire, Eng., last month; so that, besides this contest, partaking of an international character, the reputation of the contestants will make it most interesting."

Lexington Dog Show.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club, Lexington, Ky., have arranged with Mr. John Davidson and Mr. Frank G. Wheeler to judge at their coming show. Mr. Davidson will judge the sporting and Mr. Wheeler will judge the non-sporting classes. As this club had 465 entries at their last show, it is expected with the increased and unexcelled facilities for holding a large show that the 500 mark will be passed. Although the season is early and rather warm for traveling, one could hardly spend a more enjoyable week than among the whole-souled Kentuckians who run this show.

Miss Caution.

Perhaps it would surprise Mr. Bunn to hear that Merlin, the noted mastiff, accidentally formed an alliance with his Miss Caution some time since, and that, much as we would like this enthusiastic mastiff man to indulge in self-congratulations, justice must be done to nature and one of these unforeseen happenings, which are sometimes impossible to prevent, must be given the first credit. Needless to say that when it was found that the union had been consummated preventive measures were taken at once to prevent a possible litter.

Fox-Terrier Importation.

The fox-terrier Dame Primrose has been purchased by a New Yorker from Mr. F. Redmond, who has been clearing out his kennel. She is by Diplomacy out of Hulton-Softly, and according to our contemporary the English *Stock-Keeper*, won first in puppy and novice classes in Dublin show. She was shipped through Spratts Patent on the New York, arriving Saturday week last. She is in whelp to Despoiler and should therefore prove useful to the breed over here.

Toronto Show.

The spaniel men will have another judge at Toronto this time, as Mr. A. C. Wilmerding has accepted the invitation of the Industrial Association. Messrs. John Davidson and C. H. Mason have also been invited and may be put down as certainties.

The Bloodhound's Nose.

A most interesting case of the bloodhound's keenness of scent is recorded in the English kennel papers. A woman murdered her daughter and then committed suicide, in order to conceal her daughter's shame, she having given birth to a child. The child could not be found. The police determined to try bloodhounds, and Mr. Markland lent his hounds for the purpose. Two of these first day, owing to conflicting odors, failed to do anything; but the next day the noted winning bitch Dainty tried her nose, and although she was only just recovering from a serious attack of peritonitis, she

immediately took up a scent and led the attendants to the coal cellar of the cottage. Here she excitedly scratched at a heap of coal, and when this was turned over became more excited as a flagstone appeared in view; this was lifted, and digging out the sand below, according to *Stock-Keeper*, the little body was found at a depth of two feet. This bitch is by champion Burnaby out of Helen II., and has won first at Birmingham, among other places, and is also noted as the dam of Dictator.

The Brooklyn Medals.

Those exhibitors who were lucky enough to win one of the handsome bronze medals given by the National Greyhound Club at the Brooklyn show last November will, ere this, have received them. The club sent out seventy-one of these medals last week. The delay has been unavoidable and not at all the fault of the N. G. C. It may be interesting to note that these medals, made by the celebrated English firm, Elkington & Co., cost less than a third of what they could be made for here, the die being an unusually large one.

Pacific Coast Field Trials.

The committee that we spoke of last week as having gone to Salinas, Monterey county, Cal., to investigate the country thereabouts as to its availability for field trials, has reported favorably, and the Pacific Coast field trials will be held there in January next. There are plenty of birds on the grounds and the residents of the town will aid the club in every way. This venue is a much better one than that at Bakersfield, being considerably nearer San Francisco, for one good reason.

Mr. H. W. Smith has had to taste a little of the bitter along with the sweets of triumph he has been indulging in lately. We learn that his celebrated wire-haired fox-terrier St. Broom died in a fit, June 20. Mr. Smith, in telling



"ROADING."

Mr. Chas. Heath's Champion Graphic and Arthur.

us of his death, said: "His loss will not be any greater for me than for the other wire-haired fox-terrier breeders in America, as he was the best representative of their breed in England outside the Carrick breeding, and it was my wish to use him to cross on my Carrick-bred bitches, and then Cribbage as a cross on the result of the above. I do not feel the loss keenly since now that I have got Cribbage, but with the two I would have had a very good brace of stud dogs." St. Broom was by Bushy Broom out of Daylesford Luck and was known in England as Daylesford Broom. He was whelped Jan. 15, 1890. At the time of his importation we published many items of interest regarding this dog and his record at the spring shows is fresh in the memory of exhibitors. That he was the best wire in the country there was no doubt and we sympathize with Mr. Smith in his loss.

The late Detroit dog show has served to stir up a great deal of interest in well-bred dogs in that city and the members of the C. O. T. S. K. C. are doing all in their power to improve the tone of their kennels by securing good dogs from different parts of the country. A late addition is Mr. Arthur Welton's purchase of the Irish setter Fingal, by imported Finglas out of champion Ruby Glenmore. Mr. Welton has put this dog in the hands of a trainer and will run him at the Chatham and Manitoba field trials. Mr. T. C. Onelle is also purchasing fox-terriers; to My Fellow he has added a bitch by Starden's King out of Lady Reckon, from Mr. Thayer's kennels. We have already noted Mr. Herbertson's purchase of Stella G., the cocker. Tom Blake, a sort of a mentor for them, will have a big string for the fall shows in Canada.

Our Canadian correspondent, Mr. Donovan, tells us that the news published by our Philadelphia contemporary regarding the Toronto show is by no means correct, and that one of the committee was guilty of a breach of etiquette in divulging any of the proceedings of the late meeting. Our correspondent was requested particularly not to do so until final arrangements were made with the judges, and he respected this injunction. The schedule is now in our correspondent's hands for revision on rules, etc., and reliable information will appear shortly in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Huguenot Kennels, owned by Mr. W. H. Weld, have purchased from Mr. J. L. Galway, Belfast, Ireland, the Irish terrier bitch Ballyisbredan and a son of hers by Irish Ambassador, which has done a little winning.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.) says that Mr. J. Lowrie has sent, through Spratts Co., the bull bitch Duchess of Dorking, a winner at Aberdeen and other shows, to Mr. Dever, Peoria, Ill. She visited Bullrush II. before sailing. Peoria is becoming quite a fanciers' center.

We have an interesting letter from that veteran sportsman, Capt. McMurdo, on the spaniel question, that must, however, wait till next week. We print this week the first of a series of illustrated articles on great Danes, written some time since for *FOREST AND STREAM* by Mr. Heppner, that will in a great measure contribute to a settlement of the correct type of great Danes at our dog shows.

Adolph Thommen, a resident of Basle, Switzerland, not having heard of the postponement of the World's Fair show, arrived in Chicago recently with six St. Bernards for the

show, three roughs and three smooths, of good breeding. Four of them have won prizes. The owner will now have plenty of time to condition them.

"If you see it in the *FOREST AND STREAM* it's so." Folks who saw that World's Fair judges' list last week in the paper where a fake list had already appeared, didn't know whether it was so or not. Folks who read it in the *FOREST AND STREAM* made no question of its accuracy, authenticity and actuality.

If the young woman who sings

"Papa would't buy me a bow-wow,"

would intermit her vocalism and advertise her canine longings in the *FOREST AND STREAM* Kennel Special columns she would be astonished by the results.

It has long been our candid conviction that if all the dogs in the world were boiled down into one there would be in the result the making of a very noble man. On the other hand, we fancy that if all the men in the world were boiled down into one there would be in the result the making of a precious poor dog.—*Eugene Field*.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Foster's field spaniel Beverly Negus is getting much better, and his owner expects to be able to show him this fall if everything goes on as expected. Judex and others will be shown at Toronto. Mr. Foster has got a new liver bitch that is said to be a good one, by Baron out of Patty. He has had bad luck this year and much sickness in the kennel, but the silver lining is now appearing.

We sincerely trust that the news which our Canadian correspondent sends us about the sale of Messrs. McEwen &

Gibson's long celebrated collie kennel will not lead to a dissolution of partnership or retirement from the fancy of these well known and old exhibitors.

The death is announced of Capt. O. T. Edwards, of Penbroke, Wales, and known to the fancy as the owner of the Scalyham terriers which are useful for fox and otter hunting in rough countries.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—For the Ottawa dog show one challenge class of \$5 is provided for most of the important breeds. In the open classes \$7 and \$3 is offered for all breeds. St. Bernards, rough and smooth, are classed together; so are fox-terriers, wire and smooth, but cockers are better treated, being divided into black and other than black, and also having a selling class (up to \$25) of \$7 and \$3. Fox-terriers (up to \$20) also have one selling class. A card is given in the open classes as a third prize. The list is issued under the old C.K.C. rules which, since the dissolution of the agreement between the C.K.C. and A.K.C. must needs be amended. Entries close Sept. 14, and the fee is \$1.50.

Where is this going to end? From far off British Columbia even, a tale of woe reaches me, which is described by the owner of the victims, Mr. C. Dempster, of Nanaimo: "I have no doubt that you will regret to hear that I have been the victim of some dastardly miscreants in the fact that I have had my whole kennel of collies and St. Bernards poisoned, including my collie dog Claremont Garry and bitch Roslyn Lena. The latter was in whelp with six pups. This outrage was absolutely unprovoked, and as yet remains a mystery, though no effort will be spared, as far as money can go, to trace the fiend who did the foul work. This is the more aggravating as Claremont Garry was beginning to make his mark, and I have no doubt had a bright future before him. I saved two St. Bernards out of the general slaughter. As you can imagine, when this sort of thing goes on here there is very little encouragement to import thoroughbred dogs. I had refused fairly large figures for some of the dogs poisoned. I will let you know at once if the perpetrator of the deed is found out." My sympathies go out to Mr. Dempster, and, as I wrote him, he should be on the lookout for some one who has cause to be jealous of his success.

I was surprised to learn from Mr. McEwen that McEwen & Gibson's kennel of collies was for sale, not even the dogs selected for the World's Fair being reserved. What's in the wind?

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel here on Thursday, July 13, at 3 P. M. The following is the business to come up for discussion and action: Relations of the C. K. C. and A. K. C., revision of the rules, etc., of the club, World's Fair dog show, Canadian circuit of shows and field trials, communications, election of members and general routine business. H. B. DONOVAN.

Business.

ALL I HAD TO SELL.—Milford, N. Y., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The ad. that I put in your paper has sold my pointers, six of them, all I had to sell, and I could have sold more if I had had them. H. D. WEEKS.

Spaniel Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed a number of letters recently in regard to field trials for spaniels, and what class of game could be used to try the hunting instincts of that merry little dog to the best advantage. To my mind there is but one bird in this country that field trials for spaniels could be run on with any success whatever, and I think that bird fills all the requirements necessary to test the field qualities of the spaniel. I refer to the rail family. There is not a section of the country where marshes are located, either east or west, where some variety of the rail family cannot be found, from the large king rail of inland waters, the clapper rail of salt marshes, to the smaller sora and red bill rail that are found on both salt and fresh meadows. The entire rail family gives a strong game scent, of which fact all snipe shooters are aware from the manner in which pointers and setters will point them and bother with them: The habits and scent of all the varieties are very, if not exactly, similar. They will lie close for a dog, can run like a race horse, testing a dog's roading capacities to the utmost, and a dog that will retrieve any of the snipe family will not refuse to fetch a rail. On the Pine Brook, Troy and other meadows through which the Passaic River flows in New Jersey, there are as many as five varieties of rail (that I know) and probably more, and a great nuisance they are in the autumn to the snipe shooter's pointers and setters. Around the moist spots where the second growth of grass is about ankle high, large numbers of these birds can be found on the above meadows during any September. Considering his habits, quantity and general distribution throughout the United States, tell me of a bird better adapted to run spaniels on. Surely an hour's work on rail where they are in fair numbers only, would show more real field work by each dog entered than the pointers and setters get at the field trials in several days' work. H. N.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

30-July 13. Phila., Club Cruise.

1. St. Lawrence, A. M., A. 30ft. and 25ft. classes, P. M., steam yacht race.
1. Miramichi, Cruise to Bay du Vin
1. Hempstead Bay, An., Hempstead Bay.
1. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck.
1. Royal Can., Queen's Cup, 40ft. Class, Hamilton.
1. New Rochelle, An., New Roch.
1. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay.
1. Beverly, Marblehead.
1. Williamsburg, Club Cruise.
1. Minnetonka, club race.
- 1-4. Cor., San Fran., Martinez, Suisun and Vallejo.
1. Indian Harbor, Special, Greenwich, Conn.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. Beverly, 1st Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont.
4. Buffalo, Club Regatta, L. Erie.
4. Pavonia, Com. and Vice-Com. Cnps, Communipaw.
4. L. Y. R. A., Rochester, rendezvous and race.
4. Minnetonka, cup race.
- 4-5. Citizens Association, Open, Detroit, Mich.
7. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Fall River.
8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.
8. Beverly, 2d Open Sweeps, Quisset.
8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops and Cutters, College Point.
8. Monaquot, Cash Prizes, Weymouth.
8. Savin Hill, First Cup, Dorchester Bay.
8. So. Boston, 1st Cham., So. Boston.
8. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
8. St. Lawrence, A., 30ft. and 2ft. classes, Montreal.
8. L. Y. R. A., Royal Hamilton, Ham.
10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
10. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
10. L. Y. R. A., Royal Canadian, Toronto.
13. Miramichi, Newcastle to Chatham.
15. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 18ft. and 15ft. classes, Montreal.
15. Phila., Pen. and Sweeps Race, Delaware River.
15. Commonwealth, 1st Pen, Boston.
15. Jersey City, Cruise.
15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham.
15. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck.
15. Atlantic, Cruise, rendezvous, Cold Spring.
15. Minnetonka, club race.
15. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
15. Staten Island, Open Regatta.
17. Rhode Island, Cup.
17. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
22. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
22. Rochester, Skiff, Charlotte.
22. Riverside, Special Cup, Riverside, Conn.
22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers.
22. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. Beach.
22. Savin Hill Union Race, Dorchester Bay.
22. Royal Can., 2ft. Class, Tor.
- 24-30. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
27. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
29. Buffalo, An. Cruise, Lake Erie.
29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn.
- 29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise.
29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull.
29. Royal Can., Lansdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor.
29. Minnetonka, club race.

AUGUST.

2. Monaquot, 1st Cham., Weymouth.
4. Savin Hill, 2d Cham., Dorchester.
5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham.
5. So. Boston, 2d Cham., So. Boston.
5. Beverly, 2d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
5. Knickerbocker, Club, Cabin Cats, College Point.
5. Riverside, Pen. Regatta, Riverside, Conn.
5. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
5. Commonwealth, Ladies' Day, Boston Harbor.
5. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass.
5. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
5. Winthrop, Ladies' Day.
5. Royal Can., 2ft. Class and McGaw Cup, Toronto.
7. New York Cruise, Rendezvous and Com.'s Cruise, Glen Cove.
8. Massachusetts, Open, Under 25ft., Dorchester Bay.
8. New York Cruise, run to New London.
10. Miramichi, Stewart Pen., Black Brook.
10. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
10. New York Cruise, run to Newport.
11. New York Cruise, Goelet Cups, Newport.
12. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
12. Beverly, Marblehead.
12. Winthrop, Cash Race.
12. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st, 30 and 25ft. Classes, Toronto.
12. Minnetonka, cup race.
13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon.
14. Hempstead Bay, 3rd Club, Hempstead Bay.
- 14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass.
2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.
2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.
2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
2. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester Bay.
19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, Riverside, Conn.
19. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass.
19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quisset.
19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston.
19. Winthrop, 2d Cham.
19. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
- 19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, San Francisco.
19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dorchester Bay.
21. Rhode Island, Open.
22. Fall River, Open Regatta, Fall River.
22. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
22. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.
22. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston.
25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
25. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.
26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.
26. Monaquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
26. Minnetonka, sail off.
26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
- 26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek.
- 26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.
26. Larchmont, 85ft. special, Long Island Sound.
- Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport.
- New York Cruise, run to Vineyard Haven.
- New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.
- Seawanhaka, 85ft. special.

SEPTEMBER.

9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston.
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.

4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.
4. Fall River, Club Regatta, Fall River.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
- 5-7. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.
7. Miramichi, Chatham-Newcastle.
- 7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
15. New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
- 23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
- New York, Trial Races, Sandy Hook.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.

TWENTY YEARS OF YACHTING.

THE first number of the FOREST AND STREAM appeared just at the opening of the New York Y. C. cruise of 1873, early in August. The fleet included some of the noted yachts of the day, many of them large schooners, Alarm, Eva, Tarolinta, Columbia, Resolute, Tidal Wave, Clio, Madeline, Josephine and Foam, with the sloops Vision and Vixen; and the chief incident of the cruise was the abandonment of the original programme in consequence of a storm which wrought havoc to this fleet.

At this time, closely following the first two races for the America's Cup and the accompanying victories over Cambria and Livonia, schooner racing was at its height, and the season of 1873 was made notable by the many and valuable prizes raced for, most of them the gift of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, then commodore of the New York Y. C. Yachting was attracting more attention in this country than ever before, and the daily and weekly journals were devoting an unusual amount of space to it, many of the writers being able and competent men.

Outside of criticism of the work of one modeler in order to praise another, one will look in vain, however, for anything but unstinted praise of a fleet which was generally considered to be above criticism in all respects. Although the performances of the then new cutter Vindex had opened the eyes of yachtsmen to the possibilities of greater depth and low ballast, the yachting reports of the day were pitched in one uniform key of admiration for the national model, with its limited draft, excessive beam, awkward rig and inefficient ballast. Even the terrible lesson of the Mohawk, while the FOREST AND STREAM was still in its infancy, was glossed over and its true causes hidden under excuses of all kinds, and yachtsmen still refused to believe anything to the discredit of their favorite type.

Under such circumstances it required no small degree of courage for an American newspaper to set out to tell the truth about American yachts, to oppose itself to the general chorus of indiscriminate praise, and to establish for itself an independent policy of judgment and criticism on strictly technical grounds. Such a course, however, was adopted by the FOREST AND STREAM as soon as the yachting department of the young paper had developed to an extent which gave weight to the opinions which it might express; and the same course has been consistently followed for nearly twenty years.

So far as the FOREST AND STREAM is concerned, although the fight was a hard one, and undoubtedly has hurt it at times with those on whom it of necessity depended for its support, it has found in the end no reason to complain. It has not only won the support of the great body of American yachtsmen, but the respect of those who, though opposed to its views, have come to look upon it as a fair and honest adversary. We need not remind our readers, both friendly and adverse, that the fight has been a hard one, but as evidence of the result we can point to the total disappearance of the sandbag model in all classes save the one for which it is alone adapted, the open racing boat; for the extinction of the national sloop rig and its replacement by the modern Americanized cutter rig; for the universal adoption of the lead keel, even on such flyers of the old type as Comet, Gracie and Grayling; to the vast improvement in model and construction, in sails and rigging; to uniform and greatly improved rules for measurement and racing.

There is hardly an important feature of American yachting to-day which has not been suggested in the first place by the FOREST AND STREAM, or else advocated by it as soon as the suggestion was made by others; nor is there one which has not been bitterly opposed from the first by other American journals and yachtsmen in general.

Among these features we may mention the lead keel, the double headrig, the fixed keel, a greater proportion of depth and less of beam, the long cutter in place of the saved-off stern, the through bolt in place of the iron spike, the use of less material, but of better quality and better workmanship, the use of plans made by a trained designer, in place of a model whittled by any one, the length and sail area rule, the handling by Corinthians instead of paid helmsmen and crews, and above all, the far fairer conditions of the great international trophy, the America's Cup.

It would be absurd to claim that we foresaw from the first all the vast changes to come in twenty years, that our predictions have been borne out in every immaterial detail, or that in all this time we have made no mistakes; but looking back carefully over the whole record of the past there are very few points on which we have changed our opinions or would wish to change them; and it is a

source of infinite satisfaction to feel that, whether finally proved right or wrong, that they were our own opinions, and honest ones, too; that we have always led and not followed, and that we have dared to say what we thought without regard to the consequences.

A look at the yachts afloat to-day, Gloriana, Pappoose, Gossoon, Iroquois, Yampa, Volunteer, Katrina, Liris, Sea Fox, Merlin, Shamrock, Lasca, Emerald, and the odd hundred more that will gather next August for the New York cruise, and a mental comparison with the fleet of 1873 will show what has been done, and a glance through some of the forty volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM, and the corresponding numbers of other American papers, will show who has helped the work and who has opposed it.

There have been times in the past when it was a question whether it paid, from a newspaper standpoint, to be honest and independent, whether American yachtsmen would tolerate the publication of unpalatable facts, or whether it was necessary to follow the usual course, avoiding all criticism and dealing out unstinted praise on every hand. Fortunately this question was long since settled in the assured success of the FOREST AND STREAM, and it has been proved that yachtsmen are ready to entertain a criticism, however adverse, which is based on technical grounds, or on the recognized principles of fair play among sportsmen.

Appropos of the race of the Southern Y. C., reported in another column, a correspondent makes the following inquiry:

"Is the rule, 'Sec. I. Rule 20' of the racing rules (a yacht touching a mark or causing a mark to shift its position, unless wrongfully compelled to do so by another yacht, shall be disqualified), a good rule or not, and is said rule enforced by the various yacht clubs of the United States and England?"

It is one of the fundamental principles of yacht racing that a yacht in order to win must go fairly over the correct course, from start to finish, without touching another yacht or any mark of the course. The rule quoted by our correspondent is common to all clubs and strictly observed, and we believe that it is not only a good one, but absolutely indispensable. As regards the questions of intention or of actual damage, it would not be possible to consider either, even if it were desirable to do so at times, as it would be impossible to prove what a man's intentions were, and often equally impossible to prove the degree of harm done. So far as the judges of a race are concerned, the only thing they can consider in a case of fouling a mark or another yacht is the fact of contact, either the yacht goes entirely clear or she touches, and the degree of contact can have no effect on their decision. In many cases there is a question as to whether the foul was caused by another yacht, but in such a case as that referred to, where no such doubt as to the blame can arise, the yacht is disqualified by her own act, and has no right to continue the race as an outside boat, to the hindrance of the other contestants.

With the new volume of FOREST AND STREAM an important change will be made, the paper going to press a day earlier, on Tuesday in place of Wednesday. In order to appear in the following issue it will be essential that all reports of races, most of which occur on Saturday, should reach us by Monday morning.

It is the desire of the FOREST AND STREAM to publish promptly and accurately an account, however brief, of every yacht race sailed in this country. Owing to the vast extent of territory covered by American yachting, from New York to San Francisco, along the Great Lakes and from New Brunswick to Florida, it is impossible to do this without substantial assistance from the clubs interested, and in more distant places we are forced to rely entirely on such aid. The FOREST AND STREAM race reports are intended for this purpose, blank forms specially prepared for recording yacht races; and we will gladly send to any club such a number as they may need for their own use in keeping the times and also for forwarding a duplicate copy to the FOREST AND STREAM. Our extensive system of exchanges and of clippings from local papers, though covering the whole country, fails to give us the required information, as such local reports, as a rule, are apt to take it for granted that the reader knows all about the wind, weather and other trivial details, and only wants to know what there was to eat and drink on the steamer or at the club house. Our race blanks provide for all material facts as to wind, tide, weather, courses and competitors, and with the mention of any special accidents or incidents make a complete and permanent record of a race. While we are impelled in part by selfish motives in asking of clubs and regatta committees that they will take a little trouble in this matter, we feel at the same time that it is the clubs themselves who derive the most benefit from full and accurate reports in such a journal as the FOREST AND STREAM of all races and proceedings. If a club has any life and vitality at all it will be doing something in the way of racing or of improving rules that it has reason to be proud of, and nothing raises a club in the estimation of its own members like the knowledge that other clubs are watching it and imitating it.

The latest measurement of Valkyrie, made last week, gives her waterline as 86.82ft. in place of 85, while her sail area by Y. R. A. rule is 10,207sq. ft., making her rating 147.70. Thistle's official measurements in her first season were 86.40ft. l.w.l., 9,956sq. ft. of sail, and 143.37 rating. The measurements of Thistle (Meteor) last season were similarly 85.20, 8,157, and 115.83; a very marked decrease, which of itself is enough to throw out Thistle as a means of comparing Valkyrie and Britannia with Volunteer in her original form. By the terms which Lord Dunraven proposed and which were agreed to by the New York Y. C., both challenger and defender are limited positively to an excess of two per cent. over the specified length, in this case 85ft., which would make the excess 1.70ft., or a total waterline of 86.70. If the figures given are correct Valkyrie exceeded this limit by something less than 2in., but it is stated that her spars, sails and head have been reduced, making her just in the limit. Being a composite vessel, her displacement and length are certain to increase a little by two or three months' immersion, but at the same time there is no reason to suppose that she cannot easily be brought to the limit either by the adze, like all the American forties, or by lessening her inside fittings, as will probably be done in any case for the Cup races. It is evident, however, that she must race at a waterline of over 85ft., each inch of such excess counting as two inches, so that if fully up to the limit her waterline for measurement will be 88.40ft. In the case of Thistle the sail measurement by Seawanhaka rule was just 90 per cent. of the Y. R. A. measurement, and the same proportion applied to Valkyrie gives about 9,300sq. ft. for her measurement in America, or say 96ft. for the square root of the sail area. Her actual sailing-length with the waterline up to the extreme limit would then be 91.35ft., but sh

would be compelled to assume a measurement of 92.30, or nearly a foot more. In this case the actual penalty she would assume above her true allowance would be not quite half a minute in thirty nautical miles. It is too soon yet to say where the defender will be when the measurer puts his tape on her, but from past experience, and with Navahoe's excess in view, it is safe to say that at least two out of the four new yachts will be over 85ft. waterline, and it is quite probable that all may be liable to a penalty similar to Valkyrie's and Navahoe's.

ONE reason for the astonishing popularity of the great trio of Burgess-Paine Cup defenders, Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, lay in the admirable selection of names, each of which appealed strongly to the patriotic spirit of Americans. In naming the fourth boat, Gen. Paine has made a departure that can hardly fail to be a disappointment to the many who are looking to him to defend the Cup with like success for the fourth time. The rather commonplace name Jubilee has nothing in common with the other three, and is in no way distinctively American; in fact, the now general use of the word dates back to the great Jubilee year, 1857, in England, the fiftieth of the reign of Queen Victoria. Since then "jubilee" events of all kinds have been in order in England, but the word has hardly found a footing in this country. There will undoubtedly be a "jubilee" for some one after the trial and again after the Cup races, with "general rejoicings and fireworks in the evening;" but at this time it is somewhat uncertain who will play the star part of Nanki Poo and "not be there." It is also a question now whether the proverbially fickle public will not transfer its sympathy and support to the other Boston fin-keel with the more taking name of Pilgrim; which, by the way, has also the seven letters and doubling of a vowel which is considered essential to success. The yacht was launched at Lawley's on June 24, and at once towed away to a derrick to ship her mast.

THE owners of the late Yankee Doodle have set a new precedent in actually building a new boat in three weeks, launching her on June 22. Of course the old engine and boilers will be used, but even with this to start on it should have taken at least six months to build the hull, during which time the papers should have been busy booming the new boat and telling how fast she would be. If men begin in this way instead of after the old established methods, there is no telling what the end may be; it is even possible that there may some day be a *bona fide* race of the 30-knot steam yachts.

DELAY is the word with each of the four 85-footers, not one being up to the estimated time of completion. Colonia is the most advanced and has been out twice this week under canvas, but with negative results, the wind being too light for a test, the mainsail is still sitting badly in spite of alterations, while there is a good deal of work to do before the yacht can be accepted by her owners. Vigilant is not yet rigged and will be a week or so later than Colonia. Jubilee is afloat, her mast is stepped and bowsprit in place, and Mr. John B. Paine is counting on a trial trip on Saturday, but there is still much work to be done before the yacht is out of the builder's hands, even though she may be rushed in order to get the first sail this week. Pilgrim has been delayed beyond the expected time at the Erie Basin, leaving there on Tuesday, so that she will not reach Boston before the latter part of the week, and some time must elapse before she is in commission.

THE regatta committee of the New York Y. C. has announced the date of the first trial race as Sept. 7, three to five races being sailed at intervals of a day apart. At this rate it is quite probable that the fifth race, if sailed, will not be finished before Sept. 20, so that the date for the international races has not been set too far ahead. It is possible that the racing through August may virtually settle the selection of a defender, and also that two or three days of good breezes may be found for the first trials, so that the committee can announce its decision by Sept. 12. In this case, and if the defender requires no special alteration, the main races might come off at once. It is much more likely, however, that some ten days will be wasted over the trial races, and that as much time more will be granted to the chosen yacht to clean, paint and prepare for the final races.

THE anxiety in regard to Queen Mab, not spoken since she left England on May 17, has been in a measure relieved by the news received on Monday that she had reached Bermuda in a disabled condition. The report is very indefinite, but to the effect that she had lost her mast and that one of her crew had been washed overboard.

Pilgrim.

FOR a week past the center of attraction to New York yachtsmen has been the Erie Basin, in South Bay, where the new fin-keel Pilgrim has been perched high in air while the fin and bulb were placed under her. The visitors as a rule were not backward in expressing their opinions, and many curious comments have been made. Some condemn the new-fangled idea as wrong in principle and bad in its effects on yachting, some approve of the clean easy form and the advantageous distribution of the ballast, but shake their heads over the great draft. The various opinions, favorable, adverse and doubtful, have afforded much amusement to those connected with the work. The sight from the head of the larger dry-dock is a curious and interesting one; far down toward the gate of the dock is a high platform consisting of two parallel rows of heavy posts, about 3ft. apart, each row capped by a heavy fore and aft timber, which is braced by other timbers running horizontally from the sides of the dock. This double framework is also well braced diagonally in a fore and aft direction. Resting on top of the framework is a white hull of the oval form of which may be best described as similar to the small cruisers Elsa, Myra and Scarecrow, illustrated during the past winter in the FOREST AND STREAM. Although the actual area of the deck is larger than in Volunteer, the hull looks almost diminutive in contrast with the huge dry-dock beneath, and one quite fails to grasp the real size.

Walking aft, however, the view from the caisson, above and immediately astern of the yacht, gives quite another impression, the deck showing up as very large and in particular as very wide, although the proportion of over all length to extreme beam is but 5 to 1. Seen from below the hull looks comparatively narrow, although the beam is actually 23ft. The length over all is 122ft., the waterline is about 85ft., and the depth of the hull about 8ft. The total draft is 22ft., or a half of hull and 17ft. of keel. The hull has a fair sheer, a slight sweep of moderate height and curvature, while the keel contour is also a continuous curve from stem head to archboard. The midship section is also a fair and continuous curve, with moderate deadrise, a bilge that is powerful without being abrupt, and the topside slightly curved and with very little flare.

While the bow lines, both vertical and horizontal, are of the general character of the Herreshoff fin-keels, the aft line is quite different, the waterlines being finer and the vertical sections more in harmony with those of the fore body, instead of being almost flat at the futlocks and turning very sharply at the waterline. This, of course, gives a much easier quarter, better balanced wedges and less disturbance in fore and aft trim in heeling, so that an extreme length and fullness of the forward overhang is not necessary. It almost goes without saying in this type of boat that all the fore and aft lines, square or inclined, are fair and convex; in fact there is no hollow anywhere visible. So far as wave-making and the other elements of resistance are concerned, the form is an easy one to drive and at the same time possesses sufficient stability of form for its special purpose.

The chief reliance in carrying s is of course the fin and its lead bulb, the latter weighing, as stated, considerably over 30 tons. The stem above water is of the latest Roman nose fashion, while the counter differs but slightly from the conventional stems of the larger Burgess yachts, being about 4ft. fin. across the archboard. The bulwark is of light steel plate, and with its oak rail is about 12in. high amidships. The chainplates are not only on the hull, with out channels, but inside the bulwarks at the deck. The entire hull is of steel, and with the usual straps and braces of a steel yacht, to which are added four braces of angle bars, running from the

partner beams about the mast to the floors, each bar being inclined at an angle which brings the heels considerably further apart than the heels.

Near the center of the hull is a solid steel bulkhead, the center pierced by an oval opening about 4ft. long and 2ft. high. The interior forward of this bulkhead forms the forecabin and galley, while abaft it is a saloon 10ft. long, then a couple of staterooms, one for the captain, and abaft all a large saleroom extending into the counter. The fittings below are very simple, of light white pine, and intended solely for racing service, in fact no other object than speed in the trial, and, indeed, the cup races, has been considered for a moment.

The fin and bulb are unquestionably the interesting features of the yacht, marking her as different from anything of her length ever constructed. The fin itself is some 35ft. long where it joins the hull, and about half as long on the bottom, the rake being greater on the fore edge. Along the bottom of the hull are two heavy angles, parallel and about 2 1/2 in. apart, extending some 6ft. forward and abaft the fin. The latter is composed of two thicknesses of 3/4 in. plates, each plate about 18ft. long, the plates are just an inch apart, having an inside half strap of that thickness at each seam, the seams of course being up and down; though not quite vertical, as each plate is wider on the upper than on the lower edge.

At the fore and after sides of the fin, and also along the bottom, liners of the same thickness as the butt straps are used, the two on the sides being rabbeted as the stem of a steel yacht, and tapered out to the rabbet to the fore edge. Along the bottom of the fin is an angle bar, the flange facing outward and making a ledge, flush with the bottom of the fin, on which the half bulb rests.

The upper end of each vertical plate extends into the hull for a distance of about 12in., and the two sides of the fin are here separated by a steel plate as long as the fin, 2ft. wide and 1in. thick. The upper half of this plate is within the hull and the lower half outside within the fin. The floors and angles inside straddle the three plates forming the fin, the rivets are driven into the two exterior plates and the three plates, and the part of the fin inside is well riveted to the floors and angles.

The lead itself is in two halves, showing a very easy taper fore and aft, each piece resting on the angle at the bottom of the fin, and the two secured with through bolts. The spaces between the two plates are filled with lead at the bottom and from the top of the fin of the central plate at the top with common inch boards.

Unlike the fin-keels, all of which were fitted with the balance, or, as it has been called, the "nasty" rudder, Pilgrim, like the little Folly before described in the FOREST AND STREAM, has a rudder of the usual form and construction, and hung on a forged steel sternpost, as in all steel yachts; this sternpost being supported by a triangular scap of steel plate. The sternpost has a rake of some 30°.

Although the yacht is set down as a pure fin-keel as distinguished from the combination of fin and centerboard in the other Boston boat, she at the same time has a centerboard of some 800lb. weight; but its use is only as an auxiliary, to aid the steering and not to add to the lateral plane. This board is about 7ft. long, and is located between the fore end of the waterline and the fore end of the fin. It is raised and lowered by a powerful worm winch.

The deck is of white pine of less than the usual thickness, with low skylights, companions and sail hatch of mahogany. The gammon iron is a heavy forging bolted to the steel framing of the deck, and on the deck abaft it is a steel tube, also fastened to the deck frame, to take the heel of the bowsprit. The rig will be the smallest of the four, somewhat larger than the area of Volunteer when rigged originally as a cutter, or about 10,000ft. The sails have been made by Wilson & Silsby, and the spars by Lawley, while Billman has made and will set the rigging. Like all the other American boats, Pilgrim will steer with a wheel.

The idea of a Boston syndicate yacht was first suggested early in the year by Messrs. Stewart & Binney, and it has been chiefly through their exertions that the syndicate was organized and the work has been carried out. The leading members of the syndicate are Vice-Com. Gardner, Eastern Y. C., owner of Mayflower; Bayard Thayer, owner of Commodore, New York Y. C.; Nas Jones, owner of Marguerite; David Sears, owner of Wayward; J. E. Addicks, owner of Now Then; Dr. C. G. Weld, H. F. Sears, W. B. Thomas and C. H. Hanks. The design and construction originated with Messrs. Stewart & Binney, and the hull was built by Pusey & Jones, of Wilmington, builders of Volunteer, under their personal supervision. The yacht was launched on June 12, being christened Pilgrim by Mrs. George E. Bullard, mother of Mr. Binney, and was at once towed to New York. Marguerite, in charge of Captain Edward Sherlock, lately in command of Marguerite, and for some years in charge of Gitana for the late Wm. F. Weld. Apart from his previous record, Captain Sherlock's handling of Marguerite last year stamps him as an able and experienced racing man, and in his hands the new boat is likely to have a fair and thorough trial.

Southern Y. C., Walker Cup.

NEW ORLEANS—LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

Saturday, June 17.

THE first race ever sailed for the new and elegant trophy presented by Mr. Walker as a challenge trophy for yachts of New Orleans, Mobile and Pensacola, took place on Lake Pontchartrain under the management of the Southern Y. C., the first holders of the cup. No outside yachts were on hand to compete, and the race was limited to eight of the club boats, as follows:

	Length.	Allows
Silence, P. Labouisse.....	33.08	m. s.
Lady Emma, N. E. Baumgarden.....	33.68	
Mephisto, Brewster.....	30.72	3 29
Caprice, W. E. Brunet.....	29.06	9 21
Nyanza, Stone, Ranlett & Co.....	26.06	9 41
Lufki Humma, Glenn Bros.....	25.09	11 01
Touty, Dr. R. Murphy.....	24.03	13 53
Barton B., H. O. Benedict.....	23.01	16 13

Silence and Lady Emma were once as well known in New York as in New Orleans, having been noted racers in their day.

The course was three rounds of the club's five mile triangle, 15 miles in all. The day was bright and clear, but at the start there was only a light and puffy S.E. wind. The preparatory signal was fired at 1:57:00, the starting gun at 2:07:00, and the handicap gun at 2:17:40. The start was timed:

Lady Emma.....	2 10 14	Lufki Humma.....	2 17 15
Nyanza.....	2 15 08	Caprice.....	2 18 00
Touty.....	2 16 05	Silence.....	2 20 28
Barton B.....	2 16 28	Mephisto.....	2 23 18

Silence and Mephisto were far from the line at the start, and were back-capped. Shortly after the start the wind freshened into a good sailing breeze. Silence and Mephisto sailed through the fleet and were second and third before the first round was completed, Nyanza being first.

Nyanza.....	3 30 29	Touty.....	3 38 37
Mephisto.....	3 31 37	Lufki Humma.....	3 41 14
Silence.....	3 34 15	Barton B.....	4 00 40
Lady Emma.....	3 36 27	Caprice.....	4 05 32

As Mephisto rounded the mark, a rowboat with a flag, she jibed over and struck the mark with her boom, nearly capsizing the boat and tearing her mainsail. She kept on in spite of the foul, but was disqualified by the judges, who witnessed the occurrence. For a time the wind was quite strong, being now from S.W., but on the second round it fell light and on the last died away to almost a calm. The rounds were timed. Second:

Nyanza.....	4 21 21	Touty.....	4 42 18
Mephisto.....	4 22 42	Lufki Humma.....	4 43 47
Silence.....	4 25 39	Barton B.....	5 49 30
Lady Emma.....	4 29 27	Caprice.....	Not timed.

Third:

Mephisto.....	5 40 32	Silence.....	6 16 22
Nyanza.....	5 48 37	Others not timed.	

The final times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mephisto.....	3 22 53	3 19 03
Nyanza.....	3 32 19	3 23 15
Silence.....	3 58 42	3 58 42

Mephisto was disqualified without protest, making Nyanza the winner of the cup. The judges were R. S. Day, Capt. E. T. Cope and R. M. Robertson. Mr. W. T. Sadler, of Mobile, was appointed a judge, but being absent, Mr. R. M. Robertson took his place.

Puget Sound Yachting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would be a source of some surprise to Eastern yachtsmen to realize the degree of yachting interest and enthusiasm that exists in the extreme Northwest. Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia form a magnificent inland sea at the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia, and the spirit of rivalry that always forms a part of a yachtsman's nature is here intensified by the national pride on either side the line, resulting in a constant and always interesting strife for supremacy in yacht racing. The approaching international event in New York creates here no such general enthusiasm as our own local international contests. To recognize and encourage this we have an International Yachting Association, composed of all the yacht clubs on Puget Sound and Gulf of Georgia, and a regatta is held by it annually for the international trophies. Up to this time the yachts of the United States have proven, as a rule, too speedy for our British neighbors.

The British Columbia yachts are, as a rule, built from designs pro-

cured in England, and we are compelled to draw upon the talent of our Eastern United States designers for our best racers, though we have some local designers who are producing creditable work. Up to this time no Eastern designer has been able to supply us models to compete successfully with the Bouncer type from designs of Thos. Clapham, of Long Island. It was thought by many that the fin keels built during the past winter would probably be successful against our Clapham skimmers; but, true to our rule, the Bouncers were found first in every class in which they competed. The latest Bouncer production is "Mylth, an improved "Chippaway" about 40ft. over all, with 14ft. beam and only 15in. draught. In the late international races at Victoria B. C. she not only won in her class, but beat all yachts in the classes above her, without time allowance. We find here the same national tendency manifesting itself in our yacht construction as has heretofore been observable in the East. Our British Columbia yachtsmen cling almost exclusively to the deep keel cutter type, while on this side the line the tendency is toward the centre-board, though we have some beautiful and able keel yachts here; but in all our contests the centreboards have shown the greatest speed, as a class. BOB S. AY.

WHATCOM, Washington, June 15.

Eastern Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, June 26.

THIS annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., sailed off Marblehead on Monday, was a very tame affair, with few starters and little wind. There was a promise of sport in the meeting of Volunteer in new hands, with Mayflower, the extensive alterations just completed in the latter having presumably improved her; and the race of the 46ft. class was awaited with some interest as likely to give an indication of the speed of the larger fin-keels through the performance of the new Carmita with Wasp and Harpoon. As it happened, the schooner race was very unsatisfactory, the wind being light and the finish a calm, while Carmita did not start at all, though under way during the day. In the 30ft. class there was no race, as Handsel gave up after the first leg, having no competitor. The entries were:

SCHOONERS.

Sailing Length.

Volunteer, Com. J. Malcolm Forbes.....	92.14
Mayflower, Vice-Com. W. Amory Gardner.....	88.71
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb.....	83.74

46FT. CLASS.

Wasp, E. R. Coleman.....	55.37
Harpoon, G. C. and C. F. Adams, 2d.....	54.83
Carmita, C. H. W. Foster.....	54.14

32FT. CLASS.

Chopquoit, C. H. Jones.....	32.23
Handsel, J. R. Hooper.....	32.23

Boston has been patiently enduring a spell of cold rainy weather with northerly winds, and though Monday was clear, the wind was still in the same unpleasant quarter, the air was chilly, and there was a roll to the sea which awakened many a responsive chord among the guests on the club steamer.

The wind was light, E. by N., and the yachts worked out so slowly that the committee postponed the start for twenty minutes. The course signals were set for the 32 mile triangle between Nahant, East in the Point, and the E. Y. C. turning buoy, an isosceles triangle, with a base of about four miles and two equal sides of about five miles each, the starting point Half Way Rock being in the center of the base. This made approximately a run of 7 miles, a beat of 8 1/4 miles, a close reach of 9 1/4 miles and a run of 6 1/4 miles.

The start was given at 11:35, Volunteer, mistaking the first whistle, having already crossed and being on her way back when Marguerite sent over, with spinnaker boom dropped to port. Mayflower following Marguerite, the latter carrying a couple of minutes later, just having a handicap. Both Marguerite and Mayflower set spinnakers at once, Mayflower also carrying her balloon jibtopsail; but Volunteer made the run without her spinnaker, setting balloon jibtopsail and maintopstaysail.

Handsel led the smaller class, with Harpoon, setting spinnaker and balloon jibtopsail, just astern of her, Wasp crossing a couple of minutes later. The start was timed:

Marguerite.....	11 37 00	Handsel.....	11 45 45
Mayflower.....	11 37 07	Harpoon.....	11 46 08
Volunteer.....	11 39 36	Wasp.....	11 47 35

The yachts ran off easily, being little troubled by the sea. Mayflower soon passed Marguerite, but could not get far away from her, and Volunteer ran up on the pair. Harpoon led Wasp, and made quite a gain in the last quarter of a mile, carrying the balloon right up to the mark. The times at the Nahant mark were:

Mayflower.....	12 31 00	Harpoon.....	12 37 38
Marguerite.....	12 31 59	Wasp.....	12 38 22
Volunteer.....	12 32 44	Handsel.....	12 47 16

The next leg was more interesting as sheets came in and the yachts settled down for windward work. Mayflower setting a maintopstaysail, while Marguerite sent up the fisherman's stay which Capt. Sherlock had made for her, a small trawl sail. Mayflower jibed over on the other two, all holding on port tack for the first hour. Volunteer passed Marguerite and gradually drew up on Mayflower's weather quarter. The first tack was made in company, but after a time they broke tacks, coming together near the E. Y. C. seamark half an hour later, Mayflower easily crossing Volunteer's bow, while Marguerite on the ruling tack forced Volunteer to give way. Mayflower's new mainsail was in poor condition for windward work, but she held about her Volunteer. Wasp and Harpoon held together long enough for the former to work out to windward and well clear, then Harpoon cast about for luck and went off shore, but dropped into Wasp's wake as they came for the mark. The times were:

Mayflower.....	2 29 09	Wasp.....	2 30 43
Volunteer.....	2 29 52	Harpoon.....	2 34 57
Marguerite.....	2 30 00		

The next leg was rather dull, the wind falling. Mayflower made quite a gain, and Marguerite passed Volunteer, turning just ahead, but making a wide sweep and allowing Volunteer to slip inside of her. Wasp had come up with the schooners, and Harpoon had also gained, although delayed by dropping her balloon jibtopsail overboard. The times at Eastern Point being:

Mayflower.....	3 34 45	Wasp.....	3 41 04
Marguerite.....	3 40 25	Harpoon.....	3 53 15
Volunteer.....	3 40 46		

When the yachts turned and set spinnakers there was a prospect of a speedy finish, with but 6 miles to go; but soon after the wind dropped entirely, making little more than a drift in. Wasp crept up to the head and Volunteer gradually drew past the two schooners, but the finish was dull and devoid of interest. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer.....	11 39 36	5 56 00	6 10 24	6 16 24
Marguerite.....	11 37 00	6 15 10	6 28 10	6 32 32
Mayflower.....	11 37 07	6 14 09	6 36 54	6 44 43

30FT. CLASS.

Wasp.....	11 47 35	6 00 35	6 15 35	6 15 35
Harpoon.....	11 46 08	6 18 11	6 33 01	6 33 30
Handsel.....	11 45 41	withdrew.		

Volunteer wins \$100 and Wasp \$75 in addition to the Puritan Cup, given this year for the best corrected time in any class. The race was managed by Messrs. Eaton, Buck and Jackson of the regatta committee. Com. Morgan, New York Y. C., came into Marblehead in the May on Sunday and followed the race for a time on Monday, finally heading for Cape Cod and Vineyard Haven. But few yachts were out to witness the race, Fortuna, Carmita, Alborak and four or five steamers. Carmita, though launched some weeks since, was not yet in condition, and on the previous day she had sailed a scrub race with Alborak in which she was decidedly worsted, so that she was not willing to face Wasp and Harpoon on Monday.

Quincy Y. C. Club Race.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Thursday, June 25.

The second club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed in a variable easterly breeze, from light to fresh, on June 25, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh.....	1 30 30
White Fawn, A. E. Jones.....	1 42 08
Moodyne, A. J. Shaw.....	1 47 11
Gipse, H. Drinkwater.....	1 49 23
Adolph, H. Moebis.....	1 50 55
Vanessa, A. Bigelow.....	Withdrawn.

SECOND CLASS.

Opeechee, W. P. Parker.....	19.08 1/2	1 39 06	1 11 57
Maggie, H. G. Otis.....	19.08 1/2	1 42 10	1 15 01
Aurora, H. M. Faxon.....	19.08 1/2	1 42 35	1 15 26
Vision, G. Crane.....	1 42 51

THIRD CLASS.

Imp, G. Maybury.....	16.03	1 40 49	1 09 49
Primrose, H. M. Faxon.....	1 44 05
Dandelion, A. Alams.....	17.06	1 44 02	1 13 30
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon.....	1 41 28
Don, W. H. Shaw.....	18.04 1/2	Withdrawn.
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning.....	Withdrawn.

Lake Minnetonka Y. C. Open Regatta.

LAKE MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.

Saturday, June 17.

OPEN boat racing, such as has largely gone out in the East, still flourishes on the Western lakes, and just now it is having a boom on Lake Minnetonka, in Minnesota, as well as on other neighboring waters. This year the Minnetonka fleet has been increased by three notable boats in particular, the Horseshoe Alpha, last year's winner in the Boston 21ft. class, a new "Alpha," the Kite, specially built by the Horshoffs, and a dark horse, built under lock and key by two young yachtsmen, Arthur Dyer, a local builder, about 23 years old, and Ward C. Burton, 17 years old, son of H. J. Burton, a member of the L. M. Y. C.

The new boat, Onawa, is 27ft. over all, 20ft. 6in. l.w.l., and about 5ft. beam, carrying 400sq. ft. of sail. She has a short counter, her overhang being all forward, and her model is spoon-shaped, full and convex lines. The construction is peculiar, the planking is very light, with wide, thin ribs spaced close together, making almost a double skin, while outside she is covered with canvas laid in varnish on the planking. The sail plan shows a large jib and square-headed mainsail. Under the very peculiar rules of the L. M. Y. C., in which sail area alone is taxed, she receives some twelve minutes allowance from Alpha and Kite, with nearly double the sail area. The race was sailed in a fresh S.E. breeze with twelve starters in the sloop class, Onawa, Alpha and Kite being well in the lead from the start. On the first leg Onawa made nearly four minutes gain on both Alpha and Kite, the Alpha being disabled on the second leg by the peeling of her jib-halard, which accident forced her to withdraw. Onawa increased her lead through the whole race, finally beating Kite by 7m. 40s. elapsed time, not counting her large allowance. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Onawa.....	1 46 11	Aurelia.....	2 00 07
Kite.....	1 51 51	C. L. C.....	2 03 20
Siren.....	1 56 54	Ida.....	2 02 10
Mystic.....	2 07 17	Aurora.....	2 01 46
Advertiser.....	2 06 05	Shark.....	2 10 08
Waterwitch.....	2 19 28		

FIRST CLASS CATS.			
Atlanta.....	2 03 09	Mabel.....	2 14 21
Columbia.....	2 12 54	Curlew.....	2 09 26

The judges were Maj. Hale and Messrs. Benton and Branch.

Douglaston Y. C. Annual Regatta.

DOUGLSTON—LITTLE NECK BAY.

Saturday, June 24.

The annual regatta of the Douglaston Y. C. on Saturday was sailed very successfully, the wind being from the north at first, but afterward coming in fresh from S.W. The times were:

CLASS 3—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS, 30 to 36ft.			
Sasqua.....	12 48 00	Did not finish.	Corrected.
Vorant.....	12 52 00	Did not finish.	
CLASS 4—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS UNDER 30ft.			
Duster.....	12 52 10	5 26 30	4 31 32½
Chippewa.....	12 50 30	4 52 30	4 02 00
Katrine.....	12 53 15	Did not finish.	
Estella.....	12 53 45	Did not finish.	
Kitty.....	12 51 30	5 12 25	4 20 55
CLASS 5—CABIN MAINSAIL BOATS OVER 22ft.			
Oconee.....	12 53 40	5 15 20	4 22 40
Aura.....	12 52 20	4 23 40	4 23 40
CLASS 6—CABIN MAINSAIL BOATS UNDER 22ft.			
Willada.....	12 53 05	5 57 50	5 01 22½
Melita.....	12 54 10	Did not finish.	
Caper.....	12 55 35	5 27 20	4 31 45
Adelaide.....	12 52 40	Did not finish.	
CLASS 8—OPEN MAINSAIL BOATS 17 to 22ft.			
Baby.....	12 53 15	5 40 00	4 46 45
Concha.....	12 56 30	5 34 00	4 38 30
Ida K.....	12 55 14	5 15 25	4 20 11
Eleanor.....	12 53 40	Did not finish.	
Sadie.....	12 55 10	Did not finish.	
Elftwa.....	12 56 15	5 45 00	4 49 45
Phyllis.....	12 54 05	4 58 35	4 04 30
Violet.....	12 54 45	Did not finish.	
Typhoon.....	12 55 20	Did not finish.	
Elf.....	12 56 30	Did not finish.	
CLASS 9—MIXED RIGS UNDER 17ft.			
Dove.....	12 55 12	2 21 50	1 26 38
Becky.....	12 56 10	Did not finish.	
Tot.....	12 55 15	Did not finish.	

Chippewa was disqualified for sailing the wrong course.

South Boston Y. C., First Championship.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 24.

The first of the series of three championship races of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed on June 24. The weather was fine, with good sailing breeze and no flukes. Wind, east northeast, quite steady. Tide, going flood, no advantage:

FIRST CLASS.				
Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Violet, H. J. McKee.....	33.08	2 50 00	2 51 35	2 22 23
Quisset, W. T. Taylor.....	25.09	2 50 00	2 52 01	2 14 29
Stanley, W. L. Colson.....	26.00	2 50 00	2 58 05	2 20 53
Grace, C. D. Porter.....	25.05	2 50 00	Withdraw.	
SECOND CLASS.				
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell.....	21.10	2 55 00	1 44 35	1 12 18
Awilda, John J. Bligh.....	24.07	2 55 00	1 46 23	1 17 16
Wapiti, James Bertram.....	23.06	2 55 00	1 51 37	1 21 23
Julia, W. H. McLeod.....	21.11	2 55 00	2 01 30	1 29 19
B. B., W. B. Stone.....	23.07	2 55 00	2 04 59	1 34 40
THIRD CLASS.				
Trife, J. F. Cashin.....	18.07	3 00 00	1 36 59	1 08 33
Cook, Thos. Murphy.....	18.08	3 00 00	1 38 32	1 10 12

Winners: Class 1—Quisset first, Stanley second. Class 2—Good Luck first, Wapiti second. Class 3—Trife first. The storm of the last two days prevented a number from entering; weather very kindly cleared in time to allow the race. Wapiti protests Awilda for fouling at Buoy 7 and also for fouling mark; both allowed, giving Wapiti second prize. Wapiti broke rudder pintle, but not in the fouling. Judges, Arthur Fuller, Hubert Pope, C. McKenna, W. H. Godfrey and Thomas Christian.

In the May 30 race, the Maggie and Egeria counter protests on measurement did not change result; Egeria was 3in longer on waterline. The Marion, fourth class, protested Princess for fouling at mark; protest allowed, giving Marion third prize.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Races.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 17.

The proposed races for the Hoyt cups for naphtha launches were run off at Oyster Bay on June 17, being followed in the afternoon by the first race for the Rouse and Wetmore series. The weather was thick and hazy, with a strong N.E. wind. The times were as follows:

Courses straight off club house dock, thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on starboard hand, thence to Moses Point Buoy, keeping it on starboard hand, thence to finish off club house dock.

CABIN CLASS I.				
Length.	H.P.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tide, Colgate Hoyt.....	30	11 25 00	12 04 05	39 05
Alma, John Agar.....	30	8 11 25 00	12 06 10	41 10

OPEN CLASS II.				
Length.	H.P.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elsa, Jacob Smith.....	25	4 11 25 00	12 07 09	42 09
Eleanore, Wm. Youngs.....	25	4 11 25 00	12 09 41	44 41

As Mr. Hoyt gave these cups he will not accept the one his launch won, so puts it up again for all comers some time in July.

Judges, R. W. Gibson and R. C. Townsend.

ROUSE AND WETMORE CUPS.

Course: Starting from east to west across a line between the Bell Buoy (now Red Spar) and stakeboat, around Center Island Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence around Lloyd's Neck Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence around Bell Buoy (now Red Spar), leaving it on starboard; thence around Center Island Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence around Lloyd's Neck Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to finish line, crossing same from east to west.

Start.				
Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.		
Pxyie, Oswald Sanderson.....	2 55 00	3 06 49	5 16 28	2 21 28
Nameless, C. W. Wetmore.....	2 55 00	3 07 05	Disabled.	
Trinket, T. S. Young, Jr.....	2 55 00	3 07 30	5 31 58	2 36 58
Indolent, S. V. R. Cruger.....	2 55 00	3 06 20	5 26 50	2 31 50
Almira.....	2 55 00	3 07 08		
Anemone.....	2 55 00			

The race was sailed in a strong wind and sea. Nameless is sailing with a larger rig this year and has been twice disabled, breaking her hobstay in this race. Judge, R. W. Gibson.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont, sailed its spring regatta on June 17, the principal event being the race for the yawl class, in which was entered the yawl Kittie and the new yawl Audax, lately built for Mr. H. W. Eaton. The course was nine miles, the wind fresh N.E. The two were evenly matched off the wind, but to windward Audax outpointed Kittie and beat her badly in the four miles, the time being: Audax, 1:31:02; Kittie, 1:35:38; Kittie's corrected time was 1:35:40.

The arrangements for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. regatta on Saturday are different from previous years, there being no club steamer from New York. The regular club steamer Dunderberg will be at the railroad dock, Oyster Bay, to meet the 9 A. M. train from New York, carrying the guests to the club house and following the race for a time, returning to the house for luncheon and afterward going out to see the finish. The steamer will make regular trips to connect with the evening trains after the race.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST and STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST and STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

1-15. At. Div. Meet, Captain's Island. 15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island. 29. Red Dragon, Delaware River. 22. Toronto, International Paddling Trophy Race.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

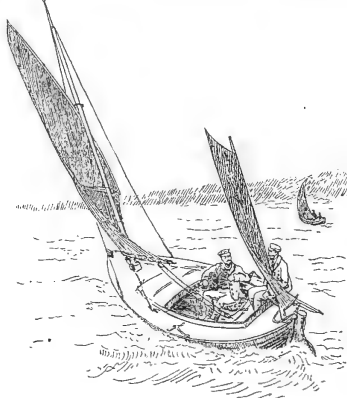
SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J. 4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass. 4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River. 16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

The Marine and Field Club regatta of Saturday was the most successful of the year, but hardly up to previous ones, the entries being fewer: We are able to give but a brief summary this week. A number of those present were just from the meet of the Eastern Division at Haddam Island, and all united in pronouncing it a great success.

The Humber Yawl Club.

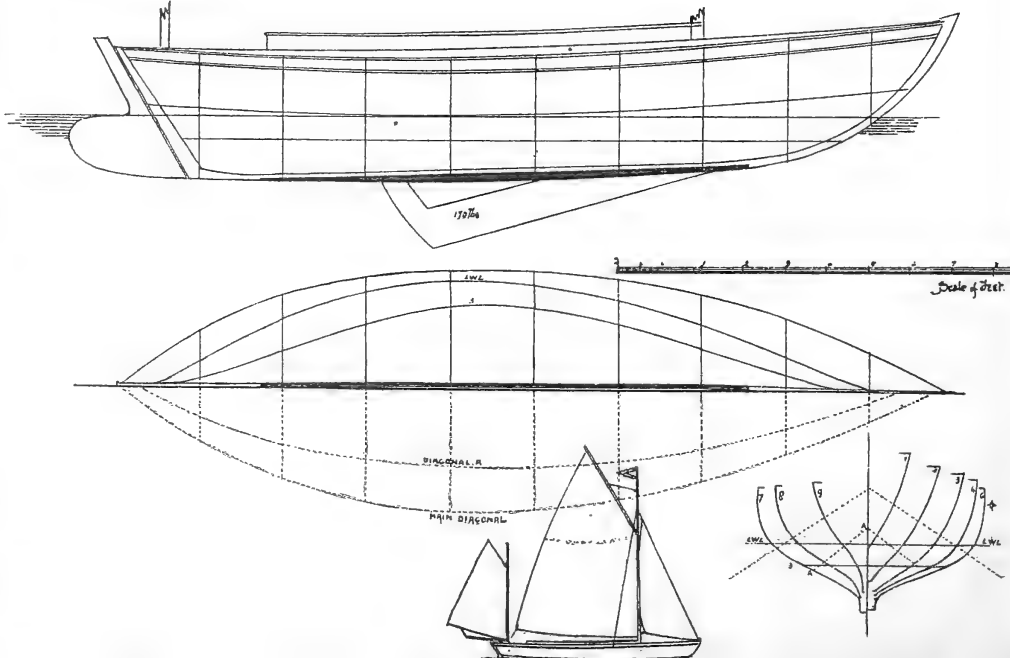
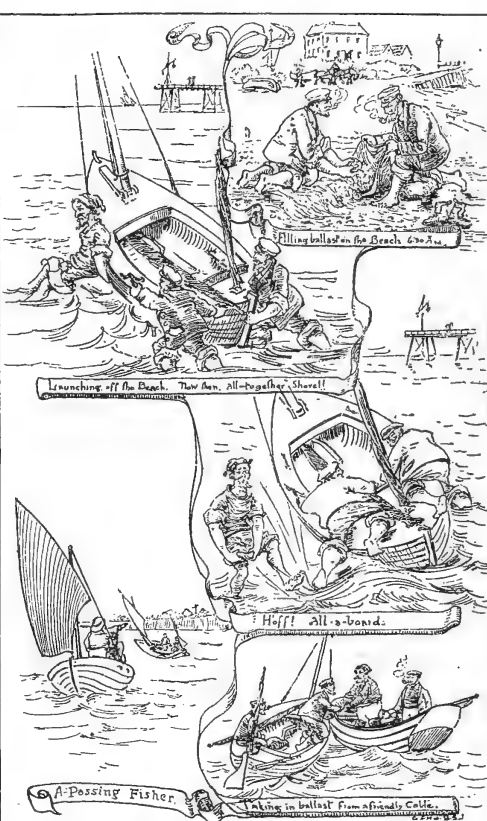
The Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, England, the only canoe-yawl club in the world, is fortunate in the possession of a goodly number of artist sailors who strive with each other to make the annual club



pamphlet a work of art, as well as a faithful record of the club's progress. We reproduce herewith the frontispiece, showing two of the associate members of the club; together with a design of a new canoe-yawl and some sketches of canoe-yawl life. The club now has a membership of 53 and a fleet of 52 canoe-yawls, canoes and dinghies.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division: Joseph Bennett, Tyngsboro, Mass.; G. Selden Roorbach, Mystic, Conn.; H. Monmouth Smith, Middletown, Conn.; H. E. Damon, Boston, Mass. Atlantic Division: W. H. P. Veysey, Percy R. Engwell, Yonkers, N. Y. The name published last week should read E. R. von Nardroff.



Marine and Field Club Regatta.

BATH BEACH—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Saturday, June 26.

The annual canoe regatta of the Marine and Field Club was sailed on June 24, the official times being as follows:

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aztec, W. W. Howard.....	11 35 00	12 30 55
Wasp, Paul Butler.....	11 35 00	12 31 08
Bee, David Goddard.....	11 35 00	12 33 55
Damosel, William Whitlock.....	11 35 00	12 37 51
Torment, F. C. Moore.....	11 35 00	12 39 15
Pioneer, C. B. Vaux.....	11 35 00	12 39 45
Event No. 2, cruiser race, boats 18ft. waterline or under, to carry one man besides helmsman, 6 miles:		
Goblin, William S. Elliott.....	12 58 45	2 45 30
Viking, H. P. Allen.....	12 58 25	2 52 47
La Gloria, M. T. Bennett.....	12 58 57	2 59 45
Event No. 3, club sailing, one man from each club, 6 miles, twice around triangle:		
Wasp, Paul Butler.....	3 31 50	4 29 37
Torment, F. C. Moore.....	3 32 00	4 35 10
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell.....	3 31 30	4 40 54
Pioneer, C. B. Vaux.....	3 31 20	4 42 03
Damosel, William Whitman.....	3 31 25	4 45 20
Event No. 4, the Marine and Field Club cup, 6 miles, to be won twice in succession it becomes the property of the winner, 6 miles:		
Torment, S. Schieffelin.....	5 21 00	6 17 38
Aztec, W. W. Howard.....	5 21 00	6 18 38
Bee, D. Goddard.....	5 21 00	6 19 04
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell.....	5 21 00	Did not finish.
Pioneer, C. B. Vaux.....	5 21 00	Did not finish.

The four paddle race was won by the Ianthe crew, beating the Bayonne crew by three lengths.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Schuetzen Corps' Prize Shoot.

The thirty-sixth annual festival and prize shoot was held in the Union Hill Park on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

The energetic labor and influence of the present captain, Henry Hoffman, during the past half year has resulted in a large increase in the membership present. Another happy feature on the second day were the large delegations of visiting riflemen, representing the principal shooting societies of New York and vicinity. There was a large contingent from the Independent New York Corps, under the leadership of Capt. Wm. V. Weber; New York Central Corps, Capt. A. Richter; New York City Corps, Capt. Christ. Rehm; Hoboken Corps, Capt. Geo. R. Fredericks; Hoboken Independent Corps, Capt. A. Erx-

Among the prominent riflemen present were Wm. Hayes, of Newark; Fred. Ross, Henry Holges and Louis Flach, of the Zettler Club; David Miller, of Hoboken; L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City. There were also to be seen scores of other stars of lesser light in the shooting fraternity all vying with each other in the race for prize honors.

There was present a visiting shooter from Europe on his way to Chicago, Mr. Carl Graf, one of Germany's solid citizens, a wealthy manufacturer and an enthusiastic rifleman. He takes one of the Zettler Bros.' Ballard rifles with him to the Chicago shoot. He says he prefers the American arm and ammunition in America. In this decision the gentleman probably bases his judgment on the experience of some of the visiting American riflemen to Germany in 1890; the latter claimed that the American powder in Germany did not do its work with the uniformity that the Germans would want in a rifle. The target proper was a disk 4in. in diameter, placed (in a pocket) in the center of a 12in. black. To hit this disk was to entitle the shooter to the credit of a red flag on the premium list, and according as the bullet encroached upon the center of the disk so were the shooter's chances enhanced for getting the first prize for the best center shot.

During the two days' shoot the number of flags made by the many shooters in the competition ran up in the hundreds. To separate each individual center and credit it to the shooter making it, and then to separate and measure the best of the lot, looks like an endless job; but after the close of the shoot Barney Zettler, the shooting master of the corps, selected a committee from the riflemen present as assistants, and with the boxes of bulletseyes under one arm he led the way to one of the committee rooms in the castle, where he and his committee were soon at work.

The bulletseyes were first separated into individual lots to the credit of the shooter making them, then from each lot was selected the one containing the shot approaching the nearest to the center. When this had been done the measuring machine was brought into use. This had been the work in the matter of getting at the final results of the two days' shoot was highly interesting. There were many bulletseyes that to the naked eye looked to be a tie, or so close that only the machine could indicate which was the best, but at last when every shooter's best disk had taken its turn through the machine the results were found to be as follows:

Target.	Degrees.	Target.	Degrees.
G W Plaisted.....	36	David Miller.....	32
Geo Schlacht.....	36	J H W Meyer.....	32
Jas Hughes.....	36	B Zettler.....	33
C G Zettler.....	39	C Gorsch.....	91½
Louis Flach.....	39	R Busse.....	92
H Radloff.....	42	P Fiegl.....	92
F Froumpre.....	45	S Buzene.....	94
W H Hansen.....	53	Fred Schmidt.....	95½
L P Hansen.....	53	A W Lemck.....	95½
D Peters.....	57½	H Meyer.....	103
Henry Holges.....	59	J Bonn.....	115½
Carl Graf.....	60	A J Christian.....	115½
Fred C Ross.....	71¼		
Premiums for Most Flags.			
Geo Schlacht.....	45	Louis Flach.....	22
F C Ross.....	38	R Busse.....	30
G W Plaisted.....	23	L P Hansen.....	20
C G Zettler.....	23	Fred Schmidt.....	17

An Uniform Target System.

ALTON, Ill., June 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: Would it not be possible, through the FOREST and STREAM, for the rifle shooters of the country to adopt a uniform system of targets? As the reports of matches are now given it is utterly impossible to tell whether the shooting is good, bad or indifferent. Every rifle club seems to have adopted some system of its own. We could not but be a good gain to get an expression from some of the leading clubs, East and West, as to the merits of the various targets now in use? Our club, the Piazza Rod and Rifle Club, have adopted the Massachusetts target for 100 and 200yds., and the Zettler target for 75 and 100ft.; the Massachusetts target, 12 center and one less for every inch out; the Zettler 25 center and 14in. rings. I would like to hear from other clubs.

Our friend Mr. Willis, of the Piazza Club, outclasses us a little in shooting, but those powerful eyeglasses take him to within 25ft. of the target, while we stand at 75ft. This is not right. E. H. LARER.

Greenville Rifle Club.

WEEKLY gallery shoot, Friday night, June 23: 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft. Plaisted 241, Robidoux 238, Collins 239, J. Boag 237, J. Dodds 236, C. Boag 236, Purkess 235, Chavart 231, Gotthardt 230, Spahn 230, Gassman 231, Lembeck 210.

The members met in Armbruster's Park on Saturday, June 24, for outdoor practice. Many of the members have had but very little experience at 200yds., and as a consequence their shooting is somewhat erratic, but with such men as Messrs. Ross and Dorrier as preceptors there are opportunities for rapid advancement. Most of the afternoon was devoted to pool shooting. The following 10-shot scores were noted by the news scribe: Ross 234, Dorrier 232, Chavart 211, Plaisted 208, Purkess 197, Collins 196, Boag 194, Robidoux 186, Spahn 180, Hill 160, Kaiser 155, Hovington 150.

Columbian International Festival.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, 49 LaSalle street, Chicago, June 20.—Following are the records for the Columbian international rifle shooting held June 18 and 19 at Sharpshooters' Park, near Lewis and Clark, which took part were: Rob. Unzicker, Peru, Ill.; Louis Ritzau, San Francisco; George W. Ziegenfuss, Winona, Minn.; Dr. M. D. Tibbets,

Highland, Ill.; Sylvester Leaf, Grant Fork, Ill.; H. Goettsche, Chicago; Geo. Roth, Highland, Ill.; Fred Pfeiffer, Chicago; James Montgomery, Owensville, Ind.; W. H. Regennitter, Davenport, Iowa; C. H. Gmelin, Bloomington, Ill.; Geo. Sengel, Fort Smith, Ark. To all these gentlemen the Columbian medal was awarded. The following scores were made:

Bulleseye Target—Sylvester Leaf, 4 flags out of 100 shots; Dr. M. D. Tibbets 8, J. Montgomery 19, Rob. Unzicker 14, W. H. Regennitter 12, Louis Ritzau 10, Geo. Roth 10, Geo. M. Ziegenfuss 10.

Columbia Target—Sylvester Leaf 30 out of 75 rings, Dr. M. D. Tibbets 55, Geo. Roth 51, Geo. Ziegenfuss 49, Louis Ritzau 50, W. H. Regennitter 59, J. Montgomery 53.

Stick—Best point to Dr. M. D. Tibbets. Standard—W. H. Regennitter 33, J. Montgomery 36, M. D. Tibbets 36, People's Target—M. D. Tibbets 66, F. Pfeiffer 66, W. H. Regennitter 67, J. Montgomery 66.

Man—W. H. Regennitter 83, J. Montgomery 80, F. O. Young 88, M. D. Tibbets 45, F. Pfeiffer 80, Geo. Roth 76.

King—Louis Ritzau 174, M. D. Tibbets 197, Geo. Roth 173, Sylvester Leaf 120, Geo. Ziegenfuss 176, W. H. Regennitter 190, F. Montgomery 192.

The best scores up to date: Columbia 64, King 205, People's 168, Man 89, Standard 46, and 21 flags out of 100 shots.

A. BOESE, Secretary.

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., June 18.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day. Conditions 300yds off-hand at the standard target. Weather fine, but a strong, steady 9 o'clock wind bothered the shooters considerably, making good shooting rather uncertain:

Gindele.....	8 8 9 8 7 8 10 9 9 9 85
Payne.....	10 8 10 9 8 8 10 10 7 7 87
Brumback.....	10 9 7 9 9 10 8 9 8 8 88
Topf.....	9 8 10 10 6 6 6 9 8 6 82
Martin.....	9 8 7 9 8 8 10 9 7 7 87
Randall.....	9 6 6 7 6 8 7 5 10 7 71
See.....	9 5 9 10 7 7 7 6 7 7 87
Puthoff.....	4 4 8 8 7 7 5 10 6 10 71
Nagel.....	6 6 8 8 6 7 8 8 9 5 6 67
	6 6 8 8 6 8 8 8 5 10 7 71
	4 6 5 3 8 7 8 5 4 8 59
	9 8 7 9 8 2 6 8 10 59
	9 6 5 3 9 9 8 7 6 7 84
	5 6 6 5 9 9 7 8 4 68
	10 6 10 4 2 5 8 6 5 61
	9 7 7 10 5 7 9 8 10 9 81
	7 9 5 10 5 10 10 5 8 8 76
	9 8 8 5 8 5 10 7 7 7 74
	7 5 6 7 8 6 6 9 6 71
	7 9 9 8 8 10 8 7 9 7 73
	10 9 8 3 10 8 7 9 4 10 78
	6 6 4 3 4 5 5 6 10 4 55
	6 4 10 5 9 4 4 7 6 8 63
	5 5 3 3 8 4 5 6 6 7 50
	1 5 6 5 4 4 5 6 5 10 50
	0 2 9 2 2 4 2 0 4 4 35
	5 4 10 6 0 3 4 7 0 2 41

North End Rifle Club.

EPHRAATA, Pa., June 26.—On Friday afternoon last the members of the North End Rifle Club met on their range in Ephrata to practice at rest shooting, distance 200yds., best score out of a possible 120 points. The weather clear and cool, but terribly blustery, and the sudden gusts coming round the hill made it almost impossible for good shooting to be done. The following were the best three out of five scores of 10 shots each to each man:

D B Lefever.....	10 9 8 8 6 9 8 10 11 11 90
W D Winters.....	6 9 8 7 8 9 12 9 8 9 85
S L Sharp.....	8 9 11 8 7 8 8 8 8 9 84 259
L M Wiest.....	8 12 9 9 11 7 11 7 8 6 88
J W Sheaffer.....	8 8 7 12 8 7 8 11 8 4 257
	8 8 8 8 7 6 9 12 10 8 84
	5 5 10 10 10 9 10 7 9 8 81
	6 10 9 8 9 7 11 9 10 88 253
	8 9 9 9 11 8 8 7 9 9 87
	9 10 8 9 7 7 6 8 8 8 80
	7 7 9 10 8 8 7 8 7 10 81 246
	6 10 10 11 8 9 10 11 8 83
	8 6 8 7 9 7 9 9 8 11 82
	8 11 9 7 6 8 6 7 8 9 78 253

The next regular meeting will be held on Friday, July 14, and will be off-hand.

D. B. LEFEVER, Secretary.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

The monthly practice shoot in Washington Park on Friday, June 23, was well attended considering that the members were hardly recovered from the fatigues consequent to the New York City Festival of Wednesday and Thursday previous. R. Busse carried off the honors on the ring and man targets. The scores are appended:

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250: R. Busse 212, John Facklam 195, Otto Uhllein 194, Christ. Rehm 174, H. Radloff 173, Otto Arnstein 159, Amb. Stolzenberger 163, Chas. Rothweiler 148, C. Gohmann 145, Adam Keller 143, Wm. H. Gerdes 137.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 90: R. Busse 58, C. G. Zettler 52, John Facklam 50, Christ. Rehm 49, Adam Keller 48, Otto Uhllein 47.

Red flags: Adam Keller 5, Otto Uhllein 3, John Facklam 3, H. Radloff 2, R. Busse 2, Christ. Rehm 2, C. G. Zettler 1, Joseph Dickescheid 1.

Bulleseye: Otto Uhllein 2, R. Busse 2, Schaer Leutenegger 2, H. Schuch 2, Otto Arnstein 1, Christ. D. Rehm 1, Henry A. Gerdes 1, J. Dickescheid 1, Aug. Range 1, Wm. G. Gerdes 1, Amb. Stolzenberger 1.

Germania Bund Prize Shoot.

COMPANY No. 56 of the Germania Bund of Hudson county, N. J., held its annual festival and prize shoot in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, on Monday, June 26. The first prize on the target of honor or target was won by W. Holzappel. On the people's or public target the following scores were made, 3 shots, possible 75: August Meyns 72, Fred Ross 63, Geo. Schlacht 63, E. Hansen 63, Muller 61, E. Ludvig 51, E. Kuhlman 49. First flag, E. Ludvig; last flag, Geo. Schlacht. Bulleseyes: Ross 6, Schlacht 5, Ludvig 2, Hansen 2, Miller 2.

Jersey City.

PRACTICE shoot at Armbruster's Park, June 24:

L P Hansen.....	24 34 35 22 14 19 17 33 19 19 206
C Ward.....	24 34 35 20 24 33 16 17 23 13 204
J Hughes.....	24 34 35 23 16 17 13 18 25 21 189

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

HANDICAP shoot, June 22; 10-shot scores, three scores to count, 60ft.: J Ochs, Jr.....247 243 237—726 J Krampert.....231 235 234—702 H Walter.....246 240 240—726 K H Plate.....231 232 228—701 J Oberle.....234 239 235—708

RIFLE NOTES.

SOME of the other fellows who did not get first prize at the New York Schuetzen Corps at Union Hill last week have since then been bothering the FOREST and STREAM man with queries as to how he came to get there. As a final answer to all further questions on this subject the FOREST and STREAM man says: "Catch on to the FOREST and STREAM either with a business ad. or a subscription for a year, six months, or even ten cents invested any week. If you haven't got the ten cents, come around to 318 Broadway and inquire for the FOREST and STREAM free reading rooms. Anything connected with FOREST and STREAM in these days is a success."

The article on "Crooked Work on the Range" in our issue of June 15 is beginning to bear fruit. On every hand the general expression of all lovers of the sport is to show us money to any of those fakers who are caught making scores with the lead pencil punch. There are several suspects under surveillance among our New York and Brooklyn clubs who are liable to hear something drop in the near future unless they mend their ways.

There are a number of New York city riflemen of known shooting ability who desire to attend the Chicago Fair in September and take in the Columbia prize shoot. Having a natural pride in their municipal and State government, they would like to see the Empire State team, by representing the Columbia shoot by a team of twelve men who could down any other teams brought against them. New York State contains a good many first class off-hand shooting riflemen, and if any of them are contemplating a trip to Chicago in the fall, perhaps they would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of uniting with others in a New York State team for the honor of the Empire State. Any New York State riflemen who desire to connect himself with a team, by communicating with FOREST and STREAM Rifle Department will be put in communication with the other riflemen interested in the formation of a State team.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

July 24.—Multnomah Rod and Gun Club tournament, at Portland, Oregon.

July 34.—Coldwater (Mich.) Gun Club tournament.

July 34.—Portland (Ore.) Gun Club tournament.

July 35.—Shreveport (La.) Gun Club tournament.

July 35.—Vermilion (Gun Club) tournament, at Steator, Ill.

July 4.—Towanda Rod and Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. W. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Eastern New York Trap Shooters' League tournament at Amsterdam, N. Y., under auspices of Riverview Gun Club. Rob't M. Hartley, President.

July 4.—Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club shoot, all day.

July 4.—Valley City Gun Club tournament, Grand Rapids, Mich.

July 4.—J. A. Hartner's all-day shoot, Orangeville, Baltimore county, Md.

July 4.—Slater Gun Club tournament, at Slater, Mo.

July 4.—Central Gun Club's first annual tournament, Duluth, Minn. H. L. Heisler, Sec'y.

July 4.—Mt. Kisco (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

July 4.—Manufacturers' Club open swamp tournament, at Pelhamville, N. Y.

July 4.—La Crosse (Wis.) Gun Club tournament.

July 45.—Lake Geneva (Wis.) Gun Club tournament.

July 46.—New Mexico Mutual Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual tournament, at Raton, N. M.

July 46.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.

July 5.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Gun Club tournament.

July 5.—Wesley (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.

July 6.—Open-to-all shoot, 20 live birds, \$30 entry, at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J.

July 68.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at St. Louis, Mo.

July 11.—New Jersey State League and open tournament, on South Side grounds, Newark, N. J.

July 13.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' fourth tournament, at East Liverpool, Ohio.

July 14.—Helena (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club's annual tournament.

July 19.—Dixie Gun Club tournament, at Pensacola, Fla.

July 20.—Penberthy's trap-shooting tournament, at Massillon, O.

Aug. 7.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 7.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Little Rock, Ark.

Aug. 9.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, at Paris, Mo.

Aug. 23.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.

August.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Wheeling, W. Va.

August.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tournament, at London, Conn.

Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.

Sept. 14.—Riverside Gun Club's second annual tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).

Oct. 19.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

We have received the programme for the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament to be held at East Liverpool Ohio, on July 12 and 13. The programme of events is precisely the same as that of the Passaic and Altoona shoots, so that another publication of it is unnecessary. The association will guarantee \$200 each day, and the programme contains the following ancient East Liverpool: "East Liverpool is famous as the pottery center of the New World, some thirty-eight manufacturing establishments are engaged in the making of crockery, ranging from common ware to the finest productions, which for art and beauty fully equal the productions of Sevres and other famous potteries. These immense plants, employing thousands of workmen, will be open to visiting marksmen, and the advantage and pleasure to be derived from a visit and inspection of them is well worth the trip to East Liverpool. The Pottery Center of the World, a character that commands admiration. East Liverpool is situated on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R., and is 47 miles north of Wheeling, W. Va., 106 miles south of Cleveland, Ohio, 150 miles east of Columbus, Ohio, and 44 miles west of Pittsburgh, Pa." Shooters' headquarters will be at the Hotel Grand, Thompson House and National Hotel. The shoot will be held at the pottery center of the grounds of the East Liverpool Gun Club, situated on the plateau opposite the city and only ten minutes' ride from the above hotels. Some of the fine scenery on the Ohio River is obtainable from here.

There will be a surfeit of shooting at the trap on July 4, nearly every club in the country having arranged to hold private or public shoots. Among the tournaments announced are those of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, Portland, Ore., 3d, 3d and 4th; Portland (Ore.) Gun Club, 3d and 4th; Shreveport (La.) Gun Club, 3d, 4th and 5th; Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club, 4th; East Liverpool (Ore.) Pottery Shooters' League, at Amsterdam, 4th; Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club, 4th; Valley City Gun Club, at Grand Rapids, Mich., 4th; Hartner's all-day shoot at Orangeville, Md., 4th; Slater (Mo.) Gun Club, 4th; Central Gun Club, Duluth, Minn., 4th; Lake Geneva (Wis.) Gun Club, 4th and 5th, and the Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club, 4th, 5th and 6th. This is quite an assortment from which to choose. It is safe to say, however, that none of the above will attract what can be called a good attendance on the 4th, as that is a day on which the "Daddies" like to remain at home, looking after the celebration by the little ones and guarding against fire. In fact a tournament on a holiday is almost sure to be a flat and dismal failure, no matter what the holiday may be.

The announcement is made that on August 7 and 8, the Pier Gun Club of Atlantic City will hold its second annual tournament, under the management of John Young and Herbert McCann of Atlantic City and Harry Thurman of Germantown, Pa. This club shoots from the pier set on the end of Young and McShea's pier, 380ft. out into the ocean, where there is always breeze enough to keep shooters and spectators cool as well as to render it difficult to make clean scores. The dates bring the tournament in at the height of the watering season when this great seaside resort is seen at its best, and the famous board walk will be filled with strollers throughout its entire three miles of length. The fishing too is at its best at that season and may be enjoyed from the sides of the pier while shooting is being done from the end.

The Winchester Gun Association, of Winchester, Va., sends us an attractive programme for a target tournament to be held on July 11, with \$100 in added money. The programme will be as follows: 10 targets, \$1 entry, \$5 added; 15 targets, \$1.50 entry, \$7.50 added; 20 targets, \$2 entry, \$10 added; 25 targets, \$2.50 entry, \$12.50 added; club team race, 25 targets, \$10 entry, \$25 added; 25 targets, entrance free, for merchandise prizes; 25 singles, \$2.50 entry, \$12.50 added; 20 singles, \$2 entry, \$8 added; 15 singles, \$1.50 entry, \$7.50 added; 20 singles, \$2 entry, \$8 added. The shooting handicap will be used after the first event. The team race will be at unknown angles, and teams are expected from Washington, Baltimore, Rockville, Staunton and other places. The City Hotel will be shooters' headquarters.

William L. Force, secretary of the Central New Jersey Fish and Game Protective Association, and Fish and Game Warden, had a narrow escape Friday afternoon from a violent death. He and a number of his friends were driving when the horse was startled, jumped, and got one of its feet caught over the wheel. Then it began to kick to free itself. Mr. Force sat on the front seat of the park phaeton. One of the flying hoofs struck him full in the breast. He fell heavily to the ground and one of the wagon wheels fractured the right arm and wrenched the elbow out of joint, tearing the ligaments. Mr. Force was taken to Muhlenberg Hospital, and his injuries properly attended to. He manfully declined to have ether administered and bore the excruciating pain without flinching.

Fairly good eyesight must be that of Miss Bertele Heynal of Berlin, judging from an item in an exchange which exploits Miss Heynal's skill with the rifle and caps the climax by saying that she can "split

Hadlyme Gun Club.

THE second tournament of the Hadlyme Gun Club was held on their grounds on June 21. There was a very good crowd in attendance: Match at 10 targets: Willey 9, Nelson 8, Burbage 6, Cook 7. Match at 10 targets: Burbage 10, Willey 8, Nelson 8, Moshier 7, Cook 7. Match at 15 targets: Burbage 13, Banning 13, Willey 11, Cook 10, Nelson 10, Pitt 9, Moshier 9. Match at 10 targets: Cook 9, Willey 9, Moshier 9, Burbage 8, Treat 8, Edgerton 9. Match at 15 targets: Banning 12, Cook 12, Burbage 12, Moshier 12, Treat 11, Willey 10, Edgerton 10, Nelson 9. Match at 10 targets: Treat 10, Burbage 9, Nelson 9, Moshier 9, Alger 8. Match at 15 targets: Treat 14, Edgerton 14, Willey 13, Burbage 13, Nelson 13, Cook 12, Spencer 12, Alger 12, Pitt 10. Match at 10 targets: Moshier 10, Cook 10, Willey 10, Burbage 9, Nelson 8, Edgerton 8, Banning 8. Match at 10 targets: Burbage 10, Nelson 10, Edgerton 9, Willey 9, Cook 9, Pitt 9, Moshier 8, Treat 8. Match at 15 targets: Burbage 14, Edgerton 14, Cook 13, Moshier 13, Willey 12, Nelson 12, Treat 11.

Emerald Gun Club.

THERE was a fair attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at Dexter Park on Tuesday, June 20. It was the fourth shoot under the new handicap rules for the six or more annual

prizes in the several classes. J. Maesel, E. Doenck, H. Thau and J. Horn killed ten straight and materially added to their averages, especially in the case of the two last, who made 3½ and 4½ points respectively. The first class men were only able to make a small number over their handicap. Each man shot at ten birds, class handicap, Emerald Gun Club rules. The birds were a good lot of flyers and the scores made were very fair. Scores of shoot:

L Gehring.....	0212221100	7	J H Voss.....	2111111102	9
L Schortemeier.....	1111111121	9			
J Maesel.....	1212122221	10	Dr Leveridge.....	2122212120	9
E Doenck.....	1111122222	10	T Russell.....	0111011011	7
P Butz.....	2112020220	7	Dr Hudson.....	2011211121	9
T F McKenna.....	2102110202	7	J H Moore.....	0211000022	5
P Fitzgerald.....	2201021222	8	H Thau.....	2111122121	10
C Maesel.....	2201021121	9	W E Hogan.....	1100010200	4
J Woelfel.....	1200022021	5	J Horn.....	1211112111	10
N Maesel.....	1001300221	6	A Regan.....	0021221202	7
T Cody.....	1210010100	5	J Matthews.....	2122202010	7
J Denehy.....	0200000010	2			

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

ON account of the races at Sheepshead Bay the attendance at the West End grounds, Coney Island, by the members of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was very small, only seven competing for the two sil-

ver cups given by Judges K. Sutherland and R. Newton. Each shot at 10 birds, club handicap. C. E. Morris, J. McKay and Fred Quimby killed 10 straight, but the shoot off was postponed until the next shoot on account of the scarcity of birds. Score: C E Morris.....22221211—10 W Boyle.....0211222121—9 J B Monsees.....1011000010—5 C Hubbell.....1112212110—9 J B Voorhees.....2111110129—9 F Quimby.....1112111112—10 J McKay.....1112212111—10 Sweepstake, 5 birds: Voorhees 5, Monsees 5, Quimby 4. Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

Hanover Gun Club.

REGULAR monthly shoot, all sweeps, miss and out, Leo Park, Tuesday, June 20:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
H H Starkey.....	210	2110	1110	110	22121120	20
H Growtze.....	0	2111	0	110	0	211121
E H Mowrey.....	212	20	1120	1110	12220	11110
C M Meyer, Jr.....	110	1111	2111	20	22121121	2111221
C M Meyer.....	10	0	2220	1111	20	111120
J N Meyer.....	121	0	20	2120	0	10

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G., Philadelphia.—Greenwood Lake is partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, forty-nine miles from this city, reached by New York and Greenwood Lake R. R., from Erie ferry. "Subscriber" will find "The Fishing Parson" in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 25, 1891.

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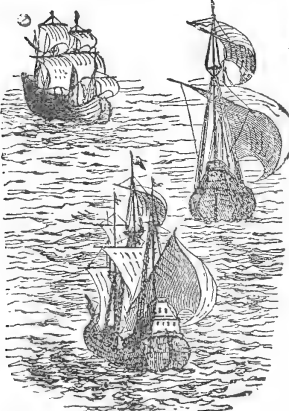
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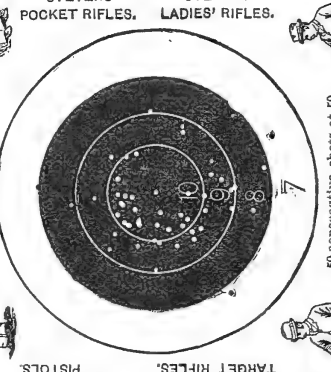
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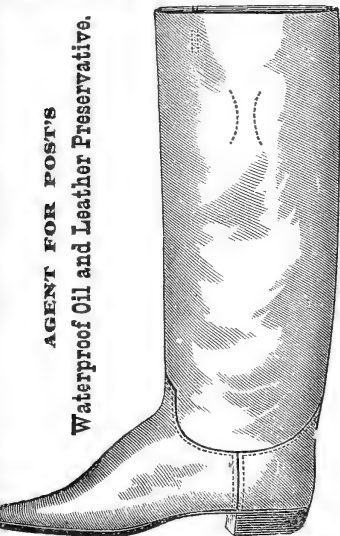
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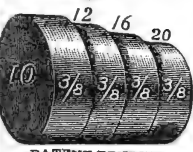
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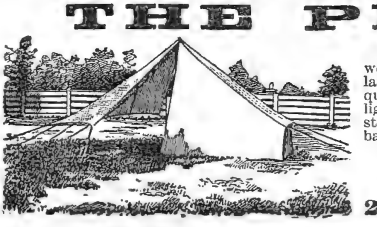
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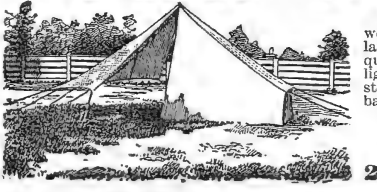
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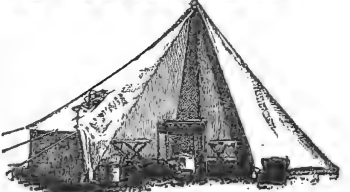
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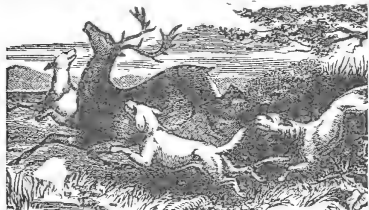
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